











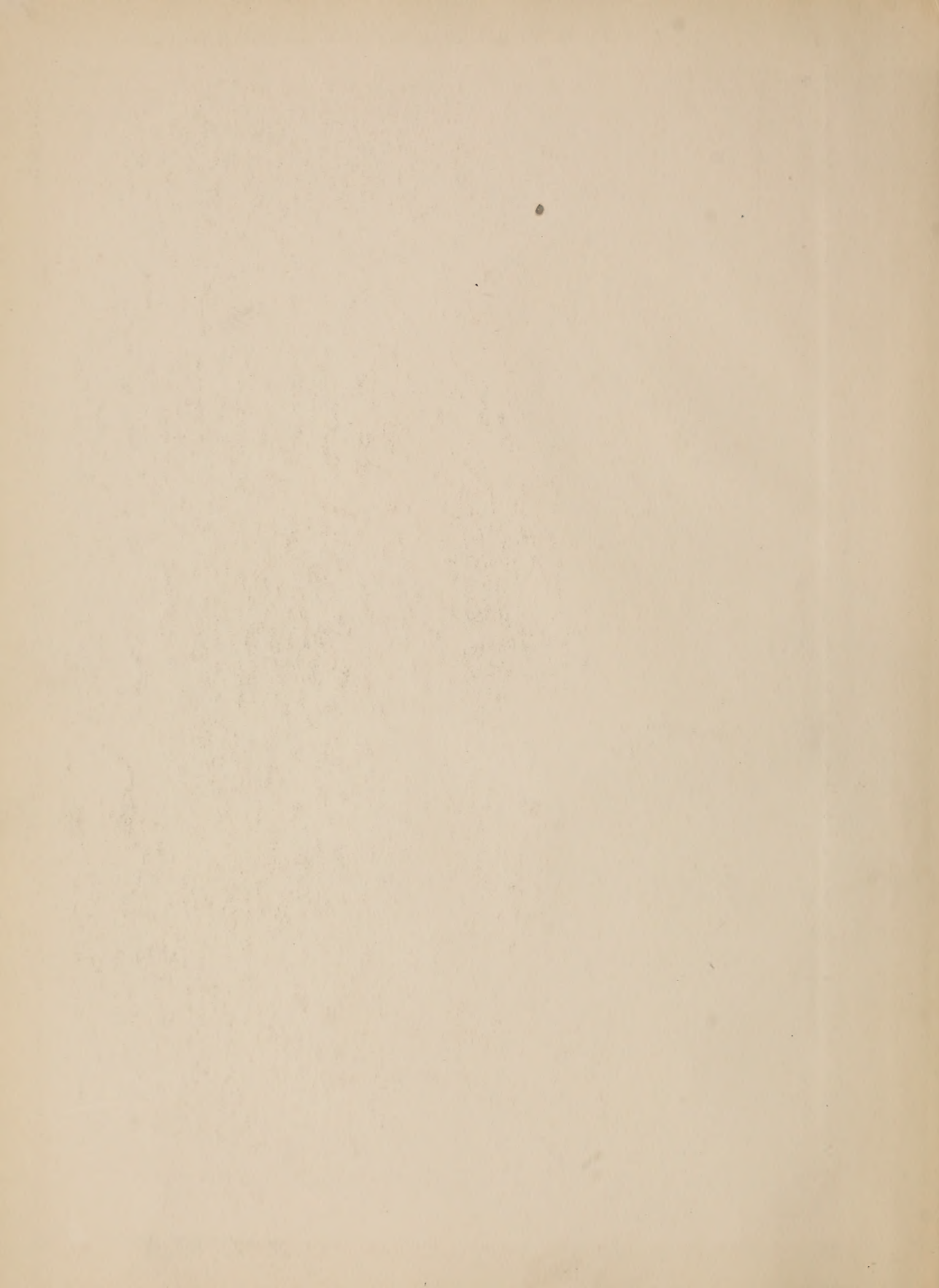


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# CHRISTIAN HERALD





# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

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Reader, Hackensack, N. J. What is the *chutia*, and does it possess any religious significance?

The *choti* or *chutia* is a lock of hair worn by Hindus on the crown and uncured from birth. It tells that the wearer is a devout Hindu, and the wearing is regarded as a strictly religious custom. The wearer carefully ties up this particular lock of hair and places in it a flower of the sacred Bel leaf, which he has first presented before his idol. He believes that when the "evil hour" comes, his favorite god or goddess will grasp him by the *chutia* and bring him safely through. When a Hindu is converted to Christianity, and has been baptized, the *chutia* is usually cut off, although this is not insisted upon by all missionaries.

S. M. H., New Hampshire. Please give the author of these lines:

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit," etc.

The author is William Cowper.

E. M. B., Providence, R. I. In Lev. 16: 8 we read of Aaron casting lots. Is this and other similar references to casting lots considered gambling?

The use of the lot as a means of deciding questions of various kinds was very general among the ancients. It commended itself as a sort of appeal to heaven, and also as a kind of divination. The Israelites sometimes had recourse to lots as a primitive method of learning the divine will, or where enterprises were in doubt, or for disposing of prisoners of war, or deciding where a criminal's guilt was in doubt. In the sacred ritual of the Hebrews, however, the lot is only once prescribed, viz.: in the selection of the scapegoat (Lev. 16: 8).

F. D., Kansas City, Kan. I read in a paper not long ago that "The Bible named Cyrus 400 years before he was born, and said he should be sent to destroy Babylon." What prophet prophesied this and where can it be found in the Bible?

The passages to which you refer are Isa. 44: 28 and 45: 1. According to the records accepted by the historians, Isaiah's active prophetic life was passed between 783 and 705 B.C., while Cyrus' active career was from 559 to 529 B.C.

Old Subscriber, Iola, Wis. What is the meaning of Matt. 5: 40?

Our Lord in this passage was contrasting the law of love and forbearance and long-suffering with the old Mosaic law of reprisal: "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth." He showed how the old law was abused, and instead he advised his followers rather to suffer wrong than to indulge the spirit of vengeance (see John 18: 22, 23). We need not invite wrong or injury, but we ought to be prepared to submit to them, rather than do wrong ourselves or give way to violent retaliation.

Mrs. M. E. H., Harpersville, N. Y. I John 5: 1, 18 means that whosoever believes in Christ as the Divine Redeemer, and loves him and does his will and loves also his fellow-men, is born of God; (2) saints on earth, who lead pure upright lives; (3) the direct lineal descendants of the Seed who has kept him from falling back into sinful sin. But verse sixteen shows that he also must struggle against sin. 2. Bible students do not say anything of the kind. The wine made miraculously at Cana, it is believed, was the fresh juice of the grape. No gift ever came from the hand of God to steal away the brains of men or brutalize their bodies.

G. W. Y., Cambridge, Mass. Please explain Job 1: 6.

"Sons of God" here means angels (compare Job 2: 1; also 38: 7). The term may have three different interpretations, viz.: (1) Angels; (2) saints on earth, who lead pure upright lives; (3) the direct lineal descendants of the Seed who has kept him from falling back into sinful sin. But verse sixteen shows that he also must struggle against sin. 2. Bible students do not say anything of the kind. The wine made miraculously at Cana, it is believed, was the fresh juice of the grape. No gift ever came from the hand of God to steal away the brains of men or brutalize their bodies.

Mrs. M., Oklahoma. What did Christ mean in Matt. 27: 46, when he said: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"

This cry from the cross was not uttered in the current tongue of the time (Greek), but in the native Chaldee or Syriac form of the Psalm from which it is quoted (Ps. 22). His mind had been prophetically prepared for this crisis, yet now, when the face of the Father was in eclipse, Jesus utters this cry of conscious innocence, wrung from him by physical pain and weakness; but at this moment there was no divine assuagement. He had submitted to the Father's will and was now drinking the cup to the dregs, besides enduring the men-

tion, had Sherman arrested in Winnipeg, tried in Regina, and on pleading guilty, he received fourteen days hard labor for false misrepresentations. I might add that there are not more than four or five American families residing at or near Tantallon, and of course there is no club of the sort mentioned by Sherman in his letter."

Inquirer, Des Moines, Ia. How many men, on the average, does the Bowers Mission Free Labor Bureau find employment for each week?

During the week ending December 3, 1910, the Bureau found employment in the country for two men; in the city for thirty-three men. Total placed in positions up to December 3, 1910, was 9,306 men.

C. A. W., Huntsville, Ont. What was the name of the Greek poet referred to by Paul in Acts 17: 28?

Paul's quotation was from an astronomical poem by Aratus, a Greek poet, who lived three centuries earlier. The same sentiment is found also in a religious hymn by Cleanthus of Troas, a contemporary of Aratus, and other poets. They meant it in a pantheistic sense, but Paul turned it to his own purpose to teach a personal spiritual theme.

D. D. G., Dayton, O. Please explain Ex. 4: 23. God called Israel his "first-born." Pharaoh's refusal to let Israel go brought down upon him the divine displeasure, and as an act of retribution, the Israelites throughout all Egypt were to suffer—a terrible punishment to the rebellious monarch.

## Miscellaneous

R. C. B., Athens, N. Y. Send full name and address for reply by mail.

Mrs. G. M., Upper Sandusky, O. Don't know who first wrote "Xmas" for Christmas.

J. B. S., Harvard, Ill. We cordially agree with your letter, but have nothing to add to our comments on the case, already published.

R. J. G. 1. The unpardonable sin is believed to have been attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency. 2. Suggestion regarding Abraham's faith and what it might have accomplished toward saving Sodom is wholly speculative. Prompted by faith in God and in his mercy, Abraham did all he could to save Sodom.

C. H. S., Stamford, Conn. Egyptologists claim to have identified the body of Menephtah in the Hall of Kings, at Cairo. Some scholars dispute the identification and there the matter rests. As already stated in THE MAIL-BAG, the identifiers urge that the dead body of Pharaoh may have been recovered from the sea and embalmed. In our view, there can be no positive claim either way.

M. T., Coleman, Mich. God is not a "responder of persons." Rich and poor, great and simple, are alike in his eyes, save that the greater power involves the larger accountability. God does not regard the outer appearance but judges the heart. Of these facts, our hearts are in Scripture many times. For your other question see John 5:22-27; Acts 10: 42; Rom. 14: 10; II. Cor. 5: 10; Matt. 25: 31; II. Tim. 4: 1.

Mrs. F. S., Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I see in THE MAIL-BAG for December 7, H. A. H., Chicago, Ill., doubts whether a druggist can be a Christian. I would like to tell about a man in our city. Mr. A. B. and his brother, C. have two drug stores. They also sell poultry and dairy supplies and garden seeds. They also have a restaurant, feeding 1,000 every day. When Sunday comes, a sign is put on the counter where all can see it. Nothing sold to-day but necessary drugs." They do a big business in all lines and are Christian men. On Sunday they cover all their show cases up, so no one can see in them."

E. A. S., Provincetown, Mass. 1. There are two senses in which history proves the truth of the Bible: (a) It shows its applicability to the human race in every age and condition; (b) Many of its statements, historical and otherwise, which are disputed, have been confirmed by discoveries made in Bible lands by eminent archaeologists, who have brought to light monuments, tablets and inscriptions in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and elsewhere corroborative of Bible history. 2. The "times of restitution" referred to in Acts 3: 21 is interpreted as meaning the rectification of all the disorders brought about by the fall.

## Enthusiastic Over the Baby

My father (78 years "young") says the Calendar is the best, and worth half the price of the paper.  
Gobleville, Mich. Mrs. E. W. C.

## China Again Fighting Famine

FAMINE has again broken out in the provinces of China along the Grand Canal. It is now raging in the same region that was devastated by the great famine of 1907, when the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent two cargoes of grain, in the government troopships *Buford* and *Logan*, to feed the starving multitudes. News from Peking by cable states that

"Roads in the Yangtse-kiang famine districts are dotted with the dead and the dying from hunger, and the cold season is intensifying the distress. More than a million children have been sold by their parents to procure food. Relief committees are appealing to other countries for aid."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, immediately on receipt of the news of the suffering in China, communicated with our State Department in Washington on the subject. The following letter from the Hon. P. C. Knox, Secretary of State, has been received in reply:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE.  
"WASHINGTON, December 21, 1910

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
"Bible House, New York City.

"SIRS: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th instant asking information concerning the famine reported as existing in China.

"In reply I beg to say that the Department received a telegram a few days since, from the American Consul at Nanking, stating that he had investigated the situation and found that there was a very serious famine in the northern part of the Province of Anhui, affecting no less than a million people. The Department therefore requested the American Minister at Peking to report upon the advisability of an appeal in the United States for relief. His reply is just received, and is to the effect that the Legation is not well informed and is, therefore, reluctant to express any opinion, but that at a recent meeting of the foreign relief committee held in Shanghai, it was stated that two and a half million people were very seriously affected by the famine, covering an area of seven thousand square miles, and that four million Mexican dollars were required to provide adequate relief. The Minister adds that assistance could only be beneficial in any event, and suggests that, if aid is forthcoming, the American Consul at Nanking and the provincial delegate to the National Assembly at Peking be placed upon the committee distributing relief.

"Should you desire to communicate with the Relief Committee at Shanghai, Honorable Amos P. Wilder, the American Consul-General there, will undoubtedly be happy to give his assistance in the matter.

"P. C. KNOX."

Communication has also been opened with our missionaries in China concerning this latest visitation of famine and with our Consul General at Shanghai. Meanwhile any contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by its readers for famine relief will be acknowledged and forwarded to the Missionary Committee at Shanghai for distribution in the affected district.

tal anguish caused by the momentary absence of heavenly reinforcement. But his victory was at hand, and a few moments later he announced it with the cry: "It is finished!"

R. H. F., Amsterdam, N. Y. 1. Will not "deliberate sin" be forgiven if truly repented of? 2. Can Matt. 27: 52, 53 be explained?

1. We can place no limit to God's mercy. Jesus said: "Whosoever will." 2. The passage is difficult, but the commentators practically agree that it does not mean that they (the buried saints) were quickened into resurrection life at the moment of their Lord's death, but that their graves were opened by the earthquake and that they arose after his resurrection. It was fitting that he should be the first to rise

In response to an inquiry by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Gerald Holbrook, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police (Esterhazy Detachment), Canada, sends this note relative to the offender who caused false reports to be printed in many American newspapers, regarding American settlers in Saskatchewan: "Willis P. Sherman appears to have arrived in Tantallon after he had written that letter to the mayor of Pittsburg. While at Tantallon, he was employed as night operator with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and after a short stay was shifted to Oak Lake. Arriving there under the influence of liquor, he was dismissed from the service. Meantime the postmaster at Tantallon, having his suspicions aroused, communicated with the post office inspector, who, taking ac-



## The British Elections

THE general elections in Great Britain resulted in leaving the strength of the parties practically the same as in the last Parliament. With the exception of a few changes the new House of Commons will be the same as the old. The following figures show the result:

| LAST HOUSE                 |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Liberals                   | 275 |
| Labor members              | 40  |
| Nationalists               | 71  |
| Independent Nationalists   | 11  |
| Total Government Coalition |     |
| Unionists                  | 297 |
| Coalition majority         | 124 |
| PRESENT HOUSE              |     |
| Liberals                   | 273 |
| Labor members              | 43  |
| Nationalists               | 72  |
| Independent Nationalists   | 10  |
| Total Government Coalition |     |
| Unionists                  | 293 |
| Coalition majority         | 126 |

Prominent leaders on both sides prophesied stormy times; but the electors calmly surveyed the situation from a practical standpoint. By their present vote, they have ratified and approved the policy of the Liberal government; hence, legislation in the new Parliament will be on the same footing as before the dissolution of the old one. To all intents and purposes, the past election has been the equivalent of a referendum on the Veto Bill, and now that the people have declared their will on that subject, the Lords will be compelled to defer to the wishes of the Commons in the matter of Liberal legislation. This means that the long-voiced Irish question will be settled in some way. As to the present Veto Bill, there can be little doubt that the Lords will pass the measure, in face of the verdict which the electorate have just rendered. Should they refuse to endorse the bill, an appeal could be made to the King to create as many new peers as would overcome the resistance of the Lords, but this would be a last resort.

The probable outcome of the election will be a vigorous protest against the bill on the part of the opposition, consoling themselves with the reflection that when they get into power again, they will have the opportunity to repeal it. Once the veto question is settled, Home Rule for Ireland will be the prominent issue. The Irish Nationalists control the balance of power, and Mr. Redmond, their leader, has been styled "Dictator" of the House of Commons. There is no doubt that Premier Asquith chafes under the menace of the Irish whip. That Ireland will get some form of autonomy seems almost assured. Two-fifths of the people of Ireland, those of Ulster or the Northern province, are violently opposed to Home Rule and threaten to resort to physical resistance if a native parliament is established in Dublin. The North, which is the richest and has the great commercial city of Belfast, is almost exclusively Protestant, the Presbyterian denomination prevailing. Whatever the issue may be, Home Rule for Ireland has never risen so prominently above the horizon of British politics as now.

## Anvil Strokes

It will not do much good to give the preacher your hand if you do not give Christ your life.

There would be no sin in the world if people had to take the bitterness of it first, and the sweetness of it last.

There are three classes of men that this world is through with—the dishonest man, the drinking man, and the lazy man.

There are men who, even if they could love their neighbors as themselves, would still be loving themselves too much and their neighbors not enough.

W. J. BURTSCHER.



## The Children's Pulpit

THE ELBIB LIBRARY By Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

DO YOU have a library? I am quite sure you have a number of good books. But do you have a library all your own? I mean a book case with shelves low enough for you to reach. Shelves with books on them. If your papa and mamma can have a five-foot library shelf I believe you should have room at least for a Five-Inch Library Shelf. Shall I tell you about more than half a hundred wonderful books that every boy and girl should have? Fine books, and you can put them all on a five-inch shelf. Ask papa and mamma if they will put up for you a little shelf in a little corner of your little room. The books I want you to place first in your new library are from the brain and heart of one person. This person asked a number of people to write the different books. No other set of books ever written gives us so many stories for girls and stories for boys. Stories you boys and girls can read in the morning, stories that will make your blood tingle. Books that will start you out in fine form for the day's work. There are some wonderfully sweet stories for girls. Needlework stories, garden stories, flower stories, game stories and some wonderfully nice stories of what little girls can do. For boys there are sea stories, sailing and shipwreck stories, chariot races, foot races and some wonderful stories of floods and fires. For some reason this library has not been found by the boys and girls. Grown-up people like the books and read them. I fear the grown-ups have forgotten to put these books where you children can reach them. The person who gave them to us from his brain and heart said that the children were first in his heart. That is the reason the books have so many stories for children. I know you all love a story, and I shall tell you one about these books.

WHEN the author had these books written he did something that no other writer of books has ever done. He sent with the books the light by which they are to be read. Just imagine going to a bookstore and having a candle wrapped up with the books you purchase! You would ask: "What am I to do with this candle? We have gas and electric lights in our house." The bookstore man answers, "You are to read this book by the light of this candle." "But why should I read this book by candle light?" If he told you that you could not understand the book unless you read it by this light you would take good care of the candle. You would light it and sit by it when reading the book.

NOW the books I am telling you about have a candle that goes with them, and no one has ever been able to understand the books unless he reads them by the light of this candle. Some great scholars have tried to understand the books, but have not found just what the author wanted them to know. But some people who did not have a great education and who live in garrets or very small rooms have read the books by the light of this candle and have understood them as no other readers have understood them.

In 1382 John Wyclif translated the Elbib books into English in order that we could read them. On the first page is the picture of a candle with a bright flame. A number of men with Satan are trying to blow out the flame. Satan on his hands and knees with swollen cheeks and livid face is blowing hard. But the more they all blow the brighter the candle burns, until they are compelled to run from the hot flame. For the candle that gives light for all who read the books will burn and destroy those who try to destroy them.

THERE was a man by the name of John Bunyan who was arrested and put in jail in the town of Bedford, England. He had only a small room or cell, but found a corner large enough for his Elbib Library. By the light of the Elbib candle he read the books until a light came into his brain. Then from his jail window he had a wonderful vision. He saw a man walking and carrying a great burden. The vision was so wonderful that he wrote a book about this man, a wonderful book, called Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. All the great truths in his book were found by Bunyan in his Elbib Library. If you will read the books by the light of the candle you, too, will want to write a book about the wonderful stories.

YOU will notice that we call it the ELBIB Library. Many of the Elbib books were written by the Hebrews and they read backward. If you will read ELBIB as the Hebrews would read it you will get the real name of our five-inch library. ELBIB, read backward, is a Greek word and means Book.

In the twentieth book of this library, the twentieth chapter and the twenty-seventh verse, we are told that the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. In the nineteenth book, the eighteenth chapter, in the twenty-eighth verse, we are told, "For thou wilt light my candle." The person who gave us these books is therefore the Lord who has put this candle into our lives. We call it our spirit. The Lord lights our spirit with his spirit and when we sit down to read these books with the Lord's light burning we can understand what the Lord wanted us to know.

Next week I shall tell you more about this wonderful Elbib Library.

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: II Chron. 24:27.

## For the New Year

BEGIN the year with God, my friend;  
Begin with Him the year.  
Step boldly out in untired ways  
With courage and good cheer.  
He sees the way, He knows the path  
O'er mountain-top or vale.  
He'll lead thee with His own right hand,  
With Him thou canst not fail!  
A glad new year, if here or there,  
This year to thee shall be,  
So free from every anxious care,  
If He but leadeth thee.

MRS. MARY H. WINGATE.

## "Mother's Day" at Akron

AKRON, O., is still in the midst of the great wave of revival which broke out there several weeks ago. Thirty-one churches and organizations are participating in the movement. The meetings are held in a spacious tabernacle, with a seating capacity of 5,000. A special feature of the work has been the great number of factory delegations occupying reserved sections in the building, frequently coming with bands and carrying banners, flags, and decorations. Probably the greatest meeting was that for men on Sunday afternoon, when over 5,000 packed the tabernacle. Dr. Biedewolf delivered a sermon on intemperance.

One of the most enjoyable of the special features was the Mothers' Day meeting Friday afternoon, November 18. Truly, as one of the local papers said, "They were there Friday afternoon, five thousand strong, young mothers, old mothers, small mothers, large mothers, tall mothers, short mothers, in fact all kinds of mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers with their dear sweet faces, listening to the impressive words of the evangelist." White carnations were everywhere. Several leading stores acted as "flower stations," and gave out the fragrant blossoms. Several thousand carnations were thus given away. The platform was decorated with potted and cut flowers, which were tied in bunches, or taken in jars, the following morning and distributed among the sick and shut-ins.

In beginning the service, the mothers were requested to sing some of the old hymns that were precious to them in their younger days. An old yet sweet voice would start one of the old-time tunes which would immediately be taken up by hundreds and sung heartily until the last note died away. Another and another of the old tunes were sung. It would be hard to say which enjoyed it the most, the singers or those who listened. The oldest woman present was 89, and a number were over 75.

In his talk to mothers, Dr. Biedewolf said in part: "The greatest need of the American people is for more homes where Christ is honored, where God is loved and where the children are taught to pray. Every child has a right to expect a certain heritage from its mother, and of course from its father as well, and that heritage lies in three things: First, What the child receives through birth. Second, The heritage which every mother owes her child in training it in all the things which count for godly character. Third, The example of a consistent Christian life."

It is claimed that the largest number of decisions for Christ, exclusive of children, ever made in a four weeks' meeting in the State of Ohio, were made during this series in Akron.

## A Memorial of a Good Man

The volume, *The Life Work of Louis Klopsch*, reached me in good condition. It is a handsome memorial of a good man, whose many good works are following him. The pretty calendar and excellent picture of Dr. Klopsch were both received. For all of these I return my thanks. May the Lord bless you in the good work you are doing through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Washington, D. C. W. L. S.



# NEW YORK'S FATAL EXPLOSION



Looking Down Lexington Avenue, Showing Demolished Car and Auto



Searching for Bodies Amid the Wreckage of the Explosion

ONE of the most appalling disasters New York City has experienced in many years occurred on Monday morning, December 19. An explosion of Pintsch light gas tanks took place in the power-house of the New York Central Railroad at Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street. More than a dozen persons were killed outright and over one hundred so seriously injured as to require hospital treatment. Hundreds more suffered from minor wounds, cuts and bruises caused by falling walls, flying debris and shattered glass.

The explosion took place about 8.20 o'clock A.M., a time when traffic was brisk and when a great number of children were on their way to school. The roar of the explosion was heard for many miles and the concussion shook the earth for a length of twenty city blocks on every side, wrecking the houses in the immediate neighborhood and shattering windows in apartments and hotels for a distance of over a mile from the scene. It is estimated that fully ten thousand windows were broken by the force of the tremor that ran through the gneiss formation underlying this part of the city. Furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were smashed as if giant hands had picked them up and dashed them against floors and walls. In many places, large pieces were forced through windows from the inside and sent flying for several yards. Some persons were thrown violently out of their beds and, under the shock, could not realize what had happened. In the large apartment houses and hotels women guests ran screaming from their rooms and blocked stairs and corridors. Some in houses in the vicinity of the explosion thought the end of the world had come, and rushed into the streets, gesticulating and shouting like fear-maddened creatures. Others thought an earthquake was at work, and ran up and down in a very frenzy of fright. So tremendous was the noise of the explosion that some have likened it to the roar of ten thousand cannon fired simultaneously, or the detonation of a thousand tons of dynamite. It appears that a train of empty passenger cars, out of control (because no sand was available to check the wheels on the slippery rails), backed into a buffer, knocked the buffer endwise and went on, crashing into an abutment of concrete beneath the annex of the power-house in the sunken yards of the New York Central, twenty feet below the street level. It is supposed that a pipe, carrying the supply of Pintsch

gas, was broken by the timber hurled against it by the uncontrollable train, and that the ignition of the gas was due to an electric spark coming from some detached electric wire.

The Pintsch gas is used for illuminating passenger cars, and while nominally non-explosive, in confinement it becomes highly so when mixed with a certain percentage of air. It leaves the large tanks at a pressure of nine atmospheres, or 150 pounds, and is conducted through steel pipes having a valve at every seventy feet from which the vapor can be drawn in flexible pipes to the tanks of the passenger cars. Thousands and thousands of cubic feet of this gas exploded with such terrific force that the brick-tiled roof of the annex was torn from its moorings of steel and hurled into the air. The wall on the Fiftieth Street side was forced out and fell in a jumbled mass of brick, mortar, wood and iron. The steel beams and girders were twisted into fantastic shapes. Heavy timbers, splinters and bars were hurled through the air, crashing here and there through windows and side walls.

A car of the Lexington Avenue line was caught in the heart of the concussion. There were eight passengers. Two of them, women, were instantly killed, the head of one being pierced with a splinter of wood. The impact caught the car broadside and hurled it from the tracks over on a passing automobile, wrecking both car and machine to splinters. The chauffeur jumped and escaped serious injury, but those in the car, other than the two women already dead, fought as maniacs to get out from the shattering glass and splinters until they were covered with blood from the gashes they received.

A young woman, not a passenger, met with a tragic fate. She was employed as stenographer for a down-town magazine and was on her way to the office. It was her custom to ride, but this morning she was walking down the avenue, and had just got opposite the doomed building when the explosion took place. She was blown across the street right in front of the oncoming car and was frightfully crushed and mangled.

Fan-like the effect of the concussion spread, north, south, east and west, affecting an area of more than a square mile, comprising the zone lying between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets and between the East River and Fifth Avenue. The damage to buildings within five blocks from where the explo-

sion took place was estimated at over a quarter million dollars, including \$30,000 for window glass alone. The New York Nursery and Child's Hospital, occupying the block on the east side of Lexington Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, had all the windows broken, the glass flying in fragments through the rooms, and though several were severely cut, both nurses and children, there was no loss of life. Two largely attended schools were in the danger locality. One of these is the parochial school in Fiftieth Street, connected with St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Public School 18 in Fifty-first Street. As the exact time of the explosion was twenty-two minutes past eight, fortunately it was too early for the great bulk of the children to be on their way to school. Had it happened a quarter of an hour later the loss among the little ones would have been appalling. However, early as it was, many were already hurrying along. A policeman was stationed at the Lexington Avenue crossing. He was guarding two little girls when the explosion occurred. One was torn out of his grasp and hurled several yards, both her legs being broken; the right leg of the other was torn off at the knee. In the Bible Teachers' Training School at Forty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue every pane of glass in the building was broken. It was the same in the fire house, two blocks farther north. Pieces of broken steel and masonry fell in the rooms, injuring some of the firemen. Many curious freaks of the horror were reported. One man was delivering packages from an express wagon several blocks off. A flying ledge struck his head, killing him instantaneously. A carpenter was driving a nail into a partition when the explosion happened. He was picked up and hurled ten feet and landed in a hallway. A hammer was wrenched from a blacksmith's hand and projected fifty feet through the open door.

After the explosion, the ruins of the power-house building became a flaming furnace, and though six fire companies were soon on the ground it was a stubborn fight to subdue the flames. Police reserves were called out, ambulances came clanging from a dozen hospitals, clergymen rushed from neighboring churches, merchants and clerks ran from their desks, stores, offices, workshops and houses were emptied and a struggling mass of terrified people choked the streets and avenues. It was hours before any kind of order was brought out of the chaotic surroundings.

## CURRENT COMMENT ON PASSING EVENTS

—THIS WEEK witnesses the inauguration of the Postal Bank system. One of these banks is to be opened in each State and territory by way of experiment. All the offices selected are of the second class and in localities believed to be favorable to a thorough test.

—HON. SERENO E. PAYNE, author of the Payne Tariff Bill, and who is at the head of the House Ways and Means Committee, has declared in favor of the revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule. He is not specially favorable to the creation of a permanent tariff commission.

—WE ARE to have yet another Dreadnought. The Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company of Newport News, Va., has just been awarded a contract for the building of the Texas, a 27,000-ton war monster. The cost will be close to six million dollars.

—A YOUNG NEW JERSEY physician of advanced ideas has issued his engagement to a young lady by a gift of books in lieu of the customary engagement ring, which he calls "a symbol of inferiority." The new custom isn't at all likely to become popular with the ladies who prefer the little circle of gold, with its beautiful symbolism.

—THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT of the Senate for the year ending July 1, 1910, was \$2,012,374, and some curious items have crept into it. Pepine tablets, bromo-seltzer, quinine pills and hoarhound drops figure in the lists, also cologne and violet extract. The amount expended for salaries and mileage was \$737,000.

—ABOUT 30,000 Scottish agricultural laborers will arrive in Canada early in January. The Emigration Commission in London has made arrangements with the Canadian railways for transportation to different parts. A large number of Scotch school teachers are also desirous to emigrate to Canada.

—FOR SEVERAL YEARS, the National Association of Letter Carriers has been agitating the question of abolishing Sunday work in the post offices. Detroit is the first large city to give the plan a trial. For a whole month, its 600,000 population will get along without Sunday mail. If the experiment succeeds it will probably be repeated in other cities.

—A TERRIBLE disaster, in which over 300 miners were killed, occurred on December 21, near Bolton, in Lancashire, England. The explosion, which was in the pit of the Hulton Colliery Company, happened early in the morning, a short time after the men had gone to work. The force of the explosion was terrific, and as it was

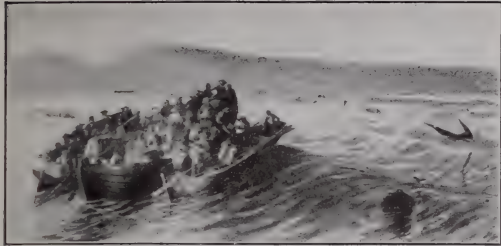
followed by a fierce fire, all attempts at rescue were cut off from the unfortunate victims. Bolton has a population of 200,000, and is eight miles from the manufacturing city of Manchester.

—THUS FAR, the economy programme at Washington has accomplished the following: Abolished 400 minor positions in Treasury Department without impairing its efficiency; dropped 100 unnecessary employees from the Philadelphia mint; saved \$10,000,000 in method of collection of duties, port of New York; arranged to pay back into Treasury from Navy Department \$2,700,000 which navy finds unnecessary; reduced expenses for 1911 by \$50,000,000 or more.

—THE NEW YORK criminal authorities have done vigorous work in ferreting out the kidnapers of the three Italian children, whose imprisonment for ransom was related in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. Maria Rappa, the woman confederate of the "Black Hand," who was the jailer of the abducted children, has been tried and convicted and may be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Three men of the criminal organization are in jail awaiting trial, and still other arrests are expected. If the whole society could be run to earth it would be a public blessing.



# SOUTH AFRICA'S FINE PAGEANT



Arrival of the Settlers



Frank Lascelles  
Master of the Pageant



First Camp of the Settlers

THE Union of the South African Colonies and the opening of the first Parliament at Cape Town, were celebrated by a gorgeous pageant in the capital city during the closing days of October and the beginning of November. The pageant proper, which depicted an imposing array of incident in the history of the country, covered two days, but the performances in connection with it lasted an entire week from October 29 to November 5.

The occasion was graced by the presence of royalty in the persons of their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who had come to South Africa for the opening of the first Parliament. The Duke is the brother of the late King Edward. Viscount Gladstone, son of the great commoner, and who is the first governor-general of the United Commonwealth, took an active part in promoting the general success of the observances, as did also Lord Villiers, the Right Hon. J. X. Merriman, Sir Frederick Smith, the Mayor, and all the influential and representative citizens of Cape Town and elsewhere throughout the United Colonies. The Union Government donated \$75,000 for the occasion, and the people subscribed \$30,000 in addition.

More than five thousand people took part in the pageant.

The place selected for the representation of the principal features was the beautiful and historic shore of Table Bay, where the early Portuguese navigators landed, and where little fiery-tempered Van Riebeeck, the Dutchman and first governor, first set his "wooden shoon" on African soil. It was an ideal location, with the level expanse of sea on the one side and the veldt stretching away on the other.

All classes were represented in the ceremonies,

from the still primitive Bushmen up to the "blue blood" and royalty of England. People came from the Transvaal, from Natal, from the Orange River Free State, from Cape Colony and other divisions to help to make the affair really representative of a united people. For various reasons the history of the past sixty years was not illustrated in the incidents covered by the pageant. Those years have a checkered history in South African annals, a history of several nationalities struggling for mastery, now one, anon another, wading to power. Therefore this period was allowed to "bury its dead" and no one had any desire to resurrect the skeleton of hostile feelings. But the great landmarks that stand out on the way of South African history and show the development of the country were typified in a very pleasing and instructive manner. The first day of the celebration was devoted to eight episodes and the second to nine.

The opening scene revealed the country in the occupation of the oldest race, viz., the Bushmen. These primitive inhabitants were well depicted. They were represented as armed with bows, arrows and assegais. These Bushmen were made to retreat in haste before another race, the Hottentots, who took their places, set up peculiar habitations for themselves, and gave striking illustrations of their quaint manners and customs. Then came the Portuguese under the leadership of Bartholomew Dias, the first European who doubled the Cape of Good Hope, in 1486, and who, proceeding to what is now Algoa Bay, set up the first "padrao" or stone cross on the African continent. Other episodes depicted the court of King John II. of Portugal in 1487, when Dias returned to Lisbon and gave a report of the result of his expedition; the arrival of Johan van

Riebeeck and his companions on the 6th of April, 1652. The fleet swung into sight and came up Table Bay with sails full set. As the anchor dropped the sails were furled and immediately several small boats put off from the shore. Van Riebeeck was lowered into one of these from which he disembarked with many wooden chests and other curious belongings. Then came his companions, and finally all passed inland, carrying their loads. This was the beginning of the first colonization.

The first British occupation, which began in 1795, was illustrated. The scene was the courtyard of a castle in which Lady Anne Barnard was giving a tea party to the notables of the time.

The second day commenced with a portrayal of William of Orange being proclaimed King of the Netherlands at The Hague.

Another representation of this second day showed the meeting of Mr. Hoffman, first president of the Orange Free State, and Moshesh, the Basuto chief, in 1854, when the president presented the savage leader with a plow in token of peace and amity. The chief's kraal was represented with warriors on guard and natives of the household carrying on their ordinary domestic duties.

The pageant was brought to a close with an allegoric finale indicative of the consummation of the Union of the South African Colonies under one government and one parliament.

The vanquishing of savagery by civilization was illustrated, and the evolution and development of the nation's social and commercial conditions, the whole culminating in a vivid tableau emblematic of the Union, during which representation many thousands joined in the singing of a *Te Deum* of gratitude and praise.

## THE RECORD OF THE PAST YEAR

THE year 1910 made a record which should give it an unique place in the history of the world.

Not only was it rich in human achievement, showing the supremacy of man over the forces of nature, but it brought about many wonderful conditions, the influence of which will affect the future for a long period. What was regarded as the fixed destinies of nations and peoples have been changed, the currents of the past have been diverted from their former courses and made to flow in new channels, the wand of a marvelous progress has been waved over the earth, and lo, there has been such a resultant transformation that it seems as if we were transferred to some different planet in the universe of space. We used to walk, now we fly; formerly we had to expend much lung power and nerve force in shouting so that our neighbor could hear us across the way, now, thanks to the perfecting of wireless telegraphy, we can converse with our friends in China or Peru without speaking at all.

From a material standpoint as affecting the nations it was a remarkable year. While some stars sank beneath the horizon others appeared above it. The lurid fires of revolution surrounded the palace of Portugal and her boy king was hurled from the throne. On the other hand, Montenegro, last of the principalities set up by the treaty of Berlin (1878), became a kingdom, and Prince Nicholas ascended the throne. The star of empire rose in the vast Southland of Africa, where the erstwhile warring colonies united into a solid commonwealth, with one parliament. The other great dependencies of Britain, Canada and Australia, made a mighty headway and ere long both will have an independent army and navy.

Germany has had no complications, but is still increasing her army and navy and keeping an eye on England. The Russian bear emitted few growls, knowing that it was his policy to keep quiet. The

other countries of Europe were more or less passive. The Church and State still clashed in France. Spain had a similar experience, the land of Ferdinand the Catholic dealt some hard blows to the Vatican.

In the Far East, Japan kept on the alert. She is lustful of power and continues to strengthen her sea force; by building Dreadnoughts. The dread spectre of famine again visited China and planted his footsteps deep in death and misery.

While, however, we have increased our population, a large number of notable men and women has passed away. All walks of life and professions were depleted by the loss of leading exponents. Among men of affairs, great philanthropists and reformers who died during the year just closed were J. H. Converse, Philadelphia; John Farson, Chicago; John S. Huyler, D. O. Mills and H. McK. Twombly, of New York; Harry Treat Paine and last but not least Dr. Louis Klopsch, "the friend of humanity." Of men prominent in the educational field, James Bair Ames, of Harvard; A. M. Elliott, of Johns Hopkins, and William G. Sumner, of Yale, passed away.

The Church in America mourns Bishop McVickar, of Providence, and Spellmyer, of Cincinnati. Vacant seats at bench and bar are those of Melville W. Fuller, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Associate Justice David J. Brewer, and Lloyd Bowers, late solicitor-general. The world of art is poorer for the loss of Winslow Homer, John LeFarge and J. Q. A. Ward. Literature was bereft of "Mark Twain" (S. L. Clemens), "O. Henry" (Sidney Porter), Goldwin Smith, Julia Ward Howe, Rebecca Harding Davis and "Myra Kelly" MacNaughton. Of American scientists we mourn Alexander Agassiz, Arthur E. Brown, Professor William James and J. V. Shoemaker. In politics and diplomacy we miss Senators Clay, Daniel, Dooliver and McEnery, ex-Senator Platt, ex-Secretary of

the Treasury J. G. Carlisle and ex-Senator and Governor D. B. Hill. Of the army and navy who answered to death's roll-call were Brigadier-Generals Candy, Chipman, Magruder and Meade, with Rear-Admirals Burwell, Dyer, Hiehorn, McCalla and Read.

In the ranks of distinguished Europeans the grim reaper was also busy in 1910. King Edward VII. and Count Tolstoy were the most prominent to fall. Other foreign notables were the Duke of Veragua (who visited us in 1893 as the descendant of Columbus), Prince Francis of Teck, the Duchess of Braganza, Earl Spencer, Serge Muromotseff, ex-President of the Russian Douma, Count Von Tattenbach, Cardinal Satolli, Sir William Huggins, Holman Hunt, the English, and William Maris, the Dutch painter, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Sir George Newnes, Florence Nightingale and Lady Louisa de Rothschild.

Of others than Europeans death called Chulalongkorn I. of Siam, Azad-el-Mulk, Regent of Persia, Vice-Admiral Williams, and President Jorge Montt of Chile, President Obaldia of Panama, Nord Alexis, ex-President of Haiti, Boutros, Premier of Egypt, Prince Iwakura, Japanese Imperial Household, Hozumiz Rassam, Assyriologist, and Mohammed Rakhim Bahdas, Khan of Khiva.

### "A Perfect Dear!"

We are very much pleased and want to thank you for the two pictures which we just received from your paper of Dr. Louis Klopsch and "The Pacifier," which is a "perfect dear," with her pretty blue eyes. We are having it framed to hang in our new children's Ward, which is to be opened at Christmas time, and we know the children will all love the little beauty.

HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL,  
Mary E. Havas, Supt.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly for "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 6th and 9th Sts., New York City. The directors are: Otto Koening, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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## How Is Your Own Church?

THERE are indications that the Christian Church is approaching an important crisis in its history. In recent years, it has been made a target for criticism from many quarters. Some of our leading publications have charged that it is decadent; that it no longer attracts the people as in earlier days; that church building has been overdone in many localities, both in city and country. These statements are usually made in a general form, and without any attempt at detail. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes that the charges, not being based on accurate knowledge of real conditions, are incapable of demonstration in a very large majority of cases. We believe, however, that the time has come for setting forth the truth about church conditions throughout the country, in justice to the churches themselves, to their congregations, and to all who believe in the ultimate triumph of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

How is it in your own home church—the church of which you are a member and which you and your household attend? Whether you live in a large city or in a town or village, you must be vitally interested in this question. We invite you to write to us a frank, open letter concerning the spiritual condition of your local church, whatever its denomination.

Is it gaining or losing in membership?

Is the Gospel faithfully preached?

If it is making spiritual progress, tell us about it and what has helped it most.

If it is losing ground, tell us frankly the facts and state the cause, without undue personal reflections. Your letter may be a great help to many other churches in like circumstances.

Christian people who love God and his work need not be afraid or ashamed of the truth. We believe that there is not a Christian church in all the land, from the big city to the smallest hamlet, whose experience will not carry a helpful lesson to other churches. The work of the Holy Spirit is not bound by geographical limitations. There are many congregations in obscure localities where a wonderful work is going on, and where souls are being saved. We want to hear from these churches, and not from them alone, but from those other churches, rural or urban, of all denominations, that have been praying for a spiritual refreshing, although that hope may not have been realized. Our invitation extends to all, from the minister in his study down to the humblest parishioner. Let us take stock together of our spiritual condition and see whether, with God's help, it cannot be bettered. During the last year, there have been many notable revivals. If any of these waves of spiritual uplift have touched your district, you can tell us of the result. Have the churches increased in membership? Do their converts stand? Have the congregations been stirred to new spiritual activity? Are they doing more than before towards spreading the Gospel at home and abroad? Are the lambs of the flock shepherded? Are the churches taking care of their poor?

All these years, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has stood for the old religion. It has an unshakable faith in the continued progress and ultimate triumph of the Gospel. It looks forward confidently to a great "stirring of the dry bones" this year, as a rebuke to those who have belittled and misrepresented—or misunderstood—the churches and their work. You can aid in bringing about this result by sending us an account of your own church and its religious experiences and present condition, on the lines indicated above. Address all letters to

## CHURCH WORK

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Bible House, New York City

We are constantly impressed with the conviction that a faithful and accurate review of church conditions, set down in simple terms, not by superficial observers on the outside, but by those who are in

the church, and who are a part of its life, will be of the highest value to the great body of our Christian churches of all denominations. It will inspire and energize them to greater effort, deeper devotion, holier zeal and more Christlike living.

## Heroes in Daily Life

NOT all the heroes are to be found on battlefield and quarter-deck. In the great fires in Chicago and Philadelphia on December 22 and 23, nearly fifty firemen and policemen yielded up their lives in the fearless performance of duty. For years a stock-yards conflagration had been dreaded in Chicago. Fire Chief James Horan, a veteran in the ranks of those who risk their lives almost daily in the line of duty, had warned the authorities of the inadequacy of the fire-fighting appliances for such an emergency. His warning was prophetic, for twelve hours later the yards were aflame and he was leading his brave fellows when some thirty of them, himself included, met instant death under a falling wall. In Philadelphia, seventeen firemen and policemen perished while fighting a fire which is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. Heroism in battle has been immortalized, but who shall sing of the humble heroes of the mine, of the fire-line, of the police patrol? Yet these public servants run more risk than the man at the gun. They face daily the possibilities of pain, mutilation and death itself—it is their task and they perform it faithfully. With them it is always "do or die," and if death comes they meet it as heroes should. All honor to the heroes of the fire-line! They should be kept in remembrance, and a grateful community should see to it that those whom they left dependent need never want. The least recognition they deserve is to provide bread for their sorrowing families.

## A Fortunate University

JUST a week after Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$11,500,000 for the foundation of a World Peace Fund, comes the announcement that his brother multimillionaire, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, has made a parting offering of \$10,000,000 to the University of Chicago, which he founded some twenty-one years ago. With this last gift, which brings his benefactions to the university up to the grand total of \$35,000,000, he severs his official relations with the institution. This friendly rivalry in beneficence between two of the richest men in the world will probably stir other possessors of great wealth to emulate their example. Chicago University has now a very substantial endowment. It is an institution with magnificent possibilities. In recent years, the value and orthodoxy of its theological teachings have been openly questioned. Now that the whole enterprise has been generously transferred by its founder to "the people of the West," there will be a general hope that the institution may be wisely conducted on sound, conservative lines, so that Mr. Rockefeller's desire that it may become "an increasing blessing to them and their children and to future generations" may be abundantly realized.

## A Short-lived War Scare

PROMPTLY on the heels of the government's announcement of its economy programme, comes the periodical war scare. This time it has been let loose, perhaps inadvertently, by the Secretary of War, who himself raises the question whether the country is "safe from invasion." This has given the alarmists the opportunity they desired to discuss our means of defense in terms calculated to excite public opinion and to create a demand for a bigger army and navy and for an immediate strengthening of our sea-coast fortifications. President Taft, at a recent public gathering in Washington, set down his foot heavily on the "scare," when he declared that there is "not the slightest reason for such a sensation, because we are at peace with all the nations of the world and quite likely to

remain so." He favored a policy of "wise military preparation," but declared that he would never consent to the maintenance of a huge standing army, on the scale of the armies of Europe. Several thousand miles of ocean on either coast are our best safeguard and an effective discouragement to invasion projects. He believed in a good, efficient navy for seaboard protection—a navy strong enough to guard our coasts and to patrol the Panama Canal and maintain its integrity as an open highway for the world's commerce. This seems to fairly represent the sentiment of the country. Even the Pacific Slope, through its representatives, takes a conservative stand upon the question and disapproves of the wild idea of a standing army big enough to patrol 20,000 miles of coast line. We have probably heard the last of the war scare for some time to come.

## A Book for All Classes

I received the beautiful picture of Mona Lisa and the portrait of Dr. Klopsch, for which please accept my sincere thanks. The *Life-Work of Louis Klopsch* came next day, which I find very interesting, so much so that I wish every one to read it. I shall loan it to our neighbors and shall try to have them subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It seems to interest all classes of people. E. A. M.

South Lee, N. H.

## Kindly Congratulations

Dear Christian Herald: I wish to extend in behalf of sister and self to you and your large staff of workers, our sincere congratulations for the timely renewal of our paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and our full appreciation of the beautiful book, *Life-Work of Louis Klopsch*, which we prize most highly, having followed his great work which he accomplished for his fellow creatures throughout the world. We loved and esteemed the man for his work's sake. We also received the Calendar and photograph of Dr. Klopsch, which we also esteem as sacred—al duly received in good time and condition. Please accept our most sincere thanks for these treasures. We could not do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. J. B. Toronto, Ont.

## General Notes

—THE EFFORT made by Rev. G. W. Pepper and several others to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America to "The Holy Catholic Church," met with overwhelming defeat, as it deserved. It was voted down almost unanimously at a great meeting of clergy and laity in New York, December 16.

—THE DASTARDLY explosion of gas tanks in a "power-house" in New York, which caused the loss of a number of lives, emphasizes the danger of having such places in the centre of populous districts. Had it happened an hour later, hundreds of lives would probably have been sacrificed. Plants of this sort should be in places as remote as possible from crowded districts, and especially from hospitals, schools and dwellings.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Giants in These Days

WHAT the elephants are to the rest of the four-footed members of the animal kingdom, the inhabitants of a certain district of Kashmir are to the rest of mankind. They are really modern giants. They range from seven to nearly nine feet in height, and are fairly well proportioned. Perhaps the size of their feet and hands are the most impressive thing about them. Fortunately there is no need of gloves in their country and the native foot-covering is easily made. The Englishman standing between the giants is not a diminutive individual in his home land. He is about five feet nine, a small boy in size compared with his altitudinous friends. While these giants are imposing in appearance, they are far from strong, and it is said that one determined man of a shorter race can command them easily. Their nervous systems are also weak, and it is said that they are easily moved to tears. Once a regiment was formed of these imposing individuals, but they were for show only, as a small wiry Bengal lancer was a match for several if he wished to pick a quarrel with them. Frederick the Great of Prussia once formed a regiment of the tallest men all over Europe. These, however, were as good fighters as the warlike monarch could wish for. Napoleon, though short, liked tall men, and he was very proud of some of his grenadiers, to whose shoulders he had to reach up when he wished to pat them on the back. While bodily health and force are necessary to success, the height or weight of the body cuts very little figure in earthly conquest. Real greatness is that of mind and heart. Some who have been small in stature have been most successful in the realm of science, literature, art and war. The late Mr. Harriman, with his little body, was the greatest railroad-builder in the world; and Carnegie, the small ironmaster, stands well toward the top among the financiers of the world. The Japanese have little bodies but great minds and courage, and treated as playthings the giants of Russia. The prizes of life are given to those who have physical force, intellectual energy, moral courage and spiritual power. These are the real giants. The giants of Kashmir in our time remind us of those mentioned in the earlier history of the race.

There were giants in the earth in those days.  
(Gen. 6:4.)

### A Premium Against Preaching

Mrs. Helen Stone, who died at the age of eighty in Riverhead, L. I., the other day, left a farm worth about \$10,000 to Thomas Gilbert Osborne, seventeen years old, her great-nephew, upon the condition that he should not enter the ministry. She was the sister of the Rev. Thomas Gilbert Osborne, a Methodist clergyman, and was a faithful member of that church herself. It is claimed that she thought the Methodist ministry was so migratory that one in that profession would never care to settle down and take care of the farm which she left by will. The boy may not be inclined to the ministry, may feel called of God to settle down upon the farm and do his religious duty there; but should God call him into the ministry, he would be a very poor specimen of either a man or a minister, if he would permit the provisions of the will to interfere with his answer to that call.

For necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel. (1. Cor. 9:16.)

### Copper in Abundance

Modern industries, and especially those of our electrical age, require enormous quantities of copper, which quantities are supplied. While the production of this metal increased by 40,000,000 pounds during the year 1910, the stock on hand was decreased by more than 75,000,000 pounds. The mines now operating or under development have enough copper ore in sight to last a hundred years, and yet most of the copper deposits of the world slumber unnoticed and untouched. Alaska, South America, Africa, Asia, have a wealth of copper undreamed of

by the wildest imagination. The United States has only gotten a fair start in the production of this metal. The forests are going, wood will soon be destroyed, even the coal beds of the world will be exhausted, but God has electrical energies in reserve when the other kinds of fuel shall have been exhausted, and he has stored away the copper in the mountains, ready to harness the electrical forces to the industries of mankind. There is every likelihood that in the centuries to come, men will harness up the ocean with copper wire and fasten it to the wheels of industry and to the conveniences of civilized living. The rich metal deposits which God has made in the earth for use of man are thus referred to:

Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone. (Job 28:1, 2.)

### Sinking Islands Drowned Five Hundred

The seismographs at Washington and other points indicated severe earthquake shocks at a distance approximating that of Salvador. Sure enough, shocks that began in the early evening and continued till midnight sank a number of islands beyond Ilopango Lagoon. Island after island slipped down

down mountains, swallow cities and sink islands in the depths of the ocean. These disasters in nature are a type of those convulsions which occur in human society, in which institutions are thrown down and swallowed up, and in which islands disappear. Human safety by divine protection against such calamities is expressed by the Psalmist when he says:

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. (Ps. 46:2, 3.)

### The Blue and the Gray

President Taft surprised and pleased people of all sections of the country in his appointment of Justice White, a Louisiana Democrat and Confederate veteran, to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. At the annual dinner of the Southern Society of New York, given at the Waldorf Astoria the other evening, five hundred representatives from below Mason and Dixon's line heeded to the echo the reference to Mr. Taft's appointment of Justice White. Congressman-elect Martin W. Littleton, who represents Colonel Roosevelt's Oyster Bay district, made an eloquent address, reaching his peroration in his commendation of Justice White's appointment: "It has remained for a great President from Ohio and a great Judge from Louisiana to demonstrate to the world that the American Union has at last found in the highest tribunal of the world the proper place in which to erect a monument to its everlasting peace 'twixt North and South, 'twixt East and West." It has been almost fifty years since the Civil War began. Its issues have been settled for all time. The people of the South are as loyal to the Stars and Stripes as those of the North. The able statesmanship of the new South, its vigorous warfare against gambling, drinking and other evils, its enthusiastic march in the establishment of Christ's kingdom, its illustrious son worthy of this judicial honor, make the appointment of Justice White by President Taft a singularly appropriate one. The spirit of patriotism, of a common brotherhood, of a Christian brotherhood, make this expression of national fraternity peculiarly beautiful, bringing to mind these words in the epistle:

But as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. (1. Thes. 4:9.)

### Christmas Gift for Kiddies

In the terrible power house explosion at the New York Central Railroad Station, Charles Roberts was killed while delivering a package at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue. He had just gotten off his truck and was struck by a flying bolt that fractured his skull. Mrs. Roberts, who felt the force of the explosion in her home on East Forty-second Street, was searching the streets in terror for her husband, who had just left her. Just before he left the house, Roberts had given his wife a ten-dollar bill, telling her that it was his tobacco money, which he had laid away for a few months to purchase Christmas presents for the kiddies. "We must get them something that will be useful. I shall throw away no more money on tobacco; you and the children shall have it for a better use." It is a pity and shame that human carelessness should have brought such sorrow to this and other homes, but this humble man met death in the discharge of his daily duty, driving his team, serving his employers and their customers, making an honest living for his family, cherishing and impelled by the sweetest love for home, wife, and children, and with preparation for and anticipation of the Christmas joy the Babe of Bethlehem brought to the world. No hero in war or genius in art could do any better than that, nor make any more fitting entrance into the other life. It is purity of heart made by the love of the Christ child, before which the gateway of death will open into everlasting life.

Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. (Matt. 24:44.)



Prof. Ricalton and Two Giants From Kashmir, India

into the Pacific out of sight. The natives fled for safety toward the mainland, most of them taking refuge on Lagoon Island. Guns were fired, bonfires were lighted, as calls to the mainland for help. The entire population was thrown into hysterical excitement, and a mad dash for boats began, men, women and children fighting like tigers for a place in them. Old enmities between rival tribes were renewed. At one place twenty stalwart fishermen plunged after a boat filled with their enemies, and in the hand-to-hand fight that ensued every person on both sides was killed. Comparatively few if any of the islanders reached a place of safety, and at least five hundred went down with the islands into a watery grave. The people from the mainland, as they looked out on the places where the beautiful islands had rested on the bosom of the Pacific, saw nothing but the sea over them and heard its sad sighing over the dead beneath it. The earth has but a thin crust; most of it is a ball of fire. The waters of the ocean coming in contact with the fire generate gases which produce explosions, throw



# Chicago's "Off the Street" Club

FOUR years of contact with the world's "soiled and broken" people had made John McMurry, of Chicago, an apostle of the idea that "it costs less to save the children than to support jails and penitentiaries." So, forming a novel child's rescue scheme, he rented a room at 282 Congress Street, Chicago, and after nailing together a few dry goods boxes for furniture, put into operation his plan of child saving by prevention and education. This was eleven years ago. From three to nine P.M. every day his doors were open to the street children who were running "wild" after school, in Tilden Alley, a notorious locality near by.

The children came in slowly at first; but Mr. McMurry was not discouraged. Giving each waif a characteristic name, such as "Justice," "Love," "Conscience," "Industry," "Selfishness," and decorating them with sashes and badges, he set them to talking in dialogue. "Conscience," wearing a mirror around her neck, showed her playmates they must keep their hearts bright and clean; "Justice" weighed naughty deeds in her scales; "Industry" slapped "Laziness" on the back with a buggy whip, and "Self-Control" told "Anger" how to behave. Besides acting the noble virtues, the street gamins had the evils of life pictured for them. On the wall was the "House of Horrors" in a red frame, with a big green serpent coiled around it, showing a tragedy following intemperance. Then there was a wax head of a lad, who had lost his mind through smoking cigarettes. Diagonally across the room was suspended a long strip of red felt, called the "Path of Duty." Along this path were danger points, marked by little red, white, green, and blue lanterns, for all the world like a brakeman's signal lights, labeled "Cigarettes," "Lies," "Vice," "Covetousness," "Selfishness," and other bad qualities.

On one afternoon, the primary children acted their simple allegories on the little stage; the next afternoon, the intermediates or advanced pupils played their parts. As fast as a child learned his lesson, he was advanced by examination to a class higher, and was said to have "taken a degree." The waif

*By Harriet Ferrill*

who passed from the "Degree of Diggers," was struck on the back with a "Bag of Sins," and sent on his way rejoicing to the next higher degree. When he reached the third degree, the most advanced, he struggled with his little playfellows, disguised as pigs, goats, skeletons, et cetera, fighting his way through all the mean people till he arose



A Sunday Afternoon Session of the "Off the Street" Club

smiling, even though a big, red poppy, labeled "Pleasure," nodded its sleepy head to him. But of "Pleasure" he had been warned to beware; so he ignored her beckoning, and smiled upon "Industry" instead.

Besides these pretty little allegorical dialogues, the children were allowed to play with pet animals and taught how to take care of plants. On "Flower Nights," over 2,000 roses, donated by some Flower Mission, were distributed to the children, with the hope that they might imbibe the purity and the innocence of the fragrant blossoms. For a similar altruistic reason, Mr. McMurry requested the good women of the churches to invite little parties of his

250 waifs at a time to their homes, in order to give the children a glimpse of a home where drunkenness and vice did not exist.

Thus, directing the street children's play and outings in the summer time and influencing their studies, the good man went on with his task of developing child character. Sometimes the task was discouraging; for while the good seeds were being sown in the club, the tares were also being sown in the home. It was hard to get a newsboy to sign the temperance pledge, when he was accustomed to see both father and mother drink. It was hard to keep a girl from singing in a saloon for pennies, when her mother beat her if she didn't. But Mr. McMurry kept right on with his work, and he now points with pride to the "fine boys and girls" who have grown up under his guidance. He tells of struggles of Danny, who was rescued from the gutter; of Annie, who forsook the ways of her wicked relatives; of Jennie, who now helps to teach in the club rooms, and of Mary, who is a respectable girl, although her own mother drinks.

In eleven years, the "Off the Street Club" has grown till it is now almost a settlement. It conducts two cooking classes a week, three manual training classes, a psychology class, a reading club, sewing, drawing, cutting, and modeling courses. It has a large gymnasium, a library of 980 volumes, a band, an orchestra, many plants and animals, a bicycle club, and a purity club, called the "Lily Club." In the Lily Club, the members agree to support one poor child a year. When the members select a certain child, Mr. McMurry holds them to their task, even if it be unpleasant. Last year, the girls of the club had a serious time with their charge, which was sent home every night clean and spotless, only to come back to the club rooms next day with her pretty clothes all soiled from sleeping at home in a bed with old coats for comforters.

The club, which now ministers to several hundreds of children, is supported by volunteer contributions. It is doing an excellent work and is deserving of unstinted support.

## PHILANDER RHODES, PIONEER

### A Narrative of the Indian Massacre of 1862

PHILANDER RHODES was born in New York State about the year 1800. He came of good stock and had many noble qualities; but the curse of drink laid its blight upon him in his early manhood and seemed likely to ruin him. He left home and became a wanderer. This was about 1822. He at last found himself in Fort Snelling, Minnesota, a roustabout, a drunkard. The territory of Minnesota was then wild and thinly settled, but roving bands of Indians were numerous.

Young Philander Rhodes in some way gained the love of a chief's daughter and married her. He had a good education and in time learned to speak the Indian language so fluently that he was appointed Indian interpreter for the government, a post which he had held for thirty years when the writer became acquainted with him.

After he had been some time at Fort Snelling, a missionary, who had been preaching to the Sioux Indians, came to the fort to preach to the soldiers. At this time there were many troops stationed there.

The officers were pleased to have him come and during the winter he preached there often. Philander became serious, repented of his bad habits, and was effectually converted.

In common with other government agents, he had a large stone house for his residence, and to his home and at his table the Indians were welcome.

In the fall of 1862, there were about two thousand Sioux Indians waiting at the fort and camping on the flats of the Minnesota River, to receive their pay from the government in blankets, provisions and money.

Children had been born to Philander and his wife. White settlers were now coming in large numbers. Many of those men who had married squaws began to be ashamed of their wives and children and abandoned them.

Philander was urged to do the same thing and leave his family. He considered the matter seriously, but came to the conclusion that as he had taken his wife in good faith, he would stand by her to the end, come what might. He educated his two eldest children in the best Eastern schools. The son did not amount to anything, but the daughter was brilliant. He built a large house near Minne-ha-ha

Falls. Here his family lived for several years. The oldest son and daughter had married suitable partners. The other children remained at home.

The agency was now removed to Fort Sibley and Philander and his family settled there.



The Warning of the Massacre

In 1862, while the Rhodes family were living at Fort Sibley, the Indians secretly planned a wholesale massacre of all the white settlers.

One night Philander's wife's brother came to her at the risk of his life and told her to take her family and escape for their lives; that she must not let any outsiders know it, for he would be killed if it was found out that he had warned them.

Philander now directed his wife to take the children and escape with them by night, and he would remain and try to pacify the Indians, which he thought he could do, as he had been their best friend. But his efforts proved futile. Seeing at last that there was no hope of preventing the outbreak, he started to seek safety. It was extremely hot weather. As he was traveling alone, he came to a lone tree on the prairie, under which were several young braves smoking their pipes. Philander greeted them and the pipe was passed around. Shortly afterward he arose to continue his journey. He had gone but a short distance when the braves shot him in the back, killing him instantly. Then they cut his head off and stuck it up on a pole.

The massacre was now on. Men, women and children were alike murdered. The most unspeakable atrocities were perpetrated; houses were rifled and their contents destroyed. Grain stacks and dwellings were burned. The settlers fled for their lives, most of them too late.

Devastation and ruin were everywhere. These sights and scenes were witnessed by the soldiers as they went to drive the Indians back. The annals of this massacre are heartrending.

Philander Rhodes had now gone to his reward. Unpromising as his youth had been, he had proved himself a noble man and a true patriot.

The squaw, the wife and mother, returned to live at the home near Minne-ha-ha. But death soon claimed her. A few sympathizing people (the writer among them) performed the last sad rites over the body of this good and faithful woman. She was never known to speak a word of English, though she understood it well. After the Indians were driven back, the body of Philander Rhodes was found and was brought back and buried; and the husband and wife now lie side by side on the banks of the "Laughing Waters" of Minne-ha-ha. J. B. COOPER.



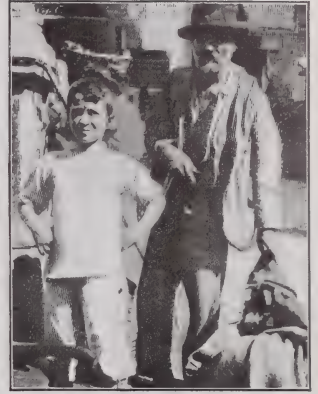
# The Light-Hearted Poor of Italy



Sellers of Paper Flowers



Drawing Water for the Evening Meal



Scrap-Gatherers in the Markets

At all American ports the stringent quarantine is now being enforced against all suspects of cholera from European seaports, especially those from Italy. It has been noted that the plague is most prevalent among the poorer and more crowded sections of the Italian cities, and especially where the cost of living is abnormally high.

Nowhere in Italy is the increased cost of living more keenly felt than in Milan, and the reasons appear, for the most part, to be fictitious. The cost of flour, for instance, has increased from thirty-eight lire (a lira being a fraction over nineteen cents) per 220 pounds in 1908, to forty-five lire this year. Bread went from four-tenths of a lira per 2.2 pounds to .48 lira; sugar from 1.42 per 2.2 pounds to 1.48 lire, and milk from .23 lira per litre to .3 lira, while eggs rose from .8 lira the dozen to 1.60. The cost of butter has increased 15 per cent.; coffee 10 per cent., and vegetables 15 per cent., while fruit went up 30 per cent. The price of meat is steadily increasing, and is practically prohibitive to most people. Beef, for roasting, has risen from 2.20 lire per 2.2 pounds, in 1904, to 2.8 lire now; and so on with other articles of food. House rents, too, have advanced about 30 per cent. in the three years, so that now it is practically impossible to rent a house or an apartment for less than three years, the rent payable, even then, six months in advance, and the tenant seldom having the chance of re-renting.

What is the result among people who are cramped in poor quarters and fed upon meagre fare at famine prices? Sickness, general liability to attacks of disease are among the results. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are there "slums" like those in the Italian cities. They are high tenements of narrow brick, coated over with a concrete of pink and yellow and white. In among the narrow little alley-ways which here and there turn to steps of stone, tired women saunter, carrying huge oil jars, such as one may see among the relics of Pompeii preserved in some museum. Children, too, are running hither and thither, watching for the least sign of opulence in the passersby, that they may flock about him, begging for a coin—a centesimo. A woman's voice comes down from some upper floor in belated warning, and a swinging bucket or a tin

pail imperils the head of the passerby, for this is the popular means of transporting things to the upper floors of these tenements. A bucket and string, sometimes a pulley, these constitute the tenement elevator. Dirty, brown-skinned children with tangled chestnut hair, playing among the balconies. Cheaply-built horse-cars, needing no track, trundle by, filled with men wearing the Garibaldi caps, and all of them smoking. Banana peddlers saunter by, stopping at the doors of dingy shops, where the entire family of the shopkeeper is gathered. You peep inside and shudder at the bed and the floor. Yet here both bread and meat are sold.

In the depths of the slums you find second-hand dealers, whose wares hang from poles along the outer edge of the walk. Every one walks in the street, and the pavements are given over to the exposition of wares. Candle-stores are everywhere, for the Italian poor are most religious. A penny saved is invested in a taper to be burned at some neighboring shrine.

At every window, high as the tenements reach, up to the rift of the soft, blue Italian sky, one sees hanging great golden gourds that are filled with lard or with milk or water. These are the refrigerators of the south of Europe, without which the poor would perish. Peddlers and beggars throng the streets, with here and there among them a hired nurse. On Sundays, when the signora herself takes care of the infant, the nurse comes home. She wears no cap, but upon her head there is a great bow of yellow or red ribbon, with long ends hanging down behind. Little brass bells jingle merrily on the ribbons.

Down at the harbor, the boys fish when there is no other amusement. Many a neat fry is brought home for the family table. Others sell newspapers. Let a street-organ go by, however, and customers may go to the winds. Here and there, the older boys linger about the tables of some sidewalk café, where men are playing cards.

As we go on the tenements seem to be growing higher. Six and seven stories they tower now and we can no longer count the balconies. There is a central court in some of the houses, where skeins of yarn are drying and where peddlers deposit their stalls while they call to the householders. In some

of these courts an altar is set up. If we are fortunate, we may chance to see a wedding. The bride and groom have come from the church to the family altar, as it were, and there is a great hubbub; for all the people of the tenements gather to see the ceremony. In the maze of lanes, there are stalls without number—some with boiled sago, the roasted peel of the mango, and that dish of the very poor, the roasted pine-cone. Now we come to a market filled with little stalls, with goods suspended from poles, and with gaily-robed vendors. Down at the street-fountain nearby are women wearing on their heads great picturesque white lace caps that fall to either side like a cushion. Some sell cakes, others bread; but none seem to care particularly whether one purchases or not. Yonder is a peddler with a great jug of water on his back, and a tray with glasses in his hand. He is selling drinking water at a cent a glass. Another itinerant carries a tray of fruit on his head, loaded with green bananas, oranges, lemons and tangerines. Then there is the fan-peddler, the post-card seller, the boy with strings of onions round his neck, and the bright-eyed cherry peddler with his basket of luscious black cherries and his scales slung over his shoulder.

The street musicians of the slums are playing airs from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The violins take up other Italian melodies and the girls in the balconies burst out with their songs. One who has walked these tenement alleys, when the girls are singing in the balconies, will be loath to leave. The streets are often so narrow that two carts cannot pass each other, yet the drivers will venture in. Hand carts with lemons and *bomba* are numerous, so are donkeys with panniers. Little burros are there, too, conspicuous by the tall cock-feathers rising up from their harness of gay brass trimmings. Now and then there may be a hack. A stranger will be almost literally dragged into one of these by the driver if he is spied in the slums.

With twilight safety diminishes in the slums. Strangers not in tenement attire, and lacking the accent, are soon recognized. By flinging a handful of large copper coins—the total value perhaps a dime—the crowd is easily made to scatter and the visitor may make a safe and dignified retreat.

FELIX J. KOCH.



Vender of Paper Birds



The Carter Takes Life Lightly



Whistling to Lighten Their Load



# MR. HOLT'S AMAZING OCEAN TRIP

Runs Over on the "Mauretania," Does New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, Greets Mr. Taft and Embarks Again, all in Thirty-six Hours

IT HAS long been the boast of American newspaper men that they stood at the head of the profession—in a class by themselves—in getting interviews from people usually unapproachable, and supplying news to the public at a faster pace than that achieved by the journalists of any other land under the sun. In fact, so deeply has this idea become rooted in the public mind that whenever we hear of a noteworthy journalistic achievement in another country, we feel that the man who did it must have a drop of American blood hidden somewhere in his anatomy, or else, at some time in his life, he must have served a strenuous apprenticeship under some of the city editors who have their habitat in the skyscrapers along Newspaper Row.



William R. Holt

England, however, has shown us that for hustle and perseverance she has men on her great metropolitan dailies who are equal to any connected with our great New York or Chicago publications. To tell the truth, New York newspaperdom has not quite recovered from the surprise occasioned by the flying visit of William Rugg Holt, who came and went on the remarkable "Christmas round trip" of the liner *Mauretania*.

The *Mauretania* stopped at her dock in the North River, New York, just thirty-six hours. Mr. Holt, of the London *Daily Mail*, in those same thirty-six hours did not stop anywhere long enough so you would find him again in any given spot if you turned your back for a moment. He came to see as much of America as possible, and he saw more of it than many people who have lived here all their lives and think they have been about a little.

Lord Northcliffe, who owns more first-class newspapers and publications than any one else in the world, sent him over to show us what an English newspaper man can do. Lord Northcliffe's permanent representative in New York made elaborate preparations, which went through without a hitch, and Mr. Holt was shot from one interview to another, from city to city, with a rapidity which made the eyes of the American reporters, who were hot on his trail, bulge with astonishment. Mr. Holt landed in Washington in the morning,

at about the same time some of the passengers back on the *Mauretania* were leaving the ship. He was taken to the White House and, after a short delay, was received by President Taft. He says Mr. Taft has a powerful handshake which his fingers will remember for some time to come. He was much pleased with his interview and stayed long enough to see the President receive a Congressman and his bride and a delegation of Washington business men. The informality of it all amazed him, but he confessed that he liked the way our statesmen do things, especially their accessibility to the public.

Later he was taken to the Capitol, and saw Speaker Cannon and other "big guns" of the law-making body. Soon he was in a private car bound for Baltimore. He did that city in an automobile, which sometimes reduced its speed until it was on all four wheels, and then raced for the station. Then he took a tour of Philadelphia, seeing among other things the hall where the Declaration was made, an object of interest to all visiting Englishmen as well as Americans.

On the last lap of his journey to New York, he dictated an article for his home papers to be cabled at once to London. He went all over New York; saw the Mayor, had a talk with Governor-elect Dix, and then tried the subway at a rush hour and escaped alive to tell his experiences. He tried a ride under the Hudson and back; saw the skyscrapers, and shopped in the department stores and got a few hours' sleep at night. He was surprised to find what a furor he created and was compelled to submit to numberless interviews from accompanying reporters. At six o'clock Saturday evening he was on the deck of the *Mauretania*, waving good-bye with unusual English cordiality to a score of new-found friends among his fellow craftsmen

of the press of New York. Perhaps he won't write a book, but his experiences as they will appear in the London papers will be good reading for Briton and American.

It was a wonderful trip the giant *Mauretania* made in the effort to steam from Fishguard, in Wales, to New York, unload, coal and load and reach Fishguard again all within the space of eleven days. Several passengers took the round trip to be able to say that "they were there."

The steamer brought a large cabin list and her many decks were filled with tons of Christmas gifts from the old country and wagon-loads of Christmas mail.

Both continents watched the wonderful race against the white crests of the wintry seas. Good weather did not aid the project. Over waves as high as houses the great liner plunged, sometimes piercing them, sometimes riding them. One great "comber" went over her top decks, bent the rails as if they had been tin and knocked a window out of the pilot house many feet above. A strain was on officers and crew. They felt the thrill of the great trial, and went about their work with an enthusiasm which brought many admiring remarks from the passengers, onlookers yet participants in the race to conquer space, the elements and the sea.

Captain W. F. Turner was in command. He may have slept some during the voyage, but most people were not conscious of the fact. He is proud of the fact that he "came up through the hawse pipe," as he puts it—that is, gained his present post by repeated promotion from cabin boy—and though he has been more than a generation at sea, he is slated probably to tread the quarter-deck for twenty years to come. He is as strong as he is modest about his exploits. At the last of the trip he refused to leave the bridge an instant, and what a bitter night the last one was!

It made his cherry cheeks redder and he found that when morning came he would have to dispense with shaving while his cheeks got well.

At New York the health officer was ready for a quick investigation. The mail boats then came alongside and detained her some, but when she had made fast at the dock her record stood four days, twenty hours and seven minutes.

In thirty hours over five thousand tons of coal had been put aboard, the men shoveling day and night; the mail and cargo were in the hold and ready to start back. She sailed at six on Saturday, though she could have got away at noon, but kept to her return schedule on account of passengers, Mr. William Rugg Holt being among the number.

The *Mauretania* made a great home run, reaching Fishguard, Wales, in a little over four days and fifteen hours—the quickest on record. The round trip occupied less than twelve days, including a 36-hour stop-over in New York.



The "Mauretania" Coaling Up for Her Return Flying Trip

## "PREMIUM BOOKS SATISFACTORY"--ORDER YOURS NOW!

### Very Much Pleased

I received the Home Library to-day. Am very much pleased with it.

J. F. WHITTEMORE,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### A Life-long Inspiration

Received the *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*, also photographure and calendar. They are souvenirs which I shall love and value very highly, and they will prove an inspiration during my earthly journey to the better land.

Geneva, N. Y. MRS. J. A. S.

### An Artistic Appreciation

We have received your 1911 calendar and the photographure of Dr. Louis Klopsch, and are very much pleased with them. I especially wish to congratulate you on the selection of the design and study for the calendar, which I assure you will be preserved. The photographure of Dr. Klopsch impresses me as one highly educated, with high ideals of refinement. Thanking you for your kind remembrance, and

wishing you continued success and prosperity,  
Oakland, Calif. C. M. H.

### "A Treasure Indeed"

We thank you heartily for the delightful premiums just received. The *Life Work of Louis Klopsch* is a treasure indeed, and it is beautifully gotten up. Every one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family ought to have it. It is a fitting memento of a thoroughly consecrated life. We are so glad to have the excellent photographure. We prize it highly. Thank you, too, for the calendar for 1911, and for your cordial greetings.

Amherst, Mass. R. A. F.

### A Book Highly Prized

We have received the *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*, and think it a gem of the printers' and binders' art, and a fitting tribute to one who was known in many nations for his kind deeds and Christian acts of philanthropy, and who so unflinchingly and nobly

helped along the angels' song: "Peace on earth, good will to man." It is a book that we highly prize and thank you very much for.

Harvard, Ill. J. B. S.

### Bringing Cheer, Comfort and Love

We send our many thanks for our lovely calendar for 1911, also photographure of our dearly loved Dr. Klopsch. The book *Stephen* will prove very satisfactory. The premiums are well worth the money. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD brings to our home cheer, comfort and love, and seems like one of the family. We could hardly do without it.

MR. AND MRS. H. T. P.  
Springfield, Mass.

### A Welcome Visitor

Many thanks for the beautiful calendars and portrait of our beloved friend, Dr. Klopsch, whose memory is to me sacred, for of all my departed friends he is held as the most sacred for the glorious work he has done for humanity, not only in New York City

but in foreign lands. If ever a man devoted and gave his life, service and his funds to alleviate the suffering of humanity, Dr. Klopsch stands at the head of all. My prayer is that the same prosperity may abide and continue with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which was so near and dear to our departed brother. I received the book on his life and it has one of the foremost places in our library. I want to bear witness as one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, that the paper is looked for every week as one of the most welcome visitors that comes to our home. We just could not do without it. Would that every home in the land would take it and read it.

S. D. K. AND FAMILY.

Columbus, O.

### Like Calendar and Pictu-

The 1911 Calendar and photographure of Dr. Klopsch were received in good order to-day. We appreciate them very much, especially the picture of Dr. Klopsch.

A. H.  
Rochester, N. Y.





# THEIR BETROTHAL

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHE stood beside her dressing table early in the morning, putting the last touches to her toilet, because she had an errand in town and must leave home by the first train. Once or twice she stopped, in the intervals of arranging her hair and fastening her belt, to look with an expression of rapt delight at the ring on her finger. It was a beautiful and costly thing, a sapphire reflecting heaven's own blue, set in a circlet of flashing diamonds. The little room was plain and the house throughout very simply furnished, although there was store of old mahogany, and the pictures on the walls might have been sold for a goodly sum if Katherine Lefferts and her mother could have made up their minds to part with them for mere money. They represented to them the life-work of the artist's soul of him who had been, not so many years before, the pride and glory of that household. Had Hugh Lefferts lived longer, he would have won an enduring fame. As it was, while he lived the fruits of his genius kept want from his wife and daughter, and he had been able to make for them some little provision that they regarded as an independence.

Katherine had inherited a fair share of her father's working talent without that rare endowment of genius that had been his. In her studio, under the attic roof, she spent many daylight hours, and orders for the miniatures that she painted were seldom lacking. In the last two years she had received continual encouragement and had raised her prices, having reached the place where her name counted for something with those who purchased.

Only last evening had Herman Dean placed on her finger the ring that was the token of their betrothal. He had meant to give it to her in holiday week, but though he had reached his thirtieth birthday there was so much of the boy in him that when the ring was in his pocket he could not wait, and so Katherine had it a whole week earlier than he had meant she should. She gazed at the precious stones with a flushing cheek and a glad smile, and kissed the sapphire before, carrying her hat and wrap over her arm, she ran downstairs to breakfast.

There was snow on the ground and the walk to the station was a good half mile. Her mother tied a thin green veil for the girl, after she had put on her hat. "I wish I did not have to wear it," Katherine said, "but the snow is dazzling, mother, and it blinds me almost as much as the gray mist does when we have that. I wonder what ails my eyes, anyway. They look as they ought, but I must admit that they are not serving me very well. That miniature of Mrs. Ogletree gave me a lot of trouble, and my eyes have ached ever since I finished it. I have all sorts of lights confusing me this morning—blue and green and red—and sometimes there is a rainbow effect like the colors in a prism. I hope Dr. Steele will change my glasses. They must be wrong or I would not be so bothered."

"Don't you want me to go with you, Katherine?" asked the mother anxiously. "Is it safe for you to go by yourself with the motor cars dashing everywhere, and the crowds and the confusion of these busy days? I can be ready in half a minute. I believe I will go with you."

"No, darling, it is not necessary. I see perfectly well to get about, and I am sure there is nothing to be worried over. Herman will meet me after I leave Dr. Steele's, and we shall lunch together and then go to hear some music. We'll both be home to dinner at six. Good-by, dear."

The mother watched Katherine as with quick, light steps she took her way to the station. The mother's heart was heavy, and the tears of apprehension rushed to her eyes, for there had lately crept over her a fear that Katherine was not to go on much longer with the work she loved. Those beautiful, near-sighted eyes, so brave and cheery, had,

the mother thought, been overtaken, and with love's quick insight she divined that the blurring, the mingling lights and the pain were danger signals. She had much to do that day, and she set about her work knowing that work is the best panacea for most heart-aches. She was, day by day, arranging the house for a little house party, when the engagement of her daughter would be announced. There was a dainty dinner to be planned also for Katherine and Herman, in honor of their betrothal, and to this the minister and his wife and Katherine's dearest chum in the village were coming as guests.

Meanwhile, at the oculist's, Katherine was undergoing the accustomed tests that she more and more

Katherine heard the verdict of Dr. Steele with an unmoved countenance, except that she grew for an instant very pale. She thanked him for his plainness, and went away as she had done before many times, with a "Good morning, doctor," that had in it no tremulous note. "She is splendid," the doctor thought, as he opened the door for the patient who had the next appointment; "splendid! how I wish science could help her! but there is nothing hopeful in the case."

Herman Dean met her, as she had expected, in a print-shop on Fourth Avenue. They went together to luncheon and then to the concert. Katherine made an effort to appear as usual in the restaurant, but Herman looked at her with solicitude, for love is not easily deceived, and this was not the same girl to whom he had said good-night after he had slipped the sapphire ring on her finger the night before.

"Have you a headache, dear?" he said, when they were seated in the train at last. "No," she answered, "I am just a bit tired. Wait until our friends have gone this evening, and I will tell you what is the matter." Dinner was served at six, and by nine the guests had taken leave. There was still an hour before Herman must start for the train, and Mrs. Lefferts retired that the two might have that hour by themselves. Herman crossed the little drawing-room and took Katherine in his arms, kissing her hair and her lips with a lover's reverence. "Now, sweetheart," he said, "tell me what has been troubling you to-day."

"Only this," she replied, trying to be tranquil. "I must give you back your ring, Herman. I cannot marry you, or anybody."

"Cannot marry me!" exclaimed Herman in amazement. "I would like to know why. What has happened since last evening to make you say so preposterous a thing? Why, Katherine, you and I have been engaged for the last six months, and we are going to be married at Easter. What has happened, dear? No, don't remove that ring. It was put on your hand to stay."

"Herman," Katherine said, "I had an appointment, as you know, with Dr. Steele before I saw you this morning, and although he did not tell me precisely what I am about to tell you, that is, in blunt, brusque, hard truth, I knew what he meant. I am never to paint any more miniatures, or any pictures, and I must give up for all time the work that I have learned to do and to love. I shall not be able to help dear mother, and I don't quite see what she will do with a blind daughter; for as sure as I sit here, one of these days I'm going to be blind."

Herman took her hand in his and lifted it to his lips. "I wish Dr. Steele had been able to give you hope," he said, "but so long as I have eyes and hands and a brain, after all we shall manage pretty well. If you cannot paint miniatures, why should you? I am not going to give you up now, nor to be disappointed in having my wife for my comrade in the years that are coming. You belong to me, dear, and the bond cannot be broken."

They bade each other good-night, and the sapphire remained, a token of her lover's adoration, on Katherine's hand.

Instead of waiting for an Easter wedding, as had been their first intention, the two were married in less than a week. Herman had talked with Mrs. Lefferts, and soon after the wedding he carried his bride to stay a while amid the roses and lilies under the warm skies of Florida. When they came home to the mother there began for them a life of joy and hope and happiness, and although Katherine's sight was never altogether undimmed, it was, as Herman had predicted, always clear enough to see his face, and in later days clear enough to make the sunshine of the little children God gave them to bless their home.



"I am not going to give you up now, said Herman, lifting her hand to his lips"

dreaded. She never could do herself credit when it came to reading the lines of Dr. Steele's trial cards, and when she stepped into his dark room, and he turned on her eyes the searchlights that revealed so much to his practised scrutiny, she inwardly shrank from hearing his verdict.

"Miss Lefferts," he said, when the examination was finished, "I am sorry to tell you what I must, but the truth is kindest. If you wish other advice, by all means seek it; but I must say that I am convinced that any other professional opinion that you could obtain would be precisely like mine, identical in fact. You must stop painting miniatures. You must abandon all close work from this time forward, all handling of brushes and colors, and everything that has to do with the life of an artist, if you would retain your present sight. Only by constant rest and the greatest care, by keeping your general health at the highest level, living much out of doors and having long, restful nights of sleep, can you avoid the total eclipse of sight."



And several hundred others to be acknowl'g'd later.

And several hundred others to be acknowl'd later.



# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

## Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Little Jimmy Preston, aged six, gets a letter at the post office for his sister, Barbara. On the way home it is lost. Barbara Preston has been trying to keep the farm, the last of her father's estate, for Jimmy, but it is mortgaged to Honorable Stephen Jarvis, who is comparatively young. He threatens to foreclose. Peg Morrison, the old farm hand, is as greatly concerned over the loss of the letter as is Barbara. She goes to Mr. Jarvis to ask for more time on the mortgage. He tells her that he is disposed to do it, and also that he is tired of his present housekeeper and would like her to fill the place. She leaves without a word. The old housekeeper at once becomes her enemy. Stephen Jarvis comes to see Barbara. He asks her to marry him and he will give her the place. She refuses. She thinks of her old lover who went away and whose fate she did not know. Jarvis drives up and insists she ride with him. He rebukes her for not asking his aid to obtain a school position he heard that she had applied for, and she tells him that she asked his aid once and was refused. He says that he had offered her another place. He renews his proposals and says her brother could live with them. He tells her that he has never loved any one else in his life. He leaves her at her own gate, where little Jimmy meets her and says Peg has found the letter. All she can make out is the post-mark. The handwriting is that of David Whitcomb, her old lover, whom she thought dead. Barbara writes to the address, Pomlstone, Ariz. Jarvis meets her once more and walks with her, as she will not enter the carriage; and he tells her that he cannot give her up. He grasps her arm, but with the declaration that she is "free," she wrenches away. She makes a desperate resolution. Going to Mr. Bellows, the auctioneer, she tells him that she wishes to sell her skill and intelligence "to the highest bidder." She says a mortgage on the place covers everything, and that she must sell her work for a term of years for \$1,000. Against his will, he consents to auction her off. Jarvis is astonished when he finds Barbara is to sell her services. A small crowd gathers at the Preston farm on the day appointed. Mr. Bellows wishes to know if Barbara wants to "back out." She refuses to change her mind. Jarvis comes to protest. Whitcomb returns while the auction is in progress. \$1,400 is bid. A man giving the name of Smith secures her services for \$4,000. Whitcomb in anger demands who the bidder is, but cannot find out. Bellows says Barbara is to stay at the farm until called for but will not tell the name of the buyer for whom Smith acted. She hires Martha Cottle to come and keep house while she is away. She pays Jarvis his money. Whitcomb comes to see her. She finds him changed. He urges her to marry him, but she tells him she must keep to the contract. Martha Cottle asks her if that is the man who has purchased her. Barbara wonders if the woman has been eavesdropping. Months pass; still Barbara is kept in suspense. Whitcomb again urges her to marry him; she tells him they must wait result of contract. Martha Cottle tells Peg Morrison Barbara is engaged to Whitcomb. Peg asks her how she knows and she tells him she has overheard "em" saying. Whitcomb is at breakfast in the Barford Eagle.

## XV—Continued

THE waitress at the Barford Eagle was a pretty girl with curly light hair and wide open eyes of an innocent babyish blue.

"Here's your toast, Mr. Whitcomb, nice an' hot—jus' as you like it," she said, reaching over his shoulder to set a covered plate before him.

"An' I tried the coffee m'self this morning. That ol' cook, she makes me good and tired! She don't care whether you like things or not."

David flashed a brilliant smile at the waitress.

"You're a nice little girl, Jennie," he said, and tasted the steaming cup which she handed him. Then he made a wry face.

"Isn't it good?" asked the girl, with a grievous droop of her full red lips. "I made it jus' us you said; with the egg an' all, an' it jus' boiled up good once. I stood right over it for all o' that nasty Sarah. She swatted me with her dish towel, 'cause I wouldn't—"

"It's made well enough," interrupted David; "but it's a cheap brand of coffee, and—bring the coffee-pot here, will you?"

"The coffee-pot?"

"Yes, bring it here; the one you made my coffee in."

The girl disappeared kitchenward with a hasty rustling of her crisp blue gingham skirts. David leaned back in his chair and thrust his hands in his trousers' pockets while he eyed the table service of coarse crockery and cheap glass with a cynical smile. Three

or four flies hovered aimlessly about the plate of buttered toast, and one crawled into the half-filled cream jar, where it buzzed helplessly, its wings spattered with the liquid.

"My!" muttered David, pushing back his chair and yawning. There were shrill voices in loud altercation in the not distant kitchen, the sound of a hard-shut door, and the waitress reappeared, red-cheeked and breathless, bearing a large black coffee-pot in her two hands held far in front of her.

"Here it is, Mr. Whitcomb," she said. "That nasty ol' cook was bound I shouldn't bring it in 'ere. She threw dish-water on my clean apron. I could 'a killed her!"

She held the coffee-pot for his inspection and David lifted the lid, peered in, and sniffed disgustedly.

"Ugh!" he said, "I thought so. Now, I like decent coffee, and I'll buy a coffee-pot just to make my coffee in. Do you suppose you could keep it so that termi-

she raised her blue eyes, they were swimming in tears.

"I—I'll do anything' you say," she whimpered, "anything' you want me to."

By way of answer, perhaps, David pushed back his chair with a harsh scraping sound that echoed dimly through the empty room. Then he rose, clapped his straw hat on the back of his curly head, searched for his cigarette case and matches and stalked out to the piazza by way of the passage which, in country fashion, afforded an easy mode of transit between the bar and the dining-room. At one side of the passage was set a high ink-spattered desk and behind it a long-legged stool upon which perched a fat-fish elderly man intent upon a ledger. This individual appeared to feel the heat of the June morning exceedingly, for he mopped his face from time to time with a large handkerchief, in the intervals of setting down laborious lines of figures. He looked up as David



"David whipped out a yellow-backed bill from his vest pocket"

gant in the kitchen wouldn't annex it?"

"You bet I can," giggled the girl delightedly, "an' I'll do it, too, jus' to spite Sarah. An' I'll make your coffee every morning. I'd love to, Mr. Whitcomb."

"Good girl," drawled David. He waved his hand toward the table. "You may as well take these things away," he said, "I'm—er—not hungry this morning."

The girl's face fell; her full lips quivered and pouted like a child's on the verge of sobbing.

"I made the toast," she said, "I made it jus' like you said. It—it's good."

David uncovered the plate hastily.

"It looks fine, Jennie; but you see it's so near dinner time—see here, my girl, you buy the coffee-pot for me; will you?—just a plain tin one, mind. And—er—keep the change."

He threw a crisp bill on the table. The girl took up the money and folded it together carefully. When

Whitcomb approached and his large face creased itself into a dubious smile.

"Good-morning, Sutton," remarked David blandly. "Finding out how much the public owes you for your astonishing good cheer—eh?"

"Mornin', Mr. Whitcomb," mumbled the Boniface. "Um—yes; I was sort of goin' over m' books. Warm mornin', ain't it?"

He eyed David closely, taking note apparently of the heavy ring of virgin gold on the finger of his left hand and descending slyly to the polished toes of his tan Oxfords.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the young man nonchalantly, allowing a thin wreath of smoke to escape from his lips.

"I won't break ye, I guess," hazarded Mr. Sutton, pushing a slip of pink paper across the desk with alacrity. "The's a few extrys on this week's bill," he added, breathing heavily as he indicated with the handle of

his pen various items annotated on the account.

David flung his half-smoked cigarette out of the open window, and produced a roll of bills from his pocket, from which he detached one.

"Take it out of that," he said carelessly. "I need some change."

"Yes, sir; all right, sir. Thank you, sir," said Mr. Sutton effusively.

He sucked in his lips in a windy whisper as he counted out the change in bills of smaller denominations and topped them with a little pile of silver.

"Hope you find everythin' t' your likin' at the Eagle."

David shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "I'm used to roughing it."

The hotel keeper signed his name to the receipted bill with a heavy flourish.

"Heh!" he ejaculated.

Then he climbed hastily down from his perch.

"Come across," he said hospitably, "an' have one on me. Anythin' you say, Mr. Whitcomb."

"Something cold, if you have it," David directed the bartender, "and bitter. No, no! not too much of that. Fill it up with water."

He drank thirstily and set down the glass, lifting his eyes to look out of the window at a passing vehicle.

"That's the Hon'able S. Jarvis, Esquire," pronounced his host, sucking his lips over the contents of his own glass. "Warm man, Jarvis."

"By that you mean?" queried David, strolling toward the door.

"He's got the rocks, Jarvis has; but my! ain't he the screechin' limit? I'll bet you—"

Mr. Sutton waddled heavily after David, and seated himself comfortably in one of the big splint-bottomed chairs ranged along the piazza for the convenience of patrons.

"I'll bet you," he concluded, "he's got half a million salted down, if he's got a penny."

"Is there a decent horse in the stable?" inquired David, after a silence, which Mr. Sutton filled in with various animal-like noises, expressive of his entire physical comfort.

"No; but I c'n git y' one over to the livery stable. I'll send over for it, if you say so," Mr. Sutton responded.

"I want to find Bellows," David said.

"Who? The auctioneer? Well, y' don't need no livery hoss t' locate Thomas. He's over t' Henry Maclin's this mornin', sellin' out the stock. Hank's concluded to go West. Thinks there's more doin' out there. But I dunno 'bout that. You mus' know somethin' 'bout the West?"

David was smoking a second cigarette with short, impatient puffs.

"I've been there," he admitted, with a transient scowl.

"How'd you like it?" asked Mr. Sutton, folding his pudgy hands across his protuberant front. "What sort of a place is it? Gamblers—heh? Cowboys, shootin' parties, sage brush, prairie fires, ectetery—heh?"

"You've named the principal features of the great West," drawled David. "It's all there, more particularly the et cetera. There's lots of that roaming about."

He pulled his hat over his eyes and stepped down from the veranda.

"I may not be back to dinner," he said, "but I'd like a decent steak for supper, if you can get it in this centre of civilization."

Mr. Sutton watched the young man's muscular figure in its leisurely progress down the street. Then he went back to the bar-room, where his underling, a slim, sallow young man with

Continued on page 17





## Twelfth Night

**T**WELVE days after Christ was born in Bethlehem, the wise men came bringing their gifts to the Baby King; and this is the reason we have on the sixth of January what is called the Feast of the Wise Men, or the Kings' Christmas, Epiphany, or Twelfth Night.

Down to the time of Oliver Cromwell, Twelfth Night, in the Northern countries, was an important church holiday. Wonderful old mystery and morality plays were presented in the churches and great Twelfth Night fêtes and festivals were held throughout the land.

To this day, one of the heartiest, merriest times of all the year in those same Northern countries (where even tiniest boys and girls go away to boarding school), is the hearty, happy celebrating of Twelfth Night. "Holidays are ended," the home folks seem to say; "for the children's sake we must rally for a last merry-making, because, tomorrow, back they all must go to dull lessons."

Nobody pleads indifference, nor stays away; every one, from lord and master of the house to the scullery maid and the "buttons," all in fine, high spirit, join the Twelfth Night frolic.

The more fantastic and splendid the costumes (gotten up on the spur of the moment) the better. Impromptu sceptres and crowns of gold and silver paper and Christmas tree tinsel, cloaks and frocks out of trunks in the attic, Canton flannel petticoats and court trains, bordered with filigree paper, are made to look very imposing and wonderful. The King and the Queen, the Lord Mayor of London, and all the Princesses and Princes of the Royal Families, are nearly always represented in some outlandish but recognizable way. Prince Charming, Mother Goose, Cinderella, Red Ridinghood, Dick Whittington, Harlequin, and most of the good old folk-lore friends, are pretty sure to come to Twelfth Night parties.

### Twelfth Night Games

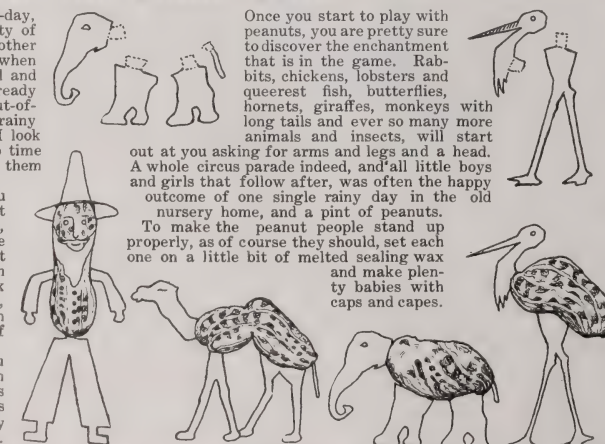
**A** TWELFTH NIGHT King is always chosen and crowned in grandiloquent frolic and pomp. It is the King's duty to start the games and to see to it that they go off with a snap, and that everybody has a good time.

## For the Little Folk

"No sunshine out of doors to-day, so we must make plenty of sunshine in the house," Mother would say to us little folk when the day promised to be dull and gray, and often we had already planned for some special out-of-door frolic. These splendid rainy nursery days are so full of sunshine as I look back at them, that I intend from time to time to tell you very little folk about some of them right here in the Cozy Corner.

Have you ever played peanuts? If you have not, then the very next dull day that it rains and you wonder what to do next, run as fast as ever you can, or get some one to do it for you, to the nearest peanut stand and buy a pint of peanuts. With the help of some bits of paper, your box of paints, and some wooden toothpicks, there is almost no measuring the fun that you can have with just a pint of peanuts.

This is enough of a suggestion for you clever little folk. I need not go very much farther into particulars, except perhaps to say that the animals and paper cut-outs that I am showing you here are in pretty good scale for the average peanut animal.



and five supplementary prizes for the next best drawings in order of merit.

### Over and Under Twelve Alike

**VERSES.** Subjects: "My Valentine," "Abe Lincoln." We will give two first prizes of \$1 each, and ten supplementary prizes, consisting of a Brownie kodak and nine appropriate books for good work in order of merit.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Subjects: "Winter," "Homeless," "A Good Game." Five first prizes of \$1 each, and ten supplementary prizes for good work appropriate to the Cozy Corner.

All work must be original, and all work in this contest must be in by January 20.

Neighbor-Neighbor, the Muffin Man, Cross-questions and Crooked Answers, Solemn Occasion, London Bridge, Pussy Wants a Corner, Follow the Leader, Round the Mulberry Bush, Frog in the Middle, How Many Miles to Babylon, Forfeits, Consequences, Clumps, and Blind Man's Buff are old Twelfth Night standards.

### Fortune-Telling

**I**F YOU get up a Twelfth Night frolic—and be sure you do—remember a big Fortune Cake is usually the climax of all the fun.

Take a large round hat-box; smear it with glue, cover it with frosting and put many candles on the lid. Fill the box with as many small scalloped cup-cakes as there are guests at the party, and in each cake put either a piece of money (for riches), a ring (for a wedding), a button (this means you will be a bachelor or an old maid), a bean (prophecies a long journey), a thimble (a poor man's bride), a big bead (a new dress), a lentil (this means you will be a minister if you are a boy or marry one if you are a girl), a cherry stone (who will marry a soldier).

### What Chestnuts Tell

**C**HESTNUTS are oldest Twelfth Night fortune-tellers. Nearly every one knows how to tell chestnut fortunes. The principal signs are: If the chestnut burns up evenly without spitting it is telling you that your life will be even and serene; neither very great fortune nor very much ill luck will come to you. If it sputters and flies away, you may expect riches and splendor. If it roasts quite evenly, and pops open just enough to be done to a turn, this is the best fortune of all.

When the party is over and it is time to be going home, set twelve candles in flat candlesticks up on the floor, about one yard apart, and name them for the twelve calendar months. Let each girl in her hat and cloak gather her skirts tight about her, and hop lightly over the twelve candle flames without stopping. At the end of the journey, the candles that have blown out as she passed over them, mark the only months in the year in which she may expect disappointment. This is an old Candlemas game, and sometimes Twelfth Night is called Candlemas.

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**DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:** Do be sure to get up a Twelfth Night Party. You can't imagine the fun there is in one until you try it out. Play peanuts too, and do not fail to enter the SPECIAL JANUARY PRIZE CONTEST.

### Special January Prize Contest

**STORIES** or articles in less than 400 words. Subjects: "My Favorite Hero," "My Own Most Aeroplane." We will award prizes of \$2 each.

**DRAWINGS.** Subjects: "A Headpiece for February," "My Chum," "Something I Made Myself." We will give \$2 for the first prize,



## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from page 15

ly black hair parted very particularly in the middle of his narrow head, was anxiously arranging clean glasses on a ray.

"He's hot stuff; ain't he?" observed he bar-tender.

"Who, Whitcomb?"

"Thinks he's the whole thing; don't e."

Mr. Sutton frowned. "I ain't made p my mind 'bout that young feller," e said ponderously. "But I'm kind of tchin' him. It strikes me he'll bear watchin'."

David Whitcomb, walking slowly own the village street under the shade f the spreading maples, was experi-ncing that vague dissatisfaction hich in individuals of his tempera-nt is apt to follow the attainment of me hotly pursued desire. Barbara ad long represented to his imagina-on the distant, unscaled peak, the un-dden wild, the unstaked, unexplored aim. He had come back from the Vest with no very fixed intention of arrying her; but with something of he languid curiosity the traveler feels egarding scenes long unvisited.

He had not felt at all sure that he ould find Barbara the lovely vision he had pictured her in the infren-ent intervals given to a vague re-embrance of past days. But he had ght sight of his indifference in the ex-itement of the auction and his subse-ent impulsive endeavors to break own the girl's scruples. Now he had on her, fairly or unfairly, and he had vinking with some irritation of the ure to which he had committed him-elf. The dull vista of a married life, pent in hard work on a farm which in he end could not belong to him, ap-ared more and more intolerable the nger he dwelt upon it. He was in a horro-fully bad humor by the time he ad reached the scene of Thomas Bel-ows' latest activities.

Henry Maclin's hardware, flour and eed store was situated on the out-krirts of the village. As David ap-roached it he could hear the loud voice f the auctioneer upraised in the rous-ious monotone of his calling, and the ull thud of his hammer, as he pre-claimed the sale of the various articles. His assistant was rapidly passing up to im.

David sauntered up to the edge of he crowd and stood there, gloomily vewing the events of the previous ight. He glanced up suddenly to ad a keen pair of eyes riveted upon im.

"Mornin', Mr. Whitcomb," called Peg Morrison, as if he feared the young an might attempt to avoid him. Thinkin' o' biddin' in any o' the stuff? 'he best of it's gone b' now. I got a od cross-cut saw, though. B'en rantin' one fer quite a spell. The's ule a lot o' dead timber standin' on h' farm in diff'rent places 'at ought t' e done w'."

David was plainly indifferent, and fter cautiously studying his unre-ponsive face Mr. Morrison went on.

"Miss Barb'ry, she leaves mos' ev-rythin' to me; but th's times when I l as o' I'd like a man t' go over the lace with me. Course she's got her lees, an' some o' 'em's all right; but I 'clar I hate t' see her botherin' with ud'nor work. Females had ought to eep house an' sew an' look after the okin', an' not be tryin' t' do men's rks b' sides. That's what I tell her, n' I been thinkin' 'at some day you'd o'round with me, since you're such a od friend o' Miss Barb'ry's."

David frowned in an irritated fash-ion.

"I don't understand farming, my od fellow," he said coldly. "So I'm fraid my advice wouldn't prove very aluable."

"That's jus' what I was thinkin', as Peg's incautious comment. "An'

mebbe fer tl ery reason, you'd bet-er—"

He hesitated and stopped short under the steady stare of Whitcomb's blue eyes.

"Y—see," he blundered on, "if Miss Barb'ry hes to go 'way fer five years, I was thinkin'—"

"She won't go away for five years, if I can help it," said David. "I'm going to try and get her out of the mess she's made of things."

His eyes wrinkled at the corners and he laughed outright at the strange working of Peg's untutored features. "Don't you bother your old head about Miss Barbara's affairs," he said carelessly, "nor mine."

He turned decidedly and made his way towards Bellows, who had just disposed of the last lot of merchandise, and stepped down from his perch among the rapidly dispersing crowd.

But the auctioneer could not, when questioned, furnish the address of the small man in checked clothes who had paid four thousand dollars for a hypothetical term of Barbara's service. He shook his head vigorously when urged to a further explanation of what had immediately followed the event at the Preston farm.

"Nop," he persisted. "I can't help you none. I done all I was paid t' do an'—"

David whipped out a yellow-backed bill from his vest pocket.

"You had references," he said in a cautious tone, "for I heard you say so. Who figured as referee?"

Mr. Bellows waved David's hand aside.

"It'd cost me more'n you've got t' tell you," he said. "Nop. I ain't a-goin' t' say nothin' more. Anyway, what business is it of yours?"

David did not choose to acquaint the auctioneer with the reasons for his anxiety, and presently he found himself walking swiftly along the road leading to the Preston farm. He was uncomfortably hungry by this time, but with the unreason of the average man attributed his gloomy feelings to a higher source than his clamorous stomach.

Barbara met him at the door with an agitated face.

"I have heard from—the person who—oh, I was hoping you would come!"

"Do you mean the fellow who bought you?" he demanded sharply. Her apparent faith in himself he passed over without notice. "Has he been here?"

"No-o," murmured Barbara; "but I had a letter."

She put it into his hand, and watched him eagerly, timidly, while he read it. She had lain awake half the night, thinking of David, of his eyes, of the strong pressure of his arms, of the touch of his lips upon hers. Love had drawn near at last, and she had bent her head meekly to his accolade, almost forgetting her chain in the rapture of the moment. But with the morning had come the painful recurrence of all her doubts and fears; and later, as if in answer to her agitated questionings, the letter.

David read it with frowning brows. "There's nothing in this," he said impatiently, "to show you who the person is, nor when you'll be called for."

"No," Barbara agreed faintly. "But you see—"

"It's some mean dog-in-the-manger, who is watching you in secret, and—"

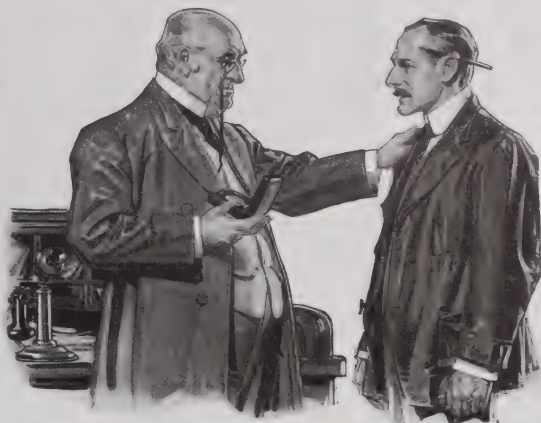
He stopped short.

"The boy is coming," he said, and got to his feet.

"You'll stay to dinner?" she begged him timidly. "I made cherry pies this morning. I think"—humbly—"that they're very good."

David put his arm around her, with a sudden untraced impulse of tenderness.

Continued on page 19



## The Howard Watch

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During January in nearly every bank, insurance company, railroad office factory or store, there is

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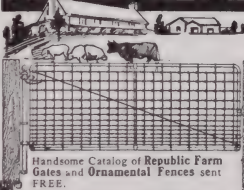
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Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

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## Savings and Investments

THE business prosperity of a nation cannot be so easily measured by the success of its great individual enterprises and corporations as by the savings of the small self-employer or wage-earner.

During the fiscal year closing with June, 1910, the total savings deposits in the United States were \$5,678,735,379. The last reports of the Comptroller of the Currency and of the Secretary of the National Monetary Commission show that the average deposit in American savings banks is almost four times as great as the averages for Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania, Australia, and Canada.

The average per capita is nearly six times greater in this country than in any other part of the world. One in every six of our population is a depositor in a savings bank. This vast number is accounted for by the fact that so many have deposits in more than one bank, and this for reasons explained in a former article.

The average for each savings depositor in America is \$381.28. In the rest of the world the depositors number one in every eight of population and the average sum to each credit is \$101.66. This includes the deposits in postal and private savings banks.

If postal banks had been in existence in the United States during the past fiscal year, it is very certain the aggregate of such savings as we are considering would be greatly increased. We are led to this belief by the fact that the figures for foreign countries show the average deposits in private savings banks at \$140, and in the postal banks at \$49.33. If this proportion held good in this country, it would add about one-third to the savings, making the total of \$7,571,647,372. This vast sum exceeds the total bankable gold of all the business world.

When the machinery of our postal savings system is in better working order, which will be very soon, we shall explain it in detail in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. But we will say here that the workings of the new law must prove of the greatest advantage to the large and thrifty population who live too far away from the private savings banks to avail themselves of their decided benefits. Presently, when the country postmaster and the rural free delivery mail carriers are provided with government receipts of deposit that draw a small interest and are for their face value, as good as currency in any part of the country, we may expect an increase in savings that will stagger those whose knowledge of the subject has not prepared them for the result.

### What to Do With Savings

The man who owns a five-dollar treasury note has just as great a monetary interest in the prosperity and continuance of the government as the man who owns a five-dollar postal receipt; and yet there is a difference and a great one. This difference is due not so much to the small income being returned as interest, as to the fact that it brings the owner of the postal receipt into closer touch with the authorities he has himself helped to create, and so makes him a better citizen by inducing him to study, for his own interest, conditions to which he was formerly indifferent.

Taking the experience of foreign nations as a basis, we have estimated that if our postal savings system had been in existence during the past fiscal year, there would have been added to the total savings of the people, and available for investment, the vast sum of \$1,892,911,372.

When a man, no matter how small his earnings, has contracted the saving habit, he is in a fair way to become a business man and a capitalist. When he has reached a point where he has fifty or a hundred dollars to the good, he will have had a training, as to the

importance of interest, that will make him dissatisfied with the low rate given by the government, and he will look about for a larger source of revenue, always keeping in mind that there must be an equal assurance of safety for the sum he has to invest.

As we know, the interest given by the savings banks throughout the country is nearly twice that which can be had through the postal savings, but we are assuming that a majority of the depositors in the postal savings banks will be, as now, quite out of reach of private banks; the question then is: "How can the government depositor re-invest in his advantage in another form of security?"

There are a number of regularly chartered companies in our large cities which offer a form of interest-bearing bond, the security of which is assured and the interest on which has the advantages of regularity and reasonableness.

We have already discussed mortgages at some length, and pointed out the difficulty a man with a small amount of cash would have in securing a first mortgage that would just fit in with his resources. Now, the principal business of these companies is in the placing of first mortgages; and the work they do in this way is only limited by the amount of their available cash.

The companies we are considering have provided a plan which secures to the small investor a security with all the backing of a first mortgage, and differing only in the amount of interest, this difference—about a half of one per cent—being retained by the company to meet its own expenses and earnings.

Let it be assumed that a man can set aside \$10 a month, which he is anxious to invest in a way that will make the earnings worth while. In the average country community he can find no promising field for the investment of the sum named. The aggregate of such sums throughout this country is enormous, and if brought together it would be adequate to meet the needs of every mortgage; but, as this is impossible, the companies have hit upon the reasonable and entirely feasible plan of uniting, as far as possible, these small sums into what we may call "a co-operative whole," every holder of a certificate being with every other holder a joint mortgagee.

Some of these companies are prepared to sell certificates of, say, \$200, on the installment plan; \$10 being paid immediately and \$10 each month till the whole sum is paid up. Interest at the rate of 4% per cent. per annum is paid semi-annually. Of course, interest is not paid on the whole \$200 that has been contracted for and which will not be fully due till nineteen months after the date of contract. Interest is paid only on the sums actually paid in, and is calculated from the actual date when each payment is received.

The company demands another condition, and that is that the subscriber shall let his money remain invested and so under their control for five years.

This condition might seem hard were it not for the fact that the receipts are quite as negotiable as any other form of good bond, and will be accepted as security at banks.

To this most interesting form of investment we hope to refer again.

### Ought to Do Much Good

I am not a person easily surprised, nor given to overwhelming gratitude; but both Calendar and book have appealed to me. The circulation of the *Life Work of Louis Klopsch* ought to do a great deal of good. Wishing all success and the compliments of the season,  
A. D. M.  
Guysboro, N. S.

## 5% YOU Can Withdraw Your Money Without Notice at Any Time

Do you realize what an advantage that is to you? Your money is not indefinitely tied up when it is invested in this Company.

It is always under your control—always available to meet sudden emergencies. Yet it draws five per cent interest for every day that it is in the care of this Company—and it is safe—guarded by first mortgages on improved real estate deposited in trust with one of the strongest financial institutions of this city.

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Absolute safety—an exceptionally liberal interest return.

Your money on demand whenever you want it.

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In a comprehensive way the booklet reviews the growth in the popularity of such bonds; the underlying causes; salability (shown by five-year charts); the influence of the Public Service Commissions; the responsibility of the Investment Banker and the searching investigations preceding the purchase of these Bonds.

There are several diagrams, and the booklet is carried out along the same lines as the one on "Railroads" issued by us just after the panic of 1907.

Send your request now. The booklet will be sent you promptly without cost or obligation.

Ask for Public Utility Booklet B-62.

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|----------|--------------------------|------|-----------------------|-------|
| \$15,000 | Baltimore, Md.           | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |
| 14,000   | Washington, D. C.        | 5%   | School                | 4.50  |
| 11,000   | Greensboro, N. C.        | 5%   | Funding               | 4.50  |
| 4,000    | Salt Lake City, U. S. C. | 5%   | School                | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | St. Louis, Mo.           | 5%   | Sewer                 | 4.875 |
| 15,000   | Greensboro, N. C.        | 5%   | School                | 4.50  |
| 20,000   | Longview, Tex.           | 5%   | Public Accommodations | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | Indianapolis, Ind.       | 5%   | School                | 4.80  |
| 57,000   | Cottage Grove, Minn.     | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |
| 20,000   | St. Albans, Vt.          | 5%   | School                | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | East Troy, Ind.          | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | St. Joseph, Mo.          | 5%   | School                | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | St. Joseph, Mo.          | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | St. Joseph, Mo.          | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |
| 10,000   | St. Joseph, Mo.          | 5%   | Water                 | 4.50  |

Further details of the above offerings will be furnished on request. We shall be pleased also to make our regular lists describing other issues of Municipal Bond Securities.

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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

gold and the liberty of his kingdom because he was not keeping step with God and relying upon him. Lincoln's words in the Civil War are appropriate, "I am not asking whether God is on our side, but whether we are on God's side." The Christian citizen, however parties shift about, should stay by the principles of civic righteousness, acting with political associates who come there, in the spirit of Charles Sumner, who said, "Where principle is, there is my party."

"If ye seek him he will be found of you." This promise to Asa is similar to David's loving charge to Solomon (1 Kings 14), and is repeated by Solomon in the words, "When he said, Seek ye my face, my heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." Even in pagan lands there have been "Seekers after God," as Farrar shows in his book of that name; but only in the Bible are we told of God seeking men—the heavenly Father seeking the lost son, the divine Shepherd seeking the lost sheep. "The Father seeketh such." What joy when the seeking soul and the seeking Father meet! "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The outcast, told by his pals and his own fears there was no hope for him, held fast to that promise, saying, "I'm the 'him' that came."

"If ye forsake him he will forsake you." The awful fact of individual responsibility is here proclaimed. Since man is free to choose good, he must also be free to choose evil. God will not force himself upon him. In the tabernacle and later in the temple, a shining cloud in the holy of holies proclaimed the presence of God. But it was not seen in the last days of the temple. It is said that a voice was heard before its disappearance, saying, "Let us depart." From the inner temple of our souls, where God dwells, he may depart, and it will be silently. Hell is separation from God, and may begin in this world. Again and again we forsake God, and the Shepherd follows us with bleeding feet, "away on the mountains wild and bare," but let us beware lest we do this too often and our hearts lose all desire to return. It is only when we lose the last yearning for God, that the return path is closed.

### "Without God and Without Hope"

"For a long season Israel was without the true God." The prophet, whose mission is to speak of past and future alike in order to benefit the present, turns back in thought to picture to Asa the sin and sorrow of a previous period of Jewish history, that of the Judges, when forsaking God was even more general than in the current period of the kings. The whole story of the Judges is in the three words, "Evil, distress, deliverance," repeated over and over as a refrain moving from despair to hope, and quickly back to despair again. Over and over again "they did evil in the sight of the Lord," who to chasten them back to duty allowed some enemy to put them into "distress," that they might turn to the Lord for "deliverance." Alas, how many human lives are made up of that same sad refrain. Sin, sorrow, repentance; then back again to sin. Of all the delusions of the devil, about the worst is the idea that sin brings happiness for this world at least.

### A Golden Watchword

Here comes into the story our Golden Text: "Be ye strong, and let not your hands be slack; for your work shall be rewarded." Success, Asa is told by the prophet, depends on strong purpose and industry. All history, and especially biography, confirms that analysis of success. The writer of this lesson has just been reading with wonder in the *Literary Digest* the story of the one Arctic struggle that

was worth while—not a struggle to find a useless pole, but the successful effort of the United States Signal Corps to lay the Alaskan Government telegraph line. "Almost insurmountable difficulties were conquered on land and sea as for years our men battled with the deadly cold and other perils." What strength and courage men have shown in such undertakings for earthly good! If only the main army of the Church of God could be as resolute to overcome difficulties in saving men and cities, the world would soon be righted. It is not alone in the field of action that such strength of character can be shown, as the following story proves:

A young lady who became greatly attracted to a poor shut-in invalid who was trying to help earn a living for himself and his family, told him that she wanted him to live "the gallantest, pluckiest life" possible for the sake of those who loved him. This expression became the inspiration of his life. It haunted him day and night; and when discouraged or disheartened because he could not do what others did, these words always rang in his ear, "the gallantest, pluckiest life you can."

### Talent Versus Energy

Says Dr. Thomas Arnold: "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy." Goethe said: "The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton said: "What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I am no believer in genius, but I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius."

But Asa was warned that he must add to a strong heart a busy hand.

"A lady was choosing between two applicants for a position as gardener while her mother-in-law, seated on the porch behind the men, pointed frantically towards the less prepossessing. Supposing that the old lady had some personal knowledge of the applicant, she engaged him. 'Did he ever work for you?' she asked, when the two were alone. 'No,' replied the old lady, 'I never saw or heard of either of them.' 'Then why did you point to him?' The other had the better face.' 'Face!' returned the old lady briskly, 'when you pick out a man for work, go by his overalls. If they are patched on the knee you want him. If they are patched on the seat, you don't.'"

In the field of mental life also it is hard work that wins.

### "Perfectly Grand" Premiums

The premiums have all been received some days since. To say they are perfectly grand would be expressing my opinion of them very mildly. As always, they are far superior to what was promised. The calendar surpasses anything of the kind I have ever heretofore received. The photograph of Dr. Klopsch is fine; I have it framed and hanging up in my room. It is an ornament worthy of a place in any home. The book, *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*, arrived in first-class condition, and I have read it almost through, as it was difficult to find a stopping place when once starting to read. It becomes more interesting as one page follows another. Long live THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and may its subscription list reach the million mark!

Washington, D. C.

J. P.



## What the Scots Owe to Oatmeal

Archdeacon Sinclair—a Scotsman—in an address in London to working lads said: "I had four brothers, all six feet high. My father had fourteen brothers and sisters ranging from six feet to six feet eight inches. And all were brought up on oatmeal."

In Scotland, oatmeal is the national dish. In China and Japan it is little consumed. These are the two extremes of the races as regards average height.

### American Statistics

By a house-to-house canvass among the least informed, we find that not one home in twelve serves oats.

In the lowliest vocations, but a trifling percentage came from oatmeal homes.

A canvass of 61 poorhouses shows that but one in each 13 of the inmates had been oatmeal-bred. And only two per cent. of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries had oatmeal as a childhood food.

But in sections where live the highly intelligent, seven out of eight are oatmeal homes. Four-fifths of all physicians—we wrote to 12,600—serve oatmeal on their tables. Out of 50

leading professors interviewed in one university, 48 regularly serve oatmeal.

Four in five of all college students came from oatmeal homes. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children. So did the great majority of the successful in every walk of life.

We also found that Boston consumes 22 times as much oatmeal per capita as do two certain states with low average education.

### The Significance

The larger the percentage of the well-informed, the larger the use of oatmeal. That is everywhere apparent.

They who know food values know that oatmeal is the best-balanced food—the ideal food—especially for the years of growth.

It is richer than all other cereals in proteins, the body-builders, the energy-giving foods.

It is richer than all others in organic phosphorus and lecithin, the builders of brains and nerves.

For the years of growth, or the years of maturity, we have no other food which compares with oatmeal. We have none that is more delicious.

## Quaker Oats

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The best oats we can buy are sifted 62 times to pick out the rich, plump grains. We get only ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. These selected grains, rolled and prepared by our process, form the richest and best oat food in existence. Millions of people, scattered all the world over, have proved this fact by experience.

You get the oats that children love—the richest, best-flavored and

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**Regular size  
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a Perfect Figure. Big Money Maker. Send 25 cents for  
Sample including Silent Demonstration and Booklet. **THE**  
**SMOOTHIP CO., 30 W. 21st St., New York City, Dept. E**



**50 Best Paying Varieties** Pure Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Eggs, Dogs and Incubators. All at Low Prices. Send 4c for my Book which gives reliable information worth many dollars to you. **W. A. WEBER, Box 940, Mankato, Minn.**

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Edward's Physician**

Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad: "I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

**The Czar of Russia's  
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Dr. Ferchmin: "My daughter, who was very nervous and anemic, has been greatly benefited by the prolonged use of Sanatogen. Her appetite improved, her weight increased, and the color of her skin became healthier."

**The King of  
Italy's Physician**

Dr. G. Quirico: "I have used Sanatogen with marked benefit in the case of weakly children and in convalescence after long illness. I consider Sanatogen a most excellent tonic food."

**The King of Saxony's  
Private Physician**

Surgeon-General Prof. Dr. Tilmann: "I am and I shall always be a great admirer of Sanatogen."

**The Late Emperor Frederic's  
Private Physician**

Professor Tobold, M.D.: "My experience points out the fact that patients suffering from nervous exhaustion after influenza, and who present the troublesome symptoms of neurasthenia, by using Sanatogen, in a comparatively short time regain strength and vitality."

**Emperor of Austria's  
Private Physician**

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**Privy-Medical-Councillor**

Prof. Dr. Neisser, Breslau: "The experiments that I have thus far made with Sanatogen, especially in cases of patients suffering from loss of appetite and neurasthenia, have been most satisfactory."

**Prof. Dr. R. von Krafft-  
Ebing (late), Vienna:**

"It gives me pleasure to report that Sanatogen continues to give great satisfaction."

**Prof. Dr. C. A. Ewald  
of Berlin University:**

"I am able to speak from my own observations made at the bedside of patients, and I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

**His Excellency  
Privy-Medical-Councillor**

Prof. Dr. von Leyden, Berlin, writes: "I have gladly and frequently prescribed Sanatogen in cases of delicate patients in my clinical as well as my private practice and am extremely satisfied with the result."

**Professor Dr. Dührssen  
of Berlin University**

The well-known Gynecologist and Obstetrician writes: "I wish to inform you herewith that I have used your preparation extensively among my patients and have had excellent results with it."



# Christian Herald

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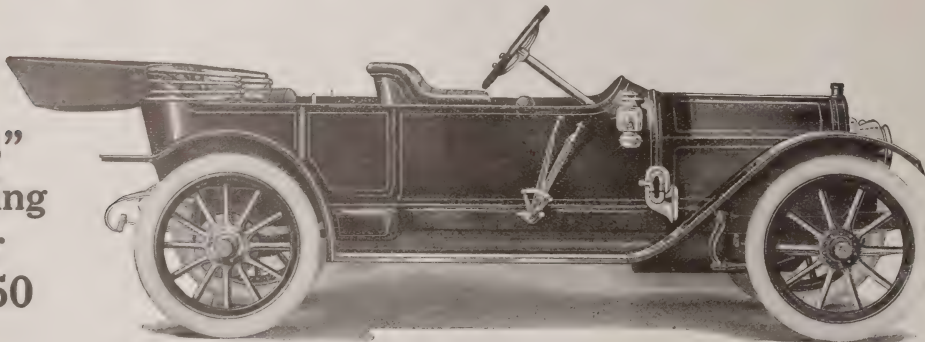


*Drawn by  
Alice Beard*



# HUDSON "33"

"33"  
Touring  
Car  
\$1250



"33"  
Pony  
Tonneau  
\$1300

## The "33" Torpedo \$1350

Equipment on all models includes 3 oil and 2 gas lamps, horn, tools, pump, quick detachable rims, gas generator.

Mohair Top, Prest-O-Light tank instead of gas generator and Duplex system ignition, with famous Bosch high tension Magneto, \$150 extra for either model.

## 687 Sold the First Day Reserve Your Hudson Now

The first days' sales made to individuals by Hudson dealers—on the day when the new HUDSON "33" arrived—totaled 687 cars.

Three-quarters of a million dollars worth of automobiles sold the first day!

There has not been a day since, that orders for immediate delivery were not far in excess of our output. At this writing—in midwinter with a large section of the country covered with snow—we have unfilled orders for more cars wanted at once than we can produce in a month.

Judge what the demand will be in the spring.

You will see the necessity if you want this car, of arranging a delivery date now.

Dealers cannot be given more cars than have already been arranged for. We are, in fact, compelled to reduce some of the allotments made for early delivery.

Our whole output was taken by dealers before the first car was shipped. Some dealers had sold half the cars they had arranged for before they had received a demonstrator.

The over supply of low-priced cars last summer may have led some to think that good cars will be plentiful. But remember that the over supply was of old model cars, displaced largely by the announcement of Howard E. Coffin's latest design—the new HUDSON "33."

Howard E. Coffin is known for the successes he has produced wherever automobiles are used. The four famous cars he designed were the leaders of their time. At first he designed high-priced cars. Then he turned his attention to building a car that would give the same satisfactory service—that has the same grace and beauty and fine quality of materials, workmanship and finish that had been expected only of those selling at \$2,000 and up.

The HUDSON "33" is his masterpiece.

Desirable cars are difficult to obtain when they are wanted.

You who wait until spring comes will surely find this condition. The most desirable cars will be sold far in advance.

The six leading makers, in all probability, will find it impossible to make prompt deliveries on all orders in May and June.

If you intend buying a car, begin your investigation at once and assure yourself of delivery when you want it. There will be no change in models or price.

Even cars that ordinarily have small demand, will be in large demand in spring.

By taking your car now you can get three months' extra use without extra cost.

A 1910 car driven 15,000 miles can be sold, if you desire, with less sacrifice than a 1909 model used only half as much.

Therefore, get your 1911 model early. It can be resold in the fall to as great an advantage as if it were delivered in May.

### The Coincidence of the "33"

The remarkable thing about the HUDSON "33" is the way the latest models of the greatest European Cars resemble it. Leading engineers of Europe have just exhibited their newest designs at the Paris Automobile Show. Such famous makes as the Renault, Fiat, Mercedes, Isotta, Lancia, De Dietrich, Martini and many others, show identically the same ideas that Mr. Coffin, working independently of the European masters, put into the HUDSON "33".

### Simplicity the Keynote

Simplicity is evident in every detail.

The number of parts used is 900 less than in the average car.

Oiling places can be reached without inconvenience or soiling the clothing.

Moving parts are all enclosed and dust-proof. This includes the valve mechanism, which is exposed in practically all American cars.

The frame is heavier than is used on any other car of its weight.

The motor and transmission are held together as a unit, giving all the advantages of both the three and four point system of suspension.

Wheels are stronger than are ordinarily used.

Springs are so designed that they are practically unbreakable, yet are easy and flexible.

There is greater leg room in the front seat than is provided in most cars.

The steering wheel is extra large—same as on the biggest, costliest cars.

Don't these facts make you want to see the HUDSON "33"?

Think what it means to obtain for \$1250 the masterpiece of such an engineer as Howard E. Coffin.

Think what it means to obtain a car at that price that embodies the ideas that the leading European Engineers are this year putting on their cars, anyone of which sells for from three to five times the price of the HUDSON "33."

Then think what is indicated by the 687 orders taken the first day.

Doesn't that look as though it would be hard to get prompt delivery of a HUDSON "33" in the spring?

Therefore reserve your HUDSON now.

Write for complete detailed descriptions and address of your nearest dealer.

*See the Triangle on the Radiator*

## HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

5053 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

LICENSED UNDER  
SELDEN PATENT



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Chinese Woman of the Better Class



The Beautiful Valley of the Yangtse, where Famine Now Reigns



A Lady of Northern China



## MILLIONS STARVING IN CHINA'S FAMINE

**Missionaries and Officials Urgently Appeal for Help for the Sufferers in Three Provinces--Typhus Claims a Host of Victims--Appeal to American Generosity**

**F**URTHER news has been received from China during the past week, confirming the earlier reports of the new outbreak of famine in the Grand Canal provinces. From our State Department in Washington, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in receipt of another communication which puts beyond all doubt the fact of the famine situation. The letter is as follows:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,  
"December 24, 1910.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
"Bible House, New York City.

"Referring to the Department's letter to you of the 21st instant, relative to the famine in the Province of Anhui in China, I beg to inform you that the Department has received a telegram from the Minister at Peking, in which he states that the reports of the missionaries and the press as to the seriousness of the famine have been confirmed by the delegates of the Province of Anhui to the Chinese Senate, and that from two to three million people are affected. The Minister adds that the situation will become more serious after the Chinese New Year; that the suggestion of American help has been gratefully received by the Anhui delegates, and that speedy action by the Red Cross Society is desirable.

"HUNTINGTON WILSON,

"Acting Secretary of State."

Besides the foregoing, missionary boards in the United States and Canada have received cable advices from the Missionary Interdenominational Committee in Shanghai which show that the famine is general over the northern part of Kiangsu and Anhui provinces. One despatch says:

"Three million people are affected. The Chinese government and people are generously contributing relief. According to report of missionaries in the districts affected, relief is insufficient. International Committee organized in Shanghai proposes that missionaries co-operate with generous Chinese

to raise funds and in distribution. A million dollars is needed. Help must be carried on until May. Please communicate this to missionary societies. Church papers and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD urgently requesting contributions."

The State Department also has information from Peking that in one province along the Grand Canal, plague has broken out and that a very large proportion of the population is afflicted. This is no doubt the dreaded typhus or hunger-fever, which is the usual accompaniment of protracted famine conditions, and which finds in the debilitated victims an easy prey.

Just a little over four years ago, the black cloud of famine spread over this same part of Central China. Anhui and Kiangsu provinces were first swept by great floods and the whole of the vast plain west of the Grand Canal, embracing a section 200 miles long and 100 miles wide, was covered with water. All crops rotted and the floods did not abate for more than a month. In the present visitation it is not yet known whether this latest famine is the result of conditions similar to those that preceded the famine of 1906 or whether general crop failure

has arisen from other causes. In any event it is made clear in the Missionary Committee's cablegram that conditions are serious and that the generous aid of the Christian world will be welcomed to help in the battle to save life and relieve suffering.

The two provinces together have a population of over 37,000,000 souls, of whom thus far 3,000,000 are affected by the famine. Past experience shows, however, that the number of the afflicted will very likely be doubled within a short time, as the meagre food supplies must soon be exhausted. Then, as was the case in the last great famine, the starving multitudes, abandoning their homes, will set out toward the large cities in the search for food. It was in such a pitiful pilgrimage in 1906 that large numbers lost their lives, perishing of exhaustion or famine fever by the way. All their grain was gone; their live stock had been sold or eaten, and they streamed across the country in long, straggling lines, in an almost aimless fashion. Nine cities were surrounded by some 800,000 of those refugees, who were compelled by the authorities to remain outside the walls in famine camps. Death reaped a daily harvest in every one of those nine camps.

Then, as now, children were sold for the price of a little food or else abandoned by the roadside to perish of want.

A CHRISTIAN HERALD correspondent, William T. Ellis, was in China when the last great famine broke out. He was instructed to proceed to the famine districts and from the very heart of the suffering he sent such a truthful and vivid description of the scenes he witnessed that the sympathies of the American people were aroused. Through the efforts of this journal and its readers, two army transports, the *Buford* and *Logan*, were loaded with cargoes of foodstuffs and sailed from San Francisco for Shanghai. President Roosevelt, Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, and Hon. Wm. H. Taft,

Continued on page 35



Selling Flour at a Chinese Temple in Famine Time



# THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A Sermon by  
Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.\*

# THE JUDGMENT OF THE BOOKS

TEXT: Rev. 20:12

IT IS a forecast of judgment, and a hint at the method of it. Books are opened; the record is consulted. Not "the" books—only "books"; it is not stated what books they are. But the dead are judged out of the things which are written in the books, according to their works. Shall we go far astray if we call these records the "Books of Conscience and Remembrance"? And then the ancient word is made luminous by our modern knowledge.

## Triumphs of Modern Science

The science of our day has carried the processes of automatic registration to a marvelous degree of accuracy and completeness. The combined self-registering thermometer, barometer, and instrument for recording the humidity of the atmosphere is a well-known object of interest in health resorts and places where people have leisure for little beside the weather and its effect upon their physical well-being. Moment by moment through all the twenty-four hours the delicately adjusted mechanism responds to the incidence of heat or cold, to the pressure of the atmosphere, and to the damp or dryness of the air; and moment by moment through all the day the tiny fingers move and the minute ink-pencil draws its ascending and descending lines and curves, and prints its weather chart. In the earthquake zone the seismograph responds as readily to the oscillations and vibrations of the ground, and marks their range and volume unerringly upon the map. A thousand such instruments are devised by man's ingenious brain and are employed by him for his convenience, comfort, or culture, from the gas-meter or the taximeter, which nobody suspects of rigid adherence to scientific truthfulness, to the finest instruments of the observatory and the laboratory, where the supremely important matter is absolute fidelity to the facts of things.

We ourselves are such instruments of precision. We have, as a part of our physical equipment, and we are, in ourselves as spiritual beings, self-registering appliances which without volition, without consciousness, and with unerring accuracy observe, note, record and safely put away the record for eternal use as testimony for us and against.

## Wonders of the Human Brain

The gray matter of the brain witnesses our good or ill. When once the man of science has made his instrument, and made it right, and adjusted it for its task, it begins its work. It will go on working without his aid and in spite of him. It may get out of order through interference from without. Or the man who has made it may destroy it. But while it remains in existence as it came from its maker's hands it will go on registering, and nothing but violence will stop it. The human brain, as it has come from its great Creator's hands, from the moment that life courses through its convolutions, and as long as it remains un-ravaged, un-destroyed, will go on recording. The blow of a club on the outermost covering of it or the thrust of a knife into one of its delicate hemispheres or a clot of blood within it may damage or destroy it; but while the brain remains a brain and the instrument of thought it will continue to take evidence, docket it, and put it away for reference with infallible orderliness and care. When Macbeth in his sore trouble of soul for his wife's distraught mind demanded whether the physician had any skill to "raze out the written troubles of the brain" the physician confessed his impotence. But when the doctor went on to add "therein the patient must minister to himself," he asked what, if the question should be interpreted in prosaic literalness, the modern physician knows can never be accomplished though Birnam Wood should move to Dunsinane!

## Concerning Character

On the physical side of it we call this a re-arrangement of molecules. On its moral side it is—character. That word itself is remarkable—a history and a sermon are in it. For we use that self-same word to describe written or printed marks, as when we say, "printed in Roman characters, or in Old

English, or what not," and to connote the constitution, disposition, or temperament of a living human being. This calls for explanation. What is the genius of our language that it names an ink-mark on a printed page and the sum-total of the attributes of man or God by the same word "character"? The explanation is striking. This is one of the words which we describe as red-veined with the life of the ages. The word is Greek. It is from the verb "charasso," meaning to engrave, to stamp as with a die, and it means the figure engraved or indented. Then in its moral, human sense character is that which is indented, engraved, stamped upon the soul of us, the distinctive and peculiar marks made upon the individual soul, a living, integral, indissoluble part of ourselves. Our thoughts, emotions, acts, have stamped this character upon our souls, even as at the same time they have automatically registered themselves in the structure of our brains. Did you say that our modern knowledge had dissipated into thin air the wild dreams of the recluse on Patmos? Did you hear it said that the Revelation is a nightmare which needs a revelation to explain it? And did you read that science could not find the soul and was disposed to expel God from his own universe? Not a word of it is true. Books are still kept, call them what you will. The record is preserved. Characters in the old Greek sense are engraved upon the brain; character in our modern meaning is engraved upon the soul. Living and dead we are judged by what is written in the books. And when the books are opened, we are judged out of that which is written in the books, according to our works.

## The Dwarfing of the Soul

"According to their works," says the Scripture; and the literal-minded person who has been interested in the theological quibbles in which past generations delighted may think he would like to start and strike again the time-honored balance of faith and works. I advise you to do nothing of the kind. For our purpose, faith is work and work is faith. As the spirit that is in us so shall our actions be, and as our actions are so shall the soul become. The acorn falls from the oak and the oak springs from the acorn; as a man purposeth in his heart so is he; and as he speaks, does, and suffers so is his soul shaped. Here is a man of narrow faith and narrow spirit. His outlook upon life is narrow. His nature is parsimonious. Perhaps he never was built upon big lines, but there were the rudiments of things in him, and he might have grown. But he has become smaller and narrower. Generous impulses when they were felt were never allowed play. Emotions were starved. The high faculties of vision, the tender instincts of charity, were alike repressed until atrophy set in. So far from growing to his full height, he is a dwarf, a pigmy. And it is his soul that is dwarfed within him. His narrow faith is written in his brain, if you could see it; it is written in his soul and you can see it. For the strange paradox is true: the visible brain we cannot see and the invisible soul we do see! The record has been written automatically. The Almighty Artificer has made no mistake with his instruments of precision. More unerringly than the best thermometer or barometer or hydrometer, the *soulometer* has marked the course of his degeneration with invisible ink.

## The Soul Seen in the Face

And here is a man of large and lofty spirit. Early he came under influences of love and gentleness, and early the mind that is within him made them its own. He thought and loved, he aspired and prayed, his soul grew large. The good and the beautiful made their appeal to him and he responded to their approach. He loved the song of birds and nature flowing free, and he loved his fellow-men. His faith in man and God was generous and broad; his hopes were high; and his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. And you can see it in his face. It is all there, all written in the books. It is written in the brain where you cannot see it; it is written in his soul, and the soul's records are secure. Did not Emerson once quaintly suggest that there is a relation between bulk and moral force and that we might settle the rights and wrongs of many a political question by weighing a hundred

advocates of each of the contending parties? I suggest to you a more practical and convincing method of judging upon a large scale the effect of differing theories of life. Gather together into one view all the people you have ever known or seen or can think of who love the Church better than the saloon, and all the people you have ever known or seen or can think of who love the saloon better than the Church! If it could be done, no living human being upon this earth who is capable of connecting two ideas would ever need to read one single printed page of argument against either upon "the fruits of the liquor traffic" or "the evidences of Christianity." The question would be settled forever. Emphasis is a curious thing; and we mean something vastly different when we say a person is good-looking from what we intend when we say he is *good-looking*. It may be that there are some of us who try to be good who have to confess that we have narrowly escaped being homely—in the American sense of the word.

## The Soul that Looks God-ward

If you could take a composite portrait of a magnified man or woman made from a million prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs, and not excluding such inferior persons as preachers, trustees, deacons, and Sunday School teachers; and if you could put beside it a composite portrait of a magnified man made from a million specimens of the tyrants, bandits, loafers, and wastrels of our civilization, you would see that the *good-looking* is amazingly and gloriously the *good-looking*, too; and that the *good-looking* face is the expression of a *good-looking* soul, a soul that looks toward God. A woman is more disfigured by her rage at thirty than by her age at seventy; and when a man, in Dogberry's phrase, "writes himself down an ass," or writes himself down a cynic, a sensualist, a traitor, an exploiter of his fellow-men, a mean and narrow-minded thing, he has inscribed his record upon the fleshly tablets of the brain as well as in the inextinguishable records of the soul. We ourselves are compelled "even to the teeth and forehead of our faults to give in evidence"—the evidence of the Books, Conscience and Remembrance, gray matter of the brain and intangible, indestructible element of the soul, and we shall be judged "according to our works."

## The Soul Its Own Recorder

Well, now, there is another fact to be noted in connection with this anatomical commentary upon the Revelation of John the Divine. Every thought, emotion, act, we have said, makes an impression upon this gray layer of brain. It may be so slight as to seem, for all practical purposes, non-existent. Yet there may be in it, unsuspected by us, sufficient intensity to make an impression which, though it remains, as it were, meaningless, insignificant and dormant for half a life-time, one day shall condition our life itself. Twenty years from now you may say or do things which you could not or would not say or do if it were not for the impressions made upon your brain by the thing you are saying or doing or suffering or hearing or seeing to-day. Multiply single impressions; deepen their intensity; structure and functional changes are effected in the brain; and the day will come when those changes will tremendously, it may be passionately, perhaps fatefully, determine your conduct, your character, and your destiny.

The text speaks of a judgment, and we have always thought of a judgment day. John in his pictorial way meant us to think of a judgment day. Now we are in the habit of saying that every day is a judgment day; and that is true. But some days are more of the nature of judgment days than others are. There is a seed-time and a harvest; there is a sowing and reaping; there is a summer and winter which fail not. There are days when we are setting more causes at work, and effects are produced. But the day comes when those effects become epoch-making causes and results follow of limitless and it may be of everlasting range. Five, ten, twenty, thirty years from now the effect of that which we are now doing or suffering may lean into activity as a potent cause. The past proves itself not past but a vital present, and the dead is not dead but most ferily alive. There are certain fluids with which

*Continued on next page*

\* Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.



## The Judgment of the Books

Continued from preceding page

you can write and the writing is invisible until heat is applied. You can write with pure milk on white paper and when the milk is dry the writing is invisible. Lemon juice acts in the same way. So do nitrate of cobalt and chlorate of cobalt. Write with them on ordinary white paper and nothing is seen. Bring them to the test of fire and all the writing comes out with startling vividness, in one case red, in the other blue. For these invisible writings the fire makes a judgment day. Shock or sorrow, bodily weakness and sickness, mental strain, emotional anguish, supply such test of fire to the invisible writing upon our souls. Or, to go back to our older comparison, under the influence of shock or strain or sorrow or fiery trial of any kind these impressions made upon the brain become potent and active. Now, for weal or woe, they make their power felt. It is what the New Testament calls a "crisis," what we have translated a "judgment." Now is the crisis of our days; now is the judgment of the books revealed. And now, when we have to call out the hidden reserves of life from their lurking places in the soul, the crisis is determined by that which is written in the books, according to our works.

Death is the commonest incident of life—except birth. Everybody is born. Everybody dies. And the mysterious thing is that we do not know either what life is or what death is. We have no idea what death is. And we can form no certain idea as to what it can do. We do not know whether death can destroy life, for we do not know what life is nor death. But it is obvious that death is an enormous change. It is demonstrable that it is the greatest strain and shock which the human system ever undergoes. The exit from this life is more of a strain and more of a shock than the entrance into it because we are bigger and more responsive entities when we go than when we come. And so it is easy to believe that if the shocks and strains and storms and emotions and crises of life call into the light of day the records that were hidden in darkness, the great elemental world-shaking crisis which we call death may assure the unveiling of these secret things complete and startling beyond all parallels known in life. The thought of the twentieth century affords a hundred potent reasons for declaring that books will be opened, and that the living and the dead will be judged out of the things written in the Book of Conscience and Remembrance, according to their works.

So—it is good to sit alone with one's conscience. It is a salutary exercise. It brings solemnizing, chastening thoughts. *But a more excellent way show I unto you.* I pray you sit not alone. Call into conference with you and your conscience the Christ of God. He pledges the restoration of all things. In fellowship with him is to be found a cleansing baptism of love and hope. In the power of the new life which he confers, the new aspiration, the new outlook, the new purpose, in the power of the new spirit which he gives, new records are made, new characters are engraven on the soul. If any man be in Christ Jesus there is a new creation. Old things have passed away. *Behold, all things are become new.* We shall be judged—we are here and now being judged—out of that which is written in the books, according to our works. And we are happy in the record and joyous in the judgment. If any man be in Christ Jesus—whatever record leap to light, he never shall be ashamed. And the first word of Omnipotence which in the Glory-land falls upon our waiting soul may well be that which greeted creation's primal day: *And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.*

(See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" in Adjoining Column)



## The Children's Pulpit

### "Things that Are Catching"

By Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

**H**AVE you boys and girls had the measles? I hope you have had not only measles, but whooping-cough, chicken-pox and a number of the other troubles that are catching. Why do children rather than grown-ups catch these diseases? Simply because they take the first chance and catch children before they are grown-up. If you have had these troublesome complaints then you are free from them for the rest of your life.

Have you ever thought of how many things are catching? Sin is catching. If you are with a child who has sin in his heart you may catch it from him. Bad manners are catching. Many children get bad habits just as they get measles and whooping-cough, by catching them. I knew a boy who caught the smoke-habit. No, he did not catch it from an auto. I heard of a girl who caught the habit of anger, and would "get right up in the air." No, she did not catch it from a bird-man. These habits are worse than the measles and whooping-cough. Why? Because if you have measles and whooping-cough in childhood, you will not find them catching in manhood and womanhood.

**B**UT there are other things that are catching, and it is about these that I want to talk to you. Good manners are catching, and kindness is catching, and the Christ-life is very catching. If you are with people who are good and who are leading the Christ-life you will find that something from these people gets into your heart and you begin to live as they live. If your chum gives his street car seat to an old lady or gentleman, you will be almost sure to catch the habit. If you go to church, Sunday School, and prayer meeting every week, your chum will be almost sure to catch the habit. If you become a Christian your friends will find it is catching. Then for once in your life you will have something of great value to give all your friends and enemies.

**I** ONCE read of a husband who, after living several years with his wife, became good-looking. His wife's face was catching. Smiles are catching. A boy caught a smile from his mother and it cured his anger. Kind words are catching. A girl heard her father speaking kind words about her teacher and the girl caught the habit. The people saw Stephen's face and noticed how bright it was. Boys and girls should study faces. You study arithmetic and grammar and spelling, and why not study faces? You would not be able to know arithmetic if you did not study it, and I am quite sure you cannot know faces unless you learn to study them. If you see a boy with measles-marks on his face, you keep away from him, because you say "Measles are catching." If you see a boy with a face like an angel, then you can go near him, knowing that his face is catching. In a Sunday School publication I found two good stories. The first story was this:

"My boy," said a wise father who knew how to play and be a "chum" with his twelve-year-old lad—"My boy, you do not own your own face." The boy looked puzzled. He had come to the breakfast table with a frowning, clouded countenance and had started moodily to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill spirits evident in his looks. His father's unexpected words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a half-guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant. "You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it. You have no right to compel them to look at a sour, gloomy, and crabbed face." The boy had never thought of them, but he understood, and he did not forget, and all of us should understand, and none of us should ever forget, that our faces belong to other people.

**T**HE second story was: In the Union Station at Kansas City, after the night had settled down, a girl found herself in the crowd which almost always throngs that depot, and she knew no one in all that multitude. She was a servant girl, and she expected some one to meet her. But no one came, and she did not know how to go to the place. She was timid and frightened. For a long time she stood in distress. After a while, however, she saw a man standing near who attracted her interest. She studied his face very closely, seeking to determine whether she could trust him. At last she decided she could do so, and timidly addressed him and explained her condition, and asked him what she could do. He was at once interested, and, asking her to remain where she was, he set out to find a deaconess. Finding her, he explained the case, and took her to the girl and introduced her. Very quickly the deaconess made arrangements which relieved the girl from all anxiety, by which she would be cared for during the night and taken in the morning to the family she was to serve.

Returning to the gentleman to whom the stranger had appealed, she explained what had been done, and told him what the girl had said. "I looked and looked at the man's face until I was sure I could trust him. I think it was the best face I ever saw, and I knew he would help me." That man's face meant a great deal to that distressed girl, and all unconsciously, our faces may mean very much to many people.

The Gospel of the face is always being silently preached. Our faces, indeed, belong to other people, for other people see the qualities of spirit, good or evil, beautiful or ugly, which our faces reflect.

\* Pastor, First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: Acts 6:15.

## A Meteoric Financier's Fall

**T**HE Northern Bank of New York, an institution having nine branches in the city, and with deposits aggregating over \$8,000,000, was closed on Tuesday, December 27, by the joint action of the Banking and Insurance Department of the State of New York. It was announced, however, that no one would suffer loss. One of the directors stated that the bank had \$4,000,000 in quick assets, which could be readily realized, and that these, with loans and discounts, would cover all deposits.

Irregularities led to the closing of the bank. The central figure in the operations, whose methods led to the investigation of the institution, is Joseph G. Robin, a man who has played a meteoric role in finance within the past few years. Only the day before the closing of the bank Robin was declared a paranoiac and committed to a sanitarium up the State. It soon became apparent, however, that the commitment was only a ruse to escape prosecution, and the sanitarium authorities declined to keep him. He was not twelve months in the country when he was a reporter for a leading daily. He had picked up a smattering of English, and he made it serve him as well as whole dictionaries and encyclopedias serve some other people. But his ambition soared higher than the drudgery of a newspaper office. He wanted money, and he resolved to get it. He gave up reporting and became a promoter of building and loan associations. Soon he got his foot on the first rung of the financial ladder, which he climbed nimbly to a height seldom reached by any born in his circumstances. It was then he changed his name from Robinovitch to Robin. Before he was ten years in the country, he was a banker and financier. Since then, or within the past six years, his career has been phenomenal. His enterprises have included some of the biggest deals in the financial history of the times and some of his schemes have been so colossal as to be almost beyond belief. A year ago he was said to be worth \$3,000,000. He has lived in princely style and remained unmarried.

Robin operated on the "endless chain" method and reduced the "kiting" of checks to a very fine art. He was interested, officially and otherwise, in a large number of financial and business corporations and several banks. Sixteen years ago, he came to this country, a poor immigrant from Russia. He was then twenty-two years old and had but little education.

Counsel for the Northern Bank states that the depositors will probably be paid in full. Robin will probably have to stand trial for his irregularities, which have tied up \$800,000 of the bank's money. It is not at all likely that any institution of consequence outside of the Northern will be affected by Robin's irregularities.

## Anvil Strokes

..THERE is no exhilaration in the decline of the proud.

..A JUST man adjusts himself to the laws of righteousness.

..IT never requires a lawsuit to collect the wages of sin.

..ONE must face the East, to appreciate the glories of a new day.

..A GOOD time to go to church is when other attractions are especially enticing.

..SOMETIMES a stumbling-block supposes himself to be a pillar in the church.

..KEEPING too close an account of the sacrifices is a good way to lose the value of them.

..SOMETIMES the left hand would be ashamed of it, if it should really find out what the right hand does.

..A PRAYER unanswered is but a challenge for its repetition with greater faith. M. G. RAMBO.



# WORLD-PEACE WINNING ITS WAY

FOUR leading nations—Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States—are now actively represented in the movement for international arbitration. World-peace is no longer regarded as a mere visionary dream—something to be hoped for in the far distant future. It has received a great impulse within the last few months, and there are indications that the movement for the establishment of an international tribunal of arbitration, clothed with power by the voluntary act of the governments themselves, may not be much longer postponed.

Mr. Carnegie's recent gift of \$11,500,000 for a World Peace Fund Foundation has focused attention both here and abroad upon the present condition of the movement and unquestionably it has brought many new and influential friends and supporters to the peace ranks. Peace demonstrations of an international character were held in London recently, and were very largely attended. One afternoon a reception was held in honor of the British and foreign delegates. It was set forth in the speeches that there is a strong undercurrent of sentiment in all civilized lands in favor of peace. The tremendously costly armaments, military and naval, and the intolerable burdens that now oppress the people of Europe as the result of maintaining the huge armies and fleets—which are constantly being increased—have reached a point where the load can be borne no longer.

While the European governments are hesitating about taking any decisive step toward peace, the attitude

of the United States has given peace-lovers, here and abroad, the greatest encouragement. In his latest message, President Taft included an emphatic passage on the subject of world-peace. He said:

"Appreciating these enlightened tendencies of modern times, the Congress at its last session passed a law providing for the appointment of a commission of five members 'to be appointed by the President of the United States

to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement, and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace, and to consider and report upon any other means to diminish the expenditures of government for military purposes and to lessen the probabilities of war.' I have not as yet made appointments to this commission because I have invited and am awaiting the expressions of foreign governments as to their willingness to co-operate with us in the appointment of similar commissions or representatives who would meet with our commissioners and by joint action seek to make their work effective."

When the American Peace Commission is appointed and goes out on its high embassy, the eyes of the world will be turned toward it, and the prayers of peace-lovers everywhere will ascend that its work may be crowned with success.

## Better Than Represented

I have known THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's work long enough to prove that it never disappoints in its premiums. They are always better than represented. That sweet baby face in the calendar—who could object to it? The photograph of Dr. Klopsch is fine. *The Life Work of Louis Klopsch* shall have a choice place in my CHRISTIAN HERALD library. MRS. C. MCL.

Glen Arbor, Mich.



Reception of International Peace Delegates

Left to right: J. Keir Hardie, England; Jean Jaures, France; Herr H. Molkenbuhr, Germany; W. C. Anderson, England.

## PANDITA RAMABAI'S OWN STORY

RARELY has a more remarkable story of woman's life been written than that which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is privileged to give below. It is the story of Pandita Ramabai, founder of the great Gospel and industrial mission work at Poona, India, and it is from the Pandita's own pen. There is probably no woman in all the East whose career has excited more admiration throughout the civilized world.

Ramabai writes of her parentage:

"My father was a native of Mangalore district, but he chose a place in a dense forest on the top of a peak of the Western Ghats, on the borders of Mysore State, where he built a home for himself. This was done in order that he might be away from the hubbub of the world, and carry on his educational work, and engage in devotion to the gods in a quiet place, where he should not be constantly worried by curious visitors. He used to get his support from the rice-fields and coconut plantations which he owned. The place he selected for his home happened to be a sacred place of pilgrimage, where pilgrims came all round the year. He thought it was his duty to entertain them at his expense, as hospitality was a part of his religion. For thirteen years he stayed there, and did his work quietly, but lost all his property because of the great expense he incurred in performing what he thought was his duty. So he was obliged to leave his home, and lead a pilgrim's life. My mother told me that I was only about six months old when they left their home. She placed me in a big box made of cane, and a man carried it on his head from the mountain top to the valley. Thus began my pilgrim life when I was a little baby."

Her parents thereafter spent their lives in religious pilgrimages, obtaining subsistence by reading Puranas (the sacred books) in temples or elsewhere to the passers-by, who gave them presents of food and small coins. In her childhood almost she was made to study the sacred books of the Hindus and to know all the religious rites and ceremonies, the penances, the offerings to gods and goddesses, etc.

But as she grew to womanhood her religion "grew cold." She found no real satisfaction in it. She met many learned men; she read the Shastras and every religious book she could get hold of. But she was more and more dissatisfied. She found that the sacred books differed on many things. Yet all were agreed that women were bad, very bad, worse than demons, and with no chance of ever reaching the Hindu state of bliss.

"The husband is said to be the woman's god; there is no other god for her. This god may be the

worst sinner and a great criminal; still he is her god, and she must worship him. She can have no hope of getting admission into Svarga, the abode of the gods, without his pleasure, and if she please him in all things she will have the privilege of going to Svarga as his slave. The woman is allowed to go into higher existence thus far, but to attain Moksha, or liberation, she must perform such great religious

sibly by going through millions of incarnations."

In Assam, after her marriage, she one day picked up a Gospel of Luke in the Bengali language. She eagerly read it and burned to know more of the Christian religion. This she found opportunities to do both in India and in England, which she visited in 1883. In London she saw how Christian rescue work for women was conducted and she marveled, and asked herself: "Why should not the womanhood of India be helped and uplifted?" She writes:

"Thus my heart was drawn to the religion of Christ. I was intellectually convinced of its truth, and was baptized in the Church of England in the latter part of 1883. I was comparatively happy, and felt a great joy in finding a new religion, which was better than any other I had known before. I knew full well that it would displease my friends and my countrymen very much; but I have never regretted having taken the step. I was hungry for something better than what the Hindu Shastras gave. I found it in the Christians' Bible and was satisfied."

"After my baptism I studied the Christian religion more thoroughly. I was much confused by finding so many different teachings of different sects. For five years I studied these different doctrines, and made close observations during my stay in England and America. Besides meeting people of the most prominent sects, the High Church, Low Church, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Friends, Unitarian, Universalist, Roman Catholic, Jews and others, I met with Spiritualists, Theosophists, Mormons, Christian Scientists, and followers of what they call the occult religion."

"No one can have any idea of what my feelings were at finding such a Babel of religions in Christian countries, and at finding how very different the teaching of each sect was from that of the others. I recognized the Nastikas of India in the Theosophists, the polygamous Hindus in the Mormons, the worshipers of ghosts and demons in the Spiritualists, and the old Vedantists in the Christian Scientists. Their teachings were not new to me. I had known them in their old Eastern nature, as they are in India; and when I met them in America, I thought they had only changed their Indian dress and put on Western garb."

It is now nineteen years since the Pandita found Christ. She writes of her subsequent experiences:

"I had to give up all pride of our ancestral religion being old, etc., which is preventing many of my country people from finding Christ, although they know well that they have not got the joy of salvation. They can never have it except in Christ."



Pandita Ramabai

From a recent photograph.

acts as will obtain for her the merit by which she will be reincarnated as a high caste man, in order to study the Vedas and the Vedanta, and thereby get the knowledge of the true Brahma and be amalgamated in it. The extraordinary religious acts which help a woman to get into the way of getting Moksha are—utter abandonment of her will to that of her husband." As for "the low-caste people, the poor things have no hope of any sort . . . except pos-



# The Bible and the American College



Fraternity Bible Class, University of Texas



Bible and Mission Study Classes, Columbia University

AT A LUNCHEON held recently in New York with sixty medical school students, the writer was asked especially to tell why medical men should study the Bible. I was able to secure some of my best reasons from the sixty students present, all of whom I found were studying the Bible in little groups meeting weekly and usually in the students' rooms. When I asked different ones the reasons for their study I received the following answers:

"Because a little Bible study each morning makes it easier to omit things that do not count."  
"Because as a medical man I am interested in the great question of Life."  
"Because I am ignorant of the facts of the Bible, and before having a right to talk about Christianity I feel that I must know scientifically what Christianity truly is."

Still another professional school student said he began to study the Bible because his roommate had overcome a certain bad habit of his life through the regular study of the Scriptures. "I realized," said he, "that this identical habit was greatly diminishing my power of will and would eventually have destroyed my usefulness. For two months now I have been studying the Bible for a half hour daily with my friend, and," he continued, "slowly I am gaining the victory."

These quite practical answers indicate some of the reasons for the great revival of Bible study among college men the world around, for it is a revival of unusual scope and power. Ten years ago there were not more than 6,000 students voluntarily studying the Bible in the colleges. Last year over 80,000 students in eighteen different nations engaged in systematic and intelligent study of the Christian Scriptures.

This movement, so vital to our modern civilization, is characterized by several distinctive features.

### Scholarly Bible Study Courses

College students are now studying the Bible with methods and courses of study similar to those used in other departments of their education. Students in the past have often failed to achieve Bible interest because they have not been able to establish an intelligent and interesting point of contact with the Bible. With them as with others it has been more the need of knowing how to study. They have not realized how fascinating the Bible becomes to one who gives sufficient attention to it to realize the meaning of the Psalmist's words when he said: "Thy law is my delight."

The Bible has been adapted to college men in suggestive outlines by Biblical scholars who know both students and the Bible. These outlines cover such subjects as:

- The Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ.
- The Relation of Christian Teaching to Modern Social and Political Problems.
- The Men of the Old Testament.
- The Message of the Earlier Prophets to Modern Life.
- The Bible in Relation to Choosing a Life Work.
- Discreet Studies in the Psalms.
- Paul's Message to the Church of Today.

### By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

I had the privilege of visiting Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa, a short time ago. There I found 800 students studying the life of Christ in voluntary Bible classes under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Three hundred of these men were members of Greek letter fraternities and were studying the Bible in small groups in their chapter houses. The leading students in athletics and undergraduate affairs were at the head of the movement. They were using a book by Dean Edward L. Bosworth, entitled, *Studies in the Life of Christ*. These studies cover thirty weeks and are arranged for daily use. Each student had a pocket edition of the Gospels. It was significant to me that at least one-third of the men in these classes were non-Christian men. In this sensible and practical way they were not only getting knowledge as to the life and teachings of Jesus, but they were applying this



A Bible Class Studying in Boats (Iowa University)

knowledge directly to student affairs. I found some classes considering such subjects as: The relation of New Testament teachings to honesty in the lecture room, profanity, deception, college athletics, and opportunities for college friendships.

This Bible awakening has been characterized by broad and catholic spirit. The men who have prepared the courses and organized the student Bible campaigns have had in mind all the men in the institution and not simply a section of the student body. This fact is brought out in the reports of the past year's Bible work among students, which show that among 28,562 men actually attending Bible classes for two months or more in the North American institutions of higher learning, 6,156 men were non-Christians. I recently found a Bible class of Jewish young men studying at Columbia and another class of Oriental students studying at Cornell. In an-

other institution I found a Bible class made up of eight separate nationalities.

This is demonstrated in the following table, representing institutions of the United States and Canada:

|                                                                                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 28,562 men were reported by 490 institutions as having attended Bible classes for two months or more. |
| 9,089 men followed habits of daily Bible study in 338 institutions.                                   |
| 6,156 non-Christian men were reported in Bible classes in 302 institutions.                           |
| 5,061 fraternity men were reported in 120 institutions.                                               |
| 2,308 students were used to lead Bible groups in 306 institutions.                                    |
| 2,272 of these leaders were in attendance at 305 normal classes in 139 institutions.                  |
| 790 faculty men co-operated in the Bible study work in 295 institutions.                              |
| 1,252 men were led into the Christian life through Bible classes in 101 institutions.                 |
| 35,657 student Bible study text books were purchased.                                                 |
| 185 Bible study reference libraries were available in 142 institutions.                               |

That the busiest students in the colleges have time for Bible study is evidenced by the number of men holding prominent positions in college life who were in Bible classes last year. These included:

- 1,522 members of 'varsity football teams.
- 1,454 members of college glee clubs.
- 653 editors of college papers.
- 1,402 members of 'varsity baseball teams.
- 755 class presidents.
- 983 prize and scholarship men.
- 712 members of 'varsity basketball teams.
- 92 members of 'varsity crews.
- 1,053 members of 'varsity track teams.

### Training Student Leaders

These Bible classes among students were led last year by 2,272 student teachers who were trained for their work by college professors, clergymen, and college alumni in 305 normal classes. Hundreds of these students received special training, moreover, in Bible institutes and summer student conferences. During the present year there is being held a series of Bible institutes covering the entire student constituency of the United States and Canada. While in the college as in the church one of the greatest needs consists in the ministry of trained teachers, nevertheless each year teaching is becoming more efficient among students.

In a series of Bible institutes which I had the privilege of attending in the Chinese Empire last year, over 3,000 students were enrolled in Bible classes; one-half of these were Confucianist students or members of religions other than the Christian religion. I found also that Hindu, Mohammedan and Parsi students knew the Bible, as a rule, better than they knew any one of their own sacred books.

The wisdom of this broadened Bible interest is becoming more and more apparent each year through results of the study. Over a thousand students are yearly reported as joining the church from the student Bible classes of the United States

*Continued on page 42*



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## Help China's Starving Ones

CHINA's new visitation of famine appeals to American sympathy. We need not repeat here the story of privation, suffering and death from famine and fever, which are fully told in another part of this issue. Urged by the Missionary Committee in China and with the approval of the State Department in Washington, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has opened its columns to relief contributions. Send your gift as speedily as possible, that no time may be lost in turning it into food for the starving. Your contribution in all likelihood may be the means of saving at least one precious life! Address,

### CHINA FAMINE FUND

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

## The Path Toward World-Peace

A CORRESPONDENT of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD writes asking how it is proposed that the World Peace Foundation Fund of \$11,500,000 recently given by Mr. Carnegie shall be spent, so as to be of the greatest advantage to the cause of peace. It is probably somewhat too early to anticipate the plans of the trustees, who have not yet gotten their true bearings. There are many ways in which this fund can be made to do an immense amount of good in the direction of world peace. It has been suggested that it should be used for the establishment of a Court of Sociologists at The Hague; but that would simply be endowing another college, with possibly another library in addition. On the other hand, to utilize the bulk of Mr. Carnegie's princely gift exclusively for the support of a corps of teachers, writers and speakers, like some of those who now make the peace propaganda a paying profession, would be a policy of doubtful wisdom.

More could be done towards peace by the conservative journals of the civilized globe in a single year, than by all the millions of Carnegie and Rockefeller and other rich men combined. The press is the real educator of the age, the moulder of public opinion, and, to a large extent, the maker of history. Lord Northcliffe owns over thirty publications, including the London Times—"the Thunderer." He is a "jing" and has been urging Great Britain to arm against the possibility of a Germanic invasion, although the people of Germany have no quarrel with England and are as peace-loving as any people in the world. Lord Northcliffe has the ear of five millions of British readers. If he were to wheel his publications to the side of peace, and strive to create public sentiment in that direction, he might become one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever known. In our land, we have several owners of publications who might easily put themselves in the position of doing similar good service.

The United States is already committed to the principle of international arbitration. President Taft, in his latest message, gave special emphasis to this fact. Our next step will be the appointment in Washington of a World Peace Commission, to go out as the ambassadors of this republic, inviting the nations to join us in seeking to abolish war.

## Christian Science's New Peril

THERE are indications that a crisis is not far distant in the Christian Science organization. A few weeks ago, in commenting on the demise of Mrs. Eddy, this journal said that if the church she founded was of God, it would stand, and if not, that no power on earth could perpetuate it. Now there is war within the church which she founded. It is torn by dissensions, both of a spiritual and material character. As long as the founder was alive, the organization held together and with the exception of a few occasional dissentients, who were promptly disciplined, its progress was unmarked by internal troubles. Now that Mrs. Eddy has gone and the church is headless, a strange condition of affairs presents itself. One of the best known Scientists, Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, who aspires to the supreme

leadership, has come out boldly with a statement which savors strongly of blasphemy. Mrs. Stetson declares that "every true believer in Christian Science must know that Mrs. Eddy will make a manifestation—will reveal herself to me and to others, to the outside world, the unbelievers, too." She goes on to say that as Jesus rose from the grave, Mrs. Eddy will do likewise, "for she occupies in the world of to-day precisely the same position that Jesus occupied in his day." This belief in Mrs. Eddy's resurrection, she affirms to be the very essence of Christian Science, "to deny which would be to refute all her teachings." This extraordinary manifesto ends with the declaration that "the age of the Gospel is closed." That these are not the views of the Christian Science Church, nor the teachings of Mrs. Eddy, is made clear by a statement from the Publication Committee in Boston, which expressly denies that the founder herself ever made any claim such as that which Mrs. Stetson has advanced. "Mrs. Eddy," says the statement, "was inexpressibly shocked at the suggestion of any comparison between herself and Jesus Christ," and years ago published a denial of any such blasphemous nonsense. In that denial she wrote, "There is and ever can be but one God, one Jesus of Nazareth." While the organization cannot be held responsible for the vagaries of an irresponsible individual member, still it would be well, if it desires to be treated with any measure of respect and toleration, to give a clear and unequivocal repudiation to the new and startling Stetson doctrines, which head in the direction of the most dangerous form of fanaticism.

## More "Frenzied Finance"

THE case of the Northern Bank, New York, which has become so heavily involved through the "frenzied finance" schemes of Robin, the controlling influence of that institution, should be a warning to other banks to adopt methods that should make it absolutely impossible for any one to exploit a bank's resources and bring disgrace upon its management. Fortunately, in the present instance, the depositors will lose nothing, nor will any other bank be affected. The directors will have to make good the shortage. By the irony of circumstances, on the very day that the Robin discovery was made the directors of the defunct National Bank of North America were compelled, under law, to pay over to stockholders \$211,000, the shortage incurred by the speculations of Charles W. Morse, now serving a penitentiary sentence for financial juggling.

Robin's case, however, justifies no reflection on bank management generally. All experience and investigation show that our financial institutions as a whole, are conducted on sound, conservative principles. Bank directors realize the duty they owe not only to the stockholders and depositors, but the general public, and the responsibility which rests upon them in regard to the people's funds.

## Dr. Klopsch's Monument

WHILE we believe that the suggestion of a Pittsburgh subscriber—printed on another page—for a permanent memorial to the late Dr. Klopsch, is one calculated to find favor in many quarters, we have decided, after much consideration, to lay the whole matter before our readers for their ultimate judgment. For months past we have received similar letters—many hundreds of them—and lately in increasing numbers. Many of these have urged us to take immediate steps looking to the erection of a suitable memorial and a few have even sent contributions. We heartily appreciate these kind and loving suggestions. In our opinion one of the most practical is that proposed by our Pittsburgh correspondent, who sums up the expressions of hundreds of other readers regarding a memorial to Dr. Klopsch.

Long before his death Dr. Klopsch chose his last resting-place. It is in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, in Tarrytown, on the sloping eastern bank of the Hudson River, at a spot which overlooks Mont-Lawn, the Summer Home he founded for the tenement children. It was the best-loved of his many benevo-

lences, for his whole heart went out to the little ones. It was he who named it "The Children's Paradise." During his last sickness, he told those who stood about him, "I want to sleep in sight of Mont-Lawn." This wish has been respected. Had he been consulted, he would never have consented that any marble memorial or stately shaft should perpetuate his memory, but he would have planned to endow Mont-Lawn, and make it a perpetual monument to his own efforts and those of the great army of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, for the benefit of the little children of the poor. This was the dream of his later years, and his dearest wish.

As our correspondent points out, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was the instrument through which, under God's guidance, Dr. Klopsch accomplished what he did. The great work he established can best be continued through the same channel. We believe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is destined to grow and that its field of service will constantly widen. If our friends agree that Mont-Lawn should be Louis Klopsch's monument, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will gladly give its co-operation to a plan which seems the most suitable that could be devised.

## The Bible Study Revival

WE TAKE pleasure in presenting in this issue the first of a series of notable articles by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, on the great Bible revival that is now in progress. This initial contribution deals with the reawakening of interest in the old Book in our colleges and other institutions of learning. Mr. Cooper is authority on the subject, and has made a specialty of its accurate statistical presentation. His articles are full of cheer and Gospel encouragement. He shows that the day is forever past when the study of the Word of God was confined to theological seminaries, divinity schools and church Bible classes. Great Biblical scholars have arisen who have employed their consecrated talent to make the message of the Book so clear that all may understand. Think of 23,000 men studying in Bible classes in 490 different American institutions; of 8,000 men in one university, studying daily the life of Jesus; of 9,000 making it their daily duty; of over 1,200 conversions in one year in our colleges; of 6,000 non-Christians, including many Jews, studying God's Word on purely Christian lines; of large classes, composed exclusively of Orientals, poring over it systematically in American colleges. These things are happening here in our own land, to-day. And the tide of the Bible study revival is still rising. Mr. Cooper's able presentation of these facts constitutes a complete refutation of the claim from infidel sources that interest in the Bible is dying out. Where ten years ago 6,000 students in different colleges throughout the world were studying the Bible there are now 80,000 doing it systematically in eighteen different nations. These are sledgehammer blows against the enemies of the old Book.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Manufacturing Gods

ONE of the institutions of the world which has not felt the press of hard times from high price of living is an idol factory at Sagaing, Burma. Workmen chisel stone images of Buddha, the great Oriental religious teacher who lived about five hundred years before Christ. He was born a prince, with every luxury at his command, but, because he pitied the suffering and sorrow of the rest of the world, he gave up his wealth and position and devoted his life to trying to find out the path of happiness for other men. The central idea of his teachings is the duty of unselfishness, but it has come down to the present day all tangled up with curious Oriental philosophy and grotesque stories with which it is difficult for any Westerner to sympathize. Statues of Buddha almost always represent him seated, engaged in spiritual meditation. They are found in all Buddhist temples, and people say prayers before them. No well-educated Buddhist actually prays to the image. The statue is intended only as a reminder of the great teacher and his doctrines. But the great mass of Buddhists (there are 148,000,000 of them in the world) are ignorant and superstitious and many of them do actually "bow down to wood and stone." These idols hewn out of stone are the images of a man-made deity, who cannot rise any higher than the thoughts, aspirations, weaknesses and vices that the flesh is heir to. Many of these weaknesses and sins are reflected from the shrines of Buddhist temples throughout the world, and produce a wretched social condition. The uncreated God, through Christ the divine Son, has given to the world the only true religion, the only one which can effect the moral purification and spiritual salvation of the human soul. The Psalmist thus compares the imbecility of idolatry with the true religion when he says:

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is their help and their shield. (Ps. 115:4-9.)

## Cities and the Census

The recent census reveals the fact that there are nineteen cities containing 250,000 or more inhabitants, and of these three take their place among the ten largest cities of the world. These in the order of their magnitude are, London, New York, Paris, Tokyo, Chicago, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Philadelphia, and Moscow. Four American cities, Newark, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Jersey City, have entered the quarter of a million mark since 1900. The order of the first of the five largest cities of the United States has remained the same for a score of years. They are New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston. Baltimore and Cleveland, which were sixth and seventh in 1900, have changed places since then. The other twelve of the nineteen cities with 250,000 population or more are: Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Newark, New Orleans, Washington, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Jersey City. They range in population from 4,766,883 to 287,779. Los Angeles, which ten years ago had 162,479 population, has now 319,198, passing from the thirty-fourth to the seventeenth in the list of American cities. Twenty-two cities have doubled since the United States census ten years ago. Ten of them are in the West, eight in the South and four in the North. For rate of increase, two Oklahoma cities lead the country—Oklahoma City itself with 139 7-10 per cent. and Muskogee with 494 2-10 per cent. The next in the list is Birmingham, Ala., with 245 4-10 per cent. The other cities which have more than doubled in the last ten years are Pasadena, Oakland, San Diego, and Berkeley, Calif.; Flint, Mich.; Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma, Wash.; Fort Worth, Dallas and El Paso, Texas; Huntington, W. Va.; Tampa, Fla.; Schenectady, N. Y.;

Portland, Ore.; Wichita, Kan.; Waterloo, Ia. The census shows that there are fifty cities of 100,000 or more and 228 cities with populations of at least 25,000. The census reveals the continued rush to the cities, with the perplexing problems and fearful responsibilities which that rush implies. It will tax our mental, moral and religious resources to keep pace with the marvelous progress of each decade and year. Taking the census is no new thing. It was customary in olden times. At the divine command Moses took a census early in the history of the Jewish nation:

And they assembled all the congregation together on the first day of the second month, and they declared their pedigrees after their families, by the house of their fathers, according to the number of the names, from twenty years old and upward, by their polls. (Num. 1:13.)

## A New Mineral Discovered

The London *Telegraph* is informed by a correspondent in Madrid that a new mineral has been discovered at Benahadux near Almeria by Señor Calafat, who has named it Calafalina. It produces, after being calcinated, pure aluminum and pure sulphate of soda. It is thought that this new dis-



Making Gods in an Idol Factory in Burma

covery will revolutionize the sulphate of soda trade, which has heretofore been monopolized by the Germans. It is stated that an American firm has offered to buy 60,000 tons of this calafalina each year, but the offer has not yet been accepted. Thus the investigation and invention of our time have achieved another reward which will contribute to the betterment of men and a higher standard of righteousness. The search and persistency employed in finding God's truth in his physical kingdom are required in the discovery of the saving truths in God's spiritual kingdom. It has been the asking, seeking and knocking in the material as well as spiritual realm that has led to discovery and satisfaction.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. (Matt. 7:7.)

## A Modest Heroine

In the midst of the jam of Christmas shopping in New York, Mrs. Margaret Gowrie was standing on the platform waiting for an uptown subway train. She held Elsie, her daughter, 22 months old, in her arms. A sudden gust of wind blew off the mother's hat, and she set the child down a moment to run after it. Meanwhile the little creature toddled to

the edge of the platform and rolled off onto the track. The mother was so frozen with horror that she could not speak, but the crying of the child attracted the attention of another woman who stood near by, who slid down onto the track just as the uptown train rolled into the station. The woman threw the child up on the platform toward the mother, and not having time to climb up herself, she stepped backward over the wooden covering of the third rail and hugged one of the pillars between the tracks, and the train passed by without striking her. The ticket-chopper helped her to the platform, and said he would be compelled to make a report of the occurrence to the proper authorities, and requested her name as a necessary part of his report. She obstinately refused to give her name, stating that she did not care to be hailed as a heroine for simply keeping her wits about her and doing her duty as a woman. The nameless woman was a real heroine after all. It was woman's love, awakened at the cry of the child, that made her forget all danger and any thought of self. The world knows no higher standard of heroism after all than that of a sincere woman's love. In this woman's action there was added the element of modesty so likely to accompany the truest heroism. This modesty of love Christ taught in his Sermon on the Mount when he said:

Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. (Matt. 6:3.)

## Sleds Loaded With Gold

Half a ton of gold was brought over the trail on dog sleds by a party of five miners who arrived at Seward, Alaska, recently. This is Seward's largest clean-up since the close of navigation for the winter. The gold was sent to the Government assay office at Seattle, Wash. When Secretary Seward paid the few millions of dollars for Alaska, many thought he had made a bad bargain, having purchased nothing much but ice and snow. His statesmanship was far-seeing. Alaska is a fortune on the surface and a treasure of gold beneath it. From the earliest times gold has been rare enough to be precious and plentiful enough to be employed as a circulating medium and for decoration and other practical purposes. Hiram's servants and those of Solomon went in the navy after gold:

And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold four hundred talents and brought it to King Solomon. (I Kings 9:28.)

## Christ's Story Quelled Mutiny

Captain Wessel Stefens, of the Hansa Line steamer *Crostafels*, which arrived at Boston recently from Calcutta, says there would have been a mutiny among his crew of Lascars had it not been for a Christmas tree in his cabin trimmed with many colored electric bulbs. Before the Bay of Bengal had been crossed, the Lascars had become sullen, and kept from the decks only when they were forced to do so by the officers. They became convinced that an evil spirit was following their ship. When one of their number, Mohammed Ali, became ill and died within twenty-four hours, they openly threatened trouble. The night the seaman's body was buried in the deep, they screamed like maniacs for hours and had to be driven to the forecabin, and so on Christmas Day the captain called the Lascars aft, showed them the Christmas tree, and told them the story of Christ and his death. That night the sea became calm and the wind died. The Lascars again crowded aft, fell on their faces before the Christmas tree, and thanked God for having banished the evil spirit which they thought had been pursuing their vessel. The voice of Christ that stilled the tempest on the Sea of Galilee is the only one that can quell every fierce tumult of passion and hush into a calm the angry storm of human strife. The feelings of this mutinous crew were similar to those expressed by the companions of the Master when he stilled the sea:

And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him? (Mark 4:41.)



# Christmas at the Bowery Mission

IT WAS Sunday morning and Christmas Day. I had just come from the Tombs prison. For several years past it has been my mournful privilege to speak to the congregation in the Protestant chapel of that place on the last Sunday morning of the year. The service was over. I had tried to deliver a Christmas message of good will and hope. I had taken with me one of my own valued co-workers, Walter Muller, who had himself, three years ago, been a prisoner in the Tombs, but whom God had wonderfully delivered from a debased and drunken life. His clear and honest testimony had produced a marked effect upon his hearers. There were only a small number who, when the closing invitation was given, did not raise their hands in token of their desire to live a better life.

As, however, we stepped from out the gloomy shadow of the prison gateway, and breathed deep full-lunged drafts of this Christmas Sabbath morning air and freedom, our hearts were heavy as we thought of those we had left behind. Many, perhaps most of them, were spending their first Christmas Day behind the bars. The indelible brand of crime had burnt its black stigma into their souls. "Peace and good will" seemed something of a mockery to them. The Christmas bells were jangling out of tune. We hurried on to a more joyous scene in our own beloved Mission on the Bowery.

As we reached the familiar thoroughfare the first sight that greeted us was a long line of men, something like our own midnight Bread Line, waiting for entrance to the rooms of a great East Side politician who was dispensing a Christmas dinner to thousands of his constituents. We said to each other, "This will surely lessen the number at our meeting," but when, at the appointed time, "Mother" Bird took her accustomed place as leader, the Bowery Mission Christmas crowd was as great, and probably happier and more enthusiastic than any of its predecessors. The platform was filled with as bright a lot of men as you could wish to see.

Down in the body of the hall sat one hundred or more of the Brotherhood, men just beginning to live the Christian life. Their faces shone with the

By Rev. John G. Hallimond, Superintendent

radiant light of a divine joy, and when the first hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was announced, they sprang to their feet and led the hundreds of their gloomier brethren behind them in this altogether apt and stirring Christmas anthem. Then followed other hymns, the "family prayer," as "Mother" Bird calls it, and the reading of the captivating chapter from Luke's Gospel, telling of the "Holy Night" and its wonderful happenings. Then came a sermon from my assistant, the Rev. W. T. Twamley, B.D., long known as a powerful preacher



Christmas Dinner to the Homeless and Unemployed at the Bowery Mission

in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His text was, "The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee," and his discourse dealt with the birth of Christ in the human soul. How well those dear fellows in front knew the glorious truth of which the preacher spoke. When the sermon was finished one after another rose to his feet and in earnest ringing words testified to the incoming into his life of the "day-spring from on high."

The meeting in the evening was larger, if possible, than ever, and the Christmas spirit more intense. We had not been without anxiety concerning some of our new converts and the big dinner of the political boss in the next block, for an abundance of beer is always one of the prominent features of that annual

spread. When I arrived at the evening meeting, however, the leader of the Brotherhood, Mr. Balevre, made his way to me and with glistering eyes told me that with two exceptions the flock was safe.

The preacher was Dr. Wilbert D. Ferguson, one of the leading educators of the country, and for many years an earnest preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His plea was so stirring and powerful that at the close some forty men publicly gave themselves to God. Again were the testimonies from the men clear, ringing and strong. The soloist for the day was Mrs. Hallimond, who sang in the morning, "In the Fields With Their Flocks Abiding," and in the evening, "Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour."

Then came the Bread Line, and in the early hours of Monday morning the distribution of dinner baskets to poor families. This is such familiar work that the mechanical routine is easily managed, and this year under the able guidance of our devoted business manager, Mr. Hunt, it went off in a smoother fashion than ever. But, oh, the tragedy and pathos behind it all! The dire, distressing poverty in these days of plenty. The thin wan faces of the children; the pinched care-furrowed cheeks of the widow, and the forsaken wife! The big bundle of applications for dinners that we could not entertain! Only one hundred baskets could be provided—a poor pitiful provision to meet the dreadful demands of hungry people in this winter time—but the glad delight of those who were fortunate enough to obtain a coveted basket was heart-touching indeed. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, let me say "Thank you!" on behalf of these poor recipients of your bounty. I wish you had been there to see how really grateful they were.

At our annual Christmas meeting on Monday evening, twelve hundred dinners were dispensed and a happy, jovial time was spent, with many conversions at the close. The principal speaker was our chairman of trustees, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Mead. He spoke of the blessedness of getting wandering prodigals back to the father's house, and related a touching case in his own experience, when he was the instrument in effecting such a reunion.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—NEW YORK is to have the largest hotel in the world. It will be erected at Thirty-third Street and Broadway, and will be known as the Greeley Square Hotel. The hotel investment, including site, hotel building and furnishings, will represent an outlay of \$13,500,000. The site, which covers 31,500 square feet, cost \$7,600,000. The building will be twenty-five stories high, and will have 1,600 sleeping rooms and 1,000 baths.

—THE MILK DEALERS' ASSOCIATION of New York have instituted a campaign to bring about an even standard and quality in all "loose milk" supplied to the people. A laboratory has been equipped to analyze and chemists and bacteriologists endeavor to make analyses and tests on the supply of any dealer that may come under suspicion. A competent corps of inspectors will keep constant watch for any infringements of sanitary rules.

—ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, at Los Angeles, Calif., Archibald Hoxsey, the aeronaut, broke all records for ascension by reaching a height of 11,474 feet in a Wright biplane. This is 975 feet higher than Lescazeque, the Frenchman, reached at Pau on December 3. Mr. Hoxsey was two hours in the air, and during that time covered a wide expanse of territory ranging from the mountains on the north and east to the sea on the west.

—ONE OF THE signs by which we may measure the dimensions of the Liberal victory in the British elections is the amazing proposition by Mr. Balfour that hereafter all questions involving a deadlock should be decided by a referendum to the voters of the country. In advancing this proposition the Lords virtually acknowledge themselves subordinate to the popular will. Now, it is contended that the referendum would act as a clog to parliamentary progress, as it would open the way to the submission to popular decision of many questions which have a direct interest for only a comparative handful of voters.

—A GRAND RAIDS, Mich., police judge has initiated a novel plan in dealing with those brought before him charged with intoxication, and it promises to work well. He sentences the erring ones to attend the local Rescue Mission every night, for terms ranging from thirty to sixty days. The religious influence of the mission is beginning to be felt on confirmed tipplers. They have ceased to appear in the police court. The

officers of the mission are provided with commitment papers, the same as a jailer, and all who are sentenced to attend the services are warned that if they do not put in an appearance at the mission every night, they will be taken to jail. Needless to say, all prefer the alternative of attending the mission.

—MARIA RAPPA and Stanislas Patenza, the instruments of the "Black Hand" gang in the kidnapping of the two children, Giuseppe Longo and Michael Rizzo, in Brooklyn on November 19, were sentenced by Judge Fawcett of that borough on December 27 to not less than twenty-five years' imprisonment. The man will serve his time in Sing Sing, the woman in Auburn. It was one of the quickest trials on record. In sentencing the prisoners, the judge made a scathing arraignment of the "Black Hand."

—THE *Oriental Economic Review* makes a thoughtful suggestion in connection with the use of the Carnegie Peace Foundation Fund. It says, "We believe a portion of the new fund should be used in threshing out, once for all, the real genesis of the intermittent recurrence of this deplorable war scare bogie. We believe that an international body of eminent scholars and distinguished statesmen should make an exhaustive study of all possible causes of conflict between the United States and Japan on one side, and between England and Germany on the other. This investigation would, in all probability, bring a clear solution of such vexing problems as the readjustment of the balance of power between what we may call a settled nation and one newly arrived in the list of Great Powers, would arrange matters attending immigration from the densely populated countries to regions awaiting development, would fix the position of certain races in the society of nations, and would discover the means for the restoration of such rights and possessions as may have been lost through national weakness, with no necessity for the inhuman test of war."

—MRS. HARRIET IRWIN, a leader of the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton Street, New York City, writes to this journal: "As I have received letters from several of the families who received their Thanksgiving dinner from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I thought your readers should not only have the thanks expressed, but they should know that their kindness and bounty, which finds its way into so many homes to cheer and benefit, is greatly appreciated. One writes: 'My Thanksgiving text, II Cor. 9:

11. Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness which enough through us thanksgiving to God.' Another letter says: 'Dear Friends: I am more than thankful to our heavenly Father, the Giver of all good gifts, for my Thanksgiving dinner; in fact, the supply did me for a whole week. May God bless and reward our benefactors!' Another writes: 'Please thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for the Thanksgiving basket, which I and my family enjoyed very much. It has been very hard for me; for four weeks my husband has not been working. As each woman passed out of the Mission, there was a gentleman stood there and asked God to bless each one that passed out. I appreciated that, for I had been sick. With thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A mother.' Still another writes: 'Please thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD folks for being so kind to a poor widow. I enjoyed the basket very much. The gifts were lovely. I appreciated it more than ever, for I was sick.'"

## ECONOMY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

A FARMER near Ellinwood, Kan., who owns over thirty-five hundred acres of land in different parts of two counties, has lately become an enthusiastic automobilist. Formerly, he required four driving horses at an upkeep of thirty-five dollars a month, to take him around his place, that he might oversee the work, and during the threshing season, he had to leave his house as early as four o'clock in the morning, and often did not get home until after ten o'clock at night. Some little time ago, he bought a second-hand touring car. Now, even in the busiest season, he does not have to leave the house before seven in the morning. He has more time with the men and even gets leisure to stop at the post office for his mail before going home to dinner. He sometimes uses the car for hauling a wagon or trailer loaded with grain, hay or wood, the machine giving far better service, he says, and costing less than horses.



# Has Mount Sinai Been Identified?

THERE has always been much controversy about the identification of the real Mount Sinai on which Moses received the Commandments. Recently contentions as to the mount and its location have become more emphasized, many distinguished authorities marshaling themselves on rival sides.

Sir Richard Burton, the well-known scholar and traveler in his time, held that it was futile to try to discover the exact spot of Sinai and pronounced all attempts at identification as necessarily vain. Many have been inclined to agree with Burton, but now comes the announcement that the precise whereabouts of the famous mount has been determined, seemingly beyond doubt, by an Austrian explorer named Dr. Alois Musil, who, carrying a commission from the Turkish government, left Vienna in April last year for Northern Arabia. Whether Biblical scholars and cartographers will confirm Dr. Musil's claim or dispute it remains to be seen.

Some learned authorities, among them Scriptural savants, archaeologists and scientists of world-wide fame, say, with Burton, that it is impossible to exactly locate Sinai, inasmuch as the names Sinai and Horeb were interchangeable and were used indiscriminately as in the case of many other places in the early Biblical time. That Sinai is in the southern part of the peninsula lying between the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah there can be no question, though the late Dr. Beke of England claimed it was not in the peninsula at all, but east of the Gulf of Akabah, and in order to substantiate his theory he also claimed that Mizraim or the Egypt of the Bible occupied the whole of the peninsula. The origin of the name is not known. It may be Semitic, denoting "cleft with ravines," or it may be Egyptian, signifying the "place of Sin"; that is, the place devoted to Sin, the moon-god. In Exodus 19: 1, 2 we read that in the third month of their journey, the Israelites "departed from Rephidim, came into the wilderness of Sinai, and camped before the mount." It seems that the base of the mount in front of the camp was so sharply defined that barriers had to be put up to keep the people from approaching rashly and touching the sides. While Moses was receiving the law on the summit "the thunderings and lightnings and the voice of the trumpet" were so near the camp that the people in terror "removed and stood afar off," yet still remained in sight of the mount.

What particular mountain was this where the Lord spake with Moses "face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend" and where he revealed himself in such glory and majesty as were not witnessed on earth before or since that time?

Despite contention from able sources Sinai and Horeb are not interchangeable terms, so the one must not be confounded with the other.

It has been shown so emphatically as to be accepted as proof positive that the name Horeb was that given to the ridge and that Sinai was a peak in the ridge which Moses ascended to receive the Commandments. The section through which the Israelites had to pass after leaving Rephidim is called "the wilderness of Sinai" and naturally took its name from the mountain peak. Nowhere do we find mention of the wilderness of Horeb. That some translators have identified the Mount of God with Horeb is not at all confirmatory of its being a peak, much less of its being the peak upon which the Lord came down in thunders and lightning. He came Horeb-ward; that is, to the range called Horeb. "I will stand before thee upon the rock in Horeb." Note the preposition. This certainly must be taken to mean some particular rock in the range called Horeb. Moreover Horeb never has the prefix

Mount Sinai. First, it must have been a summit overlooking the place where the people stood. In the next place the space in front of it must have been large enough to accommodate the great number of Israelites who followed Moses out of the land of Egypt. Lastly the space where the people stood must have borne such a relation to the base of the mount that they were enabled to approach, but could not touch.

In a consideration of the Sinaitic claims the first peak to engage attention is Jebel Serbal. This is the most conspicuous mount in the range, though not the highest. It rises to a height of 6,342 feet above sea level. But the natural conditions surrounding the peak eliminate it from the list as the mount on which God appeared to Moses. It could not possibly have been the Sinai of the Law. The Wady Feiran is three miles distant and from there only occasional glimpses can be had of the summit. Therefore this place could not have been the encampment of the Israelites. We are told the people still remained in sight of the mount, for "the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount" (Ex. 24: 17).



Mount Sufsafeh, the Probable "Mount of the Law"

"mount" except in Ex. 33: 6, whereas Sinai always has it except in two passages, one in Exodus and one in Deuteronomy, with their two dependent passages in Judges and the Psalms. Josephus, the Jewish historian, mentions only Sinai.

If, then, Horeb was the range and Sinai the peak, just what particular peak was it? As there are three claimants to the name, it is necessary to investigate the credentials adduced by the advocates of each. Before, however, going into details, it is necessary to consider what must have been the indispensable features and surroundings of the true

The peak of Jebel Musa is the next which demands attention. Several modern authorities are in favor of its claim. It is about 7,000 feet high and lies thirty miles east of Jebel Serbal. On the southeast end it is bounded by a rugged wady called Sebaliyeh, which would not have afforded a resting place for the vast Israelitish hosts.

The third claimant is called Ras Sasafeh, or Sufsafeh, and is a peak jutting up from the northwestern point of the ridge from which Jebel Musa springs. It overlooks the plain Er Rahah, and has all the characteristics which proclaim it the real spot on which Moses received the law. The plain Er Rahah is more than two miles in length and from one-third to two-thirds of a mile in breadth, and the eye can follow its course as it skirts the mountains in the distance. It seems, if not an ideal, at least the most likely place in all that country where a large number of persons could have suitably made an encampment.

The summit of Ras Sufsafeh is visible from every point of this valley. The topographical conditions are in perfect keeping with the Biblical chronicle. A low line of alluvial mounds at the base of the mount answer to the bounds which were to keep the people off from touching the sacred sides of Sinai under penalty of incurring immediate death. In fact, the cliff in which the mount of Sufsafeh terminates, rises up like a huge altar which that great congregation of the Israelites might have easily beheld, limned in bold outline against the darkling purple of that Eastern sky.

## MILLIONS STARVING IN CHINA'S FAMINE

*Continued from page 27*

Secretary of War and President of the American Red Cross, gave cordial assistance in this generous movement and in official correspondence commended the work highly. It is estimated that thousands of lives were saved by prompt action in sending those two food cargoes at the most critical time. The food was distributed with great judgment under the personal supervision of the Missionary Relief Committee which had been organized at the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to conduct the work. That committee, with few changes in the personnel, is still in existence and for the last four years has directed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD famine orphan work in the Canal provinces, in addition to its regular missionary labors.

This new famine, while it is probably less formidable than that of 1906, has called the Interdenominational Committee again into active relief operations. This splendid body of experienced missionaries will again assume responsibility for a very large portion of the relief operations in the Canal provinces, and all contributions for China Famine Relief sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be promptly forwarded to the committee.

The famine is not confined to the two provinces of Anhui and Kiangsu. In a letter from Rev. T. J. Preston, of Changteh, in Hunan (to whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent a relief remittance recently) a dis-

treassing condition of affairs in that province is revealed. Mr. Preston writes: "Your enclosure of draft for \$113.32 has been received, and on behalf of the famine sufferers, I desire to thank you and through you THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contributors to this fund. We will need a great deal in January and February, as the

cold weather will then be upon the people, and if you felt inclined to make a further appeal I am sure great good could be done. On a recent trip to the worst parts of the famine district, I found the people eating dried leaves, grass and rice hulls. The mortality is enormous! At the approach of winter, the suffering is of increased intensity. The famine is not in Changteh where we live, but in a district called Wei-Ti, about twenty miles distant, where, owing to the breaking of the dikes, the land has been flooded two years."



A Flooded Rice Field (One of the Causes of the Famine)

A first remittance of \$1,000 has been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to our Interdenominational Missionary Committee at Chinkiang, Kiangsu Province, being advanced by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in anticipation of contributions. It is hoped that our readers will make liberal response to the urgent appeal of China, as the need will be desperate for the next two months or ten weeks.

Contributions to date:

|                                        |          |
|----------------------------------------|----------|
| Mrs. Mary Kloppsch.....                | \$100 00 |
| To Hunan Sufferers (various contribs.) | 113 32   |
| O. K. New York City.....               | 50 00    |
| G. H. S. ".....                        | 2 00     |
| J. A. B. ".....                        | 1 00     |
| T. G. ".....                           | 1 00     |
| A Friend ".....                        | 1 00     |
| T. W. ".....                           | 2 00     |
| J. W. J., Fort View, Colo.....         | 5 00     |
| J. W. B., Lindsay, W. Va.....          | 25 00    |
| F. A. L., Cameron, Tex.....            | 3 25     |
| P. M., Benkelman, Neb.....             | 5 40     |
| D. K. H., N. Topeka, Kan.....          | 5 40     |





## Questions and Answers

In forwarding MSS. to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclose stamped envelopes for return, if unavailable.

Mrs. L. F. S., Albany, Vt. 1. Who was Jephthah's wife, and what was his daughter's name? 2. What do the words "Shibboleth" and "Sibboleth" mean?

1. Jephthah was one of the Israelitish judges before the days of the Kings. His wife's name is nowhere given, nor that of his daughter. 2. The two words are identical and signify "an ear of corn."

S. O. H., Halifax, N. S. 1. What nationality is Frederick Cook, explorer? 2. Are the words "suffragists" and "suffragettes" used interchangeably?

1. Frederick A. Cook is of German parentage. His father, Theodore Koch, was a German physician, who came to this country in 1853; he changed his name to Cook in 1860. 2. A "suffragist" may be either a man or woman, who advocates suffrage by decorous methods of education, agitation, legislation; a "suffragette" is one of the violent sisterhood.

D. B., Toledo. What are the legends in regard to the "Wandering Jew"?

One tradition makes the Wandering Jew, Cartaphilus, door-keeper of the palace, who struck Jesus as he was dragged out, saying: "Go on, Jesus; go on faster," and to whom Jesus retorted, "I am going, but thou shalt remain waiting until I return." Cartaphilus was then thirty years old, and every time he reaches the age of one hundred years he falls into a swoon from which he awakes again a young man of thirty. The Western legend has it that when Jesus was on his way to Calvary, hearing the cross, he wished to rest on a stone before the house of a Jew named Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses. Jesus said to Ahasuerus: "Thou shalt wander on earth till I come." The story says Ahasuerus has wandered ever since all over the world, seeking death, but not finding it.

T. J. S., Tonkawa, Okla. Where in the Bible can I find a denial of Christ's teaching in Matt. 6: 6?

There is no denial in the question. In this portion of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus was warning his hearers against ostentation in religious duties, and showing them that where they did these duties to make a vain show in public, they offended the Father, who looked to the heart more than to the act itself. In verses 5, 6, 7 and 8, it is not the simple publicity of prayer that is condemned, but the spirit of religious pomp and vain glory, which he contrasts with the retiring character of true prayer.

J. K., Pickens, W. Va. 1. Who was the first missionary to America? 2. What is the dimension of a whale's throat? Is it large enough to receive a man? 3. Have Bible students rejected the story of Jonah and the whale?

1. The first missionary sent out was John Eliot, of London, who was followed by Mayhew and Brainerds. 2. The mouth of the Greenland whale is sixteen feet long, six to eight feet wide and ten to twelve feet high inside—large enough to receive the biggest man. 3. The Bible is fully accepted by all true Christians despite the scoffs and sneers of materialists and unbelievers. Some of the stories, however, are allegorical and must not be literally interpreted.

R. H. C., Mount Forest, Ont., Can. Please explain Num. 31: 18.

The war against Midian was designed to be one of extermination. The Midianites had equaled the worst of the idolatrous nations in the enormity of their wickedness. With the exception of the girl children, all were to be slaughtered for the reasons stated. With regard to your second question, the Latter Day Saints do not hold the same doctrines with the Mormons.

C. H. W., Lake Mahopie, N. Y. For what purpose was Peter's vision in Acts 10?

The vision was sent to teach Peter, and through him his associates, that the Gentiles were no longer to be regarded as unclean; that God was no respecter of persons; that ceremonial distinctions separating Jew from Gentile, and which had therefore barred access to

## To Honor Dr. Klopsch's Memory

**A Correspondent Suggests that the "Children's Paradise" be Endowed as a Perpetual Monument to its Founder**

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

I HAVE just finished reading that wonderful book, the *Life-Work of Louis Klopsch*. As I lay it down, I cannot refrain from an expression of thankfulness that it was my good fortune and great privilege to have a share, however small, in the charities of this remarkable man, whose career may well stand as a model for others to emulate.

As I look back upon his grand life, now closed, the moral stature of the man looms large in the vast enterprises he carried out all over the world, for the winning of souls and the alleviation of human suffering. All classes and conditions of men were his brethren. Indeed no one can read Mr. Pepper's grand book without being convinced that here was a true hero of the Gospel of humanity—a man who was and is an honor to the nation, and whose deeds will shine with greater lustre as the years roll on, while his name will be associated with those of the greatest benefactors of the race.

There is one passage in the *Life-Work* to which I yield special approval, and I believe there are thousands of others who will join with me. It is the author's suggestion that Dr. Klopsch's favorite charity, Mont-Lawn, to which he personally gave the endearing title of "The Children's Paradise," should be made his monument. He would have desired no other or worthier one. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have endowed it and placed it beyond the need of public appeal. I would supplement Mr. Pepper's suggestion by adding that this is a task in which many thousands of your readers would joyfully assist. They loved Dr. Klopsch as I did, and they felt the same spiritual delight in his genial comradeship in the Lord's work.

Through his genius, he built up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be the greatest of religious journals, with a far-reaching constituency, and with it as his lever, he moved the sympathies of the world. He made his paper the channel for great benevolences. Without it, he could have accomplished but little. Why not utilize it now in a way that will augment its influence and raise a suitable Endowment Fund for the Children's Paradise? This is what Dr. Klopsch himself would have done, had he lived.

Let me suggest, then, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD open its columns for the purpose of receiving the loving tributes of its readers toward a Memorial Fund to the man who wrote over the gates of Mont-Lawn, "I love God and little children," and who opened wide those gates to forty thousand little ones! THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, if it chose to cast the weight of its influence in favor of such a movement, could make it a triumphant success from the beginning. If you could set apart a portion of your resources for a limited period to this work, the endowment would be assured.

Pittsburg, Pa.

[This is one of many hundreds of letters received on the same subject. Our correspondent proposes an undertaking which we feel it to be a duty to submit to our readers for a frank expression of their views on the subject. We therefore invite them to give us the benefit of their ideas, briefly, concerning a matter in which their friendly counsel and judgment will be greatly appreciated.]

God, were henceforth abolished, and that all were equally admissible, Jew and Gentile, to his love and favor, and to religious fellowship and intercourse. It was literally to show that Jesus, through his Gospel, had broken down the "middle wall of partition" between Jew and Gentile.

W. J., Wilton, Ia. When it is midnight in the Pribilof Islands, what time is it in Eastern Greenland and Newfoundland? When it is noon at Pernambuco, what time is it at Guayaquil, in Gulf of St. Lawrence, in Galveston Bay, on Vancouver Island?

When it is midnight in the Pribilof Islands it is between 9 and 10 o'clock on the east coast of Greenland and between 7 and 8 o'clock in Newfoundland the following morning. When it is noon at Pernambuco, it is 9 o'clock at Guayaquil, 10 o'clock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 8 o'clock in the Bay of Galveston, and 6 o'clock in Vancouver Island on the same morning.

E. E. M., Ventura, Calif. Was Cornelius a convert when he met Peter?

He is supposed to have been what was known as a "proselyte of the gate"; that is, a Gentile who, having renounced idols and be-

gun to worship the true God, frequented the synagogue, but not having come under the distinctive rite, was not reckoned among the Jews. He was "a man fearing God," and was chosen as the "first fruit of the Gentiles." Theophylact wrote that "though neither a Jew nor a Christian, Cornelius lived the life of a Christian." This was his condition when he met Peter. His actual conversion is recorded in Acts 10.

J. W. R., Hampton, Va. Why is Christ spoken of as of the seed or house of David? He could not have been so except through his mother, who with her cousin, Elizabeth, was of the seed of Aaron.

The Davidic descent of Jesus was practically undisputed in his own day. Paul appealed to this fact with confidence (see Heb. 7: 14; II. Tim. 2: 8). In the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, Mary, as well as Joseph, is represented as descended from David, and the Saviour's pedigree is traceable through both genealogies. Joseph's lineage was made out from authentic records for the purpose of the civil census ordered by Augustus; hence, it is a moral certainty that the genealogy of Jesus was extracted from the public registers, and

that in transferring them to the pages of the Gospels the evangelists added such qualifying expressions as they deemed necessary for explanatory purposes.

Mrs. J. B. J., South Delabole, Pa. 1. Are there any descendants of Rechab living today, and keeping the vow made to Jonathan? 2. What is the meaning of the circle of light we see painted around the heads of some pictures?

1. The house of Rechab is identified with a section of the Kenites, who came into Canaan with the Israelites. It might be possible to trace through Hebrew genealogies the descendants of Rechab to the present day. Write to Editor, *Hebrew Standard*, New York. See reference in Neh. 3: 14; also Jer. 35: 3-10. A fraternal order came into existence in England in 1842, calling themselves Rechabites, and aiming at total abstinence. This order is still in existence. 2. It is called a halo, and is the artistic way of indicating sanctity or holiness. The artists, in the early days of Christianity, used it frequently in their paintings.

Miss C. H. R., Eschol, Pa. 1. Who was Melchizedek? 2. What was done with John the Baptist's head?

1. Melchizedek was the priest-king of Salem, a man of great sanctity and a type of Christ. His identity is surrounded by mystery and has given rise to innumerable discussions. He was superior to Abraham, as Christ's priesthood was superior to the Aaronic priesthood. The statement that he had neither father nor mother (Heb. 7: 3), is simply held to mean that he had no recorded parentage of distinction. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that his name signified "the righteous king." 2. Scripture tells us that the body of the Baptist was laid in the tomb by his disciples, and the presumption is that the head was recovered and lovingly placed with the body.

## Miscellaneous

I. S. A., Rose Hill, Va. Any assertion of the kind cannot be maintained by reliable statistics.

Subscriber, Lucerne, Md. Paradise was a term employed by the Jews to express the state of future bliss, both in its higher and lower stages. The promise signified that they were never more to be parted.

Miss C. S., Nolensville, Tenn. Christ himself said that he came to fulfill the law, not to do away with it (see Matt. 5: 17). He gave it, however, in many respects, a new spiritual interpretation, illustrating by saying: "Moses said this but I say unto you." He gave us direct access to the Father and brought in the dispensation of grace in the Gospel, he himself being the final sacrifice to the law for the sins of the world.

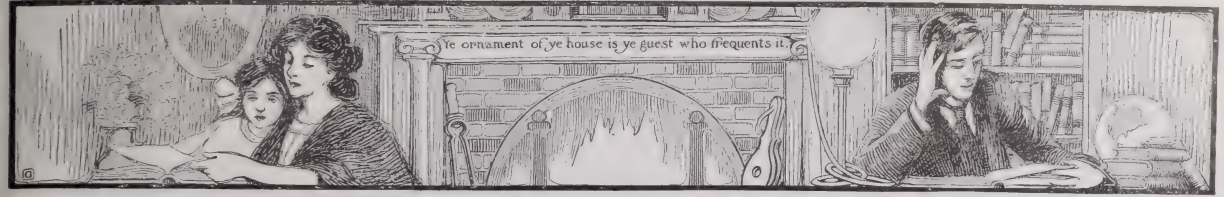
Inquirer, Warroad, Minn. 1. The Christian view is that only works of necessity or of mercy are permissible on the Sabbath. One's own conscience must make this decision. 2. Paul had a "thorn in the flesh," which may have been some weakness or besetting sin. Many good people have some particular weakness which Paul (in Heb. 12: 1) describes as "the sin that doth so easily beset us." There is none perfect. Our part is to make a brave fight against temptation and to ask divine strength to help overcome it.

T. J., Whitcomb, Fla. 1. The Bible gives no clue to the length of time consumed in Creation—that is, from our modern standard. A thousand years in God's sight are as a day. Man was the last of the creation and the crown of the work. 2. You should vote as conscience dictates. Prohibition will prohibit, some day, in good earnest. 3. We are not to judge others. God alone is judge. 4. With him all things are possible. Christ called Judas the "Son of Perdition," and we have no warrant to go beyond this. 5. Published in Washington, D. C.

J. H. S., Slatington, Pa. Commentators have simply dealt with the possibilities of John's baptism by some of his own disciples, but there are no actual facts on the subject. As he preached baptism, he himself may have set the example, although being of priestly descent through both parents (as you state) he needed no such rite to introduce him into the privileges of either the church or the priestly office. But John's Gospel was not in line with the teachings of the priests, consequently the likelihood of his baptism is all the stronger. However, this is one of those points concerning which there can be nothing but conjecture.



# BY THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT



## Are You an Egotist?

IN REPLY to the question, are you an egotist, almost every one will say no, without the least hesitation. Nobody likes to acknowledge that she is an egotist, the term carrying somehow a hint of self-complacency and self-absorption which is not quite agreeable. The egotist, we say to ourselves, is a vain, conceited and very likely officious person who is much more ready to talk about her own concerns than to be interested in those of her friends. One would be as reluctant to acknowledge one's self egotistical as to admit that one was a bore. It cannot be denied that many bores are egotists. On the other hand, every egotist is by no means a bore.

The defect in most women, younger or older, so far as social intercourse and conversation are involved, is that they bring everything to the personal equation. In discussing an opinion, an incident, a current event, they look at it from the individual point of view. Sometimes this is very amusing. If the subject uppermost at the moment is, for example, equal suffrage, and the arguments for and against this movement are being gravely advanced, a girl will shake her pretty head and declare with emphasis that she, for one, does not wish to be mixed up in politics. She has no desire to cast a vote, although she admires this or the other candidate, because he is such a gentleman and has such delightful manners. On election day, the girl proceeds, it would be unpleasant to get into a crowd and wait for one's turn, and any way she does not think it womanly to take part in public affairs. She would hate to serve on a jury and she certainly would never run for Congress.

Nearly all the great authors of the world have taken advantage of this eternally feminine quality in describing their masterpieces. Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Blackmore and Black a generation ago, and De Morgan, Arnold Bennett and James Lane Allen to-day in their different manners and methods take positive delight in painting the feminine egotist. Sometimes she is sweet, sometimes spicy, usually inconsequent and constantly inconsistent, but she steps to the front of the stage with an air of being in the right place. George Meredith was more chivalrous in his treatment of the gentle sex than most of his contemporaries, and Marion Crawford more frequently saw the egotist in man than in woman, but women themselves, when writing about women, have not scrupled to display their egotism with a firm and unerring touch. Any novel of George Eliot's may be read in proof of this, and among present day story writers one needs to go no farther than to Mary Wilkins Freeman and Margaret Deland.

To bring the matter to a practical issue, how are you and I to save ourselves from an egotism which will prevent our comprehension of other people's rights and our dealing justly with other people's wrongs? Ought we not to be on guard against believing all we hear, and misconstruing what we think we see among our neighbors and friends? Should we not give an accused person the benefit of the doubt when perhaps unkind gossip is busy with the person's name? In a story which I read the other day a young girl, who was employed in a certain family, was accused by her employer of the theft of a brooch. Vainly the girl asserted her entire innocence. She was indeed essentially fine, honest and honorable. She could no more have stolen a bit of jewelry than she could have dropped poison into the tea of the woman who took for granted that she had been tempted and had yielded to the temptation. The older woman was rich, well educated and a social leader. The

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

girl was poor, solitary and illiterate, and circumstances were against her. "I know," said the lady with serene conviction, "that Nance took my brooch." "Where is your proof?" was the natural question. "Proof?" she cries scornfully. "I don't need proof, I tell you. I know."

So it came to pass that Nance, the child of poverty and misfortune, was turned away from one door to another, reproach following her, a net of lies tangling about her feet, until she was almost forced by virtuous women into a life of vice. In the

whisky or something of the sort, and I was humiliated and ashamed to have any one in her condition waiting on friends in my dining room. I paid her off the next morning, gave her the balance of the month's wages and told her she must go. I cannot tolerate intemperance in a servant. Oh, yes, she said she had been ill, but had that been so, why did she not go to bed? As an example to the rest of my servants I sent her away, and I am sure I did right."

Here again the action was due to well meaning but extremely cruel egotism. Six years of life under the same roof in the capacity of employer and employed ought to have deepened confidence and friendly relations between the two. The egotism of the mistress made her unfair in her judgment of the maid. No doubt it occasionally happens that the egotism of the maid prevents her understanding the shortcomings of the mistress. In all human intercourse there must be mutual concession, and the egotist is not given to conceding an iota.



WINTER SPORTS

Old winter is genial and jolly,  
His bluster is bracing and keen,  
The wild winds may blow, bringing tempest and snow,  
But moods of the Spring come between,  
When the children can play in the merriest way,  
And the ice gleams in silvery sheen.

end her innocence was established. I am afraid that something like this may happen oftener than we dream in real life. The woman who is an egotist is so strongly entrenched in her own position that she is color-blind to everything that she does not see with her own eyes.

"I dismissed a maid last week for intoxication," said a good, kind-hearted and compassionate woman one day in a talk with me. "She had been in my service six years, and I had never known her to drink, but she waited on the table when I had guests, and positively her behavior was disgraceful. She could not hand the dishes without danger of an accident, and her breath showed plainly to every one that she had been drinking. It was brandy or

**Household Pets** A little girl said the other day that she could never think of

having as a pet a bird in a cage. It seemed to her that a bird ought to have its freedom and fly fearlessly about in the great world outdoors. Of course, everybody cannot do what Olive Thorn Miller did years ago in Brooklyn. Mrs. Miller had a number of birds in large and roomy cages. She personally attended to their comfort, giving them the food they preferred and neglecting nothing that could make them happy. The cages were kept in a large airy room, and their doors being open by day, the little feathered occupants went in and out at will, flew here and there as they liked and rested on posts, perches or the tops of pictures, just as they chose. Generations of birds have lived in cages, and if the pet bird is neither a starling, a wren nor a grackle, but a beautiful yellow canary, it will take kindly enough to the cage. The cheery song of a bird in the house adds much to the pleasure of life, and the child who has a bird for a pet receives a daily training in looking out for the welfare of a little creature that is entirely dependent. If boys are permitted to have rabbits as pets the care of these gentle animals must be left to them, and they should not be relieved of it by their parents. The trouble often is with household pets that they nominally belong to the children and actually are a burden to the father and mother. A cat, dog or pony which is owned by a boy or girl should increase in the youthful owner a sense of responsibility. A pony is not precisely a household pet. It is next door to one, and must be guarded as tenderly as any other animal belonging to the home.

**An Ambitious Girl** "What books would you recommend for the reading of a girl in the high school, one who wants to make the most of her opportunities?" B. R."

In poetry read Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, in history, *Greene's Short History of the English People*, and Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*. In biography, *The Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott*, *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer* and the *Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant*. In fiction, the earlier works of Winston Churchill and at least three novels of Charles Dickens, preferably *Little Dorrit*, *Old Curiosity Shop* and *A Tale of Two Cities*.

By the time a girl has read these books she will be quite ready to make her own selection along the same lines.



# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

## Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Little Jimmy Preston, aged six, gets a letter at the post office for his sister Barbara. On the way home it is lost. Barbara Preston has been trying to keep the farm, the last of her father's estate, for Jimmy, but it is mortgaged to Honorable Stephen Jarvis, who is comparatively young. He threatens to foreclose. Peg Morrison, the old farm hand, is as greatly concerned over the loss of the letter as is Barbara. She goes to Mr. Jarvis to ask for more time on the mortgage. He tells her that he is disposed to do it, and also that he is tired of his present housekeeper and would like her to fill the place. She leaves without a word. The old housekeeper at once becomes her enemy. Stephen Jarvis comes to see Barbara. He asks her to marry him and he will give her the place. She refuses. She thinks of her old lover who went away and whose fate she did not know. Jarvis drives up and insists she ride with him. He rebukes her for not asking his aid to obtain a school position he heard that she had applied for, and she tells him that she asked his aid once and was refused. He says that he had offered her another place. He renews his proposals and says her brother could live with them. He tells her that he has never loved any one else in his life. He leaves her at her own gate, where little Jimmy meets her and says Peg has found the letter. All she can make out is the post-mark. The handwriting is that of David Whitcomb, her old lover, whom she thought dead. Barbara writes to the address, Tombstone, Ariz. Jarvis meets her once more and walks with her, as she will not enter the carriage; and he tells her that he cannot give her up. He grasps her arm, but with the declaration that she is "free," she wrenches away. She makes a desperate reaction. Going to Mr. Bellows, the auctioneer, she tells him that she wishes to sell her skill and intelligence "to the highest bidder." She says a mortgage on the place covers everything, and that she must sell her work for a term of years for \$1,200. Against his will, he consents to auction her off. Jarvis is astonished when he finds Barbara is to sell her services. A small crowd gathers at the Preston farm on the day appointed, Mr. Bellows wishes to know if Barbara wants to "back out." She refuses to change her mind. Jarvis comes to protest. Whitcomb returns while the auction is in progress. \$1,400 is bid. A man giving the name of Smith secures her services for \$1,000. Whitcomb in anger demands who the bidder is, but cannot find out. Bellows says Barbara is to stay at the farm until called for but will not tell the name of the buyer for whom Smith acted. She hires Martha Cottle to come and keep house while she is away. She pays Jarvis his money. Whitcomb comes to see her. She finds him changed. He urges her to marry him, but she tells him she must keep to the contract. Martha Cottle asks her if that is the man who has purchased her. Barbara wonders if the woman has been eavesdropping. Months pass, still Barbara is kept in suspense. Whitcomb again urges her to marry him; she tells him they must await result of contract. Martha Cottle tells Peg Morrison Barbara is engaged to Whitcomb. Peg asks her how she knows and she tells him she has "overheard 'em spooning." Whitcomb dines at the Barford Eagle Hotel, where he is served by a waitress named Jennie. He vainly tries to bribe the auctioneer to tell him who has bought Barbara's services. He visits the Preston farm and dines with Barbara. Later, he meets Jarvis, whom he asks for further information, saying it is "an outrage to hold a woman bound in this sneaking, secret fashion."

## XVI—Continued

JARVIS appeared to ponder this statement in silence for a while. "Perhaps you're right," he said, at last.

"There's no 'perhaps' about it," said David excitedly. "Of course I'm right! Here I've been hanging about for months, waiting for the person— whoever it is—to show up. I'm ready to settle the business by paying back the money."

He met the other's sharply inquiring look with a boastful grimace.

"I can do it; don't make any mistake on that score!"

"And after you've made the transfer; what then?"

Jarvis' tone was icy; his eyes searched the handsome, flushed face at his side mercilessly.

David met his gaze readily enough. "Why," he blustered, "you may as well know; I intend to marry Barbara. I'd do it anyway, contract or no contract, and we'd be the dog in the manger gnaw his bone till he's tired of it; only Barbara—Miss Preston—objects. She's like all women—sticks at a trifle, and yet is ready to swallow the earth, if you give 'em a chance."

"Miss Preston doubtless supposes that her honor is involved. I can conceive that she might do so. A—trifle I

believe you called it. And if you—"

"Oh, come; what's the use of talking like that?" David interrupted impatiently. "I'm sick of all that sort of nonsense." He pulled his hat over his eyes and stared morosely at the landscape. "If I didn't care as much about the girl as I do, I'd cut the whole thing and go West again. This is no place for a man like me."

"I'm disposed to agree with you," observed Jarvis calmly. "Shall I set you down here?"

David recognized his surroundings with a start. They had reached the outskirts of the village, and Jarvis had stopped his horse in front of his own house.

"Oh, I may as well get out here, I suppose," he said sullenly.

He turned and lifted his hat to Jarvis with a sweeping bow.

"Much obliged for the delightful

country road beyond, muffled with the accumulated dust of a rainless midsummer. Presently, he reached and passed the stone gateway of the Preston farm, and its orchards laden with unripe fruit. He looked at both with the sombre, unseeing intentness of a man who is at war with his deeper instincts.

He had been prepared, he supposed, to judge Whitcomb fairly; but his late brief interview with his successful rival had left him bitterly antagonistic to the younger man. David's very physical beauty infuriated him. He recalled the level glances of his blue eyes, the curve of his lips, the carriage of his handsome head upon his broad shoulders with a sense of blind barbaric anger. But none the less, he fought with and subdued himself.

"I am unjust," he told himself flatly. For the first time in all the years of his

set, which by now burned in crimson and amber splendors behind the misty purple of the hills.

His horse appeared jaded and weary, and Jarvis recalled vaguely that he had been driving at his old furious rate of speed. He leaned back against the cushions with a sigh, conscious of his own exceeding weariness, and allowed the mare to take her own gait. Out of the seething alembic of his thoughts had crystallized a single definite resolution. He would sift David as wheat in the close-meshed sieve of his own love for Barbara. He would scrutinize his past, he would examine his present; he would hold him under the lens of purity, of probity, of honor. If Whitcomb stood the test, Jarvis swore by all that he held holy that he would stand back and allow him to marry the woman both loved. If not—his strong fingers unconsciously tightened on the reins, and the obedient mare quickened her pace.

There was a light twinkling among the dark trees when at last Jarvis again passed the big apple-farm. He got down from his buggy, fastened the horse to a tree, and walked quietly toward the house. The long French windows stood open to the breeze, and within the lamp-lighted room Jarvis caught sight of Barbara. She was sitting close to the table reading aloud; at her side, leaning his yellow head against her knee, sat Jimmy, serious and intent.

Jarvis stepped boldly to the piazza, and tapped on the open sash.

"I guess it's David!" he heard the child say joyously. And saw the quick blush that rose to Barbara's cheek.

The blood sprang to his own temples and hammered furiously there for an instant as he looked at her in her diaphanous white dress. Then he stepped in at her quiet bidding.

"I was passing, and it occurred to me to stop, and—see you," he said awkwardly.

Jimmy had retreated behind his sister's chair, and was gazing at him with frowning intentness. Manifestly the child was disappointed.

"You were reading," he said, his eyes lingering on the hands which held the thin blue volume. "Won't you—" he hesitated; then went on boldly. "Don't stop because I am here."

She would have turned over the leaves and read other pretty trifles if it had been David instead of himself, he thought bitterly. He waited for a cold refusal.

"You wouldn't like *A Child's Garden of Verses*," Jimmy said unexpectedly. He had not removed his inquiring brown eyes from Jarvis' face. Something that he saw there emboldened him. "It's for little boys, littler than I am; but I like it."

Jarvis smiled, the singular smile new to his lips and of which he was not at all aware, any more than of the elemental changes in himself.

"Perhaps I'd like it, too," he said. "Nobody ever reads out loud to me."

"Read the one about the wind, Barbra," urged Jimmy; "the wind and the kites. I like that."

Barbara turned over the pages slowly.

"Shall I?" she asked Jarvis. Her eyes lingered irresolutely on his

Continued on page 10



"Are you finding the delay very hard to bear?" he asked"

ride," he said, with a sneering upward quirk of the mouth.

Jarvis sat motionless in his carriage watching the easy swing of the arrogantly youthful figure, as it passed down the street. He saw David go in at the front entrance of the Barford Eagle, yet still he sat silent, his brows drawn over brooding eyes.

His man, lounging in front of the stables, caught sight of the waiting equipage, and hurried down the driveway.

"Any orders, sir?" he asked. "Shall I take the horse, sir?"

Jarvis glanced at the man, something of his old irritability flaring up in his look.

"No," he said shortly, "I'm not coming in now."

He spoke sharply to his horse, turned abruptly and drove rapidly away, past the pollarded willows, over the echoing bridge and on into the

life he had become dimly aware of the beauty of self-sacrifice, and of its relations to a pure and true affection. Even while the primal man within foamed under his iron grip, he compelled himself to think tenderly of Barbara, of her loveless youth, of her loneliness, of her heroism. Then he remembered with shame his own persecutions of her woman's weakness; for so it had come to look to him now. He recalled his brutal insistency, his threats, his unrelenting hardness, sparing himself in nothing, compelling his memory to flash before him every picture which contained them both.

He had traveled many miles before he roused to a realization of the lateness of the hour. The long summer twilight had fallen, like a roseate veil, over the rich landscape; the shadows had disappeared with the sun, and the great disk of a silver moon swam in the rosy light reflected from the sun-



# Our Boys' & Girls'

## COZY CORNER

A Page of Clever Work by Our Boys and Girls

### Something I Have Made—Contest

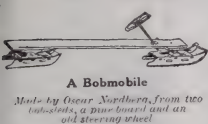


"Chums"

By Helen DePaul, age 13, pronounced

#### A Lots-of-Fun Merry-Go-Round

Invented and illustrated by John B. McDonald, age 13



A Bobmobile

Made by Oscar Northern, from two tin-cans, a pine-board and an old steering wheel

OUT of strong writing-paper, make one  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch tube, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and two  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch tubes 8 inches long. In one end of the large tube cut a slot into which to fit one of the small tubes; place the second small tube at right angles to one of the first, and hold it in place with a hat-pin. (Figure 1 shows arrangement of the tubes.) Out of the same stiff paper cut four 6-inch squares, with a slit in each square for the ends of the tubes to come through, and arrange as shown in Figure 2. Fasten this paper contrivance to hot sealing wax, melted and poured into the center of a dinner plate on which you have already fastened the four candle ends at equal distance one from the other. Now float plate and all on a rather deep basin of water, filled to the brim, light the candles, and away will go the Merry-Go-Round, round and round as merry as you please.

This invention won a Brownie kodak.

#### An Easy-to-Make Wireless

By Herbert C. Lockman, age 11



WE fellows wanted a wireless, so we learned the code and then sent to New York for one pound of No. 14 bare aluminum wire for the aerial, one telephone receiver, ten cents' worth of silicon, eight porcelain wiring cleats, and five cents' worth of tinfoil. In each corner of a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch block of wood, 3 x  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, we bored a hole. In these holes we screwed the binding-posts. Out of an old copper kettle we cut an oval  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch wide and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and a right angle oblong  $\frac{1}{2}$  x  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. In the longer piece of copper we bored three holes, one in each end and one in the middle. In the smaller piece we bored a small hole in one end, and then put the detector together. In the centre of the oblong copper we fastened a large-headed screw to adjust the detector. On one end of the small copper we fitted a screw filed to a point, to press against the silicon which lies beneath it on the oval copper, the other end I fastened to the base (see diagram). Our condenser was a box 4 x 7 inches and one inch high. We put the sheets of tinfoil inside the box, and put the lid with two binding-posts on. The aerial was made of four parallel wires 50 feet long fastened side by side by insulators to a stick. We hung it 40 feet in the air, and every now and again we pick up messages with it.

This invention won an A No. 1 watch.

#### A Parachute Carnival

By Clarence Wood, age 11

NOTE: Some of the best work done by our boys and girls in the "Something I Have Made

Myself" contest, was along the line of aeroplanes. Many of the ideas set forth are original and very interesting. Descriptions of the best of these toy models, we will publish from time to time.

#### CLARENCE WOOD,

age 11 years, tells us about a carnival in his town, where all the boys had toy parachutes. "They were made in bright colors, were accurately weighted, and made a beautiful picture floating about in the clear soft air. Most of the fellows bought their parachutes," Clarence goes on to say; "I made my own, and this is the way I did it: I took a light metal curtain ring and fastened eight small strings (as shown in the illustration) to it and to a circle of paper muslin 5 inches in diameter. From the curtain ring, I hung a small trapeze, and to it fastened a little tin man (a part of a toy wind-mill, but a pebble would have done just as well). My parachute was beautiful; but, how get it up into the air? That was the question that bothered me. All of a sudden, I thought of rolling it into a ball, and shooting it up in my rubber sling shot, and hurrah! hurrah! it was a dandy success."

Won the French model monoplane that will fly 300 feet.

#### A Birdlike Biplane Glider

By Anson Mapes Du Bois, age 14

THE main set of planes in this glider measures 2 feet in length by 6 inches square on the ends. The small planes are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches square on the ends by 12 inches long and 2 inches square by 6 inches long respectively. The boxes are made of strips cut from a 15-foot bamboo fishing-rod. The ends and parallel sides are covered with manila wrapping-paper strengthened with extra strips of bamboo. After getting the planes into shape (as per illustration), I prepared the skids—they are two pieces of bamboo 2 feet long, fastened under the main planes extending  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet to the front. I then mounted the skids on small wheels started the airship down hill, and to my amazement and joy, it rose and floated off like a bird.

Won "A By Reef and Trail," a Christmas book.

#### The Tin Soldier

SILENT he stood,  
Hands thrust in breast,  
head bowed,  
Nor turned he once  
To view the passing crowd.

Vainly the people tried  
One smile or word to win  
From Emperor beloved,  
Napoleon was made of tin!

GRACE G. SELDEN  
Delhi, O., age 13 years.



A Toy Parachute



Old Mother Hubbard, a 1st prize winner

Drawn by Ira M. Brown, age 13

#### Snow Flakes

THEY had left the sky that morning  
To show off their bright new gowns;  
Over roads and fields they traveled,  
And over the cities and towns.

They fell to the ground very helpless,  
And were waiting to catch their breath,  
When out came the sun shining brightly,  
And smothered them to death.

RUTH KOLLER, age 9 years.  
Won the Mistress Mary paper doll.

#### Price Winners and Honor Roll

Among our first prize-winners whose work we have not space to publish are: Irma Sharp, 11; Ora Michael, 11; Mable Peck, 12; James W. Willard, 15; Vera Belle, 12; Vera Harrison, 13; Belle Martin, 13.

#### Honor Roll

Guy Baker, 12; William Thomas, 9; Martha Swanson, 9; Ethel L. Hitt, 13; Grace Berger, 12; Julia Lumpkin, 12; Emma Res, 10; Dorothy Cate, 15; Herbert Hartman, 13; Lawrence M. Smith, 7; Agnes Anderson, 13; Mary Humphreysville, 14; Arta Hackett, 11.

#### Special January Prize Contest

For boys and girls over twelve are best.

STORIES or articles in less than 400 words. Subjects: "My Favorite Hero," "My Own Model Aeroplane." We will award prizes of \$2 each.

DRAWINGS. Subjects: "A Headpiece for February," "My Chum," "Something I Made Myself." We will give \$2 for the first prize, and five supplementary prizes for the next best drawings in order of merit.

VERSES. Subjects: "My Valentine," "Abe Lincoln." We will give two first prizes of \$1 each, and ten supplementary prizes, consisting of a Brownie kodak and nine appropriate books for good work in order of merit.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Subjects: "Winter," "Homeless," "A Good Game." Five first prizes of \$1 each, and ten supplementary prizes for good work appropriate to the Cozy Corner.

Put January Contest, your name, age, and address, plainly on each letter, manuscript or photograph, and send to Miss Janet Porter, 19 Bible House, New York.

All work must be original, and all work in this contest must be in by January 20.

#### MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: The Cozy

Corner this week is the best Cozy Corner of all, I think. You have made it yourselves, you see, and we are very proud of every story, poem and picture here. It may seem a very little thing to you to-day to enter a prize contest and win, but I assure you it is important and very fine. By the improvement of your work, by your interest and enthusiasm, you will very soon build up for your own selves an important Cozy Corner indeed—a place where boys and girls everywhere shall be getting that magic little "start" that sends them along accomplishing things that are big and worth while.

#### Our Good-Night Verse is:

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth—and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Lovingly and faithfully,

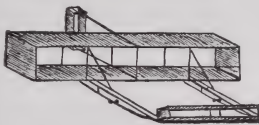
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

Janet Porter



"Chums"

By Paula Frey, age 5 and first prize.



A Successful Biplane Glider

### MAULE'S SEEDS

ONCE GROWN ALWAYS GROWN

is the reason why for many years past 79,000 customers in Pennsylvania alone, with almost half a million throughout the world over, Maule Seed Book for 1911 is a wonder; contains everything in seeds, bulbs and plants worth growing. Weighs 12 ounces; 600 illustrations, 4 colored plates, 175 pages. Any gardener sending his name on a postal card can have it for the asking. Address

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ONE COMPANY, 54 Broadway, New York.

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it stays sharp longer. After using, draw blade

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ten leaks in Shingle, Slate,

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For mending harness, shoes, straps,

canvases. Sews or repairs shop.

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type, carrying waving thread.

Lock-stitch, diamond point

needle, grooved running full length, protects the thread

exclusive feature; always ready, universal demand.

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"If You Want

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Study with Miss Cocroft."

*"This is from one of my pupils to a friend."*

My pupils are among the most refined, intellectual women of America. They have regained health and good figures and learned how to **keep** well. Each has given me a few minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit each individual's needs.

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My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

#### Be Well—nothing short of well.

**Radiate Health** so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

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**Improve Your Figure**—in other words be at your best. You yield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happier.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more

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Let me tell you more of my work. I have had a most brilliant experience, and I want to tell you about it.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a most brilliant experience, and I want to tell you about it.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from page 38

face for an instant. It was evident that she was wondering at the sight of him there, pale and grave, but with an unfamiliar gentleness in his eyes and about his unsmiling lips.

"If you will," he said.

Read Barbara:

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky,  
And all around I heard you pass  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Her voice flowing on like a brook over pebbles fell to a sudden silence, as the wind of which she had been reading entered with a sudden rush, swerving the yellow flame of the lamp to one side.

Jimmy laughed joyously.

"It's come in here," he said, turning a sleepily rough face upon Jarvis, "to hear what you're saying, Barbara."

She closed the book and laid it quietly upon the table.

"You must go to bed now, Jimmy," she said.

The little boy whispered in her ear, his hands clasped about his neck. Her arm stole about his small body as she bent her head to listen. Jarvis watched the two hungrily—the child and the woman, and the eternal, unfading beauty of the picture smote him with almost intolerable poignancy. All that was best in life he had missed, blunderingly, blindly, and for what?

"I go to bed all by myself now," the little boy said proudly.

He walked toward the door; then turned, hesitated and flung himself upon Barbara.

"I guess I'd better kiss you good-night, Barb'ra," he cried. "Just think, I pretty near forgot!"

He beamed shyly upon Jarvis.

"Shall I shake hands with you?" he inquired with a friendly little smile.

"I b'lieve I'd like to," Jarvis laid his own in it gravely. Barbara stirred uneasily in her chair.

"Jimmy dear!" she murmured softly, deprecatingly.

"I never supposed I'd be shakin' hands with you," the child went on calmly. "Did you drive that short-tailed horse?"

"Yes," said Jarvis, something swelling strangely within him as he looked down into the upturned face of the child with its candid brown eyes.

"What made you cut his tail off?" demanded Jimmy. "Peg says it's a mean trick to cut off horses' tails, 'cause they need their tails to brush off the flies."

"Jimmy!" called Barbara again, her face crimsoning.

"I didn't cut it off," Jarvis replied, with every evidence of sincerity. "I bought the horse just that way. I don't like it myself."

He glanced up at Barbara with a quiet smile.

"I'm afraid I'm very much in the way," he said. "But I wanted to talk with you—on a matter of some importance."

XVII

A silence difficult to break settled upon the man and the maid, as Jimmy's plodding feet toiled up the stairs.

"Good-night, Barb'ra," his wistful little voice called from the top of the stairs.

"Good-night, Jimmy dear," she answered.

Her eyes clouded with pain sought Jarvis' face. She had suddenly leaped to the conclusion that he had come to tell her something concerning the contract; perhaps to inform her that her prolonged furlough was at an end.

His next words confirmed this.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that you are under bonds to leave your home for a considerable period. Five years, or thereabouts, to be exact. Am I right?"

"Yes," faltered Barbara. She had

grown very pale. "That is why," she said bravely, "I have taught Jimmy to go upstairs alone. But he doesn't like it—yet."

Her eager eyes were fastened upon his face.

"Did you come—to tell me? Must I go—now?" she asked.

He waved his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, no," he said. "It isn't that—exactly. In fact I have nothing to do with the matter; only—"

He paused, as if to choose his words with care.

"I happen to know the person concerned in the transaction, and—"

"You know him?" breathed Barbara. She leaned toward him eagerly, the color coming back to her face in a swift flood. "Then won't you tell me—"

He shook his head.

"I'm under bonds to preserve my client's incognito," he said. "But—"

He looked at her compassionately.

"Are you finding the delay very hard to bear?" he asked. "Is there—?" Again he hesitated. "Is there any particular reason why you should wish to know more about the matter? Any reason why you cannot wait my client's pleasure?"

She was silent.

"It is that I would like you to tell me," he went on deliberately. "I am instructed, by my client—to find out—to—ascertain, in short, if you are in any way dissatisfied with the present status of affairs. If you will be quite frank with me I shall greatly appreciate your confidence, and so will—the person I have the honor to represent. Of this I can speak very positively."

"Why," asked Barbara, her words coming with a rush, "do I wait at all? If my time is worth—all the money your client paid for it, why am I not working? That is one thing I want to know."

"As to that," Jarvis said quietly, "I can assure you that your time is worth all and more than you received for it. But—"

He looked down and fingered his driving gloves absent-mindedly.

"There have been certain events, transpiring since the date of your engagement—your agreement, I should say better—with the person of whom we are speaking, which would seem to indicate that possibly—mind, I say possibly, I cannot speak certainly as yet—but possibly your services may not be required at all."

"What must I do? Of course the money—"

"Naturally, a part of it will be forfeited to you," said Jarvis coolly.

To all outward appearance he was the hard-headed man of affairs discussing a disputed contract.

"I attended to that for you. It is nothing more than fair, since you hold yourself in readiness to fill your part of the contract."

Barbara was gazing at him with parted lips.

"I chanced to meet an acquaintance of yours this afternoon," Jarvis went on, his observant eyes on her face. "A—er—Mr. Whitcomb."

Her look puzzled him.

"He informed me that he wished to marry you."

The girl's eyes sank in shamed confusion.

"I said I could not promise until—"

less—she faltered.

He arose, gripping his chair-back with tense fingers.

"It will be impossible to learn the ultimate intentions of my client at present," he said.

He continued to look at her as she sat in the soft radiance of the lamp-light, her head bowed, her slender hands, browned and roughened by the labors of sorrowful years, tightly

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Continued on next page

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18-C, 246 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO



# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

clasped in her lap; and a great compassion for her friendless youth, her woman's tenderness and weakness swept over him like a flood. He longed to take her in his arms, to comfort her forgotten griefs and forever to shield her from the coldness of an unfriendly world. She seemed so slight, so fragile a creature in her thin dress of faded muslin, with the heavy masses of her hair knotted low against her slender neck.

"You say you cannot tell me who it is?" she murmured. "It is so strange not to know—to wait, being afraid every day. Why, any time Jimmy might come home and find me—gone."

Her voice trembled into silence. He bent toward her, his face transfigured with love and pity.

"Barbara!" he cried, in a low voice of yearning.

She looked up at him, startled, afraid. He perceived this, and the next instant his features had resumed their expression of cold serenity.

"I was about to tell you that any excessive anxiety on your part is wholly unnecessary," he said. "You will certainly be notified at least a week in advance. And—as my client is situated at present, I think I may predict with tolerable certainty that the call will not come before—autumn."

Her face brightened. "In October," she said, "we shall harvest the orchards. Then I could pay back the money."

A swift shadow crossed his face. "Money; is it of that you must always be thinking?" he asked.

"You know that I must," she said proudly. "I could not rest under so heavy an obligation to—any one."

"No," he agreed. "I see that—I understand." A melancholy smile touched his lips. "Do not be alarmed as to the obligation," he said quickly. "My client is a man who is accustomed, like Shylock, to exact the last penny—even to the pound of flesh. He will not tell you off easily."

Barbara drew a quick breath. "It is a man, then?" she asked. "I—hope—"

"You were hoping it was a woman," he said dryly. "I have committed an indiscretion in telling you so much. But—conceive, if you will, a man, well along in years, the guardian of a child, who requires—"

"Is the child," asked Barbara, "a boy or girl?"

He hesitated. "Er—I cannot tell you as to that. Let us suppose for the moment that it is a boy."

"Have you seen the child?" He looked at her with what she would have called in another bantering tenderness in his deep-set eyes. In connection with Stephen Jarvis the suggestion was untenable—absurd.

"Do you know you are cross-examining me with considerable adroitness?" he said. "I must be on my guard, or you will force me to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"And why should you not tell me the truth?" she urged. "I think I have the right to know it."

"Not at present," he said coolly. "I am in honor bound to my client; you should remember I may lose my—er—commission, if I am not careful."

"I should be glad to know that the child is—that he is not an imbecile." She answered his amazed look with swift explanation.

"A woman who saw my advertisement wanted me to take charge of an imbecile child; that is why—"

"And you would have done it, Barbara? You were ready to commit yourself to such a future, just because

and lovable little fellow, I should say. And he needs—you. He is—quite alone in the world."

"So," she murmured, "is Jimmy. And when I am gone there will be no one—"

"You will not be obliged to leave your brother right away, you know," he suggested. "And—possibly not at all."

Her face became illuminated with a sudden inspiration. "Why shouldn't the man—this client of yours—bring the child here for me to take care of? I should be so glad to have him right away. This is a healthy spot. I could make him very comfortable."

Jarvis shook his head. "I shouldn't like to suggest such a thing," he said slowly. "It might savor of impertinence—"

Her face crimsoned with mortification.

"I didn't mean—" she stammered. "Not on your part," he amended hastily; "understand me, please. Your idea is—quite like you; quite what I should expect, knowing you as I do. But—I fear it wouldn't do. My client—"

"He must be a peculiar sort of person," hazarded Barbara. "He is," agreed Jarvis. "So much so that—I feel I ought to warn you in one particular."

Barbara waited in expectant silence. Jarvis hesitated, studying her downcast face.

"I want you to promise me," he said slowly, "that you will not yield to the importunities of—of Whitcomb. No; don't interrupt me. Hear me out. He will urge you to marry him—soon. He will tell you— But you must not listen—yet. Do you hear me? You must—put him off. You must wait—till—"

"I shall wait," she said coldly, "till the man—your client is satisfied, or paid in full."

"Will you promise me this?" She looked at him full in the eyes.

"Why should I promise you?" she demanded haughtily. "I have signed a contract. I am in honor bound to stand by it. I shall keep my word—fulfill the letter of my bond, but not because you have asked me to do it."

He turned abruptly and took up his hat. "That is all I have to say to you," he said in a businesslike tone.

He stopped, hesitated. "If I do not see you again—"

"But you will be obliged to see me," she objected, "to tell me."

"No," he said, and smiled silently. "I shall not need to see you again; and—I may not—"

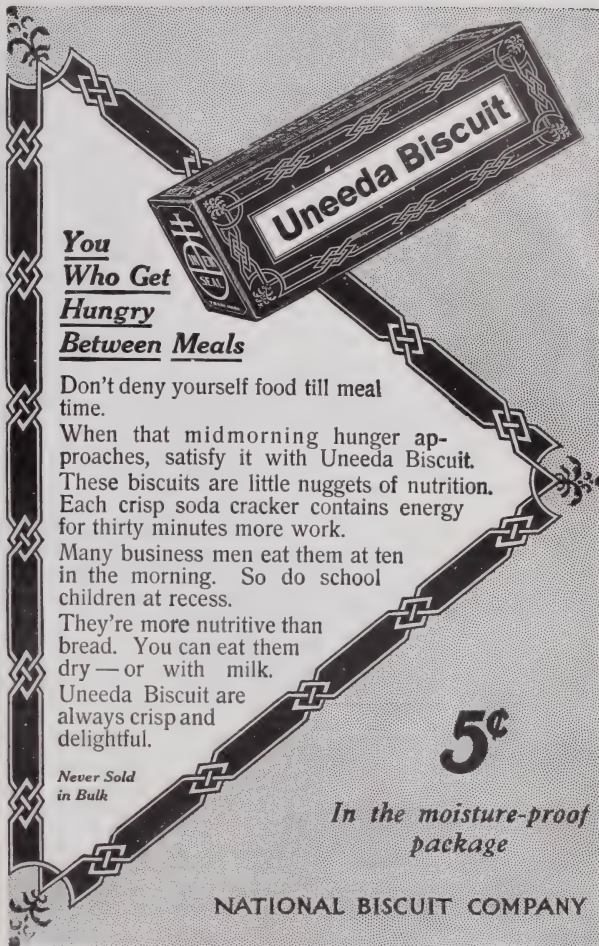
He held out his hand. "Will you forgive me, Barbara?" he asked humbly.

"Forgive you?" she echoed. "God knows I have need of your forgiveness. If I do not—see you again, and it is quite possible that I may not. I am thinking of going away; of closing my house here. I may never return. But I want—I need to carry with me the certainty that you will sometimes think kindly of me. Not that I deserve it, but—"

To be continued

## A Delighted Virginia Reader

I want to thank you for the splendid premiums you sent me. The calendar is a thing of beauty, well calculated to appeal to the heart of every true man or woman who is fortunate enough to receive it. The picture of our loved friend, Dr. Klopsch, is very welcome to one who has for so many years regarded him as one of the greatest friends humanity has ever known. His *Life* (premium book) will help us all to reach higher and nobler heights. The other premium, *Heroes of American Life*, is grand, and I am sure will be an uplift to all who read it. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, Miss A. D. Clarkburg, W. Va.



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Now: the price of the scroll above mentioned is 50 cents, and *The Chosen People* is 50 cents a year. Mr. Cohn's auto biography is 25 cents. SEND US \$1.00 AT ONCE; and we will mail you ALL, and besides, a folder describing the scroll so you can tell your scholars and friends all about it. Write to-day—now.

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## OLD COMMON SENSE

### Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.

In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 38 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Well-being," in pages "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## The Story of Little Li Tei Pang

LI TEI PANG was the second of three children. His elder sister, according to custom, was betrothed while yet a small child, so when the father and mother both died of cholera, she was taken into the home into which she was by and by to go as a daughter-in-law. This arrangement left Li Tei Pang not only on his own resources at nine years of age, but also the only protection and support of his three-year-old brother.

Life to the little brother was indeed hard. Li Tei Pang braided the younger boy's queue, and did such other little acts of service as a sister would ordinarily perform. In regard to dress neither had much. Their tattered garments did service at night as their only bedding. They begged from door to door, and ate the bits of millet hoe cake and such other poor food as was doled out to them by an unwilling people.

For three winters they were kept from freezing by a kind-hearted distant relative, who allowed them to sleep in his stable with his donkey and dog. As the fourth winter drew on, they came to our gate and begged to be taken in. We gave them each two of the hard Chinese biscuits, and after considerable coaxing persuaded them to eat. (They had never before had such good food). After consultation we decided that we could take in Li Tei Pang, but could not care for one so small as the little brother. When we told the former our decision, he looked wistfully at a nice Chinese boy's suit, cap and shoes we had on hand. He then turned, and looking the little one by the hand, he stepped out at the gate, saying "Come, let's go." I said, "Aren't you going to stay?" He faced me with something akin to defiance in his eye, and glanced down at the little brother, said, "How can I leave him? He has no one to care for him but me."

I took them both in. But the younger brother could not recover from the hardships of those three terrible winters. After some three years of suf-

fering he went to Him who is the Father of the fatherless.

Li Tei Pang united with the church shortly after coming to us and from the first manifested unusual earnestness and consecration. Almost from the beginning, he was the leader of a band of his fellow-students in devotional Bible study. From his fifteenth year, he has been preaching regularly, and although still in school, he is now, in his eighteenth year, one of our most effective preachers and successful soul-winners. We are able to care for this boy and keep him in school by the generosity of a Christian lady in America who is deeply interested in Tibet. But for the fact that Westerners are not allowed to live in that country, she would have opened a mission there. A few weeks ago, as I was returning from a country village where I had been preaching, I overtook Li Tei Pang and one of his fellow-students coming from a similar mission to another town. Li Tei Pang was assisting his friend, who had grown faint from overwork. I dismounted from my pony and helped the sick student to mount, then Li Tei Pang and I set off on foot. He informed me that for several years he had been impressed with the duty of giving his life to the evangelization of Tibet. He and one of his schoolmates (one of the best, most promising young men I have known in China) had gone alone in a quiet room and on their knees before God had pledged their lives to this work, with every sacrifice it involves. The Tibetans will not allow Europeans or Americans to live within their borders, but Chinese may live and travel in any part of the realm without hindrance.

Within a few years I expect to see this rescued waif, filled with the power of the omnipotent God, one of the greatest forces in winning the people of that darkened land to Jesus Christ.

J. C. OWEN.

Pingtu, Shantung, China.

## The Bible and the American College

Continued from page 31

and Canada; while literally tens of thousands of students in this and other lands secure through this study a new and fresh conception of the meaning and power of the Christian religion.

This breadth of view has helped also in making possible a popular Bible study movement among students, which now includes one-half of the cadets studying at West Point, 900 men at Yale, 1,019 students in the University of Toronto, 806 men at the University of Pennsylvania, 750 students at Tuskegee, and 552 students in New York City, a large proportion of whom are professional school students. All of these men are studying the Bible with system and regularity.

This new efficiency is beginning to react upon the Church as these students graduate and interest themselves in the various church Bible study movements of their communities. In short, trained leadership is the question of questions in the religious as well as in the political and social movements of our day. It is possible at present to enroll men and women by the hundreds in Bible classes. We find little difficulty in making an appeal to thinking men for Bible study, providing the right attitude is emphasized. It is not necessary to apologize for the Bible to-day.

The question of doing something with the members of a Bible class after we have enrolled them is the vital question. There is need of preparation of teachers who will understand the laws of developing and holding interest as well as the ability to interpret the subject matter of the Bible. Moreover, it is of immediate importance to reveal to thoughtful men and women the opportunity of using the Bible class as a

means for helping individuals in all the varied needs of their personal lives.

I was much impressed recently by a young collegian who deliberately gave up practically all outside engagements for a year, in order that he might give himself utterly to the winning of a small but important group of students to the Christian life. He met these students each week in his own room; he applied Jesus' teaching to their own particular needs; he said to me: "I spend more time with the students themselves in personal conversation outside the class than I spend altogether in my preparation and in the class hour." In other words he was a successful Bible teacher through the employment of the method of friendship. A study of the Gospels leads one increasingly to believe that this friendly method was the root principle in the success of Jesus.

### Among the Workers

—THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will be held in Washington, January 24-26.

—THE STEPHEN L. BALDWIN Memorial Mission School at Nanchang, China, has been destroyed by fire. It was opened in 1904. The loss is placed at \$5,000. It will doubtless be rebuilt.

—MRS. J. K. DOUSTLER, Lancaster, Pa., a reader of this journal, writes that revival services are being held in the United Evangelical Church of that city, and asking the prayers of God's people for blessing on these gatherings.

—REV. ROCKWOOD MACQUISTON, of the Brooklyn City Mission and Trust Society, conducts services every Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock at the New York Parental School, between Flushing and Jamaica. He also gives religious instruction to the boys of the Truant School at Cypress Hills.



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## Young People's Societies

### Life Building\*

TOO often in our day we are admonished, if not in words, yet by implication, that the chief object of life should be the accumulation of property.

Series of books have been issued upon "successful" men, whose "success" has too often been measured in dollars alone. Some radicals have even told us that it is impossible to gain great wealth without resorting to unworthy means. We well know the words of our Lord upon this subject—that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom.

But though there are undoubtedly many legitimate ways in which great fortunes are acquired, nevertheless the fact remains that the modern tendency is so greatly to overvalue mere wealth, that men have come to cherish a furtive feeling that people will forget and forgive devious ways of acquiring it, especially if it is spent with a showy regard to the public welfare.

It is necessary that every man should attend to his business assiduously, supporting his family in comfort and laying up adequate provision for illness and age; but the shocking examples recently presented to Americans of rich men who override insolently the laws of God and of men, indicate clearly the awful perils with which great wealth menaces the soul.

The successful man is he who, while not neglecting to provide well for his own household, holds lofty ideals of service to his fellows, and leaves behind him that "trail of light" which serves to point his fellow-men upward.

Most of those who have been of trust service to the world have never dreamed that they were to do a great work. Even while they were performing deeds which were to make them famous, they undervalued their achievements.

It is little by little; meeting discouragements bravely; laying one's hand to the opportunities of every day; never shrinking; always doing one's best; that one usually mounts to the higher realms of endeavor and success.

But it is far easier to go downward than upward.

If one's progress upward is usually by small steps and scarcely traceable, it is even truer that one may go downward still more surely and by less perceptible steps.

Mark Guy Pearse tells of a company of hunters among the Scotch Highlands, who saw a group of sheep on a ledge of rock, extending out from the face of a precipice.

"How did they get there?" he asked one of the guides. "And how will they ever escape?"

"They get down so slowly that they don't know they are doing it," explained the Highlander. "They see a little grass on a ledge just below their pasture. They jump down to get it, and then they see a nice green patch just below that, and so they go down a trifle lower—and it requires a little effort to get back, so they take the easier path, which naturally leads downward. At last, they find themselves, like those sheep over there, in a place where they have to stop. They cannot go down further and they cannot climb back."

"What will they do?"

"They will be lost," said the guide composedly. "All our flocks suffer such losses from time to time. We expect them, and the best care can hardly prevent them. The eagles will swoop down on those lost sheep. The poor things will wander mad with fright and hunger, and they will rush over the cliff and be dashed to pieces."

Let us build ever upward and beware of any downward step.

### Prevailing Prayer\*

WHEN we read of the great institutions like Dr. Cullis's "Home"; Muller's wonderful Home; some of the mission schools; and others, which are supported entirely by contributions from without, coming usually in direct answer to prayer, one longs to gain the secret of the faith of those pray-ers.

Dr. Torrey says that it is gained by constant, regular obedience to God's commands—the study of his Word, the practice of unceasing prayer, the utter yielding of our wills to his.

Those who have heard Dr. Torrey's marvelous stories of his own experience cannot doubt the efficacy of his prayers. All of us have probably had certain prayers almost miraculously answered. And yet sometimes the dearest prayers of all—the life of a beloved one—the preservation from evil of one who is tempted—the restoration of reason to a darkened mind—have not been granted.

We must rest back in such cases, upon the infallibility of our God. He knoweth our needs and meeteth out to us accordingly of good and of evil.

And how many a time have we thanked God that he did not answer a certain prayer. In the light of after events, we could see that his way was best.

Horace Bushnell, in one of his great sermons to the students of Yale College, gave a vivid picture of the effect of prayer.

He describes a young man as gradually becoming cold to religion. He has been brought up aright, but he has wandered far from the faith of his fathers. The backsliding has been gradual, unconscious.

Suddenly conscience brings him up with a jerk. He realizes that the sacred images of his youth have become misty and unreal to him.

"He drops upon his knees and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty's sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life.

"It is a dark prayer, in the look of it, but the truest and best he can make; and it is so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up into God's help, as it were, by some unseen chariot. The whole sky is luminous about him. It is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. He has found God."

It is likely that in this strong scene, the writer depicts his own soul awakening. Yet many a man has had a similar experience.

And you who read these lines—if you have pleaded at God's altar and have failed to receive the longed-for blessing, and have felt your faith shaking in consequence, go to your closet alone and pray on.

By prayer and yet more prayer, we learn the secret of faith. It cometh not by might or by power, but by the Spirit of God, and we gain the baptism of that Holy Spirit only by continual association.

The "pure in heart" see God. In his book, *The Will of God*, Henry B. Wright reminds us that only those who lose their lives in deeds of unselfishness "find it."

Do we fulfil all of Christ's conditions for prevailing prayer? Who can say that he does?

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, January 22. TEXT: Mark 11:24-25.

### Heartily Appreciated

I wish to thank you for the beautiful calendar and the picture of Dr. Klopsch received this evening. Such a gift is appreciated, even though the language of the acknowledgment be somewhat bare and cold.

A. B. A.

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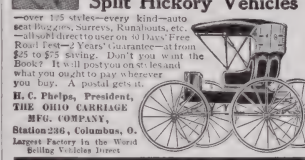
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\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, January 22. TEXT: Col. 2:6, 7; Phil. 2:13; Eph. 4:15.



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Write for list of agents. No money down. No risk. No loss. If you can make \$25 to \$50 a week you can also. Simple, full instructions in each sample case, shipped express, postage paid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

## Beauty of a Clean Life

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT WAS wisely said by Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull that there are four things every Sunday School worker should KNOW, namely, the Bible, Christ, human nature and how to teach. Let us remember the Bible is an inspired revelation not only of the divine nature but also of human nature. It tells us of the doings of representative men and women not that we may know history, but that we may know ourselves. Ahab and Jezebel, Elijah and Elisha are brought on the historic stage that we may see how base and how noble human nature may become. We have known high officials to make mistakes disastrous to themselves and to their country because they have been trained to believe men were all good at heart, incapable of total depravity, and so modern Ahabes were allowed to hold the power they were abusing to selfish and sinful ends. On the other hand, many fail to do their duty in home and foreign missions because they do not realize that noblest characters may be developed by the grace of God from the most depraved families and races, as Asa from the family line of Rehoboam, and Ruth from Moab.

This lesson shows impressively the tendency of a wicked family, unsalted by the grace of God, to grow worse and worse. Jeroboam was bad, Omri worse, Ahab worst.

A man who cares little for himself and is willing to risk personal consequences of sin may be made to pause by showing him the long years of pain and shame his sin will entail on his wife and children, and his children's children. The world is coming back again to the study of heredity as the hell of habit. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption."

### A Great Man's Great Sins

Omri was one of the most influential of Israel's kings. The Assyrians, down to Jehu's time, spoke of the kings of Israel as "the house of Omri," whose conquests are also immortalized on the Moabite Stone, which is of interest as one of many confirmations of the accuracy of Bible history. It is a question whether such a bad man should ever be called a "great man." No man who fails to develop his moral nature, the chief distinction between man and beast, can properly be called a great man. In Omri's case "the might that he showed" was not in self-mastery.

"Omri did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." The God's-eye view of conduct is the right view. Reputation is what people think of us, character is what God knows of us. Men think of us sometimes as better, often as worse, and always as different from what we are. The God's-eye view pierces to the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is a pity men do not always see that God's good opinion is the thing worth having. "In his sight shall no flesh be justified" save as they are "justified by faith through our Lord Jesus Christ."

### Our Example Lives After Us

"He walked in all the way of Jeroboam." The founder of the kingdom of Israel was about half right. But the crooked copy he gave to his family grew even worse with each generation that followed it. A man's example lives on to do good or evil in his name for ages, sometimes forever. "Can I

do something for you?" says the chaplain to the prisoner. "Can you undo something for me?" is the agonized reply. Every evil word heard, every evil thing seen is started out as a deathless curse.

"He made Israel to sin." Not alone our own life; not alone our own family, but our own country also, suffers when any man sins. Not personal reasons alone, but patriotic reasons urge a clean life. For example, in the great industrial race for the world's markets between Germany, Britain and the United States, the clear-seeing Emperor declares the victory will go to the soberest nation, and urges his beer-drinking students and workmen to join the Good Templars for their country's sake.

"Provoke Jehovah to anger with their vanities." Righteous indignation at sin is an essential characteristic of holiness. The Christian who is not "a good hater" of evil is like a man without a spinal column. Such a man is not Godlike and so not godly; he is not like the Christ of the whip of small cords and the two-edged sword, and so not a Christian. If he were he would not only love what God loves, but he would also hate what God hates. The Bible abounds in commands to "hate evil."

### A Wicked Husband of a Wicked Wife

"Ahab did that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah above all who went before him." As if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, he took to wife Jezebel. Here we have a wicked man committing the great sin of marrying a still more wicked wife, as in the corresponding New Testament case of Herod and Herodias. There are more wicked men than wicked women, but when a woman starts out to be wicked, from a loftier height she falls to a lower depth.

Ahab committed many sins, but his marriage is named as the worst. He married a dancing priestess of Astarte, who was worshipped as the divine consort of Baal. The favorite sacrifice was the eldest son of a household. It is necessary to keep this in mind as we read of the severe punishment of idolatry in Old Testament times. To some of us in boyhood, who were only told of the image worship in ancient idolatry, death seemed an undue punishment for such an apparently harmless folly as bowing down to images of wood and stone. The punishments inflicted are seen in quite a different light when we know they were to save a whole people from those who wilfully sought to debase them for the profit of corrupt priests.

Jeroboam and succeeding kings had introduced images only as symbols of Jehovah. Ahab, who was really the slave of Queen Jezebel, introduced the pagan gods Baal and Astarte and all their cruel and corrupt rites. He was the ripe and rotten fruitage of a bad ancestry and a bad marriage. And the devil's chief agent in his life was his wife. It is a warning against being "unequally yoked with unbelievers." That is forbidden to God's people, but one would never suppose God had said a word about it to see how ready most Christian girls are to marry anybody with money or rank, regardless of his character. And Christian young men commonly count it but a secondary matter whether a pretty girl has grace of heart as well as form.

There is nothing that can so assure joy for both worlds as a true Christian home; one like that of Bethany, to which Christ is ever welcome; where every sorrow is lessened by his words of comfort, and every feast brightened by his gladsome presence.

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The Park & Pollard Co., Boston, Mass.  
Gentlemen: I received the brooders and have 40 chicks in use of them. I am delighted with it and shall send for more.  
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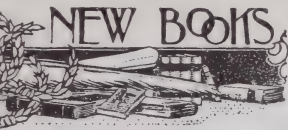
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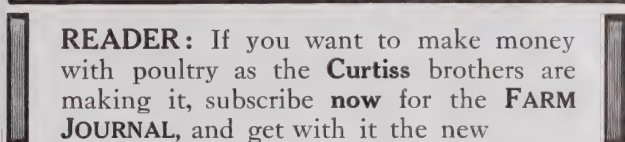
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which tells how Roy Curtiss, a New York farmer's son, starting with a few neglected hens, has built up at the famous NIAGARA FARM the *largest poultry plant in the world*, with sales of **over \$100,000 a year.**

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## COMING

By Barbara Miller Macandrew

"It may be in the evening,  
 When the work of the day is done,  
 And you have time to sit in the twilight  
 And watch the sinking sun,  
 While the long bright day dies slowly, over the sea  
 And the hour grows calm and holy with thoughts of me  
 While you hear the village children  
 Passing along the street,  
 Among those thringing footsteps  
 May come the sound of my feet.  
 Therefore I tell you: Watch,  
 By the light of the evening star,  
 When the room is growing dusky  
 As of clouds afar:  
 Let the door be on the latch in your home.  
 For it may be through the gloaming I will come.  
 "It may be when the midnight  
 Is heavy upon the land,  
 And the black waves lie dumbly  
 Along the sand;  
 When the moonless night draws close  
 And the lights are out in the house,  
 When the fires burn low and red,  
 And the watch is ticking loudly  
 Beside the bed;  
 Though you sleep tired out on your couch,  
 Still your heart must wake and watch in the dark room  
 For it may be that at midnight I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,  
 When the night is dying slowly  
 In the sky;  
 And the sea looks calm and holy  
 Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun  
 Which draweth nigh;  
 When the mists are on the valleys  
 Shading the river's chill,  
 And my morning star is fading, fading  
 Over the hill.  
 Behold, I say unto you: Watch,  
 Let the door be on the latch in your home.  
 In the chill before the dawning  
 Between the night and morning, I may come.

"It may be in the morning, when the sun is bright and strong,  
 And the dew is glittering sharply over the little lawn;  
 When the waves are laughing loudly along the shore  
 And the little birds are singing sweetly about the door.  
 With the long day's work before you, when you rise up with the sun  
 And the neighbors come in to talk a little of all that must be done.  
 But remember that I may be the next to come in at the door,  
 To call you from your busy work for evermore.  
 As you work your heart must watch, for the door is on the latch in your room,  
 And it may be in the morning I will come."

So He passed down by my cottage garden, by the path that leads to the sea,  
 Till he came to the turn of the little road where the birch and alburnum tree  
 Lean over and arch the way; there I saw him a moment stay,  
 And turn once more to me, as I stood at the cottage door  
 And lift up his hands in blessing—then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway, leaning against the wall,  
 Not heeding the fair white roses, though I crushed them and let them fall;  
 Only looking down the pathway, and looking toward the sea,  
 And wondering and wondering when he would come back for me;  
 Till I was aware of an angel, who was going swiftly  
 With the gladness of one who goeth in the light of God most High.

He passed the end of the cottage toward the garden gate,  
 I suppose he was come down at the setting of the sun  
 To comfort some one in the village whose dwelling was desolate.

And he paused before the door, beside my place  
 And the likeness of a smile was on his face:  
 "Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given  
 To watch for the coming of his feet.  
 Who is the glory of our blessed heaven,  
 The work and watching will be very sweet even in the earthly home,  
 And in such an hour as you think not He will come."

So I am watching quietly every day.  
 Whenever the sun shines brightly I rise and say:  
 "Surely it is the shining of his face."  
 And look unto the gates of his high place beyond the sea;  
 For I know he is coming shortly, to summon me.  
 And when a shadow falls across the window of my room  
 Where I am working my appointed task,  
 I lift my head and watch the door, and ask if He is come.  
 And the angel answers sweetly in my home:  
 "Only a few more shadows, and He will come."

## The Baby and the Mission

IN the story of the life of George Grenfell, missionary and explorer in Africa, there is one incident which shows how the heart of the heathen may be reached through a little child. Mr. Grenfell built a mission steamer and called it *Peace*. On one occasion the *Peace*, with Holman Bentley on board, was roughly ordered away by the hostile natives of the Bolobo district. Before sheering off, however, an idea occurred to Bentley. Taking advantage of the steamer's halt, his nurse and wife were giving a bath to the Bentley baby. As if by accident the little white boy was held up in view of the angry and excited people. Suddenly, a hush fell on the assembly of armed men, gradually giving way to a shout of delighted surprise. A few minutes afterwards, the Bentley baby, in a dainty white dress, was being paraded through the town, and dandled by warrior after warrior, till his sunny frock was reddened by camwood dye from their smeared faces. Mrs. Bentley, the first white woman the natives had seen, was equally the object of their astonishment. The little Bentley baby practically created the Bolobo Mission, which has endured for many years, and became Grenfell's principal residence from 1888 to 1906.

## AMERICAN SEPARATOR

SENT ON TRIAL, FULLY GUARANTEED. A new, well made, easy running separator for \$15.95. Sifts hard or cold milk; heavy or light cream. Different sizes and pictures which illustrates our large capacity machines. The bowl is a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Whether dairy is large or small, obtain our hand-drawn free catalog.

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"I hear you, I can hear you as well as anybody. 'Hear, hear'—Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had it in myself, only that I hear all right."

**THE MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF**

makes low sounds and whistles plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable. Anyone can adjust it. Over One Hundred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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RENS EASY. SAYS DOWN THREE. EASY CARRY. ONLY \$1.00.

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Reliable Representatives in districts where we are not represented. Sell our Silk and Cotton Hosiery from Mill to Wearer, on commission. Our hosiery is of exceptional value and can be sold to the most particular people. \$2 to \$12 per dozen. Write for terms. **Lineaver Hosiery Co., Dept. C, Clifton Heights, Pa.**

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Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

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**HALLOWED HYMNS** mailed on request to churches needing new books. **THE BRIGHT & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago.**

## AN AID FOR THE DEAF

SENT ON TRIAL, absolutely FREE of expense or risk. Address: **D.G. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York**



# Four Generations

THESE four generations of a family named French are living on the soil in Reno County, Kansas. The great-grandfather, G. W. French, Sr., is now past 87, having been born in Indiana, October 20, 1823; but he is yet hale and hearty and expects to round out several more years. G. W. French, Jr., was also born in Indiana,



Four Kansas Generations

and is now 55 years old. The third generation is represented by Lonnie French, who was born in Kansas, August 11, 1881. The bright little boy is Ellis French, 18 months old, who looks healthy enough to keep up the prestige of the family and live to a good old age. The Frenches are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been taken in the family for the past twenty years.

# Evangelist Jacobs Honored

AT THE noon hour on December 20, a beautiful and impressive service was held in the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting chapel, New York City, as a memorial of the late Rev. Frederick H. Jacobs, who for more than eight years served as superintendent of the Fulton Street Noon-day Prayer-meeting. There was a large attendance, both clerical and lay, and though a spirit of sadness was over all for the loss of one whom they loved, they were consoled by the thought of the good work he had accomplished and the noble example he had given to others.

Mr. William H. Van Steenberg, chairman of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting Committee, presided. In a beautiful address, he expressed the sorrow felt by his colleagues, and paid a high tribute to the zeal and the indefatigable efforts of the deceased.

The address by William Phillips Hall, popularly known as "the business man evangelist," stirred the hearts of the audience by calling up many loving memories of Mr. Jacobs' Christly life and the good deeds he had performed on behalf of his fellow-men.

After Mr. Hall's tribute there was a solo by Mr. I. H. Meredith, who also

said a few words relative to the musical gifts of Mr. Jacobs, whom he pronounced "one of the finest Gospel singers in the country."

The Rev. J. G. Snyder, pastor of Olivet Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, next spoke. He feelingly referred to Mr. Jacobs as his "big brother," and said that he literally wore himself out working for others.

Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, described Mr. Jacobs as one of the "sweet singers of Israel" and told how he could melt audiences to tears with the music of his voice.

The last address, which was a lengthy one, was delivered by Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Troy, a close evangelistic friend of the deceased. Dr. Troy told of his first meeting with Mr. Jacobs, and how their friendship grew stronger and stronger. He gave many instances of his own personal experience with Mr. Jacobs, and showed that his purpose in life was love and service.

All who testified knew Mr. Jacobs intimately, but there were others who knew the good work he had accomplished at the Fulton Street Noon-day Meetings.

# Current Topics

—MISSIONARY CHRISTIAN SCHMITT, of Nain, Labrador, after the first furlough in many years, is about to return again to his Arctic mission as soon as the ice breaks up in the coming spring.

—A CABLEGRAM from India reports the death on December 24 at Sialkot, of Rev. Dr. Samuel Martin, who was for thirty years the treasurer of the Presbyterian Missions in that country. He was one of the pioneer Presbyterian missionaries among the low castes. He was born in Irontown, O., in 1836.

—MISSIONARY Z. CHARLES BEALS writes from Wuhu, China, acknowledging the receipt of a remittance of \$18 from a anonymous friend in Wisconsin, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which sum he has placed toward the support of a young native Bible woman, named Sen Nai Nai. She will soon be equipped for evangelistic work.

—MRS. SUSAN M. SOLOMON, a woman of fine Christian character, who passed away at Hope, Ind., recently, had been a constant reader of this paper for many years. Thirty years ago she was the only subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in her locality. Her husband has been the agent for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD all these years, having a number of subscribers.

—THE NEW YORK Society for the Suppression of Vice has had a number of its patrons die during the past year, and it appeals to the public for support. Through the direct efforts of the society 3,470 arrests have been made and 138 tons of immoral literature seized and destroyed. Henry E. Jones, 140 Nassau Street, New York, is the treasurer of the society.

—MRS. LUCY M. MILLS, of Chillicothe, Mo., passed away recently at the ripe age of 87 years. For 62 years of her long life she was a widow. Those who knew her will unite in saying that Mrs. Mills was a noble Christian woman. She was a member of the Methodist Church, and had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. In her will she left the greater part of her estate for the support of aged ministers and orphans.

—MR. D. W. GALL, of Washington, D. C., who was the victim of a recent severe accident, writes to his friends: "God has given me another lease of life, and I wish to do all I can in the line of duty. It is now the time of the year to forgive and forget; so let us, as members of a fraternal band, and Christians, forgive and forget past differences and with one accord do all in our power for the good of humanity." A beautiful and seasonable suggestion from one who has been near to death and who writes from a grateful and reverent heart.

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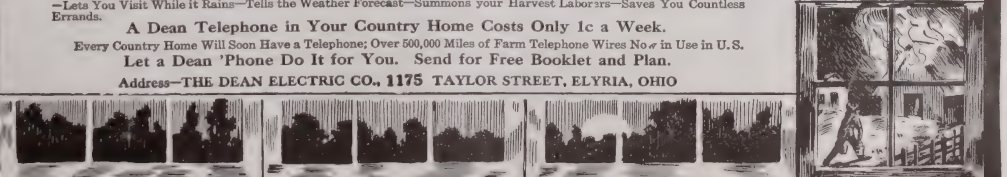
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SEE PAGE 55

Chinese Famine Sufferers Appealing for Food Before an Official Residence



# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

In forwarding MSS. to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclose stamped envelopes for return, if unavailable.

I. A., Junction City, O. How many times did Christ appear after his resurrection? Give chapter and verse.

Ten times. 1. Mark 16: 9-11; John 20: 11-18. 2. Matt. 28: 8-10; Mark 16: 8; Luke 24: 9-11. 3. Luke 24: 34. 4. Mark 16: 12, 13; Luke 24: 13-35. 5. Mark 16: 14; Luke 24: 36-49; John 20: 19-23. 6. John 20: 24-29. 7. Matt. 28: 16-20; Mark 16: 15-18. 8. John 21: 1-24. 9. Matt. 28: 16. 10. Acts 1: 3-8.

J. O., Ipswich, S. D. Did Jesus, when he ascended to heaven, go in human form?

The visible resurrection was essential as a demonstration of his victory over death. The facts of the ascension are so well authenticated in numerous passages, that they are accepted by all denominations of the Christian Church. It was a bodily ascension, visible to the multitudes, as far as human eye could penetrate. What change may have occurred in the spiritualizing of his body, in its preparation for his place on God's right hand, we may only conjecture. The best commentators hold that "though Christ rose with the same body in which he died, it acquired, either at his resurrection or at his ascension, and without the loss of identity, the attributes of a spiritual body, as distinguished from a natural body; of an incorruptible, as distinguished from a corruptible body."

Subscriber, New York. What is the present tendency among orthodox believers in the Scriptures on the question of "inspiration"—that is, on the position of literal inspiration?

Among orthodox Christians, the belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures has undergone little change. They still hold them to be the Word of God, his message to mankind conveyed through holy men of old who were inspired by his Spirit. The Bible has come down to us through many languages and with many revisions and translations, but the message and the meaning were never lost sight of, nor have they ever been so clear as now, when consecrated scholarship has disposed of many imperfections and obscure passages in earlier translations. The Word of the message has always been perfect, though man's interpretation has at times misunderstood and obscured it.

N. R. S., Northfield, N. J. Please explain James 5: 14, 15. Is it wrong for us to call a physician, or use medicine?

Miraculous healing was one of the chief functions of the early church. It is, however, a usage which has long been discontinued in the Christian Church and is only found to-day in a few denominations. The connection of sin and disease appears in several Biblical passages. (See Is. 149: 3; Jsa. 33: 24; Matt. 9: 25; John 5: 14.)

D. B. T., Murphysboro, Ill. I would ask your opinion or rather explanation why was the tribe of Dan omitted in sealing of the tribes? (Rev. 7: 4.)

I. Dan was given to idolatry. This may have been a reason. 2. Some think that either Antichrist will spring from Dan, or that Dan will be Antichrist's especial tool.

J. S. B., Helena, Okla. Give short list of important events that have transpired on March 1.

First bank in United States chartered, 1780, territory of Illinois organized 1809, Georgetown College incorporated as Georgetown University 1815, Charles C. Perkins, author and critic, born 1823; George Washburn, educator, born 1835; John James Platt, poet and journalist, born 1835; William Dean Howells, author and poet, born 1837; Blanche K. Bruce (negro), United States Senator, born 1841; Texas formally annexed 1845; Chihuahua, Mexico, occupied 1847.

M. B., Toronto, Can. 1. Are we told in the Bible that the body is the temple of the spirit? 2. Please explain Matt. 13: 12. 3. If God is a spirit, how can man be made in the image of God?

1. We are told, in I. Cor. 3: 16 and 6: 19, that the body is "the temple of God" and "the temple of the Holy Ghost." 2. The passage re-

ferred to may be read with greater clearness, "shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have," or, as it is in the Greek original, "thinketh he hath." Thus the semblance of religion without the reality is a manifest imposition, and, stripped of this semblance, the naked character appears. If we seem to have gifts or graces or qualities which are really only make-believe, the deprivation of this make-believe shows us in our true character, as we really are. 3. Man in the image of God does not mean likeness to his Maker in intellect or form, but in the moral dispositions of his soul, which has been called "original righteousness" (see Eccles. 7: 29). He fell from this condition, and the new creation under the Gospel is only a restoration of this image and the re-establishment of knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness.

D. R. C., Glasgow, Ky. Please reconcile Rom. 4: 5 and James 2: 17.

Abraham lived under the old dispensation and faith was accounted to him for righteousness; he had no sufficient justification by works in God's sight. He simply rested on God's

S. Hogan; Commissioners of Insurance, Charles C. Lemert.

N. V. R., Birmingham, Mich. 1. To whom shall I refer for information concerning the naval academy at Annapolis, and military academy at West Point? 2. How do the seven world powers stand in regard to their naval strength?

1. For information concerning naval academy write to the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington; for West Point, write to Colonel Hugh L. Scott, U.S.N., Superintendent, West Point. 2. Great Britain, United States, Germany, Japan, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary.

W. H. F., Sycamore, Fla. 1. If the earth revolves around the sun, why did Joshua command the sun to stand still? 2. Did the first one who stepped into the pool at the troubling of the waters get healed?

1. Some commentators hold that the passage in Joshua is one in which the inspired historian departs from his narrative to introduce a highly poetic quotation—"In other words, a

Mrs. S. S., of Greenview, Ill., a reader of this journal, sends us some interesting verses from which we quote these stanzas:

"Don't stop my paper, printer,  
Don't strike my name off yet;  
You know the times are stringent,  
And dollars hard to get;  
But I'll work a little harder  
That's what I mean to do,  
And get the dimes together,  
And send them off to you.

"You can't tell how I miss it,  
If it, by any fate,  
Should happen not to reach us,  
Or come a little late.  
Then all is in a hubbub,  
And things go all awry,  
We cannot do without it,  
You know the reason why.

"The young folks want to read it,  
And I am anxious  
At first to glance it over,  
And then to read it through.  
I cannot do without it,  
It is no use to try,  
For other people take it,  
And, printer, so must I."

## Miscellaneous

If F. L., Parkville, will write to the Baker Taylor Company, Union Square, New York City, she will receive the information she wishes.

W. Y. E., Holmesburg. We know of nothing better than the commentary by Jamieson, Fausset and Brown. You will find the subject fairly treated in any good Biblical encyclopedia.

A young woman in Virginia, the only support of an aged father and mother, appeals through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for help in a crisis. We will be glad to send her name and address to any reader who may desire to aid her.

R. A. F., Bentonville, Va. We cannot agree with you that the "rule of peace has already begun." Would it were so. The world is tending toward it, however. With regard to your other question, there are many interpretations of passages in Revelation, and many excellent commentaries on the subject accessible to every one who wishes to study it.

J. A. H., Meridian, Miss. The leading question in Famous Christian Testimonies was designed to bring out the fact that Christianity is steadily advancing, in the sense that the spirit and teaching of Christ are more and more recognized as an influence in business life and public affairs than at any previous time.

M. P., LaSalle, Mich. 1. There are many, nowadays, who flout at sacred things and pretend to believe that the Bible is old-fashioned and out of date. It is a pitiful thing to see professedly Christian people taking such an attitude. 2. Our views on dancing, card-playing, etc., have been too often explained to need repetition. 3. To one who doesn't want to go to church, any excuse is good enough to make him stay away.

R. G., Camden East, Ont. 1. Your questions are speculative. God's ways are not as our ways, and it is impossible for the human mind, with its many limitations, to explain the divine mind and purpose, except where they are intentionally made clear. All we know about the angels is very little; they are God's messengers, continually serving him. As to the fallen angels, the passages in Luke 10: 18; I. John 3: 8; Rev. 12: 7, 8, 9, practically comprise all we know, and beyond this the rest is mere legend and conjecture.

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Photo by Paul Thompson

## Obsequies of the Heroic Fire Chief Horan, who Perished in Chicago

HUNDREDS of thousands of sympathetic Chicagoans turned out to do honor to the memory of the hero who sacrificed himself in the cause of duty. The cortege passed through several of the principal streets between sidewalks lined with silent, sympathetic men and women, many of whom expressed their sorrow in sobs as the bier was borne by. Men reverently took off their hats to show their respect and pay a tribute to him who had given his life for his fellow man. "What greater love than this can a man show, than that he give up his life for his fellow man?"

promise. The passage in James means that true faith will always produce its fruit, i. e., works. The mere profession of faith, without resultant action, is hollow and insincere. If we love and trust a person, we will show it in our attitude and acts. If we believe in God, our sympathy for a suffering brother will not be satisfied with merely saying "Be warmed," but we will hasten to clothe him and help him to comfort. In other words, works, though not of themselves a means of saving grace, are the legitimate demonstration of genuine faith.

L. H., Bucyrus, O. 1. Give list of United States Supreme Court. 2. Officers of the United States. 3. Of the State of Ohio.

1. Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice; Associates John M. Harlan, Joseph McKenna, Oliver W. Holmes, William R. Day, Charles E. Hughes, Joseph R. Lamar, Willis Van Devanter. 2. See answer to L. M. S. in MAIL-BAG, November 23. 3. Governor, Judson Harmon; Lieutenant-Governor, Atlee Pomerene; Secretary of State, Charles H. Graves; Treasurer, David S. Creamer; Attorney-General, Timothy

poetical figure of speech not to be interpreted literally—as though one might say that "God and all nature fought on the side of Joshua." Again, the reference to the poetical book of Jasher as the source of this passage lends color to this explanation (Josh. 10: 13). Others prefer the literal view, regarding it as a miracle in which the hours when sun and moon were both visible (the sun on the heights of Gibeon at noon and the moon in the valley) were extended into a whole day or twelve hours of light (see MacDonald's *Principles and the Bible*), the continued radiance of both orbs lighting the background. Still another interpretation is that the sun and moon were heavily obscured by storm clouds (see verse 11), and that Joshua's prayer was that they should withhold their light and that the gloom or semi-darkness of the storm might last until the battle was fought, giving the Israelites the advantage of a surprise with smaller numbers, the strength of which the enemy could not properly estimate. 2. The first to bathe in the pool after the angel troubled the waters received the blessing of healing.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

THE AMERICAN FLEET ON ITS HOMEWARD WAY AFTER ITS CRUISE IN FOREIGN WATERS



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## OUR FLEET NOW HOMEWARD BOUND

**A**FTER a six weeks' sojourn, the Atlantic battleship fleet left the British Channel for home waters, December 30. Both men and officers thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and were cordially received in both the British and French capitals. In London particularly they got a royal welcome, there being many social entertainments and banquets for the officers. During the six weeks the vessels were in the Channel five hundred officers and twelve thousand of the crews visited the two cities, and in both created a most favorable impression, giving the English and French a high opinion of their gentlemanly conduct and distinguished bearing. No rowdiness, as is so often the case on shore leave, characterized the conduct of the men; they were sober, polite and courteous to all with whom they came in contact.

The Atlantic fleet is steaming over the waters as an "enemy," and a number of our shore cruisers and sea-board patrollers will meet it about mid-ocean. It is expected there will be a good deal of mock maneuvering to find out just what the possibilities might be in case a hostile foreign fleet attacked our shores. The theoretical safety of the Atlantic Coast against unexpected naval attack depends upon the fleet being located before it gets time to come dangerously near. In the event of the cruising scouts being unable to locate the incoming fleet or discovering it too late, the contention of many able naval officers will be confirmed that a foreign enemy's fleet could strike at some vital point on the coast before the defending vessels would waken up to the presence of the foe or know that a hostile force were in our waters fully prepared for attack.

If the cruisers do meet the home-coming fleet there will be much strategy on both sides, but of course the returning vessels will have to play the most difficult role, inasmuch as the "enemy" will be scouring the sea for them, while they will have no means to determine the position from which the cruisers will bear down on them. The returning squadron is heading for Guantanamo in Cuba, and if the scouts do not intercept them before they reach the Bahamas the chances are they will not be intercepted at all, as there are several passages through the Bahama Islands any one of which the fleet may

take. The fleet is in command of Rear-Admiral Schroeder, a wily strategist and cunning tactician, who will do his utmost to play hide and seek with the watchers, and slip into Guantanamo to the latter's discomfiture, for he is one of the men who believe that the country could be approached by a foreign naval power unknown to its defenders. Rear-Admiral Sidney A. Staunton is at the head of the scouting fleet, and he will be equally on the alert to discover the approaching "foe." He will be acting the role of the country's protector, and will be on his mettle to show that it is impossible

fleet must steam without coaling until Guantanamo is reached, and as the distance is about four thousand nautical miles, the vessels have to proceed at an economical speed, probably not more than ten knots an hour. Should a fog prevail on the waters, as is very likely at this season, the battleships will have a better chance of evading the lookout, but if the weather be clear the smoke from the great funnels will indicate the location of the fleet for a long distance. There is no way of dispelling this tell-tale evidence of position within a certain radius. The smoke hangs for hours in the sky as a pall, just

like an index pointing the way, the vessels, from which it arises, have taken. Should a ship pass in the night the morning reveals a spiral wreath of smoke in her wake.

Rear-Admiral Schroeder is well aware of the advantages possessed by those seeking to locate his ships, and the disadvantages under which he will have to labor to circumvent them, but a long experience in naval maneuvering has taught him tricks of which the layman can have no idea. 'Tis most difficult, however, for a fleet of giant ships, no matter how wary and skilful the commander, to escape a flotilla of fleet cruisers looking out for them from all sides. A stag has a hard time in the brushwood and trees of the forest in dodging a pack of keen-scented hounds. It will be remembered how the little Japanese cruisers located and kept track of the Russian fleet before the battle of the Sea of Japan. As soon as the cruisers believe the fleet is near at hand they will spread out, each one trying to cover as wide a sea-area as possible. Both cruisers and ships use wireless, and com-

municate daily with the Navy Department, but the receivers on the ships will not be able to detect the messages sent by the scouts, as the latter will use a pre-arranged code, which the fleet's operators will not understand, and which will therefore not arouse suspicion.

The return of the fleet is always looked forward to with much interest. Though we are a nation at peace with all the world and wish to maintain that much-to-be-desired attitude, we hold that it is our privilege to show that we are able to defend our rights as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the naval powers of the present day.



Capt. J. B. Murdock

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Commander Schroeder

for a hostile fleet to come near our shores without the advance being known. He will direct the defense from his flagship, the cruiser *Tennessee*, and it will be his utmost concern to so manoeuvre his scouts that the approaching fleet will not get past him under cover of the night time. Should Schroeder succeed in slipping past Staunton, it certainly would be a "victory" for the former.

It must be taken into consideration that the cruisers and scouts have a much greater speed than the battleships, and should the latter manage to pass in the night, the former would be able to quickly overhaul them after being sighted. The



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, D.D.\*



# THE HOUSE OF LIFE

TEXT: Luke 6: 46—"And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

"AND why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Did you ever hear a more searching question than that? It means: Face about, and look yourself in the eye. Consider your profession and practice. See if there is any vital relation between them. If there is not, lightly tripping "Lord," "Lord," over the tip of your tongue is shallow and empty. There is no talismanic power in mere mumbling. It lacks the essence of reality. "Lord," "Lord," is the music, obedience is the instrument, you are the musician. When the instrument is in tune, and the musician in mood, then the melody of doing "the things which I say" flows on without interruption.

You see our Lord is giving us a study in spiritual architecture. After enunciating the principle of obedience, he illustrates its development in the parable of the true and false builders. Using the figure of a house, remember that it is the House of Life the Master has in mind. And remember, also, that the house of life is yours, and you are the builder. For these words were never more true than this very moment. Christ's words are unique in this: The older they grow, the newer and fresher they become. Their ancient splendor glows with a modern fire, and the heart at the centre is life eternal.

Of these two builders, let us take the false one first, then the true, and, finally, their similarities and contrasts.

I. The False Builder. "But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that built a house upon the earth without a foundation; against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in; and the ruin of that house was great."

First of all, then, the false builder's house lacks a foundation. "Well, what a fool!" you say. "That a man should undertake to build a house without a foundation—that is the acme of folly." And I think we all agreed upon that. In your community, such a man would be taken in hand by the authorities, would he not? Why, such a man would soon wreck the real estate business! Moreover, there seems to be a deliberate wrong in this man's case. For he knew how to build a house. Christ affirms that he had heard that the plans and specifications were already in his hands.

## The Divine Architect

Now, kindly note: Christ says—and this is the lesson we need to learn—that the man who hears his words (or, perchance, refuses to hear them), and does not live by them, is this false builder's spiritual double. And you know what a double is—he looks just like you. My friend, is your house of life foundationless? Or is it being built according to the plans of the divine Architect? Mind you, I do not ask if it is being constructed according to the latest fad in German theology, or if it rings with Emersonian aphorisms, or bristles with Darwinian evolutionoids, or sparkles with Spencerian synthetics, or blows with Eliotian psycho-brainstorms. We may safely and snugly tuck these away, for the time being. They are all well enough for their day, but their day is one of very short hours. For you and me, life's day hurries swiftly on to its close. The night cometh. Already the mystic bell in the vast cathedral of eternity may have tolled for us, even though its sound has not yet reached our ears. And I would not dare to enter that awful and unknown cathedral with a flickering taper in my hand. I fear one gust from out those unlit halls of immensity would quench it in fathomless night. No! I would have my lamp lit at the central fires of being—even by him who says: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." Tell me: is your house of life lit up by the light of life? For he says: "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me may not abide in the darkness." But if your house rests upon a false foundation, or upon any foundation save the Rock Christ Jesus, it will go down like a house of cards in the path of a cyclone.

For, mark you, because it lacks foundation, the false builder's house goes to speedy ruin: "Against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in." Now, I am quite certain that this false builder, conscious though he was of having violated the building laws, thought his house looked pretty well. And

probably it did. For favorable conditions help appearances wonderfully. Perhaps his house was set in a commanding position. Let us assume that the environment was all that the most fastidious purchaser could desire. Corner lot, Fifth Avenue frontage, facing park, no back alleys—splendid location! Why, even a house without a foundation might look well enough amid such surroundings on a clear day.

## The Firm Foundation

Yes, on a clear day! But ah! what about the cloudy day? What about the day when the storm breaks, and the thunders roll, and the heavy atmosphere is ripped by swords of flame, and the winds scream as if ridden by demons of the night? What becomes of the house without a foundation then? Listen: "Against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in!" You may not be aware of it, but the first thing the storm looks for is the foundation. I used to think it was the roof, or the walls. But one day a New York architect took me into the basement of the first skyscraper ever built in America. Pointing to a great girder, he said: "The stability of this building depends upon that." By the foundation, then, I do not mean merely that underground stonework supporting the superstructure. I include, also, that just and true proportion which must be maintained through all the various parts that bind the foundation and the superstructure together. And that is what the storm detective searches out. If false, rotten, lying materials have gone into the substance of the building, then straightway it falls in, when the storm smites it.

Furthermore, the false builder's house not only lacks foundation, and goes to sudden ruin because of that lack; but it tumbles suddenly into a great ruin: "And the ruin of that house was great." How great? Well, it is a just principle of interpretation, I think, to say that its ruin is proportioned by the value of the house. If the house is a cottage, its ruin may be complete, but not necessarily great. But if the house is a mansion, its ruin may be complete, and also great. Now, in getting at the possible ruin of your house of life, you are compelled to change your base of values altogether. Real estate standards can hardly be carried over into spiritual estate realities. Therefore, we may say at once, that the ruin of your house of life, the wreck of your soul, is just as much greater as in the scale of values spirit is higher than matter. You are made in the spiritual image of God. He who destroys that image is at heart an anarchist of Deity. "For the soul," says Drummond, "is in its highest sense a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being—a chamber which may be expanded, with God as its guest, indefinitely; but which, without God, shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the divine is gone and God's image is left without God's Spirit." Think of it! God's image left without God's Spirit! A skeleton without flesh, a heart without blood, an eye without light, a brain without thought, an image without the Image-maker!

## The True Builder

O brothers, there is no ruin like that known to God or man! God can pluck a few stars from the robes of space and never miss them. God can strike off a thousand years on the clock of eternity and never move a hand on the dial. God can scoop the bottoms out of the oceans and catch their waters in the hollow of his hand. God can touch the secret springs of gravity and make worlds gravitate the other way. But there is one thing God cannot do. He cannot look unmoved upon a house of life that has gone to ruin through the storms of sin. That is too great a loss for the all-loving and eternal God to behold. That sets awful aches surging through the divine heart. And so the hand of his almighty love hath reared a vast dome yonder in the temple of the heavens. In that dome he hath set the sweet chimera that are still ringing out their golden music to angels and men. And one chime trembles with the hope of Bethlehem, and one rings with the wail of Gethsemane, and one sobs with the agony of Calvary, and one shouts with the triumph of Joseph's tomb, and one thrills with the glory of Ascension Mount, and one prattles with the flaming speech of Pentecost, and one perpetually woos with the ever-abiding Spirit in the heart of the believer!

II. The True Builder. "Every one that cometh unto me, and heareth my words, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: he is like a man building a house, who digged and went deep, and laid a foundation upon the rock; and when a flood arose, the stream brake against that house, and could not shake it: because it had been well builded."

First, then, the true builder's house has a foundation. But how did he get his foundation? I am glad the process is given. First, he digged; second, he kept digging; third, he digged and kept on digging until he reached the rock. "Who digged and went deep (the Greek reads, 'kept deepening'), and laid a foundation upon the rock." Do you not see at once the suggestiveness relative to your house of life? Our religion somehow lacks the "digging" element. About the most we do is to raise the dust by scratching the surface. Is it not too true? We are experts on setting out posies. Do we know how to plant oaks? We know how to trail roses. Do we know how to sink vineyards? We know how to rear skyscrapers. Do we know how to build mansions for the skies? And we need not only to be diggers, but we need to be ceaseless diggers. "He kept deepening!" Ah, me! the true builder is at it, and always at it. He may give his body a summer vacation, but vacation his soul has none. He has found his Lord's secret sources of passion and power: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He may retire from business, but from his Father's business he never retires. He is utterly unlike the character thus portrayed by a well known millionaire: "The trouble with the modern millionaire is—he has so much to retire from, and so little to retire to." It is just the reverse with the true builder. For, after living the life that is life indeed, so inexhaustible are the riches of the life hid with Christ in God, it may still be said of him: He has so little to retire from, and so much to retire to. That, my brethren, is the difference between a physical millionaire and a spiritual millionaire. And what constitutes the difference? Follow the true builder's process to the end: "Who digged and went deep, and laid a foundation upon the rock." You must go on down deeper than silver and gold and diamond mines, on and on until you strike the Rock of Ages. "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

## The House Tried by Storm

Consider, also, that the true builder's house is unshaken by storm and flood: "And when a flood arose, the stream brake against that house and could not shake it." "Against that house?" you ask. "Yes." "But I thought that was the Christian's house. Do you mean to say, then, that the flood will try his house, too?" I say more than that, my friend. I say the storm not only tries the true builder's house, but that it was for the storm that the true builder built his house. Why did he dig and keep on deepening until he laid his foundation upon the rock? That he might produce a house that would turn the flies and mosquitoes and lightning bugs? No! He built a house that would shelter him in time of storm.

And now the storm is on. The sky is overcast. The darkness thickens. The thunders rumble. The lightnings crackle. The winds howl. The floods rage. The earth shudders. Fury is on the face of the deep, terror is on the face of the earth, horror is on the face of the heavens. Where is our true builder now? Why, yonder he stands at the window! See by the lightning's flash the smile of peace upon his face. He says: "This is magnificent! This is what I built my house for." But listen! His speech has broken into song:

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Or, perhaps, he changes the tune, as he nestlingly sings:

From every storm wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

Then, the singing over, though the storm rages on, he exclaims with Paul: "But none of these things

Continued on next page

\* Pastor Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## The House of Life

Continued from preceding page

move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Now, why did the true builder's house weather the storm? Let me give you the secret in a sentence: "Because it had been well builded." Not a word is said about the location. It may have been on Rich Man's Avenue, on Poor Man's Alley, or on the knob of Lonesome Pine. But it weathered the storm because it had been well builded! Not a word is said about the appearance. It may have resembled a French chateau, a modern apartment, or a mountaineer's cabin. But it weathered the storm because it had been well builded! Not a word is said about its reputation. It may have been sought out by tourists, it may have been passed by in obscurity, or it may have been a rendezvous of the great—I do not know. All I know is: The true builder's house defied the storm because it had been well builded!

III. Finally, let me briefly point out the two builders' similarities and contrasts. Both heard—but oh, how differently! A brilliant woman recently said to me: "I enjoy good preaching. But somehow it fails to move me. Others seem to get more out of it than I do. I think I must be Gospel-hardened." What a confession, and what a tragedy, also! On the contrary, an old pilgrim said, with streaming cheeks: "Brother, the Gospel is manna to the hungry soul." Take heed how ye hear! Both heard, and both built—but oh, what strangely dissimilar houses they are! One is for the clear day only; one is for the sunshine and the storm. One is for time; one is for time and eternity. Both heard, both built, and both were tried—but oh, with what different results! One goes down in wreck and ruin; one stands unshaken while wreck and ruin are all around. And as no other in this universe has the right to do so, hear the Son of God speak of the ultimate issues of the true and false builders, and their house of life: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead [that is, the spiritually dead] shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself, even so gave he to the Son also to have life in himself: and he gave him authority to execute judgment, because he is a Son of man. Marvel not at this: for the hour cometh, in which all [that is, the good and bad dead] that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment."

Prayer: Almighty and ever living God, help us build our house of life aright. Thou hast given us the plans through thy Son, our Saviour. Chiefly, we thank thee for him, and then for our life's design. Help us to build for sunshine and storm, for time and for eternity. Grant that we may open all the windows of our house to thy sweet light and unfading glory. And when the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, gently lift us, O gracious Father, into our house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

[See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" in Adjoining Column]

### Delighted with the Premiums

Picture, calendar and book have all been received in good condition. Please accept our grateful thanks for all, especially the picture and *Life Work of Louis Kloppsch*. I felt the loss as that of a warm personal friend.

Glastonbury, Conn. MRS. B. F. W.



## The Children's Pulpit

### A BOX OF BLOCKS

By Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

HAVE you been waiting to hear? Waiting two weeks to hear something more about your Elbib Library? How am I to know just what you want to know? If you will ask me some questions I shall try to answer them. Wait, wait, not so many questions all at once. The first question I heard was: "How many books are in this Elbib Library?" I am quite sure you do not want me to tell you if you can find out for yourself. I will help you. The twenty-third book of the library is called Isaiah, and it has the same number of chapters as the library has books. Now you can answer your own question.

Men who study these books very carefully tell us that Isaiah is divided into two parts. The first part has thirty-nine chapters, and the second part has twenty-seven chapters. How many are thirty-nine and twenty-seven? Correct! Sixty-six, the same number as there are books in the Elbib Library. Like Isaiah, your library is divided into two parts, one called Old Testament and the other New Testament. The first has thirty-nine books and the second twenty-seven. Add thirty-nine and twenty-seven. Now read the answer backward. This will help you to remember the number of books in your Elbib.

THE second question you ask is: "Do you want us to read all the books in this library?" I am glad you asked this question. The book called Psalms is the only book that has over one hundred chapters. You can read it in four hours and thirty minutes. The first book, Genesis, you can read in three hours and a half. Matthew, Luke and Acts are the largest books in the New Testament. In two hours and fifteen minutes you can read one of them. John, the great book, you can read in less than two hours. In fifteen minutes you can read either First Peter, First John, First Timothy, or James. Have you just three minutes before the train starts? While waiting you can read the book of Philomen. If you set apart fifteen minutes each day you can read all the books in one year. You can read each and all of the sixty-six and have fifty-two days for review. There are many, many things to learn from each book. But you should read all of them, for the books were written to tell you many facts about one man. You must read all the books if you want to know all about this one man. His name is Christ. Speak a little louder, please! Now I hear: "Papa says it is the New Testament that tells us about Christ." That is true, but the Old Testament also tells us many things about this great and good Being. When Christ was with his disciples he took the Old Testament and "beginning with Moses and all the prophets he explained to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." That means that he told them how the Old Testament wrote about him without using his name. The Old and New Testaments tell us all about Christ. Now I think it is time for you to run out and play. Did I promise you a story? Then I must keep my promise.

NOT a long, long time ago a papa went to the city and brought home with him a box of blocks. He upset the box of blocks before the fireplace and gathered his little children about them and told them to put all the blocks together. He said there were sixty-six blocks, and if the children could get them all together they would solve a puzzle. Each block in its right place, and the puzzle is solved. Then he said, "Now, see if you can work the puzzle."

They tried it; one after another tried to put them together, but all failed. Once they had them almost together, but there was one block too many. They came to father and said: "There is one block too many. We are going to throw it into the fire." The father answered: "No, don't throw it into the fire, because these blocks must all go together. And so they went at it again and they got them all together, but not four-square. There was no block for one corner. "Papa, you must have lost one on the way." He said: "No, count them; you will find there are just sixty-six; and if you put them all together in the right way you will see them four-square. Then the puzzle will be solved."

At last one of the children noticed that on one of the blocks was a finger. That finger made one of the children think. Little children can think, and they can do more than think up mischief. They can think out many good things. This child began to think that if there is a finger there must be a hand, and if there is a hand there must be an arm. An arm hangs on one side of a body. Then began a search for the body. Down on their knees and all at work again. Here is the head; here is a foot; look, look; here is the other arm. Great excitement, and papa and mamma watching with delight. Soon they had the blocks all together four-square, and a man in the blocks smiling at them. "Careful, now," shouted papa; "turn them over and you will find your puzzle solved." When they found the man the puzzle was as easy as "rolling off a log."

SIXTY-SIX blocks; just the number of books in your Elbib Library! Something about a man on each block and something about Christ in each book! All the puzzle in each block solved when they are all put together!

I wonder if papa meant that the things they could not understand in some of their Elbib books could be easily understood when they read them all and found the man Christ? Take off your thinking cap, put on your play-cap, and oil your brain wheels with fresh air. Next week we shall meet for another chat.

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: Luke 24:27.

## Bedouin Bandits

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the startling experience was given of a party of tourists from Chicago who, while traveling in the Holy Land, were captured by Bedouin bandits. Details have now been received from which it appears that there were six in the party, viz.: A. C. Wieand, president of the Bethany Bible School, and his wife; Charles Ensenbise, superintendent of a mission; Miss Hattie Stadner, a student at the Bethany School, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Miller. The party were all condemned to die by Bedouins into whose hands they had fallen, following a successful attack by Arabs on the city of El Kerak in Syria. The timely arrival of a friendly tribe of Arabs, on the morning they were to be executed, saved them after they had been robbed. They were camping in a deserted building at El Kerak, the military capital of Moab, when the place was assaulted on December 12.

"We were busily occupied with our packing," Mr. Wieand writes, "when we were startled by a native helper rushing in and shouting that the Keraks had risen against the Turks. Soon we heard shouts at the other end of the city, followed by the firing of rifles. All day the fighting continued. At night the soldiers retired and the Arabs swarmed into the city. Most of us were asleep, when at about ten o'clock we were awakened by our guide. He brought in a sheik, who swore that he would protect us. On December 16 we started under escort toward the south end of the Dead Sea. About eleven o'clock we were overtaken by twenty wild Bedouins, generally known as the cutthroats of that region. They compelled our escort to give us up. At night our guide overheard them planning to lead us out the next day and kill us. Next day we were overtaken by the tribe to whom we were consigned. That night, we stole away as quietly as possible escorted by thirty horsemen. The following day we reached Jerusalem safely."

## Anvil Strokes

THE man who has conquered himself has won life's greatest victory.

MANY men can tell the truth when they see it who cannot see their way to tell it.

IT TAKES a good memory to forget all the bad things we do not care to remember.

AN HONEST man only gets out of life what is coming to him—and he certainly enjoys that.

THE beauty of a man's inner life may not show up in his face so much as in his words and actions.

THERE are two kinds of wrinkles—optimistic and pessimistic. The first make a smile, the last a frown.

MORE people would be enjoying the best in life if they would more fully enjoy what they already possess.

THE man who takes an interest in other people will never be without friends who are interested in him.

EVERY Christian should lead a kind of an up-and-down life—up on religious truth and down on worldly falsity.

OUR first obligation is to those we can reach with our hands—in our own home; next, those we can reach with our feet—in the homes of others; then, those we can reach with the eyes—through the medium of the printed page; and lastly, those we can reach with our thought—which includes everybody. WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER.

## From an Old Subscriber

I received the calendar and photograph of Dr. Kloppsch. They are very nice, and I thank you very much for them. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a good many years. I think it is a very good magazine.

Stockbridge, Mich. MRS. W. G.



# Campaign for a Million Souls

EARLY in 1909, some of the Southern Methodist missionaries at Sogdo, Korea, realizing a coldness and lack of spiritual power in their lives, began to pray earnestly for a new quickening. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Matt. 5: 6. After much individual prayer, a week of united prayer was agreed upon in July of the same year. The subject of the daily prayer meetings was prayer in its various aspects. On the fourth day the subject was "The Ministry of Intercession."

The prayer meeting was prolonged till midnight and by some even until four o'clock in the morning, at which time an indescribable outpouring of the Holy Spirit was received, a mighty blessing flowing therefrom. This blessing was shared with the other missionaries and the Korean Christians as well. From it grew the Methodist watchword for 1910: "Two hundred thousand souls for Jesus."

At the annual meeting of the General Council of Protestant Missionaries in Korea, one of the members of the Southern Methodists who had received this blessing was led to propose the adoption of the watchword, "A million souls for Jesus in Korea in 1910." This was done and the watchword was adopted. Within a few hours after its adoption, Dr. Chapman, Mr. Alexander and party arrived in Seoul on their great evangelistic tour of the East. Their meetings brought a mighty blessing. At the last service Dr. Chapman, though apparently almost exhausted from their hard labors, preached from the text, "But first gave their own selves to the Lord" (II. Cor. 8: 5). Dr. Chapman told of his pastorate of a rich church, and how one day a plain man came to hear him preach, and after the sermon told him his sermon lacked the right ring, the evangelistic passion for souls. The plain man was Mr. D. L. Moody. Then a struggle to surrender to God came. One day Dr. Chapman read an address of Rev. F. B. Meyer in which he said, "If you are not willing to do what God wants you to, are you willing to be made willing?" Then Dr. Chapman surrendered and peace and power came into his life.

At the close of the meeting, at the invitation, many missionaries went forward and reconsecrated themselves to God and his service, without reserve. From this meeting, the missionaries went down to carry the blessing to Korea. Soon the watchword was taken up all over the land almost wherever there were Christians. Two members of the Chapman-Alexander party remained in Korea to help in the campaign, Mrs. E. A. R. Davis, founder of the Bible Success Band, and her son, Rev. George T. B. Davis, promoter of the Pocket Testament League. Mr. Davis visited many of the mission stations and enthusiastically presented the plan to give away the Word of God in doing personal work, telling how God had honored his Word in the conversion of many a sinner from reading the Bible or Testament. Largely as a result of Mr. Davis' visit, some six hundred thousand copies of the special edition of the Gospel according to Mark were given away in a few months—an unprecedented event in the history of missions. In addition some 70,000 days of personal evangelistic service were pledged by the Christians, or nearly two hundred years of



Group of Missionaries in Korea and their Children

The men and women here represented have reaped already a goodly harvest for Christ in the "Hermit Kingdom," and are daily bringing more souls under the banner of salvation.

personal work. Thus the seed-sowing was kept up for months.

In addition, special evangelistic services were held at different places. Rev. Fred Vesey, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, with a party of colporters visited practically every home in the city of Seoul during the hot and unhealthy summer months. Portions of the Word were sold, tracts distributed and the way of salvation explained and the people urged to believe in Jesus and be saved.

All this work was in preparation for the campaign of the fall months. At the meeting of presbytery, after a strong appeal by Kil Moksa, one of the Korean pastors, a plan was adopted to begin in Seoul, in October, a month's campaign. Mis-

sionaries went the workers. So the effort was to enlist every Christian worker, and as far as possible, visit every home and reach every available person with the message of the Gospel as it is in Jesus. The prayer was even made that every one of the 2,400,000 homes might be thus visited and every one of the 12,000,000 people in Korea receive an intelligent presentation of the Gospel this year, and be won for Jesus. Thousands have confessed their desire to be Christians. The great work of following up this is now in order, enrolling the new believers in Bible classes, for the Bible has been, under God's blessing, the mighty factor of the success of the work in Korea, with the Holy Spirit leading and blessing the work.

It is hoped that the campaign will be an annual one, until all in Korea are evangelized and won for Jesus Christ. A great multitude still remain to be won. This calls for redoubled effort on the part of all missionaries, and an increased force of workers on the field at the earliest possible time.

This campaign for a million souls has been a mighty stimulus to the Christians in Korea and elsewhere, based as it is upon the study of God's Word and its distribution, until all shall have this priceless treasure of eternal truth. Its origin was in prayer and it must be sustained through prayer, united, prevailing, intercessory prayer. And with these two, the Word of God and prayer, is a third factor—personal winning of souls. Each Christian is a soul-winner. Visiting the people in their own homes has given the Christian workers a mighty hold upon them. It is but the application of Paul's words at Ephesus, "And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, and have taught you publicly and from house to house."

Will you not make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a great missionary advocate, filling its pages with news from the battle and awakening the whole church to action now? The call of urgency, or rather of Christian emergency, should be rung into the hearts of every Christian, until every will is aflame with the supreme purpose to make the knowledge of the love of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ, as universal as the sunshine and the fresh air. Vast territories and millions of people yet lie untouched by a single missionary of the Cross, and that even in lands that are occupied, in many cases only a beginning has been made. Surely this sad condition calls for our supreme efforts.



Native Christian Helpers in Korea

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE LARGEST consignment of postage stamps ever sent out in this or any other country to one place was shipped from Washington to Chicago on January 4. There were 72,500,000 stamps, having a face value of \$1,522,000. Two million five-cent stamps were in the consignment, the largest order ever received for that denomination.

—TWO BROTHERS, James and Thomas Baird, came from England two years ago. After working together for six months they drifted apart and lost track of each other until last New Year's night, when both met in a Chicago bread line. Neither had prospered, and adversity, by some strange chance, had thrown them together again after their long separation.

—A FRENCH economist has estimated that to maintain the armies of Europe on a peace footing has cost twenty-nine billion dollars within the past twenty-five years, thus increasing the public debt of the European States from \$20,000,000,000 to \$39,000,000,000, and excluding from productive industry 198,000 officers and 8,800,000 men. International arbitration

would greatly reduce this grievous burden, which is oppressive even in the "piping times of peace."

—A MEASURE has been drafted which will be introduced as a bill at the next session of the English Parliament with the object of abolishing the gallows as the form of capital punishment in Great Britain. It is proposed to substitute some strictly private form of despatch of condemned men in their cells, such as the administering of an anesthetic, or some drug that will cause death as swiftly and painlessly as possible.

—THERE IS one night in all the year when New York gives way to mid-winter revel. It is New Year's Eve. This year, it has been estimated that the revelers on that one night spent \$1,500,000 for food and wine, \$170,000 for theatres, \$50,000 for candy, \$75,000 for flowers, \$10,000 for cigars, and when it was all over, over 100,000 revelers, after having what they called "a good time," woke next morning with headaches and a hazy recollection of having made fools of themselves. We are not

among those who believe there should be no merriment in life, but surely there is a limit to gayety. The "feast of unreason," in its wildest form, never cost half as much as New York squanders on that single night of the year. The saturnalian revel is surely the poorest way of showing one's gratitude to God at the passing of the year for all the blessings that have been enjoyed at his hand during the months that have gone. We lead all countries in the world in this culminating orgy of the year.

### Should Be In Every Home

I received the book of Dr. Klopsch's life work and think it is fine. I hope the time will come when your splendid paper will be in every home, for I know of no other paper that is so good for a home paper as THE HERALD. I should not know how to get along without it.

Niobe, N. Y.

Mrs. J. V.



# Help for Famine-Stricken China



Natives at a Relief Station in the Famine District, with Officials Preserving Order

**T**HAT our government and people are prompt in their response to China's appeal for help in her new famine visitation, is shown by the following official telegram from the Secretary of State:

"Department of State,  
Washington, January 4, 1911.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
Bible House, New York City.

"Referring to the telegrams exchanged between the Department and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, relative to the famine in China, I beg to inform you that the Department has instructed the American minister at Peking to pay to the Reverend W. C. Longden, Chairman of the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang, China, the \$1,000 contributed by you.

"P. C. KNOX."

As the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang is in direct contact with the famine section and familiar with every detail of relief work, it is safe to assume that even before this issue reaches the hands of our readers, the first remittance through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representing their gifts, will have been converted into food for the hungry ones and distributed among the sufferers. Through the kindness of our State Department, these wonderful facilities are placed at the disposal of the readers of this journal, that their benevolences may literally fly with the swiftness of lightning to succor the suffering in the remotest parts of the globe. It is earnestly hoped that the appeal of stricken China, sent through the missionaries, may meet with a prompt and liberal response. Her sad condition has touched the heart of Christian America.

Many letters from readers of this journal express deep sympathy and offer help. Almost every letter breathes a fervent prayer that the famine may soon abate and the suffering be quickly relieved. Mr. C. S., of Columbus, Kan., sends a contribution to the relief fund, "with the prayer that Christ will touch the hearts of men more able to help the sufferers." "Two Friends," of Cabinet, O. (\$2), write: "We hope it will do somebody good, both in soul and body." Coral H. Blackwell, Okla., sends an offering of \$3, which will well nigh keep one starving family in food for a whole month. A. L., Los Angeles, Calif., sends \$1, which will provide enough flour or rice to keep the inmates of a Chinese peasant home for ten days or even more. H. H., Salem, Ore.,

sends, "In God's name," a gift of \$20, which will be a blessing to many, and will doubtless be the means of saving precious lives. "I have just read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the famine in China," writes Miss E. A. E., Winona, Minn. "I enclose \$1 for them; I wish I could do more." Another reader, Mrs. R. J. B., Avoca, Ia., sends \$5 "as a thank-offering promised when a daughter lay very ill," and who was graciously restored. Her thank-offering will make a whole household in distant China thankful for the food that this gift will supply.

A letter from Rev. Edwin C. Lobenstine, a Presbyterian missionary, in one section of the famine district, says:

"We are passing through another time of famine here. The past years have been marked by repeated floods and this year both the spring and fall crops have been an almost total failure in large sections. In this particular section, a region thirty-three miles wide by nearly fifty-seven miles long has been swept by the worst floods in the memory of man. The people lost everything they had. The imperial government has voted 40,000 taels for the twelve devastated counties, but it is a mere drop in the bucket.

"Taking China as a whole, this particular district flooded is a small one; but there also are famine conditions in other parts of China, and the imperial government is in such straits financially that it is very much to be feared that adequate assistance can not be given. At the best it will be only temporary and will not strike at the real difficulty. The people are desperate. It is hard to preach a Gospel of love to those who are starving, and on the verge thereof, unless at the same time one can help their physical needs."

A representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who visited the Chinese Legation in Washington, talked with His Excellency Chang-Yin-Tang, the Chinese Minister, and the First Secretary of Legation, concerning the famine. Both were very much interested in the efforts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to respond to the plea for relief made to it through the missionaries. The Minister's latest dispatches from China confirm the most serious reports of famine. It extends throughout three provinces and, according to further advices, upwards of two million people are suffering terrible privations. The government has begun relief measures, which are in charge of a high official, who disburses a fund which the government has appropriated, but which is inadequate to meet the emergency. Already the

situation is so serious, and so many months must pass before another crop can be harvested, that very great suffering is unavoidable.

Minister Chang was deeply touched by the fact that the American people are again willing to help the famine-stricken provinces of China, and expressed warm appreciation of the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. He spoke feelingly of Dr. Klopsch's splendid work in the past and of the great usefulness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in philanthropic efforts for the benefit of suffering humanity.

All funds raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are transmitted by cable to the Interdenominational Missionary Committee at Chinkiang, which conducted extensive relief operations during the last famine in 1906-7.

The following are the contributions to date:

|                               |          |                             |       |
|-------------------------------|----------|-----------------------------|-------|
| Mrs. Mary Klopsch.....        | \$100 00 | Ann L. Evans.....           | 4 00  |
| To Hunan Sufferers.....       |          | Miss E. A. Evans.....       | 1 00  |
| (various contribs.).....      | 113 32   | Coral Houston.....          | 3 00  |
| O. K., New York City.....     | 50 00    | W. L. Hunt.....             | 1 00  |
| G. H. S., New York City.....  | 2 00     | D. K. Hyatt.....            | 5 00  |
| J. A. B., New York City.....  | 1 00     | J. W. Johnston.....         | 5 00  |
| T. G., New York City.....     | 1 00     | Alfred Lemon.....           | 1 00  |
| A Friend, N. Y. City.....     | 1 00     | Mrs. E. J. Longnecker.....  | 5 00  |
| T. W., New York City.....     | 2 00     | P. Marshall.....            | 5 40  |
| J. W. J., Ft. View, Colo..... | 5 00     | H. S. Mouser.....           | 5 00  |
| J. W. B., Lindsde, W. Va..... | 3 25     | Mrs. Belle Smith.....       | 2 00  |
| F. A. L., Cameron, Tex.....   | 3 00     | Chas. Spencer.....          | 1 00  |
| P. M., Benkelman, Neb.....    | 5 40     | Two Friends, Cabinet.....   | 5 00  |
| D. K. H., N. Topeka, Kan..... | 50       | Idaho.....                  | 2 00  |
| Mrs. Henry J. Banks.....      | 50       | In His Name, Cameron.....   | 5 00  |
| Mrs. R. J. Baumann.....       | 2 50     | Tex.....                    | 3 00  |
| John W. Boon.....             | 6 25     | "In God's Name," Salem..... | 20 00 |
| A. H. Brown.....              | 50       | Ore.....                    |       |

## Gospel Progress at Wuhu, China

**O**UR first out-station mission work in China was at Han Shan, where we needed funds for our new church. We stated our needs and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers responded, and we had enough in a short time to complete the building. Then we needed a chapel and school building at Chao Hsien, and a lady reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent the full amount for it, naming the building after her father. This city of Chao Hsien had refused admittance to all foreign missionaries for years, and was called the most anti-foreign city in Central China; yet we were allowed the privilege of opening up this city, because we had helped in relieving the famine sufferers of 1901 from funds sent out by your paper for them. This is the reason why Chao Hsien opened her gates to the Gospel and

Continued on page 58



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 6th and 9th Sts., New York City. The editors are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waten, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue. Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Entered at Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter. Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

ON THIS page we publish a communication from a reader in South Dakota, who makes a suggestion concerning the popular memorial to the late Dr. Klopsch. Last week we invited our readers to send us their views briefly on the memorial proposition made by a Pittsburgh subscriber to "make Mont-Lawn Dr. Klopsch's monument." We now renew the invitation, and will be glad to hear from all who are interested in the movement looking to the endowment of the Children's Home, which was Dr. Klopsch's favorite charity, as a lasting memorial to his great work for humanity.

## A Great Anniversary

THREE hundred years ago the Authorized Version of the Holy Bible was given to the world. This epochal event is worthy of being commemorated throughout all civilized lands, wherever the Word of God is read. That it will be commemorated in a distinctive manner, both in Great Britain and in this country, before the year is much older, is highly probable.

At the time of the issuance of the Authorized Version, religious differences were very marked among the subjects of King James VI. He found himself reigning over three countries, each professing a different religion. England was Anglican, or Episcopal; Scotland was Presbyterian, or Puritan; Ireland was Catholic. Each country retained its own church and its own laws. Amid all the social and civil turmoil, the King did one good thing, for which the world will ever hold him in grateful remembrance: he decided that his subjects should have a uniform Bible; and so, setting aside all three versions then in use—the Geneva Bible, the Bishop's Bible, and the great Bible of Coverdale, Tyndale and Matthew—he authorized a fresh translation and revision of the entire Scriptures. He summoned to this work the consecrated scholarship of that age, and although the eminent divines and professors who labored lovingly and reverently at their task did not have access to the Bible manuscripts of the Alexandrian library (which were not available until 1628) nor to the MS. found by Tischendorf (which were not discovered until 1859), nor to the Vatican manuscripts, they produced the Bible which in those three hundred years has grown to be the most precious of all books. It holds the highest place in sacred literature. It has been the spiritual guide of our fathers and forefathers for generations.

Modern scholarship, in dealing with any new revision or translation, has dealt reverently with the old Bible, which for three centuries has stood as the very Word of God to all true believers.

It is to be hoped that whatever form the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Authorized Version should assume, here or abroad, it will be one in which every Bible-lover will be able to have a part. It would be a great personal pleasure and privilege to share in a popular tribute of appreciation of the old Bible which has done so much to transform heathendom into Christendom, and to bring countless millions into the light of the Gospel: the old Bible, by which our fathers and mothers and their forefathers lived, and which gave to them the hope of a blessed hereafter.

## Aerial Sacrifices

OUR progressive world is just entering on the age of flight. Aviators are learning at what a cost of human life the conquest of the air must be won. In a single year, over thirty lives have been sacrificed, some through ambitious demonstration, others in consequence of imperfect mechanism, but all as a part of the price man has to pay in every struggle with the elemental forces of nature before he is victor. In every struggle for progress, life is cast into the balance. It is an inflexible law that nothing is to be accomplished that will be of value to the world except through sacrifice. In exploration, in mechanics, in medicine, surgery, explosives, submarines, bridge-building, tunneling, and in many other lines along which man's ingenuity and inventiveness have led him to experiment, the path is marked by sacrifice. Privation, peril, death are all part of the price the race must pay for its progress. Johnstone, Moisant, Hoxsey and the long list of

those birdmen who have become victims of the aeroplane, were worthy pioneers, who showed us the way. Thousands of others are ready to take their places. Every failure will be a stepping stone to success, and the day will come when a journey through the air in a perfect machine, under constant control, will be as safe as traveling by rail or steamer. It is a great battle and hazardous, but man will finally triumph, as he has done in innumerable other lines of human achievement.

## A Friend of Temperance

IN THE death of William T. Wardwell, the cause of temperance has sustained the loss of one of its principal leaders. Mr. Wardwell was highly successful as a business man and he put his wealth to excellent purpose, in advancing the Prohibition movement throughout the country. Under the "sign of the fountain," he ran for mayor of New York City twenty-five years ago, and received the conscience vote. Ten years ago, he accepted the Prohibition nomination for governor of New York and had a substantial following. He was a citizen of high principle, abounding in generous deeds. His name was on the directorate of many charities, and he was a member of numerous business, civic, scientific and patriotic organizations. His whole career was a fine illustration of the combination of business ability and high ideals, and in the fourscore-and-four years of his life, he accomplished much good, which deserves to be remembered.

## The People's Reading Matter

NEWS comes from Washington that the administration is determined in its purpose to raise the rate on second-class postal matter and that a bill may soon be introduced in Congress providing for increased rates, or an amendment to that end will be added to the general appropriation bill. This is a matter that interests not one class of citizens but the whole people. Canada carries its newspapers and magazines at one-fourth of a cent per pound. Formerly the Canadian rate was half a cent, but the Postal Department, finding that it could do it even more cheaply, having the people's interest in view, cut the rate in half and finds it still profitable. Our present rate is just four times the Canadian figure.

Now, our administration's proposition has undergone a change. Unable to show any good and sufficient reason why our Postal Department cannot carry the magazines and weeklies without loss, though charging four times as much as Canada, the advocates of higher postage propose to fix a rate distributed between text and advertising, which is merely a subterfuge in view of the obvious fact that advertisements are indirectly the best possible source of postal revenue, as every advertisement produces a volume of mail correspondence at regular letter rates. But a scapegoat must be found for the postal deficit, and the magazines—the popular literature of the people—have been chosen as the victim.

There is not a single good reason for inflicting this unnecessary hardship upon the publishers. Other and far better means of increasing the postal revenue are open to the department. The present arrangement with the transportation companies can and ought to be revised. Opposition by the express companies to the establishment of a profitable parcels post should be swept aside. The people should not be made to suffer for the government's indifference to these palpable opportunities, for it is on the people that the proposed increased tax would ultimately fall, as magazines and weeklies are at bottom rates already. To tax them still more heavily for postage would practically mean to wipe out the weaker publications and inflict a serious blow even upon the stronger ones. It would necessitate a general increase in prices and would therefore be a direct tax upon the people of the country—a tax to cover up the financial strabismus of the Postal Department, which has other sources of increasing its revenues available.

We cannot believe that President Taft or the members of the Postal Committee of Congress, realizing these facts, would willingly impose a tax upon the millions of magazine readers, if they knew the feeling of the people themselves on this matter.

These views should be laid before them immediately. Let every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD write to some one member of the Postal Committee (whose names are given below) a brief letter urging that the postal rate on magazines should not be increased, as it would ultimately be putting a prohibitive tax on the reading matter of millions of readers throughout the country, and would be a special hardship on those who live in rural districts. Do this at once, in order that it may be effective. Your letter, with thousands of others, will aid in preventing the consummation of a great injustice.

## Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads

Hons. John W. Weeks, Mass.; John J. Gardner, N. J.; Nehemiah D. Sperry, Conn.; William H. Stafford, Wis.; George F. Huff, Pa.; J. Sloat Fasset, N. Y.; Sylvester C. Smith, Calif.; Frank O. Lowden, Ill.; Cyrus Durey, N. Y.; Thomas R. Hamer, Ida.; Francis H. Dedis, Mich.; Victor Murdock, Kan.; John A. Moon, Tenn.; David E. Finley, S. C.; James T. Lloyd, Mo.; John H. Small, N. C.; Thomas M. Bell, Ga.; William E. Cox, Ind.; Ralph H. Cameron, Ariz. Address to Washington, D. C.

## The Value of Quick Relief

THROUGH the courtesy of our State Department in Washington, the first remittance of \$1,000, advanced by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in anticipation of contributions, has been cabled to China and is now being expended through the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang for the benefit of the famine sufferers. This is quick relief. It is most gratifying to know that our government, in the multitude of its important official affairs, can still give ear to the plea of suffering, and assist a movement of this character. It gave most valuable aid to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the famine relief campaigns in Japan, India, Cuba, and the Northland, and thereby earned the gratitude of the generous-hearted American people, whose gifts it forwarded through official channels. There is every indication that the famine now prevailing in China will attain much more extensive proportions before the next crop can be harvested, three months hence. Let us do all we can to help these suffering people to tide over the time of stress. A dollar given now may save a human life. Send in your gift quickly to the "China Famine Fund," Bible House, New York.

## MONT-LAWN HIS MONUMENT

DEAR EDITOR: I want to say a few words in regard to our good friend, Dr. Klopsch, who has gone to his reward. That future generations may know him as we knew him, as the almoner of all those in distress and starving, I think there should be a monument erected. Let it be at Mont-Lawn, on the grounds he loved so well, and let the patrons of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have the privilege of contributing to pay the cost. If all the money is not used, let it be given to some benevolent object. Let his name be coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln, as the three greatest and best loved Americans.

Platte, S. D.

Sincerely yours,  
F. W. TUCKERMAN.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Remarkable Telegraph Invention

IN THE early part of December, 1910, a demonstration was held at Florence, Italy, in the presence of scientific authorities, of a new apparatus for multiple telegraphing. This was invented by Corrado Andrini. It was given the finishing touches by the engineer Luis Maino, chief of the technical department of the Italian government telegraph service. This invention is used for transmitting and receiving the Morse system. It can send ten telegrams at the same time. Each touch puts in movement a vibration which sends over the line ultimate currents of high potentiality with unvarying and established periods. These currents are received at the station to which they are sent by a special mechanism and based on the different Morse telegraph apparatus. With the Andrini system it is possible to send from ten to fifteen telegrams at the same time and the same circuit. This makes possible from 300 to 800 telegrams an hour; the original line being able to handle only from thirty to forty. The invention needs only a simple and inexpensive installation and does not interfere with, but rather supplements, the telegraph system already in use. The remarkable value of this is easily understood, especially in its relation to newspapers, etc. When Professor Samuel Morse invented the electric telegraph and was notified that Congress had granted him \$30,000 for the construction of a little line from Baltimore to Washington, he permitted a young lady friend to send the first message over the wire, and this was the one shesent: "What hath God wrought?" In his intellectual conceptions and in his practical experiment he felt and claimed that he had been divinely led. And so the marvelous inventions of the world, including those of telegraphy, have been produced by the brooding of an omniscient God over the human intellect; and as we look upon them as they scatter thoughts and bind societies and organizations in commerce and good will we are prompted to repeat the first message ever sent over a wire: "What hath God wrought?" Nehemiah, in referring to the divine guidance in the success of his marvelous undertaking, said:

For they perceived that this work was wrought of our God. (Neh. 6:16.)

## Girl's Deadly Peril

John Anderson and six oil-well shooters were at the Cameron farm in Washington County, Pennsylvania, the other day, and, finding that their explosive had been affected by the cold weather, placed it in two cans of hot water to thaw. Little Mildred Anderson, 11 years old, thinking the cans contained only water, seized them in a spirit of fun and began to run about with them. Circling away from the house she was unnoticed for a few minutes. Then she turned her course toward the group of men, who with blanched faces and horror-stricken hearts realized that Mildred was carrying two quarts of nitroglycerine in each hand and that only the slightest jar or concussion would blow her and all near her into eternity. They were so frightened that they could not speak to the child, and if they could they would have hesitated for fear of the consequences of her fright. Fortunately the father was a man of great presence of mind and said to his little daughter in the mildest voice: "Hello, Mildred, be careful of the water, dear. Come slowly and show daddy how to put down cans without spilling any," he called with a smile and in kindly, even tones. "Oh, I won't spill any, Daddy," the child replied in merry accents. "See how careful I am." With mock gravity little Mildred carefully deposited the cans with their perilous contents on the ground. "See, I didn't spill one little teeny drop," cried the child, clapping her hands, while the oil shooters and her father began at last to breathe more freely. So completely unnerved were the oil men that they refused to shoot the test well that afternoon. Children, as well as grown people are unconsciously handling pails that seem to hold only fresh water, but which are full of the most deadly perils, and the greatest watchfulness and caution are necessary to prevent the disastrous moral and spiritual destruction. In passing through the spiritual and material

perils of life's journey to the world beyond it is well to pay attention to this injunction of Christ:

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. (Mark 13:33.)

## Tolstoy Estate for Sale Here

Yasnaya Polyana, homestead and burial place of Count Leo Tolstoy, is offered for sale in New York by a relative of the Count. The gentleman, Count Kousminsky, who was at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, explained that he had come to America to confer with Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, to induce them if possible to purchase the entire estate upon condition that 150 acres, which will include the homestead, the lodge and the burial place of Tolstoy, be set apart for an international park, to be administered by the representatives of all nations. If the plan is carried out, he said, the various nations will be asked to erect permanent memorials. It is the desire of the family that the estate shall not become the property of the Russian Government, which, it is said, hopes to gain possession of the land for the establishment of a national museum. If the estate be acquired by an American, it is said, the Countess Alexandra, Count Tolstoy's daughter, who inherited her father's literary collection, including unpublished novels and dramas, will donate these writings, said to be valued

the universe, one life, one truth, one reality; that this power is divinely beneficent, and that we are a necessary, inseparable part of this great principle-current which is running Godward." Faith will bring this sweet divine presence as a loving personality into our nature to comfort, guide, inspire and save the heart and life. The author must have had this Bible thought in his mind when he wrote the paragraph:

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being. (Acts 17:27, 28.)

## Cats Carry Consumption

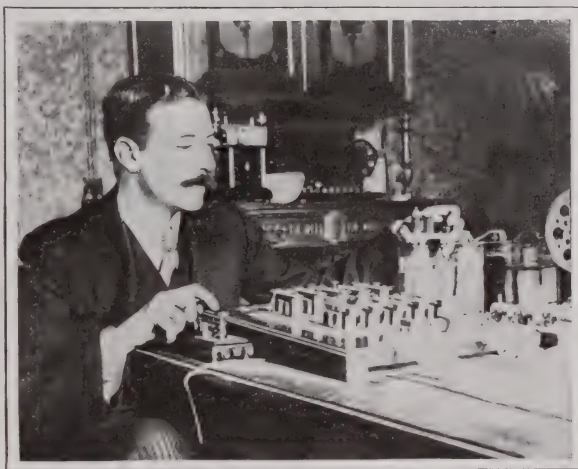
Dr. W. L. Ensor, of Lakewood, O., charges that cats spread consumption and are a menace to the family. Among the doctor's patients was the head of a family who was affected with tuberculosis. The house cat for a long time had had a heavy cough and the doctor had a suspicion that it had communicated its disease to its master. He advertised for cats at a certain price, a hundred of which he killed and dissected. Under the microscope he found in every one of the animals examined the germs of tuberculosis; 30 per cent. of them were in a serious condition, many of them approaching the last stages of the disease. Others have made the same charge that Dr. Ensor makes, and it would be a prudent thing if parents would take greater care in petting their cats and in protecting the children from the contagion which their affectionate nursing of the kitties is likely to bring to them. Such care of course would almost break the hearts of the little ones, who love their pussies like they do people; but what of this, as with all our relationships and amusements of childhood, the health and life of the child are much more important than its fun. In olden times the greatest precaution was taken to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Those afflicted with the plague were put off to themselves, and even the garments they wore were carefully inspected, and if found to be infected were destroyed. With diseases of body and soul the prevention is so much more valuable than the cure.

And if it appear still in the garment, either in the warp, or in the woof, or in anything of skin; it is a spreading plague; thou shalt burn that wherein the plague is with fire. (Lev. 13:57.)

## Money Turned to Dust

Mr. Joseph Haag, the head gardener on the country estate of Mr. T. L. Chadbourne, Jr., at Purchase, N. Y., had charge of a number of men, tearing down a building more than 100 years old on the estate. After the top of the building had been taken away and the first floor had been reached, and the men began tearing down the old-fashioned chimney, they found tucked away in a secret place a large saddle bag like the ones used in the grandfathers' days. Haag opened the bag and found it filled with paper money, old-fashioned bank-notes, dating back to the War of Independence. He lighted his fortune he put his hand in the bag to take out the money and it turned to dust at the touch of his fingers. Only the minutest fragments remained. There was one penny dated 1803, perfectly good. The Chadbourne estate adjoins that of Mr. White-law Reed, the American ambassador to the court of St. James, and is not far from the places made famous by General Thomas during the Revolution. It is generally believed that the saddle bag with the money was hidden in the chimney during the war of 1812, when the owner feared a visit from the British. We have here an additional illustration of the folly of hoarding money for money's sake. That bag full of money was idle for a hundred years. If it had been put out at moderate interest, what a colossal fortune it would have been, or if it had been enlisted in intellectual, moral or religious enterprises, of how much value it would have been to the world! But like so many talents that lie dormant through the years, it was useless and perished. The turning of the paper money to dust, corrupted by the rust of a century, suggests the reason of our Lord's exhortation:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. (Matt. 6:19.)



Signor Andrini and His Wonderful Invention

at \$5,000,000, to a library to be erected by one of the nations as a memorial to her father. The estate comprises some 750 acres, all of which are offered for sale here with the understanding that 150 acres be set apart for the international Tolstoy park, university and peace memorial. The public does not know yet how Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller will respond to the proposition. This project of an international peace memorial would seem timely and beautiful and in harmony with the spirit and life of Count Tolstoy, and with the spirit of the age, and resembling the picture the Psalmist saw:

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! (Ps. 133:1.)

## God Within the Soul

Dr. Orison Swett Marden, in his book, *The Miracle of Right Thought*, just issued, teaches some splendid lessons. God's blessed presence in the soul is thus described in a paragraph of the preface: "The author tries to show the man who has been groping blindly after a mysterious, misunderstood God, thought to dwell in some far-off realm, that God is right inside of him, nearer to him than hands and feet, closer than his heart-beat or breath, and that he literally lives, moves and has his being in him; that man is mighty or weak, successful or unsuccessful, harmonious or discordant, in proportion to the completeness of this conscious oneness with the Power that made him, heals his wounds and hurts, and sustains him every minute of his existence; that there is but one creative principle running through



# TWO TRAGEDIES OF THE AIR



Arch Hoxsey



Hoxsey in Flight in a Wright Biplane



John B. Moisant

BY A STRANGE tragic coincidence, two of the most brilliant stars in the firmament of aviation sank beneath the horizon of death on the last day of the old year. John B. Moisant was killed at New Orleans and Arch Hoxsey at Los Angeles.

Moisant met his fate by falling from a Bleriot aeroplane while on a preliminary flight which was to have been followed by an attempt to win the Michelin cup and a prize of \$4,000 for the longest sustained flight of 1910. He was only a hundred feet in the air when the accident occurred. He had circled the field twice and was coming round on his third lap, when he prepared to descend. He dipped at a sharp angle and when about twenty-five feet from the ground his machine suddenly became vertical; he was pitched forward and shot through the air as if hurled from a catapult. He fell on his head, breaking his neck by the concussion.

Hoxsey dived to his death from a height of 500 feet. When taken from the wreckage of his aeroplane, he was so badly crushed that the field surgeons declared death must have been instantaneous.

During the aviation meet, Hoxsey had beaten all records for altitude, rising on three occasions to a height of over 10,000 feet. On the previous Monday, he attained 11,474 feet, the highest point ever reached by a heavier-than-air machine. When he met his death, he was trying to eclipse his own record.

There is no question that Moisant and Hoxsey were the most daring men practising the dangerous art of aerial navigation. Their feats sometimes seemed to verge into utter recklessness; but both loved the thrills and the risks that attended flying, and of course they were not indifferent to the monetary consideration. Both had earned many thousands of dollars in a few months. Moisant had saved about \$125,000. Both men had performed many wonderful feats during the aviation week at Hempstead, New York. Moisant won fame by his thrilling and daring flight around the Statue of Liberty and back, a distance of thirty-three miles, in as many minutes. For this he was awarded the Ryan prize of \$10,000. More remarkable, however, was his passenger-carrying flight from Lon-

don to Paris across the English Channel, which drew the attention of the entire world.

Hoxsey was one of the youngest of the American aviators, and had been flying less than a year. He established his fame at Belmont Park as an altitude flyer. He next attracted public attention at the St. Louis meet when he made a long distance record by flying from Springfield to St. Louis, a distance of 109 miles. It was at St. Louis that Hoxsey took up former President Roosevelt for his first air ride. Many think that when Hoxsey plunged to death at Los Angeles, he was overcome with "altitude sickness," which aviators say is much the same as mountain sickness. He descended rapidly from a great height until within 500 feet of the ground, and it is claimed that this swift descent produced either altitude sickness or vertigo, or that it caused contraction of the heart's muscles, rendering Hoxsey unable to manipulate his machine.

Aviation has sustained a severe loss by the tragic death of these two. Their fate will doubtless have the effect of making other "birdmen" more cautious and less prone to take foolish and unnecessary risks in their flights.

## HELP FOR FAMINE-STRICKEN CHINA Continued from Page 55

to us. The city is now occupied by two mission societies, and is one of the best cities in all China for Christian work.

Our next help was the support of native workers. Some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wanted "substitutes" to work for them in China, so money was sent to us for this purpose, and has been coming ever since in greater or less degree. Eternity alone will reveal the great good and the number of people saved through these faithful native workers. We have always kept in touch with the donors and give them quarterly reports about their workers. These Bible-women and evangelists are inspirations and blessings to us missionaries.

Another gift was from a gentleman who read one of our letters in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about the need of opening up a town near Chao Hsien, called Lin Teo. He wrote saying he had some money in trust, which he hoped would be enough to buy the property needed. This he sent on and we bought a good brick house with out-buildings and a large lot. He then sent a sum to furnish it and repair the walls, and now has taken up the support of Mr. Heo, the native evangelist, paying five dollars monthly. We already have held two baptismal services there; in all twenty-five persons were baptized, and we have now a large class of enquirers. The first man to be baptized there was sixty-eight years old. It was a grand sight to see this old man putting on Christ in baptism. It was indeed a joy to see such a large number gather around the communion table, and remember that only a few months before they were bowing down to wood and stone. All this work was the outcome of that gift that made it possible to



Lin Teo (x) and Some of His Converts

open up the town to the Gospel. This Christian has himself received great blessing because of his faithfulness. This kind of work can be duplicated all over our district here in towns yet unoccupied. Our next gift was for our school-building at

Huang-Lo-Ho, another town near Lin Teo. It was only \$100 we needed, yet we were able to build a good brick building, 18 x 36 feet. This school has been a great help and blessing to our church there, and we have baptized quite a number of the boys. One is studying in our Bible school at Wuhu and another one will enter this coming year.

We were greatly in need of a building for a girls' school in Wuhu. Our letter was published, and inside of a month the money was sent, and later on a notice was inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating that "Missionary Z. C. Beals, of Wuhu, China, with a gift from a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader, now dead, has just completed the Laura B. Memorial School at Wuhu. It is a Christian school for native girls." This school has grown in numbers and has two native teachers besides Miss Cassidy. It is a joy to see the smiling faces of these girls.

When we heard of the death of Dr. Klopsch, we truly mourned our loss. We also wondered if his successors would carry on his policy as to foreign mission work. We are glad to testify that we have seen no difference. Gifts come to us for the work, as before. Last summer, we needed another story added to our academy building. I wrote a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating our needs, and \$100 was sent in time to complete the building before the fall term. We were thus able to accommodate twelve more students. We could enumerate many good things that have come to us through this grand paper and the good friends that we have come to know through it. We praise God for them and pray that they may be greatly blessed in the days to come. Wuhu, China.

Z. C. CHARLES BEALS.

## ANARCHISTS IN LONDON

ENGLAND is in a ferment of excitement over the discovery of several anarchists' plots which it is believed were to have reached their culmination at the coming coronation of King George in June next. It is said that the "red brotherhood" have a headquarters in the English capital from which they send out their orders to the other European cities, and even to the United States. Four rulers are said to be listed on the book of anarchy for assassination at the coronation ceremony. These are

George V., Emperor William, Czar Nicholas and Alfonso of Spain. The plotters had deep laid plans to carry out their nefarious designs and even now, although the scheme has been exposed, the police of London feel they have all they can do to cope with the situation. Two anarchistic desperadoes, resolved to escape capture, barricaded themselves in a house in London, and defied 1,700 police and military for many hours. The house was like a beleaguered fortress in wartime. Thousands of shots—bullets, grape and canister—were poured

into it, even a gatling gun being called into requisition, but the bandits maintained their stand under the leaden shower, returning in kind, until the house was set on fire. They were at first supposed to have been cremated in the ruins, but this is doubtful. Englishmen are naturally indignant over the idea that such a thing as a battle with alien desperadoes in the heart of London should be possible, and are clamorous for the detection and expulsion of all foreign anarchists from British soil.



# BY THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT



## Is This Kind or Right?

THE first question that comes up for discussion this week ought to elicit a good many honest replies. What have you to say about this question of advising young people as to married life? "Why do so many married people tell young girls to either marry to better themselves financially, or else don't venture at all, on the uncertain, dangerous coast of married bliss?"

B.

The marriage of convenience is foredoomed to failure. A girl lowers herself and a man degrades himself by approaching so solemn and sacred a thing as marriage from a commercial standpoint. Love is the foundation stone of happy marriage. As to replying to the question asked by B., I imagine that the people to whom she alludes are confirmed pessimists, thoughtless counselors or disappointed mariners on the matrimonial sea. Our girls should pay no heed to them. Anybody who wishes to do so is at liberty to speak and may send what she has to say, addressing it personally to me. My name is at the top of this page, and letters should be sent in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

**The House-Cleaning Microbe.** The next communication is a trifle out of season, but as spring is advancing and winter will soon be retreating housecleaning will loom up on the horizon of many matrons. On this theme every one is invited to state her views.

"A house-cleaning microbe gets into the women at this time of year," said a man. It is always amusing, sometimes provoking to note how men insist on regarding housecleaning as a feminine folly. From a man's point of view this silly microbe makes the women uneasy and they set about a lot of useless, foolish work, which makes every one under the roof wretched.

"Now a woman needs no microbe to tell her when the necessary evil of housecleaning must be faced. No woman of intelligence starts this task for lack of some pleasant way to use her time! Teach your sons this, and their future wives will bless you some day. While all men enjoy a well ordered home, few have any adequate idea of the careful planning and constant labor it requires to keep household wheels running smoothly. There is no greater test of a housekeeper's efficiency than the way she conducts the regular cleaning. The woman who goes at it with system as complete as it is thorough shows her skill. One room at a time can be cleaned without prolonged inconvenience for any one. Attic, closets and bureau drawers are attended to a little at a time on sweeping days as preliminary work. 'Watch your corners and closets,' said a wise mother; 'any one can keep the rest in order.' A merchant should be the most tolerant of all men in the home, for in running his business, he, too, has experience of the trouble involved in keeping a place for everything and everything in its place. The overzealous woman winds up the housecleaning with having a sick headache or more serious illness. This sort of climax naturally adds to masculine disgust at the performance. A misguided housekeeper, hearing that some visitors must be finished before their arrival. So strenuously did this woman toil, she made herself seriously ill. Instead of welcoming her guests in a spotless house, the visit had to be postponed until she could recover.

"By all means clean house in a rational way. Remember a man wants his wife to be a companion—not a mere drudge. Every homemaker is vastly more important than the house she rules.

"MRS. H. B. A."

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**A Word to the Tired Mother.** "In the first place, dear tired mother, I have not been able to get you out of my mind since I read your story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If you do not get a rest pretty soon, you may drop into a long rest in the grave, and what then would your husband and children do? You have made a great mistake in not seeing to it that your children were thoroughly taught every branch of housekeeping. Children must go to school, but there are times and seasons for everything. While they are very young, children should be taught that mother's strength is not enough to let her do everything that must be done in the house. She must have little helpers. I know a woman who raised a family of three sons and five daughters, all of whom except two are now married. After they were ten years old each had

looks like an elder sister. Neither she nor her husband has the slightest air of fatigue. Among my Christmas remembrances nothing gave me more pleasure than this charming photograph. Mrs. Birney is invited to tell our Women in Council how she brought her family up.

**An Open Letter to John and Martha.** "I am very much interested in the affairs of Martha, John and John's mother. I read about them a while back in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In this period of mad rush and woeful lack of filial affection the problem of the old mother and the married children is hard to solve. Martha is probably up-to-date, John's mother, a plain woman of the old-fashioned type. I am a mother past three-score and ten, and I want to sit down and show you a simple page from real life. I have a son George with whom I have always taken lots of comfort. He chose a good home daughter

when he married, the kind who is apt to make the best of wives. We have been happy since his marriage, and though we are hard-working people, we enjoy our home and the three harum-scarum children who make things lively. I highly prize the good-night kiss all around. Old folks are often in the way, troublesome and disagreeable. Well, let me see. Seems to me that I remember a number of little cherubs who a few years ago were around cutting up didoes and causing their tired mothers care and hard work, day and night, in sickness or health. Some of these children when grown, forget the past and haven't much use for the old mother. What a pity! I have no complaint on this score. I have my own room, the best in the house, do my own everyday work when able, and Lucy, my son's wife, kindly does the heavier work for me, and is very thoughtful for my comfort. She works very hard for us all, as does her husband. Lucy and I are careful to avoid occasions of offense, as neither of us is an angel. We love George too well to place him between the blades of a great pair of shears. Now, John, I beg you to love and honor both wife and mother, and Martha, let me ask you to be loving and gentle with the mother who gave you the best she had when she gave you her son. As for you, mother, bear in mind that the present generation is more advanced and refined than ours was. Do not criticize Martha, and never volunteer advice to her. Don't find fault, but as far as you can, add to the good cheer of the home.

"GRANDMA GREY."

**Your Golden Wedding Roll.** If you wish to live long, be happy and honored, and reach your golden wedding day surrounded by the love of all your friends. A step

in that direction will be your constant reading of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A great many of our subscribers arrive stalwart and strong at their golden milestone. Two more are on our list.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Krauss celebrated their golden wedding May 10, 1910, in Monroe, N. C.

Golden wedding bells rang November 20, 1910, for Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Groff, who were bride and groom in Lancaster, Pa., fifty years ago. Their home is in Harrisburg, Pa.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Krauss children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren gathered, and in that of Mr. and Mrs. Groff children and grandchildren assembled.

Our best wishes go to these happy couples.

## Values the Premiums

I received the premium books and am very much pleased with them. I will gladly show them to others.

Janesville, Minn.

Mrs. D. A.



## MAIDENS FAIR

Busy or idle, these maidens fair  
Arc caught in the toils of an ancient snare;  
Their waking dreams are strangely sweet  
As they wait for the ring of their true loves' feet.

a share in the work, doing errands, saving the mother steps, and more than this, in the case of the daughters, learning to sew and to mend. The boys were taught to do everything the girls did, and the girls could harness a horse and milk a cow as well as their brothers. They formed one of the most affectionate families I ever saw.

"S. E. H."

I received not long ago the picture of a beautiful household group from Walla Walla, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Birney have long been subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They are a fine looking and handsome couple, and around them stand or sit their sons and daughters, five boys and three girls. A lovelier group of young people I have never seen, and I happen to know that each of Mrs. Birney's boys has mastered the art of assisting in the housework, and each of the girls is well trained in domesticity, as well as in whatever makes a woman socially charming. The dear mother in the group



## Chicago's Sunday Club

THOUSANDS of parents living in other cities and in farming communities have sons or daughters living in Chicago. Many brothers and sisters, nieces, nephews, or close friends have left the little town or the farm to seek their fortunes in the big city. These people who go to live in Chicago as strangers often find it difficult to get acquainted with the right class of people. The writer of this knows how hard it is, for he has had the experience.

Many young men and women, strangers in Chicago, live in or near the central business section known as the Loop District. Business has crowded out nearly all the churches in the district, and newcomers and the older residents do not find it as convenient now to go to church. Realizing the need in Chicago's downtown district of an institution that stood for the moral welfare of its inhabitants, the leading business men of Chicago formed what is called "The Sunday Evening Club," a non-sectarian organization, which holds meetings every Sunday evening from seven o'clock till ten o'clock in Orchestra Hall, Michigan Avenue, near Jackson Boulevard.

The hall seats about 2,500 people, and is filled almost to overflowing every Sunday evening. All religious denominations are interested in its work, as its principles are broad, morally inspirational, and conducive to good citizenship. The Sunday Evening Club's influence particularly aims to reach the man or woman who does not belong to any creed or any church, but who still has a longing for the inspiration that he may get in full measure from the good old Bible teachings. Young men and women who work hard all week and who do not care to spend money for the frivolous pleasures of the theatre find in the Sunday Evening Club's meetings the moral and religious inspiration which the human mind and heart crave. Many people work late Saturday night and part of Sunday morning and cannot go to Sunday morning services if they desired, and as few churches have Sunday evening services the Sunday Evening Club offers them the opportunity of spending the evening in a profitable manner.

A general invitation to the farm population of the country to attend the meetings of the Sunday Evening Club, when in Chicago, has just been extended by Chicago business men who are behind that organization.

Such speakers as Gifford Pinchot, William Jennings Bryan, Jacob Riis, ex-Governor Hoch of Kansas, Governor Marshall of Indiana, ex-Governor Hanley, and David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, are scheduled to speak at various times during the winter months. There is a chorus of fifty voices, a double quartette and vocal soloists.

These addresses and the Gospel services form a welcome opportunity to spend an interesting and instructive evening among pleasant people listening to great truths that make for the uplift and betterment of the human family.

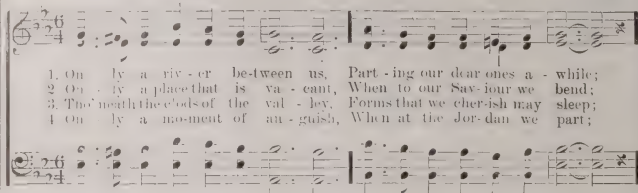
## Millions in an Automobile

The Printing Bureau in Washington has just ordered a large automobile in which it intends to transport about \$15,000,000 a day from the Bureau to the Treasury Department. Two guards and the driver will occupy the front seat and three guards will be seated over the tailboard.

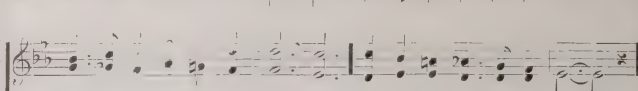
# Only a River Between Us

Words by Fanny J. Crosby

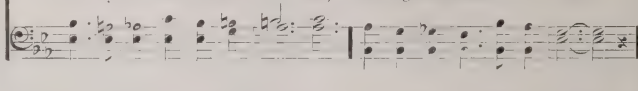
Music by I. Allen Sankey



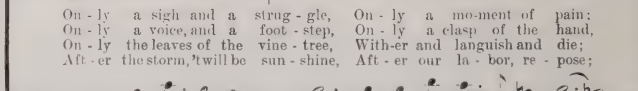
1. On ly a riv - er be - tween us, Part - ing our dear ones a - while;  
2. On ly a place that is va - cant, When to our Sav - iour we bend;  
3. The mouth of the val - ley, Forms that we cher - ish may sleep;  
4. On ly a mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;



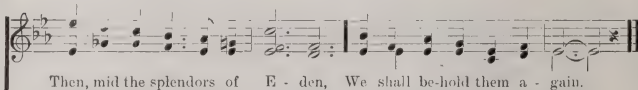
On ly a vail that di - vides us—Hid - ing the light of their smile;  
On ly a strain that is miss - ing, When our de - vo - tions we blend;  
On ly a sil - ver cord bro - ken, Watch o'er our loved ones to keep,  
Hush - ing each throbb of the heart;



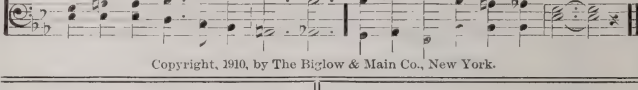
On ly a sigh and a strug - gle, On ly a mo - ment of pain;  
On ly a voice, and a foot - step, On ly a clasp of the hand;  
On ly the leaves of the vine - tree, With - er and languish and die;  
Aft - er the storm, 'twill be sun - shine, Aft - er our la - bor, re - pose;



Then, mid the splendors of E - den, We shall be - hold them a - gain,  
Draw ing us on - ward and up - ward, Home to the bright promised land,  
God hath transplanted its branch - es, Gar - nered its fruits in the sky,  
Then we shall meet where the morn - ing, Nev - er, no nev - er will close.



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## The Thing That Counts

IT IS not what you say, my brother,  
As you travel the earthly way,  
That maketh the cause of the Master  
With sweetness and beauty to glow;  
But it's what you may do, my brother,  
And what you may be in your life  
That wins in the cause of the Master  
As He leadeth you forth to the strife!

You see that old engine there standing  
Stoek still on its iron rail—  
How the columns of smoke roll upward  
Most to Heaven an inky trail?  
But when its great wheels are in motion,  
And its breathing comes quick and fast,  
You could hardly tell it was pouring  
E'en a portion of smoke on the blast!

And so it may be, O my brother,  
As you travel or north or south,  
The cause of the Lord may be hampered  
If you smoke too much at the mouth;  
But let the power of your being  
Be thrown to the feet and the hands:  
Let us leap to the work of the vineyard,  
Let us do as our Lord commands!

You love well to talk: yes, my brother;  
But take care in talking too free,  
When the world shall stop in its labor,  
To notice a moment your plea.  
It may fail to hear one slight sentence  
In all the fine message you give  
From hearing the noise and the clatter  
Of the miserable life you live!

Sweet, sweet is the word, O my brother,  
Of a soul that is born of truth;  
But no man can testify farther  
Than the life he lives in truth;  
You may talk in the grandest of poems  
That can fall from the lips of man,  
But they're awfully out of proportion  
Unless your life's actions will scan!

DOUGLAS DOBBINS

## Thou Shalt Know

MY SAVIOUR speaks to me to-day:  
"Come, pilgrim, take my guiding hand;  
Thou knowest but in part my way:  
Hereafter, thou shalt understand."

Tho' trials come in varied form,  
Afflictions fierce and cunning foes,  
I'll calmly view the rising storm  
And rest in this: My Saviour knows.

He knows their strength and guileful art,  
He knows my trouble and my pain;  
What thou has pierc'd my aching heart;  
Yet why should these so long remain?

He sees, He knows, He speaks to me:  
"Thou yet art slow to understand—  
Submissive and obedient be—  
Hold thou thy elder Brother's hand."

"Sufficient thou that find my grace,  
My strength in weakness shall be thine,  
Thou shalt ere long behold my face,  
And in my perfect likeness shine."

Lord, what are light afflictions here,  
Since I can hold Thy loving hand,  
Soon safe at home with Thee appear,  
And all Thy dealings understand?

Georgetown, Pa.

J. M. LYONS.

## A Child's Morning Prayer

THIS morn, when I get up from sleep,  
I give my soul to Christ to keep;  
Oh guard me safely through this day  
And keep me in the narrow way.  
If I should die while yet 'tis light,  
Before the darkness comes this night,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

A. H.

## Robert Sterling Blair

ROBERT STERLING BLAIR, a young member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD editorial staff, died at his home in Brooklyn on Sunday morning, January 1, after a very brief illness. Mr. Blair, who was the only son of Mr. Albert L. Blair and Mary M. Blair, was a young man of great promise. Trained at Harvard University, he began his literary career on a Boston publication and afterward became attached to this journal, to which he has rendered faithful service for nearly five years. His fine Christian character, high sense of honor, and the natural courtesy and kindness he showed at all times, won him the esteem and affection of his associates.

Mr. Blair was personally interested in philanthropic work, and was secretary of the Bowers Mission. At the funeral services, which took place on Wednesday, January 4, there was present a delegation from the Mission, in addition to a large number of friends and professional associates of the deceased. After the reading of Scripture by the officiating pastor, Rev. John Hallimond, Superintendent of the Mission, delivered a very touching address, which was full of consolation for the bereaved family. He closed with a tribute to the fine Christian character and blameless life of the young man, whose earthly career had been so brief. The interment took place in the family plot at Madison, Central New York.

## Emperor William's Apples

CAN the results of orchardists in the Far West be achieved in the East and Far Northeast? What is there in the West that is not found in the East?

The cloudless skies, which put the fine color on the apple; the dryness of the climate, which is death to fungous diseases; the volcanic soil, which brings the apple tree to bearing at the age of five years, may not be duplicated outside of a favored region; but they are offset by peculiar advantages. Among these are longevity of the tree, flavor of the fruit, and unlimited markets next door. Whether the quick-growing trees of the West will ever bear seventy-five years or longer, as they are known to do in the East, remains to be seen. Professor W. N. Hutt, of Raleigh, N. C., would verify the statement of apple-trees bearing so long.

Of course, the flavor of the fruit is a matter of taste. But why did a representative of the German Empire last year select for the table of his imperial master, apples grown within sixty miles of Omaha in sight of the Missouri River? Why did the plate exhibit of the "Jonathan apple"—a great favorite of the fancy trade—from Harrison County, Iowa, take the first award against so many splendid specimens from regions better known? Why were fine apples from the vicinity of Portland, Me., worthy of consideration in the National Fruit Exhibit? Why did pears from Maryland carry off first prize competing with Western exhibits?

It all shows that the older West and the still older East need not strike colors before the younger and more lusty Far West, albeit the fancy of the nation has been captivated by its fruit-growing possibilities, which are constantly kept before the public gaze. What is better, both sections may go on for a long time to come before overproduction in fruit should make them envious rivals.



# LITTLE MUKÉ, THE CHILD-WIDOW



A Typical Village Kitchen of India



The Childhood Home of Little Muké

MUKÉ was born in a little Indian village called Babagadia. She was the first child, and no little disappointment was experienced by her parents when it was known that their first born was only a girl. Her mother shed many bitter tears over her misfortune and yet her heart went out true mother fashion to her little girl. Gradually the father became reconciled and finally loved his baby daughter.

When Muké was a few days old, the village astrologer was called and, after consulting his almanacs as to the relative position of the planets, wrote out in strange characters—which no one but the men of his profession could read—the story of Muké's life. On the day when Muké was six months old, the neighbors were all called in and given a feast of curry and rice with sweetened curd. When she became old enough to understand something of her surroundings, she became aware that the house she lived in was made of mud with a roof of bamboos and rice straw. A room at one end was used as a stable for the cows and goats, while the middle room served as kitchen. The kitchen was furnished with two stones between which the rice was ground for flour and the pulse broken for porridge. In one corner was a hollowed-out place in the ground, where was a camp-fire on which the cooking was done. A few brass dishes and some earthen pots completed the furnishings. The only picture was of the elephant-headed god, Gonash. A little brass god reposed in one corner and was supposed to ward off cholera and other evils from the household.

There was a little school in the village. The pupils met on the veranda of one of the houses. Muké sometimes watched the boys at work over their books and wondered what it all meant, but was told that, being only a girl, she could not learn to read, and that women had no need of that sort of thing.

Up to this time Muké had worn nothing but her birthday clothes. Imagine her delight when one day her father returned from the market with



Muké, a Heathen Child Widow

about two yards of white cotton cloth, with a red margin, for a dress for her. There was no tedious wait while mother cut and fitted the dress. In less than a minute she had draped it as a *saree* around the child's body, according to the custom of Indian women.

When the long, dry, hot season was past and the rains began she went into the fields with her father to help transplant the rice. On one of these days, the first great tragedy of her life occurred. As she was returning with her father in the evening, she saw him leap into the air and scream with fear and pain, for a deadly cobra had been lying in the path and had bitten him on the foot. A medicine man was called, and breaking a branch from the sacred *tulsi* plant, he waved it back and forth over his foot

to charm away the poison. Muké saw the excitement of the neighbors, and the look of pain and terror on her father's face. In less than half an hour her father was dead. Before midnight, the neighbors had prepared a frame-work of bamboos, and wrapping her father in a white cloth they bore him out into the field and placing his body upon a pile of wood, set fire to it. When she awoke next morning, she saw that already her mother's head had been shaven, all her ornaments taken off and her body wrapped in a "widow's cloth."

Muké by and by got to be a big girl. To allow her to pass her tenth birthday without being married, her mother believed, would incur the displeasure of the gods, so her mother got together all the money she could and started out to find a husband for Muké. Day after day her search proved vain. True, she found two or three who were willing to take little Muké as a daughter-in-law; but when their horoscopes were examined it was found that they had been born in a different phase of the planets than Muké, and so the marriage could not lawfully take place. Unknown to Muké's mother, a man in a village about four miles distant had bribed the priests to make an unfavorable report of Muké's horoscope, his object being to compel her to give her daughter to his son, for whom he had been unable to secure a wife. She gave her daughter to this man, who was nearly twenty years older than Muké, who was about to reach her tenth birthday. When the wedding day arrived, she was dressed in a fine yellow cloth, her entire body having been anointed with turmeric to give her a rich complexion. She was then brought into the room, where for the first time she saw her husband, who, according to Indian custom, presented her with a bottle of perfume, a looking glass, a comb and a few yards of silk cloth. In turn, Muké's mother paid over to the groom the dowry of her daughter, which she had gotten together only after selling her last pair of bullocks and mortgaging all her household furnishings. This accomplished, a feast was spread for all the guests; after which Muké was placed in a *palky* and carried on the shoulders of four men. Bidding her mother good-by, she started with the procession for her husband's home. On her arrival an iron bracelet was placed upon her wrist as a symbol of her bondage. Being married, she is no longer allowed to meet or speak with boys or men other than her immediate relatives. Being of a low caste, she may go out of doors, but only with her face entirely covered with her cloth. After one month spent in the home of her husband, she is allowed to pay a visit to her mother. Day after day she listens to the laughter and shouts of her former playmates, but all association with them is forbidden her. She may see her girl friends, but only behind closed doors.

Returning to her husband, her seclusion becomes still more strict. Never is she allowed to step out of doors except in company with an old woman, and with her face closely veiled. Indoors she is compelled to drudge for the entire family. In the presence of her husband, his father or older brothers, she is never allowed to speak to a third party.

Two dreary years come and go. One day Muké's husband falls in a fit and expires. At the age of thirteen she joins India's procession of depressed and despairing child-widows. India has twenty-seven million widows, more than seven million of them under ten years of age. The religion of India teaches that a husband dies because his wife has displeased the gods, and the people seek the favor of the gods by punishing her in ample measure. Muké's head is shaven, her few ornaments stripped

off and she is clad in "widow's cloth." She is no longer compelled to keep her face veiled and she is put to work in the fields. She is allowed one meal a day which is taken at night after other members of the household have dined. One day each week she must go without any food. She is frequently beaten, as the many scars upon her back and limbs testify. Life had become intolerable. Many times she decided to drown herself in the village tank. Sixty thousand of India's widows commit suicide every year. One night, she awakened with a resolve to run away and go to her mother. On the way she was met by a man who lived in the same village with her mother. He persuaded Muké, with many fair promises, to come to his house. The next day two Kubulas (men of Northern India) came to the house. That night she overheard them planning to carry her away and sell her into a life of sin and slavery. She slipped out into the darkness and made her way to her mother's house.

Her pursuers were not long in discovering her whereabouts. They demanded of the mother that she put her daughter out of doors. When she refused, they accused Muké of having stolen money, and threatened her with the police. They notified the Brahman priests, who ordered the mother to send her away, else she herself would be outcasted and driven out of the village. The mother realized that to refuse was useless. She proposed a compromise. If they would allow her daughter to remain with her until the morrow, she would then

send her away without further objection. Soon after midnight, Muké and her mother, removing some slats from a back window, crawled out and, under protection of some bushes, escaped across the fields to the little Christian village of Kalia Matia. At the door of Seba Pator, pastor of the village church, they told their story, and begged for protection. He fully realized the danger, but it was finally arranged that Muké should live with the Christians. In the morning the mother declared her daughter had run away in the night. Two days later, the Christians of Kalia Matia had gathered on the veranda of Seba Pator's house for the morning prayer-meeting. Muké had told them her story and expressed her desire to learn about the Christian religion. The pastor had taught her to pray, and she had knelt with them and thanked God for her escape and for kind Christian friends. Suddenly the voice of thanksgiving was drowned by the shouts and turmoil of a mob, led by the men who were Muké's persecutors. At sight of them Muké fled within the house. The pastor stoutly refused to put her out of doors. They threatened to beat him and to burn his house, but he still held out. At last they beat down his door and dragged Muké out by the hair of her head and,



Muké, Christian Wife and Mother

Continued on page 70



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| A Friend, N. Y. City | 200 | In memory of Miss      | 200 | Bapt. Ch. Morris-  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
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| A Friend, Peekskill  | 100 | In memory of C. R.     | 100 | Bapt. Ch. Morris-  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
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| A Friend, Almond     | 100 | Geo Tremble . . . . .  | 100 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
| A Friend, Almonte    | 100 | In memory of Allen     | 100 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
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| A Friend, N. Y. C.   | 200 | Mrs. L. A. Metcalfe    | 200 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
| A Friend, N. Y. C.   | 200 | Mrs. L. A. Metcalfe    | 200 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
| A Friend, N. Y. C.   | 200 | Mrs. L. A. Metcalfe    | 200 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
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| A Friend, N. Y. C.   | 200 | Mrs. L. A. Metcalfe    | 200 | ristown . . . . .  | Atkins, H. A. . . . .     | 100 | Beams, Elmer E. . . . .   | 200 | Bonny, James R. . . . .    | 200 | Buckley, M. S. . . . .    | 500 | Chamberlain, M. A. . . . . | 300 | Connett, Mrs. E. V. . . . . | 500 |
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|----------------------|------|-----------------------|------|--------------------|------|-----------------------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------|-------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------|------|
| Falls, N. Niagara    | 6.00 | A Friend, town, N. Y. | 3.00 | Ohio               | 3.00 | TrueBlue Band of Presby S. G. Hal | A Friend Philadel | 3.00             | Paradise, Pa     | 3.00           | EAP Wickford, R      | 1.00                | Friends, Dunree | 2.00  | Mence, Mrs Master  | Ash, Mrs Mary E     | 1.25        |      |
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| Wm, N. Y.            | 3.00 | Bridge, N. Y.         | 3.00 | kindness of some   | 3.00 | Three Readers                     | Philadelphia, Pa. | 2.00             | iston, S. Car.   | 3.00           | One who wishes       | 3.00                | to help, London | 3.00  | Sara Bailey        | Austin, Miss E C    | 1.00        |      |
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| A Friend, Penn       | 1.00 | West Day, N. Y.       | 3.00 | Another, Shreve, O | 3.00 | Class No 9 Presby                 | Philadelphia, Pa  | 3.00             | Two of Christ's  | 3.00           | followers, Pikeville | 3.00                | Can             | 10.00 | Rogers, Mrs J      | Bacon, Wm E         | 2.00        |      |
| Yan, Ohio            | 3.00 | West, N. Y.           | 3.00 | Enid, Okla         | 3.00 | Great Bend, Pa                    | 21.00             | Lutheran C E Soc | 3.00             | for the Master | 3.00                 | mother, Chapel Hill | 1.00            | Can   | 10.00              | Rogers, Mrs J       | Bacon, Wm E | 2.00 |
| Yan, Ohio            | 3.00 | West, N. Y.           | 3.00 | Enid, Okla         | 3.00 | Great Bend, Pa                    | 21.00             | Lutheran C E Soc | 3.00             | for the Master | 3.00                 | mother, Chapel Hill | 1.00            | Can   | 10.00              | Rogers, Mrs J       | Bacon, Wm E | 2.00 |
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# Our Boys' and Girls' Cozy Corner

## The Prince and the Goose Girl—The New Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time, in an enchanted valley, among the Lonely Hills of the Black Forest, there lived a wicked Witch, who with magic evil spells guarded a Goose Girl, as beautiful as the Sleeping Beauty in the rose-tangled wood, as high-hearted and royal as a fairy queen. She really was a royal princess with a princess' heart, but the spell of the Witch kept her a poor Goose Girl, and only the geese that knew her gentle ways, the flowers that she all day long wove into wreaths and fancies, and the old Linden, where she danced and sang her little songs along with the birds, when the Witch had gone over the hills to Hellabrunn, might ever have told you of the loneliness in the little Goose Girl's heart.

In spite of her loneliness, however, sometimes she was wonderfully happy, as you shall see.

On the midsummer morning when this story begins, she was happy; happy as the blue and red birds liting in and out of the vines and branches like waving ribbons, and singing through the Enchanted Valley as though they would burst with joy. The Witch had gone to Hellabrunn. The radiant beauty of the morning stole into the Goose Girl's heart. She called the birds and danced, then she decked herself with flowers, and putting a tiny wreath on her golden hair, she courted and nodded to her sweet image in the pool where the astonished geese gobbled and stretched their curious necks in dull wonder at so blithe a sight.

Come crowd about me,  
My geese and granders!  
Sing, tiny valley-birds!  
Crumbs for you all I bring.  
Speak, little flowers, to me:  
Crown me and love me;  
Sweet fairy fountain,  
Ripple and sing  
Fair as a dream  
Is the Goose Queen queen!

she sang, and, bathed in the mist of the early day, she was lovely as a Dream-Fairy's dream.

### The Prince Comes By

Now, on this same midsummer morning a Prince of the royal house of Hellabrunn, who had long since left the court because he despised the servile, brow-beaten ways of his father's subjects, happened into the Enchanted Valley, and came upon the Goose Girl singing and dancing.

"I bid you good-day," he called, "my pretty queen of Ganderland." Then in his bravest voice, catching up the key-note of her song, he sang to her:

Wilt thou go a-Maying,  
A-Maying, love, with me?  
So true and tender  
With thee will I be:  
Fairest, rarest maid,  
No spell shall hold thee,  
Fast will I shield thee,  
All else will perish,  
Thee alone will I cherish,  
And my kingdom shall love  
Thee, the Goose Girl Queen.

A Princess to the very tips of her glistening golden hair, she bade the strange Prince welcome. They sang their

little songs together, exchanged wonder-tales, and wove pretty blossoms into crowns for each other. Under the magic spell of love, they even planned that when the King of Hellabrunn should at last be dead, they, the people's chosen King and Queen, would rule over that old spell-haunted kingdom, with tenderness and love.

### Alack! the Wicked Witch!

Ah, what a splendid dream it was! Only little children who love fairy tales and those "olders" who have lived in enchanted valleys, can guess how happy the Prince and Goose Girl were that long sweet day together.

Alack! they had reckoned without the Witch; for, when the sun was setting in the golden West, and hand in hand they came to the edge of the forest, thinking to escape together, tangled grasses held the Goose Girl fast, thorny bushes and brambles lashed her face and arms, until, torn and bleeding, she fled in terror back to the Witch's hut.

The Prince, fearing in her fury the Witch would kill him, or put him under some evil spell, and then the Goose Girl would perhaps never be rescued, threw his golden crown after her in token of his faith and love, and fared away over the spell-bound mountains alone.

The rest of the story is very sad, so we shall hurry over it quickly, and I promise next time to tell you a merrier tale.

The wonderful love that blossomed in the Goose Girl's heart on that midsummer day soon broke the Witch's spell. So, trailing along with her geese, she left the Valley to find her Prince.

### The Children's Chosen King and Queen

The splendid dream of bringing happiness into the lives of the dull people of the kingdom of Hellabrunn never came true.

"A King without a crown! To rule over us!" the dulleards cried.

"Kings and Queens in glittering robes come riding on golden chariots in pomp and splendor! No! No!" they shouted; "we will have none of you!" Then they jostled and stoned out of the town the Goose Girl who was really a Princess, and the Prince who was heir to their kingdom.

It may seem very strange to you that the little children of Hellabrunn guessed the truth about the Goose Girl and the Prince, and when the winter set in with the ice and snow, they made a little crusade over the Lonely Hills into the valley to find them, and urge them to come back and live among them. But they came too late.

There beneath the Linden tree they lay, fast asleep in each other's arms—the Prince and his Goose Girl bride. The snow was falling very thick and fast, the little white snow birds had only just grown unafraid, and to the children they seemed to be carefully covering them with leaves.

If you should pass that way, there on the boll of the Linden tree you will find, in letters that little German children might have carved, the word *Koenigskinder*, and some Black Forest minstrel, they tell me, beneath that inscription has written,

"THE CHILDREN'S CHOSEN KING AND QUEEN."

## Cozy Corners Full of Good Things

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: I feel sure that you will like the new German fairy tale, "The Prince and the Goose Girl." The real name of it is *Koenigskinder*, which might have been translated "Kingly Children," but I like it with the name we have given it even better, don't you?

It is rarely enough one has a new fairy tale to tell. I only wish you might all have been along with me the other day to hear little Edith Humperdinck tell the whole of it (there is only a part of the story here) in her quaint, pretty English.

"Oh, Miss Porter," she said, "I love to say it to you; you listen just like a

little girl." This made me very happy, you may be sure.

Edith's father, Herr Engelbert Humperdinck, has written beautiful music for the *Koenigskinder*, and she came all the way from her home at Boppard on the Rhine to hear the story told, with her father's music, to thousands of little American children, who were invited to listen to it in New York on Christmas afternoon.

Be on the lookout for the next Cozy Corner. It will be full of good things, and the Special February Prize Contest will start in it. Be sure to send the very best work you can do to these Special Prize Contests. We are going to make a point of publishing some of

your own stories, verses, poems and pictures nearly every week in the Cozy Corner, and once a month, remember, you are to have a page entirely of your own work.

Every boy and girl is made welcome in the Cozy Corner.

### Our Good-Night Verse Is:

"Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness, therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness."

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*



**SUN**  
STOVE POLISH

A box of **SUN PASTE** ready mixed for use will give your stove the most beautiful mirror-smooth luster that you ever saw, and will polish the stove several times, because it goes so much further than so-called liquid stove polishes, which always settle out.

Then again it is **ABSOLUTELY DUSTLESS**. Better try it next time. It is so perfect that it is well worth your while to prove it for yourself.

MORSE BROS., Troy, Canton, Mass., U. S. A.



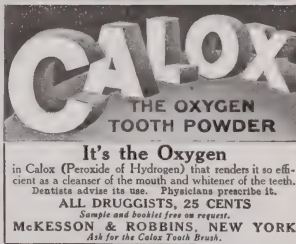
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For Men For Boys

Makes a boy feel like a man; makes a man feel like a boy.

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THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

It's the Oxygen in Calox (Peroxide of Hydrogen) that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the mouth and whiteners of the teeth. Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

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Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush.



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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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### Figure on Painting This Spring

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Get at your dealer's the cost of 100 pounds of "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead, 4 gal. turpentine, 1 pint turpentine drier—this makes 8 gallons of old-fashioned paint.

Compare this cost, either by the gallon or by the job, with what you used to pay for paint. You'll find the difference so small that you can afford to put off painting, or to paint with anything except "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead. Write for free "Painting Helps No. 156"

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to 670 ft. 675 to 680 ft. 685 to 690 ft. 695 to 700 ft. 705 to 710 ft. 715 to 720 ft. 725 to 730 ft. 735 to 740 ft. 745 to 750 ft. 755 to 760 ft. 765 to 770 ft. 775 to 780 ft. 785 to 790 ft. 795 to 800 ft. 805 to 810 ft. 815 to 820 ft. 825 to 830 ft. 835 to 840 ft. 845 to 850 ft. 855 to 860 ft. 865 to 870 ft. 875 to 880 ft. 885 to 890 ft. 895 to 900 ft. 905 to 910 ft. 915 to 920 ft. 925 to 930 ft. 935 to 940 ft. 945 to 950 ft. 955 to 960 ft. 965 to 970 ft. 975 to 980 ft. 985 to 990 ft. 995 to 1000 ft. 1005 to 1010 ft. 1015 to 1020 ft. 1025 to 1030 ft. 1035 to 1040 ft. 1045 to 1050 ft. 1055 to 1060 ft. 1065 to 1070 ft. 1075 to 1080 ft. 1085 to 1090 ft. 1095 to 1100 ft. 1105 to 1110 ft. 1115 to 1120 ft. 1125 to 1130 ft. 1135 to 1140 ft. 1145 to 1150 ft. 1155 to 1160 ft. 1165 to 1170 ft. 1175 to 1180 ft. 1185 to 1190 ft. 1195 to 1200 ft. 1205 to 1210 ft. 1215 to 1220 ft. 1225 to 1230 ft. 1235 to 1240 ft. 1245 to 1250 ft. 1255 to 1260 ft. 1265 to 1270 ft. 1275 to 1280 ft. 1285 to 1290 ft. 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## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

ing," he said in an offended tone. Most girls would jump at the chance to wear a two-hundred-dollar diamond. "I'll chuck it into the wastebasket, if you say so."

"O David!" breathed Barbara, "did you spend all that money—just for me?"

"Yes, I did; and I supposed you'd be pleased. I never dreamed you'd refuse to wear it."

"But—it isn't that I don't love you," he faltered. "Indeed I—"

"Well, if you love me, you'll do as I say," interrupted David, with an arrogant toss of his handsome head. "Will you, Barbara?"

"I will in everything but—you know, I—I can't."

He stared at her in angry silence.

"You appear a soft enough little thing," he said at last, "but you're as obstinate as—here, give me the ring. I'll not force it on you."

She slipped it from her finger in silence, and he took it, restored it to its velvet nest and dropped the case in his pocket.

"The next time I ask you to wear that ring," he said, "you'll either do it, or—"

"David!" cried Barbara faintly. Please—please don't be angry. Try to understand."

"Try to understand—eh? Well, I'm not so dull as some; but you've got me tumbled all right. Maybe that's what you're trying to do."

She put out her hands to him pleadingly. But he did not choose to see them.

"I'll talk with Jarvis," he said roughly. "And in the meantime you keep away from him. Just let me manage for a while. A woman isn't apt to business, anyway. Why, it makes me hot to think of his coming here and talking you to a finish the way he did, wish I'd caught him at it, that's all."

"David!" Barbara's voice was low and urgent. "I wish you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what?"

She clung to his arm; but his look did not soften.

"Please don't—say anything to Mr. Jarvis. He—means to be kind. He—"

David turned suddenly and caught her by the shoulders.

"See here," he said. "I'm beginning to see a glimmer of light through this particular millstone. Is Jarvis the man who tried to get you to marry him while I was away? Answer me!"

"He asked—me—to marry him, and I—"

David burst into a great laugh. "Well, well!" he cried, "that was a conquest. Old Jarvis, of all men! Why, Barb, you're a wonder. Ha ha!"

She trembled before his loud laughter, as she had not beneath the weight of his displeasure.

David suddenly became grave, his brows drawn in thought.

"That puts a different face on things," he said.

XVIII

It was at Hewett's grocery and general store, as might have been expected, that the singular event of the auction at the Preston farm had been discussed in all its various aspects. The amount of the mortgage held by Stephen Jarvis, the various expedients resorted to by the daughter of Donald Preston, and the events leading up to her desperate and successful coup had all been reviewed circumstantially and in order. The continued presence of David Whitcomb in the community furnished a welcome variation to the subject; and inasmuch as David was found not averse to talking of himself, there was little mystery about his return to Barford and his object.

"Thinks he's too good to walk now 't he's got them shiny pointed shoes," observed Hank Smith, whose footgear was of the square-toed variety, pre-

sumably inherited from a deceased relative. "I see him drivin' a rig out t' Preston's to-day."

"Yes," corroborated the local liveryman. "He's took it b' the week. Says he's thinkin' of buyin' a good horse."

"Huh! you don't say!" drawled a farmer from the hills, who had dropped in for his week's supply of groceries and his mail. "I s'pose he done pretty well out West. Mebbe I c'd sell him that bay mare o' mine."

"He spen's lots o' money; I don't know how much he's got," was the unchallenged opinion put forth by another.

There followed a general oscillation of heads about the empty stove, a round-bellied affair, capable of fierce white heats in the winter time, but abandoned to rust in summer and habitually diffusing a clammy scent of chimney soot and damp ashes.

"I guess he don't anybody know 's t' thet; I heard him speak o' minin' prop'ies kind o' careless like. He sure does carry a big wad."

"Wall, I'll give that young feller about four months t' run through what he's got," the elder Hewett observed in the intervals of passing various purchases of coffee through his grinder. "I'll bet I c'd carry all the minin' prop'ty he owns in m' vest pocket, an' hev room fer m' han'kerchief."

"T'won't take him that long if he keeps on as he's goin' now. I heard"—the speaker leaned forward, bringing the legs of his chair to the floor with an impressive thump—"at he's pretty fast; drinks consid'ble an' plays cards fer money. Wonder if she knows?"

"Barb'ry ought t' look out, if he's that kind," observed another, wagging his pendulous chin whiskers. "Her pa'd ought t' be a serious warnin' t' her."

"Shaw! 'tain't so," put in a third. "Dave's all right. He ain't so slow 's t' be actually mossy; but he's all right. I'll bet you—"

What the speaker was about to wager on his charitable opinion was lost to the public, as Peg Morrison stubbed noisily up the steps, and entered the door swung hospitably under to dust, flies and the traveling public.

"Hello, Peg, how's your folks?" drawled Al Hewett, presenting his round, solemn face at the square aperture devoted to the delivery of mail. "Le' me see; here's a paper fer you, an' a circ'lar—one o' them phosphate ads you've been gettin' lately. An' a letter fer Miss Barb'ry. Do you want I should forward it—eh?"

"Forward it—no; give it t' me."

Mr. Morrison's voice held an exasperated note discouraging to those in quest of information.

"Then she ain't left yet?" queried an individual, comfortably seated over the cool recesses of the pickle barrel.

"Somebody was sayin'—"

"No, sir," said Peg, facing about and addressing the inquiring circle of eyes as one man. "No, sir; Miss Barb'ry ain't gone, an' as fer 's I know, she'll be home, anyhow, till after the apples is picked."

"Goin' t' gether a pretty fair crop this year, I see," observed the village veterinary, who combined the business of livery and sale stable with his more learned profession.

"You bet," chuckled Peg. "W'y, them apples'll beat anythin' in the country. We're goin' t' exhibit at th' fair, same 's we ust to."

"Apples is goin' t' be so cheap y' can't git nothin' fer 'em," said a farmer pessimistically, "ef they don't all drop off the trees come September, it's b'en s' dry."

"Our apples won't drop, I'll bet you," bragged Peg. "We've kep' 'em ground in our orchards plowed an' cultivated all summer. Miss Barb'ry, she kind o' got that notion las' spring, f'om readin'—"

Continued on next page

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## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

*Continued from preceding page*

some gov'ment report, an' jus' to humor her I done 's she said."

"Tain't no way to do," put in another. "The grass prevents th' roots from heavin'; keeps 'em cool in summer an' warm in winter. Y' don't ketch me payin' any 'tention to them blamed gov'ment reports."

No one being immediately minded to disprove this sweeping statement there was brief silence for a space. Then a new topic was introduced.

"Say, Peleg, when's the weddin' comin' off to your place?"

"The weddin'? What weddin'?" parried Peg cautiously. "I ain't heard o' no weddin'."

"You hain't—heh? Well, you're kind o' behind the times."

"I heerd the' was to be two weddin's out your way come fall," cackled the horse doctor. "How 'bout Marthy an' th' onions?"

Peg turned an angrily bewildered face upon the speaker.

"Th' onions," he said, "is O. K.; but I dunno what you're drivin' at."

"Well, I'll tell you; Marthy Cottle told Elviry Scott, an' she tol' m' wife's sister, that you was payin' her marked attention. She said she hadn't made up her mind whether t' marry ye or not. But she thought mebbe she might, ef th' onion crop turned out all right. I sez t' m' wife—"

A roar of laughter drowned the balance of the sentence and Peg's indignant denial.

"I ain't done no more," he averred, "than t' wipe m' feet careful on th' door-mat on the kitchen stoop when th's mud on the ground." An' I only done that t' keep th' peace."

"Well, Peleg, ef you c'n make out t' keep th' peace with Marthy Cottle I reckon you're the man fer Marthy," was the opinion of the senior Hewett, delivered over the top of a tall bag of sugar which he was weighing.

Mr. Morrison looked troubled.

"I guess I'll be goin' 'long," he said, and cast a defiant look around the circle. "Ef I was you," he said, "I'd keep m' mouth shet 'bout things I didn't know anythin' 'bout."

No one answered; but there was a general laugh as his heavy boots were heard to strike the sidewalk.

"Poor old Peleg," said one, "them Prestons has kep' him pretty busy cookin' up excuses. An' ef she marries Whitcomb I guess Peleg'll be up against it a while longer."

"T'won't be any time b'fore Jarvis gits another mortgage; mebbe he'll fetch it this time. Tain't often the 'oner'ble gent gits left. I heerd 't laugh when I heerd she's paid him off."

In the thoughtful silence that followed this expression of opinion a small spare individual, wearing a gray linen duster buttoned to the throat, and carrying a suit-case and tightly strapped umbrella, entered the store. He gazed inquiringly at the assembled circle, his eyes wrinkling pleasantly at the corners.

"I just blew in," he observed to nobody in particular, "and I'm going to hang out for a few days at the best hotel in the town."

"The ain't but one," volunteered the voluble Smith, stolidly moving his chair that he might get a look at the stranger's feet. They were neatly covered with tan Oxfords, he satisfied himself; but the toes were not pointed.

"Where'll I find it?" asked the stranger. "I'm an inspector from the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company," he added, correctly interpreting the suspicious glances leveled at him and his sparse belongings. "Expect to be in town two or three days, looking over our risks and correcting a map of the town."

"Takin' on any new risks?" inquired the man on the pickle barrel.

"W'y, yes; I ain't a regular soliciting agent for the Phoenix; but I'll be

mighty glad to write any persons desiring insurance," replied the stranger. "My name," he added pleasantly, "is Todd, Albert Todd, at your service, gentlemen."

Mr. Todd bowed and smiled expansively.

"Well, ye want t' cast yer eye over Hiram Plumb's property, fust thing you do," advised the liverman, with a facetious grimace toward the individual on the pickle barrel. "It's in a fierce condition."

The gentleman in question slowly descended from his perch, thoughtfully caressing the seat of his trousers, as he replied in kind.

"Y' don't hev to worry none 'bout me, Mister Todd—if that's your name. I don't insure in the Phoenix; but Bud Hawley, him thet keeps the liv'r'y-stable, is a teetotally bad risk. He's been takin' au-to-mo-beels t' board lately, an' they sure do risk up a dangerous smell o' gasoline."

"I've got a permit," hastily interposed Mr. Hawley. "I c'n show it to you."

The stranger waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Oh, that's all right," he said gently. "I have nothing to do with that class of business. But if Mr. Hawley has a good horse and buggy to hire, I'll be glad to talk business. How about it, Mr. Hawley?"

Mr. Hawley favored the stranger with a comprehensive stare.

"Guess I got a rig 'at 'ud suit," he admitted. "F'r dollars a day an' up, 'cordin' t' the sort o' rig you're lookin' for."

"I want," said Mr. Todd, "a good smart horse—one that can cover considerable territory in a day—and a buggy; nothing fancy, you know; but neat and comfortable."

"All right," said Mr. Hawley slowly. "I'm goin' along t' my place now; 't aint fur from the Eagle."

"Many folks stopping at the hotel?" inquired Mr. Todd, briskly, as the two men walked along the village street under the heavy noonday shade of the big maples.

"Not s' many," replied the liverman noncommittally.

He scowled as a smart yellow-wheeled trap whizzed past.

"I dunno what sort of a driver you be," he said; "most anybody wants t' git over the ground these days; but the's some folks 'at thinks they c'n drive a horse like 'it was an automobile. That's one o' my rigs an' one o' my best horses—or was till that chap took t' drivin' it."

Mr. Todd stretched his long neck after the yellow-wheeled trap, which had stopped in front of the Barford Eagle, a little farther up the street.

"What's the young man's line of business?" asked Mr. Todd. "I'd like to interest him in a little proposition—"

"Business?" echoed Mr. Hawley, and he chuckled as he drove his hands a little deeper into his trousers' pockets. "Dave's principal business around these parts is courtin', I sh'd say. If you git acquainted with him he'll tell you all about it."

To make the acquaintance of the schoolmaster appeared to be exactly what the energetic Mr. Todd was seeking. He put up at the Eagle, where he made a point of asking for a six o'clock dinner.

*To be continued*

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# SEEK A KINGLY CHARACTER\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

AS LONG as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper."

This is the Golden Text for the story of Israel's kings. Historians were written to give us information about the personal lives of these men, but that we might see our own actions reflected in their conduct as in a mirror, and so guide our lives accordingly. In their fate we see the reward or punishment of our own present courses. These things happened to them as samples, and are written for our warning. This saith the New Testament.

Yes, we may learn how we can help God develop in us kingly character. It is more important to be kingly than to be a king. Here in the United States all boys are prospective sovereigns, soon to be "sovereign citizens," holding the ballot as a scepter. Every boy appreciates the importance which attaches to a crown prince—his health, his habits, his education, his character. He needs to be strong, inside and out, not only for his own sake, but for his people's sake. Well, every boy is the child of a King,\* destined to be not only a sovereign citizen in this world, but a king in heaven if he does not, by wickedness, lose his crown. How faithful, therefore, should everybody be against everything that can harm the soul, not only for his own sake, but for God's sake and the sake of the world. Lesson after lesson illustrates the text that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin (literally) bows the neck of any people." Whenever Israel or Judah went wrong they "bowed the neck" to some foreign foe, as every sin o-puts the man, and sometimes many more with him, into bondage. Jehoshaphat was one of many to prove the Golden Text of to-day, that he who puts God and doing good first, gets the best of other things as well.

"Jehoshaphat, his son, reigned in his stead." Asa had died, and the kingly duties of the father fell on the son. Any day some young man in the Sunday School may have to take his father's place, and he should be getting ready to do his work as well as mind be-er for every generation ought to start on one higher step than the one before it. Jehoshaphat "walked in the first ways of David" and of Asa also. A bad heredity is a handicap, but there are thousands of cases where it has been overcome. Both Asa and Jehoshaphat were better than their fathers.

## Civilization Versus War

"He placed forces in all the fenced cities." In those days of the world's half-savage childhood armaments seem to have been necessary. There were no peace societies. Even individual men carried arms, believing "the way

to have peace was to be prepared for war." The expenditure of millions by nations for the purposes of war is equally absurd and uncivilized. A supreme court of united nations is as reasonable and practicable as a supreme court of the United States. However, in Jehoshaphat's day his thorough work in national defense was one of his creditable achievements. He knew that a people who came to fear God, and therefore feared nothing else, was the nation's best wall of defense—"every man a brick," as the king of Sparta said when the absence of a city wall was noted by a visitor.

His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord." Jehoshaphat was about to send out teachers to exhort the people to walk aright, and first of all he started to walk that way himself. Jehoshaphat's best lesson to his people was his own clean and unselfish life, devoted to the good of his people, a life that was both pure and prosperous. "He had riches and honor in abundance."

## Teaching a Princely Work

"He sent his princes to teach in the cities of Judah; and with them the Levites." Some men are good, but not wise, and goodness without wisdom may be not only useless, but harmful. Jehoshaphat followed his negative work of tearing down an evil by positive work in creating a sentiment to support with popular conviction what had been done by governmental force. One of the most common failures of parents, teachers, pastors, reformers is that when they forbid a wrong indulgence they put nothing in its place. They drive out devils, but leave their duty resorts empty so that other devils can come to take the vacant places. Wherever saloons are voted out, such social centres as the Young Men's Christian Association affords, and especially the railroad branches, should be multiplied.

Jehoshaphat's reform went deep, just as ours needs to go in the United States at this hour in a nation-wide campaign of intensified moral education, in Sunday Schools and public schools and out of school, in which the "princes" and "Levites" shall take a large part. Jehoshaphat counted teaching such a patriotic duty that he sent out as teachers the "princes," his own sons and royal relatives; and he counted it such a religious duty that he sent also the "Levites," the lay officers of the church, corresponding to elders, deacons and trustees. Since then the church has climbed from the dispensation of the prophets to the higher dispensations of the visible Christ and the invisible Holy Spirit, but the "princes" and Levites in American and British churches to-day lag behind those of Jehoshaphat's time.

Does any one say or think there is not as great an emergency calling strong laymen to go out as teaching bands for the sake of the Church and State as in the days of Jehoshaphat, when the land had been corrupted with imported wickedness added to its own?

The emergency in the United States, both from a religious and patriotic point of view, is as great if not greater than in Jehoshaphat's day. Similar perils, weakening our churches and jeopardizing our political and patriotic interests in this twentieth century, are hovering over us. Since the Civil War several social evils have increased faster than the population. These include the consumption of liquors, murders, divorces, and general lawlessness. Just when the people most need the spiritual antidote that the churches might give, new theologues are conspiring to turn from the churches thousands whose fathers and grandfathers were devoted members. One

of the most serious perils is that many children of Christian ancestry to-day do not attend divine worship. In fact, not more than ten per cent. of the young men to-day come in contact with any religious service. The best way to hold boys and young men in the Sunday School and church is for the strong men who bear the name of Christ to take an active, princely part in both, putting into the saving of their own boys and others the great talents they are using effectively in the less noble task of money-making.

## World-wide Influence of National Uplift

"And Jehoshaphat waxed great exceedingly." The greatness of Jehoshaphat was not in war, but in a broad plan of national regeneration. He won the admiration of surrounding nations more by tearing down evils and toning up his people than by building forts. In his case a few nations were influenced, while to-day every nation that rises morally helps to lift all others in many ways. In individual as well as national life righteousness tends to peace. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Having considered the story of Jehoshaphat's life let us single out one virtue that we all can and should repeat in our lives, that of moral courage. It is far easier to be brave on a battlefield under the inspiration of music and movement and multitude, than to condemn profanity or foul stories or parlor gambling or the social glass, when we must act alone and against the prevailing sentiment about us. Before these evils we play the coward. If we could only make civic cowardice as disgraceful as running away in battle or sacrificing a woman to save one's self in a wreck, we should have less of it. The cure for cowardice is a clearer vision of God. "How can we fear anything with him looking at us?"

## Earthquake in Turkestan

A SERIOUS earthquake was reported from Eastern Turkestan on January 5. The capital town of Vyrny in the Government of Samir-etchensk, felt the full force of the seismic disturbance. This town had a population of 23,000, and unofficial reports announced that more than half were killed. Houses and stores were pulled down with great force and large fissures were left in the surrounding ground. The towns of Przhvalsk and Pishpek in the same province, each with a population of 8,000, are presumed to have been wholly destroyed. Communication with the disturbed section was cut off by the quake, and therefore there were no means of getting exact information. This part of Russian Turkestan has been always subject to violent shocks. Vyrny was badly damaged in 1897. In the Syr-Daria Valley alone there are twelve epicentres of seismic activity, and more than three hundred quakes have been recorded in the past few years. There is a stratum of rock formation extending from this section all along Southern Asia, and commotions run along it like electricity over a conducting rod. Seismographs in London, Paris and Washington recorded this latest earthquake.

Russian Turkestan has a total area of 650,000 square miles and about 6,000,000 population. The country is wretchedly poor, as the soil to a great extent is arid and barren, somewhat resembling the Russian steppes.

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## High Prices and the Farmer

THERE is a belief, as general as it is baseless, that high prices indicate a scarcity of money. A little study of the laws governing economic conditions will show that the reverse of this is true. Riccardo, in treating of what he calls "the iron rule of wages," points out very clearly that in periods of high prices for the necessities of life, labor is the last to benefit by the rise, while it is the first to suffer from its consequences.

### Are Farmers to Blame?

Another very general and equally erroneous belief is that the farmers are directly responsible for the high price of food and that, as a consequence, "they are all on the way to Millionaire's Row," as one unreasoning writer puts it. If it were true that our farmers are even half-way within sight of what might be called the "Comfortable Row," no man who knows of their hard, brave struggle in the past could have the heart to envy them; but if they are enabled to clear off their mortgages and have a little to spare for wise investment, it is not because of high prices but in spite of them.

We have been confirmed in this belief by a careful perusal of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson's last annual report. In this carefully considered document, Mr. Wilson puts the blame for high prices directly on the middleman, and he declares that it is time for the farmer and the consumer to get closer together, and organize mutual co-operative societies for the protection of each. Writing of the crops of 1910, the Secretary declares "nothing short of Omniscience can grasp the value of the farm products of this year." He fixes the value of the agricultural products, for the season just closed, at the enormous sum of \$8,926,000,000. This is larger than the output in 1909 by \$305,000,000, and no other country in the history of the world has ever come near it.

### Fixing the Blame

In order to discover, where possible, the cause for high prices and to fix the responsibility, the Department made a careful investigation of the retail prices of articles of food in seventy-eight of our large cities, and then compared the price which the consumer paid with that which the farmer got. From the list furnished, we select a few, among them the one necessity—milk. In many cases it was found that the farmer received less than forty-five per cent. of the retailer's price, while the average was "a scant fifty per cent.," the latter in the smaller cities. "The other half," writes the Secretary, "goes to the railway companies for carriage, to the wholesale dealer, if there is one in the chain of distribution, and to the retailer who delivers at the consumer's door."

In the case of poultry, which is too high to be generally consumed, the farmer does better, receiving about sixty-nine per cent., while he receives considerably less than half the retailer's price for eggs, and about half for vegetables. It has been discovered, too, that the farmer's percentage of the consumer's price diminishes as the quantity sold at retail becomes smaller.

### Buying and Selling Prices

The apple grower receives fifty-six per cent. of the consumer's price when he purchases by the bushel, and sixty-six per cent. when he purchases by the barrel, but less than twenty per cent. when the fruit is retailed by the single piece. The strawberry grower, who cultivates, picks, and baskets the fruit, and then delivers it on the cars, gets barely forty per cent. of what the consumer has to pay.

And so through the whole list of agricultural products, the man who produces gets less than the men who carry and who sell. It is true that the

farmer gets more for what he sells to-day than did his grandfather or even his father, but so, too, the mechanic and the laborer get more for their work. All prices have gone up, and the chances are that they will not again return to the conditions of a generation ago, nor do we care to have them do so; but we could wish that the profits and the burdens were more equitably distributed.

### Direct Sales

Mr. Wilson, in seeking a remedy for conditions that are becoming oppressive to the wage-earner, asks a question suggesting its own answer: "Why do not consumers buy directly from the farmers?" A distribution of farm products in this simple way is already begun in England, where co-operative organizations of farmers are selling by direct consignment to co-operative organizations of consumers in cities. Farmers' co-operative selling organizations are numerous in this country, but co-operative buying associations, among the people of cities and towns, are few.

While lifting the blame for high prices from the shoulders of the farmers, where it has been placed by the middleman, Mr. Wilson holds that the consumers themselves are largely responsible for existing conditions, and he urges that the one remedy is co-operative buying. This plan works very well in England where the territory is comparatively small and the population is dense and homogeneous, but the conditions are so radically different in the United States that, while advocating the plan, we do so with a full realization of the unselfish work to be done and the enormous obstacles to be overcome.

How this co-operation might tell is well illustrated by this fact: Last spring, in parts of the North and Middle West, where there had been a great many excellent potatoes left over from the abundant crop of the year before, farmers were selling them at two and three cents a bushel, while within a day's railroad travel, to the east, they were retailing at a dollar a bushel, and at nearly double that where they were sold by a smaller measure. And the poor purchaser of a small measure of potatoes was told, if she had the hardihood to complain, that "the farmers are to blame for the high prices."

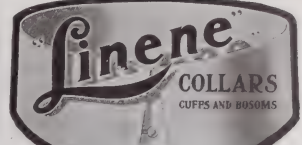
### The Farmer's Share

We have asked ourselves, while reading Secretary Wilson's report: "What is the farmer's share of this enormous output?" Great as have been our corn crops in other years, that of this year exceeds them; it is 3,121,381,000 bushels, and it is valued at \$1,500,000,000. This sum is sufficient to cancel the interest-bearing debt of the United States and to buy all the gold and silver mined in every country in the world in 1910, and still there would be a good balance left for the farmer; but the chances are that in settling up he gets the smaller share.

The cotton crop of 1910 will sell for about \$900,000,000; the hay crop is estimated at \$720,000,000; the spring and winter wheat at \$625,000,000; oats at \$380,000,000; potatoes and tobacco at \$97,000,000, and other crops in proportion. We might well envy our 6,000,000 farmers if they were the recipients of these enormous sums, but they are not. The farmers, it is true, have done the hard work, but the men who get the great profits are those who control the prices and make life's necessities things with which to gamble.

### Greatly Appreciated

Thank you so much for my renewal and premium, also for the pretty Calendar and photograph of dear Dr. Klopsch, which I greatly appreciate.  
New York City. S. R.

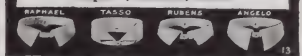


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## Pioneer in Christian Work

WILLIAM H. FALCONER, one of New York's best known Christian workers, is still " hale and hearty " though he has passed the limit set by the royal psalmist by more than a decade of years. Mr. Falconer bears the burden of age lightly and is as sprightly and active as many a man not half his years. His present physical condition shows the clean life that



William H. Falconer

he has lived—a life devoted to the service of God and the betterment and uplifting of his fellow-men.

He has always been a worker; it is work that has kept him fit and able so long and given him a green old age now mellowing into a beauty and ripeness rarely seen in this country, where the race of life is so intense that most men drop out ere the course is half run.

William H. Falconer's great-great-grandfather, Pierre Fauconier, came over in 1705, as secretary to Lords Bellemont and Cornbury, the colonial governors of New York, who in a short time promoted him to the important position of collector of the port and province. Pierre Fauconier's son, John Fauconier, the great-grandfather of Mr. Falconer, held a commission in the Revolutionary army, and was aide-de-camp on General Washington's staff at the Battle of Chatterton's Hill at White Plains, where he was captured by the British, who confined him in the prison ship *Jersey*, anchored in New York Harbor. After the war, John Fauconier became supervisor of the town of White Plains, which position he occupied eighteen years.

The grandfather of Mr. Falconer was the first to so spell the name. This man, Roger Falconer, was a produce merchant in New York City. His son, the father of the present Mr. Falconer, was a builder and was very well to do and respected in the community.

William H. Falconer entered the real estate business in 1853, and had his office at 21 Second Street. He was but twenty-four when he was nominated for councilman in the seventeenth ward. He took much interest in the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and then founded, and this interest has never abated. He early became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and has been a manager of the New York Bible Society since 1868. It was in 1864 that he joined the Old Bowery Village Church in Seventh Street. Here he was superintendent of the Sunday School. Then he moved a little farther uptown and became a member of St. Paul's. In 1876 he

came one of the founders of the Madison Avenue Church.

In 1874 Mr. Falconer was elected treasurer of the New York City Extension and City Mission Society, which office he held for sixteen years. At the end of his time as treasurer, the society owned over a million dollars' worth of property with only about \$100,000 indebtedness.

In 1884 Mr. Falconer was appointed to the Foreign Mission Board by the General Conference held at Philadelphia, and is still a member. He has been on the visiting committee of the City Mission Society for thirty years, and has visited one of the missions every Sunday when in town. When in London, he also visited some forty Wesleyan City Missions, getting ideas of their workings and systems. He has been for thirty years on the Advisory Board of the Old People's Home, and was for twenty years a trustee of the Hahnemann Hospital. He is still vice-president of the City Mission Society and one of its property trustees. He is also a member of the Union League Club, the St. Nicholas Society, the Huguenot Society and the Sons of the Revolution.

He was in the real estate business continually from 1853 to 1893, this record making him the dean of the real estate operators of New York. His career in this field was characterized by honesty and integrity.

In his time Mr. Falconer traveled much. Between 1885 and 1890 he toured this country from Mexico to Alaska. Then he took a world trip with his family. He met many crowned heads and distinguished men and women of the time. He was entertained by the Governor of Hong Kong, the Empress of Japan, Sultan of Turkey, King of Greece and had an interview with Pope Leo XIII. The Falconers met Queen Victoria in France, and received from her the most gracious recognition.

### Little Muké, the Child-Widow

Continued from page 61

pitching her forward, threw her into a hedge of thorns, a branch of which became entangled in her hair. This she refused to allow her to remove, and thus she was driven away with those ugly thorns scratching and lacerating her back at every step. I wonder if it had been any comfort to her if she had known that her Saviour once wore a crown of thorns.

The pastor set out at once for Midnapur, where the nearest missionary lived, and told him the story. The missionary went to the English magistrate and soon the police hastened to the rescue. The men who had stolen Muké carried her from place to place, blindfolded. Finally, frightened by the presence of the white man and police, they took Muké far into the jungle and left her there, still blindfolded. With the help of a kind-hearted shepherd boy she found her way again to Seba Pator's house, where once more she found comfort among friends. A few days later, she was taken to Midnapur and a safe home found for her in a Christian family, where she could work for her board, three meals a day, and go to kindergarten. She soon progressed far enough to be of service as an assistant teacher in the kindergarten and then married a Christian man. One little daughter has come to their home. As Muké looks into the face of her baby girl, her heart is overflowing with thanks that her little girl is blessed with a Christian home.

A month after Muké's rescue, five of the men connected with the attempt to steal her appeared before the magistrate and confessed their guilt.

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THIS absorbingly interesting diary of one of the most interesting characters that our country has produced, will find a large public for itself. The biographical sketch is admirably done, and presents in striking colors a fresh picture of the opportunities of a poor boy in this free land. Few have wrestled with sterner poverty or more blighting obstacles than did Alexander Stephens, yet he rose to deserved distinction. His part in our national councils before the Civil War was great, and it was much greater in the Confederacy. He loved the Lost Cause nobly and unselfishly.

After using his best efforts to prevent his adored State from seceding, he threw in his fate with hers, conscientiously believing that his course was right.

Never was a more honestly religious man. He had the true Southern reverence for the Scriptures, and the true Southern love for the great literature of all ages and countries.

His letters furnished his opinions and his thoughts, up to the time of his captivity. Then begins his diary. It contains many important political facts, concerning the political history of the time. One who seeks to trace the real personality of a man, finds it in the trifles of his history.

Pathetic is the story of his love. Once and yet again his heart yearned for a mate, but his poverty and his invalidism kept him back from any disclosure of his feelings.

His love for his brother Linton

\**Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens.* Edited, with a biographical study, by Myrtle Lockett Avery. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 372 pp. \$2.50.

seems to have been the great sustaining passion of his life.

He prefaces his diary with an account of his progress from his home in Georgia to Boston. He was for many years a dyspeptic, and his descriptions of his various meals are therefore naturally rather minute; but this leads to many disclosures of general interest, such as that the price of a can of tomatoes at that time was \$1; and that his abstemiousness in regard to liquors was so great, at a period when hard drinking was common and not heavily reprehended, that he had probably never drunk in all, three gallons of liquor in his life until 1842, when he was obliged by the doctor's orders to use it as medicine.

The disagreements between Stephens and Jefferson Davis, which are known to have been frequent and radical, are emphasized and explained in this volume.

But much as Mr. Stephens deprecated what he considered the blunders of the "misguided" president of the Confederacy, he refused to believe that Jefferson Davis for a moment countenanced the assassination of Lincoln.

As Mr. Stephens reflects upon the awful sacrifices which the South had made in order to secure its independence and the utter failure of its high hopes, he seems to feel his mind reeling, and writes a profound analysis of insanity.

"Lunatics," he says, "are mental comets. But not one mind moves around the true, great centre in a perfect circle. All aberrate more or less."

The book contains much of such incidental philosophizing, as well as illuminating facts of deep historical import.

Its clear type adds greatly to its attractiveness. It is well printed and arranged throughout.

### Among the Workers

—AN AGED invalid, paralyzed and unable to go out, writes appealing to some reader of this journal in Texas, to help procure her a roller chair. Her address is Mrs. M. L. N. Whipple, Fort Arthur, Tex. Possibly some kindhearted reader may be able to give the needed help.

—MR. A. NELSON, a Philadelphia reader, writes of a visit to the Mayesville, S. C., Industrial Institute after the recent fire. "Their struggle to raise the money to equip them for the winter's work was a hard one, and had hardly been fully started when the fire occurred, causing a loss of \$1,800. Since then their needs have been nearly overwhelming."

—EVANGELISTS HART and Magann, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a revival meeting in Millville, N. J. There were over 400 "seekers" in the three weeks' services and some very remarkable conversions took place. The two mass meetings on Sunday afternoons for men only filled the largest building in the city. Great interest was manifested in these meetings. Over fifty conversions the last day. These evangelists go to Barberton, O., where all the churches have united and are erecting a large tabernacle for the meetings.

—THE JUBILEE year of Woman's Work in Foreign Missions has arrived. The Woman's Union Missionary Society, organized in 1860, and incorporated in 1861, will hold its fifty-fifth anniversary on January 18 in the Collegiate (Middle) Church, Second Avenue and Seventh Street, New York. Fifty years ago independent organizations of women for any purpose were exceedingly rare; and this society has been exceedingly so. It also solved a problem in economics and proved the possibility of a voluntary organized work with unsalaried officers. It is a remarkable fact, also, that the society has never been in debt, while its seven centres of foreign work in India, China and Japan are well equipped for service along educational, evangelistic and medical lines. Its first work was started in the zenanas of India, and the schools and hospitals under its care take high rank in these countries.

ties. A Jubilee Fund is being raised in commemoration of this fiftyth anniversary of organized work for women in Oriental lands.

### A Notable Golden Wedding

THE large CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will be interested in a pleasant event which took place at the home of two of its members, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lawrence, of Calhoun, S. C. This venerable couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on November 8. Mr. Lawrence lives in the old homestead which his grandfather secured from the government more than a hundred years ago. He was born in the house in which his golden wedding was celebrated. It was originally a log structure, with the ample fire-places which our grandparents deemed necessary. It has been covered with weatherboarding, but in a few places the logs still show as firm and solid as when it was built. The wedding journey, in 1860, was made from Meridian, Miss., the home of the bride, to Calhoun, S. C., by wagon, there being few railroads in the South at that time. To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have been given seven sons and five daughters, all of whom were present at the golden anniversary of their parents.

### Delighted with the Premium

We have just received the books, *The Life Work of Louis Klopsch* and *Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross*. They are very interesting books, and very good prints. Dr. Klopsch's memory will ever live in the hearts and homes of a loving nation; I might say, of the whole world. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home Library is a great inspiration to us all. We find every page in every book alive with bright and new ideas that we can use with profit and pleasure in our home life. We are also highly pleased with the 1911 Calendar and the photograph of Dr. Klopsch. I cannot express to you in words my appreciation for the nice books and premiums mentioned. J. A. F. Seneca, N. C.

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### FAMILY OF FIVE

All Drink Coffee From Infancy

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble.

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago. My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble."

(Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved, and was given, coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it."

"Long live the discoverer of Postum!" "Read 'The Road to Wellville,'" in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

### Chips that Charm

Newest, daintiest chewing gum in a sanitary metal box. It's great!

### Colgan's Mint or Violet Chips

"The gum that's round"

Purify breath. Keep mouth and teeth sweet and clean. 10 Chips 5c. COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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The etymologies have been given in a clear form, tracing each word as far as practicable to its ultimate source, that the reader may know how the word originated, and how it came to have its present signification. The introduction of etymologies is a wholly new feature not found in any other dictionaries of this scope and design. All important prefixes and suffixes receive separate treatment in alphabetical place.

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**Dennison  
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**De Luxe Limp Leather, 1910 Edition**

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 215 Bible House, New York**



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# MEMORIAL TO DR. KLOPSCH



Happy Children on a Summer's Outing at the Children's Home

THE quotations in the centre of this page are from the *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*. They have evoked such a tremendous response in the form of letters containing suggestions, that we feel it to be our duty to give recognition in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to what seemingly is becoming a universal desire.

We have already published several of these letters, in all of which some form of memorial to Dr. Klopsch is called for, and in the majority of which the Endowment of Mont-Lawn is the chief suggestion.

## The Christian Herald Gladly Co-operates

We welcome the idea heartily, because none knew better than his associates in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, how near and dear to his heart was the Home for the Children which he had founded. Indeed, during the last year of his life it would seem that our departed chief thought more of the well-being of Mont-Lawn than he did of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself, although that seems hardly possible, inasmuch as it was THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which enabled him to accomplish so much along charitable lines. We are sure, as the author of his *Life-work* has so well stated, that had he himself been asked to choose, Mont-Lawn would have been the only monument he would have desired.

The complete endowment of such an institution, however, is a task which should not be lightly undertaken. Thousands of dollars will be needed and can be raised only with the help of the thousands of friends who knew and loved him. We feel that he would not have desired any one benevolent person to have completed the endowment of his favorite charity. We are sure that he would have preferred every one of his thousands of friends to have at least a small part in the work, and we know that were he alive to-day and felt himself called upon to ask those friends for that small part, every one of them would have responded gladly.

On the other hand, the letters we have received prove that although he has passed away, his friends desire to show themselves as loyal to his memory as they were to him in life.

## A Way To Accomplish It

But how shall it be accomplished? March 7, the first anniversary of his death, is approaching, and it would be more than fitting if the proposed memorial, which would stand forever in his name, could be assured by that date.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to do its part and it can help the thousands of its readers who were Dr. Klopsch's friends, to do their part. It was the ambition of Dr. Klopsch to send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly into one million homes, because of the tremendous influence for good it would have throughout the world. Such a subscription list would insure a weekly congregation of five million souls. Think of the effect this would have upon the uplift of the world at large! Think of the far-reaching influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's religious messages, its sermons, its Bible teachings, its Sunday School lessons, etc., would have in those homes where now perhaps there shines no light of religion! A million CHRISTIAN HERALDS read by five million people, of all classes, every week—a

Greater CHRISTIAN HERALD Family of FIVE MILLION ACTIVE MEMBERS!

Dr. Klopsch knew that this was well within the realm of possibility. He could sit at the loom of contemplation and weave pictures of the greatest single agency for good the world ever knew, and had he lived, he would undoubtedly have realized his dream.

None knew better than he what the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD meant. Without that influence he could never have promoted the great charitable enterprises which bore his name. Mont-Lawn itself could not have been made possible without it, and Mont-Lawn to-day looks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as its chief almoner. If Mont-Lawn is to be endowed as a Memorial to Dr. Klopsch, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD must take the lead in bringing

will be credited in the name of the person sending it in. For instance, if you induce four of your friends or acquaintances to subscribe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year each, we will turn over \$3.00 of the money (75 cents each) to the Treasurer of the Memorial Fund, entering it in your name, and publishing your name in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as having contributed \$3.00 to the Children's Home Endowment Fund.

## Interest Your Friends

It is thus possible for a subscriber to contribute any amount to this fund without costing him or her a single penny. How many friends have you who would be benefited by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? You can easily induce them to subscribe.

If every subscriber secured only one new subscriber, the Endowment would amount to \$225,000. Think of it—a quarter of a million dollars for the Children's Home Endowment, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's power for good doubled.

Perhaps you think it difficult to secure this one new subscriber? Why not try right now? You will probably find it easier than you thought, and it will encourage you to keep on, and secure more new subscriptions than you had dared hope for.

There are many people in your community who do not receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly. Probably many of them have no Christian literature to speak of. Wouldn't THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with its bright and interesting pages be a help and an inspiration? Wouldn't you be doing a commendable act in suggesting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a suitable magazine for some of these people? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has influenced many to seek clean and upright careers. It can and it wants to help many more. With your assistance, and with your love and devotion to the common cause for which we are all striving, many, many new readers can be brought into the fold. It's all a matter of trying. Won't you try now?

## You May Become a Patron

Every friend who is instrumental in sending us \$15.00 for 10 subscriptions, thereby contributing \$7.50 toward the Endowment of the Children's Home, will be recognized as a Patron and his name will appear on the Roll of Patrons, to be inscribed upon a set of Memorial Tablets on the inner walls of the Children's Temple, where Dr. Klopsch for fifteen years led the exercises, with thousands of delighted little ones as audience. These Tablets, lighted by the beautiful stained glass windows, will be visible to all as a permanent record of the patrons' gifts.

We feel sure that by this arrangement and the co-operation of our friends enough money will be contributed to Mont-Lawn to endow it forever, as a Memorial to Dr. Klopsch.

And so, dear friends, we cannot too earnestly urge you to do your part with the help of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. There is no time to be lost. Remember, it is only a short month until March 7, the anniversary of the day Dr. Klopsch died, the day upon which we hope the Endowment of Mont-Lawn and the Memorial to Dr. Klopsch will have become assured.

## "I Love God and Little Children"

—Louis Klopsch

"IT was Dr. Klopsch's hope that the Children's Home—his favorite benevolence—might ultimately be endowed, so that it should be beyond any need of annual appeals. Had he lived, he undoubtedly would have accomplished his purpose; but called away from his labors by death, he left the unfinished task as a legacy to those who have been the friends and supporters of this beautiful benevolence for many years, knowing that they would not fail to perpetuate the work he had so lovingly founded and so successfully conducted. Had he been asked to choose, Mont-Lawn would have been the only monument he would have desired. 'I Love God and Little Children,' was written over its gates by Dr. Klopsch's direction. He put his own best love and service into this beneficent work. He spent there what he used to recall as the most enjoyable days of his life, among the little children. Let Mont-Lawn be his Monument, a permanent institution and a Memorial to his great love for the children of the poor!"

"Shortly after his death, when the subject of its endowment as a lasting memorial to his memory was brought up by some friends, President Taft, hearing of the matter, spoke to the Rev. J. Wesley Hill in cordial commendation of the Children's Home, and added that if the movement for its endowment were started, he would be glad to be a contributor.

"It is confidently hoped that when this generous approval from so high a source is made public, many friends will be found willing to co-operate liberally in the proposed endowment, so that the 'Children's Paradise' may be put on a permanent and enduring footing."—From "The Life Work of Louis Klopsch," Page 307.

this desirable condition to pass. And so, dear friends, we make the following proposition:

## 50 Per Cent. Of Our Subscription Receipts To Be Given To This Memorial

In order to make this Memorial Fund successful and to insure a sufficient Endowment Fund for the Children's Home, without exposing our readers to any financial expense, one-half of all subscription money that we may receive from this date, Jan. 25, to March 7, 1911, for new subscriptions (one year or more) to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be credited to the Endowment Fund of the Children's Home, excepting for subscriptions sent us by agents who deduct their agent's commission. Furthermore, each amount turned over to the Endowment Fund



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Typical Bit of Cuban Landscape



Along the Beautiful Prado, Havana



## THE SITUATION IN CUBA TO-DAY

CUBAN news and Cuban views always should be distinguished from Cuban rumors. At times rumors come from that rich island of trouble ahead. The prospect of maintaining stable government will be reported as discouraging, and there will be dark hints of something that may happen.

This has recently been the situation. Now, the truth about Cuba is that, like most tropical countries or like many Latin-American countries, the unexpected frequently happens, but the expected does not come to pass. So, when the rumors are thickest about trouble, it is reasonably sure that everything will go on in the usual way.

A general rule has been that when the sugar crop was large and prices were good everything could be counted on to run smoothly. This is a safe rule, but, like all rules, it has had an occasional exception. Certainly, the recent crops of Cuban sugar and the prospective crops have nothing disquieting about them. Sugar has been fetching a good price, and the crop has all the time been increasing. I can remember when the promise of a crop of 1,000,000 tons was looked on as insuring both stability of government and the prosperity of the people. This was just after the insurrection against Spain and the war by the United States which resulted in freeing the island. In the period of devastation and destruction which had preceded that war, the sugar crop had dropped to a few hundred thousand tons. It came rapidly up again after the American military occupation, and has continued to grow in the amount of production since, except during one or two bad seasons. Climatic conditions, such as a drought, affect the crop. It will startle many people to know, however, that Cuba has got so far beyond the million-ton mark in its production of sugar that it is now looking forward to 2,000,000 tons. The last crop was in the neighborhood of 1,800,000 tons.

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

This Cuban sugar production means much to the whole world, and especially to the United States. It is one thing that has kept the price of sugar nearly even, when nearly every other article of consumption has doubled in price and has thus added to the high cost of living. How much sugar Cuba will produce before the limit is reached is pure guess work. We only know that new lands are

of the famous men that Spain sent out to govern the island under the old despotic rule, when the Captain-General, representing the mother country, possessed almost absolute powers. Tacon was walking in the country one day with a newly-arrived friend. The latter poked his cane into the soil to see how deep the rich black loam ran. He did not touch bottom, so to speak, but finding some difficulty in pulling the cane out was going to leave it there, when the Captain-General hastily said to him, "Don't do that; for if you do, by to-morrow that cane will be grown into a tree."

Cuba, however, is something more than a big sugar plantation. The peculiar qualities of the soil in the western part of the island are such that a tobacco is produced there which is unequaled in any part of the world. This region is not very extensive and that is the reason why this tobacco is so valuable. Other grades are produced in other parts of the island, of good quality, but they are not quite up to that which comes from the western end.

The raising of tropical fruits, such as oranges, pineapples and bananas, is also an important factor in the national wealth. Some of the banana lands on the north coast have been turned into sugar plantations, but the growing of oranges and similar fruits makes a very successful industry, and many Americans who

are succeeding at it. The question is one of the market rather than of the means of producing fruit.

In a tropical country such as Cuba, country life naturally predominates over city life. The great majority of the Cubans live on the plantations, or in the smaller towns. Generally they are peaceful and industrious, for, as a matter of fact, no sugar plantation can be successfully managed without industrious laborers. The same is true of fruit farmers. The country people are also less disposed to

*Continued on page 78*



An Ox-Cart on the Prado, Havana

A Farm Laborer's Cabin

being brought under cultivation all the time and that old plantations, by applying modern methods, are being made more productive.

The richness of its soil is what makes Cuba one great sugar plantation. The area throughout the world for the growth of sugar cane is of course limited to tropical or semi-tropical lands. Cuba happens to have more of the conditions which favor the cane than other tropical countries that raise sugar.

A humorous illustration of the richness of its soil was once given by Captain-General Tacon, one





## THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A Sermon by  
Rev. Hugh Black, D.D.\*

## THE SECRET OF PEACE

TEXT: John 14:27—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you."

**M**EN make their last will and testament, leaving to their kindred and friends their possessions. The Master also had a parting bequest to make. Silver and gold he had none; but he left them his estate, his estate of peace, the inheritance of calm joy. He bequeathed to them the treasure of his heart. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." If that was a possible thing; if such a bequest held good, as the codicil of a will, what a regal legacy it was! If it was more than a pious wish, if it was a fact, was there ever such a last will and testament? To have his certificate of tread, his serenity of soul, his secret of life which made him calm at the heart amid all the storms and distresses of an earthly lot; to have the quality which made his life the wonder of the world, could any bequest be really more valuable? For peace is the dream of the race. At the bottom of all our strivings, the explanation of all our ceaseless efforts is this dream. All our ambitions and desires have this at the root. A man gives himself to pleasure, or he works for money or power. But it is not for the things themselves, but for the supposed satisfaction of heart they will bring.

### The World Cannot Give Peace

Blindly, instinctively we stretch out our hands and clutch for the things we think will give us heart's ease and a satisfied life. Men do not love money in itself: it is not the mere gold of scrip that men strive and toil for. You do them wrong to think that such a poor thing can be the ultimate aim of even the man who passes for a money-grubber. He has a soul above that. He invests it with imaginative, almost romantic, properties. It is not itself, but what it stands for, what it can do, or is supposed to be able to do; the security it can give from many evils, its power to beat back the distresses of poverty; the capacity it has for pleasure and the satisfaction of desire. They are not always low desires: they may be even very high and noble desires, the opportunity of doing good and carrying forward plans of large reach, the opportunity for acquiring knowledge, of enriching the life with all that art and the best thought of man can do. If we are dupes, we are not always ignoble dupes. What all men long for and strive after is the state of blessedness these particular things are supposed to give. Our aim, beneath all surface aims, is to attain to peace, content of heart, a satisfied life. If Christ then bequeathed that to his disciples, it was indeed a regal legacy.

But when we read the further description it seems as if he were playing with words. He says, "Peace, but not as the world giveth, give I," and that seems a fatal limitation of the gift. By this we have a suspicion that he is taking away what he appeared to give. And yet, when we think of it, is it not a necessary description of peace? For, if there is to be peace at all, it must be not as the world giveth; for the world has never succeeded in giving it to any son of man. Peace is the dream of the race: dis-peace is the experience of the race. For a few years men long for happiness, and perhaps achieve it; for ever they are longing for rest. The world cannot give it with all its good gifts; for it belongs to a region which the world cannot reach. The world can give you happiness; it cannot give you blessedness. The world can give you pleasure; it cannot give you joy. The world can give you distractions; it cannot give you peace. These better things are states of the heart, inward gifts, the water of a fountain that springs up from within, conditions of the soul. To win true peace a man must have his thirst for the infinite appeased: he needs to feel himself held in the keeping of eternal love: he needs to have his soul satisfied and no earthly gift can bring that appeasement.

### The Soul's Search for Peace

We cannot even get near the secret till we give up the belief, or even the hope, that the world can give it. It is not as the world giveth. Wherever else, it is certainly not there! Let the man most fortunate in his surroundings, rich in all the possibilities and opportunities of life, with every avenue of pleasure and power and ambition and knowledge

open to him, let him say if the world can give peace. Sometimes it is only when all the gifts of fortune, the world's good things, are torn from a man, that he learns how futile they were, and how little they really did for the satisfaction of life. Shakespeare makes Wolsey in his fall, when his high-blown pride broke under him, realize this. When the killing frost nipped the root of his ripening greatness he saw how insecure the foundation of his life had been; and when his servant Cromwell came to him expecting to find him unmanned, and asked how he was, his answer was:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience . . . too much honor;  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Dante in exile, driven from all he held dear in life, visited a monastery to leave there the first portion of the *Inferno*. The story of his visit is told by the prior of the monastery. "As he was unknown to me and my brethren, I asked him, 'What would you?' And he answered not a word, but gazing at the building, I asked him again what he sought. He then, looking round upon me and my brethren, answered, 'Peace.'" How typical of man and the whole life of man the incident was, as Dante turned his burning eyes upon the wondering monks and asked out of his sorrowful heart the one word, "Peace." There was no peace for him, except the peace of soul, which might come from detachment from the vulgar struggles and ambitions of men in Florence. If he could not find it in his *Divina Commedia*, he could never find it in the fair City of Flowers.

At the risk of wearisome iteration, this has to be said, and repeated: that peace is independent of outside conditions. We cannot advance one inch towards the secret till we see and confess that it is not as the world giveth. Think of the Master when he left this legacy, and spoke so calmly of "My peace." With failure behind him in the world's judgment: and before him a cross! A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! And yet with a serenity of soul, and quiet of heart, with peace brooding in his eyes as he looked beyond the tumult to the triumph. It was a quality of soul, not an accident of fortune.

### Spiritual Torpor Is Not Peace

Look at Paul his servant, who spoke so much of peace, who had learned Christ's secret, writing about peace to his fellow-believers. He was in prison, after a life of terrible toil and terrible privation, with the care of all the churches, with troubles on every side, fighting without and fears within; a broken and scarred life! Yet as he bore on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, so he carried in his heart the peace of the Lord Jesus. Surely, surely, not as the world giveth.

We find it hard to accept this, hard to give up our feverish attempts to reach peace by outside means. We put down our unrest and dispeace to our uncongenial conditions. If only we had a sweeter environment it would be well with us, we think. It is true that the world sometimes gives a false peace, an appearance of tranquillity of life, when all things go well with a man, and prosperity abounds, and the granaries are full, when health is given and capacity for pleasure. The soul sleeps easily in such days of peace and slumberous calm. But spiritual torpor is not peace; for what about the awakening that must come? Or there may be a spurious peace which is the fruit of ignorance, from a conscience not too enlightened, a taste not too refined, a mind that has never seen the better part of life, from stupid contentment with the lower part, from what Carlyle calls a brutal lethargy.

But this is the damning fact about all forms of worldly peace: that there is no security and no permanence of tenure even. It is a capricious thing, accidental. A slight rearrangement of details, and the palace of dream vanishes. What the world gives, the world can take away, and will take away. None of the world's gifts are evil in themselves, and they may be good gifts of God. The reason why we must not love the world is not because it is evil, but

because it is transient. It passeth away. At the best it is not sufficient, it is not adequate as the stay of life. The most fortunate circumstances are only fortuitous after all. At the world's banquet, the richest and rarest, there is suspended the fatal sword of Damocles hung by a hair; and the hair will wear through some time.

### Faith the Pathway to Peace

Apart from this transient character of the world's peace, its quality also is poor and threadbare, and men feel its failure even when they possess it. There are few more impressive and more pathetic pages in literature than those in which Count Tolstoy describes the emptiness and vanity of worldly things in his *Confessions*. He was a nobleman, in pre-eminently happy circumstances, with a continually increasing income, respected by friends, praised by strangers, happy in his home-life, with a great position and reputation as an author, enjoying the best of mental and physical strength; and yet he, a healthy and happy man, was brought to feel that he could live no longer. He had to fight against the temptation to commit suicide. He gave up carrying a gun because it offered too easy a way of getting rid of life. The reason was because he felt that life had no meaning for him. He was not content just to exist, and that was all he was doing. His life viewed from the point of reason had no reason for continuance. It seemed a foolish and wicked joke played on him by he knew not whom. He gave himself up to knowledge, and studied science, but all in vain; the same torturing sense of meaninglessness remained.

He came to see and confess that faith alone gave man an answer as to the meaning of life, and the consequent possibility of living. He saw that faith alone could clothe with infinity the finite existence of man, and give a meaning to life which triumphs over suffering, privation, and death. But though he came to understand this, his heart was none the lighter for it. He the rich and learned and illustrious nobleman envied the peasant for his quiet faith. At last when he came humbly to Jesus and bent his neck to the yoke of Christ, he too entered into the inheritance of peace. In the introduction to his next book, he wrote: "For thirty-five years of my life I was a man who believed in nothing. Five years ago faith came to me; I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. What I had wished for I wished for no longer, and I began to desire what I had never desired before. What had once appeared to me right now became wrong, and the wrong of the past I beheld as right. My soul, once filled with despair of life and fear of death, is now full of happiness and peace."

### Oneness With Christ Gives Peace

It is so with every soul of man that comes to Christ and learns of him. He brings us into the same relationship with God as he enjoyed. His peace came from a direct sense of sonship with the Father; and in him we too are children, and should have the same peace in our hearts, the peace of perfect love, the peace of forgiveness, and reconciliation, and communion. To know peace a man needs to feel himself pardoned, and sustained by God, and in harmony with his will. Such a blessed state alone can bring heart's ease. The secret of it is submission to Christ, as Lord and Master, whose we are and whom we serve. This peace begins with the forgiveness of sins, and reconciliation to God; but it can only be kept by communion, by a life of discipleship, following Christ, thinking his thoughts, and doing his will, and choosing his way.

So, it is not a peace with the world by compromise, by base connivance, by giving in to its spirit. But this peace is possible even when in the world there is tribulation. Adversity is its opportunity. With the roar of life in ears and brain, we can still be calm. In the busy market-place, in the crowded street, amid the strife of tongues and the weary ways of men, we can be at peace because our hearts are fixed. There is no room for fear or lasting trouble. "My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee."

[See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" on Next Page]

\* Professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York.



## Where Shall I Spend Eternity?

WHERE shall I spend eternity?  
My days are gliding by;  
But since my Lord has died for me,  
Why should I fear to die?

Where shall I spend eternity?  
O solemn, sacred thought!  
But on the cross of Calvary  
My soul with blood was bought.

Where shall I spend eternity?  
In heaven the place was made  
To bruise the Son of God for me;  
Oh, what a price was paid!

Where shall I spend eternity?  
In endless bliss I may;  
My heart, my soul, be on thy guard,  
Oh watch, and trust and pray.

RUMSEN, N. Y. G. D. JONES.

## An Old-time Revival

WE SING about "old-time religion," talk about it and pray for it, yet many in our day have never seen a real "old-time revival." God sent to Syracuse, Ind., lately a measure of old-time revival power in answer to prevailing prayer. Four churches united in the battle. God so worked among the people that many said they had never seen anything like it before in the history of the town. Many declared that there was more time spent in prayer than in any previous revival ever held in the place; more confession and forgiveness of sins; more straightening out the past; more crying to God then ever before.

Most of the business places closed evenings during the revival meetings, which lasted for six weeks. Many in the church confessed their backslidden condition, and turned to God with fasting and prayer. Many church members, with tears, asked each other's forgiveness; some wrote letters to distant friends asking pardon for wrongs done. A saloonkeeper's wife was so under conviction that she prayed all night for deliverance. A business man, who had been a prominent church member for years, but had never had a clear experience, confessed that he had secured a pension through fraud, and wrote a letter of confession to the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington asking forgiveness. A few days later, he wrote a letter of confession to the insurance company, because he had misrepresented facts in securing a policy.

Others made similar confessions. Aside from the great work done among church members, there were over fifty conversions. A local paper says:

"One of the best evidences of thorough work is the fact that the people stayed away from the altar until the Spirit of God so moved them that they could not rest day or night, when they would yield; break down, weep and cry to God to have mercy on their soul. The type of conviction was so deep that they refused to be comforted until God delivered, when many of them would jump to their feet, clap their hands and shout for joy. Some of the young converts were so moved by the Spirit of God that they went through the congregation, shaking hands with their friends and plead with them in tears to give their hearts to God. And if they could not prevail with them, they would kneel down and pray with them in their seats. Such revivals come only in answer to agonizing prayer, prompted by the Holy Spirit."

S. B. SHAW.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## An Appreciative Subscriber

Gentlemen: I wish to thank you for so promptly sending the premiums and books, which are just received and very much appreciated. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and always look forward to its coming every week with the keenest interest. It brings interesting news of Christian workers from all over the world. I do not know how I could get along without it. I certainly hope you will continue to be blessed in your good work this new year.

Dubuque Ia. MRS. S. E. J.



## The Children's Pulpit

### ROBBERS IN A CAVE

By Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

WHY did Solomon want you children to be trained up? Because he knew if you were trained up when young you would stand straight up when you are old. The Elbib books are the best ever written for a train-up. Thousands and thousands of people have proven that this text is true. Children have been trained up when they were young; and while some of them bent over a little while growing, they have always come out straight before growing old.

If you boys and girls will read these books by the light the Author sends with them your character will grow straight. Your body and mind may bend over a little, but your character will always straighten them up. When you are men and women you will find the straight character of childhood will keep you straight in manhood and womanhood. You say this sounds like a sermon. Then I shall tell you a story and leave the sermon for some other time.

THERE was a band of highway robbers living in a cave. They would go out and watch the road until some one came along whom they could rob. One evening a wagon passed loaded with books and groceries and clothing and all those other things that made it just like a store on wheels. The robbers killed the owner, turned the horses loose, and carried all that was in the wagon to their cave. Then they took the wagon back into a valley and burned it. That night, as was their custom, they had an auction, and each member of the band of thieves bought the things he wanted that had been stolen from the wagon. They were all drinking and thought they were having a good time.

One of the robbers acted as auctioneer, and he would hold up one of the articles and say: "How much? How much? Do I hear a bid?" During the sale he took up a book that proved to be an Elbib Library. Then he began asking for bids, but no one seemed to want the Library. One of the men said, "Read something from these books and then we shall know whether it is worth buying or not." He read the Twenty-third Psalm. This they thought was a great joke. There was no end of their laughing and jeering, but one of the robbers was quiet. He did not laugh nor speak. He folded his hands, and his head bent over, and the other men thought he was too drunk to enjoy their fun.

BUT this was not the reason. The chapter the man had read was one that this quiet man had committed to memory when he was a boy. He would stand by his mother and recite it to her, and at night she had him kneel by her side to say his evening prayer. When this part of the book was being read by the drunken auctioneer, the quiet man seemed to see his aged father with the open Elbib before him, and to hear his mother teaching him the chapter. Going away from home he had gotten into bad company and had joined this band of robbers. His body and mind had become very crooked. But now, after thirty years, he was a child again as he heard the book read, and was, in thought, with his father and mother in the old home. One of the men went over and struck him on the shoulder and said: "Say, old dreamer, how much will you give for that book? You are more in need of it than any of us, for you are without doubt the greatest sinner of us all." "Yes, that I am. Give me the book. I will pay you its full value."

THE morning dawned and the robbers went to the neighboring village to dispose of the spoil. The purchaser of the Library took himself to a solitary hiding-place in the rocks. He spent the whole day and the following night in terrible anguish and gnawings of conscience. Every now and then he laid down his Elbib, thinking that the forgiveness of sin could not be granted to him. But as the old light began to burn and he read the Elbib, peace and pardon came into his heart. He went to the minister of the nearest village and told him the story. The minister told him to keep the candle burning and to keep on reading his Elbib, and God would lead him on the right path. He asked the minister to go with him to a judge, and to him he confessed his sins and his crimes.

After ten years' imprisonment he came out and went back to his old home. The other robbers were all captured and severely punished, but their characters had been crooked when they were children, and there was nothing now to straighten them. But the one with the Elbib had been trained up when a child in the way he should go. When in great need his child-training did not depart from him. He never was as happy as he would have been if he had not gotten into bad company and had never joined this band of robbers.

BUT now, in all the rest of his years, he stood straight and upright. Often he would gather the children of his old home town together and would read to them from his Elbib. He knew that if he could get the children straight while they were young they could be straight and happy when they were old.

Now if you will turn to your Elbib and find Proverbs 22: 6, you will read: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

\* Hunter First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: Prov. 22: 6.

## Bide a Wee

THE journey will not end to-day,  
For leagues and years may wind the way.  
Where gleams the light of promised life,  
And bide a wee.

When gale and blast and tempest blow,  
And cold thy heart and icy grow,  
Draw near the hearth, the homely glow,  
And bide a wee.

When life's sirocco breathes defeat,  
And hope declines in desert heat,  
Be my oasis thy retreat,  
And bide a wee.

And have you heard the luring cry  
That seemed a song and proved a sigh?  
The hope of home is heaven-high,  
Ah, bide a wee!

ARTHUR B. RIMMON.

## A Moral Transformation

THREE years ago, a young lady taught five little children under a sycamore tree on the Puncheon Camp in "Bloody Breathitt" County in Kentucky, where there was neither a church nor a school. Two years ago, Governor Willson dedicated the new college under the same sycamore. On Sunday, September 11, Dr. Guerrant dedicated the fifth building in the beautiful campus, a twenty-five-room dormitory for the Highland girls, the gift of a noble woman in Connecticut.

Rev. Joseph M. Evans, the well-known evangelist, who held a meeting there recently, says: "In forty-six years' intimate knowledge of the religious work of Kentucky, the writer has not known so great a transformation in so brief a period as at Herald in Breathitt County, the seat of the Highland College on the Puncheon Camp, founded and conducted by the Soul Winners' Society. Three years ago, without church or school, it was a typical community of what has been described as 'Bloody Breathitt.' To-day there are five spacious buildings, the joy and pride of the community. There is a church of more than one hundred members, with an efficient pastor, Rev. James P. Doggett.

This is one of some forty missions of the Soul Winners' Society in the Cumberland and Alleghany Mountains. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, of Wilmore, Ky., is president, Major Robert S. Bullock, of Lexington, Ky., is treasurer, and Mr. James R. Alexander, of Wilmore, Ky., is secretary.

## Anvil Sparks

.. To be retained, happiness must be dispensed.

.. It is not elevation when a man is puffed up.

.. To cure us of imaginary troubles, the Lord often sends us real ones.

.. MAKING a living is the best way the most of us have of making a life.

.. No man has to knock at the entrance to temptation; the door is always open.

.. FORBIDDEN things are not so apt to look good unless we have been looking at them too much.

.. If Jesus the Carpenter could take a piece of rough olive wood and make of it a door frame for a rude stone dwelling in Nazareth, I know that as the divine Carpenter he can take the poor material of my life and make it to serve some useful purpose in his kingdom, if I will let him.

## A Bank on Wheels

A steel bank car for the transportation of funds and used as a movable pay car is one of the latest novelties in automobiles. All doors and windows are provided with electric alarms and the roof and walls are built of heavy fireproof steel. The interior is a completely equipped banking room with a large safe, desk and cashier's window. Underneath the desk are compartments for keeping books.





The Presidential Palace

Havana, Cuba

President Miguel Gomez

"talk politics," as would be said in the United States, because they are too busy. It is in the larger towns, and especially in Havana, that so much talk is heard of politics. When they have nothing to do, they find fault with the government, either for the way it is managing affairs or because they and all their relatives have not been able to get office. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, Cuba has as many public offices, perhaps more, than any State in the Union with 2,000,000 inhabitants; but, as in the United States, there are not enough to go around, and the discontented office

seekers are always talking against the government. They want a change, so that the people in office can be turned out and they and their relatives can get in. This is not always the sole cause of discontent, but it always is one cause, and it should be taken into account when the rumors of trouble ahead for the government in power are thickest.

While much politics is talked in Cuba, it is still

like many Latin-American countries in being without any well-defined political parties—that is, parties which exist because of an honest difference of opinion in regard to fundamental questions. At the present time the political parties are largely groups of individuals.

Since General José Miguel Gomez became President a good deal of progress has been made, and no harm will come if occasionally something is heard of the political divisions in the Cuban Congress or among the people. The chief thing that interests the United States is that peaceful government in Cuba shall continue under Cuban administration.

## The Woman's Golden Jubilee of Missions



Mrs. E. C. Grice  
Philadelphia



Mrs. Francis E. Clark  
Boston



Mrs. Sara P. Decker  
Denver

A GOLDEN anniversary is the first half century milestone since the organization in 1860 of the Woman's Union Missionary Society in the United States. It was the beginning of woman's organized work for women and children in foreign lands. This celebration is one of the most important religious events of the current year. It heralds a new era of united endeavor by American women for oppressed womanhood and childhood around the globe.

The year 1910-11 also marks the silver jubilee of the institution of United Mission Study among women, which began at the suggestion of Miss Abbie Child, of Boston, at the great New York Ecumenical Missionary Conference in 1900. The central committee of seven on the United Study of Missions—of seven different denominations—led by that indefatigable and devoted leader and former missionary, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, of Beverly, Mass. (better known as Mrs. Lucy Waterbury), is the moving power in the Golden Jubilee.

The methods followed have been those of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and the results to be attained are not less important and significant. One million dollars for missions is the goal. The keynote is prayer and cooperation; and chief among the objects worked for is that those who know little of missions, or who are indifferent to

cisco with cheering success. A thousand women attended, drawing-room meetings were held and a big luncheon was given. In Portland, Ore., a few days later, there were delegates from twelve cities, eight enthusiastic missionary rallies, and ten missionary speakers. Two thousand women were at the mass-meeting in Seattle, Wash.; nine denominations worked together in Omaha, where the city was illuminated for the Jubilee; pageant scenes were introduced and a mass meeting was held for the young people who marched under their denominational banners at Kansas City; there were fine drawing-room meetings and great district rallies in Chicago; St. Louis, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit and Denver all held enthusiastic celebrations. The largest amount pledged for missions during the first fourteen celebrations was \$85,000 by Indianapolis; Kansas City pledged \$50,000; Chicago, \$34,000; Cincinnati, \$26,000, and Denver, \$19,000. About \$300,000 was pledged.

The series of celebrations is continued in the Eastern circuit as follows: Cleveland, January 23 and 24; Louisville, January 26 and 27; Nashville, January 30 and 31; Washington, February 2 and 3; Baltimore, February 7 and 8; Harrisburg, February 9 and 10; Philadelphia, February 13 and 14; Pittsburgh, February 16 and 17; Buffalo, February 23 and 24; Syracuse, February 27 and 28; Albany and Troy, March 2 and 3; Springfield, March 6 and 7; New Haven, March 8 and 9; Providence, March 10 and 11; Boston, March 14 and 15; Portland, 16, 17.

The great culmination of the Jubilee is scheduled for New York City early in April, when the torches lit at the earlier beacon fires will be brought together in a great blaze of demonstration and spectacle, fed by the life-giving fuel of prayer and consecration.

The most important result of the Golden Jubilee is the impressing upon Christian women of the greatness of their task. The chief factors in this are the revealing motion-pictures showing the dreadful life of oppressed and ignorant women in the Orient; the addresses of the medical missionaries like Dr. Mary Noble; and the speeches and writings of that diligent student of missionary conditions and problems, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, of New York, who has also graphically summarized the development of the woman's missionary work at home and abroad.

In 1861 there was a single missionary in the field, Miss Marston, of Burma, and one organized woman's society; now there are 800 teachers, 140 physicians, 380 evangelists, 79 trained nurses, 5,783 Bible women and native helpers, and 44 women's societies with two million supporters, raising an aggregate

of over four million dollars in 1910. Among the 2,100 schools, there are 260 boarding and high schools; there are 75 hospitals and 78 dispensaries. In addition to carrying on these large tasks the women's missionary organizations have built colleges, hospitals, dispensaries, nurses' homes, orphanages, leper asylums, homes for missionaries' children, training schools, and industrial plants; set up printing presses, translated Bibles, tracts and school books; built boats and founded newspapers; published missionary magazines, distributed mite boxes, printed millions of lesson leaflets, study outlines, programmes and booklets; maintained offices, State and national organizations, yearly and triennial conventions, and organized a fine network of unpaid helpers.

"It is an achievement of which women may well be proud," she declares, adding, "But let us never think we are meeting the need of the heathen world; we are only touching its edges. What are 140 physicians among a half billion women? What are 2,100 schools to the 250 million children who ought to be in school? . . . The women of the Protestant churches of the United States number at least twelve millions. Of these it may be doubted whether we have enlisted in support of foreign missionary work one-fourth. . . . So long as our national bill for chewing gum exceeds our gifts to foreign missions and our ostrich feather and candy outputs could float the missionary benevolences like skiffs on a river, we need not fear impoverishing the churches by too much importunity."



Mrs. Philip N. Moore  
St. Louis



Mrs. H. B. Montgomery  
Rochester, N. Y.



Mrs. Lillian Hollister  
Detroit, Mich.

them, may, through the Jubilee, get a vision of things as they are and that they may give themselves freely to the work either abroad or at home.

The Jubilee has been going on since October 12, when it was inaugurated in Oakland and San Fran-



# Postal Savings Banks Now Open

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Director Ralph  
Bureau of Engraving and Printing

Secretary of the Treasury  
MacVeagh

Postmaster-General  
Hitchcock

Attorney-General  
Wickersham

Theodore Weed  
Real Head of the Postal Banks

OUR new year 1911 is rather young to have much of achievement to its credit, but it is reasonably safe to predict that few of the movements that may be inaugurated during the current twelvemonth will be more important or have more universal significance for the whole American people than the Postal Savings Bank, which has lately come into being. At yet only a limited section of the community—one town in each State—has had the new governmental incentive to saving brought to its door; but the encouraging circumstance is that a beginning has been made, and doubtless the institution will be rapidly extended throughout the whole country, as in case of Rural Free Delivery after that system was set in motion.

As most of our readers are aware, there has long been public agitation for a Postal Savings Bank. Various foreign nations have long successfully maintained banking systems for small savings in conjunction with their postal services. Indeed, one of the arguments for the establishment of such an institution in the United States has been that a very large section of our foreign population, having been educated in their native lands to rely upon governmental safeguarding of their savings, and finding no such facilities in this country, have been sending their hoardings abroad, thus diverting to alien financial institutions much of the money that ought to remain in circulation in the United States.

If Uncle Sam has been a trifle tardy in launching a governmental savings system as a "side line" of his greatest business institution—the United States Post Office—perhaps we should feel compensated for the delay, because the officials in charge declare that the plan of operation which has been devised is much superior to that in vogue in any European country. One point of difference in which the advantage is said to be all on the side of the American system is, that each depositor gets a neat certificate of deposit as a record and tangible evidence of his deposit instead of the bulky pass book required in European countries.

Another advantage of the certificate of deposit plan which indirectly affects each depositor is that it does away with the possibility of theft or embezzlement through the falsifying of accounts by any teller or clerk who may have the handling of the money. No depositor can lose a cent of his hard-earned money. That is one of the benefits of the new institution. The national government will stand behind every postal savings bank deposit just as it does behind every other one of its obligations, from a \$1 silver certificate to a \$10,000 gold bond. Indeed, it is this governmental guarantee back of it that is causing the new Postal Savings Bank to prove a boon to many people who have never had much confidence in ordinary savings banks.

The new postal institution has been aptly nicknamed the "poor man's bank," because it has been specially created for the great mass of our population who must save a little at a time. The law provides that no one depositor shall deposit more than \$100 in any one month, and that no depositor shall draw interest on more than \$500 in one year. On the other hand, every effort is being made to encourage saving. One special purpose of the new country-wide bank is to encourage saving among children. A bank account may be opened for as small a sum as ten cents, and when the system is in full operation, a year or more hence, an account may

## By WALDON FAWCETT

be opened at any post office, great or small, in the United States, and every rural mail-carrier will also be a receiving teller for the bank. Thus it will not be necessary actually to go to the bank; the bank will come to you.

The small deposits under one dollar are made by means of special ten-cent stamps (very like postage stamps in size and general appearance), which are



Every Rural Mail-Carrier Will Be a Receiving Teller

placed as purchased on a card furnished for the purpose by the postal authorities. Such a card, when its ten blank spaces have been filled with stamps, making a total of one dollar, is exchanged at the post office for a certificate of deposit. When one dollar or more is deposited at one time, no stamps are used, but a certificate of deposit is issued direct. Each certificate is issued in duplicate. The depositor gets one copy as his receipt and the government keeps the other copy as a record. For the time being the postmasters who are acting as officials of the Postal Savings Bank are making out the certificates

of deposit by hand. Ultimately the government hopes to install at each post office a new type of machine, somewhat on the principle of a cash register, which will perform automatically the whole operation of making out and recording each certificate—providing yet another safeguard against theft and dishonesty.

When a person has put money in the Postal Savings Bank he may leave it there with no attention on his part as long as he likes and it will go on earning money for him at the rate of two cents a year on each dollar. The certificates of deposit are so

planned that when they are presented any postmaster or indeed any private citizen who is good at figures can tell very quickly how much interest is due, thus dodging the long delays for bookkeeping that have sometimes been encountered in private banks. The certificates of deposit will be non-transferable and non-negotiable; no one but a depositor himself can draw his money, and he must be positively identified when he goes to take out his money or any part of it. A depositor, when he has on deposit \$20, \$40, \$60, \$80, \$100 or \$500, may exchange his certificates of deposit for a Postal Savings Bank Bond, the principal advantage of which is that it draws interest at 2½ per cent. per year instead of 2 per cent.—a gain of 50 cents a year on \$100.

The management of the new Postal Savings Bank is in the hands of a Board of Trustees composed of Postmaster General Hitchcock, Attorney-General Wickersham and Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, with an energetic Secretary to the Board in the person of Theodore L. Weed, who has borne the brunt of the responsibility for putting in actual operation the wheels of the new scheme. Under the supervision of Director Ralph there have been produced at the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing the Postal Savings Bank Bonds above mentioned, and they are decidedly handsome, being adorned with portraits of Presidents Washington, Lincoln and Cleveland. Director Ralph has also produced at his novel printery millions of special new stamps which will be used as receipts for deposits amounting to less than one dollar.

## GENERAL NOTES

—MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY's gift of \$2,000,000 to the Christian Science Church of Concord, N. H., seems destined to be void. There is a statute in New Hampshire which prohibits a bequest to a church of more than \$5,000 a year. This is the only State in which such a prohibition exists.

—THERE WERE 14,820,260 head of live stock shipped into Chicago during 1910, an increase of 141,000 cattle, 90,000 calves and 792,000 sheep, but a decrease of 617,700 hogs and 82,000 horses compared with the previous year. It took 256,700 cars to haul the livestock, which was valued at \$350,000,000.

—THE CZARINA of Russia is again reported to be critically ill. She is said to have developed partial paralysis of the lower limbs, as the result of long continued nervous strain. She is constantly in dread for the safety of her oldest son, the Czar, who has to be taken to her room many times daily, that she may be satisfied that he is safe and well.

—A NEW GUN, the use of which may mean the revolutionizing of the most modern methods of war on land, and which is lightness, power and general effectiveness is said to be the most terribly destructive weapon ever invented, is now being manufactured at the arsenal in Springfield, Mass. This gun, weighing less than twenty pounds and manipulated after the fashion of an ordinary fowling-piece, when in action, will pour out a stream of bullets at the rate of 400 shots a minute!



Printing Postal Savings Bank Stamps



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: One K. Ong, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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## The Senate and Arbitration

IT IS gratifying to note that the London *Times*—the Thunderer of European politics—has for the moment turned its attention from predictions of war between England and the Continental powers, and is seriously discussing peace probabilities. This is as it should be. Lord Northcliffe, who controls some thirty publications, many of them daily newspapers, may yet be disposed to accept THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's suggestion and wheel his forces to the side of peace and arbitration. In a recent issue, the *Times*, discussing President Taft's suggestion in his annual message looking to arbitration treaty negotiations, says that such negotiations would be welcomed in Great Britain, and adds: "If the President is able to overcome the Senate's objections, he may rely upon the favorable reception here of any concrete proposals."

There is no good reason to anticipate substantial objection by the Senate to the arbitration programme outlined in the President's message and elaborated by Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State. Were it a question of "entangling alliances," with conditions and restrictions that might prove embarrassing even in the slightest degree in our future diplomacy; or if it involved any pledge or compact of an offensive or defensive character, then there might be reasonable grounds for objection. Our invariable policy, from the foundation of this government up to the present time, has been to avoid such alliances. In the present case, however, the proposal is simply, as Secretary Knox has shown, to agree to refer to arbitration all future questions of importance arising between the two nations. Such a treaty could only result in the avoidance of friction and the increase of good feeling between the two countries. It would be welcomed in Canada no less, we believe, than in England; moreover, it would be the sane and reasonable way of settling all our disputes hereafter. In these days of peace progress on all lines, our Senators will doubtless show themselves appreciative of the growing public sentiment in favor of arbitration. It is the hope not only of ardent peace-lovers, but of every sensible citizen, that, some day in the early future, we may have to chronicle the conclusion of a treaty embracing all the great powers, and which will establish arbitration instead of arms as the future resort in every difference of consequence that may arise between governments. There can be no lessening of prestige by an international compact for honorable peace. The governments that come to the front in such a movement, and persevere until they carry it through successfully, will distinguish themselves beyond all their predecessors in the value of the service they render to the world and to humanity.

It may be that, in God's great wisdom, now is the opportune time for the great change. We trust that the United States Senate will do its share to aid in securing for this government the well-earned fame it will deserve for having taken the initiative in a step of such momentous importance and so full of promise.

## The Bank Flurry in New York

WITH the failure of the Carnegie Trust Company of New York City, which occurred January 7, New York passed through what has been called a bank flurry, which early in the proceedings promised to become of some consequence. The failure of the Carnegie Trust Company itself was of consequence by virtue of the fact that not only did the failure amount to several million dollars, but much of this money belonged to the city and State governments. The failure occurred on Saturday, and by Monday its moral effect began to operate on the emotions of a large number of depositors in some of the smaller banks, in consequence of which more or less protracted runs were made upon these institutions. Among the saner and larger business interests of the city, however, the defunct Trust Company had for a long time been regarded with suspicion, and for that reason its failure was dis-

counted in advance, as far as its effects upon these larger interests were concerned. The financial powers that be in New York anticipated the runs on these smaller banks, and arranged to have plenty of cash on hand to meet any contingency. As soon as the people found that they could withdraw their money, they at once regained confidence and, in a large majority of cases, redeposited their money in the banks. After all, it was but a momentary flurry, due to the collapse of the Carnegie Trust Company. Many people thought that Mr. Carnegie was interested in the Trust Company which bore his name. As a matter of fact, he was not, and objected greatly to the use of the name Carnegie in connection with the institution. He tried to prevent its use at one time, but as the official powers at Albany ruled that he was not the only Carnegie, he was unable to prohibit the use of his name.

The State Bank Inspector gave confidence to depositors by issuing a statement declaring substantially that the few failures had been discounted, and that no other bank was under suspicion and no further trouble was anticipated.

## Our "Home Church" Discussion

IN THE very large number of letters that have come to us in response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's invitation to a free and helpful discussion of existing church conditions, we recognize the general deep desire for spiritual improvement. In the mass of correspondence received (part of which we print on another page) many denominations are represented. There are letters from members of weak churches and strong churches; from churches that are keeping the spiritual fires burning brightly and whose consecrated workers are real soul-winners, and from others that are in grave danger from worldliness, love of pleasure and spiritual indifference. Truly, the ancient apostolic warnings to the early churches would not seem to be altogether out of place in many localities to-day.

We would urge our readers and God's people everywhere, who sincerely desire the spread of the Gospel and the upbuilding of the Christian Church, to take this great question to heart and do what lies in their power to help toward a solution. It is a problem for old and young, for the Christian veteran, as well as for the youthful, ardent convert. Let all read the instructive series of letters in this issue and apply the lesson they convey. They show that the prime causes of progressive church decay, where it exists, are indifference, unbelief, love of wealth and display, devotion to social pleasures, the drink traffic, and the neglect of the great command to send the Gospel to all the world. These, when they once gain a foothold in any church, eat like a canker. Their growth is synonymous with declining attendance and ultimately they produce spiritual apathy. But there are, on the other hand—and we thank God for it!—many, many churches that are ever facing heavenward and where consecrated hearts and hands are doing the Lord's work joyously and grandly. Little churches, as well as big ones, are the scenes of Gospel triumphs. It is seen that a little garden, well tilled, is better than a great orchard neglected and run to waste and weeds.

Especially instructive and helpful are the letters from old members—men and women who have grown gray in the Master's service—and who can look upon the existing situation with wider spiritual vision. Some of these write in sorrow, but more in hope. As a whole, church conditions, as they unfold themselves in these letters, are encouraging. As others are published, the general view will become more and more interesting. We repeat the invitation to our readers, who have not yet contributed their own church experiences, to do so. Every church has a story of its own that will not only benefit itself in the telling, but will carry a helpful lesson to other churches.

## The Land of Opportunity

IT IS a mighty stride from laborer in a wire mill, at \$4.65 a week, to the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation at \$100,000 a year. The man who has accomplished it is James A. Farrell, who was elected the other day to succeed William Ellis Corey. In his career, Mr. Farrell has given

another proof that ours is still the land of opportunity for the poor boy with grit and determination to succeed—the boy who has a cool head and an honest heart and is not afraid to soil his hands at honest work, no matter how humble. Some thirty years ago, Farrell commenced life as a wire-puddler in New Haven. He stuck at the job for years until his devotion to duty was recognized. He came under the notice of Charles M. Schwab and was sent to the Pittsburgh Wire Company. He soon became superintendent, then manager, and after six years left to become general superintendent of the Oliver Steel Wire Company at Beaver Falls, Pa. In 1903 he was asked to come to New York to organize the United States Steel Products Export Company. He became president of the concern, and J. P. Morgan and others quickly perceived that he was the man to take Corey's place. Mr. Farrell is, comparatively speaking, a young man, being yet on the sunny side of fifty.

## Famine's Deadly Work in China

CHINA'S famine is spreading. The latest cable advices from Peking state that a thousand people are dying daily of starvation and famine fever in the three afflicted provinces. There is every likelihood that conditions will become worse during the next three months. The imperial government, although doing its best to help the sufferers, finds itself, as in the last famine, unable to halt the migrating multitudes in the flooded sections from which they are flocking to the cities, leaving lines of dead strewn along the highways. Relief committees at Shanghai and Chinkiang are doing good work, but with very limited means. Our Missionary Committee at the latter city—which did splendid service in the last famine—is again in the field. To this Committee all contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for famine relief are forwarded. If you have not yet sent in your mite to the Relief Fund, send it to-day. Every gift may be the means of saving a human life.

The cover page of our December 28 issue, "An Evening Song," has been so favorably received by our readers, that we take pleasure in announcing that we can supply this picture in colors, at the price of TEN CENTS, including postage. The picture will be sent in a tube to insure delivery in good condition.

—A DEVICE for saving the horse on slippery streets and roads has just been put on the market in Chicago, and has given satisfaction wherever tested. It is an overshoe, which is made with four space chains strapped on over the ordinary horseshoe and ingeniously fastened across the bottom of the hoof. Cutting into the snow or ice, the chains prevent the slipping of the animal. The shoes are slipped only over the forefoot and can be adjusted in a few seconds.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.



A Detachment of Insurgents Fighting Federal Troops at Mal Paso, Mexico

## The Mexican Rebellion

THE revolt against the Diaz government in Mexico is still in progress. It began about two months ago with a fight in the city of Puebla, in which more than a hundred persons were killed. Francisco I. Madero, who proclaimed himself provisional president on November 23, seems at present to be in hiding, and the active work of the campaign is directed by General Orozco. It is reported that the reason of General Madero's inactivity is that he was wounded in the battle near Ciudad Porfirio Diaz soon after his claim to the presidency. The rebels were reported gathering in Zapata County, Texas, and government troops were rushed to intercept them. Governor Campbell despatched a company of rangers to that county to prevent the departure of a war expedition. The Mexican Government realizes the danger of a revolution. When police and troops of Puebla made a raid on the house of Aquiles Cerdon, leader of a little band of revolutionists, they met with determined resistance and twenty-five policemen and seventy-five others were killed. Within five days there was an uprising in twenty-four cities and towns. Small forces of rebels and government troops fought at Coahuila, around Torreon and at Santa Isabel. General Navarro was surrounded in Pedernales and a fierce battle ensued. Early in December the rebels took possession of a little cut near Mal Paso, waylaying the federal soldiers and capturing several pieces of field artillery, but a reinforcement of government troops compelled the rebels to evacuate Mal Paso on the last day of the year. At present the rebels are forced into Sonora, and it looks as though the end of the rebellion was not very far away. President Diaz, dissatisfied with the inefficiency of his army, called for the resignation of General Don Manuel Gonzales Cozio, Minister of War, who is now eighty years old and who has spent fifty years in the service of his country. The President intimated that the rebellion would have been crushed instantly if a young competent officer had been at the head of the army. General Cozio cheerfully resigns his honor and task to a younger man. It is reported that Señor Limantour, Minister of Finance, will resign, and that Señor Enrique Creel will take his place. Señor De La Barra, Mexican Minister to the United States, has been offered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and will go to Mexico shortly to give the President his answer. President Diaz, in his ability and his official administration, is one of the most remarkable men in the world. It is not an unusual thing to see revolts in various provinces and districts of even a well-governed country. Order will be speedily restored in the revolutionary districts of Mexico and the nation will have continued peace and prosperity.

A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them. (Prov. 20:26.)

### Our Government a Peacemaker

There is good reason to believe that the United States Government will again succeed as a peacemaker, and that the threatened war between Peru and Ecuador will for the second time within a year be averted. The governments of Argentina, Brazil, and the United States on December 29 presented through their representatives at Lima and Quito a recommendation that the governments of Ecuador and Peru now submit for arbitration at The Hague the boundary dispute which has existed

between the two republics for many years. The action of the State Department is considered timely by those who are familiar with the situation, and though the United States takes the leadership in the peace negotiations, Argentina and Brazil also deserve full credit for the part they have taken in the proceedings, and it is to be hoped that permanent peace will be secured. For peacemakers among nations as well as with individuals there is a blessing promised:

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. (Matt. 5:9.)

### New Multiplex Telephone

General Allen, chief of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, has just announced a new invention of the telephone, by which several independent conversations may be carried on simultaneously on a single wire. This discovery was predicted thirty-five years ago by Thomas A. Edison. It is the invention of Major George O. Squires, Assistant Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army. It is stated that by the new scheme at least four people can talk on the same single telephone wire at once without mutual interference. Positive proof of the practicability of the invention was furnished when two independent telephone conversations were carried on over a single wire which runs from the Laboratory of the Signal Corps of the Bureau of Standards and the Signal Corps Construction Laboratory in Washington. It is claimed that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company could save two million dollars a year by this new discovery, and that there are wires enough now strung in America to last fifty years. There are two remarkable things about this invention worthy of special mention. The first is that it can be used as an attachment, with little or no extra expense, to the ordinary telephone in use; and the other is that it is to be given to the people of the United States entirely free, without a penny of royalty or other expense attached to the use of the system. The inventor is a brilliant and worthy officer of the United States service, and has thus without money and without price bestowed a blessing of an untold value to the people of his country. Christ, the most precious gift to the world, is free. The prophet makes this reference to the gift:

Ho, every one that thirsteth . . . that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. (Isa. 55:1.)

### Swift Justice Administered

James J. Gallagher, who came so near killing Mayor Gaynor of New York, also shot Commissioner of Street Cleaning, "Big Bill" Edwards, in the arm, as the latter prevented the assassin from sending another bullet into the body of the Mayor. For this the prisoner was tried in Justice Swayze's Court in Jersey City and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. He sobbed like a child, saying, "Now I'll die in prison." The swiftness of Jersey justice is measured by the important things crowded into the time between 10 o'clock A.M. and 3.50 P.M. of the same day. The events are as follows: 10 o'clock—Court opened. 10.12—Entire jury chosen. 10.15—Jury sworn in. 10.16—Assistant Prosecutor Vickers began address. 10.31—Herman Greif sworn as first witness. 10.45—State closed its case and recess was declared. 2.20—Court reopened. 2.21—Counsel for Gallagher announced no witnesses would be called for the defense.

2.36—Counsel for Gallagher finished appeal to jury. 2.37—Mr. Vickers began to sum up for the State. 2.51—Court began charge to jury. 3.11—The jury retired. 3.28—Jury returned for further instructions. 3.35—Verdict returned. 3.40—Court sentenced Gallagher to twelve years in prison. 3.45—Gallagher taken back to jail. 3.50—Court cleared. The needless delay of the courts in this country has not been favorable to the suppression of crime, and the swift punishment of the prisoner in Jersey City will be a wholesome example and a deterrent. The value of the swift execution of the law is suggested in the following words:

And whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of the king, let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether it be unto death, or to banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment. (Ezra 7:26.)

### A New Strawberry

By a telegram from Santa Rosa, Calif., it is learned that Mr. Burbank has just perfected the growth of a strawberry of a new type, which he calls the Patagonia. The world-famed gardener says this is the first of a new race which has come to make strawberry growers rejoice. The berries are uniformly large, weighing sometimes as much as an ounce, and are of a fine scarlet color. The seeds are so small as to be almost imperceptible. The fruit melts easily in the mouth. Mr. Burbank's discoveries and achievements in the realm of scientific gardening have been the wonder and pride of the world, and society will be grateful to him for this last discovery in his especial field. This mastery over nature reminds us of that which God entrusted to man at the beginning.

And the Lord God took man and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. (Gen. 2:15.)

### Four Babies Born

Santa Claus and the stork came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Cortwright, near Dunellen, N. J., and left a basket of babies. The combined weight of the four was twelve pounds. They all appear to be strong and healthy, and the mother is said to be doing well. The father said to a reporter: "I don't know of any joy keener than that of being a father, but to have the happiness come fourfold is what I might call bewildering." Mr. and Mrs. Cortwright are each twenty-four years of age and celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding last Thanksgiving Day. The birth of so many babies at one time produced a great sensation in the neighborhood, and gifts poured in and offers of help and nurses came from every direction. Among the gifts sent to the infants are two little cribs and a pair of baby carriages, each capable of holding four infants, besides rattles, blankets, underwear, etc. Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Cortwright have a farm and will be able to provide for the support of the large family which is promised. It is said that the census indicates that the increase in the population of this neighborhood is not as rapid as in other parts of the county, and it is said that there is some local pride as well as surprise at the numerical increase. It is to be hoped that the dear little ones that God has given these servants of his may be spared in health and strength and that the parents may live to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The advent of these cherubs suggests the promise of the Psalmist:

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table. (Ps. 128:3.)



# The Gideons' Greatest Field Day

WHILE the hours preceding New Year's Eve found thousands of people in Chicago preparing for a night of feasting and revelry, it likewise found a band of earnest men preparing to place within the reach of hundreds of thousands of their fellows the Book which, above all other books ever written, has been the teacher of temperance and self-restraint; the comfort to the perplexed and the sorrowing; a tower of defense from the fierce onsets of sin, and the sword of the Spirit in hewing down every enemy of righteousness, personal, municipal and national.

These stout-hearted men were Gideons, aided by some of Chicago's most eminent ministers. The work they did was to place six thousand Bibles in the hotels of Chicago. It was a simple act; but it came as the result of long and prayerful planning on the part of W. E. Henderson, national secretary of the Gideons, and co-operation of his helpers and the proprietors of the hotels, who kindly accepted the proffered gifts, and promised to keep the Bibles within reach of their guests.

The service preceding the march to the hotels was held in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association and was a most impressive one. The Bibles were arranged in piles on the platform, each pile having a placard, stating the number of the Bibles in the heap and the hotel for which they were designed. The LaSalle Hotel pyramid contained an even 1,000 Bibles, and being the largest one, occupied the centre of the stage. The other hotels represented were the Palmer House, 695 Bibles; Congress, 600 Bibles; Auditorium, 365 Bibles; Great Northern, 400 Bibles; Grand Pacific, 200 Bibles, and so on through the



Permission Chicago Tribune

## The Gideons Setting Out on Their Work of Bible Distribution in Chicago Hotels

list, making a total of 6,000. Only two hotels refused to allow the Bibles an entrance.

After a series of stirring addresses and Gospel songs, each man took one or two bundles of Bibles, six Bibles to the bundle, and led by Mr. Henderson and some of the ministers and surrounded by a group of Gideons, marched to the LaSalle Hotel, one block away, and made the first distribution. The men then returned to the Young Men's Christian Association and continued the march to the various hotels until all had been supplied.

Marion Laurance, General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association, was one of the speakers. He stated that he himself is a Gideon, having for his number 1,196. He related the story of the origin of the Gideon organization. Samuel E. Hill, of Beloit, Wis., one of the two men into whose hearts in 1899 the God-inspired thought of forming a Christian organization among traveling men first came, was present and was presented to the audience. Mr. Laurance told

how J. H. Nicholson, also of Beloit, who was the other traveling man associated with Mr. Hill, and Mr. J. W. Knight, of Wild Rose, Wis., who was later added to the two originators, knelt in prayer and asked God to give them a name for their proposed organization. While praying, the name "Gideon" came into the mind of Mr. Nicholson. It met the instant approval of his companions and was adopted. At the first convention of the Gideons in the fall of that year there were 37 members. In one year there were 600. Now there are 8,000 members. "And now," said Mr. Laurance, "I do not know who are Gideons in this audience, but I do know that when I repeat the words of Judges 7: 21, every man among them will be on his feet. He then quoted the words of the Scripture verse: "And they stood every man in his place." Instantly, from all parts of the house, the Gideons sprang to their feet and a shout of victory was raised!

Other speakers at the preliminary meeting were Rev. Dr. John Balcom

Shaw, Second Presbyterian church; Rev. Dr. Johnston Meyers, Immanuel Baptist church; Rev. Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell, St. James Methodist Episcopal church; Rev. Dr. John Timothy Stone, Fourth Presbyterian church; Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean Divinity School, University of Chicago, and Bishop Charles Edward Cheney, Christ Church, Reformed Episcopal. It was a notable array of progressive, practical and talented leaders in the evangelical pulpits of Chicago. Each speaker gave hearty commendation to the movement and high praise of the value of the circulation of the Word of God.

Each Bible placed in the hotels has printed on the first inside cover suggestions of such a striking character that they cannot fail to attract attention, and will without doubt cause many a traveling man alone with his thoughts to realize that he is after all alone with God:

If lonesome or blue or friends untrue, read Ps. 23 and 27, and Luke 15.  
If trade is poor, read Ps. 37; John 15.  
If discouraged or in trouble, read Ps. 126; John 14.  
If you are all out of sorts, read Heb. 12.  
If you are losing confidence in men, read I. Cor. 13.  
If skeptical, read John 6: 40; 7: 17; Phil. 2: 9-11.  
If you can't have your own way, read James 3.  
If tired of sin, read Luke 18: 35-43; 18: 9-14; John 9.  
If very prosperous, read I. Cor. 10: 12, 13.  
Happy conclusion, Ps. 121; Matt. 6: 33; Rom. 12.  
This suggestion is also added:  
"A mother comforted by the 'Word' as expressed on her son's tomb:  
"My son, aged 21. Died in his youth, but saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ. — MOTHER." How about your mother?"

WILLIAM BERNARD NORTON.

## OUR LATEST BATTLESHIP

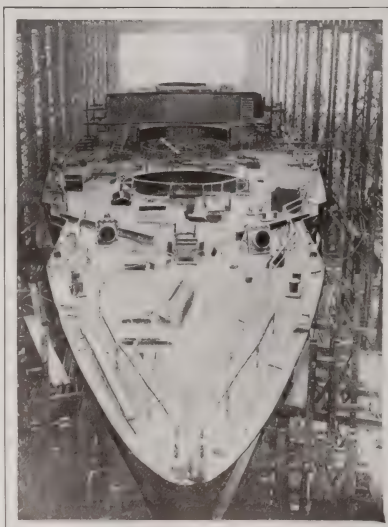
THE battleship *Arkansas*, the latest Dreadnought to be added to Uncle Sam's war fleet of fighting monsters, was launched from the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N. J., on January 14.

In the construction of these vessels each launch shows an increase in dimension, tonnage and horsepower, and also an addition to the armament. The principal dimensions of the *Arkansas* are: Length on load water line, 554 feet; length over all, 562 feet; beam over armor, 93 feet, 2½ inches; trial draught, 28 feet, 6 inches; trial displacement, 26,000 tons; trial speed, 20½ knots an hour generated by Parsons turbine engines.

The main armament consists of twelve 12-inch breech-loading guns, mounted in six turrets on the centre line of the ship, two forward, two aft and two amidships. These turrets, which are protected by armor twelve inches thick, are supplied with ammunition from the magazine and shell rooms below by means of electrical hoists. The guns will be manipulated and handled solely by electricity.

Besides the equipment of general armament guns the *Arkansas* is provided with a defense against torpedo boat attacks, in the way of a battery of twenty-one five-inch rapid-fire guns, protected by armor of medium thickness. There are two submerged torpedo tubes and ten small guns for boat service and saluting purposes. The total weight of a broadside fire will be about 11,000 pounds. In fact, a single discharge from this modern war leviathan will equal in weight the combined shot sent from all the guns of Dewey's fleet at the engagement of Manila Bay. This will give an indication of the marvelous progress in construction within the past dozen years.

The laying down of a Dreadnought, such as the one just launched, was undreamt of at the beginning of this period. The first of the kind was constructed in England in 1905. It was not until 1907



Our New Dreadnought, the Battleship *Arkansas*

that the United States essayed to build vessels of this class. That year the *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, each of 20,000 tons, were floated; they have a

draught of 26 feet, 11 inches. The *Delaware* has reciprocating engines, and can make a speed of 21 knots an hour. The *North Dakota* has Curtis turbine engines and a similar speed. The *Florida* and the *Utah*, now in course of construction, will each have a displacement of 21,875 tons, and a horsepower of 28,000. Both will be furnished with Parsons turbine engines, generating a speed of over 21 knots an hour. The sister ship of the *Arkansas* will be the *Wyoming*, which though developing only the same horsepower will have a displacement of 26,000 tons. Two others to be named the *New York* and the *Texas* have been projected.

These United States warships will not be the largest afloat. At the present time America is building for the Argentine government a vessel, which will be a thousand tons larger than the *Arkansas*, and one still larger is being constructed by Brazil.

Despite the great strength put into these vessels in the way of steel and armor plate their life is but short, about ten years or so, even in time of peace. Of course in case of war the broadsides and cannonading would wear them out much sooner.

This may cause some wonder when it is noted that the ship just launched, the *Arkansas*, has a main belt of armor eight feet wide and an average of ten inches thick, that above this is another belt also ten inches average thickness, and that still higher amidships is the casemate armor protecting the secondary battle and funnel bases. At the ends of the main belt are transverse armor bulkheads. Each barbette is of armor, varying from four inches to eleven inches in thickness, which protects the entire ammunition-handling machinery for the 12-inch guns in the turret above. A strong protective deck extends fore and aft.

The *Arkansas* is fitted out for a flagship, and will have a complement of 1,030 men and 85 officers. The cost of the ship was about \$5,000,000.



# Thousands Dying of Famine in China

Starvation and Fever Carrying Off Multitudes of Victims—The U. S. Minister Appeals for the Sufferers



A Little Famine Waif

id in the great famine of 1906 when their gifts through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were the means of saving thousands of lives.

Reports show that upwards of five million men, women and children, if not in actual want in Anhui province at the present moment, are on the border of starvation and their case is growing worse every day. If supplies do not reach them quickly, the mortality will be great. Government relief is insufficient to meet the emergency. The Imperial exchequer is never well supplied. China is a poor country, and when a famine comes, the poverty quickly becomes intensified. On these terrible visitations of famine, China must look to the outside world for assistance, to save her people at such times, to lay aside her prejudices and superstitions and appeals to the Christian nations. This is the situation to-day.

"The government at Peking," says one reliable informant to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "has sent commissioners to investigate the famine. These officers have verified first reports. The missionaries, too, have affirmed the tidings of the situation, which is one of increasing gravity. The worst flood occurred between the eighth and ninth moon of the Chinese year (that is, about the end of November and beginning of December). This was followed by a tremendous rainfall, which led the smaller rivers, tributaries of the Yang-tse, until they overpowered their banks and inundated the country, almost totally destroying the crops. From the inland districts great swarms of panic-stricken people hurried to Chinkiang, Soo-chow, Yang-chow and Sheong to escape death by drowning. In Anhui province, most of the ground is low-lying. It has suffered much in the past from similar disasters. The staple cereal on which the people depend is wheat. When the wheat crop fails or is destroyed, as in the present instance, there is sure to be a famine.



Ev the Wayside

"Our people cling to the traditions of their ancestors and follow the same primitive customs and observances. Progress has penetrated but little into our ancient land. Of the other crops adapted to the soil, such as barley, maize, millet, peas and beans, very little is sown. Rice is not cultivated in this province at all. We have but few animals, the goat being the principal; but only the better class of people in good times can afford the luxury of flesh meat. Such is unknown to the palate

of the Chinese poor. Very little food suffices them; they are accustomed to a few handfuls of wheat meal a day in the form of porridge or kneaded into hard bread. Now that the wheat lands have been submerged and the crop practically destroyed they are obliged to depend on wild berries and fruits until relief comes to tide them over the present misfortune and enable them to secure seed for next season.

"Floods have ever been the curse of China; they have been always fraught with death and destruction. The country is cut up into innumerable sections by artificial waterways, dykes and canals, besides which there is an immense river system with the great basin of the Yang-tse-kiang as a centre. The Chinese have tried to curb the course of the rivers, but their attempts have been weak, there being few skilled engineers among them."

Chinkiang, which is a missionary headquarters and a centre of relief operations, is a city with a population at normal times of almost a million; but at present, owing to the influx of sufferers from inland districts, this number is greatly increased. It is situated on the Grand Canal not far from the city of Nanking. It was the centre of relief work during the great famine of 1906-7, and it was here that the cargoes of the relief ships *Buford* and *Logan*, contributed by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, were unloaded and sent to the many points of suffering inland.

From various sources, details of the condition of affairs in the famine provinces are gradually coming

Probably the section in which the suffering is most severe is the northern part of the province of Anhui, north and east of the Kwai and Kwo Rivers. This is a territory of some 7,000 square miles, with a population aggregating 2,500,000. Here the direct cause of the famine was the destruction of fall crops through floods, resulting from the heaviest summer rainfalls on record. Famine conditions have prevailed here for the last four months. Thousands of refugees have left the district, but many, being unsuccessful in seeking support elsewhere, are returning, preferring to die in their native place. It is estimated that a million people, chiefly hard-working farmers, will be dependent upon charity for their existence until the spring crops. As early as September, robber bands, desperate at the prospect of starvation, and some of them well armed, traveled through the country, pillaging, terrorizing



A Scanty Meal

and killing. Serious trouble was only avoided by the bringing in of troops over the new Tientsin-Pukou Railroad. There were many summary executions of robbers in the yamens or government compounds.

A rainfall of twenty-three inches fell in twenty-four hours at one time of the rainy season, causing heavy floods which swept away scores of villages. Large numbers of the people are reported to have been drowned. A railroad bridge is said to have been choked up with bodies and debris. Some of the highest places, untouched in ordinary floods, were from one to three feet under water.

The people are left so poor that they are able to plant only one-third or one-half of the usual amount of wheat sown. It will take several years for this region to recover from its heavy losses. Some aid has been rendered by the government, but it is inadequate to save life and avert suffering to any material extent. The people and the gentry are desirous of foreign aid, and Chinese and foreign relief committees have been organized. The missionaries are working heroically and doing all that lies in their power to relieve the distress.

Responses to our appeal in behalf of China's famine sufferers are now being received from all parts of the country, showing the widespread interest in this benevolent movement. Many of the letters contain earnest prayers that the suffering may soon be ended. "I wish I could multiply my gift tenfold," writes Mrs. W. C. S., of New Haven, Vt., who sends \$1.

An old reader in Kent, O., who sends a similar sum, writes: "It is just a little, but the ocean is made of drops. May God's blessing go with it!" T. R. J., Greers, S. C. (\$2), says: "May this be the means of saving some lives." Two Harrisburg, Pa., ladies send \$4, adding: "We wish to do what we can to help the suffering ones out there."

All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the China Famine Fund will be cable to our missionaries at Chinkiang, for distribution in the famine provinces.



Begging a Meal



Refugees Waiting for Official Relief (as in the Last Great Famine, when Hundreds of Thousands were Domiciled in Outdoor Camps)

to hand. These fully confirm the recent reports printed in this journal of the extent and severity of the famine.

The following are additional contributors to the Famine Fund:

|                           |       |                                                    |       |
|---------------------------|-------|----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Mrs. C. M. Allen.....     | 1 00  | A. F. Richmond.....                                | 2 00  |
| John A. Anderson.....     | 3 00  | Molly Robertson.....                               | 5 00  |
| C. R. Babbitt.....        | 5 00  | Aron Spjut.....                                    | 1 00  |
| E. B. Barker.....         | 50    | Mrs. S. Stockman.....                              | 1 00  |
| J. H. Beall.....          | 5 00  | Winfield S. Stockman.....                          | 1 00  |
| C. V. Beaver.....         | 10 00 | Nancy Van Pelt.....                                | 3 50  |
| C. Blencowe.....          | 7 50  | Miss Beulah Walp.....                              | 5 00  |
| Lydia M. Brabhy.....      | 3 00  | R. A. Walp.....                                    | 10 00 |
| C. G. Braker.....         | 1 00  | John B. Williams.....                              | 5 00  |
| Perry Brown.....          | 1 50  | R. A. Williams.....                                | 1 00  |
| Mrs. L. A. Bruce.....     | 1 00  | F. T. G. Lyons.....                                | 3 00  |
| S. P. Chalfont.....       | 8 00  | Mrs. W.C.S., New Haven.....                        | 50    |
| Salome S. Collins.....    | 1 00  | T. W., N. Y. City.....                             | 8 00  |
| Miss H. S. Dawson.....    | 25 00 | L., Pa.....                                        | 2 00  |
| Mrs. P. R. DeRhodes.....  | 50    | C. H. S., York.....                                | 1 00  |
| Louie Flawn.....          | 1 00  | E. Avon.....                                       | 1 00  |
| Mrs. J. S. Gerhart.....   | 1 00  | Hickory.....                                       | 5 00  |
| J. B. Gould and wife..... | 3 00  | Keene.....                                         | 5 00  |
| Mrs. R. A. Graybill.....  | 2 00  | Monroe.....                                        | 20 00 |
| J. M. Hines.....          | 1 25  | Odensburg.....                                     | 1 00  |
| Mrs. Eliz. K. Hoffa.....  | 1 00  | A Friend, Ill.....                                 | 15 00 |
| J. L. Hopfinger.....      | 3 75  | A Subs., Argyle.....                               | 1 00  |
| Mrs. Elma Jacobs.....     | 2 00  | A Subscriber, Iowa.....                            | 50    |
| T. R. Johnson.....        | 2 00  | A Widow, Ipswich.....                              | 3 00  |
| Mrs. Fred J. Knight.....  | 1 00  | In Jesus' Name, Oberlin.....                       | 1 00  |
| Miss M. Knowles.....      | 1 00  | Old Donau.....                                     | 1 00  |
| Lewis A. Landers.....     | 1 00  | Ladies of the Home and Foreign Missionary Soc..... | 1 00  |
| A. J. H. Printz.....      | 2 00  | city, Abol.....                                    | 5 00  |
| Miss Lizzie A. Reese..... | 2 00  | Upper Verde Bapt. S. S.....                        | 6 25  |
| Mrs. Esther Rice.....     | 1 00  |                                                    |       |



# HOW IS YOUR OWN CHURCH?

A Helpful Discussion in Which All Church Members Are Invited to Take Part

THAT THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S proposition for a full and free discussion of actual church conditions, in all the denominations, was timely and acceptable, is evident from the very large number of letters that have been received, only a part of which we can give in the present issue. Our invitation, which appeared in the January 4 number, proposed a frank discussion of present church conditions as to (1) loss or gain in membership, (2) sound Gospel preaching, (3) spiritual progress or the reverse, (4) the probable causes of any marked change, (5) work among the children, and (6) revival refreshing. The letters given below constitute the first instalment of many others to follow:

## A Spiritually Lethargic Church

I reside in a small country town and am a member of the Baptist church. This is a place where it is generally considered that religion is on the decline. The people who are church members and interested in spiritual things are in the minority. The churches (of which there are several) are run and supported mostly by women. In my own church, out of thirty resident members, only four are men. Very few men are found among the congregations of any church in the town. The majority of people are indifferent as regards the spiritual welfare of the place. Some will say there are too many churches for the size of our town, but there are people enough to fill the churches, were they so inclined.

Two weeks' series of evangelistic services were held last September, conducted in a way to give everybody an opportunity to hear the Gospel and accept Christ if they so desired. There have been no additions to the church for over a year. The Gospel is faithfully preached from Sabbath to Sabbath. There seems to be a spiritual lethargy over the entire community.

Danbury, N. H.

Mrs.

## A Church in Full Revival

In full sympathy with the spirit of your editorial, I write briefly concerning a blessed revival in our place. The Methodist Episcopal church here has a membership of 80. In September last an evangelist came and for the entire month the fire of God's grace was bright in our midst. Over fifty were saved, and mostly adults. Only two children have joined our church out of the entire number. This was not a Sunday School harvesting. The converts were mostly men. One was eighty years of age. A soldier nearly seventy was converted, and others aged fifty and sixty. Many had formed the habit of drink and great was the power of conviction and most precious the coming into the full freedom of Christ. We had no card signing, no hand raising, but just conversions! Men and women remained for prayers and gospel to keep up the fire. On October 2, twenty-four joined our church on probation. On November 6, five more. On December 4, two more.

We are glad to place on record our firmest conviction that the Church of the living God has a message for this age.

Stephens, Conn.

Rev. A. L. Hubbard.

## The Saloon the Church's Enemy

Our church (the First Baptist) is neither gaining nor losing in membership. While some drop out, others are taken in. There has been a large debt on the church ever since we built it, about ten years ago. Much time and hard work has been expended to keep up the finances. Our pastor is laboring faithfully. I can not say that the church is making spiritual progress, neither is it losing ground. To my mind, one of the great drawbacks to spiritual work here is the saloon evil. There are so many places (over thirty) where strong drinks are sold, and there is not a determined fight on the part of the churches to down them. The greater part of our young men are seen frequenting these places. There seems to be an increasing disregard for law and order in this community.

Hudson, N. Y.

Reuben.

## The Case of a Typical Country Church

I have just risen from the journal of the first number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of 1911. It is a grand paper, unique and original in conception, world-wide in its work, broad in its charities, optimistic, able, sincere and lofty in its ideals. The editorial on "Church Work" has so happily met my approval that I could not resist the impulse to comply at once with your recommendation.

Our church (Congregational) is a country

church in central New York, organized in 1801. Its membership is about 500. For fifty years it was the leading factor in the growth of the community. I joined it when I was a lad of fifteen, more than sixty years ago. Since then, changes have gradually crept in, and changes that to us old members seem subversive of the sturdy faith and practice of those early days. Then, the church was all in all; our religion, our ethics, our morality, our intellectuality, our recreation and social bond of fellowship. Now, the press, new-fangled things, steam, electricity, inventions and what not, have changed the simplicity and poverty of life to a bewildering complexity so absorbing that we older ones can hardly catch our breath in the mad race for supremacy. We are passing through a world-wide movement or transition state in matters of belief. The rather modern appearance of the so-called "higher criticism" was perhaps the entering wedge in removing the props and weakening our faith in the infallibility of the Bible, which has resulted in many rejecting it altogether. Religion and belief is not the vital thing it was a few years ago. The change has bred apathy and indifference. So, amid unbelief, worldliness, vanity fairs, the strife and strenuousness of life, I find at least a partial solution, and the balance may perhaps be laid to the feeling among the working class, that the Church is no better than others. What wonder that it suffers defeat and that our attendance has shrunk to probably about one to five; that

being baptized and the emphasis on the fundamental truth all along the line.

I am certain the Methodist church in our village could also answer very encouragingly these questions; also the Evangelical church in the country three miles off, built over fifty years ago, which I attended when a boy and young man. It is very inspiring to pass these three churches, with which I have been associated, and to be able to answer encouragingly for all of them. They are all making fine progress.

Springfield, O.

C. A. KUENZLI.

## Prayer Has Helped the Church Most

Our church (Swedish Congregational) is constantly gaining. You ask, "Is the Gospel faithfully preached?" As I am the preacher, I suppose I should not answer this question; yet, before God, I dare say it is. What has helped the church most? Prayer! Prayer! Prayer! We have been praying for a revival about six months and on New Year's Day it came. Five young men and two young women gave their hearts to God. The work goes on. This is old-time religion. (REV.) C. J. HOHN.

East Orange, N. J.

## A Church of Prayer and Work

Our church is in good condition. It is composed of members who have been regenerated and born of the Holy Spirit. The love of



A Gospel Service on Shipboard in the South Atlantic

A MISSIONARY correspondent of this paper sends us the interesting photograph here reproduced, with the simple note: "My congregation on the steamer of the North Castle on the way out." The passengers, who are bound perhaps for Australia, sit quietly and appreciatively on deck listening to the Gospel as the steamer speeds southward. It is an improvised service, under unusual conditions; but the good seed is never sowed in vain.

is, out of its membership of 500, we have an average attendance of 100. Then there are the non-churchgoers. We are confronted with a condition truly discouraging if not alarming. Still, we are considered a prosperous church. There is a minority of interested workers, especially among the women, who are bravely and nobly doing good work and making it an agency of great good locally, and also in benefactions and missionary work. We make annually an effort in some direction for evangelistic services, but for the last few years, without notable success. Still the membership holds its own. Short pastorates of late years have been the rule. Pastors don't seem to measure up to the requirements of an aggressive forward movement that will reach non-churchgoers. I think ours is fairly a representative country church for this region. Recommendations and suggestions such as you indicate would approximately meet the conditions of a large majority.

Homer, N. Y.

D. CARPENTIER.

## A Church Spiritually Alive

Our church (Lutheran) is gaining steadily in membership. The old Gospel is faithfully preached. We are making spiritual progress (1) because of the faithful preaching of the Word; (2) because of the earnest prayers and the consistent Christian lives led by many of our older members; (3) because of the encouragement coming from the splendid body of young men and women who have united with the church in the past seven years; (4) because of the children being catechized and the babies

Christ, implanted in the heart, makes us love each other and prompts us to work for our Master. Our church is composed of praying members. We believe in prayer; but when we pray, we try to answer our own prayers as far as it lies in our power, and then we believe that our heavenly Father will do for us that which we cannot do for ourselves. Our church loves her pastor. We pray for him. He is Spirit-filled, and when he preaches he comes with a message of love that is food to the soul.

Providence, Ky.

JOSEPH HART.

## Money and Pleasure Come First

I am a Congregationalist. I feel that our church is too stiff, with an uneasy attitude, unless toward the wealthy members. Poor ones are not a desirable acquisition. Our church sacrifices spiritual for financial and social success. Prayer meeting is neglected. Some do all the work, instead of all together. Dances and cards are in some homes, too. There is some wheat among the chaff, however. Of five churches here all are in need of a Pentecostal revival.

Bada, Ill.

## Do We Neglect Foreign Missions?

All the great church leaders state that missions are the chief business of the Church. "There are a thousand million heathen who have never heard the name of Jesus Christ," they say. Then the proofs of the neglect of this great duty are these facts: 250 million dollars are given to the home church enterprises, and only 7½ millions are sent out. Our very

children, it is said, consume 11 million dollars worth of chewing gum! Again, there seems to be little interest shown in this cause in many churches. No system is used in collecting money for missions. Any day of the year is good for missions, and in some churches direct, regular contributions, amounting to nothing, are taken up for this interest. They, but little speaking in many churches on this great subject.

Now, the proofs that the neglect of this great duty is the chief cause of the decline in many churches are these: Wherever any church is adequately supported missions, that church has taken on new life and prosperity. This statement has been repeatedly made by our missionary leaders. On the other hand, without exceptions, they say that those churches which do not do so, decline and languish, and in other interests of the church suffer. We have seen this decline ourselves. For instance, in my own church, a certain small sum (a large enough to buy a good suit of clothes) would be raised by a well-to-do country congregation for Foreign Missions in response to an earnest appeal, while they spend many times the amount on their own church. The other churches in our locality manifest the same indifference. Now, it is a fact that these churches are suffering (so far as I can determine) from the spiritual drought. Wringing and bickering over the assessments for the preacher's salary and over other causes are constantly going on. Attendance at these churches is at a very low ebb. Conversations are few. Fewer still (I think) join these churches. I believe that Christ spews out a unmissionary church. I humbly hope that the above facts may cause some to stop and ponder their ways. In spite of the foregoing, the writer believes that the church members are the only ones that are carrying on righteousness in the earth, and that Christ's cause is gradually triumphing all over the earth and will finally win.

EARNST WINKLER.

## Why Young People Neglect the Church

The members, especially the young men and girls, are dropping out, probably not intentionally, but unconsciously. Now, is the filling any part of prophecy, or what in your opinion is the reason for their lack of interest? It seems to me the fathers and mothers are not faithful enough in their own attendance, and perhaps if we all did not belong to so many clubs and societies we could give more time to the things that should come first in our lives. This, I think, is one reason why young people are not more faithful in church work.

Avondale, R. I.

FRED N. BUDICK.

## A Worldly Neighborhood

As I think a word of caution often proves blessed, I will try your advice and hope I may be able to do some good here. The few people here are harder to work among than those who have never had a chance to hear the Gospel. They are all speculators, and are passing the time in a way to suit themselves. I never much rather live where I could attend worship and have my church work, but it appears the duty calls me here.

Dent, Idaho.

A WORKER FOR THE CAUSE.

## Causes of Spiritual Decline

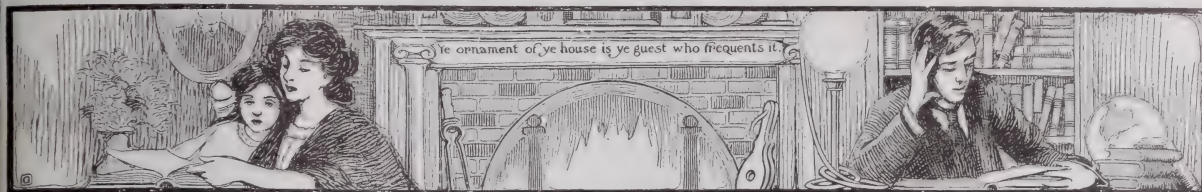
I am acquainted with a few of the churches here and several in neighboring villages. My acquaintance does not inspire me with great gladness of heart. Taking the members with reasonable distance, one or two miles, of place of worship, the attendance is usually small. The almost complete absence of children and young people from the meetings and evening services is painfully evident. Preaching, in some particulars, is plain and largely professional. It lacks evangelistic fervor and subduing earnestness. Sinners are not angry with the wicked, because they seem to be found, save in the slums and hell-holes, and there, moral responsibility does not count. The doctrines of repentance, justification, the new birth, the witness of the Spirit, full salvation, are seldom if ever presented. I have heard many sermons and addresses, never once, if I were an anxious soul seeking salvation, could I learn from any one of all them, how I could find peace with God. If I heard hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Just as I Am," I would have thought I might have had a chance, but those hymns are being displaced by modern jingles.

If with few exceptions the people do not come to church, may not the minister as a pastor of some of God's saving messages to them in their homes or elsewhere? I fear this is not so. The clubs, the guilds, the brotherhoods, leagues, the social functions, the committees must be attended, with many other things.

Continued on page 95



# BY THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT



## Homesickness

THE man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," was a rolling stone. For years he wandered from place to place, and often he heard his beautiful song as its melody rang out to him, a passerby, from homes replete with comfort and luxury.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Analyzing this sentiment, we are confronted by various differing ideals entertained by home-loving people. I knew a man who had an incurable habit of appearing at home in the middle of the forenoon or afternoon when meals had been cleared away and other household work was in progress, with the cheerful anticipation of being immediately served with a delicious repast. He remarked one day, "The charm about one's home is that one may have a meal at any time without being bound to a fixed hour." His wife, being an angel, with a fairy-like gift of lifting a wand and producing from her stores breakfast, luncheon or dinner on demand, never hinted to her husband that his desultory fashion of asking for meals when it suited his convenience was in the least an embarrassment to her.

An otherwise admirable youth, on his return from college at vacation time, apparently claims the privilege of dressing like a tramp in the privacy of his home. He tells his over-indulgent mother that when away from home one must pay attention to his style of clothing, but that in his father's house he may wear any old thing he chooses. These examples are to show that for some mistaken people home is merely a place of privilege. They may do as they like, doing nothing very wrong, it is true, but to a certain extent interfering with system, and showing too slight deference to the wishes of mothers and sisters. There are thousands of folk whose love for home strikes deep its roots into the soil, or is founded upon family affection.

A dear little girl of ten, Norma Bunting, of Hamilton, O., was away from home on a visit last summer. The darling child was homesick, and she explained what made her so in the stanzas which follow. They are very well written and do credit to the little author:

### A Mother's Good-Night Kiss

When I have gone away  
A little while to stay,  
It's nice to get back home  
And have a mother's kiss bestowed.

Although a good time I may enjoy,  
With a doll or some other toy,  
There's still one thing I miss,  
And that's a mother's good-night kiss.

### What to Do, and How to Do It

Many women permit themselves to be entirely too much puzzled and bothered about little details of etiquette. They hesitate as to the best way of acknowledging an invitation, writing a letter of thanks, expressing sympathy with a friend in affliction or setting a table for a formal dinner. The truth is that conventionality rests upon common sense and convenience. No one can go far wrong who has a kind heart, a desire to make people happy in her own house and an intention of showing courtesy and sympathy in the right time and place. The reason why an invitation to dinner must be accepted or declined by note as soon as possible after it has arrived is that a hostess prefers to have an even number of guests at her table, and if the one first asked cannot come, she wishes to know it at once so that the place may be filled. Only great decency justifies a hostess in sending an eleventh-

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

hour invitation to a guest, and when this is done politeness requires that it shall be explained.

In leaving cards at the home of friends, good usage ordains that when the acquaintance is slight and the calling occasional, a visiting card should be left for each woman in the family where the call is made. To waste visiting cards in this way when calling upon intimate friends would be absurd. There is an omission of courtesy peculiarly American in which a reform is necessary. When visiting a home in which maids are employed, there is no decline of dignity if a pleasant "good-morning" or "afternoon" recognizes their existence. The same kind courtesy should be extended to young women who wait upon one in shops, and the "thank you" for

expensive, and our younger readers in the host of other books which claim attention are losing sight of its value and of the pleasure it would afford them. A young literary man of New York, Edward Frank Allen, had a happy thought one day. Straightway he put the thought into material form, and the result is a modest but charming volume bearing as title the *Red Letter Days of Samuel Pepys*.

Mr. Allen has done his work of selection and compilation uncommonly well. Within a compass of three hundred pages he gives us in Mr. Pepys' own words a portrait of this old-time gentleman at home and in society. Whatever was going on in England in Mr. Pepys' period, and whatever was enacted in London was seen by and taken part in by this incomparable diarist. The book meets a felt want and will be an introduction for many readers to the larger work from which the extracts are made. It appears simultaneously in New York and London, and may be found on sale in any book store.



Japanese Girls at the Well

THE traveler in Japan is constantly reminded, even in that land of rapid change, that he is in the conservative and changeless East. These pretty maidens go to the well, let down the buckets and draw them up, as the women of Japan have done for centuries. Everything in the Sunrise Kingdom is picturesque. It is as though the Island Empire enjoyed perpetual youth.

attention spoken by the customer should not be omitted.

### Mr. Pepys on Parade

Among those standard works which have long formed a part of every well selected library, place has always been found for the *Diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys*, who lived in the seventeenth century, took an active part in political and social affairs in the time of Charles the Second, and set down from day to day in his private memoranda everything that he saw, did and thought, with a sort of undress honesty and childlike naivete. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay frankly delighted in the confessions of Mr. Pepys. The *Diary* in its complete form is

do not know that everything is not to be put into the tiny mouth.

"As a kindergartner I love all little children and would like to suggest *Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay. It can be had from Thomas Charles Company, Chicago, Ill. They also have blocks for building called the Sixth Gift, which I think any mother would like, and there are wooden beads for stringing which little children enjoy. Their catalogues will suggest other articles. Babies playing alone might put the beads in their mouths. I don't know whether there would be any danger. Mothers know better than kindergartners about such things. I think that big rubber balls are very nice, too."

"E. E. H."

### The Bride's Share in the New Home

As the new home could not exist without the bride's presence, as she kindles the fire on the domestic hearth and from the hour of marriage tends it with wifely care, her share would seem to be that of the queen on the throne. Royalty and service go hand in hand in this life, and the woman most loved and honored, most keenly in station, is the dear wife on whom it must be admitted more than half of life's drudgery falls.

The bride's share in furnishing the new home is the provision of the household linen. This includes everything in daily use, sheets, pillow cases, tablecloths, napkins, towels and the daintier articles of needlework which go to the adornment of a house. According to her circumstances the bride's provision for the future may be sumptuous or limited. If she has enough to serve the household needs for a year, allowing a little margin for emergencies, she is sufficiently supplied. If her mother began, as French, German and Dutch mothers do, to fill the daughter's bridal chest in the daughter's early childhood, she may carry to her home an outfit of linen which will not need replenishing in years.

The bride's trousseau need not cover every article of wearing apparel that she will require for a half dozen years, but, if possible, it should be ample for the first twelve months. She should bestow as much time and thought upon her outfit for housekeeping as upon her personal wearing apparel.

### Women in Council

As several mothers have written inquiring about kindergarten literature and devices for the entertainment of small children, I take pleasure in giving the first place this week to the following helpful letter. I wish to add to it my own caution against giving beads to little ones, who





## January OUR BOYS AND GIRLS 1911

### HAREBELLS

Blue sky and bluer sea,  
And harebell at my feet,  
Blue and yet more utterly,  
Why is your hue so sweet?

What fire of my soul  
Thrills at your loveliness?  
Why should a tint control  
My heart like a caress?

Blue sky and bluer sea,  
And harebell at my feet,  
How can mere color be  
Beyond all telling sweet?

—SELECTED.



**DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:** What really good times we are beginning to have in the Cozy Corner! Your enthusiastic interest, your letters and good work, and the delight that your earnings and prizes seem to bring you, are making of the Young People's Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a really splendid place for boys and girls to meet and accomplish things. Perhaps some day, if we keep on in this same successful way, we shall be telling our own little boys and girls all about the Cozy Corner that we helped to make the very best Boys' and Girls' Department in a magazine in the world. That is a very ambitious suggestion, but I believe that we can carry it out, right here in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and what is more, I believe we will.

I especially want to thank those of you who wrote calling our attention to the fact that "Snowflakes," a little poem beginning,

Dolly, there are nice white feathers  
Coming from the clouds, just sees

was not original by the little girl who sent it in to us and won a prize for it. The incident was a distinct oversight on our part. Your interest was very gratifying. Now let us understand this point once for all. Send only your own original work to Cozy Corner Contests. We have said this repeatedly, right here in the Cozy Corner itself, and we do want our boys and girls to maintain the highest standard of honor in this matter. To send in other people's work is not only disappointing to the editors, but it is distinctly unfair to the other boys and girls trying for prizes, who would never dream of doing such a thing.

### Our Good-Night Verse Is:

"Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. Talk ye all of his wondrous works."

### My Own Model Aeroplane

By Arnold Collins, age 10

**TAKE** a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch stick, 12 inches long, and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cube of extremely light wood. Drill a hole in the block near

the bottom with a fine awl or heated hairpin. Cut away the stick, and then nail and glue the back into it (see Figure 1). Make a hole the same way  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from the opposite end of the stick; now insert a hairpin, and bend it round the extreme end of the stick for a hook for the rubber motor (see Figure 2). To make the planes, get 4 feet of rattan, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, soak it over night, and curve 10 inches of it into a plane 4 x  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The rest of the rattan will make a plane 2 x 10 inches. Cover the planes with thin silk, glued down firmly. Fasten the planes to the stick with rubber bands so that they may be slid up and down to control the flight. For the propeller



Painting by Daniel J. Cox

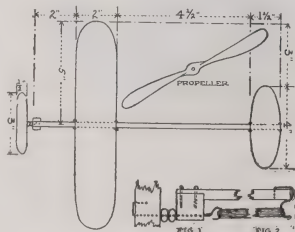
### The Young Pioneer

One of the famous "Young America" paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

ings, sachets and perfumery, and the quaintest little night-caps with sachet in the crown to keep your hair smooth and sweet, just exactly as "Amy" would have done.

"Meg" is to sell household articles, principally bags of all kinds, because, you see, they are easily made, are effective, and sell well. There will be dust-bags, string-bags, laundry-bags, work-bags of all kinds, broom-bags and shoe-bags, stocking-bags and little reticules, and nice crotone bags for curtains and portieres to hang in during the summer instead of packing them away. There are more than twenty different varieties of bags to sell, besides dusting-caps, iron-holders, broom-racks, cuff-protectors, and other nice domestic things that "Meg" would have loved.

"Beth" is to have cut flowers and potted plants at one end of the "Little Women" booth, and "Joe" has volunteered to get up an entertainment just as the real "Joe" would have done. It is to be a Punch-and-Judy puppet show, suggested by the very one you sent us, Miss Porter. One of the girls in the class has made a puppet-box and has dressed some real dolls, and gives that little puppet play perfectly. She is to be "Joe," and will charge five cents to see her "pinny, pinny puppet show." Everybody is delighted with our plan.



A Two Dollar Prize Winner—January Contest

## Special February Prize Contest

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award money prizes and many supplementary prizes of best books, pictures, games, kodaks, toys, etc., etc., for original work sent in by boys and girls.

**TWO DOLLARS** for best story or article in less than 300 words. Subject: "Something I Have Made Me"

**TWO DOLLARS** for best verse. Subjects: "The Attic," "The North Wind," or "Good Night."

**TWO DOLLARS** for best drawings. Subject: A Headpiece for February.

**ONE DOLLAR** each for best puzzles. Any sort of a good puzzle (must be accompanied by the answer).

### For the Little People.

A rebus to guess:  
My first is as little as little can be,  
My second is only a boy, you see,  
My third is the sky of a sunny day,  
My whole is an old-fashioned nursery lay

### Note: A Cozy Corner Plumb

In next week's Cozy Corner we will publish the first of a series of especially interesting and fascinating articles on *Miniature Air Craft*, by Mr. Francis Arnold Collins, author of *The Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes*.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*



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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Serial Story by FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

XVIII—Continued

I AM told," said Mr. Todd to Sutton, the proprietor, "that this is one of the few properly managed hotels in this part of the country, with evening dinners, breakfasts *à la carte*, and so forth."

Sutton silently shook his heavy body, a wide mouth turning up at the corners, an exercise which passed with him as a laugh.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we're stylish and to date all right, when it comes to even o'clock breakfasts and six o'clock dinners. We've kind of changed our way around here to 'commode our patrons. We calculate t' please."

And so it came about that young hitcomb sat down to dinner that night with Mr. Albert Todd. Little by little the two fell into friendly conversation, and David, at first irritable and resentful, passed all at once into his alternating mood, when he desired nothing much as to talk about himself.

Not once did the tactful Mr. Todd mention the subject of insurance, and he appeared wonderfully interested in David's account of his life in the West; his failures, few and far between, and of his successes, social and otherwise, which according to David had been many and remarkable. Mr. Todd was a man of the world, that much was clear, with no foolish or fanatical prejudices. After dinner the two, in a state of postprandial amity, strolled across to the bar-room, where they partook of various cooling drinks compounded under David's direction by the alert young person behind the bar. And when later they strolled out to the piazza and David produced cigarettes, they had fallen into relations of such exceeding friendliness that David renewed the conversation in a more intimate tone than he had yet taken.

"This is the most confoundingly stupid hole a man ever dropped into," he observed through the fragrant smoke wreaths.

"He looks kind of peaceful and nothing," agreed Mr. Todd, with a chuckle. "I guess I can stand it for a few days, though."

He looked away into the dusty street here an occasional pedestrian enlivened the solitude. "Thinking of setting here?" he asked.

David scowled. "Yes," he said. "Out in the country ways further."

"Then you'll have hopes of striking it in metropolis here occasionally?" queried Mr. Todd facetiously. "I couldn't want to get too far away." David's eyes were still fixed and glowing.

"What do you think of a man of my experience settling down in a place like this to raise apples?" he asked. Sometimes I think I'm several kinds of a fool for doing it."

Mr. Todd spat thoughtfully over the rail.

"That depends," he said tentatively, with a keen look at the other.

"Yes, of course," said David; "take any way you like, is the game worth the candle? Once I'm tied up here, I suppose I'll have to stand by the rest of my life. Do I want to do it? Would you want to do it? Honest now."

The small spare gentleman who had introduced himself to Barford society under the name of Albert Todd smiled thoughtfully.

"Well, it strikes me as a bit slow for my taste. What do you say to a game of cards to pass away the time?"

David shook his head.

"I don't take much to cards," he said; "the other chap generally wins, and I like to be on the winning side."

He tramped up and down the piazza a few times, impatiently kicking at the railings as he paused to turn.

"There's a man in this town I've got to see on rather disagreeable business," he said at last. "I've been putting it off for several days; but I believe I'll do it now. So long. See you in the morning."

Left to himself Mr. Todd elevated his feet to the railing, as if to indulge in a prolonged period of postprandial meditation. In the gathering twilight he watched David's muscular figure swinging along the street. He was walking like a man with a purpose. After a minute or two of keen-eyed watchfulness Mr. Todd quietly arose, clapped his hat on his head, and strolled toward the steps.

"Goin' out t' take in the town?" inquired a voice from the rear.

The insurance man glanced at the slim youth in the rather untidy white apron who stood in the doorway.

"W'y, yes," he replied, very pleasantly indeed. "I thought I might as well."

"I'd advise you not to have much to do with that fellow you was talkin' to," pursued the youth sulkily. "He's one of our customers, but I don't care. Talk 'bout cards; he cleaned me out of a month's wages one night last week, then laughed at me for bein' mad. I ain't got no use fer him."

"I don't know about that," Mr. Todd said pacifically. "He seems like a nice sort. Nothing really vicious, or—"

"He's a good-fer-nothin' blowhard; that's what he is," said the bar-tender rancorously. "An' that's what I tell Jennie. But she— I'd like t' punch his head; that's all!"

"Who's Jennie?"

"She waited on your table t' supper. She's the prettiest girl in this town."

"Oh," said Mr. Todd, understandingly.

"She's prettier 'n that Preston girl ever thought of bein'—that's his girl. He's engaged t' her. But some folks want the earth."

"That's so," observed Mr. Todd smilingly. "And sometimes," he added, "they get it, too!"

This speech appeared to irritate the youth exceedingly. "Huh?" he exploded violently. "Well, I'd like to punch his head; that's all."

XIX

David's suddenly formed resolution carried him swiftly to the one big house of the village, where he rang the bell. The night being warm the door stood open and he could look through the screen into the dimly lighted hall. To the left of the passage was Jarvis' library, and David, waiting impatiently before the outer door, perceived that the master of the house was within, quietly reading by a shaded lamp. Somehow the sight stirred the unreasoning anger within him to a hotter glow. His unanswered summons appeared in the guise of a deliberate insult. Raising his walking stick he smote the door loudly. He saw the man within raise his eyes from his book, as if to listen, and repeated his knock smartly; then as Jarvis rose and came hastily toward the door, he spoke:

"Good evening, Mr. Jarvis," he said, mumbling the prefix so that it was little more than an inarticulate sound. "Guess your door bell isn't in working order."

Jarvis recognized his visitor with an involuntary start which David perceived with ill-disguised triumph.

"The fellow's afraid of me," he told

Continued on next page



## Fashions Change in Watch Cases

You usually know an old or out-of-date watch by its case—not always because the case shows wear but because it is out of style. As a rule, the better the case the better the design and the longer it stays in style.

It is the worst possible economy to buy a cheap or a trashy watch case. It is not fair to a good movement to put it in a poorly made case. Then, too, the case represents a substantial part of your watch investment—and if you want your money's worth you must know who made the case as well as the movement.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are your safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case. Be sure to find them. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

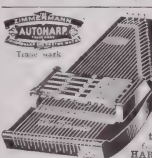


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For Spring and Summer 1911



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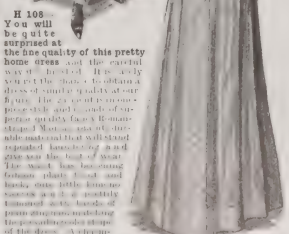
Order One or More of the Dresses Illustrated Here and Convince Yourself at Our Risk

**H 101** This extremely neat and attractive little "Peter Pan" Home Dress is made of an excellent quality printed fabric. The dress is not badly cut and simply thrown together as inexpensive garments are sometimes found to be. You don't get that kind of merchandise from Simpson Crawford. The pattern of the material is a neat check, and we can turn out with white ground and either blue or black checked effect. The dress is made with a stylish turn-down collar and close turn-back cuffs. Both collar and cuffs are of plain French linen in contrasting color. Dress is in one piece and buttons visibly at the front. Short pleats at the back. One patch pocket trimmed to match collar and cuffs. Plain lined skirt. Dress can be had with or without sleeves. Express Prepaid.



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**H 108** You will be quite surprised at the fine quality of this pretty home dress and the excellent work of the artist. It is a dress of simple quality and style. The dress is made of a fine quality of material. The pattern is a neat check, and we can turn out with white ground and either blue or black checked effect. The dress is made with a stylish turn-down collar and close turn-back cuffs. Both collar and cuffs are of plain French linen in contrasting color. Dress is in one piece and buttons visibly at the front. Short pleats at the back. One patch pocket trimmed to match collar and cuffs. Plain lined skirt. Dress can be had with or without sleeves. Express Prepaid.



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## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

himself, and hung up his hat on the rack as if quite at his ease.

He followed Jarvis into the library and sat down, looking about him with cool curiosity.

"You've been expecting to see me, I dare say," he began, his eyes returning from their tour of inspection to the other man's face.

Jarvis returned the look doubtfully. "It occurred to me that you might—"

"Yes; I do," interrupted David. "You're entirely right, sir."

Having said this much in a loud, aggressive tone, David stopped short. He had become suddenly aware that Jarvis was looking at, or rather through him, in a way which made him irritably conscious of his hands, his feet, the set of his collar and the material of his light summer clothes; then those strange eyes went deeper; they were busy with themselves with his thoughts, his motives; they even saw his fears, which crowded forward, a cloud of gibbering shapes out of his past.

He spoke again, hurriedly, and backed up his words with a laugh, which sounded foolishly loud in the quiet room.

"Well," he said, "now that you've had time to look me over, how d' you like me? Think I'll do—eh?"

"No," Jarvis said quietly, almost sadly. "I'm afraid not. But I don't intend to trust my own judgment—entirely."

He sighed deeply and looked down, as if there was nothing more to be seen or said.

David straightened himself in his chair with a jerk.

"See here," he said truculently. "I was joking, you know; you were staring at me as if you'd never seen a human being before. But now I'd like you to answer me straight. What d' you mean by saying I won't do? What business is it of yours what I—"

He choked a little with the rage that was consuming him.

"Why, confound your impudence!" he cried, his face flaming with anger.

"I owe you an apology, sir," said Jarvis, with stately composure. "I ought not to have spoken as I did. But there is much at stake."

"Not for you," said David insolently.

He fell to staring at Jarvis, striving to imitate the other's disconcerting look.

"She loves me, you know."

He had not intended to taunt his rival, but the words slipped out without volition. He was glad of it, in view of the blighting change that swept over the other's face.

"Yes," Jarvis said dully; "I know that."

He was realizing all at once that the blow that felled Whitcomb must reach her tender breast also.

"There's no use of beating about the bush," David went on. "She told me about your visit to her the other night. At first I didn't catch on about that remarkable client of yours and the care of the interesting child and all that. But when I got out of her the fact that you had been courting her while I was away, of course I was on to your little game."

He paused to allow his words their full weight, exulting in the look of quiet despair that appeared to have settled upon Jarvis' face.

"You thought if you couldn't catch and hold her one way, you would another. You planned to keep her from me! Deny it if you dare!"

Jarvis looked up, opened his lips as if minded to reply; then his head drooped, and again he sighed deeply. He was striving to master himself; that self which even now struggled like a leashed hound under his iron hand.

"I must be fair," he groaned half aloud. "I must—I must, for her sake."

"What's that?" inquired David

smartly. "We may as well have it out first as last, you know."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, rousing himself. "I didn't mean to—yet. But—"

He looked calmly at David.

"Can we not talk this over in a reasonable way?" he asked. "There is really no need of anger, or—"

"Oh, come, man; let's get down to business," cried David, vastly pleased with himself and his own acumen.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, you know," he quoted with a confident laugh; "and you did succeed in fooling Barbara nicely; but the minute I heard you were in love with her, of course I—"

"Oh, thing first," interrupted Jarvis; "did she tell you—what had passed between us of her own free will?"

David burst into a laugh.

"Oh, that's where the shoe pinches, is it?" he said good-humoredly. "Well, I don't mind informing you that Barbara didn't tell me a single thing about you—not at first. She's a good little scout, Barbie is, and she saved your pride all right for you. She's never have told me, I guess; but I taxed her with it, and she couldn't deny it. Some girls would have snapped you up quick, with all your money and everything, and with me supposedly buried up in the Klondyke. But not Barbara. She's worth while, that girl."

"Yes," mused Jarvis. "She is—worth while."

"You wouldn't catch me loafing around this dead-and-alive hole for many women," David went on, drumming with his fingers on the edge of his chair. "As it is, I've had about all I can stand of it; and she won't give in and marry me—won't even wear my ring—till that client of yours—that peculiar, hard-to-get-along-with individual you're representing—can be either bought off, or disposed of in some way. Naturally, neither of us want to be under obligations to—you!" he finished dramatically.

"Does she—suppose that I—"

"No," he said. "Oh, no! Barbie isn't gifted with a very keen imagination. She swallowed all you told her about that singular out-of-town client of yours. She seems to have implicit faith in you."

A subtle lightning flash leaped from Jarvis' eyes.

"She's quite right to trust me," he said calmly. "I'll be glad if you can do the same."

"Oh, come now, it's too late for any more joking between us!" cried David roughly. "You can't pull the wool over my eyes. You gave her that money, Jarvis, you know you did. And you did it just so as to tie her down. It's a blooming shame!"

Jarvis had risen, and David sprang eagerly from his chair to face him. The two men were of equal height, and for an instant David's boyish blue eyes strove to master Jarvis, glance to glance. Then he drew back, baffled, furious.

"You aren't going to stick to that cock-and-bull story a minute longer with me," he blustered. "You know very well where the money came from!"

Jarvis bowed ceremoniously.

"Certainly, I know," he acknowledged.

"Didn't you give it to her?"

"I shall not answer you."

"Well, you did, and I can prove it."

"How?"

David sprang forward with a triumphant laugh and snatched a small object from the desk.

"I have been sitting where I could look at your writing traps," he exulted. "And I saw this!"

Jarvis appeared quite unmoved.

"That is my seal," he observed, "with my family crest. What of it?"

To be continued

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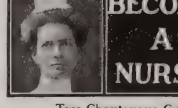
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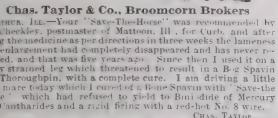
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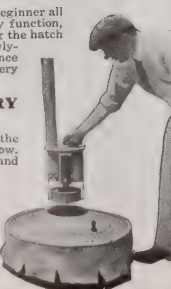
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## Elijah the Lion-hearted\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

### A Character Sketch of Elijah

ELIJAH was a sturdy mountaineer of Gilead, a region east of the Jordan. Tradition tells us he was a man of short stature and rugged countenance. His face was surrounded by a mass of dark hair and bushy beard, which had never been cut, for he was a Nazirite (Num. 6: 1-5). Both hair and beard were suggestive of a lion's mane and his tanned skin, too, was much the color of the lion. Not alone had he a semblance to the king of beasts physically, but he had lion-like qualities as well. We call him Elijah the lion-hearted, for such his words and deeds have shown him.

Remote from courts, corruption, crime,  
In that high shepherd land,  
With God alone his soul had grown  
To stature bold and grand;  
From Jacob's seed, or Jokshan's stock  
Unknown, he stands God's seer—  
The Highlander of prophecy,  
God's glorious mountaineer.

### King Ahab Reproved

Ahab, though a native and king of Israel, had, by his marriage with Jezebel, become identified with idolaters. He built a temple to Baal, and his wife stood sponsor for four hundred priests of Baal and likewise maintained at her own expense four hundred prophets of Astarte. Many of the Israelites were led away from the worship of the true God until idolatry became one of the distinguishing features of King Ahab's reign.

It was then that the voice of Elijah was raised like the tones of a great bell to reprove Ahab for his sin. The message given to him to deliver had a dire significance. It was—"There shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." A drought with its consequent famine was looked upon as the greatest misfortune that could befall the land; therefore it must have been a very painful matter for King Ahab to contemplate such a calamity. But it was just the sort of punishment that was needed to make him and his people realize the enormity of their offense in turning away from the true God to the worship of the false.

The drought was sent as a terrible object lesson, for bad as the nation had become, such an affliction might lead to repentance and forgiveness. Moreover Baal, the worship of whom was at the bottom of the nation's wickedness, was regarded primarily as the god of agriculture and fertility; therefore, the curse of Elijah was a direct challenge from Jehovah. Let Baal remove the ban if he could.

Another reason was that the prolonged years of drought and famine were to prepare the nation for Elijah's reform. When the relief came it proved conclusively that Jehovah was the true God and Elijah his prophet. God, however, knew that Elijah would be in danger from the royal pair, so he told him, "Get thee hence."

### Elijah's Retreat

Elijah did not falter when God said, "Get thee hence." Like Abraham, "he went out, not knowing whither," but knowing with WHOM he went. He had the assurance from God that he would be supplied with food by the ravens. So Elijah did according to the word of the Lord. He went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, which to him was as a well of waters. The ravens brought him food, God directed the birds where to find it. Though they had voracious appetites themselves, the ravens did not devour the

supplies, but carried them to the good man in his rocky fastness by the brook. Thus doth God take care of his own.

... behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above his own.

Let our faith be strengthened as we pray in the time of need—"Give us this day our daily bread."

### A Chinese Elijah

Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the Chinese Inland Mission, tells how God fed a Chinese prophet of our time in a similar way. It is a touching story of simple faith. Old Li was converted by hearing an impressive sermon on "Covetousness which is Idolatry." After attentively listening, the old man was greatly concerned to think that having given up idolatry he might be betrayed into the same sin by allowing a covetous spirit to have a place in his heart. To avoid this danger he determined to keep no money of his own and to possess no property. He accordingly turned over his house and little farm to his nephew, and devoted himself mainly to making known the Gospel, sustained in a great measure by the simple hospitality of those to whom he ministered. He opened up a refuge for the cure of opium smokers and by this he made himself a blessing to many unfortunates. His labors were wonderfully blessed of God spiritually, and resulted in the building up of a church in the Yoh-Yang district. After some years, however, what we now call the "higher criticism" and the scoffing of materialism reached the far-off field of the old man's endeavors. Some passages in the Holy Book were looked upon as fables, or at best but allegories to impress an ideal or sustain a contention. Old Li was told that in the story of Elijah, it was not ravens that fed the prophet, but Arabs who shared with him their own supplies. It was absurd to suppose that birds would act in the way described. This point of view did not at all commend itself to the old man's simple faith. He himself was to disprove it and bear direct testimony in his own case to the truth of the sacred narrative. A time came in his refuge work when he reached the end of his resources. There were no patients coming in for treatment and all his supplies were exhausted. At this juncture Li's cousin, a heathen priest of the village temple, came to his aid. The priest brought him supplies of bread and millet. Every time Li would receive the gift of food he would murmur, *Tien-Fu tih en-tien*—"My heavenly Father's grace." At length the pagan priest became offended by these words, "supply the food," he exclaimed, "and did I not bring it you would starve. But it is my heavenly Father who puts it into your heart to care for me," returned the old Christian. "Well, we'll see what will happen when I bring no more food." For two weeks the priest did not visit Li. The latter had no food or money to buy it, but he trusted in God. With simple faith he went into his chamber and poured forth heartfelt prayers to the heavenly Father. As he knelt he heard an unusual clamor and cawing and flapping of wings in the courtyard. He rose and went to see what was happening. A number of vultures and ravens common in that part of China were flying above him in great commotion and as he looked up a large piece of pork fell at his feet. Thankfully the old man picked up the unexpected food, saying, "My heavenly Father's kindness." Glancing around he saw a large piece of Indian meal bread dropped by another bird. Thus was old Li provided for by these feathered messengers of God as Elijah was in the cave.

Continued on next page

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for February 5, 1911. Elijah the prophet appears in Israel. I. Kings 17: 1-16. GOLDEN TEXT: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Ps. 34: 10.



## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

The brook beside which Elijah tarried dried up and the ravens ceased to bring him food. Was God about to desert him and leave him to starve and to die? No, God gave him marching orders: "Arise, get thee to Zarephath; behold, I have commanded a widow there to sustain thee." Truly she must be a rich widow! God did not say so. Elijah was accustomed to do as God told him, so he arose and went on a journey of ninety miles. No doubt he had some tender regrets about leaving the place where the Lord had so wonderfully sustained him. He had found sweet peace and comfort in that quiet spot.

### God Finds a Friend for Elijah

Zarephath must have been a safe place for Elijah, otherwise God would not have sent him there. However, from a human point of view it could not be deemed a safe place, inasmuch as the father of Queen Jezebel had his residence there. God knew this, still he instructed Elijah to go, and Elijah went because he knew God was able to take care of him. He traveled on foot up the Jordan Valley, across the foothills of Lebanon to the shore of the Mediterranean. When at length he came to Zarephath he saw no rich widow's house into which he might enter—he only saw a poor woman gathering sticks to make a fire. Upon inquiry Elijah learned that this woman was a very poor widow, who had only a little oil and a little meal in her house, just enough to make bread once for herself and her little son, and none at all to give away to a stranger. Elijah told the woman that he was very hungry and requested her to knead the oil and meal into a cake that he might eat, at the same time assuring her that his God would always keep flour in her jar and oil in her cruse, enough for all of them as long as he should dwell under her roof. The woman must have been one who loved and trusted God after the manner of Elijah himself, for she went into the house, and taking all she had, prepared the food for Elijah. God recompensed her. The flour jar or the oil cruse was never empty while Elijah remained; they were never full, only just enough to suffice for the passing day.

Soon there came an occasion when God's pensioner on the widow's bounty was a great blessing to her. The little son was taken sick and died—she was called upon to bear a double load of grief, that of being a widow and that of being childless. God was watching, he had not deserted her, he knew her sorrow, and so in his goodness he gave Elijah the power to unloose the cords of death and bring back the child to life. When the woman told Elijah that her child was dead he commanded

her, saying, "Give him to me." He took the dead child from the mother's arms and carried him to a room on the roof—the prophet's own chamber—and laid the little body on his own bed. Then stretching himself above the child he breathed into his nostrils, and prayed, saying, "O Jehovah, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul animate the body again." His prayer was heard. The God who breathed into the first man the breath of life, did give life again to the widow's child. The boy arose from the bed, and Elijah took him, now dearer than ever, to his mother, who rejoiced and was exceedingly happy that her dead had been brought back to life to comfort her.

### What the Story Teaches

That our God is a living, personal, friendly God and not an impersonal force of nature. That in life as well as in death we stand before God. That we should yield unquestioning obedience to God, whether he says "Retreat" or "Go forward." That God is our hiding place and that only are we safe when in him. That God commands all creatures, using them for his service. That when one source of help fails, God supplies another. That God uses little things for great results. That giving money or goods to God is no loss. "There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth." That we should believe, fear not, and do God's bidding. That God will supply all our needs.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

### Advice to Stammerers

A READER of this journal, who has been a stammerer, writes this brief letter of advice to those who may be similarly afflicted:

"One who has stammered severely for many years desires to give his fellow-sufferers some good advice against being defrauded. He has attended quite a number of schools, and taken treatment from a number of persons who profess to cure stammering. In nearly all instances, such people make very extravagant claims. Some of them succeed in curing only a very few of the milder types of stammering, and give a certain amount of temporary relief to others. By this means they succeed in getting influential people to endorse their systems. The stammerer in search of a cure should always make the following demands of the school professing to cure: (1) If the school offers a guarantee, request that a copy of said guarantee be shown you before making payment. (2) Ask the principal to give you the names and addresses of some of his cured pupils in the town where the school is located, in order that you may talk with them in person before attending the school. (3) Ask that you may witness the exercises before making payment. (4) Ask those who endorse the school to give you the names and addresses of persons whom they know to be cured from having taken treatment at the school. (5) Take little stock in testimonials of the pen; always insist on hearing the cured person's testimonial."

### Financial Advertisers

IN ANOTHER column we call attention to the disastrous failure of a well-known Trust Company in New York, which was followed by a momentary flurry of excitement on the part of depositors in a number of small banks. As soon as the failure was announced many of these depositors became afraid that they might lose their little hoard, and proceeded immediately to institute what is known as a run on their banks.

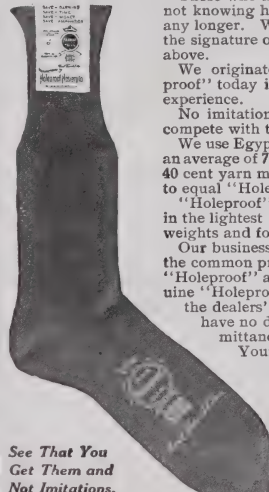
This incident, following so closely upon the heels of the Northern Bank failure, and on the apprehension of the "get-rich-quick" concerns which were raided by the United States postal authorities, illustrates the necessity for caution in the selection of investment propositions. As we have so often pointed out in our financial columns, the utmost discretion should be used before investing one's money with a concern about which very little is known. It is impossible to guarantee financial advertisements for the reason, as already explained in these columns, that the moral and legal liability would soon far outweigh our resources in case of failure. But we can and do exercise the greatest caution before accepting financial advertisements, which we believe to be as great a protection to our readers as is our guarantee, which applies to all advertisements of a non-financial character.

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Those who have failed to get genuine Holeproof Hose, not knowing how to identify them, need not be fooled any longer. We are now stamping all of our hose with the signature of Carl Freschl just as you see it written above.

We originated the guaranteed hose idea. "Holeproof" today is the result of 38 years of hose-making experience.

No imitation—no amateur make—can ever hope to compete with the leader.

We use Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn, costing an average of 70 cents per pound. Hose made with 30 or 40 cent yarn must be made coarse and unsightly in order to equal "Holeproof's" strength.

"Holeproof" are soft and attractive. They are made in the lightest weights. There are eleven colors, four weights and four grades, so you have the widest choice.

Our business is of such proportions that we can sell at the common price. Figuring the wear and the comfort, "Holeproof" are the cheapest hose ever made. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Look for that Signature  
on the Toe

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.  
811 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
Tampa News Co., S. A., City of Mexico,  
Agents for Mexican Republic.



## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

### FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(124)

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS**

\$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

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**"DON'T SHOUT"**

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them on, myself, only that I hear all right."

**THE MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF**

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over One Hundred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

**THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 754, Perry Building, Philadelphia**

**20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c**

No Two Alike—Latest Designs

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents. If you answer this ad, immediately J. H. Seymour, 255 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.



## A REMARKABLE OFFER OF HENDERSON'S SPECIALTIES

To demonstrate the superiority of Henderson's Tested Seeds, we have made up six of the best we have, into a Henderson Collection, consisting of one packet each of the following great specialties:

|                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ponderosa Tomato       | Henderson's Invincible Asters |
| Big Boston Lettuce     | Mammoth Butterfly Pansies     |
| Scarlet Globe Radishes | Giant Butterfly Sweet Peas    |

To obtain for our annual catalogue "Everything for the Garden," described below, the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusual offer: To everyone who will mail us ten cents, mentioning this publication, we will mail the catalogue and also send our Henderson Specialty Collection as above.

### Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

This Collection is enclosed in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as 25c, cash payment on any order of one dollar or over.

### "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN"

our 1911 Catalogue is without exception the best we have ever issued. 208 pages, 8 colored plates, 800 photo engravings, showing actual results, without exaggeration, make it the most complete as well as beautiful horticultural publication of the year. Also contains full cultural directions for flowers and vegetables.

**PETER HENDERSON & CO.** 35 & 37  
CORLAND ST.  
NEW YORK CITY





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Two men a thousand miles apart talk to each other by telephone without leaving their desks.

Two wires of copper form the track over which the talk travels from point to point throughout the continent.

Moving along one railroad at the same time are scores of trains carrying thousands of passengers. The telephone track must be clear from end

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The Bell system has more than ten million miles of wire and reaches over five million telephones. This system is operated by a force of one hundred thousand people and makes seven billion connections a year—twenty million "clear tracks" a day for the local and long distance communication of the American people.

*The efficiency of the Bell system depends upon  
"One System, One Policy, Universal Service."*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



### MAULE'S SEEDS

ONCE GROWN ALWAYS GROWN

Is the reason why for many years past I have done such an enormous seed business. Tolerant customers in Pennsylvania alone, with almost half a million the world over. My New seed book for 1911 is a wonder, contains everything in seeds, ballad plants, earth crockings. Vase-like flowers; 600 illustrations, 4 colored plates, 100 pages. Any generous sending his name on a postal card can have it for the asking. Address:

WM. HENRY MAULE  
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Send 6 cents (stamp) and mention this paper and I will enclose in the enclosure a packet of seed of the above choice, autumn.

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### Called Higher

#### GONE HOME

**G**ONE Home! there is a sound of resting  
As weary lips pronounce the word,  
Forever shielded from earth's tumult,  
Forever "present with the Lord."

Gone Home! the battle strife is ended,  
The arms are grounded at His feet;  
Another victor waits the morning,  
When God's great host shall be complete.

Gone Home! while still we watch and wonder,  
So prompt the message sent for thee;  
We had no time to learn its meaning,  
Ere thy bright spirit was set free.

Gone Home! while yet fond hearts were waiting  
To hear more words of life and love  
From lips that often told the story  
Of Jesus and His home above.  
Albany, N. Y. Mks. C. A. T.

Henry Chertres passed away at Beaver Street, San Francisco, regretted by many friends.

B. H. Damon (88) died at Stark, Fla. He was an elder in the Baptist Church, and preacher of the Gospel for over sixty years.

Mrs. Maria Taylor (88) at Sumner, O. She lived a life of service and endeared herself to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

James F. Corsike (69) passed higher on December 19, at Livingston, Mont. He was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Mary Jane Tefft (68), of Greenwich, N. Y., was called away on November 23. She was a good wife and mother and a devout Christian.

Eliza Dearborn Heath entered into rest at the ripe old age of 99 at Denver, Col. A truly Christian woman, many years subscriber to this paper.

Mrs. Eleanor Comstock Guinn (78) entered into rest at Marshfield, Ore. Long a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and interested in many good works.

John C. Russell passed to his reward at Anchorage, Ky., November 1. He was a prominent lawyer of Louisville, Ky., and long a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, who died December 29, 1910, in the city of Philadelphia, was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. Her summer home was in Ocean Grove, N. J. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Mrs. Charlotte J. LePard, New York City, was called to reap the reward of a long life of good works on December 23. She was eighty-three years old, having lived to see her descendants to the fourth generation. She was a member of the Baptist Church.

### Peter Muhlenberg Honored

THE esteem and affection which Americans, especially German-Americans, hold for the memory of the great pastor patriot, Peter Muhlenberg, have been typified in a handsome monument recently erected on the south side of the city hall, Philadelphia. The monument is in the form of a statue and is a fitting recognition of the services of a man who accomplished much not alone for his own co-religionists and countrymen, but for the people of Pennsylvania in general at a time when the country was passing through a momentous crisis.

When Muhlenberg and his father came to Pennsylvania there was spiritual destitution on all sides. They had mighty difficulties to contend against, but they were men of iron will, and with dauntless courage they persevered, emancipating men materially as well as spiritually.

Peter Muhlenberg went wherever he thought duty called, he did not spare himself, and he championed principle as well as religion. He inculcated the doctrine of sound living and impressed upon his hearers the sacredness of the home, for he knew that on the sanctity of the home was the future structure of nationhood to be raised. To the labors of such as he we owe the blessings we enjoy in free America to-day.

The State of Pennsylvania honors herself in honoring Peter Muhlenberg. In doing so she is testifying to the mighty part the German people and Muhlenberg's co-religionists had in laying strong and deep the foundation upon which she has erected her present prosperity.

**6%**  
Gold Bonds

### Ten Years' Growth

The Story of the Decade  
Told in Figures . . . . .

| New York City                       | 1900            | 1910            |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Population -                        | 3,437,202       | 4,766,883       |
| Real Estate -                       | \$2,960,553,529 | \$6,600,187,322 |
| <b>American Real Estate Company</b> |                 |                 |
| Capital & Surplus                   | \$704,006.87    | \$1,851,154.38  |
| Assets -                            | \$2,488,870.03  | \$15,536,199.47 |

The performance of the past is the promise of the future. The continued growth of New York is certain—the field for safe and profitable investment almost unlimited; and in the further extension of its business in providing homes and places of business for New York's increasing millions this Company offers its 6% Gold Bonds in these two convenient forms:

#### 6% COUPON BONDS

For those who wish to invest \$100 or more.

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For those who wish to save \$25 or more a year.

We shall be glad to serve you as we have served others. Full information sent on request.

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**Can You Shave?**  
Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strap, till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger, moistened with 3 in One, then stop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle sent free. Write to-day.

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54 Broadway  
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## EVERY WOMAN SHOULD EARN \$25 PER WEEK

Introducing our very complete spring line of beautiful wool, suitings, was fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, handkerchiefs, petticoats, etc. Up to date New York City patterns. Finest lace on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make \$10.00 to \$20.00 weekly you can also. Sample full instructions in most cases shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

Standard Dress Goods Company, Dept. 888, Binghamton, N. Y.

**6%**  
\$100 DEPOSITS

If You Have One Dollar start a Savings Account by mail. We pay 6 percent interest compounded quarterly. \$100 true deposits 6 per cent. Ask for booklet that explains plan.

On deposit 20 cents  
\$2,500.00 First Month  
Eggs with Fustico and  
\$250.00 capital saving  
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Banking in security. Withdrawals by check.  
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**5%**  
SMALLER SUMS

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**  
will stop that cough. Use them all day when needed. They are safe, effective and prompt in action. Free for those who order.  
Price, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sample free  
John I. Brown & Son Boston, Mass.

**VALENTINE POST CARDS AND LETTERS**  
Greetings of the better grade. Finest and daintiest on the market. Church Workers have sold large orders. Send 10 cents for samples and information.  
THE ARTISHPH, Dept. C, 12 Broad Street, Boston

**BLMYER CHURCH BELLS**  
CHEAPER OTHER BELLS  
SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE  
FOR FREE CATALOGUE  
TELLS WHY.  
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

**HALLOWED HYMNS**  
NEW AND OLD  
25c. per 100, not prepaid. 35c. per copy by mail.  
Refrain: samples mailed to prospective purchasers.  
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago

**6%**  
For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservatism. The mortgage loan of \$500 and up to \$10,000 can be recommended after the most thorough financial investigation. Loans ask for Loan List No. 70.  
\$25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving money.  
**PERKINS & Co. Lawrence, Kan.**

**Wanted** A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. Opportunity to earn big money. Selling to sell. Send stamp for particulars. **SALES ASSOCIATES, INC.** A solicitors, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Ind.  
no different foreign 2c. Mention paper.  
**STAMPS** Quaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O.



**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**  
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY



## You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should Weigh

You can be Strong—Vigorous—full of Life and Energy.

You can be free from Chronic Ailments—every organ of your body strong as nature intended.

You can have a Good Figure—as good as any woman.

You can have a Clear Skin.

I no longer need to say what "I can do" but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to arise to their very best—why not yours?

## NO DRUGS—NO MEDICINES

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.



What My Pupils Say:

Every one notices the change in my complexion, it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and I have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no rheumatism, or 61 ugles in my liver, and I can breathe now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began and I intend to take one every night."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indignation is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Crocroft, I have taken off my glasses and my cathartic is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am growing—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help every woman to vibrant health and happiness. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend. I have had a wonderful experience and I'd like to tell you about it.

Susanna Crocroft

Dept. 18-K246 Michigan Avenue Chicago

**PATENTS:** For facts about Prize and Reward offers and bring from \$500.00 to 10 Million Dollars and for books on Interest Inventors to Inventors, send 6c postage to Pub. Patent Sense, Dept. 36, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

## Use It for Flavoring Milk Puddings



and give them a delicious, fragrant flavor.

**MAPLEINE**

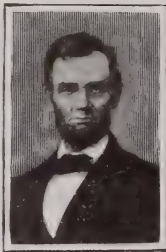
is a delicious change from lemon and vanilla in all desserts, especially if you like the flavor of Maple.

Try the recipe for MAPLEINE Pudding. It is a delicious, fragrant, and delicious change from lemon and vanilla in all desserts, especially if you like the flavor of Maple.

Overcome food "Stagnation," treat Stomach troubles, and give them a delicious, fragrant, and delicious change from lemon and vanilla in all desserts, especially if you like the flavor of Maple.

ings for cakes, for flavoring home-made ice-cream, custards, etc., and many other delectable desserts, and for making syrup, even better than Maple, send for recipe book and 1c for 25c worth of pure natural Mapleine, send 25c to Dept. F, CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

## Lincoln and Temperance



Abraham Lincoln

It is eminently fitting that the popular pledge-signing movement of the day is named "Lincoln Legion." Lincoln was a total abstainer and an active temperance worker. His motto was to try to "pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower would grow." There could be no more noxious "thistle" than the liquor traffic; and so we find Lincoln, as one who loved his fellowman, opposing that great evil. He said, in 1853, "The most effectual remedy would be the passage of a law altogether abolishing the liquor traffic. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated."

His temperance principles were shown again when the committee called upon him to notify him of his nomination for President. It had been considered proper, and even necessary, to serve wine on such an occasion, and accordingly friends brought in wine

and wine-glasses. Lincoln thanked them for their good intentions, but ordered the wine removed and water substituted, saying, "We will drink to the fortunes of our party in the best beverage ever brewed for man." And the morning before his assassination, April 14, 1865, he said to J. B. Merwin, "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

In 1846 Lincoln spoke on temperance at a log school-house near Springfield, Ill. He wrote and took to the meeting the following pledge, inviting the people to sign it: "Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation and crime; and believing that it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

The Lincoln Legion invites the Sunday Schools of the nation to honor Lincoln's birthday by signing this Lincoln pledge on Sunday, February 12. Pastors, superintendents, and others interested, are invited to send for full information of this "Lincoln's Birthday Sunday School Service" to Rev. Howard H. Russell, general secretary of the Lincoln Legion, Box 1, Westerville, Franklin County, O.

H. H. C.

## A Great Spiritual Household

FAMILY ties are very endearing when home is what it should be. Thus nature forms the first family union. As the years come and go, time brings its changes, and unions are severed.

There are three words commencing with "d" that have much to do with disunion. They are "distance," "dissension" and "death." Distance leaves a vacancy in the home, dissensions alienate the affections, death breaks every human tie; but cannot destroy the hope of a final and everlasting reunion.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family is so large and of such a nature that a family reunion does not require to be conventional. Christianity is the same in spirit for all time and in all places. Distance does not divide affections or principles. Union with Christ brings fellowship with all his followers.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the messenger of all Christians, like the herald angel which said to the humble shepherds: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Dr. Adam Clark says in his comment on Acts 11: 26: "A Christian is the highest character which any human being can bear upon earth." In this connection we add, the Christian Church is the most sacred institution there is in existence. It cost more to redeem it from sin than to create the universe. The great apostle describes the Church in the most sublime language. Eph. 5: 25: "Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." In its formative state, the Church is spotted with worldliness and sin, and sadly wrinkled with sectarianism.

Christ not only loved the Church with a love of pity in its depraved condition, but he also loved it with admiration for its possibilities, and with satisfaction for its final purity and ultimate glory. Great and good men have been raised up to serve the Church; but that is not a sufficient reason for naming the Church which

Christ purchased with his own blood after a servant. Luther, Wesley and other great reformers would not have taken this honor to themselves. The apostle Paul recognized the Christian Church in domestic circles as well as in the larger assemblies. He mentions three homes where they had worship, which he greeted as the Church. He did not call them *Priscilla's*, nor did he say anything about *Philemonism*.

As children by birthright inherit the name of their parents, or as a bride should honor her husband by taking his name; so all who are Christians by spiritual birth and united to Christ by faith should honor him by bearing the Christian name.

Former editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might have made it a personal enterprise by naming it after themselves; but they preferred to honor Christ by calling it definitely "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," which gives us all a mutual and co-operative interest in its world-wide success. Though those godly men "rest from their labors, their works do follow them," and they are not missed as they would have been had not their mantle fallen on others of a like spirit.

Please allow one of the oldest members of this great family to suggest that a season of prayer be appointed for the family reunion of all the old and new subscribers, and the continued success of our common message-bearer, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

(REV.) A. B. BURDICK.

Saratoga Spa, N. Y.

## A Woman Ordained as Pastor

THE first woman to be ordained into the Congregational ministry of Connecticut is Miss Marion H. Jones, of Hartford. She is also the first graduate of Smith College to become the pastor of a church. The ceremony took place on January 9, and the charge to the pastor was given by President Marion L. Burton, late pastor of the famous Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. Miss Jones graduated from college in 1897, and has since that time performed much mission work in New York. Her post of duty is now at Staffordville, Conn.

## Do Your Buildings Need Paint?



Examine your buildings and see if the need painting now. If they do, don't put the work off because you believe linseed oil will drop in price. There is no hope of it. Besides, the price of paint made to order of

### "Dutch Boy Painter"

White Lead and pure linseed oil is lower than you may think, if you have not actually figured it. Get prices from your dealer on the ingredient of this old-fashioned, long-wearing, pure white lead paint. You will find it cheaper than any other paint you'd think of using.

Write for free "Painting Helps No. 250"

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## GALLOWAY

Get my brand new proposition with proof—lowest price ever made on a first class sprayer, with my agreement to pay you back your money after you try it 15 months (it's not a paying investment). How's that for a proposition? If I did not have best sprayer I would not dare make such an offer. 40,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on it. They all tried it 30 days free, just like I do to try it—30 DAYS FREE. Five Sizes—including New Complete Steel Gear Sprayer—70-bu. Size. Drop me a postal, and say "Galloway" and my new proposition and Big Sprayer BOOK FREE with low prices direct from your factory."



WM. GALLOWAY CO. Freight Prepaid

Five Year Own Wagon 343 Galloway Station, Waterloo, Ia.

## A Liberal Division of Profits

has enabled us to pay 5% per annum on savings and other funds deposited with us throughout the past eighteen years ago. Two per cent compound interest per year, greater than 5 per cent simple interest. We compound our earnings semi-annually, or pay them by check, just as you wish.

Assets, over \$2,300,000

Our Company has grown steadily and is now one of the largest Savings Institutions. Is under the supervision of the New York State Banking Department, its records are open to the public. Start an account at any time, personally or by mail, withdraw on any date and receive full earnings for all of the time. \$25.00 to \$5,000.

Write for our Book

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.

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## Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride an exhibit sample 1911 bike. Write for special offer.

First Guaranteed \$10 to \$25

1911 Models \$10 to \$25

1905 & 1910 Models \$7 to \$10

All of best makes—\$7 to \$10

All makes and models, \$3 to \$6

good as new—without

great discount. FACING SALES

We Ship on Approval without

great discount. FACING SALES

10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL

Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamp

and repair for makes of bicycles

half usual price. DO NOT BUY until you get

catalogue and write me

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. B-71 CHICAGO

## WANTED

Reliable Representatives in districts where we are not represented to sell our Silk and Cotton Hosiery from Mill to Weaver, on commission. Our history is of exceptional value and can be sold to the most particular people \$2 to \$12 per form. Write for terms. BOX 292, CLIFTON HEIGHTS, PA.



## How Is Your Own Church?

Continued from page 84

things. No time, and not much desire, left for the proper work of a pastor.

Membership of the church is a serious problem. Some are members because their parents were; some because they were baptized; some because they were confirmed; others because of worldly gain; others because it is respectable. The minister's plea is, "We must keep up the membership," forgetting the possibility of falling into sin by counting the people, and by sanctioning many of the devices to raise the necessary funds.

When an ordinary physician discovers the disease, he knows the remedy. Will he apply it? It means trouble at the beginning. Will he make the sacrifice? No more unconverted men for the ministry or for office in the Church. The ministry is not a profession, as is medicine or the law. No more fixtures for life, nor even for five years, except there be a fortnight Sunday interchange with another minister. More time with God and the Bible, and in visiting from house to house. "I seek not youths, but you! Give me souls or I die!"

Lindenhurst, I. I.

EARNEST READER.

### A Presbyterian Pastor's View

The outlook for extending the kingdom of God in this great agricultural country is very encouraging. Hundreds of young men and women are just reaching that period in life when they usually decide for or against Christ and the Church. Here are rare opportunities for winning souls for Christ, and along with the opportunity is linked grave responsibility, for if Christian people do not reap the great harvest that is ripening for the sickle, and by personal effort come in a close touch so that these sheaves may be gleaned for God, many of these young people whose lives may become efficient in service for the Master, will grope on in darkness, and their influence will be futile. The Presbyterian church is largely responsible for the salvation of a large area in this locality, since there are three established Presbyterian churches in the community, and no other denomination has come on this field. We virtually occupy the whole field. There are omens all along the line leading us to think our good, sturdy people are willing to assume the responsibility. With the help of the Master, we are urging every one to push the battle to the very gates, and already victory is crowning our efforts. In a three weeks' special campaign, one week each at three different churches, twenty-eight persons were converted and united with the people of God, and sixteen were baptized. Most of these were young men and women in the very prime of usefulness. We hope soon to be able to report one hundred conversions.

REV. E. L. LATCHAW.

Baker, Minn.

### How Bible Class Work Helps

Stroudsburg is a town of 4,300 people, about three hours ride from New York City. A beautiful scenic country. Population mostly Americans. The M. E. Church is slowly gaining in membership, now numbering over 600. The Gospel is faithfully preached. Spiritually, we believe we are slowly progressive. The Adult Men's Bible Class is doing a wonderful work in creating more interest in church work. If we can get the men interested the secret of the success of any church will be established.

We have an attendance of 155 members in this class; less than two years ago the average attendance was less than 20. This shows what can be done by the men if they get enthusiastic and take an interest in the class. We have in this State over 34,000 members of Adult Bible Classes, an increase of 1,100 to 2,100. Notwithstanding this wonderful growth the whole thought and talk at our last State Convention was "Increase!" "Increase!" Let me urge every church to get its men busy in Bible Class work and this will help the Church in general.

Stroudsburg, Pa.

HARRY E. SWEENEY.

### Spiritual Condition Low

In answer to your request, I send the calendar for this month (January, 1911). We have a gymnasium in the church. Average attendance at prayer meeting from thirty to fifty. Church membership about 400; Sunday School in a flourishing condition; attendance from 350 to 400.

We are steadily gaining in membership. Our pastor is more expository than evangelical. I fear the spiritual life is low, especially among our young people. They seem more interested in entertainments of various kinds than vital godliness. They love to come to church, which is a good thing, if we could only get them more spiritually minded. I am an old subscriber to your paper, and, as you say, you have stood for the "old religion." We must keep the spiritual element uppermost, for there is our power, and only there.

MEMBER.

Pawtucket, R. I.

### A Church at a Standstill

The church with which I am connected is one of the smallest churches, if not the smallest, in the country. Its membership is forty, of whom twelve are non-resident (absent members). The average attendance at the morning Sabbath services is from thirty to forty, reaching occasionally to fifty. Fifty years ago, the average attendance was about sixty. The church is in a farming district, three and one-half miles from the nearest village. The population has decreased slowly but steadily during the last fifty years. As the old residents died—nearly all of whom were church-going people—the farms were sold and most of the newcomers cared nothing for church or religious things. This accounts largely for the falling off of church attendance.

The Gospel is faithfully preached every Sabbath. The present pastor has been with us since 1887, and preaches the pure, undefiled Gospel of Jesus Christ.

As to the spiritual condition, I cannot see any growth; neither can I say that there is any marked decay. Yet there ought to be growth. It is impossible to believe that we are at a complete standstill; but there have been no additions to the church the past year, and but few in the past five years, while there has been less by death and removal, so that our membership is less than it was five years ago. There are among us a few active, devoted Christians who place Christ first in all their lives. Also there are others—altogether too many—who are members in name more than in service. And this is the case in all other churches with which I am acquainted.

A MEMBER.

Ipswich, Mass.

## Answered Prayers

J. S., Winfield, Kan. "God has answered my prayers and I thank him from my heart."

M. E. L., Detroit, Mich. "I was sick; God has made me well and strong through prayer."

Mrs. K., Chicago, Ill. "I beg to return thanks to the good Lord for answering my prayer."

Mrs. E., Milestone, Saskatchewan. "I joyfully and gratefully acknowledge an answer to prayer."

Constant Reader, Indiana. "I was in trouble; God has made me well and strong through prayer."

E. S. P., Piqua, O. "My prayers have been answered many a time, for which I wish to thank God."

M. A. S., Lehighton, Pa. "A beloved son was very ill; God has restored him to health through prayer."

K. G., Illinois. "God answered my prayers for the success of a business undertaking. I wish to return thanks."

L. A. A., DuBois, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge deliverance from a very distressing condition through prayer."

F. P. B., St. Louis, Mo. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in restoring my health through prayer."

W. T. W., Big Lake, Minn. "Our boy was sick and the doctor said he would have to undergo an operation. I prayed to God; there

was no need for the operation and the boy recovered. A loved one was given to strong drink, I prayed for his reformation; he is now sober and industrious. Thanks be to the good God."

B. C., Grand Rapids, Mich. "My prayers were answered and I thank the Father."

N. M. S., Fay, W. Va. "God has answered my prayers for loved ones many times, and I wish to acknowledge his goodness."

G. P., Waverly, Tenn. "God has answered many of my prayers for the past years, and I am thankful for his goodness to me."

H. K., New York City. "I prayed that God would enable me to meet some pressing obligations and he did so, for which I thank him."

Answers to prayers have been acknowledged by the following:  
M. M. R., Zanesville, O.; I. P. B., Cincinnati, O.; E. H. R. D., Pennsylvania; Mrs. E., Chittenden, Vt.; E. R., Middle River, Me.; N. S., Riverside, Calif.; N. B., Wisconsin; W. J., W. N. Upper Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. G. A. F., Broadlands, Ill.; O. D. S., Riley, Kan.; Mrs. J. B., West Point, Miss.; A. P. G., Cochrane, Ga.; H. H., J. J., Illinois; D. T. C. C. W., Wiltier, Calif.; S. H., Chester, Ill.; M. W. M., Cleburne, Kan.; W. J. D., Manhattan.

You can place money in the Industrial Savings and Loan Companies and know that it is safe. You can get your money back when you want it and will give you a fair return. See your bank statement. See their advertisement on page 94, and write them for full information.



## "Don't Bake Any Beans for Me"

Some thousands of men have said that to their wives after tasting a dish of Van Camp's. And a million more ought to say it. For the baking of beans is a long, hot task. It must be started sixteen hours in advance. And the result is a failure in any home oven if digestibility means anything at all.

The proper baking of beans in a home oven is utterly out of the question. Beans must be baked in live steam.

They need twice the heat that you ever get to the center of the home baking dish. That heat is required to break up the food particles so the digestive juices can act. Otherwise the beans, instead of digesting, ferment and form gas.

In the Van Camp kitchens the beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. The beans are digestible.

They are baked without crisping, without bursting the skins. So the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

They are baked with the tomato sauce, permeating every atom with a delicious zest. The result is the likable kind of baked beans.

These beans remain, until you open the can, exactly as they came from the oven. Not a savor is missing, not a flavor is changed.

The housewife keeps them on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They become her most convenient meal.

When Van Camp's are used, baked beans become a very frequent dish. And beans are 84 per cent nutrient. They are richer than meat in food value, and cost but a third as much.

Doesn't it seem that every housewife would welcome such a dish?

"The National Dish"

**Van Camp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

But get the right beans, else you'll be disappointed. Van Camp's are made of the whitest and plumpiest Michigan beans—beans all of one size. The sauce is made from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We

could buy dry beans for one-fourth what we pay. We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours costs. But the result of our way is a dish five times as good. When you once taste this dish you will insist on Van Camp's

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

**Van Camp Packing Company**  
(1909)

Established 1861

**Indianapolis, Ind.**





## The Fire Insurance Standard

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That the **Hartford** has become the standard is because

1. It does the largest business.
2. It has paid the biggest losses.
3. Its assets and surplus are larger than ever.
4. It is more than 100 years old.
5. It is the best known company.
6. It is fair in settlements.
7. It is prompt in payment.

When you need fire insurance ask your agent or broker to get you a policy in the **Hartford**. If he tells you he can get you a policy "just as good as the Hartford," ask him why you cannot have the **Hartford**. Sometimes it may take a little effort, but you can get what you want if you

**Insist on the Hartford**

AGENTS EVERYWHERE



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"It really seems too good to be true—that we might carry out our heart's desire and raise poultry for profit even though we had no farm." This is what one person wrote us who has been successful with the Philo System of Poultry-Keeping.



Note the condition of these pullets. These pullets and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coops.

The originator of this system has discovered that a large amount of land is not necessary, so that now the social disadvantage of living miles from your friends, neighbors, and the social and educational advantages of the town is no longer necessary. There is no reason why any intelligent man or woman should not be able to make a comfortable living—and something besides—from a modern Philo System poultry plant.

### The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

### The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary on the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

### Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 5 cents a pound above the highest market price.

### Our Six-month-old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 34 Eggs Each per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut house or any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Used and endorsed by over 300,000 poultrymen and all the leading poultry editors, experiment stations, etc. **SPECIAL OFFER.**—Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry-keeping, and we will include without charge a copy of the latest edition of the Philo System Book.

**E. R. PHILO, Publisher, 2710 Lake Street, Elmira, N.Y.**

Our new book, **The Philo System of Poultry Keeping**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

### Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese, which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

### Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield with out green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

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No lamps required. No danger of chilling, over heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep the live off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

**30 Years Ago we said: "You cannot afford to write in the old way"**  
**Today we say: "You cannot afford to add in the old way"**

The first writing machine was our idea.

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# Christian Herald

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# To Honor Dr. Klopsch's Memory

## A PLAN TO ENDOW MONT-LAWN



Her Own and Her Sister's Baggie

**T**HE idea of making Mont-Lawn a Memorial to Dr. Klopsch seems to have met with unanimous approval and we have been fairly deluged with letters like those printed below. Of course none of our correspondents at the time of writing had received last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in which was outlined the plan for endowing Mont-Lawn. And so a great many asked us to suggest some way in which this object could be accomplished. But by this time they will have read how it is proposed to make March 7, the anniversary of Dr. Klopsch's death, the great Rally Day for the Children's Home Endowment.

We cannot too forcibly remind our readers of this opportunity to show their allegiance to the memory of Dr. Klopsch by beginning at once to interest their friends, and by so doing securing the greatest possible amount of money for the Fund. Do not forget that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to do its part,

and that it has pledged itself to give to the Endowment Fund half of all subscription money received from January 25 to and including March 7. This offer does not exclude your right to take advantage of premiums or magazine combinations.

It should not be difficult for every one of our subscribers to secure the aid of at least one friend. If they do, it will mean \$225,000 for the fund, an assurance of a perpetual memorial to Dr. Klopsch and an annual outing for the children of the slums.

If you can influence more than one friend, so much the better. If you can get ten friends to help you, sending us \$15 for ten subscriptions, thereby contributing \$7.50 toward the Endowment of the Children's Home, you will be recognized as a Patron and your name will be inscribed upon a memorial tablet on the inner wall of the Children's Temple, where Dr. Klopsch for fifteen years delighted thousands of little ones.



"Must hurry or I'll be late"

## EXPRESSIONS OF APPROVAL FROM OUR READERS

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN., January 13, 1911.  
TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I have received the Calendar and the photograph of Dr. Klopsch, which I prize very much. His *Life Work* was grand. Why he was taken away from us when he was doing so noble a work only our heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, knows. His great heart reached to every land. His work on the beautiful Hudson to which he gave the name of the Children's Paradise of Mont-Lawn, should live on, a monument to his memory, and should be remembered by the whole CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

MRS. M. A. GRIFFITH.

BALTIMORE, MD., January 10, 1911.  
DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I have received the portrait of that good man Dr. Klopsch, and I hope that Mont-Lawn, the place he loved so much, will be his monument.

Sincerely yours,

ISAAC F. DAY.

CRETE, NEB., January 11, 1911.  
TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

J. S. H. strikes a sympathetic chord in his article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 11, suggesting a Memorial Fund in memory of Dr. Klopsch at Mont-Lawn. I have little faith in monuments of stone. Hospitals, schools, missions are all better monuments to perpetuate the name and memory. I am sure that many of your readers will be glad to assist an enterprise of the kind suggested.

Yours truly,

E. F. STEPHENS.

LEXINGTON, KY., January 14, 1911.  
DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I have received your great book, *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*. I read it through in three days. I can say he was the greatest and best man for Christ and the children of Mont-Lawn. I say, let Mont-Lawn be his monument.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. L. ALBERTS.

### A Memorial to Louis Klopsch

By Margaret E. Sangster

**THERE'S a Children's Temple at fair Mont-Lawn,**

Where the little ones meet and sing,

Sweet as the notes of the birds at dawn,

To the praise of the Heavenly King.

They listen there to the Word of God,

And they fold their hands in prayer.

They are led in the path that the Master trod,

And the Master blesses them there.

From the dirt and din of the city street,

From the tenements close and dark,

Comes the hurrying tramp of the little feet,

To Mont-Lawn as a sheltering ark.

Into the midst of summer flowers

To the meadows gay with bloom,

The children haste for enchanted hours,

A rift in their life of gloom.

Think of them sleeping in clean, white beds,

While the steadfast stars peep in.

Think of the dreams in the little heads

Which the happy fairies spin.

Watch them busy at work and play,

And at breakfast, dinner and tea;

Merry, and hungry thrice a day,

A sight it is good to see.

A year has fled since the children's friend

Was called to the home above;

To the beautiful life that hath no end,

To the home of the perfect Love;

The generous heart and the open hand,

The brain that was quick to plan

For the poor and needy of every land,

Gone from the sight of man.

He cared for the children at fair Mont-Lawn;

Let them keep his memory green,

While the summer eve and the summer dawn

Are bright in their crystal sheen.

A year has gone since he passed away;

In many a year to come

Let the city's children sing and play

In his beautiful Children's Home.

PICKEREL LAKE, ONT., January 14, 1911.  
DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

You have asked for opinions in regard to erecting a monument to the late dearly beloved Dr. Louis Klopsch. I would say, erect no monument of marble or other stone, but take what it would cost to build a monument, and put it into Mont-Lawn. Hundreds of thousands of people can see and feel the good of that every day, where if it was a monument of stone, only a few thousand would be privileged to see it. So long as Mont-Lawn and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are in existence our dear brother will never be forgotten. He is dead, but his works live on. May God ever bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is my prayer.

From your ever well-wishing subscriber,

T. A. BUDREAU.

CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, January 10, 1911.  
TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

In your late issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the plan to fittingly remember the great life work of the beloved Dr. Klopsch by endowing the Children's Paradise, meets my approval. What greater privilege could we ask than to have the chance to give our mite in this memorial serving two purposes—commemorating the memory of Dr. Klopsch, and making the great work which he founded a permanent institution for all time?

Sincerely yours,

W. G. MOORHEAD.

ORTONVILLE, MINN., January 9, 1911.

DEAR SIR:

I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for fifteen years, and have learned to love it and its late Editor. I say by all means we ought to raise a monument to his name for the good he has done for humanity's sake.

A. G. MUNDWILER.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., January 16, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I think Mont-Lawn should be perpetuated to the memory of Dr. Klopsch.

MRS. H. DYE.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO MONT-LAWN

**O**NE day in summer I was hurrying from the Bible House in New York City, when, just as I reached the outer door, I came upon a disconsolate group of four or five little children. There was such a sad droop to their little shoulders and their faces were so sober that I stopped to inquire the cause. The tallest of the girls turned to me quickly.

"Oh, do you know Dr. Klopsch?" she asked eagerly. Being told that I did, she caught my dress in her hands in her eagerness.

"Oh, won't you go and see him for us?" she pleaded. "We want to go to Mont-Lawn so bad, and the man up stairs says they have the names of all the children they can take to Mont-Lawn for the rest of this summer and that we can't go. We want to go so bad. My brother Tom can't go to Mont-Lawn, and he says if we could tell Dr. Klopsch about it he'd let us go. Brother Tom saw Dr. Klopsch ever so many times at Mont-Lawn, and he says that he is so good and kind, that he loves every poor little boy and girl on the East Side. Oh, he says Dr. Klopsch would do anything for poor people. Won't you go ask him if we can't go to Mont-Lawn?"

The little maid was right. I thought of it when the dreadful news came to us from the hospital that

the Doctor could live but a few hours. "The children of the East Side are losing their best friend," said one, as the sad message was repeated.

How well I remember the days I spent at Mont-Lawn last summer, that beautiful vacation home on the Hudson for the little tenement children of the great East Side of New York, which the Doctor's generous heart brought into existence! How those children cheered and clapped whenever they saw the wagon coming which brought Dr. Klopsch to Mont-Lawn! I remember we were going through the dining-room one noon, when the children were eating dinner. A tiny hunchback boy—"Little Tim" they called him—had gotten to a table where the bench was too low for him to sit and eat; so he was standing in his place, contentedly munching pie, when the Doctor's quick eye spied him.

"Here, Little Tim mustn't have to stand when he eats!" cried the Doctor. "Get up there, boys, and bring over this higher bench," pointing to one by a window. In a moment the change was made, he had lifted Little Tim to a comfortable seat, and was passing on to see if any one else needed a lift.

Yes, Mont-Lawn with its living memories of his love for little children ought surely to be his memorial.



Little Waifs on the Street



"Little Father" and Crippled Charge



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Busrah Creek

The Young Shah

A Sword-dance at Bahrein



## THE AWAKENING OF PERSIA

By FELIX J. KOCH

THE increasing interest in Persia, taken, first of all, by Great Britain and later by Russia, Germany and other nations, and the pending changes there are attracting the attention of the world to one of the oldest and most interesting countries in existence. In the last few years, Persia has loomed up in the public eye largely, owing to a railway projected there by German capital.

To the traveler, the whole country is full of picturesque attractions. Entering the Persian Gulf, one sees first the pearl islands of Bahrein. These are the source of the pearl supply for the caravans from the East. These islands are held by a number of small Arab tribes. At different times, the Egyptians and the Persians have owned them. To-day, the Utohe tribe holds the islands, which are practically a British protectorate. Britain years ago put an end to slavery and piracy in the Persian Gulf, as her commerce in that region was at the mercy of freebooters. England has been urged to annex these islands, but she would rather control, and since 1815 there has been a British resident there, who is the real ruler.

In 1867 the reigning sheik was set aside, and was exiled to the mainland by England. In 1880, a treaty was concluded by Great Britain with Bahrein, the chief agreeing not to grant a coaling-station to any other power, nor to receive consuls nor make treaties with any nation excepting with the English. In 1892 the treaty was amended to prevent Bahrein from alienating territory, save with England's consent.

The chief value of the islands is in the pearl fisheries and in the fact that they have one of the few really good harbors in the gulf. The principal town



The Royal Palace at Teheran

is Mananeh, the metropolis of the little archipelago, which has perhaps sixty thousand souls. Bahrein Island itself is twenty-five miles long by ten in width. In a single year, its export of pearls is over \$2,500,000. The only other notable export of the island is donkeys!

As to revenues, the Sultan of Bahrein levies a

five per cent. customs duty; he taxes the pearl fishery boats, and he makes money by endless lawsuits, for the Arabs are inordinately fond of litigation. The English resident at Bahrein has an agreement with the Arab chiefs on the islands, not to make war by water, though they may do so by land. This is arranged so as not to destroy the pearl trade.

Proceeding farther up the Persian Gulf, the traveler coasts the desert, which extends to the very water's edge. There are few important tribes until one comes to the Gulf of Kovite, or "The Grain," with the town of Kovite on the south side of the harbor. This is the projected terminus of the Bagdad and Gulf Railway, and is a town of between ten and twenty thousand population. Four thousand of the people are sailors. All are under the rule of the Sheik of Kovite. There formerly existed near at hand a number of unimportant Arab tribes of whom the Sheik of Kovite exacted toll when they came to the coast. The present ruler, Moubarek (who obtained his place by assassinating his predecessor), began a career of conquest inland. He became embroiled with the kingdom of Mezd, to which there were two or three claimants, one of whom rallied his forces to attack Kovite, and secure it, as it is a splendid deep-water harbor near the head of the gulf. That affair in 1901 resulted in the sending of a British fleet to "The Grain," opposite Kovite, to protect the town, and, incidentally, to prevent its being made the terminus of the Bagdad Railway, as Turkey desires, unless it should be assured that the railway would run on English terms, England having ninety per cent. of the entire commerce of the gulf. Things have come to a standstill

*Continued on page 119*



On the Beach, Bahrein



Native of Oman



Perfeel, on the Euphrates, Showing Traditional Tomb of Ezekiel (x)



# Prerequisites to a Revival

An Appropriate Sermon for the Times, by the Late Dwight L. Moody\*

I WANT to call your attention to some qualifications a man or woman needs to be a worker for God. The first and most important is *faith*. If you will read the lives of those that have been eminent in God's service you will find they have always been men of faith. Abraham was a man of faith. Consider how he lived his years relying on divine guidance. Moses, a man of faith, looking up to God



Dwight L. Moody

for inspiration to speak and act aright. If we are going to do a work for God, we must have faith. I like to meet a man that believes and knows what he believes. I get weary of one who is living on negations. I want a man to believe something and cling to it. I have respect for the man who does not believe as I do, but who stands on his two feet and fights it out on that line. Faith is a good thing to have—not only to believe that God can use the ministers of the Gospel (that's a kind of faith most anybody can have) but faith to believe that he can and will use you and me—the humblest amongst us—to carry out his own designs and intentions. That's another kind of faith.

## "Knowing" and "Believing"

I heard a Scotchman, away back in '73, make this remark, and it burned down into my soul: "that there wasn't a man in all Saul's army but knew that God *could* use him, and one *believed* that God *would* use him, and he went out and slew Goliath. There's a difference. David had faith to believe that God would use him. It is the miserable unbelief that's keeping back the people—keeping back the blessing. When Moses sent out the twelve spies, mark where he made his mistake. It was on account of the hardness of their hearts. God told him he would take them into the Promised Land. That was enough; it was a good land, "flowing with milk and honey." Moses didn't send out the spies to see if the Almighty told the truth; he relied upon the Divine promise. Suppose the twelve men had been representative men, the best the tribes had, and had brought back a minority and a majority report, all admitting that what God said was true, but ten of them doubting and adding to their report, "But we saw giants, and saw the sons of Anak there, and solid cities walled up to heaven, and we are not able to go up and take the land."

Send out twelve men now, and they will bring back just such a report. Send out twelve officers of the church, and ten of them will throw cold water on any movement that makes a suggestion to "go forward." They will say: "Now, brethren, we want to be very cautious. You know a few years ago we started something and failed. We ought to be very cautious. It would be a mistake to have a series of meetings and not have them succeed. We are not ready as yet for the undertaking." Not ready! There may be one or two of the twelve who will say, "We are well able to go up and possess the land. If God be with us, we can go." I can see those twelve men in the camp, and the crowds surging around them. I believe some people like to believe a lie. "A lie will go half-way round the world before truth will get its boots on to contradict it." The lie went through the camp like wildfire. The representative men, the elders, the leading men of the tribes, said, "We aren't able to go up and take the land," and suggested going back to Egypt. I see a few godly old saints gathering around Caleb and Joshua, and saying, as Caleb said, "We are able to go up and take this land." But others said, "We are not able. The land through which we have passed is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; the men are of great stature, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in theirs."

## The Conquering Power of Faith

I see one man coming, full of unbelief, addressing Caleb, saying, "What are you talking about? I heard those ten men over there and they said they were like grasshoppers in the sight of those other men; and how do you stand up and dare to look into the faces of those ten?" Just see how unreasonable unbelief is. The land is so poor that it "eateth up the inhabitants," and yet is "full of giants." That's

This is the tenth of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One will appear each month.

about as consistent as unbelief is. Not able to go up and take the land! And they turned back and wandered in the wilderness forty years, when they might have easily taken possession of the place in forty days. The Church of God can get out of the wilderness if we have faith.

If you have no faith, then you are looking back, or you are looking up at the giants, and they look very big. The saloons and haunts of vice are nothing, if the Church of God rises in its strength; we could soon sweep these things out of the way. We want faith—faith that the world can see. Some say that you can't see faith. God can. I see a drunken man down here who has been converted. That man had faith. Get a few hundred people like that, and see if the world don't travel on the right path. People complain because they "can't get it." If you have any unconverted, exercise faith, and say: "O God, bless this man," or "this woman." Let's work together and see if we can't get this people into the kingdom of God.

Another thing, with faith, is *courage*. What we want is courage to speak out our convictions. I believe the reason why so many men fight the Lord's work is that they are afraid of public opinion. Know that you are right, and then go ahead. A man told me some time ago that he started a good work, but a newspaper wrote an article against it and he got discouraged and gave it all up. The idea of letting a newspaper stop him! People used to be tied to the stake and burned for not giving up their convictions. If you see sin, smite it! What you want is courage to speak out your convictions. If it's right, stand by it! If it's wrong, fight it! Four times in the first chapter of Joshua, God tells Joshua to be of good courage. I don't believe God uses a man that hasn't courage; a man that's a coward isn't fit for God's service! If the Spirit of God tells you to go to speak to a man, go and speak; never mind whether the man likes it or not. If the Spirit of God urges you to go and visit some poor woman—some unfortunate woman—don't be afraid to take your Bible and tell her the Way of Life. Have moral courage to live up to the promptings of the Spirit. Never mind public sentiment. It's right to work for God.

## The Value of Spiritual Enthusiasm

Is there a better work on earth than to let young men speak to young men? These young men can reach young men better than the ministers themselves. One of the regrets of my life is that I cannot reach the young men, as when I was one with them; and if you are going to reach them while in the colleges and seminaries, do it now. You've no time to lose. They can be won to Christ. Read in Joshua: "Meditate on the word day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." No one could stand before that hero of faith, because he had courage. He got into the Promised Land. We find him walking around the walls of Jericho, "marking well the bulwarks," then one came and stood over him with a drawn sword. If he had been a coward, he would have said, "I left my sword in the tent," but instead he inquired: "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" "No. I am Captain of the Lord's Host, to lead you on to victory." If Joshua had been a coward, God wouldn't have given him that kind of a test. May God fill us with courage and boldness to speak for Christ!

Another thing that many are afraid of is *enthusiasm*. Do you know what that means? I will tell you: "In God." That's what it means. I would to God we had a thousand times more enthusiasm than we've got. I love holy enthusiasm; it's a great thing to have! During our war, there were certain men whose names were worth more than an army of ten thousand men. Why? Because there was a sort of enthusiasm that carried everything by storm.

I did like the enthusiasm of that Italian patriot, Garibaldi, and I never saw anything in the papers about him that I didn't read. They threw him into prison, but he wrote, "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free!" He didn't care for Garibaldi, and that was the reason he rose above the other men of his time. His mind was fired with enthusiasm.

There's a story told of a certain general who came up against a great army of 30,000 men, and he had only 500. When the commander with 30,000 men heard that his opponent had only 500, he sent word to him that if he would surrender he would spare his life. But the general, in the presence of the man bringing the offer, called a young man of his army, and told him to take a dagger and press it to his own heart. He did so and died. Then he called to another man and said, "Leap into that chasm." He did so, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. "Go back," said the general to the commissioner, "and tell your commander what you have seen. Tell your king I have 500 just such men. Tell your king we'll die, but we'll not surrender! Tell your king I will chain him with my troops in forty-eight hours." And inside of forty-eight hours he routed that great army and had that king chained with fetters. That's recorded in history. Whether it's true or not, I don't know. "But one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put one thousand to flight." A man full of the fire of enthusiasm is worth a thousand other men at any time.

How would you count Paul? Wouldn't he outweigh the whole of us? That little tent-maker of Tarsus! Would to God that we had more like him here now—men to stand up and be full of enthusiasm. Do you tell me that man wasn't full of enthusiasm?

## Encouragement and Perseverance

I read some time ago of a fire from which it was thought all the people had escaped; but a little child was seen to put its head out of a fifth-story window and cry for help. The child was in great peril. A ladder was run up, but the flames came bursting out of the windows. The bold fireman began to waver, but some one cried in the street, "Let's cheer him," and cheer upon cheer went up, and the fireman thus encouraged got that child and brought it down. Man! If you can't work for God, cheer on the rest! Don't be croaking and grumbling. If you can't stand the heat and burden of the day, don't go in among the croakers and find fault.

We have now considered three virtues—faith, courage, enthusiasm. The next is *perseverance*. Spurgeon used to call it Sticktoitiveness. That's what we want. If we don't succeed to-day, we'll get it at all the harder to-morrow; and if we don't get it then we'll go at it the next day and every day of the week. If we don't succeed in January, we'll go at it in March, and if not in March, in April, and have no let-up in summer. There's no calendar in heaven. The gates of heaven are open every day in the week and every night. We want men and women who have perseverance.

I have great admiration for the four men at Capernaum who brought the man to Christ. When they were going up from Jerusalem to look into the philosophy of this great revival in Capernaum, and the house was filled, and the folks were out on the streets and couldn't get in, the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it doesn't say they were healed. I've got so tired of the modern philosophy. They are always looking "at the philosophy" of a thing. Some one will be writing of "the philosophy of revivals" by and by.

## Having Faith for Others

But while these men were talking about the thing, and thinking about it—Christ standing there and not one of the crowd believing—down came four men, filled with the Spirit. I hear one say, "I had a withered arm, and he healed me." Another said, "I was a lame man, and I can walk now." A third said, "You know I was a leper, and he healed me of my leprosy." And the fourth had been also blessed. I don't know that the palsied man they brought to Christ had any faith. The three evangelists give an account of that man, and not one of them tells us that he had faith. These four men had faith for him. Let us have faith for sinners; let us have faith for them. Let us go and fetch them; get them under the sound of the Gospel.

These four men come marching down the street; four men at work. They're all different, yet united—just as though one might be a Presbyterian, another a Methodist, another a Baptist, and the fourth a Congregationalist, and they had this palsied man and they brought him to Christ. And when they got to where Christ was, the doorways were all filled. I can imagine they had a litter, and were outside down on the sidewalk. One of the men steps right up to the door, and stands right in the doorway. He

Continued on next page

\* This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 15, 1897.



## Prerequisites to a Revival

Continued from preceding page

says to the next man, "Won't you step out of the way for us to bring in this litter?" "Indeed I won't," is the reply. "I've come forty miles, and yet I can't see him." Then he speaks to a woman—"Madam, won't you let us in? Stand aside, and let us get this sick man to Christ?" And she says, "No, indeed I won't. I never have heard him before in my life, and I want to hear him." And they couldn't get that palsied man in.

Now, I believe, if they had been Americans, they would have taken the man back home. "He's got to get to him that way or no way," they would say. "The door is made to bring people in by." One of the men stands up on the window-sill, and he says, "What shall we do?" "We must get this man in some way. There's such a crowd here, and we must get that man to Christ some way. I've got a plan that will work: Let us go to the next-door neighbor and borrow his stairs, and get this sick man up onto the roof." "What'll you do there, then?" "Why, tear a hole in the roof, and let him down!" Wouldn't that shock a modern audience? Tear up the roof! Yes. Spoil a building! I don't know what would happen. Tear up a man's roof!

Now, they've got him up on the roof, and now they've let him down on the philosophers' heads. I see them puffing and lugging the bed. Some man there says, "Why didn't they bring him through the door? I like things done decently and in order. I don't like these things so out of order. No, I don't." That's what people have to say now. "Why not go to the churches?" The churches are open an hour or two a week, and when they are open, they are afraid of people wearing out the carpets or carrying off the hymn-books. Why do you laugh? I'm dealing in facts.

These four people got a hole made in the roof, and big enough, too. They tied ropes to the ends of the litter and it came. I tell you, the philosophers had to get out of the way, or it would have come down on their heads! They laid him right at the feet of Christ. Did Christ frown on them? Did he look at them and say, "Is it possible that you should dare tear up the roof of this man's house?" He was pleased when he saw their faith. He said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." The men rest on their faith, to see what would take place. Something will happen if you bring your friends to Christ. I hear one of the men say, "Do you hear that?" "I couldn't hear it." "Why, he said that man's sins are all forgiven—all forgiven—from the cradle to this hour." Perhaps it was his sins that brought on his palsy. Ah, your friends will get a good deal more than you think when you bring them to Christ!

And they who were standing around said, "Who is this that forgives sins? This is a blasphemer!" Christ could read their thoughts as easily as you and I can read a book. And he said, "Is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee'; or to say, 'Arise, and take up thy bed and walk'? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." And the man leaped to his feet, and rolled up that bed, and went out of the door home.

Now, these four men had done a good day's work. Nineteen hundred years have rolled away, and that story has been told all these years. Can't you find some palsied man—some one sick with sin—and bring him to the Son of God? Get him. Get him some way. Make up your mind you're going to do it. Have you got Faith, Courage, Enthusiasm, and will you Persevere? If you will, thank God. May we be fired with the fire coming down from heaven.

(See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" in Adjoining Column)



## The Children's Pulpit

### THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.\*

"MAMMA has an old Elbib Library. She is going to give it to me for my little book-shelf." That is very kind of mamma, but I hope you will get a brand new edition. I am quite sure mamma will ask papa to buy it for you. You are young and have many years to live. Get a new Elbib so that it will last as long as you live without breaking and dropping out the leaves. Get large print so that you can read it when you are old. I have an Elbib Library that was given to me when a boy. After reading it for forty years and carrying it with me when I went away from home, its back began to break and its leaves to fall out. Get a binding that will never break and that will always hold the leaves.

THEN there is something else I want you to think about before getting your new Elbib. A number of different printers have published this library, but they have not all published it in the same way. Have you ever heard of the "Printer's Devil"? He is not a bad boy, but just because he is a boy the printers blame him for their mistakes and give him a bad name. Each set of books is called an "edition." Shall I tell you how some of the printers, not the printer's boy, sent out the books? One edition is called the "Wicked Elbib." In the Ten Commandments the printer left out the little word "not." The commandments then read: "Thou shalt kill." "Thou shalt covet." "Thou shalt bear false witness." Be very careful not to put that "wicked Elbib" on your little shelf.

THERE is another edition that is called the "Vinegar Edition." Christ gave us the parable of the vineyard. The printer made it read: "The parable of the vinegar." I once knew a boy who had a sour face. He always looked cross and sour and no one liked him. I am afraid he read the vinegar edition. There is another one called the "Placemakers Edition." Christ said: "Blessed are the Peacemakers." The printer made it read: "Blessed are the Placemakers." Some boys and girls, I very much fear, have this edition. If they cannot have the best place on May Day they will not parade. If they cannot have the best chair in the Sunday School they will not stay in the class. If they can't have their place at the table they will not enjoy the meal. Be careful about the Placemakers edition. There is still another one that is called the "Reverence Edition." This book was printed with references. On the margin of each leaf there was a reference telling where to find the same passage, or one like it, in one or more of the other books. A reference Elbib is very valuable. But the printer instead of printing reference made it reverence. There are some people who have this edition and they reverence the Elbib so much that they are almost afraid to read it. Now I want you to reverence your Elbib Library, but do not reverence it so much that you will be afraid to use it. I once knew a man who kept his Elbib in a glass case. He would have fought with any man who said anything against it. But this man would come home drunk and break up everything in the room, except the glass case in which he kept this Library. If he had put the Elbib on a shelf and read it every day he would have been a better man.

Do not be led away by these errors.

YOU want a story! Here is one told by a lawyer. One evening he received a message from the prison that two young men who had been arrested wanted him to defend them. The police believed that these boys were burglars. The lawyer was impressed by the frank open manner of the boys, who told him that they were honest. They said that it would break the hearts of their parents to know that such a disgraceful charge was made against them. The young men were searched carefully and nothing was found but a Bible and a child's picture. On the Bible were some little hooks and wires that seemed to be used for hanging up the picture. When the lawyer found that they had their Bible with them he said he would defend them. He made a very strong speech to the jury, and told them that any one who loved a child's picture and carried it in his Bible could not be a thief. When the young men were free they came to the lawyer and asked for the Bible and the picture. The lawyer said he would never tell any one if they would tell him all about their lives. Imagine the surprise of the lawyer. They opened the thick cover of the Bible and revealed a set of delicate saws and files. They showed him that the hooks and wires could be bent into keys of any size to open doors and locks. What looked like a Bible was used in order to keep people from thinking they were robbers. They just made believe that they had an Elbib Library, knowing that people would trust them if they believed they loved these wonderful books. They had the Hypocrite Edition of our Elbib Library.

And we, if we aright would learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
Must to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts!

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: II. Peter 3:17.

## Gethsemane

IN GOLDEN youth, when seems the earth  
A summer land for singing mirth,  
When souls are glad and hearts are light  
And not a shadow lurks in sight,  
We do not know it, but there lies  
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,  
A garden each must some time see,  
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,  
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,  
Bridged over by our broken dreams,  
Behind the misty cape of years,  
Close to the great salt font of tears  
The garden lies; strive as you may  
You cannot miss it in your way.  
All paths that have been or shall be  
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late  
Must pass within the garden's gate;  
Must kneel alone in darkness there  
And battle with some fierce despair.  
God pity those who cannot say,  
"Not mine, but Thine"; who only pray,  
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see  
The purpose in Gethsemane.  
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,  
God help us through Gethsemane!

## Force of Habit

SOME one has said that habit, at its inception, is like a tiny silken thread, easily severed, but practised, it becomes a cord of steel that requires all the mental and physical force of our being to break asunder.

You can see this truth exemplified in our daily lives. If courtesy and gentility are practised in early life, they become a fixed habit in later years with those with whom we come in daily contact, at home or elsewhere. How easily practised and carried out are these noble and character-building determinations, founded in earlier years. Such lives cannot but have their impress upon the lives and acts of our companions and associates. Did we always stop to consider the force of habit and the power of the influence we wield in all that tends to build up the physical, moral and spiritual structure, we would better understand our responsibilities.

There are many crossings to pass, many boulders to cast aside, many unpleasant encounters, many knotty problems to solve, and how well we meet and dispose of them will depend upon the force of our early training and habits. It is ours not to live for self alone, but to assist others on to a solid foundation built of other than hay, wood, or stubble, that they, too, may build with such security that the storms of opposition and the breathings of the adversary cannot move them from their moorings. Bear with you a smiling face and benign disposition, and your conscience will be clearer and your rest sweeter. What we are in after life will depend in great measure on what we were and what our training was in our childhood.  
Augusta, Wis. G. F. CALDWELL.

## Anvil Sparks

THE closet is the right place for long prayers.

A MAN never gets rid of his temper by losing it.

LOAFING is a business which doesn't bring in the loaf.

IT is all right to be on pleasure bent if you do not bend too far.

WISE men take their doubts to the Word. Fools go to the Word for their doubts.

THE man who heeds the lesson of each failure will never need to review his lessons.

THE man of God walks in the light of heaven, while the man of Satan walks in the light things of the world.

## "Loves the Paper Dearlly"

The premium book was received and also the Calendar and photograph of Dr. Klopsch. Many, many thanks for the same. This is the third year I have been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. I love the paper dearly, read it and enjoy it much that I would not know how to do without it.  
Alliance, O.  
Mrs. G. E.



# THE CHINESE NESTORIAN TABLET

EVER since the advent of the first man, mankind has, owing to the frequent repetition of history, gradually sunk into a narrow apathetic groove, out of which it is very difficult to move him. Now and again some event takes place which arouses his curiosity and interest, and gives him food for the usual nine days' wonder-talk and conjecture, after which he relapses into the rut from which he has been dislodged. When, then, the story of the Nestorian Tablet becomes generally known, and the strenuous efforts which have been made to obtain a replica of this most valuable trophy are proclaimed to the civilized world, a feeling of admiration will be excited for the intrepid pluck and indomitable perseverance which caused Frits von Holm, M.R.A.S., a young Dane, to plunge himself deep into the heart of one of the least known countries on the earth's surface, China, in order to secure an exact reproduction of this ancient memorial, raised to the memory



The Nestorian Tablet  
Photographed from the Original

of the first Christian missionaries who introduced Christianity into China.

The earliest known attempt to introduce Christianity into China was made by the Nestorian Church in the seventh century, though, according to tradition, not many years elapsed from the time of the apostolic mission before the Gospel was preached there. There is reason to believe that as early as the year 505 the Nestorians penetrated into the Celestial Empire, but this point is not quite clear. The only important record which has been found in China of this church, is this tablet, which was unearthed quite accidentally by Chinese workmen in

By D. E. MOSLYN HOOPS

1625. Its authenticity was not difficult to establish, owing to its being in perfect condition. There have been put forward several translations of the 2,000 characters inscribed on the stone, the inscriptions being in Chinese and Syriac. The style of writing is very terse and the exact meaning is a little difficult to determine. The text conveys an eulogy of the "Illustrious Religion" and an ode, in addition to which are inscribed the names of sixty-seven priests who introduced the new religion.

Although the stone was not discovered till 1625, it is established that its erection took place in 781. The workmen who found the tablet informed the Governor of Shensi Province, and this official caused it to be re-erected on a "fair pedestal," a stone tortoise, on which it remained until October 2, 1907, when it was moved by order of His Excellency, Governor Chao (present Governor of Shensi), to the city of Sian-fu—a most important event, as far as the preservation of the stone is concerned, and one of the most important results of Mr. von Holm's expedition. In Sian-fu the tablet was placed in the Peilin or "stone cippex," where the photograph shows it. The years 781, 1625 and 1907 are therefore the most important years in the history of the *Chingchiaopei*, as the natives call the Nestorian tablet.

Mr. Frits von Holm was born in 1881, and was educated as an officer in the Royal Danish Navy. After having lived several years in the East, he returned in 1904 to Denmark and England, and in 1907 went out again to the Far East as a special correspondent on this his latest mission. The quest was almost exclusively carried out with American capital, however. Leaving Tientsin with an interpreter and a "boy," or servant, he traveled in houseboat along the Grand Canal 500 miles to Taokou. From there he continued toward the west with caravan, arriving in Sian-fu, about a thousand miles from Peking, in the beginning of June. Settling himself in such a manner as was least calculated to arouse curiosity and invite observation, he engaged a draughtsman and four skilled stone-cutters, and, explaining to them the nature of the work he wished to be carried out, he bargained with them for the making of a perfect replica of the famous Nestorian stone.

The manner in which the replica was made was as follows: A suitable two-ton slab of rough limestone was procured, of such dimensions that, after allowing an adequate amount for chipping and chiseling, it would produce a copy of the tablet of the exact dimensions, viz.: nine feet high, three by four feet broad and nearly a foot thick. This being safely secured, it was transferred secretly to the

temple-shed, where the stone-cutters, guided by the accurately designed drawings of the artist, proceeded to turn out a new Nestorian tablet of the same material as the original.

A vast amount of criticism was launched at the head of the young Dane, when his intention was discovered. The idea of a "foreign devil" making a copy of such a venerable object was repugnant to the conservatism of the Chinese. So fierce was the feeling against the young man that his life was actually attempted at Chengchow, when the stone was on the road to civilization. He still carries with him a good-sized scar on the top of his head, which indicates only too clearly the violence of the attack. He was unconscious for four days after the blow.

When the work on the replica in Sian-fu was nearing completion, Mr. von Holm returned thither from Hankow, where he had gone for a rest. He invited the Chinese officials in Sian-fu to inspect the replica, and after long negotiations obtained a passport for its safe transportation to the coast, 1,300 miles distant. The immense size and weight of the replica (for it weighs, like the original, two tons) made its transportation a matter of serious difficulty. With the aid of numerous coolies, however, he managed to have it lifted on to a specially built cart to take it down to Chengchow in Honan, where it might go by rail to Hankow, and thence by steamer to Shanghai. At Hankow, a treaty port, the foreign customs commissioner in Chinese employ (a man by name of Aglen) seized the trophy, impounded it and instructed the firm in whose warehouse it was temporarily stored to detain it. Aglen's superior, however, Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., gave orders for its release and restoration, and Aglen got a well-deserved reprimand. The river-steamer *Loongho* took the famous prize to Shanghai, where from it was shipped to New York on the oil steamer *Kennebec*. Mr. von Holm, who did not desire to leave the tablet, traveled by this tramp boat, and thus got a well-earned rest of three months after his perilous trip into the interior of China, which occupied a year.

It was during his short stay at Port Said on his way to the United States of America that I met the Danish explorer, whom I trust we may see at the head of a new expedition.



Frits von Holm

## DR. WOODROW WILSON INSTALLED AS GOVERNOR

**A**MID a scene of enthusiasm such as is rarely witnessed in the arena of politics or statecraft, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated governor of New Jersey at the State capitol in Trenton, on January 17. The ceremony took place on the stage of Taylor's Opera House, where the legislature had assembled to welcome the new chief. The large building was crowded with a brilliant assembly of citizens prominent in all walks of life, who had come to testify by their presence the satisfaction and gratification they felt in the triumph of Dr. Wilson, a man who has endeared himself to all by his scholarship no less than by those traits of head and heart which appeal to the best instincts of humanity.

The oath of office was administered to the incoming executive by Chief Justice Gummere and the invocation pronounced by Rev. Henry Collin Minton, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Trenton. On coming forward to deliver his inaugural address, the newly installed governor was received with a salvo of applause. In his speech, Dr. Wilson took an advanced stand on the public questions of the day and outlined reforms in legislation, the requirements of which, he maintained, were evident and emphatic. Among these he first placed the control of corporations, and dwelt upon the necessity of curbing the power of the great monopolies. He advocated a Workman's Compensation Act and spoke of the necessity for the inspection and limitation of time as

affecting foodstuffs in cold storage. He also declared himself in favor of the extension of direct primaries to all elective offices and political committees, and dwelt on the enlargement of the powers of the New Jersey Public Utilities Commission. The whole discourse showed that the speaker had a thorough grasp of the public situation and

that his sympathies lay on the side of the working classes. Dr. Wilson wants the people to take charge of their own affairs by unceasing and intelligent participation in all matters relating to government; he is insistent that they look well to their representatives and see to it that they do not return time-servers, place-hunters and grafters.

Woodrow Wilson's advent in public life is the beginning of a new era—the entrance of the scholar into State politics. It is hoped that he will be followed by others of the same class. The era of the uneducated strong-arm grafter and professional politician, whose motto is "might is right," and who traffics in the dearest privileges of the people for his own aggrandizement, has been far too long. It would be well for the country if we had many more Woodrow Wilsons.

### Cold Morality

"I THANK Thee that I am not as other men are" is part of the prayer of the Pharisee. When shall we understand that there is no more credit in being good than there is in being healthy? When a man is good he is what God meant him to be. Why should he boast of it? I find that a great deal of pride of morality is shown by people that have not the courage to sin. They would sin if they dared. They may stay at home like the elder brother, because they are afraid to venture out. Therefore they affect to despise the prodigals. Cold, fishy morality is worthless, anyway. What we want is the real human tenderness of Jesus, who never boasted of what he did or did not do, but was always ready to aid fallen men or women with his sympathy, and send them on their way with new courage to do better next time.—Rev. R. P. Anderson.



The Inauguration of Governor Woodrow Wilson at Trenton, N. J.



# The Wonderful Boys' Corn Club



Joe Stone, Georgia  
Showing His Diploma



Earl Hopping, Arkansas  
Raised 55 Bushels to the Acre with a Goat as Helper



Bascomb Usher  
Who Raised 152 Bushels to the Acre

IT IS beyond question that the most interesting feature of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work, conducted by Dr. S. A. Knapp, under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture, is the Boys' Corn Club, composed of boys between ten and eighteen years of age. Its object is to stimulate interest in improved methods of farming, to educate farmers for the important task of producing enough for our vastly increasing population, to show how a larger farm yield will lessen the cost of living, and to create a love for rural life by demonstrating to the boy that farming can be robbed to a great extent of its drudgery, and made more profitable than almost any city employment to which a young man can devote himself.

Professor O. B. Martin, formerly State Superintendent of Education in South Carolina, is in charge of this branch of the demonstration work. From the first, the boys have been enthusiastic, and their success has surpassed the standards set for them. The work of organization is done by agents of the government, superintendents of education, and teachers, and the boys are started upon their career as farmers with hearty encouragement from the public. They agree each to cultivate one acre in corn under the instructions of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and to report each year to that Bureau, giving a full account of the work and itemizing their expenses.

I have before me the history of a boy's crop, written by himself, which shows clear understanding and wise management at times when only the application of a well-chosen expedient could have saved the corn from ruin. The paper would do credit to a seasoned agriculturist.

In order to insure greater interest in a work of such importance, merchants, bankers, superintendents of education, governors, and various organizations offer prizes in the township, county, and State, and sometimes a thousand people assemble to witness the presentation of these prizes. Forty thousand dollars was awarded in this way last year. In addition to the special prizes that can go to only a few boys, governors of States offered in 1910 a certificate of merit to every boy who raised seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre at a reasonable cost. None of the prizes are given upon yield alone; economy in production must be shown; the boys must learn that farming can be made a profitable industry. The grading is as follows: Highest yield, 30 per cent.; best showing of profit, 30 per cent.; best history of crop, 20 per cent.; and best ten ears of corn, 20 per cent. The boys who win State prizes are given a trip to Washington, and there receive diplomas from the Department of Agriculture, presented by Secretary Wilson himself—not mere certificates of merit, but diplomas of honor, on sheepskin that will last. Four of these came to

## By ROSA PENDLETON CHILES

Washington in 1909, when there were 12,000 members of the club, eleven in 1910, when the membership had increased to 46,000, covering organization in 600 counties.

The record of the boys who won State prizes last year will give an idea of what is being accomplished:

|                                          | Number bushels. | Cost, cents. |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Hughes A. Harden, Banks, Ala. ....       | 120             | 32           |
| Ira Smith, Silver, Ark. ....             | 119             | 8            |
| Joseph Stone, Centre, Ga. ....           | 202½            | 29           |
| Stephen G. Henry, Monroe, La. ....       | 139 8-10        | 13.6         |
| William Williams, Decatur, Miss. ....    | 146 4-7         | 18           |
| W. Ernest Starnes, Hickory, N. C. ....   | 146 2-7         | 38           |
| Floyd Gayer, Tishomingo, Okla. ....      | 95½             | 8            |
| Jerry H. Moore, Winona, S. C. ....       | 228½            | 43           |
| Norman Smith, Covington, Tenn. ....      | 125½            | 37           |
| Wm. Reider Smith, Karnes City, Tex. .... | 83¾             | 13 2-3       |
| Maurice Gleens, Sutherland, Va. ....     | 168             | 41           |



Secretary Wilson, Dr. Knapp and Some of the Prize Winners

The largest yield here given—228½ bushels—is next to the largest ever made. The writer has the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who holds the world's record, 254 bushels. He is an experienced farmer, living on some of the richest land in the world, and he dug two wells in the field, in order to water his crop if the clouds failed to drop sufficient moisture. He also made a framework to protect the corn from damage by the wind. The boy who stands next to him is a mere child, inexperienced in farming, and he spent nothing upon artificial means of caring for his crop.

The average of production for the eleven winners

of State prizes was 134 bushels to the acre, and the average cost of production about 25 cents a bushel. Most of this corn will be sold for seed at a price ranging from two to four dollars a bushel. Sold at two dollars, the gain would be \$1.75 a bushel, or \$235.50 for the average production of 134 bushels. Counting their cash prizes, some of these boys made \$500 or \$600 last year. One boy made about \$1,000. The stimulating effect of this will be equaled only by the purchasing power of the money itself, which will all be spent for a good purpose. Some of the boys will buy improved farming implements and more stock; others will go to college.

In mentioning the prize-winners, the rest of the boys must not be forgotten. All of the 46,225 did well. In a county in Mississippi, 48 boys averaged 92 bushels per acre. In a county in South Carolina, 142 boys averaged 62 bushels.

The visit to Washington produces a great effect. Secretary Wilson's address to them was full of encouragement. I quote a few sentences from the

Secretary that other boys who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may catch inspiration from the value placed by the greatest men in the land upon the efforts of these boys, who, so early in life, have begun to do something worth while:

"Well, young gentlemen, you have done something that has created more interest throughout the United States than has been done in this year of grace by anybody else. Boys under sixteen years of age—think of that! Men can hold high office and come here to Washington for a term of six or ten, or so many years, and I think it would put a great many of them to their resources to show whether during all those years they have done as fine a piece of work for the people of our common country as each of you has done in his own State. To do a thing of this kind has a nation-wide effect. We are proud of you; you have done a grand thing, and I have no doubt you will go on with your studies, so as to rank up with the great men of your States. When I was in Congress I was the only farmer in it. It would not hurt Congress one particle to have two. I give you this word of advice: Go on from step to step and get some education

along the lines of scientific agriculture. Rise to the foremost requirements of your people, and occupy the places in your home States that can be occupied by high intelligence, rigid economy, and undying industry. The world will want you and you will not be forgotten."

—THE PASTORS of Atlanta, Ga., have adopted resolutions that they will no longer preach "begging" sermons, but will attend to the Gospel and leave the work of raising money to the proper church authorities. They declare that this work has been a detriment to spiritual success in the pulpit.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## "National Honor" as a Cause of War

IN THE French Chamber of Deputies lately, a resolution was introduced inviting the Republic to join the movement begun by the United States to make arbitration treaties with all foreign countries—in other words, that France should place itself on record in favor of universal arbitration. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Pichon, opposed the resolution, which found many supporters among the Deputies. He said that France, although a warm friend of peace, was not ready to arbitrate questions involving "vital interests and national dignity."

It is an old idea that, where "national honor" is involved, the only resort is that of arms. This is an outworn fallacy. There is no question that can possibly arise between two countries which is incapable of being sanely and satisfactorily adjudicated through the medium of a proper legal tribunal. "National honor" is a keenly sensitive thing, and has been made the pretext for many wars, when the quarrel could have been safely trusted to the law. We believe the people of France to be as sensible, law-abiding and honorable as any nation in the world. Although they are as sensitive as others on any point of national honor and dignity, they recognize the folly of allowing every vexatious incident that may arise to become a summons to arms. France has thus far taken a very active part in the peace propaganda, and we trust to see the republic ably and successfully represented in the movement for general arbitration, which is now the leading topic in every cabinet in Europe. France must not be behind, where England, Germany, Russia, Italy, the United States and even Japan are all represented in the vanguard of the great reform which must inure to the advantage of every nation.

Significant as indicating the attitude of the British people toward the peace proposals in President Taft's recent message was the cablegram received at the White House a few days ago from leading editors in England, Scotland and Wales. Significant also was the fact that Lord Northcliffe's name did not appear on the list of peace advocates. With a greater audience than any other living journalist, he stands aloof, when his name and influence would be a tower of strength in the peace movement. Some of these days, however, the Jupiter Tonans of journalism will cease forging thunderbolts and will coo the gentlest of all the doves. The peace tide is rising and no latter-day Canute can drive it back. Northcliffe and the Times should get in out of the drift before it becomes a flood.

## Should the Drinker Be Licensed?

IS THE drinker as much to blame for the iniquities of the liquor traffic as the saloonkeeper? This question is brought sharply to the front by a bill lately introduced in the Indiana legislature. It proposes that drinkers be licensed, that no unlicensed person should be able to buy liquor, that the license must set forth that he does not drink to excess, that he can afford to drink and that his indulgence does not inflict hardship upon his family or disturb his business. Of course, such a measure need hardly be expected to pass in any State legislature; yet the novel idea is not without its good points. Would a licensed drinker be proud of his distinction and wear his license publicly? Would it all too palpably mark off the goats from the sheep, in a temperance sense? Would the possession of such a certificate be a passport or a bar to decent society? The suggestion has the distinctive flavor of a liquor apologist who desires to shift the odium from the tempter to the tempted, from the rum seller to his victim. It is a unique phase of the great temperance question—nothing more.

## The Drop in Food Prices

WHAT may prove to be the break-up of the iniquitous combination which is largely responsible for the high food prices of the last two years, occurred in New York a few days ago. In the board room of the Mercantile Exchange a number of wholesale dealers made the startling announcement that they were losing money on all foodstuffs now in cold storage. For nearly two

years, meat, butter, eggs, milk and practically every edible that could be put in storage has been held at figures which, together with the additional charges made by the retailers, made life extremely hard for a very large proportion of the population. Now, however, the wholesalers find that they have over-shot the mark and have accumulated far larger stocks in storage than can be got rid of. Much against their will, they have been compelled to make a cut in the prices of eggs and butter, averaging 25 per cent. on all grades. Necessarily, the retailers must follow, although they will doubtless hold on to the higher figures as long as possible. Meat, fowl, and other necessities will share sympathetically in the downward trend. It is said that some of the larger wholesalers will lose heavily by the enforced reduction. Thirty-two warehouses in the West are reported to have in storage 44,000,000 pounds of butter, eggs and poultry, which they must now sell at a loss. In a good many cities, the prices of eggs, butter, pork, lard and other commodities have already been reduced by retailers. It was inevitable that prices should come down sooner or later, and the public will have little sympathy with those who are losers by the general tumble. Last year's figures were purely the result of gambling in the necessities of life. These gamblers have been caught as in a trap of their own making. They have compelled the public to pay famine figures for food at a time when the country was prosperous and crops and livestock abundant, and now the "ultimate consumer" can look on unmoved while they pay the penalty of their own greed. An open winter, magnificent crops, and a falling market have combined to bring about better conditions. There is probably no other country in the world whose people will stand so much squeezing as our own; but if we have learned a lesson from the conditions created by the food combinations, we ought to apply our experience by making such combinations legally impossible hereafter.

## The Memorial Movement

THE popular movement to endow Mont-Lawn as an enduring memorial to Dr. Klopsch's memory is steadily growing. Originating in a suggestion in Mr. Pepper's biographical book, *The Life-Work of Louis Klopsch*, it has been taken up by good people all over the country, who now unite in the demand: "Let Mont-Lawn be his monument!" We have outlined on another page a plan by which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers may co-operate effectively in this movement. It would seem as if the hand of Providence were leading in the whole matter. We feel assured that Dr. Klopsch, if his silent lips could speak, would choose no other memorial than this. Next to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mont-Lawn lay closest to his heart; and it is fitting that the two should be permanently associated with his memory. For his journal, he had a vision of world-wide Christian service. He planned to make it a great power for righteousness, nation, State, civic and individual; a far-reaching influence for Gospel dissemination; a bond to knit together the great company of God's people in America for Christian service. Such was his vision, and his paper was the agency through which he hoped to make it come to pass. And all who aid the Mont-Lawn Memorial Movement are helping to extend the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to translate Dr. Klopsch's vision into a reality.

## China's Hard Struggle

AS THE Chinese imperial budget for the next fiscal year discloses the fact that the government has to face a deficit of 78,000,000 taels—approximately \$46,800,000—it can be readily understood that the Chinese authorities are ill prepared to deal with the conditions that prevail in several of the most populous provinces at the present time. It is proposed to resort to a foreign loan to make up the deficit. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of its finances, the government has made an appropriation for the famine-stricken provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su. Each governor has to look after the finances of his own province. This year,

on account of the total crop failures in the two provinces named and the partial failure in others adjoining them, the provincial revenues are reduced to a minimum. With these unfortunate local conditions confronting them and being unable to secure assistance from neighboring provinces, as would be the case in more prosperous years, the governors of Anhui and Kiang-su have naturally turned for assistance to those foreign countries that aided them in the past. Our own land, by its noble generosity toward the Chinese in the famines of 1901 and 1907, has won a high place in the estimation of the people of that country. Our benevolences have been the means of saving countless lives, but they have done more; they have opened doors to the Gospel that had long been shut; they have won the confidence and esteem of the authorities and people and have made the name of America a synonym for genuine friendship and practical Christianity. Every gift to China in the present severe crisis means not only the saving of lives and the healing of the body, but the founding of an enduring sentiment of Christian brotherhood. By helping China now, you are rendering the very best service possible to the cause of the Gospel and humanity. They have turned to us for aid, and God helping us, we shall not leave them to perish.

## General Notes

—THE GERMAN submarine, *U. J.*, sank in Kiel harbor, January 17, and was partially raised after three hours' work. The commander and two of the crew, who were in the conning tower, were drowned.

—A MANIAC, named Gisoline, in the public gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies, twice attempted to shoot Premier Briand, on January 17, but missed him, and a bullet slightly wounded a deputy, M. Mirman. The assailant was arrested.

—TWENTY-FIVE MEN and one woman, charged with conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor of Japan, the Crown Prince, and other high officials, have been condemned to death by the Supreme Court at Tokyo. All were avowed anarchists. Their sentences may be commuted to life imprisonment.

—"CAESAR," the pet terrier of the late King Edward, has taken his place in history ahead of the famous canines of Scott and Burns, which Landseer loved to paint. The London tradespeople have reaped a rich harvest through his popularity. Hundreds of thousands of models of him have been sold in the toy shops. "Caesar" accompanies Dowager Queen Alexandra on her travels and gets a cot in the royal sleeping room.

—THE RESIGNATION of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, professor of English literature in Princeton University, is a distinct event in literary and religious circles. It has been impending several months. While the university will be the loser, the reading world, which greatly loves Dr. Van Dyke and admires his work, will be the gainer by his increased leisure, which will mean a larger and more frequent output of his fertile pen, which has given so much pleasure and edification in the past. He proposes to go on preaching and writing, unfettered by definite engagement.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Cut Rembrandt's Masterpiece

LOVERS of art throughout the world were shocked by a telegram from Amsterdam indicating that Rembrandt's most famous picture, "The Night Watch," was badly damaged by a discharged naval cook, named Sigrist, who entered the Rijks-Museum and with a knife cut the picture. "The Night Watch" is a canvas 11 x 14 feet, and is Rembrandt's largest and most celebrated work, which he painted in 1642. It represents Captain Cocq's company of the civic guard emerging from their guild house on the Singel. In the middle in front marches the captain in a dark brown costume; at his side Lieutenant Wilhem Van Ruitenbergh in a yellow buffalo jerkin. On the right hand of the captain is an arquebuser loading his weapon, and two children. A step behind them is the flag-bearer, Jan Visser Cornelissen. The other side of the picture breathes a similar life and spirit, from the lieutenant to the drummer, Jan van Kambort. The knife cut through the principal figures of Captain Frans Banning Cocq's company of arquebusers. On his arrest Sigrist declared that his act was one of vengeance against the government for his discharge from the naval service. The vandal might have wreaked his vengeance in undertaking to sink a government ship, or by blowing up one of the public buildings, or by firing the royal palace; but he sought a deeper injury and one that would cause more widespread regret, in a damage to the greatest treasure in Amsterdam, the noblest work in the Rijks-Museum. In composition, color, light and spirit, the picture exhibited Rembrandt's genius at the best. It is in a class with Raphael's Sistine Madonna and the "Mona Lisa" of Da Vinci. Its money value is beyond estimate. Some art experts express the opinion that the damage is not beyond repair, but if the picture must be scathed or partly repainted by a modern brush, however skillful, the damage of Sigrist will be incalculable. It would be thought that a man in trouble would want friends, but revenge in this instance made a nation of enemies. The unspeakable meanness of the act justified the wisdom of his discharge. Imprisonment for life would be a just punishment for this wretch. Revenge has always been a hellish thing, inflicting fatal wounds and infinite damage. It murdered Garfield and shot Gaylor. It is ugly, it is diabolical, even in little hearts and little acts. It is cherished by many otherwise good, who mistake it for a righteous indignation. It is thus condemned by the apostle:

Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. (Rom. 12:19.)

## Asked Water; Got Poison

George Melber, the little five-year-old son of a widow, Mrs. Edith Melber, was thirsty and asked his mother for a drink of water. In place of it she gave him carbolic acid, perpetrating one of the foulest murders in the history of crime. The scene of the tragedy was near Albany, N. Y. Upon being arrested the mother told this story:

"I was almost exhausted and worn out with worry. These seemed to be no place in the world for my boy. We walked down the street and I stopped at a drug store and bought some chocolates for George. I also bought a bottle of carbolic acid. We had nowhere to go and we walked the streets until I could hardly stand. At last we got on a car and rode for a while on the road to Schenectady. There were very few houses, and it was cold and dark and lonely. I took George's hand and we started to walk along the road. He was so tired, poor little son, that he could hardly drag one foot after the other. He was crying softly, so as not to worry me, and finally he stopped. 'Mamma,' he sobbed, 'I'm awfully tired and awfully thirsty, too.' There was no place near by where I could get a drink of water in my hand. I had been carrying it all the time, but had forgotten it. We left the road and went into a field. 'Mamma,' George said, 'can't you get me a drink of water?' I uncorked the bottle and held it to his little mouth. 'Here's some water, George,' I said. 'Drink this.' He believed me—he always believed what I told him—and drank it. He just gave one little sound, like a sort of choking sob—that was all. He struggled for a minute,

but I held him. Then he slipped from my arms and fell on the ground. It didn't last long and I stayed with him until he was quiet. Then I kissed him, smoothed his curls back, straightened his poor little limbs and went away."

The little dead boy was found the next morning frozen to the ground. Since her husband's death four years ago, Mrs. Melber has worked hard doing servant work in homes, and says that, falling ill and being unable to pay board in a children's home for her son, she was compelled to take him away. She says that her husband's relatives would not take the child. A children's institution in another city refused her, and worried to death she killed him. The husband's relatives say they were willing to take the child, but that the mother wanted to marry again and killed her child to get him out of the way. She has been indicted on a charge of murder in the first degree, and the trial will reveal the facts, but they can in no way justify the shocking act of the mother. When a son has done his worst to ruin self and disgrace his family; when the father has cut the son's name out of the family Bible and left it out of the will, the mother will send money to her wayward boy and cry for him to come home that she may love and nurse him. No prison walls are thick enough to shut out a mother's love, and the death-chair cannot kill the devotion of a mother for her ruined boy; and yet here is a sweet, innocent, beautiful little son, crying in weariness and thirst for a drink and a place to rest in his mother's bosom; and

cated in his simple humble way some of the elements of success in business life.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. (Prov. 10:4.)

## New Agricultural Products

From the report of the Department of Agriculture we learn that an explorer who was sent by that department to Southwestern Asia has discovered many seeds and plants with which to enrich our fields. He secured a variety of alfalfa from Eri-van; a species of medicago from a mountain; a wild almond from Zafrahan Valley; a drought-resisting cherry for gardens in the northwest; apricots with sweet kernels from Samarkand; Afghanistan apples and pears for trial in the Gulf States; hardy olives that can stand a zero temperature; Caucasian peaches and a wild strawberry bearing fruit in February. The department deserves the thanks of the farmers and people of the country. The farmer's work is described by the prophet:

Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat and the appointed barley and rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion and doth teach him. (Isa. 28:24-26.)

## One Cent Brought Millions

Mr. William A. Campbell, of the Omaha Commercial Club, paid a penny for a newspaper, out of which he got an item which saved the farmers of Nebraska this year between four and five million dollars. The item he read was a short article mentioning the test of seed corn in Iowa. He thought it might be a good idea to test the seed corn in Nebraska. The Commercial Club of Omaha appropriated a thousand dollars and most careful tests were made. It was discovered that only 57 ears out of each hundred offered for examination were good and that had the farmers planted the corn they had laid out for the purpose there would only have been a little more than half a crop. To avert the danger Campbell printed a leaflet, which was sent throughout the State and all the newspapers printed the facts, the danger, and the proposed remedy, until the salutation of the State got to be "Good morning; have you tested your seed corn?" According to the direction, no grain was allowed to go into the ground until each ear on which it grew was carefully inspected. The result is that the corn harvest in Nebraska, instead of having a shortage of 25,000,000 bushels, has 10,000,000 bushels more than in the previous year. The same seed falling in the good ground made the harvest.

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit. (Matt. 13:8.)

## Earliest Pure Food Labels

The Harvard Palestine Expedition in its excavations at the city of Samaria has made some very important discoveries. Among them are the first pure food labels in history and the first record of keeping wines in a government warehouse under seal. These discoveries date back to the time of King Ahab, 900 years before Christ. These inscriptions are labels employed as seals on wine and oil jars. They mention the year in which the wine was laid down in the cellars of the government storehouse and state the vineyard from which they came. On the oil jars the labels read: "A jar of pure oil," with a mention of the district from which the oil came. About seventy-five of these labels have already been discovered in the ruins of the storehouse connected with the palace of King Ahab some 3,000 years ago, and the names of the owners indicate that other people beside the royal household made use of this storehouse. The inscriptions are written in ink with a reed pen in a plain hand, making quite a contrast to the inscriptions which the Phœnicians were accustomed to cut in stone. These excavations reveal the productions of the soil which the prophet promised.

And the floor shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil. (Joel 2:24.)



Rembrandt's "Night Watch," the Famous Painting Damaged by a Vandal

Rembrandt (1667-1699) was chief of the Dutch School, and famed for his "lights and shades" and subtle coloring

like a demon she murders him. Even after the fountains of parental love are dried, then the streams of divine affection flow. Through so awful a gateway as this murder the sweet little boy was carried by the angels to the Saviour's bosom.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. (Ps. 27: 10.)

## A Thrifty Bootblack

Among the prominent men who have risen to eminence we find many that began life as newsboys, messenger boys, bootblacks, etc. They usually got a long way from their simple beginnings before they had what the world calls success; but Nicholas Lalli, of Paterson, N. J., has just cleaned up \$10,000 in cold cash blacking boots, and the other day he set sail for Rome, Italy, to enjoy the fruit of his labors. Thirteen years ago the little Italian immigrant came to this country with \$10 in his pocket. He blacked the shoes of the judges, sheriffs, officials and patrons of the county court house at Paterson, and then after office hours he plied his calling on Main Street near the county jail. For the first time in ten years he put on a starched collar, a necktie of brilliant red, and a suit of Sunday clothes. He did the work next at hand and did it well, and was a success in life. He dignified his calling by his industry and the uprightness of his conduct, and commanded the respect of his fellow-men. The young man did the work he undertook singularly well and was the very symbol of energy. He indi-



# Famine's Death-Roll in China

Missionaries Plead for Help--A Second Remittance is Cabled by the Christian Herald

## THE APPEAL

CHINKIANG, 18 Jan.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y.

Destitution similar to 1907. Government relief inadequate. Make urgent appeal. LONGDEN.

## THE ANSWER

LONGDEN, CHINKIANG.

Cabling FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS additional for urgent cases. Have appealed; confident generous response. CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THIS is the latest word by cable from the heart of the Chinese famine. It is a message of appeal from Rev. W. C. Longden, chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Committee of Missionaries at Chinkiang, and unfortunately it confirms the apprehension felt here that the famine was far more serious than first reports indicated. Immediately on receiving this message THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent Chairman Longden the cablegram which is printed side by side with the message of appeal and which conveys the news that \$5,000 more has been cabled to be used by the committee for urgent cases of suffering.

This is the second remittance we have forwarded for famine relief, the first, of \$1,000, having been sent on December 31. Both sums were advanced by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in anticipation of contributions, which are now being received in response to the appeal through these columns.

Associated with Chairman Longden on the committee at Chinkiang are the following missionaries: Rev. G. A. Cox, Rev. Frank Garrett, Rev. J. C. Garrett, D.D., Lilburn Merrill, M.D., Rev. J. W. Paxton, Rev. L. W. Pierce, Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D.D., M. J. Walker, Esq., Rev. James B. Webster. The last named is treasurer of the committee, which represents six different Protestant Missionary Boards, each with large spiritual interests and a corps of workers in the Chinese field. Under the board and distributed throughout the two famine-stricken provinces of Anhui and Kiangsu are many other missionary workers, who co-operate with the Chinkiang committee.

On January 14, Chairman Longden had already cabled to this journal that a condition of great distress prevailed in Anhui province. His latest message shows the progress of the famine, which is doubtless approaching its maximum when the suffering and mortality will be appalling. Over a thousand are perishing of starvation and famine fever, notwithstanding that every effort is being made to arrest the famine and alleviate suffering.

Our State Department in Washington has cable advices from the two provinces which give this gloomy picture of the situation:

"Men, women and children are dying of cold and hunger and the measures of relief seem entirely inadequate. To make matters worse, biting cold weather now prevails among the destitute. The Chinese authorities have appointed committees to investigate and enroll the names of those in need of most urgent help. The Throne has contributed a considerable sum of money, but it was regarded as insufficient. A general international relief committee has been formed at Shanghai. It is estimated that not less than \$4,000,000, Mexican, will be needed to carry the people through the winter and spring. No fresh harvest can be expected until May. The American Red Cross has given some assistance, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, is seeking subscriptions for the same purpose. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce has requested information as

to the extent of the need and is preparing to send a contribution."

The Chinese consul in New York, on January 17, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating that places in Hwai-su-fu, Hsu-chow, and Hai-chow, in the northern part of the province of Kiang-su; and Feng-yang-fu and Ying-chow in the northern part of the province of Anhui have been flooded, and are suffering greatly from famine. Telegrams were

trust that your relief movement will be successful, and that it will result in untold benefit to the famine-stricken population of these provinces."

From the number of letters we are receiving daily it is evident that the great sympathetic heart of the American people has been deeply moved by the suffering in China. Many of the letters are extremely touching. "I am glad that it is my privilege to contribute to the relief fund," writes Mrs.

M. B. Tama, Ia. (\$1). "I want to answer the cry for help of the distressed, so I send on a little." "God bless you in your work," writes M. E. T., Wayne, O. (\$2). "I send this to apply to the China Famine Fund; it seems so little to give, but may God add his blessing," writes T. J. A., Bement, Ill. (\$2). Many of the contributors desire that their names should not be published. Miss A. C., Cass Lake, Minn., who sends a gift of \$5 to the fund, accompanies it with some sympathetic verses, one stanza being the following:

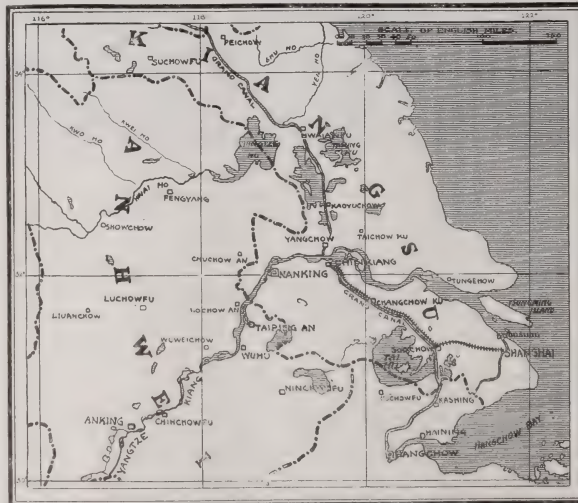
There's a cry from the children  
To each passerby,  
"Give us bread or we perish"—  
A pitiful cry.

"I wish my gift might be more," writes Mrs. J. A. T., Ausable Forks, N. Y. (\$1). "But it is all I have. I trust that those who have money may realize the great need. Though I can give but little yet I add my prayers." "You are certainly to be commended for your assistance in this great work," writes W. B. G., Somerset, Ky., who sends \$3 to the relief fund. "I will send my mite, as I am an old woman and what I do I must do quickly," writes Mrs. A. D., Macon, Mo. (\$1), and adds: "It is only a little, but it is cheerfully given, with the prayer that God may bless it for the relief of some suffering one." "I want to help a little," writes M. J. D., Mooreshill, Ind. (\$1). "When I became a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, it made me happy, for I knew that I would be in company with God's people. Dr. Klopsch's last greeting is among my treasures." "My precious daughter has passed to the beyond," writes Mrs. S. M. W., Landes, Wyo. (\$10), "and this is as a memorial to her." "Mine is only a widow's mite," writes Mrs. A. B., Knoxville, Tenn. (\$2), "but with God's blessing it may save a soul from death."

Continued on next page



A Food Distribution in a Chinese Village in Famine Time



The Two Famine-stricken Provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su, Population 46,000,000

also received from the Viceroy of Liang-Kiang, and the Governor of Anhui, stating that the famine in the northern part of Anhui is much more serious than that in Kiang-su. The government relief work is in charge of Taotai Shen-Tun Ho and Dr. Ferguson. Both the governor and the viceroy add that foreign help is greatly needed and will be more than welcome.

As already explained, the famine is the result of several months of torrential rains, which have swept



# St. Moritz, the Skater's Paradise



The Great Open-Air Rink at St. Moritz, said to be the Finest Skating Area to be Found Anywhere

FOR the votaries of outdoor recreation, old King Winter, wherever he reigns, holds out as many inducements as fair-haired Summer, goddess of bright skies and smiling landscapes. Indeed, in many places, the pastimes of winter are more diversified and more interesting than those of summer. Whatever form the winter enjoyment takes, whether it is skating in the United States, tobogganing on the hills of Canada, skiing over the snow fields of Norway, curling in old England, ice hockey in bonnie Scotland, or climbing up the Alps in Switzerland, it appeals to the true instinct for wholesome pastime and healthy exercise.

Almost every country has some spot set apart to its seasonal amusements, but there is always a particular place which, like a magnet, draws the crowds from all lands by the inducements it has to offer. Such is Switzerland. To this land of lakes and mountains, waterfalls and cascades, waving woods and forests, they come from many quarters of the globe. Of course the Alps, the eternal Alps, with their snow-clad peaks, are the great attraction which draws to this land the tourist and the traveler. Switzerland may be called the winter garden of Europe. At this time of year, Britons and Americans flock there, like crows to a cornfield, or bees to

the honeysuckle. Crowds swoop down on the Bernese Oberland, they take possession of Grindelwald, Adelboden, Kandersteg, Gstaad, Beatenberg and Wengen. They convert all Helvetia into a huge winter playground. But of all the places dear to winter amusement and to lovers of genuine winter sport, St. Moritz is easily the premier. This is a little village, with a native population of some 1,600, in that part of the Canton of Grisons called the upper Engadine, in the southeast corner of Switzerland, towards the Italian border. It is pleasantly situated with a southern aspect on a slope of the Rhaetian Alps, about 6,000 feet above sea-level. It is picturesquely surrounded by woods of larch and cembra, stretching up the mountain face. Some 300 feet below is the little lake of the same name on which there is much pleasure-boating and fishing parties. Looking from St. Moritz eastward, the eye ranges down the Engadine as far as Zernetz; to the westward the peaks of the Alps can be seen extending beyond the pass of Maloggia. There is a subdued, chaste beauty in the landscape. It has not the striking grandeur of Central Switzerland or the towering impressiveness of the Italian Alps, but the general aspect is bright and pleasing. Though the village at times is exposed to the bitter

winds that sweep through the trough of the Engadine, the place is dry and the atmosphere healthy. The winter is severe but sunny. At night, the temperature drops to as low as fifteen degrees, but during the sunshine of the day it sometimes rises to one hundred, and invalids can sit out in chairs on the street. There is always a crowded winter colony of foreigners, notably English and Americans. The place is well supplied with good shops and hotel accommodation is excellent.

There are ice carnivals at St. Moritz during the winter. There are several skating-rinks and these are always crowded with care-free, jolly crowds, whizzing over the glittering surface. White curling is a favorite amusement also, and is a game which requires much experience and dexterity. During the season there is great fun in competitive toboggan races down the steep slopes of the mountain. Sometimes the toboggans acquire a velocity equal to an express train and unless the sleighs are carefully manipulated and steered by competent hands on such occasions there is a great element of danger in the sport.

On the whole, St. Moritz well repays a visit in the winter and instils memories which are never afterwards forgotten.

## Famine's Death-Roll in China

Continued from preceding page

Mrs. William Sinecock, treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society of Red Jacket Congregational Church, Calumet, Mich., forwards \$25 for the famine sufferers, being the contribution of the society—a timely and generous offering. A. H., Denver, Colo., who sends \$10, adds: "I do hope that you will continue the good work that Dr. Klopsch was doing. Many, many Christians are willing to help." "A sympathizer in all good works," C. E. B., Jones, Mich., encloses \$2. The Missionary Society of Church Hollow, Harpersville, N. Y., sends through its treasurer, Mrs. H. S. Mayhew, \$5 to the famine fund. "This is the 'Lord's tenth,'" writes F. M., Delton, Mich., in forwarding \$25 to the fund. Mrs. C. B., Afton, Ia., sends a similar liberal offering. "My sympathy has been touched and I enclose a draft for \$5 towards the famine fund," writes H. M., Clarence, Ia. "I hope that the hearts of suffering ones" will be open to give for the relief of suffering ones," is the prayer of S. J. R., Claremont, N. H., who sends \$5. "I respond to your earnest appeal to think of such conditions," writes Mrs. J. V. N., Shuqualak, Miss. (\$1). These are examples of hundreds of others that are now being received by every mail.

All contributions should be addressed "China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York." The following additional contributions have been received since our last issue:

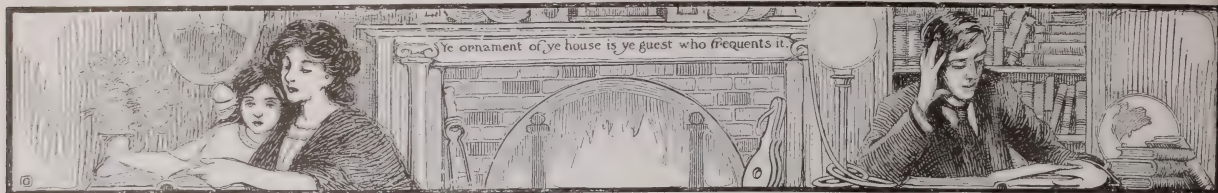
|                             |        |                         |       |
|-----------------------------|--------|-------------------------|-------|
| Rev. John W. Adams.....     | \$1 00 | Mrs. S. T. Bilson.....  | 1 00  |
| D. S. Ake.....              | 5 00   | Miss S. Borden.....     | 2 00  |
| B. S. John Ames.....        | 2 00   | Rev. C. F. Bowmans..... | 1 00  |
| Simon Anderson.....         | 1 00   | Mrs. H. B. Bowmans..... | 1 00  |
| Mrs. Kate Andrews.....      | 1 00   | Mrs. V. F. Boyd.....    | 1 00  |
| Miss M. Bagg.....           | 5 00   | Mrs. M. A. Branson..... | 2 00  |
| J. Barker.....              | 4 00   | Mrs. H. O. Brisham..... | 1 00  |
| Mrs. M. G. Barrett.....     | 1 00   | G. C. Brown.....        | 10 00 |
| Miss J. F. Bartholomew..... | 1 00   | Mrs. Eliza Bushley..... | 2 00  |
| Miss C. Beatty.....         | 50     | R. B. Cain.....         | 75    |
| E. B. Berneth.....          | 1 00   | David Campbell.....     | 1 00  |
| J. Y. Bates.....            | 10 00  | F. L. Carter.....       | 3 50  |
| Lambert Bewkes.....         | 5 10   | Mary E. Childs.....     | 1 00  |

|                                 |       |                                    |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------|-------|
| Samuel Clelland and wife.....   | 10 00 | Mrs. Geo. J. Liddell.....          | 3 50  |
| Melvin Constable.....           | 1 00  | Rev. John Liggins.....             | 2 00  |
| Rev. Giles B. Cooke.....        | 1 00  | Paul Linthiann.....                | 2 00  |
| David Currie.....               | 5 00  | Gertrude Litchfield.....           | 10 00 |
| A. Davis.....                   | 1 00  | Mrs. F. E. Little.....             | 1 00  |
| A. H. Dawley.....               | 10 00 | Chas. W. Loomis.....               | 10 00 |
| Hazel Dawson.....               | 1 00  | Mrs. Flora McLean.....             | 5 00  |
| I. L. Dickerson.....            | 1 00  | Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Mathes.....  | 2 00  |
| Caroline F. Eates.....          | 1 00  | Mrs. B. G. Matthews.....           | 2 00  |
| Elizabeth Ellis.....            | 2 00  | Margie V. Messinger.....           | 1 00  |
| Mrs. G. C. Eyr.....             | 2 00  | Mrs. M. E. Milburn and family..... | 10 00 |
| E. L. Erickson.....             | 1 00  | Mrs. B. P. Miller.....             | 5 00  |
| Mrs. J. M. Escoe.....           | 10 00 | W. T. Mitchell.....                | 2 00  |
| R. P. Fessler.....              | 2 00  | Mrs. Virgil Moore.....             | 2 00  |
| Ralph Fooshee.....              | 15 00 | Jas. Motley.....                   | 1 00  |
| J. Frank.....                   | 1 00  | A. Mottaz.....                     | 15 00 |
| H. L. Ghasoon.....              | 1 00  | L. C. Needham.....                 | 1 00  |
| W. F. Goldspon.....             | 1 00  | A. Nelson.....                     | 20 00 |
| Morris F. Good.....             | 5 00  | M. G. Newmaster.....               | 35    |
| Mrs. J. N. Goosen.....          | 1 00  | Mrs. J. M. Oakley and family.....  | 5 50  |
| F. R. H.....                    | 5 00  | Mrs. A. O. Dull.....               | 5 50  |
| Mrs. E. D. Hamilton.....        | 5 00  | M. E. Ochsner.....                 | 50    |
| Mrs. Jonathan Hann.....         | 1 00  | Mrs. Chas. Olmsted.....            | 10 00 |
| J. M. Harman.....               | 5 00  | Mrs. C. H. Orton.....              | 2 00  |
| Frank Heitz.....                | 1 00  | Mrs. H. C. Pate.....               | 1 00  |
| Mrs. Chas. Hendree.....         | 1 00  | Edwin Parker.....                  | 5 00  |
| T. C. Higgins.....              | 5 00  | Isaac W. Pearce.....               | 2 00  |
| Ben Hill.....                   | 10 00 | Wesley Pearce.....                 | 3 00  |
| Elizabeth Hirt.....             | 5 00  | Miss S. Pearson.....               | 2 00  |
| Lizzie Hoehn.....               | 2 00  | Mrs. E. J. Graham.....             | 1 00  |
| Mrs. C. S. Hoffman.....         | 1 02  | Mrs. M. R. Kester.....             | 1 00  |
| Mrs. Jennie Hughes.....         | 2 00  | Mrs. M. R. Kester.....             | 1 00  |
| O. C. Hutchinson.....           | 5 00  | Mrs. L. M. Shepherd.....           | 1 00  |
| Thos. E. Isaacs.....            | 1 00  | Mrs. G. Shoemaker.....             | 1 00  |
| Andrew Johnson.....             | 1 00  | E. Simkin.....                     | 3 00  |
| Mrs. Wm. Jolliffe.....          | 5 00  | Ellen Simkin.....                  | 2 00  |
| James Keene.....                | 2 00  | Edson Sinsabaugh.....              | 50    |
| Mrs. M. E. Kerr and family..... | 2 00  | Evangelist A. Skellie.....         | 2 00  |
| Walter M. Kester.....           | 1 00  | Miss Ida I. Skinner.....           | 5 00  |
| Josephine P. Kinney.....        | 2 00  | I. C. Smallwood.....               | 7 00  |
| Clara Knizel.....               | 1 00  | Mrs. Mary E. Somers.....           | 1 00  |
| M. S. Korista.....              | 2 00  |                                    |       |
| Mrs. Lamorey.....               | 1 00  |                                    |       |
| Geo. R. Land.....               | 5 00  |                                    |       |
| I. M. Lapham.....               | 5 00  |                                    |       |
| P. A. Larze and wife.....       | 5 00  |                                    |       |
| Z. S. Lawrence.....             | 2 00  |                                    |       |
| Adam Leish.....                 | 1 00  |                                    |       |

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| Charlie Soule.....                  | 1 00  | "A Friend," St. Catharines.....                  | 1 00  |
| R. Sweadner.....                    | 50    | "A Friend," Waterville.....                      | 1 00  |
| J. Irwin Taylor.....                | 5 00  | "A Friend to the Cause,".....                    |       |
| George Thomas.....                  | 5 00  | Fremont.....                                     | 2 00  |
| Mrs. C. V. Titus.....               | 2 00  | "Friends," Stockham.....                         | 1 00  |
| Sara Ulyette.....                   | 1 00  | "In as much," Philadelphia.....                  | 5 00  |
| Thos. B. Walker.....                | 5 00  | phila.....                                       | 5 00  |
| Mrs. C. Weber.....                  | 5 00  | in Christ's Name, Canem.....                     | 5 00  |
| Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wehrman.....     | 2 00  | in His Name, Greenville.....                     | 4 50  |
| Mr. & Mrs. G. W. Wilson.....        | 5 00  | in His Name, Portland.....                       | 2 00  |
| R. E. P.....                        | 2 00  | "A Reader," Petersburg.....                      | 1 00  |
| H. M. M. Ben's Run.....             | 5 00  | "A N. Car. Reader,".....                         |       |
| C. G. H., Bridgeport.....           | 1 00  | Lincolnton.....                                  | 5 00  |
| J. O. N., Brooklyn.....             | 1 00  | One of the C. H. Family.....                     | 2 50  |
| F. W. W., Caldwell.....             | 1 00  | Chincoteague Island.....                         | 1 00  |
| E. H. S., Dubuque.....              | 1 00  | "A Subscriber," LaFayette.....                   | 2 00  |
| W. R. H., Elizabeth City.....       | 1 00  | "Connecticut,".....                              | 2 00  |
| J. H., Harrisville.....             | 2 00  | "Corsica,".....                                  | 2 00  |
| S. S. H., Hoxes Store.....          | 1 00  | Two Sisters, Russiaville.....                    | 2 50  |
| A. S. H., Hope.....                 | 2 00  | Two Sisters, Pa.....                             | 30 00 |
| E. G. D., Malden.....               | 1 00  | C. W. Abbott.....                                | 5 00  |
| M. L. F., Muskegon.....             | 2 00  | Mary A. Belden.....                              | 1 01  |
| R. C., Nebraska City.....           | 1 00  | Mrs. C. Brockman.....                            | 25 00 |
| B. M., New Haven.....               | 5 00  | Luey J. Carroll.....                             | 1 00  |
| G. H. N., Paterson.....             | 1 00  | Mrs. Rachel Cleveland.....                       | 5 00  |
| Mrs. H. C. L., Waterloo.....        | 17 00 | Dr. John M. Dee.....                             | 5 00  |
| K. C. S., Wilmington.....           | 1 00  | In the name of Mrs. "X. N. C.," Yadkinville..... | 1 35  |
| "X. N. C.," Yadkinville.....        | 1 35  | Nettie Heald.....                                | 2 00  |
| ---, Batavia.....                   | 2 00  | J. G. Higginbotham and family.....               | 5 00  |
| ---, Boxford.....                   | 1 00  | Family.....                                      | 5 00  |
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| ---, Louisville.....                | 1 00  | Mrs. O. H. Kingsley.....                         | 5 00  |
| ---, Perry.....                     | 40 00 | Mrs. Kate V. Lockett.....                        | 5 00  |
| ---, South Royalton.....            | 1 00  | Mrs. M. F. McElvain.....                         | 1 00  |
| ---, Mich.....                      | 4 00  | J. R. McKay.....                                 | 10 00 |
| ---, S. Carolina.....               | 5 00  | W. R. McMurray.....                              | 5 00  |
| ---, Wisconsin.....                 | 3 00  | D. A. MacGown.....                               | 1 00  |
| "For the Master," Ayer's Cliff..... | 3 00  | Harry Miller.....                                | 5 00  |
| "Friend," Kalamazoo.....            | 12 00 | Mrs. J. D. Newsom.....                           | 1 00  |
| Friend, Tyr River.....              | 25    | F. H. Peters.....                                | 10 00 |
| "Friend," Brownsville.....          | 2 00  | Sarah J. Rugg & Mrs. J. C. Wayne.....            | 5 00  |
| "A Friend," Ft. Wayne.....          | 5 00  | C. Kinney.....                                   | 5 00  |
| "A Friend," Gilbert.....            | 10    | Mrs. M. G. Vredenburgh.....                      | 1 00  |
| "A Friend," Harvard.....            | 5 00  | N. S. H., East Orange.....                       | 10 00 |
| "A Friend," Lancaster.....          | 25 00 | S. C., Lavaca.....                               | 10 00 |
| "A Friend," Middle River.....       | 2 00  | Friends, Kanikake.....                           | 12 00 |
| "A Friend," N. Y. City.....         | 10 00 | The Lord's Tent, Delton.....                     | 25 00 |



# BY THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT



## The Holiday Season and After

**N**OTWITHSTANDING a general impression to the contrary, the close of the holidays does not betoken the immediate coming of spring. Far from it. In the cold February days we women may as well settle down to indoor occupations on which we may concentrate attention. We ought to do something in the line of serious reading. A group of neighbors or a circle of acquaintances may profitably meet each week or fortnight and, having selected a book of essays, a good biography or perhaps one of the most important issues of current fiction, may read and discuss their author and his work beside the winter fire. If this meeting take place in the afternoon, a cup of tea will be in order before the friends separate. Home evenings where married people come together socially once a week or once a month as may suit their convenience will do much to draw a community into close and agreeable relationship. The ideal way to have good times is to have social meetings in which both sexes mingle, husbands and wives, young men and maidens and the growing boys and girls uniting in diversions or seeking instruction by means of popular lectures. It would be well for us all if the good old custom of listening to lectures from able and eloquent speakers might be generally restored. Women can do much to bring this about. The men are otherwise employed, and the social engineering of township or countryside is naturally left to the responsible guidance of the women. They are fully equal to every demand.

Church work takes a new start after the holidays. The midweek meeting is better attended in winter than in summer. The ladies have their own plans for raising funds. Suppers, concerts, charades or fairs enlist young and old, and from the grandmother to the girl in her teens every one finds something to do when the roof of the sanctuary leaks and must be repaired, when the old carpet must be succeeded by a new one, when the Sunday School library is to be replenished, or it is desirable to reduce a mortgage. There are those who criticise feminine methods of increasing church funds. They quite overlook the fact that people learn to know one another and love one another more fully and more certainly when they are giving time, thought and toil in a social way for a purpose of general interest than when they simply give money from their individual store. Both ways are good, but do not censure the way of the women. May we all have a happy year in useful and self-denying work.

In winter the home larder may be well stocked with good things to eat. The country housewife has her hams, sausages and poultry ready at hand, her supplies are not renewed from day to day by an order given to a tradesman, and her fruit-cake, doughnuts and mince pies furnish her with variety, toothsome and spicy, with which she may entertain her friends and cheer her family in the holiday week.

The country cousins are to be congratulated in these winter days. With the rural telephone, the furnace in the cellar, the electric plant that makes the whole house blossom into fairy-like beauty, the farmhouse of to-day may safely bear comparison with the most comfortably equipped city mansion

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

in the land. Not every farmhouse cares for these modern conveniences and not every farmer's wife desires anything better than the old-fashioned luxury of a base burner, a log fire on a wide hearth and lamps to shed their radiance over the household group. In city and country alike the essentials of good housekeeping are precisely the same. We require immaculate cleanliness, pleasant warmth, safe shelter from the elements, enough to eat and enough to wear. If we have these we need not fear the utmost stress of wintry cold.

### Women in Council

Several subjects of interest to every one appeal to us this week. Our first topic is of great importance, and I shall be glad to hear from both teachers and parents who may kindly give their views and relate their experiences.



Winter Scenes in Holland

**A**MONG winter sports skating takes high rank. Our artist shows a scene in Holland where boys and girls fearlessly skim over the glassy surface of a frozen canal, secure in their mastery of the skates with which they are shod. Here in America there are many expert skaters, and nothing is prettier than to watch the evolutions of graceful young men and women as they glide or circle over a frozen pond. The art once acquired is seldom lost, and the rosy-cheeked girls and eager boys may, if they choose, keep on skating in days when they are staid and sober men and matrons.

### Definite Christian Teaching

"I am very anxious to promote and encourage Christian teaching in our schools and colleges. I know this will not meet the approval of all. I hope, however, that there are some among CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who agree with me and will do what they can to bring our young people directly under Christian influences while they are in training for life. In my own field, I have always taken the opportunity to speak to my pupils on the subject of personal religion, have read the Bible in their hearing, prayed with them, and have had the joy of seeing many of them coming out on the side of Christ in their childhood. A TEACHER."

Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." No one comes more directly into contact with children than the teacher with whom they spend hours every day. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, boys and girls spend more daylight time in school than at home. The teacher may

reflect that he or she may always be a living epistle, so that in schools where there is comparatively little time given to reading the Scriptures, the example and character of the teacher cannot fail to have its moulding effect. In almost all our higher preparatory schools, a great deal of attention is given to Bible study in these days. Able instructors are engaged in this department. In many of our best colleges for men and women a pervading influence comes for good from the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. This subject is open for discussion. Write freely.

**Homely Virtues** "Will Mrs. Sangster be good enough to enumerate the 'homely virtues' that occur to her mind? What are they?" "MRS. O. P. S."

Read Galatians, fifth chapter, twenty-second and twenty-third verses. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

### The Money Question in the Home

"Many wives and mothers are home-makers with no reliable income behind them. Farmers' wives often pursue some line of effort aside from housekeeping by which they raise pin money. They may raise poultry and sell eggs and chickens or do something with a garden, or keep bees, or have a small dairy, and thus they may make a little money on their own account. The wives of mechanics and professional men often have a housekeeping allowance, or possibly a personal allowance, not always in a just proportion to the husband's income. It is the wives who have no allowance who move my sympathy. There are stingy men, lazy men and selfish men who never seem to know that an empty pocketbook is a stumbling block to happiness, if it be the only thing a wife ever has after her wedding day. I wish women would speak out on this subject. J. H."

More acute misery in home life is due to stupidity and mismanagement in the realm of domestic finance than to any other single cause. I am far from believing that husbands are the only ones to blame here. The American

husband has not his equal in the world for chivalry, justice and confidence in his treatment of his wife and home. Mistakes are made at the outset. People do not live within their means. Perhaps young men and women set out on a false basis without anything saved and with no margin for future expenses. No topic can be thrown into the arena with a greater certainty of eliciting good advice than this. I leave it in your hands.

### Another Open Door for Women

The first woman to become a wireless operator has taken her position on a coasting steamship. If she proves equal to the demands of wireless telegraphy on our storm-tossed Atlantic coast in the winter season, she will score another triumph for women. All doors fly open to the light touch of woman's skilled hand in this century of ours. There seems little which she does not attempt, and there are few occupations in which she does not succeed when she brings her mind to bear upon them.



# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

In forwarding MSS. to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclose stamped envelopes for return, if unavailable.

H. Padueah, Ky. How many Bibles are in the world, and what are the religions they teach?

The world has seven Bibles—the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran dates from the seventh century A.D.; the Eddas from the eleventh century; the Tripitaka from the seventh century B.C.; the Five Kings of the Chinese from 1100 B.C.; the Vedas are supposed by the best scholars to antedate 1100 B.C., and the Zendavesta about 1200 B.C.

Mrs. M. S., Englewood, Ill. God uses many kinds of instruments to accomplish his purposes.

Those who criticize evangelists in the way referred to in your letter, do so in ignorance. Some of the greatest evangelists of modern times were men of very little worldly learning—Moody, Richard Weaver, Gipsy Smith and others are examples—yet God owned their work and made it the means of converting multitudes. They are the instruments of the Holy Spirit, but those who are spiritually blind may not understand this. Your letter has the right idea of the matter. A pastor who denounces revivals should be asked to inform himself by personal experience, and he would soon take a different view. Revivals frequently accomplish more in a single season toward awakening a church to spiritual life than a pastor can do in years.

I. R. Leland, Ill. From what source is radium obtained? What makes it so expensive, and for what is it used?

Radium is an extract of the ore of pitchblende, a black mineral of a specific gravity of 9.5, mined in Bohemia. Its scarcity makes it expensive, 1,200 pounds of pitchblende being required to produce a single grain. It is much used in surgery after the manner of X-rays, to make physical examinations of the body. It also gives excellent results in the treatment of many skin diseases, notably cancer. (You will find an exhaustive article on Radium in a book called *Marvels of Modern Science*, one of the Home Library set recently published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

W. H. W. Bryant, Ind. 1. Shall we know each other in heaven? 2. Please explain I. Cor. 13: 12.

1. We find the assurance of heavenly recognition in a number of passages both in the Old Testament and New Testament. David said of his dead son: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (II Sam. 12: 23). See also the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which teaches recognition. See Phil. 3: 20; Heb. 12: 1; Matt. 17: 3; Rev. 6: 9, 10; Rom. 14: 12, and other passages.

J. C. G., Westgrove, Pa. 1. Explain Heb. 6: 4. 2. Where in the Bible is found a passage which says that the "saw shall not dictate to him who useth or shaketh it"?

1. Paul here refers to those who, once having been brought into the Gospel light, have fallen away from the "backsliders." "Enlightened" means knowledge of the truth, and "tasted" means having experience in the blessings that follow such knowledge, and especially the remission of sins and the gift of the promises. When such persons, knowing these things, had fallen back into sin, instead of struggling onward in the Christian life, they were crucifying to themselves Christ anew, instead of crucifying the world; they would need to learn again the first principles of the spiritual life. Backsliders and apostates may be in some sense renewed, yet fall away finally, but it is not implied that the elect can fall away (see John 10: 28). The whole passage refers to those of temporary faith, who have not become well-grounded or who have never really been spirit-led disciples of Christ. 2. The passage will be found in Isa. 10: 15.

C. M. H., Kipton, O. According to the old philosophers, the soul of man is the element or principle of rational and spiritual cognition. Modern philosophers have made many attempts to define the soul, with little success, however. They unite in holding that soul and mind are

diverse and that spirit is a still higher potency, the spiritual aspirations of the soul (as distinguished from the rational) being infused and kindled into life and activity by divine inspiration; that the natural (i. e., unenlightened) soul is to be distinguished from the spiritual (or enlightened) soul. Others make the still subtler distinction of mind, soul and spirit, the first denoting the intelligence and the will, the second the recording power, the parent of thought and the source of moral and intellectual impulse, and the third the disembodied, ethereal, self-conscious being, concentrating in itself all the purest and noblest impulses, the highest reverence and love of God and the most exalted aspirations. It is the divine element imparted to man. You might read a dozen volumes on

were generally polygamists. 2. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Willford Woodrow (who issued a manifesto against polygamy), Lorenzo Snow and Joseph Fielding Smith, the present incumbent.

Reader, Millersville, Pa. 1. A church is the most competent judge of its own membership. Generally speaking, a church will admit a person on the regular examination and profession of faith, according to the rules and discipline; but there may be peculiar circumstances in a case which prevent this. 2. The passage is clear and not to be misunderstood. A drunkard—that is, an unrepentant, besotted person, who cannot be persuaded to give up his besetting sin, nor even to make an effort—is in a hopeless condition. Yet we have known drunkards

H., South Dakota. Is it right for a minister, at the close of a revival, to start up a club and have in it all sorts of games, among them boxing, of which he himself is an exponent?

We have heard of a worthy missionary, strong both in grace and in physique, who wrestled his way into the good graces of the native heathen on the Congo. Jacob wrestled with an angel. With these two notable exceptions, we have never heard of God's work being advantaged by such means. Richard Weaver, the fighting collier, was a boxer before he became converted, but he never boxed afterward. The introduction of boxing beneath the roof of God's house seems to us to be profanation. Perhaps we take the old-fashioned view; at all events, we can't find even the slightest Scripture warrant for it. If there had been a boxing club in the Courts of the Temple when Jesus drove out the money-changers, we think he would have scourged the boxers just as hard as the rest.

Mrs. R. B. D., West Brookfield, Mass. The Lord gave Jeroboam ten tribes for his kingdom, and that would leave Judah and Benjamin; but in I. Kings 11: 13, 31, 32, and 12: 20, 21, it says that Judah only was left to Rehoboam. Can you explain this?

There was left to Rehoboam the large and populous tribe of Judah, but with it came the small, contiguous tribe of Benjamin, which was so closely identified with Judah as to be almost a part of it, and which divided with Judah the possession of Jerusalem. The Levites also came to Rehoboam in order that they might still worship in Jerusalem, for, as Josephus, the Jewish historian, explains, "they were not willing to worship the heifers Jeroboam had made." Rehoboam, in strengthening his kingdom, built large cities in the tribe of Benjamin, and garrisoned and provisioned them and thus aided in every way in cementing the union of Benjamin and Judah.

## Miscellaneous

P. C. K., Fresno, Calif. Send full name and address for reply by mail.

B. C. S., Huron, S. D. We don't know the publication, though we have heard of it.

K., Chicago, Ill. The answer to G. E. C. should have read: "God is a spirit." The distinction is important.

J. E. R., Hamilton, Ont. Intemperance is the great sin of the age, and the Church could not be in better business than fighting it.

Reader, Maryland. Yes, there is forgiveness, if there be true repentance and sorrow for the sin, and an earnest desire, with God's help, to do better. See John 8: 3-11.

Rev. R. H. McDade, Oaks, Pa., writes: "I see a small mistake in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The steamship *Olympic* belongs to the White Star Line, not the Cunard. The former boats are all built in Belfast, the latter on the Clyde in Scotland."

C. J. S., Minton, Ga. Yes, it is right to give for foreign missions. It is every Christian's duty to help spread the Gospel to the remotest parts of the earth. This is the "Great Commission." We cannot control conditions, but we must do our share, no matter what the conditions are.

E. G. M., Fowler, Vt. 1. Explained in a recent issue. 2. Amusements that are simply a waste of time, or about which there is a doubt as to their morality or propriety, should be avoided. 3. Dealt with in recent issue. The wine miraculously made at Cana was probably the fresh juice of the grape. No gift ever came from God to brutalize men and steal away their brains. 4. *Te-u-n-t-e-p-ek*, with accent on second and fourth syllables.

## From a Kentucky Reader

The Home Library reached me in good condition. I sent the volumes for New Year's remembrances. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Home Library should be in every home. I have put Dr. Klopesh's picture up between those of Dr. E. O. Guerrant and my son, Dr. D. Clay Lilly. I cannot find words to express my admiration for Dr. Klopesh's work and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I also am pleased with the Calendar—it looks so natural. Mrs. C. L. Irvine, Ky.



Lord Roberts Unveiling the Wolfe Monument in Kent, England

ON January 2, the above statue to General Wolfe was unveiled by Lord Roberts, before a distinguished gathering in the little village of Westerham, in Kent, England, where the "Hero of Quebec" was born on the same date 1727. It is a tardy recognition to a man who was the greatest soldier and strategist of his day, one whose deeds of daring have reflected unfading glory on the martial history of his country. Though he had a distinguished career on many fields, his name is inseparably linked with the siege of Quebec. There he had to face Montcalm, the pride and boast of the French army, whose forces greatly outnumbered the English, and who had the most favorable position both for engagement and obtaining supplies. In the final attack (1759), Wolfe scaled the Heights of Abraham in the night, and next morning with five thousand men made an impetuous rush on Montcalm's army, which was decisive of the action. Wolfe himself was fatally shot while leading a charge at the head of a company of grenadiers. His last words were: "Now God be praised, I die in peace!"

the subject without coming to any absolute conclusion, beyond that outlined above.

Jennie D., Rahway, N. J. Where can I find the poem entitled, "The Bogland," and who is the author?

It is in a collection of poems by Elizabeth Twiss, which you can probably procure through any good bookseller.

L. A. M., Tidouate, Pa. 1. Was polygamy, as a doctrine, introduced in the Mormon Church when it was organized in 1830? If not, when? 2. Give names of presidents of Mormon Church.

1. It is maintained that a revelation sanctioning polygamy was received by Joseph Smith, as early as 1831, but was withheld from the church in general until it had been settled in Utah (1847). After 1852, polygamy was preached and practised openly and the leaders

who were converted and became splendid Christians.

H. L., Nashville, Mich. On what day, month and year was Charley Ross kidnapped?

Charles Brewster Ross, aged four, was kidnapped from his home in Washington Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, on July 1, 1874.

C. F. K., Clinton, Ill. In what books can I get the best information concerning the Louisiana Purchase?

One of the best accounts is given in the *History of the United States, 1801-1817*, by Henry Adams. Other good books that treat of it are *United States of Yesterday* by William Barrows, and *History of the Louisiana Purchase* by James Q. Howard. Separate pamphlets are published by the Indiana and Missouri Historical Societies. Order through any bookseller.



## Our Boys and Girls The Cozy Corner

### SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?  
And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 't was Dolly's,  
And not your head that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser  
Than waiting, like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please  
you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?—Selected.

"Innocence"  
Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

"Master Hare"  
Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

## How to Build Paper Gliders

First of a Series of Articles on Miniature Air Craft  
By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

THE building of a toy glider is as simple as the first folding exercises in the kindergarten. Beginning with very simple models, one soon becomes surprisingly expert in designing and constructing these miniature air craft. With a few minutes' practice you will be able to fashion a paper glider which will fly ten or even twenty times its own length.

It is possible to copy nearly all of the familiar man-carrying aeroplanes. Your first glider, however, should be as simple as possible. A sheet or two of ordinary writing paper or a stiff card and a little paste and a pin or two, is all you will need. The trick of launching is soon caught, and then larger and more complicated models are easily managed.

If you hold a piece of paper horizontally, and let it go, it will not fall straight to the floor. After fluttering for a moment, it will gain some slight support from the air and perhaps glide several feet. Now if you cut the sheet in the form of one of the familiar monoplanes, you will increase its gliding powers while lessening its weight. Let your first glider be copied after the famous Antoinette model. It will look very shipshape and prove an excellent glider.

### To Increase Its Flying Power

INCREASE its flying power by increasing it slightly in the centre so that the wings form a broad V, or dihedral angle, as it is called. Now, fasten a pin (with a head or glass head if possible), in the centre of the broader end. Let this model fall from a height of several feet and you will find that the little craft has gained new life. It is easy to underestimate the weight your little air ship will carry. If it does not fly well, use a heavier pin or a paper clip or drop wax or tallow on its prow. When properly weighted, it will sail more than ten times its length. Much depends on the way you launch it. Throw it lightly forward, but do not attempt to force it.

A surprisingly long glide may be made by folding a sheet of paper to form an arrow. There are a great many ways

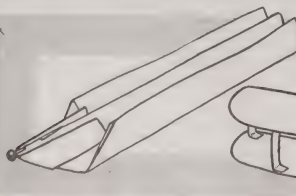


One of the famous "Young America" paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

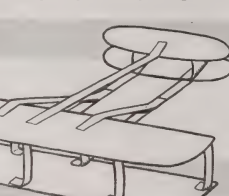
front plane, while if it rises, this plane should be lowered.

### Birds and Butterflies

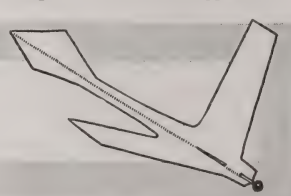
A VARIETY of attractive gliders may be made in the form of birds and butterflies. The principle of these models is the same as in the Antoinette. They should be weighted in front and the front planes or wings tilted upward. The glider will be made very attractive by painting the wings with bright colors or covering them with bright tissue paper. Perhaps you will chance on some picture of a bird, which may be cut out and transferred to the wings of your glider, lending it a more life-like appearance.



An Arrow Glider



The Wright Machine



The Antoinette

## Special February Prize Contest

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award money prizes and many supplementary prizes of best books, pictures, games, kodaks, toys, etc., etc., for original work sent in by boys and girls.

TWO DOLLARS for best story or article in less than 300 words. Subject: "Something I Have Made Myself."  
TWO DOLLARS for best verse. Subjects: "The Attic," "The North Wind," or "Good Night."

TWO DOLLARS for best drawings. Subject: A Headpiece for February.  
ONE DOLLAR each for best puzzles. Any sort of a good puzzle (must be accompanied by the answer).

### For the Little People

A riddle to guess:  
My first is as little as little can be,  
My second is only a boy, you see,  
My third is the sky of a sunny day,  
My whole is an old-fashioned nursery lay.

### Our Good-Night Verse

Thy mercies have been numberless; Thy love,  
Thy grace, Thy care,  
Were wider than our utmost need, and higher  
than our prayer.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,  
*Janet Porter*



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We have a Style Book put away for you. We are going to send this Book to you as soon as we hear from you—as soon as you tell us the book is welcome. You should in your own interest, write us—not to-morrow—but now.

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## How Is Your Own Church?

The Second Instalment of Our Open Discussion for Church Members Generally

**I**N THIS issue we present another instalment of the flood of very interesting letters that are pouring in upon us in response to our recent invitation to church members to discuss present conditions in their own churches. We would urge intending contributors to make their letters brief:

### A Presbyterian Elder's View

The attack on the churches has served a purpose. God uses the wrath of man, criticism and slander to praise him. Men were only in hiding and when God called for Christian manhood the reply came back: "Here am I." Men's ears are becoming unstopped and they are hearing Mott, Spear and Cooper proclaiming II Timothy 2: 15.

I am a Presbyterian elder, but by virtue of my office as Young Men's Christian Association secretary, I am in touch with all denominations in our little city. I returned here two years ago, after an absence of six years, to find the population doubled and many changes everywhere, but most of all in the churches. Where before have been very primitive church buildings, attended principally by a few faithful women, small Sunday Schools, poorly equipped for work, we now have large modern churches, pipe organs, and good equipment for Sunday School work, but that is not all.

In my own church, which is a fair sample of the churches not only in Coffeyville, but in Independence, Parsons and Fort Scott, our neighboring cities, we have a membership of over 500, a Sunday School enrolment of something more than 400, prayer meetings have an average attendance of 75, of which half are business men, and a Business Men's Bible Class of 60, many members of which are prominent in business and politics in our city.

The Gospel is being preached in Coffeyville and our pastors are all united in heart and purpose, leading their flocks to greener pastures. The most noticeable advances have been along the line of winning men to Christ. The meetings held by Evangelist Biederwolf in 1909 greatly quickened the spiritual life of the churches.

Coffeyville, Kan.

### More Active Lay Work Needed

Our church is gaining in membership, and the Gospel is faithfully preached. Still, I am not altogether satisfied with our progress. They have a special meeting or two, lasting a week, each fall, and do all they can to induce people to come into a better way of life and to join the church. The church is enlivened, the membership increased, but lo! that is the end. They do not expect any more additions to the church till the next time, consequently don't get any, many stirring sermons are preached, I have often wished we could adopt some such method as the city missions. Have it understood that at any and all services, people are expected to be converted and to unite with the church.

Not enough is expected of the laity. The people expect the preacher to do it all, and he doesn't teach them differently. They ought to be organized into bands and called to report or render account of their labors. There is a vast amount of energy lying dormant among the membership. The twin evils, idleness and slothfulness, ought to be cast out and Christians awakened to a sense of their power and responsibility.

Gem, Texas.

### A Live, Growing Prairie Church

I live in Cimarron County, Oklahoma. This strip was homesteaded about five years ago. I came here with my family three years last fall. With a few others I organized a Sabbath School with twenty-one scholars. We now have an average of about sixty-five. Two years ago a young minister organized an M. E. class of nine members, which has grown steadily until we have now about sixty communicants. Our prayer meetings are good and we often have conversions at the meeting. We also have a young people's meetings, with great spiritual interest.

Marcella, Okla.

### Indifference a Foe to Spiritual Progress

In 1844, the M. E. church was organized in our small country town. It is the only church. Many persons have been converted under its roof and have gone out in the world, living Christian lives, and some have gone to their eternal reward. Many powerful revivals have been held. For the last few years, we have been losing members on account of contentions and strife. The Gospel has been faithfully preached, but the people have been indifferent. Rev. S. W. Anderson, our present pastor, a

godly man, has been holding special revival services and the few faithful members of the church have been spiritually renewed. There are people enough in this town and the vicinity to fill the church, but they are not interested. The main trouble is that members, when the time comes for a spiritual refreshing, are absent. Lately our church has been stirred to new spiritual activity. The refreshing has reached the other point on the charge at Perryville. On last Sunday morning forty came to the altar there.

ALONZO WORMMOUTH.

Cazenovia, N. Y.

### A Revival the Church's Great Need

The Year Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1910 shows an increase in membership of only 1.5 per cent., or one to every hundred members. Each of the new members represents a cash outlay of \$519 in administrative expenses, and a property valuation of \$4,779. I am pastor of a Methodist Church in a town of 1,100, on the State line between Minnesota and South Dakota. My church gained in membership last year 25 per cent., or twenty as many as the denomination lost. I believe I have the conviction that our church's greatest need is a revival, for only 123 out of a following of about 450 are members of this church. Some Christians, who belong to other churches, have worship with us; yet there are scores living without Christ all around us. I believe the Gospel is faithfully preached, and it is the "old Gospel," too. We have a modern Sunday School, graded and using graded helps, which furnishes many additions to the church annually. Our church is gaining steadily. Protestant denominations lack the spirit of co-operation in the West, hence many of the towns are over-churches. If we would work more for the kingdom and God's glory and less for denominational prestige, we could have larger churches, better ministers because better paid, and more effective work done. Protestants have to apologize for their buildings almost everywhere.

(REV.) JAMES A. GIER.

Brown's Valley, Minn.

### The Old Gospel Still Potent

I am a Lutheran pastor of three churches. Two are rural and one a village church. They are gaining in membership slowly. It has always been my conviction to preach the law and the Gospel in its purity, and I have accordingly tried to put it forth in its entirety and simplicity. Our congregations are making spiritual progress. I can discern a steady growth in the knowledge and experience of the truth of God's Word. We have also had the joy of seeing sinners kneel before God's altar and confess their sins. Those same persons have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour and have shown by their lives that they have been transformed from "darkness into light." As to the means that have helped them most, it is the continued repetition of the "old, old story" of the Christ who died for men. There is no other cure for evil. There is no other food for the soul. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believes.

I wish to congratulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the stand it takes in regard to sound orthodox Christianity. It is the only stand to take. All other religions will crumble.

In our churches, we employ such as are able to take charge of the work when I am not able to be with them. And if it were not for that, it would be impossible to have charge over three congregations. To employ the laity, I find, is a great help to further the good cause.

(REV.) EDW. S. HOVLAND.

Maddock, N. D.

### A Lutheran Churchman's View

I reside and have traveled among Norwegian Lutheran churches. They are divided up into six districts. Their main work seems to be to gain territory, membership, and financial foothold. To become one and to love each other is a forgotten item. In a nutshell, our church of to-day has dropped back to lifeless formalism and ritualistic doctrine. Spiritual life, which should be the main life nerve, seems to be largely lost sight of. Building of churches and theological colleges is overdone, in proportion to each party's financial means. Under such condition, spiritual progress can not be advanced with best results. The poor of these churches are in most cases turned over to the county poor farm, and there is in general a very poor spiritual nursing for those of advanced age.

I believe that to secure needed reform, we should throw out merely human doctrines, dogmas and ritualism and let only the Bible—mainly the New Testament—be our guiding Star for all the people. Then we may look for one belief, one baptism, in a convinced and regenerated spirit, where one can exclaim as in former times, "I once was blind, but now I

Continued on next page



## The Confidential Chat

"When I think, my dear, how I used to work and worry over dessert, and over anything to be served when friends dropped in, I cannot be too thankful for Jell-O.

"If everything for the table were as easily made up as

# JELL-O

there would be more time for rest and recreation for women."

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### EASY CHANGE

When Coffee Is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum.

"Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it. I know it was that because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

"At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good.

"I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum. We never use the old coffee any more.

"We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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The skirt is cut in the latest circular model and is assumed around bottom with a wide satin band to harmonize with coat. Comes in the new spring shades of navy, midnight gray, brown or black. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure, 22 to 24 waist measure, 37 to 41 front length. Order by No. 10 & 10. Price delivered free from Chicago to your home.

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## How Is Your Own Church?

Continued from preceding page

see." Church members then sought to follow in the footprints of their Master, Jesus Christ. To-day it is the reverse. They will follow the style of the dictated formalities of this world's leaders, instead of those of our Saviour, who should be our Leader and Corner Stone. Granite Falls, Minn. A. J. SUNDAHL.

### A Live and Growing Church

The Munsey Memorial M. E. Church, South, of this place is trying earnestly to do its share towards extending the kingdom of Christ in these parts. It has grown in the past few years from 300 to 600 members. It has a Sunday School of over 400 members; a plant consisting of a church building and parsonage, built in the last four years, worth \$75,000. We had a revival just before Christmas, which resulted in about eighty additions to the church. We have one or two revivals each year and the slogan of the M. E. Church, South, in this country now is for a sweeping revival all over the church. While the church is not doing all it might or could do, I think I am safe in saying that it is moving forward. Her influence is for good. Our pastor (Rev. S. B. Vaughn) is a tireless worker. In fact no Christian should ever be content to sit idly by while there is so much work to be done in this world so full of sin and death. J. C. KING. Johnson City, Tenn.

### Worldly Pleasures Versus the Gospel

Most of the churches are losing in membership. The Gospel is faithfully preached, but the people care very little to hear the Gospel. The people care more for the pleasures of the world. I wonder if Christ would come to our churches would he be a welcome guest? Ironaton, Ala. I. W. PAINE.

### From a Congregational Worker

Our church (Congregational) is gaining in membership. The Gospel is faithfully preached. We are making spiritual progress, caring for the poor, etc.

Jesus has been wonderful to me, since I took him at his word to "become as a little child." My four little children would often run to me and tell, with confidence and trust, all the ups and downs in their lives. I do the same to Jesus, my God, and instead of talking over with friends the wrongs done me, I talk the little things over with God, and there comes to me peace; oh, such peace!

We are holding cottage prayer meetings. I am sixty-six years of age, and have a blessed mother, who taught me to pray, and who has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for years.

FRANCINA D. SMITH HALL.

Bosonwen, N. H.

### A Poor Church's Struggles

There was a time when our home church had a good membership and regular services with praise once and twice a month and with a prayer-meeting and a good interesting Sabbath School; but that time has passed. The older members have all passed over to their reward. The church of late years has had no regular minister, and a great portion of the time no minister at all. This is the case at the present time. We have had no regular minis-

### Among the Workers

—14,000 WOMEN and girls rescued in a single year from lives of vice and misery is the remarkable showing in the annual report made by the Florence Crittenton Mission, as the result of the efforts of its chain of rescue missions throughout the country.

—AN AMERICAN young woman, principal of a school in Hawaii, graduate of California State Normal, 13 years' teaching in the United States and six in Hawaii, including missionary and medical experience, is open to engagement for Christian work in the United States. Address will be given to any inquirer through this journal.

—TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, Upland, Ind., is sending out preachers and missionaries and Christian laymen in increasing numbers. It is now proposed that the university be endowed. The executive board has begun a movement to raise a \$200,000 endowment. \$3,000 was subscribed by the Board at its meeting. It is hoped that every friend of Taylor University and Christian education will assist the movement.

—MR. J. F. HABBE, Indianapolis, Ind., in forwarding to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD \$25 for Dr. Grenfell's Labrador Mission, writes: "If you make acknowledgment please credit \$5 to each of our children, Richard, Edith, Ruth, Edwin and Paul. May I assure you that we receive as much, if not more, benefit as ever from reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which we have been a subscriber now for nearly a quarter of a century."

ter for three years, there being only a few members, and most of them not able to do much financially, and for that reason they are not able to pay a large salary. Our church is called the New Light, or Christian Church. I know we have some good, worthy members, but not enough to build a house for worship, our church being an old abandoned school building. We have tried at different times to build a church, but have never succeeded in raising more than \$700. If we could get help we would feel grateful and I believe the Lord would bless the helpers. Spiritually, we have had many happy times in old Nottingham, and I believe the good Lord is just as willing and ready to help us if we could only get some help to get started again. Mrs. E. F. MORRICAL. Montpelier, Ind., R. R. No. 11.

### A Great and Growing Church

The Presbyterian church of Seattle begins the year with the double distinction of ministering to the largest Protestant congregation in the country and the largest Presbyterian congregation in the world. It has a total communicant and non-communicant membership of 6,200. Of the total membership, 4,702 are active residents. Non-residents swell this number to 5,500, and baptized non-communicants bring the total to 6,200. Last year brought 781 new members. The other side of the ledger shows a loss of 197. The pastor, Dr. M. A. Matthews, is an indefatigable worker and a practical Christian. Together with his missions at Green Lake, Greenwood, Georgetown, West Seattle, South Seattle and Yarrow, the main church represents a value of \$328,000. The prison committee of the church claims credit for converting to the Christian faith two hundred inmates of the county jail. It is impossible to estimate the value of the practical work among the poor of the city, performed by the church and its pastor. Every circle, political, civic and home, has felt the beneficial influence. E. P. KELLEY. Seattle, Wash.

### Sacred Song Neglected

We must do something that will bring the Holy Spirit back into our churches. Formality and pride have crushed it out, and there is an element that does not fit the expectations of the people. Going in debt to make our churches attractive, preaching to the people something that is not the genuine Gospel, are some of the hindrances; but the greatest of all is doing away with congregational singing. The only possible way that God's children can ever enter the kingdom of heaven is by the door of the sheepfold, and this is nothing more than the love of God in our hearts. We might preach a thousand years; yet if we ever feel the people with the Bread of Life our work would be all in vain.

One of the best and safest ways for a minister to build up his church is to educate his congregation thoroughly in sacred song; make them familiar with the hymns that they may sing with earnestness. The more commands in the Bible to sing and praise God than any other. Indeed, many of these beautiful songs are prayers, and if we sing them over and over again they become prayers to us and this is the greatest work that man ever can do—to make men pray. Mrs. L. J. CONKEY. Adrian, Mich.

### A MOTHER'S THOUGHT

Written after reading of the suffering mothers and babies of China

MY baby's cheeks are soft and round, And he sings to himself all day— But over there, on the Eastern shore, The babies no longer play.

And mother hearts have lost their joy, And mother lips their song— For they are watching their babies starve, And it takes so long—so long!

So long to see that little face Grow ghastly thin and gray; So long to hear the hunger moans, Grow fainter day by day.

O God! what do we owe to thee! That thou hast spared our nest? O God! what must we do for them To keep alive the rest?

Shall we go on our careless way, Nor stop to right the wrong, When they are watching their babies waste Would give back the joy and song?

Our Father, take away our rest; Give not one moment's peace, Till we've filled those hungry little mouths And made the horror cease.

Mrs. H. C. LYNCH.



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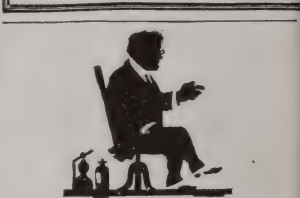
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## An Army of One Victorious\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE battle between Elijah alone on the one hand, and the corrupt king and queen with the wicked priests and weak people on the other, repeated in miniature in every human soul, where Conscience stands alone as the prophet for God against the sinful appetites and passions which age for mastery. In the combat against sin if we wish God to win in our souls we must turn to him in prayer before the altar cross of Calvary. He knows what is best for us. His ways may be inscrutable to our finite comprehensions, may be mysterious to our weak judgments; but in the final analysis we perceive in them a loving design. It was his kindness to bring back Israel from the erring way of sin by sending a judgment upon the nation in the three and a half years of drought. He proved to the people that he false gods, Baal and Astarte, who they thought had special charge of agriculture, had no power to aid them or remove the calamity. Thus did he bring them back to their true allegiance to himself and dependence upon his bounty. God always keeps his promises, not alone to reward but to punish also.

In the story of Elijah, the minor figure of Obadiah is worthy of some consideration, because there are many who, while they cannot become Elijahs, can imitate the role of Obadiah. The women were as different as Abraham and Isaac. When the great drought came upon Israel and people were dying by the wayside, King Ahab determined to make search of the whole land for perchance there might be one spring of brook not yet dried up. He divided the task with Obadiah, who seems to have been a sort of prime minister; each man was to search his half of the kingdom. Obadiah found no water, but he found Elijah, for whom King Ahab searched in vain in order to kill him for prophesying judgment upon Israel. Obadiah, it appears, had been utterly true to God, even in Ahab's household, which, by the way, shows that, no matter in what position we may be placed, it is not impossible to serve God—we can be saints in evil surroundings, as many have been.

### The Moral Courage of Elijah

When Elijah bade Obadiah tell Ahab that he, Elijah, would await the king at a certain place, Obadiah feared that the prophet would disappear in the meantime and he himself be slain as having deceived the king—a circumstance which shows us that we should carefully distinguish between cowardice and reasonable prudence. Obadiah illustrated a case of the latter. He showed an exemplary combination both of courage and prudence. Being assured that Elijah would really meet Ahab face to face at the place appointed, he arranged the meeting, and "My Lord Elijah," as Obadiah called him, one of nature's true nobility, met as a superior, as an ambassador from the King of Kings, the wicked Ahab, who had wasted in selfishness and sin the great opportunity that comes with every political office to be of service to humanity. Ahab is challenged to put on the test the imported religion that Queen Jezebel has brought as her evil dowry. This other David will meet the Philistines of a foreign, false and evil religion on Mount Carmel. The time is appointed and he is not found wanting. Hundreds of priests and prophets of Baal are there frantically praying, piercing their bodies with knives and evidently sincere in their false faith; they are willing to shed their blood in behalf of their belief, a

fact which proves to us that *sincerity is no saviour*. The man who takes poison, presuming it to be medicine, does not escape the consequence by his sincerity.

The wild pleadings and exhortations of the devotees of false gods were in vain. After a whole day of agonizing prayers by hundreds of bleeding priests, there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any one that regarded. Is such a conclusion not pitiful in face of the faith they reposed in their false divinities? What then shall we say when we must make the same infinitely sad summary of millions of prayers of many false faiths in many lands expressed not alone in bleeding bodies, but in broken hearts for long centuries? Even in our own land are many whose lives are as heathen as the prophets of Baal; and this is due to the fact that most of us have failed to enact Elijah's part in manifesting by divine courage the true faith.

In contrast to the long and loud but vain prayers of the false priests, Elijah's brief, quiet prayer brings the fire that burns stone and water and dust as well as sacrifice—symbol of the purging of soul and body when in answer to penitent and trustful supplication the Holy Spirit takes possession of a human soul. The vanity of Baal-worship and the power of Jehovah as the true God having been demonstrated, the people revolted against king and queen and priests, shouting: "Jehovah, he is God!" Thus for a time, government of the people by the people for the people prevailed.

### The Heroism of Everyday Life

The lesson of Elijah in meeting the worshipers of Baal and Astarte is one which inculcates a sublime courage. Courage is one of the greatest qualities man can possess, and one of the most advantageous. Everybody admires it and perhaps none more so than the coward himself, who longs to discover the secret of that which he lacks, but praises in others. In the past, courage has been too largely associated with the killing of men in merciless and unnecessary wars. Be it ours to glorify the courage shown in saving men!

The undertaking of the missionary is heroic. The missionaries aim high, they risk life to save life, and as a consequence their labors never end in failure, but always in success. We need heroes of war once or twice in a generation, but heroes of peace find opportunity every day in the year. A man working on one of the railroads in the State of Indiana discovered, one morning, that the bridge had fallen, and he remembered that the train was due. He started down the track to meet it, saw it coming, and raising his hands, pointed to the bridge, but on it came, having no time to lose. He threw himself across the track, and the engineer, thinking him a madman, stopped the train. The man arose and told his story, and saved the lives of hundreds. At a fire in Jersey City a young man found the path of duty leading to death, but he did not hold back. He was twenty-three years of age, and known as "the boy policeman." It was three o'clock in the morning when he found an apartment-house on fire. Beating an alarm on the doors with his night-stick, he led several families out to safety, guiding and half-carrying some panic-stricken women and children past the eager flames. Then other officers and firemen came, and the fight began for mastery over the cruel element. The policeman went back into the building to make sure that all the inmates had escaped. When the fire was subdued they found him dead. It is a simple story, oft matched in its heroism in the annals of peace, but

Continued on next page



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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for February 12, 1911. Elijah's Victory over the worshipers of Baal. I. Kings 18: 1, 2, 17-40. Golden Text: "Thine own this day whom will serve." (ch. 24: 15.)



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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

worthy of as much memorial honor as the bravest deed on the bloodiest battlefield.

The heroism and courage most likely to be overlooked are those which are encountered every day in ordinary walks of life. Greater than any kingly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grandeur than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with the love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of woman, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is a hero of the rarest type.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved, is a heroine.

The husband who goes home from everyday routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter—in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—is a hero nobler than knight of old.

### The Secret of True Courage

What is the secret of this courage we see in everyday life? We are bound to admit that some professing Christians are far from courageous in many things, while seemingly irreligious people display a rare bravery at momentous crises and on crucial occasions. There are many cases, however, like Peter's, where a natural coward has become a moral hero through a spiritual experience, a vision of God. "How can we fear anything with him looking on?" This is what explains the fearlessness of Nathan before David, of Elijah before Ahab and Jezebel, of Jeremiah before Zedekiah, of John the Baptist before Herod and Herodias, of Paul before Nero, of Luther before the Diet, and of John Knox before Queen Mary. In all these men in some less degree was that same vision of God which made Christ fearless before Pontius Pilate and the mob. See God and fear nothing is the open secret of the noblest courage.

One of courage can accomplish wonders when God is on his side. In the choice between the altar of Baal and that of Jehovah the vote on the first ballot stood 849 to 1 in favor of Baal, but the one with God proved a victorious majority. So to-day it often happens that one prophet stands alone for some moral reform which the law requires, but which a wicked and adulterous generation disregards.

Abraham alone stood out against the idolatry of his family and neighbors and countrymen; but he won against them all, and founded a nation which was destined to lead the whole world in religion. Joseph, the only worshiper of Jehovah in the land of Egypt, confessed his faith before an idolatrous Pharaoh and his idolatrous court, and won the premiership, with its great opportunity for blessing the world. Samson, as an army of one, defeating a thousand Philistines; Jonah, as an army of one, marching on Nineveh and bringing the city to its knees, are stories that repeat themselves on an even more wonderful scale in the spiritual, moral and civic life of our time.

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# THE AWAKENING OF PERSIA

Continued from page 39

and the question now is whether or not Kovite is a suzerainty of Turkey. Nominally it is; but England holds that there is no evidence that Kovite ever paid tribute to the Turk and that therefore she is not a real vassal. Further it is declared that the Turk never cared to assert the claim until now, when there is a chance to sell it to a European power.

Farther up the gulf is a stream called the Khon. On its banks are two or three towns of interest, the two largest being Umkhaza and Sobair. The former is almost as desirable a place to hold as Kovite, and through English influence, the Sheik of Kovite is endeavoring to prove his right to be regarded as ruler of the place. Here, too, Turkey might get a terminus for the Bagdad Railway, but England objects, although it is probable that one of these two points will ultimately be the terminus of the road.

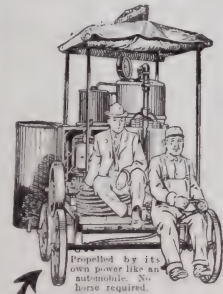
On the Persian side of the gulf, there are also complications. There are a few important towns there. Near the base of the gulf is Lingha, a point of distribution for the Arab trade. The coast, on the Persian side, is lowland, running back to a mountainous plateau. The water is shallow, save at the spots where the mountains reach the river's edge. There are no wharves, and goods must be lightered a mile and a half from ship to shore. Lingha is sheltered by two islands in the gulf. These towns on the coast are not really Persian, but Arab, and one sees the simple Arab red flag floating above them. The Persian does not dwell on the lowlands. Even the Persian governors here are usually half-breed Arabs. Persia, however, gets good customs revenues from these ports, though she has a hard time collecting them. Some time ago she gave the collection of customs over to the Belgians, in the same manner in which England took charge of the Chinese customs. This step was taken because she could give them to neither England nor Russia, without one or the other objecting, and besides Belgium has no territorial ambitions. The Arabs, however, were dissatisfied as his made the price of goods landed on the Persian side higher than goods landed on the English coast strip, hence the duty was only five per cent. Persia, towns are declining, and the people of Lingha even talk of migrating to Bassador on the island of isham, where a few acres belong to England. Here they could open a trading town. The site has several reservoirs, a large cemetery, and the remains of an old Portuguese town. ere they would be under a British rotectorate, with no customs beyond five per cent., so the Linghans may yet take this move. The present trade of Lingha amounts to \$7,500,000 yearly. Beyond Lingha there is the port of under Abbas, which Russia hopes to cure as terminus of the Russian allway across Persia. England opposes this giving of Bundar Abbas to ussia, though the British Liberals aim that England and Russia could work together there. The Conservatives, on the other hand, hold that this could put a Russian fleet at Bundar Abbas, and would interfere seriously with the British route to India. Bundar Abbas is sheltered by an island, and would make an elegant harbor, for the building of a large breakwater, at an expense of less than a uth of that spent by the Russians at Fort Arthur. Bundar Abbas is a centre for introducing goods into Persia, being the end of the caravan ute to Teheran and to the old capital of Persia. In 1901 the trade amounted to \$3,000,000, but the route came dangerous later, and traffic has declined, though a few years ago trade

had been up to \$3,500,000. Russia, to preserve her interests, pays \$25,000 every two months to subsidize a steamer carrying only \$10,000 worth of goods.

From the gulf, one goes by camel or donkey across the dreaded salt plains to Teheran. Transportation costs about \$10 a ton from Bundar Abbas to Yezd, or five times the average of the railway traffic, so that a railroad would enormously reduce freights. And so, on the railways of the future Persia is now building her hopes.

## Never Disappointed

I have received all of your premiums, and am delighted with them as I have been always with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums. I have been a regular subscriber to your good paper for about twenty years, and have never been disappointed once. Mrs. F. E. R. Shoreham, Vt.



Propelled by its own power like an automobile, no horse required.

There are several small machines on the market for home use to be worked either by hand or a small water or electric motor, but they have never been a success because they do not have power enough to clean with, although they will draw the top dust from the room. The Auto Vacuum Cleaner does the same work in the same way as the large machines costing from \$2,000 to \$7,000 each. It has the same size hose.

## Give Us a Chance to Help You

It ADVERTISES ITSELF and orders for work come pouring in so that you should be busy all the time. The Auto Vacuum House Cleaner is proving one of the greatest money makers ever put on the market. If you are willing to hustle you can easily make from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year on each machine you own. Give us a chance to help you. Make a start today and you will never regret it. As soon as you earn money enough and have one machine paid for, buy another, hire other men and let them make \$10 or \$15 a day for you. Getting one of these machines and hiring a man to run it, beats working for a living to a standstill. Be 'ohmy on the Spot' with a machine and get the cream of the business. If you can get a number of these machines working, they should make you rich. We believe there never has been a machine placed on the market that has so pleased everybody, met with such immediate success, and made so much money, as the house cleaning machine, and still they are very little known—for they have only been on the market for a very short time.

## A Perfect Wonder

The Auto Vacuum reaches every crack, corner and crevice of the floor: the cracks in the wall, the ceiling and moldings. It cleans and renovates bedding, comforters, blankets, mattresses and pillows; the cracks or crevices in wooden and iron work; even the dust, fuzz and other accumulation in the tightly closed woven wire springs. It reaches and cleans such inaccessible places as trunk linen closets, desks, document files, pigeon-holes, radiators, registers, etc., etc. We have seen it pull out ball of dirt from houses—dirt that was impossible to remove completely by the ordinary means of beating, etc. When it is working on the streets, the dirt and filth pouring through the observation glass attracts a crowd of people that look with wonder. They would not believe it possible. The ordinary house can be cleaned by two men with an Auto Vacuum House Cleaner in from one to four hours, and when the work is finished all of the furnishings will be in their original places.

## Most Practical Machine Ever Built

The Auto Vacuum House Cleaner consists of a powerful gas-oline engine rated at over 12 Horse Power—4-cylinder, 6-inch stroke, made from the best close grain cast metal, bored and reamed to the minutest detail; manganese bronze rods, babbitted pin ends; perfectly adjusted best metal crank shaft. It has all the latest and most perfect lubrication; the carburetor, compressor, spark coil and all other fittings the best on the market—making an outfit so complete and reliable that anyone could run it.

The whole is erected upon a substantial four wheeled, covered wagon propelled by its own power so that it can be moved from place to place and is equipped with vacuum condenser, water tank, vacuum gauge, two high-pressure suction hose, observation glass, all properly connected and adjusted ready for work. The most practical and perfect machine of its kind ever built. Far exceeds this description.

## Pay For it out of Your Profits

We want you to investigate our more than liberal offer. We do not believe there is any business where so small an investment will bring such wonderful returns. Actual records show that these machines have already proved tremendous money making and adjusted ready for work. The most practical and perfect machine of its kind ever built. Far exceeds this description.

We have such implicit confidence in the wonderful money-making powers of the Auto Vacuum House Cleaner that we will ship one to any live man, who is honest and willing to work, on 30 days trial—and upon such liberal terms that it is next to impossible to lose. We will even go further and allow you to pay for it in installments, and in such a way that your profit should easily take care of your payments.

In our Illustrated Book we give full particulars as to how to organize your business, sell our machines, select our agents, what to charge you free. Every amateur man who has any 'get up' in him should write at once for this book. A postage stamp will bring it to you and it will show you how you can become independent and one of the prosperous men in your community. Write at once.

**The Toledo Auto Vacuum House Cleaner Co.**  
830 Dorr Street Toledo, Ohio

## Foot Power Vacuum Cleaner

The only FOOT POWER machine. A walking movement supplies the power. The vacuum is greater than in any hand machine; therefore, it more effectively takes up the dirt.

The 'Single-Handed' is a practical cleaner operated entirely by one person.

Simple to operate—easy to clean. Weighs only 20 pounds. Easily moved about by foot or carried from room to room.

Send for Complete

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**Do You STAMMER?**  
Send for my 200 page book with Five True explaining methods for Home Cure. Establishing your voice. Reputation world-wide.  
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## Let Us Help You to Make

**\$2500 to \$5000 A YEAR**

The "Auto" vacuum cleaner propels itself—the greatest and best Quick-Money maker ever put on the market.

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Let Us Send You an **30 Days' Trial**

An Auto Vacuum House Cleaner should pay for itself in less than two months, out of the profit from the business after paying help and all expenses. It is capable of earning from \$250.00 to \$500.00 clear profit a month and we cannot see where there is a possible chance for anyone that buys a machine to fail to make big money, but every reason why they should make thousands of dollars.

There are several small machines on the market for home use to be worked either by hand or a small water or electric motor, but they have never been a success because they do not have power enough to clean with, although they will draw the top dust from the room. The Auto Vacuum Cleaner does the same work in the same way as the large machines costing from \$2,000 to \$7,000 each. It has the same size hose.

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We want you to investigate our more than liberal offer. We do not believe there is any business where so small an investment will bring such wonderful returns. Actual records show that these machines have already proved tremendous money making and adjusted ready for work. The most practical and perfect machine of its kind ever built. Far exceeds this description.

We have such implicit confidence in the wonderful money-making powers of the Auto Vacuum House Cleaner that we will ship one to any live man, who is honest and willing to work, on 30 days trial—and upon such liberal terms that it is next to impossible to lose. We will even go further and allow you to pay for it in installments, and in such a way that your profit should easily take care of your payments.

In our Illustrated Book we give full particulars as to how to organize your business, sell our machines, select our agents, what to charge you free. Every amateur man who has any 'get up' in him should write at once for this book. A postage stamp will bring it to you and it will show you how you can become independent and one of the prosperous men in your community. Write at once.

**The Toledo Auto Vacuum House Cleaner Co.**  
830 Dorr Street Toledo, Ohio

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After all, it's the TRUTH—the plain, unvarnished practical facts about poultry-raising that you want, not theories advanced by writers who too often have "an axe to grind."

Mr. S. B. Twining, a leading authority on practical poultry-raising for profit, has written a valuable book that gives readers the benefit of his life-long experience—a plain, honest statement of facts. Every phase of the poultry business is covered including Capon Culture.

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Lovely assortment of 20 Post Cards including Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors. All for 10 cents. If you answer this ad, immediately, J. H. Seymour, 233 W. Eighth St., Toledo, Ohio.

**This House being cleaned by the "AUTO" VACUUM CLEANER**

Fitted with covering as shown in picture at top.

**This sign on your machine and should bring you enough customers to keep you busy all the time.**

**Send the Coupon for FREE BOOK, with full information, pictures and description of the different parts, testimonials and our EASY TERMS.**

**Cut off here—Write plainly**

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Please send me your free book and full information about The Auto Vacuum House Cleaner.

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"The machine is proving a great success—everything is turning out the way you said it would."—H. Bolinger. Mr. Hunter paid for 2 machines, paid all running expenses and saved \$1400 in 3 months. "Have plenty of work. Machine is doing fine."—G. C. Woodworth. "I have worked for 7 days and cleared about \$50."—J. R. Ryan. "From March last the machine has averaged \$25 per day."—F. Smith. We have taken in at the rate of \$100 per week since we started."—F. P. Moe. "I have made \$175 in 2 weeks."—Frank S. Whitte.



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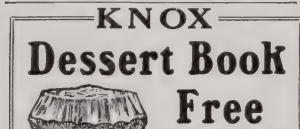
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Send him sample of your hair and describe the article you want. We will send you a sample of our hair goods on approval. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, popular and grand shades are a little more expensive. Ask for reduction.

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What shall we have for dessert or salad?—is answered over a hundred times in the new illustrated Knox Dessert Book. Also many recipes for candies better than "fudge" or "brimley." For the name and address of your grocer, we will send you the book free. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, we will send a full pint sample for 2c in stamps and his name, or for 1c, a two quart package.

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Eli Smith's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost him less than Two Cents a day, and he was under no further obligation whatever.

If you wish to learn to play the Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet, Cello, or learn to Sing, our teachers will come to you by mail once a week with a lesson until you can read music and play your instrument to your own satisfaction.

Over ten thousand weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils mail walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy.

Our free tuition plan will enable you to get weekly lessons costing you less than two cents a day. It will be your only expense and places you under no further obligation whatever.

This school has been established since 1868. Don't be deceived by imitations.

Don't say you cannot learn music, but send for our booklet and free tuition offer. It will be sent by registered mail. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.

## Neighborliness

MANY new additions to our stock of pithy sayings have come to us from Abraham Lincoln. Through all of them breathe the strong common sense and the loving heart of our great war President.

"Malice toward none. Charity toward all," is one of the oftentimes quoted.

The Hon. H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, has said that in his presence, Mr. Lincoln once made this impressive remark, "I have never united myself with any church, but when one will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join."

Our Saviour was ever enjoining upon his disciples that he who would save his life must lose it; the shepherd must leave the ninety-and-nine to seek the one that was lost, and he that hath abundance must "sell that he hath and give alms."

In a certain ancient town the great cathedral had a chime of bells. The time arrived when a new bell must be cast. This new bell was to exorcise the demons from the town and call the people to morning worship.

The bell had arrived at the point when it was to be cast in the mould, and the people were full of joy. Priests brought quantities of bronze and other metals, and the molten mass began to make its way toward the great hole in which the cast was being prepared.

Suddenly there was an outcry, and a sense of failure ran through the vast throng which was assembled to witness the great casting.

"Bring more metal!" cried the men who were in charge. "Bring your gold and your silver. We have not sufficient metal."

Instantly there was hurrying in all directions. Women brought their bracelets and earrings. Men hastened forward, bearing vessels of silver and gold. The priests took the sacred articles from the sanctuary. All flung their treasures into the mighty melting-pot until there was enough.

Then the great bell cooled, and at last it was swung into the tower; and the legend relates that the people from all the cities around came to hear the notes of that beautiful bell; for the sacrifices of those who had yielded up their dearest and best treasures, had made its sound sweeter than that of harp or violin.

"Thus," said the Rev. E. C. Bolles, when he told this story at a soldiers' reunion, "does the new liberty bell, which testifies to our reunited country, sound in our ears. Let us not forget that it is sweet because of the sacrifices which were made to obtain it, and that much of its sweetness comes from Abraham Lincoln, who cast into it the gold of his manly life."

All that we have when life is over, is what we have done for others. The man in the next house is your neighbor—but so equally is the man in the street. Love to God implies love to that man—perhaps low and degraded, but no less your brother.

And on this anniversary of the birth of our beloved Lincoln, let us especially remember him as the tender and loving brother, to whom no hurt to any soul was unfelt.

This was why he was so mourned—because he was kind and believed that every man was his neighbor.

By heroic hearts it is counted as a crown. When a victor soul lays its shining armor down; That henceforth work of peace.

With a love no prince could borrow, Doth afford the tenderest homage of renown.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, February 12. TEXTS: Gal. 5:14; Luke 10:29, 37.

## All Safely Received

The Life Work of Louis Klopach was received last week; also the photograph and Calendar to-day. I thank you very kindly for all.  
A. M. MITCHELL.  
Newark, Del.

## "Keep chickens,"

says the FARM JOURNAL,  
and live better  
at less cost.

THOUSANDS of families, in city and country, have found this the easy way to IMPROVE their standard of living, and at the same time LOWER the COST. With chickens you always have delicious food, for the family or for "company." Their eggs supply you with ready money or ready food. They are pets that pay their board. By keeping chickens, boys and girls can earn money, and also get an excellent training. Sometimes the back-yard plant grows into a large business, like those of CORNING, CURTISS, and FOSTER, who make many thousands of dollars a year.

Raising chickens pays if you know how, whether you keep a dozen hens, or run a large poultry-farm; but you need the best guides. Many get from their chickens less than HALF as much as they might get with the guidance of any of these three splendid modern poultry-books, which tell the experience and methods of the most successful modern poultry-raisers.

These methods have all been tested by actual experience and proved successful. The FARM JOURNAL stands back of them, for it has investigated them and knows. They can be used with six hens or six thousand. Of the Corning Egg-Book alone, OVER 100,000 COPIES were sold in one year. Many are using these methods with splendid success and profit.

**The Corning Egg-Book** is the great guide-book for back-yard chicken-raisers. It tells how two city men in poor health, with no experience, starting with thirty hens, built up in four years an egg business which now makes them an average profit of \$6.41 a year per hen. These men learned how to make hens lay the most eggs in winter, when they get 60 and 70 cents a dozen. This book tells how they found the best breed, why they raise only white-shelled, sterile eggs, how they keep hens LAYING ALL WINTER, why they hatch chicks to do their best laying in January, how to mix the feed that produces most eggs, and how their whole system works to that one end—eggs, eggs, EGGS. It gives photographs and complete working plans of their buildings, which you can build IN SECTIONS, large or small as needed.

**Curtiss Poultry Book** tells how Roy Curtiss, a farmer's boy, starting with a few neglected hens, has built up at NIAGARA FARM one of the best-paying poultry plants in the world. Roy agreed that if his father would furnish feed, he (Roy) would supply eggs and chickens for the farm to sell. In two years Roy was using so much feed that his father had to cry quits, but the boy kept right on. His brother joined him, and the business grew and grew. But they had no guidance, and had to learn by their own mistakes. Such a guide as the Curtiss Poultry Book would have saved them thousands of dollars. This capital book was written right at Niagara Farm by the veteran poultryman, Michael K. Boyer. He says he never saw a general poultry plant so well managed. Every day shipments go off, every day money comes in. Their percentage of fertile eggs, of live, strong chickens hatched, of day-old chicks shipped without loss, is really wonderful. This book gives all their methods and feed formulas, tested and improved by years of experience. Many pictures. Whether you raise chickens, ducks, or eggs, have a dozen fowls or thousands, you will find in this book help that you can get in no other way.

**"Poultry Secrets"** is a remarkable collection of successful "wrinkles" in poultry-raising, secured and edited by MICHAEL K. BOYER (known to poultrymen as "Uncle Mike"). Many of these were treasures of famous poultrymen, guarded with jealous care because of their great value. We paid hundreds of dollars for them. This is the FIFTEENTH EDITION, and thousands are using these methods with great profit. W. R. Curtis tells his successful method of hatching 90 per cent. more pullets than cockerets; the Philo System is described and explained; the "15-cents-a-bushel" and "8-cents-a-bushel" green feed secrets of the Angelis, Palmer, and Hogg Systems; Boyer's method of absolutely preventing loss of eggs for hatching; Townsend's system for preventing death of chicks in the shell; Felch's famous mating chart, suppressed for many years; feeding and fattening secrets; and MANY OTHER PRICELESS SECRETS, are here disclosed for the first time.

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On any one-dollar offer, if your order is mailed within TEN DAYS of the date of this paper, we will send you also the famous Poor Richard Almanac for 1911, full of wit and wisdom for the rural home. Address your letter just like this:—**FARM JOURNAL, 184 Clifton St., Philadelphia.**

## MISS WHITE'S FLOWER SEEDS

FIVE PKTS. GIVEN YOU  
Is this offer bona fide? Of course, so this journal would not print it.

1. We are sending 5 full packets of flower seeds to you, a common good for all.

2. If you don't like a free gift, how is this? For a dime I will send a common good for 25¢. In any flower seed list.

These offers are made, provided no member of your family has used the catalog, and you send addresses of two others who grow flowers.

MISS EMMA V. WHITE, Seedwoman, Minneapolis, Minn.  
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of purchased poultry for 1911, over 200 pages. Large colored pictures of fowls, catering for each man, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incubators, brooders, information, and all details concerning the business, where and how to buy blue poultry, eggs for hatching, and so on. At lowest cost, in fact the greatest poultry catalog ever published. Send for this handsome book.  
B. H. GREIDER, Box 7, Rhems, Pa.

## WONDERFUL FALL-BEARING Strawberry

Fruitful Fall of first year and in Spring and second year. Better than a gold mine. 500 plants in Spring of 1910 produced in Aug., Sept., Oct., and Nov. nearly 400 quarts, which sold at 10c per quart, netting us over \$2,000 to the acre. We are headquarters for these plants. Also all other Berry Plants—Plum Farm, Idaho and Royal Purple Raspberries, Norwood and Early Dark Strawberries, Hastings Potato, 25 years experience. Catalog will be sent free. Write today. L. J. FARRER, Box 155, Piquette, Mich.

## ORNAMENTAL FLOWERS

25 Designs—All Sizes—Handsome, cost less than more durable. Don't buy until you get out free Catalog and Special Prices. We can save you money. Come Fence Machi Co. 439 North St., Kokomo, Ind.



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Originated and developed by John Davey. Our present men are of high type—clean, able, ambitious, of strong character. We want men—men, age 20 to 25. Business-growing remarkable, affording best opportunities for advancement. Not a trade, but a profession, with most favorable apprenticeship terms. Combines outdoor work, travel, valuable experience. Men of common type not desired. Positions open, March and April. Send blank now if you live east of Missouri River and South of Mason Dixon Line where we operate most. **THE DAVEY TRICE EXPERT CO., 2 City Bank Bldg., Kent, O.**

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I want to send every live poultry-raiser my **BIG FREE CHICKEN BOOK**. Contains more real chicken information than a whole library full of most poultry books. Tells how to pick your best eggs and still get more and better eggs and chicks. Eggs hatch better chicks, more chickens, sell for more money. 90 pages, all interesting. Send for it today. It is free. **Henry Steinmensch, Free, 222 Steinmensch Bldg., St. Louis.**

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may be obtained of any good druggist. It is made and bottled in Norway, thus reaching you without possibility of adulteration. It is so PURE that it is entirely **Free from Disagreeable Taste or Odor**. Digests completely—no nausea. "Repeat-ing." Never sold in bulk. Take only the first, only bottles bearing name of **Schiffelien & Co., New York, Sole Agents**

## Great Lives: Joseph\*

A GOOD old minister used often to say, "There are only two perfect men described in the Old Testament. One of them is Joseph. The other is Joshua."

A critical mind might consider that Joseph was not quite kind in all his ways; but on the whole, it is a rather mean spirit which would find fault with him.

He was a grand and noble hero, and the story of his life, as related in the simple language of the Scriptures, forms one of the important dramatic tales of literature, as well as an invaluable link in the great chain of events which led up to the mighty climax of Christ's coming.

There is something peculiarly offensive to the just modern taste in the way of the ancients, and even those of later times, of singling out for special love and favor one child above another.

Even if the parental heart will inevitably incline toward one child more than toward his brothers and sisters, no just parent of our day will allow the fact to appear. The anguish of neglected, undervalued and misunderstood children has been too often and too vividly experienced and depicted in our day, to allow a conscientious parent to show partiality. (See James 3: 17 and Rom. 2: 11.)

In home or in school such a course is now seen to be wrong and sure to breed trouble.

Doubtless Joseph was very beautiful in person, "goodly and well-favored." Of his extraordinary powers of mind the narrative leaves no doubt. He was apparently one of the ablest of men, and gifted with tact and that indefinable charm called "manner" no less than with brains.

Dignity and stateliness must have characterized him in no small degree. His hold upon the proud and elegant Egyptians plainly indicates his possession of an imposing and majestic presence.

It was no wonder that with these remarkable qualities, his aged father loved him above his brethren, though he should never have shown his partiality. Benjamin, though the child of the same cherished mother, figures in the narrative as a weak and colorless figure beside his famous and forceful brother.

As no doubt there were among the older sons handsome and gifted ones also, it is not strange that they resented their father's open favoritism toward Joseph.

It was a strange thing that the "Lawgiver," "Shiloh," should have been descended from Judah, rather than from this wonderful Joseph—so much greater and more talented and less sinful than his brethren. In numbers, the mighty tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh combined exceeded any of the other eleven, but, after all, the chief glory went to Judah, one of the brethren who would have sold Joseph into Egypt.

Surely all the slights offered to Leah and to her sons, and to the other sons of Jacob, were more than atoned for by the glorious destiny vouchsafed to the line of Judah.

We cannot entirely understand these strange and beautiful old stories; but they are full of lessons for us all.

The tender heart, the magnanimity, the filial loyalty of Joseph formed an object lesson which rings down the centuries. His must have been a patient and observing mind. He must have dipped deep into the wonderful learning of the wonderful people among whom his lot was cast. Otherwise he could not have held the great power, constantly increasing it, which came to him in Egypt.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 12. TEXT: Gen. 11: 34-41.



The Simplest Gown looks Well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

Increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Won't you join us?—we will make you and the world better.

I have published a Free booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may decide to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

**SUSANNA CROFOT, Dept. 18-C, 246 Michigan Ave., Chicago**

Miss Crofot's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

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No such bargain in daisy seeds ever offered before. A full-sized packet of each of the following varieties: Burbank's Shasta, New Double Delicata, New Snowball, New Orange, New Blue, and my new 1911.

Catalog of Seeds, Flowers and Bulbs, sent postpaid for 10 CENTS in coin or stamps. Send To-day.

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Only \$29.75 and UP

**"BATH IN OIL"**

High Grade Separator—Direct Save \$25 to \$50 direct at my factory price—freight prepaid. Get the only Separator that runs in "bath of oil," like a \$5,000 automobile. This alone is worth \$50 extra, but costs you nothing extra.

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**Farm Test—Freight Prepaid**

Why pay \$50 to \$100 to dealers or agents who cannot sell you a separator equal to the Galloway—lowest skimmer—excellent run—quiet cleaned—30-yr. guarantee. Send for **BOOK FREE** **WM. GALLOWAY CO.** 913 Galloway St., Waterloo, Ia.

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My pupils are among the most refined, intellectual women of America. They have regained health and good figures and learned how to keep well. Each has given me a few minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit each individual's needs.

## No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

**Be Well**—nothing short of well. **Radiate Health** so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

**Be Attractive**—well groomed. **Improve Your Figure**—in other words be at your best. You yield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happier.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more

**Chronic Ailments** and built up and reduced more women during the past nine years than any physician—the best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils. I have

Reduced about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Won't you join us?—we will make you and the world better.

I have published a Free booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may decide to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

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800,000 Peaches 5 to 7 ft. 9c; 4 to 5 ft. 8c; 3 to 4 ft. 7c; 2 to 3 ft. 6c; 1 to 2 ft. 5c. 200,000 Apples 5,000 Pears, 100,000 Cherries, 50,000 Plums, 300,000 Carolina Poplar and millions of Grape and Small Fruits. Secure varieties now pay in spring. Catalogue free to everybody. **Sheerin's Wholesale Nurseries, Dansville, N.Y.**



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Drop me a postal, and say—"Galloway, send me your new proposition and Big Spreader BOOK FREE with low prices direct from your factory."



## A REMARKABLE OFFER OF HENDERSON'S SEEDS

Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Scarlet Globe Radishes, Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Pansies, Giant Spencer Sweet Peas.

We will send for 10 cents our Henderson Specialty Collection, consisting of one packet each of above varieties, all enclosed in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25c. cash payment on any order of \$1.00 or over.

In addition we will mail our 1911 catalogue—"Everything for the Garden." This is a book of 208 pages and is the finest we have ever issued and contains a new feature—full cultural directions for flowers and vegetables.

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## COFFEE

ONE CENT PER POUND

## Salzer's Famous French Coffee

A wholesome drink! The healthiest ever. You can grow it in your own garden on a small patch 10 feet by 10, producing 50 lbs. of coffee. Export to Wisconsin in 90 days. Used in great quantities in France, Germany and all over Europe.

Said 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you a package giving full culture directions, as also our Mammoth seed catalog free; or send \$1 cents and get, in addition to above, 1000 kernels of our paragon vegetable and flower seeds—enough for 1000 lbs. of the finest different vegetables and brilliant flowers.

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**95 AND UPWARD**

**AMERICAN SEPARATOR**

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**AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.** BAINES, IOWA, U.S.A.

LOW PRICES. Ornamental iron fences in Chicago, St. Paul, and other cities. For prices, call on us. Write for Special Offer. THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 904, Decatur, Ind.

## DROP IN HIGH PRICES

IT IS safe to say that the era of high prices is over, the ebb has set in, and, so far as may be judged from the present outlook, it will be a long time before the tide rises as high again, if ever, on the produce market.

Several circumstances have brought about this gratifying condition. The first factor is the enormous returns from the agricultural sections of the country. There has never been a more bountiful harvest; farmers have never been as prosperous as at the present. Large yields in almost every kind of crop are reported from the Western States; so that there is little likelihood of scarcity of any production on the markets for the coming year, or until the next harvests are gathered. The second condition which enters into the cut in prices is the fact that the proprietors of the cold storage warehouses, looking forward to a continuance of the high scale, overcrowded themselves, and now are compelled to dispose of their provisions or else suffer a total loss. These men looked too far ahead, or not far enough, and as a consequence they have overreached themselves. In the vernacular of slang, they admit they have been "stung"; but in their "wailing and gnashing of teeth" they will get little sympathy. They boosted prices until even the necessities, not to speak of the luxuries, of life were beyond the reach of the poor, and they tried their best to keep up those prices, reckless of the consequences in suffering and privation that would ensue to the working classes. Now, their loss from "cornering" (and it is claimed it will be a heavy one) will be a gain to the poorer classes in the low price of supplies; the many will be benefited, and consequently as a whole the country will be much better off.

It is said that the wholesalers in butter alone face an impending loss of \$3,000,000, this product having gone down to the lowest figure at which it has been quoted for the past seven years. There are more than 45,000,000 pounds of butter in the warehouses of the country, and the cost of carrying this has been about three cents a pound, which, in face of present prices, will entail the loss stated. It is much the same with eggs. Millions upon millions have been hoarded in the warehouses, and now these must be put on the market. Dealers everywhere admit that the enormous stocks in cold storage force them to the necessity of putting products on the market at a price much below the original cost.

It behooves the poor man, the working man who has a large family to support, to post himself on the state of the market so that he won't be fleeced by retailers and produce "sharps." All round prices are fully one-third less than they were a year ago. The finest

fresh creamery butter brings wholesale to-day but twenty-six to twenty-eight cents a pound, and good to fine creamery kind brings but twenty-two to twenty-five cents wholesale; therefore the retailer can make a fair profit by selling the former at thirty cents a pound and the latter at about twenty-eight cents, and the consumer should see to it that he pays no higher. If he does he is allowing himself to be victimized by an extortionist. The best eggs on the market can now be retailed with profit at thirty-five cents a dozen, yet many dealers are still keeping them up and asking fifty and even sixty cents for guaranteed "candled" eggs. The cold storage eggs should not command more than twenty-five cents a dozen, as many of this kind are little better than the "rots and spots" which it was shown recently are used in New York City by nefarious bakers for leavening cakes and bread. These two staple products—butter and eggs—in their best form are now available to the working man's pocketbook. Therefore there is no necessity for his buying oleomargarine or any other inferior product. As for the eggs, the hens will be busy in another month, so will the ducks, and there will be so many eggs on the market that a still lower figure may be quoted for the fresh products. About the same condition obtains in regard to milk. The Milk Trust has tried hard to keep up the price, and is trying hard, but it is certain to get a tumble also. On account of the trust boosting the price the consumer cut down the quantity, and as a consequence the supply has been in excess of the demand. Cream has had to be converted into butter or put in cold storage. Several wholesalers, despite the efforts of the trust, are coming down. One dealer who has been charging nine cents a quart has entered into a contract with a large restaurant to supply the milk at five cents a quart.

Of course it follows that the drop in butter, eggs and milk means a corresponding fall in the price of flesh foods. Prime beef and mutton are now from six to eight cents cheaper than a twelvemonth ago, and pork is also coming down. The hay, grain and tuber crops have been so plentiful and therefore sell so cheap that many farmers prefer to feed them to their livestock; hence the supply of animals has much increased, and the great packing houses are full. Prime rib-roast, sirloin and roundsteak are now retailing at from twelve to sixteen cents a pound, lamb at the same, and good mutton is as low as ten cents. There has been corresponding decrease in canned goods, grains and cereals. In fact, as far as food is concerned the poor man may be said to be on a level with the millionaire.

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If you love Flowers write me a letter (not postal) for Park's Floral Guide, containing with floral notes, pronouncing the big flower names, giving a germination table, showing nearly 1000 flower pictures. It's a gem! It's a treasure. It's a success. Be sure to see it. Best seeds at 25c. lowest prices. 424 yr.

**10 Pkts. Choice Flower Seeds, 10 cts.**  
Aster, Q. of Market, M. x d. Pinka, New Japan, Nip. Harkspur, Stock-dow. 25c  
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Sweet Peas, 100 kinds. 25c  
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**10 Pkts. Choice Vegetables, 10 cts.**  
Best Imm. Early Turnip, Onion, Danvers Yellow Cabbage, Early Solid Cone, Parsnip, Luce Gurnsey, Cabbage, Late Flat Dutch Radish, Special Mixture Cucumber, White Spine, Tomato, New Marichesa, Lettuce, Napa Drumhead Turnip, Purple-top Globe.

**Send 10c for either lot, or 20c for both.** Or, send six for club of three (60 pks.) and I'll add four 25c. pks. (worth 10c) Best Sweet Corn, Beans, Peas and Squash, also, trial subscription to Park's Floral Magazine which cheers and brightens more than 500,000 homes every month. Six lots (124 pks.) \$1.00. Club with friends.

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**A BETTER GARDEN**

Is possible if you use a Wheel Hoe and cultivate carefully and thoroughly. Proper cultivation with an old-fashioned hoe is impossible without spending nearly all your time in the garden. The new wheel hoe saves you as much time and labor as it saves money. It is a wheel hoe where you did the old way. This method holds moisture in ground and keeps the weeds down without hard work.

**A Day's Work in 60 Minutes**  
The Wheel Hoe shows how easy and clean ferret for planting, hoeing the crop, etc., etc. It is a new, efficient, and reliable. Will save seeds, fertilizer, etc.

**IRON AGE**

GARDEN TOOLS  
\$2.50 to \$12.00. You can save the one day's time in the garden. Best, but you can operate. Write for catalog—includes prices in a table. 7.00. 10.00. 12.00.

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**BUCKEYE \$6**

**50 EGG INCUBATOR**

Simple, self-regulating, complete. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg. Sold on 40 days trial with money back in case of failure. 150.00 in use.

If your dealer doesn't keep them write to us. We'll send you our catalogue and two books, "Making Money the Buckeye Way" and "31 Chickens from 5 Eggs". Free.

**THE BUCKEYE CO., 563 W. Lewis Avenue, Springfield, Ohio.**  
Builders of Buckeye Portable Poultry Hens.  
Sold Cheaper Than You Can Build Them.

**\$1000 120-Egg Incubator**

**120-Chick Brooder**

Biggest Value Ever Offered. Safest, surest hatcher made. Metal covered all around. Self-regulating. Big Free Book tells all. Write for the famous **IDEALS** Free! Sent prepaid. East of the Missouri River and North of Tenn. Send for Free Catalogue and bargain offer.

**W. H. MILLER CO., Box 119, Freeport, Ill.**

**The Effect OF Scott's Emulsion**

on thin, pale children is almost magical. It makes them plump, rosy, and active.

**Scott's Emulsion**

contains no drug, no alcohol, nothing but the purest and best ingredients to make blood, bone and solid flesh.

## A Word About Our Guarantee

THOSE of our readers who are accustomed to following these talks on advertising will notice a slight difference in our Guarantee this week. In spite of the fact that we have repeatedly stated that we do not guarantee financial advertisements, we receive many letters asking us if we will reimburse our subscribers for any loss they may receive through having patronized financial advertisers. And so hereafter we will add a clause to our Guarantee covering this point.

As we have so frequently stated, it is impossible to guarantee a financial advertisement, for the reason that it would incur a mountain of liabilities which no reputable house could afford to shoulder. Some of the bond issues which are offered through advertisements involve millions of dollars, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could not afford to hold itself liable for such an amount of money. Yet that is what it would be doing in effect if it guaranteed its financial advertisements. However, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD examines so closely into the integrity of its financial advertisers that the chance of loss to our subscribers is reduced to a minimum. Our Guarantee is as follows:

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to financial advertisements.



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## Our Great 1911 Price Wrecking Sale Brand New Lumber and Building Material

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We purchase at Sheriffs' and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material elsewhere for the complete building shown here, it will cost you from 50 to 60 percent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

Write Us For Facts

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This Company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. Ask any Bank, or write to the publishers of this paper.

Our Responsibility is Unquestioned

### CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY

### EVERY STICK OF LUMBER IS BRAND NEW

Our stock consists of Brand New Material and any statement to the contrary is false and purposely misleading. Get our Guaranteed Quotation, delivered Free of Freight Charges at your home station. You run no risk, as every item is guaranteed to be exactly as represented. A positive saving of from 30 to 50 percent by our "direct to you" methods. Let us prove this to you.

Let Us Make You an Estimate

### Steam and Hot Water Heating

We furnish complete Hot Air, Hot Water and Steam Heating Plants of every kind. It makes no difference whether it is an old or a new building, we can furnish material at real "wrecking prices." Send for our Special Heating Booklet, which we send free to those interested in all such facts and gives much valuable information. Send us sketch of diagram of your building or home and we will make you an estimate.

### Steel Roofing, Siding, Ceiling

Economical and easy to put on, no previous experience necessary, absolutely guaranteed, brand new, clean stock—bright as a dollar. 14 inch corrugated, unpainted steel sheets, light weight, 22 to 24 in. wide. Band 8 ft. long, 100 lb. ft. Painted, same as above. \$1.95 14 inch corrugated, galvanized, rust-proof steel, sheet, light weight, 22 to 24 in. wide. \$3.25 2 to 7 ft. long. 100 lb. ft.

We pay the freight at these prices to all points east of Colorado in the U. S. Samples mailed free. Write for prices to other points.

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#### New Material Only

We have on hand at all times hundreds of thousands of items of mill work of all kinds. Can furnish anything from a single item of a door to a carload of millings. The stock is here where you can inspect it before purchasing. We are prepared to furnish complete Home Bills on short notice. Send us your list for our Estimate naming your delivered prices. Following are some of our low prices: Front Door, 2 feet 8 inches by 6 feet 8 inches by 1 1/2 inches. No. 10125. \$2.30 Frame for same, soft pine. No. 10109. \$1.85 Interior Frame for same, clear yellow pine. No. 10105. \$1.22 2 1/2 x 8 1/2 Light Window, glazed. No. 10171. 1.05 Frame for same, soft pine. No. 10109. 1.35 Interior trim for same, clear yellow pine. No. 10105. .30 Barn Sash, 6 ft. x 8 ft. No. 10106. .45 Thousands of Other Bargains

### Air Pressure Water Works

Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems at prices ranging from \$10.00 to \$30. They are strictly new, first class and complete in every detail. It makes no difference whether you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Do not investigate this? We are ready to furnish you with all the facts free of charge. All material is absolutely guaranteed. We also have complete sets of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 10 to 25 percent saving. See our catalog at low prices.

**\$1000**  
Buys the Material to Build this Home



Our House Design 134

### A WONDERFUL HOME BUILDING OFFER

For roominess, comfort and convenience this house cannot be excelled. We furnish absolutely all brand new material, Lumber, Millwork, Hardware, Nails, etc., practically everything from the ground up, for the price above mentioned. This house is the result of years of study and effort in medium priced house building and represents practicability as well as harmony and beauty. In size it is 30 feet wide by 30 feet long. The interior arrangement is exclusively modern. This design has been selected many hundreds of times by our customers and always gives excellent satisfaction. The material we furnish for our designs is figured to such a nicety that there is not one penny's waste, which means a great saving to you in cost and labor.

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For \$2.00, which we refund if material is purchased from us, we furnish complete Blue Print Plans, Specifications and Material List fully describing the articles we furnish for the above building or any building shown in our Plan Book. These plans may be returned within 20 days, if not satisfactory, and \$1.50 will be refunded.

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Gentlemen:  
I am sending you photo of house No. 134. Material and everything O. K. Material was fine. L. J. SAX  
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**Sir William Bull, M.P.**

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**Sir Luke White, M.P.**

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"My experience of Sanatogen confirms the medical opinion; there is no longer that feeling of fatigue which one previously experienced, but there follows from its use a distinct restorative effect."

**Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.**

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**U. S. Sen. H. D. Money**

writes:  
"You may be interested to know that I have been using your Sanatogen for some time and that I am very pleased with its effect. I feel sure that it has greatly helped in overcoming nervous symptoms due to over work."

**U. S. Sen. Wm. Warner**

writes:  
"I have used Sanatogen and found it to be a most excellent tonic. To those whose nervous system needs building up there is nothing better."

**Hon. Arthur Bates, M.C.**

writes:  
"From my personal experience with Sanatogen I can say that to my mind it is a very meritorious food tonic, one that gives the desired stimulus without subsequent reaction."

**Hon. W. R. Smith, M.C.**

writes:  
"I have taken Sanatogen with undoubted benefit and sincerely recommend it as a most excellent tonic and invigorating food, especially during periods of high pressure work. Sanatogen seems to possess the very desirable property of strengthening one's nervous system in a perfectly natural, yet most effective manner."

**Hon. F. C. Stevens, M.C.**

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"Sanatogen was recommended to me by a colleague. I have taken it according to directions and gladly add my testimony to its value. There is no doubt in my mind as to its tonic and invigorating qualities."

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"My personal experience with Sanatogen has been such that I am able to endorse the published opinions of members of the House of Commons and vote in favor of its use."

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The letters reproduced on this page, therefore, have special significance, for what these men say of their experience with Sanatogen expresses the opinions of scores of other members of both Congress and Parliament, who have found Sanatogen a wonderful source of strength and vitality. It emphasizes the experience of hundreds of famous men and women who rely upon Sanatogen to rally the scattered forces of the nervous system. Most important of all, it is in harmony with the observations of thousands upon thousands of practising physicians, many of them leaders in medical science, who have noted in numberless instances the health-giving, nerve-strengthening effects of Sanatogen.

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# SANATOGEN the Food-Tonic



# Christian Herald

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*From a Painting by Sargent Kendall*

*By Permission, Metropolitan Museum*





# Memorial to Louis Klopsch

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I HAVE always held that the best way to remember a friend who has gone from this world to the next, the best way to keep his memory green, and to perpetuate his name, is to continue the work he loved. A costly mausoleum may be erected in a cemetery, but it merely dominates the humbler gravestones on which are recorded in brief inscription the names of the sleepers under the sod. I believe in the life everlasting. I believe that when we slip out of this life here, as Louis Klopsch did on March seventh, Nineteen-ten, we simply drop the fetters and handicaps of earth and go on living, loving and serving in the perfect life of heaven.

Having said this, I may say with conviction that no memorial to Louis Klopsch could be so fitting as one which would carry on, in the time to come, the work that was and is dearest to his heart. I do not think of this good friend of us all as dead. The word is ill suited to Dr. Klopsch. He is living and loving still, and, somewhere in God's universe, is full of the energy, enthusiasm and ardor in doing God's will and work which were his characteristics. Few men have ever expended their store of strength so lavishly as Dr. Klopsch in the service of humanity. To him this service meant in its largest significance the service of Christ. All men were his brothers. They might be poor, they might be regarded by others as derelicts, they might be considered beyond help, but he was ready to lend a hand to assist them, lift them out of the Slough of Despond and set them on firm ground. He had a genius for compassion, for hope and for giving immediate practical aid. He was an inspiration to the rest of us.

Louis Klopsch had the heart of a child. No one could know him intimately without constantly seeing the sweet, simple straightforwardness of the child in the man. He loved children, understood them, and delighted in doing what he could for their relief if they were in trouble.

One well-remembered day, by Dr. Klopsch's invitation, I went with him for a glimpse of Mont-Lawn. All the way from New York to Nyack, a pleasant little journey, he told me about his plans for its future. He was a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams. He was also a magnificent organizer. With him, to see was to plan, to achieve, and

to accomplish. Mont-Lawn was steadily extended every year from the first to the last in which its founder watched its growth.

Standing at his own door, with a wave of the hand and a joyous word he welcomed the successive stage-loads of children who were going on to the lovely summer home where they were to spend a happy fortnight. With the same cordial personal word he bade them good-by when they went away. They seemed to be coming and going all the time, the arrangements being so complete that there was no interval between the departure of one set of children and the arrival of another. The children were drawn from the ranks of the very poor. Unless you who read this know as I do by personal investigation the back alleys, rear tenements and crowded streets of the East Side of New York, you cannot have the faintest idea of how and where and on what the children of the very poor exist.

To sleep in one of the little white beds at Mont-Lawn between clean sheets, is a strange experience to a child who has slept in the room with father and mother and a half dozen sisters and brothers, with possibly a boarder thrown in. This room may very possibly have little outside air, the ventilation coming from the rooms on its either side. The mothers of the tenements do their best, but the mattresses on which the family sleep at night are often piled up on the floor by day, and the ceremony of setting a table and sitting down to meals is almost unknown. If the family are fortunate enough to have sufficient bread and meat to go round, the mother cuts off the portions as she stands by her table, and distributes them to her brood. Thousands of children in New York go breakfastless to school every day.

What it must be to the Mont-Lawn children, three times a day for two weeks in the summer time, to sit down and eat a full, well-cooked meal, with every dainty table appointment, to have all they want furnished as from an inexhaustible supply, is in itself a wonderful thing to remember. They go back to their homes with a new start toward

health and with new ideas, which in many cases tend to make even the poor home a cleaner and better place.

Mont-Lawn is situated in one of the most beautiful reaches of the Hudson River Valley. Its surroundings and views are vividly picturesque, and everywhere in its neighborhood are the homes of refined, cultivated Christian people. Many of these homes are extremely beautiful. The landscape is one of gardens, fields and woods, with always the noble river flowing between its undulating banks to the great sea. The dwellers in this neighborhood have reason to take pride that Mont-Lawn was founded and is sustained in their midst. Its management has been without a flaw, and every one who is familiar with the children and their summer home speaks of it as in every way a model worth imitation.

The plan which has been clearly outlined in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the endowment of Mont-Lawn must and will be carried through. Without burdening any one, Mont-Lawn can be endowed so that it may become a permanent institution, in no danger from the fluctuations of the times. We cannot let this work be ever so slightly imperiled. Our wish is to place it on a secure foundation, to make it from year to year the best memorial of a man who was peerless among his fellows in unselfishness, sincerity and breadth of vision. Dr. Klopsch loved the children; the children dearly loved him. Shall we not keep his memory green? Those who wish to help must say to themselves, "The time between now and the seventh of March is brief. Immediate action and prompt response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's appeal will place the Endowment Fund where we wish to have it, on a firm and lasting basis."

One word more. When you look into the sweet faces around your home table, when you hear the shout of your boy and the laugh of your girl, and see them growing up amid the sweet influences of an ideal home, will you not as a thank offering for these dear ones try to do something for the welfare of other girls and boys for whom life is opening under auspices very different? What you may do to help the city children who have had almost no real childhood may come back to you in a shower of blessings as your children grow to maturity.

## LET EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HELP

THE beautiful appreciation of Dr. Klopsch printed above was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mrs. Sangster, together with a note in which she said: "I am glad to be able to put on record my sentiment of admiration and appreciation for Dr. Klopsch. I am perfectly sure the Endowment Fund will be raised."

We can assure Mrs. Sangster that the fund will be raised because of the tremendous response which the call has evoked from our readers. Literally, thousands of letters have been received, a number of which you will find throughout this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Every one seems to approve the idea, and some very well known names have been signed to the letters.

One reader makes a suggestion which we think well worthy of adoption. After protesting against any mere monument of stone, she says: "Why not appoint a Memorial Committee of representative men

and women? I am sure many would like to serve."

This is an excellent idea, which we submit for the approval of our readers. That the movement is growing rapidly is shown by the number of friends who have written in, pledging themselves to obtain as many subscribers as possible for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that half the subscription money so received will be devoted to Mont-Lawn. This is in response to the offer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to devote one-half of all money received from all new yearly subscriptions mailed on or before March 7, the anniversary of the death of Dr. Klopsch. Here is a way in which even the humblest may bring about the assurance of the memorial fund, for it is within the power of any one to induce at least one friend to help along the memorial by subscribing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Just think what it would mean if every family in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is read, would make up its mind to

secure at least one new subscriber. Not only would the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD be greatly strengthened so that the great work inaugurated by Dr. Klopsch can be continued, but the memorial to his name would be assured, and Mont-Lawn would become a perpetual benevolence to the children of the New York slums.

And so, dear friends, we would ask you to lend your aid to this laudable movement by bringing it to the notice of all your friends who might become interested. Induce just one of those friends to forward a subscription, and you may rest satisfied that the memorial to Dr. Klopsch will become a fact. Induce ten of your friends to send in yearly subscriptions and you will be classed as a Patron of the Memorial, and your name will be inscribed upon a tablet, which will be placed upon the walls of the Children's Temple, where Dr. Klopsch and his little friends passed so many happy hours.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Hon. James Bryce  
Ambassador of England

The White House Front on a Winter Night

M. Jusserand  
Ambassador of France

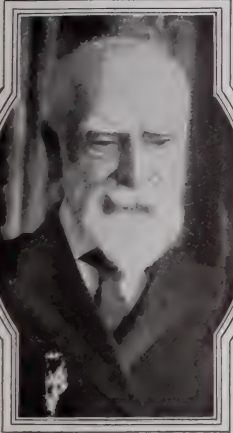


Photo by Clinedinst



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## PEOPLE'S DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE



**G**EOGRAPHY, chronology, and biography are the eyes of history. Without a knowledge of these, it is not possible to write of the past, present or probable future of a nation. Washington overlooks the great natural amphitheatre, the centre of which is the Potomac. From the higher parts of the District of Columbia views open that are fit to vie with those of any capital city on the continent.

One of the very great days of the Republic was October 13, A.D. 1792. In those days, the great men who were at the height of the nation's official hon, had no prejudice against the number thirteen, for it was the day when George Washington laid the foundations of the White House, amidst rejoicing and gladness. The man who drew the plans was famous in his day. His name was James Hoban. The White House, which was modeled after a handsome building near Dublin, Ireland, is to this day a stately commodious building. Its unbroken front, its massive Ionic columns and spacious grounds, give charm to it. It took a year to complete. When it was ready to be inspected, President Washington, with his wife, went through it, and they were proud of it.

John Adams went in 1800 to live in the White House. The people of the Republic did not then number more than 5,000,000 souls. Fourteen years later, the British troops set the White House on fire, and only the walls remained; but it was soon rebuilt and was once more the pride of our people.

The Republic grew at a pace which no man, in 1814, would have thought possible. In structure,

By REV. WILLIAM WILKINSON

the White House stood very nearly as at first designed. But a White House that answers all the purposes of the President of 5,000,000 people, will not answer all the purposes of the chosen chieftain of 90,000,000.

So it was wisely ordered in 1902 and 1903 to enlarge the White House. The need and the great value of the enlargement are never seen to such

advantage as on a people's day at the "mansion" of the chief executive. Now, all is order; there is no need of crowding; all can find room, pleasure, satisfaction. Notice having been given of a public reception by the President, all things are prepared. Additional officers are placed in, around, and near the White House. There are, every day in the year, eighteen police guarding the place. These are divided into three platoons, each of whom works eight hours. There is an extra man, so that if need should arise, the number is not lessened. There are three watchmen at all times inside. In the night, each has to press a knob which registers the fact that the officer is on duty and not asleep. The police at the White House are intelligent, observant, alert, and upright to men who have business at the White House. They are able to answer questions in an obliging and direct way. The chief care-taker,

if that is his true description, has been in service twenty years, and is far from being spoiled by his important station. He is not obsequious, but meets one with a pleasant smile, and helps one's plans.

The White House being set in order for a public reception, all arrangements are made so as to give pleasure by convenience. On a gala day the wife of each Cabinet officer stands with the President and Vice-President and their wives to receive. At 11 A.M., four buglers blow a flourish. As the sound dies away "The Star-Spangled Banner" is started by the Marine Band and rouses all who hear it to enthusiasm. Next "Hail to the Chief" makes hearts beat quickly. The President wears a four-button frock coat and a plain tie (just such a tie as I saw King Edward, at the garden

Continued on page 146



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Marquis Confalonieri  
Italy's Ambassador

Hon. H. H. Bryn  
Norway's Minister

Count Uchida  
Japanese Ambassador



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY  
Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.\*



## NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM

TEXT—Mark 12:24

IT IS said that in one of the great cathedrals across the sea there is a clock, which is so marvelous in its mechanism that ignorant and superstitious people have almost looked upon it as not the work of man but of God. It is said that when the chimes ring out it would seem almost as if a company of angels had lodged in the cathedral spire to sing heaven's sweetest music. For a long time the maker of the clock was not paid for his services, so one day he stole up in the cathedral spire and touched one of the springs of the clock, and although all the mechanism was there the wheels did not move; although the chimes were there, they did not ring out. Then it is said that weeks and months afterwards the maker was paid for his services, and he came again and touched the same spring, and suddenly the same sweet music rang out, and there was the same wonderful exhibition of mechanism. It is an interesting story, and to my mind it is a good illustration of many in the world to-day who seem to lack but one thing to make them all that God would have them be, and that is the touch of the Master's hand. It would be a sad thing to see an arch without a keystone, a building without a foundation, a human heart without a hope; and to find a man attempting to battle with and defeat all the temptations of life in his own strength. It would seem to me that the story we are studying is in line with the story of the cathedral clock. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

### Near to the Kingdom

I need scarcely remind you that these were the last days of Jesus on earth. The shadow of the cross was already falling upon him. His enemies somehow seemed to realize that he was about to leave them, although doubtless they would never have put it in words, and they were attempting in every way to entrap him in his doctrine. The Sadducees, who had no hope of the resurrection, put their questions to him, while a man who was evidently fair in his judgment, and a lawyer of the old days, stood off and listened. And when he saw that Jesus answered them fairly, he turned to him with his own questions. He said: "Master, which is the first commandment?" And I would like those of you who say that all we need is just to do the best we can in this life for ourselves and our fellow-men about us, to listen to the reply of Jesus. He said: "This is the first commandment: 'The Lord our God is one Lord.'" Then he went on to say that man owed allegiance to him. "And this," said he, "is the second commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Then he brought out clearly our duties and our obligations to our fellow-men. So if you are going to take Jesus as a model of fairness, and as a great teacher, before you begin to serve your fellow-men you must begin to know God. Before you begin to help those who are round about you, and succeed in helping them, you must get your inspiration from him. The first commandment is: "The Lord our God is one Lord." And you owe a duty to him. And when Jesus saw that this man answered him fairly and honestly, he turned to him saying: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

### Stepping Across the Line

But I call your attention to the fact that Jesus did not say he was in the kingdom of God. It is a possible thing to be near, and yet be out. It is a possible thing to be almost saved, and yet be far from the kingdom. It is a possible thing to almost hear the music of heaven, and yet never know Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. And so my message has to do with those of you who because of this influence, or because of that, have been coming slowly and yet surely to the border line. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So many influences lead one to this position! But whatever the force may be—whether it is the influence of the home, or of preaching, whether it is the influence of the best friend you ever had in this world—I want to make it as plain as I can to you that there comes a time when, in addition to the mother's prayers, and the minister's pleading, you must act for yourself. You must will to enter the kingdom. You must

say: "I choose Jesus Christ to be my personal Saviour."

When Mr. Moody was preaching in a great series of meetings held just outside of the city of Boston, a young man heard him night after night. He felt that he ought to be a Christian, and he came to the place where again and again his hand was lifted for prayer; and again and again he passed into the inquiry service; but he said, "To-morrow night I will settle it," and leaving the building, he passed away from the service. Walking out to his home at the edge of the city, he passed underneath a row of trees on the way to his house. Suddenly he stopped. The moonlight was shining way through the trees. He took his walking-stick and drew a line across the pathway. Then he stepped back and looked at it. "Now," said he, "if I step over that line it means that I will surrender. If I go around that line it means that my determination is against Jesus Christ." He stood looking at the line only for a moment, and then deliberately passed over it. And it is a bit of history that the man who that night found himself near to the kingdom of God, and by an act of his will simply stepped over the line, became one of our most earnest Christians, and one of the most faithful workers for Christ. So, whatever the influence may be that has brought you near to Christ, you never will become a Christian until you act for yourself, and say, "I will." "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." But to be near is still to be lost.

Allow me to suggest two or three things that may have brought us near to the kingdom. First, natural temperament. While it is true that morality, which is the result of personal effort, cannot save, at the same time I wish to pay a tribute to morality; it is not to be despised. But on the authority of God's Word I dare to say: There is not found in all the New Testament one single verse of Scripture which, if you take in its connection, teaches any other thing than this: That man is not saved by his own righteousness; that man is not saved by his own morality, or his own good graces. But man is saved because he puts his trust in Jesus Christ, accepting him as his Saviour, letting him become the power and strength of his life, letting him become the incentive to all goodness and greatness. Natural temperament may bring you very near. But if you are boasting of a morality, let me ask you this question: Whose is the standard of morality? Possibly you may fail before my standard. If I were attempting to be saved in my own strength, I might fail before yours.

### Only One Standard

There is only one standard of righteousness, and that is God's standard, and no man can ever know God, nor enter into the kingdom of God, until he reaches that standard. It is an absolutely hopeless task in your own strength. A man might as well try to lift himself by his own boot straps as in his own strength to rise up to the standard of righteousness of an infinite God. But when by faith you accept Jesus Christ; when you turn away from sin, and unto him; when you say, "From this day on I shall walk with him"; when your life is yielded to him, so that he lives in you, and works through you—then God looks at you no longer as an individual, but he looks at you in Christ.

So near, so very near to God,  
Nearer I could not be;  
For in the person of his Son,  
I am as near as he.

Natural temperament will never save you, but faith in Christ will save you.

I have an idea that very many people are brought near to the kingdom by home influence. If there were no other influence in this world that would have brought me near to Christ, it would have been the influence of my father. I saw him live an absolutely consistent life; I saw him meet reverses without complaint; I saw him bury my mother with an unflinching faith in Jesus Christ; I saw him, after having been a man of comparative wealth, come down to the place where he faced poverty, and yet with his little children about him he never forgot to praise God for his goodness to him. When he died he left me one inheritance. It was not an inheritance of money, it was not an inheritance of position. It was a New Testament, which was wrapped in a piece of

paper and given to me as my part of the estate. And when I turned over the pages of this New Testament I saw verses which he had marked with his pen; I saw places on the margin where he had written his appreciation of God's promises. I saw page after page that seemed stained with his tears. Then I saw at the close of the Book his written consecration to Jesus. And if there had been no other influence in all my life, that would have brought me near to the kingdom. There are many men with fathers as great and good as mine, and they have brought you near to the kingdom, but they will not save you. "I would go on my hands and knees through the streets of this city, if I could reach my boy," said a man to me. He raised up his hand. "I would cut off my right hand if I could reach him," he said. Then he sat down on the couch by my side, dropped his face in his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break as he said, "I would die if I could reach him."

### Influence of Godly Parents

There are many fathers who would die for their boys if they could, but the boy himself must choose. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." And you never will be saved until you say for yourself, "I will." When we were in the city of Philadelphia a boy was arrested in the upper part of the city, and carried into the police station. His mother, who never knew that he was living other than a good life, came down to the prison to see him. She brought the cover from the bed in his room, thinking that he must be cold. She thought he might be hungry, and brought a little basket of delicacies, as a mother's fingers only could prepare. When they opened the iron door of the prison to let her pass through, and when she got into his cell, she gave him the clothing to keep him warm, put the food down at his feet, and burst into tears. They took her home, and she cried all the night through, and when the morning came they found her dead upon her knees. The doctor said she had died of a broken heart. And there are many of us who have been brought nearer, and nearer, and still nearer, not by the preacher, not by the singer, but by the best memory that ever held a man's mind, the sweetest memory that ever stirred his emotions—the memory of his mother. In my mail the other day came these few lines: "I love old mothers. Mothers with white hair and kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet with murmuring blessings for their friends. There is something in their quiet manner that speaks of the calm of Sabbath afternoons. Old mothers, as they pass with slow, timid step. Sweet mothers, as they pass, one sees again old garden walks, old roses, and old leaves." And when I read those lines I was back again with my mother. I could feel the touch of her hand, and see the tears upon her cheeks. There is many a man who has had the same experience, and you are brought near by your mother. But all the mothers in the world could not save you. You may be near to the kingdom, but you must act for yourself.

### Practical Preaching

I want to suggest another thing that I believe has brought some of you near, and that is preaching. The highest compliment that has been paid me as a preacher was paid by a man who said: "I have attended these mission services from the first. I have heard the singing, and I have heard every sermon you have preached, and not one single night have I been able to sit down. I have always stood in the crowd. But there was only one person present, and that was myself. You were preaching to me. When you preached to me I was back in England, I was sailing to South Africa, I was landing on these Australian shores, and I was breaking my mother's heart, and I was hurting myself. Sir," he said, "there has been only one man in all the crowd you have preached to, and I was the man." It has been practical preaching you may have heard and you have understood it. I have an idea that if you should stand at the Judgment and God should say to you: "Did you understand me? Did you understand my eternity?" You would say, "No." Who could understand the infinite God, who holds the winds in his fist, and in the hollow of whose hands the seas wash? Who could understand the majesty of God? And if God should say, "Did you understand me?" I think you would say, "O God, I did not." And if you made such a confession I think

Continued on next page

\* Rev. Dr. Chapman (Presby.) is America's leading evangelist.



## Not Far From the Kingdom

Continued from preceding page

he might say, "My ways are not your ways, and my thoughts are not like yours."

But if when you stand at the Judgment, God should say to you, "Did you understand that sin was an awful thing?" you would have to say, "Yes." "Did you understand that Jesus Christ presented the only way to be saved from sin?" you would have to say, "Yes." You have understood the preaching. And the warning has come to you in time. Your heads are clear, and your eyes are wide open. An officer of my church out in the Middle Western part of America was riding a young horse one day, and the horse threw him. In falling one foot caught in the stirrup, and he could not release it, and the horse dragged him for at least a mile. Then the leather strap of the stirrup broke, and later a gentleman driving along the highway saw this old man lying on the road almost dead. They sent for his minister, and when I went in to see him, he was only half conscious. Later, when he had passed out of danger, I bent over him and said, "Tell me this. If you had not been a Christian, could you have decided for Christ in these days?" He said, "Never. The pain of my body was too intense, and the ache of my head was too severe." But the warning has come to you in time. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

I have one other thing to suggest as bringing you to this position, although I could speak of many. You stand in the place you occupy this evening because of prayer. Somebody has been praying for you. When you left England's shores, your old mother followed you down to the dock, put her arms around your neck, and said, "My boy, every day I will pray for you." And every letter that has come across the seas had that in it—prayer. It was prayer. One of the most terrific storms that ever happened on the northern sea was raging. The fisher folk had gathered upon the shore, and were down upon their knees in prayer, the minister in the centre of them. The vessel was plunging down into the trough of the waves, and then mounting on the crest of them. The master of the vessel put his speaking trumpet to his lips, and shouted, "Boys, if we go down again it is the end. Make ready." And they went down again, and once more they came up. Then the master put the speaking trumpet to his lips again, and shouted, "Lads, there is some one praying for us on the shore to-night. We shall weather the storm." It is your minister. It is your old mother, who has brought you near to the kingdom. But I need not speak of all the other influences. You are near the kingdom. You are near the kingdom. God is here, and you are near the kingdom.

When Mr. Moody was conducting a meeting in England, night after night a man came into the audience. He was a Cornish miner. One night as Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were leaving the platform, they noticed him sitting under the gallery with a friend. Mr. Moody made his way over to him, and the miner said to him, "Sir, I said to my companion, I will never leave this building until I am saved." Mr. Moody that night led him to Christ. The next day there was an explosion in one of the mines, and many men were taken out, bruised, and bleeding, and dying. This man was among the wounded, and when they bent down he was fast passing away. When they took water to wash away the dirt from his face, he opened his eyes. His friend of the previous night was kneeling at his side, and the Cornish miner, who was saved the night before, was saying this: "Jem, it is a good thing I settled it last night." And he was gone. Oh, it would be a great thing for you to settle it now, while yet there is hope. The door of mercy is open. I bid you enter in.

(See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" in Adjoining Column)



## The Children's Pulpit Five Porches and One Pool

By Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.\*

**H**AVE you read this beautiful story? It is about a wonderful pool near the sheep market in Jerusalem. By the side of the pool were five porches. On the porches were great crowds of sick people. Why were they there? Why do crowds go to Hot Springs, and many other places where there are springs and pools? The crowds on the five porches were sick and hoped the waters would heal them. At certain times an angel came down and troubled the water of the pool. The word "troubled" means that the angel made the water move, started little waves across the pool. When the water was rippling in the sunshine, then was the time for the sick to step in. The one who stepped in first after the pool was agitated would be healed. Each one tried to get in first. Some had strong friends there ready to drop them in.

There was one man there who had been sick for thirty-eight years. He was on the lower porch ready to step in, but some one was sure to get in first. He had no big, strong friend to help him. Christ was sorry for this man, and just took him in and healed him in the pool of his love. When the pool of Christ's love has little waves of sympathy running over it some one is sure to be healed. In every Christian heart is a pool of love, and there are many porches by its side. The porch of kindness, the porch of friendship, the porch of hospitality, the porch of helpfulness, and the porch called Golden Rule. When a good angel makes the pool move with waves of sympathy, then it heals. But there are bad angels. When they stir the pool of love it becomes muddy and does not heal. While we are thinking about our pool and porches, we will listen to a story found in an evening paper from the city of Brotherly Love.

**A**NNA and Elizabeth were two little sisters who lived near the seashore. Every day they would go down and play on the beach, watch the waves, and climb over the rocks by the edge of the sea. Between two of these big stones they one day found a lovely little pool.

It was different from any they had ever seen, for it seemed to go way down deep, yet was so clear they could see lovely shells and seaweed at the bottom, while glittering little fish swam around.

All day they played about the lovely pool, and next morning Anna was up early to go down and take another look at its wonders.

Elizabeth begged her to wait till she could go, too, as she had an errand to do for her mother; but Anna wouldn't wait, and even when Elizabeth cried, she declared she didn't care, and ran off as fast as she could to the rocks where the pool lay.

**W**HEN she got there, however, to her surprise and dismay she found that the pool was all muddy, and the porches had fallen down. Little waves of anger rolled and churned across the muddy pool and frightened her.

"Oh, dear! oh dear!" she sobbed; "where is our lovely, lovely pool?"

"You have made it muddy yourself," said a voice behind her; and looking around quickly, Anna saw a little old man with a coat all made of seaweed and a shell for a hat, standing back of her.

"Who are you?" she cried, and the little old man laughed.

"I'm one of the sea fairies," he said. "We have watched you little girls for a long, long time, and we made this pool for you the other night when the moon was at the full, and all the fairies came and put shells and seaweed and fishes in just for you. Then we made a magic path from your door so that your feet brought you here to see our labors. But now—now that you have been cross to your little sister, the anger in your heart has spoiled our lovely pool and broken down the porches."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried Anna. "But I am still more sorry that I was cross and horrid to Elizabeth."

"Then go tell her so," said the little old man, "and bring her back here."

**S**O ANNA ran back and put her arms around Elizabeth and begged her forgiveness, and hand in hand they ran back to the pool.

To their delight it was clear and beautiful again, and the little old man was sitting on one of the porches singing.

"Welcome, welcome, little girls," he cried. "The pool is clear again and will stay so as long as your hearts are full of happiness and kindness. But every cross word or action will make it muddy, and if you stay cross, the pool will vanish altogether."

Then he called, and a lot of little fairies dressed in green came from behind the five porches singing:

We are the fairies of the sea,

We play on the top of the foam:

And east and west, without wanting rest,

We merrily, merrily roam.

The shells of the sea are the gems we wear,

The seaweed makes up each dress;

And the fish we ride in the ebbing tide,

As we speed from the east to the west.

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: John 5: 4.

## Hortense and I

**T**HAT rope of pearls around her swan-like throat.

Doth well set off Hortense's queenly charms: I have a necklace of more value far— My baby's arms.

Hortense in stately coach hath just passed by: To hear a famous diva she doth go: I list to sweeter music here at home— My baby's crow.

Admiring glances are Hortense's due, And flattery doth follow her the while, And words of adoration—I have but My baby's smile.

Hortense's mirror doth reflect a queen: I have a mirror of far smaller size; But one in which my plain face seemeth fair— My baby's eyes.

CLARA MARSHALL.

## Novelist Phillips Shot

**D**AVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, well-known throughout the country as a magazine writer and the author of several works of popular fiction, was fatally shot in a New York street on the afternoon of January 23, and died the following day. He had just emerged from his rooms in the old Gramercy Park section of the city and was on his way to the Princeton Club in the same neighborhood, when he was attacked. His assailant, Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, in rapid succession shot six bullets into the body of his victim, then turned the weapon on himself and fired the last bullet into his own brain, causing instant death. Phillips was hurried to the hospital, but despite the efforts of the best surgical science, he succumbed to his wounds the second night after the assault. The double tragedy caused a sensation in the city. It is believed that Goldsborough was obsessed with the delusion that Phillips had lampooned him and his family and held them up to public ridicule in one of his recent novels. He had been dogging the writer for months, but the latter was unconscious of that fact, and though he had received some threatening letters, took no precaution to safeguard himself, never entertaining the idea that an attack would be made upon his life. Goldsborough read almost everything Phillips wrote and was supposed to be an admirer of the novelist. While not a literary man himself, he had read much, and had received a good education. He pursued a musical course in Europe, for several years, studying under well-known professors in Munich, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna. Previous to the tragedy he had been eking out a precarious living by giving music lessons. He was born in Maryland in 1880. His father is a physician in Washington. The murdered man was one of the most successful of the modern school of fiction and magazine writers. He was born in Indiana in 1867 and was graduated from Princeton University in 1887. He adopted literature as a profession, starting out as a newspaper reporter. The experience gained in this line formed the foundation on which he built his later works of fiction. *Her Serene Highness, The Fortune Hunter, and The Second Generation* are the best known of his books. He was a bachelor, keeping rooms in the home of a married sister.

## Anvil Sparks

..STN is a short word, and often makes short work of its victims.

..THE church that tries to help the slum hasn't much time to slumber.

..WHEN a man is morally down and out the church should pick him up and take him in.

..SOME church members seem to have come into the world to avoid that which was lost.

WAYZATA, MINN., January 16, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I hope the memorial will take the form of an endowment for Mont-Lawn. I believe nothing could be done that would have pleased the late Dr. Klopsch more. MRS. B. T. SHAYER.



# How the Canal Will Be Fortified

**N**OW that the end of the great work of dividing the continents is in sight—in his report of his recent visit to Panama President Taft placed the date for its completion at December 30, 1913, eleven months earlier than that promised by the Chief Engineer—the question of protecting the waterway by fortifications is becoming one of more and more absorbing interest.

Twenty-one million dollars is the sum that will be asked of Congress for Canal construction this year; fifty per cent. more than last year. Of this sum, \$12,000 is asked for construction of fortifications for Canal defense. As itemized, this includes: site emplacement, guns, carriages, ammunition, power plants, searchlights and fire control; field fortifications and camps, and the construction of posts for a permanent garrison for the defense of the Isthmian Canal.

The provisions for fortification are made a part of the appropriation for Canal construction, because it is the desire of the administration to identify the two projects, and also because the construction of the forts will be under the direction of the Isthmian Canal Commission. In recommending the fortification of the Canal last April, the joint Army and Navy Board said: "As it will require years to construct, complete and emplace the proposed armament, if it is to be done in an orderly and economical manner, it will be necessary to commence the construction within the present current calendar year in order to insure the completion by the date of the completion of the Canal."

There is an international aspect of the situation which rests with a treaty made between the United States and Great Britain in 1850, which is known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The agreement deals with the neutrality of an inter-oceanic Canal and sets forth a "general principle of neutralization." In part this document runs: "The governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said ship Canal, agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortification commanding the same."

This treaty is superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901, yet the "general principle of neutralization" is carried from one to the other, and the terms of the latter refer directly back to this special clause in the former as in the following Article 6:

"It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the countries traversed by the aforementioned Canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty [Hay-Pauncefote]."

It will be seen that Great Britain is the only nation that has any legal right to express an opinion for or against the fortification of the Canal. This fact is made a point of argument by those who favor the fortification; i. e., the maintenance of the "general principle of neutralization." It is necessary to have such defense, first, because the Canal must be so fortified that it can never be used against the United States; second, the purpose of the treaty which superseded the treaty of 1850 was to allow the

United States to fortify the Canal, and the subsequent act of Congress authorizing the proper defense of the Canal was passed in accordance with this understanding; third, because the United States has contracted with Great Britain to preserve the neutrality of the Canal, it is therefore the duty of the United States, in accordance with its promise with the United Kingdom, to maintain the neutrality of the Canal. This may be done in two ways: (a) By an international agreement, subject to abrogation at any time, though it is doubtful if it would withstand the exigencies of war. (b) By making

guarantee a safe passage through it for naval vessels in time of war. Representative J. Warren Kiefer, of Ohio, who has visited the Isthmus a number of times during the last few years, asserted in a speech made in the House of Representatives that "no force that the United States could send to Panama could adequately protect the Canal, and that it would be a source of weakness in time of war if its neutrality must be maintained by the United States alone, and that an international agreement to maintain its neutrality would be as effective in this case as it is in the case of the Suez Canal."

Meantime, the sites on the Isthmus are selected, preliminary plans are prepared and men are already there who, under the direction of army engineers skilled in that particular sort of construction, are prepared to begin the work. There are several small islands at the Pacific entrance, and the plan is to fortify at least one of these islands. The locks in the Pacific side are seven miles inland from these islands and protected by hills. The Atlantic entrance is protected by batteries mounted on a low peninsula which extends into the Caribbean Sea and forms one shore of Limon Bay. The locks at Gatun are seven miles inland from this point. The length of the Canal is fifty miles and the country through which it runs is wild and hilly. The parts that are especially vulnerable to attack are the locks; but they are also parts that would make it impossible for a hostile fleet to pass through, provided it succeeded in passing the batteries at either entrance, as those in charge could easily fix the gates so that they would not be usable. J. M. B.



The Engineering Corps on the Canal Fortifications

the Canal impregnable by fortifications and armaments.

One of the strong arguments used by those opposed to fortification is that the Suez Canal is held neutral by an agreement among the powers of Europe, and that the neutrality has been respected during wars in which European powers have been engaged as belligerents. Again, the opposition declares that the spirit of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which expressly forbade fortification, is apparently reiterated in the later treaty. One expert opinion of the opposition has been expressed by the suggestion that the Canal could not be so protected as to

At the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society in New York recently, President Taft in an address on the Panama Canal said he yielded to no man in his love of peace. He could find nothing in the treaties made by the United States with other nations that prevented this country from fortifying the Panama Canal if it wanted to do so. He asserted further that if the Canal were not fortified, but protected from an enemy by a part of the navy, it would become a burden to the country, instead of a means of defense against invasion. Our naval force, in case of attack, would be weakened to whatever extent it would be called upon to defend the entrances to the Canal, and the Canal ought to defend itself. He continued:

"We built the Canal to help us defend the country, not to help an enemy to attack it. Even if a certain and practical neutralization of the Canal by agreement of all nations could be secured to us, when engaged in war an enemy could then use the Canal for transit to attack us in both oceans, as we purpose to use it to defend ourselves. After expending \$500,000,000 thus to make our national defense easier are we to surrender half the military value of the Canal by giving the benefit of it to a nation seeking to destroy us? It seems to me that the very statement of the proposition carries its refutation."

"The estimated cost of the fortifications for the Canal is \$12,000,000. That, I submit constitutes hardly more than two per cent. of the cost of the Canal—a first premium for insuring its safety that is no excessive."



The Section of the Canal Which Will Be Fortified

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

**—TWELVE OF THE ANARCHISTS** who were convicted of conspiracy against the Mikado and members of the imperial family of Japan, were executed in Tokyo on January 24.

**—DR. JOHN HENRY JOWETT**, the famous pastor of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, England, has decided to accept a call to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York.

**—THIRTY-SEVEN DISSIDENTS** are to be expelled this year by the leading naval powers, 11 to be British, 7 German, 4 Russian, 2 American, 2 each French, Argentine, Chilean and Japanese, and 1 each Austrian, Italian, Brazilian and Spanish.

**—DR. C. W. DUVAL** of Tulane University, Louisiana, who has been making extensive researches regarding leprosy, believes he has isolated the germ, and expresses the conviction that its natural habitat is to be found in fish. The germ flourishes in fish

and survives a temperature of seventy degrees centigrade. It will live in putrid fish for a year or more.

**—MEXICO'S REVOLT** is by no means ended. The revolutionists are destroying railroad lines and burning bridges to prevent the passage of government forces to the north. They are weak in artillery, but seem to have an abundance of small arms and ammunition.

**—ANOTHER** of the old school of England's statesmen-scholars has passed away in the person of Sir Charles Dilke, who died in London on January 26. He was reckoned one of the most brilliant men in the arena of British politics, and had not an unfortunate circumstance marred his career he doubtless would have become one of the great party leaders. His mind was a storehouse of universal knowledge, encyclopedic in its vastness. He read and spoke all the European tongues and closely studied the politics of other countries, so that he came to be looked upon as the final authority on all points

of international statesmanship. His great learning and exact knowledge gave him attention as a speaker, but he was too logical, analytical and cold to arouse enthusiasm or make a great impression on audiences.

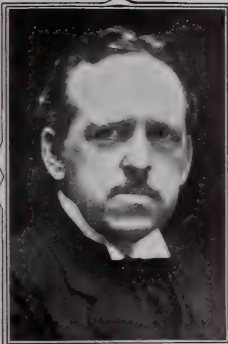
RENO, NEV., January 14, 1911.

**EDITOR, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:**  
I have received *The Life Work of Louis Klopach*. It is grand book. He certainly did a great work, and set a good example for all Christian people to follow. I do think that *U Children's Paradise* would be the best monument to Dr. Klopach and the only one he would want if he had a choice. We so truly want to put a few *U Children's Home* in the Children's Home if *U* people conclude to endow Mont-Lawn.

With my best wishes, MRS. SAMUEL SHARP.



# The "Child Welfare" Exposition



Winthrop L. Rogers



Representing City Government—Mayor and Board of Aldermen



Charles F. Powlison

THE motto which Dr. Louis Klopsch caused to be inscribed on the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn—"I Love God and Little Children"—might well have been selected as the motto of the Child Welfare Committee just closing a three weeks' exhibit in New York City. This exhibit was arranged with a purpose to show the work of the various good agencies that are striving for the child's welfare, as well as to throw light on phases of life detrimental to the child, with a view to stimulating the formation of some complete programme of action dealing with all the needs of the city child.

Naturally, such an exhibition has drawn to New York visitors from all sections of the country, to participate in its discussions and to benefit by its demonstrations. It originated with a few Christian men who had in mind at first simply a Sunday School exhibit. They were persuaded that it was their duty to show the people of New York certain sad facts and figures proving that there are a great number of children in the city entirely without religious instruction of any kind. Careful research convinced this committee, according to the statement of Mr. Edward R. Finch, a member, that there are at least *one-half million children in New York City who receive no religious training!* It was then proposed to arouse the city to the need of some plan for bringing these children within the compass of religious efforts and influences.

Little by little, the plan broadened and deepened, until it came to include on a comprehensive scale practically all the various agencies that affect the life of the city child for good or for evil. The exhibit has no creed or prejudice. One of the first pictured screens which meet the eye upon entering the building reads: "All Faiths agree that 'Righteousness Exalteth a Nation, but Sin is a Reproach to Any People.' To secure Civic Righteousness, the Home, the School, the Church must Work Together in the Training of the City's Children."

The exhibit was held in the Armory of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G., N. Y. More than 50,000 square feet of floor and wall space were utilized to show photographs, tablets, models, mechanical devices and data having a direct bearing on the wel-

fare of the child. As a whole, the exhibit has been a graphic summary of the result of years of investigation by more than three hundred of the leaders of thought and study in the several fields; while the open conferences of sociological experts, educators, municipal and church representatives have presented valuable lines for private and public action and for intelligent co-operation. A spirit of harmony marked the proceedings. Protestant, Catholic

the possibility of offsetting the evils of "gangs" by organizing boys' clubs and societies, the education of the child and its religious life. All of these were illustrated by charts and diagrams, or by models or living demonstrations. The playground, the day nursery, the model tenement, the model toy, the library and museum, the school garden, all appeared in miniature.

The Church department showed a large number of beautiful pictures. Types of other work were also presented, showing how various churches have found it possible to attract and hold young people through all-round methods, including athletics, clubs, camps and classes for study or manual training.

Visitors found opportunity to see thousands of real children at play. A large central court on the main floor provided space for parades, gymnastics, drills, song and play festivals; giving pleasure to the audiences and demonstrating what can be accomplished for the benefit of the child through educational effort. One striking feature was a session of the municipal and judicial bodies of a Public School City, with mayor, commissioners, aldermen, judges and court officials in the persons of thirteen-year-old boys. Methods of the Children's Courts were also depicted.

Mr. Charles F. Powlison, the General Secretary, said to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative: "To me the Child Welfare Exhibit is a prayer—a prayer for the children of our great cities—a prayer that we may understand the child, sympathize with the child, protect the child, guide the child amid the artificial complexities of city life. The exhibit is an attempt to make plainer the processes of God in the wonderful laws of heredity and environment. The soul of the enterprise is nothing less than the divinity of fatherhood and motherhood crying out for justice—for health and happiness—for all children. It is our earnest hope that similar studies of conditions surrounding child-life shall be made in other cities, and that municipalities, as well as individuals and organizations, shall plan to make the cities of this land happy and habitable places for children."

MARY K. HYDE.



Two Little Waitresses

They learn how to set tables and serve various dishes

and Jew sat side by side on the lecture platform. As one speaker said, "This is the era of the child; we are studying the child in all humility; the children are leading us."

The conferences embraced topics concerning the health of the child, its home life, the price the State, as well as the child, pays for child labor, the temptations offered in street life and by cheap amusements,

Taking Interest in the Toy Shop

Department of the Pure Milk Exhibit





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## A Spontaneous Movement

THE movement for a memorial to the late Dr. Louis Klopsch is rapidly assuming national proportions. It is now proposed to organize a representative Memorial Committee, which will probably be announced next week. Spontaneous letters of approval of the memorial endowment plan are reaching us in increasing numbers daily, showing the widespread, cordial interest it has awakened everywhere. All unite in declaring that Mont-Lawn should be the only monument of the man who wrote over its gates: "I love God and little children."

## The Year's Growth in the Churches

DR. H. K. CARROLL, in charge of the Government Census of Churches, has prepared a comprehensive review of conditions in all denominations during 1910, which contains some very interesting and instructive figures. In the first place, it should be understood that his showing is official. Although the church gains were less in the aggregate than those of 1909, they were nevertheless substantial. The increase of ministers was 2,309, and of communicants 628,955. Of every 1,000 of our population, 385 are church communicants or members, and this includes children as well as adults. The Methodists gained 108,776, Disciples of Christ 89,759, Baptists 85,828, Lutherans 70,439, African M. E. Church 47,874, Presbyterians 72,659, Colored Baptists 34,589, Protestant Episcopal 16,677, Adventists 3,695, Congregationalists (estimated) 10,682, Reformed 5,621, Catholics 110,100. The German Evangelicals, Salvationists, United Brethren, Universalists and several other minor bodies are set down as showing a decrease. The total Christian Science strength is 85,096 instead of the 2,000,000 claimed by the adherents of that church. The Spiritualists, Theosophists and Ethical Culturists are at a standstill or declining. Unitarians are unreported. The largest Protestant financial budgets are those of the Methodists, \$43,107,651 for 1910 and the Presbyterians \$24,598,968. On the whole, the showing from the material side is healthy and promising.

## King Ahab's Archives Found

IF THE reported discovery by Professor Reisner of Berlin of a hundred clay tablets, forming part of the official records of King Ahab's reign, be confirmed, we may reasonably look for important revelations which would throw light on some of the Biblical as well as secular history of that time. These tablets are said to have been found in Samaria, on the site of the Israelitish capital. Ahab ruled about B.C. 915-895, or 2,800 years ago. He was the contemporary of Jehoshaphat, the prophet Elijah, and Benhadad, King of Damascus. He was the weakest of all the Israelitish kings and his sinful alliances and many idolatrous relapses had a tragic culmination. Bible readers and students of ancient history will await with interest the deciphering of these records, which are written with black ink in old Hebrew characters, and should not be difficult to transcribe. They are the earliest Hebrew writings known to be in existence up to the present time, although further researches in Samaria may be productive of other valuable surprises.

## The Warlike Hat-Pin

IT IS not often that our law-makers meddle with the fashions. These fashions may be grotesque, expensive, even shocking; yet legislatures generally give them only a laugh and a shrug, sure that soon they will pass on and be no more. But the enormous hat of the last few seasons has brought with it a serious social menace in the shape of the pins which secure it—so serious that in more than one State laws have been drawn up, or are in process of preparation, for the protection of the helpless public from their ravages. The other day a guard in the New York subway received on his face from one of

these cruel pins a deep scratch, extending almost from his eye to his mouth. He will always carry the scar. In another case, a man snapped in two a foot-long hat-pin. In reply to the remonstrance of the indignant owner, he said, "It was either that, madam, or a bad wound on my face." Scores of such cases have been reported in the daily press, but the danger does not seem to abate. In most of the legal instruments which have been mentioned, the hat-pin is allowed to protrude from one to two inches, but even the latter affords a hazardous risk to the innocent passerby; while pins extending from three to six inches beyond the surface of the hats they confine, may be seen daily upon our streets. The good common sense and tender hearts of our women ought to combine to restrain them in this matter. Let them file off their long hat-pins or buy shorter ones. Our laws should not have to be invoked to institute a reform of this kind. Let the ladies step forward and accomplish it themselves.

## Do You Know Your Bible?

IN April next, the tri-centenary of the grand old Bible of the English-speaking nations, the Authorized Version, will be fittingly celebrated throughout the world. No other book, sacred or secular, has been so widely circulated. There are many, however, who, though diligent readers of the Scriptures, yet know them imperfectly. This may arise from various causes. The Bible should be read reverently, prayerfully and with system, and not in a desultory fashion.

Of how many among us can it be said truthfully that we know our Bible? A simple test, which any one may apply, is suggested as a means of ascertaining what we really know of the Sacred Book. Even without the aid of helps, commentaries, or Bible dictionaries, the following list of questions, if they can be accurately answered, will give us the assurance that we have not studied the Word merely through the eye and the ear, but also with the understanding:

1. How many books are there in the Old Testament?
2. How many in the New?
3. What were the first words spoken to man?
4. Who offered the first prayer?
5. What Scripture passage implies that there was no rain before the flood?
6. Where is the giving of a tenth to God first mentioned?
7. Which of the tribes marched first across the wilderness?
8. What man literally broke all the commandments?
9. Where is the first account of female government recorded?
10. Who was the first raised from death?
11. Which is the first of the prophetic books?
12. In what book is the earliest prophecy of the millennium given?
13. What is the oldest city mentioned in early Bible times and still existent?
14. Whom did Joseph marry?
15. In the time of what good man did people first begin to pray?
16. What is the earliest mention of a temperance society?
17. Where do we find an account of the first missionary meeting?
18. Who made the first recorded confession to God?
19. What was the name of the wife of Moses?
20. Who made the ark of the covenant?
21. By whom was Solomon's Temple first destroyed?
22. What tribes of Israel were carried into captivity?
23. Who were the first and last of the Judges?
24. Who issued a decree that all the world should be taxed?
25. Who was appointed in the place of Judas, as one of the Twelve?
26. Who was the first Christian martyr?
27. Which book of the Bible ends with a curse and which ends with a blessing?
28. What prophet said: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever"?
29. How many miracles did Christ perform?
30. How many appearances after the Ascension?
31. What is the Great Commission, and where is it to be found?
32. How many times did Christ close the Temple?
33. What test does John give by which we may know the children of God?
34. What test did Jesus give of discipleship?
35. Where are the conditions of salvation expressed in six words?

These questions can all be answered from the Bible itself. The majority of them will doubtless

be familiar to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. In order to make a full and satisfactory test of one's Biblical knowledge, the list would have to be greatly increased; but the foregoing will suffice for the present. We will publish the answers in another issue, and meanwhile will be glad to hear from our friends who have any practical suggestions to make on this subject, with a view to stimulating Bible study, that all may become familiar with God's Holy Word.

## A New Peace Prophet

A NEW peace prophet—Norman Angell—has arisen in England who is playing havoc with the traditions of the "jingoes." He does not stand on the corner and utter his denunciations of war to the ears of the chance passerby; he teaches conviction through the printing press. His book, dealing with the relation of military power to economic and social advantages, sounds like a clarion blast and is awakening the people to a right understanding of the folly and wickedness, as well as the unprofitableness, of wars of any kind, especially wars of conquest. "Even to the victor," declares this latter-day prophet, "war no longer pays." And he proceeds to the proof by adducing modern instances where war brought to the winning power financial and industrial burdens even heavier than those it imposed on the loser. The sum of his argument is that the citizen of either contesting country is always worse off, never better, whether his nation triumphs or suffers defeat; and that trade is not nowadays benefited by conquest. This kind of argument has its value, doubtless; but while the economic view is important, it is of far less consequence than the broad humanitarian aspect of the question. Every great military leader, while he may have extended his country's borders, drained it of its best bone and sinew and impoverished it physically and morally. Napoleon's wars used up the youth and strength of France; those of Charles XII. drained Sweden, not only of its gold and silver, but of its finest specimens of manhood, and left it with old men and women and children. Wars wear out the manhood and the morals, as well as the wealth of a nation. Now that they are becoming costlier than ever, the economic view appeals powerfully to the commercial mind, and is making it a valuable ally of the peace movement. Conviction through the pocket-book may not be so meritorious as that which comes through the heart and conscience, but it promises to be a great aid in the promotion of international arbitration.

I, with others, do not think there could be any more fitting, or appropriate, monument to the memory of our dear editor, Dr. Klopsch, than the Children's Paradise. Arlington, Ky. MRS. L. M. DAVIS.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Aeroplanes in War

**A**MONG the remarkable demonstrations at the San Francisco meet recently, several indicated the value of the aeroplane to the armies and navies of the world. Mr. Eugene Ely flew from the grounds in San Francisco to the deck of the cruiser *Pennsylvania* and back again, which was considered a star event. Mr. Ely had no difficulty whatever in landing on the platform on the cruiser's deck. Captain Pond of the *Pennsylvania* said he thought that an aeroplane could land on the deck and depart from it without any platform or special preparation other than the clearing of the deck. Another star event was that of sending a wireless message from an aeroplane from one end of the aviation ground to the other end and its reception at the receiving station. Phillip Parmelee in a Wright machine had as a passenger Lieutenant Paul Beck of the United States Army, who manipulated the wireless sending apparatus. A group of army officers of the United States Signal Corps were present. The operating instrument which Lieutenant Beck employed weighed thirty-two pounds. When about 500 feet in the air he began to operate, sending out to the receiving station this message: "We are 500 feet high now and running level. It is getting chilly." The lighting upon and leaving the warship by Ely and the aerial wireless telegraphy by Beck are additional proofs that the aeroplane will be an efficient agency in war. While the nations of the earth are impoverishing themselves by the recruiting of armies and the construction of monstrous engines of war on land and on sea, the thought of the world led by the Church of Christ and our American millionaire philanthropist is toward a universal peace, and it is likely that there are children, maybe grown men, living today who will see the end of war and the fulfilment of the prophecy:

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Micah 4:3.)

## Death and Immortality

Miss Violet D'Arcy, daughter of the late Captain D'Arcy of the British Navy, was killed at a subway station in New York City the other day. She and Mr. John K. Kewish, learning that Dr. Felix Adler of the Ethical Culture Society was to deliver a sermon on Immortality, started down on the subway to hear him. Impatient at the delay of the train, Miss D'Arcy leaned over the platform to see if there was a car in sight. Without warning a train came from the opposite direction and striking her threw her back dead in the arms of her escort. Miss D'Arcy was quite a psychologist and was deeply interested in the question of immortality. In the contemplation of that other life she was swiftly hurried into its realities. This is only one of the daily, hourly reminders of the uncertainty of this earthly life, and of the swift manner in which we may be called to leave it. Christ has imparted to us whatever certain knowledge we have of immortality, and has prepared the way for our entrance into and our enjoyment of its blessed realities.

Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. (II. Tim. 1:10.)

## The Immigration Problem

The Immigration Commission, which was created three years ago, after most careful investigation recently reported to Congress its facts and conclusions and recommendations, which filled forty printed volumes. The Commission presents several propositions for the restriction of immigration, including a reading and writing test, the exclusion of unmarried and unskilled laborers, limitations in the number arriving at any one port and from particular races, as well as the amounts of money in their possession on arrival. The Commission was not unanimous in its recommendation of the reading and

writing test. The Commission claims that the immigrants now coming do not furnish any more criminals or subjects for charity than the native born, but that the tendency toward industrial and city life remains unchanged in spite of the fact that statistics show the immigrants to have been more successful in agricultural pursuits. The report of the Commission urges national and State co-operation in the distribution of the immigrants, by which more of them can be sent to the agricultural districts. The report concurred in the agreement with Great Britain to exclude all British East Indian immigrants, the continuation of the present Chinese exclusion laws, and present regulations with regard to Japanese and Korean immigration, and asks the passage of the house bill for the deportation of alien criminals and making it applicable to alien seamen. The high character of the members composing the Commission, their painstaking work for three years and their sensible conclusions are worthy of commendation and should help materially in the solution of one of our most important and perplexing national problems. Most of our immigration has been our glory and success, some of it has been a burning disgrace. The nation has been slow enough to awake to the rejection of the undesirable and criminal applicants for citizenship on our shores. Love for men, loyalty to human government, fidelity

of her Redeemer's kingdom. The happiness of her giving was one of her strongest means of grace.

For God loveth a cheerful giver. (II. Cor. 9:7.)

## Sees with Glass Eye

One of the most remarkable surgical operations ever performed was that upon Dr. William Copley Winslow, noted archaeologist, historical writer and minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The operation involved the placing of a glass lens in the eyeball, which enabled him to see almost as clearly as with the natural eye. Four years ago last October Dr. Winslow felt his eyesight failing. He was delivering a lecture from manuscript and his notes began to dance so that he could not distinguish them. Cataracts were found over both eyes and their removal did not restore his sight. Dr. Frederick Spalding of Boston, where Dr. Winslow lives, made an incision in the eye far above the lid. With great difficulty he put an antiseptic dressing in the wound and kept a bandage over his eyes for twenty-two days. When the wound had healed the surgeon inserted a glass lens, and through it the doctor sees well-nigh perfectly, and literally the blind has been restored to sight. The magical and merciful scientific discoveries of our Christian civilization are continuing to do by secondary causes what Christ did immediately.

What will ye that I shall do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes; and immediately their eyes received sight. (Matt. 20:32, 34.)

## Loved Mamma and Papa

At the suit for separation, brought by Mrs. William Wendling against her husband, head waiter in a Broadway restaurant, New York, the following pathetic letter written to her father by Julia, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Wendlings, was given in evidence: "Now, papa, mamma can't work for us any longer. If you want us you can have us, but you got to go up to mamma and you have to tell her where you are going to put us, so that she can come up to see us. If you don't want to do that, you can send money to us, and then mamma will keep us. If you don't want to do either mamma will put us in an almshouse, or she will turn on the gas. Then we will be asleep for good and it will be your fault. We are so poor now, and mamma is sick in bed, and I have written this letter because I think it might do some good. Mamma does not know anything about this letter. If you write me a letter, kindly address it to your broken-hearted daughter." Julia and her sister Louise, who is two years younger, were summoned as witnesses. During the whole trial the girls wept so bitterly as to excite the sympathy of all in the court room. It was with great difficulty that Justice Whitney could quiet the cries of Julia so that she could give her testimony. The judge asked her whom she would like to live with, her father or her mother. She faltered and then said, "I love both of them dearly, and I want if I can to live with both of them. I hope they will come together again, for my sister and I want them. We are both very miserable now." Louise could not cease her sobbing long enough to testify, and Judge Whitney did not have her sworn. If there should be a tendency of conjugal affection to grow cold, it ought to be warmed by the love of such beautiful children, and by the responsibility to them which real fatherhood and motherhood imply. God's truth and Spirit are the magnet that binds the hearts of the home together in family love.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. . . . And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates. (Deut. 6:7, 9.)

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I hope the question of a memorial to Dr. Klopsch relative to Mont-Lawn will be quickly responded to. DENER, Colo. MRS. M. T. PALMER.



Ely Landing on the Deck of U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*

The aeronaut could have as easily landed on the cleared deck as on the platform

to God in native born and immigrant are necessary to give us a continuation of our national character, prosperity and happiness.

Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king. (I. Peter 2:17.)

## Gave to the Lord

Mrs. Emily H. Moir, widow of William Moir, a former cotton merchant, died in New York City recently and left her estate, which amounted to about \$1,000,000, to the promotion of her Master's kingdom. She gave \$50,000 in cash toward the endowment fund of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, and \$5,000 to its pastor, Dr. Howard Duffield. The Presbyterian Hospital received \$20,000 in cash and one-fourth of the residue of the estate, which will be about \$200,000 more. The relatives are comfortably cared for. To Jacob Van Allen, former coachman, is left \$10,000. All the servants who have been in the family for one year are given \$250 and the servants who have been in the family more than two years, are bequeathed \$500.

Harvard, Princeton and Lincoln Universities will receive \$80,000 each, and Tuskegee College and Howard University, \$40,000 each. Other bequests follow. Mrs. Moir had learned from her religion the art of giving and the joy as well. While living she had a heart and hand open to every cause of benevolence, and when she died she arranged that her personality should continue in the establishment



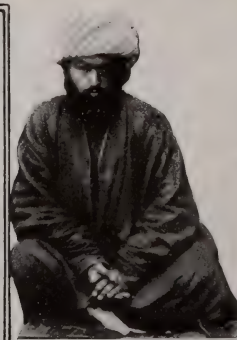
# Turkestan After the Earthquake



A Woman of Tashkent



Tea-Time in the Bazaars of Tashkent



A Turkoman

AS ALREADY briefly told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an earthquake, early in January, destroyed large sections of several important cities in Eastern Turkestan. The disaster, as now appears from information received from the East, was more extensive than first supposed. Vyernyi, a city of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants, which is the capital of the Russian Central Asian province of Semiryetchensk, received the full force of the shock. This city was founded by the Russians in 1854, on the site of the ancient town of Almaty, and, due to its location at the intersection of trade roads connecting already important cities, grew rapidly in population and business. It was a well laid-out city, having wide, shaded streets and detached houses, many of which were surrounded by fine fruit gardens and shaded by great poplars and elms. Practically the entire city was razed by the earthquake. Houses and bazaars were destroyed and great fissures were torn in the earth for miles around.

Przhevalsk and Pishpek, towns of about 8,000 people each, in the same province, are believed to have been totally wiped out. Communication with these distant points is very irregular at all times, and since the disturbance, the details that have come to hand are of the briefest sort. Newspaper dispatches, unvouched for by the Russian authorities, state that fully one-half of the inhabitants of Vyernyi were killed in the destruction of the city.

Earthquakes are not at all rare in this part of Turkestan. Since the establishment of the Russian government there in 1854, over three hundred shocks have been recorded. Vyernyi was practically destroyed only three years after it was founded, and was badly damaged again in 1897. In the valley of the Syr-Daria River there are twelve epicentres of seismic activity. The ancient city of Tashkent, though one hundred and eighty-five miles from the centre of the disturbance, was badly damaged by the recent shock. Tashkent is one of the most important cities of the Upper Syr-Daria Valley, as it was one of the centres of bygone Mohammedan learning and commerce, and has continued through revolutions and foreign wars to be a great trading city. Only a few years ago, 27,000 camels were employed in its caravan trade. Its inhabitants, its architecture and its customs all bear evidence of the conquests and migrations that have swept about its walls.

The people are of mixed ancestry, though the Aryan race predominates in all the towns and cities; but in the country, the peasants and the wandering shepherds are of Mongolian or Turkish descent. The habits and customs of these people are a peculiar mixture of those of their parent races. Their language is a product of grafting a Turkish dialect upon the Aryan tongue, which forms the basis of our own speech. Yet from their not far distant neighbors, the Chinese, they have adopted the tea-drinking habit, and a large number of words which they use

daily, as we do those which we have taken from the Spaniards, the Indians and many others.

In religion, nearly all Eastern Turkestan is nominally Mohammedan, following freely the polygamous marriage customs of that belief. Theirs, however, is a very degenerate form of Mohammedanism, as the inspiration of early belief has disappeared and the ruling motive of the priests is now greed of personal gain. The people outside of the cities have preserved many of the good qualities of the stock from which they sprang, the diligence and perseverance of the Mongolian and the rectitude and reverence of the ancient Turk. All the inhabitants of the cities, especially the richer classes, are openly and grossly sensual. The laxity of Mohammedan marriage laws is here carried to the extreme.

Fine examples of Arabic architecture and wonderful written monuments of Arabian literature testify to the once high level of civilization which this land

kend for the transportation of grain, tea, oil, tobacco and the animal products of the country.

Under Russian rule, modernizing influences are working strongly in this almost forgotten land which, from the time of Alexander the Great till its absorption by the European power in 1854, one conqueror after another devastated and built on the ruins he had created. In 712 A.D., the Arabs invaded the land and introduced learning and civilization. Tashkent and its neighboring city, Samarkand, flourished under Mohammedan rule until about 1390, when they fell a prey to the lust of conquest of Timur Lang or Tamerlane. That remarkable Oriental spent thirty years of his life in subjugating the territory surrounding his native country.

From the borders of China to the Caspian Sea and from the steppes of Russia to the Persian Gulf, he made himself master by sheer force. In 1399 he was proclaimed Emperor of Hindustan at Delhi.

What history might have been, had not the designs of the Turkish Sultan soon compelled Timur to return to Samarkand, his capital, is hard to imagine. After a brief rest, he invaded Syria and brought Persia, Armenia, Georgia and Circassia to his feet. In his seventieth year he planned an invasion of China, but died before he reached the frontier. His body "was embalmed with musk and rose water, wrapped in linen, laid in an ebony coffin and sent to Samarkand, where it was buried," in the great tomb which he had built for himself. Timur was guilty of the most inhuman atrocities. Nothing can excuse his cold-blooded massacres of thousands of prisoners and non-combatants. Immediately after his death, the empire he had conquered but not consolidated was broken up, and for the next three and a half centuries, the Mongolians, the Tartars, the Arabs and all the mixed nomadic tribes of "the top of the world" fought



The Tomb of Tamerlane, Near Samarkand

enjoyed. But now all is decayed. The marvelous mosaics of the mosques are breaking, and there is no one who knows how, or cares, to repair them. The gilt is gone from their minarets, and the wisdom of their scholars is only pretense.

Eastern Turkestan is made up of great barren table-lands and deep, narrow but fertile and well-watered valleys. In these, the vegetation is greatly diversified and many grains and fruits are grown that range almost from the sub-tropical to those of the most northern States of America. On the uplands, vast herds of cattle and sheep graze. It was from Turkestan that the Karakul sheep, whose dressed pelt has become so popular as a fur, was imported to Texas.

Though the geographers tell us that the inland seas which constitute the basis of the water supply of all Southern Asia are rapidly growing smaller, the Russian Government is taking steps to improve the condition of this land by increased railway facilities. The line which now connects the city of Samarkand with Bokhara is to be extended to Tash-

and pillaged about these ancient cities. These centuries of wars and massacres, unceasing civil strife between parties disputing for supremacy in the name of religion, conspiracies and appeals to foreigners, have hastened the decay of the Mohammedan civilization which once made these inland cities the light of Asia.

The only concerted missionary enterprises in Turkestan are carried on by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has translated the Bible into a number of the Turkish dialects and wages continual war against the indifference and degeneracy of Mohammedanism.

T. R. MCNALLY.

PAULING, N. Y., January 18, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I think it a very beautiful thought that of making the Children's Paradise a memorial to Dr. Klopfisch. I think it more appropriate than any other. Dr. Klopfisch's love and life seems given more to that work than to any other of his great benevolences.

Sincerely,  
MARY H. TRAVIS.



# Plague Follows Famine in China

## Missionaries Make a Further Appeal for Relief



Types in the Anhui Famine Districts

An Aged Sufferer

A Native Official Famine Relief Committee

IF THERE ever was a time when China needed the sympathy and aid of the Christian world, it is now. With famine sweeping off thousands in the eastern central provinces and even as far south as Hunan, and with deadly plague menacing the northern provinces, from Manchuria to Peking, the old empire is in a truly pitiful plight. From Manchuria, where the plague—which is of the pneumonic type and quite as deadly as the bubonic—seems to have originated, it is spreading westward and southward. In the districts near Harbin, the dead lie unburied in the streets, and the households are deserted. An exodus southward of foreign officials and strangers has already begun at Peking. There are grave fears that the peril may become more serious as the season advances.

News from the famine provinces gives little encouragement to hope for any improvement before the end of March or middle of April. The latest remittance of \$5,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Relief Fund has been received by the missionaries and the gifts of our readers have already been converted into life-giving, nourishing food for the famishing people of Anhui and sections of Kiang-su. Rev. H. S. Ferguson, of the Christian Inland Mission, Shanghai, sends this message by cable:

"SHANGHAI, January 24.

"CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Money received through State Department. Large sums urgently needed. Distribution in famine districts actively proceeding."

"FERGUSON."

The Chin-kiang Committee is hard at work and may be depended upon for good results, but the means at its disposal are wholly disproportionate to the vastness of the need. It is earnestly hoped that contributions to the Fund will flow in at a liberal rate during the next few weeks, as the time of keenest want and suffering is approaching when relief

will be of the greatest service in saving life and lessening suffering.

### Caravans of the Starving

One of the missionaries at Hwai Yuen, in the centre of the famine districts (Dr. Samuel Cochran, in charge of Hope Hospital), sends this graphic account of famine conditions:

"The people have left their homes in great numbers, wandering away to the south by families to see if they can in some way or other live through to the spring by begging or by public bounty from the imperial or official granaries. In each village, out of twenty families, twelve or fifteen will thus escape south, leaving three or four of the better provided to watch the buildings.

"Of all the distressing sights of this poverty-afflicted land none is so distressing as that of these little family caravans so characteristic of famine years. The father pushes a barrow on which is an iron pot, a small bag of wheat or rice, a rice bowl or two, one or two extra garments and one or two of the younger children. The mother walks in front helping to pull the barrow by a rope and also carrying the youngest baby, only a few months old. Older children walk alongside.

### Begging Along the Highways

"As they go they gather up stray straw and grass to cook the next meal. At noon they stop and dig a hole in the ground, over which they set the pot and cook a meal of gruel. At night they sleep in a temple or in some doorway, without much if any bedding. They may be able to find some place where there is a little more to be had by begging or public alms, and then they set up a pair of straw mats into a hut, shaped like the top of an old prairie schooner, joining a settlement of such refugees beside the city wall, and there they spend the winter. They are ragged and squalid beyond description, and those

that do not die are living next door to starvation and in the spring may die of relapsing and typhus fevers. Others have feet frozen by the winter's frosts, crippling them for life even if their lives are spared. So you will understand what a constant and absorbing topic is that of the weather and the crops to every one here, even the rich.

"Furthermore, famine years breed bandits and disorder. Desperation makes them bold and life and property are not safe outside the towns."

Many of the contributions sent to the Fund this week are accompanied by very touching letters. A friend in Palmer, Mass., sends a gift which he states "is the remainder of a fund promised for God's service, sent with a prayer that it may save one life for time and eternity." Two little boys, Joseph and Willie Furneaux, of Carrollton, Tex., send \$5. Their mother writes: "When I read to them of the sufferings of the Chinese, little Joe said: 'Mama, let me send my quarter,' and his little brother said: 'I'll send mine too.' 'I have a special interest in China,' writes B. F. H., Bridgeton, N. J. (\$10), having a beloved daughter there a missionary." Many implore God's blessing on the gifts they enclose. "You said in the paper," writes one contributor, "that one dollar might save a life. I pray with all my heart that this poor gift of mine may be so honored to God's glory." "I pray that this mite may keep some poor soul from perishing and that those who are blessed with abundance may be prompted to give freely," writes "Two Friends," Walnut, N. C. "May he take it and multiply it abundantly," writes C. B., Indianapolis, Ind. (\$5). These are examples of many hundreds of other letters which show that the hearts of God's people are ever open to the cry of suffering and that they esteem it a joy and a privilege to have a share in the great work of life-saving and soul-winning in China.

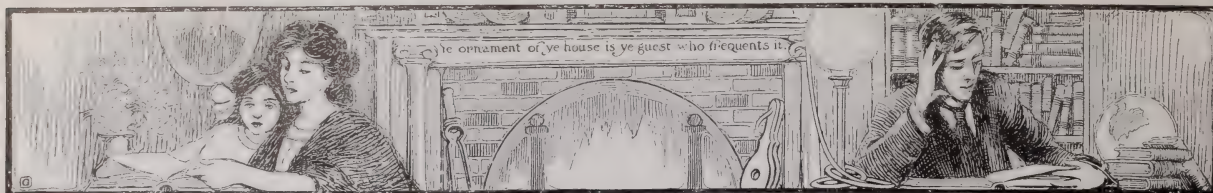
Address all contributions China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

## The Following Additional Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund Have Been Received:

|                                     |                             |                                            |                                  |                              |                                      |                            |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Adams, J. Q. .... 5.00              | Benson, Frances .. 2.00     | Carlson, Miss A. .... 5.00                 | Dannels, Rev P W 1.00            | Fitzsimmons, E. .... 1.00    | Hoag, Mrs. D G 2.00                  | Laidlan, John .. 5.00      | Mack, Mr and Mrs                  |
| Albright, H. A. .... 1.00           | Betherley, C. K. .... 2.00  | Carothers, Chas. .... 2.00                 | Dasch, Mrs. A. .... 1.00         | Gilbert, H. E. .... 1.00     | Hougenodora, A. .... 2.00            | Lang, Rev. J. C. .... 2.50 | Mason, J. .... 2.00               |
| Alles, Mrs M A 1.00                 | Black, A. R. .... 1.00      | Chadwick, Jas E. .... 5.00                 | Daughter, Mrs. .... 1.00         | Glatfelter, Chas. .... 10.00 | Howard, Mrs. M. F. .... 1.00         | Langhorne, T. G. .... 2.50 | Maloney, Mrs DA 3.00              |
| Albrecht, Jean. .... 1.00           | Bland, Mrs. S. M. .... 1.00 | Chambers, Mrs. R. .... 1.00                | Davis, W. .... 1.00              | Gould, E. .... 2.00          | Howell, Mrs. S. C. .... 2.00         | Lee, Mrs. Wm. .... 1.00    | Mason, S. F. .... 2.00            |
| Allington, Mr & Mrs H. E. .... 2.00 | Bills, Richard .... 1.00    | Childs, Ida .... 5.00                      | Davis, Mrs. L. .... 1.00         | Grav, Anna .... 1.00         | Hughes, F. M. .... 1.50              | Lehner, Frank. .... 5.00   | Mather, Frank & Lillian .... 4.00 |
| Amasa, Mary E. .... 2.00            | Brinkman, G. M. .... 5.00   | Combs, L. I. .... 1.00                     | Davis, S. J. .... 1.00           | Greene, W. D. .... 2.00      | Hunt, Mr. Chas. .... 3.00            | Loar, Geo. F. .... 1.00    | Loesel, M. .... 1.00              |
| Anderson, Wm. .... 1.00             | Brett, E. .... 1.00         | Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. H. .... 5.00            | Dave, W. H. .... 1.00            | Greesselman, H. .... 1.00    | Huston, Mr. and Mrs. B. .... 2.00    | Lucas, M. A. .... 1.00     | Lucas, M. A. .... 1.00            |
| Anders, Chas. S. .... 10.00         | Brice, Mrs. M. .... 1.00    | Chadwick, Mrs. I. .... 1.00                | Davis, S. J. .... 1.00           | Grossman, A. C. .... 5.00    | Jewett, Mrs. H. L. .... 2.00         | McAllister, Sue .... 3.00  | Miller, Rev. P. L. .... 2.00      |
| Anderson, Wm. .... 1.00             | Brimming, Mrs. I. .... 1.00 | Christ, Lena .... 2.00                     | Doerflinger, Mr. J. K. .... 1.00 | Grogg, Wm. B. .... 3.00      | Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew .... 5.00 | McDonald, F. R. .... 2.00  | Mininger, Wm. H. .... 1.00        |
| Archer, Mrs. B. A. .... 1.00        | Brookway, Mrs. A. .... 1.00 | Christopherson, Rev. B. and wife .... 1.00 | Dorabos, Genlt. L. .... 5.00     | Gross, Mrs. C. J. .... 1.00  | Johnson, E. D. .... 1.00             | McDonald, F. R. .... 2.00  | Moffitt, Mrs. A. B. .... 1.00     |
| Barnett, Mrs. L. .... 5.00          | Brown, Adm. L. .... 25.00   | Clift, H. R. .... 1.00                     | Dowds, Miss and son .... 2.50    | Gross, Miss A. .... 2.00     | Johnson, E. D. .... 1.00             | McDonald, F. R. .... 2.00  | Morrison, E. T. .... 2.50         |
| Barnett, Mrs. L. .... 5.00          | Brown, Adm. L. .... 25.00   | Clift, H. R. .... 1.00                     | Dowds, Miss and son .... 2.50    | Harbour, Regie. .... 1.00    | Jones, J. D. .... 5.00               | McDonald, F. R. .... 2.00  | Mounser, Johnson S. .... 1.00     |
| Barr, E. M. .... 1.00               | Brown, M. E. .... 2.00      | Cox, George W. .... 4.00                   | Emerson, Mrs. H. S. .... 1.00    | Harris, Mrs. L. .... 1.00    | Jones, J. D. .... 5.00               | McDonald, F. R. .... 2.00  | Mounser, Johnson S. .... 1.00     |
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# BY THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT



## The Mid-Year Examinations

THE school and college year has its times of high-tide. One of these occurs in February, when boys and girls are deep in the excitement of the mid-year testing and reviewing, in order to gauge the student progress and decide upon promotions. Here and there among private schools for girls this mid-year examination is omitted, and there are several schools in which examinations are not a prominent feature. In boys' schools and in the colleges and universities open to both sexes examinations at this particular period are the rule. The only exception to be made as to their advantage, and almost the only criticism that can fairly be passed upon them, is that they should not be too highly considered, nor should their results invariably take the place of the student's term work. Nearly all the mid-year examinations are in writing, and this is much better and far fairer than oral examinations can be. There are boys and girls who do fairly well in their ordinary work and yet go to pieces when confronted with examination papers. The time limit disturbs them. They see before them a number of questions and propositions, the answers and solutions to which are safely tucked away in their brains, but it seems impossible for them to find the right words to say and the right things to do at the required moment. A good deal of cramming is done and no little nervous anxiety is undergone during this time of the mid-years. Fathers and mothers smile at the preoccupied air and the intense solicitude of the young people in high school who are afraid they may not pass, and walk about as if they carried a weight fit for older heads and broader shoulders. This is especially a time for sympathy between home and school. Give the children every opportunity to prepare themselves thoroughly for what is to them a serious crisis. Don't forget the absent ones away from home to whom this period in the college year is momentous. Take time to write cheery letters to the absent one, and do not complain if the return letters are a little delayed or briefer than you hoped.

There is no use in telling young people over and over that they are living their happiest times while they are in school. The fact is that few of us appreciate our happiest times in the present. We look back and see with a curious sense half of satisfaction and half of regret that we have had days rose-crowned and honey-sweet. Why did we not know how beautiful they were when we were living in the midst of them? Why were we so occupied with pleasure as to let it glide by without adequate thankfulness? The children and young people may work hard and grow weary over their mid-year examinations. Nevertheless, they have a certain thrill of high resolve and joyous emulation during their progress, and they are a part of training for the real life to which youth is the stepping stone. The home itself is never more fortunate, interesting and full of delightful activity than when it clasps hands with the school, in the lives of the children.

**England and the Suffragettes** What is the matter with John Bull? Stiff-necked and obstinate he has always been. Tennyson well said of England in a strong line that "Freedom slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent." If the progress of freedom in the land

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

across the sea has been slow, it has been sure, and there has seldom been lacking a contingent of thoughtful people open to conviction at least and willing to look at both sides of the shield even in a country so conservative as England. The ancient boast that England loves fair play is out of date and discounted at this hour by the shameful treatment to which the Suffragettes are constantly subjected. Whatever we may think of their cause, and however we may hitherto have regretted some of their methods, nothing is now left for us but sympathy with women beaten and tortured ruthlessly by brutal policemen, and treated with contempt and disdain by men in power who apparently have parted with the last shred of chivalry and the last grain of common sense.

The women who have proved that they are in deadly earnest on the subject of the ballot, and who for its sake have courted persecution and accepted

words vulgar, ignorant or commonplace. We begin to be afraid that they have better understood than the outside world the stubbornness and stupidity of the English politician. They are matrons and single women, and therefore in their ranks are included mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts. The men of England are going too far when they suffer such women to be dragged about in the streets until they have sprained ankles, dislocated fingers and broken heads. We repeat: What is England thinking about?

## Mothers Meet and Talk It Over

Can you not remember when you were a child how once a week, or once a fortnight, a feeling of something like awe crept over you when you knew that ten or twenty of the neighborhood mothers were assembled that afternoon in your own mother's parlor, all dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, and all engaged in talking about the boys and girls. You, perhaps, were not very much opposed to this meeting of mothers, because in your house

it was always accompanied by an appetizing aroma of cake and the fragrance of coffee. The coffee would certainly not fall to your share, but you might come in for remainder doughnuts and raisin cake. You might even be asked to pass the refreshments, and the mothers of your friends would smile at you or, on the other hand, embarrass you by inquiring how far you had gone in arithmetic, whether you were studying French, and whether you were a real help to your mother. You always cherished a feeling of dislike for the inquisitor who insisted upon the last particular, for in your heart you knew that you were less helpful than you ought to be. The mother's meeting of the olden day was often devotional in character. Much of the time was given to Scripture reading and prayer, and from those sacred hours good fruit was gathered in later days when the children trained in piety grew up to take their places among men and women. Our mothers' meetings as we shall have a glimpse of them in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be largely interested in the best way of bringing up our active girls and boys. We shall hope to say something from time to time about the babies. The young mother, the mother in her meridian with her young people growing up, and the grandmother in her lovely Indian summer will be among those who shall come to our meetings and freely talk over, with a different leader at each meeting, the affairs that concern the child and the home.

## Aunt Prudence Payson's Corner

—INQUIRE. If you prefer to receive no gifts at your sliver wedding or if you feel that it would be indecent for you to seem to ask for them, simply invite your friends to spend a designated evening with you and reveal the secret of the occasion after they arrive. Probably most of your intimate friends and kindred will remember the date with its significance, and it gives them pleasure to present you with appropriate gift you need feel no hesitation in accepting their tributes.

FLUSHING, N. Y., January 15, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD: I wish to express my interest in, and approval of, a plan to endow the Children's Paradise as a monument to its founder Dr. Klopsch. I know of no more beautiful and worthy charity than Mont-Lawn. With hearty appreciation,

Sincerely yours,  
MRS. J. C. CONKLIN.



"LITTLE MOTHERS" IN JAPAN

Taking care of the babies as best they can,  
See these little mothers of old Japan.  
Each is proud of the baby dear,

Whom she carries about with right good cheer.  
Praises its tiny hands and feet,  
Calls it names caressing and sweet.

martyrdom, have been jeered at by the press, flouted by such clever writers as Mr. Chesterton, and humiliated by statesmen like Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill. The day, it seems to us, has passed for civilized men to treat civilized women with the knock-down argument of the club. Our English cousins have never refused, but, on the contrary, have eagerly sought, the co-operation and assistance of women in political elections. Yet now they refuse them the right of petition.

No one on either side of the sea asserts in these days that woman is inferior to man. It is taken for granted in our educational systems that there is no sex in brain. More and more on this side of the water the question is not shall women vote, but how soon will they vote? The question is purely one of economic convenience. It is foolish to encumber it with a lot of insignificant details which have positively no relation to the present situation. The leaders of the Suffragist movement in England are gentlewomen. They are not in any sense of the





Gainsborough's Famous Portrait, "Duchess of Devonshire"

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## OLD VALENTINE

What conscience, say, is it in thee,  
When I hear had one,  
To take away that heart from me,  
And to retain thy own?

For shame or pity now incline  
To play a loving part:  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost  
Resolve to part with neither,  
Why, yet to show that thou art just,  
Take me and mine together!



Another Gainsborough Portrait of the "Duchess of Devonshire"

## RED LETTER DAYS IN FEBRUARY

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: February is the littlest month of all, yet in it there are so many Red Letter days. For anniversary parties and celebrations there is almost month that is so full of suggestion. Musical clubs, big and little, honor Mendelssohn's birthday on February 3 with programmes of works of the great Music Master.

### Dickens Character Parties

IT IS growing very popular indeed to celebrate Charles Dickens' birthday on February 7 with a "character party." I wish you boys and girls might see the pretty costumes and tableaux for a Dickens party that we are planning. The very prettiest picture of all so far, I believe, Jennie Wren, the Doll's dressmaker in *Our Mutual Friend*, he sits on a little old chair, at a bandy-legged table covered with dolls and materials for dolls' dresses, he has a shock of pretty yellow hair, and the picture as she sits and sews is lovely.

Little Nell and her Grandfather, from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, are next. Two funny little boys we now are coming as the Artful Dodger and Barnaby Rudge. David Copperfield and Barcus and Pegotty Ham and Dora and Alice will be there. Mrs. Jarley is to give performance of her famous wax works.

Sam Weller and Mr. Weller are going to recite the famous Valentine scene from *The Pickwick Papers*. Paul and Florence Dombey, Mr. Pickwick and the Fat Boy, Tommy Traddles, Oliver Twist, Dolly Varden, are all coming, and I am telling you about it because I think it is such a charming suggestion, with so many delightful possibilities in it for having a real good and happy time, that many of you will plan to get up, some time in February, a Dickens Character Party.

February 10th, 12th, 14th

AT HOME, in Kentucky, we once had the old days, we once lived and carried out a family's *Tales from Shakespeare* party on Charles Lamb's birthday on February 10.

Then there is, greatest of all, Lincoln's Birthday. Remember,



Painting of The Boy With the Sword. Painting by Edward Maclise.

The Boy With the Sword. Painting by Edward Maclise.

*The Value of a Friend*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; another one, *Light Your Fire*, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; a third is called *Pretty Good World*, by Frank L. Stockton; a fourth *A Mile With Me*, by Dr. Van Dyke. These leaflets are enclosed in pretty Valentine envelopes and are only 10 cents each.

## GOOD WORK BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Heading by Ralph A. Wolfe, Age 16. Winner of \$1.00 Cash Prize

### MY VALENTINE

WHOM shall I choose for my Valentine?  
Somebody, oh, so brave and fine:  
So kind and good, so sweet and fair,  
I'd gladly hunt her everywhere.

I'd travel east, I'd travel west,  
And never take a moment's rest;  
But now I think you should be mine:  
Because you're such a Valentine.  
HANNAH C. YOUNG, Age 15.  
Winning "Best of the Book" in the "My Valentine" Contest.

### MY VALENTINE

IT was just the nicest valentine.  
That came to me to-day:  
A prettiness, and on the top  
A little letter lay.

Which said: "I know a little maid,  
She isn't far to seek;  
No dainty wild rose petal  
Is pinker than her cheek."

"There is no shining hazel nut  
That's browner than her eye;  
Just look within the box, my dear:  
This little maid you'll spy."

Of course I was in haste to see  
So fair and sweet a lass:  
I opened the lid, within I found  
A tiny looking glass.

ARLENE L. CROCKER, Age 15.  
Winning "Best of the Book" in the "My Valentine" Contest.

### ABE LINCOLN

YOU can talk about Columbus,  
How he sailed the sea;  
You can talk about George Washington,  
Who fought for liberty;  
You can talk about the great men,  
Alexander and the rest,  
But of all the men I know of,  
Abe Lincoln is the best.

FLOYD B. HUFFMAN, Age 12.  
Winning "Best of the Book" in the "My Valentine" Contest.

### HONEST ABE

WITH pluck and push and prudence  
And honesty of heart  
He turned his hand to anything  
And nobly did his part.  
And now, if I will study hard  
And do just what is right,  
Like "Honest Abe," I too may have  
A record truly bright.

JAMES T. EARLY, Age 11.  
Winning "Best of the Book" in the "My Valentine" Contest.

*James Porter*



JOHN: "I wish instead of only 'love,' I had said, I adore you!"



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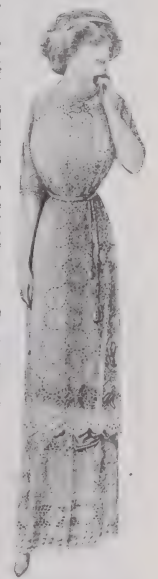
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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Serial Story by FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

XX—Continued

M. R. MORRISON, looking wildly about for a means of escape, caught sight of Jimmy running past the door, a brace of puppies frolicking at his heels.

"Hello, thar, Cap'n!" he called, "don't you want t' step in herean'—"

"The dear child," murmured Miss Cottle, wiping her eyes on her apron. "He shall be the first to share our happiness. I am going to be married to your kind old friend here, James; aren't you glad, my boy?"

Jimmy gazed doubtfully at the pair from under puckered brows.

"Married?" he echoed. "What for?"

"Say, Cap'n; you've struck the nail on the head, as usual!" cried Peg, regaining his composure with an effort. "I guess the lady don't altogether know her own mind. She was kind o' calc'latin' on bein' married t' me. But she's thought better of it b' now, an' I'm bearin' up es well as I kin under the circumstances. The' ain't goin' t' be no weddin'." No, sir!"

"Peleg!" exclaimed Miss Cottle, sharply. "You must have taken leave of your senses!"

"No, ma'am; I ain't. The Cap'n here'll bear witness that I said you'd give me up. That'll put a stop t' the talk—of the' is any. You c'n tell em' that. I won't deny it. I c'n stan' it."

A light as of tardy victory dawned in Miss Cottle's eyes.

"You won't deny that we've been engaged to be married?" she said slowly.

"No, ma'am; you c'n say anythin' you've a mind to. It's all the same t' me, now't you've give me up. I feel turrible bad—all broke up; but I'm a-goin' t' stan' it the best I kin. Religion'll help some, I guess. It gene'lly does. I'll try it, anyhow."

"I might reconsider," observed Miss Cottle, "before"—she added darkly—"the affair becomes public. I fear the notoriety will be very hard for you to bear, Peleg."

"It will, ma'am," replied Peg with alacrity; but I'm goin' t' try an' endure it."

Miss Cottle meditatively stirred the onions with one foot clad substantially in rusty leather.

"I shall hold you to the engagement which you have acknowledged," she said firmly, "unless—"

"What? Fer goodness sake don't keep me on tenter-hooks, ma'am! W'y, say, you don't want me! I ain't fit t' wipe m' feet on your door-mat; you've said so lots o' times; ain't she, Cap'n? I'm an ornary cuss; more ornary 'n you hev' any idee of an' I'm humbly's a hedge-fence, 'n—'n' bad-tempered; m' disposition's somethin' fierce. The Cap'n here c'n tell you that. W'y, land! I dunno but what I'd be drove to drink, ef I was t' git married. I'll bet I would."

"If my brother-in-law's nephew should make you an offer for these onions, I feel that I ought to have a share in the proceeds," said Miss Cottle, suddenly abandoning sentiment for business. "If we were to carry out our engagement of marriage, of course I should reasonably expect to profit by the arrangement."

"No, ma'am; you wouldn't, not whilst I was alive. I'm downright stingy. That's another thing I forgot t' mention. Stingy? W'y, I'm closter 'n the bark o' a tree. I'll bet y'e wouldn't git 'nough t' eat, with me fer a peverder. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you—a hundred dol-

lars cash, ef I sell the onions, ef you—"

"Make it two hundred, and I'll agree to let you off. You couldn't do me out of my widow's third, any way you'd fix it."

Peg stared at the determined spinner in silence for a long minute. Then with a muttered exclamation, he dashed out of the barn and disappeared.

Miss Cottle's eyes sparkled with animosity.

"If I was to sue him for breach of promise, and I could do it, too, I guess he—"

She paused in her meditation to stare wrathfully at the spectacle of the recalcitrant Peleg returning at full speed, a small, yellow-leaved book in his hand.

"Here we be, ma'am!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll see whar we're at. I gene'lly find somethin' t' fit the 'casion, an' I'll bet I kin this time."

He rapidly turned the pages with a moistened thumb and fingers.

"Receipt for horse liniment." No; that won't do. "Foot an' mouth disease." How t' git fat; 'n how not t' git fat. "Blind staggers," 'n how t' prevent 't. "Jelly cake"—

"What," demanded Miss Cottle sharply, "is that book? And what possible connection does it have with our affairs?"

Mr. Morrison paused, his thumb in his mouth.

"W'y, this," he explained, "is my book of valuable inf'mation. I ain't never be'n exactly in this 'ere fix b'fore; but I'll bet the inf'mation in this 'ere book at'll fit the case all right. You just set down, ma'am, an' make yourself com'f'able, while I—"

"This is outrageous!" snapped Miss Cottle.

"Maybe I'd better run and get my book, too," volunteered Jimmy, who had been an interested but sadly puzzled spectator of the scene. "P'raps there'll be somethin' valuable in mine."

"All right, Cap'n; run 'long," said Peg briskly. "Now listen t' this, ma'am. The sleepin' fox ketches no poultry. That's good; but the trouble is you 'pear to be wide awake. Hold on; don't git 'cited. Here's a little inf'mation on the subject o' fools. I copied it out the almanac nigh onto twenty years ago, an' it can't be beat. 'Xperience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.' An' this, 'I got out o' a story book. The' ain't nothin' no becomin' t' a fool as a shet mouth.' An—"

"I shall certainly sue for breach of promise!" announced Miss Cottle, treading restlessly among the onions on her way to the door. "No, ma'am; you won't," quoth Peg placidly. "Whar the's be'n no promise thar c'n be no breach." I wrote that down 'bout the year fifty-nine. I wa'n't s' old s' I be now; but I've kep' it in mind pretty constant. You fix it so't I'll sell them onions at a fair profit 'n I'll give y'e a hundred dollars. 'N you c'n tell your lady friends that ol' Peg Morrison's sech a scaldawag 'at you couldn't hear t' marryin' of him, not ef he was the las' man on earth. An' that's the truth. You couldn't hear t' it, an' you c'n bet I wouldn't."

Continued on next page

NEW YORK CITY, January 16, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I heartily endorse the Pittsburg letter. Mont-Lawn will be the finest tribute to Dr. Klopsch's memory and life work that could be made.

T. Y. TIBBALS.

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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

"I shall leave this house to-day—day, Peleg Morrison; do you hear?" Peg glanced up from his anxious scrutiny of the pages of accumulated re with a look of deep thankfulness. "Sho! you don't say so?" he exclaimed. "Wall; take this 'long with u t' med'tate over: 'Run your head to a stone wall, ef you feel like doin' but don't blame the wall none fer at happens.'"

Jimmy running blithely toward the rn with his book of Vallable Inf'man in one hand and his cherished title of red ink in the other, met the ate Miss Cottle on the way.

"I'm a-going to do once what I've en simply achin' to do ever since I t foot onto this place!" she cried rilly; and seizing the child by the oulder she gave him a violent shak- g, concluding with a hard-handed up or two over the ear.

"Take that, you little tyke, you! If l a had you in hand for five years yady, with her -gone, I'd 'a' taken me of the laugh and smartness out of u! But now I wash my hands of u and her and him!"

The child, too astonished to cry out, itched out of the spinster's bony grip. "I 'spise you," he sputtered, "you ol' -Cottle woman! 'N'-n-I'll put in my Vallable Inf'mation book 'at u-slapped me when I was good!"

Miss Cottle made another dive at m, and was met by a copious shower red ink from the loosely corked tile, which Jimmy discharged at his sailant with the practiced aim of e small boy. Then he took to his els, to be received into asylum by g Morrison, who was watching the eedings from the barn door.

"Wall, Cap'n," he said, "you sure d put that red ink to good use. Don't u cry, son; I'll git ye another bottle ict as big b'fore sun-down." He chuckled deep within his capau- chest as he smoothed the little y's ruffled curls with his big, horny nd.

"You an' me'll hav' to write out a le vallable inf'mation on the subje' females," he said slowly. "The's l kinds an' varieties of wimmen-ks; 'n't git 'em all sorted an' labeled, 't ye won't git teetotally fooled, 'l ke the better part of a lifetime."

XXI

David had not acquainted Barbara the result of his latest interview th Jarvis. He hated Jarvis, and he ok small pains to conceal the fact; t he jealously hid his unshaken con- ction with regard to the money, ich he had made up his mind Jarvis d given Barbara. After a little he en concluded that it need not be e- id.

"Miserly old crab," he told himself. t won't hurt him to let Barbara have at much of his pile."

Something of this thought colored s words when he discussed the ques- on with Barbara.

"You'll marry me in November, od you?" he pleaded, "if the fellow- en't show up before then? We can y him all right—if we have to."

"If we have to?" echoed Barbara, ith a straight look at him. "Why do u say that?"

"It's a good bit of money—four ousand dollars. Perhaps some—er philanthropical jay gave it to you ight, Barbie. I shouldn't be so ry much surprised."

He laughed at the proud curl of her s.

"You wouldn't care, would you," he rsisted, "if some old duffer had taken into his noddle to do a good deed? nee we are married, I shan't bother urther him, you'd better believe. I'm in favor of letting sleeping phil- thropists lie—eh, Barbie?"

"We'll not be married," Barbara said in a low voice, "till—"

He caught her suddenly about the waist and stopped the words with one of his close kisses.

"You shan't say it," he murmured, his lips still on hers.

She twisted sharply out of his grasp, her face crimsoning slowly.

"I wish—you wouldn't, David." "Wouldn't what, little wife?" he drawled, reaching for her lazily from his comfortable seat in the corner of the sofa.

"I am not your wife," she said coldly.

"Pretty near!" he laughed.

His eyes, vividly blue and sparkling under their long curling lashes, met hers with a look which she silently re- sented.

"I have sold the apples on the trees," she said presently, seating her- self near the window, under pretense of getting a better light on her sewing. David yawned audibly, and thrust his hands into his trousers pockets.

"You have—eh?"

"Yes; and for a good price, as prices go, Peg says."

"How much?" he wanted to know.

She told him, and he shook his head.

"Do y' know, that old Morrison is a fool. I mean to get rid of him, when I take charge here."

Barbara was silent.

To the old chap doesn't know enough to last over night," pursued David. "I don't believe you'd ever have gotten into such a hole financially, if it hadn't been for his running things into the ground. What you want is a couple of capable young men about the place. Of course we'll keep some decent horses. I've bought one already, a beauty! Come out and look at him, Barbie. Or, say, put on your hat and I'll take you for a spin. We'll take in the county fair, if you say so. It's in full blast to-day."

She arose and folded her work.

"Not to-day, David; I've bread to bake. But I'll come out and look at your horse."

"You're getting so confoundedly difficult, Barbara. I never know how to take you," complained David, as they walked, a little apart, along the gravel path.

He turned to look at her and was struck afresh by her beauty. During the long days of the summer that was past, she seemed to have bloomed into a new and more vivid loveliness.

"If you weren't such a tearing beauty," he said, under his breath, "I don't know as I could stand for it long. You're forever treading on a fellow's toes; did you know it, Barbie? Now, I like a woman to be sweet and nice."

He smiled at the vision of Jennie, the pink-cheeked waitress at the Bar- ford Eagle, which chose to obtrude itself at the moment. The humble, almost suppliant look of adoration in her childish blue eyes had lately af- forded David a vast amount of indolent amusement.

"A woman," he went on, dictato- rially, "ought not to be always think- ing of herself."

"I know that, David," Barbara said meekly. "I try not to. But—"

"That's just it!" he broke in quickly, "there's always a 'but' in your mind and in your attitude towards me, and always has been. You needn't deny it," he added, openly complacent, in view of his own cleverness. "I know women."

The girl looked at him in silence, a mutinous question behind her closed lips.

To be continued

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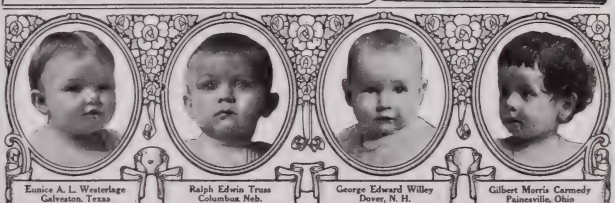
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## Continued from preceding page

### Discouragement a Temptation

His neglect of Bible study in years leads to mortifying mis-  
His prayers for conquest  
seem to fail and by word and  
he breaks his vows. 'Tis then that  
st put a check on himself lest he  
pted to run away to the juniper  
Every trade and profession  
ds an apprenticeship of diffi-  
'Tis for the Christian worker  
severe, to make up his mind to  
me trials, troubles and tempta-

What Doest Thou Here?"

Let no one to whom that challenge is applicable fail to respond to it. Here is a man in his counting-room reckoning his money day by day, as called in his youth to preach the gospel, but who was lured away by the power of avarice. Instead of saving, he is only thinking of saving, but above the clink of the gold and silver challenges, "What are you doing?" Again, "There are a man and his wife. They were called of the Lord to teach Sabbath after Sabbath to the young men and girls listened to them with rapt attention, but they were so rich, they gave up teaching and to spend eight or nine months of the year touring fashionable resorts for the rest of the time entertaining their friends in their palatial mansion. What of them also God cries out: "What dost thou here?" Yet another who once found no greater joy than to minister to the needs of the varied Christian world, but who, after years of service in the Young Men's Christian Association, finds his leisure time in sinful pleasures and indulgences. To him, too, comes the challenging voice in terms

rible tones: "What doest thou here?" To the idle rich God calls: "What doest thou here?" and he makes the same demand of the idle poor. Here is the father of a family who has lost his position and finds it hard to get another; he quits the battle and lives in idleness on child labor or wife labor. A whole family look for support to one individual, perhaps a self-sacrificing sister, or a willing brother. A lazy youth depends upon an old mother to feed him as he sits beneath the juniper tree of cowardice fearing to face the world and earn his own living. To all of these comes the individual challenge: "What doest thou here?"

### The Still Small Voice

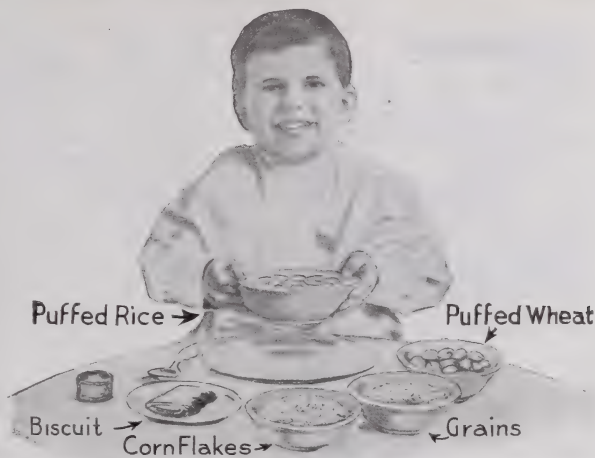
Any one with the faculty of imagination can picture for himself the moving panorama of nature by which God taught Elijah how to improve his work as a prophet when he went back presently to his duty. As he stood on Mount Sinai, perhaps where Moses stood when Jehovah gave him the Decalogue amid thunderings and lightnings and tempest, God revealed himself to Elijah in a great strong wind that rent the mountain; then came an earthquake that made the mountains like the waters of the storm-tossed sea; then a fire, mighty as the resistless forest fires that defy the power of man; and after the fire a still small voice, the articulate revelation of God.

We can hardly doubt that this acted parable of wind and earthquake and fire had in it something of correction and instruction in righteousness for Elijah in his methods of popular reformation. It would seem to be a hint that such a religious storm as he brought on at Carmel might not do so much as he expected toward frightening the people back to God. God was in it, but he would be yet more powerfully in the word of reconciliation when Elijah would go back as the "voice" for God.

The mightiest force in soul-saving is a human voice speaking to the outward ear "a word in season" just at the time when God is speaking to the soul. The battle of light and darkness is most often won by light through its might of gentleness. The triumphs of the "true light" are timely meditations for this lesson on the still small voice.

### Conquering Difficulties

What a triumphant return had the fugitive Elijah when God told him: "Return, anoint Hazael and Jehu also, and Elisha." It was a great honor that he should be called to anoint two kings and a prophet, but there were yet other victories in store for him. No less an honor does God put upon us, however unfaithful we have been, when we "return"—he gives us the privilege of anointing human souls to be kings and priests, and winning thousands over to a living Gospel. We read of a preacher who resigned the ministry because it presented so many difficulties that he had no time for golf. Contrast such a man with Livingstone, who refusing to leave Africa cried out: "Pray God to heal this open sore of the world"; or with Xavier, who prayed for greater difficulties to overcome; or with Damien, who turned his back on home and friends to minister to the outcast lepers of Molokai; or with Harrington or Pillington, who gave their lives for the white man; or with Melville Cox, who, dying in Liberia, cried out like Livingstone: "Let a thousand perish ere Africa be given up." These men encountered difficulties to overcome them. 'Tis for us to do likewise, to let no discouragement be a temptation to us, to persevere until victory is won and thus set an example for others to follow. God will assist us; he will not leave us alone if we trust in him and rely upon his strength.



# Try This on the Boy Some Morning

Put a dish of each ready-cooked cereal before him and let him make his own choice.

Let him see with the rest Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—these gigantic, crisp, porous grains. He'll be curious to try them and, when he does, he'll find that they taste like nuts.

That will settle his choice. Then the armies of children who love Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will have a new recruit.

Perhaps he will want them morning, noon and night—sometimes with cream and sugar, sometimes mixed with bananas, sometimes—like crackers—in a bowl of milk.

The more he wants the better. For these are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible—the only such foods in existence.

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Since then we have helped a million homes to enjoy them, just as you will in yours.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

Except in  
extreme  
West

Except in extreme West

These are the foods shot from guns—the foods with every starch granule exploded by Prof. Anderson's process.

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# SERENITY\*

IT IS sometimes said that serenity cannot be acquired; that unless it is a natural endowment, one, if ever so afflicted, must always remain a victim to worry, nervousness and depression.

This is not true. All but a few exceptional persons, diseased or degenerate, may become calm and cheerful in outward manner, and may effectually subdue wild and turbulent thoughts and passions.

You remember that in one of Charles Dickens's wonderful stories, he pictures an excitable and undisciplined girl, known as "Tattycoram," who is continually flying into a passion.

Her wise foster parents were in the habit of saying to her when one of her outbursts was imminent, "Count twenty, Tattycoram." By the time she had counted twenty, she was comparatively calm. This rule has been found effective in other households, though sometimes it is better to count fifty or a hundred.

The parents who permit a passionate child to grow up, without making every effort to teach him the beauty of serenity and the necessity of self-control, are guilty of a wrong against the child himself and against society; for many of the most shocking crimes are committed by those who have been allowed to give free rein to their emotions. They go wild with anger, envy, jealousy or grief; work their crazy will while the spell is upon them; and then often come to themselves only to be filled with hopeless remorse for their misdeeds.

It is chiefly for the effect upon our own souls that we should cultivate this beautiful virtue. To be constantly worried, fearing, agitated, is degrading and debilitating to the whole nature.

As no great literature or great art was possible until men began to know

personal safety and some degree of physical comfort; so no mind can have great thoughts, or can live in the higher realms of light and peace until it is free from that perpetual mood of anxiety, which blights and cankers.

Ruskin has remarked that he has noticed that all the people he meets are wanting something. They want liberty, they want amusement, they want money; "but which of us," he adds, "feels or knows that he wants peace?"

And yet there is nothing so beautiful as the vision of peace. Its beauty in thought is matched by the beauty of its reality. In the life in which peace abounds, there the best of God's gifts will be bestowed.

"How shall I acquire this precious possession?" one asks. "I have tried to will it. I have prayed for it, and yet my soul is filled with unrest and rebellion."

That devout saint, Fénelon, said that his rule was to desire only the will of God.

"Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to his will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety, and you will find peace."

One of our poets has said that he "takes great comfort in the thought of God." A mighty hand is on the helm, an all-seeing eye pierces the clouds ahead, a loving heart guides the wind-tossed bark. It is his will that not any should perish.

"Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, not if the whole world should be upset," said the consecrated St. Francis de Sale.

And the peace of the individual but typifies the beauty of the peace of a nation.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 19. Texts: John 14:1-27; 16:33.

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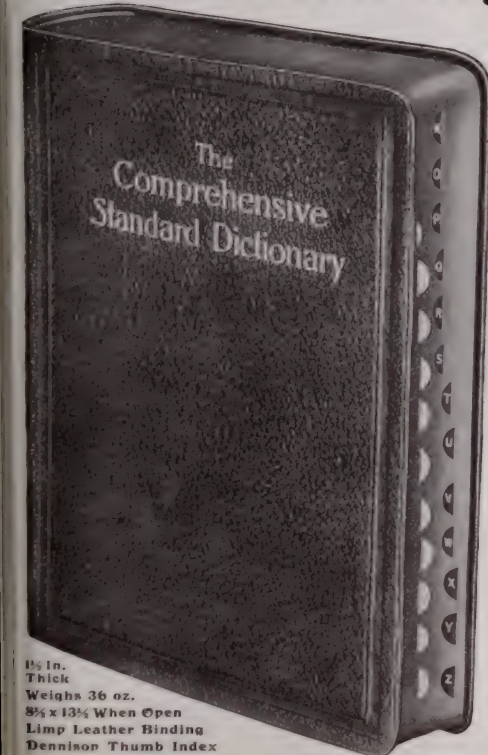
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Edited by JAMES C. FERNALD, L.H.D.

The high standing of the Editor, James Champlin Fernald, L.H.D., is a sufficient guaranty for the accuracy, comprehensiveness and general excellence of the work. In his treatment the Editor has been constantly in the necessity of giving in the simplest form the Orthography, Pronunciation, Definition and Derivation of all words that are not self-defining.

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Its vocabulary will be found exceptionally comprehensive and exact.

### 2.—Orthography

In orthography it is conservative; but when two ways of spelling the same word are sanctioned by usage, the two forms have been recorded, and preference has been given usually to the simpler form. In general, the spelling will be found to conform to the decision of the Standard Dictionary Committee of fifty leading Philologists and Educators.

### 3.—Capitalization

Only such words as should be written with capital initial letters are capitalized in the vocabulary, thus enabling any person using the work to see at a glance how to write the word.

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The Standard Scientific Alphabet has been used to indicate the pronunciation of all words. This alphabet was prepared and promulgated by the American Philological Association, and indicating as it does with a minuteness and accuracy unattained by all other systems for conveying sounds, it is the simplest aid to exact pronunciation yet devised.

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Special care has been taken to make the definitions as comprehensive as possible by embracing recent meanings and distinctions, and by making the general definitions thoroughly inclusive. The most meaningful has been placed first, the others following in the order of their divergence. The aim has been to secure simplicity of expression, conciseness of statement, brevity and clearness. Where definition by synonym is employed, scrupulous care has been taken to define the unfamiliar by the familiar word, or by a word which is itself more fully defined in its own place.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 695 Bible House, New York



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# Christian Herald

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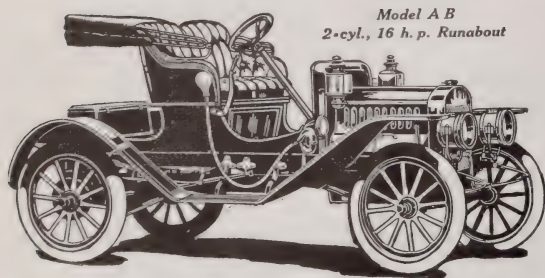
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1911

VOL. 34—NO. 7. PRICE 5 CENTS  
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK





# Mr. Merchant—Which Expense Account Will You Pay?



Model A B  
2-cyl., 16 h. p. Runabout

## Salesman's Trip, 787 Miles

| By Train and Livery                                              | By Maxwell Automobile                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Car fares, 787 miles..... \$ 15.74                               | Cost of running car..... \$ 15.67        |
| Expense of handling trunk, 3 weeks at \$7.50..... 22.50          | Salary of driver..... 12.00              |
| Hotel, 1 man, 21 days, at same rate as in other cases..... 49.00 | Salary of salesman..... 35.00            |
| Salary of salesman, 3 weeks..... 105.00                          | Hotel of salesman, 6 days..... 14.00     |
|                                                                  | Hotel of driver, 6 days..... 14.00       |
|                                                                  | Depreciation on car and tires..... 25.00 |
| <b>\$192.24</b>                                                  | <b>\$115.67</b>                          |
| Cost of trip by auto..... \$115.67                               |                                          |
| Cost of same trip by train..... 192.24                           |                                          |
| Cost of auto with one man..... 89.57                             |                                          |
| Cost by train with one man..... 192.24                           |                                          |
| Time consumed by auto..... 1 week                                |                                          |
| Time consumed by train..... 3 weeks                              |                                          |

## The Greatest Business Runabout Made

### New Price, \$600 Equipped As Shown

#### 1243 Firms Use Maxwells

The experience of the United Drug Company of Boston recited above is merely a case in point. 1242 other firms find Maxwells a paying investment. Some use as many as 25 machines. Nearly all started with one car, on trial. 104 of this model were sold recently—divided between the largest watch, electrical, yeast, and powder companies in the United States. These companies abandoned use of the train and horse and buggy, because the train only touched the bigger cities, and the horse could not stand the strain. 700-mile trips are perilous to the horse, expensive by train, but incidental to the automobile.

#### The Maxwell Pays For Itself

**I**F USED, the above model pays for itself in less than three months in increased earnings and savings—is an incentive to the salesman to do more work—brings him in touch with more customers and oftener. He works longer because his work is half play. In short, it produces results where there were none before, as its growing use among merchants easily proves.

The Maxwell business runabout annihilates distance and is ready in a jiffy, with no time lost for feeding. Its speed enables it to travel almost as fast as the train travels from place to place—since it need not stop en route—while it saves a vast amount of time which now is lost waiting for train time or in making connections. There is no need to cut short an important interview because of the approaching hour of departure. All this means increased sales.

#### The Greatest Business Runabout

**W**E HAVE called this car “the greatest runabout,” and it really is. In point of number used, it leads—in achievement, stands first—holds hundreds of records for endurance, road events and hill climbs. Holds world's non-stop record—3500 miles. One-tenth of the physician in the United States drive Maxwell runabouts. 4225 farmers employ them on the farm, and in sales to business houses we are supreme. With its staunch and sturdy lines, it is not to be compared with any of the new, low-priced, quickly-assembled cars offered to the public today. Uniform in construction, of first-class material, this runabout guarantees years of constant service, day after day, 365 days in the year. If it did not, we would never have amassed the record of sales to the above number of discriminating buyers, who absolutely demand constant and economic service in the business.

#### These Books Free:

We tell the commercial side of the Runabout in facts and figures in a book entitled “The Maxwell in Business.” Every merchant should read it. With it we send “How to Judge an Automobile,” a practical treatise on motor cars in general, and our new catalogue just off the press. All worth reading and yours for the asking. Write today. A postal will do. Just say, “Mail Books.”

#### Sale of Maxwells To Date

Sold to Dec. 31, 1910..... 40,726  
Sold during Jan. 1911..... 547  
Maxwells in use today.... 41,273

#### Watch the Figures Grow

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Burying a Plague Victim in Manchuria

A Manchu House Between Dalny and Port Arthur



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## \$10,000 MORE FOR CHINA FAMINE RELIEF

Christian America's Sympathy Aroused in Behalf of the People  
Now Afflicted by the Double Scourge of Plague and Starvation

CHINA'S double battle with the pneumonia plague in her northern provinces, and with famine in the territory along the Grand Canal, is approaching a serious crisis. While famine is slaying its thousands in Anhui and Kiang-su, a deadly plague is rolling up an appalling list of victims in Manchuria and threatens to sweep the coast line territory to the south. Peking, the capital, has been almost deserted by foreigners and even the Chinese officials are making ready for flight through fear of the "Black Death."

In the city of Harbin, the epidemic has spread to such an extent that the authorities are burning the dead to lessen the danger of infection. In one day, 2,000 coffins, containing plague victims, were burned. An attempt was made to dig gigantic trenches; but this was found impracticable as the ground was hard frozen. In Mukden, out of 151 cases, ninety-two died within twenty-four hours. Such is the virulence of the disease that a very small proportion of the victims recover.

Dr. J. Chabaneix, of the Imperial Medical College of Tientsin, states that the plague is wholly of the pneumonic type and intensely virulent. "Plague bacilli are transmitted by actual contact, either by particles carried through the air, or by handling the patients. He added: "There have been no authenticated recoveries." Serum has been used, but the results are not satisfactory. The government is making strenuous efforts to prevent the spread of the plague, which is admitted to be one of the most deadly in the world's history, and one against which science is apparently unavailing.

Several American missionary physicians are now on the way to locali-

ties that lie in the path of the plague. The Chinese people themselves are accepting the situation with something like indifference; but the authorities are using every means to localize the plague. All in-

fectured houses are burned; suspects are isolated; rewards are paid for bringing in dead rats, and filthy sections are cleaned and fumigated.

Dr. A. P. Peek, an American physician in the Chinese service, says the bacilli enter the lungs in breathing. He thinks rats and serum are no factors in infection. Cold weather is favorable to the spread of the epidemic. Japanese doctors call it a "lung plague," pure and simple, and with a bacillus identical with that of the bubonic plague. They are pessimistic concerning the outlook. Superior hygiene, however, gives comparative immunity. There is an evident conflict of opinion among the doctors regarding the diagnosis of the disease; but all agree that it is acutely contagious. All European countries are taking protective measures, and our own government is leaving nothing undone to prevent the transmission of infection to this country.

News from the famine districts is not encouraging. Chairman Longden of the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang, on February 1, cabled to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Without help, millions must perish. Dead, starved, frozen, now seen daily. Snow increases suffering.

"LONGDEN."

The food purchased with our two remittances, sent some time ago, has been promptly distributed through both the Relief Committees, as both are co-operating in the field. There cannot be any diminution in the suffering for weeks to come. A third remittance of \$10,000 has been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through our State Department in Washington, and before this reaches the eyes of our readers, this large gift

Continued on page 154



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Burning Plague Victims in Manchuria



# THE American Pulpit

A SERMON BY  
Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton, D.D.\*

## The War of Good and Evil Forces

TEXT—Job 1:9

THE opening chapters of the book of Job furnish us with the lesson of the hour. It is almost needless to say that this is a very wonderful book—wonderful in its poetic passion; wonderful in its grasp upon and interpretation of the deep impulses, motives and powers of human nature; still more wonderful in its view of God and his government of men; and most wonderful of all in that large, reconciling conception of human life which makes it possible for those who understand to live in the midst of the contradictions and darkness of this world bravely, gladly, faithfully, facing the end without fear, and trusting always in God.

The appearance of the devil in heaven is in itself a notion—apart from any consideration as to its being a fact—of such audacity, such remarkable originality, such penetration of concept as to distinguish this drama from all other writings in the world. The devil is pictured as appearing at the council table of God. He seems to be well known in heaven, showing that he and his works constitute a recognized part of the moral machinery of the universe.

### The Force of Evil Suggestion

Nowadays we think we have dismissed the devil from our life conceptions. It has not made any improvement in the world that I can see. Men are just as sinful as they were before we got rid of the devil. They suffer just as much, and malign suggestions to evil come from somewhere to all men, just as they always have. I am not going to argue for the existence of the devil. I would much rather try to argue him out of existence if it were possible. I wish I could believe he did not exist; but there are so many things in life, so many disappointments in one's own nature, so many subtle, unexpected, intangible yet intelligible happenings that can hardly be explained, except by reference to a malign spirit, that I am old-fashioned enough to think there is somebody—call him by any name you please—interfering with, and spoiling the works of God and men.

I used to know a delightful crank—one among many—who had as his motto: "I suggest suggestion." He illustrated in his own person how deadly dangerous it is to be possessed with one idea. A man might as well be possessed with the devil as to be possessed with one idea, even though that idea be a good one; because this world is so complex, and ideas are so interlaced one with the other, that unless you can see more than one spot in the picture, you might as well be blind; unless you can hear more than one accent in the voice of God, you do not hear the voice of God at all; unless you have room in your nature for more than one truth, you have not any truth at all. This brother suggested suggestion as the explanation of all phenomena, mental, moral, physical, divine, human, eternal and temporal. I could not go that far with him; but I am convinced that there is present in the spiritual history of men and women to-day a suggesting agent, or a force of evil suggestion, that is not of men.

### Alienating the People from God

Take New York, or any other city, on the Lord's Day. Four and a half millions of people around us, representing the upward struggle of the human race through all the centuries—the very best that the German race could produce; the Italian race; the French race; the Jewish race; the various breeds of Gentiles, and above all, the Americans. We are the best there is anywhere, which is not saying much. Now, in this great city to-day, with its uncounted millions, there is a notion in the minds of great and small that material things are real things; that therefore they ought to command and hold the whole personality of the man, and that this psalm-singing and praying and congregating together on a certain day, named Sunday, is an entirely secondary thing. They have a notion of religion so absurd, so cramped, so local and narrow and individual and separate from any large sweep of thought and feeling, that one is amazed to see any man in this advanced civilization become so feeble and futile throughout the highest and most glorious part of his nature.

What produces this?

\* Pastor, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

I believe it is the product of the devil. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," says God. And the devil says: "Thou shalt not surely die." "The soul that sinneth it shall die," says God, as he stands at the threshold of the palace; and the young millionaire with his education, his exalted position and his vast resources, looks past God and hears a voice saying to him: "Thou shalt not surely die," and straightway goes out and becomes a fool. The poor man in the street, with his heart hungry for something, he knows not what, following his human instincts, would find his way to the foot of Christ, but somebody tells him that in politics he is a republican, in economics a socialist, and in religion an atheist. Straightway he thinks he hears a real voice saying to him: "There is no God." Thus do multitudes become godless. That lying suggestion slips into our homes and we cease to teach our children the Word of God. No longer do we teach them the eternal difference between right and wrong, and the holy Commandments of the Holy God. No longer do we pray and strive that our children shall become followers of Jesus. We imitate the godless multitude and seek to make our children like the world in dress, in habits of speech, in conceptions and ideals and methods and deeds.

Where does all this come from? Who has led American Christians to believe it more important that they and their children should understand the ways of polite society, than that they should be right with God? These are the facts. I believe that they come from beneath. The same suggestion that Satan put into the minds of our first parents he is to-day breathing into the willing hearts of men everywhere. That is why men drift away from the church. The devil suggests to them that they had better stay home from prayer meeting and go to the theatre, and they do it; that they had better taste at least one draught from the cup of this world, and they do it. Once they have given themselves over to that suggestion they become with incredible and appalling swiftness alienated from God.

### The Cynicism of Satan

Now, when the devil tried this on God, it was different from trying it on man. True to his own nature, the cynicism of Satan is one of the most marvelous spectacles in the universe. He seems to be absolutely without faith in God, as he is without faith in man. When he appeared in the councils of heaven, and God asked him what he had been doing, he replied that he had just been attending to business, running up and down. God asked him if he had not noticed Job, and Satan said: "Yes, I have seen Job. But cut down his dividends, and see how good a believer Job will be. Does Job serve God for naught?" If the devil's suggestion at that point is universally true, your life and mine becomes the blindest absurdity and disappointment that even the devil could conceive. The moment you admit that there is nothing in this world of disinterested goodness, you make this world the creation of some devil. It belongs to him, and is going to him as fast as possible. After the devil had his way with Job's property, and had been proven a liar, he said: "All that a man hath will he give for his life. Put his life in my hands, and I'll show you."

Young men and women, you are just beginning your career. Some of us who are older and have learned in the bitter school of experience, do not, perhaps, need this teaching; but it may save you much if you accept this thought: When the devil tells you that no man will serve God except for the gain that is in it for him, believe that he is telling a lie of infinite depth and blackness. If you want evidence other than the word of God itself, look about you. Does no one do anything except for what he can get out of it? To-night at midnight in this city the telephone of a physician will ring. A little child is sick down there in the alley, in some little slum lodging place, and this great physician, who has a prominent position, and receives large pay when he goes to wait upon those who have the means to pay him, will get up from his bed and go out into the deserted streets; he will climb those filthy, reeking, creaking stairs and sit beside that babe till morning, and half of to-morrow, if it be necessary, ministering to that poor little child with his large skill and

fidelity, as if he were to receive a thousand dollars at the end of his call. There are scores of physicians in this city and thousands in the civilized world doing just this every day. Following the physician into the home, is the nurse. There are men who are in the medical profession simply and solely for the money; but they are not the best physicians. There are nurses that are hirelings; but no physician will have them twice. There may be preachers who are in the ministry for money; but the true minister of Jesus gives daily that which no money can measure or buy.

### What Sincere, Loving Service Means

Your mother, who sat by you week in and week out, when you had that desperate illness as a child, did she do it for what there was in it for her? Your wife, who swore solemnly at the altar to take you for better or worse, when your fortune left you, and you went down into poverty, and she went with you, did she do it for what there was in it for her? Did she not do it for you, and to keep her plighted troth? You, when you swore to your own hurt, as men do sometimes, was it for what there was in it for you? When, because you believed in the right, you refused to become a party to a crooked transaction that would have brought money into your coffers, did you do that because of what there was in it for you? I refuse to believe the devil's cynicism, that the love of money is one controlling and prevailing motive in all activities of men. It is prominent and powerful; and selfishness, enlightened and unenlightened, is one of the most profound motives of human nature; but I refuse to believe that the devil told the truth when he suggested that Job—and all the rest of the world, therefore—was serving God for gain.

Nor will men give everything they have in the world for their lives. I have a friend, a very great surgeon, one of the greatest. A telegram came to him that a poor old woman up in the country was stricken with a terrible case of blood poisoning. He took the train and went up to that cottage. He performed a major operation without any appliances such as he would have liked to have around him, and without assistance. In that operation he became himself infected with the poison from the wound; came back to the city and lay there at the point of death. Do you mean to tell me that that man took that risk for what there was in it for him? He was infected because of a certain wound upon his hand that he could not adequately protect by any appliance he then had, yet he performed that operation and faced death in so doing!

### Life Is an Eternity—Not a Day

His neighbor, another physician, had a serious affection of the heart. His brother physicians were called in, and as he lay dying, he dictated to a stenographer his symptoms, so that other men would in the future know how to deal with that peculiar malady. According to the devil, that man ought to have been pleading with those doctors to save his life. But he was thinking of other lives. Think of the soldiers who have proved the devil to be a liar when he said: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The unmarked graves of countless battlefields prove that there are many things for which a man will give his life. Some of us have children. Is there a mother or father here who, if it were necessary, would not die for their children? Life is precious, but manhood and womanhood and honor and self-respect and freedom and love are infinitely more precious. The devil lied! He *always* does, and always *will*, and the pity of it is that we believe his lies so often.

Now, I must call your attention to two great teachings of this passage. The first is that in the case of Job we have illustrated the idea that goodness is supposed to be followed by happiness, and badness by unhappiness. In Job's case goodness was followed by unhappiness.

Our answer is this: Taken now, in any given day, it seems true that good men are often unhappy, and bad men often very happy. But life is not one day. Life is an eternity; and taken in the large, as it is done in the first Psalm, it is true that goodness eventuates in rejoicing and badness in sorrow.

Continued on next page



## he War of Good and Evil Forces

Continued from preceding page

Another teaching is that unbought love is the test of all moral issues. God loves us, not for what we can do for him, or give him; he loves us because he himself is love. It is unbought. He loves the sinner. I believe that at one time, he loved the Devil, and was exceedingly sorry to see him fall from his high estate in the councils of eternity. God loves you and me, though we may have never given him thought in our life. He loves us when we are good; he loves us when we are bad; he loves us when we succeed and when we fail, not because of these accidents in our experience, but because he is our Father; because God loves, and he is true to his own nature. Now, we love God for exactly the same reason. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself" is the command. A man, apparently, can be commanded into loving; yet that is the very essence and test of moral existence. Life is not ideas or opinions. It is love! You might as well thrust farthing candle against the noonday sun, as to put your little argumentations against eternal truth for their diminution.

There is only one thing that makes any difference between you and other men. That is, do we love? I do not care those who love us, for even the devils do that. But do we love as God loves—with an unbought love? Do we love men who fail and are weak, not because they fail and are weak, but because we are like God? We love, because he loved us. Do we love? That is the question.

O love, that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee.

His unbought love is the test of all moral nature. The devil cannot understand this, because he is a cynic, and believes that nothing is done except for self.

And now, as you go out to your work and to your home, do not forget that there is another universe all around you which is affecting your life. "No man cares for his soul!" is the cry of thousands in these terrible cities. But it is not true. Back of the screen the great forces of the spiritual universe are concentrating upon each soul. The issues of your life are decided on the other side, not on this. Trust your life to God. If the day is dark and you are sinking down into weakness—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Trust him, and believe that he loves you; that he is caring for you; that his forces and resources are at your command. Thus will you be able to live in this world, and you will be sure to live in the world which is to come.

Our Father, help us to believe in the unbought love. Help us to believe that it is possible for men to be selfish in the glorified, renewed Spirit Christ. Help us to believe in goodness, and not be cynics and sour critics of men and of the world and of God. Help us to flee from the devil and all his works, because he is the father of sin, and the life that is built upon a lie will crumble into ruin. Help us to run to thee, and plunge our spirits to the vast ocean of thy unbought love, and then come back to our life and to our task, and be known as the children of the King, because we can be. Amen.

[See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT"  
in Adjoining Column]

### A Valuable Bible

The Bible has come in good condition, and I think it well worth ten dollars! I am delighted that it and shall enjoy using it. I shall be glad to let others know of your premiums, and so that I may be able to influence some one to take advantage of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's offers. Miss S. K. G. Bergen, N. Y.



## The Children's Pulpit STEEL-BOUND SPECTACLES

By Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.\*

ARE you thankful that your nose is just where it is? Never thought of that? Just try to imagine it some other place on your face. We should be thankful that our nose is in the right place. It holds our spectacles and is therefore a friend of our eyes. Gold, silver, nickel, iron, steel; which metal binds your eyewindows together and holds them across your nose? Yours are steel? Just the same as mine. We must be careful when standing close to a powerful magnet. Why? The magnet might draw our steel-rimmed spectacles off our nose.

There are many magnets and we pass close to some of them every day. "When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'

"'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll catch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master.

"'Indeed,' he said; 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' said the teacher. 'Probably those steel spectacles you wear are to blame. Mischief is a magnet, and it may have drawn your eyes and nose into what was not your own business.' When I went home I asked father to get me gold-rimmed spectacles. When I told father why I wanted gold instead of iron he laughed a great long laugh. Said he had the same trouble when he was a boy. One day he saw two boys stealing a sled and something just drew him over to see the sled. The bad boys broke his glasses, hurt his nose and stole his hat."

LET us put on our thinking caps. Might there be something they call sin in our hearts, something like bits of steel? If so, then there may be magnets of temptation that draw these sins and with them draw us into bad company. Something like steel-rimmed spectacles on our soul.

My uncle works in a mill, and one day a piece of steel was thrown from a wheel and sank deep into his eye. The doctor had a magnet and with it drew the piece of steel out of his eye. He told uncle that his magnet would lift four hundred pounds. It would surely draw a steel splinter out of any part of the body. I wonder if there is any magnet strong enough to draw sin out of the heart.

MOTHER heard me laughing about steel-rimmed spectacles on my heart, and she said there is a magnet called the Cross, that can draw them off. Our text says: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." When Christ died for us he was lifted up on the cross. That may be what mother meant when she said the Cross was a magnet.

When we go home we will ask father or mother who the great Magnet is who can draw us from any part of the world to him. If he can draw us to him, then he will surely be able to draw steal, and all kinds of sin, out of our hearts.

Now two minutes for a story:

It is about a mariner's compass. In it is a magnetic needle pointing to the north. If there is a steel wire or nail near it the needle will not point right. Once a sailor drove a nail near the ship's compass and the nail caused the needle to turn from the north. The captain thought the needle was pointing right, but it misled him, and his ship was wrecked on the rocks.

EVERY learned man decided to study the magnetic needle and try to make it always point to the north. For several weeks he sat and bent over the needle, but the closer he watched it the farther it would move from the north. He tried more than a dozen needles and decided they were all wrong. The needles were right, his brain was right, his nose was all right, and his figures were correct. What was wrong? On his nose he wore steel-bound spectacles.

Now listen to the best kind of a secret, a secret you can tell. Sin is a magnet and draws us away from God. Love is a better magnet and draws us to God. The Cross represents love, and so long as we keep close to the Cross sin cannot draw us away.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: John 12: 32.

## The Stolen Princess

IN a recent letter from China, Miss Alice Whittier, a missionary, relates this touching incident: Ning Yuen Fu, where her letter is dated, is in West China, near the Tibetan border. The Lolos are one of the wild native tribes who have been displaced by the Chinese in part. Miss Whittier writes:

"Two days ago, a beautiful young Lolo woman came with her servant to these white missionaries to beg help against a high official of Ning Yuen Fu. She is the widowed queen of a Lolo chieftain. This Chinese ruler, she alleged, had stolen, since her husband's death, large quantities of stuff from her, and he holds her little seven-year-old girl as a slave! 'But we are only Lolos,' she added, 'and without redress.' I don't know when anything has appealed to me so. (The United States Government at once to set these things straight. But we are just three white people, hundreds of miles from help, and the 'Fu' (Chinese ruler) can cut the Lolos' heads off—the child's and woman's—if he wishes and little if anything would ever be done about it.

"We had not finished morning worship November 8, when a little black-haired tot of seven (she looks only five) with wide, scared eyes full of tears, but mouth tensely shut in pitiful control, was led to the front steps by an excited man. He was clad in the usual blue Chinese clothes, his head bound round in limitless lengths of cloth, and his face long, sensitive, and full of intelligence.

"The child dropped down on the stones and bumped her head to us collectively and severally; the man proceeded to follow her example, in spite of our protests. The school teachers came up and we were soon all a little excited, for the child was no other than the little Lolo princess. Not much of a princess did she look, to be sure, in loose and dirty blue trousers, and with her head uncared for; but something in her self-control and her bright eyes marked her as no coolie child.

"She had been sent out," so said the man, 'to buy paper on the street, and seeing me ran to me crying.'

"The inwardness of that meeting seems a bit uncertain, for the man, who is part Lolo, is in Mr. Rudd's class and sleeps behind the chapel. The child's old nurse appeared from somewhere and a happy meeting took place. By the advice of a conclave of friends, Mr. Rudd (an American Baptist missionary) sent a very polite message to the 'Fu' that his little 'hostage' was in our compound, but we had taken a liking to the child, and would take good care of her if he wished her to attend our girls' school. Our most diplomatic and well liked evangelist took the letter. We waited!

"Back came our messenger presently, and with him a tall and whiskered dignitary (next in rank to the 'Fu'); very polite he was; thanked Mr. Rudd, looked about the compound and even sat a while in the Bible class. Then he went away, a coolie carrying the little princess, Tien Tsong ('canopy of heaven') in his arms! The little thing kept back her tears till they went away with her; then they overflowed, as did her temper; she pounded that coolie with both little fists and wept!

"We could not restrain our tears after the dignitary was out of sight. Our hearts were sore and sad within us, especially the next day, when we heard that the poor little princess got a whipping after she was taken back.

"Sunday afternoon, as I was with a Chinese lady visitor, Mrs. Rudd came in, leading a little girl. I did not know her till her big black eyes rolled up toward me. It was the 'Fousah's' (chieftain's) little girl, back again—the Princess Tien Tsong! The 'Fu' had sent her back with payment for a month's tuition and board."



## This block contains three vintage photographs. The first photo on the left shows a group of men, with two in the foreground wearing hats and vests. The middle photo depicts a rural scene with a white building, trees, and animals. The third photo on the right shows a young boy in overalls and a hat standing next to a man in a dark suit and hat.

### Young Folks of the New Centre

Such is an artist's impressions of the locality now reckoned the heart of the American Republic. What more need be said? Nashville is a typical Indian country town, on a typical Indiana countryside, and forms an interesting commentary on the greatest industrial nation on earth. FELIX J. KOCH.

strongly than at any previous time, and deserve our sympathy and our material help. Our missionaries and their associates are rising to the life and the struggle in which they are now engaged. Let us hold up their hands and give them the necessary means to continue the fight until, in God's good providence, the worst is fairly over. China's death roll from the twin affliction will be a frightful one this year. If we, by any means in our power, can be instrumental in lessening it, even to the extent of saving a single life, now is the time to exert our selves. A gift, consecrated by prayer and sent quickly, will have God's blessing added to it, and will not fail to produce its effect.

[illegible]



# Appalling Dynamite Explosion

ONE of the most frightful accidents the Eastern seaboard has experienced in many years occurred at the noon hour on February 1 at the Communipaw terminal of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, directly across the Hudson River from the lower section of Manhattan. A carload of dynamite and gelatine, thirty-five tons in all, in transit from a railway car to a lighter waiting at the pier, suddenly exploded, scattering death and destruction for many miles around both on river and land. The air became black with smoke and debris of all kinds. Planks, masts, spars, brick and iron were hurled skyward, as if belched forth from the crater of a volcano. Here and there, clinging to pieces of the lying wreckage, were fragments of human bodies, which had been torn from the unfortunate victims caught within the radius of the explosion. The shock affected a district of over fifty miles in diameter, being distinctly felt in Long Island Sound. There was almost a panic in New York. The streets were thronged with employees of the big office buildings, and for a considerable time no one knew what had happened, or the location of the disaster. Fire alarms were turned in from several stations, and ambulances came clanging their bells, scattering pedestrians, and adding to the confusion. The doctors had enough to do rushing to the hospitals the victims cut by flying glass from the shaking skyscrapers and their tall buildings in the lower part of the city. Many thought that an earthquake had occurred and rushed into the streets.

The streets were strewn with glass, windows having been blown out by the thousands. Scarcely a building was left with all its windows intact for an area of more than fifty square blocks.

When finally it was discovered that an explosion on the Jersey side of the river had caused the terrible shock and destruction, ambulances from

nearly all the city hospitals were rushed across to render assistance. The result of the explosion is almost impossible to describe. The immediate surroundings looked as if some powerful seismic convulsion had ripped up the earth and twisted and contorted the work of human hands. The pier was no more. The planking was ground into fragments and the freight cars were masses of splintered wood and iron. The glass roof collapsed on the train shed of the Jersey Central terminal, showering passengers with broken fragments. One man was so severely cut that he died afterwards in the hospital. Inside the station damage was visible everywhere. The floors were littered with glass and the casings of the windows had been snapped from their frames. The hands of the big clock on the ferry house were torn off and the front wall of the building was

bulged out as though it had been made of cardboard.

The exact cause of the explosion will probably never be known, for no one who was in the immediate vicinity lives to tell the tale. Over thirty lives were snuffed out in this sudden disaster. Of those injured, maimed or disfigured the number will probably reach five hundred, and of these many will die of their wounds.

The dynamite had been shipped from the DuPont Powder Company, and was being transported to Hudson River points for the purpose of blasting on the Palisades.

On the far end of the pier a crew of repairers engaged by the railway company had been at work. When the noon hour struck about a score of men sat down on the pier to eat luncheon. Almost immediately came the awful detonation that blew them to fragments. Two lighters with their crews and those on the pier were wiped out, as if some miraculous hand had annihilated them. The schooners were dismantled and their crews badly shaken and injured. The windows of river craft within a radius of a mile from the explosion were shattered and the ferryboats became as floating hospitals, caring for those wounded by the glass. The side of one of the Jersey Central ferryboats was crushed like an eggshell.

There was wild excitement in the immigrant depot on Ellis Island. Every window was shattered. Six hundred aliens were in a state of abject terror. Frenzied scenes were enacted in some of the great business buildings. Stampedes were made for the elevators and the stairs. Every exit was jammed with surging crowds battling to get to the street. The great Singer Building rocked like a storm-tossed ship. In Jersey City the shock was so intense that it is impossible to estimate the damage. In fact it will require months to total up the material losses occasioned by the catastrophe.



The Wrecked Train After the Explosion of Twenty-five Tons of Dynamite

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC is again spreading over southern Italy. Many virulent cases are reported from the cities and towns. Palermo in Sicily is badly affected. Americans are being warned to keep away, and as expositions are to be held at Berlin and Rome this summer the promoters are beginning to

feel alarmed for their success. It is said that the Italian government is doing little to stamp out the malady.

—IT IS PROBABLE that at an early date there will be legislation authorizing the issuance of Panama Canal bonds. Some time ago a bill was introduced restraining the Secretary of the Treasury from accepting Panama Canal bonds issued up to a certain limit as a basis for national bank circulation. This bill also limited the amount of bonds which the Secretary could issue to \$100,000,000. The new bill will not restrict the amount of issue.

—A BILL HAS been introduced into the United States Senate, with the approval of the National Immigration Committee, which, if it becomes a law, will hedge around with drastic restrictions the admission of aliens into New York and other ports of the country. The steamship companies and ships' officers are responsible for bringing in many undesirable aliens. The new measure prescribes heavy penalties for landing such persons unlawfully.

—THE APPOINTMENT of the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General of Canada has been officially announced. The Duchess will accompany him to Government House, Rideau Hall, early in September. The Duke is the youngest brother of the late King Edward. It is believed his appointment is a stroke of royal statesmanship, designed to counteract the effects of the commercial approximation of the Dominion and the United States and to remedy some of the mischief wrought by fiscal perversity.

—SOME of the leading foreign physicians in China and Manchuria hold that the plague now raging there may have originated with the large rat-like prairie beaver, called the tarbagan, which is found in abundance in Western Mongolia and on the shores of Lake Baikal. It is said to be as sensitive to infection of the pulmonary type of plague as the common rat is to the bubonic type. The first plague victims are said to have been six trappers who after handling large numbers of tarbagan skins were seized with violent fits of coughing, and expectoration of blood, ending in death. Expectoration is the chief means of infection, and as the Chinese crowd together in small houses, the disease is quickly spread.

—WHAT IS KNOWN as the Hope diamond has again changed hands, and is now in possession of Mr. Edward McLean, Washington, who paid the fancy figure of \$300,000 for the bangle. There is a superstition regarding this stone as being very unlucky. It is said to have brought misfortune to all its owners. It is a sapphire-blue diamond 44½ carats in weight and has been known in its present condition since 1850. An unfortunate king of France was one of its first owners. It was once

in the possession of Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey. Henry Thomas Hope, an English banker, purchased it for \$90,000. It next came into possession of his grandson, Lord Francis Hope, who had an unfortunate entanglement with an actress.

### A Mammoth Clock

WITH the permission of the civic authorities, the committee of Philadelphia's live public men who have been organized to raise a million dollars for the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association, have had a great clock made and raised to a position on the City Hall, where every one passing can see it. It shows, hour by hour, the progress made in the collections, the hands advancing as the money is raised. At night, the record is registered by electric lights. This is the most novel of the various methods adopted by the committee in their whirlwind campaign.



The Great Y. M. C. A. Clock in Philadelphia

### Western Women Lawmakers

AT THE last election, the three women shown in the photograph were regularly chosen as members of the Colorado House of Representatives. They are: Mrs. Agnes L. Riddle (standing left), Mrs. Louise Kerwin (right), Mrs. Louise M. Ames (seated). All three are women of marked ability, with good grasp of public questions and a talent for public speaking.



Colorado's Women Legislators



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## Concerning Creeds

THERE is a great deal of discussion nowadays concerning creeds, and not a little of it is wide of the mark. One of these critics—the president of a leading theological seminary—apparently takes the ground that the proper course is to abolish creeds altogether, and to let them be remembered only as historic relics of the religions of a bygone age. Such a proposition does not merit serious consideration. However worthy it might be of an avowed agnostic, it is surely out of place as coming from one who presumably has made a study of the world's religious progress. From the earliest days of the Christian Church, there has been a "rule of faith," which, though it has undergone many changes and has been supplemented by many additions—that to some might seem like useless encumbrances—has nevertheless always kept the essentials steadily in view. These creeds, from the Apostolic and the Nicene down to the present, have been the outcome of successive generations of Christian experience. They grew by slow degrees and were submitted to the world as the reverent expression of the deepest religious conviction of the time, each in its way reflecting some newer light, some clearer revelation. To rail at these creeds, which were the product of the ablest consecrated Christian scholarship, is as illogical and futile as the proposition to abolish them. In the Christian army there are many regiments, each with its own flag, its own traditions, its own experiences; yet all yielding loyal service to the one great Captain. Each has its own form of expression of the common faith, its creed, to distinguish it from the world of unbelief, stated in terms suited to the comprehension and agreeable to the religious experience of each particular branch of the service. Yet, however the creeds may vary in details—and they do vary—all strike the true note of loyalty to the Supreme Commander. There is in the human mind the same infinite variety that is found in nature elsewhere. As well expect to attune all the birds to a single strain, or to make all the flowers to exhale the same delicate odors, or blossom alike in uniform color, as to compel the minds of men to a single form of expression for their faith and experience. "A hundred roads," says a Japanese proverb, "wind up the sides of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, but they all meet at the top." So with the creeds; modified by varied experience as well as by tradition, they may seem to present a scene of hopeless diversity, even while they are all true and sound on the bases of the Christian religion. Nor should it be forgotten that without a creed there can be no effective church organization, no rule of action and therefore no progress in religious work, and no definite results accomplished in the Christian ministry. A creedless church would be like a ship without compass or rudder, at the mercy of every wind and without special destination.

## Dynamite Dangers

NEW YORK and vicinity, for a radius of fifty miles around a common centre, felt the force of an earthquake shock when upwards of twenty-five tons of dynamite exploded on a pier at Communipaw on February 1. Fortunately, a still greater quantity of the explosive remained intact, otherwise a fearful disaster might have resulted. As it was, more than thirty lives were sacrificed, while hundreds of persons were injured by flying debris and broken glass. In lower Manhattan \$250,000 worth of plate glass was shattered, and it is believed that the damage to property represents fully \$1,000,000, the chief losses being sustained within an area of from eight or ten miles around the immediate scene of the explosion.

That quantities of dynamite sufficiently large to wreck a good-sized city should be permitted to be handled in dangerous proximity to a populous community is something that needs to be explained. No community could feel safe, knowing that many tons of dynamite were in transit at a distance which left little margin for safety in the event of accident. The protection of human life and property demands more rigid safeguards. One shudders to think what might have been the result had any of the New

York steel sky-scrapers been within the radius of potential action. More rigid laws should be passed, limiting the quantities of dynamite or other explosives stored near centres of population. Meanwhile, it is evident that somebody was guilty of a criminal blunder; and when responsibility for the disaster has been properly fixed, it is hoped that the guilty individuals will receive their deserts. Any railroad or other corporation handling combustibles without a permit should be dealt with severely. While nothing can adequately atone for the lives ruthlessly sacrificed, it will be a satisfaction for the public to know that the criminally negligent cannot wholly escape the consequences of their carelessness.

## Punishing Peonage

IT IS evident that the South is determined to rid itself of peonage, which has been a blight upon the fair fame of several States for a number of years. Five wealthy lumbermen were sentenced recently to serve terms in a United States penitentiary of from thirteen to eighteen months, and to pay fines ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000. These men are rich and influential, and had there been any loophole of law through which they could have escaped, they would doubtless have done so; but the evidence produced in the United States Court at Pensacola, Fla., was convincing. Twice the cases were appealed to the President, in the hope of clemency; but he refused to interfere. We have heard a great deal concerning peonage in certain States and no doubt some of the published statements were exaggerated. Nor should these cases be taken as in any sense showing that the best element in the South—and we believe it is the largest element—has any sympathy with the practices of the men who are guilty of this grave offense against human liberty. It is to be hoped that wherever peonage exists, the offenders will be hunted out and convicted by the States themselves. It is an offense not to be tolerated in any part of this free Republic.

## In the "High Places"

MORMONISM is indeed "sitting in the high places" these days. Things have changed since the time, not so many years ago, when a Mormon polygamist walked out of the House of Representatives and down the steps of the Capitol in Washington to come back no more. A reader of this journal sends us a protest from the members of the Admiral Trenchard Section, No. 73, Navy League of the United States, against the use of a likeness of Brigham Young on the silver service presented by the people of Utah to the battleship *Utah*, as "an offense against patriotism and good taste." We agree with him that it is "at best a poor compliment to the citizens of Utah and an insult to the navy," that the features of the arch-polygamist and inciter of rebellion should disgrace any part of the equipment of an American warship. We are tolerant in most things, but this offense is rank and unthinkable. We wonder how the plain, old-fashioned, patriotic and decency-loving American people would have voted on such a proposition!

## Prison Versus Free Labor

SOME remarkable facts have come to light in connection with the present condition of convict contracts in our State prisons. Of course, convicts must be employed; but the question at issue is whether they cannot be employed to better advantage than under the present destructive system of prison competition with free labor. It was shown that in New Jersey, the prison product of handkerchiefs alone was 20,000,000 a year, convict labor in the production of which brought to the State 1½ cents per dozen, as against four to six cents per dozen paid by manufacturers who employ only free labor. Mail-bags, too, are made in State prisons by convict labor, at a much lower figure than they can be produced by free labor. Sixty-five to seventy per cent. of the entire output of workmen's shirts are made in the prisons. In Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Illinois, Nebraska, South Dakota and Michigan, the

average price paid in prisons is only from ten to fifteen per cent. of what is paid for free labor. The red granite monument business in certain States is monopolized by convict labor companies. Convict-made goods worth \$35,000,000 are produced annually, including shirts, \$1,780,000; boots and shoes, \$8,500,000; chairs, \$2,300,000; clothing, \$2,600,000. The prices paid under contract range from 27 cents to 59 cents as against \$1 for the free labor product.

The whole system of convict contract, as now conducted, is radically wrong, and constitutes a menace to the industries in which free men and women are engaged. While the convicts must work, they should be confined to branches of industry that do not enter into competition with free labor. Many American States have large farms for their convicts. In several European countries, out-door labor, chiefly agricultural, is the rule in the prisons, and it is so selected and regulated that it goes far towards supporting the prison, without interfering with free labor. Some years ago, prison contracts were abolished by legislation in a number of States, but they have again come into use. At the present time there is hardly a branch of free manual labor which is not brought into direct competition with the prison product, to the detriment of the honest worker.

Will You HELP to Endow "The Children's Paradise" as a Memorial to the late Dr. Louis Klopsch? If you will, then send a postal to

The Klopsch Memorial Committee,  
92 Bible House, New York

## General Notes

—THERE is a possibility, Washington observers say, that the Senate Finance Committee may treat the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty as an integral part of the tariff and pigeon-hole it, thus delaying it indefinitely.

—AN UNWRITTEN chapter in the early history of American interests in Korea is related by a well known missionary in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One of the strangest features of the case is that the real facts should have remained undisclosed for half a century.

—ON JANUARY 30, there arrived at the Imperial Bank of Canada, Ottawa, the first gold bullion shipment from Porcupine, Yukon Territory. It was a bar of gold two feet long, five inches wide and three inches thick, which weighed seventy-six pounds. It came from the Timmons McMartin claim.

—ALREADY PREPARATIONS are going on apace in London for the coronation of King George in June. Hotel and room accommodation is being engaged, and it is expected thousands will be unable to gain apartments of any kind. America is the leader in the rush for rooms and Germany follows a close second. The lace for the Queen's coronation robe is being made at a little village in South Devon, and is of a very unique and pretty design. In fact everything required for the celebration is being made in England.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## A Destructive Volcano

ON the island of Taal in the Philippines, thirty-four miles from Manila, is situated Mount Taal, whose volcanic action the last of January wrought great destruction. The mountain rises out of Lake Taal, a body of water not more than fifteen miles in circumference. The crater of the volcano, which sends out smoke at all times, became active and angry, belching forth fire, mud and melted lava. A series of earthquakes began, appalling electrical storms swept the country round about and the island itself sank to a depth of five feet or more. Then followed a fearful tidal wave which destroyed five small villages and killed nearly seven hundred people. Towns within a radius of twenty miles of the volcano suffered damage from the showers of ashes and heated stones. The natives abandoned the village and made their escape to the hills. The observatory authorities believe that Manila is in no danger, though the seismographs had recorded 714 shocks up to February 1. Five thousand families have been ruined by the disaster. The sympathy of the civilized world goes out to the people of that afflicted district. God's will is seen in the severe as well as the mild, in his material realm and in human experience. In the earthquake shock and in the volcano's flood of fire there is manifested the authority of the same God who spoke to Moses and the children of Israel from a mountain whose top was on fire.

And ye came near and stood under the mountain; and the mountain burned with fire unto the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness. (Deut. 4:11.)

## Hauled Down Red Flag

Following the execution in Tokyo of twelve Japanese, including a woman, for plotting against the Mikado, a band of Anarchists met at Webster Hall, in East Eleventh Street, New York City, and planned a Sunday morning demonstration in the form of a parade with red flags down Broadway. Policemen Reilly without any other help halted the procession, pulled down the red flags and arrested three or four of the ringleaders and marched them to the Leonard Street Police Station. During the excitement the crowd jammed Reilly against a closed door, and he turning himself around quickly called to a street urchin near him and said: "Sonny, take the whistle out of my pocket and blow it as you never blew before." The boy did as he was told, enjoying the fun immensely. The sound of the whistle brought policemen from every direction, who themselves blew their whistles, and a large reserve force was gathered, which at once dispersed the mob of 200 men and women who formed the procession. The lawlessness in most parts of the country exists, but it is appalling in some of the great cities; it runs riot in New York. The worst crimes are open, notorious and brazen. Anarchism is brutally insolent. Too much liberty to the lawless is despotism to the law-abiding. The Federal and State Governments will have to deal with a stronger hand with the Black Hand and the Red Hand, both stretched out from the pit to terrorize and destroy. Earthly statutes are only valuable in so far as they express the divine law. There are blessings to the communities that are law-abiding and righteous. There are curses for those who will not be obedient to the rules of truth and love.

Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God. (Deut. 11:26-28.)

## The Waif Becomes Governor

When Judge Alvin Hawkins was elected Governor of Tennessee thirty years ago, no one would have thought that a little ragged waif who sold papers on the street corners of Knoxville would be the next Republican Governor of the State. It so happened, and that little waif was a boy who went by the name

of "Ben." Neither he nor the people knew who his father or mother might be. The little chap, seven years old, strayed most likely afoot from Newport, Tenn., to Knoxville, a distance of some fifty miles. He earned food and scanty clothing and slept anywhere he could out of the way of the wheels that might crush him. Some one was struck with the bright-eyed little urchin and had him put in an orphanage, where he was cared for for some time. Dr. L. W. Hooper, of Newport, took him to his home, where he gave him tender nursing and a splendid education. The boy took good advantage of all his opportunities, was industrious and ambitious, practised law, was a member of the State legislature, amassed a fortune of \$150,000 by dealing in real estate, was active in Young Men's Christian Association, Sunday School, and church work, connected with the Baptist denomination, helped to found an orphanage in Newport for little waifs like himself, has a beautiful home life with wife and children, occupying a lovely mansion in his home city, and is as highly respected as any man in the State. He is so wise in his statesmanship, and especially so pronounced in his moral and religious convictions, that he was nominated by the Republicans and Re-

stock of metal which she carried about, a portion of a period of seven years, she was able to eat and digest a considerable quantity of ordinary food up to within two weeks of her death. This poor creature was insane and did not know any better and was in no degree responsible for her folly. There are people, however, in our time who overload the stomach with gluttony and consume it with the fires of stimulation and all excess, and make the journey to the grave in less time than the seven years required by the poor insane girl to bring herself to the end. With such persons in early Jewish history time was not allowed to take its usual course in hastening them to the grave, but they were summarily removed.

This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die. (Deut. 21:20, 21.)

## Mustard for Hens

With eggs at four and five cents apiece in the markets of the great cities, anything that will increase the laying capacity of hens is not likely to be overlooked. It is said that mustard will induce

hens to lay. The experiment was tried by Mr. Ralph R. Allen, vice-president of the Poultry Club, and editor of *Monthly Hints on Poultry*. He gives an account of the experiment in a pamphlet. A trial was made on a mountain farm in Wales, exposed to every wind, and was carried on for a year. Buff Orpington pullets were experimented on, birds that had never laid and were as near alike as possible. The food was given plain to six birds in one pen and with the addition of one teaspoonful of mustard to six in another pen. At the end of six months the birds fed with ordinary food had laid 269 eggs, whereas the birds fed with the mustard added had laid 532 eggs. At the end of the year the hens fed on the ordinary food had laid 914 eggs and those which had had the mustard laid 1,023 eggs. Subtracting the price of the mustard, the extra profit per bird was considerable. Further experimentation proved that the mustard-fed hens' eggs hatched as good and even better chickens than the others, and a post-mortem examination proved that the mustard had not in any way injured the flesh of the fowl. This is a simple and inexpensive experiment which our American farmers, if they have not already attempted it, are likely to try. God has given man dominion over all the lower creatures and the forces of nature, and his intelligence has much to do with educating and fructifying them. The hens and the eggs they lay are furnished as food for man, according to God's promise to our first parents. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you. (Gen. 9:3.)

## Dog Dies of Grief

Henry G. Hasbrouck, a general of the Union Army in the Civil War, died at Newburgh, N. Y., recently. His pet dog "Bobs," a Boston terrier, pined in loneliness for his master and died of a broken heart the other day. The general raised Bobs from the time he was a pup, and for nine years the two were almost inseparable—always together, indoors and in the fields and woods. Knowing that something strange had happened that his master did not speak to him nor walk or play with him, he refused food entirely on the day of the general's death, and in a few weeks wasted away and died from the starvation which his grief produced. This beautiful picture of Bobs' devotion to his master suggests the depth of affection and constancy toward our fellow-men and our Saviour which God's love and law require. This constancy of love Joshua enjoined in his blessing upon the two and a half tribes as he blessed and sent them home.

But take diligent heed . . . to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul. (Josh. 22:5.)



Mount Taal, the Volcano whose Recent Eruption Killed 700 Persons

It rises in a lake and is constantly more or less active and a source of danger

formed Democrats to lead in the fight against the forces of public evil in the last campaign and was gloriously elected on a platform of State-wide prohibition and the rigid enforcement of the State-wide law which is now on the statute books. There are few men in America who deserve more credit than this man, and his success is a tribute to the glorious opportunities of our free country and an illustration also of the triumphs of Christian principle. The religious element was the determining factor in the development of Governor Hooper's character and in the success of his career.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man. (Gen. 39:2.)

## Human Hardware Depository

A mulatto woman called Sally L. died at the Missouri State Insane Hospital at St. Joseph the other day. There was a mystery about the malady that carried her away which was revealed by a post-mortem examination. Her stomach contained 453 nails. Five of them twenty-penny, 21 sixteen-penny, 24 ten-penny, 80 eight-penny, 113 five-penny, and 210 three-penny. Amongst the nails also were 42 screws and 9 iron bolts. Besides there were 5 teaspoon handles, 1 nail file, 5 thimbles, 63 buttons, 105 safety pins, 115 hair-pins, 52 carpet tacks, 136 common pins, 16 large white-headed pins, 31 needles, 7 broken coat-rack hooks, 70 large beads, 1 string of beads four feet long, 19 hooks and eyes, 85 small stones and pieces of glass, and a few other odds and ends. They found in her stomach all told 1,446 separate articles of hardware. In spite of this



# ARTS OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

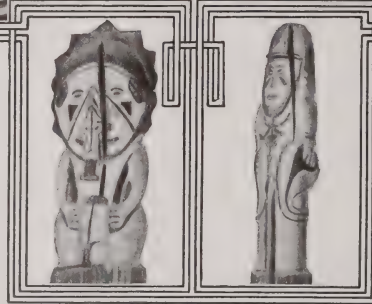
THE directors of the American Museum of Natural History at New York formally opened to the public on January 25 a series of new exhibits grouped in what will be known as the South Sea Island Hall. For twenty years the museum has been acquiring by purchase and at the hands of generous collectors the magnificent display which now becomes an historic possession of the people, held in trust and safety by the museum authorities. The hall, which is now open to all visitors, contains collections from some of the most picturesque and interesting races of mankind—those races that have puzzled the ethnologists and have made such deep impressions on such differing personalities from the time of Captain Cook to that of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Geographically, Oceania is divided into Australia, Polynesia, Melanesia and Micronesia. With a few modifications this geographical division seemed best suited for the purpose of displaying the exhibits and has been followed with a fair degree of consistency. The visitor upon entering the hall finds himself in the Polynesian section. Here the relics from Fiji, Samoa and Tonga are separated from those of the remainder of the area. Although the natives of Fiji are racially Melanesians, differing in their dark skin, frizzly hair and shorter stature from the tall, light-colored, and straight or curly-haired Polynesians, their implements and industries are so similar to those of the neighboring Samoans and Tongans that they cannot well be separated from them. Two important differences, however, are noteworthy. The Fijians use bows and arrows, a splendid collection of which has been gathered for the museum, and their women make pottery, an art found among other Melanesians, but as unknown amongst the Polynesians as the use of the bow and arrow. Specimens of South Sea pottery that come from the ante-Christian period to which nearly all of this display is devoted are extremely rare, and the museum has been very fortunate in securing a number of first-class examples.

Equally distinctive of both Polynesia and Fiji is the manufacture of cloth from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry. This bark cloth is called *tapa*. In preparing *tapa* the women separate the inner layer (*bast*) from the outer layer of the bark, steep it in water, and beat it with characteristic wooden mallets. The strips of pounded bark are spread out in the sun, and pasted together with arrowroot glue so as to cover any holes. The museum collection contains fine series of decorated *tapa* from Fiji and Samoa, and a special exhibit has been prepared to illustrate the various stages in the process of manufacture.

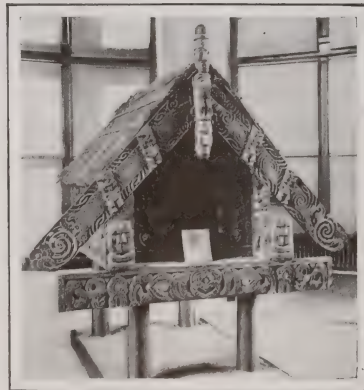
As the Polynesians were entirely ignorant of metal work, their implements were of stone and the place of nails was taken by *sinnit*, a cordage prepared from the fibres of coconut husks. A series of stone adze blades, together with the wooden handles and the *sinnit* by means of which the two were united, is arranged to show the details of the process. The principal weapons of the Fijians were clubs and spears, of which a large collection is shown, many of them being fine examples of the inlay work for which these tribes are justly famous. Into the hard and highly polished wood of the implements are set bone and shell decorations that work out intricate patterns and withstand even the roughest usage to which the weapons were subjected.

In the section devoted to specimens from the rest of Polynesia and from Melanesia are shown the great war drums and carved clubs of the cannibal-



The Entrance to the New Zealand Exhibit, Showing Maori Warrior—Two Specimens of Carving

istic Marquesans, and a beautiful collection of the celebrated ceremonial paddles and adzes from the Cook Islands. This entire section is dominated by a gorgeous Hawaiian feather cape. The wonderful fabric of this cape is made by attaching tiny feathers to a basic fibre texture. The largest specimen shown is of brilliant yellow and red and is valued at \$10,000. Only a few others are still in existence, most of them in Europe. Most impressive of all the Micronesian exhibits, however, are the specimens



The Maori Carved Storehouse

from the Gilbert Islands. The warlike natives of these islands used extremely dangerous spears and daggers set with sharks' teeth. Together with a representative series of these there are shown specimens of the protective armor worn by the Gilbert Islanders, consisting of coconut fibre cuirasses, jackets and trousers.

While masks and religious carvings are not prominent among Polynesians, they abound in Melanesia. Several samples are shown in the New Guinea section, but a truly imposing array from New Britain and New Ireland is exhibited in the southern division of the Melanesian section. Here may be

seen elaborate masks and carvings designed to commemorate dead ancestors; masks fashioned from the anterior portion of human skulls; and openwork totem poles and boards embodying the religious notions of the aborigines.

The Bushman of Australia is represented by a collection of the weapons and implements that he formerly used. The primitive stone tools, some of them mounted and hafted by means of gum, are especially instructive. Weapons are represented by clubs, spears, spear throwers, boomerangs and shields.

The entrance to the New Zealand exhibit is guarded by the life-size figure of a tattooed Maori (New Zealand) warrior perched in an attitude of defiance on a boulder of nephrite. Tattooing, prominent in many parts of the South Sea, is best exhibited in the museum's collections from New Zealand. While the tattooing of the body is illustrated by the cast at the entrance, the facial decoration is best shown in the wonderful series of tattooed heads—probably the best collection in the world. Such heads were generally secured from enemies, more rarely from the corpses of friends, and after the removal of the soft parts were preserved by an elaborate process of mummification. The implements used in tattooing are exhibited in the same case. A model of a Maori storage house is shown, the decoration of which is highly characteristic, but even finer work is seen in the specimens of native canoe prows, which indicate a very high degree of artistic sense on the part of their carvers, who must rank among the most remarkable of all primitive races.

The collection and preservation of all these relics are of absorbing interest and true educational value. The tribes from which they come are not only decreasing in numbers, but have, to a great extent, abandoned the barbarous customs for which these things stand. In Hawaii there are many prosperous and progressive churches and the educational standard is high. The Fiji Islands, where once demon worship and cannibalism were prevalent, now support over one thousand churches, nearly all of which are identified with the Wesleyan Methodist body of Australia. The London Missionary Society began missionary work in 1830, and since then Germans, French and Americans have aided in the regeneration of these wonderfully beautiful islands. Though once so intensely savage in many ways, the South Sea Islanders have always had many characteristics as delightful as their soft, musical language. To-day, after a generation of civilization and Christianity, they are a warm-hearted, hospitable, amiable people. Even twenty years ago the late John LaFarge wrote from a South Sea island mountain village: "This is Sunday; the native preacher gives a sermon, and speaks of the better times and how much more comfortable it was not to be liable to be eaten if one did not eat others."

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—JAMES M. BERWICK, the "Railroad Conductor Economist," has just concluded a series of successful meetings in the First Baptist church, Appleton, Wis. Many conversions are reported.

—MISSIONARY W. C. WILSON of Natal acknowledges the receipt of \$10 from a reader of this paper in Brooklyn and also a similar sum from Captain L. C. to aid in his African work.

—THE FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN Church of Philadelphia, founded in 1799, has paid off on its property, during the past ten years, \$60,000. Mr. George Cleeland has been superintendent of

the school thirty-one years. The church is now clear of debt.

—MISSIONARIES writing from China express no alarm on account of the plague. Dr. J. H. Snooke, in charge of the medical mission at Sio-Khe, North China, writes that there have been hundreds of fatal cases in that village. Of sixty persons whom he inoculated with serum, one-half recovered.

—AN EXPERIENCED missionary, speaking and reading seven languages, English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Hun-

garian, is desirous of a settlement in New York City or elsewhere. No objection to work in Latin America. Address, "Missionary," CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, New York.

—WILLIAM STANLEY SHAW of the London Chamber of Commerce is at the head of a movement for forming a Zion League to settle Jews in Palestine, Syria and the Euphrates Valley and to encourage manufacture and general trading. It is also proposed to have the independence of the Jewish State guaranteed by various powers.

JANESVILLE, Wis., January 16, 1911.  
DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Dr. Klopach was doing a grand work at Mont-Lawn, the Children's Paradise, and I too think the endowment of Mont-Lawn would be the most acceptable monument to his memory. He was ever planning for the alleviation of the suffering, everywhere showing his belief in the brotherhood of all mankind, as our Lord taught it whilst he dwelt here in the flesh.

I remain sincerely one of the HERALD Family.  
MRS. MARY TOTTEN.



# A STRANGE ADVENTURE IN KOREA



A Church Built by a Redeemed Village Where Demons Once Were Worshipped

The Old Korean Who Rescued the Chief of Police

The Sedan Chair which Conveyed the Old Korean to the Scene of the Encounter

WHILE seated one day last summer in the rotunda of the Manhattan Hotel in New York, a tall, handsome, military looking gentleman seated himself beside me and started a conversation. To my amazement I learned that he was one of the staff officers of the American expedition to Korea in 1872, which was commanded by Admiral Rodgers of Civil War fame.

We were soon deep in conversation about the expedition; and the first-hand information that he gladly gave me was of the most absorbing interest to me, as I, some ten years ago, expended both money and time in an effort to learn the real facts about the loss of the American schooner *General Sherman* and the massacre of her crew on the Tatong River, Korea, in 1866. It was to ascertain, if possible, the details of this *Sherman* affair that Admiral Rodgers had been sent to the Far East. When the little fleet was about to enter the Han River the officers gathered in the Admiral's cabin to consult the meagre charts of those waters that were their only guide. A picture taken at that time has been placed at my disposal by the courtesy of my naval friend, so that I am able to reproduce it here.

Only a few minutes after this picture was taken the Admiral's flagship was fired upon by the Korean fort, and in retaliation Admiral Rodgers landed a party of marines. The party had scarcely reached shore when a rifle bullet wounded one of the most popular officers of the expedition. This so enraged the men that they waited for no further orders, but took the fort by storm. The Koreans fought well, but were no match for the angered American marines. Upon taking possession of the fort they discovered a breech-loading cannon made of wood. It is the opinion of the officer to whom I am indebted for this part of my story that the Koreans were the first to construct breech-loading artillery. With such a hostile opening it was naturally very difficult to get reliable information about the *Sherman* affair. Indeed, such is the bent of the Asiatic mind that it would have been difficult to learn the truth even under the most favorable circumstances. There were no American survivors to tell the story of the *Sherman's* fate. The only witnesses were the Koreans who did the deed. Why should they tell the truth, much less tell it straight, to their enemies who knew nothing? Such would be the attitude of the Korean mind.

About the time of the American Civil War, a young Englishman by the name of Thomas went to China to work with the Bible Society. Shortly afterwards he crossed the Yellow Sea in a junk to Korea, and learned the language. He then returned to China and attached himself to the Marine Customs, as this was the only way he could get money to return to Korea. The ablest commissioner the China Customs have ever had knew Mr. Thomas,

By MALCOLM C. FENWICK

and also knew what was to be learned in China of the expedition of the *Sherman*. He has told me that the men of the *Sherman* were a bad lot and certainly went to Korea for no good purpose.



Tomb of Emperor Kija  
Founder of the Korean Kingdom

In 1866 the grandfather of the last deposed Korean Emperor, who at that time was acting as regent for his young son on the throne, undertook

to get rid of the Jesuit fathers in Korea and their following. A horrible massacre from which few escaped was the result. One of the Jesuit priests escaped in an open rowboat with two Koreans, and crossed the Yellow Sea to Chefoo, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Mr. Thomas was very anxious to return to Korea, so immediately engaged the Koreans to row him back. That is the kind of splendid grit that makes Anglo-Saxons proud of the blood that is in them. We must, too, admire the pluck of the Koreans who risked death to take a white man back to their country.

However, before Mr. Thomas got away from the port of Chefoo, which is the nearest Chinese port to Korea, along came the American schooner *Sherman* looking for an interpreter.

As near as can be learned, this ship was bound on a looting expedition. It is commonly reported its captain had heard and believed exaggerated stories of a gold coffin filled with jewels in which Kija, the founder of the Korean kingdom, was buried at his capital city on the Tatong River, and was anxious to get possession of them. His difficulty, however, was to get an interpreter. English-speaking people who could talk Korean were scarce in China in 1866. There was but one in Chefoo—Mr. Thomas. All unsuspecting, he took this easy, less dangerous and more comfortable way of getting back to the Hermit Nation.

They reached Korea and sailed up the Tatong at high tide in the rainy season. As the water rises thirty-one feet at high tide at the coast, and several feet even thirty miles up the river at the capital city, and as the water was much higher due to the rainy season, the *Sherman* got farther up than she could possibly have gone at any other time in the year. Enormous crowds of Koreans gathered on the banks to see the strange foreign craft in the forbidden land, and the still stranger white people. The authorities became suspicious, and no doubt believed them to be pirates.

From Koreans present on this occasion I have learned facts, and I read all that was published about the affair. It is all very mixed and contradictory. I also consulted with the Commissioner of Customs in charge at the port of Chefoo, China, at that time, who knew Mr. Thomas. The facts obtained in this way, while helpful, left the supply still very meagre and unsatisfactory.

In 1900 I went up the Tatong and there became acquainted with an old man who had met and conversed with Mr. Thomas. I was so fortunate as to get his consent to visit the scene of the encounter. Though past eighty years of age he was still a fine-looking figure, as he stood nearly six feet tall and as erect as a young soldier at attention. The most striking thing about

Continued on page 161



Admiral Rodgers and Staff Consulting the Chart at the Mouth of the Han River, 1872



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

### WILL YOU HELP

to Endow "The Children's Paradise" as a Memorial to the late Dr. Louis Klopsch? If you will, then send a postal to

The Klopsch Memorial Committee,  
92 Bible House, New York

A Reader, Ohio. Why are Protestant Irish known as Scotch Irish?

The Scotch Irish are the descendants of the Scotch Presbyterians who migrated to Ireland by invitation of James I. between 1609 and 1612 to colonize Ulster, the northern province of Ireland. Other Protestant Irish are descendants of the Cromwells.

G. W. B., Knoxville. Name the seven largest battleships built or building and the nations to which they belong.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, displacement 32,000 tons; Moreno, Argentina, 38,000; Rivadavia, Argentina, 28,000; New York, United States, 27,000; Texas, United States, 27,000; Lion, Great Britain, 26,350; Princess Royal, Great Britain, 26,350.

J. A. W., Morgantown, N. C. The mouth of the Greenland whale is undoubtedly large enough to take in the largest man, but as that mouth is filled with plates of whalebone which act as strainers for the food of the whale, a man could go no farther than the mouth. The question in THE MAIL-BAG called not for the mouth but the throat. The Greenland whale can not swallow a man, but the sperm whale can do so, and there are records of whalers who have been taken out alive a half hour later. In Jonah we read that God prepared a great fish. Now, neither the Greenland nor sperm whales are fishes, but warm-blooded vertebrates, breathing air, so we shall have to seek the depths of the Mediterranean Sea to find the great fish that was specially prepared for Jonah, as whales, I believe, are unknown in that sea.

We are always glad to be enlightened. We confess that our knowledge of the interior of a whale's mouth is rather limited, being slightly second-hand; but the foregoing from a reader of this journal illuminates the subject. However, the Bible record does not specifically indicate a whale, but simply "a great fish," the original word being one employed to designate a "sea monster." There would apparently be quite as good reason for supposing it a shark as a whale, but controversy on the subject is mere speculation. Some commentators have suggested, by way of explaining the Bible narrative, that Jonah, after being cast overboard, was rescued and taken up by a ship having a large fish as a figurehead. However it is to be interpreted, the Bible story stands intact to the present day, despite all adverse criticism.

G. P., Mackay, Idaho. 1. Where in the Bible can I find the Ten Commandments? Are they given more than once? 2. What was the first commandment given to Moses?

1. See Ex. 20: 13, Deut. 5: 17, Matt. 5: 21, Rom. 13: 9. 2. See Ex. 3: 5.

Wm. C., Ingersoll, Okla. What were the conditions about the Panama Canal as to sanitation, etc., before our government took hold of the work? How have they been improved?

The unsanitary conditions which prevailed in Panama before the Americans took charge were due to lack of proper water supply, careless arrangements for the disposal of refuse, sewage, and garbage, absence of quarantine regulations, and the prevalence of tropical swamps. Yellow fever was a very common disease, while cholera and smallpox were always to be found in some sections. The remedial measures were the establishment of a plentiful and untainted water supply, the installation of modern sewerage systems, rigid enforcement of medical sanitary regulations and draining the swamps.

J. A. O. W., Endville, Okla. 1. Please explain Ps. 124: 2. Who is doing the making here and who is the maker? 2. Psalm 124: 2. What is the golden bowl that this verse speaks of?

The psalmist writes of a battle between David's army under Jonathan against the Edomites. It is an apostrophe to the Almighty and a prayer for assistance in the defense of Israel's ultimate possession of Canaan from the hands of the Edomites. In verse 1, 2, the psalmist says, "If it had not been for the Lord, we should have perished." In the chapter, the psalmist describes

the common fate of mortality, the advance of age, and the weakening of the faculties. All the similes used are distinctively Oriental. "The daughters of music" are the voice and the ear; "the almond tree flourishing" is the white hair coming on the aged head; "the grasshopper shall be a burden" means the shriveled old man, lean and with projecting limbs, moving slowly and painfully; "the silver cord" is the silver cord of life itself; "the golden bowl" is a symbol of the preciousness of life; when the "silver cord" is loosed, the bowl is dashed down and broken. The "silver cord," in the opinion of some commentators, refers to the spinal marrow, which is white and precious as silver, and connected with the brain.

M. A. S., Clarksville, Tenn. Is the liquid contained in a coconut a natural product?

Yes; it is a vegetable milk, and is developed in the fruit as it ripens.

Mrs. O. D. C., Lowell, Mass. How is Christ the first fruits of them that slept? Why were not the others called the first-fruits?

His resurrection was the pledge of the resurrection of the just (see I. Cor. 16: 20). All had

which the objectionable official may be a candidate. If he be an appointive officer, the appointing power must choose another man. The recall recognizes the people as the supreme power. It was adopted several years ago in Los Angeles, Calif., in the case of an alderman, and it is now incorporated in the charters of several American cities.

M. J. T., Cambria, Que., Can. Explain the Round Towers of Ireland.

The Round Towers of Ireland were erected both for worship and watching purposes by the early Christians immediately after Patrick converted the island. They form the one distinctive contribution of Ireland to early architecture. About one hundred still stand; they are of slender build, have conical roofs and few and small windows.

C. A. A., Anaconda, Mont. Where can I get the "Book of Enoch"?

It is one of the most important remains of early apocalyptic literature. It is first mentioned in Jude 14, 15, and many early Christian authors also mention it. Bruce, the traveler and Orientalist, in 1773 brought three copies of

companionship. 2. Secular, though all subjects have been discussed there. 3. The Woman's Missionary Society can learn from the well-conducted Woman's Club lessons of thorough organization, enthusiastic and systematic study, and harmonious comradeship.

R. A. F., Bentonville, Va. In a recent issue you say: "We cannot agree with you that the rule of peace has already begun," but elsewhere you say: "We are a nation at peace with all the world." It is true we have no formal or legal recognition of the existence of a condition of peace, but we have peace all the same. Its formal recognition will certainly come later. And even after the final establishment of The Hague tribunal and of a general peace, we cannot expect that all the nations will come into the organization at once. There will be some heathen nations still engaged in war. It will require some years of tutelage before all are qualified to enjoy the great blessing of peace. The progress of the world will be very rapid after the full establishment of world-wide peace. We are all at peace now, only awaiting a formal recognition by the organization of a legal court at The Hague, which shall settle every dispute, without resort to arms. After the full establishment of world peace, there will be no further use for armaments.

Our correspondent, who is evidently an ardent peace-lover, takes the ultra-optimistic view. We trust he may be right. Peace, universal and abiding, will come to this war-torn world in God's good time, when the world is ripe for it. All great movements mature slowly. We are making progress in the right direction and if the Arbitral Court becomes a reality, world peace may not be very far off.

Mrs. E. E. A., Butler, Pa. Who wrote the lines: "Like the generations of leaves, So the generations of men are?"

They occur in Homer's Iliad, Book VI., line 146.

B. Who were the "Daughters of Dorcas"?

The picture is an imaginative one, representing comely women sewing for charity, in imitation of the good Dorcas (Acts 9: 36-39).

## Miscellaneous

D. B. T., Murphysboro, Ill., and several others. See answer concerning the tribe of Dan in the issue of January 18.

W. L. F., Akron, O. Many give a tenth of the increase of income: that is, of the net profit over all expenses. Others and probably the larger number give according to the apostolic injunction, as God hath prospered them.

Mrs. E. A., Tinsley, Ia. See answer to Wm. D., Thayer, Kan., which applies also to the questions in your letter. We are familiar with the passages you quote, but where the question is an open one, it is not necessary to discuss it here.

Wm. D., Thayer, Kan. The passages you mention are indefinite, some churches holding that they mean immersion, others sprinkling; some taking the literal view, others the symbolic. Unquestionably immersion was largely practised in the early church, but probably not exclusively.

Martha Schofield, manager of the Normal and Industrial School, Aiken, S. C., writes thanking "an unknown friend, who sends me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is valued highly, and read by a great many on our campus. I enjoy it greatly and the teachers and pupils enjoy it. We have 300 (colored) students. Many of them sacrifice much for their winter's term in school."

J. H. B., Knoxville, Tenn. We know nothing of the percentages in other quarters, but we can state for your information that any gift to a foreign missionary for his work in the field, sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reaches that missionary undiminished. It is reasonable, however, that in the case of any organization exclusively devoted to missionary support, a small percentage should be deducted for organization expenses.

CLINTON, IND., January 16, 1911.

To THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: In reading about Dr. Klopsch I wonder how one man could have accomplished so much in a short life, towards making the world better. I think it would be a good plan to make Mont Lawn a permanent home, where little children could go, and which would be a monument to its founder. Respectfully,  
CHARLES W. DAVIS.



Ancient Wedding Custom in the Hartz District, Germany

A QUAIN, curious and amusing wedding custom still prevails in the Hartz district of Germany. On the day before the celebration of the nuptials the young men of the neighborhood place a sawing-jack on the roof of the bride's house, generally on the chimney. Before proceeding to the wedding ceremony the bridegroom is requested to take the jack down from the roof. When coming home from the church the married couple are held up by a rope, and, according to the old fashion, compelled to saw a knobby trunk with a cross-cut saw, as shown in the illustration. The manner in which they perform the task is taken as an indication of how they will fare in life and whether the marriage will be happy or not. The scene represented is in the old town of Wildemann on the Okerharz.

sinned in Adam (see Col. 1: 18), and after Christ, should rise the godly, each in his proper place. The passage deals with the first resurrection only. He is to these what the first-fruits are to the full harvest. With his return, all who share in this awakening shall rise.

L. A. R., Farmingdale. What is the best way to soften very hard water with much lime in it?

Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivaling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce vial, say, in a kettle of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the vial. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

G. H. R., Shiremanstown, Pa. What is meant by the initiative, the referendum and the recall?

The initiative is the right to propose legislative projects, as: In this country the initiative in legislation for raising revenue belongs to the House of Representatives. The referendum is a popular vote on legislative proposals which have been considered by the proper legislative body, and it gives to the people themselves the power of ratifying, amending or nullifying laws so submitted. The recall or "Imperative Mandate," is defined as a piece of governmental machinery by which, whenever the constituents of a public official do not like his actions, they can, by signing and filing a petition for his recall, suspend him from office. If he be an elective officer, a new election is held at

it to England from Abyssinia in Ethiopia. It has been translated several times into English, Latin, German, etc. You will find a good outline of it in any good Biblical encyclopedia. Procure from Oxford, England, through any good American bookseller.

A Reader, N. E. If a lady who has been superintendent of a Sunday School twelve years is compelled to be absent eight months of the year, should she resign, or delegate the work to an assistant?

It would seem best for the interests of the school to resign entirely. Possibly a position like "Honorary Superintendent" might be created for her.

L. M., Loomis, Neb. Will the wearing of rubber boots protect a person from lightning? Although rubber is a non-conductor, the wearing of rubber boots will not save a man should lightning strike him in any other part of the body not rubber protected.

Mrs. J. W. M., Fairport, Va. 1. For what purpose was the woman's club called "Sorosis" organized? 2. Is the New England Woman's Club religious or secular? 3. What lesson has the Woman's Club to teach the Woman's Missionary Society?

1. Sorosis was organized for the purpose of affording thoughtful women of high character and aims an opportunity of discussing literary, educational, philanthropic, ethical and domestic problems, while enjoying at the same time social



# PEA CULTURE AS A REAL ART



Drilling in the Seed Peas



A Field of Pea-Blossom



Loading the Freshly-Cut Vines

THE evolution of a pea from pod to can is most interesting. Looked upon in its shell the pea seems insignificant, a tiny little globule of matter; nevertheless it plays a most important part in the cuisine of our kitchens and enriches our tables with one of the most palatable of vegetables. A can of peas, no matter how artistic the design of the cylinder, no matter how gaudy the paper or how fanciful the name thereon when standing on the shelf of a grocery store, does not appeal forcibly to the æsthetic taste or the physical senses. But when the can is opened and a competent chef manipulates the contents, such a transformation is wrought as to give zest to desire and whet the appetite with a keener relish than the costliest condiment or sauce can bestow; then the little green balls become a dish truly fit for the most epicurean taste.

A can of peas can be obtained any time—in winter or in summer. When out of season, it satisfies the longing for that particular kind of "garden sass" sometimes called green stuff, which only can be obtained when the rank growths of these plants are stimulated by the strong beams of a summer's sun and watered by summer night dews.

When the bleak winds of the winter send chilly blasts whistling through leafless trees and whirling over fields brown and sere, the canned product of the peavine can be very much enjoyed not only by those who have no pretension to being gastronomic connoisseurs, but by epicures themselves.

Average people understand but little of the processes this culinary delicacy undergoes until it appears in cans on the groceryman's shelf.

That peas come from the earth and have been grown somewhere and by some one is about all that is known in general circles.

The first requisite of the farmer who intends to grow a crop of canning peas is to enter into a contract with the canner in which the party of the first part—that is, the farmer—undertakes to devote so many acres to the vegetable and harvest the crop as instructed by the party of the second part, delivering to the latter the peas on the vines when green and tender. The canner, knowing the capacity of his plant in acres when a normal crop is harvested,

makes an effort to secure a sufficient acreage to keep it running during the entire season.

A pea crop matures very rapidly and a planting that is in prime condition one day may be subject to a discount one day later. If in any degree too hard, the peas are useless for canning. Peas flourish most in a moist soil, therefore a clay or sandy loam is better adapted to their growth than a stiff clay,



Bringing the Pea Harvest to the Viners

or a light dry sand. Cool weather is also essential to get the best results, and on this account preparation for planting begins as early in spring as weather conditions will permit. To get a full stand of plants the bed for peas must be made fine with harrow and roller to a depth of three or four inches, so that the seeds may be planted at an even depth and be covered with finely pulverized earth. After preparation of the ground, the next important operation is drilling in the seed.

The usual method of planting is with a two-horse grain drill with hoes seven inches apart. From

three to four bushels of seed are drilled on each acre, sometimes with and sometimes without fertilizer, according to the quality and condition of the soil. The final operation in the planting is rolling down, the object of which is to make the ground level in order that the vines can be easily mown. Of course, in addition the packing of the soil tightly about the seed aids in germination.

If the season is favorable to the development of the plants, a period of from fifty to sixty days is sufficient to bring them into full bloom. It requires from ten to fifteen days from the blossom stage for the pods to form and fill and the peas to mature sufficiently to withstand the threshing process. Peas

that are too tender are smashed in the "viner," as the threshing machine is called, consequently they must be left until they are sufficiently hard to withstand the process of passing them through the viner.

When the vines are ready, they are all mown one way, and so they lean towards the cutting bar, which is run very close to the ground. After a sufficient number of "swaths" have been cut, the cut vines are raked into "windrows" and then the loading begins. Arrived at the factory, the work of the farmer consists of pitching the vines in small forkfuls to the "feeder," and they are then pushed slowly into the viner. It takes from thirty to fifty minutes to run a full load through the machine.

A pea viner or threshing machine is very different from the ordinary farm thresher used in separating grain from the husk. It consists of a cylinder of perforated sheet metal about five feet in diameter and several times as long and enclosed in a large box. Inside the cylinder is a shaft having many paddles. Shaft and cylinder revolve in opposite directions, and thus the peas are forced from the pods and fall through the perforations upon a moving canvas, which carries them into a receiving box, which in turn empties them into other boxes of a certain capacity. They then pass to the cleaning and grading machines, thence on to the canning department, where they are thoroughly washed and sealed in sanitary cans without the use of solder. Labels are put on and the product is ready for the markets. F. M. LUTTS.

## A STRANGE ADVENTURE IN KOREA

Continued from page 159

his appearance, however, was the broad ancient hat he wore—about two sizes larger than the modern hat. It was a present from the king, and though he had worn it for thirty-four years, it was still unbroken. The skin of his happy face was so bronzed it was almost a shiny purple.

An enormous crowd gathered on the banks of the river to see the foreign ships. This evidently frightened the captain, who, misjudging their intentions, fired upon them with fatal results. This roused the fury of the mob on shore and started a hostile demonstration. The schooner now shifted her position, going from near the shore towards the middle of the stream. She had not gone ten lengths up stream before she grounded. The governor sent the chief of police out in a rowboat to patrol the water between the schooner and the shore to prevent the Americans

from landing. The captain of the *Sherman's* next indiscretion was to put off a small boat and capture that official as a hostage. It was at this stage my friend came on the scene. Being a powerful, athletic fellow, and the water having subsided until it was only four or five feet deep at this point, he bravely waded out to the schooner, and speaking to Mr. Thomas asked to be allowed to go on board and comfort his cousin, the chief of police. He was permitted and for three days remained on the *Sherman*. He told me that Mr. Thomas and the Chinese *shroff* (purser, etc.) were very fine men and exceedingly kind to him.

By this time the crowd had become frenzied, and making two fire-ships, they let them down stream, directing them by wires until they reached the *Sherman*. In a few moments the ship was ablaze.

At this juncture my informant got the chief of police on his back and started for the shore. "Didn't they fire on you?" I asked. "No," he said, "they were going to, but I put up my hand and said, 'Don't shoot, whatever you do!' and they didn't."

By this time a number of the Koreans were in the water clubbing the members of the crew, three of whom, including the Chinese *shroff*, were killed in this manner. When the chief of police was in safety his rescuer came back to the scene and all was over. The governor had asked Mr. Thomas why they had come there. "To trade," was the answer. "A strange way to trade," said he. "What made you arrest my chief of police and keep him?" Then he gave the sign and seven men were speared to death. One of these was Mr. Thomas, the first Protestant missionary to Korea.

In a depression in the ground, now part of a field, under a tree in front of a farm-house, the spot unmarked and uncared for, lie the remains of this brave and devoted man. There is not the slightest evidence from first to last that he knew the real intent of the voyage. Should this account reach any of his people in England, or should any one become interested in purchasing the ground and marking the spot where he was buried, I should like to hear from them, at Wonsan, Korea.

The Korean who rescued the chief of police has received year after year decorations from the Emperor for his bravery. At the time I met him the Emperor had again asked him to come and get another decoration. "Are you going?" I asked. "No, I think not," he replied. "I am now a believer in Jesus, and what need has a disciple of his of such things?"



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# The Klopsch Memorial

An Appreciative Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Klopsch

By AMELIA E. BARR

WHEN good and great men are suddenly taken away by death in the midst of their life and work, the Christian world receives a kind of moral shock. This was notably marked in the case of Dr. Klopsch, for he was by no means an average man in any direction; even physically, his large brain, supple, slender figure and long nervous hands were the very implements necessary for a vivid, earnest spirit, whose great plans no average man could have conceived, much less have carried on to a ripe perfection. This estimate of Dr. Klopsch was not reached in a day or a week; it is the result of many years of a business and social acquaintance with each other.

In business he was the best and the most appreciative of publishers. If he liked the work brought him, he said so frankly, and did not think it necessary to disparage the writing in order to pull down the price. He praised whatever was worthy of praise, and paid generously for it; but he knew well that a good worker is never quite paid in cash; so he followed the example set by the Great Master, who does not grudge the "well done" to a faithful servant. If you gave him an idea, his mind instantly followed it to its outcome, and he judged it by the likelihood of that outcome.

few and far between; while THE CHRISTIAN HERALD year after year has taught its readers—with a miraculous success—to give generously to the hungry, the naked and the desolate. I know of no other publication in the whole world which has been, and is, such a practical educator in the universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

This collection of immense sums of money to meet the necessities of immense national calamities he regarded as distinctively his "call" and duty; and in its fulfillment he utterly disregarded the coldness, suspicion and neglect of those who had not his broad-minded charity. It was the work he had religiously accepted, and he did it regardless of adverse criticism. He sought no newspaper eulogiums, and he asked for no personal fame or reward.

But if this work was his accepted duty, there was one great charity which was actually in every way a labor of unselfish love and pure pleasure. It was his Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. To this beautiful spot on the Hudson River, he brought large numbers of homeless, hungry, crippled children from the hot, fevered streets of the East Side—the poorer, the more helpless, the more miserable the children, the warmer and tenderer was their welcome.

I have been there. I have heard. I have seen them. No wiser freer, more beautiful charity was ever conceived in the heart of man. Here they were not only fed, clothed and made happy; they also received much instruction which they can never forget. Their childish voices were taught how to sing and to pray and to speak kind words to each other; and among other lessons especial pains was taken to make them honor and love the Flag! Very quickly they learned all that it meant, and whenever it flew out over their table, or their games, their hats and hands went up joyfully to salute the starry folds which were their protector.

No man of our era is more worthy of a permanent memorial than Dr. Louis Klopsch; and no more fitting one can be found than the perpetual endowment of his Children's Home.

A pyramid of marble would in no way represent him; but the living stone hewn out in the sunny rooms of Mont-Lawn for the visible and invisible Church would be an ideal monument. For doubtless many a boy who in Mont-Lawn got his first idea of what life could be, will go into the world and become a man of mark and wealth, and as he ages, he will remember Mont-Lawn, and be inspired to build on still nobler plans a home for desolate and destitute children. So that none may compute where the good deed will end, or what it may accomplish.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." If you like that security and can trust God to pay you your interest, send your new subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—for the preservation and endowment of Mont-Lawn for a perpetual Home for poor children. Let it be done, and in whatever part of God's universe Louis Klopsch is now performing God's will and doing his work the *news* will find him and he will greatly rejoice because his earth-friends have considered his work and put it on a sure and lasting foundation.



The Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn, Where Dr. Klopsch Spent Many of His Happiest Hours

The rapidity of his judgment in this direction was something marvelous.

Early in his career he attached to himself a staff of learned and pious men, and year after year they sat at his side and helped him with their pens and their ready sympathy; and year after year I saw the same men and women in all the business departments of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To be connected in any degree with Dr. Klopsch was to be sure of one true friend. This, however, is no miracle; others do likewise. The miracle is—how he managed to sway nearly a million of souls, at long distance from his personal influence, to do all that he desired them to do.

What magic emanated from the black and white pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, causing rich and poor, learned and unlearned readers to come cheerfully to his aid whenever a famishing nation was to be fed, or calamities of fire or flood or earthquake were to be met and conquered? There have been books which have set the hearts of men and women on fire to redress wrongs or relieve calamities; but they are

## The Influence of The Christian Herald

MRS. BARR has sounded a real note of appreciation in her tribute to the memory of Dr. Klopsch. No one more than he understood the necessity for expanding the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by means of which alone he was enabled to bring to full fruition his great philanthropic projects. He himself was mighty in his magnetism and in his capacity for opening the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. But they were a handful compared to the millions he was able to influence through the columns of his paper.

It is our desire to continue his influence for good in the world by expanding THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as far as pos-

sible; for without it we shall not be able to carry on those charities which he inaugurated. And that is why we have asked you so earnestly to help Mont-Lawn, not with your money, but by asking your friends to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so that half of the money sent by them or by you for them will be contributed to Mont-Lawn.

If you personally contribute to this cause you will be helping it as far as your individual capacity may permit, and that help will be most welcome. But if you influence your friends to help by sending in new yearly subscriptions, you will be doing in your own way what Dr. Klopsch was enabled to do with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—to multiply his own influence for good many millionfold.



# Mont-Lawn Endowment

## Memorial Committee Appointed to Carry On the Work

NEVER in the history of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has an appeal, issued through its columns, met with such a spontaneous and enthusiastic response as has the suggestion for the Endowment of Mont-Lawn as a Memorial to Dr. Klopsch. Not only have thousands of letters been received from our friends announcing that they are working earnestly to secure subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the understanding that half of the money so received will be donated to Mont-Lawn as a perpetual Memorial, but number of the nearest and dearest friends of Dr. Klopsch have formed themselves into a *Memorial Committee*, so that their influence may give the movement a national impetus. This Committee, composed of people of national and even international fame, is seven in number, and every member well known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Committee is as follows:

BISHOP JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON  
REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE  
MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER  
Rev. JOHN WESLEY HILL, *Chairman*  
HON. CHARLES M. PEPPER  
IRVING BACHELLER  
MRS. SARAH J. BIRD

The association of these noted personages with the Klopsch Memorial is particularly gratifying to us at this juncture, and, coupled with the thousands of letters of approval which we have received from all over the country, gives to the Memorial plan an assurance of immediate success. Every member of the Committee was not only a personal friend of Dr. Klopsch, but each was thoroughly familiar with his unquenchable desire to multiply the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a power for good in the world. And each member of the Committee has lent his or her name to the Klopsch Memorial purely because of the influence which that name would have upon friends throughout the country.

In announcing the personnel of the Committee we cannot dwell too strongly upon the importance of the influence of friends who are anxious with us to secure the permanent Endowment of Mont-Lawn. And in urging you to help us make this Endowment a fact, we cannot too urgently insist that we do not want your money as much as we want your influence. Of course no direct contribution to Mont-Lawn will be rejected, but we would much prefer that you induce a number of your friends to subscribe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, because in so doing you will be contributing an even greater amount to Mont-Lawn than if you forwarded merely your own contribution.

Dr. Klopsch always insisted that without the widening influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, his charities, Mont-Lawn included, would be impossible. He held it as a principle that the greater the sphere of influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the greater would be his capacity for extending his charitable work. Our attitude is the same, and we do not hesitate to proclaim it.

Just think what it would mean to Mont-Lawn if each family now subscribing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were to induce only one friend to send in a yearly subscription, from which one-half of the money would be turned over to the Endowment Fund of Mont-Lawn! Not only would nearly half a million lives be brightened each week with the news, and the sermons, and the doings of the Christian world, but Mont-Lawn itself would be the immediate and direct beneficiary of over \$225,000. Your individual effort in sending money would not in the aggregate amount to one tithe of what your influence would if you were earnestly to ask your friends in the manner suggested by us.

Some of you who have not had experience in such things,

might feel a little backward in approaching your friends. But this need not deter you. Try to obtain one subscription and you will find the task so easy that others will come quickly to hand.

Already we have received communications from a number of readers who have declared their determination to become patrons of this movement, so that their names may be inscribed upon a tablet to be placed in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn, wherein Dr. Klopsch spent so many happy hours with the poverty-stricken children of the New York East Side. Each of these friends means to send in ten new yearly subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, aggregating \$15, of which one-half, or \$7.50, will be turned over to the Endowment Fund as his or her individual contribution.

You can accomplish the same by taking advantage of the ten coupons which are printed upon these pages. If you have friends in your immediate neighborhood, by all means ask them personally to help you bring about the Endowment of Mont-Lawn by subscribing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year. It should not be hard to do this. You will not be asking them to give something for nothing, because they will receive fifty-two handsomely illustrated and well-written CHRISTIAN HERALDS, which may prove a revelation



Dr. Klopsch Surrounded by Children of the East Side whom He Made Happy at Mont-Lawn

to them in the way of Christian teaching before the year is up; and you will have the credit of having contributed one-half of the price of their subscription to Mont-Lawn.

Cut out the coupons and ask your friends to sign at least one. If you wish to do so, you may forward the price of new subscriptions yourself, writing the name of each person you think would be benefited by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on a coupon which you can forward to us with the proper amount enclosed.

If you have friends living at a distance, send them each a coupon, together with a letter urging them to take advantage of this opportunity to make a deserving charity last for all time.

If you need any help in the matter, write to The Klopsch Memorial Committee, in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We will assist you all in our power, either by sending a sample copy to those you think should have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or by submitting any available literature concerning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or Mont-Lawn.

Do this, and do it now, and you may rest assured that nothing else you could do would be nearer to what your friend Dr. Klopsch would have you do were he here to-day.

Address all subscriptions or coupons to  
**THE KLOPSCH MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK**

New yearly subscriptions received by the CHRISTIAN HERALD from Jan. 25 up to time of going to press, are as follows:

|                  |     |                    |            |
|------------------|-----|--------------------|------------|
| JANUARY 25 ..... | 115 | JANUARY 27 .....   | 111        |
| " 26 .....       | 126 | " 28 .....         | 88         |
|                  |     | <b>Total .....</b> | <b>440</b> |

75 cents from each of these, or \$330.00 in all, have already been credited to the KLOPSCH MEMORIAL FUND.

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"Babes in the Wood" Painting by Paton

## Our Boys and Girls The Cozy Corner

Such life as his would be  
A more than heaven to me:  
All sun, all bloom, all happy weather,  
All joys bound in a sheaf together.

No wonder he laughs so loud!  
No wonder he looks so proud!  
There are great kings would give their royalty  
To have one day of his felicity.  
—Selected.



"Little Mischiefs." Painting by Paton

## CHANTECLER—The Story of a Rooster



**Y**OU boys and girls have heard much talk of the famous story of Chantecler, the kingly barnyard rooster, that believed he called up the Sun each day, and by the superior quality of his Cock-a-doodle-doo was persuaded that he alone emblazoned the East with the soft, swift ribbons of the dawn. It is a very beautiful story, as you may imagine; a great French poet who lives in a beautiful palace in the Pyrenees was ten years writing it. Within the past year the story has grown very famous indeed. It has been translated into many languages, and people everywhere are talking of Chantecler.

We shall have to tell it here "in a nutshell," to be sure, because our space is so very limited. But perhaps some day you will be reading for yourselves this strange, lovely tale, just as Monsieur Edmond Rostand wrote it.

### The Cock of the Valley

**I**N a beautiful valley in the French Pyrenees there lived a cock. His name was Chantecler, and, though there were plenty of chickens and many ducks, geese, turkeys, peacocks, guineas, pigeons, and Merle (a really superior black-bird in a wicker cage on the granary wall), all in Chantecler's own barnyard, besides many rare and highly bred game-cocks and other birds throughout the countryside, there was not so important a person by half among them as Chantecler.

The secret of Chantecler's importance lay in this: He had persuaded all of the feathered folk throughout the valley far and wide that it was at his call, in the darkest hour before the dawn, that the Sun rose, and brought forth each new day.

### The Golden Hen-Pheasant

**O**NE evening, just as Chantecler had sent his hens and chicks early to roost, and stopped to pass the compliments of the day with Patou, the watch-dog, a beautiful golden Hen-Pheasant, breathless and spent, lifted over the barnyard wall, distractedly calling, "Hide me! Hide me! The dogs, the dreadful hunting dogs, are on my trail!"

Weak and exhausted, she nestled close to Chantecler, preening with an injured air her lovely ruffled plumage; and Chantecler protected her beneath his wings as best he could, until the cruel hunters passed by. As the Sun slowly settled in the yellow West, and for a moment a slanting ray gilded first the pump, then the old pitchfork standing near, and a tiny geranium on the picket fence, suddenly it fell

upon the golden Hen-Pheasant. Chantecler, who worshipped the Sun and all his wonderful and mysterious ways, was spellbound. Never had he seen anything so surprisingly beautiful as the brilliant Hen-Pheasant standing there before him in the golden light of the setting Sun.

Like the Prince in the fairy tale, he loved her at once, and begged her not to fly away.

"No, no, I could not stay in this dull place!" she cried suddenly, while he still gazed in wonder at her. "Come away into the wild sweet forest with me. We could be so happy there!" she insisted.

"But the Dawn, My Beautiful! If I follow you into the forest, the Sun would miss me."

Quickly, jealous of his love for the Sun, the Hen-Pheasant, like the flippant, selfish bird that she was, determined that this splendid creature's love should be all for her.

### Chantecler Calls Up the Sun

They had talked far into the night when Chantecler quietly left her side, hopped upon the old wall, and puffing out his chest crowed lustily many times into the East.

The dark blue of the night slowly melted to velvety purple, and to the frail blue of the early day. Then, like the utmost miracle, the Sun appeared. The valley turned to shimmering gold and the Hen-Pheasant in an instant recognized that the kingly creature standing before her was the great Chantecler.

### The Nightingale's Song

Like the selfish princess in "Once upon a time" stories, the Hen-Pheasant plotted to win the Prince by robbing him of his power.

Her plot carried, Chantecler followed her the next night into the forest, and became enraptured with the magic song of the Nightingale, until everything else was neglected and forgotten. When the forest was well flooded with dawn, the Hen-Pheasant gaily called his attention, and all his life-long illusion vanished. He was a brave, fine person, so he did not hold it against the Hen-Pheasant that she had been the means of his learning the humiliating truth about himself, and he loved her still for her wonderful beauty. But he returned to his barnyard, and the Hen-Pheasant found the forest so lonely without him, that she allowed herself to be caught in a trap, set by the owner of the poultry yard, and for love of Chantecler lived gladly in what had seemed to her the night before the dull corner of the earth.



The Ingle-Nook and Fairy Tales

## Special February Prize Contest

**T**HE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award money prizes and many supplementary prizes in last books, pictures, games, kodaks, toys, etc., etc., for original work sent in by boys and girls.

**TWO DOLLARS** for best essay or article in less than 300 words. Subject: "Something I Have Made Myself."

**TWO DOLLARS** for best verse. Subjects: "The Attic," "The North Wind," or "Good Night."

**TWO DOLLARS** for best drawing. Subject: A Headpiece for February.

**ONE DOLLAR** each for best puzzle. Any sort of a good puzzle (must be accompanied by the answer).

### For the Little People

A rebus to guess:  
My first is as little as a little can be,  
My second is only a boy, you see,  
My third is the sky of a sunny day,  
My whole is an old-fashioned nursery lay.

**Our Good-Night Verse**  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the KING OF GLORY  
Shall reign eternally.

For the best picture of the answer to this rebus, the first prize will be a beautiful bisque doll for the little girls, for the boys a splendid set of lead soldiers.

In awarding prizes and gifts, the comparative ages of the boys and girls will be considered, as well as the quality of their work. *All work must be original.* The February Prize Competition will close February 18. Names of prize-winners and a page of the boys' and girls' own work will be published in the Cozy Corner February 22.

To enter these contests you need not be a regular subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*



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We have reserved one Style Book for every reader of The Christian Herald because it is the most interesting fashion book ever published—and also because you know you will be delighted with your copy.

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## How Is Your Own Church?

The Third Instalment of Letters from Our Readers on this Absorbing Question

LETTERS continue to be received in large numbers from readers who are deeply interested in the discussion on the condition of our Home Churches which is now going on in these columns. Contributions from actual church members intended for this department should be brief, strictly accurate, and devoid of any undue reflections upon individuals. The discussion is one that promises to be mutually helpful to all who are interested, and the letters deserve a wide reading.

### A Church Doing Its Duty

Our church is gaining in membership. The Gospel is most faithfully preached. The prayer meeting shows an increased attendance. Our pastor's earnest appeals stir many to increased spiritual life. The church has enjoyed a steady growth in membership. It has now 800 members, nearly twice the membership it had when he came to the church.

W. S. FORSEY.

### Dying of Formalism

Your inquiry and invitation are timely. It is useless for Christian people to close their eyes to their own short-comings, lest some one will call them pessimists. I believe myself far within the truth when saying that the church of which I am a member has given way to a dead formalism. The relation of Christian experience, once so common and helpful, is discouraged. The requirement for membership is a moral life. Unitarianism and Universalism are covertly taught. Regeneration is said to be not a new nature, but the expansion of an old and shrivelled nature. The deity of Christ is denied. All are divine as he was divine, only in lesser degree. There may be accessions to church, but spirituality is declining in this church. To a greater or less extent this condition is true of many new Evangelical churches. Many pastors will deny it. It is true, nevertheless, and the saddest feature of all this is: These brethren—if they be brethren—are teaching their doctrines in disguise. Many of our people are accepting this teaching without suspicion of its error. The remedy for all this is the Gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and power. If we are to prevail, the Gospel of this century will be the Gospel of the first century.

MEMBER.

New Britain, Conn.

### The Religious Trend of Our Country

No one will for a moment contend that a country like ours, with its free, open Bible and religious liberty, can stand still, for all know that we must be moving forward to the destiny of our own making. Hence the question, whether the trend? is philosophical, leaving the optimist and pessimist out in the cold speculating. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the law by which our judgment must be governed and decision rendered. The moral code that Jesus has given to the world in his Sermon on the Mount, if honestly lived up to by the people, as every one will understand it by reading, would give every man his brother's keeper, and thus materialize the universal brotherhood of man. In the light of our present moral condition, judged by the above law, is not the evidence conclusive that we have religiously turned our backs on Christ and are seeking to climb up some other way?

Don't you think it is time that this vast land of religious sects (which must include the Roman Catholic and Mormons), which collectively you call the Church, came to some kind of a crisis? The trend of religious sectism is downward, steadily lowering the aggregation of moral sentiment of our country. And it will continue to do so, until something brings us to our senses and we begin living consistently with our own knowledge, as Christ requires. There is no other Gospel to triumph.

H. G. LYONS.

### The Old Gospel Needed in the Churches

I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in a rural community. I fear the criticism the church has received has just grounds, as I see it, but I am not pessimistic. I am trusting God that wonderful things will yet come through his church in this age. The church has failed to win men for Christ because it has failed to "go on to perfection," as

they vowed to God and the church rules that they would. It seems that the Church is asleep while souls are perishing. In a great number of churches, the service is cold and formal—mostly lip service, while in their hearts they are far from Him and know not Jesus. May God arouse the church!

Too much is spent on the building of churches when it should have been used for the salvation and help of precious souls. The Gospel in its truth and purity will always draw and attract the multitudes, but in many cases, everything but the Gospel has been talked about, and so the people are repelled. Many ministers have shamed to declare the whole counsel of God and failed to urge the people to obtain the experience of full and complete salvation as God has provided it and revealed it through the precious Word. And so they have lost power and favor with God. But our people are hoping for a spiritual revival, and I have assurance it will come. The Lord has faithful, devoted ones here, and our pastor preaches the Gospel as he sees and believes it. He has many times helped me. We need the pure Gospel and the whole truth. It is "the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth." It doesn't need any twistings, sugar-coating or modern improvements.

A FRIEND AND SUBSCRIBER.

Columbus, O.

### Churchianity vs. Christianity

The church I am connected with is one of four evangelical denominations in a Western town of about 800 souls, surrounded by a thinly settled country. A divided church and the fact that they are not strong enough to pay an able pastor a salary commensurate with his needs, are the reasons of loss in membership and failure of the church to make good. Again, the Lord's money is being wasted in an attempt to foster "Churchianity" in advance of Christianity.

OLYVES G. WILLIS.

Holyoke, Colo.

### Signs of Spiritual Decline

Nowadays, we are told in church that if a child is raised and trained right, he will always be in the kingdom and will not need to be converted or born again. I do not remember having heard a sermon on the new birth for years. Sinners are simply asked to come over to the side of the church and to believe in Christ as their personal Saviour. There is no class or leader. Nothing is said about guilty apparel or the wearing of jewelry. Nothing is said now about attending places of public amusement. Lately, a public minstrel performance was given by local talent, consisting almost entirely of prominent members of our own and other churches. Sunday evening services are sometimes supplemented by stereopticon views. Last year we had a good revival, conducted by a traveling evangelist, which increased the membership considerably. A union revival of four different denominations has now been in progress for two weeks, with hardly any visible results. Do the converts stand? Yes; but in a year it is sometimes hard to tell where.

Missionary interests are kept well to the front. The sick and poor are pretty well cared for. In temporal things, the church is in a prosperous condition. As to its spiritual condition, you may draw your own conclusions.

Conewyng Springs, Ken.

J. L. HEISEY.

### A Church's Rapid Growth

The South Baptist Church of New Bedford in its development has been a miracle of grace and works. I was asked to preach for the church in January, 1906, and agreed at first to serve the church only three months. At the end of four months I became permanent pastor. Many rose for prayers in 1906, but we had not a convert until January, 1907, since which time I have baptized seventy-two people, twenty-four of them men. Since then we have paid off the debt on the building and raised \$1,958 toward a new building, bought a corner lot for \$1,850, and broke ground for our new church in August, 1909. Our new building was dedicated January, 1910. We now have a property valued at \$20,000, membership 100, Sunday School attendance of 200, a Young Men's Baraca Class of forty members; home department of four, Young Ladies' Philathea Class of thirty and an increasing church attendance. We preach Christ and him crucified; the Old Gospel, witnessed by the Holy Spirit and supported by a regenerated church.

I have been a subscriber to your excellent paper for several years. Its faith in the Gospel of Christ and the stand it has always taken for evangelical religion has made me a warm admirer, and I have often thanked God that we have such a weekly paper.

New Bedford, Mass. REV. THOMAS S. SAYER.

## "Don't Bake Any Beans for Me"

Some thousands of men have said that to their wives after tasting a dish of Van Camp's. And a million more ought to say it. For the baking of beans is a long, hot task. It must be started sixteen hours in advance. And the result is a failure in any home oven if digestibility means anything at all.

The proper baking of beans in a home oven is utterly out of the question. Beans must be baked in live steam.

They need twice the heat that you ever get to the center of the home baking dish. That heat is required to break up the food particles so the digestive juices can act. Otherwise the beans, instead of digesting, ferment and form gas.

In the Van Camp kitchens the beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. The beans are digestible. They are baked without crisping, without bursting the skins. So the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole. They are baked with the tomato sauce, permeating every atom with a delicious zest. The result is the likable kind of baked beans.

These beans remain, until you open the



can, exactly as they came from the oven. Not a savor is missing, not a flavor is changed. The housewife keeps them on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They become her most convenient meal.

When Van Camp's are used, baked beans become a very frequent dish. And beans are 84 per cent. nutriment. They are richer than meat in food value, and cost but a third as much.

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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Serial Story by FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

XXI—Continued

DAVID smiled down at Barbara brilliantly, his eyes, his tawny hair, his white teeth and his ruddy color suggesting the magnificent youth and virility of a pagan deity, newly alighted on the common earth.

"The fact is, Barbara," he went on confidently, "you've lived here so long practically alone that you're a bit spoiled. What you need is to give up trying to control everything and everybody and just be a sweet little wife. Didn't you know that?"

Her eyes drooped under the blue fire of his gaze. David laughed aloud. "I'll make you happy," he said, possessing himself of her hand. "You won't know yourself a year from now, little girl. All this worry will be over; and I'm never going to allow you to bother your dear little head again over farm-products and such things as cows, pigs, and chickens. I mean to give up a lot of that sort of farming. It doesn't pay, and it's a whole lot of useless bother and expense. There! what do you think of my horse? Isn't he a beauty? Look at his head and eyes, will you? and the build and color of him! There's blood for you, and I tell you he's a hummer on the road."

Barbara passed a knowing little hand over the satin neck, and the horse turned his large full, intelligent eyes upon her with a winny of welcome.

"He likes you, Barbie," first thing. Perhaps you can drive him after while. But just now he's like a certain little woman I know, a bit restive and needing a strong hand to guide and control. You don't mind my seeing it so clearly, do you, dear?"

Barbara threw back her head and looked at him from under lowered lashes.

"I mind your saying it," she said. "And I may as well tell you now that I don't intend to discharge Peg; and I must always have a voice in the management of the farm. It is Jimmy's farm, you know."

"I've heard you say so before," he said sulkily. "But why isn't half of it yours, I'd like to know?"

"Because Jimmy is the last Preston, and father wanted it so. I shall have all that comes off of it, till Jimmy is of age. We—"

She hesitated, with a doubtful look at him. "There is other good land near. We shall perhaps be able to acquire it; start fresh orchards—"

"Perhaps—perhaps!" he echoed irritably. "I'll tell you straight it's all nonsense. Under the law you're entitled to half. Ask old Jarvis, if you don't believe me."

He watched the quick color rise in Barbara's face with a low laugh of arrogant amusement.

"Jarvis is a curious old dufer," he added, lazily stroking the smooth shoulder of his horse. "But he knows rather better than to tackle me on certain subjects."

His eyes were fastened on Barbara, narrowly watching her.

"He's tried it once or twice; but I cornered him each time. He hasn't been here lately, has he?"

"No," said Barbara faintly. "Well, he'd best keep his distance; that's all."

He turned quickly at the sound of a boyish whoop from behind.

"Oh, hello, Jimmy!" he said carelessly. "How's your Majesty's highness to-day?"

"I'm pretty well," except that of my front teeth are loose," replied the little boy seriously. "I can't eat corn or apples, 'cept wiv my side teeth."

"Don't you think it's about time you taught that boy to speak the English language, Barbara? It's teeth and with, my boy. Don't let me hear you make that babyish blunder again."

The child hung his head, his face flushing to a shamed scarlet under his thatch of yellow hair.

"I'm going to try," he said manfully. "Want to take a ride with me, old man?" asked David. "Your sister says she can't."

Jimmy looked up eagerly into Barbara's face for the coveted permission. "I'm going to drive over to the fair," pursued David. "I'd like to take my best girl along pretty well; but you'll do, Jimmy."

Barbara hesitated, her eyes averted. "Of course, if you're afraid to trust him with me," mocked David. "I've got a tolerably fast horse here, and I'm supposed to be a reckless—"

"It isn't that," she interrupted hurriedly. "He can go, if he'd like to."

Jimmy burst into a shout of joy. "I guess I'd better brush my hair," he exulted, "and put on my best clothes! Shall I, Barbara?"

"You're well enough as you are," David said, peremptorily. "Jump in, boy, and we'll be off!"

She stood watching them as they drove away, the little boy's yellow hair blowing about his rosy face.

"Good-by, Barbara!" he shouted. "We're going awful fast!"

David's attention seemed centred upon his horse. He did not once look at the girl, as she waved her hand in token of a cheerful good-by.

XXII

David was quite his expansive, good-humored self again by the time he and Jimmy reached the fair-grounds. He joked with the little boy about his capacity for pink lemonade and peanuts as he drove his spirited young horse carefully into the crowded enclosure; and Jimmy, all eager and glowing with joyous anticipation, gazed with round eyes at the stirring scene. Everywhere flags fluttered merrily in the wind, and the crash and blare of band-music mingled with the shouts of vendors, the tramping of feet, and the hum of many voices.

"Hello, Dave! goin' 'trot the nag o' yours?" called a voice from among the crowd of men and boys lined up along the race-track.

"Oh, hello, Bud Hawley! That you?" responded David, pulling in his horse. "Why, no; I hadn't thought of it. It's too late to enter, isn't it?"

The Barford liverman, tipping a solemn wink at the men near him, slowly advanced and stood, his hat pulled low over his eyes, examining David's horse. He passed an experienced hand over his withers, felt his hock-joints, lifted his feet and stared critically at the frogs and the setting of his shoes. Then he sauntered around in front and looked the animal full in the face, his cautious hand still feeling, caressing, sliding from neck to powerful shoulder, from shoulder to slender foreleg.

He glanced kindly at Jimmy. "Well, son," he went on, "how d' you like the fair?"

"I like it," Jimmy said shyly. "I like the music an' the horses an' the flags—an' everything!"

"Want to get out, old man, and take in the side-shows?" asked David.

"What are side-shows?" Jimmy demanded guilelessly.

Mr. Hawley laughed heartily. "Just a little bit of everything," he

Continued on next page

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What My Pupils Say:

Every one notices the change in my complexion, it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 215 pounds, this year 145, and I have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no rheumatism, or sluggish liver, and I can breathe now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not rectly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a friend. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what to do."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indigestion is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have taken off my glasses and my catarrh is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am growing—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really! and a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help every woman to vibrant health and happiness. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what to do."

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a friend. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what to do."

Susanna Cocroft

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# OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

decorative effect to a home as absolute neatness. There is, of course, such a mistake as banishing from the living-room everything that looks like living. Books and papers scattered about seldom convey an idea of disorder. But whatever is untidy or negligent, whatever is manifestly out of place detracts altogether from the comfort and elegance which may appertain to the simplest room. A friend told me that when she furnished her home the money was almost all spent before she arrived at the living-room. She had only the meager remnants of what had been originally a very small sum, and in this she had to rely or leave her living-room bare and empty for months. She was a woman fertile in expedients. At a second-hand shop he purchased an old pine table with leaves. She bought a few cheap wicker chairs and painted them all in forest green, having previously repaired and strengthened them judiciously. Then she stained her floor, put up some muslin curtains, pinned a picture or two to the wall, without bothering herself about frames, brought in two old rocking chairs which she covered with cretonne cushions, and there was her restful room as complete and harmonious as though a long purse had been behind it.

## Sleeplessness and Its Cure

MANY friends have written suggesting remedies for insomnia. Among them one lady recommends drinking through the day of bran tea. This is her recipe: Bring three quarts of water to a boil. Add a coffee cup of bran; have the water boiling when the bran is put in and let it boil without a cover until the bran no longer floats on top. Then cover it and boil slowly for ten minutes. Strain it into a pitcher, let settle and drink this quantity during the day. Others recommend hot milk sipped slowly before retiring. As sleeplessness is often due to indigestion a number of sufferers have found that by trying their food very slowly according to the methods of Mr. Fletcher, they have been restored to good health and have routed the demon. In a general way it may be added that a good conscience and freedom from mental worry are likely to produce refreshing sleep. The subject has been so fully canvassed that at present no more letters dealing with it can be presented.

## At A Distance From Church

I AM the mother of five little children. We live in a lonely neighborhood four miles from a church of the Protestant faith. Our nearest neighbors are French Catholics. They are kind-hearted people, but not in sympathy with us, and I cannot let my children play with theirs. My greatest trouble is how to keep my children in the right way, as they cannot attend Sunday school, and Sunday is so much like every other day. I have no way of getting to church, except by walking over a rough road. Summer it is too hot and I am not strong enough to make the attempt. In winter the drifts are too deep. Can you give me any advice?"

E. H.  
Gather your little ones about you Sunday, tell them Bible stories and teach them in the simplest manner you can that Jesus is their friend and that he wants them to be his little flowers. Make the Lord's Day one

of ease in your work. Old-fashioned Christian women used to prepare the Sunday dinner mostly on Saturday. This would be a good plan for you. Pray for your children and with them. It may be that after a while you may have church privileges nearer your home than is now the case. At least this would be something to pray for.

## The Heart of the Home

A REAL family circle is primarily composed of father, mother, and children. It may be sufficiently elastic to include beloved outsiders—aunts, uncles, and cousins—and occasionally throw its mantle of protection around the stranger guest, a lad away from his home or a young woman studying, teaching, or wage-earning in some way at a distance from her home people. Father and mother and the boys and girls, from the student in the high school to the baby in the cradle, are the ideal members of a domestic group. An only child is in great danger of being spoiled by oversolicitude on the part of parents. Three or four children help to bring each other up. A wise physician once said that if only the oldest child in a family were well started, the others would follow the example unconsciously set by this one, and would give very little trouble to parents and teachers.

The fact is that youthful parents are generally in danger of bestowing too much discipline on the first comer in the nursery. Later they relax their vigilance, and the last in a succession of children is petted and indulged in a measure that would seem hazardous. Yet, if there is real affection and unbroken confidence in a family, there is seldom need for penalties and little occasion arises for harshness. If children are taught obedience to parents, because parents themselves must be obedient to God, if they tell the truth and are willing to yield their own will that others may be gratified, they are on the path to noble maturity.

## At Wits' End Corner

ARE you standing at "Wits' End Corner," Christian with troubled brow? Are you thinking of what is before you, And all you are bearing now? Does all the world seem against you, And you in the battle alone? Remember, at "Wits' End Corner" Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner," Blinded with wearying pain, Feeling you cannot endure it, You cannot bear the strain? Bruised through the constant suffering, Dizzy, and dazed and numb? Remember, to "Wits' End Corner" Is where Jesus loves to come.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner," Your work before you spread, All lying broken, unfinished, And pressing on heart and head? Longing for strength to do it, Stretching out trembling hands? Remember, at "Wits' End Corner" The Burden-Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner," Yearning for those you love, Longing, and praying, and watching, Pleading their cause above? Trying to lead them to Jesus, Wondering if you've been true? He whispers at "Wits' End Corner," "I'll win them as I won you."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner?" Then you're just in the very spot To learn the wondrous resources Of Him who faileth not! No doubt to a brighter pathway Your footsteps will soon be moved, But only at "Wits' End Corner" Is the "God who is able" proved!



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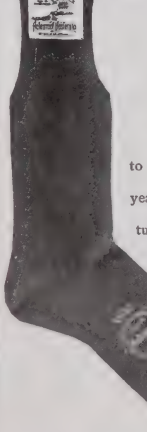
We make Holeproof Hose in Milwaukee and sell them direct to the store where you buy them. Thus you pay but the retailer's profit over the factory price. This saves the wholesaler's and jobber's profits and gives you the benefit in *better hose*.

That's why we are able to sell hose for \$1.50 up to \$3 for six pairs and guarantee them for six months—the finest hose ever made, regardless of the guarantee.

That's why we can pay an average of 70 cents for yarn, though yarn is sold for as low as 30 cents.

That's why we can spend \$55,000 a year for inspection in order to cast out every pair that has the slightest possible defect, thus insuring you perfect "Holeproof" where and whenever you buy them.

You cannot today find finer hose, or hose that offer a wider selection.



### FAMOUS

# Holeproof Hosiery

## FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

"Holeproof" are made in eleven colors, four weights and four grades. They are light, soft and attractive; never cumbersome, heavy and coarse. Don't judge the genuine by imitations—amateur brands simply made to compete with it.

The original guaranteed hose are "Holeproof." They are backed by 38 years of experience.

See a dealer today and try six pairs. But get the hose that bear the signature *Easton & Smith Co.* and our trade-mark on the toe. All others are imitations.

There's no reason why hose shouldn't last, and be, at the same time, soft and attractive. That's what a trial of "Holeproof" will convince you of. The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of money. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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(144)

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100 for \$1.00, 1,000 for \$8.00, charges prepaid, and full directions for growing. They are nice to plant beside porches, in borders, among shrubbery, in shady nooks and in courtyards. They produce an abundance of lovely, pure white, bell-shaped flowers which are deliciously fragrant. Large descriptive catalogue of all kinds of plants, seeds and bulbs mailed free. Ask for it.

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## OPPORTUNITY

"YES, Jake Burroughs is a rich man now, and here I am still pottering away at the old job, and no better off than I was the day I started. Jake and I were schoolmates, and I was ahead of him in all our classes, and I led him in all our games, and since we're grown up I've worked just as hard—harder, indeed—and been just as temperate, but he's rich and I'm poor. Why is it? Why, it's because he had the opportunity!"

Now, we know prosperous Jake Burroughs, and we have long known his old schoolmate, who made the foregoing complaint, and who is strongly of the opinion that the difference in their life positions is due entirely to the better opportunities of the successful man. A careful examination of the lives and characters of the two men does not warrant the belief that opportunity was the deciding factor in either case.

### A Bad and Good Beginning

Far be it from us to underestimate the importance of opportunity. If there is never an opening for the display of energy and talent, the possessor, so far as results are concerned, might as well be without either, just as there may be no end of wasted opportunities if the right man be not on hand to avail himself of them.

But to come back to the schoolmates. The man who made the complaint, while bright and strong as a schoolboy, did not continue, after adult life, the promise of his youth. He learned, as did his schoolmate, the bricklayer's trade. Both earned just the same wages; both were regarded as respectable young men, with equal advantages, or if there was any difference it was not in favor of the less sprightly and less good-looking Jake Burroughs.

Being good-looking, the failure, if we may so call him, dressed very well. He was very popular with the girls of his class—too popular, indeed, for his bank account, if in those days he had ever given a thought to saving. As a consequence of such associations, he married early, married a woman scarce fitted to a wife and wholly unfitted to be a mother; but she bore many children, most of whom died in infancy. Under such circumstances success was out of the question.

The young bricklayers found plenty of work in their neighborhood, which was the growing suburb of a great city. Unlike his schoolmate, whose parents were self-supporting, Jake Burroughs was handicapped by the care of an invalid mother, and he was scarcely out of his apprenticeship when his only sister was left a widow with two children, and he gave them a home, nor ever complained, for what many thought to be a burden, he regarded as a work of duty and love.

It was a long story and a hard struggle in the making; it will take but a minute to outline it. Jake Burroughs determined to become his own landlord, and in order to do so he joined a building association, and within two years he was living in his own house, his though two thirds of its value were covered by a mortgage; but the rent now, instead of being a dead outlay, went to swell the amount of his savings.

### The Result of Thrift

In time Jake Burroughs became a partner of his old employer. Further on the firm became builders on their own account. They bought land by the acre, put up good cheap cottages, and got more for one lot than the cost of an acre. Being foresighted and reliable, the firm built up a reputation with the banks, and this has been maintained with honor. Looking back to beginnings and tracing this fine record to its ultimate success, can we

honestly say that Jake Burroughs owes his rise to opportunities?

### Another Illustration

We hear a great deal about "good luck" and "chance" as factors in success. We have no faith in "chance." There is, indeed, no such thing as chance in the usually accepted meaning of the word, which is that a thing happens without a prearranged cause. The unexpected is continually happening, but it is just as much the result of a rational cause as if it had been planned and worked up to for a decade. A poor man may, unexpectedly, be left heir to a large estate, just as a good man, hurrying to do a good deed, may be struck by lightning; but even these things are not exceptions to the unvarying law of cause and effect.

A man may have a stroke of good luck, but he cannot be invariably lucky without unvarying effort of brain and muscle. The men who are always "chancing" on good things are invariably the men who are making opportunities, instead of waiting for them to turn up.

This is the case of Casper Turner—that is not just his name, but it will do. Five years ago Casper Turner, aged forty, and owner of a little truck farm in the heart of the scrub oaks and dwarf cedars down in the flat, sandy reaches of southern New Jersey, in order to keep his youngsters at school assumed the duties of mail carrier on a rural free delivery route. The roads, spring, summer, and winter alike, were always at their worst. Excepting a log cabin and a truck patch here and there, most of the route was unexpressibly monotonous.

### The Poor Man's Chance

One day when in the midst of the jungle, and when the wintry winds had whipped the brown leaves off the scrub oaks, Casper Turner saw away in the distance a yellowish, whity substance that attracted his attention. He reined in and investigated. He wrapped a few ounces of the substance in his handkerchief, why he hardly knew at the time, but as he drove home he recalled about the Agricultural Department in Washington, where experts analyzed soils for farmers, and at a venture, he decided to forward the stuff.

He had almost forgotten what he had done, when a letter from Washington came, telling him that the substance he sent was marl of superior fertilizing qualities, and having a commercial value of about thirty dollars a ton.

Casper Turner was neither well-educated nor a trained business man, but he had a good fund of saving common sense. He had in reserve three hundred dollars, and with it he bought an option to purchase the land with in one year. This done, he went to the bank in the county town, explained the situation to the president, and within one month he had a company formed to work the phosphate beds, with himself as president and chief stockholder.

To-day, Casper Turner is rich and daily growing richer. The children who were to learn trades are now being fitted for the professions. Where does the credit lie? "Opportunity," you say? Well, since the Indians were driven out of New Jersey, men have been traveling that same road and seeing that same marl. The opportunity was there all the time, but it needed a Casper Turner to "chance" along and embrace it.

I think it will be a grand thing to make Mont-Lawn a monument to Dr. Klopsch.  
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Shine  
or to  
Touch up  
Suits



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you will find it so quick and so easy  
that you will always want to keep your  
stove looking bright and clean.

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No Spreading—  
No Muzz—No Trouble  
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**Rat Bis-Kit**

about the house. Bats will not eat  
it, the outside. Rat Bis-Kit,  
cleanest way to keep your  
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stores will supply it. Write for  
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We want you to try our Prize Seeds this year  
and have selected 50 best varieties and put up 10,000  
seeds especially to grow Prize Vegetables and  
Flowers. They will produce more than \$50. worth of  
Vegetables and 10 bushels of Flowers.

| 800 Seeds Cabbage | 3 Best Varieties             | 3 pkts. |
|-------------------|------------------------------|---------|
| 1,000 " Lettuce   | 4 " "                        | 4 " "   |
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| 1,500 " Flowers   | 30 Grand Flowering Varieties |         |

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INCUBATOR

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Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable  
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If your dealer doesn't check them write to us. We'll send  
you our catalogue and two books, "Raising Money the  
Buckeye Way" and "Chicks from 50 Eggs," free.  
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are quicker returns than any  
other crop. Our Strawberry  
text book teaches Kellogg's way to  
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berries. IT'S FREE.

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THE BEST LIGHT CO.  
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**Influence of a Great Passion\***  
PERHAPS the man nearest our own  
time who has had the greatest pas-  
sion for soul-saving was Dwight L.  
Moody. Night and day, East, West  
and across the sea, his one thought  
seemed to be, "How can I win over  
more hearts to the Saviour?" It was  
the burning emotion forever alight in  
the inmost recesses of his nature.

Among the thrilling records of the  
saints and martyrs of old, we find  
many examples of this thirst after  
God, which reveals itself usually in the  
desire to win all others unto him.

There was the great Bernard who  
preached among the barbarous Ger-  
mans the necessity of a crusade to save  
the holy city. He spoke in Latin, but  
such was his divine enthusiasm that  
vast audiences that could not under-  
stand a word that he uttered, and knew  
only his general purpose, were moved  
to tears, and to the high resolve to  
share in the sacred enterprise he  
championed.

"It was through the might of a great  
and noble passion," says Dr. G. F.  
Nichols, "that Luther defied Rome;  
that Gustavus Adolphus poured out his  
great heart for his country's freedom;  
that the Puritans fought at Naseby,  
and founded a New England on these  
inhospitable shores; that James Watt  
searched out the secrets of steam; that  
Arkwright arrived at the working of  
the spinning machine; that Columbus  
found a new continent; that Harvey  
discovered the circulation of the blood;  
that Galileo became persuaded of the  
earth's revolution around the sun."

In our own day, we have seen Robert  
Perry seek again and again for the  
home of the pole-star, only to be baffled,  
until at last time and tide favor him,  
and the wisdom born of experience aids  
him, and he finds that which had so  
long eluded his search.

Emerson has said in effect in one of  
his essays that when a man is selected  
to do an important work in the world,  
the Lord "overloads him with bias." In  
other words, he is likely to be un-  
balanced; the prevailing desire of his  
nature dwarfs every other until he be-  
comes, as we often say, "a man with  
one idea."

Such men are often more or less dis-  
agreeable socially, but they are also  
the pioneers of great forward  
movements.

Charles Rhenius, the great mission-  
ary to India in the early nineteenth  
century, was on fire with the zeal to  
save the heathen. Hall and Newell,  
full of the same sacred flame, wrote  
their famous pamphlet, *The Conversion  
of the World*, filled it with their own  
enthusiasm, and a spark from it en-  
kindled the soul of Dr. John Scudder,  
who became the first medical mission-  
ary to India. Eight of his sons and  
many more of his grandchildren have  
devoted themselves to his work there,  
with the same fiery earnestness.

Professor Bruce of Glasgow Uni-  
versity wrote thus of our beloved  
Phillips Brooks: "Our great preachers  
take into the pulpit a bucket full or  
half full of the word of God, and then,  
by the force of personal mechanism,  
they attempt to convey it to the con-  
gregation. But this man is a great  
water main, attached to the everlast-  
ing reservoir of God's truth and grace  
and love, and streams of life pour  
through him to refresh every weary  
soul."

He, too, had the divine passion for  
saving men from sin. So had John  
Wesley. So had Whitefield and  
Finney. The world would have been  
a poor place without these passion-  
filled emissaries of the Most High.  
Let us imitate their consecration and  
their lofty devotion.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday,  
February 26. TEXTS: Phil. 3:12-14; Ps. 42: 1.

#### Cordially Approves the Plan

LAKENWICH, Mich., January 16, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I like very much the plan that the Children's  
Home be the monument for our dear Dr.  
Kellogg. We can each reader add every day  
to the glory of the monument.

MRS. ELIZA BUSHLEY.

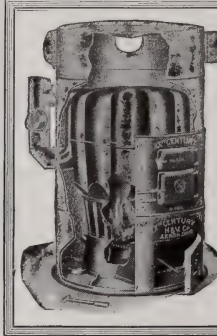
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Outside texture so closely woven it  
resists wind and wear alike. Lined  
with wool fabric that defies the cold.  
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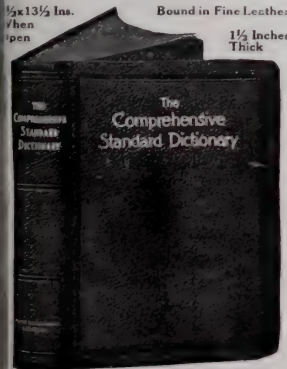
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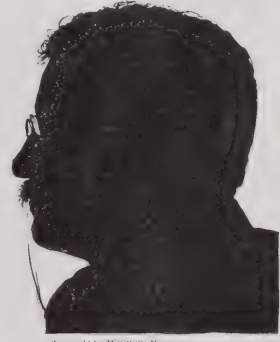
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Washington at Trenton

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1911

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Washington at Valley Forge

Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown



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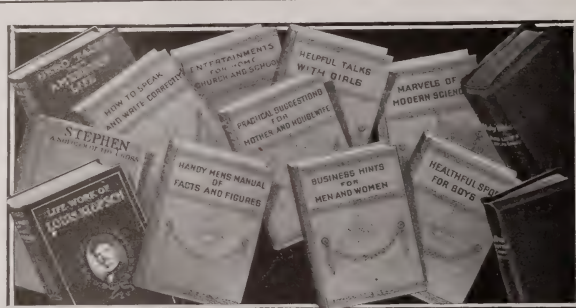
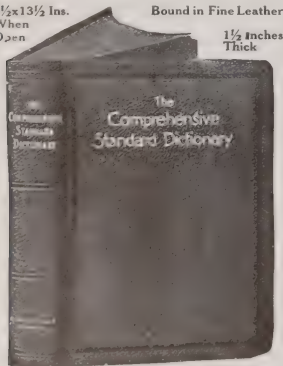
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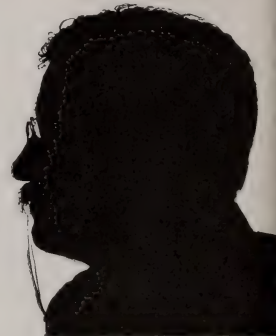
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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The Restoration, Showing Rebuilt Walls



The Entrance to the Estate



Rear View of the Mansion, After Restoration

## THE RESTORATION OF MOUNT VERNON

AN IMPORTANT and interesting undertaking in landscape architecture has recently been carried out at Mount Vernon on the Potomac. The interest centres round the fact that the work now finished completes the restoration of the conditions of Washington's times at the estate he loved so well. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association may now congratulate itself on the achievement of the end for which it has struggled through over half a century of varying fortune. In colonial times red brick lawn and garden walls were characteristic of all Southern Manor houses of the Mount Vernon type. To replace with exact duplicates the fallen walls of this kind on the Mount Vernon estate, has long been the keen desire of those interested in the restorations here. This has now been accomplished, and the new old-walls, which flank the mansion on either side and form a conspicuous feature of the lawn at stretches away toward the river, stand again as they were built under the direction of our first President. The original walls were in an excellent condition at the time of Washington's death, but successive heirs allowed them to fall to decay. When the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association acquired the hundred and thirty-seven acres of the eight thousand which formerly comprised the estate, there was nothing left but the foundations. These public-spirited women, who stepped in and saved the historic spot for the nation, did hard work to raise by subscription the \$200,000 required to make the purchase, and for a time after they took title to the property, they had to content themselves with minor improvements. However, it has always been their ambition to restore everything

about the estate to the condition in which Washington left it, and this has been gradually done.

It was not due to the expense entailed that the replacing of these walls, which add so much to the historical setting, was left till the last. The whole work required the expenditure of only about \$1,500, and money is not lacking nowadays for any work

mansion and estate. The long delay was due solely to the difficulty in securing the proper kind of bricks.

Historical accuracy has been the watchword of the directors of all the work on the estate; and it was at their bidding that the superintendent has been for the last twenty-five years searching for bricks like those of the original walls, remnants of which were found in the débris. Last year the long quest came to a successful close. An old colonial mansion, known as Society Hill, in King George County, Virginia, was demolished, and this structure, which was built by Colonel Thornton, a close friend of Washington, yielded the searcher a great quantity of bricks, evidently imported

from the old country, and identical in size and color with those at Mount Vernon. It was a long and laborious job to clean and transport them to the estate, but this was finally done, and the long-missing walls are back in place, with copings fashioned from original Washington bricks, which were rescued from the old foundations. English ivy has been planted along the rebuilt walls, and when the azaleas come again in spring and the brickwork is veiled with green, the old mansion of the United States' national hero will look as it did in those years when it was his much-loved home.

The most extensive of the restorations are the so-called "screen walls," whose function was to hide from the sight of guests on the lawn the inevitable domestic activities carried on around the kitchen, the smoke-house and the spinning-house. Almost as interesting as the screen walls are the "Ha-Ha," or terrace walls. These are depressed below the level of the sloping lawn to divide one

Continued on page 187



The Mansion, With the Restorers' Work Completed

that may be contemplated about this Mecca of the American people. Contributions need only be asked for to be obtained. The small fees paid by visitors yield an annual income of more than \$40,000—a sum which is ample for the maintenance of the



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. D. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.\*

## GOD'S HAND IN OUR HISTORY

TEXT—Ps. 147:20

WE pay tribute to-day to the memory of George Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his countrymen." His patriotism was buttressed by his piety. No man ever recognized more clearly, in personal and national affairs, the hand of a sovereign God. On resigning his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army he said: "A man must be worse than an infidel who does not see the divine goodness or has not gratitude enough to acknowledge it." On taking the Presidential chair he said: "No people can be more bound than we to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men."

It is my present purpose to show that Washington was right. All through our history runs a golden thread of manifest Providence. As we trace it we shall see how singularly God has overruled the blunders of men to the promotion of his glory in our national life.

### The Course of Empire

The story of these blunders begins as far back as 150 A.D., when Ptolemy, the geographer of Alexandria, made his famous map of the world. At that time the known world was merely a fringe of countries around the Mediterranean; and had Ptolemy confined himself to these his map would have been tolerably correct; but he undertook to guess at the regions beyond, and naturally he guessed wrong. One of his errors was in bringing the western coast of Europe and the eastern coast of Asia so near together as to make it appear a small matter for an adventurous mariner to cross the intervening seas.

Now it so happened that a thousand years later this map fell into the hands of Columbus, who dreamed over it and was misled. "If India lies so near to the westward," he said, "why may I not find it?" Whereupon he manned his caravels and ventured forth. See yonder the *Pinta* leading the little fleet through the Pillars of Hercules!

Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

This voyage of Columbus was a fool's errand. He hoped to discover the fabulous Northwest Passage; and the fact that he found something better was due to the overruling hand of Providence; for it is true of nations as of men, "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Had the adventurous mariner foreseen the interminable leagues which lay before him he would doubtless have tarried at home. Days, weeks, a weary month passed by without a sight of land. A mass of seaweed floating by suggested a change of course; but Columbus wrote in his log, "This day we sailed westward." A flock of parakeets flew past, and the sailors, ready for mutiny, demanded the shifting of the helm; but again the captain wrote in his log, "This day we sailed westward." At length a thornbush, borne northward on the Gulf Stream, convinced him that land lay to the south, and he shifted the helm accordingly.

### What Might Have Happened

That changed the course of history. Had the ships continued on their westward course, they would have touched on the coast of Florida. What then? A Spanish settlement and a Papal civilization. For the power behind that enterprise was Rome. It was undertaken in payment of a vow to the Virgin Mary, was stimulated by the Papal benediction and carried to a conclusion under the patronage of the Spanish crown. As it was, Columbus landed on San Salvador, and planted the red cross banner, saying: "I give the new world to Castile, to Jesus and Mary!" But the new world was not thus to be divided between Castile, Jesus and Mary. God had better things in store for our country than the type of civilization which is seen in Spain, Mexico, and South America. The people who were to effect a permanent settlement in America must be prepared for it in a far different environment. "Man proposes, but God disposes." A hundred years must pass before a permanent

settlement can be effected—a hundred years of "sifting out the hearts of men."

The sifting process began with an historic "blunder" made by Luther, when he nailed his Ninety-five Theses to the chapel door at Wittenberg. Pope Leo said it was a blunder; so did Charles V, so did the Elector of Saxony. In any case it awoke the thunders of the Reformation and kindled fires of persecution which were not to be quenched for two hundred years. The Husbandman came to his threshing-floor with fan in hand and began to purge it, reserving the finest of the wheat for the fallow ground of America. There must be men of courage, intelligence, industry and independent conviction. To this end they must be tried in tempests of fire and blood; for they were to stand forth as haters of tyranny, lovers of freedom, purged of superstition and devoted to God.

The result was precipitated by a blunder on the part of James I of England, in demanding that his subjects should conform to the customs of the Established Church. It so happened that up at Scrooby, on the borders of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, there was a company of humble people who had a foolish fondness for religious independence; and in this they were aided and abetted by their pastor, John Robinson. For a while they patiently endured wrong and oppression, but at length resolved to flee. This also was a mistake; for the English Revolution was coming on, when Cromwell should marshal his Roundheads for the fray. By all that is sacred in courage and steadfastness, these men of Scrooby should have remained in England and fought it out; but, though martyrs in patience, they were not the stuff that heroes are made of. But whither should they flee? Holland alone, of all the nations, had fought the conflict of civil and religious freedom to a finish. For almost a century her paltry three millions had been arrayed against Rome and her allies; and they were now prepared to offer a refuge to the oppressed of the whole earth.

### The Coming of the Pilgrims

The Pilgrims came to Holland in 1608. They had scarcely landed before the war ceased through the proffer of an armistice by Philip III. The arms and energies of Holland, thus suddenly released, were forced to seek other avenues of investment. So it happened that the *Half-Moon* sailed in 1609, and was followed in quick succession by other shiploads of adventurers turning their faces to the New World. The men of Scrooby, however, remained in Holland for a dozen years, learning the lessons of freedom which the Dutch people had mastered in the stern school of war. In 1620 they also sailed, in the *Mayflower*. In midocean they elected John Bradford governor of their hypothetical colony and drew up a constitution beginning and ending with the words, "In the name of God, Amen." All the world knows how they landed at Plymouth in the autumn of that year, and proceeded at once to the establishment of a free commonwealth.

Meanwhile the Dutch settlement on Manhattan Island was growing and prospering. In 1664 there were three hundred houses there and fifteen hundred people. Then Governor Peter Stuyvesant, "the honest despot," made his blunder. Colonel Nichols had appeared in the bay with four British ships and four hundred and fifty men demanding the surrender of New Amsterdam. After a week's delay the governor, deeming discretion the better part of valor, yielded; and New Amsterdam became New York.

### The Puritans

But this inglorious surrender was not without its compensations. The Dutch, thus scattered, have never segregated in our country since that day. The Puritans of New England, the Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania, the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Carolinas, the Huguenots of Louisiana and elsewhere, have flocked by themselves; but the Dutch have mingled with the general throng and allowed their heroic, slow-flowing, liberty-loving blood to mingle with the life current of the nation. You may trace the influence of other nationalities which have kept themselves apart, but of the Dutch

you cannot say, Lo here, or, Lo, there. The presence of the Puritans in America is as obvious as a river, while that of the Dutch is like the falling of the dew, which shows itself only in the refreshing of the landscape. Wherefore let us be grateful for the English occupation of New York, whereby the thrift and industry and republican simplicity and religious devotion of the Holland settlers were scattered abroad to permeate, unseen but always felt, the institutions of our country.

But the English were not destined to have a perpetual tenure of America. Their time for blundering came in the reign of unhappy George III. Oh, that blessed stamp act! Blessed thruppence on a pound of tea! Blessed Boston tea-party! Blessed Hessian mercenaries! Blessed Independence Bell! Blessed, bloody Valley Forge! And, above all, blessed be God, who maketh the foolishness as well as the wrath of men to praise him!

The English king had no thought of alienating his American colonies, only of sternly chastising and correcting them. The Continental Congress had no thought of establishing an independent commonwealth, only of exacting from the motherland the recognition of certain "inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." George Washington had no thought of being a rebel, only of championing the just demands of a loyal people. But, woe! Jehu starts the chariot, God holds the reins.

### An Undreamed of Development

Our fathers never dreamed of such a country as we have to-day. They were well within the nineteenth century before they abandoned the idea of a Republic limited to a stretch along the Atlantic coast. The Mississippi might have been our Western boundary until now, but for a "blunder" made by Napoleon when his exchequer was low. In casting about for means to carry out his plans of European conquest, it occurred to him that certain lands in the Western part of America might be disposed of. They were worth little to him, and it was doubtful if France could permanently defend them. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. They were offered to our Government for the paltry sum of fifteen million dollars. It was a great bargain. There are single blocks in some of our Western cities that would bring more money to-day. But the proffer gave rise to a prolonged controversy in our national councils. There was a grave difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the transaction. However, the "Louisiana Purchase" was made, and an area larger than the thirteen original colonies came into our possession, and with it the control of the Mississippi River, our great artery of commerce. Thus the Republic was extended along its southern borders to the western sea.

### The Empire of the Northwest

But the vast territory of the Northwest was still disputed ground. The Hudson's Bay Company determined to hold it for England in the interest of the Indians and the fur trade. The authorities at Washington were indifferent, deeming it a wild and unproductive land. Then Marcus Whitman, a missionary among the Indians of Oregon, hearing that definite plans were on foot to establish the British claim, determined to reach Washington, if possible, and appeal to Congress. In vain did friends endeavor to dissuade him. "It would be a great blunder," they said; "how could you ever cross the Rockies? The winter is setting in and you would freeze to death; nor would you accomplish anything if you should reach your destination. What does Congress care for the country out here?" But, despite all protestations, he set forth from Walla Walla, confronting dangers and difficulties incredible, and reached Washington in time to make his appeal. The Government acted and the Northwest Territory was saved: a country thirty-six times the area of Massachusetts was added to our national domain, and Old Glory waved over a magnificent Republic stretching from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean.

Was the labor worth the pains? Was it worth while, from the view-point of righteousness, to add acre to acre in a country over which the curse of slavery held sway?

Continued on next page

\*Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York City.



God's Hand in Our History

Continued from preceding page

Our Congress, while deprecating the thought of secession, was still eloquent in its asseverations that the sacred institution of slavery was not to be meddled with. A manifest under. But the logic of events could not be resisted. In due time the emancipation Proclamation was issued "as a war measure" and against the protest of many distinguished patriots. It was heralded by multitudes as a political mistake. Let it rest at that. The foolishness of men oftentimes the wisdom of God. The war ceased. We were a free people at last. It was the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes.

Time passed and we were driven by motives of humanity into another war, in which the civilization of the Britons was arrayed against that of pain. It would not have occurred but for a colossal blunder made by General Weyler, who by cruel oppression brought the people of Cuba to the last extremity of despair. Had he refrained from interposing in their behalf it would have been an unpardonable sin. But interposition meant more than we knew or contemplated. Our thoughts went no further than the deliverance of the downtrodden. That, however, was not to be wrought without the accomplishment of an ulterior purpose, which God seemed to be entertaining without us. In the progress of the war it became necessary, as a counter-irritant, to attack Spain in her Oriental possessions. Thus the Philippines fell to our lot, for better or for worse, we have these islands on our hands. Expansion is an accomplished fact. Eastward the star of empire now takes its way.

It is for us to say what the result shall be. We are a Christian nation and barbarism is at our doors; we cannot evade the responsibility of the situation. The hands of the Philippines are reaching forth and they are calling, "Come over and help us!"

It behooves us to remember these things. "Washington was right: 'An angel must be worse than an infidel who does not see the divine goodness in our national affairs or has not the gratitude to acknowledge it.' Our gratitude can best be shown by devotion to our fathers' God. Truly he hath not dealt so with any nation. Though our fathers pursued their way blindly and with much stumbling, God never withdrew his guidance: the pillar of cloud went before them until they entered on their promised possession, a large and wealthy place among the nations of the earth."

It is related that when Columbus, in his historic voyage, was approaching the shores of the Western World, a flickering light was dimly seen through the darkness by one of his sailors. "It may be," said Columbus, "that the faithful wife of some fisherman is waving a torch to guide him on his homeward way." The centuries have passed and to-day a colossal figure, "Liberty Enlightening the World," stands with uplifted torch in the harbor of New York, or liberty read Christianity; and place in her hand instead of the torch the uplifted cross; then shall we behold the mission of America to the world. Let us meet our responsibility as a Christian people, and the Providence that has directed our steps hitherto will continue to lead us until the coming of Christ shall usher in the Golden Age.

(See "THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT" in Adjoining Column)

LAKE GENÈVE, SWIT., January 16, 1911.  
DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:  
The most enduring monument its founder could have would be the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, and its perpetuation for all time. A living monument is better than cold, costly marble, a dead thing to crumble in time, and I know the great heart of Dr. Klopsch would prize that his memory should live in benefited humanity.  
Respectfully,  
MRS. CHARLES VERNAN.



The Children's Pulpit  
GOLD-RIMMED SPECTACLES

By Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.\*

DID you see that little girl? She is a great burden-bearer. If you had a pair of the new gold-rimmed spectacles you would be astonished to see what she is carrying. You have not heard of these new golden spectacles? You have heard of the X-ray, that strange light that enables you to see a stout man's bones and to look clear through some people who think they know how to keep a secret. The new eye-glasses enable us to see what people are carrying.

The old eye-glasses were, "Set a thief to catch a thief." If any one is a thief he is the one who can see a thief and know all the mean things he is doing. But there are so few mean people that it does not pay to make these old eye-glasses. A new eye-glass firm has been organized, and is called, "The Junior Congregation Eye-glass Company, Unlimited." The new eye-glasses are, "Set a burden-bearer to see a burden-bearer." If a boy or girl has learned to bear burdens for others, that is the boy or girl who can see all who are burden-bearers. We call them gold-rimmed because gold is pure.

IF YOU have these gold-rimmed spectacles you will be able to see that little girl with burdens on both shoulders, burdens on top of her head, burdens in both arms. Each finger carrying a burden as large as a big man would feel able to carry on his shoulders. This little girl read in her Five-inch Library: "Bear ye one another's burdens." Then she began to ask, "Can I bear any one's burdens?" At first she thought that she could only carry some tiny burden for mother. She could carry this burden and then added to it some other person's burden. She soon found that she was able to carry every one of them. When she took those burdens she found that she could run faster, skip the rope oftener, dance better, sing better, and that her school work seemed to be lighter.

I AM going to tell you a story. Here it is:  
"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." Lena Graves read this in her Five-inch Library. She determined to help others to bear their burdens. In the morning, after washing her face, she put on the new spectacles.

Before going down stairs she resolved that through the day she would say every kind word she could honestly utter. She began to use them at the breakfast table. "How light these muffins are!" she exclaimed, as she broke one open on her plate. Mrs. Graves looked pleased. The family was apt to be critical, and she was dreading remarks upon the coffee, which was not quite so clear as usual.

LENA'S suggestion took effect. The family tasted the muffins, and were unanimous in their praise. "Light as a feather," declared father. "Mother's muffins are always good," said Will. Her mother's pleased and brightened face was a revelation to Lena. The talk flowed on in pleasant channels, without the usual grumbling.

Her next opportunity came as she started for school. Bridget was scrubbing the front steps, and the young girl paused to say, "You did up my lace collar beautifully, Bridget. I really believe it looks better than when it went to the laundry."

"That's a good thing, sure," answered Bridget, with a happy smile. And as Lena vanished, for some reason, Bridget went back and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over slightly.

After the algebra class Lena lingered for a moment at the teacher's desk to say, "That explanation of yours helped me to see into this seventh example perfectly. Thank you." The pale, discouraged teacher looked up, surprised. She had a sudden refreshed feeling, such as always came when a bunch of violets was dropped on her desk. Not many words of appreciation came her way, and the joy went through the rest of the school's routine.

AND so it went on through the hours of the eventful day. At its close, Lena felt a rare happiness she had never known. The next morning mamma was delighted to find that Lena had made her own bed, and tidied up the room. Then when mamma went to her room she found her bed made to a perfect spread and the dusting all done. Mamma faintly. But she "came to," feeling better, and has not had a sick headache for three months.

Then came a new world into Lena's vision. She saw boys and girls, men and women, as she had never seen them before. So many of them were carrying burdens for other people! The old world seemed new. The old, sad world was glad. Her new world was not bad.

Lena was a member of "The Junior Congregation Eye-Glass Company." You could often hear her say, "New eye-glasses for sale. Price: the life, suffering and death of Christ."

\* Pastor First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. TEXT: Gal. 6: 2.

The Gift of Public Prayer

THE minister's wife told the story herself. We had been talking of the difficulty of learning to pray aloud in our church meetings. She smiled thoughtfully over her knitting.

"It happened while we were living in a certain Western city," she said. "I, being the dominie's wife, was vice-president of the Women's Missionary Society. One day, when we were to hold our monthly meeting, I had an idea that the president would not be on hand; and I was so afraid that I'd have to preside and open the meeting with prayer—a thing I'd never done in my life!—that I deliberately dallied over my hat and my veil until I knew I was quite late. Then I went down to the church. The meeting was well under way, and the president was in the chair. I felt ashamed of myself; but I felt more ashamed than ever when, after the meeting had ended, Mrs. Jones told me what had happened."

She spread her knitting out on her knee and looked it over critically, head on one side; then she chuckled:

"The president, mind you," she went on, "was one of our most prominent church workers; but, like me, she felt that she simply could not offer prayer in a meeting. She had opened this meeting by getting up and offering her resignation. The pastor—my husband—had said from the pulpit last Sunday that he had heard that there was a society in that church that opened its meetings without prayer, and he was ashamed of it. Because of his remark she felt that she was not fit to be any longer president of the Missionary Society, because—I simply cannot pray out loud," she said.

"When she was through, there was a moment's dismayed silence. Then one of the ladies spoke up: 'Madam President, perhaps we are all to blame! I move that we have a prayer meeting right now, and every one of us offer prayer.' And didn't they get down on their knees then and there, and didn't every woman in that room pray aloud! And most of them, remember, had never so much as peeped in a meeting! But the best part of it all, and the part that shamed me most, was when one woman, who had always been supposed to be rather light-minded—no soul to spare, you know—said in a shaky voice, 'O God, help us to be as little afraid of each other as we are of you!' Wasn't that a fine prayer? When Mrs. Jones told me that, I was ashamed through and through, and sorry that I'd missed my chance, and still a wee bit relieved that I'd escaped—all three feelings rolled into one."

She paused for a moment, and some one asked, "Did it last?"

"Bless you, yes!" she replied. "Those women are praying yet, out there. It waked up the society, and it hasn't gone to sleep since. But I haven't told you all of it. On the way home from the meeting I stopped, as I always did, to tell old Auntie Perkins what had happened. She was a shut-in, and she did so love to hear about everything. When I had told her, she said, 'Of course you prayed?'"

"And I said, 'Oh no; I wasn't there. But even if I had been there I wouldn't have prayed aloud. I couldn't! I haven't the gift of prayer, Auntie Perkins.'"

"Then the old lady looked at me over her spectacles and answered me. 'My dear,' she said quietly, 'you haven't the gift because you haven't asked for it. God gives good gifts to those who ask him for them. You'd better ask, right away!'"

The mistress of the house knitted for a silent moment; but all of us sitting there with her knew at last how she had gotten her power in prayer. She had asked for it as Auntie Perkins had told her to do.

D. DEF. B.

WILTON, N. H., January 13, 1911.  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:  
Dear Friend—Dr. Klopsch builded or commenced his own monument in Mont-Lawn. Nothing could be better than to perpetuate his work. Yours very truly, NETTIE A. PERHAM.



# Thousands Dying of Famine

Another Remittance of \$10,000 Cabled by "The Christian Herald" for Relief, in Response to Renewed Appeals by the Missionary



A Crowd of Famine Refugees in the District Around Chin-kiang, Where 25,000 Are Now Assembled

THIS week another remittance of \$10,000 has been forwarded by cable through our State Department in Washington from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Fund to the Relief Committee in the field. This is the fourth remittance which this journal has cabled through the State Department since the opening of the Relief Fund, making the total sum cabled to date \$26,000. Although the contributions have not yet reached that total, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in view of the immediate need, has followed its usual custom of anticipating the gifts of its readers to the extent of several thousand dollars.

Shanghai dispatches received during the week state that the situation in the famine provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su is steadily growing worse. Thousands are perishing of starvation; in many places there is not even an attempt made to bury the dead. "Nearly two million persons," the dispatch adds, "are in danger of death unless prompt relief is forthcoming." This frightful condition of affairs affords little hope that even the labors of the two large Relief Committees may be able to avert the impending calamity.

The whole civilized world is touched with sympathy for China and is now striving to hurry forward relief. Meanwhile, money cabled through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD saves precious time and gets relief most quickly to the field. A gift to China now, forwarded by cable, will do much more towards saving life and lessening suffering than any aid sent later could possibly accomplish.

A cable dispatch from Peking indicates that fears are entertained for the personal safety of the American missionaries. There is little doubt that these devoted workers, who are now distributing food to the multitudes of sufferers in and around Chin-kiang, are in real danger. The nature of this danger may be gathered from a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Rev. Mr. Longden, the chairman of our Interdenominational Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, in which, after acknowledging the receipt of a remittance from our Relief Fund, he describes the almost hopeless character of the situation. He writes:

"China's condition seems almost desperate. The flood covers about the same district as that of four years ago."

Missionary Lobenstein says that the people, seeing starvation ahead, were so desperate that thou-

sands of them banded themselves together and marched through the country, robbing every one who had any foodstuffs laid by, or who was reported to have any money. Dr. Cochrane, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Anhui, reports the famine as more severe than the last, two-thirds of the inhabitants of the districts from which he writes having been obliged to abandon their homes.

Another missionary writes that refugees from the North are being sent back again. He adds: "These people had put their all in boats and barrows and gone away. It is little wonder that there is threatened trouble when the tide is turned back. One's heart-strings get many a tug as one sees the pitiful

true of the greater part of the native population.

A worker of the North Presbyterian Mission states that in a territory of seven thousand square miles in Anhui, between two and three millions are affected by the famine, and of these over a million are practically without anything to carry them through the months between now and spring. In the magistracy of Huaiyuan alone, approximately 175,000 people must be assisted or die.

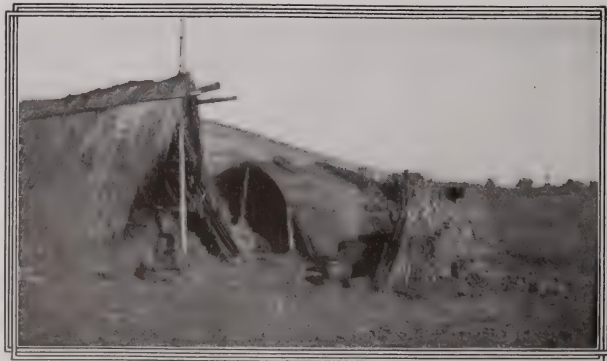
Refugees are pouring into Chin-kiang. The officials there are distributing soft boiled rice to about 10,000 people daily. As in the last famine vast crowds of destitute are surging up and down the country in the hopeless quest for food, and the missionaries are simply overwhelmed by the demands for aid which, owing to their very limited resources, they are unable to satisfy. It is not surprising that there should be danger of violence from these famine-stricken mobs, whose sufferings have driven them to desperation. Chairman Longden adds that his associates on the committee will see that money sent to them reaches the sufferers in the form of life-sustaining food.

The floods have destroyed large areas in Hunan and Hupeh provinces and great destitution is reported in these localities. An urgent appeal for help has come to the Chin-kiang missionary from Chan-teh-fu, Hunan.

It may soon become a question whether the plague or the famine will be the more terrible, should the former continue to spread southward. While Europe is agitated over the possible spread of the contagion to Western countries, and all civilized governments are taking precautions to bar out the plague by rigid quarantine

China is fighting her double battle with grim stoicism. The pneumonic plague, still raging with undiminished violence in several parts of Manchuria, has already spread southward to the sea coast and Shantung. In the city of Harbin lately, 2,300 bodies of plague victims were burned in sixteen heaps and the remains buried in seven pits. The authorities are considering the advisability of burning the whole Chinese section of the city, which had a population of 10,000 and where 5,174 have already died of the plague.

All contributions for famine relief should be addressed "China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City." An additional list of contributions received will be found on the next page.



A Refugee Hut in the Famine District

barrow-loads going aimlessly hither and thither." Missionary Henry S. Ferguson, Yung-Chow-fu, writes: "One meets many refugees on the road; many are eating their last food now. The distress will deepen as the season advances. This is a famine which money will relieve, as the source of supply begins about fifty miles to the south."

Practically all the missionaries who have written on the subject agree that the death-roll of the coming month will be an appalling one, unless adequate relief can be afforded. Miss Ellmers, a missionary of the China Inland Mission, says: "The destitution around Antung is even worse than in the last famine. The people have not recovered from the last inundation and have no reserve to fall back upon. This is







# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## The Gospel in the Pulpit

IN REVIEWING the mass of letters which have come to us on the subject of the spiritual condition of individual churches throughout the country, one cannot fail to be struck with the vital importance of demanding, as a qualification for the practical work of the ministry, that the preacher himself should be a true Christian. That this is not always the case may be easily read between the lines in a number of the letters in question. Nor do we believe that they are written in any other than the kindest spirit; for if the confession be made that the Gospel is neglected, it comes with reluctance and with an evidence of sincere regret. It is not difficult to understand the cause of the spiritual decline of a church whose pastor has not the one vital qualification which, above all others, makes him a true shepherd of his flock. But the trouble goes farther back. It can be traced to the teaching in some of our theological seminaries, which have let down the bars that mark the distinction between faith and unfaith, between the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the doubtful philosophies of the day. And it can be traced also to the course frequently followed by presbyteries and conferences in appointing as pastors, candidates who sometimes admit that they themselves are in the dark concerning Gospel truths and who are therefore incapable of leading others into the light. There cannot be a Gospel Church without a Gospel Pulpit!

## A Relief Ship for China

OUR government has granted a relief ship for conveying a cargo of flour to famine-stricken China. It is our old relief ship, the *Buford*, which conveyed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's cargo to Shanghai during the last great famine. We are now negotiating to send 10,000 sacks of flour. Time is precious. Your gift to China, sent now, will under God's blessing, be the means of saving human lives. Every pound of flour sent on the *Buford* will do double duty, as it will be equal to two pounds, at present famine prices in China. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should be represented in the cargo. Send in your contribution to the Relief Fund to-day.

## When You Speak in Public

WHOEVER would speak in public to the satisfaction of an audience, must first of all know what he or she intends to say. To stand on a platform with ideas in confusion, words and sentences halting and entangled, and voice inadequate to reach the people in the back row of seats, is to meet the speaker's Waterloo. Women have so much practice in their clubs and federations nowadays that they know far better than their sisters did in an elder day how to speak so that they may be heard. Mr. Dwight L. Moody on a Northfield platform once thought fit to put the opening exercises of a devotional character into the hands of women, on an evening when the great auditorium was crowded. There were to be four consecutive prayers. The two women who first took part were inaudible to any in the congregation, their voices not rising much above an inarticulate murmur. When the turn of the third came, Mr. Moody, near whom she was seated, leaned toward her and said positively: "When you speak, speak so that you can be heard." His order was obeyed. He was right in demanding that one who attempts to lead a congregation should speak so as to be audible. Neither should any one in an assemblage of any kind make a speech linked together by conjunctions and punctuated by pauses both for breath and for new material.

Declaration, at all times a desirable study for boys, fell for a while in many of our schools into a neglected background. Our present educators are taking pains with elocution and with oratory, so far as our boys are concerned. Girls and women ought to cultivate the art of clear enunciation, giving every vowel and consonant its full value, and if speaking from a platform they should remember that it is not so much a volume of voice that is essential as an unhurried delivery and the right placing of emphasis. Always look straight before

you and speak to the person at the far end of the room. Let the sides of the room take care of themselves. This is an especially good rule. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes every week sermons and addresses by the most accomplished platform and pulpit orators, it affords an excellent opportunity for young speakers to acquire a clear and fluent delivery by practising the reading of these sermons aloud. Nowhere could they find better material for declamation and certainly none that they might read with greater profit.

## A Law That Could Work Two Ways

THERE is great jubilation in the ranks of the believers in the political principle of the "recall," over the case of Hiram C. Gill, mayor of Seattle, Wash., who was ousted from his office by its operation only a short time ago. These, together with the exponents of equal suffrage, are in high glee over the results of the first participation of women in the political affairs of the city. A year ago Mayor Gill was elected with a heavy plurality. The women of the State were given the ballot about four months ago, and it is claimed that they are largely responsible for the recent events. When it was made public in charges that Mayor Gill and his chief of police were in league with the vicious elements of the population and had even gone so far as to have dealings with a so-called "vice syndicate," the newly enacted recall law was put in operation. The resulting vote showed an overwhelming majority for the reform candidate.

Though this is a highly gratifying victory for the cause of righteousness and decency, as an example of the operation of the political principle it is of little value. If the accusations that were so persistently made during the campaign could be substantiated, the executive had been unfaithful to his oath and had brought himself under other laws that would have brought about his removal from office without establishing the precedent which this case does. No law is without the possibilities of misuse, and in connection with the recall law, that abuse might well be its enforcement when the only charge against the officeholder is unpopularity, due perhaps to most praiseworthy though misunderstood actions.

MR. EUGENE THWING, well known as an essayist, magazineist and writer on social and religious topics, has become a member of the editorial contributing staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and his articles will appear in its columns regularly hereafter. His first contribution is published in this issue.

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## Washington's Secret of Power

GEORGE WASHINGTON never can be shut out in the history of the past. He does not belong to the eighteenth century. His personality does no less as the years advance. His influence is essentially permanent. He is a man for the present need of the nation and of its individual citizens. An this is the reason: Washington saw through the superficial things of his time into the profound truth of all time. He recognized that truth and proclaimed it again and again. His own character and work were shaped and controlled by it, and he sought to make it the controlling force in the new born nation. Acknowledgment of God's wisdom and power, trust in God's providence, obedience to God's law formed the foundation upon which Washington began the building of the nation.

The Father of His Country knew that the great achievement of his life was not his own. "If such talents as I possess," he said, "have been called into action by great events, and those events terminate happily for our country, the glory should be ascribed to the manifest interposition of an overruling Providence. I was but the humble agent of favoring Heaven, whose benign influence was so often manifested in our behalf, and to whom alone the praise of victory is due."

Washington was a mighty man of prayer. He knew that the only way in which man can reach up and take hold of the power of God is by prayer. A the pole of the trolley car reaches up to the wire overhead and draws down the power that makes the wheels move, so prayer reaches up and connects man with the great source of power, and man then is mighty. One of the most interesting personal relic of Washington is a book of his prayers which he wrote out by hand, as a man would sit down and write intimate letters to a dear friend. The great problems in national life, as in individual lives to day, need to have more of the power of prayer.

Washington, in a sense, was a seer and prophet. His vision took in clearly the past and penetrates with equal clearness the future. The perspective of time is needed to bring to the events of a country's history their rightful significance; yet now, on hundred and twenty-two years after Washington's death, these words can be repeated with cumulated meaning and truth: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced . . . seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

We tremble sometimes in these days for the permanency of our institutions as we see the corruption and greed in political and business life, and we ask one another, Whither are we drifting? What can we do to preserve and exalt our nation? It will help some to bring the Father of His Country into our present-day councils and listen as he repeats his serene and comforting words, first spoken in 1754: "It is, indeed, a pleasure, from the walks of private life, to view in retrospect all the meanderings of our past labors, the difficulties through which we have walked, and the happy haven to which the ship has been brought. Is it possible, after this, that it should founder? Will not the All-Wise and All-Powerful Director of human events preserve it? I think I will." But Washington's vision of the future was too clear to permit him to stop until he had uttered the prophecy which has found and is finding fulfillment in many places: "He may, however, for some wise purpose of His own, suffer our indiscretion and folly to place our national character low in the political scale; and this, unless more wisdom and less prejudice take the lead in our government, will most certainly happen."

What can we do? We can do as Washington did. We can reach up by prayer and take hold of God's almighty power. The government of this nation the conduct of public and private business, the moulding and exalting of national character, the preserving of our dearly bought and cherished institutions are things that can not be delegated entirely to others. They belong in a very distinct manner to each one of us. We know it, but are we attending as fully and earnestly as may be to that part which we are told must be performed after we have entered into our closet and shut the door?

EUGENE THWING.



# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## San Francisco and the Exposition

THE completion of the Panama Canal is to be celebrated by a National Exposition in 1915. Competition of places asking for it narrowed down to New Orleans and San Francisco. For months there has been the most active canvass among the members of Congress by delegations from each of these cities. On February 1 the House of Representatives took up the Kahn resolution by a vote of 188 to 159, and then, after the resolution had been debated for an hour, it was finally passed by 259 to 43. Members from the coast and from the South followed with deep interest the reading of the roll-call. When Speaker Cannon announced that the House had decided to take up the Kahn resolution there was loud applause, which could be heard far into the corridors. Statesmen from the coast and the San Francisco boomers in the gallery made such a howl that the speaker had to rap for order. In the debate, when it was suggested that San Francisco would treat the Japanese with discourtesy in the event of the selection of that city, the representatives answered that they would go security that no such embarrassment would be permitted. There was the wildest enthusiasm in San Francisco as the voting was going on. Great crowds filled the streets around the bulletin boards and watched the progress of the fight. The buildings were decorated with flags, and most of the stores closed at four o'clock, so that all could join in the holiday. At four o'clock a great mass meeting was held at the Merchants' Exchange, but only a small portion of the crowd could find accommodation within its walls. It was in this same room last spring that seven million dollars was raised by a popular subscription for the proposed celebration. Of course it will be necessary for the Senate to take similar action, and the President must sign the bill before it shall become a law. The cutting of the Panama Canal is one of the greatest events of history and will be worthily commemorated in the great Exposition. God held his hand over one-half the world, hiding it from view until the time should be ripe, when he withdrew it and revealed it to the science, art, commerce and religion of the world. God hung two continents by a thin strip until human enterprise should cut a channel through it and make the two seas one and bring in closer touch the commerce of the world. And American enterprise is the hand employed by Providence to do this work. The Canal will very greatly shorten the distance by sea between the two great ports of New York and San Francisco. Best of all, this mighty piece of engineering will contribute incalculably toward the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in the earth. From the earliest times ships have been used for passengers and freight, for the advance of civilization and for the triumphs of the Cross.

And finding a ship sailing over unto Phenicia, we went aboard, and set forth. Now when we had discovered Cyprus, we left it on the left hand, and sailed into Syria, and landed at Tyre; for there the ship was to unlade her burden. (Acts 21: 2, 3.)

## Most Beautiful Words

At the West Fifty-seventh Street branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City the other evening there was a contest to decide the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language. The prize, which was a flexible leather Standard Student's Dictionary, was won by Mr. John Shea, a lawyer. The words accepted were: "Melody, splendor, adoration, eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, joy, honor, radiance, nobility, sympathy, heaven, love, divine, hope, harmony, happiness, purity and liberty." Twenty-one of the twenty-five words submitted by Mr. Shea were accepted. Sixty-three persons participated in the contest. It will be seen that the words that stood for the abiding things, faith, hope and love, were

included in the twenty-five that secured the prize. The term Word expresses the most beautiful thought in the universe as it is used in the Scriptures to name the Saviour of mankind.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. (John 1: 1, 14.)

## A New World Photographed

The powerful reflecting mirror of the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope has found and photographed a swirling mass of gases five hundred billion miles in diameter in the act of throwing off a new world. The photograph, which shows a spiral nebula, was taken by Professor G. W. Ritchey of the observatory staff. Professor Chamberlain of Chicago University and his colleagues recently evolved a theory of a spiral nebula whipping from its branches masses of gaseous matter to become its satellites. These, cooling, would become planets and, like the earth, furnish habitation for living beings. The spiral nebula in the Mount Wilson photograph is calculated to be 5,865,696,000,000 miles from the earth. The new world or sun which these scientists have photographed, pendent from the parent mass



The Great Exposition Meeting at the San Francisco Merchants' Exchange, February 1

by one of the luminous branches, because of its density will be whipped clear. It is now one hundred and fifty billion miles from the central luminous area of the larger nebula. It may itself become an independent nebula and roam in that section of the firmament occupied by the spiral nebula from which it sprang. The omnipotent, omniscient, infinitely loving Creator, our Father, creates the worlds, sending them out and sustaining them in their harmonious rounds, and is also most deeply interested in the smallest event of the mortal lifetime of his humblest child. The marvelous discoveries of modern science only emphasize the words of the Psalmist:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. (Ps. 19: 1.)

## Moving Pictures in Church

A Universalist preacher at Elgin, Ill., is reported to have declared that the church is no longer a gateway to heaven or the wall against hell, and that it is gradually becoming an educational institution. Stereopticon lectures are as much out of date, he says, as the old-style preaching about the fires of hell. He says the moving picture is the modern teacher. He has procured a motion picture machine and is arranging to have it installed in the church. He will conduct the shows like a theatre, charging a nominal admission. Some of the modern ministers have gone the limit to find a substitute for Gospel preaching, which they think has gone out

of date. Others fortunately feel that no substitute can be found for the Gospel sermon, and they are the ones who are likely to have the audiences, the influence, and the success. Whatever advances there may be in the interpretation of science or the Scripture, there will never be any other Saviour to die, nor any other Gospel to be preached.

For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. (Rom. 1: 16.)

## Insurgents Threaten Juarez

Pascual Orozco, the second in command of the Mexican insurgents, moved against the city of Juarez. He sent the city word that if it did not surrender he would fire upon and capture it the next day. It was reported that the city was undermined with dynamite, and there was little left for it but surrender, and there was a panic, and emigration of many inhabitants. But Colonel Orozco's plans were interfered with by the presence upon the scene of General Rabago and his reinforcements. The insurgents had blown up the railroad track over which the Federal reinforcements were expected to travel, and the train was ditched; but Rabago's men used the cars as breastworks and gave the insurgents battle. Colonel Rabago and his three hundred Federal troops marched into Juarez to its relief. Instead of capturing the city, as the insurgents had threatened, they are reported to have retired to Salamatyaca, twenty-five miles south of the city, there to replenish their supply of ammunition and to await reinforcements. Meantime General Navarro's command of seven hundred Federal soldiers, around Chihuahua City, is reported making forced marches over land to the relief of the beleaguered city. Should Navarro succeed in getting into Juarez, it is very likely that the city will be able to withstand the insurgents' attack. There was some loss of life on both sides in the fighting around Juarez. The military contest is so close to our borders that Uncle Sam finds it necessary to keep both eyes open and a gun in hand to prevent the crossing of belligerents from one side or the other of the line. For the first time in history an aeroplane is to be used in actual warfare. General Leonard Wood, chief of staff, announces that the scouting service along the Rio Grande is to be supplemented by at least one biplane, which has been offered to the Aeronautical Service of the War Department by Robert J. Collier of New York. If it proves to be of value, others will be hurried to the Mexican border at once, so that by maneuvering above the Rio Grande American aviators will be able to keep track of revolutionists attempting to pass over the border either way. The vengeful discordant and murderous elements of the human heart have their expressions in the individual heart and in national and international conflicts. The failure of the assault upon Juarez by the insurgents thus far suggests the failures of such sieges in olden times.

Then Rezin king of Syria, and Pekah son of Remaliah king of Israel, came up to Jerusalem to war; and they besieged Ahab, but could not overcome him. (II. Kings 16: 5.)

## Co-operation of Churches

President Taft, in responding to the greeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ of America at the White House recently, commended the co-operative movement of the churches as teamwork for a better humanity. He declared that while it was true that the United States had no established religion, the Government was favorably inclined to the interests of every church, whatever its creed. He paid a sincere tribute to the value of the churches in blessing and building up the people of the Philippines. Christian unity and earnest co-operation are suggested by this figure:

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. (Rom. 12: 4, 5.)



# The Tory of Valley Forge

By GILBERT PATTEN BROWN\*



"Will you not kneel with the General and myself, Mr. Davis?" asked the chaplain."

the snow of those three hideous figures that sit down in the huts of Valley Forge together—Disease, Starvation and Nakedness.

If you, reader, will now approach the scene, I will introduce to you a Tory, an Englishman by birth, a strong defender of the king, and a spy for Lord Howe's army while they are enjoying the festivities of gay Philadelphia. His two sons are soldiers in the Continental army, and the old man has come to ask permission of Washington to visit them as they are now freezing at Valley Forge. He has for many years tilled the fertile soil of Pennsylvania, and rendered a faithful service to the Crown; but the war of the Revolution had brought misery to his household.

Soon a tall man comes upon the scene. The Tory trembles. It is General Washington, who has come to greet the old man and to hear his pitiful story. Ah! This moment is sublime. A Christian gentleman, born to honors, ease and wealth, grasps the hand of a man who has been a terror to all lovers of liberty throughout entire Chester County.

"What is your mission, my dear man?" asked the patriot chief, as he looked with love into the face of the stranger.

"Well, Mr. Washington, you see it is like this: you're a rebel and I am a Tory; but I want to see my two boys."

"Come in and get warm, sir, and I will try to find them," replied the distinguished Virginian.

Soon General Washington summons to his headquarters the adjutant general of the Continental army.

"General," said he, "this man is Mr. Davis, a farmer and a Tory; but even the rights of a Tory must be respected by the army of the Thirteen Colonies. You will find among the enrolled men James and John Davis; and if they are well, dispatch them to my headquarters."

At this juncture, the countersign is given at the door, and there enters the spacious room the Reverend Israel Evans, chaplain of the New York Brigade.

"Good morning, chaplain," said Washington.

"Good morning, General," was his reply. "On this, your forty-sixth birthday, I bring to you the greetings of Chancellor Livingston, and here's a box of dainties with the compliments of Mrs. Livingston."

"May heaven bless them!" replied the glad recipient. "King George may crush out the American cause, but the love of God and the brotherhood of man is with us in this awful hour."

"So, General, this is your birthday; forty-six years? I am nearly twice your age," slowly remarked the Tory; "and I fear God has forgotten me long ago."

The care-worn features of the General and the peaceful face of the chaplain seemed deeply to affect the aged man. A moment of silence prevails, when the old man bursts into tears. It reminds us of a story in that sacred Book of God, in whose revered pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah.

"Let us pray," said the army chaplain. "Will you not kneel with the General and myself, Mr. Davis?" asked the reverend gentleman.

The stranger fell to his knees, and a prayer went forth that Peter Davis should no longer remain a Tory or an enemy to human justice.

Soon the sun-dial told the hour of high noon, and the Tory was seated at the dinner table of General Washington. In a short time, his two sons arrived; the meeting was a most joyful one.

Peter Davis went home a changed man that afternoon. He no longer acted as a spy for Lord Howe's army. He never again took the name of God in vain, but became a firm defender of the modest and gentle Nazarene. The Davis farmhouse was at the service of the Continentals during the remainder of their stay at Valley Forge. He lived to see the independence of the Colonies, and many times during the evening of his life, he thanked his Maker that to his heart there came courage to visit General Washington among the huts of the Continental army during the darkest days of war waged against British despotism.

IT WAS a cold day in February in the year of grace 1778, and the patriot army lay in winter quarters at Valley Forge. The bleak winds that swept across Cedar Hollow were tearing through the huts of the freezing soldiers. A welcome guest was the morning sun as it came looking over the snow-covered hills of the land of Penn. Down near the Potts mansion is seen an old man slowly making his way toward the outpost of Washington's guard.

"Who comes here?" asked the picket.

"Peter Davis," was the reply, "and I want to see Mr. George Washington, the rebel chief," continued the aged peasant.

Ah, he is thinking of the critical situation of the troops of the Colonies; he has been a most wicked man; he has wronged the cause of liberty; before him is the awful sight of the bloody footprints in

\*Author of *The Lodge of Many Tongues*, *Lydia of Hadley*, *Memories of Martinique*, *The Last Days of Henry Clay*, *Tales of the Forecastle*, *The Glories of Daniel Morgan*, etc.

## AN AEROPLANIST'S MISADVENTURE

A NEW aeroplane record was established by J. A. D. McCurdy on January 30, when he started out to conquer the Florida Straits by flying from Key West to Havana, a distance of ninety miles. Although he did not realize what he had set out to accomplish, his attempt may be said to be a success, as it was not through any fault of his own that he did not reach his destination. From the beginning of his flight victory seemed certain, and he was within only a few miles of the goal when the accident occurred which prevented him from carrying off the prize. It was a daring undertaking, and the aviator certainly deserves the sympathy of all true sport-lovers that an unlooked-for circumstance prevented achievement of his purpose. McCurdy, however, is a true type of the determined American sportsman, and although disappointed, is in no way disheartened, but intends to try again at an early date, when he believes he will have no trouble at all in succeeding.

There was an \$8,000 prize offered for the flight—\$5,000 from the Havana Post and \$3,000 from the city council of

Havana. McCurdy had waited a week for clear skies and a calm atmosphere. The morning was an ideal one for a flight. He ascended from Trumbo

Island, Key West, and rose to a height of 1,200 feet, performing many remarkable manœuvres in the air, eliciting cheers from the thousands who had come to witness his departure, among them being Rear-Admiral Lucien Young. Naval tugs, convoys and guides had been placed during the night and were in readiness to direct the flight and offer assistance if needed. As he got well out over the water, McCurdy lowered his machine to about 1,000 feet, and at this height his engine was making a speed of between forty and fifty miles an hour. He was just entering on the last ten miles of his aerial journey when his crank case became ruptured and his supply of lubricating oil escaped. When the sound of the engine told the intrepid aviator that something was wrong, he instantly shut off the power descended rapidly, and alighted on the water as gracefully as a sea-gull. The aeroplane pontoons were so buoyant that he did not even wet his feet. Two vessels of the squadron hurried to the scene, and the aviator was taken aboard. It is McCurdy's intention to make a second attempt to conquer the Florida Straits at an early date



The End of McCurdy's Aeroplane Flight from Key West to Havana



# Tercentenary of Authorized Version

The Great Event in the Christian World to Be Celebrated This Year

THROUGHOUT the whole English-speaking world, and indeed wherever the Bible is known and read in any modern language, the three-hundredth anniversary of the Authorized Version will shortly be celebrated. In England, it will be the occasion of a grand national religious demonstration in which all the Protestant churches will participate. In this country, the churches and Sunday schools and their allied forces are preparing a programme which will make the celebration a memorable national event.

One of the features of the celebration which

Although the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD know and love the grand old Authorized Version, reverencing it as the inspired word and rightly esteeming it as the "greatest work in English literature," there are many who will be glad to know some of the facts not generally known attending its preparation and production.

Fifty-four eminent scholars were appointed by authority of King James I in 1604 to begin the work. Before it was completed this number was reduced by death to forty-seven. They were organized into six companies, two at each of the three centres, Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge. The first of the Westminster companies undertook the revision from Genesis to the end of Second Kings. A Cambridge company took the version from First Chronicles to the end of Ecclesiastes. An Oxford company undertook Isaiah to Malachi, and the second Cambridge body superintended the translation of the Apocrypha. The second Oxford company revised the four Gospels, the Acts and the Apocalypse, while the second Westminster party took the New Testament from Romans to Jude. A competent critical writer, W. L. Courtney, says:

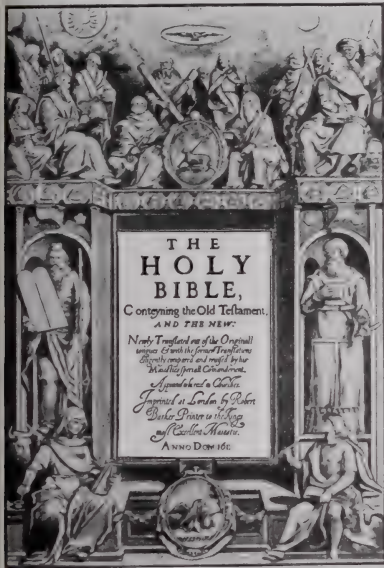
"The Pentateuch was admirably rendered; Job and the Psalms perhaps not so well. The work of the first Oxford company, dealing with the Prophets, from Isaiah onward, can hardly be better of its kind; but the Apocrypha was by no means so happily rendered, nor yet are the Epistles so well done as the Gospels and Acts."

The work of each company was not always gone over by the other five as had been agreed, nor was there a final revision of the whole work by a small and selected committee, as originally intended.

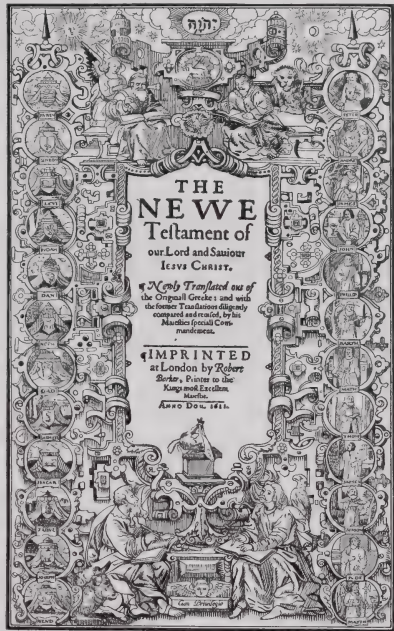
Among those engaged in this great and sacred literary task were Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Dean, and afterward Bishop, of Winchester, who was familiar with Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Greek, Latin, and at least ten other languages; Sir Henry Savile, the most learned layman of his time; Dr. Overall, Regius Professor of Theology, afterward Bishop of Norwich, also Dean of St. Paul's; Adrian de Saravia, by birth a Fleming, Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Canterbury; Dr. Bedwell, the great Arabic scholar; Dr. Miles Smith and Dr. Ravis, Dean of Christ Church, and Vice Chancellor of Oxford University. Dr. Andrewes was, in a sense, superintendent of the whole.

Many rules were laid down for the guidance of the revisers. They were to follow the Bishop's Bible wherever it was practicable to do so, that being the official Bible of the Church of England at that time. The Geneva Version, however, was more closely followed and to good purpose. Old ecclesiastical words were to be preserved; "Church" was not to be translated "Congregation." If a word had diverse meanings, that which was sanctioned by the use of the early Fathers was to be preferred. Marginal notes were forbidden, except where they were needed to explain a particular Greek or Hebrew word or to explain early coinage or numerals. At the same time the translators claimed the right to use any word or phrase that seemed best suited to their purpose, without adhering always to the same word or phrase to translate the same original term in the Greek or Hebrew.

The Authorized Version was the culmination of a long line of translations, beginning with Wyclif in the fourteenth century, and continuing for two and a half centuries. The first originator of what afterward culminated in the English Bible is Tyndale, whose work bears the date of 1525. To him succeeds Coverdale, then the version of Matthew or rather Rogers, then that which is known as the Great Bible of 1539, then the Geneva Bible of 1560, then the Bishop's Bible (eight years



The Beautiful Title Page of the King James Bible (A. V.), First Edition



Facsimile of the Title Page of New Testament (Authorized Version, 1611)

cannot fail to be of unusual interest will be the exhibition by the British Museum of a great collection of manuscripts, illustrating the progress of the Bible, from the earliest times to the day of the Authorized Version. Among these are copies of Tyndale's New Testament, the first ever printed in England, the "Vinegar" Bible, the "Treacle" Bible, and the "Wicked" Bible. These were so called from the fact that through a printer's blunder "Vinegar" was substituted for "Vineyard"; "Treacle" was used instead of "Balm in Gilead," and the "Wicked" Bible was so styled because the word "not" was omitted in the Seventh Commandment.

afterward), then the Catholic version, made by members of the Seminary at Rheims and Douai, until there finally came the Authorized Version. The title pages of the first editions of the Bible and the New Testament issued in King James' time are reproduced in facsimile on this page. They are rare curios of the printer's and engraver's art, but rarer and more precious still as reminders of the first appearance of the grand old Bible which has been the standard word of God to the Christian world for three centuries.

## The Restoration of Mount Vernon

Continued from page 179

terrace from another, and are consequently unobscured from the portico of the mansion. Nevertheless in former times they served the rather important function of keeping the cattle from wandering onto the greensward in front of the manor house.

From his earliest boyhood George Washington's life was closely associated with the old Mount Vernon estate. When Lawrence Washington returned from the West Indian campaign, in which he had served under Admiral Vernon, he gave to his estate the name of that gallant commander. Soon after this he married the daughter of a retired Royal Governor of the Bermuda Islands.

Into the refined and elegant associations of this home the boy George came as a favorite visitor. During these years the seeds of that love of the place which later led him to spend lavishly on its improvement were planted.

Later, when Lawrence had gone and the estate fell to the dashing young officer, we find some interesting orders going to friends in England. "As much black velvet as may make a tall man a suit; with buckles and garters for the breeches, and a set of fine-laced ruffles to cost twenty shillings"; inquiries as to the prices of "black and white flag

stones, one foot square, nicely cut, that they may make a pavement for the portico"; and later, when the bachelor had become a benedict, the orders changed to include fine linen, silk hose and dainty ribbons and embroideries.

It was not till the last echo of the strife was silent and the Republic was well launched upon its voyage that Washington returned to the old home, after eight years of almost continual absence. Eight years of mighty temporal power had brought only that dignity born of responsibility and a desire to rest. It was at this time that he wrote to his former companion, Oliver Wolcott: "To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses (going fast to ruin), to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe. If, also, I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure and add zest to my enjoyment; but, if ever this happens, it must be under my own vine and figtree, as I do not think it probable that I shall go twenty miles from them."

Many visitors came to Mount Vernon, and those

who came as old friends found that they brought keen enjoyment to the General. As his time was taken up with the active superintendency of his estate, those whose visits were prompted only by curiosity saw little of him save at the table. Of this he said in a letter: "I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me till it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well?"

Through the declining years of his life, when social duties weighed heavily upon him, Washington called to his assistance Lawrence Lewis, his sister's son. These were days of brilliancy and romance at Mount Vernon. Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's daughter, was then a charming, romantic girl of nineteen. The young people were the life of the household, for despite suitors who rode to Mount Vernon, the true romance was within its very doors.

After General Washington's death the property passed to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, and was held by him, his widow, his son, John Augustine, and his grandson, John Augustine II., until 1859, when it was sold to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.



# Dr. Jowett, by One Who Knows Him

HERE in London, one of the most insistent queries I have for several days heard passing anxiously from lip to lip is, "Will Dr. Jowett leave Birmingham for New York?" And now the answer settles the painful apprehension in a manner which makes us glad for the sake of America, while it gives sorrow to our minds in the interests of England. For in the United Kingdom this highly able, deeply consecrated, and exceedingly popular minister of Christ holds a position quite unique. For over sixteen years he has occupied the pulpit of the great Congregational church at Carr's Lane, Birmingham, which was made celebrated as a citadel of evangelical truth by the ministry, first, of John Angell James, and next by that of Dr. Dale. This remarkable church has only had three ministers in a hundred years!

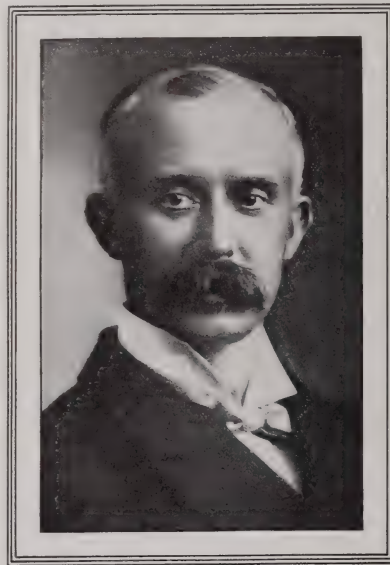
A year ago, Dr. Jowett, when invited to assume the pastoral responsibility at Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, declined the overture under pressure from his Birmingham friends. But to the renewed application he has thought it expedient to yield. He has declined to accept a larger salary than the amount to which he has been accustomed in his English sphere, so that pecuniary inducements cannot be said to have influenced him.

In certain respects, Dr. Jowett is undoubtedly the most influential of British preachers of the time. He is considered by his most competent brother preachers to be the greatest living master of the homiletic art. I have listened with wonder and delight to his deliverances, both from pulpit and platform. He is never ostentatious, never commonplace. Like the famous Dr. Thomas Binney of half a century ago, he is skilled in producing profound effects both on the intellect and on the heart of his hearers by making his arguments somewhat declamatory, and his declamations somewhat argumentative. This method is one of the secrets of his power. Further, he never indulges in "small talk" in his utterances. He can be satirical without becoming embittered, and delicately humorous without descending to the realm of the comic. His preaching often offends the pride of worldly hearers but never shocks their sense of refinement. Not an "anecdotal preacher," he delights in drawing lessons from incidents that have occurred in his own experience or under the range of his own observation.

It is specially to be noted that Dr. Jowett is not only a great preacher, but is equally noted as a Christian worker and as a leader amongst what are known as the Free Churches, as distinguished from the great Established State Church or Anglican

By Rev. WILLIAM DURBAN, London, England

Communion. He was born in Halifax, in Yorkshire, that great nursery of Puritanism and Protestant Nonconformity, in 1864, and received his early education at Hipperholme grammar school. At seven-



Rev. J. H. Jowett

teen he was admitted a student at the Yorkshire Independent College, Airedale, the Congregational Church at Halifax, of which he was a member, recommending him as eligible to enter on a course of preparation for the ministry. Winning a scholarship he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh,

where he took his M.A. degree in 1887. Mansfield College, Oxford, gave the finishing touches to his ministerial training, under the training of the famous Principal Fairbairn. In 1889, J. H. Jowett obtained his first ministerial charge at St. James' Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. There he remained till 1895, throwing himself with such energy and enthusiasm into the task of developing the various agencies of the church that during his pastorate its membership was doubled.

The death of the revered and beloved Dr. R. W. Dale in 1895 led to a unanimous call from Carr's Lane to J. H. Jowett. The call was accepted after much prayerful consideration. In his first sermon to his Birmingham congregation Mr. Jowett said: "I have to take up the work of a man who moved with rare and reverent intimacy amongst the greatest truths of the Christian religion. This pulpit has never been belittled by the petty treatment of small and vulgar themes. The familiarities of the pulpit here have been sublimed. I feel my poverty most when I remember the purity and the altitude of spirit which gave possibility to his profound spiritual discernment. To be able to enter, as he did, into the burning bliss of the eternal light required a consecrated and thrice-purified soul."

In sixteen years Dr. Jowett has accomplished a marvelous local work, sociological and philanthropic as well as spiritual. Carr's Lane Church has become a centre from which pulsate potent radiating influences. The building for worship itself has been modernized and beautified at a cost of \$35,000. In 1898, the 150th anniversary of the church was commemorated, and it was resolved to purchase a portable iron church to lend to poor congregations, and this was done again and again.

Digneth Institute will be Jowett's own monument in Birmingham. He conceived the idea that the numerous useful agencies which had always been earnestly promoted by the church, could be better pursued if all were brought together in a large, well-equipped, and attractive auxiliary building. This was erected and playing fields were purchased at a total cost of \$150,000. The scheme has become famous throughout the land. Mrs. Jowett's class for young women alone has grown to over one thousand members. Dr. Jowett has held the distinguished post of President of the Congregational Union of Great Britain. London has again and again sought to annex him, but he has never listened to any invitation to quit Birmingham until the repeated call was pressed upon him from across the Atlantic.

## WHEN THE MOUNTAINEER GOES TO COLLEGE

IN THAT section of the Southland known as Appalachian America, with its nearly 3,000,000 mountaineers, good schools are few and far between. Less than half the white children of school age are enrolled in school. Sixteen counties have no railroad, six no newspapers. With this great problem, the scattered schools—founded by philanthropic effort—are struggling.

Berea, situated on a plateau between the foothills and the blue-grass, is the oldest and largest college. Established at a critical time before the war, it has withstood much adverse fortune and is now entering a period of prosperity and steady growth. It draws a large percentage of its nearly thirteen hundred pupils from the hills, and offers the advantages of an industrial education as well as the opportunity to take a college course.

Some of these students never saw a railroad before coming to Berea. They are not deterred by lack of car-fare—often walking from forty to one hundred miles to reach the college which can give them superior advantages. Many come from little cabin homes in such places as Burning Springs, Lost Creek, Clay Hole, Shoulder Blade, and Sassafras. The principal preparation for their departure in September is to get the work of gathering the "crap," or the fall plowing, as far along as possible, so there will not be too heavy a burden left on the shoulders of the family at home. The boys often wear homespun suits and their belongings are few and easily packed in small compass.

Seldom do these young people, hungering for education, have money enough to pay more than a small share of their expenses. There are few ways of earning money in the mountains except by the sale of the "crap," or some animal which the family are too poor to spare. But the determined

young mountaineer who has Scotch, Irish, German, or French (Huguenot) blood in his veins, pluckily resolves to secure work; and he never fails to find friends in Berea if he proves to be made of the right stuff.

The means to defray expenses are often secured



He Brought a Young Cow as the Price for His Tuition

in strange ways. One boy captured a wildcat; on his way to the city "zoo" it escaped from its cage, and ranged through the baggage car until its destination was reached. A young man came thirty miles on horseback, and at Berea sold his horse—the only property he possessed—to pay for a year at college. That many of these students are a credit to themselves and Berea, is illustrated in the case of a young man who at the age of nineteen could neither read nor write. In two years, however, he was alternately teaching a country school and attending college, finally being graduated with honors.

A surprising number of these young mountaineers are descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. Their great-grandfathers were a part of that brave army of patriots who defeated the British in the battle of King's Mountain, and sent Cornwallis toward Yorktown. The same resolute spirit which led their ancestors to victory seems to characterize many of the present generation as they wrestle with the problem of obtaining an education.

The industrial department of Berea is a great boon to these mountain students. They are taught a trade, which will be of inestimable value to them and their families when they return home.

Berea has a number of fine buildings. Through Dr. D. K. Pearson's generosity, an abundant supply of pure water from ten mountain springs is brought to the college. In speaking of it he said: "As the water system gathers pure mountain water from many springs and brings it from afar, so Berea College reaches far back into the hills, where the springs of life flow pure and free, and brings them into the reservoir that they may gather power to flow forth and refresh and bless the mountains and the world." FLORENCE LILIAN BUSH.



# The Golden Jubilee Banquet



Seven Hundred Members of the Woman's Union Missionary Society at a Memorable Luncheon in the Hotel Willard, Washington

THE fourth of the Eastern series of celebrations that is being held to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of the United States took place recently at Washington. A large and noteworthy gathering was held on February 2 and 3. The accompanying picture of the luncheon, which was served to about seven hundred ladies, was taken at the Hotel Willard on the third. The Washington celebration was all that could be desired. The deepest feeling was aroused. Renewed activity and co-operation are assured as permanent results.

The first three celebrations of the series in the Eastern circuit were held with great success in Cleveland, Louisville, and Nashville. The remainder of the series will take place in a dozen or more of the central cities of the Middle Atlantic and New England States, and will continue till March 17. The culmination of the series will take the form of a monster demonstration in New York City toward the close of next month. It is toward this climax that all the smaller events are working.

Nineteen hundred and ten marked the close of the first fifty years of the activities of the Woman's Union Missionary Society in the United States, the formation of which was the inception of national undenominational work for the oppressed classes of women and children in foreign lands. The celebration of such an anniversary cannot be other than a producer of great impetus for future work.

"The methods followed have been those of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and the results to be attained are not less important and significant. One million dollars for missions is the goal. The keynote is prayer and co-operation; and chief among the objects worked for is that those who know little of missions, or who are indifferent to them, may, through the Jubilee, get a vision of things as they are and that they may give themselves freely to the work either abroad or at home.

"The Jubilee has been going on since October 12, when it was inaugurated in Oakland and San Francisco with cheering success. A thousand women attended, drawing-room meetings were held and a big luncheon was given. In Portland, Ore., a few days later, there were delegates from twelve cities, eight enthusiastic missionary rallies, and ten missionary speakers. Two thousand women were at the mass meeting in Seattle, Wash.; nine denominations worked together in Omaha, where the city was illuminated for the Jubilee; pageant scenes were introduced and a mass meeting was held for the young people who marched under their

denominational banners at Kansas City; there were fine drawing-room meetings and great district rallies in Chicago. St. Louis, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Denver all held enthusiastic celebrations.

"The most important results of the Golden Jubilee is the impressing upon Christian women of the greatness of their task. The chief factors in this are the revealing motion pictures showing the dreadful life of oppressed and ignorant women

in the Orient; the addresses of the medical missionaries like Dr. Mary Noble; and the speeches and writings of that diligent student of missionary conditions and problems, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, of New York, who has also graphically summarized the development of the woman's missionary work at home and abroad."

## Garments of Fishes' Skins

AMONG the most unique and wonderful garments worn at the present day are the curious fish-skin dresses of the wealthy women of the Gold tribe, living along the Amur River, East Siberia. Though they can neither read nor write, yet these people are producing most astonishing ornaments, designs and embroidery work. The accompanying photograph shows a well-to-do mother and daughter of the tribe dressed in their fantastic ornamented fish-skin gowns. The dress is composed entirely of several layers of fish-skin, the undermost representing the skin of the garment proper, the uppermost showing the ornaments in their cut-out forms. Between these two layers is inserted a middle layer, which serves as a background, throwing out distinctly all parts of the ornaments. The pieces of fish-skin forming the ornaments are generally colored blue. The front and back of the dress is adorned with these cut-out pieces of fish-skin, sewed with fish-skin thread. To be skilful in needlework, they regard as a great merit, which increases exceedingly the value of a girl in the eyes of her father, who includes the amount brought in from this talent in the purchase price of his son-in-law. Men, on the other hand, strive to possess wives experienced in this line of work. Marriage is a commercial matter, and the bride, in nearly all cases, is purchased outright from her father. The purchase price is furs, Chinese stuffs and sometimes money, and one hundred rubles (about \$50) will obtain the best-looking needlewoman in the community. A man of the Gold tribe can buy as many wives as his purse will admit, three being about the limit.

LILLIAN E. ZEH.

POLKTON, N. C., January 16, 1911.

PUBLISHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I have noticed several times mention made of making Mont-Lawn a monument in itself to its honored and lamented founder, Louis Klopsch. I cannot see that a more appropriate thing could be done than that this institution be endowed as a memorial to him.

Louis Klopsch needs no monument to keep his memory fresh, as all the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will witness, but if anything is done for his memory let it be the Endowment of Mont-Lawn.

Very truly yours,  
T. N. SMITH.



Women of the Amur in Fish-Skin Clothing



# A NOTABLE CANADIAN REVIVAL

By G. A. WARBURTON

THE Chapman-Alexander Mission recently came to a close in Toronto. It began on the fifth of January and continued to the thirty-first. There were in the neighborhood of forty evangelists and singers in Dr. Chapman's party and services have been conducted in twelve centres simultaneously. A large central meeting was held in Massey Hall, which has a seating capacity of about four thousand people, and it was estimated that not less than ten thousand attended services each day. In the outlying districts the meetings were held in some central church, as nearly all of the evangelical bodies united in the work. Big choirs were led by the singers at each centre in the city. Special services were held in factories, shops, railway freight sheds, and wherever men or women could be gotten together. Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander confined their attention to the central district. During one week special services for Christian workers, with a good programme, attracted many from surrounding towns. Special excursion rates were given by the railroads and people came from a radius of a hundred miles to enjoy the benefits of the mission. On Sundays as many as six or eight mass meetings for men were held, the largest being the one in Massey Hall, which has been filled for five Sundays.

Dr. Chapman's preaching has been directed especially to men. His simple and attractive method of delivering his sermons has taken hold of the male part of the community in a very strong way. Among those who have been converted are men of different social grades. At the first big mass meeting hundreds crowded to the front to express their determination to live a Christian life. Among them was one of the leading physicians of the city, who has been known as a man of rather outstanding personality, with a strong fondness for a sporting life. He has become one of the leaders of the mission, has entered into a joyous and happy Christian experience, has determined to give his life to the

service of Christ and of his fellow-men. Another young business man who has been conspicuous in the recent meetings, is the manager of a large financial institution in the city, and he declares that he has been a member of the church for many years, but that he has never known Jesus Christ as

little talk and prayer, entered into a joyous Christian experience. This morning as I saw him his face was aglow with the new-found joy, and yesterday he told in one of the services of dedicating his whole family to God and of having his wife ask him to pray for her.

There have been hundreds of young men converted in connection with the men's meetings. I have never known a mission in which the Gospel message has been so specifically directed to men. Dr. Chapman feels that he has a special call to that particular type of work. Dr. Chapman is distinctively a conservative preacher as far as his themes are concerned, but he presents them with a freshness and vigor and with a winsomeness that is not only attractive but compelling. He is patient, kind and sympathetic, but always direct. He never for a moment loses sight of the immediacy of the call to repentance and faith. In the after-meetings which he conducts himself he presents the Gospel with the utmost clearness. His formula is substantially this, "Forsake every known sin, take Christ as your Saviour, ask God for Christ's sake to forgive your sin, then go out to follow Christ and do the will of God."

Mr. Alexander's leading of the singing is remarkable in the enthusiasm which it awakens. Simple choruses are used to open the hearts of the people, and again and again men have been converted while these choruses were being sung by the thousands of enthusiastic voices.

Toronto has had the benefit of many missions, but none has ever been planned on anything like an equal scale to the one which just closed. It is too early to fully estimate the results, but so far as is now known there have been more than four thousand persons who have been led to sign decision cards. A vast number of others have had their faith strengthened in the efficacy and the power of the Gospel of Christ to save men from sin and lead them to devote themselves to his service.



The Great Evangelistic Gathering in Massey Hall, Toronto

his personal Saviour until within a very short time.

Of quite another sort was a man who has just left me—a motorman on one of the street cars of the city. Dr. Chapman preached one night on "The Unpardonable Sin" and Mr. Harkness, who labors with Mr. Alexander, and who has written most of the music used in the meetings, introduced me to this motorman. I found him in great despair. He felt that he had sinned away the day of grace. He was told of the mercy of God, but he went out of the building in great distress. A day or two later he called on Mr. Harkness at the hotel and after a

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ALL THE WOMEN and girls of England who bear the name of "Mary" are uniting in contributions to present a coronation gift to the Queen. The contributions extend from a penny to a pound (\$5), and that many thousands have already poured in shows how widely the good old Hebrew name of Mary is diffused among British subjects.

—THE BUILDING in Constantinople known as the "Sublime Porte" was almost destroyed by fire a few days ago. The same conflagration damaged the buildings occupied by the Council of State, the Premier and the Minister of the Interior. Turkey's public buildings are of an inflammable character, and there is no adequate fire department in the capital.

—THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Washington, by unanimous consent, has passed a measure known as the Hobson Spy Bill. It has now been sent to the Senate. The bill was introduced by R. P. Hobson of Merrimack fame, and provides for the safe-guarding of our coast defenses from foreign spies. In case of a spy being caught the penalty will be \$1,000 fine and one year's imprisonment.

—THE ABSURD feminine fashion known as the "hobble skirt" has a still more ridiculous and ludicrous successor in the "naïveté skirt," which made its appearance in London last week. It is a bifurcated garment, but, as the name implies, is an adaptation of a Turkish lady's dress. It is to be hoped that our sensible women will frown on this new mode of fashionable absurdity.

—THE CRUSADE against Mormonism initiated by the International Reform Bureau at Washington is being actively pursued in Great Britain. The special delegate of the bureau to Britain has located a hut at Midland, as the name implies, in the north of England and 325 Mormon missionaries trying to induce young girls to come to Utah. The Bishop of Liverpool and several members of Parliament have been petitioned to sign a resolution to put down this Mormon activity. A committee has been formed to wait on Hon. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, and place the matter before him.

—PROFESSOR SAVILE of Columbia University has just returned from an exploring expedition in Ecuador. He discovered

ered traces of three civilizations in that country, the first dating back about 600 years and showing a much higher type than that of the North American Indians. The relics of the two periods show that the people had developed the art of constructing ornaments from the precious metals. There were other evidences that they well understood pottery and plastic work.

—THERE WAS a great turnout, military and civic, on the occasion of the opening of King George's first parliament in London. In his speech from the throne, the king for the first time used the amended form of the declaration of faith which omits all mention of the Roman Church. It contained no reference to the contention between the political factions, and it is now believed that the battle over the ancient prerogative of the House of Lords will have to be fought all over again.

—GENERAL PIET A. CRONJE, the noted Boer leader, died at Klerksdorp, Transvaal, on February 4, aged 76. Though little has been heard of him for the past few years, he was once a picturesque figure. In the height of his fame he was known as the "Lion of South Africa." He was courageous to recklessness, never turned his back on the foe and only surrendered when nothing could be gained by holding out. During the Boer War, he commanded the Western Army of the South African Republic. England had to send out her two ablest generals, Roberts and Kitchener, with thousands of fresh troops to overcome the rugged old Boer, who fought to the last ditch, but who had to give in at last to the forces of numbers.

—THE PRESENT SESSION of the English Parliament will decide the veto power of the House of Lords. It is said that King George has given Mr. Asquith guarantees that if necessary he will create five hundred new peers, chosen by the Liberals, who by their votes would deprive the House of Lords of its present power. If such an outcome takes place it will have no precedent. Gladstone in 1870, in order to carry his measure to disestablish the Irish Church, had a few in sympathy with his view made peers in order to make his bill a law, but never before has occasion arisen for the elevation of as great a number to the Upper House as is now contemplated. However, it is not likely that such an extreme procedure will be necessary

in order to free the wheels of legislation from the clog, as the Lords, as at present constituted, will be likely to look to their own interests and defer to the will of the people.

## The Span of Life

WITH eager step the youthful climber starts  
To reach the summit he beholds afar.  
From home, from early friends and scenes, he parts—

To learn life's varied lessons—what they are,  
To join in all life's intricate affairs,  
He climbs from childhood up on golden stairs.

The vision of that summit greets his eye,  
He fain would master all that lies between.  
He toils and delves i' the years go swiftly by,  
Ere consummation of his hopes are seen.  
Upon the world's wide plain he stands at last,  
Impressed with life's great work—how grand!  
How vast!

He toils, he studies hard, he takes his place  
Among the workers for the good and true;  
His earnest efforts benefit the race.  
He shows the better way with broader view;  
Unselfishly he aids his fellow-man,  
Fulfilling thus his loving Father's plan.

Of that great work, how little he has done!  
It seemeth so, as strength begins to wane.  
His steps are downward toward the setting sun,  
And shadows broad are spreading o'er the plain.  
Yet happy he, if God hath willed it so—  
That on his pathway rests a golden glow!

Passaic, N. J.

JOHN M. MORSE.



# The Klopsch Memorial



**W**HEN a good man dies, our grief at the blotting out of the bright sun of his daily presence is usually so poignant as to warp our judgment of his real worth. And it is not until the first shock has passed and we can calmly measure the abiding echo of his footsteps in the corridors of time that we can form a correct estimate of just what his loss has meant to the world. So it was with Louis Klopsch. When

he passed away it seemed as though the world resounded with the heart-broken cry of those who had called him friend. The exalted and the lowly, the long-suffering and the blessed, alike hastened to laud his memory and to proclaim his righteousness. It was as though the world had cried in unison, "Alas! a good man has gone to his reward. We shall not look upon his like again."

But the world usually has a poor memory, and after the first shock of its grief has passed, it is apt to turn upon its heel and go about its business of barter and sale, of traffic and travail, and forget that one of its best-loved citizens has passed into the bright beyond. Has the world done so in the case of Louis Klopsch? Let us see.

First came letters that followed close upon his death—letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women, and even children; letters of appreciation of his goodness and worth; letters that showed to what extent his personality and his love of his fellow man had wrapped around the hearts of his people. Then came inquiries as to his work—the work which he had inaugurated, and which should not be allowed to lapse with his death. Would there be some one raised in his place to carry it on? Would the cry of the famine-stricken be heeded as of yore? Would the orphans of India, of China and of Japan be taken care of? Would the outcasts of the Bowery be encouraged out of their degradation? Would the children of the tenements be made happy? Many of these letters came with suggestions of help—reminders that the great

Christian Herald Family, while it mourned the loss of its chief member, did not mean to let the memory of that loved one pass away.

Somehow it was as though the spirit of his benevolence had diffused itself among his friends, and, now that he was gone, responded through them a thousandfold—as though the force of his great personality had rebounded from the grave, and through the mouths of all his people had cried out: "In your hearts I shall live, and with your hands shall my work be carried on." As

though his voice spoke to us through the letters of his people, saying: "What have you done to keep my memory green?"

Like the outpouring of a great flood came the demand to perpetuate his name. "Let there be a monument, but let it not be a shaft of stone." Ay, but what? Some one suggested the Endowment of Mont-Lawn. It was his favorite charity. His old home and his grave lay within sight of its gates. We published one, two, several letters with this suggestion, and in a great tide the approval of his people descended upon us. Mont-Lawn! Mont-Lawn! Of course. What else? Would his people help? Rather ask, Is there any who has not offered help?

It was Irving Bacheller who said of him when he passed away:

"If every man, woman and child whom he had befriended in this wide world, should lay a flower upon his grave, a mountain of fragrance and beauty would arise higher than the highest pyramid."

And now it seems as though every one of all his friends had determined to lay a flower of sweet remembrance, not upon his grave, but upon the great work which was his heart's wish.

If every man, woman and child who called him friend would work earnestly for this memorial to his name—not by contributing money, but by inducing their friends to join the Christian Herald Family—the Endowment of Mont-Lawn would speedily become a fact, and the name and the work of Dr. Klopsch would not die out.

Remember, March 7, the anniversary of his death, is but two weeks off, and your immediate help will have value tenfold. It is your influence with your friends we want—not your money.







# The Story of Mont-Lawn

## The Children's Paradise

THE idea of Mont-Lawn had its practical inception in the pressing need of the unemployed poor of New York during the winter of 1893-94, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was the means of feeding many who otherwise would have starved. But it was really born many years before this in the heart of a poor child, who afterward became the almoner of nations, and whose diligence caused him to "stand before kings."

The childhood of Louis Klopsch was almost as poverty-stricken, and as bereft of human sympathy, as that of any of the children who have visited Mont-Lawn. So hard indeed was it that the impression of its lovelessness never entirely died out of his heart.

The cry of a child bereft was to him a dark horror which could not go unheeded, and it was after all perhaps this desire to do all in his power for the little ones, that drew him into his Sunday School work which was the beginning of his great effort for the uplift of humanity and of religion.

It was the cry of the children for bread, as much as anything else, that led him to establish those CHRISTIAN HERALD food stations in which, during that winter of 1893-94, thousands of people were fed. And when, the winter over, the work accomplished, he found himself still in possession of \$7,000 to be used for the benefit of the poor, it was but natural that his mind reverted again to the children. Always the children. The famines of India, of China, and of Japan, left in their wake thousands of orphans whom he felt it his duty to care for. So the conditions of 1893-94 suggested to his mind that the heat of the succeeding summer would work as much havoc on the one hand among the children of the slums, as the cold of the winter had worked on the other.

All through his own childhood he had dreamed of living in some beautiful country place, dreamed of the beauties of that nature to which he was a stranger, but to which his heart naturally yearned. He could not believe but that these other slum children must have dreamed the same dreams, had the same yearnings as himself. How was an opportunity to vouchsafe them the blessing which he had lacked. Why would it not be feasible to gather together the greatest possible number of children of the slums and take them to the country during those reeking days when life in the tenements means death to thousands of little ones? With Louis Klopsch to think was to act. When he decided to do a thing, it was as good as done.

On the shores of the Hudson, near Nyack, his friend, the Rev. Dr. Jewett, owned a lovely estate which might be available, if Dr. Jewett would but consent. Dr. Klopsch immediately went in the guise of the children's ambassador, and labored with Dr. Jewett. Dr. Jewett was perfectly willing to have his place used as a Children's Paradise, provided a proper rental arrangement could

be made. This looked like a poser, for Dr. Jewett's tone was ominous. Louis Klopsch argued the advantages, the blessings, the happiness, the God-given privilege to be free, which was the right of every child. Dr. Jewett argued the advantages of his estate, Mont-Lawn, which provided these very things for the children. What would Dr. Klopsch be willing to pay each year for the use of Mont-Lawn? Dr. Klopsch offered a sum, which seemed commensurate with the commercial renting value of the place. Dr. Jewett shook his head and replied that such a price was out of the question. The best and the only terms he would make would be to rent Mont-Lawn to Dr. Klopsch during his, Dr. Jewett's, lifetime at an annual fee of one dollar! Good old Dr. Jewett! he has long since passed to his reward, and his apparent diffidence was just the result of his quaintly humorous attempt at disguising the generosity of his heart.

The site for a children's summer home thus secured, Dr. Klopsch immediately began to organize his forces and to gather children from the poorest families in the slums. The little ones were taken from the most congested and poverty-ridden parts of the city by missionaries, pastors of churches in the tenement districts, Sunday School superintendents and teachers, and by other charitably disposed individuals. The children were brought in groups to the Bible House, where a physician was in attendance who made careful examination of every little applicant, in order that there might be no chance of juvenile ailments being communicated to the other children. They were then taken up the Hudson to Mont-Lawn in groups of one hundred or more.

During that first season over one thousand chil-

dren, not one of whom had ever been in the country before in its life, spent at least ten happy days in what soon began to be known as the Children's Paradise of Mont-Lawn on the shores of the Hudson.

Of course, Mont-Lawn then was very different from the Mont-Lawn of to-day. The children and the caretakers slept in improvised dormitories in the old homestead which is still considered the main building on the grounds; but as the years passed and the number of children grew, so were the accommodations increased as fast as the contributions received from the good friends of Dr. Klopsch would permit. How those friends did respond is evidenced in the wonderful equipment of the present-day institution, where thousands of children have found happiness each year.

It is now seventeen years since Mont-Lawn was first opened as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home. Over 31,000 children have been entertained there for a period of ten days each year, and nothing is left undone to make those the happiest days of the year. Every possible expedient is resorted to and



Rear-Admiral Sigbee Addressing the Children at Mont-Lawn



A Little Waif



Mont-Lawn Children

every perfection of equipment is provided to make the children feel that they are no longer waifs of the East Side, but the chosen of God.

Back of the main building is the great open-air dining pavilion where 300 children are seated three times every day to eat their fill of wholesome, well-cooked food. They are given milk and eggs, vegetables from the Home-garden, fresh bread, meat and fruit, and all under healthy conditions which would be impossible in the ill-ventilated tenements of the East Side.

Along the path that leads to the Temple, is a row of cottages, gifts made by contributors to the Home in memory of loved ones passed away. These cottages are filled with little snowy-white beds, and





# The Klopsch Endowment

above many of these, hang prettily framed cards bearing the names of those who have endowed the cots for the season.

Near the cottages is the open-air gymnasium, where every appliance is provided for the entertainment of the little ones. Further along the path is the Children's Temple, a beautiful Gothic structure in which the children gather every Sabbath Day for exercises which are so simple and so beautiful that the little ones themselves yearn for the hour to approach.

Every day is a day of joy. There are happy times for the boys on the green where ball-games and swings keep things lively. Groups of interested little ones gather in various nooks listening to the teachers' stories.

"Old Glory" floats on the tall flagstaff, and the exercises which are promoted in its honor, are a source of continual delight and an inspiration to patriotism for the children as they gather and march around their country's flag, for no matter what alien blood may course through the veins of these

with Mont-Lawn, these children seem to develop a new nature, astonishing teachers and parents alike and causing them to take fresh interest in their studies and to show at home an unexpected consideration for others.

Is it any wonder that Dr. Klopsch gradually grew to consider the Children's Home his best loved charity; that he spent more and more time with the children as the years went by? The greater the number of happy faces round him, the greater was his pleasure, and thus the blessing which he was able to confer upon thousands came back thousand fold. He who in his own childhood had been denied his dream of life in the beautiful country place, had been able to realize it for thousands of other children, who, like himself, had passed their first years in the cluttering East Side, but in making it come true for them, he had at last made it come true for himself.

How much this was so, will be appreciated by those who were with him during his last weekly visit to the Home, and saw the look of pleasure upon his face. When he approached the hillside of Mont-Lawn as many as three hundred children would rush down the slope, laughing and calling his name. Truly he must have died with the benediction of that childish happiness ringing in his ears.

And now, it has been suggested that Mont-Lawn be endowed as a perpetual monument to his memory. After all, what could be more fitting? After all, could any mere shaft of stone be at all appropriate in view of such a chance to carry on after his death what was the dearest wish of his heart during life—the continued happiness of little children?

## The Grave of Louis Klopsch

**D**R. KLOPSCH lies buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, just across the Hudson from Mont-Lawn. It was his own wish to be laid away within sight of the Children's Paradise, which he had founded, and in which he had spent so many happy hours. Standing by his grave you may see Mont-Lawn nestling on the distant hillside. It is in the heart of the famous wonder country, which American Indians in the olden days believed was the favorite earthly dwelling place of the Great Spirit.

That his own great spirit still pervades Mont-Lawn is not hard to believe after a visit to this wonderful place. The selection of the site was in itself an inspiration very much like the carrying out of some divine plan. Here among the foot hills of the Catskill Mountains, the country teems with all that is most lovable and inspiring of the early history of America.

Here the first American legends, and fairy and folk tales were written; the very names of grassy glades and hillsides, of difficult ravines, flowery meadows, and laps of land along the Hudson are as if little children of the early days had chosen them. Sleepy Hollow, Anthony's Nose, Eagle's Nest, Point-No-Point, the Great Stone Face, for example, and Sunny Side, where Washington Irving wrote the immortal legend of Rip Van Winkle, the beloved old sleeper of these fairy-haunted hills.

It was of the great face cut in the rocky profile of the mountain that Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote: "It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the great face before their eyes. For all of the features were noble, and the expression at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced mankind in its affections, and had room for more—it was an education to look at it."

Aye, written years ago though it was, is there not something in this description which fits into the character of Louis Klopsch? Did not the children of Mont-Lawn look upon him with just that feeling? Is there one who, having known his character well, would deny "that all its features were noble, the expression grand and sweet as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart that embraced mankind in its affections, and had room for more?"

Had he lived, he would have endowed Mont-Lawn himself. Dead, we must do it for him. True, his Paradise for children offers them nothing more than blue sky, grass, trees, bird songs, good clean food and clothing, from the priceless plenty of the world. But nothing else, after all, is needed to make it a paradise, unless it be one thing—the assurance of its continuance, the feeling that its creator, Louis Klopsch, may still be able to rest there in Sleepy Hollow, happy in the knowledge that his work has not been in vain.



Training Pavilion



Family Cares

little ones, most of them, after all, are native-born and all are ready to claim themselves Americans.

Mont-Lawn provides for the children a helpful moral atmosphere and gives them Gospel training which moulds, influences and ennobs their whole lives afterward.

Mothers whose children have spent one season at the Home, beg the privilege of having them go again, so marked has been the change in the hitherto unruly boys or careless girls. Happy children are seldom bad children, and there is an atmosphere in this beautiful place among the hills, which tames and quiets the most turbulent spirits.

After coming under the influence of love, patience and kindness shown them by every one connected



Mont-Lawn Children in the Open-Air Gymnasium



# "Is Your Name Written There?"

IN THE centre of this page is a picture of the interior of the Temple at Mont-Lawn, crowded with East Side children singing a patriotic song and waving American flags. From the rear the light pours through the beautiful stained glass window, representing Christ Blessing the Little Children, which was the personal gift of Dr. Klopsch to the Temple.

It is on the walls of this Temple, on tablets that will stand as long as the Temple itself, that the names of those who become Patrons of the Klopsch Memorial will be inscribed.

On the lower part of this page is a suggestion of these tablets containing two names, the first to be sent in by friends who have earned the right to become patrons of the Klopsch Memorial. Each of these friends sent us ten new subscriptions, accompanied by \$15.00, with the understanding that one-half, or 75 cents for each subscription, would be credited to the Memorial Fund.

We cannot say how gratified we are at this affecting evidence of the determination of our friends to make the Memorial to Dr. Klopsch a permanent fact. Each of these friends might have sent in a personal contribution, which would have been very acceptable as far as it went. But think, on the other hand, how much more it means to the Klopsch Memorial for them to lend their personal influence to the movement, with the result that twenty new friends have been added to the list.

Not only does the introduction of these friends mean a greater amount of money for the Klopsch Memorial, but they must needs in the end become vitally interested in all of those projects for the uplift of religion and humanity, which were inaugurated by Dr. Klopsch, and which are still being urged on to fruition along the lines laid down by him.

"Is your name written there?" The lines of the old hymn seem especially applicable. Here are two friends at least who will for the rest of their lives have the satisfaction of knowing that come what will their names will hang on the walls of the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn as long as the Temple lasts.

Are you striving to have your name written there? Would it not be a personal satisfaction to you, as it must be to them, to have it so written? Remember, the day approaches, March 7, the anniversary of the day on which Dr. Klopsch passed away. If you mean to be included in the list of Patrons, do not delay asking your friends.

Last week we published ten coupons with the suggestion that you cut them out, and ask your friends to sign one each. The receipt of ten such coupons from you, accompanied by at least \$15.00, will entitle you to have your name inscribed permanently upon one of the tablets, which will be placed on the walls of the Temple. If you have friends at a distance, who you think would be benefited by reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mail some of these coupons to them, asking them to fill them in at once, because the time when you can take advantage of this opportunity to become a Patron is short.

Remember, that in asking your friends to do this for you, you are not asking them to do something for nothing,

since in addition to helping you become a Patron of the Klopsch Memorial, they will themselves be receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week for a whole year, and who can calculate the amount of good this may do them in the way of spiritual uplift? If you try, you will really find it is much easier than it looks.

If you prefer not to approach your friends, but to give them the benefit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year, you may fill out ten coupons with their names, and send them to us, accompanied by \$15.00.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will then be sent to your friends for a whole year, and you will become a Patron of the Klopsch Memorial, and your name will be inscribed upon a tablet which will be placed in the Children's Temple, which is pictured on this page.

Remember, we would rather have your influence than your money. It means more to the Klopsch Memorial and to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was the chief ambition of Dr. Klopsch to increase the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, until it became a world power for the uplift of religion. It was through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that he was enabled to carry on those great charities which made him famous. The orphans of India, the famine-stricken people of China, the starving thousands of Finland and of Russia—these have called the name of Dr. Klopsch blessed. Yet, without the influence

of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD he would never have been able to do so much good. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is carrying on this great work along the lines laid down by Dr. Klopsch himself, and in earnest of its good intentions in that direction, it has within the last month sent \$26,000.00 to China, to be used for the immediate relief of the famine stricken. This campaign and others of a similar nature will be carried on as circumstances dictate. We need you and we need your influence with your friends more.

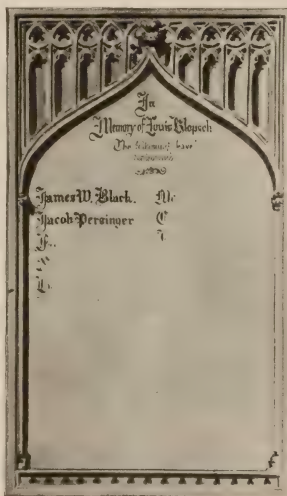
"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family" is not an empty name. There probably exists nowhere on earth such another congregation of Christian persons, so unified by the desire for the uplift of their fellow-man. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the central bureau of communication for all of these persons, now numbering nearly one million souls. Let us make it many million, and let our rallying cry be "The Klopsch Memorial"; for the Children's Paradise was not a dream of ours, understand, but of Louis Klopsch, who was the inspiration of all for which Mont-Lawn and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stand.

It will be a memorable day when the tenement waifs of New York meet together in a home endowed beyond the need of further appeal; when they gather in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn, to sing the sweet old hymns and see around them on the walls the names of their living benefactors, who have made possible the free gift of this beautiful home.

Let us work and hope so that on some perfect day in the coming summer Mont-Lawn bells may fling out far and wide, across hill and valley and river, a joyous peal announcing that the Children's Paradise is endowed, and that the one memorial which its founder would have wished for above all others is completed.



Interior of the Children's Temple, Mont-Lawn, Where Patrons' Tablets Will Be Placed



## THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, composed of people of national and even international fame, is seven in number, and every member is well known to the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Committee is as follows:

BISHOP JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON  
REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE  
MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER  
HON. CHARLES M. PEPPER  
IRVING BACHELLER  
MRS. SARAH J. BIRD  
REV. J. WESLEY HILL, Chairman

## New Yearly Subscriptions received by the CHRISTIAN HERALD from January 25th up to time of going to press, are as follows:

|                  |       |
|------------------|-------|
| Already Credited | 440   |
| January 30, 1911 | 206   |
| January 31, 1911 | 86    |
| February 1, 1911 | 119   |
| February 2, 1911 | 117   |
| February 3, 1911 | 105   |
| Total            | 1,073 |

75c. of each of these, or \$804.75 in all, have been credited to the "Klopsch Memorial Fund"



# Our Boys and Girls

Cozy  
Corner  
Prize Work

## A Puppet-Box

DEAR COZY CORNER: It is such great fun to do all kinds of interesting things and then tell you about them. I hope you will like my Peep-Show Box, and will tell the other boys and girls about how to make one. I have had such fun with mine.

I take an ordinary paste-board shoe box, turn it bottom side up, cut a large round hole in the bottom and a peep-hole an inch square in one end. I then cover it, all but the peep-hole, with crinkly yellow or red tissue paper. Strong light shining through the tissue paper gives a lovely effect inside the box. And this is about all there is to the box itself.

From magazines, advertisements, and toy books, I have cut all kinds of little people and things. I am very careful to leave tough paper at the bottom of each cut-out to turn back and paste on the underside of the lid of the box, for on this lid I arrange all manner of charming little scenes. Sometimes I have a lot of boys and girls dancing and playing games. Then, again, the grown-up people are all at home in the dining-room or drawing-room. The scene of which I am especially fond is a storm at sea. In my picture there are several little boats apparently tossing about among the breakers, and, very far at the back, there is a light-house with a bright red light shining. I paste gray tissue paper over the big hole in the box for this scene, and the effect is very pretty.

I am planning, dear Miss Porter, a Mother Goose party exactly after the one you told us about in the Cozy Corner a few weeks ago. I have cut up a whole big book of Mother Goose pictures, and I put the characters together in the most amusing way.

Jack Spratt and his wife entertain Jack and Jill at dinner. Mistress Mary, in a beautiful bower of silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row, gives a garden party to plenty of Mother Goose folks, and it is all dear and funny.

I do hope that ever so many of the Cozy corner girls and boys will make Peep-Show boxes, and have as much fun as I have had with mine.

VERA HARRISON, age 16.  
Won "Betty Gaston," one of the best new ones for girls.

The Canoe Trail—Winter



"Winter," designed by Arthur Thomas, age 11. Won the first prize.

## Supplementary Prize Winners

Tarvin E. Randall, 12; Willie Simpson, 13; Ruth W. Albrecht, 14; James T. Roper, 11; Floyd B. Hoffman, 10; Harold C. Young, 10; Jane Harrison, 9; Jessie Roper, 16; Olive M. Jones, 13; G. R. Roper, 14; Laura Seelye, 10; Ruth Harrison, 12; Grace Roper, 11; Phyllis Bracker, 10; Gertrude Metzger, 14.



"A Heading for February," by Karl Swann, age 15. First prize.

## Useful and Very Pretty

IT WAS a rainy Saturday, and I wanted something to do, so I hunted out mother's scrap bag and cut all the prettiest pieces into narrow strips. Of these strips I rolled three good-sized balls and then began to plat them up. Before very long I had more than thirty-eight feet of plating, and I then began to coil it up, whipping it evenly with linen thread on the under side as I went along. By evening, a pretty mat with a bright red centre was finished and lying flat on the nursery floor by the baby's crib. Mother says it is really very useful and exceptionally pretty.

ORA MICHAEL, age 14.

Won a First Prize Book.

## His Little Ships

Now, little ships, go out to sea,  
And bring good fortune back to me.  
But don't, like Papa's "ship," I pray,  
Be gone forever and a day.

HOWARD JORDAN, age 11.

Won an American Soldiers' Military Game.

## Snow

The snow is falling thick and fast,  
The trees are bending low,  
And all the sky is whirling past  
In big white flakes of snow.

BESSIE C. NOURSE, age 16.

Won a set of Fairy Games.

## Baby Darling

Oh, look, baby darling! All through the air  
Are white-winged fairies everywhere,  
Weaving a blanket so soft and white  
To cover the sleepy old world to-night.  
To cover the sleepy old world to-night.  
Busily working ere daylight flies,  
Fither and thither each fairy hies,  
Spreading the blanket so soft and white.  
How cozy the old world will sleep to-night!

OLIVE M. JONES, age 13.

Won "The Story of Siegfried," one of the beautiful books of this year.

## Work Deserving of Honorable Mention

Work way above the average was sent in by Helen Manbeck, 9; Thelma Miller, 9; Esther Young, 9; Purney D. Kempton, 5; Marie Squires, 8; Scott Dinmore, 9; Alice Dillabough, 8; Ruth Robbins, 7; Edith Lemke, 8; Dorothy R. Petgen, 8; Jack Petty, 9; Helen Slippy, 7; Annie Swan, 10; Gail McNeal, 11; Grace Barton, 11; Opal Hughes, 10; James L. Brownlee, Jr., 11; Jay Toothman, 10; Matthew Mawhinney, 11; William Oberholzer, 12; Elizabeth Hague, 10; Hilda Ranzlermer, 10; Ivy Newman, 13; Joseph Miller, 13; Clifford Hadley, 13; Helen S. Josten, 10; Willie Thomas, 10; Clarence Johnson, 10; Glen Ferguson, 11; Frances Leonard, 11; Susie F. Langford, 12; Evan Alger, 12; Ruth Gallup, 13; Chloe Haines, 10; Orontes Wood, 13; Clifford Austin, 11; Floyd Nelson, 13; Marjorie C. Newell, 11; Edith L. Dailey, 7; Eva Monroe, 10; H. Bernice Sensesich, 12; Alvin C. Spencer, 12; Walter Davis, 13; Atha Stellman, 9; Clarice Stellman, 10; Gordon Fiddis, 12; Raymond Huk, 9; Martha Bouche, 13; Margaret G. Nelson, 10; Cero B. Farris, 12; Karl Vines, 13; William Gibbs, 12;

"Mr. Cram," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.



"The River," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.



"Off for a Drive," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.



"My Best Friend," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.



"Chums," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.



"Chums," by Mrs. M. H. H. age 25. First prize.

Mary Reld, 11; Wincel Yaustin, 10; Raymond Maxfield, 14; Lilly Wesley, 15; Hazel Talmadge, 14; Annie Koch, 14; Rosemary Lander, 14; Louise O. Manning, 15; Mildred LaRue, 15; Lewis A. Brown, 15; John Swartz, 14; T. Paton Edwards, 14; Marshall Weaver, 14.

## March Prizes

The Special March Prize Offered by the Christian Herald will be announced in next week's Cozy Corner.

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We have a "NATIONAL" Style Book reserved for every Christian Herald reader. We have reserved one copy for you, to be sent you free and entirely without obligation on your part.

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And one copy is yours free. All you need do is simply to send us your name and address, and this wonderful 225-page "NATIONAL" Style Book will be sent you free by return mail.

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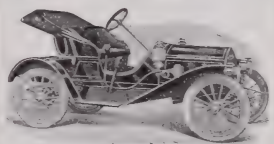
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Part No. 21731. These waists are a valuable asset to any wardrobe. First of its kind, it is hand-embroidered—machine-made and perfect and made to last. It is hand-embroidered and it is made to last. It is a regular \$1.75 waist, now offered at a money-making price of \$1.00. And we pay the postage.

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God's Own Time

GOD knew that Elijah's work was done upon earth, so he determined to take the prophet unto himself. A time will come when our work also will be finished, and then the summons shall come to call us to a scene of greater activity in the eternal home. There are some who do not realize the extent of their work, and imagine it is over, when, in reality, there is much of it yet to be performed. An aged woman was supposed to be on her deathbed. Her life had been one of particular usefulness as a missionary in foreign lands—she had worked hard, age had come upon her, and she felt her usefulness was past, and that there was nothing more for her to do, so she returned to her native land to prepare for the end. As she lay on what she thought was to be her deathbed, her son came into the room. The feeble woman raised her eyes and looked upon him as she murmured, "My dear boy, my time has come." "Why do you think so, mother?" he inquired. "Because there is nothing more for me to do," she wearily exclaimed. "Oh, yes, there is, mother, something more for you to do, some one wants your help. An aged Jew was here yesterday, begging for your assistance. He is in want; can you not help him?" On hearing this, the apparently dying woman exclaimed, "I shall help him, I shall help him, send for him immediately." When the old man came, she arose from her bed to minister to his wants. She now felt that her usefulness was not past; she wished to do more, so the vigor of life returned to her limbs and she lived eight years longer to help all who came to her door for material assistance or spiritual advice. This story is suggestive; we must not let go before God's time, before he wills us to come unto him: we must lay hold on life by being nobly active, we must live more for others than for ourselves and sink personality in our efforts for the welfare of our brethren. It is for us to do God's work, to conform to his will. This did Elijah do; his whole strength went out in doing the will of God. "When Jehovah would take him up," the prophet seemed to be at the zenith of his activities, standing face to face with a king, rebuking him for covetousness, murder, and theft. But that when was the time the Lord determined to call him. The eminent London divine, Dr. Joseph Parker, said, "When is the doctrine of Providence over human life."

The Choice of Elijah

Elijah did not murmur against being cut off in the midst of his usefulness; an expression which we hear so often and so unadvisedly used, when the death of some Christian worker or famous preacher of the Gospel is announced. But it is not God's way to cut off any life in the midst of its usefulness, he only calls when the allotted task on earth is finished. His methods are inscrutable to us, but we should realize that

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.

When we see any one called away whose work seems unfinished, we should reflect that heaven offers a vaster arena in which to do the work of God than earth offers, though there

Continued on next page

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for March 5, 1911. Elijah Goes to Heaven. 11 Kings 2:1-18. Golden Text: "Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Gen. 5:24.



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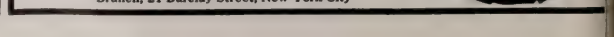
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# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

is no necessity there of removing evil and distress, for such do not exist; but there will be a glorious opportunity for the development of Godlikeness, and those who have helped in this direction here will find a much larger field of activity, one that will be unhampered by evil.

Elijah had a care that his work on earth should not stop when he himself would be called away from it. He was at the head of a school of prophets, a position which in our time, may be said to correspond to that of Dean of a Theological Seminary. He had many brilliant students and he might have chosen the brightest among them to carry on his work when he himself would be gone, but this he did not do. His choice fell upon one who performed the duties of a servant—the humble Elisha. In II. Kings 3: 11, we read: "Elisha, the son of Shaphat, poured water on the hands of Elijah." From the incidents, however, that followed Elijah's choice of Elisha, we are inclined to think that the latter stood more in the position of a son to the former than a servant. When the prophet told Elisha that the Lord was about to take him hence, Elisha asked that a son's inheritance might be given unto him, not in lands or riches, but an inheritance of the Spirit; that is, the power to do as the prophet had done. Elisha was "a son in the faith" to Elijah, as in after years Timothy so considered him is shown by his act of throwing his mantle over the shoulders of Elisha (I. Kings 19: 13-21).

## The Translation of Elijah

When the time came for Elijah "to be taken up," Elisha craved that he might be a worthy successor, and so intense was his spirit, that he again begged for an inheritance, this second time for a double portion of a father's lofty powers. Alas, that worthy fathers are often succeeded by unworthy sons! The example of a noble father ought to be the greatest incentive to a son to imitate him and walk in his footsteps and act toward the world and God after the manner of such an exemplar.

When Elijah's time came he was translated from earth to heaven in a chariot. Most of us are familiar with the pictures which represent Elijah as being taken up to heaven in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds. For such pictures there is some warrant, for while the prophet was being taken up Elisha exclaimed, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Human words, however, are weak to express divine manifestations. We must believe that what Elisha saw was the ministering spirits of light sent to bear Elijah from earth to heaven. The spot of earth from which his feet were lifted was on the other side of Jordan in the land of Moab. He and Elisha had crossed the Jordan as on dry land, for when Elijah spread his mantle and touched the waters with it, as with a rod, they rolled back on either side allowing himself and companion to pass over to the land of Moab dry shod. It was in the land of Moab that God had buried Moses and it was the same land he had chosen for the translation of Elijah. As the prophet was being taken up his mantle fell upon Elisha, thus indicating by this sign, that his humble follower was to be his successor. We can fancy seeing Elijah gazing steadfastly upward toward heaven, as he looked upon his master ascending. His eyes were not dimmed by tears, but a divine fire kindled them, and so far from becoming weak with fright, he received strength from the glorious vision. In our present days of aerial navigation we are forcibly reminded that Elijah

made the highest record, a record which no one will ever be able to transcend. His was a heavenly aeroplane and there was no danger of falling. We believe that many such aeroplanes unseen are constantly bearing upward souls to God, and it would be well for man to see to it that they may be able to secure passage on such when they are summoned to take the last flight.

## Triumphing Over Death

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." It is only the shadow of death through which the Christian passes. Why should we fear death when our Saviour has passed through it and lived again? Moreover, has not Jesus said, "Because I live, ye shall live also!" Being afraid of the shadow of death is very much like a person being afraid of his own shadow, that is, the shadow of his physical body. God with us, we can have no fear. One day a Scotch minister was summoned to the deathbed of a parishioner. When the dominie arrived the sick man, looking up, gaspingly said: "Minister, I am dying and I'm afraid." The clergyman opened his Bible and read from it some of God's messages to the dying, but the man on the bed interrupted him: "I don't want a' that," he said mournfully, "but somehow they dinna gie me comfort." "What! do you not believe them?" asked the minister, in astonishment. "With a' my heart," answered the man. "Where, then, is there any room for fear with such facts?" "For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid." The minister then turned to the twenty-third psalm and read: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." The face of the dying man brightened as he weakly cried out, "I see it, I see it, the shadow does not bide, neither will death. I will soon be in the light again."

## True to the Master

When Elisha arrived at Jericho wearing Elijah's mantle, the students came out to meet him. They recognized him as their leader and leader of him that they might be permitted to go and search for the body of Elijah, "lest he had been cast upon some mountain or into some valley." Elisha said, "No," but they urged him so strongly, that at length he permitted them to go, knowing that their failure to find the body would be the most convincing argument that the Lord had really translated the prophet to heaven bodily. Men searched for the body of Moses and found it not. After three days the students returned from their unsuccessful search for the body of Elijah, and then they were willing to accept the truth as to their master's translation. As we have seen, Elisha did not remain in the place where Elijah had been lifted up and call it "holy ground," but he hastened back to the scene of Elijah's labors among the students. In so doing he showed himself a worthy successor of the illustrious prophet, he also displayed his wisdom. By coming back to Jericho he put himself in touch with the spirit of his departed master and friend, while, had he remained in Moab, he would have only intensified the separation. We are brought nearer to those who have gone before through prayer and Christian activities.

It is the bond that we have in Christ which brings us together and keeps us together. Let us consider the beautiful sentiment of the Christian gentleman, who, thought to be dying, serenely and calmly looked on the anxious faces of the friends around his bedside and thus consoled them, "If I die I shall be with God, if I live he will be with me."

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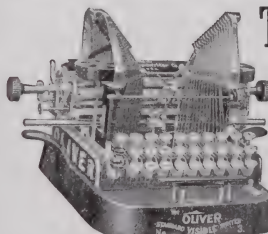
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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Serial Story by FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

XXIII—Continued

"DON'T you want some ice-cream, Jennie?" asked David.

The girl hesitated. "I came t' the fair with Gus Bamber," she said. "An' what do you think? We hadn't no more'n got here when Sutton got after Gus t' help in the refreshment booth. Said the other fellow he'd hired wasn't no good at the business; an' so nothin' would do but he must have Gus t' help. Both of us was awful mad; but we didn't das' say so to ol' Sutton. He's somethin' fierce if you don't do 'xactly as he says."

"Who's Gus?" asked David. "Well, that's pretty good!" giggled the girl. "I guess you'd ought t' know Gus Bamber b' this time. He waits on you often enough at the Eagle."

"Oh, you mean Sutton's man—Gus; yes, that's so. I didn't know his name was Bamber, though."

"It is," the girl said, "Augustus Bamber. I think it's a real nice name, too. But I don't like it 's well 's I do yours."

"That's kind of you," drawled David. "Mrs. Augustus Bamber sounds pretty well, though—eh, Jennie?"

The girl moved her shoulders gently. "No, no, no, no!" she said positively. "'N' I've told him so more'n fifty times already, I guess."

She lifted her eyes to David's with innocent coquetry.

"I don't b'ieve in gettin' married t' anybody 'less you're awfully in love with 'em. That's what I keep tellin' Gus, but he says—"

"Are you coming with me to get that ice-cream?" asked David, stifling a yawn.

"I dunno whether I've got the nerve," murmured the girl. "The ice-cream's in the same booth where Gus is; it's right across from where Sutton's got his concession. 'F he should see me—with you—"

"What do you suppose he'd do about it?" inquired David. "Gus—er—went off and left you, didn't he?"

He paused to laugh sourly, then added, "And my girl wouldn't come with me, so I guess it's up to us to do the best we can to have a good time, Jennie. If you'll come along with me, we'll take in the whole show."

"If you think it would be all right, Mr. Whitcomb."

"Why shouldn't it be all right, I'd like to know?"

"I don't know, only—"

"Only what? Out with it, little girl."

"I—I'm kind of scared of you, Mr. Whitcomb," faltered the girl.

David laughed outright. The girl's eyes and voice conveyed so delicious a flattery that he could not help the tenderness that crept into his words. "Why, you dear little goose, you," he said in her ear. "I won't hurt you, and nobody else shall, either, when I'm around. Come, we'll go and eat that ice-cream, right where Augustus Bamber, Esquire, can see us; then we'll take in the other attractions. Have you seen anything yet?"

"Only the cake an' jelly an' canned peaches an' stuff, an' those stupid ol' quilts an' things," said the girl with spirit. "Those women are all 's mad as wet hens because the quilt with red stars got the blue ribbon over the one with yellow moons on it, an' they pretty near come to a scrap over those two big fruit-cakes. One of 'em's got white roses made out ol' tissue paper round the edge, an' the other's got a

bride on top made out of sugar, with a real veil an' bouquet. It's awful cute."

"A bride made out of sugar must be pretty sweet," said David, smacking his lips and smiling down into the pretty foolish face at his side. "But I know somebody that'll be a heap sweeter—when she's a bride."

"Oh, Mis-ter Whitcomb!" breathed the girl, the pink brightening in her round cheeks. "But, of course, you meant—her. She is awful good-lookin'."

"No; I didn't mean—her," said David, laughing outright. "I meant you, Jennie."

The girl looked down and bit her lips in pretty confusion. Then she sighed. "I shan't never be a bride, I guess," she said mournfully.

"Why not? I'd like to know."

"Because—I— If we're goin' out o' here, I guess we'd better be movin'.

Folks is lookin' at us."

"I have no objections," David said coolly. "Let 'em look."

"It was that insurance man that's stayin' t' the Eagle," whispered the girl. "I don't like him a bit. He was right behind us; but he's over there now, lookin' at those sofa-pillows."

"You mean Todd?" Oh, Todd's all right. He's a good fellow."

"I don't like him snopin' 'round just the same. He's got eyes like a gimblet; 'n' he looks at you like he was tryin' t' find out what you had for breakfas'.

Gus says he's a tight-wad, too. He don't spen' nothin', 'cept you or somebody treats him."

"He's welcome to all he gets out of me," drawled David. "Do you like your ice-cream mixed or straight, Jennie?"

"I guess maybe you'll think I'm kind o' funny, but I like those little round pancakes folded around like a cornucopia with v'nilla ice-cream inside. They're awful good."

"All right; we'll partake of cornucopias, to begin with. Perhaps we'll work around to the other kinds after the races."

"Oh, are there goin' to be races?" asked Jennie, nibbling prettily at the edges of the cone sparsely filled with vanilla ice-cream, which the scarlet-faced man who presided over the gasoline stove and its adjacent can of cold stuff, handed her with a wipe of his sticky fingers on a long-suffering apron-front.

"Get onto Gus, will you?" she whispered, as she bridled, laughed, blushed and giggled by turns, under the baleful light of Mr. Bamber's pale green eyes. "I 'spect he'll kill me 'jus' the minute he gets a chance. Gus hates you, did you know it, Mr. Whitcomb?"

"Hates me? Why should he? I'm sure I've given the fellow tips enough," David said arrogantly.

All the light went out of the girl's blue eyes.

"You've given me 'tips,' as you call them, too," she said soberly. "Do you want to know what I've done with 'em? I 'jus' hated to take money from you; but I didn't know what else t' do, so I—"

"Well, what did you do with the munificent sums I've bestowed on you from time to time?" inquired David good-humoredly. "I'd really like to know."

The girl had finished her ice-cream, leathery receptacle and all. She began pulling on her white cotton gloves.

"Let's go outside, where Gus can't see us, an' I'll show you," she whispered.

"We'll go up to the grand-stand,"

Continued on next page



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## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

David proposed. "One of my horses is going to race," he added magnificently, "and you shall bet on him. Would you like to? I'll pay, of course, if you lose."

"Isn't betting kind o' wicked?" asked the girl innocently. "The Meth'dist minister said it was. Me an' Gus went t' church an' heard a sermon las' Sunday night."

"Nothing would be wicked for you," decided David, "except to throw your self away on that greasy little cad, Bamber. Promise me you won't, Jennie. You're about ten times too pretty for such a chap."

"I told you I wasn't goin' t' marry him b'fore," murmured the girl. "I—I couldn't."

She pulled off her white cotton glove and spread her short-fingered, blunt little hand for his inspection.

"There!" she whispered. "I didn't never 'spect you'd see it. But that's what I've bought with all the money you've give me for makin' your toast the way you like it an' your coffee an' all. I'm goin' t' keep it always, t' remember you by."

David glanced carelessly at the pink little hand with its close-clipped, shal-low nails and stubbed finger-tips.

"Do you mean—that?" he asked, touching the trumpy little ring with its circle of blue stones, which glittered on the third finger.

"Yes," breathed the girl. "You—you ain't—mad, are you? I—wanted somethin' t' keep always, t' put me in mind o' you, when—I can't do things f'r you no more; I love t' do things f'r you, an' I don't s'pose I'll always have the chance, after—after she—"

David felt a sudden moisture in his eyes. There was something touching, lovely, pathetic about this innocent, unasking love. He felt a little proud of his own understanding of it. Almost unavoidably, too, there came to his remembrance Barbara's proud refusal to wear the costly ring he had urged upon her acceptance.

"I am not angry, dear little girl," he said gently. "But I wish the keep-sake was better, more worth while."

"One of the stones did come out," confessed the girl, "but I had it put back in; n' I'm only goin' t' wear it f'r best."

David's hand was fumbling in his pocket.

"I bought a ring for—a certain young lady," he said bitterly, "and she didn't like it—or me—well enough to wear it. I wonder what you'd think of a ring like that?"

He thrust the white velvet case into her hands with a carelessly magnificent gesture of disdain.

"Do you mean for me to—to look at it?" asked the girl uncertainly.

"Yes, of course; look at it and tell me what you think about it."

The girl's face was a study as the sunshine leaped in a burst of dazzling colors from the imbedded gem.

"Oh!" she cried passionately. "Oh—my!"

"Do you like it?" asked David morosely. "Do you think it's pretty enough for a girl to wear?"

"Pretty enough? Oh—I—"

She snapped the case shut. "Take it, please. I—I'm sorry you showed it to me."

"Why?"

"Because—I shan't like this—this cheap thing any more. It—ain't fit to remember you by. It—ain't like you, the same's this one is."

His face flushed. He bent toward her eagerly.

"Give me the little blue ring, Jennie; I'd like to keep it—just to remind me that there is a woman in the world who loved to do things for me—that's what you said, and I shan't forget it in a hurry."

She pulled the ring from her hand with a listless gesture.

"You c'n have it, if you want it," she said.

She swallowed hard, her childish lips trembling piteously.

"I shan't care 'bout it no more."

"Try the other one on and see if it fits," said David. "I've been carrying it about in my pocket for a couple of months. She wouldn't have it, and I swore I wouldn't offer it to her again. Take it, and wear it—or sell it; I don't care what you do with it."

The girl trembled, her round blue eyes on his face.

"Honestly and truly, do you mean it?" she whispered. "I'm almost afraid; it—it's so—lovely!"

"Put it on," ordered David, frowning.

He was thinking confusedly of Barbara, of her coldness, her capriciousness, her bad temper, as he chose to term her rather pitiful attempts to curb his own lawlessness. It suddenly appeared to David that he had been abused, made light of, almost insulted, of late. What other construction could he put upon Barbara's behavior that very afternoon? He still loved her, of course; but her treatment of him certainly merited this tardy reprisal.

To be continued

### The Best in Its Line

I want to thank you for the beautiful Bible Dictionary premium. It was beyond my expectations. We consider each department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the best in its line, and sincerely hope it may continue to improve for many years to come.

Anonymous, Ia.

M. A. H.

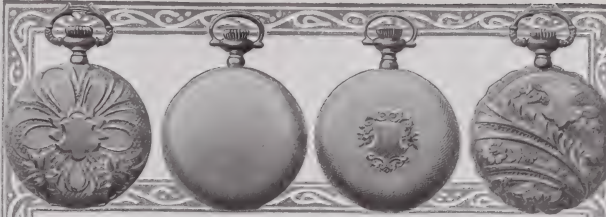
## Modern Methods of Advertisers

DO YOU answer the advertisements in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? If you have never done so, try it once, and you will be amazed at the care taken by advertisers to conserve the interests of their customers. You will also probably notice that their method of address is along the line of retaining you as a long-time customer.

The modern advertiser is as anxious to retain your trade as is the merchant in your own town. Advertisers realize that their business after all depends upon satisfied customers, and they therefore make the greatest effort to please new customers. We have known of many cases where advertisers have gone far out of the way to satisfy a customer where a misunderstanding has arisen, merely with the idea that the long-run attitude is the best after all.

No advertiser who expects to remain a long time in business can afford to be satisfied with transient trade. Some of our advertisers were in business long before many of our subscribers were born, and expect their firm names to continue long after our present subscribers shall have passed away.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.



## For Your Protection These Standard Marks

Our business for fifty years has been the making of solid gold and gold-filled watch cases—not the works of a watch, but the case. Our trade-marks stamped in a watch case have always meant absolute integrity in assay and bullion value.

When you buy a gold watch from a reliable jeweler the chances are that you get one of our cases. If not, then you probably pay the price of our case and get something else.

That is the thing you want to find out.

When a jeweler points to the words stamped inside a case "Guaranteed for 25 years" or "20 years," remember that a guarantee means nothing of itself. Your guide is the integrity of the maker back of

the case. Some day there will be a law regulating meaningless guarantees. At present there is nothing to prevent an irresponsible maker from guaranteeing for a period of years a watch case made of base metal and washed with gold.

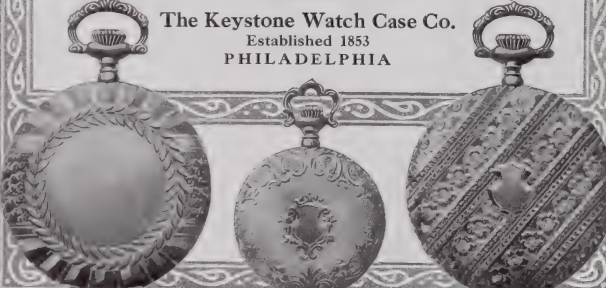
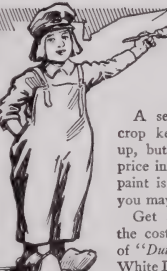
Every Good jeweler knows our marks and the quality of our cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.





### The Keystone Watch Case Co.

Established 1853  
PHILADELPHIA

### Figure on Painting This Spring

A second short flax crop keeps lined oil up, but the increase in price in pure white lead paint is not so great as you may fear.

Get at your dealer's the cost of 100 pounds of "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead, 4 gals. pure linseed oil, 1 gal. turpentine, 1 pint turpentine drier—this makes 8 gallons of old-fashioned paint.

Compare this cost, either by the gallon or by the job, with what you used to pay for paint. You'll find the difference so small that you can't afford to put off painting, or to paint with anything except "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead. Write for free "Painting Helps No. 666"

**NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY**

Offices in the following cities:  
New York Boston Buffalo  
Cincinnati Cleveland St. Louis  
San Francisco  
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.,  
Philadelphia)  
(National Lead and Oil Co.,  
Pittsburgh)



**YOUR PHYSICIAN**  
will tell you that

**Sani-Tissue**

It is the Best Toilet Paper because it is Soothing and Healing.

It is composed of long vegetable fibre which gives it a cloth-like texture and its treatment with Canada balsam and other emollients makes it the only strictly sanitary, hygienic and soft paper.

Each roll is carefully wrapped in parchment excluding germs and gritty dust.

**3 Rolls in a Carton for 25c.**

at your Dealer's, or if he does not have it, send us his name, and we will send you a sample pocket packet FREE.

**SCOTT PAPER COMPANY**  
662 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia  
Makers of "Sani-Tissue" Towels, Se Waldorf Toilet Paper, and other Hygienic Paper products.



Continued on next page



When You Buy a Piano  
you want to know you are  
getting the best for your money

Cornish

Sent To You For A Year's Free Trial

Cornish Pianos, for real  
merit, are unequalled  
by any other, whatever  
the price, or name, or  
reputation.



Three Years' Credit, If Needed,  
On This BABY GRAND

Send For  
The New  
CORNISH  
BOOK

The most  
beautiful piano  
catalogue issued  
—it explains  
things that you  
ought to know  
whether you are  
buying from us or  
elsewhere. The  
book is yours for  
the asking.  
Write for it now.

Cornish Co.  
Save One-third—Buy On The  
CORNISH PLAN—Pay Terms  
Washington, New Jersey  
Established Over 60 Years

THIS HANDSOME  
\$25.00 LINEN SUIT

Regulation Trimmed  
Made to Your Own  
Individual Measurements



ONLY  
\$13.50  
We guarantee  
quality, style  
and tailoring  
to be perfect, and  
will refund your  
money in full, prompt-  
ly if you are not  
perfectly satisfied.

Write us at once, give  
your dealer's name and  
we will send you free  
full line of samples,  
self-measurement  
blank and catalog  
illustrating different  
styles. We made 5323  
of these suits last sea-  
son and every cus-  
tomer satisfied.

JOHN B. SIMPSON  
Walnut and Hutchinson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

Manufacturers' prices save you  
dear profits. We give binding  
guarantees of satisfaction and save  
you 25 to 50 per cent. You can buy  
the well-known Regal Rug,  
No. 1, reversible, all wool, 12x18,  
at \$5.75. Or our beautiful Regal Rug,  
No. 2, reversible, all wool, 12x18,  
at \$6.50. The greatest value known. All this for the price of a  
cheap rug. Write for our  
FREE CATALOGUE. It will show you  
the latest designs in actual colors.  
We are the only firm in the  
United States that sell  
Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets,  
at these prices.

Chairs & Tricycles  
For Invalids and Cripples  
Worthington Co.  
414 Cedar St., Elkhart, Ind.

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ADVERTISEMENTS  
MAKE More Money  
We can positively show you by mail how to increase your  
salary. Book mailed free. Page Data, Dept. 45, Chicago.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

D. C. W., Wytheville, Va. 1. Have we a right  
to believe that October, 1914, is the year  
and month for the millennium to dawn, and  
are the "times of the Gentiles" fulfilled then?  
2. Do we know that the Scriptures are all  
fulfilled up to this time?

The subject of prophecy is one concerning  
which many books have been written, yet few,  
if any, of them are satisfactory. Various distinguished  
Bible scholars in former years have  
predicted the beginning of the millennium for  
dates which have long since passed, and have  
interpreted various prophecies as being fulfilled.  
That many have been fulfilled, is beyond  
question. Others have yet to come. Christ  
himself said, speaking of the end of the age,  
that "of that day and hour no man knoweth,  
not even the Son, but the Father" (Matt. 24:  
36). See also Acts 1: 7.

Mrs. J. C. W., Safe Harbor, Pa. By whom was  
the Book of Ruth written?

Date and authorship are uncertain, although  
the Talmud attributes the book to Samuel. It  
is supposed to have been written about the time  
David's house was established on the throne.

C. L. D., Oxford, N. H. Was Jonah a real  
prophet or only an imaginary personage?

He was an actual person, the son of Amittai,  
and the fifth in order of the minor Hebrew  
prophets. He is recognized in history as the same  
person who is spoken of in II Kings 14:  
25. His birthplace was Gath-hepher, in the  
tribe of Zebulun, and he lived and prophesied  
about 820 B. C., in the reign of Jeroboam II.

B. K., Rittman, O. I would like to become a  
Christian, but there is Scripture which  
seems to make it appear that salvation is  
not for all.

Christ himself said: "Whosoever will, may  
come." His salvation is freely offered to all  
who will believe, and who walk in his footsteps  
and strive, with God's help, to follow him.  
There are many passages which assure us of the  
universality of the Gospel offer. It is for all  
people (Luke 2: 10, 11, 31, 32); every creature  
(Mark 16: 15; Col. 1: 23; Luke 6: 47; 12: 8).  
See also Acts 2: 21; Rom. 10, 13; John 6: 35,  
and other related passages.

M. C. C., Denver, Col. Can you tell me the  
hymn that was sung which is mentioned in  
Matt. 26: 30?

It is supposed to have been the latter part  
of the Hallel, a series of Psalms which were  
usually sung or chanted by the Jews on the night  
of the Passover, including parts of Psalms 113,  
114 and 118.

W. B. C., Washington, D. C. You say, "A  
resolve is not equivalent to conversion." How,  
then, can it be true that any one who will,  
can become a Christian?

To resolve is one thing; to carry out that  
resolution, even if one should slip and slide in  
the effort, is another. The resolve must be fol-  
lowed in good faith, but with God's help, by  
sincere effort. Thus, one may resolve to do  
a certain act, yet, because it demands self-denial  
and even self-abasement, it may never be done.  
When a sinner accepts Christ in faith as his  
Saviour, his own will, which has carried him to  
the point of acceptance, finds reinforcement  
of the Divine will as his prayer becomes "not my  
will, but thy will; not my way but thy way."  
Conversion, the turning-point, may be reached  
in a moment; progress in the Christian life may  
occupy months and even years. In some cases  
which we have known, the transformation  
seemed almost instantaneous and miraculous;  
yet the mere observer can tell little of the

struggle that may be going on within. Paul  
himself had a besetting sin, which he constantly  
fought; he called himself the chief of sinners  
and his life, though one of the most glorious in  
a spiritual sense, was a long battle to the end.  
It makes no difference, however, whether the  
fight be long or short. He in whom we trust  
will not allow us to fall utterly. He will give  
us victory in the end, if we only trust in him.

C. H. H., Hampton, Ia. 1. Explain Luke 22:  
44. 2. Some think Christ did not sweat drops  
of blood. 3. Is there such a thing as a law  
of opposites, such as heaven and hell, right  
and wrong? 4. Why use the goat and  
sheep to represent final judgment?

1. The passage says: "His sweat was, as it  
were, great drops of blood," meaning that they  
were wrung from him in agony. There are said  
to be well-authenticated cases of *dipsidiosis*, or  
"bloody sweat," recorded in the medical books.  
2. There is law both in the natural and spiritual  
world. Man, through conscience, is gifted with  
the power to distinguish between right and  
wrong, good and evil. We cannot say how far  
such a law has its equivalent. 3. The scapegoat,  
under the Mosaic dispensation, was chosen  
as the burden-bearer of the people's sins and  
driven to the wilderness, while the lamb was  
offered as a temple sacrifice. This distinction  
between goats and sheep is carried all through  
the Scriptures to typify impurity and innocence.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Nebraska. If you send address,  
your questions will be personally answered.

Will J. R. C., Pleasant Hill, Mo., send name  
and address to M. Lester, 34 Battle Avenue,  
White Plains, N. Y.?

J. N., Saratoga, N. Y. The use of the X  
sign is simply a contraction. It is not em-  
ployed by any reverent person.

Reader, Wacousta, Mich. There are many  
places which offer the advantages you desire.  
South Carolina, Florida and Virginia may be  
mentioned. We cannot advise in detail, but  
you must be cautious in making your selection,  
both as to location and title.

R. G. E., New Stanton, Pa. Your letter, or  
that part of it which refers to Church division,  
is dealt with in our Editorial Forum of February  
16. We heartily agree with you in your  
characterization of the Church's indifferent at-  
titude on the liquor question.

REDFORD, MICH., February 1, 1911.

TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:  
I have received your Calendar and the por-  
trait of Dr. Klopsch, for whom I held the high-  
est regards for his love to poor children and for  
suffering humanity, and hope that Mont-Lawn  
may be a monument to perpetuate his name as  
long as time lasts. Yours truly,  
JOHN NEWMAN.

A Notable S. S. Collection

Many churches and Sunday Schools  
are doing excellent work for the China  
sufferers. The *Sabbath School Bode*  
of Patterson, N. J., from various Sun-  
day Schools and societies in the Chris-  
tian Reformed Church in America has  
collected the sum of \$122.54. The *Bode*  
asks only a penny from each child, but  
often receives much more. The pub-  
lisher calls his plan a "Cents Collect"  
for China.

Answered Prayers

C. R. B., Quebec, testifies to the heavenly  
Father's kindness in answering prayer.

N. L. C., Stafford, Kan. "The good God an-  
swered my prayers."

A. S. C., Augusta, Me. "I firmly believe in  
prayer; mine has been heard."

E. W. B., Sherrard, Ill. "I wish to acknowl-  
edge many blessings received through prayer."

E. McE., Bowling Green, Ky. "Praise be to  
the heavenly Father! My prayer was heard."

E. E. S., Florida. "Love God and trust in  
him; he will aid you. My prayers were re-  
sponded."

Constant Reader, Soldier, Kan. "I asked for  
the healing of a loved one and his sufferings  
have subsided."

(Mrs.) E. G. H., Nashville, Ark. "A loved  
one has been restored to us. Praise be to our  
heavenly Father!"

Mrs. D. E., Concoally, Wash. "In three in-  
stances God has granted my requests. Praise  
to his holy name!"

(Mrs.) A. M. K., Greenspring, O. "One very  
dead to me was sick, but I prayed, and she has  
been restored to perfect health."

E. B., Gouverneur, N. Y. "My husband was  
sick, I prayed and he recovered; I am thankful."

S. K. P., Elmira, N. Y. "I was in great  
trouble and anxiety, but my heavenly Father  
heard my prayer and relieved me."

N. M. R., Trenton, Mo. "I was threatened  
with the return of a grievous bodily ailment,  
but through prayer it has been averted."

Subscriber, Ashland, Pa. "Not only has God  
answered my prayers for spiritual good, but he  
has also materially assisted me."

Mrs. A. B. R., Dickey, N. D. "I was at the  
point of death, but I put faith in God and  
prayed to him and he has restored my health."

Mrs. R. W., Carrollton, O. "I have been re-  
stored to health and I want to thank my  
heavenly Father for his goodness. Praise his  
name!"

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I think the Children's Paradise endowed as a  
perpetual monument to its founder would be the  
wish of Dr. Klopsch. What a grand monument  
it would be for him! Yours truly,  
MRS. ABIGAIL LOVEJOY.



Start early—now—to plan your  
decorating for this Spring.

If you wait until later you won't be  
able to give the time and thought you  
should to selecting the best wall cov-  
erings and the most effective decora-  
tive schemes. Haste never gets the  
best results.

By all means get samples of Sanitas  
no matter what kind of an interior  
you plan to decorate, or redecorate.

Sanitas reproductions of the finest wall papers  
and wall covering fabrics are really hand-  
some than these materials themselves, and  
Sanitas is proof against fading, cracking, tear-  
ing, and only a damp cloth is ever needed to  
remove all dust, dirt or stains.

Illustration gives a hint of a Sanitas bedroom,  
with a cut-out floral border—pasted on. This  
is one of the latest decorative schemes.

Sanitas designs for living interiors are full fin-  
ished; for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries,  
glazed tile finish.

Your dealer or decorator will  
show you Sanitas and dem-  
onstrate its wonderful  
service qualities. Or write us  
your needs fully, describing  
the room or rooms you wish  
to decorate, and you will re-  
ceive suitable Sanitas sam-  
ples and interior sketches free.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.  
320 Broadway Dept. 17 New York  
STAMPED IN  
MERITAS  
OIL CLOTH  
EVERY YARD  
The Guaranteed Oil Cloth  
When buying table oil cloth ask for it  
by the "Meritas," guaranteed  
by this trade mark stamped on the  
back of every yard.

Red Cedar Chest—Unique Gift



Red Cedar Chests are built of fragrant Southern  
Red Cedar. They combine beauty and usefulness.  
Protects furs and clothing against moths. Save cash, and  
pay for themselves by saving old storage expenses. We prepay  
freight. Write today for catalog showing many styles and prices.  
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 62, Statesville, N.C.

Wall paper at  
half price

Not a clearance sale of old faded  
patterns, but new, fresh, artistic  
stock, at half price because we sell  
direct from mills to you. We'll  
show you, too, how to hang the  
paper yourself, thus saving labor  
cost and letting you beautify three  
rooms for what one has always  
heretofore cost you. Send for free  
samples and instructions to-day.

Penn Wall-Paper Mills  
Dept. 15, Philadelphia

BUY DIRECT, INGERSOLL'S BEST  
MIXED PAINTS

At WHOLESALE PRICES. Delivered FREE, for  
Houses, Barns, Roofs, all colors, and SAVE Dealers'  
profits. In use 66 years. Officially Endorsed by the  
Grange. Low prices will surprise you. Write for Samples.  
O. W. INGERSOLL, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.







### SALE! Bicycles Direct From Factory!

Manufacturer's Prices on the Famous "America" Bicycles During Greatest Sale in the History of the Cycle! Special Sale Prices for Short Time Only Certain Sections of America!

**GUARANTEED 10 YEARS! FREE TRIAL!**  
This is the most astounding bicycle-buying opportunity that has ever been offered the nation's bicycle riders! In certain sections, to introduce the wonderful "America" Bicycles, we are selling direct to riders at manufacturer's factory-to-rider prices! That's the world's greatest bicycle value—yours for less money than other wheels. Forget middlemen's profit-offer for introducing the "America" Bicycles.

The double-strength "America" Frame Bicycle and the "America" Coaster-Brake Diamond Flyer Bicycle are guaranteed twice as long as any other wheel. No other wheel can be guaranteed 10 years! Yet during this sale you can get a double-wheel bicycle for less cost than any other wheel! "America" Bicycles come to you fully equipped—NO EX-TRA TO BUY! "America" Bicycles are fully insured! (Catalog.) This amazing sale offer can be withdrawn without notice. Writing us at once, today, allows you to grasp this wonderful opportunity. Don't delay—a letter or a postal brings sale prices and complete catalog FREE! That means you dollars on your bicycle. Write today to

**AMERICA CYCLE MFG. CO., Dept. 108**  
5 Michigan Ave. (The Old-Reliable Bicycle House) Chicago, Ill.

## OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

she might as well let them alone, but this view may not commend itself to my readers, who are now at liberty to speak in meeting. I imagine that bright and chatty books of travel or books in the form of fiction would prove the better choice for this friend than treatises of profounder learning.

### Notes of Invitation

THE important feature of an invitation is first that it shall be accurate in its mention of time, place and occasion. An invitation must not be vague and indefinite. If you want your friend to come to luncheon on Thursday, at one o'clock, say so plainly, and if you do not mean the Thursday following the Monday or Tuesday on which you write, add the day of the month to the day of the week. An invitation to dinner should mention the precise hour at which dinner will be served. It may be written in the third person or in the first, but the more cordial manner is the latter. If the invitation is to a week-end let the friend receiving it understand whether her presence is desired on Friday or on Saturday, and if she is to come by train send her a time table. Tell her which train will be the most convenient and agreeable, and state whether or not she will be met at the station on its arrival. Next to definiteness the most desirable quality in a note of invitation is a cordial tone. Invitations should never be tepid and half-hearted. For ordinary afternoon teas and receptions a lady usually sends her visiting card with the day and hour when she will be at home written across the top of the card or in the lower left-hand corner. If the function is formal enough to justify so much trouble and expense, or if she is at home on certain days during a succession of weeks, the indication is engraved in the lower left-hand corner.

### A Word for Sugar

PURE candy is good for children. Pure sugar is good for grown people. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. If the doctor prescribes a diet and orders a patient to refrain from sweets, the patient is bound to obey his adviser. What is the use of calling a physician and paying him for suggestions when she will be at home written across the top of the card or in the lower left-hand corner. If the function is formal enough to justify so much trouble and expense, or if she is at home on certain days during a succession of weeks, the indication is engraved in the lower left-hand corner.

Sugar, by the way, is almost the only incorruptible article of food in the market. It keeps in any climate and this cannot be said of many dietary articles. Of course, discretion must be used as to the time and amount when candy is given to children. The best time for such indulgence is immediately after a meal, not before it. If surfeited with sweets there will be no room left for wholesome food of other varieties. Children who have plenty of fresh air will bring to the table a good appetite for soup, meat, and potatoes, and they would much better have fruit, raw or cooked, and pure candy by way of dessert than rich pastry and plum cake.

### Premiums in Fine Condition

I wish to thank you for the prompt way you do business. I was surprised to find how quickly the premiums came and all in good condition. Please accept my thanks for the same. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ought to be in every household.

T. J. E.  
Sumner, N. H.



## \$2618 Profit Per Acre

On a patch of ground containing 840 square feet, C. C. Woodruff, of Illinois, raised produce that netted him \$51.34—or at the rate of \$2618 per acre. He probably could not have made that much on a full acre, but his figures go to show how many ways there are to make and save money in the ordinary small garden. There is money in back yards.

### If Your Garden Isn't Producing Good Profit It's Not the Garden's Fault

There is a gold mine in your garden if you know how to find it. You don't have to seek far or work hard to locate it. You simply have to know a few things, either by experience or from some one who is an expert garden-miner. One of the latter now offers to owners of small gardens the new booklet

## "GARDEN GOLD"

written to show you how to get produce and profits out of your garden. Hundreds and thousands of people have done it—men like Chas. C. Woodruff, of Illinois, who raised fifty-five dollars' worth of produce on 840 square feet of ground—at the rate of \$2,605 worth per acre a season; or H. S. Weber, a Pennsylvania gardener, who figured his year's receipts on a patch of seven acres at \$1,700.

Read these subject headings that occur here and there in this great little book, and then read how you can get it at a bargain:

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If you raise no garden vegetables for market, you can still raise them for your own table; it is amazing how even a tiny back yard can cut down huckster bills. All it needs is intelligent care and a handbook that is especially adapted for money-making in small patches of ground—in other words, "Garden Gold."

There is only one way to get this new and valuable work, and that is with Farm Journal. Farm Journal comes once a month, and each copy is a kind of little brother to "Garden Gold." It is an intimate, friendly, neighborly sort of paper with well written departments that will appeal to every member of your family. Every page is full of the soundest, most practical reading, the most helpful information on gardening, poultry, horses, berries, fruit, the dairy, and all the multitude of farm interests. A splendid new series of articles called "Back to the Soil," by city people who have actually gone to the country, and who give the most absorbing accounts of their successes or failures. Farm Journal is the standard agricultural paper of the world. Has 750,000 subscribers already, and insists on a full million. Regardless of what you may think now, it is the paper for you if you have a back yard, a berry patch, a fruit tree, a few hens, or any patch of ground as large as a napkin. Unlike any other paper.

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**MOBRIDGE, South Dakota**—grew faster in three years than Omaha in ten years; railroad center on Missouri River where the new line begins—branch lines from here are feeders to main lines; has car shops, storage depots, other railway properties. Surrounding territory rich in agricultural resources—ideal manufacturing, distributing point. A Missouri River city.

**McLAUGHLIN, South Dakota**—important junction point. Branch road 200 miles long here joins main line, opening rich new territory to north. Center of large cattle business. Hay may be cut on open prairie in this fertile region, to become east wheat field. Has bank, stores, lumber yards, substantial houses, and coming summer will see most rapid development.

**MCINTOSH, South Dakota**—County seat, division point, in heart of recently opened Sioux Reservation, where 16,000 American farmers took up homestead lands last October. Ten thousand of these farms will be put under cultivation this year. National Bank, resources \$100,000; State Bank with \$25,000; churches, schoolhouses, newspapers, elevators, stock yards. Building lots selling as high as \$1,000 each. Our properties abut on Main Street.

**LEMMON, South Dakota**—Named for G. E. Lemmon. One of the most remarkable towns in Northwest. At age of two years was incorporated city, with mayor, aldermen, auditor, assessor, city attorney, city engineer, chief of police, street commissioner, fire department, school board, and a park. Has three banks, one \$400,000 resources; municipal water-works, electric lighting plant, long distance and local phone service, three churches, good schools, hospital, three newspapers, theatre, six hotels, four grain elevators.

**HETTINGER, North Dakota**—County seat, fertile farming country, settled 50 miles north, 65 miles south, all tributary to Hettinger. Four banks, five grain elevators, 1,000 public school, three exceptionally good hotels, six lumber yards, good merchandise stores, opera house, auditorium, three churches, active Commercial Club, State Experimental Station nearby. Hettinger's pride is its substantial brick and stone business blocks.

**REEDER, North Dakota**—Beautiful townsite, with wide trade territory. Center of rich farming community—wheat, fruits, live stock are most important products; lignite coal and tile clay here; three banks, five lumber yards, churches, schools, newspapers, four grain elevators, automobile livery, soda bottling works. Commercial Club trying to make Reeder county seat.

**ROUNDUP, Montana**—on Musselshell River; mining and agricultural center—unlimited supply of good coal. Pay rolls at mines \$100,000 monthly. Roundup Company invested \$1,000,000 in coal lands here. Farmers raise small grains, fruit, cattle, sheep. Building stock and timber plentiful. Roundup has water-works, electric light, fire department, modern schools, local and long distance phones, banks, hotels—conveniences and improvements of cities four times its size.

**THREE FORKS, Montana**—Lewis-Clark expedition camped here in 1805. Confluence of the Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson Rivers, forming Missouri. Meeting point of four valleys; richest agricultural lands, intervening mountains contain great mineral wealth; natural trade center. Early French traders here met Indians, who came with furs in canoes down these streams. Town established September, 1908; now a division terminal on the C. M. & P. S. Ry., also a station on the Northern Pacific. From here branch of the C. M. & P. S. Ry. is projected to Yellowstone National Park, electric line to Bozeman just put in operation.

**DEER LODGE, Montana**—County seat. Connection point of the C. M. & P. S. Ry. and Northern Pacific. Location of Montana State College; famous for its beautiful homes, shady trees and lawns. Here are car shops of the new C. M. & P. S. Ry., employing several hundred men; electric lighting plant, two gravity water supply systems, sewer system, fine schools, college, churches, court house, public library; rich in surrounding copper mines, timber and agricultural wealth. Becoming home of many employees of copper industries at Butte and Anaconda.

**ST. MARIES, Idaho**—at confluence of beautiful St. Maries and St. Joe Rivers, steamboat navigation to Coeur d'Alene country; \$40,000 brick business blocks, \$20,000 schoolhouse; one \$17,000 and one \$10,000 bank building; big saw mills, supplied from largest body of white pine timber in the world, south of city, reached by branch of C. M. & P. S. Ry.—electric lights, gravity water-works, water power; copper, lead and silver deposits being developed in neighborhood; rich bottom lands produce enormous crops. Ideal climate, abundant rainfall—\$10,000 acres of Indian lands adjoining town just opened to white settlers.



Laying the Last Rail on New \$123,000,000.00 Railway to the Pacific Coast—Opening to Settlement a Territory Twice as Large as New York State

## 40 Cents a Day Buys Five Large Building Lots, One in Each of Five of the Most Rapidly Growing Young Cities in the Northwest, Chosen from 229 New Towns on the Newest, Shortest, Best Transcontinental Railway

THIS proposition is entirely new. It is made by the only corporation in America formed to co-operate with the great railway systems in developing new towns along their lines—not "boom" towns or cities on paper.

Our investment plan is new, scientific. That great economic principle—the Law of Averages—the foundation of all life and fire insurance business, has by us for the first time been applied to real estate investments, thereby dividing risk of loss, multiplying probability of profit, minimizing hazard, and practically eliminating speculation.

### Greatest Engineering Feat

CHRISTIAN HERALD already has told the story of the building, by the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, of its "Extension"—the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound—from the Missouri River through the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, to Seattle and Tacoma; the shortest road, by 152 miles, between the Great Lakes and Pacific tidewater.

### Reaches Uncle Sam's Last Farm

While the road was building, thousands of settlers moved in and took possession of millions of acres of agricultural, grazing, timber and coal lands. When, in a few weeks, fast passenger service is established, the greatest migration in our history will begin. The road is now open, clear through, to passenger and freight traffic. Land values will rise with the tide of immigration. Many fortunes already have been made from the appreciation of land values.

### "Looking Backward"

If you had gone out over the Central Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Northern Pacific, or Great Northern Railroad, the first year any of them was opened; had examined the possibilities for growth possessed by each new town, you could have picked five or ten cities in which it would have been safe to buy, close in, for say \$125, a building lot in each town, that since then would have doubled in value many times. You might have made a mistake in one or two towns, but you could not have gone wrong on the whole number.

The president of Northwest Townsite Company was the first passenger over the new road, from Chicago to Seattle. He spent two months in studying the new towns and their probable future, and was given every opportunity for gaining information. We finally bought, for spot cash, land in the ten towns described on this page—towns that look as if they may be Denvers or Omahas some day.

These towns are "preferred risks," chosen as if one had taken the same number of people, (229) just as they came along the street; had submitted each one to a rigid medical examination, and because of infirmity, youth, old age, bad habits or bad history, rejected all but ten. The robust persons would be the safest to insure. The ten sturdiest towns have the best prospects for growth, hence are safest to invest in.

### Put Your Eggs in Five Baskets

This was our first application of the Law of Averages. The next was like it. We decided not to offer for sale our land in any one of these towns, but we do now offer to sell, to a limited number of persons, in one transaction, for \$625, one large, choice building lot in each of five of these ten best towns. This is an average of \$125 a lot. And we will sell all five for \$25 down and \$10 a month (40 cents a day for each working day), without interest on deferred payments.

You have five years in which to pay for your lots. Each lot will be deeded as fast as paid for. We pay all taxes until lots are deeded. We give a Warranty Deed, with Abstract of Title, for each lot. The prices charged are at present actual local market values. The leading National Bank in each town is agent for our property there, and will confirm our valuations. Only one of our ten towns is more than three years old. Ought they not to double in population and in land values during the next five years?

### Investment Insurance Feature

If the purchaser of an allotment of five lots dies before completing his purchase, we will deed the lots, free and clear, to his next of kin, if one-half of the purchase price has been paid. Two or more persons can buy an allotment of five lots as partners, thus making the monthly payments easier for each.

Every one of our towns, when we invested there, was either a County Seat, division point or junction point on the new road, and newspapers, solid business blocks and other permanent features. And each was an industrial center, where some vast natural resource was being developed. Our land adjoins the most settled, built-up portion of each town, and the principal streets and avenues have been continued directly through our property. Upon several of the tracts substantial buildings already have been built.

Get your banker to look us up. Meanwhile, let us send you our copyrighted books of facts, containing maps and full information. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to us if you desire to participate in the safest and most promising real estate investment ever offered in this country.

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## A Multitudinous Royal Family

THE late King of Siam had from seventy to ninety children born to him by eighty-two wives. He had also fifty brothers, and about 250 uncles. Many of his sons were educated in England. King Chulalongkorn lived in a great palace at Bangkok, where 300 cooks prepared the meals he always ate alone. In this palace, which covers an area of one square mile, King Mongkut, the father of the late King, maintained 700 wives and 2,300 ladies-in-waiting. Among the King's many luxurious tastes was a great love of jewelry. The walls of the royal bed-chamber were lined with jewels and precious stones, and he also had a marvelous and priceless collection of necklets, pendants, bracelets, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls.

## Moses\*

THIS greatest of leaders and law-givers is known in history by many different names. Clement of Alexandria says that his original Hebrew name was Joachim. In the Vulgate, he is known as Moyses. Chae-veren (as quoted by Josephus) calls him Tisithen; Manetho (also in Josephus) speaks of him as Osarsiph (served by Osiris), and there are many others.

In the *Pseudoepigraphus Codex* of Fabricius are fragments of three apocryphal books by Moses: *The Prayers of Moses*; *The Apocalypse of Moses*; and *The Ascension of Moses*.

In Scripture, he is alluded to in Psalms and Chronicles as "the man of God"; in Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua and Psalms, as "the slave of Jehovah"; and, again in Psalms, as "the chosen." In reading your Bible through in course (as every member of this society should do as often as once in each two years) notice how many times Moses is referred to. You will be surprised at the number. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis places Moses above all the other heroes of the Scriptures, excepting Paul. He accounts these two as among the five greatest men that have ever lived.

It is an interesting fact that a Jewish proverb, equivalent to our own, "the darkest hour comes just before the dawn," has been made from the life of Moses. It is, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses." It seemed a reckless thing that Jochebed should have chosen so frail a substance as papyrus out of which to make the little ark in which she was to commit her baby to the mercy of the waters; but we understand it when we learn that papyrus was supposed to be a protection from the crocodiles, the plague of the River Nile.

Traditions bear out the intimations of the Scripture that the child was very comely. It is even written that his beauty was so great that passersby were transfixed as they beheld him, and laborers left their work to steal a glance at him.

Many of the great characters of the Bible were not only intellectual and noble, but also handsome. Joseph, David, Solomon, the beloved disciple, and many others were recorded as possessing remarkable beauty.

It is supposed that the tender-hearted princess to whom we owe the preservation of the great Jewish leader, was Asiat (Arabic form of the name) the wife of Chenephres, King of Memphis. She had no child. Hence her delight at finding Moses. Another inference (this is by the distinguished scholar Osburn) from the monuments recently uncovered, is that she was Thonoris, daughter of the famous Sesostris-Rameses. This daughter inherited her father's ability and became the reigning queen after the death of her only brother. It is recorded that she reigned long and well.

In Jude 9, we read of a contention between the Archangel Michael and the devil over the body of Moses. Our Scriptures give us no clue to the reference; but Origen mentions an apocryphal book called *The Ascension of Moses*. Fabricius has preserved for us the substance of this book, and from it we gather that the allusion of Jude was to an attempt to deify Moses and worship his body. As idolatry had to be hard fought by the early Christians, the figure can be readily understood.

By all means learn the beautiful poem by Mrs. C. F. Alexander upon "The Burial of Moses." Simple as it is, it is counted one of the ornaments of sacred literature.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 5. TEXT: EX. 3: 1-14.

Am very much in favor of Mont-Lawn as a memorial to the memory of its founder, Dr. Louis Klopsch. JENNIE L. BLAISDELL, Salisbury, N. H.



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## A Wonderful Wedding Cake

NO international marriage in New York City since the wedding of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt has attracted so much attention as that of Miss Vivien Gould and John Graham Horsley de la Poer Beresford, D.S.O., Fifth Baron Decies.

Miss Gould wore a very simple wedding gown of white satin, the body and skirt quite plain. The bride's voluminous veil of tulle was caught all over her very dark, low coiffure in little puffs and a little frill effect with small sprays of orange blossoms, and she carried a large sheaf of Assension lilies tied with broad white ribbon. She wore only one ornament, a *valliere* of diamonds about four inches square suspended from a chain of diamonds. There were more than 200 stones in this ornament, and all were Beresford family jewels.

Lord Decies wore the full dress uniform of his regiment, the Seventh Hussars, of which he is a major. The uniform was gorgeous in its dark blue cloth with touches of red and masses of gold cords and emblems. Across his breast were medals of the Distinguished Service Order, the Knighthood of St. George, the Knighthood of the Bath and the Knighthood of the Thistle, and his service medals, awarded for distinguished service.

One of the most interesting things connected with the event was the wedding cake.

Three countries contributed to the making of this wonderful confection, and the story of this interesting international alliance has been cleverly told in allegorical form.

The cake has been built in three stories, the lowest one being the largest; the second one somewhat smaller and the top one still the smaller. The two upper stories are supported by Parian marble columns, brought over from Scotland.

Surrounding the first story are cupid standard or torch bearers, each carrying a tiny electric bulb, in front of and somewhat ahead of the others, stands a herald, announcing with brass trumpet, the nuptials. On a candied cushion rests the Gould-Decies cipher and the bridegroom's crest. In front of this two tiny bisque slippers tied with orange blossoms and filled with rice, carry out the traditional "old shoe and shower of rice" idea. Just to the side is a marble ladder, on which a smiling cupid is climbing to ring the bells and proclaim his victory. Above the little electric are bisque birds, imported from Germany, each carrying a bunch of orange blossoms in its beak. Topping all sits a cupid's orchestra, which, by the way, is one of the most novel affairs imaginable. Each one is playing some brass instrument. White rosebuds and orange blossoms are placed wherever possible. Over it all is an illusion veil of ice.

### Called Higher

Samuel P. Whistler, of Yonkers, N. Y., was recently called higher.

Elizabeth Ann Fye (88), a native of Nyack, N. Y., passed away in Los Angeles, Calif.

William Birdall (81), for over twenty years reader of this paper, died at North Jackson, N. Y., January 8, regretted by many friends. He was a man of strong will and self-reliant character.

Mrs. George B. Forrester, Brooklyn, N. Y., an earnest Christian worker, passed to her reward on Christmas night. She was interested in philanthropic undertakings and was a member of the Baptist Church.

Rev. R. T. Armstrong (90), Newburg, Ind., has been called home after an active labor of sixty years, as a minister of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church. The scene of most of his work was in Ohio and Missouri.

I want to add my opinion in regard to the memorial to our dear Dr. Klopsch. I welcome the idea heartily of making Mont-Lawn a permanent memorial to his memory. May God bless every effort to perpetuate the work he so ably and successfully conducted.

Manchester, N. H. MRS. CLARA LULL.

# We are asking these questions of newspaper readers everywhere

This particular advertisement and others to the same effect were inserted in 107 newspapers

—the first steps in a national campaign for an ideal—the ideal of true democracy.

COLLIER'S has already received several thousand replies from this.

COLLIER'S will run through 1911 what we hope will be the most epoch-making series of articles ever published

—a broad treatment of the newspaper situation in America.

Part of the series has been written by Will Irwin—after months of travel and personal investigation

—but the main portion, editorially sifted and crystallized, is written by the *American Public* itself.

This preliminary advertisement will give an idea of the scope of our purpose.

We want the readers of the "Christian Herald" to help us. We offer you a prize of \$50 for the best letter of not over 500 words telling of the newspaper situation in your home town

—and we will pay \$5 for every letter that may be published in COLLIER'S, either in whole or in part.

## What does your daily paper bring into your home?

This is Collier's work for 1911

We want your help on these six questions

\$50 for the best answer

Just follow these directions

"The American press has more influence than it ever had in any other time or any other country." Is it for good or ill?

Collier's, *The National Weekly*, has already spent over \$25,000 in preparing the first real, human treatise of this vital subject—an interesting, intense, truthful narrative, written for the public. Well-known writers are at work on a series of articles that bristle with facts and read like fiction. This series is now appearing and will continue to run about every other week throughout 1911.

These men know what they are talking about—but we want more.

We want the opinion of the newspaper readers themselves.

—we need your view-point.

—and we ask you to answer these six questions:

1. What local newspaper do you read regularly?
2. How are your opinions influenced by its editorials?
3. Do you as a rule believe what you read in the news columns?
4. What feature or department do you value most?
5. What criticisms, if any, have you to make?
6. Which local newspapers exert a good, and which a bad, influence on your community?

For the best answer to these questions, in a letter not over 500 words long—make it brief—Collier's will give a prize of \$50.00. And for every other letter that may be published in Collier's, in whole or in part, we will pay \$5.00.

Your answer will assist a splendid work. We want to tell the world not only the history of American journalism, but also

—the good that some powerful newspapers accomplish.

—the evil done by others.

—what they are doing for and against true democracy.

The six questions may be followed literally, or considered merely as suggestions. Write what you feel. We want letters from you, the intelligent citizen who has the well-being of his city at heart. You know what is the important subject better than we.

Send letter to Collier's Newspaper Editor, 416 West 13th Street, New York City.

## \$50 for the best answer

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 15th. AWARDS TO BE MADE ON OR BEFORE JUNE 1st.

Follow these instructions:

Write a brief, simple letter, answering all or part of the questions in the above advertisement—or ignore the questions altogether, if there is something more vital for you to write about. We want your honest view-point.

Send letter to Collier's Newspaper Editor, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.



The best sacred music of all times, the great church solos, the hymns you have known always—besides entertainment of any character reproduced from the original, still remains *real and lifelike* when rendered by the

# EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The reason this is true of the Edison Phonograph is because of two exclusive Edison features

1

## The Sapphire Reproducing Point

The point of contact between an Edison Phonograph and its records is a highly polished indestructible Sapphire. It is button shaped, fitting accurately into the groove of the record and traveling without friction and without scratching, thus bringing out perfectly the sweet musical tones of Edison Records.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15.00 to the Amberola at \$200.00. Ask your dealer for complete catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

Edison Standard Records . . . . . \$ .35  
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) .50  
Edison Grand Opera Records . . . \$ .75 to 2.00



All Edison Phonographs have the Sapphire Reproducing Point. All Edison Phonographs now sold play the four-and-a-half minute Amberol Records. If you have an Edison Phonograph and it is not equipped to play the Amberol Records, you should go at once to your dealer for the necessary attachments. When so equipped your Edison Phonograph will play both the Amberol and the Standard Records, changing from one to the other at your will.

2

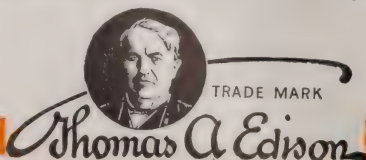
## Edison Amberol Records

These records, playing four-and-a-half minutes, render all selections *completely*—no omissions, no hurrying. Complete operatic arias, all the verses of every song, entire monologues, exactly as rendered by the greatest artists—and instrumental numbers as originally played by the greatest bands and orchestras.

### National Phonograph Company

8 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you are not dependent upon any one stenographer. Any typist in your office can transcribe your work.





# Christian Herald

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER ANNUM  
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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New York, March 1, 1911

VOL. 34—NO. 9. PRICE 5 CENTS  
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK







## Questions and Answers

Mrs. G., Green Pond, Fla. Please explain Matt. 12: 31, 32. Some think it means to use bad language after one has received the Holy Ghost, and others that it means any one, whether converted or not, who speaks evil of God or his Holy Spirit.

It refers to what has been called the "unpardonable sin," which, according to the views of the most eminent commentators, was attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency.

Reader, Hastings, Neb. 1. Please explain Prov. 31: 7. 2. I am a member of the Church and have been for many years, and try hard to do what is right, but I feel worried because I can't make a public prayer. When alone, I can pray for myself and friends, but I can not when called on at prayer meeting.

1. The previous warning in the same chapter, against drink, should be read in connection with the passage that follows. Read also Prov. 20: 1; 21: 17, and 23-32, and you have the attitude of the writer on the subject. Some people try to pervert Scripture into an approval of wrong, when the very reverse is intended. 2. The gift of ready speech in public is one that does not come without cultivation. Your simple petition, no matter how haltingly it may be uttered, is acceptable to God as the most eloquent prayer.

J. W. R., Berlin, N. Y. To what extent are churches reaching the rural population of the country? Where do they fail and what are the reasons?

If you will read the discussion now in progress in *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, entitled "How is Your Own Church?" you will form an idea on the condition of rural churches in the different States. The churches there spoken of are no doubt typical of the majority. These letters will also enlighten you as to the reasons for failure, where it exists.

W. K. S., Philadelphia. What is meant by exegesis?

It comes from a Greek word signifying "explanation" or "interpretation." It means the exposition or interpretation of any writing, but is almost exclusively used of the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The term *hermeneutics* is frequently applied to the science of the interpretation of the Bible, and it is usual to distinguish it from exegesis, as the interpretation proper, or discovery of the true meaning of the text, while the latter is more strictly the exposition of the meaning so discovered, and its practical doctrinal and moral applications.

E. F., Yorktown, N. Y. How is Easter Sunday determined?

This question has been answered several times in *THE MAIL-BAG*. The way by which Easter Day is now determined is that of the first Sunday after the paschal full moon (fourteenth day of the calendar month which happens upon or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday then Easter Day is the first Sunday following.

Mrs. M. B., Earlham, Ia. Please tell us about the "Passion Play."

The "Passion Play," which takes place at Oberammergau every ten years, is performed by the villagers, because their forefathers vowed it should always be done for a special mercy that was granted them. The play is taken very seriously by the actors, the number between eight and nine hundred. The production is carefully supervised and the characters are interpreted with all reverence. A fee is charged to view the performance. The net returns are divided amongst the actors in accordance with the importance of their parts. These sums, which seem small enough to us, help to dispel poverty from the village and to enable the actors to take the time necessary to prepare for the great event.

S. H. C., Saranac, Mich. I read these lines: "Thou camest not to thy place by accident; it is the very place God meant for thee." Will you give, through *THE MAIL-BAG*, Scripture texts showing how we may know that our individual place is just as God wants it? For surely his way is right.

The Bible in several places teaches the virtue of contentment with our lot in life. See Phil. 4: 11; Heb. 13: 5, and other passages. It does not, however, teach fatalism, as the passage you quote might suggest, for it shows that God has given man enlightened reason to choose for himself between the good and the evil, and that he has the power to make progress. It does not discourage a right ambition to better our lot and

Continued on last column

## Christian Herald's Popular Offers

75 CENTS from each New Subscription received with any Offer on this page will be given to the KLOPSCH MEMORIAL, Mont-Lawn Endowment

WE WANT you to read the following descriptions of our latest premiums. If you haven't yet renewed your subscription, or if you would like to please some good friend by making him or her a gift of a *CHRISTIAN HERALD* subscription and one of our attractive books, now is the time to do it. There is no time, you know, like the present. Avoid disappointment by ordering promptly. Be sure not to overlook our Magazine Combinations.

**THE COMPREHENSIVE STANDARD DICTIONARY.** This new 1910 Dictionary is said by its publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, to be the latest and best Dictionary of the English Language. It has been abridged from the famous Standard Dictionary, which has a world-wide reputation among intelligent people. The Comprehensive Dictionary defines 35,000 words, has 800 instructive pictorial illustrations, is printed on good paper, with nice wide margins. It is bound in limp leather, so soft and pliable you can twist it at will. It is 14 inches thick, 8 1/2 x 13 1/2 when open, weighs 36 ounces. It is equipped with the Denning Thumb Index. The Editor is James C. Fernald, L.H.D. The Comprehensive Dictionary will be sent with one year's subscription to the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* (new or renewal), 1911 Calendar, photographure of Dr. Klopsch, all four for only \$2.50.

**LIFE WORK OF LOUIS KLOPSCH.** Every person who may have the good fortune to secure this intensely interesting and profusely illustrated book will marvel at the *LIFE WORK OF LOUIS KLOPSCH*. In Dr. Klopsch's rise from a poor immigrant boy to the foremost philanthropist in the world—a friend to the friendless, to the poor and the downtrodden—there is a story of a life that has few equals. It is a life of splendid achievement—an inspiration to every American man, woman, boy and girl. Read this great book for yourself, and learn and apply the wonderful secret of success which it illustrates so well. 472 pages; large clear type, bound in dark green and gold. A copy of the *LIFE WORK OF LOUIS KLOPSCH* will be sent, together with a year's subscription to the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, our 1911 Calendar, and a Photographure of Louis Klopsch, all four for only \$2.00.

**HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN LIFE.** Would you like to know the man who traveled four thousand miles through six bleak winter months to add three stars to the American flag? Would you like to shake hands with a woman who saved sixteen children? Would you like to look upon the lad who rescued a thousand lives in a storm at sea? *HERO TALES* will be sent, the 1911 Calendar, Photographure of Louis Klopsch, the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* for one year, all four only \$2.00.

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**CHRISTIAN HERALD, 165 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK**

Continued from first column  
enlarge opportunities for service and usefulness; indeed it promises to those who love God and serve him faithfully, that godliness will bring its reward in this life and that which is to come. (See I. Tim. 4: 8; Phil. 3: 14.) If men were content simply to exist and not to advance, the world would make no progress.

G. M., Eddy, Okla. What do the initials I. H. S. and I. N. R. I. stand for?

The initials I. H. S. represent the Latin words *Iesus* (or *Jesus*) *Homineum* *Salvator*, which being translated is Jesus Saviour of Men. I. N. R. I. are the initials of the words *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum*, which is in English, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

A. H. D., Etivanda, Calif. 1. When and by whom was the title of "Reverend" as applied to a clergyman, first adopted? 2. Please explain John 5: 14, last clause. 3. If Christians commit sin—as preachers tell us no one lives who does not commit sin—will not such sins be as serious in their effects as those committed by one who does not profess to be a Christian? Can one be said to be living a holy life, who thus commits sin either occasionally or under certain provocations?

1. It is a title of courtesy, just as a priest is called "Father" and a Jewish teacher "Rabbi" (master). When it was first used is not definitely known. 2. It was a warning not to relapse into the reckless, sinful life which presumably had brought on his malady. 3. When professing Christians have backslidden, their condition is not to be judged like that of those who have never known the light. Such a backslider can certainly not be said to be living a holy life; yet we are not to judge others. He may be in the midst of a severe conflict, and we should help rather than discourage him. Many a one has a struggle in which a helping hand extended might win him back, but his ultimate return is delayed by the unfriendly and even censorious attitude of those who should help him the most.

G. F. B., Staunton, Va. How do you harmonize Mark 15: 32; Luke 23: 39-42, and Matt. 27: 44?

The Gospels are in many instances complementary to each other, and we find details in some that are not in others. This is not surprising. Each Gospel was written from the writer's individual standpoint and facilities for observation, and there are instances of details in some and not in others, but all combine to make a perfect whole. This explanation applies to the story of the repentant thief, which is told by Luke alone.

R. W. T., New London, Wis. 1. Who were the 144,000 mentioned in Rev. 7: 4? 2. What is the "beast" mentioned in Rev. 13: 1? 3. Did Paul die at sea?

1. It is a symbolical number and not to be taken literally. It means the elect of all nations—those who successfully resist the seductions of Antichrist and who keep their garments pure. 2. Commentators interpret the "beast" as Antichrist and persecution; the world-power attacking the Church from without, and false doctrine assailing it from within. 3. Paul was martyred in Rome in the reign of Nero.

J. G. M., Norfolk, Va. What is meant by spontaneous combustion?

The ignition of bodies by the internal development of heat without the application of an external flame.

J. H., Ulster, Pa. 1. Harmonize or explain the account of the creation beginning Gen. 1: 1 with the account beginning in the first part of Gen. 2. 2. Where and when were Poe and Tennyson born? Where did each die?

1. The opening of the second chapter is merely a recapitulation of the opening statement in the first and not a new version. It is to emphasize briefly the central fact that God was the Creator of all things. 2. Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. Tennyson was born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809, and died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892.

## Miscellaneous

In our issue of January 25, in an article on the launching of the battleship *Arkansas*, by a typographical oversight the cost of the vessel was given as \$5,000,000. This should have read \$11,500,000, the actual cost.

B. E., Ontario. As you put the question, it does not seem right for such a man to come to the front in spiritual affairs; yet we are not to be the judge. God uses many different kinds of instruments to accomplish his purposes.



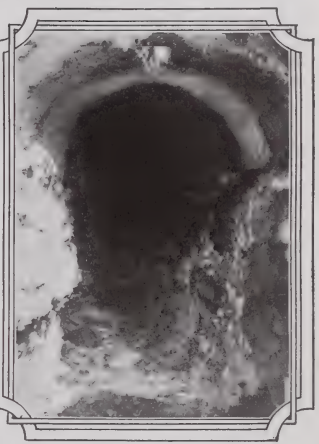
# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Vapor Ring at Sunrise

The Alpine Hut and Nearby Crater

A Volcanic Tunnel



## THE MENACE OF MOUNT ETNA

**D**URING the last two years three important events have occurred within the sphere of my activity—the great earthquake at Messina in 1908, the eruption at Teneriffe in 1909, and the great eruption of Mount Etna in the spring of 1910. I will consider the last of these for a few minutes.

I am convinced that the only way to study a volcanic eruption is to study the eruption. In other words, not to visit the volcano after its activity has ceased, but to live upon it during the eruption, and as near as possible to the scene of action. In this way it has been my privilege during the past six years to live upon Vesuvius during the great eruption of 1906, Stromboli in 1907, and these others which I have just mentioned. The activity of this volcano has manifested itself during the past three hundred years at intervals of six years on an average. That is to say, there have been during this time seventeen eruptions per century. This being the case, it was not surprising when an eruption did not occur for sixteen years that one should have been looked for.

Lest I forget it at the end of this description, I should like to say that I do not consider that even this eruption after so long an interval has satisfied the volcanic conditions of the mountain. I think we may look for still more and possibly a still greater activity of Mount Etna, probably in the near future, possibly within three or four years, and I should not be surprised if sooner.

Mount Etna is one of the great volcanoes of the earth. It is great in size, great in activity, great in beauty. In size it would cover the entire metropolitan district of New York and the surrounding counties. Its height is 11,000 feet above sea level. As to its power, one of these eruptions some centuries ago killed 80,000 people, which is probably more than Vesuvius has ever done in all its

By FRANK ALVORD PERRET, K. I. C.

existence as a volcano, not excepting the great eruption of 79 A.D., which destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. As to its beauty, this is also very difficult to describe. It is teeming with life, animal and vegetable, and is snow-covered one half the year; the other half it is bare to its very summit.

One of the photographs here reproduced shows a general view of the most active vent during the recent disturbance. This is not the central crater of Etna. The observatory stands very near to that former centre of activity and only about 1,000 feet below the summit. This is made possible only by the fact—and a very important one—that the great eruptions of Etna in modern times do not take place from the central crater. The mountain is rent open on the side and the eruptive

forces find their vent and form craters upon the flanks of the volcano. Of this type was the eruption of 1910. A new fissure, a mile and a quarter in length, opened on the south flank with twenty-four small eruptive mouths, and from the upper portion at first, and later from the lower portion, there came a rapid stream of lava, which flowed for a distance of about seven miles and threatened the towns of Belpasso and Borelli, and would also have menaced the larger town of Nicolosi had it not been that its course was diverted frequently by the intervening hills resulting from other eruptions.

One of the most notable peculiarities of this eruption was the absence of cones which generally form around the mouths of the craters, and which are almost entirely absent in this instance. The history of one of these openings shows conclusively how necessary it is to live upon the volcano during the eruption in order to have a correct idea of what takes place. Any geologist or vulcanologist would have declared that this particular crater had been the least important of all the twenty-four and he would have inferred this from the fact that there was nothing at all lying about in this vicinity, that there was no volcanic ash around it, that there were no bombs of lava lying about. Nevertheless, I, who was there and who lived there throughout the eruption, know that that particular one was by far the most terrible of all the twenty-four; so much so that I had christened it the "Demon." It was the source of all those heavy explosions which shook the mountain and which almost shook us out of our beds in the little hut where we lived.

This little hut was built by the Italian Alpine Club as a refuge in going up the mountain for the mounting of certain instruments which have long since fallen into disuse; but when I arrived at Catania

Continued on page 214



Mount Etna in Eruption



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop W. A. CANDLER, D.D.\*

## THE NEED OF FINDING GOD

TEXT: Matt. 23: 37, 38

THESE words of lamentation palpitate with the strongest emotion. Weak men are incapable of deep emotion; if they employ the language of high feeling we instantly perceive that they are straining after an effect and falling into an unworthy and shallow affectation. The words of the text could not be used by any one of less stature than the Son of God without provoking derision. They become him, but they are utterly beyond and above the highest and noblest utterance of man. We shall perceive their unearthly elevation, and the divine claims of him who uttered them, if we seek to put such words in the mouths of even the wisest and best. Let us imagine one, combining in himself the noblest qualities of all the good men of our country, standing on Arlington Heights, weeping over the Capitol, and crying out, "O Washington! Washington! Thou that rejectest all the calls of God to thee, and persecutest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Your capital is left unto you desolate." What would we think of such self-assertion and arrogance? Would not all men account such a manifestation of self-importance, although it might be accompanied with tears of tenderness, as the outburst of an unbalanced and frenzied mind? Yet, when Jesus thus laments over Jerusalem we are not shocked, but we are melted by his majestic grief. Indeed, all the sweetest expressions of his human tenderness are the sublimest assertions of his superhuman nature. Men who deny his deity can not get away from his tenderness, and in holding to that they are sometimes forced into an unconscious recognition of the divine character which they would deny to him.

### The Lofty Mission of Jesus

Surely, "never man spake as this Man." Even when his majesty is disguised by human tears, the light of his divine glory beams through upon us. "None but God such love can show." He who could weep over Jerusalem without showing a grief too great for him, could justly claim the ability to gather her children beneath his protecting power as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings.

When Jesus weeps over Jerusalem his lamentation is for the Jewish nation. Some appalling desolation threatens his people. Some blighting curse has fallen upon its life. Some overwhelming judgment is at hand. The danger is one that is past turning back; he himself can not now avert it. There were times when he might have done so, but now the sad words declare, "Ye would not. Your house is left unto you desolate." We might imagine that he was distressed for the dire poverty of his nation. He had a heart for the poor. He began his Sermon on the Mount with the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Again, when John the Baptist sent to him, asking him, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" he gave as the highest proof of his Messiahship, in response to the question of the Prophet of the Wilderness, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Truly Jesus was the "poor man's philosopher and friend," and he came to a very poor world. The poverty of the ancient world is beyond our understanding in this day of overflowing wealth and abounding luxury. Wealth as we know it is modern. When Jesus came there was no deeper destitution than that of Palestine. But while he cared for the poor, it was not the poverty of the nation which drew forth his lamentation over Jerusalem. He did not consider poverty the worst thing that can befall a people, nor wealth the highest good. He proposed no scheme for abolishing poverty. He said, "The poor ye have always with you." He refused to be a judge and divider of earthly goods. He declined the offices of a socialistic reformer. He had a loftier mission to fulfil than one which concerns itself only with material issues. We may think he was distressed over the deadly diseases and heart-breaking afflictions that were prevalent among the people. He did care for the sick. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." The sorrowing flocked to meet him and the diseased were brought forth to him for cure. "And he healed them all." The blind and the deaf, the dumb and the lame, the fevered cases and the leprous—all with their accumulated distresses and

pains were relieved by his tender touch. In the very hem of his garments was balsamic power to bless the sick and relieve the suffering. But when he went away from the world, the bed-ridden in Israel were as numerous as ever. He left not a prescription behind; no hospital; no treatise on medicine; no work on surgery. He came to a sick world, and he left it sick—sick as we of the modern world can hardly conceive.

### His Grief Not of Earth

If, then, the source of his grief over Jerusalem was neither the poverty nor the sickness of the people, it may be that we shall find it in their political condition. They were indeed an oppressed people. They were a despised part of the Roman Empire in the first century, and their rulers were those Judean princes who were never repelled by a vice nor attracted to a virtue. The conditions must have been bad in a land where such men as the Herods bore rule. One of them slew John the Baptist, another massacred the babes of Bethlehem, and a third killed James, the brother of John, with a sword. History has never shown such a brood of vile monsters issuing from the same nest. Jesus was not indifferent to the character of these wicked men, nor insensible to the grievous wrongs with which they afflicted the people. On one occasion "certain of the Pharisees came and said to him, Get thee out, and depart hence: for Herod will seek to kill thee. And he said unto them, Go ye and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected. Nevertheless I must walk to-day, and to-morrow, and the day following: for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." (Luke 13: 31-33.) Saint Luke tells us that it was then he spoke the sad words of our text. We see, then, how clearly he perceived the fox-like meanness of Herod. But his mind rested not on Herod's corruptions enough to exclude even for a brief space the desolation of Jerusalem. It was not, therefore, political conditions, wretched as they were around him, which moved him to utter this bitter cry of disappointment and grief. He was no political agitator and reformer, vainly attempting to build up the kingdom of heaven by rearranging earthly forces and restoring the political ruins of this world. He knew that the government of God springs not up from the suffrages of men, but descends upon the earth from heavenly powers.

### Fallen Away from God

When Jesus came to the temple and found it full of traders and trafficking, he was filled with the indignation of love aggrieved, so he drove out the traders from the holy place, and said: "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." And when they demanded of him a sign to justify his act of cleansing, he pointed to his body, of which the temple was but a symbol, and said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." It was as if he had said, "I am determined that the way to God shall never be closed, or obstructed. I will not only cleanse this temple of wood and stone from all the profane obstructions you have brought into it; but, when you undertake to profane and destroy the holier temple of which it is but the shadow, I will set it up again. The way to God shall never be closed by wicked and godless hands. I have authority over both the shadow and the substance of the way to God, and that authority I will exert to the uttermost, so that no soul seeking the Father shall ever find the way stopped up."

He went away and came again, only to find things gone from bad to worse. Again he cleansed the temple, which from having been made "a house of merchandise" had come at length to be a "den of thieves." A second time, with hotter indignation, "He went into the temple and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrowed the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple. And he taught them saying unto them, Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves."

But all his cleansings were in vain. Covetousness, which is idolatry, had proudly usurped the place of God, and it held its place against the Lord when he came suddenly to his temple. He gave over

the contest, and turned over the house to them who had cast out God and made a throne for Mammon in it. He no longer calls it "My Father's house." Now it is "your house"; but it is desolate.

We may interpret his grief on the occasion when he uttered the words of the text, in the light of his indignation when he cleansed the temple. A people, whose whole life and mission and history were all locked up in God, had turned away from him and lost him. They had turned him out of doors, and had taken possession of his throne and made of it a vulgar commercial counter. The history of fifteen centuries had culminated in base and incurable treason against the King. It was enough to anger holiness and to break the heart of love. None but the divine heart could feel the depth of wickedness and treachery that had been reached by the people. He had walked with them in all their journeyings from Abraham's time; he had come nigh to them through the prophets whom they had slain; he had done everything for them that infinite wisdom could conceive, boundless love propose, and limitless power accomplish. And all had been in vain!

### The Desolation of Israel

It is unspeakably pathetic when a man follows through a long life a purpose, and by one false step falls short of it just when it is in reach. But who can state the case of a nation, set apart to the highest possible mission, and failing of it by forgetting God and following the greed of the world? Such was Israel's case. To the Hebrews was not given the mission of art: they carved not a statue, nor painted a picture. Of literature, as an art, they knew nothing; their literature was wholly theological, ethical, and devotional. To them was not given the political wisdom of worldly statesmanship; their government was theocratic, not democratic, nor aristocratic, nor autocratic. Their judges were called of God, and their kings were no more than vice-regents. Their prophets, coming out of the council chamber of the Most High, outranked their princes and rebuked royalty with authority. Theirs was a religious mission, and that alone; and now they had failed in that. To them were committed the oracles of God, not in books only, but also in visions, and, most of all, in him in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. But all these they had rejected. How sad was their state! How desolate was their national house, built for the habitation of God, when he went out of it to return to it no more forever!

Israel's desolation is for our warning. The mission of Israel was not exclusive of other nations from the possession of God. God gave himself peculiarly to the children of Abraham that they might give his glory to all the nations of the world. To Abraham God said, "In thee all families of the earth shall be blessed." The Israelitish nation was the pivot on which all national histories turned: "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." (Deut. 32: 3.) The same purpose that dominated God's plan for Israel pervaded his plan for all mankind, and that purpose was that they might seek and find their heavenly Father, and know him for themselves, to the end that there might not be an orphaned world, a prodigal race dwelling in want, far away from the Father's house. For "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they might seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." (Acts 17: 26, 27.)

The supreme need of the human soul is God. The words of St. Augustine are most true: "O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and inquiet are our souls without thee!" Without God both individuals and nations are undone; and the work of the Church is the same as the mission of Israel. The Church must fulfil its mission to mankind in finding God and giving him to all men. The most urgent need of our country to-day is the knowledge of God. Our chief woes are not poverty, disease, and political corruption, and our sorest needs are not wealth, health, and political reformations. If we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things will be added unto us.

Continued on next page

\* Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.



The Need of Finding God

Continued from preceding page

Some would turn the Church into an instrument of social reform, that poverty might be abolished and wealth more equally divided. They talk much of what they are pleased to call "practical Christianity." The most practical of all forms of Christianity is that which concerns itself supremely with ringing men to God. The poor want something better than victuals and othes. The main thing a lost child wants is to be carried back to the father's home and the mother's heart. I could not have cared for a mission to be prodigal son which involved nothing more than giving him better food than that of the swine upon which he has feeding and nothing better than carrying him a new suit of clothes. Yet who would not gladly have gone to the far country to tell him of the loving heart of the father in the old home, which was breaking for his return? The Church will do little for the poor, if it goes with nothing nobler than a mission to their stomachs and backs. The poor are most of all heart-hungry. hey want God.

Others would convert the Church to a machine for all sorts of political forms. These are they upon whose lips is always, in season and out of season, the cant phrase, "Civic righteousness." The righteousness which we need is that which cometh from above, the righteousness of the kingdom of heaven, not merely the formal order which is enforced by the sheriff and the militia. If we know and love God, every element of good government will arise as fruits and flowers come out of the soil and sunshine and showers. Without the knowledge and love of God the hearts of the people, political formations will never be pure or permanent. They will be mixed with human zeal and tainted with personal ambition. Most of our earth-born formations quickly need reforming, and nobody is so hard to reform as a former. Savonarola tried that programme. Jesus did not. He saw the world desolate, not because of Roman rule and Herodian politics, but because the people had turned away from God. The people had turned to ruin not by falling into the hands of bad politicians, but by killing the prophets, who came to lead them back to the heavenly Father and the heavenly home. It was that which led our Lord to tears.

What our country needs is a revival of religion rather than a political formation. But we can not find a revival by merely seeking a revival. It will not allow us to deify even a idol. We are not to seek a revival, but to seek God. The finding of God gives religion and all other good things.

That final government of the world, the rule of the ever-present God, rises from the earth, but descends out of heaven. It corrects every disorder, alleviates every woe, and enriches with irremissible and incorruptible wealth. The disappointed Saviour, with tears on his face, lamented the fate of Jerusalem, from which God had departed, leaving unfaithful Israel's land desolate.

It was enough to break the heart of the Son of God to see Jerusalem of old without God. It will be enough to bind the broken-hearted world to find God at last, and in the New Jerusalem to be forever with the Lord.

**His Best Monument**  
OAKLAND, CALIF., January 20, 1911.  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:  
Dear Sir and Brother: Your invitation extended for suggestions as to a monument for a wonderfully grand man, Louis Klopsch, prompts me to reply. I have never believed in spending money simply for a dead monument. In his world of want, both physical and spiritual, and in so many places such awful want, I believe the grandest monument and the most pleasing to our God would be a rich endowment of Mont-Lawn.  
Yours most truly,  
ROBERT R. BIRD.

The Man and the Church

By EUGENE THWING

I. The Man's Part

NO GREATER work challenges the Church of Christ, and the individual church organization, to-day than the work of winning and holding the men—the busy, earnest, practical men of affairs. Theory, and sentiment, and even praying, are not enough. Plain common sense, and the fitting of efforts to real conditions, are necessary. The work requires co-operation. An important share falls to the minister; another share rests (yes, too often it rests) with the church officers; but a vital part must be assumed by the men themselves who are outside the church. It may be necessary to put squarely up to them their part before they will recognize and accept it, but theirs it is, and no church nor pastor can devise a substitute for the part the man must bear himself. What is that part?

A SUGGESTIVE letter from a CHRISTIAN HERALD subscriber is worth careful study in connection with this question:

I believe the mass of the people of civilized nations admire practical Christianity. As an elder in the Presbyterian Church, I have talked with many of our leading business men with reference to uniting with the Church and have received this reply from several who are considered honorable business men: "I believe in Christianity, but I cannot practise it and run my business, and I do not care to profess what I cannot practise."

I have tried to analyze this and I am led to this conclusion: Fifty years ago competition was almost inoperative; but under the strenuous conditions of business of this day, business is a battle and the victory is at the stake. This array every man in his business against his fellow-man in the same line of business, and makes them antagonists instead of brothers. This is probably more noticeable in small towns than in the cities. I believe this is one of the greatest if not the greatest cause of the neglect of the Church by men. If it were possible for men to earn their living for themselves and family as brothers instead of antagonists, I believe Christ's kingdom on earth would be possible. I am greatly interested in the different thoughts being expressed on this subject, as we all feel that it is more difficult to get men into church than when we were young.—J. E. G.

THE only kind of Christianity that is worth anything is "practical Christianity"—the kind that can be and is related to the actual life. Mental belief that finds little concrete expression in living will never help a man in this world or save him in the next. The man who says, "I believe in Christianity but cannot practise it and run my business," proves how worthless is the mental belief without the genuine heart experience. The best answer to the oft-repeated assertion that a man cannot be a successful business man and a genuine Christian is the unquestionable fact that there are many thousands of successful business men who are living pure, strong Christian lives, and carrying on their business in the fear and honor of God. It is possible for men to earn a living for themselves and families, and even to manage large business enterprises, at the same time treating their fellow-men, including their business competitors, as brothers and not as antagonists. Because so many do not know how, the assertion that it is "impossible" often passes unchallenged.

How does any man know that he "cannot practise" Christianity in his business until he has it to practise?

He cannot make a fair test of it until he has taken its vital force as a reality into his life. He has measured the difficulty by his theory of Christian life and not by a genuine compelling experience of it. Such a half-way test always fails, and the results are misleading. Only an unqualified surrender and consecration to Christ—a complete burning of his bridges behind him, as it were—will put him in the right relationship to the Christian life and to his business to prove whether they can go together.

NO MAN is clever enough of himself to harmonize the life of the world with the life that is hid in Christ. No man is smart enough himself to conduct his business in all its details so that he shall be "void of offense toward God and toward men." The complications, the traps, the difficulties, and the subtle temptations are too many and too constant. He needs help. God's power and willingness to help are limitless, but he will not guide a man who has not submitted himself and his business to him and pledged obedience to his will. Just as certainly, he will guide and help that man who has made, sincerely, such a surrender. Let the man who cannot combine his religion and his business ask God in humble prayer if he has given to man so vain and empty a thing as a faith that cannot be a living part of his daily life, and which, if he accepts and lives it, must make him a failure in the world. The real fact is that never is a man so completely a success, never is he so immensely valuable in the world and to his family, as when he learns that his business or his profession or his art belongs to God, with everything else in life, and that the One to whom the business belongs will guide him in the management of it if he is a faithful steward. "Prove me now, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

THE difficulty and conflict of business, therefore, is one of the strongest reasons that can be presented to men for consecrating themselves to God. It should be a reason for uniting with God's Church, where they may have fellowship with other Christian business men, and where they may receive encouragement and help for their struggle with the world. It is the part of the minister and of the church to see that such help and such fellowship are provided. The lack of them is one great cause of the neglect of the Church by men. Another cause is the multiplicity and the attractiveness of things in the present day that compete with the attractions of the Church on the Sabbath. Facts must be faced. Modern conditions must be recognized. In the earlier days of the church there was little to do on the Sabbath but to go to church. Now such convenient enticements as golf, automobiling, musical concerts and pleasure resorts draw the indifferent away.

The physical and mental weariness resulting from the more strenuous life of the day causes many a tired man to sleep late Sunday morning or to lounge in negligee in his home. When the minister and the Church provide that which is real, and earnest, and vital to him, and so attractive that it appeals to his own sense of desire, the man will be in his pew, and his heart and his business will be on the altar.

Next Week: THE MINISTER'S PART.

Restoring Eden's Garden

By Rev. William Durban, London

BY FAR the most interesting of all coming events, so far as international relationships are concerned, is the projected resurrecting, by plans already defined and organized, of the glories not only of Mesopotamia, wherein the Paradise of Genesis was located, but of Parapatamia. Mesopotamia is a term meaning "between the rivers," the streams embracing the territory being the Euphrates and the Tigris. Parapatamia is the equally important region outside each of the rivers. Mesopotamia and Parapatamia (the latter term of course signifies "beyond the rivers") together cover the whole area of what is often denominated "Abraham's Land." This is the cradle of the human race.

A momentous negotiation has just been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Sir John Jackson, a noted member of Parliament in England, and head of one of the world's greatest engineering firms, has recently signed with Nazim Pasha at Bagdad a contract for the erection of an immense dam at the head of the Hindieh branch of the Euphrates. This vast work is to be executed in connection with the Mesopotamia irrigation proposals. The scheme will before many years are past exercise effects reaching far beyond anything dreamed of by the world at large.

For about five years the eminent British surveyor, Sir William Wilcocks, has been engaged in the difficult work of examining Mesopotamian and Parapatamian conditions. His report has just been sent in. In this document he says:

The deserts of Mesopotamia are not as arid and barren as those of Egypt; when rains are abundant the plains are covered with rich grass, on which thousands of sheep feed. But the dangers of drought are terrible for the tillers of the soil. According to statistics the inhabitants of the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates calculate that they lose their crops and even seeds once in three years.

By a brilliant scheme which he now suggests Sir William Wilcocks is confident that this deplorable state of things can be absolutely and permanently remedied, and the wilderness can once more be made as in ancient days to blossom as the rose. The waters of the Euphrates are to be turned from their source when the river is at its highest. The enterprise would be accomplished at a cost of \$17,500,000, and it would be completed in three years. This interesting report proceeds:

On the northwest of Bagdad, between the Tigris and Euphrates, there is some low water known by the name of Lake Akkar Kuf. It has a surface of 10,000 square miles when the waters are low and of 300,000 square yards when they are high. Its level is 35 feet below the Tigris. It is in this lake that, in former times, a branch of the Euphrates known as the Sakhlawa had its outlet.

Sir William Wilcocks now proposes to supply the Sakhlawa with two powerful sluices at the place where it leaves the Euphrates so as to regulate the quantity of water. On the Euphrates itself, below the divarication, would be a dam to control the river itself. These two great works would be sufficient for the regulation of the Euphrates. On the other historic stream, the Tigris, it is proposed to construct an enormous dam at Beled above the rapids, and below the dam to cut a canal which shall irrigate the rich plains north of Bagdad and empty itself into the lake. To the southeast of this lake, near Bagdad, another canal would start, following the right bank of the Tigris and ending in the Chatt el Hai, a tributary of the old Tigris. This canal alone would efficiently irrigate six million acres of ground. The extra oozy mud, which for a fortnight is very considerable, and is sufficient to ruin everything, would be deposited in the lake; the latter would regulate not only the efflux of waters, but also their muddy contents. The execution of the entire project will occupy six years.



# TRANSFORMED BY GRACE

*The Wonderful Story of a Man Who, Once a Social Wreck, Is Now a Bank President*

IF THERE had been any lingering doubt in any mind about the worth-while-ness of Rescue Mission work, it would have been dissipated by an interview I had the other day with Mr. Joseph J. Rafter, president of the Broad and Market National Bank of Newark, N. J.

"And seeing the man that was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." (Acts 4: 14.) Here was an incontestable, concrete proof of the far-reaching, down-swooping, uplifting power of the Gospel. Familiar as I am with the transformation wrought by divine grace, I felt the question buzzing in my brain, as I stepped across the marble threshold of the palatial bank building, "Can it be true that he who now presides over this institution was five and a half years ago a hopeless drunkard on the Bowery?"

The president was busy at his desk telephone when I entered his room, so, sliding into a chair by his side, I had a chance to recover my breath, and answer my question, while a great glow of emotion swept over my heart, and I believe some-thing like tears, tears of joyful gratitude, stood in my eyes. As he finished his telephone talk he turned to me, grasped my hand, and said, in tones of sincere friendship that I am afraid are not often heard in bank presidents' chambers, "I'm glad to see you."

"I want you to see this little proposition," he went on. This little proposition is the new national bank opened recently under the auspices of some of the strongest and most reliable citizens of this great city, the third city in the United States in regard to manufactures. In one short month the deposits of the institution have reached nearly half a million dollars, business is good, prospects encouraging, and this result is largely due to the confidence-creating qualities of its president.

Having shown me, with pardonable pride, through the public offices, we reached the seclusion of the directors' room in the rear, and, seated face to face with this remarkable man, I bluntly submitted the question, "Are you willing, Mr. Rafter, to let THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have the story of your conversion?"

"Yes," he replied, "if it can be told in such a way as to let God have all the glory."

At this moment Mr. Lent, the cashier of the bank, entered, and the president was on his feet in a moment, kindly introducing me as Superintendent of the Old Bowery Mission. "Mr. Lent," he said, "is a God-fearing Christian man, and we are all that kind of people here. My directors know the story of my past life. I tell it wherever I go to the glory of God, and my associates rejoice in it, almost as much as I do myself."

"That is splendid, Mr. Rafter," I said, "for it sets at rest any misgivings as to the effect publicity might have upon your own personal welfare, in a commercial sense."

The reply came in a flash of the dark eyes, an emphatic bang of the fist upon the new rosewood table, and an almost passionate but quite unconscious paraphrasing of the Earl of Morton's eulogy of John Knox, "I fear not the face of living man, and if I have to lose my job by giving my testimony that I am a redeemed man, then I am willing to lose it. All is in God's hands."

This then is the wonderful story:

For many years Mr. Rafter was known as a capable printer—"a master of his craft" throughout the large cities in New England. His only failing was his inordinate craving for drink. This in the course of the years forced him down the grim gradations in social and business life until he reached the gutter, and even Mr. Wyburn, the Superintendent of the McAuley Mission, with his

By Rev. J. G. HALLIMOND, D.D.

Superintendent of the Bowery Mission

vast experience in such cases, has said, "He was the most unhappy, wretched specimen of the devil's work I had ever seen."

Taking up the story from the day previous to his conversion, Mr. Rafter continued:

"It was on October 8, 1905, on Sunday morning, at 6.30 o'clock. After walking the streets all night, as I had often done before, catching a little sleep here and there on doorsteps and trucks, and in the City Hall Park, wandering around tired, hungry and hopeless, almost insane, and almost frozen from exposure, I thought I could get a little sleep or rest in a saloon where I had spent most of the days and nights of seven weeks. Here had gathered as usual from twenty to twenty-five men, of all classes and conditions, who had spent the whole night there, most of them in a drunken stupor. Many of these men had been

platform opposite the mission, remaining there a large part of the day, looking at the door wonderingly.

"About three o'clock I noticed a large crowd going in, and it was at this time a poor boy came to me and said: 'Old man, you look tired out. He slipped a nickel in my hand and told me to get something to eat or drink, at the same time urging me to go in the mission. I did buy a drink, but I did not have the nerve to enter the mission that night. I walked the streets the same as the night before. I slept part of that night on a Franklin Square truck where I had so often before got rest. It was cold there, and I moved to the steps of the New York Press on Spruce Street. It was there that a fireman came to me from the subcellar and gave me a sandwich, saying that it would do me good. I thank God for that kindness. God had taken me over to himself."

"Monday I wandered into City Hall Park, but fearing arrest, I went down to South Street again, where I thought I could walk about and forget where I was. That night, October 9, I entered the doors of the dear old mission, where I was cordially received, and given a seat in the rear of the hall. I listened to the testimonies, and I said to myself, 'These men are telling my own life story.' There were twenty-five or thirty testimonies given. I wondered if it were true that God could save a man in my condition. When the invitation was given to go forward, I did so, and got down on my knees and prayed for the first time in twenty years. I asked God to save me if it were not too late—and oh! how I thank Him for that moment."

"When I arose from my knees, the heavy load was gone. I had been born again in a twinkling. I became a new man in Christ Jesus, and from that instant I have not wanted a drink of liquor, and I thank God for it!"

"I found my Saviour, and immediately Christian friends gave me the assurance that all would be well, and that God would carry me through if I meant business. God has been as good as they said he would be. He has given me back my wife, home, mother, and sisters, other dear ones and a host of friends. He has vouchsafed me a standing among good men, and to-day I enjoy everything that a man should desire. He has taught me how to live a Christian life. God has done it all."



Bank President Rafter (seated) and His Official Staff

my companions for seven weeks. I had hardly reached the inside door of the saloon, before I was told to get out, the proprietor saying I was a disgrace to the place, and that he did not want me there any more. I thank God for that crucial moment. Turning right-about-face, I took an inventory of myself.

"If I am a disgrace to this place," I said, 'I surely am of no use to myself, my friends, or my family, and I had better put an end to it all.' It was with this idea of self-destruction in mind that I wandered down to South Street, near the East River. I then realized where I was, and, sitting down, wept like a child. God must have been with me, for as soon as I got near the edge of the pier, a watchman ordered me off, saying I had no right there, and that I had better go home; that if the boss found me there he would lose his job. Then I certainly did think I had no friends."

"An impulse seized me, and turning, I retraced my steps up Roosevelt Street, where I happened to notice the transparency of the McAuley Mission. I was dirty; my clothes did not fit, being 'relievers.' My shoes were tied on with cords. My shirt and suspenders had gone for rum. Not knowing anything about missions, I therefore thought that I would not be received there. I sat down on the

Such is Mr. Rafter's wonderful story. He did not acquire his present honorable position at one bound. In his former life he held, as has been said, quite a distinguished place in his trade, the printing business.

Twenty years ago in the city of Springfield, Mass., he was recognized as one of the ablest printers in that State. With several of the leading firms in New England, as manager and partner, he continued to hold a high position until the "rake's progress" commenced, and even then his ability was such that he was called back many times to firms who knew and recognized the worth that was in him.

After his conversion, therefore, he resumed his trade and in the course of time it as found that "his right hand had not forgotten its cunning." He was appointed superintendent of the printing department of the Prudential Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., probably the most superbly fitted printing plant in the world. Whilst he lives in an almost luxurious house in one of the best residential sections of Newark, surrounded by an adoring circle of relatives and friends, he is never tired of visiting his old associates in the missions, and never hesitates to testify of God's wonderful power to save.

## THE MENACE OF MOUNT ETNA

*Continued from page 211*

from Naples, it was reported destroyed. I saw through my field glass that it was still standing, and I made a trip up there the first day after my arrival to see if it was practicable to live there, and make observations. I found that it was, and with a guide I made this my home for two weeks. It was a most interesting place, I can assure you. The lava, which, as I said, flowed at the speed of eleven

miles an hour, passed the house at a distance of 150 yards. The crater had the bad habit of shooting in our direction, and in the absence of contrary wind, everything came our way. To many the danger of life under these circumstances would be the first thing to occupy attention. This, however, is entirely lost sight of in the actual experience. The present discomforts and sufferings

are so great that any possible danger sinks into insignificance. To make observations on the edge of a lava stream for several hours, exposes one to heat almost intense enough to scorch the face. In fact the skin becomes burned as by the sun. Then to return to the hut one had to go through snow ten feet deep, and finally sleep under as many blankets as he could find, with all his clothes on,

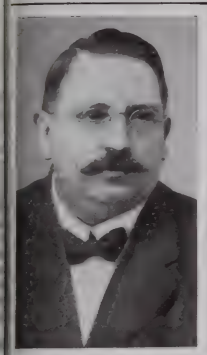
including a fur cap. The gases and finely powdered ash from the eruptions are constantly in the air, and irritate the mucous membrane of the nose and bronchial tubes to such an extent that one suffers acute pain after a time.

You all know how the smokestack of a locomotive can throw out rings, and how a cannon will sometimes do

*Continued on page 229*



# Mission Among Striking Miners



Rev. D. L. Schultz  
Labor Missionary and Evangelist

ABOUT twenty thousand miners in Western Pennsylvania, wishing to obtain a fair living wage and shorter hours, went on strike last March. For many months they and their families lived in tents until the beginning of last December, when they moved into wooden shacks. The miners when at work face many perils in the soft coal fields, from dangerous gases, explosions, falling roofs of the chambers in which they toil, and other causes incidental to the work. They risk their lives every day they enter dark, narrow, tortuous passageways in the bowels of the earth.

Many of the companies evicted the striking miners from the company houses, and they were compelled to live in tents, and there has been much destitution and suffering among them. A supreme opportunity was given the Christian Church to show her sympathy and practical interest in these abiding men, and for some time earnest Christian Endeavorers have been doing splendid missionary work among the unfortunate people. Thousands of the miners are foreigners, and some are English-speaking people. They wanted to organize a labor union, as thousands of miners in other parts of the State are organized, and thus obtain better conditions. But the coal and coke companies refused to recognize the labor unions and refused to arbitrate their differences. At great expense they imported other men to take the places of the strikers. There was much bitterness and strife, and some miners in the conflicts were wounded and killed. The struggle between labor on one side and capital on the other side has been raging for almost a year.

The antagonism afforded an open door for the missionary of the Cross of Christ. What could be done? Very much, if earnest effort was brought to bear. Preaching services were held in the different camps, and the good work continued. It was the writer's privilege to visit the camps and preach to the people the spirit of Christ, and to encourage them with the hope that better days were coming, and to tell them not to become discouraged. It was also a blessed opportunity to talk with individuals

By WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

and to give them good advice. One minister who gave much time to these suffering people was Rev. D. L. Schultz, who spent his summer vacation among them as a friend and adviser. He preached many times in the different camps, and aroused the churches and Christian people to send the strikers clothing and other necessary things, like shoes and stockings, etc. This minister's work was so valuable that he finally resigned his pastorate, and was appointed by the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Pittsburgh Baptist Association to give his entire time as labor evangelist among these people.

We saw bare-footed women, ragged children, and sad-faced men. Thousands had all the furniture they had in the world stored in the canvas tents. Some had hardly room enough to move around in these tents. You would often see a cooking stove with a piece of old stovepipe sticking out through a hole in the canvas, while the wife and mother was trying to cook a little food for the hungry family. In the winter it was difficult to keep the poorly clad people warm. They needed underclothing, blankets, comforts and bedding. A call was sent out, and the

children in the camps, and at the present time over three hundred children are sick. Many babies were born in the tents, and their poor mothers had all the discomforts of tent-life in these trying experiences. Hundreds of people would have starved to death if it had not been for the assistance of the miners' labor unions, and the churches, and the missionary work of individuals. Two Christian women went in and out among the camps and ministered to these unfortunate people. Rev. J. M. Bruce, superintendent of the work among the foreigners for the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and whose home is in New York City, also visited the camps, and became interested in this noble mission work.

I was impressed with the cheerfulness and courage of the people. Many farmers extended kindnesses and allowed them to pitch their tents on their lands, and gave them wood for fires. The farmers sympathize with the strikers; the former told me that the latter were law-abiding people, and that nothing was taken from their farms or gardens through theft, the strikers being honest and industrious. Several of the farmers themselves and their families attended the preaching services when I was present and some of them spoke.

The immigrants are coming at the rate of a million a year. How shall the churches evangelize these foreign-speaking people? By being neighborly and

practical in befriending them in their troubles. I believe that in this strike, while there has been so much poverty and suffering, there will be manifested the splendid opportunity of the Christian Church to conciliate labor and capital, and to show the foreign-speaking people and the labor movement that the Christian people are on the side of justice, humanity and fair play between man and man. I believe that hundreds of these striking miners and their wives and children will be won to Christ by the noble efforts of the missionaries, who carry the Gospel and necessities of life into their camps.

Through the assistance of the United Mine Workers' organization these twenty thousand cold, shivering and half-clad people exchanged their canvas tents for wooden shacks or barracks about the first of December, as has been said; the missionaries gave the eleven thousand children a Christmas treat, carrying them hundreds of pounds of candy and other gifts, and supplying them a Santa Claus, who distributed the presents. This deed of love and generosity brought rays of sunshine into the hearts of thousands of little children. Hundreds of the children cannot attend

school, and they have no books, papers, or pictures; and the long winter days drag slowly for them as well as for their fathers and mothers. Such people in their affliction appreciate the Gospel of Christ and the loving deeds of practical missionaries.



A Great Meeting of Unemployed Miners at Deweyville, Pa.

churches responded nobly. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Baptists, and other denominations sent hundred of boxes filled with clothing, shoes, bedding, food, etc., to relieve the suffering people. There were over eleven thousand

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—EVANGELIST DAN SHANNON lately closed one of the most notable revivals ever held in the San Joaquin Valley, Calif. Many conversions are reported.

—Mrs. WILLIAM N. BREWSTER sailed on January 18 for China. Mrs. Brewster was here on furlough. Any one wishing to communicate with her may address her at Hinghua orphanage, Hinghua, China.

—GEO. D. HILDEBRAND, the "Gospel Nightingale," has been singing in Massey Hall, Toronto, Canada, for the Canadian Temperance League to audiences of 3,000. Miss Hildebrand in charge of a large children's choir at the people's Tabernacle, New York City.

—REV. ROBERT WILLIAM MACCULLOUGH, Ph.D., pastor of Jackson Street Baptist church of

Seranton, Pa., and Mrs. MacCullough began a two weeks' evangelistic campaign with the First Baptist Church, Bradford City, Pa., on February 8. Mr. MacCullough asks that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray for these services.

—EVANGELISTS HART and Magann of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a revival campaign in Barberton, O. All of the Protestant churches united and erected a tabernacle, accommodating over three thousand, and nightly commodious conversions, and a general quickening of the churches.

—THERE was great rejoicing at the International Sunshine Society headquarters in New York, lately, when the fact was made known

that the mortgages on the Brooklyn, N. Y., and Summit, N. J., Homes for Blind Babies had been paid off. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President-General of the Society, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "The mortgage on both the homes was finally paid on New Year's Eve, the last check being drawn about 11:30 on December 31."

—THE EIGHTH year of the Bible Verse Society closed with December, 1910. The general secretary reports a successful year's work. Membership has gradually and constantly increased and many of those who first joined are still enthusiastic in the society's interests. This year we are to study promises. Only those who have clung to a promise when all seemed lost, know their inestimable value. The promises

have not been classified, as it was thought it might be more helpful for each student to arrange them for himself.—Alice Temple Benedict, General Secretary, 80 Main Street, Cohasset, Mass.

—THE BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE which was some years ago presented by Alexander Gibson, Sr., of Marysville, N. B., Canada, to the Methodist congregation of that town, was recently destroyed by fire. The church was valued at \$65,000. This is a severe loss to the community as well as a crushing blow to the giver, who is now nearly one hundred years of age. Mr. Gibson was formerly one of Eastern Canada's great lumber kings and has the distinction of having seen a prosperous town grow up in the forest around his industries.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## The Hague Convention Ratified

AFTER a long delay, which was to some extent unavoidable, the convention signed at the Second Hague Peace Conference in 1907 has been ratified by the United States Senate. As the convention originally stood there were constitutional objections raised both by our own government and that of Great Britain, but a protocol was added which removed the difficulties that were so serious as to endanger the success of the entire experiment of an International Prize Court which the convention was designed to create. When the court was first proposed, the Powers were not in accord on any code of maritime law, and the provision for constituting the Prize Court a court of final appeal was impracticable in certain countries, our own included. These difficulties have now been diplomatically arranged, and another important stage has been reached in the world's onward progress toward peace. To our own State Department and its resourceful and tactful head is due very largely the overcoming of obstacles which less than a generation ago would have wrecked almost any peace enterprise. It is well for the cause that it fell to the lot of our government to take the initiative. Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court in an address some two years ago directed attention to the persistent attempt to make of this country a great naval and military nation. Yet at the first Hague Conference we were foremost among those favoring limitation of armaments. Again, while our navy is increasing, we are still in the front rank of those who are striving for universal peace, founded on equity and justice and consideration for the rights of others. And the time will yet come when the great moral forces of this nation will assert themselves still more emphatically in the great struggle for international peace and arbitration. May that day be not far off; and when it comes, may we be prepared to fulfil our destined mission. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

## The Postal Rate Controversy

THE battle between the periodical publishers and the group of Congressmen and Senators who have gathered to support President Taft's magazine tax proposition is becoming more and more animated. Argument and recrimination are filling columns of news and editorial space, while whole pages in the advertising sections of metropolitan daily papers have been bought by the publishers. Many of the newspapers, realizing the injustice of the proposal, are supporting the contentions of the publishers. Others, evidently satisfied as to the safety of their own position, have devoted space to all the absurd arguments advanced by the Post Office Department. The chief leg upon which the special interests, supported by President Taft and the Postmaster General, rest their defense of this move, is the plea that the government is carrying second-class mail matter, *i. e.*, the magazines and weekly periodicals, at a loss. This is an extremely unwise admission, as it is but further proof of the accusations of poor business management. England, whose rate is practically the same as ours, nets a goodly sum each year on this class of matter. Canada, that land of long railway hauls and many difficult mail routes, presents a yearly profit on second-class matter though her rate is only one quarter of ours. A fair proportion of those earnings are made upon the identical magazines about which our department is protesting. Many magazines published in the United States ship in bulk to a city across the border and mail to their Canadian subscribers from that point.

If the Post Office Department is losing money on this class of mail matter—Why? It becomes a pertinent question as to what the fault is and where it lies.

Though the President and the Postmaster General may be entirely sincere in their attitude on this question, many of their supporters are not. One who is in favor of advancing the rate was perfectly frank in saying that he is for it because the independent magazines are giving the people so much information that some of them think they know more than members of the Senate. This seems perilously like an attempt to muzzle the independent

publications, which have disclosed so much political corruption to the people. To do this is to Russianize the press of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey and lately president of Princeton University, says: "This proposed new postal rate would be a direct tax, and a very serious one, upon the formation and expression of opinion—its more deliberate formation and expression just at a time when opinion is concerning itself actively and effectively with the deepest problems of our politics and our social life."

The consummation of this proposal will achieve none of the objects sought and will certainly arouse a great deal of antagonism. By killing off many of the lesser publications and the first-class matter which they produce the department will find that it has merely strangled one source of revenue to create another.

The entire proposition can be qualified in no other way than as poor financing, poor politics and poor patriotism.

## Work and Rest

THERE remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Somehow in these crowding, strenuous modern days when every day is rich in new opportunities, and every moment pulsates with possibilities of accomplishment, the old idea of rest, complete cessation from toil and struggle, has lost its attractiveness for many people. To the man or the woman who loves activity and work and hates idleness and stagnation, the text quoted suggests too much an end of active participation in things that are earnest and purposeful—of work that means usefulness and advancement in power. Nirvana is to such a soul eternal punishment.

But we may be thankful that God's rest does not mean such idleness. As God himself is never idle, he would not condemn his faithful ones to idleness. He would say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The rest that remaineth to the people of God is a change of activity rather than an end. It is a release from the limitations and restrictions that hamper us here. It is an infinite broadening and enriching of service. It means the end of weakness, and weariness, and anxiety—the joy of work with the worry taken out—a life of endless activity with the soul of peace.

## Those Graduation Gowns

SINCE this journal noted with approval the girls who last season made their own dainty graduation gowns at an incredibly small price, the movement has spread over the entire country, until in many places the girls are now emulating the heroines of last year. Rumors are flying in several States of seminaries and high schools in which the young ladies, like the model woman of the Proverbs, are laying their hands, so to speak, to the spindle and the distaff, and making their own graduation dresses. Cheesecloth, batiste and lawns are in great demand. Delicate cotton gimps and laces are sought out in every town by eager girl shoppers. Needles and thread are bought by the wholesale by one member of a class, and doled out to her mates. Fractions of a cent become important quantities to be reckoned. And thus the merry war goes on. It is at least more useful and at present more amusing than the gay parties at which the young people have been wont to spend their spare time exclusively heretofore.

But, in spite of the inevitable friction, it is all a move in the right direction, whatever form the details may take. Economy and efficiency must be promoted by it, and the skilful hand, on which the success of life so largely depends, will be exalted.

## What Reciprocity Means

NOW that the House of Representatives has passed the Reciprocity Bill by a vote of 221 to 92, this measure, which now goes to the Senate, becomes one of foremost interest. In an authoritative article which appears on another page, Hon. Charles M. Pepper, one of the American Commissioners who negotiated the agreement with Canada,

explains what reciprocity really means. He shows that Canada, being our nearest source of supply for food products, should be naturally regarded as a friendly neighbor with whom we can trade to mutual advantage and on the most liberal basis for both parties. A wise and far-sighted policy now would encourage a wholesome and desirable interchange of commodities, besides preventing the recurrence of such manipulations of the necessities of life as those through which our people have suffered in recent years. The reciprocity agreement proposes to abolish the duties on a large number of food products, including cattle, sheep, fish, garden and dairy products, wheat and oats and other cereals, and to so materially reduce the duties on secondary products, including flour, ham and bacon, canned and salted goods, both vegetables and meat, that it could not be felt to be oppressive in any part of the country. In a word, the whole movement for reciprocity is in the direction of cheapening all the necessities of life, and permanently lifting the burden of high prices. The reciprocity schedule will, of course, go much further than we have indicated.

Secretary Knox has defined its object as "generous, equitable and reciprocal trade relations between the United States and Canada; the natural, logical and inevitable result of forces that began their operations when the continent was first settled by Europeans." He adds that the interests of both consumer and producer are maintained in every part of the agreement.

It is not to be supposed that all of our people will be satisfied with reciprocity at the outset. Our American lumbermen may chafe; our New England fishermen may feel that their ancient privileges are invaded; our Western cattlemen, our great wheat growers and stock raisers may feel that their interests have not been duly considered. But beyond and above all other considerations, there is the welfare of the whole people to be taken into account, and this is the moving principle in the reciprocity treaty. It is an effort to reduce the cost of living and to make life better on both sides of the border.

## One Week More

MARCH 7, the first anniversary of the death of Dr. Klopsch, is now less than a week off. It is the date fixed for the general Memorial tribute, which is designed to endow the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn as an enduring monument to the memory of its founder. We would urge all of our readers who are in sympathy with the movement, to send in their offerings during the coming week and be personally represented in this beautiful work, which Dr. Klopsch loved better than all else. A contribution to the Memorial Fund now is a peculiarly timely and fitting tribute to the man who "loved God and little children."

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## The Crown Prince Returning

THE Crown Prince of Germany, who has for some time been making a tour of inspection of the Far East, has changed his plans, and instead of visiting the Philippines, China and Japan, according to his intentions, will return home at once. There are several reasons for this disappointment which he suffers. One is that the fearful mortality of the plague in China would involve too great personal peril. His father's health is poor, and his wife is suffering from a tubercular malady, and these may have been incentives to his return. It is also hinted that the political complications in Europe and a clash with the British Government officials in India may have had something to do with the home-coming. As it is, the Crown Prince claims to have had the time of his life every way, especially in his success in hunting big game in India. The hunting experience in India is very different from that which he has in his own land, where the royal sportsman stations himself in a decorated stand while the bands are playing and the game is driven within easy range. The royal family to which Frederick belongs has been remarkable for its ability, practical industry, integrity and common sense. His father, who promised at the start to be impetuous and warlike in his administration, has shown singular ability as a scholar and statesman, deep spirituality as a Christian and the highest kind of courage as a moral reformer. It is to be hoped that he will be spared very many years as the head of the great German nation and that when the time shall come for his son Frederick to take his place on the throne he may be enabled to rule the people with as great wisdom, patriotism and devotion to God and his fellow-men as his father has done. The advice which the ancient king gave to his son who was to succeed him is no doubt given actually as well as in spirit by Emperor William to the Crown Prince Frederick:

Be thou strong, therefore and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself. (I. Kings 2:2, 3.)

## Millions in a Thought

The newspapers have reported that a man in California had a bright thought, which he proceeded to coin into \$17,000,000. George Gates, a G. A. R. veteran of the Civil War, had been working for some time toward the invention of a concrete railroad tie. He is seventy years of age, and his efforts and experiments were looked upon by those who were closest to him as the harmless visions and plays of an old man; but he demonstrated his ability to do what he undertook, secured patent rights, and it is said that a syndicate of railroads has bought his patent and given him \$17,000,000 in cash for it. It may be that the printers have gotten too many zeros to the amount, but there is a strong possibility that the reports are true and that the new thought of the old soldier has made him a multi-millionaire. We have the records of the discoveries of young men and those in middle life which have brought large financial returns, and it is a pleasure to record the achievement of this old soldier and patriot and to rejoice with him in his financial good fortune. It is claimed that his invention will contribute greatly to the comfort and success of railroad transportation, and that he will be hailed as an inventor and benefactor. This veteran bids fair to go off the stage as one of olden times did:

And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honor. (I. Chron. 29:30.)

## Unmindful of Jewels and Coin

Death is at his old game, spoiling the plans of the living. Outside the walls of Pompeii the other day a petrified woman was found with her hands full of jewels. She was running to escape the eruption of the volcano and was caught under the ashes and lava. In her stone fingers were bracelets, necklaces, rings and two earrings containing each twenty-one perfect pearls, set in gold, representing a bunch of grapes. The woman was doubtless a person of intelligence, culture and wealth, but death did not care for her or her jewels, and tripped her when she tried to make her escape. The paper recording the discovery of this petrified woman also made mention of this incident: John Crenett, seventy-eight years old, died while counting his money in his room. Mrs. Patrick McMahon, with whom he boarded, knocked at his door to call him to luncheon, and

found him sitting in a chair, dead. Upon a table drawn up in front of the chair were \$3,670 in cash and two bank books showing deposits of a considerable amount. The old man was happy at his task, but death rudely dragged him away from it. As in the centuries past, so now, death enters the palace of wealth and culture and takes the woman away from her jewels and pleasures and confronts the rich man in his money getting and counting, leaving the coin on the table for other fingers. The woman buried in the ashes and the old man dead in his chair and those like them took no jewels or coin with them into the other life. They carried with them only thought, affection, character, faith, the only real treasures of the soul.

Naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labor, which he may carry in his hand. (Eccles. 5:15.)

## Marvelous New Fire-Alarm

New York City is to have a system of fire protection superior to all of the old methods and which will doubtless be universally accepted throughout the country. The new system is called the air alarm. Its basis consists of a small hollow wire of copper alloy, one-eighth of an inch in diameter and containing a tiny insulated wire. The hollow wire acts as



The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany

a heat conductor for the air, whose expansion causes a fire alarm to sound. The tiny wire is called the trouble wire. If for any reason the hollow wire is cut or broken the result is that an electric circuit is also broken which causes the little wire to send a "trouble alarm" to the headquarters of the alarm company. The fire headquarters hears nothing unless there be a real fire at the time the wire breaks or is cut. Loops of this inconspicuous hollow wire are strung around the ceiling or tucked in behind the molding of the rooms, houses, tenements and buildings to be protected, the loops ending in a detector, which consists of a disc containing a delicate diaphragm. If a fire starts in a room the air in the hollow tube expands under the influence of the heat and operates the sensitive diaphragm in the detector, causing it to close an electrical circuit which sets in operation all of the marvelous fire alarm machinery. The new system plans to deal with incipient fires instead of conflagrations under full way. It gives an instant alarm. If a pair of curtains catch fire, or even a newspaper, the alarm is sounded within ten to forty seconds. Besides, another alarm is rung on a box outside the building, which indicates the location of the fire. The fire department is notified almost instantly when the blaze begins. The principle of the new system is to prevent a conflagration by attacking the fire at its

beginning. That is the best method of destroying the fire of evil in the human soul. The devastations of moral evil are to be best prevented by vigorously attacking the beginnings of thought, action or habit. All of the sins, as well as those of the tongue, if not quenched at the start are liable to grow from small beginnings into a fiercely hot and destructive conflagration.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! (James 3:5.)

## Carnegie's Advice to Girls

Andrew Carnegie was introduced to the girl employees of a newspaper office in New York recently and gave some advice to them which is worthy of a wider hearing than they received at the time. After contrasting the happiness of toil with the disadvantage of being born rich, he said: "Most millionaires' wives are not happy. They have too many luxuries and few mental resources to fall back upon. Don't refuse a man simply because he is a millionaire. I would rather be born poor than a millionaire. I have had some experience in both directions. I have made forty-two millionaires in my time, but I want to say the only right a man has to wealth lies in his acquiring it by some useful labor. The great trouble with the wealth of to-day is that the sons of millionaires do not realize the necessity of being of use to the community. I shall never forget how proud I was when I got my first wages of \$1.25 a week, and how I felt when I was raised to \$1.50 as a telegraph operator. To take home that sum to my good mother gave me such a feeling of manly independence. I owe a great deal to my mother. She was a seamstress, cook, washlady, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. And yet she was a cultivated woman. She read Channing and kept up with the literature of the day. When I was a little tot she used to read good books to me. You young women have every opportunity for literary culture, and you ought to avail yourselves of it. You ought to be very proud with money earned so honorably, for money that is not earned honorably will never do you any good." This common-sense encouragement to industry from such a source will do a world of good, and his exquisite tribute to his washwoman mother is tender and beautiful beyond expression. His tribute to his mother's industry and virtue calls to mind the description of the ideal wife and mother:

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children arise up and call her blessed. (Prov. 31:27, 28.)

## Youthful Heroism

Three children were playing "snap the whip" on a pond at Carteret, N. J., when they broke through the ice and were about to drown. The youngest, Arthur Curtis, twelve years old, managed to catch hold of the thick ice on the edge of the hole and pull himself up. He saw a long plank near the pond, which he ran to hurriedly and placed across the hole, and running on the plank out to the centre of the hole, he seized Grace Woodward, who was almost drowned, and dragged her over to the safe ice. He ran back and caught Bert Campbell, aged fourteen, who was also about gone, and pulled him to a place of safety. The two were resuscitated and taken to their homes at Union Hill, N. J. This little fellow, Arthur Curtis, was a real hero. He showed singular energy in being able to climb out of water above his head through the thin breaking ice and up on the thicker surface. He showed uncommon common sense in the use he made of the board in the rescue of his companions. He exemplified real chivalry in saving the girl companion first, and great agility and power in making the rescue complete. Never for a moment did he think of himself nor did he feel that he had done anything worthy of any special commendation. Over against the carelessness and recklessness of the street urchin who set fire to the dress of a little playmate and burned her up, and the degeneracy of the little girl who the other day shot two boy playmates to death on purpose with a pistol, there is the beautiful, modest heroism of this twelve-year-old boy, Arthur Curtis. His example should suggest to us the necessity of diligence in the rescue of those who are in spiritual peril, thereby placing ourselves in harmony with the will of heaven.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish. (Matt. 18:14.)

I think it a grand idea to start an endowment fund for the Children's Paradise, and this will be a memorial fund to our beloved Dr. Klopsch. I want to add my mite when it is started. DEDICATOR, III. MRS. S. B. G.



# PUBLIC NEED OF A PARCELS POST

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Elaborate Outfit Operating at Half Capacity



How Second-class Matter Is Handled



Every Facility Is at the Government's Disposal

IN THE fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the United States Postal Department did an aggregate business of \$224,128,657.62, and lost on its transaction \$5,848,567. This is an appalling fact whose only redeeming qualification is that the deficit is \$11,593,152 less than that of 1909. To conduct the great postal service of this country the Government owns or rents 59,580 buildings and employs about 280,000 men. Its right to the monopoly of the postal business is made absolute, both by law and by popular verdict; yet attempts are being made continually to represent this branch of the Government service as a vast philanthropy. This is only an endeavor to justify atrociously bad business management by an appeal to the sentiment of the nation. As the prize political plum tree, the Postal Department outbears all the others of the Government orchard, and those who dispense the fruit are loath to see such a potent source of "influence" go from them into the hands of efficient business men.

The publisher of one of America's greatest newspapers says: "If any private corporation had the privileges and monopolies enjoyed by the Post Office, it would make money too fast to count." That this statement is not such an exaggeration as it may appear at first glance, is proved by the results attending the postal operations of other countries. Though lower rates prevail on many classes of mail matter in Canada, the Dominion Postal Department cleared \$743,210.25 on an aggregate business amounting to only about one-twentieth of that of the United States. A proportionate profit on the business of this country would mean \$15,012,887.45 put into the public pocket, instead of a purloining of over \$5,000,000 from it. Great Britain in 1910 cleared \$24,543,725 and even Japan, a land of small per capita wealth, whose people are only now being educated to the use of the Post Office, made \$9,850,000.

The failure of our Post Office Department to show earnings is due to the policy of the Department to drive business from its own hands as much as possible; with the result that carriers go on their routes, both urban and rural, with only a fraction of the material that could be handled without the expenditure of an extra dollar. Yet the Department makes no effort to interest the public in any of its possibly profitable activities. Daniel P. Cahill of the Chicago Post Office, said recently: "The Postal Service offers a peculiarly inviting field for the exercise of genuine salesmanship. Only a small proportion of the public knows anything of the service we have to offer." Continuing, he cites the stamped envelope business, special delivery, registration, money orders, and the almost unknown six-cent coupon which has the virtue of turning itself into foreign postage in lands thousands of miles away, as minor examples of the chances that the department already possesses, but does not urge in any businesslike way.

A lesion of such huge dimensions as the postal deficit, in the governmental affairs of what is supposedly the shrewdest nation on earth, must have an explanation. Instead of acknowledging its deficiencies and attempting to remedy them, the Postal Department sought a scapegoat, and evidently thought it had found him in the publishing interests of the land. "Second-Class Mail Matter" was promptly blamed for the entire deficit, piled up by mismanagement.

At first newspapers were included with the magazines as undesirable customers. "Then the great dailies were able to show the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads that they do not use the post office to any appreciable extent because it is slow, unreliable, and much more expensive than other means of transportation, and that they employ it only where other methods are not handy. So some

thirty periodicals, three-quarters of whose output is sent to distributing centres in freight cars, are left alone to be the victims of the curious ignorance in command at Washington. The Postmaster General now recurs to his earliest idea of business killing, which he at first advocated for all publications, viz.: to divide the contents between reading and advertising matter and re-classify, leaving the 'privileges' to the 'literary' end and taxing the business part of the publication."

It becomes self-evident that this proposal is not an increase in postal rates, but a mere subterfuge for the levying of a direct tax upon the magazines—who knows?—perhaps the standpatter's payment of some old insolvency and muck-raking accounts. More than this, it would pass to clerks in the post offices the decision of questions that might well receive the most careful consideration of a supreme court judge. It would make it possible for even a minor official to sway the fortunes of the great periodical press of America. Endless misunderstandings and bickering would be sure to result. Many of the magazines which operate on a small margin of profit would be compelled to cease publication. Henry Wallace, one of the great farm paper publishers, has gone on record with the statement that many of the farm publications would be driven out of business. What the snuffing out of many of these periodicals would mean to millions of rural and semi-rural Americans, is beyond comprehension. The educational and refining influences which they now carry to the most isolated sections would be wiped out with a single action. If the Post Office Department can claim any title to philanthropy, it must rest that claim on the service it has done the people by permitting the distribution at reasonable rates of the newspapers and periodicals of the country. It is well known to the advertising world that magazine publicity has, during the last year, created at least \$1,500,000 worth of first-class mail matter. Now as one of the most natural results of a tax on advertising will be an increase in the rates charged for its publication, and a consequent lessening of the amount handled and the resulting business, a consideration of the advisability of killing the goose that lays the golden egg might be advisable at Washington.

This attempt to foist upon the publishers the job of paying for some one else's inefficiency is a mere evasion by the Postal Department which would still further postpone the coming of the inevitable solution—a general parcels post. The pressure for this improvement has become so strong that the Postmaster General has recommended its adoption for rural routes. This, however, is not enough! During these years that the Post Office Department has been sinking millions of the people's money, four great express companies have been piling up fabulous fortunes by handling, under keen business management, the very custom which the department has refused to accommodate. When John Wanamaker, the great merchant, was Postmaster General of the United States, twenty years ago, he said there were four mighty obstacles in the way of parcels post. When asked to name them he gave the names of these four great express companies. These companies have been for years declaring dividends ranging from four to seventeen per cent. on a capitalization which represents many times the value of the property employed in the conduct of their business. The division, every few years, of sums of from twelve to twenty-four millions has not been at all unusual.

Nathan B. Williams of Fayetteville, Ark., whose treatise on the competition of the Post Office and the express companies was made a part of the Congressional Record, said recently:

"The leading thought in the President's message

is: 'Enforce the laws we have rather than enact new or experimental ones.' This fits the parcels post situation most exactly. We have had in this country since its foundation a parcels post system. It is not a new and untried thing. The only thing about it that is yet untried is the effect upon postal revenues and upon business of the enforcement of existing law which prohibits express companies from carrying any letter or packet over a railroad or other post route for hire. This law was passed in 1848 and as long as it was enforced we had no postal deficits."

The parcels post systems of the European nations work with precision, speed and profit. Eleven pounds is the weight limit in Germany and Great Britain, and that weight may consist of anything from live animals to a tub of butter. Explosives and insufficiently protected fragile vessels containing liquids are about the only things debarred. The great morning daily papers of London contain a department of classified advertisements called "Marketing by Mail," in which appear the advertisements of all manner of small wares and perishable articles, fresh fish, farm products, fruits and a thousand other things, all of which are handled speedily and conveniently and greatly to the satisfaction of all concerned. Isn't this what the United States wants?

Not in taxation of that which has become one of the motive forces of business—advertising—but in the adoption of business management and enterprise lies the salvation of our Postal Department. It is time to prune out a lot of dense foliage and dead wood and graft in some modern ideas of management and enterprise, such as may be seen in the operation of the British and German Post Offices.

THEODORE RAND-MCNALLY.

## Great Old Folks' Bible Class

THERE is in the Sunday School of the Baptist church in Marlboro, Mass., a Bible class so unique in some respects that it is doubtful if it can be duplicated anywhere. The most interesting thing about the class is that its teacher, Mrs. Nancy Leland, is a woman eighty-six years of age, and yet she did not miss but one Sunday with her class last year. The class has eighteen members, many of whom are grandmothers, and none are too young to enjoy that distinction. The aggregate ages of the members of the class make a total of 1,170 years. The youngest member of the class is fifty-two. The prize for unflinching attendance belongs to Mrs. S. A. Carpenter, who is sixty-two. She has for four successive years won the badge given annually to the member most constant in attendance. Regarding her Sunday School attendance Mrs. Carpenter says: "When I was a child up in New Hampshire, I used to walk four miles to Sunday School, when it was not convenient for my father to hitch up his horses and carry me to the village. It seemed to me that a person should not always ask the easiest way to go to divine service. That is just the way I feel now, and I wish that young folks all felt the same, and were not so often willing to make a rain-storm or a heavy snow an excuse for not attending church and Sunday School."

The old ladies of this remarkable Bible class evidently do not allow any ordinary rain or snow-storm to keep them away from the class, and when a woman now in her eighty-sixth year is in her place as teacher of a Bible class every Sunday but one for a year, it argues well for her good health and her fidelity to duty.

J. L. H.

I do most heartily agree that Mont-Lawn should be a monument to Dr. Klopsch.  
Frenchtown, N. J.  
FRANCES BESSON.



# THE KLOPSCH MEMORIAL

WHEN this copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches you, you will have but seven days more in which to work for the Endowment of Mont-Lawn.

It does not seem like a year since Dr. Klopsch passed away. The spirit of his personality has been with us so constantly and so vividly, that it has seemed but a little while ago that the sad news went out to the world. And yet March 7 will be the first anniversary of his death. Dr. Klopsch was himself so full of the spirit of good cheer and light-hearted happiness in his work, that we never have been able to believe he would have wanted one of his friends to set aside the anniversary of his death as a day of mourning. Rather would he have rejoiced that it has been set aside as the day of days upon which all his friends will rally to the support of his favorite charity—Mont-Lawn on the Hudson.

In the middle of this page is a picture of the great gate of Mont-Lawn, the gate over which he wrote: "I Love God and Little Children" (you can see it there if you examine the picture closely), and in front, with eager faces and open mouths, proclaiming their childish happiness, stand hundreds of children from the New York slums.

What do you suppose it was that made them so happy! Why were the faces so eager, why did the hands wave so vigorously and joyously? It was this: That photograph was taken one Saturday just as Dr. Klopsch arrived at Mont-Lawn, and the children, his children, were expressing their joy at his coming. There was always this spontaneous outburst when he reached the Home, for he was the life of the place, just as he was the inspiration of every enterprise, religious and secular, into which he entered.

That was the spirit of Dr. Klopsch—the spirit of joyousness—and that we are sure will be the spirit, on March 7, of all his friends who have been working to make Mont-Lawn his Memorial.

That there are thousands at work is shown by the letters that have come in from earnest friends, stating that they mean to secure as many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as possible before March 7. The offer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to give to Mont-Lawn one-half of all money for new yearly subscriptions received up to that date, has been welcomed by many who have wanted to help along the work, and have taken advantage of the offer to increase the volume of their own contributions. One friend writes:

"DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD: I think your offer to give half of all new subscriptions received before March 7 to Mont-Lawn, just what Dr. Klopsch would approve of if he were alive. I am too poor to give much myself, but I can get you some new subscribers, and that will mean more to the Fund than if I sent you just my own little mite.

"Yours in the Master's work, H. H."

It certainly will, and in more ways than one. If, for instance, our friend sent in ten subscriptions accompanied by \$15, not only would \$7.50 go to the Home and our friend become a Patron, but the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be extended through ten new households.

On the other hand, we have received letters from friends who state that they are not in a position to secure subscriptions, yet they would like to contribute to Mont-Lawn and at the same time extend

the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One correspondent writes:

"Could I not send you the required amount to become a Patron and have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to ten friends who might be benefited by it?"

Our answer to this is the following letter, which we have received from a subscriber in North Dakota:

"February 10, 1911.

"GENTLEMEN: Can you send me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 25? I loaned it and it was lost, and I want it. Let me say that I am not a Christian, but THE HERALD is the finest paper that comes to my house, and I would not be without it for many times its price, and I will try to get some subscribers at once. No home should be without it; it will bring a man (thoughtful) nearer the real than anything I have ever read, and it has helped me to be better.

"Wishing for the highest results from every angle, I am, Your well wisher, D. G."



The Children Welcoming Dr. Klopsch at the Gates of Mont-Lawn

Is not that a wonderful example of the power of the Word of God to influence even those who are without the fold? "I am not a Christian, but THE HERALD will bring a man (thoughtful) nearer to the real, than anything I have ever read." Here is one

Patrons who have sent in ten or more subscriptions and whose names will be inscribed on tablets in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn:

James W. Black  
Jacob Persinger  
Harriett E. Strong  
A. H. Dawley  
Mrs. D. B. Bishop  
Mrs. M. M. Little

Rev. Charles H. Mead  
Charlotte D. Sandison  
Mrs. C. Doolittle  
Ella DeBaun  
Eleanor H. Porter  
Eva J. Wick

"Is Your Name Written There?"

who acknowledges that he is without that Word, and yet admits its power. "It has helped me to be better." Ay, and it is helping thousands of others to be better. As a matter of fact, we can think of no greater example of missionary effectiveness than

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Its great work is not confined entirely to the Christian household, for it is read by many who are without the assurance of the Gospel, and who yet admit that they would not be without the paper "for many times its price."

You can do no more effective missionary work than to extend the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by placing it in as many homes as you can. Cast around you and think of those friends or acquaintances who are not now subscribers to this paper, and ask them to become so. If they will not subscribe, and you still wish them to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly, cut out the set of ten coupons which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two weeks ago, or if you have not that issue of the paper, write us and we will send you as many coupons as you can use. Write on each coupon the name of a friend, if possible the head of a family, who will be benefited by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Send these coupons to us, together with the price of the new subscriptions, and we will enter the names upon our list, and send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year.

Can you think that the effect of receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year will be other than that which is acknowledged in the letter quoted above?

Many of our friends have written that they have secured several names, but are waiting until they secure ten before sending them. This is not necessary. Let us have them at once. You will be credited with them just the same and your friends will have the advantage of receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at once.

But do not forget that you have less than a week in which to act. You would not forgive yourself if you allowed March 7 to go by and you had not taken advantage of this opportunity to become a Patron of the Klopsch Memorial. Already many have earned the right to have their names included in the roster, as you will see from the partial list printed on this page. Of course the great majority of names will not be sent in until just prior to the great day, but we would advise those who intend to have their "names written there" to act as quickly as possible. The names of Patrons will of course be printed in the order as received.

But do not feel because you may not be able to procure ten new subscriptions that your effort to procure a smaller number will be unappreciated. If each family now reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD procured only one new subscriber the Klopsch Memorial would become assured and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family would become one of the most influential congregations on earth.

If you cannot procure ten, send in as many as you can. Every one helps. Use the coupons freely, signing each with your name so that you will be sure to get credit for every new reader influenced by you.

Last week we published a complete description of Mont-Lawn. Show this to your friends, and they will realize what a wonderful institution Mont-Lawn really is, and what a world power for good THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may become with your help. After all, as we have said so many times, it is not your money we want. It is your influence with your friends. Give us that and give it now and the Endowment of the Klopsch Memorial will be assured.

## THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

The MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, composed of people of national and even international fame, is seven in number, and every member is well known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Committee is as follows:

BISHOP JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON  
REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE  
MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HON. CHARLES M. PEPPER  
IRVING BACHELLER  
MRS. SARAH J. BIRD

REV. J. WESLEY HILL, Chairman

New Yearly Subscriptions received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from January 25th up to time of going to press, are as follows:

|                   |       |
|-------------------|-------|
| Already Credited  | 1073  |
| February 4, 1911  | 78    |
| February 6, 1911  | 161   |
| February 7, 1911  | 73    |
| February 8, 1911  | 103   |
| February 9, 1911  | 114   |
| February 10, 1911 | 143   |
| Total             | 1,745 |

75c. of each of these, or \$1,308.75 in all, have been credited to the "Klopsch Memorial Fund"



# Now a Famine Ship for China

"The Christian Herald" Is Now Sending 10,000 Sacks of Flour to the Starving Chinese Peasants—Many Missionaries Unite in Appealing for Help as the Crisis is Approaching



Helpless and Starving



Famine Refugees Waiting for Relief



A Village Elder

CHINA'S double battle with plague and famine continues. In the north, there are indications that the plague has been checked along the Russian frontier; but its ravages elsewhere have been frightful. Among the Chinese in Harbin, it seems to have gained a new foothold. Piles of dead are cremated almost every day. One correspondent cables from Peking that whole villages have been depopulated. The plague has broken out among the Chinese troops at Harbin with fatal results. The victims are generally between the ages of twenty and forty. In the Chinese town of Assikho, east of Harbin, four hundred were dying daily. In one house there were fifty dead, and the building and all its contents were burned.

In the southern provinces, in spite of the extension of the relief work, the famine situation grows more menacing. Thousands of the refugees are sleeping on the ground outside of the city walls of Nanking, the southern capital. The plague zone is now so close to the famine section that the government is apprehensive that the epidemic may spread southward. Cordons of troops and police surround some of the famine-stricken villages. Bands of armed robbers, recruited from the famine refugees, are looting the country. These outlaw bands come from the direction of Hunan province, where the famine has made men desperate.

## Arranging to Send a Famine Cargo

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief fund has sent up to date \$26,000 to the Relief Committees at Shanghai and Chin-kiang, and arrangements are now under way to send 10,000 sacks of American "Gold Medal" flour to Chin-kiang from Seattle. The flour has been purchased and forwarded to Seattle. This shipment will be hurried forward without delay. Every pound of flour sent to China now will do double duty, as it will be fully equal in value to two pounds bought in any part of China at present prices. Every reader of this journal is invited to be represented in this life-saving cargo. Letters from the missionaries—from several of which we give extracts below—show the great need of such a shipment, which would be a most effective supplement to the efforts of the Relief Committees. In the last great famine, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers supplied two cargoes of flour for the sufferers, one of which went by the troopship *Buford* and the other by the *Logan*. The sailing of these two vessels from San Francisco was a memorable event, and the arrival of the cargoes at Chin-kiang, their point of destination, was made the occasion of a great demonstration of welcome. Many thousands of lives were undoubtedly saved by that timely gift of food, and it is hoped that the present cargo may be equally fruitful of blessed results.

## The Famine Seen Through Chinese Eyes

The Shanghai *National Review*, in a recent issue, devotes much space to the famine and gives many pitiful photographic illustrations showing that the horrors of the last great famine are being repeated. These pictures are so realistic that, if reproduced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, they would cause a shudder of revulsion among our readers. The *Review* makes a strong appeal for the world's charity in behalf of the sufferers. It describes them as chiefly industrious and peace-loving farmer folk, who will compare favorably with the peasantry of similar countries. Accustomed as they are to periodic floods,

they only complain when the disaster becomes overwhelming. In the recent floods, eighty per cent. of the farm section was ruinously inundated.

A writer in the Shanghai *Mercury*, after a visit to Yung-chow, describes the condition of affairs in that section. There was a great exodus of peasants from the flooded sections. Thousands located themselves in mat houses outside the gates of Yung-chow, and the authorities gave them what food they could spare and sent them away, although many afterwards returned. Another correspondent writes telling of cases of death from starvation which he observed at Suchien. Of twenty families, only three had any "dry" food, the rest ate greens mixed with grain and a little gruel.

## Two Millions in Danger of Death

Our State Department in Washington has advices from Consul-General Wilder in Shanghai, in which he states that 2,000,000 must die of starvation unless relieved. There will be no crops until the end of May. He adds that Chinese relief is wholly inadequate. In the famine districts families are giving away their children. Dead bodies lie by the roadside and the severe cold and snow increase the distress. The governors of several American States have issued appeals in behalf of the sufferers.

Mr. H. S. Ferguson of the China Inland Mission writes from Ying-chow: "Already many have eaten their last food and have fled; many more will soon have to do so unless relief reaches them. Everything that can be eaten is being used as food. A great slaughter of cattle, needed for cultivating the soil, is taking place, because the owners are not able to feed them. There is also a great cutting down of trees, and firewood is cheap; for when farmers have nothing else to sell they sell their trees. The distress will intensify as the season advances. What will the Lord have us do by way of relief? We look for his guidance."

## Sufferers Selling Their Children

The Rev. E. C. Lobenstine (A.B.C.F.M.), of Hwai Yuen, writes: "I personally am of the opinion that money spent on relief will be of direct service to the Church. Two cents gold will keep a person alive a day. Two dollars will save one from now till the wheat harvest. Ten dollars will save a family from starvation. I am advocating the purchase of bean cake and millet in Manchuria. These can be shipped directly to Nanking in a short time and from there the new railroad can carry the grain and cake to a point thirty miles from here, from whence it can be distributed. The magistracy of Hwai Yuen has an estimated population of approximately 300,000 persons. The number of 'famine sufferers' (in Hwai Yuen), those who must be relieved or die, is approximately 175,000 persons. Reports come in daily of people dying of starvation. The poor who have children are trying to sell them, but even they will not sell for a pittance. Help is needed at once. As soon as the real cold and wet weather sets in the death rate will increase greatly. I have gone over my estimate of a few weeks ago, that, in all, 1,000,000 people would be dependent on outside relief or probably die of starvation. The missionaries in this section are ready to distribute relief."

## The Famine Refugees

The Central China Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai has a letter from Dr. Patterson of Suchien,

who writes: "We are convinced that many people will die from malnutrition. There are said to be 20,000 refugees coming back up the Canal. Those who have absolutely no hope at home have gone away. Many families have sent away some of their members, so as to lessen the drain on the food supply. A great many families are eating only gruel even now. One particularly pitiful case occurred here the other day. A poor man realized that his end was near, and begged for a mat to be buried in, then dragged himself toward the burying ground as far as he could and lay down to die with his face to the ground, hugging the mat. The refugees, especially the little children, suffer extremely this cold weather. They are provided only with a couple of mats and their clothing is insufficient. The little crying tots stringing down the trail behind their mothers, with their little legs trembling as they walk, are enough to melt the heart of the most hardened."

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from a reader in Passaic, N. J., the writer says:

## What a Gift Now Will Do

A year or so ago I traveled through portions of the affected district. We were at Shanghai, then went to Nanking, back to Chin-kiang and from there by boat up through the Yangtze River, all the way back to Hankow. I was told by business men and officials as well as by missionaries that scarcely a year passed in which there was not great scarcity of food, amounting to famine conditions, in some parts of China. The population is so dense that even the partial failure of a crop in a small district seriously hurts many people, because the portion on which each individual depends is so very small even with a full crop. If this is cut down or taken away entirely by adverse conditions, suffering quickly sets in. Neighboring districts, perhaps less affected, have little or nothing to spare. True, the Chinese seem able to get along on less food than most races and still do a great amount of hard work, but they also are patient and uncomplaining under conditions which we would call intolerable. Hence, when they cry out for help, their suffering is not just beginning, but has been endured for some time. So THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief work is very timely and deserves every encouragement as well as general liberal support.

Knowing this, what reader will not be anxious to deny himself or herself something and send the equivalent in money to the starving Chinese? Less than two cents, I believe, will support a human being for a day. Who would not spare a dollar when it will do so much?

It is particularly gratifying to know that the present management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is determined to follow the same high ideals which made its founder happy and which practically and energetically applied, carried happiness to hundreds and thousands near and far. You are giving an illustration of practical Christianity in your present work, and I am glad to enclose my check to assist the same.

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed "China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York." Acknowledgments of contributions will be found on another page.

## Sunday Schools Helping China

FROM Mr. James Tanis, Paterson, N. J., editor of the *Sabbath School Bode*, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the sum of \$240.01, being the third collection made through the Sabbath Schools in connection with this organization. The children in these schools are doing a wonderful work for China, and giving a fine example to Sunday Schools in other parts of the country. Their gift will be forwarded in the next remittance to China through the State Department.



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



# CHEAPENING THE COST OF LIVING

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Canadian Harvesting

On a Canadian Sheep Ranch

In a Wheat Field

**P**RESIDENT TAFT in negotiating the reciprocity agreement with Canada had several objects in mind. One of these was to see if it were not possible to cheapen the cost of living for the great masses of our people so that the butcher's and the grocer's bill might be cut down and the contents of the housewife's market-basket be added to without adding to the price.



Hon. Chas. M. Pepper

It happens that Canada is our nearest source of supply for a large number of food products. It would seem to follow that if those supplies could be got across the boundary—which is after all an artificial line so far as crops and articles of common production are concerned—under a little better terms than at present, the prospect of cheaper food would be improved. It was felt that if the tariff duties were entirely removed or reduced this would encourage

a much freer movement of the articles which the two countries produce in common. It would thus be certain to prevent manipulations and artificial fluctuations under which the people who produce get less for their products than they should and the people who consume pay much more. So when the Department of State with Secretary Knox at the head undertook the negotiations with representatives of the Canadian Government the effort was made to facilitate the free movement of products on both sides of the line.

The result of the negotiations was an agreement by each government, subject to approval by Congress in the United States and by the Dominion Parliament in Canada, entirely to remove the duties on a large number of products, such as wheat, oats and other grains; cattle and other live stock; fish and fresh fruits and vegetables, and milk, cream,

By **CHARLES M. PEPPER**

Canadian Reciprocity Commissioner

butter and eggs. In this way it was believed that when in one section of the United States there was a scarcity that section might draw on some part of Canada to make good the deficiency, while in some parts of Canada the reverse process might be worked out. In doing this it was believed that no more harm would come to the people of either country than came to the people of the different States of the United States when the Constitution was adopted and no duties were allowed to hamper the movement of the products of the different States from one to another.

Following the same idea of cheapening food by enlarging the sources of supply and facilitating the interchange across the border, duties were very largely reduced on the leading staples usually known as foodstuffs partly manufactured. This is to say that on secondary food products the duties were very largely reduced. These articles included flour; bacon and ham; canned meats and vegetables of all kinds; fresh and salted meats and lard.

The further movement on the part of the United States to cheapen the cost of living was by providing for the free admission of what is known as rough lumber. For many years there has been a very strong demand on the part of the people of the prairie States and of other States that the destruction of our own forests should be lessened by enabling us to draw on the forest supplies of Canada which has enormous timber areas. By making lumber in the United States free, two objects are thus attained. At the same time the duty on dressed lumber is very largely reduced, yet the wages which go to laborers for planing or finishing it are paid out in the United States.

While the leading purpose in negotiating the reciprocity agreement was to obtain for the people of the United States additions to their sources of supply of the common necessities of life, it was also desirable that they should have the benefit of the Canadian market for their surplus agricultural and other products. So Canada agreed to give free entry to cotton seed oil, which is a very important product of the Southern cotton growers. Canada also conceded the free admission of fresh fruits and vegetables of all kinds. It happens that sections of

the United States as far away from Canada as Florida and Southern California, can ship their fruits and vegetables to the Dominion, since the season so far north does not enable fruit to be matured until mid-summer. Taken with the freight rates the duties levied by Canada made the burden on the fruit and vegetable growers in these distant sections a heavy one and limited the market. With free entry, however, they will not only have good profits, but will be certain to increase their trade. In the same way the orchardists near the Canadian border will get their products into Canada much cheaper than formerly, and can therefore command a better price. This also is true of various products of mixed farming and of clover and timothy seeds.

In providing for this freer movement of traffic across the border it was also desirable to have the interest of the American mechanic and artisan in mind. Could a larger and better market be given in Canada for the products of American factories, it was certain that there would be better employment at home and that the schedule of wages would have a better chance of remaining steady. There was moreover the certainty that Canada's population is growing very rapidly. The present population of 7,500,000 will soon be 10,000,000 and then will mount up to 15,000,000. The market of this growing population for many manufactured articles of the United States and especially for agricultural implements of all kinds and the numerous articles entering into the automobile industry, is therefore of very great importance. By securing material reductions in the duties on these manufactures and on numerous other manufactures, the industries of the United States and the wage-earners of mills and factories are benefited.

It may be understood that there were many difficulties confronting the negotiations and that many obstacles had to be overcome. But the spirit on both sides was one of mutual goodwill, and this enabled the difficulties to be vanquished. The agreement which is now before the American people undoubtedly will be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of President Taft. If it becomes law by the action of Congress and the Dominion Parliament, it will not only be of benefit to a large number of people on both sides of the line, but it will strengthen the friendly relations which now exist between the United States and Canada and which always should exist between neighbors who have so much in common.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ARCHBISHOP P. J. RYAN died on February 11 in his eightieth year. He was a man of lovable character, popular with all creeds and classes, and was considered the best pulpit orator among the Catholic preachers of America.

—IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE coronation of George V. on June 22 will be the most gorgeous pageant London has ever witnessed. Kings and queens, emperors, princes, potentates, plenipotentiaries and representatives are coming from every part of the globe, and the problem of housing the crowds, vast as London is, will be the most difficult task to be considered. It is expected that in addition to London's own seven millions, at least three millions more will be present, thus making an aggregation of ten million human beings in one city, which is unprecedented.

—CONGRESSIONAL SOCIETY in Washington filled the floor spaces and galleries of the House of Representatives, on the night of February 13, to hear an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal, by Colonel Goethals, head of the Canal Commission. Nearly all the members of the House of Representatives attended. The lecturer gave a pleasant surprise to the audience, by promising that if no unlooked for misfortune happens, ships will be able to pass through the Canal by June 1, 1915, although the date of the formal opening is set for January 1, 1915.

—NOW THAT RECIPROCITY with Canada is assured, it is believed that before long the South American countries and the United States will also enter into a similar arrangement. There is no doubt that lower tariffs on the mineral products coming into this country from South America, and on manufactured goods going out, would be mutually beneficial to both.

—THE CHICAGO TRACT SOCIETY celebrated its twenty-first anniversary on January 30. The society was organized by Dr. Elwood M. Wherry, the veteran missionary at Ludhiana, India, and during his nine years' furlough in America, from 1889 to 1898, the work was under his personal direction. Dr. Jesse W. Brooks, who has been secretary of the society for the past twelve years, said in his report that during 1910 literature was distributed in thirty-three different languages, and missionary-colporteurs were employed speaking twenty-four in their personal work in the homes. The interdenominational character of the work was especially emphasized in connection with this anniversary. Six denominations were represented on the programme. The anniversary address was delivered by Dr. John Timothy Stone, one of the society's directors, who said: "This society is meeting a vast need in our great city. Though we are not beginning to face this problem of immigration as we should face it, I do not believe that a similar amount of

money is accomplishing a greater amount of good in any part of our country." The different departments of work that were referred to especially in the reports were that among the Syrians; that among the Letts, which has resulted in the present flourishing First Lettish Church in Chicago; that among the Finlanders, who also now have regular Sabbath services under the direction of Rev. Gustave Blomgren; and the largest work of all, among the Poles, who now claim in Chicago a resident population of over 275,000. Rev. Paul Miskoff, who is conducting regular Sabbath services for the Bulgarians, made a short address, and Rev. Christo T. Papadopoulos, who has organized under the direction of the society the Greek Evangelical Mission, also spoke in behalf of his countryman. Attention was also called to the great need of the enlargement of the Tract Society work in other cities, such as Detroit, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, South Bend, Omaha and Cedar Rapids.

### The Most Suitable Memorial

Would like to see the Children's Home endowed as a memorial to its founder.  
HELEN T. AULD.  
Buffalo, N. Y.



March

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

1911

## THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."  
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue;  
Last year you sang it as gladly.  
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
That you should carol so madly?

Love again, song again, nest again, young again."

Never a prophet so crazy!  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,  
See, there is hardly a daisy.



"Her coat is so warm"

Painting by Kvetchman in Berlin Gallery

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"  
O warble unchidden, unhidden!  
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And all the winters are hidden. SELECTED.

## POLITENESS

Good boys and girls will never say:  
"I will," and "Give me these";  
Oh, no; that never is the way,  
But, "Mother, if you please."  
And "If you please," to sister Ann,  
Good boys to say are ready:  
And "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,  
And "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

## MARCH

March, its tree, juniper; its stone, bluestone; its motto, courage and strength in times of danger.—*Old Saying.*

## BEFORE THE WINTER GOES

Some Interesting Experiments with Ice and Snow

TAKE a piece of ice about three inches in length and breadth and half an inch in thickness, and chip the edges till it is as nearly a perfect circle as you can make it. After having shaped it neatly, begin to shave the edges thin (see illustration). Let the piece of ice become thickest toward the centre.

By the warmth of your hand you can get the ice smooth and gently rounded until you have as perfect a burning-glass as can be made.

Hold the ice in the sun and you will see the sun's rays focused to a bright spot, and if you hold a piece

of tissue paper under the ice at the point where the bright spot is smallest you will be able to set fire to the paper. You will think it queer that you can start a fire with a piece of ice; but queerer yet is the fact that you can do all that and still not melt the ice. That is because the heat of the rays is distributed all over the piece of ice and of course they cannot create so much warmth as when they are close together, concentrated in the small bright spot in which there is heat enough to set fire to the paper.



Perfect Burning Glass

## Magic Ice

ANOTHER interesting experiment with ice is to take a rather good-sized chunk and a piece of wire and a flat-iron or any other heavy object which is easy to find.

Place two chairs back to back, near enough to support the piece of ice; now take a fine wire (one strand from a piece of picture wire will do) and bend the wire across the top of the ice, down over either side, and under the ice swing your heavy weight from the wire. (Let this experiment be carried on in a cool room or out of doors.) Leave the ice for a short time and upon returning you will find the wire will have moved in some mysterious way and, where it was resting on the top it is now two or three inches below the top and no cut is to be seen in the ice. Had you not placed the wire yourself you would say a hole had been bored through the ice and the wire threaded through. However, it is simple enough when you stop to think. The wire has slowly melted the ice

beneath it, but the ice, instead of running away in a tiny stream of water, has frozen again above the wire and has left the block of ice as solid as it was before the wire melted it.

## Burning a Snowball

A pretty trick with snow is to roll a ball, not too hard, and press into it a stick of gum camphor, leaving the end protruding toward the back, as you hold the ball in front of your audience. You can announce that the snow of which this ball is made is a peculiar variety that will burn, then light the camphor and a bright blue flame will leap up behind the ball.



An Ice Mystery

## Colors Warm and Cool

ONE clear, cold winter's day, Benjamin Franklin spread a number of handkerchiefs carefully on a level stretch of snow. One of the handkerchiefs was black, another white, and the others of various colors. Some time afterwards, he returned and removed the handkerchiefs carefully one by one, measuring the depth of snow under each. Under the black handkerchief, he found that the snow had melted considerably; under a red handkerchief, almost as much; under a blue handkerchief, very little, and under the white one, scarcely any. By this simple experiment, he learned that color has a great deal to do with the warmth of clothing. White sheds the sun's heat almost as well as an oil-skin sheds water; blue is nearly as heatproof; green is less so; yellow is a warm color; red a still warmer color, while black soaks up almost all the sun's heat that strikes it. Try the experiment before the snow goes, and you will see why black clothes are out of place in the summertime, and white ducks in winter.

## A Delicate Experiment

STIR salt into a glass of water until the water will not dissolve or "take up" any more. Now put a piece of soft cotton string into this brine and allow it to soak thoroughly and then dry it rapidly by putting it in a warm oven, or over the hot stove. When the



"I was explaining to a neighbor, who had commented on the glossiness of my palms and ferns, that I kept them clean with Ivory Soap, when she laughed and said: 'Don't talk to me about air-ships. I believe that Ivory Soap is the real wonder of the age. You know what a time I have had with Raymond about his bath? You ought to see him now! He was yelling at the top of his voice, and I had given up in despair, when I was seized with a brilliant idea. I picked up a nice new cake of Ivory Soap and stuck a small flag in each end. In a very few moments I had enticed him into the bath, and I have never had any more trouble, except in getting him out.'"

(Extract from a Letter)

For the bath and for every other purpose that involves the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled. It is mild. It is gentle. It is pure. It does what soap is intended to do—it cleans but it does not injure.

## Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats

string is dry soak it again in the strong salt brine. This time tie it to a chandelier while it is still wet, and to the end hanging free tie a small piece of tinfoil. Let the string dry again, and when it is thoroughly dry darken the room, close all the windows and doors so no breath of air can stir. Light a match and set fire to the string. It would seem that, as the string burned, the tinfoil would drop, but by striking another match you find it still hanging as before. A thin thread of ashes holds the tinfoil to the chandelier. The greatest care must be taken after the string has been burnt, for the slightest whiff of air will scatter the ashes and spoil the experiment.

NOTE.—The circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is rapidly increasing, so that we know there are a great many young people every day who discover the Cozy Corner for the first time.

Be sure to write and introduce yourselves to Miss Porter. She will answer your letters as they come and send you a glad, hearty welcome into the Cozy Corner.

## Special March Prize Contest

STORIES: For best story in less than 300 words. Subjects: "A Narrow Escape," "April Fool."

VERSE: Subjects: "Little Sister," "A Shiny Shower," "Market."

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS: Subjects: A Cozy Corner heading for March, "Mischievous," "My Queen."

For best work under any of these heads, we will give a first prize of a gun-metal watch, and five supplementary prizes of Brownie Eastman Kodaks for next good work in order of merit.

## For Boys and Girls Under Twelve

For the best copy of the picture in the Heading of this week's Cozy Corner we will give a very beautiful paper doll and ten prizes of smaller but beautiful paper dolls for the next ten copies in order of merit.

Put your name, age and address on all your work, and send it in before March 25 to The Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

## Our Good-Night Verse is:

The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*





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## Your Suit Should Be A "NATIONAL" Suit

Your suit should be a "NATIONAL" Tailored Suit because it will be a better suit, a better fitting suit, a more graceful, stylish and becoming suit—and it will cost you less money.

Your "NATIONAL" Style Book, which we want to send you free, proves all this, tells you of our skillful designing, the wonderful workmanship of "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, prices from \$15 to \$40. It tells you how each suit is cut, trimmed and lined to your order, just as you wish it. And each "NATIONAL" Tailored Suit is guaranteed to fit perfectly and be entirely satisfactory, or we will refund your money.

In writing for your Style Book, be sure to ask for samples of materials for "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, and state the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

## Your Dress Should Be a "NATIONAL" Dress

Your Linen or Silk Dress should be a "NATIONAL" dress because it will be incomparably more stylish, different looking, more attractive, becoming and beautiful. And it will save you money.

The originals of "NATIONAL" Dresses come from the famous fashion designers of Paris. They are reproduced for you here—all the style, the grace and beauty retained and only the price made less.

### "NATIONAL" Waists and Skirts

Your waists should be "NATIONAL" Waists, because of the wonderful variety of exclusive and beautiful new designs you have to select from. Your Skirt should be a "NATIONAL" Skirt because they are the most delightful, the most stylish, the most expertly cut and tailored and lowest in price.

You should find out about the "NATIONAL"—you should find for yourself the pleasure, the delight and the saving the "NATIONAL" offers. And therefore you should to-day, you should just now write for the free copy of the new "NATIONAL" Style Book we have put away for you. We picture this beautiful

above, and here we will tell you some of the beautiful new styles in pictures, and the wonderfully low prices it quotes.

"NATIONAL" Waists, 98 cents to \$8.98  
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Petitecost, 59 cents to \$7.98  
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### The "NATIONAL" Policy

The "NATIONAL" prepayes expressage and postage to all parts of the world. You may return at our expense any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money.

## National Cloak & Suit Co.

218 West 24th St., New York City  
Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches



## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### A Mother's Club

ON a bright afternoon when for all the lingering chill of winter there was a breath of spring in the air, a number of women wended their way to the house of Mrs. Rufus Alexander. This lady was entitled to be called a personage. She had arrived at her eightieth year and was a very proud and complacent great-grandmother. The woman who maintains her strength and poise, serenely confronting old age with a smile, and seeing around her the children of the third generation, is a queen in her own right. Mrs. Alexander lived in her own house, and she was to be congratulated that she had never been willing to give up its privileges and spend her declining years in the home of a son or a daughter. When guests entered her home to discuss the important subject of bringing up children, they were greeted by an aroma of festivity. Fresh cake had been baked, and there was a faint fragrance of lemonade. Evidently Mrs. Alexander meant to serve simple refreshments. Something to stir and sip, something to nibble and pass about, is a very great help to sociability at a meeting of any sort, and especially helps along when some of the women are timid, others aggressive, and others disposed to ask questions not easy to answer.

After the preliminaries of opening the meeting were over, the hostess said that she had lately read in an English periodical an open letter on the bringing up of children. A mother who did not know how to manage an active and rather turbulent boy had written to the editor for counsel. The advice given was so good that, realizing what puzzles most lads were, Mrs. Alexander decided that she could not do better than ask one of the young mothers to read part of it aloud.

"I don't think you need have much fear about Dick, though his uproarious spirits must be a little trying. Set him things to do, persuade him to dig, to drill, to sew, to make boats or kites—anything, only keep him going. Those tremendous little fellows do press heavily on their elders, but one must take them as they are. Never be hard on a puppy or a boy, nor call his exuberant vitality naughtiness. Let bears and lions growl and fight; let puppies worry slippers and banquet on cakes of soap; let boys be boys. Remember that nearly all the great men were troublesome boys. Life draws so heavily upon spirit, nerve, cheerfulness, courage, that unless one starts with a little too much of them, middle-age finds us bankrupt in all. The abounding vitality is a heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord."

"I have my hands full," said Mrs. Elmendorf, "with my dear little Harold. 'Perhaps I have been too fussy. I want him to show his best side before company, and the child shows his worst. He behaves beautifully when we are alone, but if a friend calls, and I particularly wish to have her impressed with my success in bringing up my boy, he is sure to do something or say something which covers me with confusion.'"

"I wonder," said a low-voiced woman on the edge of the group, "whether you have not mentioned one of the stumbling-blocks which mothers should avoid? We are anxious to have our children appear to the best advantage, and are over-sensitive as to their little faults. In my own case, I have

learned that if I wish Fred and Susy to be polite and amiable before folk, I must see that they are polite when we are by ourselves. My boy must take his hat off in the street when he meets me. If I insist on this and never pass over a neglect, I need not be worried about the removal of the hat when he meets the minister's wife or the principal of the school."

The mother of six now took part in the discussion. "My experience has led me," she said, "to be deaf and blind on many occasions when little squabbles are going on. I am far more lenient with the younger children than I was with the elder ones. Children pass through phases. I used to come down severely upon little lapses of manner, and I know that I frequently misunderstood the children and blamed them unjustly, when I was young and inexperienced. Children should grow up like plants, in an atmosphere suited to them. What was your magic, Mrs. Alexander?"

The great-grandmother gave a cheery little laugh. "I had none," she said. "The children were taught to mind, of course; to tell the truth and to say their prayers. It is long ago, but I acted on my own mother's plan, and took it for granted that my children would be good, and that praise would go farther than blame."

Here the refreshments were brought in, and discussion for that day ended.

### Heart Secrets

THE glimpses into heart secrets revealed in recent correspondence are often too sacred to be spoken of, except in personal letters. A mother writes that in her widowhood her strongest ally in her battle with a hard world was her eldest son. After his father's death he left school at the earliest moment allowed by law, worked with might and main, though only a boy, helped her in bringing up the other children, and rose rapidly in business. At twenty-four, when the home prospects were brightening, and for the first time in years she faced the future with confidence, her son was taken ill and very soon was called away to the home land. Physicians said that he had drawn too heavily on his vitality, and had no reserve when fever attacked him. Not only does this mother grieve at the loss of her son and mourn because there is the vacant chair in the household, but she is the prey of a strange remorse. "If I had not permitted Edward to work so hard he would have been with me still," is the plea that she urges over and over as she refuses to be comforted.

IN thinking over this peculiar and great trial, the suggestion comes that the mother is mistaken in her persistent blame of herself. She made her boy very happy. They were more than mother and son; they were comrades and friends drawn very closely together in their combined struggle during the years between fourteen and twenty-four, in which her son was making his upward climb. She cannot be sure that an ardent and ambitious youth would not equally have strained every nerve in his endeavor to get on had the pressure of necessity been other than it was. All the nobility and splendor of his character, all the fine traits which her friends remember, were brought out by his early tussle with adversity. He has been taken from her, but his life is not

Continued on next page



A Food that make vigorous childhood

## Snider Process Pork and Beans

HERE'S a dish that is concentrated nourishment for every member of the family. It keeps the old young and strong; supplies energy for the active man or woman; strengthens the weak, makes boys and girls grow—in mind and body.

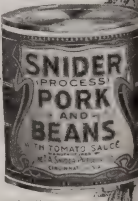
ONLY the finest quality materials are used in Snider foods. The beans are the best obtainable; the pork is a dainty bit of jowl, the very sweetest of pork; the tomato sauce with which they are so daintily seasoned, is Snider's Tomato Catsup, the finest of condiments. Use it on your home table and for seasoning sauces and foods requiring a "snap".

Snider's Chili Sauce is a fine relish for meats.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVING COMPANY CINCINNATI, OHIO

"It's the Process"

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food laws of the World



**PATENTS:** For facts about Prize and Reward offers and inventions that will bring from \$5000 to 10 Million Dollars; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 8c postage to Pubs. Patent Sec. Dept. 36, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

## IRONCLAD DRESS GALATEA

A Beautiful New Fabric At the Same Old Price!

15c a Yard

Is all you pay for the new kind of fabric that is "winding" around from discrimination, women everywhere to the latest dress material for their own and their children's wear.

The masses of texture the soft, silky sheen of IRONCLAD, its strength and lightness, its adaptability to every purpose and its inexpensiveness, will appeal to you instantly.

More than 34 yards wide

See proof and ask proof. Launder perfectly. See the variety of beautiful patterns, the subtle floral designs and standard patterns at your dealer's, or write us for more.

Dealer, your jobber can supply you. FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING CO. 116 West Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.



# Mar-Proof Floors

There is one floor finish that resists heels and casters. Rumping and rocking don't injure it. Water doesn't turn it white.

It ends the old troubles caused by brittle floor finish. It needs no constant replacing like wax.

This finish—the final result of our 40 years of experience—is called **Elastica Floor Finish**.

It is needed on every uncarpeted floor, and there is nothing to take its place. Every other floor finish leads to troubles, as every user knows.

**Elastica** protects a natural wood floor. It protects the paint on a painted floor. It doubles the life of linoleum. It is elastic and durable. It keeps a floor clean and new.

## The Reason is This

**Elastica** has in its composition a large percentage of properly treated oil. That is what makes it so tough and elastic, so proof against mar and wear.

That oil is so treated by our own secret process that **Elastica** dries quickly and becomes very hard. The hardest usage doesn't mar it. Water doesn't spot it.

These facts are true of no other floor finish, as most of you know. But we shall prove, when you write us, that they are true of **Elastica**. This finish puts an end to all floor troubles.



Look for this Trade-Mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

**SENT FREE** "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper for tests. Also a beautiful bookmark—just to repay you for writing us.

Simply send us your name and address—a postal will do.

### ASK FOR BOOK 113

Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York; or 2620 Armour Avenue, Chicago; or 201 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.; or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



## SAVE HALF YOUR Paint Bills

By using **INGERSOLL PAINT**—proved best by 66 years' use. It will please you. Only paint endorsed by the "Grange." Made in all colors—for all purposes.

### DELIVERED FREE,

From the Mill Direct to You at Factory Prices.

**INGERSOLL PAINT BOOK—FREE**

Tells all about Paint and Painting for Durability. How to avoid trouble and expense caused by peeling, fading, chalking and pitting. Valuable information free to you, with Sample Order Cards. Write: O. W. Ingersoll, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

O. W. Ingersoll, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE

Invaluable. 100 Candle Power. Burns kerosene or oil. Gives better light than any electric or six ordinary lamps alone. Satisfies the need for a new lamp. Recommended for fire saving or reading. **COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS**. No waste of money in each beauty to whom we make refer our customers. Take advantage of our special offer to secure a Beacon Lamp Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. **HOME SUPPLY CO.** 324 E. C. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## EASTER COMBINATION

10 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS Mailed for 10c. 2 Extra Quality POST CARDS Mailed for 10c.

2 Easter Letters Printed on Superior Paper with Engraving. Printed 24c. Mailed for 10c. Three 10-cent Packages Mailed for 25 Cents.

1 Box of 5 Musical EASTER POST CARDS, 25 cts.

A Special Assortment of 100 Easter Post Cards mailed for 50 Cents.

MADISON ART COMPANY, MADISON, CONN.



# OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

ended. The soul goes on living, and God has service for those who love him, in spheres beyond earth. The mother's crown of rejoicing should be that she had a son whom every one honored, and that in her whole recollection of him there was not an hour in which he did not give her pleasure and pride.

"What consolation is there in a living trouble?" writes another friend. "How am I to bear continual anxiety for a dear one who is going astray? What is the best way to take when heart and flesh fail? Shall I talk about my trials to the neighbors? Unless they are blind they must see them. Shall I remain silent to the one who is breaking my heart? Tell me what to do, what to say, where to go for help."

**A** LIVING trouble is indeed hard to endure. Yet there is always in it the element of hope. Little good is done by unveiling the privacies of the household. Unless neighbors and acquaintances are extremely sympathetic, it is unwise to make one's personal griefs of this special kind a subject of talk. Silence and reticence are dignified. Complaint is often a great mistake. Carry your trouble in your darkest hours, to God, and do not be afraid to tell him everything. There will surely be a way out. So far as you possibly can, maintain a cheerful courage and believe that it will be better further on.

## Concerning Moth and Rust

**E**VERY woman knows the feeling of discouragement that comes over her when she unfolds a garment which has been carefully put away, and finds moth holes in it here and there. She fancies, poor soul, that she was doing the best in her power when she laid aside the wrap, the dress or the rich shawl, guarding it as she supposed against the perils of use, and her chagrin is great when she discovers that disuse has done far more harm than would have followed upon constant usage day in and day out. Equally, when rust has eaten into and marred some valuable piece of metal, the housekeeper regrets that she was foolish enough to put by itself, out of sight, any article which ought to have been often in her hand.

We learn the lesson slowly sometimes, but we learn it surely, that the only way to keep what we prize in its pristine beauty is to use it fearlessly and frequently. The sword hanging on the wall rusts, the gar-

ment folded away in a trunk and by falls apart. The neglected instrument gets out of tune. The most beautiful house will go to pieces if left closed and empty, while that which is used as a home, lived in, occupied, with the multifarious activities of a family, children running to and fro, windows opened and shut, the life of the household going on, will stand much wear and tear. The same thing holds good of our mental powers. Many a brilliant girl has left school carrying off high honors only to become a dull commonplace woman in later days. She has atrophied her faculties by disuse. She has ceased to read and study, and has suffered herself to fall into mere domesticity. There is no occasion for the domestic woman to become a drudge if she sets the proper valuation on herself and has a will sufficiently strong to determine what is essential and what non-essential in the home, standing firmly on her own feet the while and abiding by her decision.

## SPRING

WHEN Spring comes tripping gaily in, Adorned with blossoms bright, You'd think the work kept holiday

From morning until night.

But 'tis not so, my friend, you know "Tis Nature's busiest time.

And she's at work, and not at play, And all through April and through May

Thinks idleness a crime.

The Spring with dashing crystal shower, With shaft of golden sun, Is laboring her every hour

Until her course is run.

She weaves the greening forest robes Of lovely shining leaves,

And deep beneath the earth her elves Are toiling to surpass themselves

For future Autumn sheaves.

When Spring takes up her urgent work She carries it like play,

And of her busiest time, my dear, She makes a holiday.

So you and I may learn of her, And gaily take the road,

And with a blithe and buoyant heart Bear on our heaviest load.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We would like to see Mont-Lawn endowed to our dear Dr. Klopsh. Dr. Klopsh don't think there could be a more fitting monument put up for him, as his whole heart was for the poor children. May his name ever live and be a great blessing to the poor tenement waifs. May THE CHRISTIAN HERALD prosper and spread from pole to pole the world over. I shall always have it as long as I live, and I have been a reader for a number of years, and we wish it Goodspeed.

MR. AND MRS. J. M. BICE.

Baldwin, Butler County, Pa.

## Undesirable Advertisements

**I**T IS a well-known fact that most prominent newspapers throw into the waste-basket every day more news matter than they can print; and very much the same may be said nowadays concerning advertisements in periodicals which are particular concerning the kind of advertising they publish. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for instance, has offered to it, and is compelled to decline, thousands of dollars' worth of advertising in the course of the year.

The reasons why much of this undesirable advertising is declined are many and varied. Sometimes the proposition is a fraud upon its face. Again, it may be feared that the advertiser, however honest in his purpose, may not be able to carry that purpose to a successful conclusion. Then there are advertisements which are undesirable on account of the wording; such, for instance, as the use of the word "free" or the statement to the effect that such and such an investment is "absolutely safe," or the thousands of "cure-alls" which are foisted upon an innocent public.

Certainly the campaign against fraudulent advertising which has been carried on by reputable periodicals has produced very desirable results, for which we cannot be too grateful.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.

## "STANDARD" Bargains

A group of extraordinary values. Qualities and styles will surely delight you.



This Wonderful Waist of Fine All-Over Embroidery 79c

93 79¢

93.—Dainty Lace Waist of Fine All-Over Embroidery. Back, front and sleeves alike. Pettie pattern. Fine Valenciennes lace and a delicate button trim on the front. Collar and cuffs finished with the same. Seamless. Pressed Sleeve. Cuffs, invisible in back. Sizes 32 to 44. Special 79c



Embroidery Corset Cover 25c

1094.—French cover of pretty Swiss lace embroidery. Effectively patterned and daintily finished, with scalloped embroidery finishing the neck and armholes. A so desirable cover of charming simplicity. Easy to launder and durable. Sizes 32 to 44. 25c

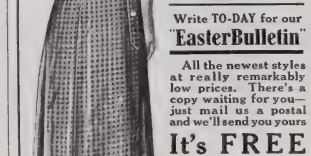
1094 25¢



1412 89¢

Pretty One-piece House Dress of Checked Percale, 89c

1412.—Pretty House Dress of neat checked percale in blue and white coloring. Collar, cuffs and pocket belt of matched plain color material. Dutch collar and banded three-quarter sleeve. Gathers placed on bodice, buttoning in front self belt and open-side skirt. The skirt is made with fitted hips and delightful flares to the bottom. Comes in sizes 32 to 44. Just measure—Special—89c



1176 29¢

Write TO-DAY for our "Easter Bulletin"

All the newest styles at really remarkably low prices. There's a copy waiting for you—just mail us a postal and we'll send you yours

It's FREE



Embroidery Drawers, 29c

1176.—Camoie drawers with pin-tucks and antrim, ruffle of Swiss embroidery. Length 29c to 21 inches



Serviceable Muslin Gown 48c

1091.—Serviceable gown of plain muslin. Yoke pointed tucked and trimmed with bands of neat embroidery. Self ruffles finish neck and cuffs. Cut full length and wide. 17 in neck—48c

1091 48¢



"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back"

STANDARD MAIL ORDER CO.

244 W. 17th St.

NEW YORK CITY

This dainty Dutch Collar and Jabot is FREE with any order over \$2 if accompanied by the names of 5 friends.



## CHILDREN AFFECTED

By Mother's Food and Drink

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mothers' milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babes.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach.

"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk.

"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spots, pain in my heart or sour stomach.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## To the Highest Bidder

Serial By Florence Morse Kingsley

XXIII—Continued

JENNIE looked at David timidly. "You ain't had a scrap with her, have you?" she asked, "an'—broke off 'th' engagement?"

"Well, not exactly," he muttered, with a frown.

"Anyway, don't—show her that ring o' mine, please. I'm 'fraid—she'd laugh."

"She won't see it, ever. Don't you worry about that. And she won't set eyes on that diamond again in a hurry. Take good care of it, little girl. It's good for a house and lot—that ring."

"Is it a real di'mon?"

"Of course, goosie; you didn't suppose I'd buy an imitation, did you? I guess not. It's yours to do what you like with."

He stared dubiously into her pretty, flushed face. "Keep it to yourself that I gave it to you, will you?"

"I won't tell," she faltered. "I'll do just as you say, Mr. Whitcomb."

"All right. Now you sit down here, and I'll be back in a few minutes. I've got to look around a bit, and put some money on my horse. I'll buy some candy, too, while I'm gone."

The girl sat, where he had left her, in a daze of happiness. All about her the seats of the grandstand were filling with people for the afternoon races; but she did not see them, nor the arid stretch of the race-course, around which were circling various experimental trotters under the guidance of hunched men in two-wheeled vehicles. The subdued light of the shaded place brought out new and more vivid flashes of color in the marvelous white stone on her little pink hand—scarlet, and green, and blue. Jennie twisted it slowly on her finger, her eyes riveted upon its alien splendors.

"To think she didn't like it!" she whispered to herself.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jennie," murmured a carefully modulated voice at her side. She turned with a start to gaze into Mr. Todd's smiling face.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl petulantly. "How you made me jump!" "You were thinking about that new ring of yours, I suppose," said Mr. Todd, blinking pleasantly.

"Who told you I had a new ring, I'd like to know?" the girl demanded coldly.

"I don't have to be told," Mr. Todd said facetiously. "Say, but it's handsome! I shouldn't wonder if it cost as much as two hundred and fifty."

"Not dollars?" exclaimed the girl, in an awestruck voice.

"Sure! He must have thought a lot of you to give you that—eh, Miss Jennie?"

The girl did not answer. She was putting on her gloves with an air of offended dignity.

"I guess it ain't any of your affairs," she said, her lips trembling, "if I've got a friend or two."

"Don't sit on me too hard," begged Mr. Todd. "I didn't mean anything out of the way. I couldn't help noticing the sparkler on your hand. Most anybody would. Get it to-day?"

"Yes, I did," admitted the girl. "But you don't need 't ask me who gave it t' me, for I shan't tell; so there!"

"I wasn't going to ask," asserted Mr. Todd truthfully. "I—er—congratulate you, though. You'll let me do that, won't you?"

The girl hunched the shoulder nearest him and eyed him sulkily over its slender defense.

"I ain't engaged; if that's what you mean."

"Not engaged—with that ring? Come, you're fooling!"

"It does look some like an engagement ring," said the girl, stealthily feeling her new treasure, "but it—it's only an offerin' o' friendship. He—"

Continued on next page



## —“And you must take Sanatogen regularly for several weeks”

THIS urgent advice is given by physicians day by day in every civilized land—wherever sufferers from starved nerves and poor digestion seek relief. There is a reason for this. Physicians know that Sanatogen is a substance capable of supplying the real needs of a starved, overworked nervous system—that it is a scientific combination of albumen and organic phosphorus—a compound eagerly absorbed by the hungry tissues and possessing unique tonic and reconstructive qualities. They also know from their own observation what Sanatogen has done for others. They have watched its revivifying action upon persons whose nervous strength had been undermined by overwork, worry or disease; they have observed how it has infused renewed energy, life and elasticity into starved nerves; how it has regenerated the appetite, digestion; in short, how wonderfully it has helped to make the human machinery fit to perform its functions in the most perfect manner.

There are on file with the owners of Sanatogen no less than 15,000 letters from practising physicians, praising, endorsing Sanatogen. Truly, a magnificent monument to the value of this food- tonic.

But no less impressive is the enthusiastic testimony of patients themselves. Men and women in the forefront of human endeavor, statesmen, prelates, authors, lawyers, have written above their own signatures of the wonderful benefits received from Sanatogen.

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of To-morrow," the work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$3.60

Get it from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, write

The Bauer Chemical Company, Fourth Ave., New York

U. S. Senator P. J. McCumber

writes:

"Sanatogen is a very effective remedy for nervousness and fatigue. I have used it for some time and find it excellent in its stomach action."

Hon. Wm. J. Stone

U. S. Senator from Missouri, Ex-Governor of Missouri, states:

"Sanatogen has been used in my family with good results. I feel assured that it will relieve to a considerable degree nervous troubles caused by overwork. It is an excellent food tonic for building up the system."

Hon. Wm. E. Chandler

Former Sec'y of Navy, ex-Senator from New Hampshire, writes:

"Sanatogen is a pleasant nutrient for cases of impaired digestion. It strengthens without irritating and promotes vitality in feeble folk."

John Burroughs

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

"I think the Sanatogen did me much good—it gave me much strength, steadied my nerves and greatly improved my sleep. It comes the nearest to being a remedy for old age I have yet struck, and I want to thank you for suggesting it."

**SWISS EMBROIDERIES**  
Direct from Switzerland  
DELIVERED DUTY PREPAID

**WAISTS**  
up from \$ 1.75

**DRESSES**  
up from \$ 4.75 on Balist, Linen, Met, Zephyr, Marquise, Cashmere, Eolienne, Silk-Voile, Pongee and Crêpe de chine.

Goods are delivered from our main business in Lucerne, Switzerland, through our New York office all charges prepaid to the homes.

Portfolio Z, containing 55 Paris fashion plates (1911) and samples in colors sent free.

105 5th Avenue  
Dpt. Z  
**Schweizer & Co., NEW YORK**

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Women, Men too can earn big money by selling our mounted Ladies' Hatters, Silks, Trimmings, Shawls, Waists, Millinery, Petticoats, Belts, etc. We extend credit and give free sample copies to our agents. Write today—send your money to us and we'll place you in business immediately. Full particulars on request.

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1901 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

**HALLOWED HYMNS**  
NEW AND OLD

\$25. per 100, not prepaid. 35c. per copy by mail.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago

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Illustrating to date time of embroidery, machine, needle, thread, etc. Free of charge. Write today.

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## TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from preceding page

he's got another girl. But I guess he don't care s' awful much 'bout her. She's good-lookin'; but she don't treat him right, an' that makes him mad. I don't blame him, neither."

"Do I know the party?" inquired Mr. Todd, affecting a consuming curiosity. "I ain't a-goin' t' say whether you do, or don't," and the girl tossed her head. "I wisht you'd let me alone."

"W'y, I ain't sayin' anything out the way. What's your hurry to get rid of me, I'd like to know?"

The girl moistened her red lips with an anxious glance at the stair.

"The's a party bought that seat you're in. I got t' save it fer him."

"That's all right, too," said Mr. Todd affably. "I'll get up an' vamoose the minute you tell me he's coming."

"He's comin' now," said the girl anxiously. "He won't like it, if he sees me talkin' with you."

Mr. Todd arose. "He must be a great chap," he said carelessly. "Well, so long. Hope you'll treat him better'n you have me."

The genial insurance man walked quietly away through the crowd, humming a little tune to himself. Among the vehicles drawn up inside the enclosure roped off for teams, he caught sight of Jarvis, sitting alone, in his usual red-wheeled sidecar. Mr. Todd made his way among the crowd, and presently paused at Jarvis' side.

"Our young friend is here to-day," he observed in a low voice.

"Yes, I saw him come in with the boy," Jarvis replied.

"Since then he appears to have got rid of the boy and acquired a girl."

"Where is the boy?" demanded Jarvis sharply.

Mr. Todd shook his head. "I wasn't looking after the boy," he reminded his patron.

"What's Whitcomb up to?" asked Jarvis after a silence.

His face was gray and set and his weary eyes wandered impatiently over the dusty race-track.

"Horse-racing, for one thing," replied the detective. "He's backing his own horse heavily; but there's more doing than that. Do you want to hear it now?"

"No," said Jarvis, "not here."

Mr. Todd gathered his lips into a noiseless whistle.

"Our young friend," he said slowly, "has appropriated about all the rope he needs. All you've got to do now is to let him alone."

### XXIV

It was well on toward evening before Barbara found herself watching with strained attention for the return of David and Jimmy.

They would surely come soon, she concluded, with a glance at the tall clock in the corner. But this faithful monitor of dead and gone generations of Prestons presently became quite intolerable, so loudly did it proclaim the lagging minutes. It drove her forth at length into the chill of the autumn moonlight. Down by the stone gateway she could see the empty road winding away into obscurity on either hand, like a gray ribbon unbound and flung carelessly across the valley.

A faint wind shook gusts of fragrance from the cone-laden pines, and away off among the orchards a little brown owl gurgled a mocking defiance to the moon.

She would have said, perhaps, that she was worried because David had not brought Jimmy home early, as he had promised. The child would be cold, hungry, tired; his little jacket was too thin; his limbs unprotected; but beneath these quasi-maternal misgivings lurked a keener anxiety, a more consuming fear. This it was that held her there, listening, listening—her whole being an insistent question, which would not be denied.

She could have told no one, least of all herself, how long she remained alone in the wan darkness, fighting her losing battle; but her hair and clothing were wet with frosty dew when at last she heard in the far distance the unbroken beat of hoofs. It was a fast horse, driven at furious speed; yet long before the vehicle drew up with a muttered exclamation from its occupant, at sight of her standing there in the moonlight, she knew it was not David.

"I've got the boy here, and he's all right," Jarvis said. "Get in and I'll explain."

But he said nothing further in the brief interval that elapsed before they reached the house. Barbara had drawn the sleeping child into her arms, and helped him jealously close to her numbed breast. She felt strangely still, unnaturally composed, as Jarvis took the child from her and helped her to alight.

"I'm coming in," he said. "I want to tell you how it happened that I am bringing him home."

"Is David—?" she managed to articulate.

"Oh, nothing has happened to Whitcomb—no accident, I mean. Go in; you're chilled through."

She had taken off Jimmy's coat and cap, and the child, half awake, was nestled in her arms, when Jarvis followed her into the lighted room, with its table daintily set for three, and its cheer of burning logs, which Barbara had stirred to a blaze.

She looked at him in piteous silence as he stood, a tall, sombre figure, at her fireside, looking down at her with eyes full of a brooding tenderness of which he was only half aware. He was anxiously searching for words which would hurt least, for a balm of comfort which, he knew, did not exist.

Jimmy, rubbing the sleep out of his brown eyes, sat up suddenly in Barbara's lap.

"David didn't let me stay wiv him," he quavered. "He—he made me det out 'n—he dave me some money; 'n' a big boy pushed me over and took it away. I ran after David 'n' called him loud; but he didn't hear me. 'Nen I got lost."

"I found him," said Jarvis, "asleep on some straw in the corner of an empty stall."

He smiled reassuringly at Barbara. "The boy appears to need a general washing and putting to rights, I should say; but he isn't hungry."

"Where," asked Barbara in a stifled voice, "is David?"

"He's gone wiv the pretty lady, I guess," said Jimmy sleepily. "She had roses in her hat. Why don't you have some roses in your hat, Barbara? I like roses."

The little boy suddenly opened his eyes very wide; his mouth followed suit.

"Look, Barb'ra," he shrilled excitedly, "a man dave me a sausage in the middle of a biscuit, 'n' I was awful hungry an' I fordot—I mean I forgot—t' bite wiv my side tee—'n'—'n'—'n' one o' my front tee came right out. I lost it on the ground."

Barbara's questioning eyes were on Jarvis' face. He turned abruptly as if unable to bear them.

To be concluded next week



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## Economy as a Habit

WE all know how easily a child acquires a habit, particularly if it be a bad one, and how very difficult it is at times to wean it from the undesirable practice. The acquiring of that habit was a form of education, even if it required no effort; the eradication of that habit and the setting up of another and a better one may be made more distinctly educational, if continued patiently and persistently.

Too many fathers and mothers are indifferent to the habits of their children. So long as they are not glaringly objectionable, they will even delight in the habits if they have in them a semblance of smartness, and this without any thought of the ultimate effect on the child's character. "Billy is no good at figures, or spelling, but he makes up for it in his history and geography. My, how he does take to such studies!" Have we not all heard speeches like that? But have we always considered their full significance? Johnny is not only pardoned for not doing what he should do, but he is in a way applauded and encouraged by the flattery he receives for doing that which he finds easy and congenial.

Johnny does not like arithmetic and he may never like it, but if he were made to stick to that objectionable study till he had mastered its essentials, the effect for good on his character would be far greater and more lasting than that derived from all the studies that come so easy.

Children and savages are alike extravagant, because neither have been trained to estimate values. We, who cannot leave large wealth to our children, very properly train them for the callings in which they are to fight out their life battle. We speak to them about this calling, its money-getting chances and its opportunities for advancement; but how many of us attempt to train our children in the proper way to spend this money after it has come into their possession? "But," you ask, "how is this to be done with children?" "Why," we reply, "by giving them money to spend!"

### Lessons in Thrift

Money, in the pockets of all children and of too many men, is forever burning holes. The average child regards money as a commodity of unknown origin, which differs from all other commodities, in that it can be exchanged for sweets or some other object of temporary desire. Too many people, with children of their own, are inclined to regard money in much the same way, and if we could trace it back, we should be pretty sure to find that this tendency is at the bottom of much of the vice and poverty we see about us.

The following story, taken from the lips of its leading character, one of the most successful and generous men of his time, will illustrate what we mean by teaching children how to spend money, and it shows, better than any didactic statement of our own, how the habit of thrift may be set up in the child without any dwarfing of his fine natural impulses.

"You see that check framed up there? Well, it is for five dollars, and I kept it because it was the first check I ever drew in my life, and when it was cashed at the savings bank, it represented the savings of two years, and there was not another cent left to my credit.

"Up on that Maine farm, near the New Brunswick line, there wasn't much chance to make money when I was a boy, and I don't think the conditions have changed for the better. But father, who had been a civil engineer, preferred to live up there with his wife, three boys and two girls, all hale and strong. Of course, we went to the common school,

and let me tell you, it was mighty common; but father and mother gave much time to our home studies, so that, on the whole, we children were better educated than were those of our neighbors.

Father's ready money, it was never very much, came from the land surveys he was frequently called on to make; but here is the point: When each child reached the age of seven he or she, during good behavior, was given one cent a day, Sundays included. Each was provided with a little tin bank, and we were left free to spend the money in any way we pleased; it was, as we used to say, 'all really and truly ours.' But—and here comes in an educational factor that has powerfully influenced all my subsequent life—at the end of every year father looked over our banks, and he duplicated every cent he found there.

### Value of Money and Love

"Now, you might think this would make us a pack of mean little misers, but it did not. At Christmas and birthdays, we children always bought presents for our parents and each other, nor was there hesitation about it, for with these wholesome lessons of thrift, we were taught that money was a thing to be properly used and loved a thing to be eternally treasured.

"Before we were thirteen, we boys, knowing the effort father was making for us, bought from our savings our own boots and school books, and though he said nothing about it, it comforted us to see that our thoughtfulness made him happier.

"When I was fifteen, my brother Dick, who is still my partner, induced me to go into partnership with him in the purchase of a row boat to carry passengers over the St. John; that check represents my contribution to the firm.

"Fifty years have passed since then, and through hard persistent work I have reached a safe place financially, and the world calls me rich. Perhaps it is right. But you ask to what I attribute my success. Well, that is hard to answer, but if I were to select one influence, one thing that most helped to build up and develop my character, I would say it was the habit of economic thrift taught me by my generous father in my boyhood days."

So long as a man has the power to change his habits—and that power should remain so long as he has left his will—so long can he influence his own character for good or ill. If his character is all that it should be, then it might be well to consider the way in which the father of the lumber king influenced the habits of his children.

### A Unique Collection

NEARLY every one has the collecting habit at some time in his life and some people never get over it. This is fortunate, for it is to such people that we owe collections which the art collector would neglect, but which show the progress of mankind in some special field of work. Recently there died in Edinburgh a Mr. Edward Young, who had long been in the iron business. He began to collect horse-shoes of all countries and of all ages. Before he died he had a complete series of the various types of horse-shoes from Roman times to the present, representing the work of smiths for seventeen hundred years. If good fortune goes with a horse-shoe, Mr. Young must have been a very fortunate man, at least in finding horse-shoes.

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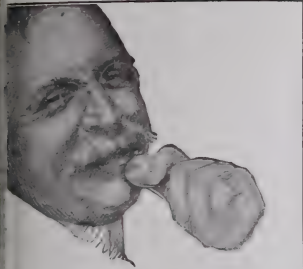
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## The Menace of Mount Etna

Continued from page 214

this. The formation of smoke rings is nothing new, and it is not surprising that a crater which is circular and full of vapor should, when a sharp explosion occurs, emit these vapor rings. I have often seen these at Vesuvius, but under conditions that made photography impossible. In the case of Etna, however, there was so much dense vapor that the most beautiful rings were thrown off from this crater, and floated upward a mile or more into the air, and consequently could very easily be photographed. One of these views shows the ring as taken early in the morning before six o'clock and high above the sun, which had just risen two hours before, and which is seen in the picture as a ball of fire with its irradiation cut off entirely by the ash cloud.

About the crater on the side of the cone a most interesting and important thing developed during our stay up there at this time. Looking into this opening I thought I could see flames shooting from the surface of the lava, up through the chimney toward the top. As this has been made an important point by the old writers on Vesuvius, most people have thought that flames were an essential part of volcanic eruptions. Nevertheless modern geologists and vulcanologists have generally come to the conclusion that these flames existed only in the imagination of previous observers. Therefore I was very doubtful about believing my eyes in thinking that I saw flames inside of this chimney, but later on when the lava had worked itself up by the consolidation of its bed to the top part of the cone, then flames, true flames of burning gases, shot out from the top to the height of from ten to fifteen feet.

It may be that these were due to hydrogen and to the presence of such hydro-carbons as vaseline and paraffine, as products similar to these were later distilled from the ashes. It is almost impossible to give any idea of the action of the lava. The stream moved with considerable rapidity and its best effects were visible only at night, when instantaneous photography was impossible.

In this eruption, the greater part of the damage was caused by the lava streams. There was no destruction of human life, but much property was damaged and as usual the peasants suffered most. Many of the mule drivers and guides saw the land bought with their small savings desolated for years by the lava.

A visit to the scene of the eruption some time after it occurred was very interesting. One of the most interesting and marvelous things, and one which has taught me a great deal about the internal workings of such eruptions, is the lava tunnel, a picture of which is here reproduced. It is a work of nature that is remarkably perfect, this arch being as uniform as could be chiseled by the hand of man. I was able to enter this tunnel for a distance of about one hundred feet and to get to a point under the next one of the craters and look up through the central conduit and see the sky. You will notice in this picture that the lava, after filling the tunnel, subsided successively to three different levels, leaving its record in each case, the last being the present floor of the tunnel.

Mr. Perret, the world's only professional vulcanologist, is the American scientist who occupied a hut on Mount Etna during the eruption of 1910, and secured data of great importance to scientific research. Mr. Perret has furnished the illustrations for this article from photographs taken at that time. The article is taken by permission from a recent lecture. The initials K. I. C. stand for Knight of the Italian Crown, a decoration granted by the King of Italy.

I like the idea of Mont-Lawn being the Doctor's monument.  
MRS. B. J. BURCH.  
Portland, Mich.



## The Howard Watch

Sometimes you see a prosperous looking passenger inquire the time, and you wonder why he does not take out his own watch to compare with the conductor's.

It is not that he has no watch—but because he is ashamed of the time he is carrying. He has no confidence that it is anywhere near correct and he tries to save his dignity by not making a comparison.

What do you think of the type of man who will carry a cheap

and uncertain timepiece because it doesn't have to be seen?

It is quite different with the HOWARD owner. He is ready to match time with all comers.

The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world—and worth all it costs to any man of accurate habit and orderly mind.

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Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. W, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

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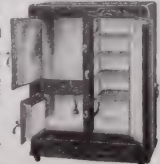
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The only FOOT POWER machine. A walking movement supplies the power. The vacuum is greater than in any hand machine; therefore more effectively takes up the dirt.

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## The Child in Life and Death\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

### The Child in the Home

THE house of Shunem, where the prophet Elisha was so hospitably entertained, lacked the sweet element of child-life.

The names of the host and hostess are not given to us, but we know they must have been very gracious and loving, because they fitted up a chamber for the special use of the prophet, where he might abide whenever he should be in their city. They may have built it on the roof, to be reached by an outside stairway, according to the custom of the land, or it might have been a room in the wall, close beside the gateway. In it they placed a bed, a table, a seat, and a candlestick. It was home-like to Elisha, and he felt a desire to do some kindness in return. He had influence at court, being a friend of King Jehoram, who then ruled in Israel, and he asked his entertainers if there was not some favor he might do for them at court, but they replied, "No." Then it occurred to Elisha to petition the Court of Heaven that a son should be born unto them to complete their earthly joy. Elisha must have had assurance from God that the son would be given, for he made a promise to his friends that at a certain time they should embrace a son.

There was joy in the home in Shunem when the little son was born, and he grew until he was large enough to run out into the fields when his father was at work. A harvest field is a hot place in any country, but it was particularly hot in the valley of Esdraelon, which glows like a furnace in harvest time. It is no wonder that the little boy was stricken down by the heat; in short, he had a sunstroke, and was carried home, and laid upon his mother's lap, where he died. What place in all that house so suitable for the mother to place her dead child as on the prophet's bed? There might have been in her mind some thought that virtue would come from it and bring her child back to life. But whatever her thought in placing him there, she immediately afterward started out on a pilgrimage to find Elisha, going alone, and riding upon an ass, as was customary among her people.

Elisha on the top of Mount Carmel saw her in the valley below. She carried about her an atmosphere of grief, and Elisha sent his servant Gehazi to see what might be the matter. But she would not tell her sorrow until she reached Elisha himself, and then she fell at his feet and sobbed it out. It is strange that Elisha should have sent his servant on a life-giving errand; it is true he armed him with his own staff which he was told to lay on the child. But the mother was not satisfied; she would have the prophet himself go. While the mother and Elisha were on their way, Gehazi, the servant, came to meet them, saying that he had placed the staff on the child, but it did not quicken him; that the child was still dead.

When at last Elisha reached the house, he went up to his own room, and closed the door, and stretched himself upon the child, and breathed his warm breath into the child's face. In that way he appealed to the Court of Heaven to give life again to the child. And the King of Earth and Heaven heard the appeal, and life was given; the child grew warm and sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes. Then the mother was called, and Elisha said to her: "Take up thy son." With gratitude she bowed before him, and then took up her son and went out, a happy

mother. And the home was sweeter and gladder than it had ever been before.

### Life's Golden Shields

Is your home happier because you live there? That depends upon what kind of a child you are. Have you ever heard the story of the shields of gold? In the temple built by King Solomon there were three hundred shields of beaten gold, made from nine hundred pounds of gold, three pounds of gold in each shield. They were placed on the walls of the temple, and shone like three hundred suns. After King Solomon died, his son Rehoboam was king. He had an enemy, Shishak, King of Egypt, who came to do battle with him. Shishak prevailed against Rehoboam, and carried away the three hundred shields of gold. It was a sad loss, and all King Rehoboam could do was to put three hundred brass shields where the gold ones had been. That was both a shame and a sorrow. We would tell you that every child has shields of gold, many shields which God has given. Some of them are a sweet voice, a sweet face, a loving heart, good health, truthfulness, happiness. Because children have these golden shields they make their homes happy. We can imagine that the boy in the house at Shunem, the little friend of the prophet Elisha, had all of his shields bright and shining, and that is why there was so much sorrow when he died. Satan is always on the watch to capture the golden shields not alone from the children, but from all who possess them, young and old. As long as you live, he will be trying to rob you. Look about you wherever you go for the people who have kept their golden shields. You will see many who have lost them, and are not taking trouble to recover even substitutes.

Those who have parted with the golden ones through their bad acts may repent and be forgiven, but they never get back the original shields; they receive brass ones instead; faces are less bright, voices are less sweet, hearts are less loving and truthful, while health and happiness are not quite up to full measure. Brass must be polished again and again to keep it shining brightly, but it is not so with gold. The roof of the lantern on the top of the Congressional Library in Washington is covered with pure gold, and during the nearly fourteen years it has been there, it has never lost its shining brightness, nor has it been necessary to polish it. Who would not choose to be like gold rather than like brass?

### Death Comes to All

It is said that one-third of the human race dies in childhood. Death comes early to some doors, but it passes none—sooner or later it arrives at all. A poor woman in India came to her teacher and asked him if there was any kind of medicine that would bring back to life her dead child. When the teacher saw her distress he told her to bring him a handful of common mustard seed, only he charged her to bring it from a house where neither father, nor mother, nor child, nor servant had died. So the woman took her dead baby in her arms and went from door to door asking for mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer: "I have lost my husband" (or wife), or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to her teacher and told him how she had failed to get any mustard seed, for she could not find a single house where none had died. Then her teacher

Continued on next page

## SEED Greatest Offer Ever Made 10¢

Over half million of these combinations sold. Send only 10¢ for trial order—2 big packets: Best, Perfected Red Turnip, earliest, best. Cabbage, Winter Head, blue head, fine. Carrot, Perfected Red King, best. Celery, Winter King, large, crisp, good. Cucumber, Family Favorite, largest, best. Lettuce, Bolt's Prize Head, early, tender. Musk Melon, Luscious Gem, best grower. Watermelon, Bolt's Early, extra big, sweet. Onion, Prizebreaker, weight 8 lbs., 1000 bu. per acre. Parsnip, White Sun, long, smooth, sweet. Radish, White Icicle, long, crisp, tender, best. Turnip, Sweetest Corman, flat, sweet, large. Tomato, Earliest in World, large, smooth, fine. Turnip Seeds, 600,000 mixed, large packet. Big Tom Pumpkin. Biggest finest pie. Bolt's Giant Thick Leaf Spinach. None better. Cress or Peppercress. Needed on every table. Moss Curled Parsley. Finest greens grown. Mammoth Russian Sunflower. Largest flowers. Sweet Peas, 5¢ oz. California Giants Mixed. Big FREE Catalog sent with each order also FREE Coupon for 10¢-seed with 25¢ order. Write today. Not counted with any other seed company. Address, J. J. BELL SEED CO., Deposi, N. Y.

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A wholesome drink! The healthiest ever; you can grow it in your own garden on a small patch of land by producing 10 lbs. or more. Ripens in Wisconsin in 90 days. It is one of the best varieties in France, Germany and all over Europe.

Sent 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you a package giving full culture directions, as also our Mammoth seed catalog free; or send 25¢ and we will in addition to above, 1000 kernels of unsurpassed vegetable seeds, which make enough for bushes of lucifer, six different vegetables and brilliant flowers.

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25 choice postal Emb. "4-for-5¢." Greetings, 25¢. 100-5¢. Write at once. You will want more. N. E. POST CARD CO., Springfield, Mass.

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There are four seasons, each vying with the other to claim Nature's greatest legacy—a fair complexion. There is but one LABLACHE. It positively keeps the fairest skin like that of a babe. An invisible, exquisite toilet necessity that lasts long because it is so wonderfully adherent.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Pink, White, Pink or Cream, to create a baby of droopiness or by using. Send 10 cents for a sample box. BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers, Dept. 25, 125 Kingston St., BOSTON, MASS.

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FIVE PKTS. GIVEN YOU. In this offer from Miss White, of course, on this limited offer will not print it. With no 1911 catalog and seed packet sent for Five Full Packets of Flower Seeds, you choose from 24 kinds of seeds at 10¢ each. This offer is made, provided to members of our family business, the catalog, and you send address of two others who grow flowers. MISS LEMMA V. WHITE, Seedsmanship, 3027 Aldrich Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Wheeler's Wheel Chairs, with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you. Bought abroad, and well on. THURMAN DAVIS' Trunk, Lateral Distributor to all mail order for Wheel Chairs. 418 Madison Ave., TOLEDO, O.



# FIXING A STANDARD FOR BREAD

Eight Prominent English Physicians Join in Asking that a Standard be fixed for the Nutritive Value of Bread.

We are making wonderful progress along the line of safeguarding the public health through regulation of foods and conditions under which men and women work. This progress is more marked, however, in the many efforts that are being put forth to educate the public on the nutritive value of foods.

The good educational work has been going on, however, until it has finally resulted in the public recognition of the right of health officers and food inspectors to actually set a standard for the nutritive value of foods.

Eight English physicians and surgeons, including Dr. Sir Alfred Frupp, surgeon-in-ordinary to the King, have issued a jointly signed statement expressing the opinion that there is a national necessity that a standard be fixed for nutritive value of what is sold as bread the same as is already done for milk. We quote one sentence from this statement as follows:

"In view of the inferior nourishing qualities of the white bread commonly sold we urge legislation making it compulsory that all bread sold as such should be made of unadulterated wheat flour, containing at least 80 per cent of whole wheat, including the germ and semolina (bran coat)."

There is no doubt about the drift of public intelligence toward bread that contains a larger percentage of the whole wheat than is ordinarily found in fine white flour. There is, however, much controversy regarding the digestibility of much of our whole wheat flour when made into bread. Much of the whole wheat flour bread found upon the market in this country is improperly made and not wholly digestible.

In the case of shredded wheat biscuit however, there is no question about its nutritive value or its digestibility for the reason that the whole wheat is steam-cooked before it is shredded and baked. In making whole wheat flour bread the whole wheat is not steam-cooked and hence a good portion of the nutrients of the whole wheat grain pass through the stomach undigested.

In the case of Shredded Wheat, however, the starch globules in the wheat are broken down and made soluble by the steam-cooking. The shreds also expose a vast surface to the action of the digestive fluids and the baking makes the shreds so crisp and delicious as to encourage thorough chewing, which is a very important process in digestion.

Two shredded wheat biscuits eaten for breakfast with hot milk or cream and sliced bananas or stewed fruits will supply all the strength needed for a half day's work at a cost of a few cents. Shredded Wheat is without doubt the best whole wheat food ever prepared for the human stomach, supplying the maximum of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs.

## Red Cedar Chest—A Splendid Gift



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Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per cubic foot. Gives 60 candle power light and no shadow. No dirt, no noise, no odor. Unexcelled for homes, stores, hotels, churches, public halls, etc. Over 200,000 every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue.

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## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

More Money We can positively show you by mail how to increase your salary. Book mailed free. Page-Davis, Dept. 44, Chicago.

# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.

A mother asks: "Is it wrong for me to love my child as I do? I often hear it said that I am making an idol out of my child, and that God may therefore take it away from me." A wise person has answered this: "No, God gave you your child to be loved, and all the wealth of your mother's heart may go out to it as free as the water flows in the mountain stream. If our Father takes away your babe, he does it in wisdom and kindness, never because he is jealous of the love you bore it. He gives us friendships and loves as he gives the flowers and the beauty of earth, that we may enjoy them to the fullest; so love with all your life and be not afraid."

The late Dr. Prond of Bangor had several young children removed by death. Among his papers, after his death, the following beautiful allusion was found to them: "I love to think of them as away from me at school, the best school in the universe, where they have the best teachers and are learning the best things in the best possible manner. I expect ere long to go and see them—see what progress they have made, and to what heights of glory they are ultimately destined; for I think it is not unlikely that among the brightest spirits that surround the eternal throne may be found many at last who have left this world in infancy."

The tender love of a father for his dead child is shown in the following incident: A nobleman who died a few years ago left a locked chest marked: "To be removed in case of fire." When he died, his friends opened the chest, expecting to find a valuable deed or document or rich jewelry or costly

plate. What was their surprise to find instead the toys of the nobleman's dead child!—the most precious things in all the world to him.

## Not Death but Life

The Master gave into my hands  
A little life to hold,  
An unfledged bird for which to care,  
I thanked him through my happy tears  
And murmured in my joy:  
"Into thy hands I give, dear Lord,  
The leading of my boy."

A little while, a happy while—  
And then the unstained breath  
Of human life went softly out,  
And that they said was death.  
I knew it was not death, but life  
When Jesus stopped to say,  
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,"  
And led the lamb away.

My lamb by sacred motherhood,  
His by the right divine  
Of life that bears all spirit life,  
As branches of the vine.  
He'll grow in angelhood,  
His for defense from fears:  
His and yet mine to hold in him  
Through the eternal years. —M. A. L.

"And the streets of the city (the New Jerusalem) shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (Zech. 8: 5.)

Little six-year-old Georgie was troubled when he saw his mother weeping, because her brother had just died. Georgie tried in his own way to comfort her: "Mama, why do you cry for Uncle Bert when you know he has gone to his beautiful home? And I suppose now he is singing while David plays on the harp." (Uncle Bert in his lifetime had been a beautiful singer.) A little baby cousin soon followed, a child of the uncle who had died. Georgie then tried to comfort himself by saying between his sobs: "I suppose Uncle Bert wanted Charley to play with him, so the Lord sent for him."

## Answered Prayers

M. A. E., Marabach, Tex. "Blessed be God's name! He heard and answered my prayer."

F. A., Davis, Ill. "God raised me from a sick bed through prayer and I am thankful."

E. H., Thornton, Ia. "A very dear one was helped in time of trouble through prayer."

E. H., Kansas. "God stayed the hand of affliction through prayer. I thank him."

C. A. D., Philadelphia. "I have great faith in prayer: many of mine have been answered."

E. M. W., Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

J. M., Elgin, Ont. "My prayers have been answered. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

A. M. J., Boston, who has been sick for five years and is now almost blind, wishes prayers of readers.

M. M., Jonesville, Mich. "In answer to prayer God has restored me to health. I thank him."

S. G., Pennsylvania. "I am praying God to clear a dark cloud from our home and I hope to be heard."

O. P. H., Illinois. "The heavenly Father granted my desire, and I wish to acknowledge his goodness."

J. M., Brandon, Man., Can. "I was in great perplexity, but I prayed and was delivered from all my trouble."

F. D., Tippecanoe City, O. "God granted me a special request through prayer, and I wish to acknowledge it."

M. W., Rankin, Ky. "I was in great trouble, but thanks to the good God, who has heard my prayers, I am now in peace."

A. J. A., Tellico, Tenn. "If you come to God in faith and fully trust him, he will answer your prayer. He answered mine."

S. E. L., Hurricane, W. Va. "We have prayed for many months, and at last the good Lord has heard and granted our request."

H. J., Nashville. "We prayed for funds to erect a new church, and the majority of the church members are convinced that it is a splendid work. The manager of the La Salle Hotel said: 'There are some people who jest with me about the innovation, but as a rule the guests approve of the plan. It can do much good and no harm. The idea should be boosted.'"

D. L., Hillsborough, O. "God has restored me to health and removed many trials through prayer. I wish to acknowledge his goodness."

F. R. S., Cumberland, Md. "My son was cured and we were delivered from great trials

by prayer. Praise be to the holy name. I ask prayers of readers for my husband to obtain work."

E. W., Seattle, Wash. "I have had many prayers answered."

W. R., Illinois. "God at length has answered a long-asked-for prayer and I praise his name."

C. H. M., Dolgerville, N. Y. "I prayed and God sent a very dear friend to health from a serious sickness."

M. G. C., Rensselaer, N. Y. "I was much worried, but God has brought me out of my trouble through prayer. I praise his holy name."

## Bread Upon the Waters

SOME very remarkable and deeply gratifying results have attended the Bible distribution which was made by the "Gideons" in Chicago hotels about two months ago. W. E. Henderson, national secretary of the organization, has said of the first period of the work: "We are greatly pleased with the success of the work in Chicago, and the daily receipt of letters from those who have been benefited by the distribution of Bibles goes to show clearly that the undertaking was not a fruitless one." These letters have been from all sorts of people. A small boy pathetically writes thanks for the book which recalled his dead mother to the father who was forgetting the associations of the home which had been broken up. A young girl standing on the brink of the precipice was saved from the depths by one of these little Bibles in a hotel room. Many have written of their approval, and the majority of the hotel managers are convinced that it is a splendid work. The manager of the La Salle Hotel said: "There are some people who jest with me about the innovation, but as a rule the guests approve of the plan. It can do much good and no harm. The idea should be boosted."



## "I want you to try my Coffee"

DEAR friends:—After much hesitation I have at last consented to place my own blend of coffee in the hands of reliable commercial roasters for public sale.

But I have chosen a thoroughly competent firm, the Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Co. of Indianapolis, Ind., who have a splendidly equipped plant, modern and scientific, far removed from the flavor-destroying air of seaports.

Best of all, my blend will reach your breakfast table as fresh and full of tang and aroma as when it left the roasters, because it will come in the new wonderful, patented, Sanitary Triple-sealed package, non-air-leak (three sealed packages, one within another).

Unlike the average, flavor-wasting package, this wonderful container, regardless of time, will keep the coffee as fresh and crisp as the day it was roasted. Without it I would never consent to market my coffee.

Cordially yours, Sarah Tyson Rorer

## Mrs. Rorer's Coffee

None Genuine without my Signature Sarah Tyson Rorer

Coffee is also a splendid dessert flavor. You'll enjoy Mrs. Rorer's free booklet "97 Recipes." Fill out and mail coupon.

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Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer,  
Care of Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Co.,  
39 Main St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me free book of Mrs. Rorer's recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

My Grocery's Name.....

My Grocery's Address.....

Does he sell Mrs. Rorer's Coffee?.....

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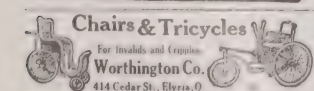


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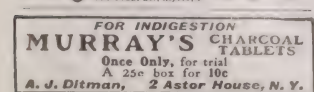
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## Dangerous Foes\*

IT WOULD not be so bad to yield to a single temptation, if it were not for the fact that every such yielding increases the difficulty of the next resistance. Conversely, every resistance strengthens the moral fibre and makes one better able to meet and conquer the next temptation. If young people could only learn these two profound lessons, life would be immensely simplified for them.

In Longfellow's striking character poem, "Michael Angelo," a beautiful young woman, rich, gifted and courted, complains to a godly man that she is wretched; that restlessness and vague unhappiness possess her. He bids her think more of things above and less of those of the world.

She admits that she is confused as she tries to reconcile the two. When she hears the preaching of St. Bernard, she longs to be a saint, and feels it easy to be good; but when she comes to the point of renouncing the world, she is not ready to do it.

The good man accuses her boldly of unpardonable weakness in not resisting life's temptations.

You would possess humility within. But not reveal it in your outward actions; You would have patience, but without the rude occasions that require its exercise; You would despise the world, but in such fashion The world should not despise you in return. In short, would lead a holy Christian life In such a way, that even your nearest friend Would not detect therein one circumstance To show a change from what it was before.

Is not this subtle temptation upon us all? Are we not almost universally trying to compass the hard feat of getting the good gifts of true religion, without renouncing the glitter and charm of the worldly lures that lead the soul astray? And the stern words of the mentor of the young Italian girl should be taken to heart by every aspirant after spiritual peace.

Dr. Len Broughton tells of a Georgia hero who was present at the great banquet which Atlanta gave to Admiral Dewey, shortly after the conquest of Manila. His name was Tom Brumby, and he had been with Dewey in the Philippines.

When his health was to be drunk in champagne, he hesitated for a moment and then arose and spoke. His voice was manly and his manner was that of a true soldier. He said, "I hope you will not mind, my dear friends and fellow-citizens, if I drink water instead of champagne."

"There was not," adds Dr. Broughton, "a single glass of champagne touched at the table that night. It was the most tremendous sermon for temperance ever preached in Atlanta."

Tom Brumby, in relating the incident to a friend later, confided to him that he had "burned up more nervous energy in that one moment than during all the firing of the fleet in Manila."

But he knew that he had preserved his own integrity and had made it easier for other young men to resist similar temptations.

A certain traveler observed, as he passed along the Rhode Island State line, that a large clump of forest trees just within the borders of that little commonwealth was literally blackened with the nests of fish hawks.

"How does this happen?" he asked the farmer who was with him.

"Rhode Island alone," was the reply, "protects the lives of these hawks. They have found it out, and while on the Connecticut side for miles and miles scarcely a nest of this great bird is to be found, in Rhode Island they are everywhere."

The lesson is plain. Give nesting room to evil thoughts and they will flock into your heart. Resolutely drive them away and they will cease to come. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

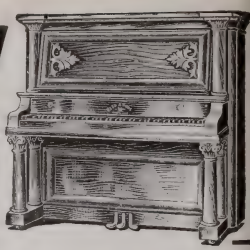
\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, March 12. Texts: 1 Peter 2: 11; 1 John 2: 16; Rom. 7: 23; 1 Cor. 9: 27; 1 Peter 5: 8.

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For oats contain more energy food than any other grain that grows. The essence of oats is

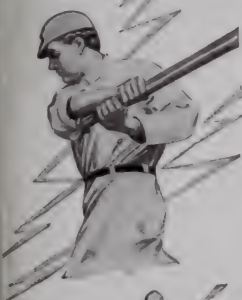
used as a tonic. A diet of oats, if continued a month, often multiplies vitality.

The harder one works, the more he craves oatmeal. The active child delights in it. Brain workers are almost universal users. Muscle workers, when rightly advised, are coming fast to depend on it.

For in no other grain does Nature store such vim and vitality as she gives to oats.

Did you ever know anyone to discontinue oatmeal after noting the results of this diet?

### The Food for Play



### Some Interesting Facts

Oats contain more organic phosphorus than any other cereal food. Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent.

Oats are richer in lecithin than any other grain. Lecithin is the chief component of the nervous system.

We wrote 12,000 physicians, and we find that four in each five of them regularly eat oatmeal.

Out of 50 leading professors in one university, 48 make oatmeal a regular diet.

About nine-tenths of all college students are regular oatmeal users.

Athletes and athletic directors unite in endorsing oatmeal.

We canvassed hundreds of homes of the leaders in every walk of life, and we found that seven-eighths of them regularly serve oatmeal.

Among the homes of the ignorant, the

wan and incapable, not one in twelve serves oats.

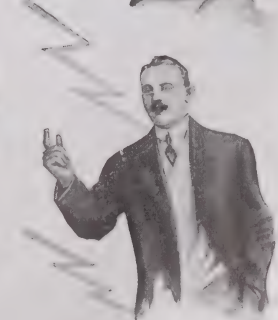
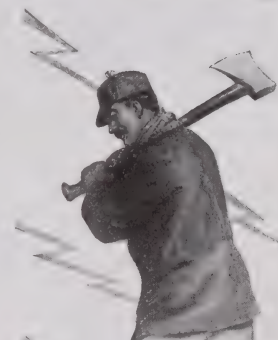
Their children at school show lack of concentration. Their future is bounded by lack of capacity. And all authorities agree that the lack is largely due to underfeeding.

A canvass of 61 poorhouses—housing 6,700 of life's derelicts—shows that not one in thirteen of the inmates came from an oatmeal home.

A concern employing 2,000 woodcutters lately consulted a high authority on energy foods. As a result, oatmeal is now given first place in the diet. The woodsmen start the day on a diet of oats alone.

Experiments lately conducted by two world-famous authorities indicate that oatmeal defers old age—perhaps by 20 years. It does this apparently, through effects on the thyroid gland.

### The Food for Work



## Quaker Oats

*The Richest One-Third of Choice Oats*

The finest oats that grow are sifted 62 times to get the grains for Quaker Oats. We get but ten pounds of these rich, plump grains from a bushel.

These selected grains, when prepared by our process, form the finest oat food that was ever created. Its flavor is so beyond common oatmeal that Quaker Oats commands a larger sale than all other brands combined. On no other food sold in packages is so much money spent.

It pays to insist on the best oat food. For Quaker Oats, despite its rare quality, costs but one-half cent per dish.

**Regular size package, 10c**

Family size package for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
CHICAGO







**YE SHALL BE COMFORTED**  
DESPAIR not in the darkest time—  
The dawning soon will be;  
Look up to Him with faith sublime,  
Who loves both you and me.  
Dry all your tears and weep no more  
O'er friend or friendship dead—  
Ye shall have joy more than before—  
Ye shall be comforted.

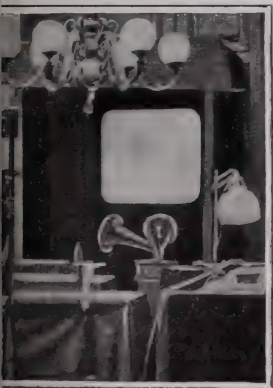
Know this—God's promises are sure—  
Trust on through all the days,  
And ever patiently endure,  
With love and prayer and praise.  
With hope be ever in accord—  
With strength and courage tread;  
Your faith shall reap a glad reward—  
Ye shall be comforted.

Then fling behind thee selfish woe,  
Find lonelier hearts than thine,  
Swift sympathizer to others show,  
And teach God's peace divine.  
Learn how much joy for others' grief  
Ye may bestow instead,  
And ye shall find, with sweet relief,  
Your own heart comforted.

addisonfield, N. J.      Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

**Moving Pictures Speak**

THE problem of synchronizing the cinematograph with the phonograph, which has been for a long time before the inventors of the world, has now been solved, it is claimed, by M. Gaumont, a Frenchman and a member of



**The Synchronizing Instrument**

the Academy of Science. Mr. Edison has been working upon the problem for fifteen years and has promised the success which this Frenchman seems to have achieved. The apparatus will be put upon the market and will become public property until Mr. Gaumont can secure patents protecting a invention. The difficulty of the problem has been to keep the phonograph from running ahead of or behind the moving pictures. A second difficulty was that when a picture subject with its sound accompaniment was being recorded the phonograph could not receive the sound clearly at the distance at which it was necessary to take the views. The third difficulty was that the speaking instrument was not loud enough to be heard by a large audience witnessing the moving pictures. These difficulties have now been obviated and synchronism ob-

tained between the two instruments by a special system of connections, which conveys through the dynamos that control the action a speed which is absolutely the same. If by accident the two should diverge, a small crank operated by hand can re-establish the synchronism by advancing or retarding the displacement of the film, which always is subordinate to the action of the phonographic disk.

**President Taft on Temperance**

IN some 3,000 Sunday Schools throughout the country there was read recently a letter from President Taft addressed to "My dear Young Friends," in which he said:

"The excessive use of intoxicating liquors is the cause of a great deal of the poverty, degradation, and crime of the world, and one who abstains from the use of such liquor avoids a dangerous temptation. Abraham Lincoln showed that he believed this in writing out for his boy friends the pledge of total abstinence so often quoted. Each person must determine for himself the course he will take in reference to his tastes and appetites, but those who exercise the self-restraint to avoid altogether the temptation of alcoholic liquor are on the safe and wiser side."

**Called Higher**

Nothing before—nothing behind,  
The steps of faith  
Fall in the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

Elizabeth A. Shultz (72), Brooklyn, has entered into rest; for long a reader of this paper.

Dr. Clara A. Swain, Castile, N. Y., went to meet the Master on Christmas morning, after a life of good works.

Mrs. Lorena Poinsett Foster (48), Jacobstown, N. J., a faithful Christian worker, passed recently to her reward.

Mrs. A. Hill (87) died at Highland, N. Y., January 11, after many years of suffering borne with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Samuel Bingham McKee (61), a civil engineer and a man of high Christian character, was called at his reward at Los Angeles, Calif.

Francis Lorschough (84), a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from its beginning, entered into rest at Menomonee, Wis., January 12.

Mrs. L. G. Baker, of Cuervo, N. Mex., has been called to the heavenly home. She was a constant reader of this paper for many years.

Wm. H. H. Van Dunk died recently in St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, N. J. He is regretted by many friends and acquaintances. Long a reader of this paper.

Mrs. A. M. Hall (77), after many years of suffering, died recently at Bushannon, W. Va. She was loved by all who knew her. A devout member of the Baptist Church.

The death of Jacob Myers (86), Altoona, Pa., caused widespread sorrow in the community, and many miss his fatherly advice and spiritual counsel. He is survived by his wife and eleven sons and daughters. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DEAR EDITOR:

Yes; build a monument to Dr. Klopsch. Build it at Mont-Lawn. But do not build with marble, granite nor bronze. If he could speak would he not say: "Do not expend a dollar for show—put it into the life of the children?" Endow Mont-Lawn and make it a blessing forever. Here is one of a thousand who will respond to the call for a living monument for dear Dr. Klopsch.      A. D. WHITNEY.

700 Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

**SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR**  
Before Building, Write for Free Booklet and Samples of

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BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; applied winter or Summer. YOU can easily nail it to studs. Applied dry it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap, is clean and sanitary; **guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin.**

**CONSTRUCTION**  
Made of kiln-dried dressed lath, immersed in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; cut into sheets, 48 in. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studs. Used for partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundry buildings, new houses, dwellings, pleasure, health-resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches.

**Applying Wall Board**  
Price \$2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or \$6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write for Booklet and Free samples of Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing  
**The Mastie Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co. 40 E. Third St. Cincinnati, O.**

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent in material and labor. Same as Wall Board, but cut on board surface of Sheathing is not recommended for decorative purpose; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with lath and asphalt exposed. Shows weatherboards over Sheathing, lath side exposed; also Bishopric Roofing over Sheathing, smooth side exposed.

Makes smooth, solid job. Does away with building paper. Proof against heat, cold, dampness. Used with excellent results as cheaper and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and other buildings. Price \$2.35 per square of 100 sq. ft. or \$6 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.



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**THEO. L. CHASE PAINT CO.**  
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A Turkish Bath In Your Own Home to Enjoy Regularly

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**Rebution Mfg. Co., 184 Snowflake Bldg., Toledo Ohio**

**Good Gracious Chrysanthemum**

A marvelously large variety, the flowers of which are frequently 22 inches in circumference—beautiful, bright, lustrous pink color and perfect form. Plants are really worth 25 cents. Write for readers of this paper, we will send a strong plant of the above and four other choice Chrysanthemums, all different—five plants in all for only 25 cents, with full directions for growing big flowers. Beautiful floral catalog free.

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Dept. 9      Des Moines, Iowa.

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Your address on a postal brings latest edition of "Hatching Facts." It tells how to start right at least expense; how Belle City won World's Championship last season. Write today, but if in a hurry order direct from this ad. J. V. Rohrer, Pres. Belle City Incubator Co.

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Double cases all over; best copper tanks, nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-egg, hot-water brooder, \$4.85. Both ordered together, \$11.50. Freight prepaid (E. of Rockies). No machines as any price are better. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for book today or send price now and save time.

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—over 125 styles of every kind—auto seat buggies, surreys, runabouts, etc.—all built direct from 30 Days' Road Test—2 Years' Guarantee—at from \$5 to \$75 saving. If you want the Best? It will post you on what you ought to pay wherever you buy. A postal will do it.

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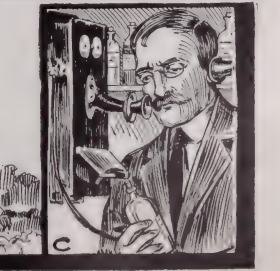


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"His Master's Voice" has helped to make grand opera popular. It has created in the hearts of the people a greater love for music. It has not only entertained them, but educated them to a proper appreciation of the world's best music.

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Victors, \$10, \$17.50, \$25, \$32.50, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$100. Victor-Victrolas, \$75, \$100, \$150, \$200, \$250. Victor Records, single- and double-faced, 60 cents and up. Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer, if desired.

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

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# Victor

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# Christian Herald

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SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER ANNUM  
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

**NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1911**

VOL. 34—NO. 10. PRICE 5 CENTS  
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK







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# Who Was There That *YOU* Knew?

Look slowly, searchingly at the faces in this strange old Civil war photograph.

Perhaps some one near and dear to you was in this group of the 93rd New York, just before Antietam ushered in the bloodiest day of the Civil War. Or perhaps he fought among the men in Gray under Lee and Jackson, whose dream of conquering Washington that same day was shattered.

You can look for the face you want through three thousand five hundred more photographs---like this, taken in the heat of the greatest struggle since Napoleon's time; like this, driving home to every American a sense of his personal heritage in that awful test, and pride that neither North nor South was found wanting in skill or courage, but that both cemented by their blood the brotherhood of the United States of America.

## 3500 Undying Witnesses of Our Great War

**A**MAZING but true---Our *Civil War* was photographed. From Sumter to Appomattox, Mathew Brady, foremost camera artist of his time, risked his life again and again, accompanying the armies and navies---under special protection of Allan Pinkerton, of the United States Secret Service, and with special permission from Lincoln.

The men in Blue or Gray serving the guns, tearing up railroads, laying pontoons; in the grim trenches, round the camp fire, on the way to the hospital; famous leaders and dusty, bloody soldiers, gallant fighters and ghastly dead passed before the eyes of Brady's cameras. Through his infinite pains in treating every negative, before and after exposing, by the elaborate "Scott-Archer" chemical processes just discovered, those thousands of eye witnesses of our terrible national tragedy have been preserved to this day. Chance has buried these almost unbelievable photographs from view for half a century. Now their resurrection comes, by another strange chance, just in time for the country-wide celebration of the semi-centennial of 1861.

**T**HE United States Government paid \$27,840 for the Brady pictures and promptly buried them in the War Department, as an important part of our secret records; *but the great camera genius who took the photographs kept a duplicate set for himself.* When he died these too were lost; until now, nearly fifty years after the war, they have been found again. How they were taken, how they were lost, how they were recovered---how the Review of Reviews secured them and put them into a superb set of books so that you and every other American would own them is a wonderful romance that can't be told here. Send the coupon and you will get the whole story.

It is most fitting that **President Taft** has been pleased to write a special letter for inclusion in the history that accompanies these photographs, for the work is no more dramatic in its illustrations than it is truly national in its text.

We have the privilege of offering this great collection for a limited time only. We suggest that you act promptly to avoid disappointment.

## 18 Photographic Prints **FREE**

Send only 10 cents for mailing

To give you some idea of the bigness of this enterprise, a monumental and absorbing work, not for this day only, but to be handed down to future generations of American citizens---your children---we have chosen 18 typical photographs, reproduced them carefully, and enclosed them in a handsome portfolio. These 18 we will give you **FREE** if you send only 10 cents---the cost of mailing. Even these samples will be valuable acquisitions.

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Mother and Children in Famine Hut

Sufferers Waiting to Be Put on the Relief List

Hopelessly Waiting for Help



## CHINA'S FAMINE CRISIS NEAR

"SEND MONEY QUICKLY AND SAVE 75,000 LIVES," SAY THE MISSIONARIES

LETTERS from Rev. W. C. Longden, chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Committee at Chin-kiang, China, indicate that the crisis of the famine is near at hand. He writes under date of January 23: "Dr. Patterson informs me that there are probably 6,000 families in Suchien and 20,000 more families in Pichow and Suining who need help. Besides there will be more help needed in the spring by twice as many more." The Shanghai Committee has apportioned 50,000 taels to these sections and it was expected to be available within a few days. The Chinese authorities also have made appropriation for the district, which is in the worst part of the province of Kiangsu, north of Chin-kiang. Dr. Patterson adds: "We wish to warn against sending foodstuffs up here in May. Nothing that starts from Chin-kiang later than April 20 will do us any good. It takes boats a month to get here and the people will be eating new wheat by May 28."

Chairman Longden's letter, commenting on this information, says: "This gives us an idea as to the length of time the famine will last. The great difficulty is that by the time this reaches you it will be near the first of March. However, that will leave time for money, but not for sending foodstuffs from America. The earlier help can arrive the more effective it will be. I go to Shanghai to-day and will make inquiries as to the probable supply of grain to be obtained in the East and will cable. It is certain that any sum of money up to \$200,000 that reaches us before March 15 can be used so as to save perhaps 75,000 lives."

In view of these facts, clearly pointing to the conclusion that the famine is now entering upon its most

critical stage, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which, as announced last week, had contributed 10,000 sacks of flour to the cargo of the troop ship *Buford*, in charge of the Commercial Club of Seattle, will, instead of adding to that contribution as the Seattle organization has requested, continue its remittances by cable through the State Department, making them as large as the contributions will warrant. This is with a view to affording quick relief and is the only course to be followed in order to save human lives, as Chairman Longden's message and the corroborative letter from Dr. Patterson of Suchien have sufficiently pointed out.

On February 23, the Chin-kiang Committee sent the following message by cable:

"CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK:

"Make appeal urgent. Famine conditions desperate. Terrible accounts received. Funds totally inadequate."

We trust that all of our readers who have not yet sent in their gift to the China Famine Fund will do so without delay. Chairman Longden's reminder that money sent now can be used to save 75,000 lives should give a tremendous impulse to the generosity of Americans at this particular stage of the relief work. We have received from Mr. John C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Relief Committee, a number of striking photographs of the famine, some of which appear on this page. These pictures tell their own story of the misery and helplessness and utter destitution of the Chinese peasants in the present visitation. Mr. Ferguson writes that both relief committees are working harmoniously and effectively. He corroborates Chairman Longden's warning that money cabled now will accomplish more good than foodstuffs sent at a late hour. "It would be much better," he writes, "to send the money to us, so that we can purchase a cheaper quality of food supply here in the local market."

Letters from our readers containing contributions to the Chinese Famine Fund continue to pour in. One of the most notable contributors has been the *Sabbath School Bode* of Paterson, N. J., which has sent through Mr. James Tanis \$807 to date, being the gift of the various Sunday Schools and societies in the Christian Reformed Church in America.

Acknowledgments will be found on another page.



Famine Sufferers at a Relief Station on Distribution Day



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D.\*



## FALSE AND TRUE FIRE

TEXTS—Lev. 9: 24; 10: 1, 2

**W**HAT a difference there is between fire and fire!

What a difference between the fire that warms the hearth and cheers the home, and the devouring flame that consumes the dwelling and leaves the homeless household shivering in the darkness and the cold!

What a difference between the lightning stroke that shatters the tree, or strikes down some fugitive from the tempest who has taken refuge beneath its branches, and the same lightning when it has been caught in the electric battery or conveyed along the conducting wires as the motive power that runs our factories, carries our trolleys or conveys our messages!

What a difference between the conflagration that sweeps away some mighty city and leaves its warehouses and homes a mass of smouldering ashes, and the lamps that light a thousand streets, or the fires that set in motion a thousand factories and all the peaceful industries of life!

Just as great is the difference between the true fire of the Holy Ghost and the flames of wild fanaticism—the strange fire which is kindled as the counterfeit wherever God is working. We have these two fires represented in our texts—the first representing the fire of the Holy Ghost, the second the false fires of the enemy. It is a timely thing to note some of the differences between these two fires and distinguish between divine fervor and dangerous fanaticism.

I. The true fire is kindled at the Altar of Sacrifice. The false fire ignores the blood. The flame which consumed the sacrifice upon the altar of offering also lighted the sacred fire of the altar of incense. There is much religious fire to-day which is merely the so-called "enthusiasm of humanity," or the emotion stirred by eloquence, art, or zeal for some human cause and some selfish interest. The two men who brought their offerings at the gate of Eden forever represent the two types of religion. Cain comes like a gentleman to present his compliments in a friendly way to the Lord, and make a social call. And God will have none of him or his complimentary fruits and flowers. Abel comes as a sinner and presents the bloody sacrifice which represents the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; and lo, the descending fire strikes the altar, consumes the sacrifice, and bears witness to his acceptance. No religious emotion or experience which fails to recognize sin and the sacrifice of Jesus Christ is acceptable to God or safe for man. The blood and the fire can never be separated.

### The Source of the True Fire

II. The true fire is always found in the golden censer which represents the priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ. While the altar represents his earthly sacrifice, the censer represents his heavenly intercession. Only through his name and mediation can sinful man find access to the presence of a holy God. All worship, all prayer, and all religious feeling which fail to come through this, the only Way, are strange fire.

There is a beautiful custom in connection with the services of Easter morning in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. After the announcement, "The Lord is risen indeed," a single taper is lighted at the open tomb, and displayed from the sacred altar, and then immediately all the priests light their tapers at this single flame, and passing down in procession light up all the lamps of the sanctuary until the blaze bursts into a glorious illumination and the echoes ring again and again, "The Lord is risen indeed!" So, every lamp of faith and hope and love in the believer's heart and the saint's experience must start from the open grave of Christ and the heavenly flame of his glorious censer as our High Priest before the throne. "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

III. The true fire is kindled by the Holy Ghost and comes down from above. The false fire is earth-born and comes from mere human emotion, intellectual culture, heart-stirring eloquence, or

selfish zeal. It may even come from a spirit of fear and a guilty conscience. The fires of remorse may bring the most awful sense of sin and yet have no saving or sanctifying power. All true spiritual fire must come from heaven. Until we receive the Holy Ghost we can have no true spiritual life or acceptable worship. No man can call Jesus Lord in the true sense of acknowledging him as our Lord without the Holy Ghost. The most eloquent and impressive preaching may be inspired by human genius, imagination and elocution and the tears which it evokes are not essentially different from the tears that are shed in the opera house under the influence of some brilliant actor or gifted singer.

IV. The true fire is fed by the fuel of God's Word. The strange fire depends upon human reasoning or interior revelations which come only from the *ignis fatuus* light of our own imagination.

### Influence of the False Fire

The world is full of this kind of light and flame. We have the revelations of Spiritualism, the dreams of Theosophy and the fatuous fooleries of Christian Science. The desire of many people for a religion of feeling and a life guided by impulse rather than conviction and truth is the beginning of the same process and sure to lead eventually to the most dangerous delusions. There is no surer test of any religious experience than the simple Word of God.

V. The true fire not only descends from heaven, but goes back to heaven in a supreme purpose to glorify God, whereas the strange fire always seeks to exalt self and promote the glory of some man or woman. Nadab and Abihu, Korah and his company, all wanted to magnify their importance and show that they were just as good as Aaron and Moses. Jehu's zeal lifted up his vainglorious soul and made him say, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of Hosts." And while God used him for a time as the instrument of his judgment upon the wicked house of Ahab and the priests of Baal, yet Jehu himself got little benefit and knew nothing perhaps of the true love and fear of God. Simon Magus wanted spiritual gifts, but it was wholly as a matter of personal ambition and pecuniary advantage. Many a minister would like a great revival and a baptism of the Spirit to make him a mighty preacher and build up his church and work. But God will have none of this. The more truly we are filled with the Holy Spirit, the more will we forget ourselves and seek the glory of him that sent us. Whenever you see a religious movement or a religious leader trying to promote his fame, to demand his rights, or to pose upon the stage of sensationalism and spectacular popularity, you may well say, "Strange fire."

### Blessings of the True Fire

VI. True fire purifies, while strange fire manifests itself in unhallowed forms of sinful indulgence and excess. The fire of the Holy Ghost instinctively seeks out every sinful thing and all that is of the flesh and the world and consumes it by a divine necessity. The baptism of the Holy Ghost always tests the heart that receives it and reveals to it its own sinfulness in the most glaring and humbling light.

VII. The true fire warms and blesses, melts the heart into tenderness and inspires the soul with love. The false fire leads to criticism, division, censoriousness, harshness, and judgment. James and John are the types of the latter seeking to call fire down from heaven to consume the people who refuse to honor and agree with them. And the Lord Jesus quietly turned to them and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Their race is not yet extinct. We are always coming in contact with young Elijahs that leap into a chariot of fire and hurl their anathemas against all who do not accept their revelations or agree with their positive and self-confident opinions. The fire of God is gentle, tender, loving, patient, free from self-assertion, strife and harshness, ready to make concessions, easy to get along with, and as sweet as it is strong. God give us

a spirit not only of power, but of love and of a sound mind.

### Channels of the True Fire

VIII. The true fire works along the ordinary channels of duty, while the false fire is apt to be eccentric, abnormal and extravagant. The true fire does not take people out of their place, but fits them better to fill it. It makes the mother a better mother, the pupil a better scholar, the employee a more faithful servant, the artisan a more skilful workman, the business man more efficient in his calling, the worshiper more regular in his pew and systematic in his contributions, and the Christian, whatever his place in the secular and spiritual world, more simple, practical, and efficient in every sphere of duty and place of service. When people are struck with the false fire they become eccentric. They want to give up their ordinary occupations and spurn honest labor as beneath a consecrated Christian. They go to preaching and prophesying. A good pastor, whose little flock has been visited with a very unusual religious awakening, and one that has developed some extraordinary manifestations of the Holy Spirit, including the gift of tongues, declares in a recent public statement that these very things, beginning, no doubt, with a genuine operation of the Holy Spirit, became so strained, exaggerated and abused, that they really became a great hindrance to the work of God, led to confusion, fanaticism, and bitter strife and division, and it was only after months of earnest, humble prayer on the part of the wise and the true members, that the work was saved from being arrested and almost destroyed. God give us that wholesome fire that runs along the wires, that keeps the wheels on the track, that kindles the heat which warms the hearthstone and fills the home with sweetness, and that kindles the furnace fires and moves the engines of every holy energy and consecrated service.

IX. The true fire burns on in spite of all opposition. The false fire burns itself out after its brief sensation and leaves only ashes and darkness. John Bunyan tells us of the flame which represented the grace of God in the heart, on which a demon hand was constantly pouring water, but still the fire burned on, and the spectator wondered until the Interpreter took him round behind the scenes where he beheld an angel constantly pouring oil upon the flame. We grow very tired of the religious excitements that last while the machinery is kept moving by a lot of human pressure, but dies out when the pressure is withdrawn; the revivals that are adjusted for the week of prayer and the busy season, but must be got out of the way when the summer vacation is on. Oh for the revival that will last till the dross of sin is all burned up, the work of God is finished, the world evangelized and the coming of the Lord prepared!

X. The true fire energizes and makes things go. The false fire is satisfied to watch its own blaze and hear its own report. Quaint Abraham Lincoln used to tell of a steamboat on the Mississippi that had a very loud whistle, but whenever it whistled the boat stopped, for it had only power enough to do one thing at a time. How many Christians there are that put their strength into their shouts and congratulations, and when we look for results, there is nothing but the whistle. The fire of God is an energizing force. A recent writer has given a stirring account of the fires of Pittsburg that are burning night and day, and carrying on tremendous operations and accomplishing results not only worthy of comparison with other cities, but greater than the combined output of whole nations. The fire of God kindled in the heart of Paul turned the world upside down. The fire of God in the heart of Luther brought about the Reformation. The fire of God in David Livingstone opened Africa to the world. The fire of God in Hudson Taylor burst the barriers of interior China, and started that mighty movement which to-day has turned that vast empire back in its course.

Baptize with fire this soul of mine,  
Endue me with Thy Spirit's might,  
And make me by Thy power divine  
A burning and a shining light.

\*Dr. Simpson is the founder and head of the Christian and Missionary Alliance (Evangelical).



## Is It King Ahab's Palace?

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 8, we referred to the reported discoveries by Professor Reisner of Harvard University in the ancient kingdom of Samaria announcing that many clay tablets and potsherds bearing inscriptions of King Ahab's reign had been unearthed. Now, in addition to these, comes the news that what is believed to be the ruins of the great ivory palace of Ahab, the pusillanimous King of Israel, who allowed himself to be led away from the worship of the true God to the service of Baal by the wicked queen, Jezebel, has been discovered. If this is so, if the ruins which have been laid bare are really the remains of the palace where Jezebel carried on her intrigues and entertained the priests and prophets of Baal and Astarte and from the window of which she was finally cast to pay the forfeit of her many crimes, then indeed we find of Professor Reisner will center the interest not alone of Biblical students and scholars, but of students of history throughout the world.

Ahab was the eighth king of Israel and reigned from 915 to 895 B.C. He was a man of weak nature, incapable of moral resistance to those of a more dominant will than his own. In addition he was vain and vacillating, striving constantly after effect and ostentation, but never long pursuing one course or the same policy. These defects of character might in some measure have been overcome had fortune been kind in giving him a consort who would have exerted a good influence on his manly dignity and queenly character. Over him, but as it happened his union with Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, the Tyrian king, intensified and emphasized the blemishes of his character and was without doubt the cause of his falling into the grievous sin of idol worship.

When he coveted Naboth's vineyard and could not compel the owner to sell, he mockingly taunted him with the rhetorical question: "Dost thou not own the kingdom of Israel?" Then he forged letters and sealed them with the king's seal and sent them to the vintners, accusing Naboth of blasphemy, and the innocent man was taken and executed to death. It was at this juncture that Elijah the prophet appeared as the avenger and witness of the true God. The holy man came before the trembling Ahab, and in tones of terrible import prophesied the end of the sinfully weak monarch: "The place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." Concerning Jezebel the prophet foretold: "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." The Bible informs us, these prophecies were fulfilled to the letter.

Any discovery which gives us more definite knowledge of the troublous period of Ahab's reign, of the conflict between the adherents of Jehovah and the upholders of Baal, will be welcomed by all who wish to study this, the most thrilling period of Old Testament history.

If the ruins uncovered are really those of the palace of Ahab and Jezebel, as is expected many treasures will be brought to the surface. Of far greater importance than the inscribed potsherds which have been already found, would be the annals of the Israelitish people, and it is supposed that many which were preserved in the royal house at the capital. It is known that when the "Book of Kings" was being written there was in existence another book called "Chronicles of the Kings of Israel"—a book which must not be confused with the present Biblical "Book of Chronicles." What happened to this narrative of the reign of Ahab? Is it not reasonable to suppose that it was stored away in some recess of the palace? If so, and if it should now be exhumed from beneath the debris of centuries, what a treasure it would prove and what a mass of information it would give us of those formative times upon which the civilization of mankind has been built.

## The Man and the Church

By EUGENE THWING

### II. THE MINISTER'S PART

IN A GREAT many churches, and in many preachers' meetings, pastors are asking the question, "Why do men stay away from church?" And constantly these same pastors are seeking reasons *outside of themselves*. Business men are not sufficiently interested in religion; attractions of sport and recreation which can be enjoyed only on the one day in seven free from business are more alluring; Sunday is the workingman's day for rest and for visiting with his family or friends.

The unquestionable facts in support of these and other similar reasons make so substantial a case against the non-churchgoing man that the pastor often probes no deeper into the problem. Least of all does he keep on searching until he finds the *chief reason in himself*. Yet it is possible for the consecrated minister to be so true a prophet of God and so genuine a brother to the men of his parish that all apparent reasons for non-churchgoing shall be swept away, and the pews shall be filled with the men because they *want to be there*.

MASCULE absenteeism is not a universal condition. It is no more general than his chief cause. The church in Coffeyville, Kan., of which F. L. Geer wrote in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few weeks ago, is not as rare a case as some would believe. There the "prayer meetings have an average attendance of 75, of which half are business men, and a business men's Bible class of 60 members contains many who are prominent in the business and political life of the city." In a suburban church about half an hour's ride from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, nearly every aisle seat on Sunday morning is occupied by a business man; most of them are engaged in the strenuous life of the great city, and the majority are able, if so inclined, to spend the Sabbath in their automobiles, or at the country club.

MEN, as a rule, will not go to church merely as a religious function. They demand something in the service that is *worth while*. The work of the week is absorbing and strenuous. Into it a man must put the very best nerve, and energy, and brain at his command. He sweats blood to accomplish the results he is after. He lays everything that can help him under tribute. Six days of the week he lives at high pressure—an exciting, throbbing, eager contest to overcome the difficulties and hindrances that surround him, and to achieve a strong man's victory.

What need has such a man of a luke-warm dish of religious platitudes on Sunday morning? Nay, what patience can he have with them? God's eternal truth is never a platitude, you may say, yet the most vital and urgent truths can be so weakly presented that they *seem* like platitudes to the tired man in the pew. And that is the point of the whole matter—not what is the intrinsic value of the truth the preacher brings to his people, but *how close does it get to them*.

THE message from the pulpit must be as real and as compelling as the clamorings of business. Theories, religious essays, doctrinal discussions do not meet the needs of the man in the whirlpool. The preacher must know life, and then he must interpret God's truth in terms of life. He need not be a merchant, or a banker, or a farmer; but he must make it his business to know the actual experiences, and struggles and aims, and disappointments of the merchant, and the banker, and the farmer, so that he can find in God's Word and in his own communion with his Master, just the message that will fit the need of these men and bring it to them in terms that will be familiar and convincing. The true pastor must both know and feel the things that are vital in the lives of his people. He cannot minister to them otherwise.

A young pastor in his first charge prepared a beautiful sermon of consolation intended especially for a mother in his congregation who had lost a darling child. After the service, the mother asked him, "Did you ever have a little one of your own?" He had none. "Did you ever lose any one who was very dear to you?" No, he had been spared such bereavement thus far. "Well, my son, you had better wait until you know what it is, before you try to preach such a sermon again," said the sorrowing mother, who had not been comforted. Jesus is the unfailing Comforter because he was "acquainted with grief."

THE man in the pew may recognize the learning and the long, conscientious study which the minister brought to the preparation of his sermon, but he is tired and does not need proof that the preacher is a student; he may appreciate eloquence and good pulpit manners, but the sound of the ticker, or the quick ring of the telephone in his office, is really more eloquent to him because it *means something*; he may concede that it looks respectable to sit at the head of his pew at least once a week, but a few hours' brisk ride through the country or a few rounds of golf will give him a fresh tonic for the strain of another week's work.

It is up to the minister to get closer to his men. Give them practical *applied truth*. Apply it to the things they are most deeply concerned with. Bring them light in their darkness, strength in their weakness, cheer and inspiration in their day of discouragement. Make the religion of Jesus Christ real to them as a thing for the shop and the counting-house. Bring home to them in plain, strong terms the essential fact that the Christian life and the business life must be so joined and blended that neither can be complete apart from the other; and that the largest, truest, most lasting success is reserved for the business man who consecrates the full tide of his life to the Master, without whose blessing and companionship no life is worth the living.

Next week: "THE CHURCH'S PART."

## A New Lincoln Letter

IN General Dodge's recent speech at the Young Men's Christian Association, Council Bluffs, Ia., a letter, written by Abraham Lincoln, which has never been published, was read. The letter was written to the Friends who had opposed hostilities between the North and the South and who had written several letters to Lincoln concerning their principles. The letter is dated September 4, 1864, and is addressed to Eliza P. Gurney, and says:

"I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to none of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall acknowledge his wisdom, and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

"Your people—the Friends—have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I can, in my own conscience under my oath to the Lord. That you believe this, I doubt not, and believing it I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

"Your sincere friend,  
"A. LINCOLN."

To those who have entertained doubts concerning the religious views of Lincoln, this letter will be regarded as evidence that he had very clear and definite spiritual convictions, and that he looked to God for guidance in the most trying situations.

## Anvil Sparks

.. IT is as selfish to fondle grief as to hug pleasure.

.. ONE never grows popular by telling his troubles.

.. WHO is always going to never comes to much.

.. THE besetting sin of some folks is just sitting around.

.. A RIVER of joy is made up of many little tributaries of delight.

.. A MOUNTAIN is not so steep as it looks to be from a distance.

.. THE prettiest flowers do not always grow on the tallest stalks.

.. THERE is beauty everywhere, but it is not always obvious to the casual.

.. THE night of sorrow should never be prolonged into the daylight of joy.

.. A CODDLED sorrow becomes a source of great satisfaction to some folks.

.. WHEN one feels too big to fill a little place, he is apt to be too little to fill a big place.

.. ONE thing, anyway, will surely come to him who merely waits: that is disappointment.

M. G. R.

## Gladdens Three Homes

MY CHRISTIAN HERALD gladdens three homes. After I read it, I pass it on to a neighbor whose circumstances are too straitened to indulge in any expenditure except for absolute needs. She says "her Sundays are brightened and she is refreshed by THE HERALD." I gave her Dr. Klopsch's picture and she had it framed and hung up. When she returns THE HERALD, I send it on to a friend in my old home—Virginia. She has thanked me most gratefully for it. I cannot close without a word of appreciation of your good, helpful paper. Whenever I read it over, I feel as if "it was good for me to have been there."

Mrs. H. W. J.

Norwood, La.



# THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO

THE fires of revolution are still burning luridly in Mexico; as soon as they show any disposition to flicker, there is always some event which adds fresh fuel to the pile to feed the flame. There have been several severe clashes between the Federal troops and the insurgents, with the results mostly in favor of the latter. Fighting for the most part has centered round Juarez, a town which takes its name from former President Diaz, the teacher and friend of Porfirio Diaz. The insurgents have become so numerous and have taken such a bold stand, that the government army has become more or less demoralized and seems incompetent to cope with the military situation. It is also charged that the Mexican Federal soldiers have committed many wanton atrocities which have alienated hundreds from allegiance to the government and made them sympathize in secret with the insurgents. Government troops have several times attacked and inflicted grievous injury on non-combatants, even in their vengeance assaulting defenseless women. Down in Southern Mexico, a wealthy planter, named Solonez, was suspected of being the treasurer of the Southern branch of the insurgents. Federals seized one of his servants and tortured the man until he confessed that Solonez had money hidden in the cellar. They found the money and confiscated it; then took Solonez out and shot nineteen bullets into his body.

During an engagement at Mulata the Federals found four old white-haired men in a farmhouse. One was blind, another was a cripple, and a third was over ninety years old. The soldiers took out these four helpless old men and literally riddled them with bullets, in which state they were found by the insurgents.

In striking contrast to such inhuman butchery is this incident: After the engagement of Mulata, a government soldier was found by insurgents lying

wounded on the field. As the latter knew of the fate of the four old men, the victims of the brutal Federals, they were naturally incensed and inclined to wreak a like vengeance by dispatching the

burned down and one Mexican official shot dead. A party of young American soldiers of fortune formed the majority of the attacking force who made the raid. The civil officials of Calexico are

bating the question of requesting the United States government to declare American members of the Algodon party murderers and to announce purpose of turning them over to the Mexican government for trial, if caught again on the American side of the line. Two Americans, one of whom served the Philippines, both supposed to be rebel spies, were captured at Tia Juana and unless the United States government interferes doubtless the Mexican authorities will court-martial them and put them to death.

In the past couple of weeks the insurgent forces have received many severe repulses. One of the worst occurred near Guadalupe on February 1, when ninety of their men were killed outright and many more so seriously injured they will die. In this engagement the Federals didn't lose a man.

The government is resolved to stop down insurrection at whatever cost, and equally resolved are the insurgents to stand their ground, and as their numbers are being daily increased it looks as if there will be a long and fierce tug-of-war between the contending forces.



Mexican Government Cavalry



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Mexican Insurrectos and Their Leader

## A Famous Woman Visitor from the Orient

DR. YAMAI KIN, who is the most skilful and famous woman doctor in the Chinese Empire, and also one of the most intelligent of women along other lines, is in our country for the third time. She spent a year in America when she was five years old, having been brought over by an American missionary and his wife, who had practically adopted her after both of her own parents had died. At nineteen years of age she again came to America, this time for a long stay, as she had come to enter the Woman's Medical School of the New York Infirmary. The late Dr. Emily Blackwell was one of her teachers and she found in the little Chinese girl an eager and earnest pupil. When Yamai Kin left the Infirmary she carried a diploma with her, and spent two years doing post-graduate work in several medical schools. Then she went back to China and began work among her own people, confining her efforts chiefly to women and children. In time she became connected with the Chinese Hospital in Amoy. This is an hospital for women and children and it afforded Dr. Kin the opportunity of doing just the kind of work she wanted most to do. Here she attracted the attention of the Chinese Government, for which she has since done much effective work, especially in an advisory way for the Sanitary Department. There is no doubt that she to-day occupies a higher position as a physician than any other woman of her race. She is exceedingly progressive and is eager to have the women of China develop as fast as possible during the progress of what we call the "Chinese Awakening."

Dr. Kin thinks that Americans labor under a



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Yamai Kin, China's Leading Woman Doctor

great deal that is false regarding the status of women in China. She is sure that they have more liberty and are more progressive than they are commonly supposed to be. She cites with pride the fact that the women own and edit an excellent paper in Peking, and she thinks that the Chinese mother occupies a higher position than does the mother in America. The conservatism of centuries in China is giving place to a degree of progressiveness in the taking up of new ideas that affords Dr. Kin a great deal of satisfaction, since she sees in this more or more emancipation for the people.

Dr. Kin brought to America a young ward of hers in Miss Pau Lan Pai, who is the first Manchurian woman to come to America. Little Miss Pai comes here to study English, and as soon as she has mastered that language sufficiently she will take up the study of medicine in Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Dr. Kin pays us the compliment of saying that she feels that she could hardly keep pace with the times did she not come to America to "freshen up" in that is modern, particularly in what is modern along the line of the advancement of women. J. L. I.

### Food Prices Coming Down

—THE PRICE OF EGGS has not been as low in forty years as at the present time. Fresh eggs are now retailing at from 10 to 20 cents a dozen, and really good eggs can be secured for a penny each. The hens throughout the country have got plenty of feed, and besides the proprietors of cold storage houses, who have stored the egg market in hope of a rise, have had to dispose of their stocks at any price. Some of them in Chicago are dumping eggs on the market as low as two cents a dozen.



# Christian Work in the Canal Zone

ALL the work of the Protestant bodies in the Canal Zone is exotic. The religion of the Isthmus of Panama is Roman Catholic; its priesthood is native and the church is an inheritance from the Spanish settlers. The first Protestant church built on the Isthmus was Christ (Episcopal) church in Colon. It was erected in 1864 by the Panama Railroad for the benefit of its employees who were largely natives of the British West Indian lands and adherents of the Established Church of Great Britain. This church was built with American money and consecrated by an American bishop, and was for a time under the jurisdiction of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. In 1882, the Wesleyan Methodist Mission was established in the Isthmus, and later the Baptist Church in England brought over ministers. During the French canal times, the church of Panama ministered to the spiritual needs of the employees. The hospital in Ancon was in charge of French and native priests and a company of Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent were brought over as nurses. The head of these Sisters was one whose name must ever be spoken in connection with the founding of Ancon Hospital, Sœur Marie Rouleau. It is to the initiative of this noble and self-sacrificing woman that the laying out of the beautiful gardens of the hospital is mainly due. The real beginning of Protestant work in the Isthmus dates only from the American occupation in 1904, when, by the authority of the Isthmian Canal Commission, it was transplanted bodily to the Canal Zone along with the machines and other equipment of the labor camp, including a population of more than five thousand souls. The first authority for such work was made at an early sitting of the Commission when that institution passed a resolution providing for the appointment of seven chaplains for duty in the Canal Zone. It has been the policy of the Commission to distribute the appointments as much as possible among representatives of the different denominations. The present number includes two Wesleyan Methodists, two Presbyterians and three members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There are twelve Catholic priests in the service. There is no mission among the white population. Ministers of all denominations agree that the real, abiding work on the Isthmus is among the negroes and natives of the Southern islands. The West Indian will hereafter form a large part of the population while at the end of three years there will be left but a scattering of white Americans. The navy, the navy and such officials connected with the communications and marine stations, the government authorities, the hospital staff and the few employees connected with canal repairs will constitute the entire American white population. Among the West Indians, the Baptist, Methodist, Wesleyan and Anglican churches are represented and most of the work of the ministers is now directed

toward the establishing of missions, Sunday Schools and societies for the young, as well as regularly organized church and parish work. Meantime, young America is not being neglected and Sunday in the Canal Zone presents nearly the same picture, and has nearly the same essential features that mark Sunday in any town or village in the United States. There is a little more tendency to stay at home on one day in the week, but the energy of the Christian workers is rewarded by the response of the few faithful, and the Canal Zone may be reckoned a fairly church-going as it is a law-abiding colony of American citizens.

As further proof that the American people wish to identify themselves in a foreign country as representatives of a Christian nation, religious organizations have been formed at Culebra, Empire, Gatun and Cristobal, for the purpose of holding weekly prayer meetings and song services when there is no minister. The membership of these organizations is large. They govern the religious work where no denominational church is organized, and are active in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, and also in the social life of the Zone, in arranging church soirees, sales and entertainments. Some of the leagues support scholarships in the Methodist College in Panama.

Besides the building of Christ Church on the beach at Colon—which is a beautiful little Gothic structure in stone—the concrete church buildings of the Wesleyans in Panama and the Baptists in Cristobal are the only finished church structures the cost of which has exceeded \$3,000.

child a certain name. When he objected to such a name, the sponsors shamefacedly told him that they got it "off a medicine bottle," and that they "thought it was pretty."

In bringing their children to baptism, the mothers dress them in the most elaborate fashion; laces and ribbons adorn the long robes that nearly sweep the ground, their fuzzy locks are tied with broad ribbons, and their bright beadlike eyes gaze solemnly out from the frill of a ridiculous cap! The Commission has taken rigid steps to overcome the lax conditions of the negro population and the laws requiring a marriage by the church or the civil authorities are strictly enforced.



Major Henry A. Brown, Chaplain, Engineering Corps

A woman presented a child for baptism. It was elaborately dressed in white, with blue ribbons. Nothing strange was noticed and the service went on as usual, the other infants presented being duly named and baptized, but when the minister turned to this woman, and said, "Name this child," she returned his look with one of utter blankness.

"What is the name?" asked the minister gently. "The woman courted and said humbly, 'I don't know, sir.'"

"You don't know?" repeated the astonished minister. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

Again the woman courted. "I don't know, sir," she repeated.

"Why, aren't you the mother?"

"No, sir," was the humble answer.

"Who is the mother, then? Where does she live?" demanded the minister, still more puzzled.

"I don't know, sir," came the reply.

Subsequent questioning developed the story that the woman had been passing a house when another woman

had come out and thrust the infant into her arms, begging her to take it to be christened on that day. The verger came to the rescue, cleared the matter up, and the child was duly baptized and registered in the parish register as "Elizabeth."

The government gives the utmost freedom to the Christian workers. Permission is accorded to the ministers of the Methodist Church in Panama to hold service in Spanish in the city prison, and to work among the poor.

J. MACKLIN BEATTIE.

Ancon, Panama.



Primitive Farming in the Canal Zone

There are nine Sunday Schools in the villages, with a total enrolment of over one thousand pupils. These schools are federated in an organization under the title of the Isthmian Sunday School Association, and they work on the lines of the Sunday Schools of the International Association. The lack of libraries in the Sunday Schools is one that is keenly felt throughout the Canal Zone.

In the parishes for colored people some of the most amusing things occur.

One minister tells of being called upon to give a

## A CHURCH BUILT IN A DAY

IN THE city of Waco, Texas, recently, within the short period of nine hours, there sprang full-fledged upon a barren site a substantial church edifice. Rev. H. L. Munger, a Methodist minister, was the man who originated the idea and worked out the plans. On January 9 he purchased the lot that was to be the site. On the following day architects drew the plans. Mr. Munger also on that day let the contract for the interior finish, with the understanding that it was to be delivered on the following day. He then got his construction forces together and arranged that the work of building the edifice should begin on the morning of January 11. He engaged with the material men to deliver the stone and cement for the foundation, the lumber for the superstructure, the roofing and other material that was to enter into the building as fast as it might be required. At 8 o'clock A.M. not a stick of lumber or a particle of other building material had been delivered. At a few minutes later, wagons began arriving and in most of the material was upon the ground. The stone and brick masons began work and at 9 o'clock the foundation was finished. In another hour the outline of the building was well advanced. Under the direction of Mr. Myer, forty carpenters, painters and helpers

put the building material together with wonderful rapidity. The painters followed close behind the carpenters and the finishing touches were given to the different parts by noon. At that hour the entire frame was in place and part of the interior finished. The force was increased to more than fifty and the noise of saws and hammers resounded through the neighborhood.



Completing the Church That Was Built in a Day

The women showed their interest by serving the hungry workmen a substantial lunch at noon. At one o'clock work was resumed. By this time the rafters were ready and twenty-eight men started to work laying the rubberoid roofing. This was finished at 4.30. All the exterior was completed by that hour, and work on the interior was nearly finished. Flooring, ceiling and electric wiring had been done and paperhangers were at work. By five o'clock the building was in a completed state except a few minor details. These were accomplished a few minutes before six, and even the pulpit and the chairs were in place.

The public announcement was made by Pastor Munger at six o'clock that religious thanksgiving services would be held in the building immediately. The church was quickly filled with workmen and others and impressive services were held. Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker of Austin Avenue Methodist Church of Waco announced that the new building cost \$2,500 and that a new parsonage to cost \$1,700 was needed. He called for subscriptions and in thirty minutes about \$2,500 was subscribed.

In order to guard against loss by fire, an insurance policy for \$1,500 was in effect by five o'clock.

W. D. HORNADAY.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Tinkering the Decalogue

IN recent years we have had occasion to comment on repeated attempts to tinker the old Bible. These have invariably failed, for the Word has stood so long as a sacred unit for the spiritual guidance of mankind, and is so lovingly enshrined in the hearts of good men and women everywhere, that it cannot be altered or amended, defaced or perverted, to suit the passing whim of adverse criticism. Now, however, we have intelligence of an attack from an unexpected source. Members of the Convocation of Canterbury, in England, which includes in its list many divines more or less eminent, have decided to essay the reconstruction of the Decalogue. They take the ground that the Moral Law, which has been sacredly and reverently preserved to us from the time of Moses, is unsuited to the spiritual needs of this age, so they would reorganize the commandments to the extent, at least, of shortening the second, fourth, and last of the number. The Mosaic code, they gravely assure us, does not really belong to the Mosaic age but to the period of the early prophets, some holding that it originated in the days of Hammurabi, the priest-king of an early Babylonian dynasty, many centuries before Moses, and who was himself a great law-maker and codifier. Consequently, being bound to find some plausible excuse for Bible tinkering, they have taken this as a sufficient warrant for laying irreverent hands on the Ten Commandments, and, in the name of erudition, they now propose to present them in a new garb and considerably abridged. Their revised and edited Decalogue stands about as follows:

1. Thou shalt have no other gods besides me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any (graven) image.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy God for a vain end.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day to hallow it.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's home.

This they plausibly profess would be no lowering of the moral standard of the law, but it would simply and eliminate the unnecessary phraseology which had a peculiar application to the condition of the Hebrew people when Moses was their spiritual leader. They think the old law, as it originally stood when it was delivered on Sinai, is largely superfluous to-day. It is too personal and ill-bred, and needs to be tinkered to suit modern requirements and cultivated taste.

We do not believe for a moment that any such movement as we have described can meet with success. The Consistory may propose, but Christianity will dispose, of the matter. Three years must elapse before the subject could come up in the next Consistory and three more years before it could be enacted into church law. But were the years hours or centuries, the result would be the same. In the end, Christian opinion would reject the innovation as impious and absurd.

Some years ago, it is related that there was a certain church whose pastor belonged to what is known as the "modern school" of theology. In his sermons he gave less attention to the Gospel than to the historicity of the books of the Bible, and he spared no pains to convince his hearers that certain Biblical characters were myths, certain incidents allegories, and certain books of doubtful origin or authority. All the way down from Genesis to Revelation he set up landmarks of doubt and ambiguity. One day, a parishioner called upon him in his study. "Preacher," said he, "I'm in a quandary. I've sat under your preaching for the last twelve months," he added producing his Bible, "and here is the result. Now, what am I to do about it?"

"Why," said the astonished preacher, "these are only the covers. Where's the rest of it?" "Well," said the other, quietly, "it's just this way. You began at Genesis, which you said was only myth and legend and tradition, and so out

went Genesis. Then you riddled the rest of the Pentateuch, which went after Genesis. Then Kings and Chronicles were largely fabulous. You said Judges was a mere story book; and so on, and all through the others; and I tore them out and threw them away, as you seemed to think that was the proper thing. And now, preacher, there's nothing left but these boards. Tell me what I am to do about it."

Of course, we do not understand that the Westminster Consistory means to do away with the Commandments; it just means to do a little scholarly tinkering and then the Commandments will probably be known as the New Canterbury Decalogue.

## Raising the "Maine" at Last

DUTY long neglected loses none of its obligations. A general sentiment of relief and approval greets the announcement that the work of raising the battleship *Maine* from the mud of Havana Harbor is actually under way. Exactly thirteen years ago, the proud American warship went down with all on board. Fierce controversy waged for many months as to whether the explosion which wrecked the battleship was within or without. All who care more for the truth than for personal satisfaction will hope that the facts can now be established, one way or the other, beyond all dispute. Probably of the 266 men who went down with the battleship, not enough remains for formal burial.

The national honor and dignity require that what is left of one of Uncle Sam's proud ships shall be gathered up and taken away from the scene of its destruction. The *Maine* perished in service and its end receives universal attention. A few days ago, the newspapers contained an account of the discarding of \$150,000,000 worth of American warships which no longer are fit to hold places in the navy so great a power as the United States. Think of it! One hundred and fifty millions of dollars of war machinery consigned to the junk yards in times of peace! Yet that is not disarmament. Other millions of dollars without number are constantly being expended to provide new engines of war of the most modern type. What marvels of benevolent science; what wonders of social advancement; what blessed miracles of human uplift can be accomplished with these hundreds of millions of dollars, when the nations stop rivaling one another in mighty engines of destruction, and the barbarism of war is at an end!

## Foolish Annexation Talk

THERE is a good deal of talk just now about our annexing Canada. It has been set afloat by the opponents of reciprocity with the purpose of misleading public opinion in this country and elsewhere regarding the real object of the agreement. We have not the slightest desire to annex new territory in any portion of the globe, and all sensible Canadians and Americans know this; but there is always an element ready to accept as gospel any story the politicians or the sensational press may invent. Canada is our very good neighbor, and Providence has so arranged matters geographically, that our trade and social interests may run together, side by side, in most amicable relationship. Our markets and those of Canada, with certain proper limitations, should be open to each other for the freest trade interchange, which would benefit both countries and make life easier for all classes on this continent.

## The Plain People and the Post Office

IT WAS Abraham Lincoln who made the famous remark that "God loved the common people most, because there were most of them." He kept the common people and their rights and interests steadily in view, and every really great American, before and since, has done likewise. Just now the common people have decided to make themselves heard in relation to the proposed prohibitive tax upon their magazines and periodicals. They naturally resent such a tax, which, though aimed at

the publishers, would ultimately fall upon the own shoulders. They demand better post-office business methods and the introduction of a parcel post, instead of permitting sources of great revenue to be monopolized by the express companies. The inquiry broadens, and as the people begin to realize the far-reaching nature of the proposed tax Congress is finding that the general sentiment the country opposes it for two very emphatic reasons: first, because it is an unpatriotic and statesmanlike measure, inasmuch as it would in pose an undesired and unnecessary harshness upon the whole reading public; and second, because with proper management and the introduction of a parcels post, the whole problem of a postal deficit would be met and overcome.

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Ho William Sulzer, Congressman from New York, has this to say concerning the proposed subjection of the magazine and periodical press to an exorbitant increase of postal rates:

In the interest of the plain people of our country, I have always consistently opposed any increase of postal rates on newspapers, magazines and periodicals. They are published to disseminate intelligence, and greatly benefit the people, and should go through the mails as cheaply as possible. The government can easily put the Post Office Department upon a supporting basis by Congress enacting into laws my bill for general Parcels Post. I am reliably informed that this would increase the postal revenues to the extent of \$150 million dollars a year, would put out any deficit, and permit the government to materially reduce postal rates and increase the pay of the post employees.

As Mr. Sulzer made absolutely clear in recent speech in the House, the express companies have a monopoly of the profitable parcels trade while the post office takes the least profitable end of it. As a result, the express companies pay 100 and even 200 per cent. profit, while the Post office, through its own short-sightedness, creates a deficit. Moreover, the express companies are carrying parcels in violation of the Federal Law. Were the law to be enforced and the post office to do its duty, the deficit would vanish and there would be no need of such a wild and impolitic scheme as that to tax the plain people through the publishers in the interests of the express companies. Trades unions and labor organizations are now sending protests to Congress against the proposed tax, which would throw tens of thousands of men out of employment. These men are employees of printing establishments, trade periodicals, paper mills, and printing press manufacturers. We cannot believe that Congress, in view of all the facts, will support this ill-advised measure, which, besides being a gross injustice to the publishers themselves, would be a blow at all industries allied with the publishing business throughout the country.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## New Panama Railroad

THE Panama Congress has determined that the railroad from Panama to David shall be built. President Arosemena objects to the construction of this railroad upon the ground that the republic would burden itself with an undertaking which could not be made to pay expenses for a long time to come. The friends of the scheme insist that its construction would not only be of immense convenience to the people as a means of transportation, but would also have an untold influence in developing the resources and industries of the republic. The promoters of the new scheme are also encouraged by the announcement that the canal engineers are providing for the building of a permanent railroad bridge across the canal. Ever since the canal was undertaken by the United States the bridge question has been a puzzle. There is little doubt that one or more bridges will be built, which will cause no obstruction to commerce on the canal and no menace to the canal's integrity. There will probably be one bridge at Panama, one at Colon, and one somewhere between them in the course of time. The bridge will not only bind the two parts of Panama, but will also furnish a link in that great chain of international railroads which is likely to extend without a break from the United States to Patagonia. Of that chain the new railroad proposed from Panama to David will be an important part and may fill up the longest gap which now exists between the Rio Grande and the canal. The stretch is practically complete through Mexico, and Guatemala is rapidly carrying it to the border of Salvador, while Nicaragua and Costa Rica have long lines in operation. The Congress of Panama has planned for the new railroad to be finished about the time the canal shall have been completed. Roads through all history have been great promoters of civilization. The roads cut through the forest, thrown up in marshy places and constructed over the mountains have ever promoted travel and trade. Roads first made of dirt and then paved by one kind of material or another, built by local authorities and from the national treasury, have through all the ages been the channels of social, industrial, intellectual and moral life. The railroad of to-day is the evolution of the highway systems of communication and commerce of the centuries of the past. Moses in sending messages from Kadesh to the King of Edom thus refers to the royal public road:

Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country; we will not pass through the fields, or through the vineyards, neither will we drink of the water of the wells: we will go by the king's high way, we will not turn to the right hand nor to the left, until we have passed thy borders. (Num. 20:17.)

## Wins Bet, but Dies

Charles Munchler, retired boss barber of Brooklyn, entered a saloon the other evening and getting a little jolly made a bet with a patron in the saloon called Mike that he could drink a quart of whisky in less time than Mike could. Mike took the bet and the two went into a back room of the saloon, carrying a quart bottle of whisky under each arm. A crowd of saloon loungers followed them into the room and witnessed the contest. Munchler lifted his glass to his lips and chuckled, but the chuckle did not last long, for he set himself down to the serious task of speedy consumption. Both were silent, sipping, swallowing and comparing one another's bottles. The crowd was in great glee and joined in the betting. At last Munchler, very pale, with his eyes large and red, choked down the last drop, having finished his quart in fifty minutes, while Mike had only disposed of one-third of his

bottle. Munchler twisted his neck about, loosened his collar and toppled over. They stretched him out on a table, where he slept, breathing heavily. When the saloonkeeper wanted to close up he got some man to carry the drunken man to his home. They told his wife that he had been drinking heavily and would sleep off the effects of it. Mrs. Munchler put her husband to bed, and when she went to his room at eight o'clock the next morning she found that he was dead. This poisonous drink did for this poor man suddenly what it does for more than a hundred thousand men each year as certainly but more gradually. The party began with much fun, but it was a tragedy whose last act was death.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (Prov. 23:31, 32.)

## The Thief and the Coffin

It is often the case in pestilences and in war that the dead are robbed of their treasures or ornaments. This vile kind of theft is abominated by all nations, and ordinarily the thieves are shot down at once without waiting for the process of the courts. A theft somewhat akin to this occurred the other night at the home of Julius O. Lange at Mamaroneck, N. Y. While the crape was on the door and Mrs.

are many dangerous places, and many people slip and fall. This prayer of the Psalmist is a becoming one:

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not (Ps. 17:5.)

## Apponyi's Message to Congress

The House of Representatives at Washington took a recess the other day to hear an address by Apponyi, the celebrated Hungarian statesman. In presenting him, Speaker Cannon said: "It affords me great pleasure to introduce to you one who has had forty years' service in the House of Representatives of Hungary, who for many years was leader of that body and now is not only a member of that body but of the Cabinet, the Minister of Education." Count Apponyi, after making eloquent reference to what we had brought from and left in the Old World, said: "We of the Old World, desiring to come out of the devouring waste of the ancient spirit of animosity and distrust, appeal to you for assistance to do away with the hateful legacy of hatred and war and antagonism between men who ought to be brethren. This is the object of my mission in America. This is what I think the spirit of the Old World has to say to the spirit of the New World; and having delivered to you this message, let me again thank for the high honor which you have done me."

It would be difficult to conceive of a more becoming bearer of the olive branch of peace or a more befitting manner of its presentation. The count's mission and message are bound to have a profound influence in the promotion of universal peace. His remarks were received with intense enthusiasm by the members of Congress. He seems to be happy in his ministry of love.

To the counselors of peace is joy. (Prov. 12:20.)

## An Old Fire-Horse

Michael Marcunus of Greenpoint Avenue fell from a trolley car and injured himself. The police officer called up Dr. Rosenberg, a surgeon of the Eastern District Hospital in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who with John Dalton, the driver of an ambulance, went after the wounded man. The doctor went into the station, and the driver started to fasten his horse to a telephone pole. Just then a trolley car came along, whose gong the motorman was sounding in a vigorous manner, when the horse

broke away from his master and ran off with the ambulance. He was an old fire-horse and thought that the sound was a fire gong, and that he had to put in his best speed to get to the conflagration in time. Not forgetting his old tricks, he ran first to this side and then to the other, avoiding trolley cars, carriages, wagons, automobiles and pedestrians, until he had raced two miles and a half at breakneck speed, and, failing to find the fire, he concluded to go back to the hospital, where the doctor and driver found him at the post as gentle as a lamb, himself and ambulance entirely unhurt. It was habit in the horse which made him do as he did; and habits in men drive them to their acts. Each movement of the body or act of the mind or soul calls for another just like it. Thoughts grow into deeds, deeds into habits, habits into character, and character into destiny. The apostle makes a declaration of this solemn law.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal. 6:7.)

## Worth Many Times the Money

The books, Calendar and picture came yesterday, all in good order, and I wish to thank you for making it possible for people of limited means to receive so much for so little. There are lessons in some of those books that would well be worth the sum paid for all to put in the hands of the youths of our land. Many thanks for the beautiful premiums.

DelReg, Calif.

Mrs. D. W. B.



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## President Taft Signing the San Francisco Exposition Resolution

The resolution, passed by both Houses of Congress, gives the Panama Exposition to San Francisco. The figures in the photograph are: LEFT TO RIGHT—Representative Julia Kahu, Representative Joseph Knowland, Senator Flint, Judge Baker, Senator Perkins, Representative McKinley, Messrs. R. B. Hale and Theodore A. Bell, Mrs. James McNab, E. A. Hayes, James McNab, Representative Bartlett of Nevada.

Lange lay dead in the house a burglar pried open a rear window. He passed through the room containing the corpse and gathered up from the first floor clothing and jewelry amounting to \$15,000 and made away with them. The burglar with mask and skeleton keys and dagger and pistol is not credited with conscience or sentiment, but this theft in the Lange home is savage and diabolical. Among some nations to-day they would chop a man's head off as a penalty of the law for such a robbery. This, however, is only one of the myriad forms that a cruel avarice takes to satisfy its craving. This sin is condemned everywhere in the Old Testament and the New.

Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him. (Lev. 19:13.)

## Mountain-Climbing Fatality

Every year a large number of mountain-climbers fall to their death. One of the American consular agents in South Germany reports that there were ninety deaths within the past year in the Swiss and Italian Alps and almost as many serious accidents besides. The causes of the fatalities were climbing mountain peaks without a guide, landslides, the breaking of ropes, and sudden appearance of fogs. During the year 1910 Switzerland leads the list of those in the mountains, followed in order by Germany, England, Austria and Italy. In climbing the steep slopes of earthly success or spiritual endeavor, there



# Last Service Over Wrecked "Maine"



Photo by Pictorial News Co.

Building the Caissons Around the Wreck



Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee

**T**HERE took place in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on February 15, a memorial service which attracted an unusual interest, as it may be the last which will be held on those now peaceful waters to pay tribute to the faithfulness of the sailors and marines who were killed by the explosion of the *Maine* thirteen years ago. The service was conducted under the auspices of the Havana Camp, United Spanish-American War Veterans. The Havana Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, participated in the ceremony, and about two thousand people looked on from the decks of steamers. This was the first time Cuba had shared officially in the anniversary ceremony. Vice-President Zayas made the principal address, and representatives of the Cuban army and navy and of the various government departments were present.

At sunrise the American flag was hoisted at half mast on the mainmast of the wreck and early in the day a vessel carrying veterans circled the *Maine* and placed wreaths upon the wreckage.

The service, which took place at nine o'clock, was opened by the reading of an ode and a selection by the Cuban Artillery Band. Then through the hush that attended the touching prayer of Bishop Albion Knight, through the rendering of Chopin's Funeral March and through the tributes, prayers and orations that composed the service, came the solemn booming of the minute-guns from Cabañas Fortress. The service closed with the last long dying notes of "Taps."

Dr. Damaso T. Lainé, in behalf of the Havana Camp, United Spanish War Veterans, said: "This evergreen is cast upon the waters over the bodies of the brave sailors and marines whose lives were sacrificed in the terrible explosion of 1898. It is emblematic of the undying love which a country owes its defenders and the affection which we as comrades feel for their memory." Then Clarence L. Marine, in casting white flowers upon the water, said: "This symbol of purity we offer in testimony of our comradely love and affection and as an emblem of the better life which has come to our comrades." On board the steam launch *Gypsy* were Daughters of the American Revolution, who literally covered the waters surrounding the wreck with flowers that rested on the placid water as if conscious of their mission. A bronze shield from the Spanish War Veterans was placed on the mast of the battleship by Colonel Gihon, and the Cuban gunboat *Hatuey* hoisted the American flag. Marines from the same vessel served

as honor guards. The ritual of the United Spanish War Veterans, which formed part of the service, was conducted with great solemnity by the representatives of the Havana Camp of that organization.

In his prayer, Dr. L. S. Harvey, the chaplain, said: "Heavenly Father, our prayers ascend to thee, with whom there is no death. Soften our hearts that we may understand the celestial words, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' As comrade after comrade departs and we march on with broken ranks, help us to be faithful unto thee and to each other. We beseech thee to look in mercy on the widows, children and relatives of those martyred dead, and with thine own tender compassion console and comfort those bereaved by the sad event which calls us here. Give them the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Heavenly Father, bless and save our country with the freedom and peace of righteousness, and through thy great mercy may we all meet

This memorial service is looked upon as the last which will be held over the wreckage of the destroyed battleship. The United States government has undertaken the momentous task of exposing the tangled mass of wreckage which now obstructs Havana Harbor. A little over a year ago Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, former commanding officer of the *Maine*, wrote on the subject of this proposed reinvestigation of the cause of the disaster: "Three methods of exposing the wreck have been proposed." The third is that of "building a coffer-dam around the wreck, and pumping out the contained water and mud, thereby exposing the vessel to full view and without the least disturbance of the parts." It is hardly to be doubted that a suitable coffer-dam could be built."

This is the view that has been taken by the Navy Department, for the operations that are now being carried on are modeled after this method. The illustration at the top of the page shows the present state of the work with several of the individual caissons of the coffer-dam wall nearing completion.

The opinions of engineers differ largely as to the advisability of this procedure, for since it was first proposed much has been learned of the conditions at the bottom of the harbor. This has been found to consist of a peculiarly soft mud. The task of sinking caissons here in such a way that they will, when the enclosed space has been pumped dry, withstand the pressure of the water on the outside is conceded to be very difficult. Some who may be considered qualified to judge of this matter do not hesitate to say that they fear for the success of the venture. Under these circumstances its achievement will be a triumph for the engineers in charge of the work.

## The Late Dr. A. H. Bradford

**T**HE Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., who has been in ill health for some time, died suddenly in that city on

February 18. Dr. Bradford was one of the best known ministers in this country. Although repeatedly called to take the pastorate of various churches in England, where his sermons had become famous, he refused to leave the only charge he ever had, the church of which he was the pastor for forty years. He was born at Granby, Oswego County, N. Y., in 1846. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1867, Andover Theological Seminary in 1870 and completed a post-graduate course at Oxford University in England. In 1891 he was a delegate to the International Congregationalist Convention held in London, and later a delegate to another convention in Japan. He was a most eloquent and convincing preacher, a graceful writer and lovable and earnest pastor.



The Close of the Memorial Service in Havana Harbor for the Dead of the *Maine*

before thy throne in heaven, and to thy great name shall be praise forever and ever. Amen."

Vice-President Zayas was the last speaker. He paid glowing tribute to the dead of the United States warship and said that the memorial interested Cuba as much as citizens of the United States who came to give tribute to their heroes, while Cubans were there to show their reverence and gratitude. He said he was in Havana when the *Maine* was destroyed, saw the flash and associated it with his country's future. He said he did not think it was a treacherous hand which had committed the crime of blowing up the vessel, but rather believed it was one of those accidents, sealed by destiny, which sometimes change the history of nations.



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# Contributions in Aid of the Bowery Mission

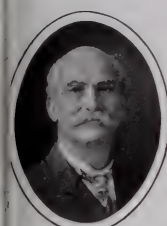
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# The Jerry McAuley of Honolulu

Phares W. Rider's Great Work Among the Slums of the "Paradise of the Pacific"



P. W. Rider

The woman had joined the band of immigrants, hoping that she might better her lot by going to a strange country. She fell into the hands of the Federal immigration officers, who soon learned that she could not speak a word of English. They were about to send for an interpreter when the woman began to open a bundle of miscellaneous wearing apparel. Piece after piece was peeled off the roll of garments and in the middle she found a fragment of crumpled paper. Somewhere in the Orient a stranger, anticipating her difficulties, had given the woman a note which read: "In distress when you arrive in Honolulu, go to P. W. Rider. He will see that you are taken care of."

That brief epistle gives us a partial introduction to Phares W. Rider. He is an interesting person. You do not stay in Honolulu more than ten minutes to find that out, for any resident of the city can tell you about the unofficial ruler of Kakaako, until very recent years probably the lowest slum in the world.

In the spring of 1899 Rider left Merced, Calif., and went to Honolulu. He was a carriage trimmer by trade, and he soon found employment in the Paradise of the Pacific. On a Sunday afternoon he took a walk through Kakaako, a small but populous district situated between the executive buildings and the beach, and separated from the rest of the city by an invisible though nevertheless real barrier.

Honolulu is a sort of half-way house for globe-trotting adventurers; a rendezvous for ne'er-do-wells, criminals and the destitute poor. On that Sunday afternoon Rider observed conditions which staggered him. Disorder and rowdiness were rampant. Even in daytime, women and children from elsewhere in the city did not dare go alone through Kakaako. The better class of citizens went about

their daily tasks unmindful of what was going on in Kakaako. If somebody was killed the police took notice; if there was a riot, the police quelled it; but organized, persistent effort to preserve order in that district, there was none.

Phares W. Rider resolved to undertake a reform. He decided that only the Gospel could save the people and purify the district. He had had little or no experience in that kind of work, but he had courage enough to begin. For three years he worked at his trade six days in the week, and on Sundays he and his wife conducted religious meetings in the streets. Mrs. Rider sang and played a portable reed organ and her husband begged small crowds, mostly pagan, to accept the religion of Christ. Friends went to him and told him he had better quit, for he was not only wasting his time, but running the risk of being shot down or beaten by thugs. Frequently organized bands of rowdies overturned Mrs. Rider's organ and broke up the meetings. Rider never fought back. If he could not find a policeman, he and Mrs. Rider would move on to another street corner and start another meeting. Occasionally a threat of

but not much. The promise of personal salvation did not appeal strongly to the people. In 1902 he decided to change his tactics. John B. Atherton became interested in his work and furnished the money to build a commodious mission house to be called "The Kakaako Mission." Dying shortly afterwards, Atherton bequeathed to the mission an endowment sufficient to maintain it for many years. No longer compelled to work at his trade, Rider began to devote all his time to uplifting Kakaako. But he no longer depended solely upon preaching to accomplish the desired result. He began to visit the sick, feed the hungry, shelter the homeless. Kakaako Mission became a modern settlement.

Rider himself did most of the work, and is doing it at the present time, though he is never without plenty of assistance. Whenever a stranger moves into Kakaako, Rider makes his acquaintance. The newcomer, whether American or Fijian, is told that he is always welcome at the big square building in the centre of the district. Rider himself is a plain person, without affectation, and the people among whom he lives and works look upon him as their very good friend, rather than as some one hired by people in a higher walk of civilization to improve their unhappy conditions.

Rider organized a Sunday School, which has grown rapidly. He established a free milk dispensary to save babies that were dying almost daily from lack of wholesome nourishment. He organized a brass band and singing society. Kakaako Mission House was opened to a kindergarten, requiring five teachers. Uptown people became interested in the institution, and to-day Rider could get all the funds necessary to carry on the work, even if the Atherton endowment were cut off.

At the present time the Kakaako Sunday School has a membership of two hundred and fifty. It is probably the most cosmopolitan institution of its kind in the world; it represents thirty-two nationalities. There, as well as in all the city, five popular languages are spoken—English, Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese. Religious sects are as numerous as nationalities. A Buddhist temple is situated just across the street from the Mission House, and until July, 1910, a saloon stood on a corner opposite. For thirteen years Rider fought the saloons of Kakaako and his efforts were finally crowned with victory.

And Kakaako is not so bad as it used to be. It has been getting better ever since a certain carriage trimmer came to town. EWING GALLOWAY.  
Corydon, Ky.



Twenty Nationalities Are Here Represented in Mr. Rider's Evening School

assassination was conveyed to Rider, but even that did not frighten this man who talked about the Christ.

Admiring Rider for his pluck, the late John Magoon, at that time owner of most of the "shacks" in Kakaako, gave him the use of a small room in a tenement. Here there was less disorder than at the street meetings, but occasionally the lights were put out and the meetings broken up in a fight. During all of this time Rider was accomplishing a little,

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—TWENTY-SIX NEW YORK STATE legislators were brought face to face with several hundred suffragists and anti-suffragists on February 22 in the Assembly chamber at Albany, and the same old arguments for and against the "votes for women" amendment bill were presented. Out of consideration for the Assemblymen the suffragist leaders decided long ago not to try to gather a large crowd in Albany for the hearing of the bill before the joint Judiciary Committee this year. But despite there being no special train for them the eager young men for the ballot flocked from all parts of the State. The anti-suffragists, one hundred strong, arrived by special train from New York and were joined by delegates from other cities. By three o'clock all the galleries were filled and the aisles packed. Senator Bayne announced that the suffragists and anti-suffragists would have one hour and a half each to present their arguments, including the summing up. When the arguments had been completed Senator Bayne stated that the measures would be taken up in secret session by the committees within a short time.

—RECENT INTIMATION from members of the House and Senate that the President would not stand by his statement that he would call an extra session if the reciprocity agreement was not put through brought the immediate response, through Senator Root, that not only would there be an extra session but that it would come almost at once after the end of this Congress. Monday, March 20, was the date tentatively set for its convening. It was thought possible that the session would be called immediately after the return of the President from Atlanta,

but the indication is that he will allow another week in order that members may attend to personal affairs and incidentally afford the new Ways and Means Committee of the House an opportunity to decide upon its committee arrangements. Senator Root carried the word from the White House, where he had been to report to the President that the reciprocity agreement could not reach a vote at this session. The President is satisfied of the genuineness of public sentiment back of him in calling an extra session, not only to ratify the Canadian reciprocity treaty, but to carry out the idea of revision downward on the necessities of life.

—PRESIDENT TAFT recently sent to the Senate the new treaty with Japan, the negotiations for which have been occupying the attention of the State Department and the Japanese Embassy for the last two months or more. This treaty is but a temporary convention, providing for only the least important questions interesting the two nations. It will be replaced within a year by a permanent treaty. It was certain that Japan would desire a new treaty rather than a renewal of the old one because of one provision in it which is extremely distasteful to her. That provision is one which specifies that "the stipulations contained in this and the preceding article do not in any way affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to trade, the immigration of laborers, police, and public security which are in force or which may hereafter be enacted in either of the two countries." A storm of protest throughout San Francisco and California has been engendered by these new treaty negotiations. The objection is based upon the absence of clauses defini-

tely restricting Japanese immigration. The labor leaders of the State are indignant, the members of the legislature are aroused, and on every hand is heard criticism of the treaty.

—PREMIER ASQUITH received a tremendous ovation from his supporters in the House of Commons of Great Britain when the famous Veto bill, the measure designed to curtail the power of the Lords, was passed on its first reading by the government's full majority of 124. The Nationalists first rose in their places, cheering wildly and waving their hats. The Liberal members quickly emulated the Irish members' example. This exhibition of enthusiasm was repeated a few minutes later as the Prime Minister quietly left the scene of his victory in his initial action against the Lords. In introducing the bill the Prime Minister denounced the House of Lords for the rejection of the budget of 1909, characterizing their action as political suicide, and he concluded a long explanatory statement with the remark: "The government presents this bill as the first and most urgent step that it can take toward the attainment of perfection." The Unionist members cheered again and again when Mr. Balfour declared he would fight against a revolution on which the people had not been consulted, carried out not at the bidding of the real majority of the House but at the bidding of the Nationalist minority. The chief speakers after Mr. Balfour were the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bannatyne Finlay, the Unionist member for Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities, who roundly denounced the bill as a bad measure precluding all compromise, and the Right Hon. Joseph A. Fense, Liberal member for the Rotherham division of Yorks.



# FIGHTING ISLAM IN EAST AFRICA

PORTUGAL has recently arrested the attention of the world. Her political, educational and religious conditions have become known more clearly than ever before. That there is a great and crying need for immediate occupation by those forces which tend to uplift the people, there is no question. The conditions existing there present to the Church a challenge. What is true of Portugal is true, but in a more striking way, of her African possessions, and in remembering the mother country, provinces in the Dark Continent should not be forgotten.

Portuguese East Africa presents to-day unparalleled opportunities for missionary work. There is not a centre that is adequately manned. The particular work referred to in this article has its headquarters at Inhambane, a small port situated on the tropic of Capricorn. Three missions are at work here: The Church of England, the Free Methodist Church of North America and the Methodist Episcopal. The parish extends from north to south for 500 miles and from east to west for 300 miles. There is a native population of 3,000,000, composed of three principal tribes—the Batswas, Batongas and Bachopis—and to meet the needs of these three million heathen there are fifteen white workers, or one missionary for every 200,000 people. The Laymen's Missionary Movement set a standard of one missionary for every 25,000 of the non-Christian world, which means that we should have in this field 120 missionaries, or eight times more than the present number. Let us not forget that one-fourth of the Mohammedan world is in Africa, or 57,500,000. They have

taken some parts of Africa, because the Christian Church has not been fully alive to her responsibilities, opportunities and privileges. It is the work of the Church to keep them from taking any more of Africa.

With only fifteen missionaries on the field there is a great scope for work on the part of native evangelists and teachers. They are doing much to redeem this part of Africa from its awful heathenism

teachers will give you an idea of the nature and the amount of work done by one of these men, who has not long been out of heathenism. This particular pastor has seventeen baptized members and forty-six on trial, where the latter will remain for at least three years. He has sixty scholars in his day school and sixty-seven in his Sunday School. The day school pupils are taught two hours of each day simple religious and secular studies and the scholars

of the Sunday School study the International Sunday School Lesson. He conducts prayers morning and evening of each day. The heathen visitors for this month at these prayer services numbered 262. He preached twice each Sunday, at which times not only the native Christians are present, but also an average of sixty heathen at each service. In addition to this work he preached in forty-two heathen villages to 4,991 people. A conservative estimate for the month shows this man reached with the Gospel message 6,217 people. This man does his work for five dollars a month, which means that for a little less than one-twelfth of a cent per man he gave the Word of Life to his fellow-countrymen.

The great need of Inhambane is a picture of the needs of the entire possession of Portugal in East Africa. Lourenço Marques is no doubt the best equipped centre and Inhambane comes next. Farther north, Bartholomew Diaz, Beira, Chinde, Quilimane and Mozambique are untouched. There is not a single agency in these places for righteousness, either for the European or native populations. WM. C. TERRILL.



Bishop Hartzell, Missionaries, and Native African Teachers at Inhambane

and to keep Islam from entering and occupying the field.

A sample of a monthly report of one of our pastor-

is not a single agency in these places for righteousness, either for the European or native populations. Inhambane, E. A.

## THE KLOPSCH MEMORIAL

ALTHOUGH March 7, the great Rally Day towards which we have been all working for the Memorial to Dr. Klopsch, has passed, it is yet too early to announce the result of our efforts. It was agreed that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would contribute one-half of the money for all new yearly subscriptions mailed to us on or before that date, and of course some of those mailed March 7 will not have reached us by the time this paper is in the hands of its readers. In fact we shall not be able to announce the whole number of subscriptions received, or the whole amount of money resulting therefrom for the benefit of Mont-Lawn, until at least two weeks from this date, inasmuch as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press nearly two weeks in advance of the day on which it reaches its readers. This is not only because it takes us, even with our facilities, a goodly number of days to print over 300,000 copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but because it also takes a number of days to bind and send those copies by mail so that they can reach our subscribers all over the country on the same day.

In the meantime, however, the plan for making Mont-Lawn a Memorial to Dr. Klopsch has met with the approval of probably every one of our friends, inasmuch as we have received letters of assurance from thousands who have been working for the Memorial. Of course it is but natural that most of our friends should wait until the last week before sending in the complete list of subscribers secured by them. This was not necessary, as we give credit to each one who sends us a subscriber.

Those who have kept track of the progress of the Klopsch Memorial week after week, must have noticed the growing list of subscribers we have published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The number we are able to announce in this issue, two weeks in advance of the closing date, is 2,289. But we have received so many assurances from friends who state that they have been working hard for us, that by the time this copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches you the list will be many times longer than these figures show.

Our friends seem to have considered it a distinctive honor to be able to have their names inscribed as Patrons upon the tablets which will be placed upon the walls of the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn. And of course it is.

There have been many others, however, who, feeling themselves not able to send in ten subscriptions, have asked if there was not some way in which, with less than ten, they could become Patrons. But to allow them to become Patrons with less than ten would hardly be fair to those who have worked so hard to secure the whole number.

Still other friends have asked for an extension of time. One lady writes: "I have secured six subscriptions, but do not believe I can secure the other four before March 7. If I had more time to work I am sure I could secure a list of ten, and then, of course, I would be a Patron. Could you not extend the time in my case so that I could be sure of having my name in the roll of honor?"

Now, of course, we cannot all be Patrons, much as we would like to, yet here is a difficulty, and withal a reasonable request which we would like to consider.

Here is another letter which we have received. It reads as follows:

"I am very much interested in the plan for endowing Mont-Lawn, and I would like to have my name on the list of Patrons. However, I have been working to secure as much money as I can for the China Famine Fund. I have felt that I would rather contribute money to the starving people of China just now, and later on do as much as possible for the Endowment of Mont-Lawn. Could I not make an agreement with you to get you ten subscribers during the forthcoming summer, and so have my name among the list of Patrons, you on your part agreeing, of course, that half of the subscription money secured by me would go toward the Endowment Fund?"

Now, this friend has evidently felt that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been asking its readers for

donations to the China Famine Fund, and for subscriptions at the same time. But this has been farthest from our purpose. We have said all along that we wanted your influence, and not your money. We have been asking our friends to help us extend the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by getting us as many new subscriptions as possible, and in return we have promised to give half of the money so obtained to Mont-Lawn.

The returns up to date show that wonderful results have been obtained, and no doubt still more wonderful results could be obtained if we felt it would be fair to those who have succeeded in having their names placed upon the roll of Patrons, to extend the time limit beyond March 7. However, we do not think it would be right to do so. Those who have worked hard to get in their list of subscriptions by March 7, could hardly be blamed for feeling that they had expended needless energy upon a cause which at the last moment had been opened to any one whose zeal had been less ardent at a time when it was most called for.

As we stated before, it will be a couple of weeks before the full account of the Endowment Fund can be published. In the meantime, however, we take pleasure in printing a list of those who are entitled to be called Patrons up to date.

### Patrons who have sent in ten or more subscriptions and whose names will be inscribed on tablets in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn:

|                   |                       |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| James W. Black    | Rev. Charles H. Mead  |
| Jacob Persinger   | Charlotte D. Sandison |
| Harriet E. Strong | Mrs. C. Doolittle     |
| A. H. Dawley      | Ella DeBau            |
| Mrs. D. B. Bishop | Eleanor H. Porter     |
| Mrs. M. M. Little | Eva J. Wick           |
| M. H. Boyer       | Wm. F. Baughman       |
| Mary Watson       | Mrs. L. R. Hollerfort |
| A. F. Smith       | J. H. Vinton          |
| J. Y. Bettys      | Mrs. Kate Campbell    |



# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Serial Story by FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

## CHAPTER XXIV—Continued

I CALLED loud to David; but he didn't turn around," chattered Jimmy, "but the lady, she looked t me, 'n' she said—"

He broke into a nervous laugh.

"It feels funny in my mouf," he complained. "Will my new toof come a right away? Will it, Barb'ra?"

Jarvis drew a deep breath.

"If you'll put the boy to bed," he said, "I'll—wait."

He sat down by the fire, a grim look of patient endurance on his face. In the room above he could hear the light read of Barbara's feet, and Jimmy's high, childish treble upraised in excited speech.

"He's telling her all he knows," muttered Jarvis, a sick distaste for his own hateful task coming over him.

It was long before Barbara returned. Jarvis had decided that she wished him to go away without speaking, when he heard her re-enter the room.

He sprang to his feet. "Sit down, won't you? And let me explain."

Barbara lifted her head proudly.

"I think I—understand," she said.

He gazed steadily at her, a frown of pain between his eyes.

"I have known for a long time," she went on, "that it was all a dreadful mistake; that he—did not love me."

"And you?" leaped from his guarded lips.

She looked away, a slow crimson staining her white cheeks.

"I could not bear it, if—" she murmured, and was silent.

"I hope you will believe me," gravely said Jarvis, "when I tell you that what took place was not intentional on Whitcomb's part. I know him, perhaps, better than you think."

A shadowy smile touched Barbara's tense mouth.

"Nothing—" was ever—intentional with David," she said.

After a long silence she looked up at him, her eyes dry and bright.

"Will you tell me," she asked, "just what happened?"

He drew a hardly controlled breath.

"I will tell you what I know," he said reluctantly. But he seemed unable to go on with his shameful story in the light of her proud eyes.

"I already know," she said quietly, "that he abandoned Jimmy early in the afternoon, and that later he was seen with—"

"The woman was a waitress at the Barford Eagle," Jarvis admitted reluctantly. "She has attended Whitcomb at table during his stay there; and so, of course—"

"I know who the girl is," Barbara told him, in a low hurried voice.

"He met the young woman on the fair grounds quite by accident," Jarvis went on quickly. "You ought to believe that; and what followed was also, I am convinced, wholly unpremeditated."

"Well?" urged Barbara steadily.

Jarvis clenched his strong hands on his knees and bent forward to stare frowningly into the fire.

"Whitcomb backed his own horse heavily and won," he said slowly. "Shortly afterward an altercation arose between himself and—a young man who had previously been interested in the girl, Jennie Sawyer. This person, Bamber, became very much incensed, and—"

Jarvis' voice, which had been dry and caustic, as if he were reviewing

unsavory circumstantial evidence, suddenly broke.

"Barbara!" he cried. "My poor girl, must you hear it all?"

"Go on," she said quietly. "Some one will have to tell me. I—would rather hear it from—you."

The sweat of agony glistened on Jarvis' forehead.

"If I must," he said hoarsely; "it was an accident, Barbara. It would never have happened if David had not been excited, wild, with success; Bamber attacked him first, without due provocation, it would seem, and Whitcomb retaliated—struck him, in self-defense."

Barbara heard his voice as if from a great distance. She seemed to herself to be drifting away on a sea of strange dreams. Then she roused suddenly to find herself supported by Jarvis' arm. He was holding a cup of water to her lips. She sat up, her face white and wan, her hands clutching the arms of her chair.

"You were saying—" she murmured.

"I ought to have told you in the beginning," he reproached himself, "Bamber was not killed by the blow; but he fell and struck his head against the edge of a stall."

"And David?" she breathed.

"The girl dragged him away from the accident, and he—escaped. You know he had a fast horse."

She was looking at him dizzily through a mist of pain.

"The girl went with him," he said, reading aright the question in her eyes. "There was talk of a pursuit, of an arrest. But unless Bamber should—I think I may assure you that David will not be molested."

He did not tell her that he had used all the official power at his command to shield the fugitives from the fury of the crowd; and further that the injured man had already received the best medical attention procurable in the county. Barbara learned these things long, long afterward, when the pain of that hour had been assuaged.

It was more than three months afterward, and the first snow was flying past the windows in big, feathery flakes, when a letter came to Barbara from a town in the Far West. It was from David, she saw, with a painful throb of surprise, and postponed the reading of it for a difficult hour, during which she reviewed once more and for the last time all the futile anguish and passion of a love that had bruised and hurt her from its beginning. Then she opened the letter with fingers that trembled not at all.

"Dear Barbara," he wrote, "I suppose by this time you have set me down as a poor skate of a fellow. It probably hasn't occurred to you that it is entirely your own fault, that you will never see me again. If you had gone with me to the fair that day, as I wanted you to do, I should not have met Jennie, nor gotten into a squabble with that unutterable cad, Bamber. I hear he got off with nothing worse than a crack in his foolish skull to remind him what it is like to try conclusions with a gentleman."

"I want to tell you, Barbara, that I've married Jennie, and so far, neither of us is sorry. She is a dear little wife, sweet-tempered, and entirely devoted to your humble servant. And I don't find myself so deucedly uncomfortable in her company as you used to make me feel sometimes. Let me tell you, Barbara, that you'll never

Continued on page 261

# A Splendid Opportunity for "LIVE WIRES"

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Our present force of over 15,000 agents must be heavily reinforced immediately in order to take care of the tremendous increase in business which the popularity of the Oliver Typewriter has created.

We want an agent at every point in the United States and Canada, where a post office is located—a man on the ground—to represent the Oliver Typewriter and give practical demonstration of its merits to prospective purchasers. Such agents, whether devoting all their time to the work or making it merely a side line in connection with their regular business, can easily make the Oliver Typewriter agency an important source of income.

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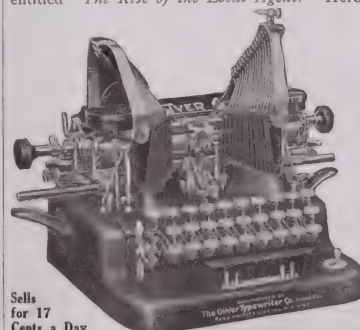
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Sells for 17 Cents a Day





"The Pet of the Family"

## Our Boys and Girls The Cozy Corner

### MY GARDEN

I had a Garden when a child;  
I kept it all in order;  
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,  
And gillyflowers its border.

Soon as came the pleasant Spring  
The singing birds built in it;  
The Blackbird and the Thrush-cock,  
The Woodlark and the Linnet.

And all among my flowers I walked  
Like a miser 'mid his treasure,  
For that pleasant plot of garden ground  
Was a world of endless pleasure.

—SELECTED.



"The Family Pet"

## GARDENS ALMOST ANYWHERE

SO MANY letters have come from Cozy Corner boys and girls asking about the planting out of gardens that we have decided to give some general rules and a few definite plans for gardening in a small way, and to offer a special extra \$5 cash prize and five supplementary prizes of \$1 each, in order of merit, to boys and girls sending in the best photographs of their own gardens by the first week in July.

### General Rules

TO SUCCEED with a flower garden you must be in earnest about it; love each plant for its own self and do your best to make every one thrive and bloom.

Keep your flower-bed free from weeds in the beginning while the plants are little and you will not be much bothered with weeds later on. Weeds are greedy and use up the richness of the soil. Be sure to thin out all young plants.

This will make the ones you keep strong and hardy. Flowers are appreciative little folk; they will do a great deal in return for your patience and will surprise you constantly with their mysterious wonderful ways and will keep you busy being happy over them.

Plan it right and your garden will be bright with blossoms from May until November.

If you have never had a garden before, plan for a small one; 8 x 12 feet is a good-sized flower garden.

To prepare the ground: Spade up the earth to the depth of a foot with rich stable manure and a good sprinkling of sand. Mix it well. If you prepare the soil thoroughly in the beginning it will save you much work later on.

### Gardens, Gardens Everywhere

AGAINST the back fence, along the lines of the barns and out-buildings, in fence corners, prepare a strip of earth 2½ feet wide and plant hardy shrubs at the back. Then set among the shrubs last year's seedlings of double hollyhocks and rudbeckia (golden glow), about 16 inches to the front, sew peonies, phlox, bleeding heart. To the front again set lily-of-the-valley bulbs.

Along the line that joins your neighbor's lawn, try planting delphiniums (the blue and white varieties are hardiest) and iris bulbs (common flag variety), columbine, orange tiger lilies and funkias. Border the bed with moss pinks and small native asters. This will make a beautiful mass of color all through the summer, and far into the autumn.

For beds in the centre of the lawn, set tall-growing plants, such as scarlet sage, plumed coxcomb, tall fox-glove in the centre, then amaranthus, zinnia, dahlia, calliopsis, petunia, phlox and balsam. Let the borders be dwarf nasturtiums, pansies, dianthus, low-growing marguerites and candy-tuft.

Along wire fences and hedges, plant sweet peas, canary-bird vine, morning-glories or Mexican potato.

### In Front of the Veranda

ALONG the veranda bed, make a border of low-growing daisies and a narrow line of pansies next to them. Back of the pansies plant mignonette and scatter poppy seeds plentifully. Poppies are light and do not draw the ground.

You will be delighted all summer with the bright poppies peeping here and there among the other flowers. I should plant some fast-growing vine nearest the veranda to grow up as a background to your porch garden.

### Gardening Boys Will Like

BOYS usually like to specialize. It is a very good plan to give what time you have for gardening to developing a certain kind of rose, chrysanthemum, pansy, dahlia, carnation or any flower that especially appeals to you. Some boys have made great successes of fern gardens. Ferns are always interesting to garden-makers. One of their chief charms is the rapidity with which most varieties develop. Two boys whom I know have within two years collected and developed 170 varieties of ferns in what they call their Fern Grotto, in the valley of Virginia. They make it pay, for there is a very good market for such ferns as they raise.

### Gardening for Little Folk

IF ALL the garden space has already been claimed and staked off by the older brothers and sisters, then choose some little bit of ground off in the sunny corner of the meadow, or down by the spring or the old well, in which to plant some flowers and care for them. Ask mama for some bachelor buttons and petunia seeds, some marigolds, clarkia and sweet alyssum. You will be surprised what a pretty bunch of blossom you will have. The flowers will grow quickly and it will be such fun to watch the

bees and the humming-birds among them in mid-summer. Nasturtiums, zinnias, Canterbury bells, lady slippers, four-o'clocks, all of these grow so easily, and will repay you a hundred times over for ever so little care and sunshine.

### A Little Round Garden

IN The outside circle, set pansies and candy-tuft. The little white feathery bloom of the candy-tuft is especially lovely growing along with the bright-colored pansies. In the second circle plant varicored low-growing asters; in the third, mignonette and blue bells; in the very centre put tiny moss pinks. This truly is a love of a garden, for it is the plan of my own first garden when I was a little girl, so I know.

Be sure to have some wild flowers in your garden. Go to the woods early, carefully take up roots and all, violets, anemones, jack-in-the-pulpit, may-apple, purple asters, ferns. Wild flowers are especially fond of leaf-mould, so fill your wild flower baskets with it and put plenty of it in your garden. The little stranger flowers will feel at home then in their new world.

If there are any bare, unsightly places, an old fence corner, for instance, a heap of stones, an abandoned pump, or a rubbish heap, take the trouble to plant out a few morning-glory seeds near by, madeira vine, scarlet runner, moon-flower, or honeysuckle. You will be delighted with the pretty bunch of bright-colored blossoms in place of an ugly scar.

Remember, all bright-colored flowers are more effective against the background of shrubs.

Our Good-Night Verse: I am the Lord, I change not, my presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest.

Put your name, age and address on all your work, and send it in before March 25 to The Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

*Janet Parker*



My Flower Garden in Mid-Summer

Just after the frost was out of the ground I planted double asters, zinnias, poppies, pansies, nasturtiums, candy-tuft and mignonette. I gathered sweet bouquets in it every other day from June until October and I kept my garden weeded and watered. I feel now that I shall never be another summer without a garden. IRENE N. FAULKNER, Massachusetts, age 15.

Cozy Corner Winner of a Cash Prize in "Something I Have Made Myself" Contest.



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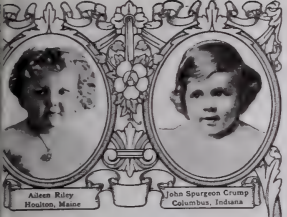
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# How Is Your Own Church?

Still Another Instalment of Letters in this Remarkable Discussion

IT IS refreshing to note the frankness and the kindly Christian spirit with which our readers continue to write in response to the invitation to church members to discuss conditions as they exist to-day in city and country churches. We give several letters below, but have a number in reserve, to be printed when space permits.

**Causes of a Church's Decline**

The old-time pastoral visits among the flock and sharing in their joys and sorrows and speaking a word of warning or of sympathy, are things of the past. One good brother in another church said: "My wife and I have been here six years, and not one of our church people has ever put a foot in our house." One in my own church said: "My wife lay sick three months and only two of our church people came to see her." I know this brother was a regular attendant at church and Sunday School. A good woman told me: "We sent our little child to Sunday School. We gave her a penny every Sunday and thought we were doing well, but her teacher said to her: 'You bring a quarter next time.'" The idea seems not so much the saving of souls as making a financial success.

Few are joining our church, and they come from parents who have long been in the service. There is a great gulf being made between the church and the common people, and many of the more wealthy who are not religiously inclined. We have nice oratory and lectures, but no religious spirit in it. Our poor, sick and cast-outs are left to the care of secret societies and charitable associations.

Chickasha, Okla. MEMBER.

**A Vigorous Church**

I am a Sunday School superintendent in a Southern M. E. church. My church is gaining constantly along the lines which to make a strong, vigorous, healthy, effective church membership has increased twenty-five per cent in the last two years. We have an "all-round pastor," a good preacher, who believes the Bible and preaches it and lives what he preaches, and who is always busy along some line of useful work. We are making good progress spiritually, evidenced by the fact that the church services are well attended. The Sunday School and prayer meeting are live and interesting, and each year we have deep, heartfelt, old-time Methodist revivals.

Monroe, N. C. R. B. CUTHBERTON.

**Steadily Gaining Ground**

The Hebron Evangelical Lutheran church is gaining in membership steadily every year. The Gospel is regularly and faithfully preached. The church is making spiritual progress, through the combined efforts made by the faithful and prayerful members. We are contributing more to the cause than at any time since erection, January 21, 1854.

Bullettsville, Ky. MRS. WM. G. GRAVES.

**Good Church but Small Progress**

I am a member of the First Reformed church here. Our pastor gives excellent sermons. We find, however, in common with most other churches, that it is very hard to get the interest of the rising generation, and this I have attributed to the fact that the church seems to be very far behind in its grasp of the principles which it is trying to teach.

Pasadena, N. J. JAMES S. ALDEN.

**A Church of Spiritual Growth**

In real spiritual life and activities our church is improving all the while. We have a pastor who is faithful, efficient, conscientious and very much alive spiritually. He neglects no part of the church work. He has the hearts of the people. He preaches a plain, simple, practical Gospel. In five and one-half years he has trebled the membership and has had the church property greatly improved. He tells his people they are slack in real earnest prayer, appealing to the Lord for greater blessing upon our work. As to the congregation, we have 240 members enrolled; 300 in the Sunday School, besides those in the Home Department. We have a good morning service at 10 o'clock. The united congregation, a harmonious, working membership. The prayer meeting is a lively one, far better attended than the average. There are evangelistic services in prospect, but these are the fruitage of the pastor's and the members' work throughout the year. There are other departments, missionary and the like, visiting committees, boys' and girls' clubs, etc. Ten times the church work is done now that was done years ago, and our church is in better spiritual condition than it ever was before.

Spokane, Wash. DANIEL P. GROSSCUP.

**An Unexpected Awakening**

Our little church is situated among the hills in the rural district of Bradford Centre, Melvin Mills, N. H., organized in 1803. For many years this has been a flourishing Congregational church, but for the past twelve years not a member has been added. The old ones passing away only a small remnant remained. The few left felt we were sinking out of sight. We had preaching a part of the year, generally from May until January. Meantime we did not cease to pray and keep the church doors open. All at once nine in different parts of the parish came forward with a desire to confess Christ and become members. In September last they were taken into the church. Who can say that God was not in the work?

Melvin Mills, N. H. MRS. P. B. CRAIG.

**Real Church Progress in Nova Scotia**

Pictou County and its towns of Pictou, New Glasgow, Westville and Stellarton and other towns are largely Presbyterian, though there are many others as well, besides the Baptist, Methodist, Baptist and Roman Catholic Churches. I have had a fair knowledge of these churches for the last fifty years, and I may confidently state that there is a vast improvement in every respect. The material, the social and moral work of the several churches are enlightened and improved, so that all of us realize that the whole world must be brought into the kingdom of heaven—that we cannot afford to delay this, the most important of all issues. Men of means, and poor men, and all that are included between these extremes, are now evidently competing and co-operating in the glorious service of Jesus Christ.

Pictou, N. S. JOHN MCKAY.

**Prayer this Church's Weapon**

Our church is gaining in membership. There is at least a sincere effort to preach the Gospel faithfully. Spiritual progress is rather slow, but seems to be in the right direction. We have the inspiration of some who during the last year "turned from the power of Satan unto God," working with us to help others also. A considerable number of young people have begun the "new life" during the past year. Some who have started in God's service have turned back; the alcohol and tobacco habits seem to have caused the older ones to backslide, and the dance

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## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### A Needless Burden

FOR too many grown people suffer from youth to age from a burden of constraint and awkwardness in society. They are diffident in the presence of strangers and very much afraid that they will not make a good impression if they venture away from the shelter of their own home. Bashfulness is a burden hard to bear. It has its origin in self-consciousness, in anxiety about the impression we are making, and in a fear that we may not say the right word or do the right thing in the proper place. Babies are seldom self-conscious. In the first year of its life an infant looks out on the surrounding world with eyes utterly undimmed, and as Emerson has pitifully said: "The baby's hands pull the hair of laureled heads."

Unfortunately, parents early begin the work of teaching children to be conscious of themselves. As soon as the little one begins to toddle about on its tiny feet, to talk in its pretty broken speech, and to manifest pleasure or dislike, father and mother call attention to everything the child does. Before long very small children find out that they are on the stage and that they have parts to play. If they are naturally bold and forward they enjoy the little drama in which they act, and lose no opportunity to display all that they know.

"When are you going to talk about me?" inquired a child of five, after vainly endeavoring to attract the notice of her mother's visitors. She was accustomed to be talked about and felt neglected when the visitors passed her over.

If children are naturally modest and shy, or if they are very sensitive, this premature notice results in early making them too retiring. In any case it does harm whatever the child's temperament happen to be.

A second fatal error made by parents, one that inevitably binds fetters around them that in future will be chains hard to break, is in reproving children in company. No matter what a little culprit may do, rebukes and punishments should be deferred until there can be privacy. If a child must leave the room in consequence of wrongdoing, a mother should manage tactfully to send the delinquent away, without drawing upon the small head the amazed or sympathetic looks of every one present. No one enjoys the position of witness when a child is reproved or disciplined. The habit of disciplining children in public is far more general and much more cruel than parents imagine. It almost certainly follows that children thus reproved become diffident and awkward.

ATTENTION should not be focused on a child's defects or disfigurements. If a boy or girl has grown rapidly or is conspicuously undersized there is no occasion for telling the neighbors anything on the subject. If a child comes in with torn clothing or muddy feet, that, too, should be passed over in silence. Children should exist in a tranquil and happy background during the first ten years of life. They acquire so much through imitation and learn so readily by example, that precept upon precept and line upon line are always supplemented and aided by the personality of their parents.

Why should we not take pains to keep childhood free and sunny?

### A Wife's Embarrassment

"WHAT would you do," inquired a friend, "if, being a Christian woman, you were married to a man who had no respect for religion, and not only neglected everything connected with it, but made your own path difficult? For example," she went on, "I have a neighbor who tries to bring her children up to love and serve the Lord. When she asks a blessing at the table her husband unfolds the newspaper and reads it without the courtesy of attention to her, and certainly with irreverence to the Lord. He whistles and sings and tramps noisily about the house when she is reading the Bible, and hearing her little children say their prayers. Although he possesses horses and a comfortable carriage there is always a reason why she cannot ride on Sunday, and so in order to go to church, she and the children are obliged to take a weary walk over a rough road for nearly two miles. What do you think will be the end of this?"

"Evidently," said the one addressed, "that husband needs very much to be prayed for. He cannot really love his wife and children as he ought or he would not put stumbling-blocks in their path in the way he does. Yet hard as his heart may be, God's spirit can touch him. The wife should persevere, doing the best that she can in humble faith, saying to herself every day, 'God will help me.'"

In a similar case of which I have heard, a mother's consistent life and true consecration were rewarded by the coming into the church of her six children as they reached maturity, and before his death her husband also was converted and confessed Christ.

### The Advice of Experience

A YOUNG girl, who was accustomed to express herself on most occasions with unnecessary vehemence, was talking one morning with her great-aunt, who had passed her nineteenth year. The keen old eyes had seen much in their day, and could still flash with fun and help to point the sharpness of a repartee.

"You would hardly think," said the old gentleman, "that I was once as emphatic as you are, my dear, in contradiction of anything that I did not approve. I learned in the course of time a bit of wisdom that I recommend to you. One does not always have to express an opinion or to insist on saying the last word. Silence does not always mean consent. There are times when it is much better to let a subject drop than to keep on talking. Somebody has to stop, and if the thing is of no consequence, why should it not be one as well as another? It is really not worth while to talk in italics."

### When the Birds Come Back

LET the winter be ever so long, ever so inclement, ever so cold, there comes a day when we wake in the morning and find that spring has arrived. Here she is with her magic wand and lo, the green grass appears, the flowers bloom, the trees are in leaf, and the birds come back. The dear little song-sparrow, the brave bluebird, the cheery robin, and all the glad host of little friends whose flitting wings, joyous love-making, and pretty nest-building add bliss to life, are within our sight and hearing again. How sweet are their songs!

Robert Browning, in Italy, longed to be in England when the spring

Continued on next page

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# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

R. L. C. Culloden, W. Va. Please explain I. Cor. 7: 9, 36, 37.

In the revised version, which is in many instances the clearer translation, I. Cor. 9 reads: "But if they have not continency," etc. This makes the remainder of the verse clear. In verses 36, 37 and 38, in the revised version, we find the word "daughter" appearing in each case after the word virgin. Verse 36 might be liberally translated as follows: "If any man believe that he is acting unfairly or harshly toward his daughter who is of a marriageable age, by not allowing her to marry, and if he think it wise, let him consent."

L. J. B. Creston, Ia. What is the attitude of the various States on the liquor question? Is prohibition gaining or losing?

The fact that half the people of the country are living in territory in which the liquor traffic has been forbidden by law tells eloquently that the drink traffic is being fought in dead earnest. Twenty-five of the thirty millions of people of the Southern States have abolished the saloon either by local option or by State prohibitory law. The following States are prohibition: Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, and Tennessee. In about twenty-four States there is local option. There is no doubt that the good work of putting down the liquor traffic is making headway, and it is to be hoped that before another generation the saloon will have no place in our enlightened Christian American civilization.

M. H. D. Lima, O. In Elijah's victory over the prophets of Baal, where did the twelve barrels of water come from that were mentioned in I. Kings 18: 33-38?

Travelers who have visited the traditional site of this scene on Carmel, tell us that 250 feet below the altar plateau, there is a perennial fountain from which even in seasons of drought Elijah and his followers could have procured the water.

K. G. T. Elmira. What have been the most destructive fires in the world's history?

In 64 A.D. Rome burned eight days and almost all the city was destroyed. In 1089, 1212, 1666 and 1794 there were fierce conflagrations in London, each time extending over square miles of territory, destroying millions in property and sacrificing thousands of human lives. In 1812 Moscow was fired and burned from September 14 to 20 with a loss in property of 150 million dollars. On December 16, 1835, fire destroyed fifteen million dollars' worth of property in New York and again in 1845 seven and one-half millions. Hamburg was almost destroyed in 1842; a fire raged for three days involving a loss of thirty-five million dollars. Tooley Street in London burned from June 22 to July 22, 1861, and twelve millions in dollars were lost. The Communists set fire at Paris in 1871 and destroyed over \$150,000,000 in property. In the same year Chicago burned two days, the fire covering an area of 2,124 acres and destroying over \$200,000,000 of property. In 1872 Boston had a fire loss of \$75,000,000. In 1903 Baltimore suffered a loss of \$10,000,000.

Subscriber, Charleston, W. Va. Please explain I. Cor. 5: 16.

This was advice how to deal with persistent sinners, whose determined adherence to evil courses brought the Church to shame. They were to be excluded from the congregation, shunned and avoided. "Delivered to Satan" means the complete withdrawal of all spiritual relations and leaving them to the consequences of their own evil courses. It was designed as a severe measure of discipline to bring them to their senses.

Subscriber, Blue Mountain, Miss. Is there on record a case of a fixed star having disappeared from the heavens within the last century?

Yes; several stars have disappeared. Among the most noted are the following: On May 12, 1866, a star of the second magnitude, in Corona Borealis, suddenly disappeared and has not since been seen. Ten years later, in November, 1876, a star of the third magnitude in the constellation Cygnus passed from the sky and has not since been visible even through the most modern telescopes. Another star visible to the naked eye, in the constellation Auriga, passed from sight on February 1, 1892, reappeared in July, 1893, then passed again from sight and has not since been seen. The explanations of these phenomena may be found in *World Making*, by Dr. Island, professor of astronomy, Seabreeze, Fla.

Mrs. N. M. H., Charlestown, Mass. Will you kindly tell me the difference between the Pilgrims and Puritans?

The Puritans were a party which had its rise in England in Queen Elizabeth's time and which held that the English Reformation had

not gone far enough in its separation from the Roman Church, but that there were many ceremonies and forms still retained in the worship, which was too suggestive of the papacy. Some of them taught that the only right form of church government was that laid down in the New Testament, and that the civil authorities had no right to interfere in church affairs. This view was repugnant to the government, whereupon they formed a Separatist or Independent party, with the Congregational system as a basis. This party was dealt with so severely that many of its members left England, and went to Holland. In 1620 a number of the Separatists embarked on the *Mayflower* and came to Plymouth in New England. These are known in history as the Pilgrim Fathers. Other English Puritans came over eight years later and settled in Boston and Salem. They called themselves the "true Puritans." All are now known under the one generic name "Puritans."

M. G., Arlington, Pa. Please explain Heb. 2: 14-17.

Paul was here explaining that Jesus could only have made the atonement by taking upon himself the nature and form of man. As God, he could not have undergone death; nor could he have accomplished his ordained mission in any other capacity than he assumed.

P. D., Glendale, Calif. What is the present attitude of the Mormon Church towards polygamy?

In 1890 the then president of the Mormon Church, Wilford Woodruff, issued a manifesto against polygamy. The Mormons are anxious to make the outside world believe that plural marriage has been discontinued since that date, but there is little doubt that polygamy is still secretly practised among them. In fact the *Salt Lake Tribune*, one of the ablest papers in the West and inimical to the spread of Mormonism, has undeniably proven that plural marriage still prevails. Within the past two years this paper has published records of 224 polygamous marriages and the Mormon Church has made no attempt to deny the statements. It is almost safe to assert that for every polygamous marriage thus made public ten at least have taken place in secret; for the Mormon Church may be regarded as a great secret society anxious to keep its workings from the public. Basing our assertion on facts, we would say that since the so-called anti-polygamous manifesto in 1890 there have been probably as many as 2,000 polygamous marriages among the Mormons.

C. W. B., Burbank, O. Is it still possible to secure land on the homestead plan either in the United States or Canada?

Yes; land may be secured in both countries, though there is probably a better selection in Canada. For detailed information, address United States Land Office, Washington, D. C., and the Crown Land Office, Ottawa, Can.

Mrs. M. E. W., Wilbur, Ore. Who are the Plymouth Brethren?

The Plymouth Brethren originated in Ireland in 1827. Edward Cronin left the Catholic Church and every Sunday morning gathered a number of sympathizers to his house in Dublin for the purpose of "breaking bread." Soon there was a large following, among them Rev. J. N. Darby, who entered into the cause with much spirit and went to Paris, Cambridge and Oxford to promulgate the doctrines and finally came to Plymouth, where he established a congregation which became known as "the Brethren" there, but in other places as the "Plymouth Brethren." The characteristic of this school is an endeavor in view of divided tendencies to keep the unity of the Spirit. They are sometimes called *Darbyites*.

Mrs. J. M. H., Mount Vernon, Ia. Is it not wrong to teach children that there is a Santa Claus?

The whole matter of allowing children to read fairy stories has been much discussed. The tradition of Santa Claus is a species of fairy story and it has been called, on that account, a foolish and wrong one to tell to children. But it is a tradition that appeals strongly to the childish imagination. We think, however, it should be told simply as a tradition.

D. A. A., Springfield, Mass. Please tell me something about the Moravians; their nationality, faith, etc. Had John Wesley any connection with them?

The Moravian Brotherhood, which now consists of three different branches, originated in Bohemia in 1459. This body preceded the true spirit of the Hussite movement after the martyrdom of the leader John Huss. The beliefs of the sect are evangelical. A detailed statement of doctrines, etc., will be found on page 812, Vol. XVII, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth edition. John Wesley was not directly connected with the Moravians.

Continued on next page



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# OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

M. P., Portland, Ore. Explain the harvest moon. Why does she shine longer than any other?

The moon revolves round the earth in an easterly direction and in general it rises some forty-eight minutes later and sets forty-eight minutes earlier for every day of its age. But this retardation, as it is called, is not uniform; it depends upon the inclination of the moon's orbit to the horizon, and is the least when this angle is least. Fortunately for the farmer this occurs near the autumnal equinox, September 23. At about this date the full moon rises and sets for several evenings with a daily retardation of only fifteen to twenty minutes, and the increased period of moonlight thus given has earned for this moon the title of the "Harvest Moon."

P. T., Kalamazoo, Mich. How did Peary know when he reached the North Pole?

Here is how he would know: When the North Magnetic Pole of the earth is reached (which is one of the two points in the earth's surface where the lines of magnetic force are vertical, in other words, it is one of the ends of the axis of the earth's magnetic polarity and is determined by the needle), the needle begins to point south. The North Magnetic Pole is hundreds of miles from the geographical Pole; to be exact, it is in North British America, its latitude 70½ degrees north and longitude 97 degrees west from Greenwich. As soon as this point is passed the needle swings back towards it. The explorer would then be traveling south by his compass, continuing on over a section of the earth where there is no north, east or west—only south. Observations of the sun would tell the tale. When the sun's elevation above the horizon remained practically the same for twenty-four hours it would be proof positive that the Pole had been reached.

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. H. H. H. Thanks for the passage noted.

Mrs. S. M. F., Garrison, Neb. Probably the passage to which you refer is Ex. 10: 21, also 20: 21.

W. G. T., Schenectady, N. Y. Thanks for your well-meant criticism, which is by no means out of place.

A Friend, Wilkesbarre, Pa. Small amounts may be sent through the mails in coin cards which can be had of almost any stationer.

Mrs. C. F. G., Dade City, Fla. There is no such expression in the Bible. Paul tells us that Christ brought life and immortality to light, and elsewhere we read that it is the gift of God. (See II. Cor. 5: 1; II. Tim. 1: 10; Rom. 2: 6-8.)

E. W. R., Jefferson, O. Your questions are purely speculative, and the opinion of one authority would be as good as another. They do not come properly within the scope of THE MAIL-BAG, which is for information and not for debate.

Mrs. Joseph G., Dover, N. J., writes: "I have been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family for a number of years and do not know how I should get along without the paper. It comes new to my Bible." We are always glad to enjoy the good opinion of our readers.

F. F. F., Oskosh, Wis. 1. There is a single text which will answer your question, and it is a Christian's duty to follow the advice it gives on all things, the use of liquor included. (See Rom. 14: 21.) When we see the evils wrought

in the world by intemperance, we do not need to go far to apply this text. It is clearly the duty of the Christian, even were there no other Scripture on the subject, to abstain from anything that brings so much misery and wickedness into the world. 2. Consult a lawyer: the laws may vary on the subject in different States. 3. We answer such letters as we can, but cannot guarantee to answer all.

L. D., Springfield, Mo. Of the three great problems, the past is the scroll that lies before us, for instruction, example and warning. The present is the most difficult in a personal sense, as it relates to our duty, and it is the most important and most imperative. The future is the unsolvable, which we must confidently trust in God's hands, who will unfold its hidden mysteries in his own good time.

L. F. B., Sebec, Me. 1. Presumably the Garden of Gethsemane in which the betrayal took place, was in semi-darkness at that hour, as the evening was well advanced (see Mark 17), so that recognition by the soldiery might not have been an easy matter. 2. The ground which was bought with the price of the betrayal is still shown on the outskirts of Jerusalem and is known as the Potter's Field.

Mrs. L. J. B., Creston, Ia. We are in the midst of a great saloon fight here. We have one paper, a saloon organ, which publishes everything it can find against prohibition. The saloon "petition of consent" was circulated, also a remonstrance, and the temperance people gained a victory. They thought we had defrauded, so they appealed to the circuit court and they lost there. Now they will circulate another petition, according to the law in Iowa. Ours will be a bitter fight for a purer town.

E. B. M., Marshalltown, Ia. You say that it is "inconceivable that John should have been permitted to baptize the Son of God without being able to distinguish him from the common multitude." John answered the question very clearly: "And I knew him not" (John 1: 33-34). Mere relationship and acquaintance would not suffice. Nothing short of divine revelation, divine authority attested by the Holy Ghost, could give John authority to say, "Behold the Lamb of God."

G. Y., Williamsville, N. Y. 1. Pray for greater faith: seek the company of God's people and their encouragement and assistance; read a portion of the Gospels daily and open your heart freely to your own pastor. 2. Acts of necessity and mercy are permissible on the Lord's Day, and this would seem to belong to the latter category. 3. What you state is fatalism. God has given us the power to choose between good and evil. 4. It is a dangerous profession, but she might use her talent otherwise, with propriety and profit. 5. Skating in a rink in promiscuous company should be avoided. 6. Immersion or sprinkling, whichever you prefer.

Old Reader, Lindenhurst, L. I. "For more than fifty years I have searched the Scriptures, but have found no clear statement when taken with its context that teaches I must not expect to be saved from sin, natural or inbred, or of any other kind, while in this life. The uniform command is to put away sin, to purify the heart, to purge out the old leaven, to seek to be sanctified throughout spirit, soul and body. Nor do the Scriptures encourage me to hide myself under a robe of righteousness while the filth of sin remains. Nor do they warrant me to mock myself, by lifting an 'ideal standard' to which I must never attain. In II. Cor. 7: 1 it is taught that the entire cleansing from inward sin is instantaneous, while the 'perfecting holiness' is a progressive work."

fatigable worker in the vineyard, during which time he was the means of bringing thousands to Christ. He was born at Frewsburg, N. Y., in 1836, and early in life was a surveyor on the Western plains. He joined the Telugu Mission in 1865 and soon was recognized as the most earnest worker in the Indian field. By 1878 he had made ten thousand adult converts. On one occasion 2,222 were baptized in a single day by six native evangelists with only two of the latter baptizing at one time.

PASTOR TH. BIERUM of Hafnarföður, Iceland, writes: "There is now in Reykjavik a regular Sunday School with Mr. Ziemsen as superintendent and twelve teachers, among whom Mr. Gislason, B.D., is a good help. Rev. Fridriksson is teacher for the infant class. The rest of the teachers are mostly from the Young Women's Christian Association, with Miss Olafson at the head. The work has been taken up in faith and love as the Lord's work. Here in Hafnarföður (1,500 inhabitants) we have a small Sunday School, of which I am leader. It will be necessary to get a committee to establish Sunday Schools in every parish where there are believing Christians."



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## Among the Workers

—AN EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN was begun in the First Baptist church of Cambridge, Mass., on February 3, and was continued for three weeks from that date. The work was carried on by the pastor, Dr. J. L. Campbell, with some special assistance in the singing. God's presence and power have been present in a remarkable way from the very beginning. During the first week a large number of decisions were made for Christ. The meetings closed March 1.

—THE SUNDAY evening services of the First Presbyterian church of Vineland, N. J., was of the special nature of an anniversary celebration on January 1, to commemorate the completion of twenty-four years of continuous pastorate by Rev. David H. King, D.D. The church distributed souvenir cards on which was printed a hymn prepared for the occasion by Dr. King and also a record of his work in connection with the church for his entire long period of service.

A GREAT MISSIONARY and a good man passed to his eternal reward when Dr. John E. Clough, of the Indian Telugu Mission, died a few weeks ago. For over forty years he was an inde-







# Patriotism Demands Abstinence\*

Quarterly Sunday School Temperance Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**The Evil of Intemperance**

THIS story of an ancient nation defeated by drink is strikingly paralleled in our own time. All around us we see the evils of intemperance, dragging not alone individuals, but nations to the abyss of ruin. Wise and good men, looking on the peril, raise their voices and sound a warning, they see the danger head and tremble for the consequences. Emperor William takes statesmanly recognition of the fact that the excessive drinking by German soldiers, workmen, and college students may prevent his country from competing successfully with Great Britain and the United States in the markets of the world.

Prohibition by Indian treaties in Minnesota, a subject of recent discussion, reminds us that, in the opinion of our government, the use of intoxicating liquors makes savages still more savage and retards in every way their evolution into civilized manhood. The enforcement of such prohibition treaties by men who are not afraid to stand up for the right and do their duty toward God and their country, should put to shame those cowardly officials who take solemn oath to enforce all laws, but who, when put to the test on prohibition, try to condone their lack of manhood and moral courage by saying: "It can't be enforced." The Indian treaties were of a wise and patriotic character, being intended to prevent the extermination of the noble race of red men and at the same time to protect the white race against the intensification of their native vices by indulgence in strong drink.

The shallow and inexperienced who are not able to give, or do not wish to give, consideration to the great problems of the time, and who now nothing of the social ethics of their country, will tell you that people cannot be made moral by law; that those who have studied the social problems and base their reasoning on experience, will tell you that the law, in a decrease, if not wholly eliminate vice by abolishing the evil resorts which foster it. We reduce disease by removing the poisonous cesspools of the streets, which generate germs and give rise to noxious odors and miasma. It is wrong for a man to keep filth in his backyard that will poison not only his family but his neighbors, and perhaps cause a plague which may devastate a whole city or even a whole nation. By a similar analogy it is wrong for any one to maintain a resort for gambling, or for the sale of intoxicating drinks and harmful drugs, or that will in any way cause moral pollution and endanger the spiritual health of the community.

**Danger—Material and Moral**

The well-being of any country depends upon the determination of its people to safeguard their vital interests by having such laws enacted as will guard against both material and moral danger. China had no laws relating to a modern system of sanitation, nor had she any which interdicted the pernicious drug habit, and as a consequence, she became the victim of plagues and pestilences and her people sank so low that they became an easy prey for the hardy raps, who neglected neither their physical nor social well-being. But as soon as China prohibited the opium traffic she changed for the better was manifested. The prohibition of the drug was a patriotic act, not prompted by the injury of opium to the individual,

but by the feeling that only through abolishing the drug could China ever hope to become strong and take her stand on the same level as her neighbor, Japan. Twenty thousand Chinese have now signed a petition to the British Government for the abrogation of the British opium treaties. This petition has done much to weld into one patriotic nation the different provinces of China, hitherto so much isolated in their common interests.

In shameless contrast with China's work, which has cut down the opium traffic eighty per cent. in three years, is the fact that many American officials connive at the smuggling of opium into this country for the bribes they receive from those engaged in the nefarious trade. Alcohol is the twin drug of opium, yet in the nation as a whole its consumption has not been reduced per capita, largely because of our neglect of law enforcement. In a manner, we have only been "playing" at temperance, as if we were only engaged in a sham battle. This lesson is to remind us that it is a real warfare and one which requires the best efforts we can put forth.

**The Loss Involved**

In grappling with the drink evil we must not depend solely on the law; we must call to our assistance other help, the help which is found in the Gospel of Christ. Let us consider the temperance question from the point of view of the two great commandments which tell us to love God above all and our neighbors as ourselves. To obey these commandments we must abstain from intoxicating drinks. We must abstain for Christ's sake, if we would follow him; for the sake of our neighbors, whom we are bound to set a good example and assist to the best of our ability; for the sake of our country, to which we owe fealty and allegiance; and for the sake of the world, that we may benefit it and leave it better for our having lived.

A man cannot be true to himself if he does not hold the baser passions of his nature in control, especially the desire or craving for spirituous liquors. The drinking man cannot bring out the best that is in him and his efforts become weak, compared with those of his sober brother, for he saps both body and brain by his indulgence; therefore he cannot compete in the life race, he loses his place and falls so far behind that, eventually, he is lost sight of altogether. Many a man through strong drink has lost a good position and found himself on the broad road of ruin, traveling with an accelerated velocity down to the Avernus of temporal and eternal ruin. The sparkling glass entices many a bright youth to throw away his chances and his opportunities and sink helpless in the mire of intemperance, never to rise again. Fortune, health, happiness, hope, all are sacrificed to the demon of drink. And the value of these things is not realized until they are lost. Often a person unknowingly casts aside or throws away something of great price. Silas Morgan, living on Whidbee Island, Wash., found several dozen cans containing a substance resembling paint, and believing that a case of red paint had been washed ashore, he painted his old barn with the material. On taking a sample to town, he learned that the sticky fluid was pure opium worth \$500 a can. As he had used thirty cans in painting the barn, the job cost just \$9,000. Fortunes are thrown away daily in painting the stomach with alcohol. We hear of people swallowing needles, pins and other indigestible materials,

Continued on next page

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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for March 10, 1911. Defeat Through Drink. 11 Kings 9: 1-24. Golden Text: "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink." Prov. 31: 4.



## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

but how many swallow houses and farms and lands and estates, not realizing the enormity of their appetites until they have nothing left to appease them!

### From a Patriotic Standpoint

In considering the drink question, we must not lose sight of the interests of our common country and what is involved in the issue. The argument for abstinence deserves a special emphasis on the ground of patriotism. The greatness of any nation depends for the most part on the sobriety of its people. Greece and Rome were among the mightiest of the early empires, but as soon as they began to give free rein to their indulgence in drink, they declined and in a short time their glory and splendors were but memories of the past. In our time the French Academy at-

tributes the decline in the birthrate of France, the real national peril of that country, to the daily habit of its women tipping in wines, and of its men indulging in absinthe and other strong spirits. In fact, their systems are in a state of chronic poisoning. Scientists tell us that the leucocytes or minute particles which swim about in the blood destroy the germs, microbes and other bacteria which would prove dangerous to life. When drink, however, is taken into the system, these health-preserving agents are wholly incapacitated from performing their functions and the microbes have a free field for their ravages. The habit of tipping, while it may never develop into outright drunkenness, is equally as bad, even worse, for it lays hold of its victims so insidiously that they do not realize they are in the clutch of a demon until they can no longer tear themselves away from its deadly embrace. The women and men of France, the former by their tipping, the latter by their excesses, are sinking their country to the lowest level in the scale of nationhood, and if there is not some reformation soon this drink evil will obliterate France from the map of Europe.

France, however, is not the only country at the present time which is threatened by the universal destroyer. In fact the whole world is imperiled by the stealthy encroaches of this foe of the race, whom so many are running to embrace as a friend. The United States is in danger and the watchmen on the towers of Zion should sound a warning in time. That the drink evil has been checked in the rural sections of the country, is no reason why the moral guardians of the people should relax their efforts to exorcise the rum demon and drive it forever from the land. Let no one think that the war on King Alcohol is over and the battle won. On the contrary, he is still mighty in his evil and we must concentrate all our forces to combat him.

The lesson in which we are told how the mighty kingdom of Syria was defeated by "the young men" and the "people of Israel," because the commanders of the Syrian army were "drinking themselves drunk in their pavilions," suggests that the new organizations of men in the churches are the forces by which alcohol should be repulsed and overthrown. In many cases the Men's Leagues have not gone beyond Bible study, but this very study should impel them to become successors of Christ in "destroying the works of the devil." "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested." For this purpose, also, was the Church constituted. Can any one proceed to destroy the works of the devil and overlook the saloon and the gambling table? The destruction of these evils is a man's job. It is not fair to put all the labor on the preachers and the women. They need assistance, the help of strong men. Let the Men's Bible Classes unite to study civic problems, and to speak unitedly to the government officials of city, state and nation, by petitions, by letters, by deputations, working for temperance, righteousness and judgment to come. It is not a foreign foe that is losing by drink, but our own freights, homes and country. Let all true Christians, then, young and old, but especially the men, become the "princes" or "people" by whom shall be won the conclusive victory that waits only for the coming into the fight of the main army of the Church of God.

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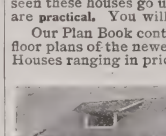
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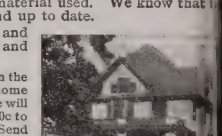
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# TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Continued from page 251

succeeded in making any man happy till he got off that high horse of yours, and stop trying to run the universe. But I don't suppose you'll care for that I say, any more than you cared for me, and I don't flatter myself that as a little bit.

"Just one thing more, before I say good-by for always. If you want to know how your master is, I'll tell you. 's old Jarvis. I knew it all along. But I let you go on deceiving yourself, and you seemed to prefer doing it. You can settle it with him any way you see fit, and I shall be satisfied.

"With best wishes for your future happiness, I am, my dear Barbara,

"Yours faithfully,

"DAVID WHITCOMB."

Barbara read this letter once; then she thrust it deep down among the iron logs and watched it blaze and wring into a black and scarlet shred. She was still thinking soberly rather than sorrowfully of David, when Jimmy dashed into the room, his yellow hair standing up around his rosy face like a halo as he pulled off his warm cap and threw his books and mittens on the table.

"You're home early, aren't you, Precious?" asked Barbara, glancing at the clock.

"Yes, 'course I am; I met Mr. Jarvis, Barb'ra. He was drivin' that horse wiv a short tail, 'n'—'n' he asked me did I want to get in and drive him, 'n'—'n' he let me, Barb'ra; 'n' I don't b'lieve that horse cares if his tail is short. He's comin' in the house now."

"Who—the horse?" asked Barbara in pretended alarm.

"Course not!" shouted Jimmy in fine scorn. "Mr. Jarvis is. He said he was bringin' you a book to read. I like Mr. Jarvis, don't you, Barb'ra? Don't you?"

Jarvis himself, entering at the moment, heard the little boy's insistent question. He stood before the fire, tall and grave, drawing off his gloves and looking keenly at Barbara. She had grown only more beautiful in his eyes, since the day when he had first noticed her youthful loveliness, like a windblown spray of blossoms against a dark sky. Now he perceived that something untoward had happened to disturb the quiet friendship which had been slowly growing up between them in the peace of the past months. Her candid eyes avoided his, and a fluttering color came and went in her soft cheeks.

"What is it, Barbara?" he asked, when Jimmy had gone exultantly.

"I have just been reading a letter—from David," she said, without attempt at postponement or evasion. "He is married."

"Well?" said Jarvis gravely.

"I was glad to know that," she went on. "I have been afraid—for that poor girl."

She was silent for a long minute, while the logs purred comfortably together in the fireplace.

Then she met his questioning eyes, her own filled with a deep, mysterious light.

"He told me what I had sometimes—thought might be true," she hesitated; "that you—were the unknown person, who— That I really—belong to you."

Then the significance of her words flashed over her, and her face glowed with lovely color.

"I am quite rich now," she went on hurriedly, "and you must let me—give you—pay you—"

"I will, Barbara," he said, with a quiet smile. "If you will only give me—that you have acknowledged really belongs to me. Will you, Barbara?"

She turned to him, all her woman's soul in her sweet eyes. "To the highest bidder," she murmured, and laid her hand in his.

THE END

## HID IN CHRIST

IN the second century they brought a Christian before the king, who wanted him to renounce and give up Christ and Christianity, but the man spurned the proposition. But the king said:

"If you don't do it, I will banish you."

The man smiled and answered: "You can't banish me from Christ, for he will never leave me nor forsake me."

The king got angry, and said: "Well, I will confiscate your property and take it all from you."

And the man replied: "My treasures are laid up on high; you cannot get them."

The king became still more angry, and said:

"Why," the man answered, "I have been dead forty years; I have been dead with Christ, dead to the world, and my life is hid with Christ in God, and you cannot touch it."

"What are you going to do with such a fanatic?" said the king.



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Therefore we are not surprised when we find that the armor prescribed for the Christian, complete and even elaborate as it is, is within the reach of all. Any one can have it.

In primitive man, the absence of effective moral armor is as noticeable as the absence of the means of physical defense. In time of war, says Frazer, the anthropologist, the women of certain wild tribes dance all day and all night, until their strength fails. They believe that this course brings success to their warriors. In another tribe, one man stays at home when his brethren go forth to battle, and two lads are chosen by lot to be beaten by this man during all the time that the army is absent. This cruel act, they think, insures the victory of their arms. Their moral armor is equally absurd, and largely in consequence of their blind helplessness, tribe after tribe has been swept from the earth.

Thus, from the crudeness of untaught peoples, through the rising steps of increasing civilization, through the high refinement of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Ninevites, the Greeks, and the Romans—none of them coming to the true knowledge of sin and its redemption, we arrive at the analysis and the solution offered by Christ, of this great riddle of human life.

Fearlessly he told men of the nature of sin. They could not serve God and Mammon. They must observe honor in the marriage relation. They must forgive wrongs, even loving those who persecute them. Read the long, keen list, as given in our Lord's sermons. Then read of the cures and the aids which he provides, and see how marvelously every emergency is met. The most profound treatise upon ethics could go no further.

Some of our people think that in education of the mind lies our great defense. They say, "Teach everybody to read and write. See that geography and grammar and arithmetic are understood, and then the nation is safe."

Never was there a greater mistake. Education is good and necessary. Dr. Lyman Abbott has eloquently said, "Equip a man with all the powers that education can provide, and you simply give him power with which he can carry on selfishness more skillfully than before. The hope of the world is not in education; it is in God. It is not in public schools, unless the public school learns how to educate the conscience as well as the intellect. There is no more hope in an educated people than in an ignorant people, unless their education has taught them right and wrong, and God as the interpreter of right and wrong."

That just and great ruler and general, King Gustavus Adolphus, lived by prayer, and strove ever to wear the armor of his God. A good song for us all is that which he taught his soldiers to sing:

As true as God's own word is true,  
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew  
Against us shall prevail.  
A just and byword are they grown;  
God is with us. We are his own,  
Our victory cannot fail.

### Money: Dangers and Uses\*

IT IS to be noted that there are few agents of great good that are not capable of being equally harmful. Thus fire, one of our greatest blessings, is also, if not kept strictly in the place of a servant, a merciless and destructive master. Water is the same; and money is much like them. Keep it in its place, and it is an invaluable source of good. Let it once permanently obtain the mastery, and the soul that serves it is lost.

Our perils as a nation arise largely from our wealth. We may well take to heart the warning which Moses gave to Israel in the daily reading for March 14. During the two decades between 1860 and 1880, it was computed that our wealth increased 170 per cent. In the two decades between 1880 and 1900, it increased from 43 billions to 107 billions.

"The material progress of the United States from 1870 to 1880," says Dr. Josiah Strong, "is without a parallel in the history of the world. . . . Mammonism," he continues, "grows more and more intense and infatuated. It corrupts morals, it blocks reforms, it corrupts the ballot box, and by reason of our enormous wealth we are threatened with a gross materialism. When life becomes only a ministry to enlarge wealth, there is perversion and degradation."

As to the individual man wealth is likely to bring the perils of luxury, so with the nation. Charles Sumner said truly that avarice and luxury had been the ruin of every great State. "The material splendor of Israel reached its climax in the glory of Solomon's reign, in which silver was made to be in Jerusalem as stones; but it was followed by the speedy dismemberment of the kingdom. Wealth has no conserving power. It tends rather to enervate and corrupt."

Said Dr. Howard Crosby: "The danger which threatens the uprooting of society, the demolition of civil institutions, the destruction of liberty is that which comes from the rich and powerful classes."

Not many of us are subjected individually to the dangers of wealth; but as citizens of our beloved republic, we are all threatened by them, and we cannot too deeply and faithfully consider and combat them.

"But where," you ask, "shall I, as an individual, draw the line in the pursuit of gain? When I get property enough to yield an income upon which I can live, shall I stop earning, and rest back upon my savings?"

No one can advise any one in such matters. Some men apparently can not help making money. They are gifted with a sort of second sight which shows them the value of investments and the openings for capital. Until some statute or other influence stops them, such men will continue to roll up vast fortunes. Others will be made by lucky chances. No important signs appear as yet of any restrictions upon the making of great fortunes. And when such wealth is expended upon good objects, like that of Andrew Carnegie, John H. Converse, John S. Kennedy, and many others, it is hard to condemn it.

Undoubtedly it is the duty of every man to put forth his best efforts to make not only a good living for his family, but to provide adequately against the possible mutations of fortune and the disabilities of sickness and old age. He wishes to have enough in hand also to bear his share in the support of his church and all good causes. He must help to care for those who have laid aside self-interest in order to take up some department of the Master's service with small pay or none at all.

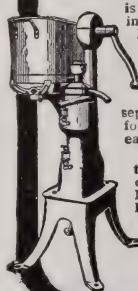
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\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, March 19. TEXTS: Eph. 6:14-17; II. Cor. 10: 3-5.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 19. TEXTS: Prov. 14:24; I Tim. 6: 17-19.



# MUSIC

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In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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### Called Higher

Delia Cooley (79), Seattle, Wash., has gone to reap the reward of a well-spent life.

Mrs. A. W. Tiffany, Ferndale, Wash., has passed higher.

Sarah Kennett (74), San Francisco, has been called to the eternal life.

Sarah E. Auchmoody died at Portchester, N. Y., strong in faith to the last.

Hennetta Allam (73) died at Magnolia, Tex. She was a reader of this paper twenty-five years.

Adelbert Matteson, Portland, Ore., has been called higher. He was a reader of this paper.

Nannie G. Western (77), Gainesville, Tex., after a life of usefulness, has been called home.

After a life of devotion to good works, Mary Ann Townsend (82) passed away at Oxford, Pa.

Sankey Holcomb, a young school teacher of New Lexington, O., passed away recently, much regretted.

Mary Moore, Greenbush, Ont., Can., an old subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has gone to her reward.

Margaret McIntosh (74), Tiverton, Ont., Can., has laid down the earthly burden and gone to her reward.

Flora Kirkland, for 32 years a teacher in Brooklyn, died January 17. She was well-known as a hymn writer.

Susan C. Hawley (87), Shelton, Conn., has gone to the Master's care. She was a thoroughly Christian woman.

Ann Pyne (86), Blackinton, Mass., fell asleep January 3. She was a woman of sterling qualities, beloved by all who knew her.

Mary Elizabeth Holmes (82), a model Christian woman and mother, died at Fort Worth, Tex., regretted by all her acquaintances.

Mrs. Augusta C. Gilbert (87), Phenix, N. Y., is missed by many in the old neighborhood, but she is looking down upon them from above.

Mrs. Melissa Birdsall (90), Elmira, has passed away, after a long and edifying Christian life. A member of the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Ames (80), a good type of the Christian mother, is missed by her family and many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Ippich, Easton, Pa., have been called home. They were a devoted couple, respected by all in their neighborhood.

Hannah Taylor (88) was called to her reward on January 24. To the last she was interested in every good work in her community.

Lucey C. McKean (70), a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty-five years, died suddenly in Walsworth, Pa. She was a woman of a cheerful, Christian disposition and made many friends.

Mrs. Mills, wife of W. J. Mills, Brooklyn, was called higher while on a visit to her native land, after an absence of over fifty years. She died in Londonderry, Ireland, but her husband brought back the remains and she sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery. She was a Christian woman of rare qualities, much beloved by a wide circle of friends.

Charles H. Covell (82) died recently in Worcester, Mass. In early life he had many stirring adventures by sea and land. He first went out as a whaler. He was in the navy during the Civil War. After this he traveled in South America and Europe. For nearly half a century he was engaged in preaching and secular work in the line of lecturing about his travels and experiences.

Mrs. Charles M. Pepper, who recently passed away in Washington, was a member of the Federation of Women's Clubs, District of Columbia; of the Women's National Press Association and other organizations. She was greatly beloved in a large literary and social circle and both she and her husband, Hon. Charles M. Pepper, of the American-Canadian Reciprocity Commission, have long been active figures in the official life of Washington.

Rev. James Rollinson (70), who passed away from New Virginia, was an indefatigable worker in the vineyard, winning souls to the Master by his intense earnestness and his genial and kindly nature which attracted all to him, the sinner as well as the saint. He was born in Staffordshire, England, and came to this country in 1868, and was shortly afterwards licensed to preach in the Methodist Church. He was a power for much good in the community, and the light he shed shall show the way to erring feet for many years to come.

KENOSHA, WIS., January 17, 1911.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

As I am one of the thousands who loved Dr. Klopach and were in hearty sympathy with his philanthropic achievements it affords me great pleasure to add my endorsement to the splendid and fitting monument proposed for him by the Rev. Dr. Klopach. His noble example of love and self-sacrifice should stimulate us all to higher ideals and better service.

Very truly yours,

JAMES BAILEY.

# The Lullaby Brooder

## See how it grows with the chicks

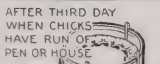
IN OPERATION FIRST DAY



HOVER-BREAKING SECOND AND THIRD DAYS



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Always brings the chicks to the colony house or roosting age, strong, healthy, and vigorous.

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Whether you have 25 or 10,000, the Lullaby will take care of them in flocks of 25 each, and positively stop the 50% loss of the past.

Easily adjusted to the different stages of chick life.

Place it in any sort of a structure that is waterproof—dry-goods box, piano box, barrel or out-shed coop.

Cheswick, Pa., June 14, 1910.

The Park & Pollard Co.  
Dear Sirs: You feeds I find are fine and do all you claim for them. I put twenty-five chickens in your Lullaby Brooder and they are now nearly two months old and I have not lost one or had any trouble at all.

Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) JOHN BATTERSBY

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A Ceylonese Pleasure Car. See page 269

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# DOING THE WILL OF GOD

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, America's Greatest Evangelist\*

I WANT to call attention to the fifth chapter of Hebrews, the ninth verse: "And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him."

Eternal salvation means eternal life, eternal safety, eternal deliverance. And we get that by obedience. We are told that "without faith it is impossible to please God"; and you may also say,

"Without obedience it is impossible to please God." All the wretchedness, misery, woe, and sin in this world come through that door of disobedience. If man will only obey God there will be no trouble. There is where our trouble comes from. Let me give that text again. I want you to get the text if you don't get anything else to-day. I am glad the word of God has made some people mad. Nothing will cut a wound like the Word of God. Here is something true, whether you believe it or not.



Dwight L. Moody

## What Obedience Really Means

Mark, it doesn't say "all that feel him," but "all that obey him." How did the angels fall? By disobedience. How did man fall? By disobedience. That is how he fell. A man is going to rise on the spot where he fell. Let man obey God and all is peaceful; everything comes right then. And did you ever notice that everything else in this world but the heart of man obeys God? All creation obeys God. He said in the morning, "Let there be light," and there came light. Darkness disappeared. He spoke to the earth, "Let the earth bring forth," and the earth obeyed instantly. And one of the proofs that Christ was God manifest in the flesh is that everything but the heart of man obeyed him. He spoke; the wind obeyed him, and the sea; and the fig-tree instantly withered away. He spoke to disease, and disease fled before him. He spoke to death, and death fled before him; and to the grave, and the grave instantly obeyed. He spoke to man, and man said, "No, I will not obey him." And that is the trouble. And there will be no peace on this earth until man learns the lesson of obedience.

Man says he doesn't know why God should be so strict about his laws being obeyed. Why, you know that many a man has been shot in the army because he disobeyed—shot down at once. Man wants his laws obeyed, and hasn't God got a right to say that his laws shall be obeyed? Obedience is the best test after all of loyalty to Christ. You cannot have a better test of love than that. If my child says he loves me and never will obey me, I don't care for his love. You don't want any better test of love than obedience. You remember, when Christ was on earth, they came to him and testified to him, and said his mother and brothers were outside and wanted to see him; and he looked around and said, "Who is my mother? Who is my brother? They that do my will; they are my mother and my brother." The man that is nearest to God is the man who obeys the Master fully. That is the one that is nearest. And the one farthest away from God is the one that obeys the least. That is all there is to it. If you want to be brought into the closest fellowship with the Lord, all you have to do is to obey him. He takes us into the closest fellowship with him, if we will obey him.

Now, there is another passage in the First Book of Samuel, fifteenth chapter, twenty-second verse; if you have your Bibles, it would be a good thing to read it: "And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

Works of charity will avail nothing, if there be disloyalty and disobedience to God. It is much easier to bring a bleeding lamb and lay it upon the altar than to bring yourself; it is much easier

This is the eleventh of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One will appear each month.

to give a thousand dollars to India, to an institution, or to some church, than to resign your will to God's will. But God doesn't want the money unless the will and heart go with it—unless the man is right with him. If a man persists in living in disobedience, there is nothing he can do to please God.

There would have been no need of sacrifice if it hadn't been for disobedience. It is much easier to bring a lamb than to come yourself. God wants you. There is a story told of an Indian who was troubled about his sins and he brought his tomahawk, but the Lord wouldn't have it. And he brought his blanket, and his dog and gun, bow and arrows, and the Lord wouldn't have any one of them. But, at last, he brought "Poor Indian" himself, and the Lord took him at once. And that's what the Lord wants. He wants you, your will, and he will give you power to do right when he gets control of your will.

Now, you could not, perhaps, have a better illustration of two men, of one who was disobedient and the other who was obedient, than in two ancient scenes. They were about a thousand years apart. Both men belonged to the tribe of Benjamin. One had a kingdom given him and a crown set upon his brow. He was the favored of the whole nation—lifted up above every man in the whole kingdom. He had the loveliest son that ever father had on this earth—Jonathan, one of the loveliest characters in history; so unselfish, so little jealousy about him! He had one of the grandest sons-in-law in history—David; and had as a friend one of the finest prophets that ever lived—Samuel. Samuel was true to Saul and was willing to hand over the kingdom to him, and Saul had the favor of heaven and earth. But by one act of disobedience he lost everything—his kingdom, his lovely Jonathan, his life, and the friendship of Samuel; he lost everything. How many are there who have done the same thing? You have lost because you have been disloyal to him.

Another Saul had no kingdom, no crown. He was a persecutor of the righteous, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against every one who called Jesus the Christ. At last Christ spoke to him, and what did he say? "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." And he won a crown. He won not only the friendship of Samuel and the prophets, but the favor of heaven and the smile of God. The first Saul lost all by disobedience, but this man won it all back. Thank God, we can do the same if we will. How? In obedience to the heavenly vision.

## The Penalty of Disobedience

I think we have been having some heavenly visions. I don't believe that a great crowd of men would come surging up at midday, leaving business and dinner, to hear words. I believe their idea is to hear from another world, and many of these men are becoming obedient to the heavenly vision. Others will brace themselves, and say: "I will not believe. I will not obey." Then you will die in your sins. That is all there is to it. What would God do with a disobedient man in his kingdom? We have got to learn obedience down here or we will not be fit for the kingdom of God. "To obey is better than sacrifice." God wants obedience. Mark you, it is not picking out a few things that we like to do and leaving some things we don't like to do. That is not obedience. If I told my boy to do six things and he went and did five and not the sixth, it would be disobedience. That's all the size of Christianity to-day—willing to do the easy things; but when it comes to sacrifice, to personal sacrifice, to give up the ballroom, to give up progressive euche, to give up certain kinds of society that are dragging you down, to give up things that you are sure embarrass your testimony, hindering your progress toward heaven and your influence, then you go against the law of God and you lose the friendship of God. You are going the way that Saul did.

I will read a passage in the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God." I will challenge you to find on earth a man or

woman who has obeyed the commandments of God upon whom the blessing of God has not rested. I am throwing down that challenge. Let the infidels come and pick it up. Man may profess to obey. Profession is one thing. I may profess to be a prince of the royal blood, but that does not make me one. Does it? I may profess to be a millionaire, but that doesn't make me one by a good deal. When a man becomes a real child of God and obedient, the smile of God comes and the blessing of God comes. Let me read that again: "And a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God, but turn aside out of the way which I command you this day, to go after other gods, which ye have not known."

## The Blessing That Follows Obedience

Now, I ask you a question: If a man turns away into the path of licentiousness, doesn't the curse of God come upon him? If he turns into the path of the gambler, doesn't the curse of God come upon him? If he turns away into the path of drunkenness, doesn't the curse of God come upon him? If he is a dishonorable and dishonest man, doesn't the curse of God come upon him? But if a man will obey God, as Joseph did in Egypt, or Daniel in Babylon, wouldn't the favor of heaven come to him? Hasn't God been true to every one who has been obedient? Can one deny that statement? If you want to be blessed, and want the blessing right here, make up your mind now that you are going to obey God as far as you know his will.

You will have no trouble about the Bible and things so mysterious, if you are willing to do the will of God—to give literal, true, prompt, cheerful obedience to the will of God. Martin Luther said he would rather obey than work miracles. It is a sign of being a child of God to obey in little things from day to day rather than to perform miracles. A man may profess, like Balaam, and not be right; but when I see a man or woman who is willing to do the will of God as far as they know, whether they feel like it or not, then you may know that God is with them. God has a few living, true, faithful witnesses yet.

Did you ever think that there is no record of a man who got a blessing when Christ was on earth who didn't get it in the act of obedience? He said to the man who had the palsy, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." The man might have said, "If I could have done that I would not have been carried here by four men." But when the Lord commanded, he enabled him; he gave power; and when the man would to do what the Son of Man told him to do, he was made whole. He might have said, "I don't believe I have got the power. I won't attempt it." Do you think the Lord would have healed him? Not by a great deal. He said to the man born blind, "Go to the Pool of Siloam and wash, and you shall get your sight." The man might have said, "Nonsense! What's the use of filling my eyes with mud? Wash in the Pool of Siloam! I've done so many times." But he went, and as he went, he got his sight.

## A Practical Lesson in Obedience

There is a story told of Girard, one of the first millionaires, who lived at the beginning of last century. It was when a great many men were coming over from Ireland on account of the famine. An Irishman turned up at Girard's place of business and wanted work. Girard liked the looks of him, and he said, "Do you see that pile of bricks in the yard?" "Yes, sir," he said. "Well, pile them up in the other end of the yard." He did it, and the work was done. "Can you give me work to-morrow?" "Yes, come back." The next morning he told the man to go and pile up the bricks where they were before, where he found them. Work the next day? "Yes. Go pile up the bricks at the other end." And he kept him piling up the bricks, and at the end he said, "I want you to go down to the wharf and bid for some sugar." The man smiled, but he went and bid for the sugar. They said, "Are you Girard's agent?" "Yes." They scraped and bowed, and he was a great man then—the man who had been obedient.

Some people wonder why they can't get into the kingdom of God, and why it is so hard to get in. It isn't hard at all when you are really willing to submit your will to God's will. People are afraid of the will of God. I would rather have the will of God done than my own will. Why, I can't see an hour into the future. I don't know what is ahead of me. God knows all. The past, present, and future are all alike to him, and he knows what is my highest and best interest, and

Continued on next page

\*This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., February 18, 1897. TEXT: Heb. 5: 9. "He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him."



## Doing the Will of God

Continued from preceding page

he loves me more than I love myself. And he wills me good, and he wills for my highest and eternal interest. It is much better to submit to the will of God, and just let his will be done in us, than to be trying to carry out our own thoughts and our own plans. Let the boy, ten years old, have his own way, and where does he go? Before he is twenty-one he has gone to destruction. There is not a mother or father here who does not know that if you let your boy have his own way he goes wrong. God wants us to turn over to him our wills, and then we find love, peace, joy, and eternal salvation, not only for this life but for the life to come.

Go back to the fact that every one whom Christ blessed on earth was blessed in obedience. To the man with the withered hand he said, "Stand forth!" and the man got up and stood before all the Pharisees, and stretched out that hand. There was a withered arm hanging lifeless for twenty years, and the Lord said, "Stretch your hand out!" The man might have said, "I have not the power"; but when he willed to do it, the arm was as good as whole. Blessed in the act! He said to the lepers, "Go, and show yourselves to the priest"; and as they went they were healed. As they went! I spoke to a man in New York some years ago about his becoming a Christian, and he made up his mind he would go home and pray, and settle the question, and on his way home it occurred to him, "Why not pray now?" and he began by making the prayer that the publican made, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; and God was merciful and saved him.

The question for you to settle is: What is the will of God? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." That is to be the condition. "Seek first." Will you do it? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Will you come? God says, "Come." You say you are not fit to come. He knows all about it. And what is his business? To receive you. He promises to do it. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Will you do it? That is obedience.

A man said, "I don't like your kind of preaching; you get a man into a corner and force decision. You spring the question on him. Why not give him time to consider?" But surely, if it is a question of obedience, you had better obey at once. Some of you have grown gray and have not obeyed him yet. Some of you are living on borrowed time, and yet you talk of "springing the question" upon you. It is a temptation of the devil. A child has been taught to lip the name of Christ. Children know enough to obey Christ. And now the question comes to you: Are you willing to do it?

## Anvil Sparks

A word spoken in time

May save the boy at nine;

But at nineteen, or a few years more,

Nine words won't do what one did before.

"No man can get into heaven on his wife's church attendance."

"The man who loves the plain truth should never put up a bluff."

"A MAN's good habits are an asset, but his bad ones are a back set."

"The trouble with some preaching is that it has too much of the devotional in it and not enough of the Bible."

"A POORLY worded prayer with feeling goes nearer the throne than one with rhetorical finish, which has no soul in it."

"If SOME men do get the good things that are said for their benefit at church they will get them second-hand through their wives."

"How to make both ends meet is the problem of the home, and how to make both ends of the community meet at the meeting house is the problem of the church."

W. J. B.

## The Man and the Church

By EUGENE THWING

### III. THE CHURCH'S PART

EVERYWHERE the Church is facing this vital problem, but not everywhere with confidence or success. The few churches that have a large, active membership of men prove that the problem can be solved. They may, in some cases, have exceptional advantages of leadership, or location, or community; but, regardless of all qualifying conditions, it must be insisted that *no church*, under any pastorate, or in any place, is too small or too weak to put into operation and *keep* in operation some specific plan to reach, hold and benefit the men.

So many plans are tried a little while and then abandoned; so much time and energy are expended in profitless discussion of the problem; so many prayers are uttered and apparently remain unanswered, that pastors and official boards and church workers become disheartened, and the church drifts on with the great work unaccomplished. What is the reason? Is it not partly that the plans and discussions and efforts have to do too much with the details of method rather than with the fundamental principles upon which these plans and efforts must be based?

THERE is not space here for any detailed description of plans. They may be varied infinitely to suit varying conditions, but before any plans are adopted it will be wise to consider frankly and intimately, first, why does the Church want the men? The natural answer, which comes without hesitation from pastor and people, that the men are wanted in the Church in order that they may be won to Christ, does not strike deep enough in many cases. Bishop McDowell once declared in a sermon on "The Man at the Desk" that we go after business men for money only, while they are hungry after personal acquaintance with Christ.

It isn't pleasant always to have our motives too closely analyzed. The acid test hurts, but it reveals the truth. Many churches are constantly struggling with financial needs. The men are the earners, and from the men, in large degree, must come the financial support of the church. The man inside the church is more likely to give his due share for support than the man outside the church. The financial secretary constantly reports to the board or to the finance committee the number of regular contributors on his books.

Usually they are not enough, and the committee runs over the names of men outside but "affiliated" with the church through members of their families who attend the church or Sunday School. "If only we could get So-and-So to attend regularly he would make another good contributor." And in countless cases the man outside the church is measured solely by his probable money value to the church "if we can get him." It was for no such purpose that the Master said, "I will make you fishers of men."

Of course the finance committee must plan; of course the men must pay. These things are right and necessary; they can not be neglected; but the church that seeks to bring men into membership, or even attendance, with the money idea in the foreground is not likely to do much for their spiritual welfare after they come in. The official board or the finance committee of the church may well hang in its meeting-room the words of Christ, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God [for the men you would win], and all these things shall be added unto you."

THE church must carefully consider, also, the tastes and temperaments of the men, their likes and dislikes, their real, serious interests, and their deeper feelings. Many plans of work for men are found to be misfits and have to be given up after a disheartening struggle, because the men do not respond. The workers wonder why and, of course, blame the failure on the indifference of the men rather than on any lack of appropriateness in the plan itself. A men's club or brotherhood may be just the thing the church ought to have, but it may be organized and conducted in just the way calculated to drive men away instead of to attract them. Men must have their own exclusive gatherings, where they will be free from the embarrassment which some of them feel at a function overwhelmingly female in patronage. Men's meetings, and banquets, and social hours may be very helpful if carefully planned in full recognition that the men do not part with their normal masculine interests and feelings when they attend such an occasion. Trivial small talk and perfunctory entertainments are likely to bore them, and they will not come again. Subjects of real value to men should be discussed. Rev. S. B. Anderson, D.D., of Portsmouth, O., held a series of meetings for men which revolutionized his church and the town with reference to men in the church. There were addresses on such subjects as Banking, Deposit, Circulation and Protection of Money; by a banker; Wages, How to Invest Small Savings, by a manufacturer; The Personal Care of the Human Body, by a physician, etc. Sunday afternoon meetings for men naturally followed, and the same appreciation of the masculine attitude toward life entered into the spiritual work.

THERE is never a real need to let down the bars to anything that will lessen the honor and reverence belonging to God's house. Some churches have thought to attract and hold men by permitting smoking and other accompanying indulgences at men's meetings in the social rooms of the church. Men who come as visitors to such meetings are not likely to be attracted by the spiritual work of the church, if it has any. On the other hand, the men who already are members of the church feel a distinct lowering of their own standard as they join in the soiling of the sanctuary.

The Church must have a high and earnest purpose in its work with men; it must give the men themselves serious and earnest work to do; it must treat them as men; it must set before them in its own membership the ideals and examples of Christian gentlemen; it must make the fellowship of the church clean, vital, brotherly; and then the men from without shall come in and bear their part, that they may receive their share of the blessing which belongs to God's house.

## Is It King Ahab's Library?

NOT long since, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a short account of the discovery of what purports to be the royal library of Ahab, King of Israel. Further details of the discoveries are now available, as in a comprehensive article in *The Jewish Chronicle* of January 27 Dr. A. S. Yahuda of Berlin reviews the progress made in excavation in the Near East—in Assyria, Babylonia, Asia Minor, and Egypt—and then gives particular attention to the very latest, possibly the most important, discovery of all—100 clay tablets written in ancient Hebrew, dug up in Samaria. The discovery was made by Professor George Andrew Reisner. Of it Dr. Yahuda writes in part as follows:

"On one of the tablets is reported to have been found a letter from an Assyrian king to King Ahab of Israel. The language is Assyrian, but the writing, according to one report, cuneiform, according to another, old Hebrew. As to the name of the Assyrian king, nothing is so far known, but should the letter be really that of an Assyrian king there can be no doubt that it must be Assurbanipal (B.C. 884-860) or his son Shalmaneser II. (B.C. 859-825), who were contemporaries of Omri and Ahab, (B.C. 900-854). In any case, the discovery of the letter gives ground for the probable belief that the whole find emanates from the archives of King Ahab himself or from those of a royal scribe.

"This probability is strengthened by the fact that a number of the tablets contain an exhaustive inventory of the furniture of the royal palace. As to the contents of the remaining documents, which include, among other things, commercial contracts, we shall probably learn soon from the lucky finder himself. Taking it all around, this find may be described as the most important discovery yet made in the Holy Land.

"Perhaps one day from the ruins of Samaria men may succeed in finding the remains of those castles and palaces of which Amos and Hosea gave such a vivid description—perhaps even an ivory palace which the architectural zeal of Ahab himself had erected (I. Kings, 22: 39). But primarily our eyes are not directed to the remains of such Israelitish monuments. In the Holy Land we expect less the discovery of colossal buildings and gigantic royal statues, and still less boastful inscriptions, in which the most shameful deeds of unprincipled vandalism are apostrophized, such as we are accustomed to read on the monuments of Assyrian and Egyptian usurpers. Such inscriptions, which are in some cases the only sources for our knowledge of the history of those rulers, can hardly have been used as sources by the authors of the Biblical records.

"What, then, we expect from the new finds in the Holy Land is the discovery of documents which will augment our store of the spiritual treasures of ancient Israel. For neither palaces nor temples, neither pillars nor statues cut out of the solid rock and hewn into shape by the hand of men, constituted the greatness of Israel."

## Traveling in Ceylon

See illustration on cover page

OUR cover is a picture of Professor James Ricalton, an American photographer and traveler, as he journeys through Ceylon on one of the primitive bullock carts still in use on that island. The tall Cingalese, standing by the animal, is an elephant-keeper for a native dignitary. He has consented to pose for the picture. As the animal is fat and lazy, the mode of transit is necessarily slow, especially in the hill country, where the roads are rough and narrow, winding sinuously through dense forests.



# PITTSBURGH'S PENNY LUNCHES

A GROUP of charitable women have started a new philanthropic movement in Pittsburgh. This takes the form of penny lunches for poor public school children. There are over one million people in Allegheny County, Pa., and it is in some respects the most wonderful industrial centre in the world. The great coal, coke, iron, steel and glass industries bring hundreds of thousands of new people, especially immigrants, to Pittsburgh and its surrounding towns. Hard times and business depressions that cause the shutting down of mills and factories, bring hardships and suffering to the poorer sections of this great community. So it happens that many children who attend the public schools are not well fed. Hundreds go to school without any breakfast. Many lack food because of the dissipations of the father. Hundreds of mothers go to work away from home early in the morning, leaving the children alone. The result is they get no breakfast or shift for themselves, have very little food, and even that miserably prepared. The poor are often ignorant of the value of foods, and they are easily led to buy inferior food-stuffs, so that their children, though perhaps not hungry, are poorly nourished.

A group of physicians recently visited our public schools and examined each child physically. Many were found to be suffering from inanition, which is exhaustion from lack of nourishment. This has excited the sympathy of many public-spirited women, and remedial agencies have been set in operation. The penny lunches for the poor children in our public schools are the tangible evidence of this sympathy. The Columbian Council of Jewish Women inaugurated the movement. The scheme was recently tried out in the Springfield public school. A separate room in the school building was fitted up by the board of control with a row of cupboards for the dishes and cooking utensils, tables, chairs and benches. The Springfield school is in one of the poorest sections of the city, where there are many poor families and many of foreign-speaking people. Of the two hundred and fifty children in the school fully one hundred and fifty or more patronized the first of the penny lunches.

As the school board and the public school teachers are in hearty sympathy with the movement, the children were dismissed at 11.45 A.M. so that they could go to the lunch-room. This was open to all, whether from well-to-do or from the poorest families. A penny is charged for the lunch, so that the poorest child will feel that he is independent and is paying for what he gets. The food is good and wholesome and sold much below cost. But the whole thing is worked so that the children do not realize

a picnic. Their exclamations of joy repay the ladies for all their hard work. Many of the children seem famished, and it is a joy to see them eat this wholesome and nutritious food.

At the range stood an accomplished cook, whose duty it was to serve the viands piping hot. Scores of children asked with incredulous looks: "Is it goin' to be as good as this to-morrow?" "Just as good, my dears," was the answer. Those in charge hope that this is just the beginning of the penny lunch project in Pittsburgh. Each women's club in the city will be asked to do the same philanthropic work in those public schools in the city where there are children from poor families. It is believed that the penny lunches will lessen truancy, as they have done in Chicago and Philadelphia. The health of these underfed children will improve, and as a result their mental faculties will brighten. There is great hope that the board of education will help in the passage of a law providing for the lunches in all schools in the city. The noon hour of hundreds of children has been joyous; now it will be filled with gladness and fun.

This is a true philanthropy, for the children of the poor have many heavy burdens to carry on weak and immature shoulders. Truant officers in Pittsburgh tell pitiable stories of hunger and want keeping many children from attending school, driving many of tender years to seek work, and preventing the progress of hundreds of others who are too weak to study or to work. The generous and kind-hearted Jewish women who started the first penny lunches in Pittsburgh were fully paid in seeing the children of every race and color crowding the feast-room and satisfying their hunger with the good things provided. This is practical Christianity, and means much for the future of these children, physically, morally, and intellectually. Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." And we must remember that Christ also fed the multitudes, and there were in those crowds thousands of tired mothers and hungry and crying children. "He left us an example that we should follow in his steps."

WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.



The Penny Lunch in the Springfield School

that it is a charity. Think of these prices! "Hot meat sandwich for one cent. Cup of cocoa, one cent. Ginger-snaps and a banana, one cent."

It was a scene of bustle and delight when the children trooped gaily into the big lunch-room. Smiling women delivered the delicious edibles into the outstretched hands of the children, who varied in age from six to fifteen. The next day the menu was changed to a bowl of hot soup and piece of bread, a baked potato, an orange and a big cup of fresh milk, each to be had for a cent. Every child who goes to the new restaurant is furnished with a tin cup, a spoon, and a plate, and is advised to sit down and eat slowly. The children are as delighted with the hot and delicious food as when they attend

## FESTIVAL DAYS IN OLD JAPAN

customs, etc., is sure to strike the visitor as soon as he learns anything of the life of the people.

At a recent great religious festival, the entire town took part in a great celebration. From one end of the main street to the other, both sides were lined with cherry trees, whose foliage the autumn winds had already driven away, but which the Japanese, of dexterous fingers, had beautifully decorated with many-colored maple leaves. This display in the little, narrow, clean streets, with crowds of gayly dressed grown people and happy children running to the bazaars and shops, formed a typical festival scene of this great land of little things. But equally gay was the presentation at night, when great glowing lanterns, like fiery racemes, strung thickly on either side of the street, reminded one of some fairyland. There was but one house on the main street which by such decorations did not manifest its sympathy with this idol festival. At our chapel we opened all the front, and four of us preached alternately for hours to the passing crowds.

Farther on, in the temple courts of the god in whose honor this festival was held, old and new Japan met in conglomeration. Here in booths were cinematograph shows and graphophone concerts,

and over yonder zealous devotees at the shrines, with clapping of hands, were striving to wake up the gods. A few steps away the performers on the old-fashioned Japanese banjo, the samisen, though with but a monotonous thum-thum, like spell-binders, held the crowds. On top of a high scaffolding, composed of slender pine poles, sat a man pounding a barrel-shaped, unmusical drum, invoking the favor of the gods in behalf of the burly wrestlers performing in a compound just below. In other little booths cheap candies, toys and gaudy little novelties were sold for a few pennies each to the eager, pleasure-loving crowds that thronged into town from the remotest villages of the interior.

I must not slight the modern brass band. Their predecessors are yet known, marching tandem through the streets, beating various-shaped metals and a drum or two. The whole outfit reminds one of youngsters beating tinpans. This modern brass band, however, has somewhat improved upon things and seems to be a better drawing force. Such a band usually consists of three or four instruments, a bass and a snare drum, a bass horn, and sometimes a cornet. The music is various and often at variance.

A few days before this festival began, I caught three or four men practising on a band-stand in the park. The two men with the drums were quite adept, but they needed just one more instrument, and the cheapest they had found was a little baby accordion. They were evidently taking great pains to initiate a third man into the art of playing upon it. Their instructions were to draw it back and forth in accompaniment with their drums! I did not linger till they got through. The efforts of this new performer were a little too original for me.

Of course these brass bands cannot be very "choicy" since their selections are usually confined to "John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia," with a few Japanese ditties, and as some one has said, "They play them with a fine disregard of appropriateness, as wedding marches as well as funeral consolations." By no means are all Japanese unskilled in music, for one sees some here and there who with the proper culture would, in vocal as well as instrumental music, prove themselves very proficient. Among the Christians and their pastors, where such a musical deficiency exists, it is more than atoned for by their devotion and zeal.

Sumoto, Awaji, Japan.

MATTHIAS KLEIN.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—BY A VOTE OF 46 TO 39, the United States Senate on March 1 refused to unseat Senator William Lorimer of Illinois, thus ending a long and bitter fight which had been waged for nearly a year.

—DR. SNOW of the Cancer Hospital, London, who is at present in this country, makes the statement that vivisection has no place in medical science and has never achieved the slightest beneficial result for the human race. He says that the organism of animals is so different from that of humans, that no direct inference can be drawn from the observation of similar phenomena in the two species.

—DR. STEIGER of Berlin is about to construct an airship with a view to flying over the Sahara Desert in Africa. General

stretches of this vast sandy waste have never been explored, and the German scientist is taking this way of setting at rest forever the many mysterious legends and stories of lost cities, brazen walls and hoards of buried treasure. The currents of hot air will be the great difficulty the aeronaut will have to overcome in his investigations.

—AUSTRALIA HAS TAKEN a decided stand on foreign trusts getting a foothold in that country. Several representatives of the American Meat Trust have been in Australia several months trying to organize a combine there, but as soon as the Commonwealth government became aware of the fact it was known that drastic measures would be taken to prohibit all operations. Australia has always frowned on monopolies of

any kind, believing that it is a wise policy to give the small merchants and traders a chance.

—THE GREAT HUNGARIAN statesman Count Apponyi is visiting this country as the apostle of a universal peace movement, and many of us are looking forward to the dawn of a national millennium when the countries of the world shall unite in a common federation. However, it seems that some countries are not at all sanctified that the dove of peace will soon spread its wings over a united world. The Austrian and Hungarian delegations have just passed their naval estimate bill which, among other things, appropriates \$35,000,000 for battleships to be built within the next five years. In all, thirty-six war monsters are projected in Europe at the present time.



# An Important Railroad Decision

THE two unanimous decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which were handed down by Commissioners Prouty and Lane late in February, came as a great surprise to railway officials and attorneys and as a great victory for the shippers. In these decisions the Commerce Commission has declared against the proposed increase in freight rates in the Official Classification, and the Western Traffic Association territory which the railroads in those organizations have been attempting since early last summer to put into effect. Practically all the roads east of the Missouri River and north of the Ohio are affected by the decision in the Official Classification territory case, and all the roads in the Great Middle West by the other decision. That for the Eastern roads was handed down by Commissioner Prouty and for the Western by Commissioner Lane. Both are sweeping in their findings. For the first time in the history of the country the burden of proof in proposed increases in rates was shifted to the railroads, and they failed absolutely to make out their cases.

The decisions of the Commissioners are voluminous, the first running to seventy-eight printed pages, and the second to forty-eight. They cover, in a general way, pretty much the same ground. Each Commissioner has gone thoroughly over the great record of testimony taken in the long hearings, and each goes in detail into his consideration of the needs of the roads in the territory affected by his decision.

The two reports consider the roads' allegation of need of greater revenue for the support of railroad credit and for accumulating larger surpluses. They consider also the asserted right of a railroad to increase rates because of increased value; the railroad theory of rate making; the tendency and effect of railroad regulation by the Federal Government;

the cost of service as a factor in making rates; the value of railroads on the basis of the cost of reproduction; increases in the cost of material, fuel and labor, and the experience of the roads during the last six months under increased wage schedules. Commissioner Lane went fully into each of these matters. Commissioner Prouty took up for detailed consideration the affairs of each of three great railroad systems in his territory, the New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania.



Franklin K. Lane



Charles A. Prouty

At practically all points the conclusions expressed by the two Commissioners coincide.

The Commission does not now make a definite order in the case. It simply notifies the railroads concerned that it disapproves of the proposed increases and that if by March 10 they have not withdrawn the new tariffs the Commission will further suspend them, make appropriate finding, and issue an order directing the maintenance of the present rates for a period of two years. This leaves nothing in the present situation on which the railroads can

get into court. But as soon as the formal order of the Commission for the continuance of the present rates is made the roads can go into the new Commerce Court and sue out an injunction restraining the Commission from putting that order in force. In such a proceeding the Commerce Commission will raise the point that the finding made in the reports filed yesterday was in effect nothing but a finding of fact, and that under the recent decisions of the Supreme Court the Commission is made final in its decisions as to questions of fact.

Whichever side wins in that case the matter will, of course, go to the Supreme Court, and this will probably be the first case in the final determination of the power and jurisdiction of the new Commerce Court.

Though the railroad attorneys were greatly surprised by the findings, the opinion prevalent at the Commission was that the lines will readily adjust themselves to the new order of things. It is believed that they will operate from a safer position in the future, owing to the fact that they thoroughly realize now their position. It is further believed that one of the results will be a determined attempt to improve management and a consequent reduction of expenses.

The effect is that no railroad can raise rates arbitrarily in the future. The fact that they are not paying high dividends or are not accumulating surpluses will not be taken as grounds, in themselves, for future raises. The lines must show that specific rates are so low that they are actually losing money in transporting certain parcels of freight.

The decisions are expected to have the most far-reaching results both to the railroads and the shippers and ultimately to the consumer. While the cases at issue refer to but a limited zone of the country, the precedent established to-day will be felt by every commerce carrier in the country.

## Her Gift to Mont-Lawn

A SWEET-FACED lady called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House one day last week and asked "to see the chairman of the Committee in charge of the Memorial to Dr. Klopsch. I wish to make my contribution to the Memorial Fund," she said quietly, and added, "and I have a surprise in store for you." Then, seated in the reception room, she told this remarkable story of woman's love and perseverance. Her name is Mrs. E. J. Kruse, of Brooklyn.

"My mother, Mrs. John Soper, has been for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I know the paper well. I have been particularly interested in Dr. Klopsch's work among the children of the tenements. It was Dr. Klopsch, was it not, who had the words inscribed over the gates of Mont-Lawn 'I love God and little children'?"

As she proceeded her eyes filled with tears. "I had a son. He was an only child, who was very dear to my husband and myself; but God took him from us years ago. Now, I wish to know whether I could not have his name placed as a memorial on one of the tablets in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn?"

On being told that this could be done, and the name put on the tablet, as she desired, provided the requirements of the endowment were met with, she said:

"I said I had a surprise for you. Now, you say ten subscribers is enough to secure his name on the tablet; but I have over fifty," and the gentle face lighted up as she spoke. We assured her that fifty would entitle her to have her own and her husband's name on the tablet, in addition to that of her son, which she heard with evident pleasure.

"I had not thought of that," she said; "but I had in mind to get my boy's name on the tablet in memory of him, and I am glad that you tell me that it can be done."

She was shown a photograph of the beautiful Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn and also one of the interior, and the location of the tablets was indicated. Mrs. Kruse was greatly interested. "I hope to go to Mont-Lawn next summer, God willing, and see the beautiful Temple. What a wonderful place it must be! I am glad my boy's name can go on the tablet." She then handed over her list of fifty-six names of new subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$1.50 each, of which, according to the promise made by this journal to its readers, one-half goes toward the endowment of Mont-Lawn. Mrs. Kruse said she meant to press on until she reached the 100-subscription mark. When the tablets con-

taining the names of the Patrons who have helped to endow Mont-Lawn and who have worked the hardest are placed in position, her name, that of her husband and also her son's name will be there among the many who have qualified as Patrons.

We have published the above incident because it conveys so truly the attitude which we have wanted our readers to assume toward the Klopsch Memorial. We have repeated constantly that it is not your money so much as your influence that we want. Mrs. Kruse has not contributed one cent of her own money toward the Klopsch Memorial, but by her interest and activity she has been the means not only of adding \$42 to the fund, but she has been successful in extending the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by placing it in 56 new households for a year to come. If every one of our subscribers had accomplished even one-fiftieth of what Mrs. Kruse has accomplished, the Klopsch Memorial would be assured forever, and the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be many times greater than it is now.

We said last week that we could not extend the

time limit of the Memorial beyond March 7, but we have received so many letters asking for a further respite in the matter of obtaining subscriptions, that we are impelled to grant the following:

If any one of our subscribers, who has already obtained some subscriptions and desires to complete a list of ten so as to become a Patron, will send in a written agreement to obtain the remainder of the list within two months of March 7, we will credit half of the money so obtained to the Klopsch Memorial, and the sender of the list will become a Patron.

Up to time of going to press 3,466 new yearly subscriptions have been received on account of the Klopsch Memorial.

## General Notes

—IN CONNECTION with a revision of the Criminal Code in Nevada a law is being proposed under which a murderer would have his choice of poison or the rope. In case of his choosing the former he would be compelled to take the most deadly of poisons—hydrocyanic acid, one drop of which causes instant death. This course would be regarded with repugnance by all Christian people, as by it the unfortunate criminal would be necessitated to commit suicide—the unforgivable crime. Under no circumstances has any one liberty to take his own life.

—THE TRAMP nuisance in this country is assuming such vast proportions that it is probable the government will soon be asked to take some measures to abate it. The loss to property entailed by the idle fraternity, not to mention the waste incurred by consumption with nothing in way of return, amounts to a vast sum annually. It is estimated that it costs the railways \$25,000,000 yearly in fares to transport hoboes free from point to point. But it requires a much larger sum to make good the damage done to rolling stock and property along the lines of railroad by these predatory social bandits who "neither toil nor spin."

—PREMIER BRIAND, who succeeded Clemenceau as head of the French Cabinet in July, 1909, tendered the resignation of his ministry to President Fallieres on February 27. Briand is a young man and an able statesman, but he became weary of the constant bickerings in Parliament and the intrigues of those who nominally supporting him were really inimical to his policies on the outside. The Socialists especially, with whom Briand had been formerly associated, made the situation very unpleasant for him. They attacked him fiercely on the ground that he had not enforced the laws against the religious congregations. Antoine Emmanuel Ernest Monis will head the new Parliament. He is a lawyer and has sat in the Senate for Grondre since 1891. He was Minister of Justice in the Cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau and signed the decree convoking the high court to try the Royalist plotters against the Republic in 1899. In politics Monis is a Radical Republican, but he is said to be acceptable to the Socialist section.

### Patrons who have sent in ten or more subscriptions and whose names will be inscribed on tablets in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn:

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# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, Fifth Floor, New York, N. Y. The editors are: Charles H. Sandison, President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Watson, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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## Our Readers' Great Gift to China

WE EXTEND our congratulations to the great number of readers of this journal who are helping China in the present famine. Their gift of over a million pounds of American flour, which is now speeding across the Pacific on the transport *Burford*, will reach Chin-kiang in ample time to be of the greatest value in saving life. Their contributions will continue to be cabled through our State Department and thus with both hands they will be doing the Master's service. We ask their prayers for a quick voyage and safe arrival for the foodship. She is the sixth of a fleet of famine steamers which they have loaded up with food for other lands. May the *Burford's* mission redound as fully to the glory of God and the good of suffering humanity as did that of her predecessors, the *Leo*, the *Everett*, the *Quito*, the *Conemough*, and the *Logan*.

## Capital Punishment Again

NEVADA'S legislature is considering the passage of a law by which a criminal under sentence of death has the choice of hanging or poisoning by hydrocyanic acid, as the means of making his exit from the world. In these days of electrocution where the death penalty is still in force, and of life sentences where it has been abolished, it seems like a reversion to mediæval methods to indicate the gallows or poison for capital punishment. This old world has run the horrible gamut of legal murder. It has tried to solve the gloomy problem variously by the guillotine, the garrote, the headsman's axe, poison, the gallows and sometimes by methods even more repulsive than any of these. Our more civilized and humane age has practically rejected all of them, as belonging to conditions bordering on barbarism. It is difficult to understand why Nevada, one of the great group of intelligent States, should consider such a law advisable. Hanging is certainly the most brutal of all the modern forms of capital punishment. Besides, experience has shown that it does not appreciably deter criminals or lessen capital crimes. Unquestionably, the least objectionable method of disposing of such offenders is electrocution. There is a growing sentiment in many communities in favor of the total abolition of the death penalty, although it may be many years before society takes the advanced view that legal killing is after all but poor satisfaction for a crime and that as a civilized Christian people, no matter what the provocation, we should not destroy that which we are powerless to create or restore. If human life must be taken, it should be done legally, sanely, swiftly and painlessly; but it is surely a contravention of all the teachings of our civilization that the criminal should be allowed to be his own executioner, as seems to be contemplated in the crude Nevada statute.

## The Passion for Souls

DR. J. H. JOWETT'S ministerial advent in New York as the pastor of the famous Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in the heart of millionaireshood, is commented upon by the religious and secular press as a notable event. Some regard it as remarkable that a successful preacher should leave a large and influential church in England to undertake the risk of an experiment here among strangers, especially as we have had several instances of imported preachers who were only moderately successful. Those who know Dr. Jowett best and who have come into close personal contact with his work in Carr's Lane, Birmingham, throw a light on the subject which gives a better view of his motive in making the change. They assure us that no preacher was ever less of a notoriety seeker; that he has no ambition to be known as a great preacher in the popular "fashionable" sense of the term, and that he is simply an earnest soul-winner, whose zeal for his work has led him to seek a new field where he may be the means of doing good service.

That Dr. Jowett has rare gifts is sufficiently proved by the spiritual blessing which has followed his efforts in the English pastorate. Whether these gifts will bear transplanting is yet to be demon-

strated. Some foreign pastors who were notable successes at home have failed here through their inability to comprehend American character and to fit themselves well into their new surroundings. Some, immediately on their arrival and before they knew even the city streets, have launched out boldly on lines of ministerial activity that gave little promise of substantial results. Their limited opportunities to grasp the new situation proved a serious handicap, and their criticisms were not always just or wise. They had gone outside of their natural environment and the sources of their old-time power seemed to have been left behind them. But if Dr. Jowett has the true passion for souls, as his friends assert, he will rise superior to such disadvantages. The clear Gospel note is never misunderstood. It is always sure of a welcome, on whichever side of the ocean it may be preached. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends to Dr. Jowett a cordial welcome and hopes to print a sermon from him occasionally—a sound, true Gospel sermon, such as none can misinterpret. Whether he preach to the Fifth Avenue millionaire, to the poor of the East Side, or to the unfortunate men of the Bowers Mission, may he never fail to lift up the Cross to sinners and to show forth God's love for fallen man. We like rather to think of him as preaching to an audience of miners, or a hillside gathering of shepherds—as he has so often done in the past years—than as the high-salaried minister of one of the richest churches in America. Let him not forget that it was the "common people" who heard the Master gladly.

## Dangers of Science

THE recent visit to this country of the distinguished English scientist, Dr. Herbert Snow, for nearly thirty years the head of the Brompton (London) cancer hospital, has reawakened public interest in vivisection. Dr. Snow points out that the sub-human animal creation is so vastly different from man that no useful deductions to the one can be made by experiment on the other. Thus cats and rabbits are poisoned by lemonade, so wholesome for man. Salt kills chickens. Prussic acid can be given to horses and hyenas with impunity. Rabbits eat deadly nightshade, while goats thrive on tobacco and hemlock. A grain of morphine will kill a man, but a pigeon can take twelve grains without effect. Against sera Dr. Snow is especially bitter. He says that no serum can be safely kept more than two or three days. Therefore sera must be adulterated with some powerful preservative, like carbolic acid, iodine, lysol or formalin. The results of inoculating patients with even minute quantities of these drugs are usually bad, and dwarf those of the sera. He insists that the diphtheria antitoxin has produced increased mortality, while the plague and hydrophobia sera have had even worse results. Our best authorities may consider the statements of Dr. Snow as too sweeping with regard to his attitude toward vivisection, against which he is specially bitter. A conservative view would seem to be that it should not be permitted to be done as now, by unauthorized and unqualified persons and without supervision.

## Thank God for Laughter

LORD CHESTERFIELD was acknowledged to be, in his time, the supreme authority on questions of good manners. We may be quite content, however, that his views on laughter are as thoroughly obsolete now as the old idea that the earth is flat. In his *Principles of Politeness*, he wrote that hearty laughter "is a sure sign of a weak mind, and no less characteristic of a low education. It is the manner in which low-bred men express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry. A man may smile; but if he would be thought a gentleman and a man of sense, he should by no means laugh."

Contrast with this a delightful incident of two great preachers. Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, the celebrated Brooklyn divine, was visiting the famous London preacher, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. After a hard day of work and serious discussions, these two mighty men of God went out into the country together for a holiday. They roamed the fields in

high spirits like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care. Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Pastor Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Then suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler and exclaimed, "Theodore, let's kneel down and thank God for laughter!" And there, on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and joyous gift of laughter. "God never gave a man a greater gift," says Marshall P. Wilder, "than the power to make others laugh, unless it is the privilege of laughing himself. We honor, revere, admire our great soldiers, statesmen, and men of letters; but we love the man who makes us laugh. The laugh-maker is a public benefactor, for laughter is the salt of life, and keeps the whole dish sweet."

How much need there is, in these days, of anything that will keep the whole dish of life sweet! The grinding, and the crushing, and the greed in business, the jealousies and misunderstandings in social and even church life, the bickerings that disturb family serenity do not come out of evil intent. They are the product of stress and strain and friction. The wheels of life are insufficiently lubricated and grow hot. Good, hearty, sweet-spirited laughter is an "oil of gladness," which many times will clean out the grit from the bearings and make the whole machine run more smoothly.

## Critical Absurdities

OURS is an iconoclastic age. One after another of our oldest and most cherished ideals is being rudely shattered. Vandal scientists strive to prove to us that there is no such thing as human perfection under the sun. Art is not spared in these onslaughts. The "old masters" are pronounced out of drawing and all wrong in perspective. Even that famous sculpture, the Venus de Milo, is declared to be asymmetric, the left side of the face being more developed by the fraction of a millimetre than the right side, while the nasal septum is actually seven millimetres toward the left; in plain words, that the statue which has been regarded as the sum of artistic perfection in proportion has a crooked nose, and a right eye that is lower than the left. Such astonishingly minute science reminds us of the old lecturing dominie who was strong in astronomical similitudes and calculations. Arcturus, he would declare, "is 792,648,925 miles distant from the sun." "But, dominie," some surprised auditor would interrogate, "how in the world do you arrive at these specific figures?" The answer would come with crushing dignity and the tone of intellectual superiority: "I assert it, sir; I prove it if you care. To me were up the world of art according to the new canons of the critics would be about as difficult as to run a tapeline among the stars."

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Lace-making for Royalty

PREPARATIONS are going on in Great Britain for the coronation ceremonies in June. London is already in a fever of excitement—hustle and bustle everywhere. The shops have put in immense stocks of merchandise in anticipation of unprecedented sales. All kinds of tradesmen, mechanics and artisans are busy. In the dressmaking and millinery lines never before has there been such intense application to business. As has been announced, all the royal garments for the coronation will be exclusively of English workmanship and manufacture. British subjects in this respect also intend to emulate their king and queen and patronize only home-made goods. The royal robe for Queen Mary is now being finished by a London establishment. Probably the greatest dress feature of the coronation and the one which will likely elicit the most admiration will be the beautiful Honiton lace draperies which the deft, juvenile hands of little girls are now fashioning in the village of Honiton in Devonshire. Honiton lace is world-famous, rivaling in delicate tracery, fanciful design and rich texture the exquisite Irish products so well known in all lands. The population of Honiton is about 3,000. The people have been engaged in lace-making since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Even the children are skilled adepts in the art. Young girls can make a very good livelihood by their nimble fingers. Our illustration shows some of them at work on the delicate fabrics. The order by Her Majesty Queen Mary is reckoned a great honor by the simple village folk, and best efforts are being put forth to fill it in a manner which will gain still greater fame for Honiton as a lace-making centre. The manufacture of linen into garments and decorations was carried to a high degree of perfection in ancient times. The manufacture of articles for coronation in the linen centre suggests what the wise man said about the ideal Jewish woman:

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it. (Prov. 31:24.)

## Fortune-making Salt

James Hodgkinson, a manufacturing engineer of Salford, England, received from his agent in the United States the other day a cablegram saying, "I have sold the American rights to an American-Canadian syndicate for \$5,000,000 and a royalty." This message referred to an invention of Mr. Hodgkinson, a man about seventy years of age, who after four years of investigation and experiment discovered a new method for the manufacture of salt which it is said will revolutionize the salt industry of the world. The invention makes a single fire heat salt pans instead of seven fires for the same purpose, and will produce all varieties of salt and all sizes of crystals simultaneously. The Canadian Pacific Railroad bought the patent rights for Canada and the English Salt Union has an option on the rights in Great Britain. The inventor says: "The effect of the new process will be felt with great force in the United States, where four million five hundred tons are produced annually, the packers of Chicago alone using more than Great Britain's total annual production." The inventor claims that his process will save three out of every four tons of coal now used in salt-making. He says that the plant will be smokeless. Mr. Hodgkinson says that his is about the first improvement in the manufacture of salt since the days of Methuselah. It was a wise plan of the Almighty in creating the earth to make it three-fourths water and only one-fourth land; as great wisdom was manifested in making so much of the three-fourths salt water. Salt is necessary to preserve health and life. This article of purification and ingredient of physical life Christ uses as a symbol of valuable moral and spiritual qualities in the Christian.

Ye are the salt of the earth. (Matt. 5:13)

## Divine Comfort in Tragedy

A fire started in the upper part of the residence of Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, at six o'clock in the evening recently. The fire spread so rapidly

that the stepmother of Mrs. Carson, between eighty and ninety years of age, perished with suffocation, and her dead body was carried from her room. In the attempt to rescue her Mrs. Carson caught fire, and Dr. Carson, rushing into the room, seized his wife in his arms and carried her down stairs to safety. The wife was burned seriously, and it was thought fatally; but it is said that the crisis is now past and that she will recover without permanent injury. The pastor was burned himself, but not seriously. The aged husband of the one who was suffocated came down stairs for his dinner just before the alarm of fire was given and doubtless escaped the fate that befell his wife. On Sunday morning, February 26, Dr. Carson appeared before his people for the first time since the tragedy and spoke words of manliness and pastoral tenderness that melted the great audience to tears and inspired it with new sympathy, resolution and hope. He told his people that in all his twenty-five years of happy pastorate among them he had never been overwhelmed with such expressions of universal sympathy or with deeper feelings of gratitude to those who had been so kind to his dear family and himself in this hour of terrible trial. He spoke beautifully of the aged saint and of her translation, and of the singular manner in which her lonely companion,

four hundred and five per thousand births to two hundred and forty per thousand births. In a city like New York, where there are 2,000 births a week, this would mean the saving of more than 17,000 infants a year. It is only comparatively recently that the people of the cities have been aroused to the fearful massacre caused by a filthy water supply. That which is supposed to be the fountain of life has been sent into the homes as streams of death. This scientific discovery in Hamburg will help to stop the murder of the innocents and will contribute much to human happiness and welfare. The men of a certain ancient city which had a deadly water supply came to the prophet and asked him to purify it. He took a vessel of salt, cast it into the fountain, and by the miracle of purification gave them wholesome water.

And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death. (II Kings 2:2.)

## Chewing Gum and Missions

It is stated that there is four times as much money spent each year in this country for chewing gum as for the cause of foreign missions. In a report of the secretary of the Christian Women's Board of Foreign Missions it is claimed that there is spent in this country \$16,000,000 a year for chewing gum, \$100,000,000 for ice cream soda, \$120,000,000 for millinery, \$174,000,000 for candy, and only \$4,000,000 for the conversion of the heathen. In old-fashioned times, when the preacher took up the missionary collection, he was almost sure to point to the costly raiment and expensive luxuries of the members of the congregation, not omitting the head decorations of the women or the expensive tobacco habit of the men; which treatment of the situation often provoked irritation and prevented the generosity which was desired. The preachers were perfectly right in condemning extravagant or wasteful habits, but it was not the tactful thing to take the missionary day for such criticism. The disparity between the trifling amount paid to foreign missions and that for chewing gum, ice cream soda, candy, etc., makes the missionary collections look ridiculous. The deep awakening of the Laymen's Missionary Movement is bound greatly to increase the subscriptions to foreign missions. The insistence upon the gift of a definite proportion of a Christian's income and the old-fashioned method of the weekly collection in the churches will put the missionary subscriptions closer to the candy, chewing gum and peanut fund.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him. (I Cor. 16:2.)

## New Roadbed

The people of Walla Walla, Wash., use wheat straw as an important ingredient in the making of the roads in their country. Straw has been used for years on the roads of the State. The best results were reached when the straw was put on wet and mixed with the soil. By the improved process the roads are ploughed and graded and brought to a crown. When the roadbed has been harrowed and made level the straw is put on to a depth of six inches. A disc cutter is used to cut up the straw and mix it with the earth. If all the straw works into the roadbed more of the material is put on until a cushion is formed. A steam roller packs the earth and straw into a hard mat as durable as stone and a road that will turn off the water if the grade is right. From the experiments already made it is believed that the new process of road-making with straw will be more satisfactory than that by gravel or cinders. The highways were used by the divine penman as symbols of the road leading from the cradle to the grave, and from the starting point of right intention to virtue and to heaven. There is this mention of the desirable pathway:

But covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way. (I Cor. 12:31.)



Making Honiton Lace for Queen Mary's Coronation Robe

ninety years of age, had been comforted by human sympathy and by the divine Spirit. He expressed his profound gratitude to God that his beloved wife had been spared, and told them that dark as the shadow had been, and deep as had been the distress, he was certain that God had so sanctified the affliction in the quickening of earthly sympathy, in the leaning hard upon the Saviour's heart, in the thrill of joy which the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, had brought, and in the new resolves for a better life which the fresh vision of the other world had produced, that the fearful calamity had not been in vain. Thus Dr. Carson, whose pastorate is one of the most memorable in America, has sweetened and sanctified his ministry and blessed his people by this simple, trustful and affectionate interpretation of the divine Providence in the tragedy in his home.

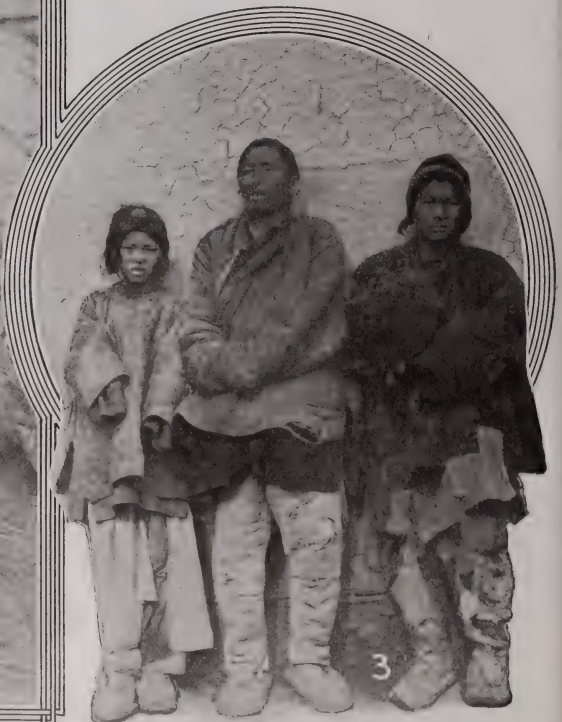
Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. (Isa. 41:10.)

## Reduces Infant Mortality

Men of science in Germany and throughout Europe are greatly surprised at the result following the purification of the water supply of Hamburg. The first surprise was that it did not, to a large degree, lessen typhoid fever, indicating that there were other sources of that dread disease to be discovered. The second surprise was that the purification of the city water supply reduced infant mortality a third or more. The infant death rate in Hamburg has been reduced from



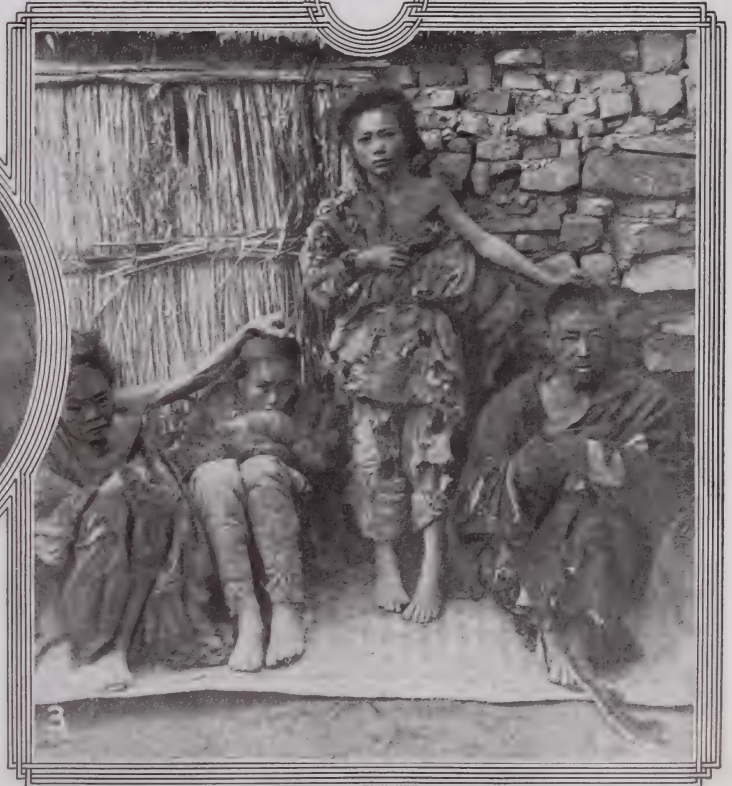
# Scenes in China's Great Famine



1. Family of Seven Receiving Clothes at the Office of the Chief Inspector, Tientsin-Pukow R. R., at Linghwai. 2. Once a Bright Schoolboy, Now Naked and Starving. 3. Father and Daughters Face Suffering from Famine Sores



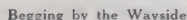
# Photographs that Tell the Tale of Misery



1. Refugees at Penpu Waiting for Relief. 2. Two Brothers. 3. Family at Fengyang Hsien. The Day After the Photograph Was Taken the Mother and One Child Died of Famine Weakness



## The "Christian Herald" Readers' Generous Contribution to the "Buford's" Cargo



First Trainload of "Christian Herald" Flour for China *en route* to Seattle for Shipment

## Homeless and Suffering

The last task of loading at Seattle was an extremely busy one. At the request of the Commercial Club and the Red Cross, and having the assurance that the vessel would be in ample time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD made a second contribution of 10,000 sacks to the famine cargo, offering to duplicate sack for sack, up to ten thousand sacks, all gifts of flour contributed before the day of sailing. This offer greatly stimulated the contributions through the Red Cross and the Seattle organization, and the cargo was soon stacked and loaded, making a formidable pile of flour to be held. At the present famine prices of flour, the Chinese cargo to the general scarcity, every pound of the cargo will be equal to at least two pounds of Chinese flour.

"RED CROSS, WASHINGTON: "SHANGHAI, February 17.  
"Japanese have checked pneumonic plague in South Mukden, but Manchuria elsewhere is ravaged. Plague spreading in Shantung. None recover. Lungs are infected and death follows in a few hours. A dozen doctors are dead. Harbin reports 250 deaths daily; frozen ground makes it impossible to bury and there are a half mile of coffins visible. Plague nearly everywhere. Estimated 4,000. Some improvement at centres, but scattering to villages. Thousand cremated at Kuang-changtzu. Refugees' homes purified by fire.

While the night against the plague is proceeding in the north with varying results, famine stalks unhindered through the south. Letters received from missionaries give many distressing details of the terrible condition of the people. Rev. W. D. Bostick, a missionary in Anhui province, tells of sufferers lying in the snow without a shred of clothing; of shoeless peasants with frozen feet, and of beggars and misery everywhere.

Dr. Cochran, another missionary, describes his experience in the Nanking section. He tells of fathers pushing wheel-barrows, with the little ones sick and feeble; mothers following, carrying the babies, and all trudging through snow and slush, sleeping under any shelter they can reach, and slowly starving. Some of these refugees traveled twenty miles or more to the south in the vain hope of getting help.

Alarming reports of the spread of the pneumonic plague continue. It is unquestionably extending southward. Thousands of refugees who have reached Chefoo, in Shantung province, have carried it to that port, where deaths are multiplying. On the two preceding pages will be found a number of new photographs of the famine, just received from China for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

[illegible]



March

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

1911

## THE ATTIC

ere in the attic are legends  
Of many a bygone day;  
With memories told these  
tokens old  
Were carefully stored away.  
Look at Grandma's diary,  
Yellow and musty with age;  
Is there her love story is  
written  
Violet-scented every page.  
Wonder if, long years from  
now,  
Some curious maid shall see,  
Then looking o'er these an-  
cient gowns,  
Some dress that belonged to  
me,  
Perhaps it will be my flower-  
sprigged lawn;  
And smoothing it she will  
say,  
The dress my great-aunt  
Helen wore  
On graduation day.



"Hey, Little Sunbeam!"

Copyright by Hutchinson Bros. Co., Chicago

How oddly are the sleeves ar-  
ranged!  
How quaint in every way!  
Yet Uncle Robert thought not so  
That graduation day.  
He thought she looked just  
beautiful,  
And told her so, I guess;  
For mother says she always  
loved  
This dear old-fashioned  
dress."  
Then she will fold it carefully,  
As I am doing this,  
And on my faded portrait  
She'll softly print a kiss,  
And then—is that the bell I  
hear?  
Some one in the hall?  
Yes, mother, coming right  
away!—  
Bob must have come to call.  
HELEN A. MONSELL, age 15,  
Winner of a \$2 cash prize in  
February Contest.

## MODEL AEROPLANE BUILDING

Second of a Series of Articles Written Especially for Cozy Corner Boys and Girls by  
Francis Arnold Collins, Author of "The Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes"

ANY one who has built paper  
gliders may attack the problems  
of the regular model aeroplane  
with confidence. A little experience  
in designing and weighting the tiny  
paper models will be found invaluable.  
The models may now be increased in  
size without fear of going astray, and  
of course their distance qualities will  
grow in proportion. A good model  
should glide fifty to one hundred feet,  
which gives a very thrilling imitation  
of the flights of the regular man-  
euvering aeroplanes.

### Hardware Shop and Scrap-bag

THE materials required for these  
larger models are still very sim-  
ple. Any strips of wood such as you  
use for making a kite will answer.  
Among the best materials are the  
lawn strips to be had at the hardware  
stores. They are round, straight of  
grain, and may be bought of many  
different diameters. The sticks three-  
eighths of an inch across are best for  
the planes, while a single dowel one-  
half inch in diameter is just the thing  
to hold them together. You can find  
material for covering for the plane in  
any family scrap-bag.

### The Main Plane or Wing

THE main plane or  
wing should be  
three feet in width  
and ten inches in  
depth. Cut two dozen  
strips thirty inches  
long and two more  
eight inches in length.  
To join the ends,  
mortise slightly and  
glue them together.  
A thin brad should be driven through  
the corner and the joint tied tightly  
with very heavy thread. It is im-  
portant that the joints be very neat  
and the frame perfectly rigid. The  
second plane should be about half the  
size of the first, that is, fifteen inches  
by four inches.

These frames may be covered with  
some light, thin material. Do not use  
too thin a cloth, however, since if the  
air should pass through it, it will ride  
poorly. The covering may be sewed  
on one edge and then drawn neatly  
across and sewed around the other  
sides. The young aviator will do well  
to consult his mother or sister before  
attempting the sewing. Another plan  
is to glue the cloth to the frame. It  
does not matter which plan you follow  
as long as the cloth is stretched with-  
out a wrinkle. Be careful to keep the  
edges smooth, for all this has a direct  
influence upon the flight.

### To Complete Your Glider

BUILD a rectangular frame three  
feet long by four inches wide. To

fasten the planes rigidly to the main  
sticks, notch them slightly so that they  
will not slip. Until you have tested  
out your glider, however, do not fasten  
the planes permanently, but merely tie  
them in position. The exact position  
of the plane on the stick can only be  
learned by actual experience. Try  
them in various positions until your  
model flies steadily on an even keel,  
when it will be time to nail and glue  
the planes rigidly in position.

Your model will require considerable  
weighting, just as in the case of the  
paper glider. Here again you will be  
likely to underestimate the cargo your  
airship will carry. The weight should  
be fastened at the centre of the front  
or entering edge of the model. A good  
plan is to wire a nut or several large  
nails in position. If your model pitches  
upward on being thrown, it needs more  
weight, while if it falls quickly, the  
weight should be lessened. There is no  
rule for this, except the rule of thumb.  
You must work out the problem.

### The Trick of Launching

IN LAUNCHING your airship, grasp  
the centre frame at the point where  
it balances, and, holding it above your  
head, throw it forward with a swift,

steady motion. You  
will soon catch the  
trick. There is a dif-  
ference of opinion as  
to whether the plane  
should be thrown  
with the larger wing  
forward or not, but  
you will probably  
find the former the  
easier plan. Never  
let your aeroplane become loose in the  
joints or its wings wrinkle and sag.  
It is only a very shipshape aeroplane  
which will fly well.

### GAMES AND PRIZES

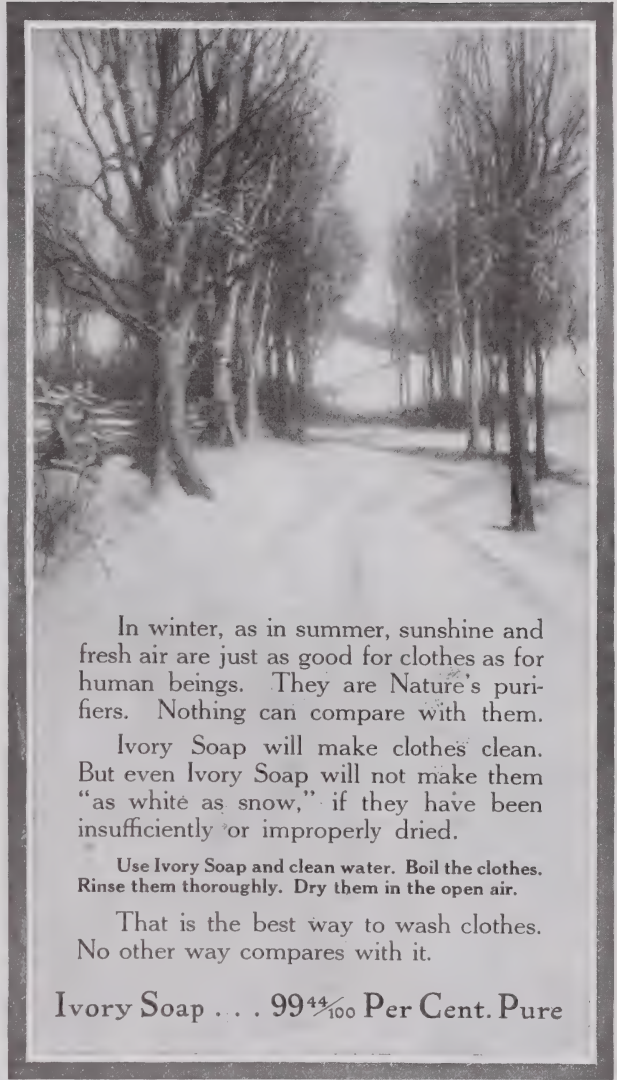
DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Play  
all you can out of doors now.  
Build your model aeroplanes and fly  
them in the wind. Start up all your out-  
of-door games again.  
Get together and organ-  
ize clubs to meet after  
school and play Hare  
and Hounds, Follow the  
Leader, Hop-Scotch,  
Shinny, Tennis, Pris-  
oner's Base, Country  
Cat, Duck on the Rock,  
I Spy, Leap-Frog, An-  
thony Over, Bull in the  
Ring, Tag, Fox and  
Geese, Mulberry Bush,  
Stits, Hoops, Tops,  
Kitties and Marbles.  
Dear O me! Was there  
ever such a wealth of  
best games to play?  
And this is only a be-  
ginning. Next week we  
will fill the Cozy Corner



"On the Beach" First Prize Winner

### Our Good-Night Verse Is:

Thou sendest forth thy Spirit,  
And thou renewest the face of the  
earth. The glory of the Lord shall  
endure forever: The Lord shall re-  
joice in his works.



In winter, as in summer, sunshine and  
fresh air are just as good for clothes as for  
human beings. They are Nature's puri-  
fiers. Nothing can compare with them.

Ivory Soap will make clothes clean.  
But even Ivory Soap will not make them  
"as white as snow," if they have been  
insufficiently or improperly dried.

Use Ivory Soap and clean water. Boil the clothes.  
Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them in the open air.

That is the best way to wash clothes.  
No other way compares with it.

Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

with descriptions of out-of-door games  
and sports of many kinds, and the  
week after there will be a page full  
of work done by boys and girls of the  
big CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

### Some Merry March Parties

If any Cozy Corner boys and girls  
would like to have suggestions for an  
especially jolly Blarney Party, with  
which to celebrate St. Patrick's Day,  
or for a perfectly delightful Kite  
Party, full of gay balloons and paper  
fishes, birds, ships,  
wind-mills, butterflies,  
dragons, or for a Fancy  
Dress Mi-Carême Frolic,  
let me know and I will  
plan one for you.

### On March 29

This is the last week  
of the March Prize Con-  
test.

Remember, my boys  
and girls, all work must  
be original. You may  
each one enter work  
under any or all of the  
prize offer "heads." But  
you must not send other  
people's drawings or  
verses. Be sure to send  
in work of one kind or

other. You will be glad that you did.  
It will be great fun to see the best of it  
published in the page of Our Boys' and  
Girls' Own Work on March 29.

### SPECIAL MARCH PRIZE CONTEST

#### A Gun-metal Watch and Brownie Kodaks

STORIES: For best story in less than 300  
words. Subjects: "A Narrow Escape," "April  
Fool."

VERSE: Subjects: "Little Sister," "A Sun-  
shiny Shower," "Market."  
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS: Sub-  
jects: A Cozy Corner heading for March, "Mis-  
chief," "My Queen."

For best work under any of these heads, we  
will give a first prize of a gun-metal watch, and  
five supplementary prizes of Brownie Eastman  
Kodaks for next good work in order of merit;  
besides fifty beautiful, extra prizes for work  
of any kind that is above the average.

#### For Boys and Girls Under Twelve

For the best copy of either picture in the  
Heading of this week's Cozy Corner we will give  
a very beautiful paper doll and ten prizes of  
smaller but beautiful paper dolls for the next  
ten copies in order of merit.

Put your name, age and address on all your  
work, and send it in before March 25 to The  
Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*





## "I Would Buy a 'NATIONAL' Dress—If I Were You!"

"I have worn 'NATIONAL' Dresses for many years," writes one Christian Herald reader, "and I find them delightful. I never miss an opportunity to say to all my friends, 'I would buy a 'NATIONAL' Dress, if I were you.'"

"If I were you, I would buy a 'NATIONAL' Dress." And, Madam, so you would—if you knew the ideal we keep before us—to put all possible prettiness into each creation; to have each gown a model of fashion, and to attain the utmost in becomingness and beauty for you.

We never select a design without comparison with dozens of other designs—without placing side by side the best models of New York and Paris to make sure each "NATIONAL" Dress is finer, more beautiful, more satisfactory as well as incomparably more becoming and stylish.

Truly, this Christian Herald reader gives you good advice—"I would buy a 'NATIONAL' Dress—if I were you."

Your "NATIONAL" Style Book shows you:

Waists, 98c to \$8.98  
Ladies' Skirts, \$3.98 to \$14.98  
Lingerie Dresses, \$4.98 to \$22.50  
Silk Dresses, \$11.98 to \$29.98  
Hats, \$1.98 to \$14.98  
Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, \$15 to \$40



Also your Style Book tells you "How and Where the New Styles Originate," pictures for you four "NATIONAL" Dresses in their Paris home, shows you the Paris originals of "NATIONAL" Dresses, and when you open the page of wonderful illustrations.

It is the most wonderful, interesting and valuable style book ever published. "Get one copy in your home"—it is waiting for you to decide "if I were you" you would buy a "NATIONAL" Dress, if I were you. If you wish samples of material for "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, state the color and pattern. Samples are sent gladly, but only when order for.

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY  
The "NATIONAL" prepays express and postage to all parts of the world. Your money refunded if you are not entirely pleased.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.  
218 West 24th St., New York City



## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### A Wife's Grievance

THE wife in question is a woman of active temperament, ambitious, energetic, and capable of enthusiasm. Undoubtedly she is sometimes nervous and apparently there is some excuse for what her placid husband and her indolent sons denominate ill temper. When there is work to be done she attacks it with might and main, and it is an unspeakable annoyance to one of her disposition to see her husband fritter away an hour in the morning when work is waiting, in lounging over the fire, reading the newspaper, while her sons dawdle in to breakfast in their shirt sleeves and slippers, when they ought to be up and doing about the farm. Cows are to be milked at night, and the wife is not expected to perform the task, but unless she fairly clamors in the ears of those who ought to do it the work is postponed until the clock strikes nine. This is a bit of realism from the life of a farmer's wife. After relating her causes of irritation she admits that her husband is kind and loving, and her boys loyal and affectionate, adding that she is thoroughly disheartened, that she can never get ahead, that while others in the county succeed the affairs of her people are in disorder. She concludes an appeal for help by saying: "What can I do except work till I drop?"

It would be as well for her to refrain, so far as she can possibly control herself, from fretting and scolding. What might be effective were it occasional passes by like the idle wind when it has become habitual. The man absorbed in his book or newspaper scarcely hears the stream of talk that goes on in his vicinity, and the boys, accustomed to their mother's nagging, stir neither hand nor foot, let her remonstrate with them as she may. She would better try the effect of passive resistance, ceasing to admonish, and allowing the late sleeper in the morning to slumber until he awakens and the neglected tasks to lie unfinished. She might presently discover that those who ought to be responsible were no longer shifting their responsibility to her weary shoulders. Once a woman has established a family reputation for scolding and complaining her vehemence and emphasis accomplish little.

Tears are equally futile unless they are so seldom indulged in that they awaken amazement and arouse repentance. Few men understand how completely a delicately organized woman, tired in every drop of her blood, is at the mercy of her nerves. If they only understood better they would be quick to lift burdens that are unbearable and to ease grievances that wear into the flesh with the hiss of hot iron.

### The Use of Nonsense

THE serious young woman looked up from the volume she was studying, and surveyed her sister with a grave countenance. "What are you giggling over?" she said. "You should not waste your time on nonsense."

The other was laughing over a jest that she had heard, and as she rose and made a courtesy to the student she hummed a foolish verse by Gelett Burgess:

I never saw a purple cow,  
I never hope to see one;  
And yet I think that anyhow  
I'd rather see than be one.

"That," said Portia, "is an absurd jingle. How can you spend precious

time over mere amusement when there is so much trouble in the world?"

Priscilla dimpled. "I am going down to make biscuits for supper," she said, "and I am saving all the funny things I know that I may tell them to grandfather and make him laugh. We don't help the trouble by standing and weeping over the broken pitcher. Do let me have my nonsense, Portia. It has its place in the scheme of things."

Priscilla was right. A sense of humor and a love of fun tide their possessors over some very real sorrows. Austerity has no particular claim to be considered saintly, and folly with its cap and bells once in a while does angelic work. Blessings on the children with their merry laughter. Blessings on the old people who have not forgotten how to be sunny. Take it all in all, this world of ours is not so bad a place. Every season brings its gifts of love from heaven, the skies are oftener blue than gray, the birds sing in the branches, fathers and mothers bend over the cradle, and the joy of life is deeper than the woe.

### Books for the Little Children

HERE are some books which may help a busy mother in entertaining her little children: *Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew*, *The Sunbonnet Baby's Primer*, and also *The Child's Garden of Verse*, by R. L. Stevenson.

(Mrs. E. R.)

"For little children, between three and seven, I recommend *The Bear Family at Home* and *How the Circus Came to Visit Them*, by Judge Curtis D. Wilbur.

(Mrs. J. H.)

Mothers must not overlook the charm of the old-fashioned fairy tale perennially appropriate in the training of children. Imagination should be cultivated and no better means of doing this can be found than the one afforded by the fairy-lore which is found in every nation and has pleased generations. Dear old *Mother Goose* should be an inmate of every nursery. *Songs for the Little Ones at Home*, an old favorite, is still in print and should never become obsolete. *Little Susie's Six Birthdays* and *Little Susie's Six Teachers* are charming books for children. *The Good Wolf*, from the versatile pen of Frances Hodgson Burnett, will be read over and over by the fortunate child who receives it as a birthday gift, or by and by discovers it in her Christmas stocking. Mothers should learn how to tell stories themselves. The Bible is a mine of wealth and children should be early acquainted with the stories of Joseph and his brethren, of little Samuel, David and Goliath, Daniel in the lion's den, the three children in the fiery furnace, and other beautiful tales of the Old Testament. Of that sweet story of old, the life of Jesus upon earth, children never tire.

### Children's Savings

THE little savings bank into which a small hand slips a penny at a time, and which precedes the opening of an account for the child in the bank of deposit where interest is paid accruing to the child's account, should not be overlooked by the thoughtful parent. The temptation to spend every penny received assails our little ones as in very truth it confronts older people. The windows of the confectioners' shops are filled with candy and sweets and many a penny is dropped into the drawer of the merchant when it should instead be put

Continued on next page

"This Opera Cap Won't Wilt; It's Malinette!"



## MALINETTE

THE MOIST PROOF MALINE

Will you buy a near waterproof maline for your spring and summer hats that will disappoint you?

Or will you insist on getting MALINETTE which has stood the test and which you can individually test before buying and so be sure that the severest wetting will leave it absolutely unharmed?

The tremendous success scored by Malinette, because of wonderful service qualities and attractiveness all its own, has brought out numerous imitations which are only partly waterproof and have an ill odor when damp. These are not waterproofed by the Malinette process at all and cannot compare with Malinette.

All genuine Malinette is 27 inches wide, and is sold from the Malinette trademarked cards only. For all trimming purposes it goes twice as far as ordinary maline, gives the same artistic effect, but lasts longer and costs no more per yard.

Two new sister materials, making up the Tiedemann Trio, are

## VEILINETTE

THE MOST PROOF VEILING

Veiling that will not discolor the face in the wettest weather and that dries out rapidly, without shrinking, to its original crispness and vitality is the kind every woman has been looking for.

## CHIFFONETTE

THE MOST PROOF CHIFFON

Chiffonette holds its color, does not become spotted, is impervious to moisture and will look like new long after ordinary chiffon is in the rag bag. The Tiedemann Trio will make you weather proof.

These are the best grades of veiling and chiffon, treated by the same waterproof and color-fast process that has made Malinette the leader.



The Tiedemann Style and Sample Book

### Get this Free Style and Sample Book

Our new free booklet "The Tiedemann Trio" fully describes these three wonderful materials, shows examples by the world's leading designers and modistes of hats and gowns, and contains samples of the processed materials with which you can make an astonishing and absolute test of their waterproof and color-fast qualities before you buy.

Many Malinette dealers will supply you with this book free. If your dealer does not, write direct to us for it. Every woman will value it who wants to make the most of her spring and summer costumes.

Write now.

THEO. TIEDEMANN & SONS  
80 Mercer Street, New York



### Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

for future use. To utterly condemn children for spending money is wise, but if a little girl or boy has, begin with, an allowance of a penny day, a certain amount should be set for the Sunday School contribution, another proportion for the savings bank, and still another for any indulgence or practical use that comes to a child's life. We must not teach the children to hoard their little fund, it we ought to teach them to invest judiciously. Any one who has helpful ideas on this subject is asked to send a letter setting them forth and telling her experience. Address it to the editor of this page in person, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

### To an Anxious Mother

ONE of my correspondents who wrote some time ago, telling how she finds it to bring up her children in a neighborhood where she is surrounded by people who have no sympathy with religion, and where she has neither church nor Sunday school near enough for their attendance, is requested to write again, giving her full address to the editor of this page, as her letter has been mislaid.

### The Maternal Element in Wifely Love

TALKING not long ago with a friend on the subject of disparity of age in marriage, she remarked that even if a wife were much younger than her husband, she seldom failed to bear toward him a protecting maternal attitude. She gave an instance of a happy marriage known to her in which the wife was thirty years older than her husband's junior. The latter was in failing health and needed continual tender and watchful care. "She overs over him," said the friend, "with the wonderful thoughtfulness and tireless patience of a devoted mother, although when they go out together their appearance resembles that of father and daughter." In a contrasting marriage, where the husband is in the meridian of early manhood and the wife an elderly woman, the same caressing gentleness and careful vigilance distinguished her manner toward him.

In this case, there was manifest on her part a sort of humorous indulgence, as if, instead of being a husband, he were a somewhat erratic son whose moods and tastes were to be tolerated in the day's work. Great disparity in age is, as a rule, a mistake in the comradeship of marriage, although there are exceptions to the rule. Yet it is probably true that in all marriage the mother element mingles in the love of the wife. It is he who smooths over asperities, quietly leads her unsuspecting husband in his path where she would have him walk, makes up for her omissions in matters social, and sends him forth from the tranquil shelter of his home to his ever-renewed battle with the outside world. She is not less the perfect wife because there is in her soul some of the primeval sweetness of the mother.

### "Like a Gold Mine"

Received the photograph of Dr. Louis Klopesh, the Baby Calendar and Home Library. The likeness of Dr. Klopesh is inspiring to me, wish we had more such men. The Baby Calendar is unique and novel, and I am pleased with it. The Home Library is a treasure. It seems like a gold mine to me. Just the thing I have been wanting and needing. I have noted each book and have read some of them and noted the literary merit of the books, and their usefulness to every member of the family is indubitable. Every book is above what I anticipated.

REV. G. FRANK BURNES  
Lebanon, Tex.



## EASTER BARGAINS

### DAINTY DRESSES

THESE dresses are all READY MADE. They come in properly proportioned sizes from 32 to 44 bust, with 40 inch skirt lengths finished with deep basted hems. We cannot make them to order, nor can we make any alterations. ORDER BY BUST SIZE.

315. A Charming Dress of sheer French Organza, in Bordered Mikado pattern. Fashionably designed with inset lace collar and cuffs, surmounted by a dainty fluted rill. The organza-kimono sleeves are effectively finished with failed cuffs to match. The Bodice is in "Pasant" style, using the hand of champagne as trimming. The same hand is adopted in the skirt, heading the pleated flounce. Comes in either Black or White. Splendid \$5.75 value. Special \$3.98

319. Serviceable Dress of fine Clifton Panama in Black, Blue or White. Charming Gibson pleated bodice, with waist bands and button-trimmed petals. New seamless sleeves trimmed with tailored bands, buttons and neat ticks. Detachable collar of dainty Irish crochet. Skirt has a broad front panel that extends around the bottom in stylish handkerchief effect. The sides are charmingly tucked to give long, graceful lines. A wonderful bargain. Special \$4.98

322. Stylish Dress of dainty checked Taffeta in Blue and White, or Black and White, with matched trimmings. White lace collar and Chemisette with plain silk rick. Gibson pleated bodice and tucked sleeves neatly finished with inset solid color cuffs. The skirt is a plain gored model with deep pleated flounce with a headed inlay of matched taffeta. Charmingly simple and daintily styled. Splendid \$12.50 value. Special \$9.75

304. Fine Embroidery Dress of sheer White Tulle. The entire front is trimmed with a broad scalloped band of rich Swiss embroidery. A deep flounce of matched embroidery trims the skirt bottom. The appropriate application of lace insertions and fine buckings provide a charming finish. A dress of elaborate style, carefully made and of good materials. White only. Splendid \$8.00 value. Special \$3.95

314. Button in Front one-piece dress of fine French linen in Cadet Blue or Tan. A pretty, easy-to-remember style of charming simplicity. Neat white piping is the only trimming used. Made in sailor style with rolling collar, turn-back cuffs, sailor-tie and breast pocket. Good \$3.75 quality. Special \$2.49

### Made to Tailored Suit, \$12.98

506. Smart Tailored Suit made to your measure of splendid all-wool Oxford Gray Homespun. A durable, serviceable, stylish Spring frock. The 28-inch semi-fitted jacket is strictly tailored, with long notched lapels; simply but prettily trimmed with broad banding of fine silk braid around the bottom of the jacket, and finishing the sleeves. Plain gored skirt with broad overlaid band of self material finishing the bottom. Jacket is serviceably lined with gray satin. A suit well worth \$16.50 ready made. Made to your measure and guaranteed to fit and please you. Special \$12.98

### Tailored Pongee Coat, \$6.98

738. Dressy Long Coat, of silk warp-finish, in smooth Rajah weave. A fashionable medium weight fabric, of splendid durability and handsome appearance. Broad shawl collar and deep turn-up cuffs, effectively trimmed with matched braid and banding of bias satin. Large ornamental buttons and short buttonholes. Full 52 inches long, with generous sweep around bottom. Sizes 32 to 44. Tan only. \$6.98

742. Dressy Cape in fashionable new style, with large sailor collar of fine satin, strapped with self material. The stylish sleeve effect is trimmed with satin and self material to match the collar. Buttons in front with two large satin-covered buttons, with slant buttonholes. Made of all-wool Broadcloth, in Black, Copenhagen Blue, Oil Rose, Medium Gray or Tan. A dressy wrap for either Afternoon or Evening wear. Full 50 inches long with delightful fullness and sweep. Sizes 32 to 44. \$7.50 value. One of our choicest bargains. Special \$5.98

### Broadcloth Cape, \$5.98

### SPECIAL WAIST VALUES

84. An Exquisite Embroidered Waist of fine Black Taffeta. One-sided effect, richly and elaborately in bright thread silk finished with a taffeta faced full and buttons. Collar, cuffs, front and back appropriately tucked. A frilled ruching finishes the neck. Buttons in Front. \$2.98

58. Tailored Waist of fine creoscar Lawn. Buttons in front and is charmingly trimmed with panels of lace tucking, faggeted insertions, and dainty hand-loom embroidery panels. Laundered detached collar, and pretty turn-up cuffs, trimmed with tucking and lace. Good \$1.50 value. Special \$98c

### STYLISH NEW SKIRTS

THESE skirts are all ready made in correctly proportioned sizes from 22 to 29 inches waist measure, and 38 to 43 length. Larger or smaller sizes can be made to order for 10% extra. Finished at bottom with deep basted hem.

1701. A Charmingly Designed Skirt of good Domestic Clifton Panama in Black or Dark Blue. A most becoming model with new pleated front, handsomely embroidered with heavy silk Applique. The side panels terminate at the knee, and are appropriately undersized to match, terminating in inset panels of pleating to provide fullness. A dressy serviceable skirt of stylish design. Splendid \$5.00 value. Special \$3.98

1707. Embroidered skirt of fine Black Pure Worsted Voile. Stylishly modeled with fitted gored top and broad pleated band finishing the bottom. Double box pleated skirt panels. The tasteful application of rich silk embroidery provides charming and appropriate trimming. Splendid \$6.75 value, one of our choicest bargains. Special \$4.95

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

WRITE TO: PAY FOR YOUR COUPON OF OUR EASTER STYLE BOOK ITS FREE Shows hundreds of Special Spring Bargains

506 \$12.98 1701 \$3.98 1707 \$4.95



## Send Us No Money



### Just Send Your Address

and we will send you this beautiful **Hand Loom Embroidered Gown**, made with new French yoke and trimmed with real linen Torchon lace, with dainty washable ribbons, full length and well made; and if you are pleased with it send us only \$1. If you do not think it is the best value you ever saw, return it at our expense. Most stores would sell this same garment for \$1.50. This garment embodies an exact reproduction of those artistic hand-embroidered creations that have made the work of the French convents famous, and are about 60 per cent. cheaper on account of import duty.

### WE SELL YOU DIRECT

Therefore you do not pay jobber's and dealer's profit. State size when ordering and write to-day. Sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17.

LADYWEAR CO., 68 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

## THIS HANDSOME \$25.00 LINEN SUIT

Regulation Trimmed

Made To Your Own Individual Measurements

ONLY

**\$13.50**

We guarantee quality, style and tailoring to be perfect, and will refund your money in full, promptly if you are not perfectly satisfied.

Write us at once, give your dealer's name and we will send you free, full line of samples, self-measurement blanks and catalog illustrating different styles for women and children. We made each of these suits last season and every customer satisfied.

JOHN B. SIMPSON

Walnut and Hutchinson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Make Money in Photography

Make your camera pay its way and give you a good income.

Here is a complete guide to successful, profitable photography—A Complete Training Course in 180 Subjects. Truly Valuable to Every Camera Owner.

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The Complete Self-Instructing LIBRARY OF PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY

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Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

Do You STAMMER

## THE PURDEN

By Katherine Newlin

UNTIL Magsie went to live with her aunts she never knew that she was a Purden. She knew that she was a funny little Tuck, for her mother had called her that a hundred times. She knew that her face was a brownie-face, and that there were twinkles in her eyes and a brownie-wisp in her hair, for that, too, her mother had told her. And besides she could see the brownie-face and the wisp for herself in the glass. But she could never see the twinkles. Her eyes when they looked at themselves were very big and solemn. Knowing these things did not distress her. Knowing that she was a Purden was different. Magsie could not think what a Purden was and she never dreamed of asking. It was evidently disgraceful. For one aunt had looked her over and had sighed.

"She is every inch a Purden."

And another aunt had looked her over and had frowned.

"Oh, quite a Purden."

And a third aunt had looked her over and had shaken her head.

"Altogether a Purden, I should say."

And a fourth aunt had looked her over and had pressed her lips together.

"She will never be anything but a Purden."

"Dear God," prayed Magsie Lawrence that night before she climbed up into her enormous bed, "don't let me be a Purden any more."

At first she thought that by listening and thinking she would discover what a Purden was; then, by trying very hard, she might learn not to be one. But it was a puzzling matter.

The day she ran out to give a penny and a kiss to the dirty, pleasant wife of the organ-grinder, Aunt Aggie, taking her up to bed in disgrace at noon, turned back to say to the other aunts, "If that isn't like a Purden!"

Magsie resolved never to kiss dirty people again and the next day she refused Aunt Aggie's proffered cheek. "There's a smut on it, Aunt Aggie," she said.

For this she was put into a corner, and Aunt Selene said, "The saucy little thing! She is a Purden!"

Magsie, in the corner, wept tears of uttermost bewilderment.

She began to think it was the penny-giving that was Purdenish. But when, the next Sunday, she withheld her penny from the plate, she was utterly disgraced and all her pennies were confiscated and put into the box for blind babies. And so it always was. The day she ran downstairs, "clop-clop," for the fun of noise-making, she was a Purden, and the day she stole into the room to boo at the butler, she was even more of a Purden. When she had the giggles during grace, she was a thorough Purden; and when she burst into tears and threw herself on the floor because Aunt Aggie boxed the cat's ears, then, if never before, was she a Purden.

She looked through all the P's in the big dictionary. It took a long time, because Magsie had to spell out each word. But "Purden" was not amongst them. And, listen as she might, no one but the aunts used the word, and they used it only in connection with her. Magsie began to believe that she was the only Purden in the world.

One Sunday a clergyman came to visit the aunts. They were very much excited and Magsie was put into a white dress and made to review her catechism. The clergyman had a very bad cold in his head. The aunts all waited on him and offered him remedies. Magsie was sorry for him.

The clergyman read prayers on Sunday morning. Magsie did not listen very attentively. She knelt by

Continued on next page

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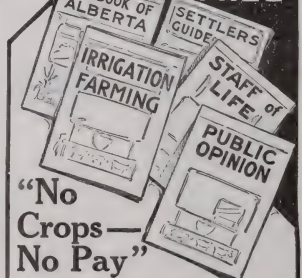
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# THE PURDEN

A wicker chair and stuck her fingertips through the holes from underneath. They looked like little pinky cushions and not like finger-tips at all, and that was an interesting discovery. Suddenly Magsie caught a word. She looked up. The clergyman had leared his throat and was repeating he sentence.

"The memory of them-is grievous into us," he was saying, "the purden if them is indolence."

Magsie said "Amen" very loud. She was frightened. This being a Purden was a serious matter. Purden was a word they prayed about. It had to do with sins. Oh, why was she a Purden? After the clergyman's visit Magsie grew quite reckless. It was no good trying to be anything but a Purden. It was a useless struggle. She gave up. Magsie was naughty. For the first time in her life she was really naughty on purpose and she didn't care.

"I may as well be a Purden and enjoy myself," she thought.

When the aunts went out, Magsie dressed up. She dressed up in Aunt Selene's clothes, for Aunt Selene was very, very small, almost as small as Magsie. She dressed up and walked about her room. One day she went out into the hall. Another day she went downstairs. A third day she heard the door-bell, and just for fun went down, dressed as she was, to answer it. She had put on Aunt Selene's second-best bonnet and had tied a thick veil over her face. She felt very safe and very much like Aunt Selene. She opened the door and a strange young man stood on the threshold.

"Is this one of the Miss Lawrences?" he asked gently in the tone nice young men use to very tiny old ladies.

Magsie looked up at him through her veil.

"I am Miss Selene," she said. She really did speak like her.

"I may come in?" the young man went on. "You remember me?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Miss Selene lightly. "You are the young man—"

"Exactly." The visitor laughed and strode into the drawing-room. "I am the young man you met at the wedding."

Having said this, he looked sad, sat down on the biggest chair he could find and stared at Miss Selene.

"You were going out, weren't you, Miss Lawrence?" he asked.

"I—I had just come in," murmured Miss Selene. She had sat down on the smallest chair she could find, but even then her feet wouldn't touch.

However, Miss Selene's skirt hid her tubby little feet.

"Of course," said the young man, "you know whom I have come to see."

"Miss Aggie?"

"Well, yes, certainly. Miss Aggie,

*Continued from preceding page*

too, if she will see me. But I want to see the kid."

"We have a cow," said Miss Selene. "But it hasn't had a kid this year."

The young man's face screwed up a little.

"Oh," he said. "I—I meant the little girl."

"Magsie?"

"Yes. Little Magsie. What sort of a little girl is it? I am crazy to see her. Lily's little girl!"

Miss Selene's big eyes behind the veil grew large and solemn. She leaned forward.

"I must tell you," she said, in a low shocked voice, "that she is every inch a— a Purden."

The young man flushed.

"Well, what of that?" he asked sharply.

"It is dreadful," Miss Selene's voice wavered. "She can't seem to help it. She is altogether a Purden."

"So was your brother's wife, Magsie's mother, Miss Selene," broke in the young man hotly.

Miss Selene jumped as though he had struck her.

"She wasn't! oh! she wasn't!" she cried piteously. Oh, please say she wasn't!"

The young man had stood up and was looking at her curiously.

"Miss Selene," he said, "I don't think you do know who I am after all. I—I am a Purden myself."

There was a silence.

Magsie's heart was beating fast. She began to fumble at the veil. She must see more clearly this brave young man who, openly and without shame, confessed himself a "Purden."

She had forgotten her masquerade. She pulled off bonnet and veil with a jerk. Her hair came down and stood out in brownie-wisps all round her head. Her little face was flushed and her big eyes full of puzzled twinkles.

"Magsie!" cried the young man, and had her in his arms.

He carried her to the window and studied her face from chin to forehead and kissed her hungrily.

"You funny little Tuck!" he said at last. "You are every inch a Purden, bless you!"

"What is it? What is it?" whispered Magsie with her hand against his cheek.

"It was your mother's name, dear. It is my name. And I'll not leave you here to grow up into a Lawrence. Not if I can help it. You are to come and live with me and we will be Purdens together."

"For always?" asked Magsie, hoarse with joy.

"For always. That is," he smiled down into her brownie-face, "until you are tired of being a Purden."

"Oh, I'll never be tired of it. Never. Never. Never. I will be a Purden all my life!"

"For always. That is," he smiled down into her brownie-face, "until you are tired of being a Purden."

"Oh, I'll never be tired of it. Never. Never. Never. I will be a Purden all my life!"

"For always. That is," he smiled down into her brownie-face, "until you are tired of being a Purden."

## The Value of a Trade-mark

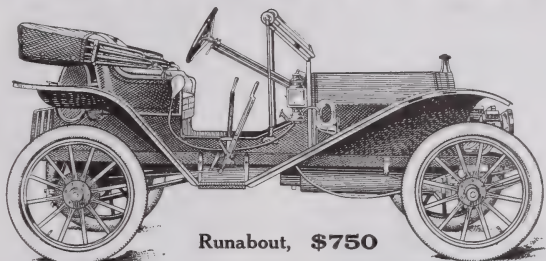
Did it ever occur to you how much advertising has done to increase the value of the trade-mark? After, all, a merchant's wares are best known by their quality, and their quality may be accepted upon the faith one has in the trade-mark which accompanies it. For instance, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently arranged to send 10,000 sacks of flour to the starving people of China, and in announcing this fact, it was stated that "Gold Medal Flour" had been sent.

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some in riches, a small number in  
study, a smaller number still in benev-  
olent works. The Golden Text tells us  
where alone happiness is to be surely  
found: "Happy is that people whose  
God is the Lord." We can make it  
more personal by saying: Happy is  
that person whose God is the Lord.

Unhappy Kings

Was King Rehoboam a happy per-  
son? As the son and successor of the  
wise, the rich King Solomon, we would  
say that he should have been one of the  
happiest of men. But was he? No,  
for there was unrest among the people  
of his kingdom; they were burdened  
with taxes put upon them to keep up  
the scale of magnificence set by King  
Solomon. A sea of trouble thus  
surged against King Rehoboam, which  
God would have given him wisdom to  
calm, if he had sought the counsel  
of God instead of men. Rehoboam  
did not even take the advice given him  
by wise men, and hence the loss of the  
greater part of his kingdom by the  
secession of the ten tribes.

Was King Jeroboam happy? Surely  
he ought to have been, for he was the  
favorite of that vast company of peo-  
ple who repudiated King Rehoboam,  
but instead of taking hold of the  
secret of happiness expressed in the  
Golden Text, he gave to his people two  
golden calves to worship in place of the  
true God, and himself became the high  
priest of the calf! His downfall was  
complete as God had warned him  
through the prophet Ahijah.

Was King Asa a happy man? He  
had a long reign and loyalty was born  
and bred in his people. But how did  
he stand with God? He was for a  
time acceptable, for he tried to reform  
evils; and as long as he thus served  
the Lord, God made him to prosper,  
and he was happy. But he had an  
enemy in King Baasha, and instead of  
asking wisdom and help from God,  
he appealed to Ben-hadad, King of Syria,  
who was an idolater. Ben-hadad gave  
the desired assistance and enabled  
King Asa to win. His character to-  
tally changed, he became a tyrant over  
his people instead of a father, and was  
hated.

King Omri, was he happy? As the  
king of Israel he made a wise choice of  
Samaria as his capital. So wise a  
man should have been a good man, but  
he was not. He not only did not serve  
God, but during the twelve years of his  
reign he led his people into idolatry.

Was King Ahab a happy man? Ahab  
so completely ignored the God who is  
the Lord that he built a temple to the  
chief idol Baal and laid no check upon  
those who persecuted the followers of  
God. Drought, famine and distress  
were the punishments God sent upon  
Ahab throughout his kingdom.

Happiness in God

Was Elijah a happy man? He was  
one of the greatest of God's prophets.  
He withstood the four hundred howl-  
ing priests of Baal, and through  
prayer wrought a great victory over  
them, and thereby turned the hearts of  
the people from the worship of idols to  
the worship of the true God. He was  
then a happy man.

But when was he unhappy? When  
for a few hours he lost sight of God in

Continued on page 285

\* The International Sunday School Review for  
March 26, 1911. I. King 12; II. King 17; 1-12.  
GOLDEN TEXT: "Happy is that people whose God  
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



# Christian Herald

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# This is the Only Fireless Cooker in the World with a Water Sealed Top



**HAT** means an absolutely steam tight cooker—quicker, better cooking—no leakage. It means an absolutely odor tight cooker—You can cook sauerkraut or onions in the Ideal cooker without anybody but yourself knowing it. It means an absolutely heat tight cooker—that is why it is more efficient—why it does the cooking so much better and quicker and more economically.

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is the result of more than 20 years' experience in the manufacture of steam and fireless cookers. It is the perfect cooker. It is no more to be compared to the rank and file of fireless cookers than a tallow candle is to be compared to an electric light. The Ideal cooker is a practical cook stove. It will cook a simple breakfast or an elaborate dinner. It will roast and stew and bake and boil. It will do everything that an ordinary cook stove will do—and do it at one-fourth the fuel expense—and with one-fifth the labor. It takes away all the drudgery of cooking—it saves hours of time. It saves 75 per cent of the fuel—it saves 40 or 50 per cent even of the food itself—as none of the food value is boiled or cooked away when the Ideal cooker is used.

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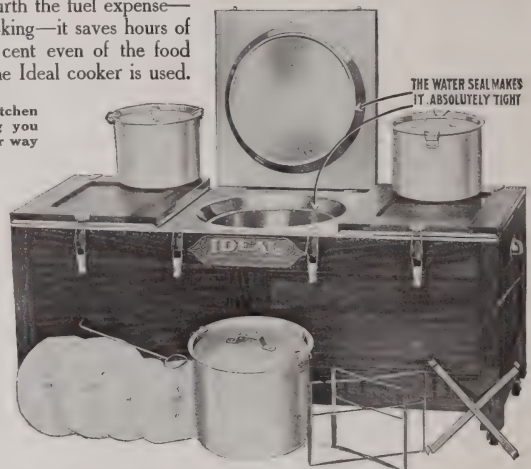
The Ideal Fireless Cook Stove is made in the largest steam and fireless cooker factory in the world—by men who have been making cookers for 20 years. It is made for service—not simply to sell. When you buy an Ideal you get a cooker that will last a lifetime—that will do more for you than any other fireless cooker in the world—and that is an ornament to your kitchen. The outer case is made of hardwood, with vulcanized paneled sides and top. It is beautifully finished in light or dark mahogany.

The packing is a special material made exclusively for us and is the result of 20 years' experimenting in insulating materials. Its heat retaining powers are absolutely wonderful.

The lining is solid aluminum—pressed in one piece. There is not a soldered or nailed joint to be found anywhere—not a crack or corner in which dirt or germ could lodge. It is absolutely sanitary. The top and the collar into which it fits are pressed on the same die. They must fit perfectly. There are no extra lids, no felt pads—nothing but the solid top fitting into the collar made for it and producing a perfectly tight joint.

**The Water Seal** is a distinctive feature of the Ideal Fireless Cook Stove. A slight groove just at the bottom of the collar into which the top fits, collects the first steam that is generated, condenses it into water, and this water forms an effectual seal that makes it impossible for either heat, steam or odor to escape. No other cooker has or can have this effectual seal. It is one of the distinct advantages in the Ideal Fireless Cook Stove.

You know how inconvenient and inefficient the one-piece lid of other cookers is—The Ideal Fireless Cook Stove has a separate lid for each compartment—and each lid is absolutely tight—opening one compartment does not affect the others in the least.



The Ideal Fireless Cook Stove is lined throughout with solid aluminum. The utensils accompanying it are the celebrated wear-ever aluminum.

### WHY THE IDEAL IS BETTER

In the first place, this water sealed top is the most important invention that has ever been put into a Fireless Cooker. You know how the steam on other cookers condenses around the top and runs down in a little puddle on the floor—the Ideal Fireless Cook Stove will cook all day without a drop of exterior moisture. You know how the odors escape from other cookers and find their way through the whole house—you can cook **anything** in the Ideal Fireless Cook Stove without the slightest odor. You know how hot the outside case of other cookers gets—The Ideal Fireless Cook Stove simply gets a little warm—never hot—the heat is inside and it stays there—all of it.

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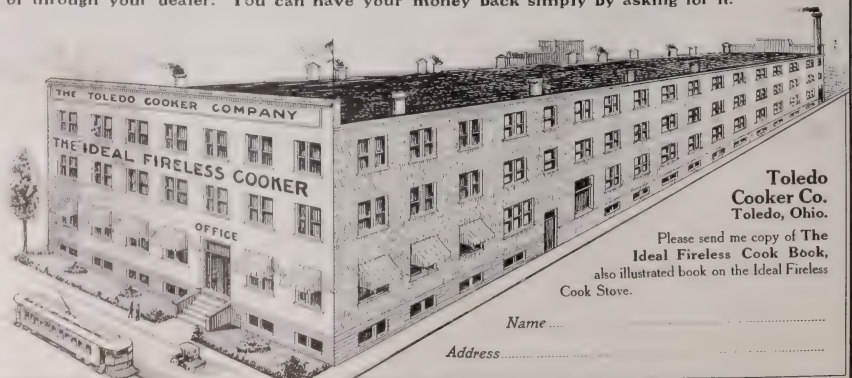
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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Waiting for Relief in a Famine Camp



Heartsick and Ready to Die



Newly Arrived Famine Refugees



## BLESSING THE FAMINE SHIP'S CARGO

CABLE dispatches from China received since the sailing of the *Buford* show that there is no cessation in the progress of the famine. Consul-General Amos P. Wilder at Shanghai, who is in touch with both Relief Committees, emphasizes the immediate needs of the starving multitudes in Anhui and Kiangsu, where 3,000,000 people are now suffering. In view of the urgent need as presented in these dispatches, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, within twenty-four hours after the sailing of the *Buford*, cabled \$10,000 through our State Department to China to be divided equally between the Chin-kiang and Shanghai Committees for immediate use. This remittance, together with the \$26,000 previously cabled through the State Department, and \$21,000 sent in the form of flour on the *Buford*, makes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers' total gift to China \$57,000 to date.

It is impossible to estimate how many have already died from lack of food in the two provinces already named and the adjoining province of Hupeh. Dr. Samuel Cochran, who is engaged in the relief work, writes that "one million people will die before the first crop is harvested." Fully two millions are without food and are existing on roots and grasses. The comparative few who possess any grain, guard it night and day.

Streams of refugees continue to pour up and down the country, like the ebb and flow of the tides, but aimless and hopeless. It is pitiful to look upon forlorn pilgrims, swept hither and thither like driftwood, and to realize that most of them are doomed to death unless relief comes. Their condition seems to be even worse than during the famine five years ago. To the credit of the usually well-to-do Chinese it must be stated that they have "done what they could" to relieve the distress. Not only are they actively co-operating with the Famine Relief Committees, but they have in many instances impoverished themselves to help the suffering. The "gentry" (land-owners) of Anhui and Kiangsu have even borrowed large sums which they have placed at the Relief Committees' disposal, to be repaid later as funds come in.

It is not surprising that there should be a record of many startling and even

desperate acts as the result of the famine. Robberies are frequent. At Sha-yang, in Hupeh province, a few days ago (where the famine has now penetrated), a great crowd of sufferers gathered at a distribution of food by the missionaries and officials. It was simply impossible to control them, and they fought like wild beasts, mad with hunger. It is said a score were trampled so badly that they died the same day.

One of the saddest incidents is reported from Kunshan, fifty miles from Shanghai, where the starving villagers raided the stores and many were killed in the struggle that followed. It is reported that 500 of the refugees were penned in a small village near Kunshan, from which they had driven the terror-stricken inhabitants, and the gates were locked upon them. By some means not yet explained, the slight buildings, mainly of wood and straw, were fired, and 500 refugee raiders perished in the flames. This incident has not yet been corroborated and it is hoped that the report may be exaggerated.

Farewell religious services were conducted on the *Buford* on the day of sailing by a committee of Seattle clergymen, with Rev. Owen Jones as chairman. The services were largely attended. The programme included an invocation by Rev. Joseph L. Garvin, First Christian Church of Seattle; singing of hymn, "Jesus Shall Reign"; responsive reading led by Rev. W. A. Major, D.D., of Bethany Presbyterian Church (the oldest pastor in Seattle);

singing of hymn, "We Give Thee but Thine Own"; prayer by Rev. E. A. Skogsborg; singing of hymn, "Roll on, Thou Mighty Ocean"; five-minute addresses by Rev. E. L. Smith, Congregationalist, Rev. Dr. Leonard, Methodist, and Rev. B. L. Whitman; blessing the cargo, an invocation by Rev. Owen Jones; hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee"; doxology and benediction. The following message of god-speed and blessing, telegraphed from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was read to the audience:

In sending forth this noble ship for the second time in four years on a mission of mercy to China, the many thousands of God's people who have contributed to the *Buford's* cargo through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, pray that this flour may become the means, under Divine Providence, of halting the famine in great measure. May it inspire new hope, strength and energy in the stricken people. May every pound of flour on the *Buford* save a precious life! May she have favoring weather, a quick voyage and a safe arrival! May the same Divine protection be vouchsafed to the ship and to her captain, officers and crew, that guarded her path across the seas when she went to China with America's gift of food in 1907. And may God's blessing crown the whole enterprise and make it redound to his own glory and the winning of souls, so that this gift of food may bring a double blessing to China in giving her starving millions, not only the bread that feeds the body, but also the Bread of Life, which satisfies the soul.

The 21,000 sacks of flour which represent the combined contributions of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to the cargo of the *Buford* will make 1,575,000 loaves of bread of the standard fifteen-ounce size sold in New York. These 21,000 sacks contain an aggregate of 1,029,000 pounds of flour. Every dime contributed to the Fund represents seven good-sized loaves; twenty-five cents will provide nineteen loaves; half a dollar, thirty-nine loaves; a dollar, seventy-nine loaves; five dollars, 396 loaves.

Progress is reported in North China in the fight against the plague. Sanitary measures have greatly reduced the death rate, and it is now hoped that the epidemic may be checked before it can reach the southern provinces.

All contributions should be addressed "China Famine Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York." Acknowledgements will be found on another page of this issue.



The *Buford* at Her Dock Just Before Sailing for Chinkiang



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.

## Cost of Not Living the Christian Life

TEXT—Luke 14:28



THIS parable seems to have grown out of the spectacle of a half-built house. A certain youth fell heir to much gold on his father's estate. He was ambitious to live in the best house in the town. Scarcely, therefore, was his father dead, than he razed the old homestead to the ground. On the site of his childhood's home he began to build a mansion with a tower. But because he had not earned the money he was spending, he did not know how to use it, and before the building was half done his funds ran out. In his ignorance and folly he had neglected to count the cost. Soon his workmen discovered that he had no money, and they threw down their tools in disgust. At first he was startled, then humiliated; discredited, he fled from the community and quite disappeared. Years came and went, and the elements slowly turned the house into a ruin. One day Jesus stayed his steps before the half-finished house. The rain had fallen through the roof, the storms had driven through the open windows, the floors were rotten, the garden a tangle of thorns and weeds.

### The Christian Life a Struggle

The world holds few sadder spectacles than a deserted house. Pointing to the structure that represented vanity and folly, Jesus warned the multitude against building a house of passion and pleasure without first of all considering the cost thereof. The scene gave him his favorite figure of the soul; the good man built his house on a rock of truth; the wicked man built on the sand. The theme that Jesus discussed was the price a man pays for building the house of pleasure, and the losses man suffers when he fails to build the house of righteousness and character.

Every man who refuses the Christian life should carefully estimate the losses incident to a life of self-will and personal pleasure. At the very outset let us confess that the Christian life represents a large, a hazardous and a very difficult enterprise. It means intelligence for the intellect, resolution for the will and vast reserves of conviction. Unless a man has oak and granite in him, the struggle is not for him. The temple of fame does, indeed, keep its doors open day and night for each adventurous youth, but unless the aspirant can eat crusts, wear rags, bear up against fierce winds, there is no room for him in these niches that are open only to the greatest. And the youth who is soft and flabby, without resolution and inflexible purpose, will not heed the call of Christ. Jesus' appeal is always to the heroic note.

When you think of what it is to be a Christian, you must think of a plan as vast as a military campaign, as marvelous as the settlement of a new province, as difficult as the building of a new city. God is abroad, slowly bringing the vast machinery of nature, invention, science, industry and government under the control of law and the spirit of good will. The Christian is one who seeks to do God's will and forward Christ's plans, in Christ's way and in company with Christ's disciples. Upon each eager disciple, therefore, he imposes the yoke of law. By divers restraints the Christian spirit curbs the appetites, the motives, where the young is over-strong. By divers stimulants it leads forth to a fuller strength those powers that are too weak, and the entire career of the disciple represents a series of sacrifices. The Christian life is a life of battle, where the weapons are thoughts and passions, and the enemies are invisible and spiritual. But once the victory is won, strange rewards appear.

### The House of Character

Some men suffer heavy loss in happiness and character by refusing to complete the house of character. They emphasize the foundation qualities called moralities, in themselves indispensable, fundamental and praiseworthy. Multitudes there are who insist they believe in patriotism, in honesty, in meeting their bills, in moderation. But they do not believe in the mystical element, and are not interested in worship or prayer, or self-sacrifice, or love to God, or a profession of faith in Jesus

Christ. They say, "I am trying to average up pretty well as a good citizen, and beyond paying my debts and living well I never expect to go, and I'll run my risks as to the future life." Now, in a mechanical universe, without God, without any presiding will or intellect, that would be well enough.

But if it should chance that this so-called good citizen is living in his heavenly Father's world, is being supported by his Father's bounty, if he is a son, squandering his Father's treasures and estates, it might be important to consider his Father's attitude and ask: "Am I giving pain to my heavenly Father through neglect, utter indifference and quiet contempt? Am I humiliating him, and injuring his divine government?" If it should chance that there is a God standing behind the veil, then these fundamental moralities must be carried up to affection, loyal obedience and loving trust.

### The Lesson from the Tree

Out in the orchard, the other day, I heard a tree break into speech. It turned moralist, and began to boast. In its soliloquy it said, "I believe in black clouds. I believe in good fertilizers; I believe in roots and a stout trunk. I believe in boughs, and if necessary, in turning them into clubs. I believe in branches that serve for hoe handles and axe helves; but I am not a sentimentalist. If things were looked into it would be found that I am just as good as these other apple trees that make such pretensions. I am not interested in all this talk about apple blossoms and perfume, about ripe fruit and the aroma thereof. How silly it is to talk about birds building their nests in the branches and cattle finding shade from the heat of the fierce sun. These mystical, invisible, spiritual elements of color and odor and food for the hungry do not appeal to me."

I never heard a moralist explaining why he was not religious talk more learnedly than this apple tree. But after a while I looked up at it, and there it stood, without a leaf, without a single blossom, on a May morning. No child played beneath its gaunt, dead boughs. It was an old, starved, shunned trunk, with naked branches, a mere skeleton of bones, without flesh or life. The only sign of a living thing that came near the tree was a woodpecker boring for a worm. Great are the root and the bough and the trunk, but the test of an apple tree is the fruit on the branch. Important the moralities that make up a good citizen! If there is a God in the world the test of manhood is in a pure heart, a surrendered will and an obedient life. The proofs are in prayer, in loving confidence—in short, in morality that blooms into religion, with all the fruits of the Spirit, named love and joy and peace. God is too large a fact to be ignored. When blades of grass can ignore the sun and summer, a man by emphasizing his moralities can ignore God and his goodness, that leads the moralist unto repentance.

### Danger from Compromise

It is a proverb that the better is the worst enemy of the best. Man is so constituted that he is perpetually seeking for a compromise between his worst self and his ideals. In the nature of the case a living thing can be happy only by fulfilling its highest faculty. A worm can be happy in crawling, but not a turtle; a turtle can be happy in walking, but not a deer; a deer must run. The deer can be happy in running, but not a bee; the honey bee must fly toward the sweet clover field. A savage can be happy in fishing or hunting, but not a man. A man must think, invent, sing, pray, love. Once you know what your highest faculty is, that moment you must use that faculty and subordinate all else to it. Paul could make tents, but his life is not in industry; Paul, in an hour of shipwreck, has the power of a captain and a general, but his life is not there; Paul can write the ode on Immortality, but his life is not in literature. Paul can assault evil, serve the slave and gladiator, in a passion of love send the evangel pulsating through the world, and there lies his real life, because it is his supreme gift.

It is possible, therefore, for a man to be entirely mistaken about himself. In living for the good, the secondary thing, he misses the best and the ideal, the Christ likeness. It is easier, therefore, to call a bad man away from the worst things to the ideal ones than it is to induce a good man to go up to the

ideal things. When Christ said the publicans and sinners should go into the kingdom before the Pharisees and scribes, and that Sodom should be saved before Jerusalem or Capernaum, what he meant was this: It is easier to reach a drunkard or a glutton than to reach a hypocritical Pharisee and scribe. In Alaska I found two kinds of mines, the placer mine and the quartz mine. The gold in the placer mine is buried in the sand and mud. The gold is very filthy, and yet all you have to do to get the gold out is to have a spade, a shaking-pan and a stream of water. When I washed gold out of the mud in Alaska I learned how easy it was to save Sodom.

### Reaching the Sinner's Heart

But there is another kind of gold up in Alaska, and that is the patrician gold imbedded in layers of quartz. Every atom shines like a hypocritical Pharisee, blazes like a theological scribe, and is hard as the creedal points in a system of theology. To get this gold out of the quartz you bore in with a diamond drill, as hard as a sermon point, and then you put in dynamite and create an explosion, like a climax in a preacher's appeal, and then the stamp mills go to work, and every stamp weighs ten tons, and stamps, and pounds, and thunders, until the quartz is ground to dust, and then the dust is passed through an acid bath, and finally the gold comes out of the quartz; and this stamp mill, with the infinite exertion necessary for getting gold out of granite, makes me think of the way some Gipsy Smith, with an army of helpers, has to pound away on cultured sinners for five weeks, when one hour's appeal will bring a prodigal boy back to his father's house. You can play the prodigal through your body, and recovery is simple; you can play the prodigal through your intellect, through selfishness, and recovery is difficult.

The thoughtful man also will estimate the losses of self-respect incident to having no place among those who have fought for God and his cause. Jesus Christ is the leader of a world-wide campaign. He is fighting to overthrow evil and selfishness entrenched in a thousand strongholds. Darkness must go down before his day. Hate must surrender to love. Bats, things that creep and crawl and tear, must be driven back into the night. Love, peace, prosperity, happiness, must fill all the earth, until God is all in all. Toward that consummation Christ wrought, suffered and died. Then his apostles took up the flag and plunged it deeper into the ranks of the enemy. The martyrs made a new onslaught, and with their blood made Christ's banners crimson. Our own fathers forgot their tossings on the sea, their sufferings in the wilderness, to win their victory. The time has come when we must launch our *Mayflower*, sail our seas of difficulty, brave our enemies, and slay our foes. Once the true apostle and disciple of Christ appears, he is the one best man of his time, and the second best man is a thousand leagues behind him.

### Your Place in the Ranks

No matter what the weaknesses of the Christian Church, you cannot afford to die without having joined the ranks of the weakest disciples who are fighting Christ's battle. It is not enough for you to say that you will fight a guerrilla warfare. It is an unworthy thing for you to add: "I sympathize with his Church and his cause." Can you afford not to be found with the old guard? If you fight none of Christ's battles, if you have never marched under his leadership, if you have never suffered unto blood, striving against sin, the time will come when you will go up and down the streets of a lost universe, advertising that you will give everything you have save life itself, if only you can find some one who will say that some time, somewhere, under cover of night, you did make a confession of your faith in God and his loving providence, and in Christ your Saviour. And when that hour comes and the Great Assize draws nigh, and the heroes and the martyrs, the patriots and the poets, and your own fathers and mothers are assembled, and the all-searching eyes of God and Conscience pass in review the events of your career, the very thought that you did not join Christ's Old Guard, and lead his hosts, and die at the front of the ranks will bring to you such immeasurable shame that you will cal on the rocks to fall upon you, to conceal your loss and your humiliation.

\* Pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational), Brooklyn, N. Y.  
TEXT: "For which of you, desiring to build a tower, doth not first sit down and count the cost, whether he hath wherewith to complete it?" (R.V.)



Do You Know Your Bible?

IT IS quite evident, from the number of letters we have received in response to our recent article entitled, "Do You Know Your Bible?" (which appeared in the issue of February 8), that a very large proportion of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can answer the question truthfully in the affirmative. The proposition for a test of one's Bible knowledge, which might be applied personally by every reader, meets with general approval. Our list was merely a tentative one, and we are more than glad to have from our friends many excellent suggestions along the same line.

To the thirty-five questions given, not a few of which involved a very familiar acquaintance with the Bible, the following readers sent answers that are correct in the order stated:

Mrs. Fayette Moss, Williamantic, Conn., answered 32 correctly; Mr. David Currie, 30; Mrs. P. F. E. Albee, 30; Mr. Roy Vanarnum, 29; Mrs. R. A. Best, 28; C. D. Kendall, 26; H. E. Bacey, 24; Mary E. Stoneman, 22; Mary E. Bradbury, 22; J. L. Bennett, 21; Miss N. Briggs, 16; A. C. Dilts, 14, etc.

The correct answers to the first list are given below:

- 1. Thirty-nine books in the Old Testament.
- 2. Twenty-seven in the New Testament.
- 3. Gen. 1: 28.
- 4. Abraham (Gen. 17: 18).
- 5. Gen. 2: 5, 6.
- 6. Jacob at Bethel (Gen. 28: 22).
- 7. Judah (Num. 10: 14).
- 8. Moses (materially) (Ex. 32: 19).
- 9. Deborah (Judges 4: 4).
- 10. The son of Zarephath's daughter (I. Kings 17: 22).
- 11. Isaiah.
- 12. Isa. 2: 4.
- 13. Damascus (Gen. 15: 2).
- 14. Azenath (41: 45).
- 15. Gen. 4: 26.
- 16. Children of Rechab (Jer. 35: 1-11).
- 17. At Antioch by Paul and Barnabas (Acts 14: 26).
- 18. Jacob (Gen. 32: 9).
- 19. Zipporah (Ex. 2: 21).
- 20. Bezaleel (Ex. 37: 1).
- 21. Nebuchadnezzar (II. Kings 25: 1-11).
- 22. Reubenites, Gadites and half of Manasseh (I. Chron. 5: 26).
- 23. Othniel and Samuel.
- 24. Caesar Augustus (Luke 2: 1).
- 25. Matthias (Acts 1: 23-26).
- 26. Stephen (Acts 7: 54-60).
- 27. Last verse Malachi and last verse Revelation.
- 28. Dan. 12: 3.
- 29. Thirty-seven.
- 30. See Acts 7: 56; 9: 46; 23: 11; I. Cor. 15: 8; Rev. 1: 13; 14: 14.
- 31. Matt. 28: 19, 20.
- 32. Twice (John 2: 13-16 and Matt. 21: 12).
- 33. John 5: 24.
- 34. "If ye have love one to another" (John 13: 35).
- 35. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16: 31).

Mrs. R. A. Best, New York, one of our readers, writes, expressing the general view regarding this feature of Bible study, "I am sure that these Bible questions will form a means of grace and spiritual awakening to all who will endeavor to answer them. They have proved a benefit to me and my family. It seems to me that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should have a Bible class, with a membership whose scholarship should comprise Christians in all parts of the world. It might necessitate a greater labor and outlay, but it will be a grand means for disseminating Bible knowledge and spiritual awakening." David Currie, Canada, writes: "We owe a debt to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its efforts to promote Bible study, and my earnest prayer is that it may long continue to do so, for the ignorance of Scriptural knowledge even among church-going people is appalling. The questions in the last number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were well chosen for testing the Scriptural knowledge of its readers."

A reader in Syracuse, N. Y., writes asking us for some book containing such questions; but even were such a book available, it would defeat the very purpose we have in view, which is to stimulate personal Bible study. E. C. Gable, Philadelphia, commends the

Continued on last column

Politeness as a Business Asset

By EUGENE THWING

A SENSATION was created in a New York City public department recently when thirty-four employees were disciplined for impoliteness in dealing with the public. These clerks and subordinates cherished the idea that they were public officials independent of the usual rules governing and restraining the conduct of employees in private business concerns, and their feeling of importance and independence led them to a display of boorishness and insolence that suddenly was their undoing. The head of that department had a proper conception of his duty and the duty of his subordinates toward the public.

Politeness is regarded as one of the virtues. It is not generally enough recognized as an important business asset. "I'll never go into that store again," declared a gentleman as he came from a store where the salesman had been discourteous. The proprietor may wonder why his trade falls off while that of his neighbor increases. He may think he does not advertise enough, or cut prices enough; but the customer who was driven away came to him first because of his advertising, and then went to his rival and paid more money for the desired article, for no other reason than that he wanted polite treatment. The latter merchant had a business asset which was of more value to his trade than the display advertisements and cut prices of his neighbor. A lady and gentleman visiting Boston recently were charmed by the quiet refinement and graceful politeness of the floor-walkers and the saleswomen in one of the large department stores. The assistance rendered was so prompt, friendly, and unobtrusive that the business of shopping was made a pleasure, and flattering comments regarding the store and the contrast to certain other stores which it presented were immediately put in circulation by the gratified visitors.

THERE is less danger in overlooking the value of politeness as a business asset in the dealings with the customers of a concern, than there is in the personal conduct of the proprietor in his dealings with those who do not directly contribute to his income. A merchant cannot expect his employees to be courteous to customers if he is not personally courteous to his employees and subordinates. Example outweighs all precept. A loyal, interested employee is too valuable an asset to be destroyed by ill-treatment, and any policy or personal quality which preserves and increases such an asset is itself a valuable asset.

It is very easy to reply abruptly and with irritation to a creditor who seeks to collect an account at an inopportune time; but the good feeling and co-operation of that creditor may become an indispensable thing a little later, and it can be preserved or destroyed by politeness, or the absence of it, shown before the stress comes. The habit of politeness with creditors may prove the one saving asset which looms large in the day of crisis.

Commercial agencies are sometimes the bane, sometimes the blessing of a business man. Many men would be surprised if they knew how much the matter rests with them. Reporters from the leading commercial agencies call at stated intervals upon every business man, and the impression or feeling such a reporter takes away with him from the interview inevitably colors his report to the agency. It is surprising how many business men fail to realize this important fact.

POLITENESS, not mere colorless formality, is a real asset, though hard to preserve sometimes, in any business that is carried on through the mails. Complaints are sure to come from correspondents who have, or think they have, grievances. Very often the complaint is not well grounded, and the man at the desk, knowing all the facts, feels his righteous wrath provoked and consoles himself with the thought of how beautifully he will "call down" and how completely he will squelch the misguided fault-finder. Then he thinks it over—if he is wise. Such a letter as he could write would simply annihilate his correspondent and satisfy his own sense of justice, but—the mistaken critic, angered by the rebuke, and humiliated by the discovery of his error, would thereafter be an aggressive enemy and nevermore a customer. Very often, the wise business man, who has learned by experience, and who has acquired the priceless power of self-control, has been able by a graceful and goodnatured reply to turn such a hasty fault-finder into a cordial and active friend of his business. It was hard for the moment to forego the satisfaction of a sarcastic retort, but it paid. A good story is told of President Lincoln and his Secretary of State, William H. Seward. A very bitter and unfair letter of criticism of the administration was received. Seward was indignant as he showed the letter to Lincoln, and the President heartily agreed with him. "I'm going to write to — and give him a piece of my mind," declared Seward. "That's right, do so by all means, and make it as strong as you can," urged Lincoln, rubbing his hands. The letter which Seward wrote and showed to Lincoln a little later was a masterpiece. All the power of invective, all the keen thrusts of sarcasm, all the crushing force of facts were there, and the hostile critic was left without even a knothole to crawl into. "That's fine—splendid!" exclaimed Lincoln, as he handed the letter back to Seward. "What are you going to do with it?" he asked as Seward began folding the letter to fit an envelope. "Do with it? Why, send it to him, of course," replied Seward. "Oh, no, you're not going to do that. Just tear it up and throw it into the fire," said Lincoln. "You have had the satisfaction of writing it; now you feel better, and can forget it. One writes such a letter, but one doesn't send it."

POLITENESS may almost be called one of the selfish virtues. It is pleasant to all who come under its influence, but it brings far greater benefits to the one who exercises it. Politeness is a social duty, but the reflex rewards render it one of the greatest personal and business assets in the inventory of a man's wealth.

Do You Know Your Bible?

Continued from first column

Bible questions as well-chosen, and hopes that they will be continued. We give below a second list which we hope will interest every reader in God's Holy Word and that many will make a serious effort to answer them.

We give another list of questions, but this time only twenty in number:

- 1. How many of the host of Israel that left Egypt entered Canaan?
- 2. Who said, "Be sure your sin will find you out?"
- 3. Who built a monument in the middle of a river?
- 4. What king had an iron bedstead?
- 5. What prophet bound his own hands and feet together?
- 6. Where is the way to heaven revealed in four words?
- 7. What is the Bible's list of a lady's wardrobe?
- 8. The words "Jesus Christ" are placed together only once in the Gospels. Where is the passage?
- 9. What is the last prayer recorded in the Bible?
- 10. Who was the first bigamist on record?
- 11. Who told the first recorded lie?
- 12. Who was the first shepherdess?
- 13. Who was the first to weep?
- 14. Who wore the first bridal veil?
- 15. Who erected the first monument to the memory of the dead?
- 16. Where is the first mention made of liquors?
- 17. Where is the first mention made of printing in the Bible?
- 18. Who said, "There is no discharge in this war"?
- 19. What two prophets declared, "I am no prophet?"
- 20. Where do we find the saying: "At evening time it shall be light"?

For a Washington Memorial

THE George Washington Memorial Association, which was incorporated in Washington, D. C., in 1898 and re-organized in 1909, has recently decided upon a year's campaign, the object of which is to acquaint the general public with the aims and ambitions of the society and afford an opportunity for all to participate in its object. This is to erect a building, to be known as the "George Washington Memorial Building," to perpetuate Washington's principles and teachings.

The building is to be practical in plan and construction, and of the most durable character. It is to be planned so as to furnish a home and gathering place for national, patriotic, scientific, educational, literary, art, medical, and similar organizations that may need such accommodations. It will furnish a place where all the patriotic societies, both Northern and Southern, may testify to their love for the Father of his Country. There will be a great auditorium and rooms for large and small meetings, office rooms and students' research rooms.

One wing of the structure will be devoted to the interests of children. There will be scope for an exhibit along the lines of the splendid one made in New York at the beginning of this year, as a permanent inspiration and enlightenment to visitors from every quarter of the globe.

Anvil Strokes

.. SOME men would rather be profane than profound.

.. THE man with a light head will never make much of a light in the world.

.. A good book in the home that the boy can keep is worth ten that he has to return to the library.

.. UNHAPPY marriages are due to a condition that would mean unhappiness to either, though single.

.. INSTEAD of bringing more happiness to a man, much money is apt to drive away the little he already has.

.. IT is easy to be truthful, but some people prefer to do something a little more difficult.

W. J. B.



# This Week's Bible Centenary

THE WHOLE CHRISTIAN WORLD TO CELEBRATE ON MARCH 26, 1911, THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FAMOUS AUTHORIZED VERSION



William Tyndale



King James I.



Jerome, Compiler of the "Vulgate"

THREE hundred years ago, in 1611, the greatest of Books, the King James Bible, known as the "Authorized Version," was given to the world. The anniversary of the event, which is this week being observed by some religious denominations, will be more generally and fittingly celebrated on Sunday, March 26. Preparations for an adequate commemoration on that date in Great Britain, Canada, the United States and practically all the English-speaking countries, are already under way. A delegation of distinguished churchmen will visit King George of England, a few days before the general celebration, and will present an address, to which the King will fittingly respond. A copy of the Authorized Version will be given to the King. On Sunday, March 26, the universal topic in the Protestant churches will be the debt which the world owes to the Bible. This will also be the general form of the celebration in the American, Canadian and Australian churches. On the same day, practically at the same hour, millions of churchgoers in all the English-speaking countries will listen to the wonderful history of the Authorized Version, and of the circumstances under which it was given to the world.

It is especially fitting, at this time, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which during the last twenty years has done a larger work in Bible distribution than any other agency in the world outside of the great Bible societies, should set before its readers the remarkable story of this great Book, which the centuries have endeared to God's people everywhere.

The King James Bible, although it was the Bible of our forefathers for nearly ten generations, had many predecessors, but it was the first that could be truthfully called "the Bible of the people." To trace the history of our Bible, from the early days when the first of the inspired books were written by godly men, divinely chosen for the work, down through the stormy vicissitudes of centuries, to these times, when we enjoy the priceless blessing of a Bible that all can understand, is a record without a parallel in the whole range of secular or sacred literature. It holds us with a spell more powerful than that of any other narrative known to the world. Step by step, down through the ages, we trace the gradual unfolding of God's message to man, ever becoming clearer and more splendid as the centuries roll on. Through many streams, Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, the sacred word has flowed unceasingly onward. In each successive age, God sent more light and led men to a nearer view of himself and a clearer understanding of his precious Word.

We can follow the progress of the Bible

from the days of tablets, papyrus, antelope skins, parchment and vellum down to our own times when we have the sacred Book as the finished product of the modern printing press. In all of these translations, retranslations and revisions, we see the divine line of progress in the uplifting and enlightening of the race.

## The Early Manuscripts

Our Bible has sixty-six books. These were written during a period covering about sixteen hundred years—the Old Testament Scriptures in Hebrew, the New Testament in Greek. The originals were written by hand on skins or papyrus. Of these original manuscripts none are now in existence, and have not been for hundreds of years; but before they were lost or destroyed, copies and translations had been

made of them; and from these copies and translations from the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon languages, beginning about the tenth century, we derive our modern English Bible.

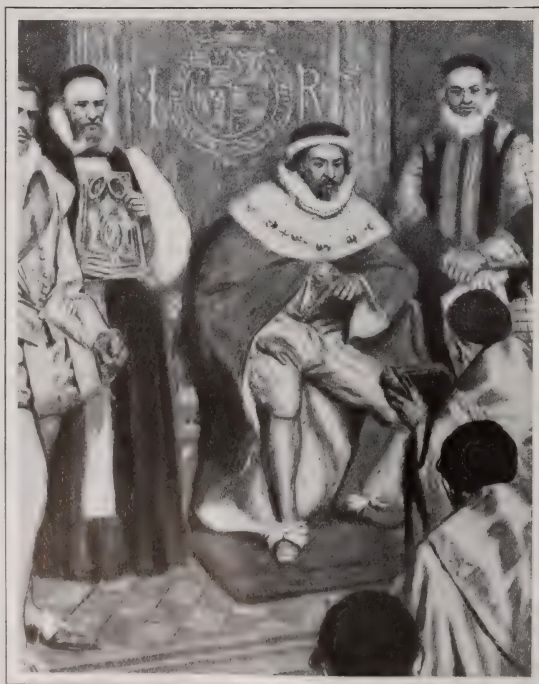
## Early Translations

From the early centuries of the Christian era to the present time, the Bible has been subject to many revisions and retranslations. Probably the first translation of the New Testament was the old Syriac Scriptures, about fifty years after the earliest New Testament manuscripts were written. These very closely represented the language of the people among whom Jesus lived and wrought. Then came, also at an early date, the Egyptian, the Ethiopic and the Version of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about 350 A.D. In the latter part of the fourth century, the old Latin versions were found to be so full of errors, arising through early and imperfect scholarship, that Eusebius Hieronymus (St. Jerome) was chosen to prepare the Latin Version which is called the Vulgate. In 385 A.D. he finished the New Testament, and then undertook the translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, employing the oldest manuscripts then accessible. For nearly a thousand years the Vulgate was the parent of every later version of the Scriptures in Western Europe, and even the discovery of much earlier manuscripts than those used by Jerome did not diminish the merit of his splendid work.

## The Bible in Early English

We who now enjoy the priceless privilege of the Bible in a form that appeals to the great mass of the common people, as well as to the cultured, may well look in wonder and gratitude at those steps in the progress of the Holy Book. England had no complete Bible in the tongue of the common people before Wycliffe's day. Caedmon, a learned Saxon shepherd, wrote in metrical form for the common people of his day the substance of the sacred story. He employed the early Saxon and paraphrased the Latin text "with a barbarian's vigor and sublimity." His descriptions of the Creation, the Ark, the sinful life and tragic end of Pharaoh, the Exodus, the ravages of sin and death in the world, the sorrows of the grave and the dark picture of the future states of reward and punishment, were the only literature relating to the Bible which up to that time had found auditors outside of monastery walls. Bishop Eadhelm, of Sherborne was the next Bible interpreter. He rendered the Psalms into Saxon. Bishop Egbert did the same office for the Gospels and the "Venerable Bede" finished

Continued on next page



King James Receiving the First Copy of the "Authorized Version"



# All Christendom Honors the Old Book

Half a Page of Wycliffe's Bible, A.D. 1382

Revelation 6:1-4, Authorized Version

From Tyndale's New Testament, A.D. 1525

St. John's Gospel almost with his last expiring breath. The "good King Alfred" decided to give his subjects an English Bible, but passed away before his task was finished.

**Our First Complete English Bible**

During the tenth century there were several translators and revisionists. After the Anglo-Saxon versions, there followed a long interval of inactivity in Scripture revision. It was not until John Wycliffe, in 1384, finished his work of complete Scripture revision and translation, that the people of England knew what it was to have a complete Bible in their own language. Later, William Tyndale, a ripe scholar and theologian, the friend of Erasmus and the contemporary of Luther, began work on his famous Bible. Printing had been invented, and Tyndale longed to put a printed Bible into the hands of his countrymen. He encountered many discouragements, and notably among churchmen. It was a critical period for Bible translation. Men were jailed and even hanged for merely owning or reading a copy of Luther's works. Tyndale went to the continent, and after many adventures he produced, in Worms, the first printed English New Testament. He printed an edition of six thousand copies, which were sent into England secretly.

Everybody knows the story how the Bishop of London began buying Tyndale's Testaments and burning them, while Tyndale used the Bishop's money for printing fresh editions, which were distributed broadcast. When the churchmen and critics of that day found that they could not suppress Tyndale's open Bible, they applied the extreme argument and arrested, tried and strangled him at the stake. Thus passed from the earth the heroic spirit of William Tyndale, the father of the open Bible, to whom the whole world owes a debt it can never repay!

**Various Versions of the Bible**

Some three years after Tyndale's death in 1539, when the Reformation had gained ground in England, what was known as the "Great Bible" was issued. Miles Coverdale, with a staff of translators, labored on his Bible, following Tyndale's methods closely. Meanwhile John Rogers had issued "Matthew's Bible," which was largely copied from Tyndale's. Still another imitation of Tyndale, called "Taverner's Bible," was issued, but none of these was satisfactory to the people, so the "Great Bible" was planned, with Coverdale as chief adviser in the work. This famous Bible, issued under royal authorization, was a compilation from Tyndale, Matthew and Coverdale, but with Tyndale as the principal basis. Various revisions of the Bible followed during the next few generations—the principal one being the Geneva Bible. This brings the record down to that most eventful period of modern Bible history, in which the King James Version saw the light. England in the early part of the seventeenth century, had three different versions: The Geneva, the Bishops' and the "Great Bible"—the first widely read, the second a standby of the ecclesiastics, and the third used in a number of country churches. The Geneva was the scholarly and accurate of the three. None was satisfactory, however, and the time was now ripe for a new and better Bible which would appeal to the understanding of the common people.

Society in Great Britain was at this time in a peculiar condition.

King James VI. of Scotland had become King James I. of England. The two countries were united under one sovereign, yet each retained its own Church and laws. Politically and socially, the country was like the sea after a storm. Education was making progress among a certain class; but the religious differences of the people gave the monarch more concern than other matters. He found himself ruling over three countries, each with a different religion—Scotland, Presbyterian or Puritan; Ireland, Catholic; England, Anglican or Episcopal. But James did one good thing which will long keep his name and fame in the world's remembrance. He believed that his people should have a uniform Bible. Setting aside all three ver-



Tyndale Dictating His Bible Translation to His Secretary

sions then in use, he ordered a fresh translation and revision of the entire Scriptures, which should be called after himself—the "King James" Version. Its preparation was undertaken by his express command. The most learned professors in the leading universities were chosen as translators, and their work was reviewed by the bishops, and finally laid before the privy council and ratified by royal authority. Among them were Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Dean, and afterward Bishop, of Winchester, who was familiar with Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Greek, Latin, and at least ten other languages; Sir Henry Saville, the most learned layman of his time; Dr. Overall, Regius Professor of Theology, afterward Bishop of Norwich, also Dean of St. Paul's; Adrian

de Saravia, by birth a Fleming, Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Canterbury; Dr. Bedwell, the great Arabic scholar; Dr. Miles Smith and Dr. Ravis, Dean of Christ Church, and Vice Chancellor of Oxford University. Their task occupied four years. In 1611, the new Bible was printed in Gothic letter and first published in folio, with the title, "The Holy Bible, Conteyning the Old Testament and the New; Newly translated out of the Originall Tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised by His Majesties Special Commandment. Appointed to be read in Churches." The first copy of the new Authorized Version was bound and handed to the King. It was a stately folio, each page being 14 by 8 7/8 inches, exclusive of the margin, and with two columns of type on each page. The text was heavy Old English type and the headlines of each page were in large Roman letters. Each chapter opened with an engraved initial and every book with a still larger initial. It contained the text and Apocrypha, an "Address to the Reader," a dedication to the King, 34 pages of Bible genealogies and a calendar. There were a few marginal notes, although the King had given orders that none were to be used. The one great act of James' reign was completed. A second edition was printed the same year (1611) and others in 1613, 1617, 1634, and 1640, all from the same type.

The presentation of the completed work to the King marked an epoch in Bible translation. For purity of English, ripeness of scholarship, beauty and dignity of diction, it surpassed all previous translations and soon became the standard Bible of the English-speaking world. Its high literary character, wonderful accuracy and fidelity of translation have combined to make it a monument of scholarship for the world's admiration. That the great revision which the Bible-loving monarch ordered was a wise one, was abundantly proved by the result. Tyndale enunciated the rule which, from the beginning of Bible revision, seems to have governed such work: "If it be perceived that in any place the revision has not attained unto the very sense of the tongue, or the very meaning of the Scriptures, or that they have not given the right English, they should put their hands to it and amend it, remembering that so it is their duty to do."

Many millions of copies of the Authorized Version have been sent to all parts of the world by the different missionary societies here and abroad. It has been translated in whole or in part into almost every known language under the sun, and to-day the Gospels, the New Testament and, in many cases, the Bible entire, may be truthfully said to be known not only in the Christian countries, but in Asia, Africa, South America, the Arctic and the islands of the sea.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been one of the largest disseminators of the Gospel. It has distributed over 1,250,000 volumes of the Bible, New Testament and Gospels in our own and many other lands. Every year it sends out from its own presses many thousands of Bibles and Testaments.

Thus the grand old King James Authorized Version, the "well of English undefiled," which was represented by a single book laid in the monarch's hands in 1611, has been divinely multiplied beyond all calculations or expectations, and has spread the message of redeeming love and the final regeneration of the race through all the earth.





GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Blew Off Mountain Top

THE Lackawanna Railroad, in a new construction which shortens the distance between New York and Buffalo by thirteen miles, encountered a mountain in Sussex County, New Jersey, which obstruction was removed in a summary manner. Tunnels two feet by six were drilled under the mountain for seventy-five feet, and thirty feet from the entrance two other tunnels running at right angles were dug sixty feet in one direction and twenty-five feet in another. Smaller lateral tunnels were made connecting with the main one. All of these were charged with explosives, filled with and sealed with cement. The touch of an electric button exploded twenty thousand pounds of dynamite and Judson powder, blowing the whole top of the mountain off. A number of persons had gathered to see the explosion, but ropes stretched by the authorities kept them within safe distance. The forces of science skillfully applied by man are powerful, but this removal of the mountain top is insignificant when compared with the forces of nature, which blew the whole volcano of Krakatoa into the air, sending the fragments to the very limits of our atmosphere, raining dust and cinders a long time after the explosion, burying with lava two hundred thousand people (most of the inhabitants of the island), and destroying a dozen ships and five hundred small boats. The terrific forces of nature illustrating the divine energy are thus referred to by the Psalmist:

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke. (Ps. 104:32.)

## Mikado's Gift to Poor

The Emperor of Japan has just given three quarters of a million of dollars to the poor of his country out of his own private purse. This gift was accompanied by the statement that the change which is taking place in modern national economies makes people apt to degenerate into erroneous ways. Some of the native newspapers think that the recent anarchistic plot in his empire led to this generous gift, but we would rather think that it was occasioned mainly by the largeness of his heart, which has never been manifested toward his people. The present Emperor belongs to a family which has ruled for 2,500 years. When he took the throne a generation ago he found an absolute despotism, which he has gradually turned into a limited monarchy by his wise statesmanship and by his genuine love for the common people, so that this gift of \$750,000 to the poor is not only beautiful but a natural act on his part. It is to be hoped that the Emperor may realize in his inner experience and life as well as in his public administration the reward of beneficence promised in the words:

He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack. (Prov. 28:27.)

## Eight Thousand Dollars a Year

A wealthy banker died recently and his widow asked Surrogate Edgar Jackson of Mineola, L. I., to draw from the estate \$17,310 a year for the support of their daughter. The Surrogate thought that with economy the daughter could get along with \$3,000 a year and allowed her that amount. The mother in the bill of particulars which she filed as a reason for asking for the seventeen thousand dollars included \$200 for a maid, \$600 for a governess, \$670 for minor items of clothing, \$1,000 or gowns, \$200 for theatres and amusements, \$5,500 for hotel bills, \$2,000 for automobile maintenance, \$5,000 for the care of the country place at Westbury during the absence of mother and daughter in Europe, \$1,000 for wages and expenses of grooms in Europe, and \$500 for steamship tickets. The schedule also included \$250 for dancing lessons and \$1,000 for the care of the daughter's bath. Persons of ordinary incomes hardly realize the vast annual expenses that seem to be a necessity to the rich, and yet there is too often wicked extravagance and a vulgar display of wealth which

are as damaging to the development of the children as they are disgusting to an intelligent public. The schedule did not seem to ask for anything for charity or for the cause of religion. A number of the wealthiest families in the United States dress their children plainly, teach them how to do practical work, the daughters the art of house-keeping, and bring them up to their majority through a simplicity very much like that of the humbler homes. And large numbers of the affluent use their money to bless others as well as themselves, and promote the kingdom of God.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they may be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. (I. Tim. 6:17-19.)

## Aged Broker Robbed

Aaron Bancroft, eighty-four years old, grandnephew of George Bancroft, the historian, was robbed of \$85,000 in the Produce Exchange Building in New York recently. Mr. Bancroft is the senior member of George Bancroft & Co., brokers, of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, and well known in the business world. Mr. Bancroft went to his safe deposit vault in the Produce Exchange Building



The New Jersey Hill-top Which Was Removed by 20,000 Pounds of Explosives

with a large envelope containing securities worth \$85,000. In the corridor he had a collision with two men. The old man was thrown down, his hat going in one direction and the envelope in another. The men were most profuse in their apologies for the accident and helped him to his feet. He picked up his hat and the envelope and made his deposit in his box. That was Thursday. On Monday his son, George Bancroft, went to the vault to get the securities his father had deposited and found that the envelope contained simply clippings from the newspapers. The Pinkerton detectives say that these clever thieves jostled and threw the old man down, striking the envelope from his hand as he fell, and placed an envelope of similar color and size filled with a substance that felt like securities, and slipped the envelope containing the securities into their own pockets. The fake envelope left on the floor was identical with the other, except that the name of the firm was not on it, but the broker did not discover curities were all negotiable, and it is likely that they have been sold to innocent parties. Every day and almost every hour reveals some new method of getting something for nothing, of taking money by stealth or force from others. In proportion to our blessings and opportunities we have lamentably poor protection to life and property in this country, especially in the cities. The aged banker who has been victimized is only one of a vast multitude of persons who can make the complaint:

The bands of the wicked have robbed me. (Ps. 119:61.)

## Heavenly Securities

Mrs. Cora Harris, author of *The Cirenit Rider's Wife*, recently filed with W. F. Hunt, clerk of the

County Court at Nashville, an inventory of her late husband's estate. He was the Rev. Lundy H. Harris, who while mentally deranged committed suicide by taking morphine. This is the singular inventory filed: "At the time of his death he had \$235 in his purse, \$116 in the Union Bank and Trust Company of this city (Nashville), about four hundred books, and the coffin in which he was buried, which cost about \$85. The major part of his estate was invested in heavenly securities, the values of which have been variously declared in this world and highly taxed by the various churches, but never realized. He invested every year not less than \$1,200 in charity, so secretly, so offensively and so honestly that he was never suspected of being a philanthropist, and never praised for his generosity. He pensioned an old outcast woman in Barron County and an old soldier in Nashville. He sent two little negro boys to school, and supported for three years a family of five who could not support themselves. He contributed anonymously to every charity in Nashville; every old maid interested in a 'benevolent object' received his aid; every child he knew exacted and received penny tolls from his tenderness. He supported the heart of every man who confided in him with encouragement and affection. He was ever recognized as one of the largest bondholders in heaven." The inventories of the real wealth of true ministers and of faithful Christian men and women in their deeds of benevolence and piety, cannot be spread upon the records of any county, but they are carefully cherished in the heart of our heavenly Father. The Master pleaded with his heroes to accumulate these spiritual assets.

Lay up for yourselves treasure: in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matt. 6:20.)

## Boy Inventor Blinded

Floyd B. Merrill, a boy seventeen years old, a bundle-wrapper in a department store at Seattle, Wash., is a singularly brilliant genius. In his study of electricity and in his experimentation with the same he discovered a new safety appliance for warning railroad engineers of a defective track. While testing this appliance the other day a flash from crossed wires burned his face, destroying entirely the sight of his left eye and so injuring the right one that the specialist declares that there is no hope for it. It is said that a leading railroad was so well convinced of the value of the invention that they made the boy an offer of \$48,000 cash or an annuity for life for it. After the accident young Merrill said: "I suppose it had to be, but I am glad that I had perfected the invention and will now sell it, for it means a support for my mother and father and myself, now that I will be unable to work any more." This boy, Floyd Merrill, is a genuine hero. Not all the heroes are on the decks of ships or on battlefields or in places of peril. We have here, in one of the plain, simple, unsensational, undramatic callings of life, a boy who, while making a practical living at the bottom of the ladder, wrapping up bundles, by his study of science and by his keen insight into the electric fluid, catches a bright thought of God and puts it in tangible shape for the uses of transportation and for the saving of life. He had no time to envy the sons of the rich nor quarrel with the times that may be unfriendly to industrial or social progress; he simply got down to the business nearest at hand and intensely devoted his energies to it. His heroism reached its climax in his earnest toil to support his parents and his forgetfulness of self, even in his own blindness, at the satisfaction of the thought that he had already earned the support for his mother and father for life. This boy may not be able to see out of his physical eyes, but he sees very far into the mind of God in the material realm, and into the heart of God in the worlds of duty and of love. In the intellectual brilliancy of this boy and the beautiful provision he made for the support of his parents we are reminded of the saying of Scripture:

A wise son maketh a glad father. (Prov. 10:11.)



# Evangelist Moody Remembered

SERVICES commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Moody Bible Institute were held in the Moody Church, Chicago, Sunday morning, February 5, the anniversary of the birth of the founder, D. L. Moody. The Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., dean of the Institute, presided. Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D., former superintendent of the Institute and pastor of the Moody Church, delivered the anniversary sermon before an audience which completely filled the large edifice, in which there were over two hundred of the old students of the Institute, who came to Chicago from almost every part of the world for the celebration, which continued throughout the week.

In beginning his sermon Dr. Torrey said:

"The Bible Institute to-day, under the presidency of Henry P. Crowell and the deanship of Dr. James M. Gray, stands for exactly the same things it stood for under the presidency of D. L. Moody and the superintendency of Reuben A. Torrey. Find my text, and you will find substantially what I have to say about it, II. Tim. 2: 15. 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing for handling aright,' the word of truth.' This Bible Institute," said Dr. Torrey, "has lived up to that text, which has been its motto. As I have gone around the world I have heard that text called out from docks as I pulled into them the first time, all over the world where students of the Bible Institute have gone."

Dr. Torrey spoke at length on the distinctive principles for which the Institute has stood and still stands. He enumerated them as being: the divine origin, the absolute inerrancy, matchless power, and perfect sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures; the real deity of Jesus Christ, his propitiatory death, and his resurrection power; the reality, the necessity, and the indispensability of the Holy Spirit in salvation; the tremendous efficacy and immeasurable importance of prayer; the importance and

power of personal work; the necessity of a life of sacrifice and service; and the importance of an immediate response to the world-wide call and commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Dr. Torrey said: "D. L. Moody was a man of one Book; and the Bible Institute, which is simply D. L. Moody living over again, his life in the lives of thousands of others here upon earth,

Tribute was paid to the work of Dwight L. Moody at a meeting held Monday evening, when Henry P. Crowell, president of the Institute, presided. Former friends and associates narrated incidents of his life and told of how his marvelous influence was brought to bear on Chicago years ago. Among the speakers were E. W. Lathford, LL.D.; W. B. Jacobs, and L. Wilbur Messer.

In speaking of D. L. Moody as an evangelist, the Rev. Charles Stelzle said he knew him best as the man with a big heart—a man who wanted superior men to do things. He admired his appreciation of the other man. "He loved men. He loved children. His sympathy could not be measured. "As an evangelist, he was a world-wide power, a world preacher, not only for Boston and Chicago and a few cities in this country. His messages given in life are still the cause of rejoicing around the civilized world. Many educational and social institutions are the natural outgrowth of the work of D. L. Moody.

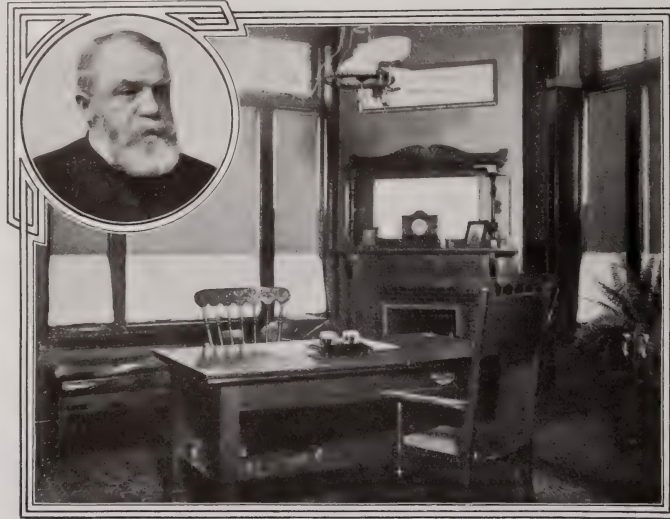
"Mr. Moody's dependence always rested upon God. He was a man of prayer. Yes, Mr. Moody prayed, but he worked as though everything depended on Moody."

During the week hundreds visited the Institute. Besides the regular anniversary services there were receptions, reunions, and conferences. Fellowship meetings in both departments were conducted by former students of the Bible Institute. The praise service, at 7.30, in the Moody Church, was led by Dr. D. B. Towner, assisted by members of the music course, and a chorus.

In the absence of Dr. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the church, Dr. Gray, dean of the Institute, had charge of the morning and evening services.

One of the chief attractions of the gathering was Mr. Moody's room. Everything here has been kept as it was when Mr. Moody left it and it proved a Mecca for hundreds of those in attendance at the Institute during the course of the anniversary services.

M. A. MARTIN.



Mr. Moody's Room at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

has always been an institute of one Book, and by the grace of God will always remain so." In closing, he said that time would fail to tell of the hundreds and hundreds who have gone out to all parts of the earth. "In every land I have visited, secretaries of foreign missionary boards would come to me, and missionaries would come to me, and tell me of the great work being done in their fields by former students of the Bible Institute."

## Our Army on Mexico's Frontier

THE action of President Taft in ordering, through the Army and Navy Departments, some 19,000 soldiers and 2,000 marines from fifteen naval vessels to mobilize along the Mexican border from Texas to California, caused some surprise throughout the country on March 7. Ostensibly, the mobilization or mustering of so many troops was simply for the purpose of manoeuvring, but in view of the troubled situation in Mexico between the Diaz government and the insurgents most people were inclined to look at the matter in a different light. Never before was such an extensive movement made by the United States in time of peace. If manoeuvring was the sole object, it was asked, why were the troops and vessels supplied with ball ammunition and not blank cartridges? Moreover, several stations or proving grounds west of the Mississippi, better adapted for experimenting in military tactics, could have been selected.

It is well known that the United States has vast interests in Mexico and that the condition of affairs in that country for some time has not been one to invite confidence. In recent engagements the Federal troops have been worsted by the insurgents, a fact which has given the latter fresh ambition and resolve to continue in their course of insubordination. The Diaz government is far from stable; the President himself is a vanishing issue, and on account of his advancing age and enfeebled condition is no longer able to steer the helm of state. Under these circumstances there is a lack of public confidence. As this country has more than one billion and a half dollars invested in mines, merchandise, manufactures and other miscellaneous enterprises, it becomes imperative on our government to keep its weather eye open for emergencies. Although it is denied that any orders have been given for American soldiers to cross the border, it is known that

our State Department has been in consultation with the Diaz government on the subject and that if occasion should arise to protect American or other foreign property, the American troops will be authorized by the Diaz government to cross over.

It has also been revealed that England made a complaint to Washington asking what the United States was doing to protect foreign interests. English investors complained to their own government

that their interests in Mexico were suffering from the insurgents, so Britain officially intimated to the United States that if the latter would not safeguard foreign interests in Mexico, Britain would have to take a hand in protecting her own citizens. Doubtless this attitude had some consideration in the question of spurring this country to some action to make it unnecessary for any foreign power to interfere on the American continent.

## CURRENT COMMENT ON PASSING EVENTS

—ENGLAND and Germany are both taking steps with the view of reducing Mormon activity in those two countries, from which in late years thousands of young women have been induced to emigrate to Utah.

—TWO NOTABLE FISHES are recorded. Ella Marterson of White Bear, Minn., fasted thirty-six days as a remedy for nervous breakdown, and Annie Geshella, of Passaic, N. J., fasted twenty-five days. Neither appeared to have suffered visibly from their long abstinence from food.

—IT IS ESTIMATED that the railways of this country lose more than \$1,000,000 a day for lack of efficiency in the various departments. For instance, \$500,000,000 is yearly expended in supplies, whereas sixty per cent. of this amount would be sufficient. There is a great loss in printing, for which the annual bill is fourteen millions of dollars, only one million less than the bill for all the steel rails used in construction.

—ARE YOU USING COLD STORAGE EGGS? If so, do you know how long they have been thus kept? When you buy a chicken from your butcher have you any idea of the date on which it was killed? There is no doubt that many kinds of products for consumption are kept so long in cold storage that they are unfit for human use. These questions give rise to the problem how long is it possible to keep supplies in cold storage and still have them fit for food. Here is the answer: Beef can be kept seven months; veal, four months; pork, four months; sheep, four months; lamb, three months; poultry, three months; game, three months; fish, three months; eggs, three months, and butter, three months.

—IT IS BELIEVED that the barons of the Beef Trust will be put on trial by April 1. Although several months have elapsed since criminal indictments were returned against them by a Federal grand jury, they have succeeded in evading trial by retaining the highest priced lawyers in the country to raise technicalities for the purpose of delaying the day of reckoning. Now, however, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Lawyer Kenyon, the able assistant of Attorney-General Wickersham, these bloated millionaires who piled up their colossal fortunes on the suffering of the poor, will have to face a public trial and make answer for their misdeeds. It is to be hoped that neither wealth nor influence will be allowed to thwart justice in dealing with them.

—SOME ALARMS have been talking of a war between the United States and Japan, but the scare exists only in their own minds, and has no foundation in fact. The best of feeling prevails between the two countries, as is evidenced by the treaty which has recently been ratified. Japan has no desire what ever to maintain other than the most friendly feeling for us and it is for our own interest in return to reciprocate the feeling. At the inauguration of the American Peace Society at Japan at Yokohama on January 30, United States Ambassador O'Brien expressed the true situation of the two countries to each other when he said: "There is no cause under the sun why there should be distrust between the people of the United States and Japan. There are no questions of importance pending, and no business being conducted diplomatically which should excite the suspicions or make the slightest trouble between the two nations."



# THE CLOSING SCENE IN CONGRESS

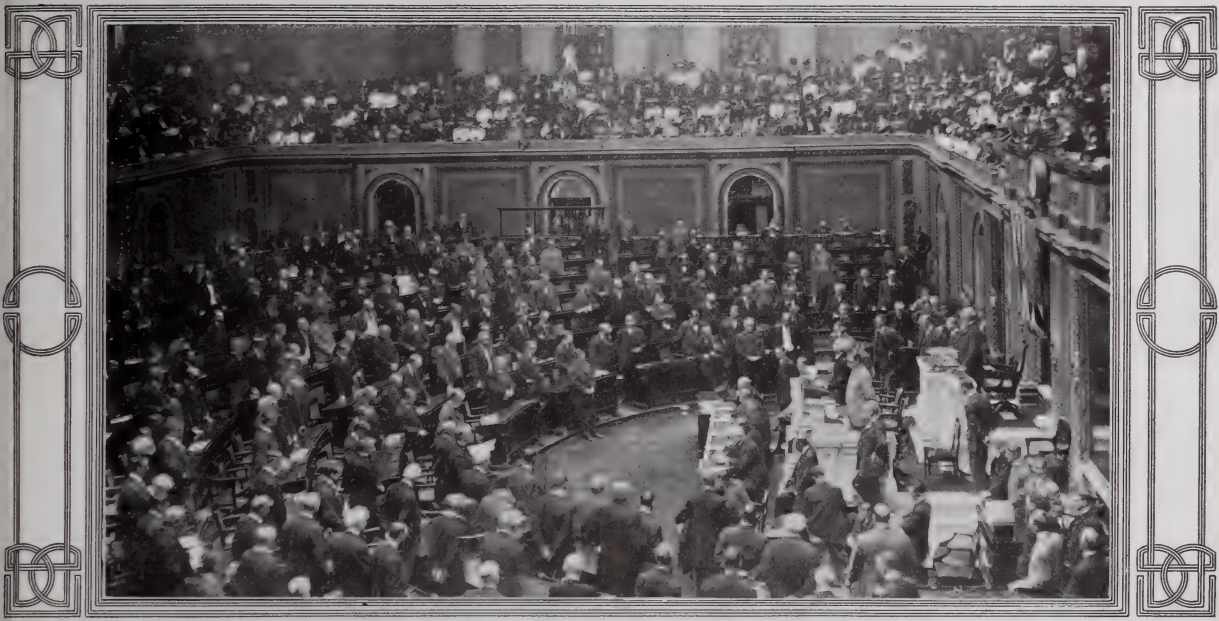


Photo by G. V. Buck  
**THE LAST HOUR OF THE CLOSING SESSION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES (SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS)**

**A**MID scenes of disorder and turbulence in the House and in an atmosphere of unusual bitterness and acrimony in the Senate, the Sixty-first Congress passed into history at noon on March 4. Rarely in the memory of the oldest member has the close of a Congress been marked by such scenes as were enacted in the House. Determined to defeat President Taft's Tariff Board bill under any circumstances, the Democrats, under the leadership of Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, continued a defiant filibuster to fifteen minutes before noon, the hour for the final adjournment. Three times the Speaker ordered the mace to be carried on the floor by the sergeant-at-arms in order that the members might be forced to cease their uproar and take their seats.

Senators Owen and Gore, both of Oklahoma, took occasion in the closing hours in the Upper House to make Senators regret the day they admitted the Territory of Oklahoma to the sisterhood of States, and incidentally furnished a new argument to those who regard the popular election or nomination of Senators as a deplorable innovation.

Senator Owen, by his determined and far from good-natured filibuster against the adoption of the resolution approving the constitution of New Mexico, which he opposed because he wanted similar approbation of the constitution of Arizona coupled therewith, enraged his colleagues on both sides of the Senate and greatly increased the acrimony of the closing hours.

Few members of the Congress just ended can recall a session characterized by so much dissension, so great a lack of leadership or such bitter factional strife. Republicans and Democrats have been sadly divided. The insurgent movement in the House

## Results of the Session

- | POSITIVE RESULTS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | NEGATIVE RESULTS                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ratification of new treaty with Japan.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Failure of the Canadian reciprocity agreement and consequent extra session.                                       |
| Provision of \$3,000,000 for fortification of Panama Canal.                                                                                                                                                                                            | Failure of the permanent Tariff Board bill, which passed the Senate, but was killed by a filibuster in the House. |
| Provision for two new battleships.                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Failure of the resolution to admit Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood; killed by a filibuster in the Senate.     |
| Revision of the judicial code, regarded as important for the remedying of the law's delays.                                                                                                                                                            | Failure of the Constitutional amendment providing for direct election of United States Senators.                  |
| Creation of forest reserves in the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains.                                                                                                                                                                           | Failure of the bill making the number of Representatives 433.                                                     |
| Captain Robert E. Peary made a rear-admiral, with thanks of Congress for his discovery of the North Pole.                                                                                                                                              | Failure of the General Age Pension bill.                                                                          |
| Providing for the construction of embassies and legation buildings abroad.                                                                                                                                                                             | Failure to act on the Ballinger-Fincham investigation reports.                                                    |
| Requiring the inspection of locomotive boilers.                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Failure to enact the Ocean Mail Subvention bill, which was passed by the Senate alone.                            |
| The appointment of a commission to investigate the entire subject of semi-class postal rates, the amendment to the General Appropriation bill providing for an immediate increase of the rate from one to four cents per pound having been thrown out. |                                                                                                                   |

achieved the overthrow of the "one-man rule" in that body, and went far to restore it to its former position of influence in the affairs of the nation, but the victory of the Democrats last November so disheartened the Republicans and encouraged the Democrats that the latter have been able in this last session to exert considerable power, which, due to lack of unanimity, has occupied a great deal of time.

The President has called the Sixty-second Congress to meet in special session on April 4. This date was selected after conferences, at the Capitol, with Democratic and Republican leaders, the members of the Cabinet and others. It became obvious that most of the Republican leaders had believed all along that the President was not in earnest in his purpose to call a special session, and that he made the announcement only with the view of forcing approval of the reciprocity agreement at this session. It is stated that President Taft's first message to the Sixty-second Congress will deal solely with that question and will urge the expeditious passage of a resolution of approval. It is generally believed that the President is counting on the changes in the personnel of both Houses as a feature favorable to the more speedy adoption of the measures he wishes to have enacted. The chief questions to come before the new Congress in special session are the Canadian Reciprocity bill, departmental investigations, the admission of Arizona to Statehood, the direct election of Senators, and the General Age Pension bill.

## THE KLOPSCH MEMORIAL

**U**P to the time of going to press 6,559 subscriptions had been received on account of the "Klopsch Memorial." The list will naturally be increased, inasmuch as we have agreed to allow those who have secured several subscriptions, and who still want to become Patrons, to complete their complement of 10, provided they do so within two months of March 7. On the basis of 6,559 subscriptions, the "Klopsch Memorial" will now receive \$4,919.25.

Many of our friends who have become Patrons sent us more than 10 subscriptions each, notably Mrs. E. J. Kruse, about whom we wrote last week as having secured 56. On the evening of March 7, Mrs. Kruse again visited our office with more subscriptions, having brought up her total to 75. She asked us to extend the time limit with her for two months, because she is determined to secure 100 subscriptions for the Klopsch Memorial. Where there is a will there is a way.

The list of Patrons who have sent in 10 or more subscriptions is as follows:

- |                                                       |                                                    |
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| Mary P. Patterson                     | Mary Dana Platt          |
| In Memoriam                           | Samuel Herbert Neel, Jr. |
| Alfred Soper Kruse                    | Edna Crouther            |



Question

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## Questions and Answers

Reader, West Hoboken, N. J. Is it necessary for a lady to be well educated to take up nursing in a hospital? What studies would it be best to take up as preparation for such a course?

A young lady, before entering a training school for nurses, should be able to both speak and write correctly. Grammar, penmanship, literature, elementary mathematics and physiology are essential.

D. K., North Scituate, T. I. Please explain the religion known as Vedantism, or the beliefs of those who are called Vedantists.

These words are derived from the Sanscrit words *Veda* and *anta*, the first being the name of the so-called sacred writings of India and the latter meaning end. Vedantism is the second great division of the Mimansa school of Hindu philosophy. It endeavors to prove that the universe emanates in a successive development from the Supreme Spirit or Soul. It is a school of philosophy and not properly a religion.

R. S. W., Aurora, Ind. Do the Scriptures teach that God was more than 3,000 years in creating the earth, before the sun and moon were created? See II. Pet. 3: 8.

No. The Bible simply says, "In the beginning." The period occupied in creation is not stated and all conjectures on the subject are useless. The word "day" is an indefinite period of time. Geologists in their speculations range from thousands to millions of years before the advent of man. The passage in II. Peter implies that with the Eternal One our human measurements of time have no meaning; neither haste nor delay; he is from everlasting to everlasting (see Ps. 90: 4).

A. S., Los Angeles, Calif. Who was the first real king of Israel—Saul or Abimelech?

Many persons are called "kings" in Scripture whom we should rather denominate as chiefs or leaders. Hence we need not be surprised that so small a country as Canaan contained thirty-one kings (Josh. 12: 9-24). Saul was the first king of Israel (see I. Sam. 14: 47). Abimelech was never crowned king of Israel at the will of the people, only a part of whom recognized his authority during the three years of his attempt to subdue Israel.

O. A. H., Perkinsville, Ind. 1. Are we now living in the nineteenth century or the twentieth? 2. Did Christ in the garden sweat drops of blood? 3. Was Jesus killed or did he lay down his own life?

1. The twentieth century. 2. The passage says, "As it were" drops of blood; a simile, or figure of speech implying that he was under great mental agony. 3. See John 10: 17, 18.

C. H. B., Delway, N. C. 1. If a man be dead in sin can he be converted and forgiven? 2. Explain John 15: 39. 3. What is the meaning of Job 14, where the writer speaks of the tree being cut down?

1. Nothing is impossible with God. Salvation through Christ is "to the uttermost." We have no right to judge any man as being beyond redemption. 2. There are different opinions concerning this passage, some commentators holding that it should be read, "Ye search the Scriptures," and not as a command, but as a rebuke to those who have searched blindly and not found that which was most precious. 3. Job was here describing the common misery of mankind unrelieved by any conception of the spiritual life hereafter. In this passage he does not deny the future life, but denies any return to the present conditions of life. Job plainly hoped for a future state. See verses 14 to 16, same chapter, and also chapter 19: 25 to 28.

Mrs. A. H. C., Oakland, Calif. Please explain what the French spoliation claims were.

In 1778 France and the United States agreed to exempt from search or seizure all of each other's vessels even when carrying an enemy's goods, unless such goods were contraband of war. At that time, they were allied in war against Great Britain. Later, France became involved again in war with Great Britain. The United States was neutral. France then broke her treaty with the United States, and confiscated the cargoes of American vessels trading with Great Britain. We overlooked the matter for the time, but in 1791 and again in 1793 tried to settle the matter peacefully. The claims of the merchants who had lost were presented to the French government, but it refused to allow them unless we would allow a counterclaim for losses of the treaty. In 1800 our minister again tried to settle the claims. Again France set up a counterclaim. At last France agreed

## Christian Herald's Popular Offers

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to pay \$5,000,000 in six annual instalments, if we would pay \$300,000 to French citizens for counterclaims. The French Chamber of Deputies refused to carry out this agreement. The American merchants felt that our government should pay for their losses. An act appropriating money for them has twice passed Congress, but has been vetoed. In 1886 a bill was passed admitting the claims, and so the great-grandchildren of the original claimants at last received justice.

V. S. M., Pasadena, Tex. Will you please explain why II. Kings 19 and Isa. 37 are exactly alike?

It was part of the vocation of the prophets to write the history of God's chosen people. Most of the historical books of the Old Testament were written by prophets. Isaiah wrote a biography of King Uzziah (see II. Chron. 26: 22). He also wrote a biography of Hezekiah (see II. Chron. 32: 32), which was inserted in the annals of the Kings of Israel and Judah. Here it is stated explicitly that this story of Hezekiah is also to be found in "the vision" of Isaiah; that is, in his prophetic book as well as in the book of Kings. He simply exercised an author's privilege in borrowing from himself.

M. R., Trenton, N. J. Does God really work bodily miracles in these days?

This is a question often asked. The arm of Omnipotence is not shortened that it cannot save. Thousands have been restored in mind and body in answer to the prayer of faith. Yet he never works unnecessary miracles. God has given us means and endowed us with intelligence to use these means, and he will not withhold his blessing upon their use when we ask it in faith. We ask him to feed us, but we must labor with our hands and not expect him to bless our idleness nor our lack of effort. So, if we ask him to heal us, we must use in faith the means he has supplied, with all the intelligence he has given us. It is simply "tempting God" to neglect his means. Jesus himself applied the clay and the spittle to the eyes of the blind. Naaman had to bathe in the Jordan. Even in the healing of the soul, which is an operation of the Holy Spirit, we must co-operate, and while he works in us, we ourselves must work with "fear and trembling." And if Divine wisdom should see fit to withhold the boon we crave in the form we ask, we must submit in faith to his will, as he knows what is best for us. Strength is often made perfect in weakness and many things we mistakenly call evils are blessings in disguise.

H. F. P., Walnut, Ill. Please explain where and by whom home missions were started.

In the time of the Royal Colonies and in the early days of the Republic the clergymen of all the denominations made great efforts to keep in touch with the settlers in the newer districts. The Presbyterians were especially active in this way. The first organized society was founded in 1802 under Baptist auspices, and was called the Massachusetts Domestic Missionary Society. It operated all through New England and what are now the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The second society formed was the Lake Baptist Missionary Society in 1807. This was rapidly followed by others of all denominations.

F. W. C., Cohoes, N. Y. Who was Frankenstein? I heard he made a man who could talk.

Frankenstein is a creation of German folklore. The myth has it that he was a student who constructed out of the fragments of bodies picked from churchyards and dissecting rooms, a human form without a soul. The monster had muscular strength, animal passions and active life, but no beauty of divinity. It longed for animal love and animal sympathy, but was shunned by all. It was most powerful for evil, and being fully conscious of its own defects and deformities, sought with persistency to inflict retribution on the young student who had called it into being.

## Miscellaneous

G. G. G., Osceola, Neb. The name Lloyd is derived from a Celtic word which means *red*. A. G. B., Oldham, S. D. We know of no reason why a man should not be a member of both organizations.

C. O. B., Troutdale, Ore. We are not familiar with the publication you mention, so can give no opinion of it.

Reader, Emmett, Idaho. 1. No. The increase is not large. 2. No. The change from the Hebrew Sabbath to our Sunday was made in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord. 3. Yes. There are a number of reforms for which all who acknowledge Christ as Lord are working in unison.



# Our Boys and Girls

## FAMOUS "COUNTERS OUT"

Intery, mintery, cutery, corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn;  
Wire, brier, limber lock,  
Five geese in a flock;  
Sit and sing by a spring.  
O-U-T and in again.

Een-a, deen-a, dine-a dust,  
Cat-la, ween-a, wine-a, wust;  
Spin, spon, must be done,  
Twiddum, twaddum, twenty-one.  
O-U-T spells out.

One-ry, two-ery, tickery seven  
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;  
Pin, pan, musky dan;  
Twesle-um, toodle-um, twenty-one;  
Eerie, ourie, oorle,  
You are O-U-T.



## FOR CHOOSING WHO'S "IT"

Aina, maina, mona, milke,  
Barcelona, bona, strike;  
Hare, ware, frown, frack,  
Hallico, hallico, we, wo, wack;  
Hoody, goody, goo, out go you.

Eatum, peatum, penny pie,  
Babyloni, stickum, stie,  
Stand you O-U-T.

## An "Irish Counter"

A lirrige, a laraapee,  
A bee, a nail, a stone, a stack,  
A bonnie Billie Gelpie,  
A belia-bug, a warum rock,  
Crib-i-stery, Hick! Hack!

## Oldest and Best

THESE are the days one recalls all the good old-fashioned out-of-door games and plays them. Such a pretty lawn game is the old-time tissue-paper race. Have you ever played it? Cut a sheet of tissue-paper into as many pieces, four or five inches square, as there are players. At a word of command, let each player, armed with a palm-leaf fan, start to fan his bit of tissue-paper through the goal-posts set up about eighteen inches apart and twenty yards from the starting-place. You will have a merry frolic, I can assure you.

## "Tom Tiddler's Ground"

THIS is a good old English game. American girls and boys play a variation of it, but I have never been able to discover that they gave it any name. Tom Tiddler pretends to be asleep in a chalked circle six or eight feet in diameter, marked off in the garden or on the lawn and scattered over with a dozen or more little stones. The other players venture near, crying all together, "Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up silver and gold." As Tom Tiddler dozes they grow bolder, venturing nearer and nearer, until suddenly he awakens and dashes after them all at once. The one that is caught becomes Tom Tiddler. Another game something on the order of Tom Tiddler's Ground is

## "Old Woman, Old Woman," or "Hen and Chicks"

HEN and chickens holding hands and circling round an old woman in the middle of a chalked circle, sing:

Cluck, cluck, cluckety, cluckety,  
cluck!  
The kites are away and the cows are asleep;  
It's time that my chickens had something to eat;  
Cluck, cluck, cluck!

They drop hands and the following conversation takes place:

The Hen: "Why are you crying, old woman, old woman?"

Old Woman: "Because my needle is lost."

The Hen: "Why do you want a needle, old woman, old woman?"

Old Woman: "I wish to sew a bag, bag, bag; I wish to sew a bag."

The Hen: "What do you want with a bag?"

Old Woman: "To put some salt in, you silly chicken."

The Hen: "What do you want with salt?"

Old Woman: "To scour the sauce-pan."

The Hen: "What do you want of a sauce-pan?"

Old Woman: "To boil one of your chicks in."

The old woman jumps up and tries to catch a chicken, the hen tries to stop her. The next round the hen plays the part of the old woman.

## "Nuts in May"

A CHALKED line is drawn on the lawn. The players stand in two rows on either side of it, facing each other. One row steps toward the other, saying all together:

Here we come gathering nuts in May,  
Here we come gathering nuts in May,  
Ours misty, misty morning!

Then they fall back and the other row advances, answering:

Who will you gather for nuts in May,  
Who will you gather for nuts in May,  
This misty, misty morning?

First row, with common consent, choose a boy or girl from the second row, and advance again, saying:

We'll gather Mary for nuts in May,  
We'll gather Mary for nuts in May,  
This misty, misty morning!

## Out-Door Games

The second row, advancing to the chalk line, then asks:

Who will you send to take her away,  
Who will you send to take her away,  
This misty, misty morning?

Then:

We're sending Tom to take her away,  
To take her away, to take her away,  
This misty, misty morning!

Tom steps out up to the line on one side and Mary on the other, each trying to pull the other one over it. The one that loses joins the other line, and the story begins again.

## "Bobbie Over the Water"

CHOOSE one player, who shall be Bobbie. Bobbie stands in the centre, while the other players join hands in a circle around him, dancing and singing:

Bobbie over the water,  
Bobbie over the sea,  
Bobbie catch a blackbird,  
Can't catch me!

At the last word, the players on the circle all stoop, while Bobbie tries to tag them before they can get into a stooping position. Should Bobbie succeed, the player he tagged changes place with him.

## Other Out-of-Door Games

OTHER lots-of-fun out-of-door games are: Frog in the Middle, Fox and Geese, Skin the Goat, Leap-Frog, Last Couple Out, Partner Tag, How Many Miles to Babylon, and Tug-o-War. If any Cozy Corner boy or girl has heard of a game and would like to know how to play it, write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, and she will tell you how.

## Some April Fool Tricks

SUCH a good time as you will be having on April Fool's Day, browning cotton doughnuts and sewing the buns, biscuits and the loaves of bread through and through with white thread, soldering pennies on to nails and hammering them here and there to be picked at by the unsuspecting; sewing towels to the racks, fixing up apple-pie beds for olders to fumble their way into, pasting a very narrow sliver of tin-foil across a mirror to make it look as though it had been broken, hiding the old cock that crows the loudest behind the wrought-iron front of the fire-place in the spare room, and a hundred other pranks. Write me about yours and I will write you about some funny tricks we used to play in my dear old home in Kentucky.

Next week we will publish in the Cozy Corner a page of our boys' and girls' own work and special prize offers.

## PUZZLING QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

How many years from the fall of Adam to the Deluge?  
How many years was it from the fall of Adam to the birth of Christ?  
How old was Joseph when he was sold into slavery?  
For how many years did Joseph rule over Egypt?

The names of the boys and girls sending in the four best answers will appear on the April Honor Roll.

Be sure to enter all these Prize Contests. It is great fun and a great deal to your credit to see your work in print here in the Cozy Corner, where other boys and girls all over the world, and olders too, may enjoy it.

## Our Good-Night Verse

Is from the Song of Solomon: "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Singing and faithfully, The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*



SANITAS DINING ROOM

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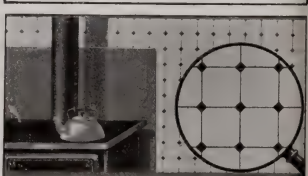
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# The Fate of the Fleur-de-Lis

By GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

**H**UNGRY-HEARTED, so homesick that she almost forgot her weariness, Jeanne Parigot came upon it one morning in early spring. It was in the very heart of the great city, far back from a street on which her discouraged feet had never wandered before.

She had been out of work ever since the shirtwaist workers' strike began. Through the early autumn and gloomy fall and biting winds of winter she had struggled, living on a pittance, all the while hoping and praying for a settlement. Spring came. The strike was lost. Immediately she set out to find other employment.

For two weeks she had gone the rounds, receiving everywhere the same answer. This morning, hearing of probable employment at the Eureka Box Factory, the largest in the great metropolis, she had started early on her long walk. Wearily she dragged herself across the viaduct which spanned the numberless tracks where the great engines were puffing clouds of grime and smoke.

She was thinking of France this morning; of sunny France; of the flowers which bloomed about her father's cottage; of Antoine, with whom she had parted in anger.

They had been sweethearts ever since they were children. On Michaelmas Day, Antoine had whispered that their cottage in St. Christine's Vineyard was completed. He had begged her on that spring morning nearly a year ago to marry him and she had promised that she would; but afterward the opportunity to go to the new land where she could find a fortune came to her, and with all a girl's hope of success, Jeanne had listened.

A contractor had visited Les Marches in search of lacemakers. To Jeanne, one of the best, he came first, offering transportation and a wage which seemed a small fortune. She was to go to America with a number of other girls she knew to help launch a new venture—the starting of the first lace factory in America. He promised that they should share in the profits; that as he prospered, so should they.

When the contractor went away, giving her three days in which to decide, Jeanne, glowing with hope, rushed to Antoine to sketch in brilliant colors pictures of the wealth she would win, of the glorious future which would be theirs. Antoine, manlike, hooted at the idea, refused to be convinced that the offer was a good one; so they had parted in anger. The next week Jeanne and a half dozen other girls from Les Marches set sail for America, and she had never seen him since.

At first all went well. After six months the factory closed for lack of funds, and the helpless French girls were turned upon the streets of a strange land, without resources.

Jeanne had fared better than the others. Her dainty embroideries brought her work almost immediately. The prices paid were small, but sufficient to provide a living and a little besides.

All hope of the fortune of which she boasted gone, Jeanne was ashamed to write to Antoine; with the fear of the fortune looming up between them, Antoine was ashamed to write to Jeanne. A year had passed since one had received word from the other; and now, this morning, the girl stood upon the bridge in a cloud of coal-smoke, dreaming of a white cottage which her lover had builded for her among the blood-red grapes in a vineyard in southern France.

The striking of a clock in a nearby steeple aroused the girl. Almost running, Jeanne Parigot hurried down the hill, but at its foot she paused again. Here was purity in the midst of the city's grime.

A great, old-fashioned, pale yellow brick house stood on the hill in the

centre of an immense wooded, grassy lawn which was radiant with an array of gorgeous spring flowers. Hyacinths tossed their silver bells, tulips swayed their gaudy heads, and snowdrops and narcissus and jonquils bloomed by their side.

As Jeanne came nearer, she heard the sound of running water, and then she saw— Her breath came fast. What could it mean?

In a hollow beneath a great laurel tree, Jeanne Parigot saw a round basin formed by blocks of pure white granite. A fountain was throwing jets of clear water up to the blue and it fell again—Jeanne could scarcely believe it—into a basin edged with tall green rushes, luxuriant and beautiful; and mingled with those satiny spikes were the glorious blossoms of a fleur-de-lis such as was found nowhere except in her father's garden.

A year ago she had held the dainty lavender blossoms, flecked with purple and buff and red, in her hands, and kissed them as she handed Antoine a flower "for remembrance." She had told him to keep it to remember her by until they met again. That scene had been enacted thousands of miles from here, but now the fleur-de-lis was here, blooming in a stranger's garden. Could she still be dreaming? A sudden gust of April wind tossed the branches of the trees, bringing to Jeanne's nostrils a whiff of delicious fragrance, such as no other flower possessed but hers.

She remembered her sixteenth birthday, when her father had led her to a secluded spot in the garden and uncovered a wonderful flower which was blooming in a tub of marsh mud. She remembered his words—her father was a gardener and florist of no mean ability—"I have been experimenting for months, little daughter, to produce a flower lovely enough to present to you on your sixteenth birthday. Here it is, as pure and sweet and beautiful as the precious dawn of young womanhood. Guard your womanhood more carefully than I have watched this flower, daughter, and some day the two shall be a precious heritage for a king and a nation!"

A homely, shaggy, black and yellow dog, barking fiercely and leaping high against the heavily barred gate, interrupted Jeanne's dreams. Telling herself that it was a wretched mistake, but cheered by the fragrance and beauty of the flowers, the girl quickened her steps.

It was yet a mile to the great factory, but Jeanne scarcely noticed the distance, the dirt streets or the street cars with their clanging bells.

She entered the office of the great building, a misty smile upon her face. It was so charming a face, and so sweet a smile, that the clerk in the office took the trouble to introduce her to the forelady himself and to speak a good word for her.

It chanced that the girls were engaged this morning in filling a large order for a very exclusive candy house. They were to use their ingenuity and originality; to make no two boxes alike if they could find so many styles. Jeanne listened to the instructions smiling dreamily. How fortunate it was that lavender paper and paint and ribbon lay before her!

All the girl's artistic ability came to her finger-tips as she fashioned a mammoth fleur-de-lis. With a song in her heart, she darkened the lavender in spots of purple, laid on the gold and red just as they were painted in by the hand of Mother Nature. And when the box was finished and lined with moire paper, edged with imitation lace so like the dainty web which Jeanne had been weaving that it was hard to tell it from the real article, she carried it to the forewoman for inspection.

Continued on next page



## Madam, It Can't Be Done

**No matter how skillful one is as a cook, one cannot make beans digestible in a home oven. It simply can't be done.**

Some housewives say they prefer home-baked beans. Perhaps pride in one's skill has to do with it.

Men almost universally prefer Van Camp's.

But the real question isn't pride, taste or convenience. It's a question of simple digestion. Beans can't be made digestible in any home oven. They will invariably, when eaten, ferment and form gas.

Think how little it matters how good a food is if digestion is hard or impossible.

The center of the baking dish rarely gets heated above 100 degrees. That's not half enough heat for beans.

The top beans may be crisped, but not the beans farther down. The granules remain unbroken, so the digestive juices cannot act.

Beans should be baked at 245 degrees. They should be baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. They should be baked in live steam so the fierce heat won't crisp the beans or burst them.

That's how Van Camp's are baked.

That's why they are nut-like, mealy and whole. And that's why they digest without trouble.

This wholesale baking is naturally cheaper than home baking if one figures fuel.

The beans come to your table with the freshly-baked flavor—just as though baked at home.

Both the pork and tomato sauce are baked with the beans, supplying a delicious blend. And the beans are always ready to serve in a minute. You can keep a dozen meals on the shelf.

Those are some of the reasons why a million housewives have ceased to bake their own beans, and are using Van Camp's.

Beans are a premier food—23 per cent. nitrogenous, 84 per cent. nutriment. Richer than beef in food value—cheaper by about two-thirds. They can be served hot or cold in a dozen ways which everybody likes. They form a hearty meal by themselves.

When you get delicious, digestible, convenient beans you will come to serve them nearly every day—saving time and work and meat bills.



Some housewives buy beans called "as good as Van Camp's." And they find them quite different from the beans we describe. But there are no disappointments with the real Van Camp's.

More homes use Van Camp's than all others together. That would not be so if there were others as good.

We pick out by hand, from the choicest beans grown, just the whitest and plumpst beans. We make our tomato sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, though it costs us five times what common sauce would cost. And we have spent 48 years in learning how to bake beans like these. You will never know how good beans can be until you get the real Van Camp's.

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# The Fate of the Fleur-de-Lis

Continued from preceding page

The woman's cold, hard face lightened like a November sky suddenly kissed by the sun of June. "It is lovely!" she cried delightedly. "You are an artist, girl! Make one hundred just like this! Begin at once!"

So, dreaming, Jeanne returned to the workroom to fashion hundreds of copies of the purple fleur-de-lis.

That night when she passed the great old house, she stopped long enough to throw a kiss to the nodding blossoms, which seemed to beckon as they wafted a fragrant message.

"Dear little flower, you brought me good luck this morning," whispered the girl. "Bring my Antoine back to me!"

Every day, so long as the flowers nodded by the fountain, Jeanne paused for a moment of silent worship. Things were going better now. The lucky choosing of the pattern that morning had brought her into the notice of the superintendent. The delivery of the boxes had brought an order for ten thousand more at a much better price than the Eureka Box Factory had ever been able to command. Different designs were to be used, but the fleur-de-lis was still the favorite, and the company had stipulated expressly that this box was to be sold to no one but themselves.

Roses—French roses—and violets and buttercups were added to Jeanne's list. From box-maker she was advanced to instructor, and from instructor to designer. Her wages were raised; her shabby clothing and shabby boarding-place changed for better; and with the era of prosperity she thought of home.

Before the Christmas season she had written to Antoine, intending to send him a present; but she received no reply. Through the dull weeks of January and February, when other girls were idle, Jeanne worked steadily. Another springtime glided swiftly upon her. She was surprised, one day, to see the fleur-de-lis again blooming beside the fountain.

It was Saturday; and with well-filled purse but an aching heart, Jeanne started home. When she reached the great house, she saw that something unusual was happening. The gates were thrown wide open. The windows of the house were open too. As she crossed the street the clanging red auto fire-engine dashed through the gateway and up the drive, trailing the hook-and-ladder wagon and the firemen behind it.

Dazedly Jeanne joined the procession of people, and a moment later stood with them by the fountain. A stream of smoke was pouring from the roof of the old mansion. The first crash of the firemen's axes brought a rush of flame. A crackling and an ominous roar greeted the onlookers. The current from the fountain was turned into the hose, and the firemen's heavy heels crushed down the fragrant flowers.

Protestingly, as if to protect them from injury, the girl gathered the lilies to her heart. With a feeling of curious content she stood watching the busy streams of water which were fast subduing the flames.

"The family is in California; they've been away since January," Jeanne heard a man's voice explaining. "No one knows what caused the fire, but the chief attributes it to defective wiring. The house is not greatly damaged, thanks to that Frenchman. I suppose Johnson will give him a good reward. The old house is filled with valuable historical relics; has been in the Johnson family for a hundred years."

"Who is this man? One of their employees?" Jeanne heard a woman's voice ask.

"He is their gardener." "Oh, that fellow who came here two years ago!" It was the woman who

spoke, and Jeanne held her breath lest she should not catch every word. "I remember now. It is such a pathetic story. Mrs. Johnson told me herself. The poor fellow, who is very handsome and bright and all that, came here in search of his sweetheart, who had come here with the hope of making a fortune. It seems that, having not heard from her, he grew uneasy, came here to hunt her, bringing with him a peculiar kind of a fleur-de-lis which the girl's father had developed from a lily which grows wild in France. He hoped that the flower might be a means of bringing them together."

"It is truly a gorgeous blossom, so beautiful that Mrs. Johnson was delighted when he grouped them around the fountain. A few months after the first flowers bloomed, Long's candy-stores brought out a bonbon box which was an exact reproduction of the lilies which grew by the fountain. Poor Antoine was wild when he happened to see the ones which came to the house for Mrs. Johnson's Easter party. He thought that his sweetheart had made them, that she was found, and went at once to the store to find out where the boxes had been purchased. They refused to enlighten him, so Mrs. Johnson, to whom he had told the story, tried to secure the information for him, but without success."

"What a story! I'd like to see those wonderful flowers! Where are they?" Jeanne heard the woman's voice reply, "By the fountain; there to the west of the house."

A sharp turn of the path brought man and woman directly in front of Jeanne Parigot, who stood as if turned to stone, her arms filled with the wonderful flowers.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the woman in a low whisper. "What a beautiful girl! how romantic it would be if that were the Frenchman's lost sweetheart! Let's question her!"

"Clear the way!" shouted a mounted policeman suddenly. Before the man could reply, the fire company, their work done, puffed down the drive, and behind them stalked the faithful Frenchman.

The gates slammed shut. The man turned his weary, thoughtful face toward the fountain to learn the fate of his lilies. They were gone. But in the foreground, her great eyes wide with wonder, stood a girl, and in her arms were the purple fleur-de-lis like the withered one which he had carried so long against his aching heart.

"Jeanne!" One bound brought the young Frenchman to her side. "Antoine!" the flowers left forgotten to the earth.

A band was playing. Friends on shore waved handkerchiefs and tearful good-bys to those on deck. Over the rail leaned a young girl and a handsome man, chatting joyously in French. They were planning for the furnishing of a white cottage which had waited three years for its mistress.

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A READER in Ohio writes: "I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the article by Rev. J. J. Halliwell, D.D., entitled, 'Transformed by Grace,' and while I have for a number of years contributed to the Bowers Mission fund, when I find that it has been doing such grand work, even in a single case, as is recounted in the article referred to, I feel that I am entitled to do a little more for the cause, and I am enclosing a further contribution of \$50. Likewise I am enclosing \$50 for the Memorial Fund to Dr. Klopsch, one of the grandest characters in human history." The writer asks that his name should not be published.

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By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**Mental Depression**

ONE of the most tragic conditions into which the human soul ever drifts is that of melancholy for which there is no apparent reason. Many years ago a wise woman said to me, "One can always deal with real troubles. Any one can fight an actual grief. The thing that cannot be fought is intangible." I was too young at the time to understand what she meant. It is sufficiently plain to me now that the people most in need of comfort are neither those who are suffering from bereavement nor those who endure what are called living troubles, but those who are groping in a fog that has settled down in midnight darkness on the soul. They fancy that God has deserted them. When they pray they declare that he does not listen. They complain that they have committed some strange unpardonable sin. Nothing that one can say seems to bring them relief. They hug their obsession and are reluctant to part with their misery. The explanation is in a majority of cases that the delicate machinery of the body is out of gear and the equipoise of the soul is, in consequence, disturbed. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" may be answered nine times out of ten by the prosaic reply that the liver needs toning, that the digestion is wrong, that there is occasion to call in the aid of rest, change, relief from anxiety or the remedies of a good physician.

Sanitariums are in order for the spiritually exhausted. They cannot always go to them. What shall they do? The one prescription which they can follow, in the hope of being comforted and restored, may be put into a nutshell. Never mind about feelings. Do something for somebody else. Look away from self. Whatever the disheartened one may think, God's love and care have never failed for an instant. Take the Bible and read the promises. There is one verse which may be read again and again, and always it should be read with thought of him whose word it is, while the reader says over and over, "This word was said for me." "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." Who said this? The same dear Saviour who said: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." There is no situation so hard that this comfort cannot cheer it, no cloud so thick that it cannot be rifted by this sunlight.

**The Desire of Expression**

MANY a woman seated at her sewing in these spring days, patching the knees of Johnnie's trousers, slowly making her patient way through a pile of stockings which must be carefully darned, or perhaps planning new frocks for her little girls, thinks with a strange envy of the women whose lives have gone into different channels and who are able to express their ideas, as this busy house-mother sorrowfully feels, in a manner impossible to her. When she was a girl at school she used to write poetry. In a certain bureau drawer into which she occasionally peeps, there is an old portfolio in which as a school-girl she kept copies of what she wrote. Now when she gazes at those fading pages she stifles a sigh. She has no time to spend in idle regret, for Harry has cut his finger and is crying and she must run down, tie up the wounded member and

bid the little fellow bear the pain like a man. "Soldiers never cry when they are hurt," she tells her boy, and the phrase repeats itself over and over in her ear, as glancing at the clock she sees that baby Evelyn must have her bottle and be put to sleep, and that if there is to be Sally Lunn for supper it is time to be supervising the young woman whose cooking is not yet that of a chef at the Waldorf.

**Middle-Aged Women**

MIDDLE-AGED women whose experience of life has been profound, and who have arrived at a table-land of comparative leisure, often think wistfully that they could write for the magazines and surpass the authors whose stories are constantly in print. It is indeed true that fact is stranger than fiction, and that successful fiction often has a foundation in fact. Authorship, however, is not to be picked up without previous training, and this is why disappointment so often is the portion of the woman who does her best and yet, in this day of eager competition, fails to write in the manner which attracts a publisher. The woman who cuts and makes the gown, the woman who paints a picture, the woman who succeeds in any line of business must serve an apprenticeship, and it is not especially easy for the ordinary woman to do this in these trades after her youth is past.

The desire for expression in writing is legitimate, but to turn to it with the idea of making it a bread-winning art, after fifty, is seldom feasible. If a young girl feels in herself the stirring of genius she should not be discouraged. She may not have genius, but there may be within her breast a useful working talent susceptible of cultivation, if she shall prove herself patient, persevering and willing to climb from the foot of the ladder. Many girls make the mistake of fancying that they may reach the top of the ladder at a single bound. To every youthful aspirant who thinks she can write I pass on the word, Blessed be drudgery. Read, work, study, accept criticism, and hold on with a definite goal in view. Do not too soon hasten into print. As Emerson has inimitably said: "Get your brick ready for the wall."

**The Mistake of Being Obliging**

FROM the earliest hours of childhood we are taught to be obliging. The little girl sitting at the table puzzling over fractions, is chided if she hesitate to run upstairs and get brother George's gloves which he left on the top of his bureau. The small boy must, of course, run on errands for his big brother, and the mother of six thinks it her imperative duty to impress on the minds of each of her brood their obligation to be self-denying. In a way much is to be said for this peculiarity of early education. Very likely our natural selfishness would get the better of us if it were not nipped in the bud when we were young, yet there is something to be said in favor of justice. There is no reason why children should, as a matter of course, be constantly interrupted and called from their special engagements that they may save steps for able-bodied folk who would be the better for waiting on themselves. The trouble is that justice is sacrificed to generosity. The too obliging person comes home from business tired, and

Continued on next page

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# Success in Obedience\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

## Naaman, the Leper

**N**AAMAN, the commander-in-chief of the Syrian army, was a great man. "By him Jehovah had given victory unto Syria." Naaman had been "an unconscious instrument in the hands of Jehovah" against the Assyrians. Just how he was used by Jehovah we are not told, but it is supposed that it was to conquer the Assyrians, who were at all times a menace to the Israelites, the chosen people of God. "But he was a leper." Still Naaman did not have the disease in a form that incapacitated him from being a leader among men. It must be noted that there were no laws in Syria segregating lepers, as was the custom in Palestine among the Jews, and is the custom in nearly all lands to-day. Iceland has a leper hospital, with about one hundred inmates, representing all of the leprosy to be found in Iceland. Canada has its leper colony. In Hawaii, one island is set apart for lepers—Molokai. Strangely enough, lepers are not allowed to roam in and about Jerusalem. In going from Jerusalem to Mount Olivet one must pass about a mile of lepers seated by the roadside, begging alms. Nothing can compare with their pitiful plight. A hospital is provided for them in Jerusalem, but they prefer the roadside because of the alms which they receive from tourists and travelers.

## Visits Elisha

"Would that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria; then he would recover him of his leprosy." These words were spoken by a little maid servant of Naaman's wife in a tender strain, showing that she felt deep sympathy for her great master. The key-note of her saying was hope. She was sure the prophet could cure him, and the prophet was Elisha, who had been doing wonderful things in the name of the Lord. It was very brave for the little maid to make this suggestion, for she was but a captive, a prisoner in a strange land, and the prophet whom she so lauded did not represent the religion of her master and mistress.

"Go now and I will send a letter to the king of Israel." So spoke the king of Syria, when Naaman told him what the little maid had said. And so the letter was written, probably on strips of parchment, with some sharp-pointed instrument. He departed and took with him ten talents of silver (\$19,440) and six thousand pieces of gold (\$58,500) and ten changes of raiment. Beautiful garments they must have been, worn only by people of distinction. Such a price was Naaman willing to pay for his cure: seventy-seven thousand, nine hundred and forty dollars in cash, besides the large value of the clothing.

"He brought the letter to the king of Israel." The latter became angry on reading the letter, for he thought he scented an attempt to involve him in a war. He rent his clothes from the neck downward, as a sign of his grief and danger.

"Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." These were the words spoken by Elisha when he was told about the letter received by the king.

"So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots and stood at the door of the house of Elisha." The prophet did not go out to see his distinguished caller, nor did he invite him in. He simply sent a messenger to tell him to go and wash seven times in the River Jordan and his leprosy should be

healed. Elisha kept in the background; he would take to himself none of the honor of healing Naaman, for that belonged to God.

"Naaman was wroth and went away." He felt himself uncivilly treated. He had not fathomed Elisha's intent. "He went away in a rage," railing at the muddy Jordan, which was not to be compared with the beautiful rivers in his own land, which were blue like sapphire and green like emerald. He railed also at Elisha that he did not come out and at least wave his hand over him!

## Naaman Made Clean

"And his servants came near." They called him "Father," and persuaded him to go down to the Jordan.

Then he went down and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child. Did he begin to improve after the first dip, or the second? We are not told so, but rather we are led to think that after having dipped seven times, the cure was instantaneous.

Naaman was cured of his leprosy in the way of obedience, an obedience which began when he started away from the unseen prophet's door; an obedience which stood the test of a long day's journey from Samaria down to the Jordan. Doubtless he was tempted more than once to say: "I am playing the fool," but he persisted in his obedience, and came out victor! And then how glad he was to return to Elisha's house, and offer pay for the great cure he had received. Then Elisha came out to meet him, but not to receive a reward, which he steadfastly refused.

When Naaman stood face to face with Elisha, a healed man, he said: "Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering, nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. Behold, now I know there is no God in all the earth but in Israel!" (II. Kings 5: 15-17). The change in his spirit was even more blessed than that in his body, and it all came through obedience.

## Salvation in Obedience

Many an unsaved man would become a Christian if he could read his title clear by giving a hundred thousand dollars to a Christian college or hospital without coming down from his chariot of pride to the Jordan of submission and prayer. The Abana and Parphar of our works of righteousness, our gifts, our deeds, our sacrifices cannot take the place of the Jordan cleansing in the blood of Christ. Fifty, seventy, a hundred thousand dollars will not pay the Great Physician's fee for the healing of a soul. Only obedience to the plain commands of God can save us.

Working will not save me;  
Purest deeds that I can do,  
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,  
Cannot form my soul anew.  
Working will not save me.

As we obey we are saved.

A skeptic once asked a minister: "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That," replied the divine, "is a question which does not concern you so much as another, namely, 'How shall you get rid of it?' You have a wicked heart which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God, and you must have a new heart, or you cannot be saved, and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, How shall you obtain it?" "But," said the man, "I wish you to tell me how I came by my wicked heart." "I shall not do that at present," replied the minister, "for if I could do it I would give you entire satisfaction, it would not in the least help you to a new heart. The great thing for

Continued on next page

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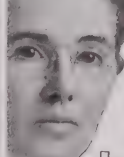
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\* The International Sunday School Lesson for April 2, 1911. Elisha Heals Naaman the Syrian. II. Kings 5: 1-14. *Conclude Text: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45: 22.*



## A Welcome Visitor

Once a week without a slip, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes to our home, a welcome visitor. Very little on its pages escapes my perusal. Next to the good book, the Bible, I deem it the best, clearest, and purest periodical published to-day. The great amount of charitable objects it cares for, including those of its own founding; the great uplift to all mankind, along all lines of charitable work, will never be known till that great day when the books are opened, and men's works tried as with fire. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will stand the test, as surely as it receives the approval of the occupants of the thousands of homes whose doors are open wide for its reception.

The Baby Calendar is a beauty, and the photograph of the lamented Dr. Klopsch is just splendid. I have it framed, and as I look into that seemingly tired face, as he sits at work at his desk, laboring in the interests of humanity, temporal as well as spiritual, I am led to say, "Your works will stand the test of time and eternity." I am pleased to say that THE HERALD seems to improve with every recurring issue. Its bright appearance and Christian messages are an inspiration to all who have an incentive for the good and pure. Long may it live to complete its mission of love and charity for all men, the rock and foundation upon which it was reared.

Augusta, Wis.

G. F. C.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven." As the man showed no wish to hear anything, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, the minister told him that he resembled a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water, he exclaims: "How came I here?" "That question," says one of his friends, "does not concern you now. Take hold of this rope." "But how came I here?" he asks again. "I shall not stop to answer that question now," replies his friend. "Then I'll drown," says the infuriated man, and spurning all proffered aid, he sinks to the bottom.

There was another man who rode in a chariot near to Samaria, who found blessing in the way of obedience. He was the treasurer of Queen Candace, and he had come a journey of one thousand miles that he might learn of saving grace. He had sought Christ in the city of Jerusalem, and found him not. And there he had bought a copy of the Scriptures that he might learn from them about Christ. The Lord, looking down from heaven, saw him in his way, and sent to him Philip the evangelist, who was at that time preaching in Samaria. It was certainly by the power of God that Philip was able to overtake the man in his chariot. He was reading in the book he had bought: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter," etc. "Understand what thou readest?" asked Philip. "No," replied the man. "Come into my chariot and explain it to me." And so Philip did; he preached unto him Jesus, and so quickly did the man believe and desire to obey, that he had the chariot stopped, and asked Philip to baptize him in the name of the Lord Jesus. And Philip baptized him, and then the

man re-entered his chariot and pursued his long journey home.

## Under Orders

A soldier who had long desired to be saved, but could not be made to understand just the way of it, was addressed by a soldier who was already a Christian: "Suppose the lieutenant should send for you to-night to report to him, what would you do?" "I'd report, sir." "Right off?" "Certainly, sir; I obey orders." "When you should come to his quarters, what would you say?" "I'd give him the salute and say, 'Lieutenant, what's the orders?'" "And you got the orders?" "Then I would do 'em, sir." "Well now, Tom, the Lord Jesus has sent me to you to-night, and orders you to report to him at once." "I'll do it, I'll do it, sir," making a move as if going to headquarters to report. It was then explained to him that Christ was present; that his orders required him to use all his influence to lead his relatives and associates to repentance, which he promised to do, and then he knelt down to "report to Jesus," saying, "Here I am, Jesus; I report for duty. All you order me to-night and to-morrow and as long as I live, I am going to do." He went out saying: "I am under orders." There was a marked change in his life. He was never off duty in trying to do something for others in the name of Christ.

The few words spoken by the little maid were the means of healing and saving the greatest man in Syria, excepting the king. No word spoken in Syria even by the wisest men had been as powerful as the words spoken by the little maid. It was so because the blessing of God went with her words. And so let children be encouraged to say all there is in their hearts about the Lord Jesus. Many pages could be filled with stories about how God has used little children to teach older people to love and serve him.

## A FOOD STORY

Makes a Woman of 70 "one in 10,000"

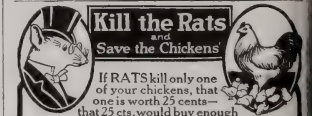
The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape Nuts.

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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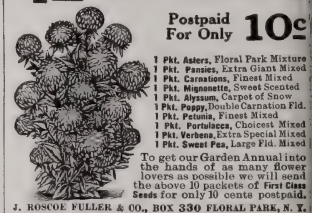
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to kill 50 rats. It doesn't do all we claim, you get your 25 cents back. The rats make your whole brood of chickens, if you don't take her whole brood of rats with it. Common Sense. Rats prefer it to chickens or anything else. It kills them every time. There is no color as it dries up the carcass.

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## Juvenile Reform

DISCOURAGING words lately spoken in high quarters regarding the effects of prison discipline, have only emphasized the general impression that our present methods of dealing with criminals are ineffective. The percentage of men who respond well to reformatory treatment is almost negligible. Even an excellent institution, like the Elmira reformatory, which admits only fairly hopeful cases, acknowledges that its measures do not bring satisfactory results. In fact, the foremost social workers are now almost a unit in their belief that, though efforts for the improvement of bad men and women must be continued indefinitely, it is upon children that the most of our labor should be expended. Rescue the children and you will reduce crime more rapidly than in any other way. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has often alluded to the excellent work done by the New York Juvenile Asylum, in "The Children's Village," at Chauncey, where more than 40,000 children have been cared for, ninety per cent. of whom have turned out well. There are similar institutions elsewhere, but their number is utterly inadequate. Let more and yet more be established. There is no more economical method of ridding society of its most wasteful and expensive member, the criminal.

Mr. T. H. Manners-Howe has just issued a little book upon this subject. In it he describes the system in vogue in the institution which has reached, perhaps, the highest development yet attained in boy reformation. This is the Boys' Prison at Borstal, England. The basal principle there adopted is that every evil-doer, up to a certain age, unless mentally deficient, is potentially a good citizen. Accordingly the lads committed to Borstal are treated with a certain respect, which

develops manhood. They learn whichever trade they prefer. They acquire habits of steady, hard work, and learn the joy of turning out good products. In five months, the boy who does his best is promoted to the "blue dress," and is given extra privileges. He is closely followed after he leaves the prison by the Borstal Association. This society finds homes and positions for the boys, and acts as a "big brother" to them. Such a supplementary aid to the practical drill of the prison is invaluable.

## Answered Prayers

E. R., Charlson, N. D. "God forgives sins and answers prayers. I love him."

R. B. B., Cincinnati, O. "When I was in trouble God relieved me through prayer."

M. E. M., Maryville, Mo., asks prayers of readers for the conversion of her husband.

J. H., Indiana. "When in trouble I went to the Lord for help and I did not go in vain."

M. P., King's Park, N. Y. "Ask and ye shall receive." This is true, God answers prayer."

N. E. W., Wisdom, Mont. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me for which I thank him."

D. R., North Greenwich. "I wish to acknowledge the Father's goodness in answering prayer."

A. W., Redwood Falls, Minn. "Twice within the last six months the good Lord gave me what I asked."

M. Y., Helena, Ark. "Through prayer God has restored my dear daughter to health. I am a grateful mother."

G. B. S., Walden, N. Y. "Five years ago I put up a special petition; it has been granted and I thank the good God."

L. F. J., Comanche, Okla. "The Lord hearkened to our prayers in a family trouble, and I wish to acknowledge his goodness."

L. M. F., White Pine, Tenn. "I wish to acknowledge God's boundless goodness in restoring me to health and happiness through prayer."







## Young People's Societies

### Temptation\*

ONE of the great infidels has acknowledged in many of his writings that the old Hebrews did a great work in the world, which has been continued by Christianity. He allows this because they were the first nation, he says, to establish "a God with a character," all-righteous, all-just, all-merciful.

The God of the Hebrews was majestic in virtue. He hated only sin. Then came his Son, the perfect image of the Father, but adapted more exactly to the apprehension of finite beings, and possessing a character so beautiful that no human conception had ever hitherto attained unto it.

Such a God could not yield to temptation, neither could he tempt any. He even promised that none of his followers should be tempted above what they were able to bear; but that with the temptation a way of escape should be provided. It is because we do not avail ourselves of this way of escape, that we are ever overcome by temptation.

Each man has his own peculiar temptations. Perhaps the commonest one is what is called the loss of temper. You may have heard Gipsy Smith's story of the woman who longed for her husband's conversion. She was a truly religious woman and she prayed, and begged others to pray, that he might be turned to Christ. The minister and all the other good people seconded her efforts. The man was attracted to the church and several times he was nearly ready to declare himself a Christian. Then he would suddenly cease coming to the meetings and the work would have to begin all over again.

It was his wife's temper which did the mischief. In spite of her many good qualities, her violent passions would sometimes get the upper hand of her. Then, as her husband heard her angry words, and saw her slamming the doors and knocking the children about, he would say, "If that is religion, I don't want it."

"But," says Gipsy Smith, "there came a time when she said that she would conquer her temper, and God's grace helped her."

Her husband broke a beautiful lance, which was very precious to her. He expected that she would fly into a passion—but, no; she merely said, "Never mind, husband. We will try to get another one."

"Why, Mary," he said, "how wonderfully you bear this. How is it?" "I am trying with God's help to overcome my dreadful temper," she confessed, with tears.

His heart was touched. He saw the power of the Saviour, and that it was what he most needed, and he gave up his heart to Christ.

In Whittier's noble poem, "The Two Voices," is pictured the struggle which goes on in every human breast. The tempter urges the man to cease his fight against evil.

Give o'er the thankless task; forsake  
The fools who know not ill from good.  
Eat, drink, enjoy thine own, and take  
Thine ease among the multitude.

The man listens. He is sick and tired of his apparently useless and unrewarded efforts. Then, suddenly he hears another voice. This one bids him take heart, and reminds him that

The most successful is found accident;  
Thou hast not in vain what love should send;  
Self-ease is pain; thine only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.

So loudly when the task is hard;  
The strong shall leave himself to fight,  
And all his week-day energies band  
With the long Sabbath of the light.

Thus shall it ever be with him who stays his tempted soul on God, the great Helper.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, April 2. Texts: James 1: 1-10; 1 Peter 5: 8, 9; Rom 12: 21; Matt. 26: 11.

### Joshua\*

THE book of Joshua covers a period of from seventeen to twenty-seven years, and contains some of the most interesting and thrilling incidents in all literature. Its essential truth is confirmed by many writers of so-called profane history.

Thus, Procopius, a writer who flourished in the sixth century, relates that numbers of the Gergashites, Jebusites, etc., settled at Tangier in Africa. "There," says he, "near a large fountain, appear two pillars of white stone, having this inscription engraved on them in Phœnician characters: 'We are those who fled from the face of Joshua, son of Nave, the robber.'"

It was only natural that these conquered and exiled tribes should call Joshua "a robber"; but he had robbed only in order to make way for a better people and a purer religion. Another historian of the same class calls him "the murderous wolf."

Augustine, the saintly bishop of Hippo, as quoted by Jamieson, relates that if any of the boors in the neighborhood of Hippo or Carthage was asked who he was, or of what country, he answered that he was a Canaanite. Eusebius adds his testimony that the Canaanites, when routed by Joshua, settled near Tripoli in Africa. Mela, the noted ancient geographer, who lived in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, and was a native of Tangier, says that the people of the vicinity were of Canaanitish origin.

In Schwartz's *Palestine*, it is said that the grave of this noble hero is pointed out at Kefar Charas. It is ornamented with a handsome monument, only a fit memorial of his useful and blameless life. Jewish traditions add that the sepulchre was decorated with an image of the sun, in memory of the miracle of Ajalon.

So perfect and stainless was Joshua that the Scripture (Heb. 4: 8) suggests him as a type of Christ. In all his life of slavery in Egypt; his attachment to Moses as his active "minister"; his wonderful war-record; and his later absolute rulership of Israel; no flaw was found in him. We know that he was human and that he must have had faults; but no doubt he struggled valiantly against them and overcame them, through the great Helper in whom he trusted.

Moses naturally looked about him anxiously for helpers, when the great responsibility fell upon him of leading Israel into the promised land. His discerning eye saw in Joshua one of the most able and useful in the vast multitude. When he was selected for special honor, he might have become puffed up and arrogant, but he bore with modesty all the marks of favor bestowed upon him.

Observe the persistency which he showed when he returned from the survey of Canaan. His shrewd mind saw that it was good. His faith supported him in the belief that through God's help the fierce and idolatrous tribes inhabiting it could be conquered; and with the good Caleb he kept to his word, even when he was stoned for his faithfulness.

Then throughout all of the vexatious backslidings of his brethren, observe his patience and his unflinching personal adherence to Jehovah and his chosen agent, Moses. Never was a sublimer example of loyalty. Joshua must have been one of the great comforts of the mighty leader of Israel during those forty terrible years. Obedience, loyalty, modesty, persistency—these are only a few of the lessons to be learned from this wonderful life.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, April 2. Text: Josh. 1: 1-11.

You can place money in the Industrial Savings and Loan Company, and know that it is safe, and it grows more secure as it is invested, and will yield fair returns for each day invested. See advertisement on page 286 and write for full information.—Adv.

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# About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD

FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievements.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. This man is neither bright, interesting nor learned.

He is a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER.

He can not memorize a date or a line of poetry. His mind is a sieve.

Education is only what you remember.

Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once, the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory training with Prof. Dickson. He said that of all things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write here lest my friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell that you know, and then a trained memory would help you. To the man or woman whose memory is a sieve, I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his sets do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

Write today for FREE booklet and facts. Address

PROF. HENRY DICKSON  
701 Auditorium Building, CHICAGO

# Our First Woman Police Officer

LOS ANGELES, Cal., has taken to itself the distinction of being the first American city to appoint a woman to a position on its regular police force. The accompanying photograph



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York

Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells  
The First Woman Police Officer

shows this officer, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, in street costume, wearing her badge. Mrs. Wells is small and slight of figure, and is possessed of a sympathetic face and manner. It was due to her own action in bringing pressure to bear on the civic authorities that Mrs. Wells received her present appointment. She is convinced that the woman police officer can fill a niche in the affairs of a community, into which the policeman proper can never fit himself. This is especially true in cases where girls or women have infringed the law, or through ignorance or disregard of it are about to do so. In the matter of protection for the youth of the city Mrs. Wells has more than justified her appointment. She has more than proved the soundness of her theories to the benefit of Los Angeles.

## AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

BLOTTING-PAPER was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire, England, when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. The whole of the paper made was regarded as being useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterwards, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. Suddenly there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting." There was such a big demand that the mill ceased to make ordinary paper, and was soon occupied in making blotting-paper only, the use of which soon spread to all countries.

## THE FIRST ROBIN'S SONG

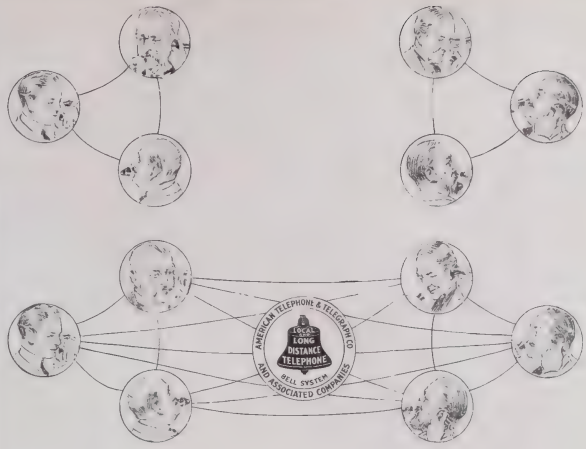
BE THE winter what it may,  
Long and cold or dark and dreary,  
Springtime's never far away,  
Bursting buds and bird song cheery.

Let the day bring what it will—  
Gloom and sadness, pain or sorrow—  
Still it might be gloomier still;  
Let's just trust Him till to-morrow.

Wherefore double any trouble,  
Which may come to us to-day,  
With one borrowed from to-morrow?  
Trust will drive them both away.

Keep up heart and keep on hoping.  
You'll soon pass this March too.  
Maybe you can make it sweeter  
For the next who passes through.

MARY M. GAIN.



# Union Increases Use

When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case—two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination increases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

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*Stewart Hartshorn*

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# Christian Herald

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From a painting by Alexander Ender



# Boys Who Fought In Our Civil War



## A Powder Monkey of the North And a Drummer Boy of the South

These are two out of our magnificent collection of 3500 Photographs of the Civil War. Lost for fifty years, now just found again.

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**R**IGHT into history they marched, these bright boys of both armies. Only fourteen or fifteen years old, they bore the burden like men. The Powder Monkeys on board the ships (who took this name because they carried powder and shot to the gunners) were a jolly, daring little lot of boys, very proud that their Admiral (Farragut) had once been a powder monkey himself. The Drummer Boys on land did more than their share, brightening the long march, cheering the camp and inspiring the discouraged men on the battle line with the crashing beat of their drums. Often, too, they helped the surgeons in the field, and often they grabbed a gun and plunged into the fight themselves. Just boys! But right in line with their older comrades, they took part in the greatest battles the world has seen.

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Hundreds of thousands of boys of fifteen and sixteen got into the Union Army by swearing they were eighteen, that being the age limit for enlistment, and the Federal troops have been called "an army of boys."

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Mathew Brady was a great artist photographer in New York, in the days when photography was new. When the war broke out he went into the fight, armed not with a gun but with the camera. Many were his narrow escapes. Once he wandered for days in the woods, armed only with a broadsword and dreading capture at every moment; once the Confederates mistook his cameras for guns and opened fire on them.

### The Splendid Result

But he stuck to his great task, and when the war ended, he had a superb collection of thousands of photographs of the men on land and sea, in camp and battlefield, in hospital and prison. Here in these pictures you will see a real war—the greatest war that ever took place on the American continent, and one of the mightiest wars of all history. And this is no imaginative artist's handiwork. It is the living impression, caught in the heat of the conflict, and preserved on the camera plates, so that it is as clear, as new, as fresh to-day as it was fifty years ago when this boy slung his drum over his shoulder and beat the strains of *Dixie*.

Lost for so many years, these photographs are now at last in such shape that every American can own them, for the Review of Reviews has put them in ten tall volumes, and you can have them for less than one cent a picture.



"Chas. E. Moby, at the age of 13 years, enlisted as a drummer, May 10, 1861—Elliot Grays Company 1, 6th Va. Regiment of Infantry—to read the record—and that child served in the Confederate army right through the four years of the civil war. Two companions, being slightly older, were put in the ranks.

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

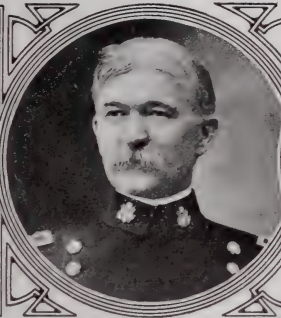
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter

Gen. Leonard Wood

Admiral Staunton



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## OUR PATROL ALONG MEXICO'S BORDER

**W**HAT is probably the biggest peace patrol the world has ever known is now assembled on the Mexican border, where 25,000 of our "boys in blue" are guarding night and day 1,400 miles of territory from Brownsville to the Pacific Ocean. It is a large patrol and the posts are necessarily far between.

The standing army of the United States, including all posts from Alaska to the Philippines, consists of some 82,000 officers and men. Of this number one-fourth are in the South. The chief body of troops is stationed at San Antonio. Here there is a division of three brigades of infantry and a brigade of cavalry under Major-General W. H. Carter. There is a brigade at Galveston under General A. L. Mills, and one in the Los Angeles (Calif.) district under Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss. The locations of these troops are a little removed from the border line, but on the line itself and along the banks of the Rio Grande three thousand regular soldiers are constantly kept patrolling. At Fort Sam Houston there are also three brigades in camp.

There are over two thousand United States marines in Mexican waters, including the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific and Gulf of California. At Guantanamo, Cuba, are the battleships *Connecticut*, *North Dakota*, *Michigan*, *Minnesota*, *Idaho*, *Mississippi*, *Vermont*, *Georgia*, *Nebraska*, *Rhode Island*, *Virginia*, *Tennessee*, *Montana* and *North Carolina*. Patrolling the coast of Mexico are the scout cruiser *Chester* in the vicinity of Tampico, the cruiser *Tacoma* in the vicinity of Puerto Mexico, and the gunboat *Princeton*, steaming in the neighborhood of Salina Cruz. Most of the Pacific fleet is assembled at San Diego. This place, which is a very strategic base, is but twenty miles from the Mexican border; here are the armored cruisers *California*, *Maryland*, *South Dakota*, *West Virginia* and *Pennsylvania*, with the gunboat *Yorktown*. In addition are the torpedo boats *Truxtun*, *Paul Jones*, *Perry*, *Preble*, *Stewart*, *Davis*, *Fox*, *Goldsbrough* and *Rowan*, and the submarines *Grampus* and *Pike*. This already formidable fighting force has been recently augmented by 500 marines brought from San Francisco on the transport *Buffalo*. All told, there are almost twenty-five thousand United States soldiers and sailors confronting Mexico at the present time.

No doubt such a mighty mobilization of our army and fleet on the borders of the southern republic is

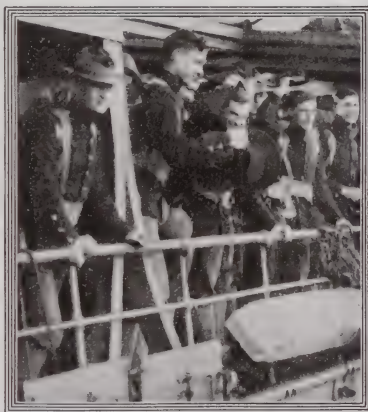


Photo by Fred Thompson

On Board the *Dixie*, Waving Good-bye

Photo by Underwood &amp; Underwood

A Newly Arrived Troop Unloading at Fort Crockett

apt to arouse suspicion in many minds that our forces are there for other than peaceful purposes. As usual the alarmists have been talking of Japan, seeing in their dreams the shadows of the little brown men of the Orient scrambling over our bor-

ders and sweeping the country before them. Some will have it that a secret treaty exists between Mexico and Japan providing for an alliance both offensive and defensive, and that according to it should Mexico call on Japan for assistance in time of war the conquerors of Russia would be compelled to supply both men and munitions of war. Baron Uchida, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, officially and strongly denies that any such treaty exists. Japan, however, has been colonizing along the west coast of Mexico for the past ten years, and it is claimed there are now some 150,000 Japanese in the republic. Undoubtedly, Japan would like a naval base on this side of the Pacific, but that she has any intention of antagonizing the United States is too absurd for consideration. There has not been at any time any contemplation of Japan as a factor in the situation, so far as this country is concerned.

The excitement which was caused throughout the country by the mobilization of a big force of troops and marines on the Mexican border has considerably subsided, for most people are satisfied with the assurances from Washington that our government has no intention of interference with the Mexican situation beyond what may be necessary for the protection of the lives and property of Americans in Mexican territory and also to prevent filibustering parties from using our border territory as recruiting ground. The presence of American soldiers and sailors has little or nothing to do with the internal affairs of the Mexican republic. They are there for three principal reasons. In the first place, as was announced in the beginning, the purpose of manœuvring is a primary cause. The section is good for this purpose and a drill of three or four months is expected. It is incumbent on any army to keep itself fit in anticipation of emergency. In the next place, the troops have been sent down to enforce the neutrality laws, which have been flagrantly violated. It is well known that the insurgents have been enabled to carry on their revolt through means of ammunition and other supplies brought over the border from United States ground. Not only have the insurgents received arms and food, but many Americans have actually joined their ranks. Thus they have been enabled to prolong the struggle and defy the federal troops at every turn. To put a stop to this and maintain neutrality, our government

Continued on page 319



# THE American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Chas. Aubrey Eaton, D.D.\*



## The Keystone in the Arch of Life

TEXT—I. Cor. 15: 14

THE resurrection of Jesus is a subject of such magnitude and moment that one is hardly able to choose a satisfying method of approach in its consideration. To say that it is the central fact in the history of the race is simply to state a truism. It is the keystone in the arch of human life. The apostle Paul, than whom no greater logician ever lived, saw clearly that with the resurrection Christianity must stand or fall. If Christ be not risen we Christians are of all men most miserable; we are yet in our sins. We have forsworn the actual joys of this perishing life and espoused the fancied joys of a life which never had existence. If Christ is still dead, Christianity is still dead, and all who believe in him as a living Saviour are deluded, miserable men, building the house of their life upon the shifting sands of superstition and prejudice, and doomed inevitably to bitter disappointment and failure. No fact conceivable is of more importance than this. It deals with one of the two common experiences through which every human being must pass. We must all be born: we must all die.

### Universality of Death

We must die. There is something magnificent in the thought of the universality of death. It is not always a curse. It will come this bright Easter day to many thousands of people in the form of an angel of light, bringing them relief from their suffering, opening to them the door of a larger existence, and bringing them the opportunity of seeing God face to face. But death is grim at best. The inevitableness of it causes a man to think solemnly. There is something sublime in the fact that no one can escape. In the crude machineries of justice, even among the most civilized races, many guilty men escape; many innocent men suffer. But the unerring finger of death finds the pulse of every man. The rich man can protect himself from a thousand ills, but not from this. The wise man knows a balm for many a heart, but none for this. The ignorant man has strength of a certain brutish character with which he can lift burdens, but not strength to lift this. Death finds us all. The king upon his throne and the peasant in his cot stand side by side and pass through the same door. In this the world is one. "Pale death knocks with equal step at the palace of the rich and the cottage of the poor," was the observation of a poet in ancient Rome. We see the same fact, magnificent, dreadful, relentless, to-day, even as it has been in all the past.

Now, is there any exception? If there is not, I do not think it matters much about your being here or anywhere else; I do not think anything matters much. In that case, the only difference between you and the other animals would be your greater capacity for suffering and for being deceived. The birds of the air are intent, in this spring time, on finding a place sheltered and secure for their little nests, where they can raise their young. They are anxiously evading their enemies, industriously finding food and building. Their little season soon o'er, they have no heed or need for any other. They are not tantalized by any voices from any other fancied world. The strong instinct which lifts them into the sky and carries them a thousand miles at the heels of the seasons—this is the only voice from any other world which seems to call them. They are better off than we, if there is no exception to the universal fact of death. They are not haunted by hopes that are simply painted across the sky by the mocking finger of some mirage. We all of us have a question stirring their hearts.

### "Shall He Live Again?"

We ask it when we are conscious of the increasing pressure of the world upon our weakness. We ask it again when our tears fall upon the face of our dead. "If a man die, shall he live again?" The very asking of that question is one of the vast achievements of human nature at its best. If a man die, if a man die, shall he live again? No answer from the philosopher, none from the scientist, none from the poet, none from nature. The tree that is dead in the fall is dead in the spring. The tree that comes out with blossom and bud in the springtime

was alive when winter flung its blanket over it to keep it in its hour of sleep and rest. But if the tree die, it lies where it falls forever. It is dead. If a man die, shall he live again? I wonder when that thought first trembled into the soul of man! What an achievement it was! What an upward step! What a golden key to unlock glorious, unfathomable possibilities of progress! Or was it a leaden key to unlock the door of despair and disappointment? If a man die, is it possible that there should be an exception in nature?

### The Testimony of History

History tells us—the fact is substantiated by evidence that is unimpeachable—history tells us that once a Man was dead and buried and became alive again. Apart from the evidence altogether, it is impossible to reject that proposition without involving one's self in difficulties greater than those involved in its acceptance. Take, for instance, the contrast between the day of Pentecost and the Good Friday upon which our Lord died. Then his enemies were in the ascendant. The high priests and their satellites were on the throne of power, and he was hung upon the cruel cross with the throbbing pain in his hands and feet, with hot anguish darting along his nervous system, with his heart broken by the hate and rejection of his kind, and with the whole sky black with the vast clouds of suffering that separated him from his God. His friends had left him, bowed beneath a misunderstanding which they could not penetrate or shake off. They took him down at last from the cross dead. Loving hands carried him away and laid him in a tomb, and a great stone was rolled against the door.

Then his enemies had a guard placed to see that his disciples did not steal the body. There he lay dead, dead, a dead Christ. With him died Christianity. With him died the hopes of his followers. Dead and buried! Forty days later, in Jerusalem, where he was crucified, there stood a man who had forsaken him, who had denied him, who had shown his absolute disbelief in the whole proposition. He stood there in the face of the very man from whom he had fled, a transfigured character. In that great inaugural with which Peter announced the coming of the new kingdom of God, his message was this: "He whom ye by the hands of wicked men did crucify and slay hath God raised up, because it was not possible that he should be held of death."

### Triumphing Over Death

There are at least nine appearances of the risen Christ to a great variety and number of witnesses; to five hundred at one time. The last appearance was when he went away into the sky, vanishing out of the presence of his assembled followers. Now, according to his promise, he has sent his Spirit upon the Church, and there thrills in the hearts of his followers a new, living power which Paul describes as the power of his endless life. Here you have the complete destruction and death of Christianity. Here you have its new birth. No other fact is great enough to bring us through those forty days from the abyss of that ruin to the pinnacle of this power which could convert thousands of his enemies to a belief in his resurrection. You cannot account for it on any rational basis, except that it is a fact.

Now, I want, in a brief word, to lift up before you the meaning of this fact. The first thing for you and me this Easter morning to recall is, that Jesus was completely identified with man. Without any reservation whatever, he took upon him the form of man. He took a man's body; a man's capacity for suffering; in many respects, a man's limitations. He took upon himself the lowly life of a laboring man. He knew hunger, thirst, weakness, weariness. He was tempted—when we rise to the moral realm of human nature—in all points like as we. Oh! you man know that after you have spent half a lifetime in girding and upbuilding your spiritual and moral nature, there leaks through some crevice of that wall you have builded, the muddy floods of sinful tendency and temptation.

So that while we are making this journey, we must never relax our vigilance or lower our wall, or sleep at our post, for sin croucheth ever at the door. Our Lord was tempted in all points like as we, through the whole range, from those spiritual temptations characteristic of distinguished and beautiful

natures, to the pitiless abyss of physical temptation which is peculiar to the baser natures which form the bottom layer of society; through the whole gamut, up and down, he was tempted as we are tempted. He was absolutely identified with man—with man's body, man's mind, man's soul, man's temptations, man's aspirations, man's life, man's death.

He accepted all the responsibilities involved in that identification. At last, he hung upon the cross. He died. He was buried. He was identified with man's destiny. Not simply in relationship to this world, but to all other worlds; for man is not a creature of this world alone. Our being here is simply an incident. God placed us here because he had something for this race to do in this world. We are units in that universe which comprises all worlds. Our relationship does not stop with the environment which holds us here, and the natural laws which sustain our being. Our relationships penetrate to the very nature of God. We cannot die, because we are creatures of a deathless universe. Christ identified himself with these relationships. They had been broken; they had been scarred and obscured. He identified himself completely with sinful, fallen, dying man in all his relationships, good, bad and indifferent. He fulfilled them all. He flooded through all the veins of man's being to the uttermost extremity. With his Presence and Spirit he baptized all relationships. And he once more connected the spirit of man with the spirit of God. That is the fact.

### The Resurrection Message

That identification would have meant little, meant no more than the identification of Socrates with the best men of his age, or Plato or any other good man in any other time, except for the fact that he rose again, rose triumphant from the grave.

So I come to you with this beautiful, reassuring, inspiring message. Life for you is divided into two worlds of continents and oceans, the same as the natural universe outside of you. There is one world of sorrow, into which you fall, which bows and blights your spirit. It may become a frozen, lifeless world; it may become fruitful. The clouds of sorrow may drop the gentle rain upon your seared spirit, and falling thus, it may bring to you a new life and a new growth. It depends upon your relationship with the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

I tell you, sorrowing heart, that it is possible for your tears to set forth a beautiful rainbow of divine love. It is possible for the throbbing pain of your heart to bring to you health of spirit and of life. That possibility is wrapped up in the fact that Christ, the Man of sorrows, is alive now. And, if you will identify yourself individually with him, as he has identified himself racially with mankind, you will then understand what is the height and the depth and the breadth of the love of God which passeth knowledge.

### The Ever-Living Christ

Some of us are lost in a dark world of sin, distorted vision, consciousness of weakness, a sense of unreality, a deadness towards spiritual appeal. Sometimes our better nature asserts itself, and we cry with Paul, "Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is a hard struggle. All life is, that is worth while. I can turn you to no source of power, except to a living Christ. A dead Christ would be a menace, not a blessing. If I were to ask you to live the principles of the Sermon on the Mount without a Saviour to help you live them, I would be mocking your weakness. I present to you One who has lived the whole law of God, who opens his arms and lifts you tight against his heart, and gives to you his life, his faith, his overcoming power, his righteousness, his holiness, so that in Christ you are more than conquerors through him that loved you.

This great message is for your daily task as well. God bless the man and the woman who works. No other has a clear title to manhood. A man who produces something is the real man. All others are simply parasites, imitations. You men and women

Continued on next page

\* Pastor Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York. TEXT; "And if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain." (I. Cor. 15: 14.)



Continued from preceding page

Just toil, no matter what your state in life may be; and sometimes that toil, because of the conditions which surround it, grows irksome. Your body is hardly equal to the strain, and you look ahead through the long pathway that you must follow and you do not feel that you have the physical or spiritual or nervous resources to meet the day's demand. I say to you this morning, Go forward, for the Toiler of all the ages, who has carved for himself a pathway to God, is walking before you. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," and, learning of me, "ye shall find rest unto your souls." Our Father, we pray that on this day we may enter into the meaning and mystery of this great reality. Dear Jesus, we may be weeping at thy tomb like Mary did. Call us by our name; speak to us now; speak to every heart. Grant that this Easter day may not be superficial time of display or friendly reeting, of idle observance, of seeing and being seen. God help us to escape from the triviality and contemptible smallness of such a thought or attitude. May it be a sobering, elevating, inspiring experience, in which each of us shall consciously become greater because we understand what it means to be dead and alive again.

Anvil Strokes

- THE self-satisfied person is cheaply satisfied.
- THE strength of a lie is in its resemblance to the truth.
- THE stubborn soul need not pray, Least it need not to temptation."
- IT is hard for a small mind to comprehend the littleness of flattery.
- "A LIVE dog is better than a dead one," but not for decorative purposes.
- NO ONE backs out of his transgressions; he must face about and march away from them.
- WHO makes up his mind not to expect too much of the world bars one of the doors to disappointment.
- GOD expects his promises to be outguaranteed by your personal faith, when presented at his bank for payment.
- THE Lord lifts no one to such a height of experience that he is unable to reach down a helping hand to his fellow-men in need.
- WHILE it may be true that they who seek the throne of grace find that throne every place, we must not presume that we can find it just anywhere.

The Klopsch Memorial

THINK your plan an excellent one in the endowment of a Louis Klopsch Memorial at Mont-Lawn. This will be a testimony of thanks to the benevolent energies of Dr. Klopsch. He was a constructive mind, always seeking to build and better conditions in all institutions with which he was connected. His heart was one of intense sympathy and great interest in the welfare of the needy. I have therefore my check of \$15 for ten subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, accepting your gracious offer to give half the amount towards the endowment. I do hope his prayer, that subscriptions from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family will reach the million mark, will be answered. I look upon it as one of the greatest of honors to be remembered as a patron of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, which, when endowed, will always be a source of blessing to the waifs of the hot city streets, by giving an experience in the cool mountain air that suggests an answer to one petition in the Lord's Prayer for a "taste of heaven on earth," in the Children's Paradise.

I can never forget the tendencies of quickened sympathies that have impelled me to render aid in Christian service in the ministry through visits to Mont-Lawn, and made me, I believe, a ready disciple of the one who said "I love God and little children." I shall count it one of the greatest honors of this life to have my name in enduring bronze as a patron of the work, and to be identified as a friend of Louis Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home.

(Signed) EZRA T. SANFORD, D.D.,  
Pastor North Baptist Church, New York.

Every Prayer Answered

By EUGENE THWING

IT MAY seem strange for one who is a firm believer in prayer to say that it is painful in the extreme for him to read the "answers to prayer" that are published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These "answers to prayer" seem to convey the impression that God is partial, that the answers to prayer are exceptional and extraordinary; that some prayers are answered, while the vast majority are not answered. It is the contention of the writer that all prayers are answered. "Yes," I hear some one say, "the real earnest and sincere prayers are answered!" But is there any prayer that is not earnest and sincere? The teachings of Christ are very explicit upon this subject. He does not teach that some prayers, a few prayers, are answered, but that all alike are answered; but not in the same way.

The great mistake that tens of thousands, yes, millions, of people are making is, they imagine that no prayer is answered that is not answered as they imagine it should be, that there is no answer unless it be an affirmative answer: that there can be no negative answer; that the Father must always say "Yes," and never be permitted to say "No!" Does not the earthly parent answer his child just as much when he says "No" as when he is compelled to say "Yes"? And is there not as much love when he says "No" as when he says "Yes"? Shall we not permit our heavenly Father sometimes to say, "Wait, my child?" and when he says "Wait," is not that sufficient answer? Are we to say he never answers us unless he answers in the way, at the time, in the manner we think best? Have we forgotten that all prayer has as its basis the thought, "Thy will, not mine, be done?"

It is sometimes said that God cannot answer prayer in all cases, for two persons may ask for directly opposite and conflicting things, as when one prays for rain and another for sunshine. Cannot infinite wisdom and love say "Yes" to the one and "No" to the other and answer both in the best and wisest way? Paul prayed earnestly three times that the thorn in his flesh be removed. It was not removed. He did not say God had refused to answer him! The answer was: "My grace is sufficient for you." God answered in the best way for Paul. A wife may pray for the conversion of her husband and then not see him converted immediately, or for her child and see no results. It may be that the Father is answering her by saying to "Wait, practise patience, and the right answer will come." And what could be a better answer than that? Shall we not gladly let the Father work by means and sometimes use us as the means in working out his beneficent purposes?

There was at one time a lady in my church who was suffering from a frightful cancer of the breast. She was a devout and most sensible woman. One afternoon at a little prayer meeting one of the ladies said: "Sister M., did you ever pray to be healed?" "No, I am quite as willing to die from cancer as in any other way." "Would you object to have us pray for your healing?" "I believe in prayer, and would not object, provided that if God sees fit to heal me, I am to become a better and more useful woman. I want no selfishness in this petition." "Very well, we will make it that way. Will you kneel with us?" "Certainly, but I must insist that the Father's will be done." They knelt for a few minutes in quiet prayer. They arose and that woman was healed from that hour. Some said, "How wonderfully these prayers were answered!" That good woman would have said: "The answer would have been just as real to me had he said: 'Not now, my child, but you shall have grace to bear the suffering and the waiting.'"

If in the future "answers to prayer" are to be printed and read by thousands, shall we not see among those answers the report of grace given, of negative answers, or answers quite different from what we, in our shortsightedness, think best? Shall we not thank God sometimes that he has quite as often said "No" as "Yes" to our unwise and narrow petitions?

(REV.) C. W. STEPHENSON.

BLESS YOU, dear brother, it is largely a matter of definition. Most of the misunderstandings in life come from the different definitions given to words.

Undoubtedly all sincere, earnest prayer is "answered." I have heard some prayers that very probably did not reach above the ceiling of the room in which they were uttered (Matt. 6: 5). Such prayers, I believe, were not answered, but the fault was with the one who prayed, and not with the loving Father above. There cannot be any real difference of opinion among believing Christians as to the great fact that God hears and answers all true prayer. As to the meaning of words, however, there can be important differences. In the general understanding of those who send their testimonies to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD "answered" means "granted." They are answers of blessings received in answer to prayer. They delight to tell of answers that said "yes" to their petition and bestowed the things desired. Your boy asks for skates; you answer him "no." He loves you and believes in you, and your refusal does not destroy his belief; but he may not go straightway and tell everyone that he asked and the answer was a refusal. If you say "yes" to his request, he runs to his friends and tells them in delight, "I asked my father for a pair of skates and he gave them to me." It is natural to tell of the pleasant things we receive. When, in answer to some definite request, the heavenly Father grants the thing desired, it is good to acknowledge it, but of course we must trust him and acknowledge his love at all times whether we understand his ways or not.

THESE same correspondents of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who tell of requests granted could tell, no doubt, of many earnest requests which the heavenly Father had seen fit to deny; but still they believe him and love him. Their faith in prayer is not lessened. They believe that all things—the requests granted and the requests denied—work together for good to them that love him. They know he has answered them for their good whether he has said "yes," or "no," or "wait." But they cannot see his reasons now. They cannot discern the good that is hidden for a while in his providence. So they do not proclaim it now, as they do the good things they can see. When the revelation comes, how quick they are to acknowledge it!

Many of the greatest blessings in life come to us through the disappointments of our desires. We ask earnestly for things that the heavenly Father knows would be injurious. He sends experiences very different, and later we see that they came from the hand of love. Knowing our own faulty judgment and believing in his perfect wisdom and love, we always pray, "if it be best," and "not my will, but thine, be done." Time and again, as we realize the eagerness with which we are about to rush into some plan, we fear to trust ourselves, and we pray, "Dear Father, thou seest how much I want to do this thing. If it be wise and right in thy sight, prosper it; if not, do not let my eagerness carry me on, but defeat my pet plan, and turn me into thy way, and I will praise thee."

HOW thankful we are that God does answer our prayers, and how much more thankful we are that he answers them according to his wisdom and not ours! That being true, should not a large portion of our praying be just a recognition of his goodness and love—just an uplifting of praise by trustful hearts—just an outpouring of love, free from all greed and selfish desire?

East and Easter

By Amos R. Wells

OUT of the East the royal Sun,  
Sign of a glad new day begun,  
Out of the East, to heal and bless,  
Rises the Sun of Righteousness:  
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Stars arise,  
Myriad suns of other skies;  
So is Judea's Saviour found  
Lord of all races the Earth around:  
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Wise Men came,  
Led by the wondrous, heavenly flame.  
Now the King of their starry lore  
Rises to reign forever more:  
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the warmth and power,  
Light and love for the living hour,  
Joy unceasing and full and free,  
Meant for the lowliest, even me:  
Out of the East is Easter.

His "Good Time"

A Young German's Testimony at an Experience Meeting

"VEN I verst com to dees guntry, I vas so homesek and lonesome, I din knoe vat to do mit myself. I could not get somedings to do, and ven I haf only ten dollar lef I dinks I might ust so vell shump mit de ganal and end de who! beensin.

"I vas walking along by dot ganal de night vonce, und dinking how cold dot vater vas und how ungary vas dose leedle fishes, ven I hear me some sweet musig singing, und it zound so goot, for it vas ust like I vas in Germany, at home vonce more. I forget de ganal und dose fishes und keep agoing unt I come to a leedle wooden house vere dot musig vas. I rap-rap mit de door on, and a schentlemans open de door open, und I say:

"Oh, vat vas dees blace?"  
"He anzer mit kindness: 'It vas a leetle German schurch.'

"Und he ast me in vonce. Den I vent in und lessen to dot musig und singing mit de dears runnin' mine eyes oud.

"After a viles a schentleman, he gives some preachmand, und I leesin mit my whole additude, und ven he say: 'If dere vas somebody here who vas from home a long ways, und feel so lonesome und homesek, just let 'im come up dees vat und get some comforts.' Vell, I vas dot vat, und I vent right away quick, und I kneel down und de schentlemans, he kneel down py me und he dell me about One who did come to seek und to save dose vat vas losted und unhappy. Und he said dot He vas right dere und would come to mine heart in if I would led him. Den led him I did, und it seemed dot somedings bruk loose in me und some one vas blaying a harp in me, und some bees come down from heaven und made some honey in my soul. Den I shoutet 'Glory!'

"Vile I vas standing up delling vat a goot time I vas have, I loog up und see a leedle feefty-zent clock de vall on. So de nex 'mornin' I go de jeweller's down und I bay five dollar und ged a goot, big clock, mit a long bendulum vat swing from side to side und say, ust so blain: 'Goot time,' 'Goot time.' Dot evening I dook dot big clock, but id vere I dake dot leedle clock down from, und den a fellow say:

"'Kruger, you vas a fool.'

"I say: 'Vy vas I a fool?'

"He say: 'Cause you make dot big clock in de blace de leedle von, ven de leedle von make just as goot time as de big von.'

"I rebly mit dignity: 'Dot vas not so; dot leedle clock vill not gif schut goot time as dot big von, und I vants to haf goot time here und goot time hereafter.'"  
W. E. HENDERSON.

There is no use in talking. I cannot get along without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.  
Baker, Minn. WILLIAM THOMPSON.



# "Diplomatic Wedding" at Washington

AS THE official circle at the capital of the nation is under the necessity of devoting itself to rather formal functions during the winter it invariably turns to less rigid and proportionately more enjoyable festivities with the coming of spring. A fashionable wedding being of all events the prime excuse for merriment and the display so dear to the hearts of the dwellers at the capital, officialdom considers itself cheated if the spring social calendar does not contain at least one big wedding.

There is certainly no cause for disappointment this season, for the Ambassador of Germany and the Countess von Bernstorff have announced the marriage of their only daughter, Countess Luise-Alexandra, on Monday afternoon, March 27, to Count Pourtales, an attaché of the German diplomatic corps. If an official wedding, which presupposes a brave display of gold lace, is always welcome to the lovers of the spectacular, one may imagine with how much more eagerness an international wedding is awaited, for this insures a still more gorgeous dress parade, thanks to the participation of the diplomatic corps. Then a wedding in which one or both principals are members of the official foreign colony is practically certain to enroll as guests the President of the United States and his wife, members of the Cabinet and leaders of the Supreme Court circle—celebrities who lend prestige to the occasion without committing the crime of overshadowing the bride.

International marriages such as the one scheduled for this month are rare at the capital of the nation. Diplomatic weddings—that is, the marriages of men in the Diplomatic Corps—are comparatively frequent, for scarce a season goes by that one of the envoys or secretaries or attachés stationed at Washington as a representative of a foreign power does not take unto himself a wife. The novelty of the present case is that it unites the fortunes of two foreigners, but young people in whom the American public has come to take a friendly interest, aside from that stimulated by their wedding. Cosmopolitan Washington, which is accustomed to seeing foreigners in the role of bridegroom, has from past observation grown to expect that the daughter of an envoy—particularly in the case of European nobility—will return home to choose a life partner. Then there are other features that add interest to this March wedding. For one thing, it is unusual to fix the date of a big official wedding in Lent, and then again it is to take place in Concordia Church, which has not become known to the public as the scene of such events to the same extent as some other places of worship, for instance St. John's, which has been dubbed the "Court Church" or "Church of the Presidents." The explanation is found, of course, in the circumstance that the Teutonic diplomats attend the German church; whereas the British and most other Protestant diplomats are worshippers at one or another of the Episcopal churches. As Concordia Church is only a moderately large edifice some curtailment of the number bidden to the ceremony was necessary. A great reception, serving both as congratulatory levee and as leave-taking, was held at the German Embassy to compensate for this; here all official Washington was invited. The happy couple will sail for Europe on March 30.

The pretty little Countess von Bernstorff, the bride, is an



The Bride and Groom—Count and Countess Pourtales

interesting example of how thoroughly Americanized a young lady of foreign birth may become in a comparatively short time. When the present German Ambassador arrived at his post, gossip represented his American wife as considerably surprised at the latitude allowed young women in their social activities. Her twenty-year-old daughter, on the other hand, was plainly delighted at the unrestrained way in which American girls were allowed to go about, and as is usual in the United States, the young lady carried her point. That this liberal policy has remained in force is attested by the fact that the favorite pastime of this interesting couple was found in automobile rides in a runabout built for two, with the Count Pourtales acting as driver.

The young Countess von Bernstorff has entered enthusiastically into the social life of official circles at Washington. Soon after her arrival, she became one of the friends of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, then a White House debutante, and latterly she has been one of the intimates of Miss Helen Taft, in whose honor an informal party was given at the German Embassy a short time ago, at which the President "dropped in," after his habit, late in the evening. Other chums of the young countess include the Misses Meyer, daughters of the Secretary of the

Navy; Miss Mary Southerland, daughter of Rear-Admiral Southerland; Miss Elsie Aldrich, daughter of the former Senator from Rhode Island, and Miss Cecelia May.

The young Countess von Bernstorff is slender, and save in the delicate coloring of her complexion, does not suggest the traditional German type of beauty. Her blue eyes and the tint of her hair cause her to be classed as a blonde, but she is not the plump, flaxen-haired type. She speaks English perfectly is, of course, not at all strange, for aside from the fact that it is her mother's tongue she was grounded in the language as well as in German and French by the governesses by whom she was educated and had an opportunity to practise during the four years that her father was attached to the German Embassy in London, as well as later in Cairo, Egypt, where the Bernstorffs were stationed prior to coming to Washington, and where the young countess made her debut in society.

Count Pourtales, who perhaps has slight advantage over his bride-to-be in his ability to speak the English language with never a suspicion of an accent, is regarded as one of the handsomest young men in official circles in Washington. He is clean-cut, manly chap, suggestive of the best type of young business or professional man. His chief fad since coming to the United States has been a motor-car, though that is no innovation at the German Embassy; for the young Teutons accredit here to practise statecraft appear to have a common penchant for tinkering around automobiles. It is no costly car, however, which has been a source of such fun for Count Pourtales and his countess, but merely an inexpensive American-made runabout—indeed, not nearly so valuable a vehicle as the electric car which the German Ambassador some time ago presented to his daughter.

According to the gossip of the mutual friends of the young couple, the Bernstorff-Pourtales wedding may be regarded as the climax of a real romance such as is all too rare in fashionable and official circles. The young people met for the first time only about a year ago, when Count Pourtales came to Washington as attaché of the German Embassy—his first assignment in the diplomatic profession following six years in the Guards at Berlin. Count Pourtales, who was reared in Switzerland and educated in Munich, is twenty-eight years of age, six years the senior of his prospective bride. It is expected that following his wedding trip he will be given a European post in the diplomatic service.

Count von Bernstorff is one of the most popular diplomats ever sent to Washington by an nation, thanks largely to his genial and democratic manner. The count, who is in his forty-ninth year, was born in London while his father was serving a German Ambassador there, an when he was only twenty-five years of age he married an American girl, so that it is no wonder that he too speaks English as though it were his native tongue. He began his diplomatic career some dozen years ago, serving first at Constantinople, and later at Belgrade, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Munich and London. It was while at the English capital, where he served for four years, that the count came especially under the notice of Emperor William, owing to his work in dissipating the existing ill feeling against Germany. W. I.



Members of the Bridal Party

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE FILMS of a racing picture machine show in a small theatre at Budapest, Hungary, exploded and set fire to the building during a performance on March 5. One hundred persons were burned or trampled to death.

—IN A RECENT article on the Centre of Population in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a correspondent stated that there was no railroad in Brown County, Ind. There is a railroad running from Indianapolis to Bloomington. The stream to which the name Silver Creek was given is not known in Southern Indiana by that name. The name by which the writer called it is taken from that of a picture of a Southern Indiana stream.

—THE RECORD for sea-flight in a flying machine was made on Sunday, March 5, by Lieutenant Hager, formerly of the Fourth Alago-

rian Rifles. In a Bleriot monoplane he flew from Antibes, fifteen miles southwest of Nice in France, to the little island of Gorgona, lying off the Italian coast between Corsica and Leghorn, the total distance being 125 miles. The nearest approach to this record was made by J. A. D. McCurdy, as told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, when, on January 30, he attempted to fly from Key West to Havana, but broke down when within ten miles of the Cuban shore, after covering a distance of ninety-one miles.

—LAZZIM BEY OF BEIRUT, Syria, passed through New York recently on his way to Canada to study industrial and agricultural conditions. When asked as to present conditions in Syria, Lazzim Bey said that they had improved very much under the new Turkish Government. Taxes had been reduced, and

agriculture was encouraged thereby. Several industries have been started at Beirut, which is returning to its former importance. Some of the mountain tribes which formerly gave a great deal of trouble are more contented under the new rule, as there has been less friction between the Mohammedans, Christians and Jews in Syria over religious questions than has been known before by the present generation.

—GREAT BRITAIN'S anti-Mormon agitation promises to be fruitful in results. There are said to be 1,178 Mormon offices in England conducting a constant propaganda, holding meetings, distributing literature and visiting houses. Their "converts" are largely servant girls to whom they supply the money for passage to America.



# Taal's Eruption Kills a Thousand



The Only Survivors in the Volcanic Section



Mount Taal in Active Eruption



Villagers Who Perished in the Lava

JUST before dawn on Sunday morning, January 29, more than one thousand persons perished on and around the island of Taal in the Philippines through the sudden eruption of a volcano. Entire villages were buried beneath the boiling mud which poured with terrific noise from the crater's mouth. The death which overtook the unfortunates was one of unspeakable horror to the superstitious people. The only light that greeted them when awakened by the crater's roar was that from the raging flames which swept from the mouth of the burning mountain. The cries of mothers for their children, whom love would vainly seek to shelter, were lost in the terrific detonations which hounded from the eruption.

Whole villages with their inhabitants seemed to be absolutely blotted out in the space of a few minutes. Only a few contorted bodies and broken trees covered with gray mud and dust were left to indicate that there once had been life within the radius of the volcano of Taal.

In one village five wounded and terror-stricken survivors were found, but only one had strength enough to tell something of what had taken place, and through fright and exhaustion his story was much disconnected.

The volcano has now sunk into the sea, carrying down with it the entire island covered with the debris and death of the awful catastrophe. On the waters, which swirled into the crater, could be seen many dead lay-covered bodies, twisted and shapeless, lashing out and fro with the motion of the current. Several who lived near the shore sought refuge in the little lake which had surrounded the mountain, but the water was made so hot by the fiery stones and boulders belched forth from the crater that it boiled and bubbled and became unbearable to the touch. Some, however, in madness plunged in to meet a terrible death; among these was a white man, whose

body afterwards drifted ashore, disfigured and unrecognizable.

Between the outpourings of mud from the volcano, poisonous gases escaped, steamed and rolled down the hillside and, enveloping a whole village in their descent, destroyed all life, human, animal and plant.

More than a century and a half ago Taal had spoken death to many, but since then its infrequent threatenings had brought no trouble to the forgetful inhabitants of the valleys, so that when recent warnings in the way of local earthquakes and volcanic mutterings were given to the people they seemed totally unimpressed. The terrific eruption 150 years before, of which their grandparents had told them, had left a wonderfully fertile soil, and it was this very gift of the volcano given so long ago that held the poor people and kept them from seeking safety in flight until too late, until the mountain had exacted the death toll for what it had given.

Three days after the volcanic trouble we reached Manila from the fertile island of Mindoro and learned that homes and employment had been offered by the Sugar Plantation Company of Mindoro to two thousand of the Taal survivors. We had just accompanied to Mindoro and left there our first company of Christian colonists from Cebu Island.

The hopelessness of the mountain Christians' poverty and their intense desire to give their children the advantages of a school education, had made them willing to leave their isolated farms and beautifully situated mountain homes, where they had found refuge during the revolutions and war of the Philippines. The last request pressed on us by these Christians as we left them in their new surroundings, was that we would at once send them Bibles and hymn-books in the dialects spoken by other settlers and workmen, to whom they were already speaking the Gospel at their first morning service. We did not then know that disaster and sorrow had reached so many of their countrymen on the island of Taal.

One outcome of the awful eruption for the survivors has been a loosening from some of the superstitions which bound them. In their fear and distress many ceased to call upon their favorite saints and cried to God instead in their trouble. This fact was pointed out by some of the Christian villagers near Taal, as showing how their neighbors in the threatened districts were brought to an end of all hope in any but God. Also, as the terror-stricken eyes of many gazed on the flames which issued from the crater, and which were accompanied by awful detonations, they were disillusioned in the belief that earthquakes were caused by a monster beneath the earth turning in his sleep, and that volcanic eruptions were brought about by suffering spirits.

The survivors who have gone to fertile Mindoro will find the Cebuan mountaineers living according to the Gospel of the pitying Saviour of men. For years they have forsaken evil customs and sin and found their one unfailing comfort in the Lord Jesus. They truly are well suited to speak hope from God to the refugee sufferers from Taal. Their one request for help from us is that the Bible may be given them for their new neighbors to lead them into the light of the salvation of Christ.

## Our Patrol Along Mexico's Border

*Continued from page 315*

was compelled to send the troops, and on account of the immense length of the frontier and the fact that the Rio Grande can be crossed at almost any point it was necessary to draft a large number of soldiers so as to scatter them all along the line. Lastly, the mobilizing of our army and navy is for the purpose of protecting both our own and foreign interests in Mexico should the occasion arise. The United States mines, manufactures and other enterprises have more than one billion and a half dollars in property at stake. England also has a vast sum, and France, Spain and other European countries have large interests. These must be protected and by the United States, too, for the Monroe Doctrine cannot be abrogated. However, there will be no excuse whatever for American intervention unless the Mexican Government proves negligent in protecting the persons and property of foreign residents. Such negligence would have to be strongly established, however, before the United States could take any steps to antagonize Mexico.

As it is, the two countries have nothing but friendly feelings toward each other, an attitude of mutual good will,

both endeavoring to bring about a condition of affairs that will make for the common welfare. Mexico has offered no protest to the presence of our troops on her border or to the presence of our warships along her coast. There is no occasion for protest, for she thoroughly understands why they are there.

On his recent visit to El Paso Mr. Roosevelt expressed the sentiments of the United States towards the neighboring republic in presence of the mayor of the Mexican town of Juarez, when he said: "This country wishes to see Mexico in prosperity, the prosperity that means material well-being and industrial success, coupled with order, justice and independence."

Most emphatically it is the policy and the wisdom of the United States to be on friendly terms with every country in the Western Hemisphere.

In the meantime the insurgents are still carrying on their guerrilla warfare, especially in the northern States, that of Chihuahua being the most disastrously affected. There the revolutionary fires are blazing with the fiercest intensity. Business in the State is at a standstill and famine is not far distant if conditions do not improve soon.

The railroad bridges for a distance of one hundred miles around the town of Chihuahua have been burned down. The American Smelting & Refining Works, which gave employment to over six hundred men in this neighborhood, have had to shut down for want of coke. In fact, all public works are paralyzed and many places are plunged in a chaos of terror and despair. Juarez, just on the border, over the Rio Grande from El Paso, has been another sanguinary theatre. There have been some fierce engagements here between the federals and the insurgents. Here, too, business has been suspended, and no freight whatever has gone south from El Paso since the first week in February.

In the neighboring State of Sonora railroad ties have been torn up and the telegraph wires cut to prevent communication with the outside. Many of the towns are held in siege by the revolutionists and thousands of women and children are suffering from want of food. Hundreds have fled to the hills, preferring to take their chances in securing what nature provides in the way of wild fruits and tubers rather than remain in the towns to suffer the pangs of slow starvation.

No preparation is being made to prepare the soil for the coming season's crops. The haciendas are lying waste and the cattle are roaming about at will, existing as they may. Large areas look as if some fire-breathing monster had stalked over them, withering and scorching all that came in the way. Desolate stretches, extending for miles, pain the eye where it once was delighted with the perspective of smiling landscapes bathed in sunshine and clothed in flowers. The good of the future will be heavily taxed in undoing the evil of the past.

With the policing of the border by our soldiers and the watching of the ports by our warships, both of which will undoubtedly rigidly enforce the neutrality laws, yet retaining an attitude of absolute impartiality towards the Mexican contesting forces, there is no question that the ammunition and supplies of the insurgents will soon run short. In such event they may soon be compelled to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

It is to be hoped that such a happy consummation will not be long delayed and that the dove of peace will be long spread its white wings over the troubled republic.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## Where Extremes Meet

SOCIAL extremes meet in the Bowery Mission. On a recent evening a party of people prominent in the wealthy circles of the metropolis came straight from a dinner given in one of the finest homes in New York down to the Bowery Mission, where several of their number addressed the men from the platform. It is strange to note how quickly, under such conditions, a complete fraternal understanding can be established between those who are above the reach of want and those who do not know where the next meal may come from. Sympathy and a genuine desire to be helpful lies at the root of these visits of the people of wealth to the old Mission. It is the most typical of its kind on this continent—a lighthouse for the derelicts and human shipwrecks. Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, the spokesman for the visitors, must have felt the enthusiasm of the true sociologist when he said from the platform that, as the result of that night's experience, he would devote the rest of his life to the interests of humanity. How much nobler and more in accordance with human reason and divine purpose would be a life so spent than one given over to the shallow pleasures and selfish excitements of the world! One struggling brother or sister helped; one blighted life rehabilitated; one heart strengthened and encouraged to new effort in the right direction would bring more abiding satisfaction to the agent of this transformation than any mere worldly triumph. There is a splendid field of activity for the well-disposed wealthy men and women of New York in connection with the Bowery Mission. The Lord's work, done for the sake of humanity, pays better dividends than any other business we know of.

## Easter as a Human Experience

THE world's festival of gladness—the most joyous feast of the Christian era—is again at hand. Though we do not greet each other, as in the olden days, with the kiss of peace and the salutation "Christ is risen," receiving the answer "He is risen, indeed"; yet the gladness of the Easter celebration has not died out and never can die out. Our joy in our risen Saviour is eternal.

There may be, however, a great difference in our relation to Easter. We are accustomed to observe it only as a celebration. We stand outside, as it were, and look on. Reverent we may be. Glad and thankful we may be that Christ rose from the dead. But as we celebrate his birthday at Christmas time, and his passion on Good Friday, so we celebrate his resurrection on Easter Sunday as grateful and adoring spectators or worshipers. It was his birth; it was his passion; it was his resurrection; we will sing our anthems, bow our heads, and then go our ways until another year swings around and brings another celebration. And thus we fail to grasp the greatest blessing of all.

Easter must be more than a celebration. It must be an actual human experience. Our own resurrection need not wait until the "worms destroy this body." It can be now. The promise, "because I live, ye shall live also," is not one which must wait for its fulfillment until after we leave this world. Now is the time and right here is the place for us to live—for us to have our resurrection.

Have we already "passed from death unto life"? Do we comfort ourselves that we no longer are "dead in trespasses and sins"? Even so, there is always newer and higher life to be gained. As Paul said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."

Are we, indeed, fully alive? Does our belief in God, in the immortality of our own soul, in heaven and hell, in Christ's great sacrifice for us, really influence our conduct? Is our ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> planned and controlled in harmony with this belief? Is the part we take in God's work an eloquent testimony of our belief? Do we realize in our daily experience the

truth we hear and accept from the pulpit on the Sabbath? Do we speak of Christ as "the Saviour" or as "my Saviour"? Can we ask ourselves such questions and then honestly say that we are in very truth alive in Christ?

If we find, after examination, that our life is not complete, that many of the things we believe with our minds are not realities in our lives, that, after the way of the world, we have been dying faster than we have been gaining life, then certainly we want to make this Easter a time for our own resurrection. Perhaps there was a time when, with the impulse of a fresh consecration and pledge to our Master, we felt all aglow with life. Then the cares and pleasures of the world crowded in upon us and death began. The earth needs a resurrection every spring. Even the Christian churches feel the need of annual revivals, which means, literally, renewals of life. Alas, these "revivals" too often are not renewals of life! If the individual members of these churches could first have a genuine resurrection, the new life would surely awaken the churches.

Christ is risen, indeed; and he came, as he said, that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly. We are only at the gateway of life—"both young men and maidens; old men and children." It matters not how many or how few are the years we have lived here, nor how near we may be to the laying away of our bodies in the grave. The countless years stretch ahead, and they may be years of rich and joyous life. If some of them are to be spent here, we want them to be full of the "more abundant" life Christ came to give. If we must soon pass out from the home of time into that of eternity, we shall be glad indeed that we did not merely celebrate, but that we also shared with our Saviour in his resurrection.

## A "Church of Dead Souls"

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us asking the following question:

In view of the fact that there are not a few churches that seem to make no spiritual progress from year to year, but remain apparently at a standstill—churches whose pastors address their congregations not as Christians, but as unconverted sinners, given over to worldliness and dead in trespasses and sins—would we not be justified in the conclusion that there is literally such a thing as a church of dead souls?

The suggestion is an intolerable one, if it is meant to convey that there can exist a church beyond redemption. We take it, however, that our correspondent has in view rather the conditions described in Eph. 2: 1 and Col. 2: 13. Some churches apparently make but little progress in the spiritual life, yet even to these there comes a time of awakening and of spiritual arousal and quickening, if the Gospel be faithfully preached.

It is told of a missionary who went to China in the early days of Gospel effort in that country that after some fifteen years of earnest work he became discouraged. He wrote home to his board and to friends who supported him that he had done his best and preached Christ to the heathen, but he had become convinced that his ministry was a failure as he knew of no conversions. The church at home, however, thought otherwise; it stood by him loyally, increased his allowance and wrote urging him to remain at his post and to continue his faithful labors, which would be supplemented by the prayers of God's people at home. Next year, the unexpected happened—the miracle came. Conversions by dozens and scores and hundreds astounded the missionary. His doubts fell away like an old garment; he saw clearly now that the seed he had planted and which had been so long in ripening had come to the harvest and that cumulative blessings had attended his long and faithful ministry. Would one have been justified in calling it a "dead" field during all these years of seed sowing?

So with the church at home. If we are to believe that no worthy effort for Christ and humanity is ever made in vain, we must also believe that the Gospel is never preached in vain. Some good seed always finds fruitful lodgment.

Let us take hope, then, in the fact that while

there may be here and there a church of which it may be said as was written of the church at Sardis "Thou hast a name that thou livest and thou art dead," even such a church is not beyond quickening and reinvigoration. First, there must be a pastor who is an earnest, working Christian, and who will not only spread the Gospel but will arouse his people. God's Word never returns to him fruitless. We know of such churches which, under the Spirit's power, have cast off the yoke of indifference and are living up to their privileges, active in home and foreign missions, careful of their poor, and earnest in every good work. The awakening has shown them the folly and wickedness of living to the world. Their spiritual quickening has given them an earnest of forgiveness and acceptance with God.

## Law and Order on the Border

IT is an old and very true proverb that "the worst events are those that never happened," and this applies with considerable pertinence to the political forecasters who have been predicting all sorts of trouble as the outcome of our military display along the Mexican border. We have the published official assurances of both our own government and that of Mexico that there is a clear understanding between the two governments. Doubtless when the official veil of secrecy has been wholly removed, it will appear that the motive of the present extensive naval and military movement had reference solely to the maintenance of neutrality and the protection of American and foreign subjects and interests properly entitled to it. We cannot permit our frontier to be made a recruiting ground for any insurrection against a friendly State. Nor can we permit Mexicans, whether federals or insurgents, to arrest Americans on our own territory, as has been charged. But on the whole there is nothing in the situation to excite apprehension, and which cannot be satisfactorily cleared up by official explanations.

It has been said that our military display on the Mexican border does not harmonize with the attitude our government has assumed on the general subject of international peace and arbitration. Perhaps the outcome may show that it is not so much a variance as might appear on the surface. There is a wise way of using strength, as well as a wicked way. It should not be forgotten that in the eyes of the world we are largely responsible for the preservation of order on this continent. If the present demonstration in the South proves to be in the interest of humanity and justice and for the restoration of order, it will receive the approval of peace lovers generally notwithstanding their aversion to the costly pomp and panoply of war which it has involved.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Important Public Personages

THE prolonged convulsion in the Interior Department of the government has resulted in the resignation of Richard A. Ballinger and the appointment of Walter L. Fisher as the Secretary of that department. The new member of the Cabinet was born at Wheeling, W. Va., on the 4th day of July, 1862, and the patriotic impulses of the day in which he was born have been a characteristic of his life. He was graduated at Hanover, Ind., and entered upon the practice of law in Chicago, where he took a conspicuous and influential place in the professional and political world as an exponent of the highest individual character and public virtue. Secretary J. D. Norton leaves his position at the White House to take an important place in one of the great business institutions of the country, and President Taft has selected as his new private secretary Charles D. Hillis, who is now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Hillis is a man of singular native ability and fine education, is tireless in his industry, incorruptible in his integrity, a devout Christian and a loyal supporter of the Church. Before his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury he was for a number of years at the head of the Juvenile Village at Chauncey, N. Y., one of New York's greatest charities. Mr. Hillis in this field manifested such a genius in the development and reformation of incorrigible and semi-criminal children as to give him a national reputation as a philanthropist. He has a fine personal presence, is courteous in his deportment, is tactful in his disposition, is a fine judge of men and affairs, and will make an ideal private secretary to the President. We would not be surprised if before he is through with his administration the President should ask him to take a step higher into the Cabinet. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, one time French Minister and Chargé d'Affaires at London, member of the French Senate from the Department of the Sarthe, member of the Hague Conference and recipient of the Nobel prize, recently arrived in America to make an extended tour in the interests of world peace. The baron comes here under the auspices of the American Association for International Peace and is said to divide with Count Apponyi, who recently visited this country, the honors of being the foremost European advocate of international good will. The baron says that in his addresses he will deal with many matters which should engage the attention of those who seek for world peace. He will explain the results already obtained at the two peace conferences at The Hague in which he took part, and about which his diplomatic career has particularly fitted him to speak. After dealing with the settlement of the Dogger Bank matter between England and Russia and the Franco-German difficulty at Casa Blanca, he will pass on the recent Anglo-American arbitration on the Newfoundland fisheries dispute. The early advice given in the selection of leaders seems to have been followed by President Taft.

Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them. (Ex. 18: 21.)

## Found Lost Brother

Charles T. Markham, president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, left Chicago with his wife the other day on a tour of inspection of the road. The trip was to end at Hopkinsville, Ky., where he was to meet his brother, John T. Markham, an humble brick mason of that place. John T. Markham entered the Confederate army during the Civil War when President Markham was a baby, and for fifty years his whereabouts has been unknown to his brother, who had tried in vain to find him until recently, when the place of his residence was discovered, and President Markham has arranged to take him, now an old man of seventy-five years, in his private car from Hopkinsville to Chicago, where the humble bricklayer will be made comfortable the rest of his life. In these days of

jealousies and contests between brothers over wills and questions of one kind or another it is beautiful to see this expression of brotherly love, which is so becoming and commendable. The proposed meeting reminds us of the joyful reunion of Joseph with his lost brother:

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. (Gen. 45: 14.)

## Prefers Cooking to Idleness

Mrs. Kate Starr, a cook in a home at Clifton Heights, Pa., received news the other day from relatives in Pittston that she had fallen heir to \$25,000. When sixteen years of age she was married to Frank Lingsturm. On the death of Lingsturm, she married a Mr. Starr, who also died several years ago. She was compelled to make her own living and did so as a cook in a private family. The \$25,000 which has just come to her from her first husband's estate would keep her very nicely the rest of her days without work, but she says that her financial good fortune will not interfere in any sense with her life work, and that she will continue her task as a servant in the house. We are inclined to think that Mrs. Starr is acting wisely in the premises. It is likely that there will be some man who will court her and pretend that it is her beauty or worth that attracts him, when in reality he will be after a portion of the \$25,000, and there will be other temptations and opportunities for her to part with her money, but she will no doubt have the wisdom to put it in the savings bank, or some other secure investment, and go right on with her cooking, which is one

essary is to inject lukewarm water under the skin in the vicinity of the part operated on. He claims that in most cases it serves a better purpose than any drug that could be used. While the operation is in progress under this new anæsthetic the patient is said to feel no pain, is conscious and watches with interest the man with the knife. This news seems almost too good to be true, and yet the seemingly impossible is being proven constantly to be possible. Water is one of the fountains of life, is one of nature's sweetest purifiers and grateful remedies. It is natural that in the Old Testament as well as the New it should be the symbol of moral purification. Christ uses it as the type of spiritual life and purity.

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John 4: 14.)

## Bible in Public Schools

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, at a union meeting of Jews, Universalists and Unitarians at the Hudson Theatre on a recent night, said some true and brave things upon irreligion in our public schools. Among other things he said: "There are ten million children and youths under sixteen years of age that have never crossed the threshold of any synagogue or church. But the republic means that every citizen must be a scholar toward the intellect, a patriot toward his country, and an obedient man toward his God. For years the Ten Commandments, the Bible and the fundamental principles of ethics

been kept out of the public schools. Superficial men have confused the teaching of morals that are universal and concern market place, street, home and forum, with the teaching of denominational tenets. But the Ten Commandments are not denominational any more than the multiplication table is denominational, or gravity or an eclipse of the sun. The simple fact is this: the Catholic priests, the Protestant teachers and the Hebrew rabbis have been

jealous of one another. Rather than have the Ten Commandments taught in the public schools, and have one denomination gain at the expense of another, they have preferred to let 10,000,000 boys and girls grow up moral illiterates, while 16,000 murders take place every year. Now the Republic has come to a crisis. The surrender of the Bible in the public schools by Christian communities has been as bad in policy as it has been wicked in principle. Morals which have not their basis in religion are of little value and the religion which has not the Bible as its foundation is an unreliable one. It is impossible to raise a nation of good men and women from the boys and girls without instruction in the morals of Jesus Christ. Schools of to-day ought to echo the call of the Psalmist:

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. (Ps. 34: 11.)

## Cow with New Record

As championships pass from one to another in the contests between railway trains, ocean liners, athletes, etc., so the championship of the world's record for milk is taken away from Josephine and given to Sophie, the 19th, a beautiful Jersey cow at the Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., which gave during the past year more than seven tons of milk and over a half ton of butter. She is known as "the queen of the dairy" and holds the record for milk and butter production of cows between four and five years of age. A test of the cow which shows such an enormous product has been authenticated by the Massachusetts Agricultural College under the rules of the American Jersey Cattle Club. The milk sold for ten cents a quart, and deducting the cost of feed there was shown a net profit on the cow of \$562.22. A productive cow of the future was foretold in these words:

And it shall come to pass in that day, that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep; and it shall come to pass, for the abundance of milk that they shall give, he shall eat butter. (Isa. 7: 21, 22.)

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Baron de Constant

Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize



Walter L. Fisher

The New Secretary of the Interior



Charles D. Hillis

The New Secretary to the President

Copyright, Clinedinst

of the highest callings in the world. So much of health and happiness in a home depends upon the culinary department, and yet there is scarcely any feature of American life that is so neglected and abused as that of the kitchen. First-class cooks are rare, and valuable as rare. Those who have ability and skill can command good places and wages and a self-respecting woman can have an honorable and happy mission. In our personal pastorate we knew two Welsh servants, cooks in the home of the late William H. Vanderbilt. They were very competent and upright, and saved their wages for years until each owned a valuable flat, accommodating a number of tenants. While owning their flats they continued their work at cooking, and passing to their reward they left their fortune to the Church of Jesus Christ, and one of the important Methodist churches of New York City has an endowment fund of good proportion, which was furnished by these able and consecrated cooks. The department of cooking is being wisely introduced into the select and public schools of this country, and the kitchen is likely to be lifted to a higher plane in American home life. Samuel's estimate of the position of the cook in the family is not very exalted (circumstances were responsible for that estimate), for in the warning he gave the people who asked for a king, he threatened among other calamities that the new king would send their women into the kitchen to become cooks.

And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. (I. Sam. 8: 13.)

## A New Anaesthetic

Scarcely a week goes by that there is not some new discovery in medical science. By a telegram from Baltimore it is learned that lukewarm water, pure and simple, is now being used as an anæsthetic in operations for appendicitis at the Johns Hopkins' Hospital. A surgeon of national reputation connected with the institution says that all that is nec-



# \$20,000 More for China's Famine

The Christian Herald Sends Another Remittance to Feed the Sufferers, while the "Buford" Is on the Way

THIS week, \$20,000, being the largest single remittance yet sent to the China famine field from any source, has been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through our State Department in Washington. This sum, which will be evenly divided between the two Relief Committees at Chin-kiang and Shanghai, will immediately be converted into foodstuffs and used to keep the people alive until the arrival of our relief ship, the *Buford*. It is due to the splendid generosity of our readers and their friends throughout the country that the great fight to save human life is being kept up so bravely. We do not doubt that their efforts will be blessed to the saving of many thousands of lives.

Rev. Maurice J. Walker, chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, writes of general famine conditions in his section. He says: "We were very glad to receive the \$4,000 this week through the consul. It will enable us to send help to Hsu-chow-fu, also to Tsing-kiang-pu and to Rev. Mr. Bostick at Po-Chow. I am enclosing letters from Mr. Cameron of Chang-sha and from Mr. Bostick. The latter gives a very sad description of the terrible state of the country and the desperate condition of many who are on the verge of starvation."

In his letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Bostick tells how, with a little money he had in reserve, he offered to employ a few of the neediest men at days' work at the rate of 3½ cents per day. The news spread and not hundreds but thousands applied even at that low figure. They knelt and begged and told the most heart-rending stories of suffering.

A distressing feature of the present famine, though not unforeseen, is the great increase in applications at the orphanages that are conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Orphanage Committee. Missionary H. R. Caldwell writes from the M. E. Mission Orphanage at Ngu-Cheng, near Foochow, that he has had hundreds of applications for the admission of little children whose parents have either died or are starving to death. These little unfortunates are totally unprovided for and unless they are taken up by some kind missionary with a heart and a faith bigger than his pocket-book, they will be among the first to perish.

Missionary G. Trudinger, of Antung-ku, writes:

Many who went south are being forced back and now they simply do not know which way to turn. Doors, beds, even beams from their houses are being sold for food. Children are being offered for sale on the streets, but even though the price is lower than fifty cents (gold) they do not find ready purchasers. Many people are living on only one meal a day, and that scarcely worth the name of a meal. The thin, sunken faces one sees daily, tell their own tale. I sent our Bible woman the other day to take a little rice to one of our Christians, as she looked so weak, for she had a dreadful cough, and had been longing so for better food. The Bible woman saw the meal the family was preparing. It consisted chiefly of potato leaves. There are many in almost as pitiable a plight, but we dare not begin to help any, except where we can make an excuse of sickness, etc., or we would be simply besieged with applicants. We have seen families who for days have had no other food than refuse leaves from the market garden. We are trying to help our Christians by having some of their children here for a time, but we are almost overwhelmed with the number of applications. The country is in a most lawless condition. Scarcely a day passes but one hears of robberies committed. Many have to sit up all night, lest their homes be attacked and the little they have taken from them.

Writing from Po Chow, a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention compares the Bread Line of the Bowery with the present suffering in China, where millions are in the Bread Line. He says:

The Bread Line at the Bowery Mission presents faces the history of which would stir the inmost heart of mother, father, wife or sister; yet all history, and more, has not been a more pitiable picture presented than that at the different distributing stations in this present famine. And think how scanty the allowance is—about fifteen pounds of the crudest rice being given to last each person not less than a half a month, and if funds are not soon forthcoming a longer time. Remember, too, that a very large percentage of the needy are not able to receive even this scanty help, because the means for help is not in the hands of the distributors. Though it rained all day during a few of the recent days of distribution, many people plodded over the muddy roads for five, six, seven, or eight miles for this rice. On the way homeward, some fainting and died from cold, hunger and exhaustion. Others were found beside their grain faint and unable to move, though still living. One poor fellow fell and died and his grain and clothing were stolen.

Many of us are praying that God will mysteriously and nightly work on many hearts and cause much giving for the needy. Those who are handling the means and pleading for more have their highest hopes set no higher than that one cent per day, per person may be paid for the same measure. This will be sufficient to sustain life till harvest. I think you will be well pleased with the way these food-meals are being distributed. Some tell me heart-rending stories of need. One abolitionist woman told that of her six sons she had given away three, and wanted some one to take the others as she could not feed them.

One told of his whole family passing over the days with only sixteen ounces of meal a day to make into soup. Some had eaten nothing in three days. One family, living just by us here, had only a half cent a day, and with that they bought wheat bran. This was all that a family of seven had to live on.

Full accounts of the farewell services at the sailing of the *Buford* show that notwithstanding inclement weather the occasion was a most impressive one. The crowds stood in the pouring rain while the speakers, bareheaded, but earnest and eloquent, delivered their addresses. In the course of his remarks, Rev. A. W. Leonard spoke of the event as characteristic of our Christian civilization. The loaded transport with its precious cargo proved that there are many good people in the world. Such merciful acts stand our great nation in good stead in the future. These gifts, besides relieving China's suffering, will give us China's good will. Closing, he said:

"To have the good will of China and her teeming millions will mean much for our great nation. May God bless those starving, dying people beyond the sea; may he bless the captain of this ship and all the crew, and may the winds and the waves be kind to them. May God bless all those who have originated this movement, and all whose gifts have made it possible, and may his choicest blessings abide with the two great nations who by this means are brought nearer to each other in mutual helpfulness."

President J. W. Maxwell of the Commercial Club of Seattle said that the liberality of Congress in granting the transport and the generous aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had been chiefly instrumental in making the relief ship movement a success. Help

## Remittances Cabled by the Christian Herald China Relief Fund through the State Department to date

|                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Dec. 31, 1910 . . . . . | \$1,000.00         |
| Jan. 20, 1911 . . . . . | 5,000.00           |
| Feb. 1, " . . . . .     | 10,000.00          |
| Feb. 10, " . . . . .    | 10,000.00          |
| March 6, " . . . . .    | 10,000.00          |
| March 20, " . . . . .   | 20,000.00          |
|                         | <b>\$56,000.00</b> |

Cargo per S. S. "Buford,"  
21,000 sacks flour  
(1,029,000 pounds) 21,000.00

Total to date, \$77,100.00

had also come from Seattle and from every quarter of our land. In the name of the Commercial Club he thanked all who had a share in the enterprise.

The cargo of the *Buford* was thirteen hundred tons dead weight, comprising 2,374,560 pounds of flour, of which 1,029,000 were contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This is in addition to salted fish, whole wheat, condensed milk, hardtack, dried peas, rice, rolled oats, corned beef, dry goods, and potatoes. The entire cargo is valued at \$50,000. The principal donors were: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, \$21,000 represented by 1,029,000 pounds of flour; Red Cross Society, \$7,000; J. P. Morgan, Jr., New York, \$1,000; Cyrus H. McCormick, Chicago, \$1,000; unknown donor, Reading, Pa., \$1,000. The remainder of the cargo was purchased with a fund collected by the Commercial Club in Seattle, and all parts of the country.

Hundreds of letters are received by every mail, containing contributions for the Famine Fund. E. J. S., Wellsville, Mo. (\$5), writes, "with my prayers and good wishes that this little gift may be a blessing to those starving people, as a cup of water in his name may help." Mrs. W. H. B., Salem, Ia. (\$6), writes: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother in need and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" I hope every one who reads THE HERALD will send what they can." Her gift includes contributions from J. M. W. H. B. and herself. "I hope the blessing of God will go with this to the good of the poor famishing ones in China," writes M. L. P., Saumeraim, Ill. (\$6). Mrs. M. G., Conneaut Lake,

Pa. (\$1), says, "I sincerely hope the famine cloud will soon be lifted from those poor unfortunate people." "I wish this were \$250," writes M. E. M., Philadelphia (\$2.50). "How easily, with a little self-denial, they all could be fed." An old subscriber, Kinsman, Ill. (\$6), says, "I hope the good work will continue which Dr. Klopsch so nobly began. I send in my widow's mite." P. D. B., New Jersey, writes (\$2), "This was contributed by the Farmersville Public School. In geography class one day, while studying the famine region, I told them about the great suffering there. They were interested and sympathetic. I feel that God will surely bless this gift of his little ones." Superintendent F. P. Klock of the Sunday School at West St. Johnsville, N. Y., forwards \$2, the gift the children. Mrs. S. A. E., Morristown, N. J., sends \$1.25, which was gathered in small sums of pennies, nickels and dimes by the children of Fairview Place for the Chinese sufferers.

Mrs. L. A. B., West Sunbury, Pa., sends \$1 with the prayer that "it may save some poor little child in China." Mrs. A. R. P., Port Townsend, Wash. (\$2), writes: "May it help to save a human life from the horror of starving." "How good the dear Lord has been to me while others are suffering," writes Mrs. M. B., Peterborough City (\$1). "I pray with all my heart that this small gift of mine may be honored to God's glory." It is the fervent wish of J. M. R., Charlotte, N. C. (\$1). Mrs. C. E. B., Hoosick, N. Y. (\$1), writes: "I am glad of a share in the great work of life saving." Mrs. W. G. H., Angier, N. C. (\$9), representing also W. H. G., writes: "Let us do what we can, that in eternity we may hear the words, 'I was hungry and you gave me meat.'"

J. A. McP., Leroy, N. Y. (\$1): "I have been reading to my eight-year-old boy about the great famine in China. He wanted to save his pennies to send, so I am sending money order for \$1 in his name." A. M. and R. A. S., Bethel, O., send \$7.25, a contribution from the Salt Air Society which will go out with the next cable remittance through our State Department to China, where it will do the Lord's work among hungry little Chinese children.

Mrs. F. M., Reading, Pa., send \$3.50, which represents contributions from Mr. and Mrs. \$1; from a friend 50 cents; Mrs. J. N. \$1, and Mrs. C. H. \$1. It comes with the prayers that "the Lord will multiply this small offer." Miss F. M. T., Roselle, N. J., sends \$2 from the Home Department of the First Baptist Church, Roselle, N. J. Mrs. R. J. W. sends \$10 in behalf of the West Point Missionary Society, and adds, "I hope it may help a little in the good work you are doing."

Superintendent J. S. Meyers of the Verona, Wis., Baptist Sunday School, sends \$5.50 as the school's contribution to the fund—a generous and timely gift. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. R., Scottsdale, Pa., send \$5 and write: "May it be used not only as a means of sustaining physical life, but also for the salvation of souls." The Dorcas Society of the Fourth Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., sends \$5 to the fund. "May God in his mercy soon lift this heavy famine," is the prayer of A. D. Glen—Gar Ranch, New Castle, Col. (\$5). Mrs. J. S. Q., Chappaqua, N. Y., writes: "I am enclosing a \$2.50 gold-piece which I received as a Christmas gift. I am sure I can make no better use of it than to send it to the Chinese Famine Fund." Parkland Mission, Louisville, Ky., through Gustave Edeich, contributes \$11.

There are encouraging indications that the plague has been localized and that it is no longer in danger of spreading southward over the famine provinces. This is due very largely to the skill and zeal of the foreign medical experts who have been co-operating with the Chinese, Japanese and Russian doctors and who are also enjoying the aid of the Chinese authorities. A double quarantine by China and Russia is to be enforced along the Siberian border. In northern Manchuria there is a very decided improvement and the mortality has been greatly reduced. This is also the case at all the known centres of infection, except Mukden, where the epidemic still rages unchecked. In several places it has spread to the lower animals, including the donkeys in Fushan and dogs in Chang-chun. There have been a number of fatal cases of the plague at Amoy. The present boundaries of infection are from a point north of Harbin to a point south of Tientsin and from Port Arthur to Peking. The capital itself, however, is well protected by special precautions taken by the Chinese authorities. Notwithstanding the danger of spreading the infection, it is said that the trade in human hair for export to Western countries is being extensively carried on within the plague area.

Acknowledgments of contributions to the Famine Fund will appear in next week's issue.



# SCENES WHEN THE "BUFORD" SAILED



Loading Food on the U. S. Transport "Buford,"

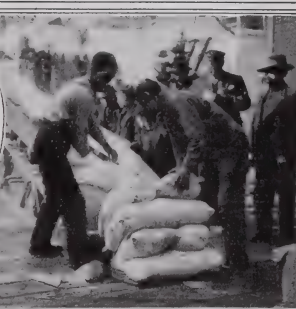
at Seattle, for China's Starving Millions



The Departure of the Relief Ship



REV. W. A. MAJOR  
Leading the Farewell Service



The Automatic Carrier in Action



A Portion of the Audience that Crowded the "Buford's" Decks During the Farewell Service in a Drizzling Rain

Photographs by  
Lester Wood & Underwood



# Possibilities of a Backyard Garden



By IDA G. BENNETT

THE possibilities of a back-yard garden are seldom fully developed unless some definite plan is followed, a plan which aims to utilize every foot of space either for the economic production of vegetables, the growing of flowers or the artistic betterment of the home surroundings. The purpose to which the ground is devoted really does not so much matter, as that something definite is gained from it, other than a place to discard rubbish. If it can be transformed, by a moderate expenditure of time and money, into an attractive and profitable bit of ground, why, then, the family life will be just so far improved and beautified. Living will be on a higher plane and there will always be something to look forward to at the end of the business day; for I can assure you who have never tasted the delights of gardening, that there is nothing more absorbing and fascinating.

The ordinary town lot is full of possibilities, especially if it should happen to be one of the old-fashioned town lots four by twelve rods in area. It is really surprising the amount of stuff which may be grown on a small plot of ground if things are planted in straight, easily cultivated rows, allowing only room for the vegetables themselves and eliminating any allowance of room for weeds. If one starts out to grow both on the same bit of land it will be found that all out-of-doors is not large enough, but given close cultivation and no weeds, every inch may be made profitable, whether planted to flowers, vegetables or grass.

The accompanying plan supposes a four-by-twelve-rod lot with the house rather well towards the front, leaving a back yard in the neighborhood of four rods wide by eight rods deep. Allowance of three feet for walk at the rear of the house is made and from this a straight walk of cement, cinders or gravel leads to the alley in the rear. Directly in front of the rear of the house a half circle two rods in diameter is laid in sod. This is surrounded by a narrow walk or path about two feet in width. Surrounding this semi-circle is another some ten feet in width devoted to hardy perennials or, if the home is only a temporary one, to annuals. This also has an encircling path and the three-cornered plot formed by the "squaring of the circle" is devoted to shrubbery and affords opportunity for some very effective and satisfactory planting.

Adjoining this shrubbery is another section of sod the entire width of the yard and a rod or more in depth. This affords a point of vantage from which the shrubbery can be seen from the rear, and separates admirably the flower from the vegetable garden. These four sections of sod may be made lovely in early spring by planting crocus in informal display over the surface. The edges of the shrubbery and perennial beds should be edged with tulips, setting them six inches apart each way. These will be beautiful in May and June; and when through blooming and when the leaves are ripened they may be lifted and stored in paper bags until time for planting out again the following fall.

The little pergola, which is the width of the walk and about ten feet long, may be covered with rambling roses or with clematis as preferred. Although a definite suggestion of shrubs to plant is made it is by no means arbitrary, and one may consult his or her own preferences, only bearing in mind that tall-growing shrubs give best effect when planted in the rear and that the planting should slant from the highest point in the rear of the bed to a comparatively low growth at the ends and front; this slope, however, should be broken and natural.

All the shrubs suggested are so fine in their several varieties that sufficient variety will ensue. The Altheas, for instance; no one familiar with these beautiful shrubs would be content with but one color, but would wish both the white, the purple, or all. Of the lilacs, the new French sorts are so fine that one would wish one of each distinctive color, pure white,

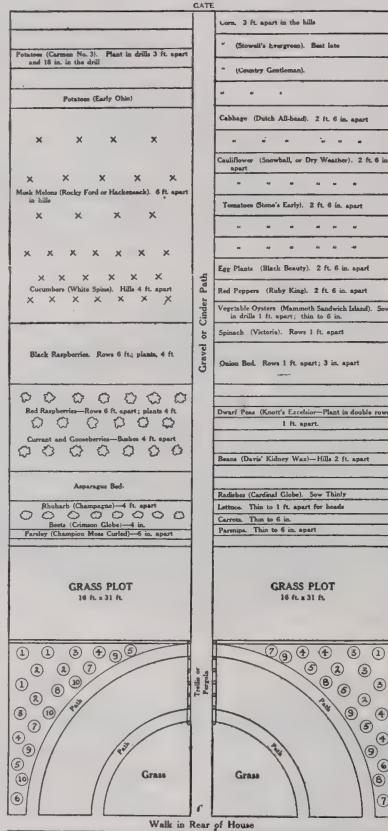
pink, blue and crimson. The Deutzias are some of our finest hardy shrubs and the varieties listed the most desirable. All are perfectly hardy, succeeding in almost any soil and situation. The Tamarix has different periods of bloom, commencing with T. Africana, which blooms in May, and following with T. Hispanica Festivalis, which blooms in July and August, and T. Indica in late summer and fall.

The shrubby and perennial border is an ideal place for colonizing hardy lilacs, and they should be planted wherever room can be found for them among the larger plants. Auratum, Candidum, Giganteum, Brownii, Longiflorum, and all that class should go into the shrubbery, while the lower-growing Japanese or Speciosum lilacs may be used near the front among the hardy perennials.

While it will be found that better effects are gained by planting a number of one sort of hardy perennials, rather than only one or two of a kind the arrangement suggested is by no means arbitrary and one may suit individual preferences in the matter. The Oriental poppies are magnificent, and once established, a very persistent perennial. German iris comes in such wonderful colors and combinations of colors that they are really indispensable and are of such easy culture and increase so rapidly that they are one of the most satisfactory plants grown. Of course to bring all these delightful things to perfection requires favorable conditions: good soil, proper and sufficient fertilizers, sufficient moisture and cultivation and freedom from weeds. The last condition is one easily obtained if one simply does not allow the weeds to start at all, which is not so difficult as it might at first appear. It simply involves going over the ground frequently with the scuffle-hoe, in addition to such cultivation as may be needed to keep the ground loose.

Where one is living in a rented home and does not feel like planting perennials, the maturing of which he may not enjoy, excellent effects may be secured by planting annuals, bedding plants and the like in place of shrubs. Cannas, caladiums and cosmos are all too well and favorably known to need more than a suggesting mention. Suggestions for annuals must be merely tentative. Every one has favorites. Many will prefer to make solid beds of one flower to divide the circle up into two or three beds with paths between, growing one sort in a bed. Excellent results may be achieved in this way, especially if care is taken to use harmonious colors in adjoining beds. It must be remembered that two shades of red seldom harmonize, but that where one must have them, white is a great peacemaker. Yellow and blue form a good combination and lavender will go well with scarlet and some other shades of red, but yellow and red are not desirable, though either excellent with white. Then, the use of a contrasting color in a low, edging plant is always excellent and much increases the capacity of the bed. Pansies, tufted violets, ageratum, dwarf nasturtiums, dwarf phlox Drummondii, English daisies, lobelias, sweet alyssum, are all desirable edging plants of the easiest culture and greatest freedom of bloom. It is only necessary to add one more word in regard to the flower garden. Do not crowd the plants, but give each individual sufficient room to grow and develop fully. Pick the flowers of all plants which bloom continuously, freely, not allowing seeds to form, for in this way a far greater amount of bloom will be realized. When their season of bloom is over, remove all seed pods that the beds may remain neat and attractive though no longer in flower.

It will be noticed that in planning the vegetable garden those plants which are most ornamental in character are placed in front, near the bit of lawn parsley appearing on the left-hand side and pansies, which are also quite ornamental, on the right though carrots could be used here equally as well being of very fine feathery form and attractive color and very good to use in bouquets. Next the parsnips may be planted, the deep red of the large, wax-



- KEY TO SHRUBBERY AND FLOWER BEDS**
- Right-hand Shrubbery: 1, Cercis Canadensis (red bud); 2, Althea, in var.; 3, Dogwood, white and pink; 4, Lilacs, in var.; 5, Deutzia, Pride of Rochester; 6, Deutzia, Crenata rosea plena; 7, Deutzia, Lemnoid; 8, Deutzia Gracilis; 9, Spira, Anthony Waterer.
- Left-hand Shrubbery: 1, Tamarix, in var.; 2, Chionanthus; 3, Philadelphus, in var.; 4, Forsythias; 5, Hydrangea Panniculata; 6, Hydrangea Arborescens; 7, Kerria Japonica; 8, Clethra Alnifolia; 9, Clematis Davidiana.
- FOR THE BEDS OF HARDY PERENNIALS**
- Right: 50, Tulips, 6 inches apart; 12, Shasta Daisies, 15 inches apart; 22, German Iris, 18 inches apart; 12, Foxgloves, 18 inches apart; 24, Delphiniums, 20 inches apart; 4, Gauras.
- Left: 50, Tulips, 6 inches apart; 12, Stokesias, blue and white, 15 inches apart; 23, Perennial Poppies, 15 inches apart; 14, Gauras and Peonies, 2 feet apart; 14, Gauras and Peonies, 2 feet apart; 13, Hardy Phlox, 3 feet apart.
- A SELECTION WITH PERMANENCE IS NOT DESIRED**
- Right-hand Corner: Ricinus, Clematis, Cosmos, Cannas, Caladiums.
- Left-hand Corner: Nicotiana Sylvestris, Cosmos, Scarlet Salvia, Nicotiana Affinis, Scarlet Zinnias.
- ANNUALS FOR THE SEMI-CIRCULAR BEDS**
- Right: First row—Lobelia, English Daisies, or Candytuft. Second—Petunias. Third—Sweet Scabious. Fourth—Centaurias.
- Left: First row—Sweet Alyssum, Phlox D. Second—Verbena. Third—Anterrhinum. Fourth—Asters. Fifth—Arctotis Grandis.



# THEIR EASTER OFFERING

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE Old Ladies' Home at Wilberforce Junction was the pride and boast of the entire county. For one thing, it was an innovation. The custom of the countryside in the good old Pennsylvania neighborhood had for years been that each family should take care, as long as they lived, of the old folk belonging to it. There had been no thought of sequestering a superfluous grandmother or aged Aunt Maria in an institution of any kind. Each household kept its warm corner by the fire and its comfortable chamber upstairs or down, for the old lady who might be a little querulous or combative in argument, who might be infirm, dim-sighted or deaf, but who had served her generation, worked hard and long in her day, and in her eventide was borne with, cared for and, as a matter of course, maintained by her nearest relatives.

Sometimes one or two old ladies who had survived their ability to care for themselves, and who belonged to no one in particular, but whom it would have been a crime to send to the poorhouse, continued to live in their own cottages as formerly, while their neighbors tactfully and unobtrusively contributed to their support. In such cases it was an easy matter for one farmer to drop a timely load of wood at such a door; for another to send a ham, and still another to run in from time to time with bread or cake.

Five years before the Easter of which I am writing, Miss Henrietta Elliot, a woman of wealth who had summered for some years near the Junction, had purchased ground, built a spacious mansion, thoroughly equipped it with a heating plant, a half dozen bath rooms, a modern kitchen, a cozy reception room, and a library, and had then donated it to Wilberforce County as a perpetual gift. Here were to be gathered the feminine heretics from near and far. Each was to have her pretty room with its hardwood floor, its bright rug, its white iron bed and luxurious springs and mattress, its bureau and toilette table, and as Miss Henrietta had provided a liberal endowment, there were to be maids to wait on the old ladies, and they were not even to lift their hands, make their beds or to do the least thing for themselves, unless they positively insisted on this disposition of their time. The house was three stories in height, had wide verandas and was surrounded by a beautiful garden. Any old lady who could not enjoy herself in such an environment must surely be a freak. Was not this home a great improvement upon the rough comfort of some of the adjoining farm houses, and would not women who had drudged their lives long find it a delightful change to be waited upon like queens?

The first difficulty was, greatly to its founder's surprise, to find occupants for the Elliot Old Ladies' Home. In her walks and drives Miss Henrietta had often been painfully impressed by the number of aged women whom she had seen here and there, many of them as the thought not half considered enough by those with whom they lived. Her pet scheme had long been to smooth the path of old age in some definite way for a definite number of women. Her Home was meant to accommodate forty at a time.

The first forty were not easily gathered. Children cried at the idea of giving up grandmothers, and while grandmothers did not invariably get on too smoothly with daughters and sons-in-law, they preferred a little interesting friction and the sort of thing to which they were accustomed, to the novelty of life in a strange place with companions who were new to them, and with three meals a day which they had no hand in preparing. Little by little, Miss Henrietta's Home was finally filled. The Board of Managers met regularly once a week. A matron was appointed, and the household began to move in the manner of households not bound together by ties of kinship or old friendliness. As I have said, Wilberforce Junction took pride in the building, the garden, the munificence of Miss Elliot, and in everything except the fact that the old ladies who were captured as inmates, coaxed, bullied, or even dumped there, as now and then happened when exceptionally selfish relatives wanted to get rid of them, were discontented, disliked luxury, chafed at the routine and, on the whole, were inappreciative and ungrateful.

Affairs had reached a crisis, as the fifth year

brought Easter around in mid-April. Two or three old ladies had passed away. Others had replaced them and filled their vacant chairs. They had been, so to speak, imported, the full contingent of ancient women in the county having been mustered to dwell in the Old Ladies' Home. The management was at this time in despair. Nothing seemed to please or satisfy the inmates. Women who all their lives had been satisfied with a Saturday night tub of the laundry variety, found fault with the dainty porcelain tubs and elegant bath-rooms of the Elliot Home. Women who had hitherto been peaceful of disposition quarreled with their next door neighbors and were not on speaking terms with the matron. Jolly and genial old ladies who had once been magazines of fun wore



"The old ladies chafed at the routine"

a down-trodden and injured air. When their relatives visited them they went away feeling positively wicked in permitting such boredom to continue. When Miss Henrietta visited the place, as she took pains to do frequently and unexpectedly, she left with chagrin and disappointment in her heart. She had an acute sense of failure. Nothing had turned out as she anticipated.

At the Easter time of which I write, Miss Henrietta Elliot was spending a month in a cottage which had been her summer home for years, and with her as a guest was her niece, an enthusiastic young doctor. To Dr. Susan the aunt expressed her feeling that she had made a mistake.

"It is the more bitter," she said, "as I wanted to do so much for their comfort, and not one of the dear old things enjoys it, while every one of them hates me for being the author of their wretched luxury."

Dr. Susan laughed cheerily. "I am delighted," she said. "It is the very place for a convalescent home, and oh, aunt, I know so many, many tired city girls who come out of the hospital after an illness without a place where they ought to lay their heads, or a chance of getting well. What we must do is to turn the old ladies out, change

the entire intention and bring some of my convalescents in. Aunt Henrietta, there are a great many more Old Ladies' Homes than are needed, and of Convalescent Homes for working girls there are sadly few. All that I can advise is that yours should right about face."

Miss Elliot looked doubtful. "I am afraid it can't be done," she said. The management would object."

"Leave it to me," said Dr. Susan.

In the fortnight that preceded Easter, the bright, chatty young doctor paid a great many visits to the old ladies. She dropped in upon them at luncheon. She called on them in their rooms, she talked of her work in the city, of young girls worn out with work in stifling factories, of girls slowly recovering after operations, of girls whose homes were in close rooms, shut in from air and light. Her enthusiasm was contagious. The old ladies were fired by it until their energy kindled into a flame. They entered with keen interest into a plan proposed by her.

On Easter Sunday morning all who wished attended church as usual, in the village. In the afternoon they were to have a musical service in the pleasant library of the Home. This was a function to which many good people came from the adjoining country. The players and singers came prepared to give the inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced elderly woman dressed in black, with a white kerchief crossed over her bosom and a white cap on her head—a woman whose air was dignified and look decided—rose in her place and addressed the meeting.

"You all know me," she said. "I am Mrs. Hiram Jones. There is hardly any one here except the visitors from the city who has not seen my house where I used to live, the yellow house that stands back from the street on the corner of Locust Avenue and Willow. My grandson lives there now. I am seventy years old, but I am able to do a day's work yet. I came to this Home in one of my weak moments. I was overpersuaded, and I admired Miss Elliot because she had the enterprise to start it, and because she was so liberal with the money her father left her.

"Now, I knew her father and her grandfather, and I knew if I came it would give the right stamp to the home and bring other respectable women here; but, dear friends and sisters, and reverend sir, we old ladies have been used to doing what we chose, when we chose, to washing blankets and hanging them out, to stepping down cellar and up garret as we liked, to cooking dinners, darning stockings, and looking after babies. We are grateful to Miss Elliot, but we've all made up our minds to make this Home of hers and ours an Easter offering to the good Lord. It's going to be our Easter offering, and we'll let her join in. Dr. Susan's been telling us about the girls who need this place, as we don't. Here," waving her hand toward the garden, Mrs. Jones went on, "are flowers and apple blossoms and soon there'll be strawberries and all sorts of garden truck. Here are the great mountains that the Lord made for sick folks to come to and get well. Here's everything on earth for convalescents and not a bit of expense, except to change the name over the front door, and we will pay for that, if Miss Elliot will let us. I move that before the benediction this congregation rise and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

The occasion was unique, and the event awakened no little comment. The old ladies had made their Easter offering with a willing mind, and they went back to their normal and lifelong conditions with hearts overflowing with happiness. As for the Convalescent's Home, it met a felt want, has turned out a great success, and at Wilberforce Junction the people are as proud of it as they were during its former state.

Miss Henrietta is reconciled to the change, and Dr. Susan feels herself a benefactor.



# Brilliant Close of the Women's Jubilee



Mrs. Champ Clark

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody

Mrs. T. C. Doremus

Miss Jennie V. Hughes

Mrs. Helen Barret Montgomery

WITH ever-increasing momentum the Woman's National Foreign Missionary Jubilee has swept across the continent and reaches its grand climax in New York City this week. Throughout the month of March, while Springfield, New Haven, Providence, Boston and Portland were in turn celebrating their local jubilees, New York had various kinds of preliminary meetings in anticipation of the great programme scheduled for the closing days of the month. Reports from other cities and towns stimulated the interest of the Eastern women. Speakers who were heard throughout the West and South paused "on the wing" as they took their flight into New England, to give the New York women added inspiration. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, originator of the Jubilee Movement, said, "These other meetings have been a series of dress rehearsals preparing for an unprecedented gathering in New York City."

The "Pageant of Missions" is the most striking and picturesque feature of the New York celebration. Nearly a thousand young people represent, by tableaux vivants and pantomime, the progress of womanhood during the past century. Three hundred women enter in silence, dressed in the costumes of various countries, representing the women in heathen lands one hundred years ago, before the message of Faith had been brought them by the

missionaries. To them comes a group of twenty-five angels, while an unseen choir sings sacred music. The women listen to the song and follow the angels. Other scenes show missionaries teaching a group of women at a well in a jungle in India; Bible women, nurses, and doctors outside a Chinese hospital; little children in gay kimonos in a Japanese kindergarten; a village street in Africa, with the natives being taught the use of sewing machines and instructed in other industrial occupations; a Turkish scene represents first the women of the harem, imprisoned body, mind and soul, then in contrast a graduating class of the American College for Girls in Constantinople receiving diplomas.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is the centre for praise and prayer services and conferences for workers. Nine denominations unite in the Metropolitan Jubilee, besides the national and local boards of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Woman's Union Missionary Society. This last-named missionary society, organized in New York in 1860 by Mrs. T. C. Doremus, was the first incorporated organization for religious work by American women for the women and children of heathen lands. The chairman of the executive committee, Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell, president of the Woman's Missionary Society, is a niece of Mrs. Doremus, of hallowed memory. A daughter of the founder is

serving as a vice-chairman of the executive committee. Many women prominent in New York's social and philanthropic circles are acting on committees, among them Miss Helen Miller Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage. Fifty-nine drawing rooms are offered for afternoon meetings attended by invitation. Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin and Miss Grace Dodge preside at the missionary luncheon to be held in three banquet halls of the Hotel Astor and in the Waldorf-Astoria and the Plaza, 5,000 women participating. The speakers announced are Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of Rochester, Miss Jennie V. Hughes of China, Dr. Mary Riggs Noble of India, Miss Hortense Long of Japan, Miss Elizabeth M. Strow of China, Dr. Mary E. Carleton of China, and the venerable Mrs. William Butler, the "Mother of Missions."

After all, it is not the \$1,000,000 for foreign missions that forms the highest aim of the women who conceived and carried to completion this remarkable movement; their greatest desire has been that the spiritual motive should be uppermost, and their petition is "That the jubilee may open the vision of those unaware of, or indifferent to, the things of the kingdom." Special prayer services have been held for two months, that the Divine blessing may be poured out in abundant measure upon those attending the closing Jubilee celebration.

MARY K. HYDE.

## A Kindergarten for the Master



Miss Agnes Brill

THE pastor of the Union Church, Corona, New York City, has found valuable assistance in the services of a kindergarten teacher and class which adds materially to the church attendance and to the spirit of the morning hour of worship. He found in visiting his parishioners that many mothers were hampered in going to church because of the "blessed" baby.

Miss Agnes Brill, who is enthusiastic over the "Day Nursery Idea," suggested a "Kindergarten Church" and volunteered her services to care for all babies during the church hour, excepting those brought in long clothes, which must be accompanied by a maid.

Miss Brill has had three years of kindergarten experience, having studied in the Froebel Normal Institute, and believes in setting free and training the spiritual powers inherent in child life. She believes in religious gifts and occupations for the young lest these innate tendencies always lie dormant. She has a magnetic and sweet personality, which attracts the littlest, and she is happy helping the child to think of Jesus, to obey God, and to control itself. The babies from two to six years of age are left with Miss Brill in the library room by the mothers on arriving at church, and are delivered back at the same place at the conclusion of the morning service. The children are taken to the infant classroom with its low seats. In their room they repeat the "Shepherd Psalm," sing songs and answer to the roll call (if they know their names). They are told Bible stories. The stories of Noah, Joseph, Samuel, David and Jesus delight them over and over again. "Dropping Pennies" is sung while they give an offering for Jesus, for they insist in that part of the church service. They are taught to pray, and some hear prayer for the first time. A sweet "Good-by Song" is sung when they part. Miss Brill now has two assistants, Miss Grace Shell and Miss Helen Peck, the pastor's daughter. W. J. P.

## OUR RISEN LORD

RING the bells, this Easter morning,  
RING them! ring them loud and clear!  
O'er the wide world let their echo  
Carry gladness, hope and cheer.  
Christ, the risen Christ above,  
Reigns supreme, the God of Love.

Death, the grave and all their powers  
Yield to Him, our risen Lord,  
As did winds and waves and demons  
To His all prevailing word!  
Great and marvelous His ways,  
Give Him glory! sing His praise.

Once the lowly Son of Mary,  
For our sins He gave His life!  
Now the Son of God, exalted  
Far above all earthly strife.  
Where the thorns once pierced His brow,  
Rests a crown of glory now.

Christ, our risen Lord, we honor,  
Love Him, laud Him evermore!  
He who took our curse upon Him,  
We will worship and adore.  
Jesus triumphed o'er the grave!  
Thus He proved His power to save.  
Passaic, N. J. JOHN M. MORSE.

## RUSSIA AND CHINA AT ODDS

—THE RUSSIAN foreign office at St. Petersburg recently instructed M. Korostovetz, its minister at Peking, to make verbal representations to the Chinese Government that would leave no doubt as to Russia's firm attitude concerning Russian consular and commercial privileges in Szechuan and Mongolia, as provided in the Russo-Chinese treaty of 1881. This is a sequel to the recent announcement that the foreign office was not satisfied with China's second reply to the Russian demand. Only the immediate compliance by China of her treaty obligations toward Russia can interrupt the advance of the army which is to occupy Kuluja. Two brigades of sharpshooters, four companies of Cossacks, two batteries of field guns, and eight batteries of machine guns were dispatched from Margelan, Turkestan, shortly after the receipt of China's second reply. The instructions which the foreign office telegraphed to-day to M. Korostovetz contain an ultimatum embodying two points—first, the reopening of Russian consulates at the points specified in the treaty of 1881, and second, the establishment of free trade in certain products, including tea.

## The Loftiest Pulpit in the World

THE Rev. Gerhard J. Schilling, District Missionary Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Bolivia, and at the same time pastor of the church at La Paz, has the distinction, it is believed, of preaching the Gospel from the highest pulpit in South America, if not in the world. His church is located more than twelve thousand feet above sea level. La Paz is romantically situated near some of the highest peaks of the continent, in a charming valley through which flows the Chuquapu River, which at La Paz is spanned by twenty bridges. The city has paved streets, handsome promenades, drives and parks and a fine climate.

Mr. Schilling is well adapted to his lofty parish, having a fine mental and scholastic training, a good constitution, a strong heart and superb digestion, and withal a contagious faith in the final victory of evangelical Christianity over all other faiths. He was born in Germany, converted in India, educated in theology at Drew, and has toiled as a missionary in Burma, Chile and Argentina under the Methodist Board. He is married and has the valiant assistance of his wife in the labors of this lofty parish, though deprived of the companionship of his children, as the lack of educational facilities has made it necessary for them to be sent to the United States. During each week Pastor Schilling preaches from the one pulpit to four congregations in English, German, Spanish and the native Indian language. Recently he has used the stereopticon in evening addresses on the "Birth and Youth of Jesus," "The Miracles of the Lord," "The Parables of the Lord," and "The Lord's Passion and Resurrection." The President of Bolivia has recently commended his work, referring especially to his influence over the young men of the country. W. J. P.



Rev. Gerhard J. Schilling



Tamot Porter







# OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

D. M., Clayton, N. M. I have read of the Chinese Bible. What kind of book is this Bible?

The Chinese Bible is a work which was compiled and partly composed by Confucius. It consists of five parts: (1) The *Yü-king*, a treatise on cosmogony; (2) The *Shu-king*, comprising the acts and maxims of Yao, Shun, and other ancient kings held in religious veneration; (3) The *Shi-king*, which contains 311 sacred poems; (4) The *I-king*, or book of rites, containing maxims and directions for everyday life and all conditions of men; (5) The *Chun-tien*, which is a history of Confucius' own times.

F. W. R., West Brookfield, Mass. Will you kindly inform me what the word "Sorosis" means? I have wondered why that name was chosen for a woman's club.

The word *Sorosis* means a compound fruit, resulting from the consolidation of a number of flowers, receptacles, bracts, etc., as the pineapple. The word seems to have been chosen arbitrarily when search was being made for a name that would not stand in the way of any object the club might later desire.

M. A. W. D., Nunda, N. Y. What is the best book on ancient tablets, inscriptions, etc., that throw light on the Bible?

You will find *Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible*, by Professor Driver (\$1.50; Oxford Press), or *Light From the East; or the Witness of the Monuments*, by C. J. Ball (\$6; Nelson & Co.), suitable for your purpose.

J. J. B., St. Paul, Minn. About what time were the Gospels written? How is it possible to fix the date?

It is a matter concerning which there are many differences of opinion among commentators. The growing impression is that they were written not later than A.D. 60 and possibly earlier. This is the latest conclusion arrived at by Professor Harnack, the distinguished German theological scholar. Others hold that all four Gospels were composed in the last half of the first century. The date cannot be fixed absolutely.

Mrs. M. N., New York. Who was the man who, when pressed by his enemies, hid in a cave, and when his foes came to hunt for him, they found the mouth of the cave closed by a spider's web? Was it a historical occurrence, or did it happen in Bible times?

The story is an untraceable legend. It is told of Mohammed when his life was sought by the Korashites. It is also told of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, but is repudiated by his biographers. No such story in the Bible.

G. B., Buffalo, N. Y. Was it customary for Jesus' disciples to wear swords? See John 18: 10.

There is nothing in the Gospels to warrant the assumption. Jesus had repeatedly told them that his kingdom was not a worldly but a spiritual one, and he had discouraged violence. Peter, apprehending personal danger to the Master, had procured a sword, which he no doubt kept concealed until the moment of the arrest in the garden, when he used it. The result, however, is sufficient evidence that he alone of all the disciple band resorted to the use of a weapon. The whole incident accords with Peter's character as a man of strong, resolute will and impulsiveness, even to the point of disobedience.

Mrs. M. E. C., Washington, D. C. What is meant to be conveyed in Isa. 63: 16? Of whom was Abraham ignorant and whom would Israel not acknowledge?

The Jews had wrongly rested on the mere fact of their descent from Abraham and Jacob; now, they renounce this and trust to God alone.

## Opportunities In Advertisements

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They appeal to him that even though the patriarchs—whose covenant with God they had forgotten and from whose simple faith they had strayed—should discover them in turn, they should not (see Ps. 49: 15 and 27: 10). They no longer claim the privileges arising from their patriarchal relationship, and regard themselves as unworthy of such an honor. The whole chapter is part of a penitential confession and prayer for restoration to Divine favor.

R. G., Bartlett, Texas. It is said that all the books of the New Testament are sacred, except four. Which four are they? Why are they not sacred?

In compiling what is known as the canon of Scripture, the authoritative councils of the church rejected many books which are now known as apocrypha, or of doubtful authority. That that remains of which we now have, and were accepted as authoritative and inspired. This includes not only the Gospels, but the Acts, which is a history of the doings of the apostles, the Epistles and Revelation. No one has authority to state that any one of these books are not of the character indicated.

M. J. H., Portland, Ark. Please explain Hebrews 10: 26.

It refers to deliberate and presumptuous sin committed after the person has been spiritually enlightened and with a full knowledge of its wickedness. It is sinning against the Spirit and against Christ's redemption. Only one who has been high can fall so low, and the offense—being that of a willful backslider who has already known the preciousness of God's grace and love—is far more heinous than that of one who has never had such an experience and who sins through ignorance.

## Miscellaneous

Superintendent S. C. Berry, County Board of Health, Tyndall, S. D., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, taking issue with the statement of Dr. Snow recently printed in these columns that anti-toxin does not cure diphtheria. He declares anti-toxin serum to be "the greatest remedy the medical profession has worked out in many years," and adds that practically the whole profession recognizes this.

T. R. J., Pen Argyle, Pa. 1. The books attributed to Moses have undergone revision at various times, as have all the other books of the Bible. In such revisions, there have doubtless been changes, after due comparison with the oldest records accessible. 2. The words printed in Italian in the Bible mean that they are put in the original Greek or Hebrew, but are put in the English text by the revisers and translators, to complete the obvious sense and thus render the full meaning.

E. L. S., Wye Mills, Md. The origin of the Devil and his fall from his once high estate, are matters concerning which whole volumes have been written, but they are largely legendary and speculative. We have no facts beyond what is contained in Scripture itself. That a Power of evil does exist in the world, making war on the souls of men, is beyond denial. It may be a part of the divine plan of developing the human race. There are many difficult things which cannot be fully explained in this life, and which we must await God's good time to make clear.

M. S. B., Taylor, S. C. How time was measured among the antediluvians is not known. It may have been by seasons, instead of by years as now. We cannot find any basis of fact for reckoning the ages of those who lived before the flood. That their ages were much greater than those who came afterwards is made evident from Gen. 6: 3, 5, 16 and other passages. Commentators have concluded that one of the reasons that contributed to men's exceeding wickedness before the Flood was their long lives, in which they had time and opportunity to do much evil.



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broidery, good Cambric drawers with 4-inch embroidered ruffles and pin tucks, and a fine Nainsook gown with embroidered yoke and lace-trimmed neck and sleeves. A typical Standard value. Give bust measure when ordering. This splendid \$2.00 outfit. Special **\$1.00**



**1403. Long Kimono** of good Scotch Lawn. Comes in Blue or Lavender in pretty floral pattern. The entire garment is edged with pretty buttonhole stitching. An exceptional bargain. Sizes 32 to 46. Excellent 75c value. Special **59c**



**3-Piece Combination \$1.98**

3011. A \$1.00 Waist and \$2.00 Skirt for \$1.98, and pretty lace-trimmed Petticoat free. Waist of good corded Madras, neatly patterned, and skirt of French Duck of excellent quality, black and white Shantung Plaid. A serviceable, attractive styled every day affair. The Petticoat is of good Cambric, neatly trimmed with Turlin lace and buckles, and is offered to introduce to Christian Herald readers our wonderful money saving values. Give bust measure, waist measure and skirt length in ordering. Guaranteed best \$3.00 value. Give bust, waist and skirt length. Special **\$1.98**

broinery, good Cambric drawers with 4-inch embroidered ruffles and pin tucks, and a fine Nainsook gown with embroidered yoke and lace-trimmed neck and sleeves. A typical Standard value. Give bust measure when ordering. This splendid \$2.00 outfit. Special **\$1.00**

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**325. Jany Two-Piece Sailor Dress** of splendid Hatter Lunon. Sailor style, with large square sailor collar of Blue Duck, daintily strapped with white. The blouse is trimmed to-match, and patch pocket is similarly styled. A matched sailor knot is provided. Buttons in front. Skirt is an Hatter fullness style, with delightful pleated around bottom. Skirted look with down length skirt of corresponding waist measure. A \$2.00 value. Special **\$1.98**

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**312. Pretty One-Piece Dress** of good Scotch Gingham in dainty corded plaid pattern. Blue lambs trim the yoke, cuffs, and grille and edge the bottom of the skirt. A plain, simple, easy-to-look-after style of pretty but serviceable material. Ais, and though remarkably inexpensive, it is carefully made and correctly sized and proportioned. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Good \$2.00 value. Special **\$1.49**

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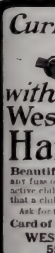
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Beautiful curls in a few minutes time and without any fuss or bother. Made of the latest material in an active child or harm the hair in any way. So easy to use that a child can curl her own hair.

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Davis Kleans E-Z-Dusters also line instead of scattering it. Chemically treated. Not only. So, stain and labor. Dusts and cleans, removes finger marks and leaves fine polish. Davis Kleans E-Z-Wash for the brush dust instantly. Agents Wanted. Write to

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Beautiful Easter Booklet—Bright verse from Bible for each day. Bound in attractive and gold. 20c. 25c per doz. Miss T. P. PETER, 36 Gramercy Park, N. Y. City.



## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

of "legitimate defense" was vigorously discussed at the World's Peace Congress last summer in Stockholm. It was said among other things: "If we pass the proposition, all the militarists of the world will quote the license to kill issued by the International Peace Congress as a complete vindication of their own operations." And so the matter did not come to vote, and was disposed of neatly by "taking up the previous question."

Appropos of the peace idea is the American Peace Society of Japan recently formed. One of the founders said: "A large number of Americans residing in Japan desire to unite in the great movement devoted to the advancement of peace and good understanding among the nations, and to give effect to this desire have assembled in the interest of their common purpose." A resolution was passed, which was in part as follows: "Resolved, that in our opinion the people of Japan have at all times entertained the most cordial and friendly sentiments towards the government and people of the United States, and that there never has been, and is not now, any feeling other than one of confidence and gratitude," etc. His Excellency Thomas J. O'Brien, American Ambassador to Japan, was present and made an address. Some of his words were as follows: "It seemed to me when I first heard of the intention of Americans in Japan to organize such a movement as this, that a most excellent work had been begun."

While the people of the United States are anxious for news and for something startling, at bottom they do love the truth, and in the end they will come out right side up in respect to this whole question. There is no cause under the sun why there should be misunderstandings between these two great countries." In referring to the settlement of national disputes through courts of arbitration, Mr. O'Brien said: "We may feel a distinct pride in the record of our country in this respect, and especially since our position, our sincerity, and our good faith have won for us the respect of other nations, and place us in better position, perhaps, than any other to forward a universal peace movement."

**In Charge of the Angels**

What a vast host of angels had charge over Elisha and his servant at Dothan! They easily outnumbered the Syrian host who had come up against God's servants. We have no way of estimating how great is the angelic host. When the apostle Peter unsheathed his sword in defense of the Lord Jesus, Jesus bade him put his sword again into its sheath, saying, "Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father and he shall even now send me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Somewhere near seventy-two thousand.) We realize how very close to earth these legions may come when we read about the captain of the host of the Lord speaking to Joshua in the night, outside the wall of Jericho, saying: "Put off thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy."

We may know how helpful the angelic host may be to man as we read the instructions given to David when he went out to fight against the Philistines: "And it shall be when thou hearest the sound of marching in the hearest of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself, for then is the Lord gone out before thee."

We may not know how many angels God has given charge over those who put their trust in him; but the promise leads us to think there stands a holy watcher by every friend of God. May God give to us each a vision of all he has in store for us to help us in this world, and to enrich us for eternity.



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To begin with, the Kauri gum in Jap-a-lac is expensive and pure. We could use rosin or Manilla gum—you couldn't tell the difference in the tin, but you could in the wear; so we send clear to New Zealand and import a "body" which will guarantee satisfaction to you and success for Jap-a-lac.

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We buy Jap-a-lac colors in Germany. Aniline dyes are far cheaper, but they fade, so we pay top prices for permanent colors, and even then we blend them in our own laboratories. Therefore, we can safely warrant that Jap-a-lac will never fade or change, and we can assure you that there isn't even a technical difference in the shade of the Jap-a-lac from one hundred different tins.

The oil in Jap-a-lac is always of the same gravity and the same flowing qualities. It must be 100 per cent. pure. After we get it from the refiners, we make it come up to our own standard of refinement and filter it through fifty thicknesses of cloth so that when it is pumped into the tanks, ready for mixing, a microscope can't detect an impurity in a gallon of it.

We use linseed and wood oils for Jap-a-lac. This blending is one of the Jap-a-lac's secrets of perfection. It produces a permanent elasticity and gloss and keeps Jap-a-lac from cracking or blistering. Good oil comes all the way from China; but we can't find an equally satisfactory oil nearer at hand so we ship it from the other end of the world "for goodness' sake."

You can't buy anything better than Jap-a-lac, and you aren't buying Jap-a-lac unless it is made by the Glidden Varnish Company. There is nothing that's the same. It's the best by test—by test of the years. Insist upon it. If you have used Jap-a-lac, you do—if you have not used Jap-a-lac, make your first trial to-day.

You require no skill or experience to secure satisfactory results. Any woman can have her home in tip-top shape with a little Jap-a-lac and a little time and a little intelligence.

## Here Are a Few of the Uses for JAP-A-LAC

**For hardwood floors.** No other finish is quite so enduring. It shows no heel marks or nail prints, and retains its high gloss for months.

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## EASTER

COLD was the East and gray,  
No sign of light;  
Suddenly breaks the day,  
Born of the night.

Deserted the wood and drear,  
No songster there;  
Suddenly robins appear,  
And violets everywhere.

Cold was life's sky and gray,  
Loveless, forlorn;  
Lo, from the Heaven a ray—  
True Love is born.

Doubt swept the soul garden bare,  
No faith had grew;  
Grim death forced the heart to despair,  
No bird of hope flew.

But out of the tomb for us all  
Christ rises benignant and strong;  
Faith flowers, hope sings at his call:  
Fragrance and light and song.

Topeka, Kan.

F. H. LANE.

## Answered Prayers

J. P. Teston, Can. "I prayed to God and he heard my daughter."

W. E. Carmen, Okla. "The heavenly Father has answered my prayer."

L. L. Morley, Mich. "I know God will answer prayer; he answered mine."

M. M. Hastings, Minn. "I am a schoolgirl; I love God; he answers my prayers."

Reader, Timberlake, N. C. "I have had many prayers answered. Praise God!"

A. L. S., Bridgeport, Kan. "I return thanks to my Saviour for answering prayer."

M. E. T., Independence, Kan. "I thank God for restoring me to health through prayer."

E. T. S., Roscoe, N. Y. "The good Lord has blessed me with health in answer to prayer."

E. J. R., Stillwater, Okla. "I prayed to get strong. God heard me and I am grateful."

W. C., Carlisle, Pa. "I believe in prayer. God has answered many prayers of mine."

E. B. F., Coventry, Conn., asks the prayers of readers for a son sick in the hospital.

J. H. F., Mangum, Okla. "The heavenly Father answers prayer; mine was heard."

F. S., West Virginia. "God has answered my prayers many times. Praise be to his name!"

B. A. A., Bedford City, Va. "I have been relieved from business troubles through prayer."

E. N., Bentonville, Ark. "I was relieved of a severe illness through prayer and I thank God."

V. H. K., Lancaster, Wis. "I am freed from a bad habit through God's kindness in answering prayer."

S. T., Pittsburg. "The loving Father has granted many of my prayers, and even gave me more than I asked."

A. W. C., Fallurris, Tex. "The Lord in his love and compassion has lifted a burden from my soul. I praise his name."

M. C. S., West Philadelphia. "I was delivered from temptation and enabled to overcome Satan by means of prayer."

## \$4.00 Silk Waists, \$1.98

The "Lady Muriel" is a wonderful waist, beautifully tailored just like illustration. Made of superb quality silk. Mesaline in blue and white, and black and white stripes. Also in plain navy, Copenhagen, brown, black and white, all the plain colors very daintily piped with white. A copy of an imported model recently from Paris.

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You cannot procure a waist that will in any way compare with this for less than \$4.00. Some stores would charge \$5.00. Our factory price, only \$1.98 prepaid to you. Don't hesitate—order today. Ask for the "Lady Muriel," stating size and color desired. Satisfaction or money—refunded.

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**MURRAY'S CHAMPEL TABLETS**  
Once Only, for trial  
A 25c box for 10c  
A. J. Dittman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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Get complete catalogue quickly and cheaply.  
25c. Kansas Post Card Co., Dept. 109, Topeka, Kan.

## A Bad Master

AN Arabic proverb says: "While the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you." Another proverb which deals also with this vital subject is: "Thy friend hath a friend and his friend hath a friend. Be discreet."

The maxims of all nations abound in injunctions to beware of the power of the tongue. Kingdoms have fallen through the careless utterances of kings and ministers; while it is equally true that through the honeyed eloquence of many a gifted tongue, great honors have come to its possessor, and vast reforms have been effected.

One of the most beautiful of the many rare qualities attributed to the model woman in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, is her discretion. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." No folly there—no scorn, no hatefulness. It is a charming picture.

A lady recently complained of the tendency to loquacity in the modern woman:

"I can count at least ten of my friends," she said, "who talk a perpetual stream, no matter where they are. The other day at an important luncheon, where many distinguished women were present, one of these guests, though by no means so famous or so interesting as were several others in the company, insisted upon dominating the entire conversation. We were told the opinions of her husband, the birthplaces of her children, and her own church, club, and other affiliations, with minute histories of each, most of which matter was utterly without interest to the other guests. Still, they could have enjoyed all this tattle, if it had only been told in a witty or sparkling manner; but there was hardly a laugh and surely not a thought of value, in all her talk, while her egotism and vanity were painful. The beautiful table with its generous hospitalities, the dainty toilets of the guests, and the general distinction of the gathering, counted for nothing. The party was spoiled through one woman's inordinate love of talking."

She had probably never heard quaint George Herbert's arraignment of such an one: "It is as greedy to talk all as to eat all the feast."

Even when there is no slander, no wrong disclosures, no profanity, such wholesale and selfish monopoly of the conversation surely partakes of the nature of sin, and is especially to be avoided. Not only women but men are subject to it, though their sex has been considered as less blameworthy in this respect. The wise server of Ecclesiastes uttered one of his best sayings when he bade us "Let your words be few."

In this matter, as in nearly everything else, there is a happy medium. Much evil has been wrought because of the failure to speak the right word at the right time. Let him who loves the Lord come forward and say so. Let him who espouses a noble cause give voice to his fealty, even in the face of ridicule and opposition. Let us not wait until our friends are dead to extol their virtues and tell them that we love them. There is a time to speak as well as a time to refrain from speaking.

The greatest sin that the tongue can commit is considered by some to be profanity; by others, to be lying. The first comes first in the decalogue. Perhaps the two are equally wicked in the sight of God.

Unkind criticism, hateful comments, may be placed next in the scale of importance.

Mrs. Stowe says: "Let us all resolve—first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good, a sin; third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise." This is good advice.

—Tonic of the Epworth League for Sunday, April 9. Texts: James 3: 5, 6, 8-10; Col. 4: 6; Ps. 34: 13.



## Put Yourself in His Place

THIS man inside the fire lines is watching his property burn. What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy?

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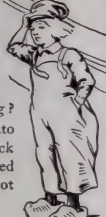


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Rain and frost get into every little grain and crack of the boards of an uncracked building and cause early rot and ruin.

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is simply charming."

Soft, easy, durable, neat, stylish; porous, hand-turned soles of Vel Kid. No lining to irritate and chafe; no breaking in necessary. Absolute comfort and fit guaranteed or money returned. Pillow-shoes rubber heels, all sizes. Write for free catalog and self-measuring blank. Customers everywhere.

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### Possibilities of a Backyard Garden

Continued from page 324

leaves being very effective when contrasted with the rich green of the parsley. Rhubarb, too, is an exceedingly picturesque plant, with its great, tropical-looking leaves. It is especially fine when, late in the season, it has matured and burst into great spikes of creamy bloom, and although this should not be allowed to happen as long as the stalks are wanted for use, it is by no means a bad idea to indulge oneself with the pleasure of its florescence when it has passed its season of usefulness.

The asparagus is also beautiful late in the season, when its feathery foliage is covered with scarlet berries. Not so much in the way of beauty can be claimed for currants and gooseberries and raspberries, but well-cared-for bushes and fruit of any kind are always attractive. If one wishes to grow a few bushes of blackberries and a bed of strawberries instead of melons and potatoes the ground allotted to these vegetables can be devoted to their use, and very good melons and cucumbers can be grown on the netting of the fence. The hills where they are planted should be made very rich with manure and the vines trained to the netting as soon as they begin to throw out tendrils. For cucumbers grown in this way the Japanese variety should be selected and for muskmelons choice should be made of Nettle Gem or Rocky Ford. All the vegetables and fruit on the left-hand side of the garden, with the exception of the beets, melons and cucumbers, are hardy perennials and represent a permanent investment. Parsley, rhubarb, raspberries, and asparagus are each good for many years, increasing in size and productiveness from season to season. In planting corn it is always well to plant two or more varieties, selecting some good early sort for first bearing and using Stowell's Evergreen for main crop, as there is no other corn that approaches this in quality. In very dry localities or where there is no water supply for irrigating purposes, it will be better to plant the dry-weather cauliflower, as this is quite certain to head and afford a most delicious table vegetable from early in the summer until hard frost. Corn, cauliflower, tomatoes, string beans, and peas may all be canned for winter, dried beans stored for winter use. Parsnips and salsify may remain in the ground until the following spring and carrots and beets be stored in boxes of earth in the cellar. Red peppers may be stuffed and canned, and so the garden will be in evidence the year round.

### MY PRAYER

LET me all turmoil shun,  
Let death as I begin,  
Forget that shadows grow,  
See only good and know  
That evil, if there be,  
Is that which finds its source in me.

Let me hear songs that live,  
The notes that jar forgive,  
Remember but the melody,  
Forget the discord, let me see  
That discord, if there discord be,  
Is something that was born of me.

Let me awake and know and find  
The dividends of being kind;  
Give me strength that by and by,  
When'er I mark the sinner's eye,  
I'll know the hardness of that stare  
As my reflection written there.

Let creeping age evolve in me  
More love, a deeper sympathy  
With kindred souls that here below  
Have quaffed with me the cup of woe;  
May light that made Christ's eyes to shine  
Dispel the clouds that darken mine.

And some day, Lord, some day, some where,  
When I shall lay the load I bear  
And stand in line, ranked soul on soul,  
With those redeemed from life's parole,  
May some voice answer, "Life were fair,  
Because I knew this comrade there."

DR. LA VERNE A. BARBER.



**"He reproached me for not giving him Sanatogen sooner."**

Sanatogen is a very pleasant nutrient and tonic, and extremely healthful in conditions of nervousness and poor digestion."

Hon. Geo. C. Perkins.  
U. S. Senator, Former Gov. of California, writes:

"I have found Sanatogen to be a very pleasant nutrient and tonic, and extremely healthful in conditions of nervousness and poor digestion."

Very Rev. William Theodore Capen, D.D., Minister of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Lexington, Mass., writes:

"I feel constrained to say that I have found my wife's appetite restored, and I feel that I have gained a great deal from the nervous system."

Hon. Wm. J. Stone, U. S. Senator from Missouri, Ex-Governor of Missouri, states:

"Sanatogen has been used in my family with good results. I feel assured that it will relieve to a considerable degree nervous troubles and prevent overwork. It is an excellent food tonic for building up the system."

Prof. Thos. B. Stillman, The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen is rendered complete with the greatest ease."

Many experiments made by me show that quick relief is obtained by its use, where nervous prostration and general debility are present."

### "He reproached me for not giving him Sanatogen sooner."

An incident that occurred in a doctor's office the other day. This man, so his doctor writes us, came to seek relief from nervous prostration—the usual story: nerves on the brink of starvation through overwork and business worry, poor appetite, bad digestion, and consequent mental depression. The doctor gave him some common-sense advice and ordered the use of Sanatogen.

Like thousands of other doctors, he knew that for a starved, debilitated, nervous system nothing could be more beneficial, for Sanatogen embodies the very essence of nerve substance, which the hungry cells absorb as eagerly as the parched earth absorbs water. And the patient rejuvenated by its life-giving effects, fortified by its reconstructive action, has but one regret: that of not having used it before. Could a more eloquent tribute be paid to the value of Sanatogen?

Does this episode contain any message to you? Are you in need of something to help your starved nerves—to give you fresh vigor, strength and fortitude? If so, write at once for "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," a valuable and readable essay by a physician who convincingly sets forth the needs of the nervous system during times of stress. Ask your doctor about Sanatogen—ask your druggist—do something toward obtaining the benefits of Sanatogen without further delay.

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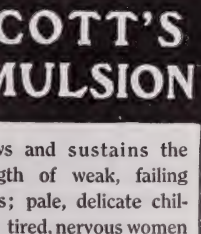
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We dedicate this periodical to the interests of our clients; its mission is to furnish them with interesting, authoritative and unbiased information on matters pertaining to investment.

The growth of our country, the development of our Industries and Public Utilities, the expansion of our Railroads, the upbuilding of our Municipalities and the problems of our economic evolution are illustrative of the topics that will be treated in our pages. Our contributors will be men who know.

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## Stability and Earning Power

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THE American Real Estate Company in the further extension of its business of New York real estate ownership and operation offers its direct contract obligations, paying 6% to investors. For 23 years it has been earning and paying 6% to thousands of investors and accumulating a Surplus of nearly \$2,000,000.

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FOUNDED 1888

Capital and Surplus, \$2,011,247.80

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## How Is Your Own Church?

Another Instalment of Letters on the All-absorbing Topic of the Spiritual Condition of our Churches

LETTERS from all parts of the country continue to come from church members and pastors, replying to the question recently propounded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. How is your own church? These letters, another instalment of which is given below, show how general is the interest awakened by this discussion.

### A Southern Church's Struggle

The church to which I belong, looked at from a material viewpoint, is in a fairly hopeful condition, but from a spiritual viewpoint it is not all we might desire. Yet the increase for five years past has been about ten per cent. annually in new converts. Our church is one of eight churches on the Iredell circuit, Western North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South. It is in the small village of Olin. You ask: "Is it making spiritual progress?" Not as much as we would like. Twenty-five per cent. are faithful. What is the remedy? A closer walk with God every day by all the membership; a family altar in every home; a place for private prayer, and reverent reading of the holy Scriptures every day, not merely as a duty, but as a privilege. The outlook is hopeful. Ringing utterances from pulpit and press indicate an earnest desire all along the line for a genuine revival. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing noble work in enlarging and making more tender the ties that bind all Christians together in this world.

Olin, N. C.

J. A. STIKELATHER.

### A Little Iowa's Church's Progress

Our church, of which I have been a member for the last forty years, is in the eastern part of Iowa, in Dubuque County, in the village of Zwingle. It was organized in 1853.

Many of our surviving members have moved to different localities. Since the death of our last pastor we have had supplies. Now we have a permanent minister. We have increased in membership and are still growing. The Gospel is preached regularly. Our Sunday School has an average attendance of between forty and fifty, and is a great help to the church. Most of our people are willing and generous. We did not have the opportunity to have any revivals in our church. I hope the time is not far distant when our Protestant churches will all be in harmony with each other. READER.

Zwingle, Ia.

### Live Church; Consecrated Pastor

Our auditorium is full every Sabbath morning, and in the evening they open the Sunday School hall to seat the people. The "White Temple" seats about two thousand when all the rooms are opened. We have a live church and a consecrated pastor.

Portland, Ore.

MISS A. S. COOPER.

### Revolutionized by a Revival

The First Presbyterian Church of Girard, O., was organized on August 10, 1909, with sixteen members, which was soon increased to thirty-five. The membership has increased to sixty-seven. The great revival held in Youngstown a year ago at which nearly 6,000 persons professed conversion, has revolutionized the religious sentiment in the Mahoning Valley. Decadence does not perch in eastern Ohio.

Girard, O.

W. J.

### The "Old-time Religion" Saves

Our church (M. E., South) is gaining in membership and has the sound Gospel preaching with the old-time faith. The spiritual condition is improving. More prayer has caused a change for the better. A number of the children have joined the church this year as a result of a good revival. The "old-time religion" is good enough for us.

W. A. L.

Shenandoah Junction, W. Va.

### Hopes a Revival May Help

I would like to write a few lines in regard to church matters as they now stand in the church I attend. I wish this church all success. When I first attended here, there was no settled pastor, and had not been for seventeen years and six months. Last July the church called Rev. William Quayle, of New York City, who settled here September 1, 1910. Since he came the church has picked up wonderfully. People who have not been in church for years have attended the services. I think the church will prosper materially and spiritually. We have been praying for this for some time. Our pastor preaches the good old religion—the Word of God right from the old Bible. Of course there is some opposition; the devil puts in his cloven foot sometimes and tries to stir things up; but God will take care of his own, if we

only put our trust in him. Our church, the Second Baptist Church, was organized in March, 1765. Elder Simeon Brown was the first pastor. He served this church for fifty years without a salary. There were nearly 500 members then. It is still called the "Mother Church." Now, my motto is, "We must do as good work for the cause of Christ as it did in the old days." We think it is making progress. A great revival has been started, and we hope it will spread all over the country.

North Stonington, Conn. Mrs. ———.

### A Church Reawakened by Revival

We have a population of between five and six thousand, a great number of whom are professing Christians; but the spiritual life seemed to be at a rather low ebb, and it was decided to try and revive the same. On October 2 the churches and Young Men's Christian Association, under the leadership of Evangelist John A. Davis, Singer F. A. Mills and Pianist G. W. Carr, opened an evangelistic meetings. These services did not close until Thanksgiving night, and the good that was accomplished can never be estimated. Sinners were saved, Christians reclaimed, cold and indifferent Christians warmed up, ministers enthused, and the churches put on new life.

Our church, the First Baptist, has a most excellent pastor, Rev. W. G. Russell. He is thoroughly orthodox and a splendid speaker, and the church was progressing under his ministry; but a spirit of coldness and neglect of public worship had existed for some years back which was hard to overcome. He entered heart and soul into the evangelistic meetings, and our church has been graciously blessed. On January 1 we witnessed the largest communion service the church has ever known; last Sunday the largest Sunday School; our prayer meetings have increased from a dozen or two to upwards of one hundred; the Young People's Society, which had been abandoned, has started again; we have become a witnessing and testifying people, and we have received into the church since December 1, fifty-one members, and there are still coming. EDNA MYERS.

Scottsdale, Pa.

### An Active Country Church

Our church is the First United Brethren. The pastor preaches a pure Gospel, and is fighting every appearance of evil of which our town is guilty. As a result of his efforts there have been over 120 accessions to the church in the past year, and many conversions. Our Sabbath School is increasing, having 330 in attendance. Prayer meetings and experience meetings are well attended. We are now in the midst of evangelistic services, which promise grand results.

E. A. CLIPPINGER.

Waynesboro, Pa.

### Danger in Spiritual Starvation

We need ministers who are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ and not afraid to give their life and service to the work. The church is the pillar and ground of the truth, and without that truth, the church will die; for we have a spiritual nature and must have spiritual meat. Now, too much time and expense are put in outward things, things that perish with the using, instead of doing our best to make men and women strong in the Lord. We are burdening the people with too many fine church buildings in one city or town, when we should all belong to the same household both in heaven and in earth. We allow those to rule who have not the spirit of Christ, and we waste money in the raising of money that are not becoming to Christians. The raising of money is not a test of the spiritual success of a church.

Carmen, Ohio.

WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

### Prayer the Church's Greatest Helper

Prayer has helped the churches of which I have been pastor more than anything else. The prayer meeting is the source of power. I have been in the Christian ministry for twenty years. My prayer meetings have never been what I desired them to be in attendance and interest; but I now feel that I have to some extent, at least, solved the prayer meeting problem. I am pastor of a church in Texas in a town of 5,000. My church has something of over 300 members. For six months the average attendance at prayer meeting had been nineteen. I bought a book of prayer meeting talks and used my first eleven weeks ago. That evening we had just fifteen at prayer meeting. At my last meeting two weeks ago we had ninety-five. During the last ten weeks we have had an average of twenty-five. Our prosperous prayer meeting has had a very beneficial influence on the church. Our Sunday School has doubled. The entire seating capacity of the church has been occupied at both services for five consecutive Sundays. PASTOR.

Hot Springs, Ark.

## AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

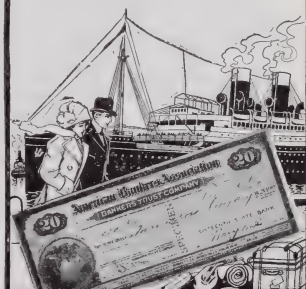
### Solve the Money Question

Experienced travelers pronounce the "A.B.A." Cheques the best form of funds ever carried, for use in Europe, America or in any other part of the world. Tourists returning from "world-round" trips report that their "A.B.A." Cheques met with ready acceptance even in remote parts and caused them to receive unexpected courtesies.

When supplied with these cheques you are protected against loss of your money; you have a means of identifying yourself to banks, hotels, ticket agents, merchants, etc., and you avoid delays and embarrassments in obtaining funds and paying accounts.

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Write to the Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall Street, New York, for interesting booklet "The Safest Cheque," and information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity.



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## THIS HANDSOME \$25.00 LINEN SUIT

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# The Birth of a College

THE quiet city of New London has shaken off the dust of more than two and a half centuries, and has renewed her youth. The occasion is the birth of a new woman's college.

Twenty odd years ago a quiet-mannered schoolmaster, Calvin S. Buell, principal of a high school for girls, began to dream of a college for the women of Connecticut. He suggested to one of the wealthy men of New London the need of an institution which would bring closer to the women of the southern section of New England the privileges of high education. The development of his thought was cut short by the death of this man, whose enthusiastic interest and ample means specially qualified him to become the friend of such an undertaking.

For several years the idea remained nothing more than a dream. But conditions soon arose which made the need of an institution for the higher education of woman apparent to the whole State. Wesleyan College barred women from its privileges. Soon after the newspapers announced this fact, the College Woman's Club of Hartford took the matter in hand and began a search for a location where the community would properly welcome a college for women. They found the heart of New London already warm in its regard for such a project. They found, too, a superb site, comprising 280 acres of land, overlooking several miles of the picturesque shores of the river Thames. The city of New London promptly voted \$50,000 toward the purchase of the site, and Mrs. Harriet A. Allyn, owner of fifty acres of the desired property, promptly offered it without price.

Later a citizens' committee was formed. A ten days' campaign was

decided on. Eleven men were selected as captains of teams, each team to be made up of five besides the captain. To these was committed the task of raising \$100,000 in ten days. Early and late these sixty-six men went from one end of the community to another. The money came rolling in. Each day at noon the workers came together and were served a simple lunch by the domestic science students of the New London Manual Training School. Each team reported the results of the twenty-four hours of work. These results were announced to the general public by means of a great illuminated clock placed on the front of one of the newspaper buildings, and a huge thermometer which commanded the attention of every one passing up and down the main business street. The fire alarm system was used to blow out in mighty blasts, at two o'clock each day, the number of thousands to which the grand total had mounted up. On the ninth day of the campaign \$104,000 had been gathered in. On the tenth and closing day a grand celebration was announced. The most spacious building in the city was secured. The prohibition was taken off of firecrackers, and Fourth of July celebrations were made to look pale alongside of the lurid lights which illuminated the city. At the public meeting about 4,000 people gathered to hear the final report, showing almost \$110,000 secured. Enthusiasm ran high. Brilliant speeches were made, interrupted by impulsive cheering and the blowing of horns. The climax was reached when the president of the Committee of Incorporation announced the receipt of a check for \$25,000 from Mr. Morton F. Plant, bringing the final total up to \$135,000.

## Among the Workers

—REV. F. R. MEYER, of London, is planning to give a week to Chicago under the auspices of the World Bible Institute, beginning June 4.

—TODAY UNIVERSITY, Upland, Ind., is in the midst of a notable revival. Professor Shaw is the preacher and many converts among the students are reported.

—EVANGELIST JAMES M. BUEWICK recently conducted some very successful meetings in Shaw Avenue Methodist Church, St. Louis, bringing many souls to salvation.

—MISS ELIZABETH L. GERHARD, 735 Warren Street, Hudson, N. Y., has just published a booklet from a pleasing little poem entitled *The Old Parsonage Knockers*. Price 25c.

—M. J. W. PORT ARTHUR, TEX., writes thanking the friends who offered her an invalid chair. Through the kindness of one friend, she has now been supplied.

—READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased at the announcement that the long and able services of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the well-known medical missionary of Labrador, have been recognized in the way of a knighthood conferred upon him by King George. Sir Wilfred has been for many years a valued contributor to our columns.

—A REVIVAL wave is sweeping the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., led by Evangelist Joseph H. H. Crockett. 435 professed conversions and eight saloons closed. A fine Young Men's Christian Association building is now being erected. At Selma 467 made professions of saving faith. At Turlock 505 repented. At Visalia 456 came to the altar, and it is proposed to close up the twenty saloons in the place.

—WHEN THE WINTER storms were the heaviest, shortly before New Year's, the Worcester Pressed Steel Company of Waynesburg, Pa., J. W. Munnell, superintendent, sent to the Bowery Mission a gift of 120 snow shovels and 12 sidewalk cleaners. They proved very serviceable to the Mission, and were the means of keeping a number of men steadily employed during the snow-clearing period. It was one of the most practical and timely gifts the Mission has had in several years and was greatly appreciated.

—A REMARKABLY successful revival has been in progress at Hobart, Ind., the leaders being Evangelists S. S. Thomas and Thomas Johns. The work resulted in a union meeting of Congregational, Swedish Methodist, German Methodist and Methodist churches. Interest spread

to the surrounding towns, and people came from Wheeler, Ross, Gary, East Gary, Valparaiso, Crown Point, Tollestoen, Evanston and other places. Nearly a dozen ministers, representing different denominations, took active part. Many professions of conversion are reported.

—MRS. M. P. BOYCE writes: "I have sent my CHRISTIAN HERALDS, after reading, to the Vermont State Prison, where there are nearly 300 prisoners. I have subscribed for a copy to be sent there every week. Will you not give a word of encouragement to men of that stamp in general?"—which we are very glad to do. Certainly, no better use could be made of an extra subscription.

—REV. J. B. KENDALL recently conducted a series of revival services in Palmer, Kan., that were attended with great success. W. W. Owen, who works with Mr. Kendall, took charge of the music and made it a rousing feature of the meetings. The interest was deep, and large numbers attended the services. Many men of mature years were among those led to Christ. The meetings were held under the auspices of three of the evangelical churches combined.—J. V. H.

—ON JANUARY 5, Mount Hermon Boys' School suffered a severe loss in the destruction by fire of Crossley Hall, the largest dormitory. The insurance money will not be more than half what is necessary to replace the building. We are appealing, therefore, for a fund of \$75,000 to enable us to begin construction at once. We believe there are many friends throughout the country who are in sympathy with Northfield and who will aid us in raising the amount necessary. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin M. Bulkiey, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, or to the undersigned at East Northfield, Mass.—W. R. Moody.

—SUPERINTENDENT H. C. EVA of the Home for Homeless Boys, New York City, makes report that during the last twelve months 510 boys have been cared for. They came from twenty-five different States. They came from hospitals, courts, bread lines, the parks, prisons, etc. Last year our readers sent a considerable amount of clothing for the homeless boys, which was greatly appreciated. There is great need of clothing at the present time. All gifts should be sent to 150 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York.



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We believe there should be at least 200,000 people in the Christian Herald Family who will desire to own this set, and we have accordingly made arrangements whereby we can supply the books at an unusual price and in a way that places them well within the reach of all. By reading these sermons you can acquire, at first hand, an understanding of religious affairs from the first to the twentieth century. This interesting library brings to you the eloquent sermons on many and various subjects of the learned ministers of past and present times so that you can enjoy them when you wish and as often as you like.

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# Christian Herald

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## Questions and Answers

Reader, Tennessee. Can a person become so sinful in this world as to get beyond God's willingness and power to save? If you think not, will you and your many readers pray for me? I feel as one completely in the power of evil and cut off from all communication with God.

There is none who can go beyond the reach of God's mercy. Jesus saves "to the uttermost" (Heb. 7: 25). Further, you may rest assured that the very fact that you are concerned about your condition is evidence that the Spirit is still striving with you. God will hear and answer the prayer of the earnest, penitent heart. Christ's offering of himself was once for all who accept him; and his intercession, which is continuous, assures us that we cannot be separated from his love if we take him into our hearts and lives.

G. B. C., Gomez, Texas. Please explain Matt. 12: 45, 46, 47.

It was the illustration descriptive of a spiritually decadent generation. Their hearts had been partly turned to the Lord by John's ministry, and they had the opportunity to receive Christ and live; but they neglected it, and so gave themselves over anew to sin and became worse than at first. They sinned deliberately, having already had the light and having rejected it. The number seven here is symbolical of completeness, as showing the thoroughness of the change.

A. B. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. In your magazine of January 11, Mrs. J. B. J., South Delahoe, Pa., asks: "Are there any descendants of Rechab living to-day, and keeping the vow made to Jonadab?" We will venture to say in reply: Yes, probably there are. When a boy, I heard that Dr. Wolfe, converted Jew, a great scholar and traveler—when traveling in the East, came in contact with a tribe different from the Bedouin Arabs, who in answer to questions by Dr. Wolfe, replied: "We are Rechabites, descended from Jonadab, son of Rechab" (Jer. 35). We drink no wine, and live in tents, and not in houses." Dr. Wolfe visited them in their tents, and found that in them Jer. 35 is being fulfilled literally.

We might add to the above that Signor Pierotti in 1862 was reported to have found a tribe near the Dead Sea calling themselves by the name of Rechabites. They were probably descended from Talmudical Jews, and their claim to be Rechabites in reality was regarded as extremely doubtful. We believe there is a modern temperance organization bearing the name, but only as a symbol and making no claim of descent.

U. E. M., Moon's Corner, Mass. 1. Who was the author of "The Arabian Nights" next to godliness? 2. Can you tell why Paul, after his conversation, went to Arabia and stayed there three years?

1. It is found in the *Berachta*, a translation of the Mishna (code of Jewish laws) by Rafael de Sola. 2. Nothing definite is known as to his sojourn in Arabia, where he went after leaving Damascus. It has been suggested that he visited Mount Sinai. The probability is that he simply sought seclusion for a time to prepare himself by prayer, meditation and study of the Scriptures for the work before him.

R. N., Bridgeport, Conn. When were the first attempts made to Christianize China, and how many Chinese are Christians to-day?

Attempts to Christianize China were made by the Nestorians as early as the sixth century, but little or no progress was made until the advent of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, who were the first in the field. Probably less than 2,000,000.

W. W., Philadelphia. How can we reconcile recognition of friends in heaven, when a father dies at thirty-seven years and the son lives to seventy years or more?

We can have no adequate conception of the character of the spiritual body of which Paul tells us (see I. Cor. 15: 44-53). If we assume that the mind or conscious intelligence remains young, and further, that individual consciousness or identity is continued in the future life, as Scripture clearly implies, we may here find a clue to recognition. David believed this (see II. Sam. 12: 23). It is useless, however, to speculate on the manner of such recognition. In Jesus' parable of Dives and Lazarus (see Luke 16: 28) recognition is clearly implied. (See also Rev. 6: 9, 10; I. Thess. 4: 13-18; Heb. 12: 17; Matt. 8: 11; Eph. 3: 16.) All Scripture on the subject gives assurance of the preservation of identity, but in what form and how distinguished is not disclosed. Certainly,

Continued on last column

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, 188 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

## Questions and Answers

Continued from first column

if we shall know the saints in heaven, there is no reason to doubt that we shall know our dear ones who are there, no matter at what age they died. Mother and father will know child, brother know sister, friend know friend.

A. V., Bogota, N. J. Why does Paul write to the Corinthian Church (I. Cor. 5: 8) that they were not to keep the feast with the old leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth? Why do the Protestant churches use leavened bread for the symbol of his body, when leaven in the Bible is almost universally a figure of corruption or evil?

1. The "old leaven" of which Paul wrote was the remnant of heathenish and natural corruption. As the Jews used great care in searching their houses and purging out every particle of leaven at Passover time, so the true Christian must search out and purify his heart from the leaven of sin. 2. In the Lutheran and some churches of Protestant denominations unleavened bread is used. It certainly would be more accordant with Scripture to use it than leavened bread.

F. Y., Hobart, N. Y. Where is the highest and largest building in the world?

Your question involves two answers, as the highest building is not the largest. The tallest building ever erected is the Metropolitan Life Building in Madison Square, New York City, which is 700 feet and one inch high, and has fifty stories. The largest structure put up by the hands of man is the great pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt. Its original dimensions at the base were 754 feet square and its perpendicular height 448 feet. It was commenced 2170 B. C., or about the birth of Abraham; 330,000 men were engaged upon it; over 5,000,000 tons of hewn rock were used in its construction. The cost of this great work in our money at the present time would be almost \$200,000,000.

S. F., Ventura, Calif., and W. R. C., Tampa, Fla. Who was the first Pope of the Roman Catholic Church?

As far as is known, Bishop Siricius, who was the chief primate from 384 to 399 A.D., was the first to use the word Pope as a title. After the fifth century it came into more general use and after the seventh century gradually disappeared from ecclesiastical language for every other ecclesiastical dignity except that of the Bishop of Rome.

### Miscellaneous

G. M. R., Lamar, N. C. The preaching of Scripture is clear that not until the coming of Christ will his kingdom be established throughout the whole world. But we know "his kingdom come," and it is our duty as it should be our joy to work for the extension of his kingdom now. This does not conflict with any of the passages you quote.

J. A. G., Cleveland, O., and Clark Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., take exception to certain comments in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the recent drop in high prices, which they construe as a reflection on the business honesty of the retailers generally. Nothing was further from the purpose of the article. The statements of prices quoted were current in the newspaper press generally. One of these writers states that damaged eggs do not find their way into retail stores. This is not quite correct, as abundant observation convinces us. However, we gladly acquit the retailers as a class of causing the high prices. They were doubtless the victims of circumstances, just as much as the consumers were.

R. E. L., Washington, D. C. A service of songs, under proper arrangement, is something which many churches now give in lieu of the regular sermon and it is an agreeable change. We cannot consider a "praise service" occasionally as out of place in any church. It is important, however, to draw the line between a mere concert and a selection of such music as properly lends such an occasion. A series of elegant solos or chorals or performances that may go with a flourish on week days are not necessarily adapted to a Sunday song service. The phrase "sacred concert" has been so much abused that it has come to mean anything but sacred. The song service should be reverent and suitable to the day and the place, otherwise it is an offense. Besides, it should afford the congregation an opportunity to unite with the choir to a reasonable extent. Nor should all of the regular service be omitted, but only that part of it for which the song service is the substitute.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Granary in an African Village

"The Orient" as It Will Be Presented at the Coming Missionary Exposition

Arab Passenger Carrier



## FOR A GREAT MISSIONARY EXPOSITION

A WORLD'S FAIR of most unique character and distinctively religious purpose is to open in Boston on April 22 and continue to May 20. It will be known as "The World in Boston," and will be the first great missionary exposition held in America. As a new phase of the significant missionary movement which is meeting such a splendid response throughout the United States, the project is attracting unusual attention. The Exposition will be a definite and organized attempt to present the work of missions, home as well as foreign, in such a way that all visitors will have their interest aroused. This is to be done by making a powerful appeal to the eye. Through the organ of sight, much more receptive to impression than the ear, it is expected to visualize the mission fields, stimulate imagination, arouse sympathy, and by bringing to the public the things which are out of sight, and usually also out of mind, impress them with the importance and the magnitude of the great enterprise of Christian missions.

While the Exposition will be for those who attend church regularly or occasionally, and who cannot see the mission fields for themselves, it is especially intended for the tens of thousands of indifferent people, the non-churchgoers, the men and women who are well-meaning, but indifferent to missionary work, because they are ignorant of it. "The World in Boston" will provide something for such people to see: things of color and beauty, in great variety, full of life and action and altogether new to them. The exhibits, it is expected, will attract and hold the interest of thousands of visitors long enough for a lasting impression to be made upon their minds.

Hitherto England has led in missionary expositions. Many have been held throughout Great Britain and with such good results that the forthcoming one in Boston has been planned along similar lines, especially has it been patterned after the most successful and largest, "The Orient in London," which was held in the British metropolis in 1908. The services of the Rev. A. M. Gardner, who organized that Exposition, have been obtained as General Secretary of "The World in Boston." The Mechanics Building, a great structure especially built for such undertakings and enterprises, and in which automobile and similar shows are held annually, has been selected for the Exposition.

A guarantee fund of \$60,000 was raised before any steps were taken to build up the splendid organization which now exists. It is not the expectation of the trustees that there will be a profit. They do, however, expect to clear all expenses and repay to



A Scene in Eskimo Land



A Missionary Teacher in Africa



A Typical Chinese Street

the guarantors the money which they advanced. In case there should be a profit, it will be turned over to the Young People's Missionary Movement.

The main floor of the Exposition Hall will be occupied by scenes and courts representing every land where mission work is carried on; the purpose being to show the native life untouched by Christianity; the conditions under which missionaries work in each non-Christian land; and the effect and influence of Christianity upon non-Christian people, with some idea of the progress which Christian missions are making throughout the world. A brief outline of what a visitor may see will give some idea of the various scenes to be represented. Directly at the main entrance will be a Japanese street with characteristic shops on each side, and beyond a typical Japanese scene, with a garden and tea-house, a temple with torii before it, and other structures of true Japanese architecture. Upon the walls surrounding the scene will be painted glimpses of Japanese scenery, so true to originals that any one looking upon them might well fancy himself in the Flowery Kingdom. Beyond the Japanese section will be a Chinese village. India and Africa will be shown in the same way, and considerable space will be given to representations of life in various Mohammedan lands.

Six large spaces will be devoted to home missions. One section will represent mission work among American Indians. Here will be an Indian tepee, and to show the progress which Christianity is making among the original peoples of America, there will be a reproduction of the Christian Indian chapel at Tucson, Ariz.

Adjoining this scene visitors will find a large section devoted to educational and industrial work among the negroes of the Southern States. Starting with the representation of a slave-ship, the wonderful progress of the Negro race will be shown.

Tableaux and moving pictures will have a part in this most unique world's fair. The great musical feature will be the "Pageant of Darkness and Light"—a musical drama or oratorio of historic events in the history of missions. It is made up of five episodes of the North, East, South, and West, with a final triumphal episode. It includes the discovery of Livingstone by Stanley in Central Africa; the sacrifice of widows in India upon the funeral pyre; the defiance by Kapiolani, the Christian queen of Hawaii, of Pele, the heathen goddess of the Lake of Fire, etc. Two hundred people will participate in each episode and 5,000 choristers and participants are being enrolled for the pageant.

FRANK W. HAROLD.



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY  
Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.\*



## PASSING BY

TEXT—Luke 18:37  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"

SOMEbody has said that St. Luke's is the Gospel of humanity—that it is here that you find Jesus as a great Physician, here you see him as a helper. Here you behold him going here, there and everywhere on errands of mercy. Here he is speaking in parables. Here you behold him working miracles to raise the sick and the dead. Therefore it is called the Gospel of humanity. I suppose you know the setting of the text. Our Master is on his way to Jericho. Multitudes of beggars throng the way in these days. I had to fight my way into Jericho. I had actually to battle with the people to get into Gethsemane. They thronged us on every side. This was especially true in the days of Jesus. A blind beggar sat by the wayside. He heard that the Master was coming, and long before you could have seen him with your eyes, he heard him as the blind only can hear. Springing to his feet when he knew that Jesus was approaching, he cried out, saying, "Tell me, who is coming?" And some one, to quiet his cries, speaks in the words of the text: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

### The Fact of Christ

And he is still passing by. He is the central figure in history. Take him away, and you have lost the keystone of the arch; lose sight of him, and the foundation-stone is gone; take him away, and peace departs; lose the vision of him, and there is no pardon. He is still passing by. I suppose there is scarcely an intelligent person in the country who would not say that he accepts him, at least as the historic Christ. We know that he existed. It is as easy to prove that Jesus Christ came into this world and lived and suffered and died, as to prove that George Washington lived and died, or to prove that any man of renown connected with history lived and died. But the question is not so much his existence. The question is as to whether or no we will accept his claim that he was not only a man, but the Son of God as well. If he existed we know what he claimed for himself, and by all that he said, by all that he did, by all that he was, we believe him to be equal with God the Father in power and authority.

I was once speaking on this subject in a Western city, and a gentleman came to me at the close and said, "Yes, but he may have been deceived." "Oh," I said, "you mean to say that he was a fanatic." "No," said he, "hardly that, but he may have been deceived when he made his claim." I had a little Bible in my hand; holding it up I said to him, "I do not know whether you own a Bible, but if you will take mine and read through the New Testament, and can find one single place in the New Testament where anything that Jesus said, any system of morals he taught, any doctrine he proclaimed, was anything but the sanest message that the world has ever heard—if you can prove it otherwise, then I shall be perfectly willing to resign my position and take yours." "No, sir," he said, "I will not take your Bible, for I have one; but I will read it."

### But Where Is He?

He came back to me about a week later, and told me that he had spent a good part of the week going over all the sayings of Jesus. He said, "I laid aside my agnosticism. I put aside for a moment my questioning. I simply read with an open mind." Reaching out his hand to take mine, he said, "I have to come to tell you that I believe Jesus was all that he claimed to be." And you will come to believe it if you can turn away for the time being from the arguments of men, turn away from your prejudices, turn away from your sin and consider him. He is the Son of God. "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But where is he? I know where he is. He is at the right hand of God. This seems like a contradiction of the text, does it not? Speaking very rapidly, one evening, in my own church, I found, after I had gone a sentence or two along, that I had made a great mistake. I said that Jesus is standing at the right hand of God; but he is not. The priests of earth stand, and they stand because theirs is an unfinished work; but he, our blessed Redeemer, after he had fulfilled all the conditions, after he had offered himself as a sacrifice for you and for me, made his way up into the presence of the Father and sat down. His is a finished work. All you need

to do if you would turn away from sin, all that you need to do if you will repent of wrongdoing, is to lay hold upon him and his finished work.

If the text seems a contradiction, may I read another Scripture to you? It is the 14th chapter of St. John, 16th, 17th and 18th verses. My text says: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." But I have just stated that he is seated at the right hand of God. Now, how do you reconcile the two statements? Listen—16th verse: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; (17th) even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Then the 18th verse: "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you." So he is at the right hand of God, seated; but he is here, in the person of the Holy Spirit of God, moving in the singing, stirring in the speaking, quickening your memory, holding up before you your own sense of need, and then speaking to you as only God can speak, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

### How Is He Passing By?

He is passing by in the impression that has been made upon you in some evangelistic meeting. He is making his presence known in the singing. You could not persuade me that as we pass up and down the streets, and hear a snatch of a song yonder, and a bit of a whistle of a tune there, that it is simply because the music may be catchy and fascinating. I know why men have been singing, "He will not let my soul be lost." I know why they have been saying over and over, "He will hold me fast." This is the reason: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He is making his presence known in the pleadings of your mother. A little while ago you would have laughed at the tears, the pleadings, of your wife or your friend. To-day your mother's tears move you as no power of preaching can stir you. It is Jesus of Nazareth passing by.

Going through the northern part of the United States, we stopped at a certain city just to receive two of our special workers. Two thousand people, I suppose, came to say farewell to the parting evangelists, and to offer a word of greeting to us. Just as we were about to move out, the engineer stepped up on the rear platform. I was introduced to him. A friend said he was not a Christian. I besought him to yield to Christ. He said, "What shall I do, sir?" And I said, "Announce to these two thousand people here that you have become a Christian." "Well, sir," he said, "I could not speak myself, but you speak it." So I told them the engineer of our train had become a Christian. Later we were thundering away in the darkness up toward the North, and the engineer came back in the train, and he said, "I have had two Presidents of the United States as passengers in my time. President Theodore Roosevelt and President Grant I took through this country, but this is the first time in all my career that I have ever had the Saviour with me. I have got him, I have got him."

They told me that many of his train crew came to Christ. Why was it, do you think? I utterly disclaim any influence I might have had. I deprecate the power of any other man who may have spoken to him. I know why he came. They say that when he went to kiss his wife good-by the day he came down to take our train out, she threw her arms around his neck, and pulling his head down close to hers, she said, "Oh, my husband, I wish you were a Christian. The meetings have closed, and you are not saved." And then she said, with a sob, "It would be an awful thing for us to journey together here, and not yonder." When I saw the engineer, he said to me, "Do you know, it was my wife's sob. It was her tears." "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

### From Darkness to Light

I bring you, in a word, the picture of the blind man who sat in his blindness, as some of you sit in your blindness to-night. He could not see. When I plead with you in the name of Jesus, when I call out to you to repent, I declare on the authority of the Bible that forgiveness is yours, pardon is yours, peace is yours all for the claiming. He could only feel. And he put feeling in the right place. Some

of you have been saying, over and over, that you would become Christians if you were possessed of a certain kind of feeling, which you never could have until you do become Christians. All that the blind man could do was just to feel his need.

He could not see, he could not understand. But he heard that Jesus was near, and he stepped out into what seemed to be the blackness of darkness, and behold, it was light. Whittier says, "The steps of faith fall on the seeming void and find the rock beneath." And that is the way men come to God—out of the darkness—and then it is light. All men come that way.

### In the Name of Jesus

Now I close my message by saying just a word or two on this question. What if you should not call upon him? If you do not, you cannot pray. I read in the Bible that there is only one name, and that is the name of Jesus. I read in God's Book that all petitions must be offered in his name. I read in my Bible that it is through his merit, and because of him, that I may cry to God. In the days of our Civil War a soldier was hurrying over the battlefield, and he saw a soldier who was dying, and stooped down to help him. The dying man said to him, "I wish I could do something for you. The only thing I could do would be to dictate a note to my father. You write it, and I will sign it." All the soldier had was an old, soiled envelope, so he took it out and the boy dictated this note: "Dear father: I am dying at the close of the battle. My friend, So-and-So, is helping me. If ever he should come to you, you help him." And then the boy took the pen in his fast-stiffening fingers, and wrote this, "For Charlie's sake." The war ended. The father of that boy was a great judge in one of our American cities. One day the soldier with the soiled envelope came into his office. The clerks would not let him in to see the judge. They said, "The judge is busy. You cannot see him." He waited on the outside.

Pretty soon the door opened, and the judge was hurrying past him, when the soldier stepped out with this soiled envelope. The judge thought it was the plea of a beggar, and waved him to one side. But the soldier stepped forward again and held the note up. And the father saw his boy's name, "For Charlie's sake." He turned and looked again. Then he threw his arms around the soldier, and said, "You come back into my office." He burst into tears, and said, "Everything I have is yours. You may live in my home. You may have the advantage of my position. You may have the aid of my money that comes with my position." The name did it. And I know the name:

Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

It has filled heaven with music and earth with peace and joy. And if you say, "I will not take him," then I cannot see how you can pray. If you do not call upon him your life will be a failure. You are a young lawyer, but you will be a failure without Jesus. You are a master musician, but you will be a failure without Jesus. You are a man of education, or a woman of culture, but you will fail without Jesus. He is passing by. One of three things you must do with him, and I ask you, which of these will you do? You may be indifferent to him, but it would seem to me that a man must have a heart of stone if he could be indifferent to Jesus. All that makes life worth living you got from him. You may reject him, but you will be hopeless if you reject him. You may accept him, and if you take him, pardon is yours; and if you will claim him, peace is yours; and if you will lay hold upon him forgiveness is yours. Every sin blotted out. Every transgression put away. You may accept him.

What means this eager, anxious throng,  
Which moves with busy haste along?  
In accents hushed, the throng reply,  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

And if you still this call refuse,  
And all his wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will he lightly from you turn,  
Your bitter cry for pardon urn.  
Too late! Too late! will be the cry,  
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

\* Rev. Dr. Chapman (Presby.) is America's leading evangelist.



## China's Famine

HOW the wolf of famine threatens—  
Threatens face to face—  
Nearer, ever nearer presses—  
Coming on apace.  
Till they see his eye-balls gleaming  
And his fangs they feel:  
While before their senseless idols  
They in blindness kneel.

Little babes with bony fingers—  
Once their mother's pride—  
Pleading for their wanted succor—  
Must they be denied?  
Oh! the agony of mothers  
At that hunger-cry:  
Nothing they can do to help them—  
Only see them die!

Little children sold for money  
Ere they know their name—  
Sold to lives of bitter sorrow,  
Lives of sin and shame;  
Shall we see God's little children  
Sold for lust and gold?  
See their lives so early blighted—  
Filled with grief untold?

Is there naught for us, O Christians?  
Naught that we can do?  
If we cannot save a million,  
Shall we save a few?  
Oh the splendor of a jewel  
That our hands can bring,  
When it sparkles with the glory  
Of our Lord and King.  
Pittsfield, Me. Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

## From Him That Hath Not

By EUGENE THWING

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON encouraged the negro business men to greater enterprise by quoting at their recent league convention the familiar maxim, "To him that hath shall be given." He omitted the other half—that seemingly harsh and cruel assertion, "and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

One of the newspapers, commenting said on conditions which seem to prove the truth of the latter assertion, said:

Poor little peoples all around the world, how fast the few things you have are being taken away from you! The Koreans lose the last shred of their ancient liberty. The Egyptians feel the tightening grip of the lion's paw, and the half-free Finns are being borne down to complete servitude. India had little left but a measure of free speech, and that is being restricted. In our own land, the negro's precious gift of equal liberty, constitutionally guaranteed, eludes his grasp with the enactment of some new grandfather clause or Jim Crow law every year; and even his right to work at a trade is being steadily taken away from him by the extension of white trade unions in the South.

"Even that which he hath!" It is a hard fate for a poor man to lose that. Is there no way out of the ancient condemnation—out of that judgment which says that the rich man shall be ever richer, and the poor ever poorer? Perhaps there is not. Yet this is to be said—the conscience of the world, in this age, refuses to embrace any such doctrine of despair. It has reached a stage in human development where it is nearly ready, to say the least, to cease taking from the man who has little even that which he hath. The social mind has awakened. If there is any escape from the curse, some day mankind will try to find it.

FEW Bible texts are more often misunderstood than this one. It is not a curse nor a doctrine of despair; it is merely a statement of fact, calculated, if rightly understood, to come as a challenge and a spur to high endeavor. There is nothing harsh nor cruel about God's dealings with men. He is not a ruthless despoiler. Weakness and misfortune call out his tenderness. "The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench." But God has no patience with idleness and neglect of opportunity, whether of individuals or of nations. The command, "Take the talent from him and give it to him that hath ten talents," was not cruelty to an unfortunate, but punishment of a "wicked and slothful" servant.

THE talent which is not used is taken away; the strength which is not exercised melts into weakness; the opportunity which is not grasped slips beyond reach. "From him that hath not [improved the talent given him] shall be taken even that which he hath."

There is a vital meaning for every one of us in this Oriental aphorism. We have precious talents which sometimes we fail to recognize and use. At best we hold them lightly. In the strenuous life of to-day things assume wrong proportions and wrong relations. We magnify trifles; we exert ourselves tremendously over non-essentials. Like the prophet of Ahab, we are very "busy here and there" with tasks that don't count for much, and golden opportunities for the enrichment and exaltation of life slip by and are gone; talents for service and blessing to mankind are undeveloped and are taken from us; precious moments which might be crowded with treasure to last for all eternity pass out, empty of good, to accumulate a record of blame for the last day.

THE ringing challenge comes to us, "To him that hath shall be given," as a result, only, of using to the utmost what he hath, "and he shall have more abundance." Take an inventory; look up the neglected talents—what there is left of them—and bring them into the market-place, that the Lord when he comes may have his own with usury, and that we, until he comes, may have the joy of more abundant possession, with the greater power it gives us for blessing those about us.

"YOU have our firm regard and friendship in your dark moments," wrote one friend to another at a time of severe trial, when it seemed that the only possible consolation was warm brotherly sympathy. And the friend wrote back his heartfelt gratitude for the sympathy, but added this somewhat unusual statement: "There are no dark moments, my dear friend. At the worst they are only *dim*. It was *dim* this morning before the rain clouds and fog were burned up by the shining sun overhead. It was always bright above them, and now it's bright clear down to the ground. If the Lord 'makes his face shine upon you and gives you peace' how can there be dark days? I used to say over and over again from morning to night that verse from the forty-second Psalm, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.' That was some time ago, when I thought the days were dark, and I was trying to crowd down my doubt and complaining and grow a stock of faith, hoping for future brightness. Now I've almost forgotten that verse, because I don't say it over to myself any more. I've moved on a few verses in the same Psalm beyond the one that reads 'all thy waves and billows are gone over me,' and I think most of the verse that has come to be so definitely real in my case: 'Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me.' He has commanded his loving kindness in the daytime; and you, dear fellow, have been one of his messengers to convey it to me by your sympathy and love. His song is with me in the night, and the night is not dark. 'If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day.' The time is past when I can say only 'I shall yet praise him.' I do praise him now, in the night."

## He Careth

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are  
dim?  
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
Around His throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss, untroubled by any strife,  
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me.  
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;  
When the lights die down in the path I take;  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;  
When love and music, that once did bless,  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers—  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that heart above;  
He fights for me when I cannot fight;  
He comforts me in the gloom of night;  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;  
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;  
The sorrow that bowed me down He hears,  
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from His throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with His love.  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for He is nigh.  
Can it be trouble which He doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord doth care.

## Traveling in a Far Country

WRITING from the Tehri Border Village Mission at Landour, Himalayas, Rev. William Greet tells of the adventures, successes and reverses incidental to the work in his distant field.

"Tehri is a native-ruled State, comprising about 5,000 square miles of mountains, on whose steep and rugged sides are villages, estimated at 3,000. Landour is the principal market town for the greater part of the State, and from it, as our headquarters, we can reach by foot-tracks, often most precipitous, some one hundred and fifty of these villages.

"We were very glad to find that the advance portions of the Tehri Garhwal Gospel proved a success not only with those who speak the central patois, but with the dandy-men of Mussoorie, who come from so many different parts of the State. In spite of the many local differences, the language is readily recognized as their own. This is a hard field, but we are happy to have been enabled to give its people a translation of the Gospel, even if we are not the ones to do the reaping here. The new book, the first of any kind in their language, is the main object of interest in our present tours.

"The winter's touring, so far, has been marked by more friendliness on the part of the people toward us than ever before. Everywhere they have brought us handfuls of parched grain or some kind of food as a sort of welcome. They sat in the sun at our tent door, and at night we frequently had groups of men in our tent around the brazier of wood embers, discussing everything with us.

"Of little adventures incidental to mountain touring we have had our usual share. It would interest friends if we could snap off some of the little scenes and curious positions that we find ourselves in. At the entrance to one village was a wooden bridge, a roughly flattened tree about one foot wide and some twenty feet long, of course without fencing of any kind, and spanning a stream rushing between the rocks some fifteen feet below. The two men who were carrying Mrs. Greet in her sling-dandy just walked on over it as if it were nothing worse than any other foot-wide track, and baby followed in his box on the back of his coolie."

## An Inspiring Life

I received the calendar and photograph, and yesterday the book, *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*. They are all splendid. The book alone is worth more than the two dollars. I prize it more than I can tell, as I have been deeply interested in the great work Dr. Klopsch has been doing for years. I loved him dearly, and the photograph will be an inspiration to me to do greater things. J. W. W. Burlington, Ia.



# New York's Factory Fire Horror

Over 140 Shirt-waist Workers, Mostly Women and Girls, Perish in Conflagration

ONE of the most terrible conflagrations New York City has ever witnessed occurred on the evening of Saturday, March 25, and involved a loss of upwards of 140 human lives. There are in New York City some 12,000 factories, in which over 700,000 workers, chiefly women, are employed; yet notwithstanding the building reforms of recent years, it is claimed that not more than one building in twelve is fireproof or adequately supplied with means of saving life in a conflagration. It was in a building of this class—the large ten-story structure, Nos. 23-29 Washington Place, on the corner of Greene street, that the latest disaster occurred. The upper floors of the building were occupied as workrooms and offices by the Triangle Shirtwaist Company. From some cause still unknown, fire broke out just about the time of closing work for the day. It may have been smouldering for hours undetected. The hundreds of shirtwaist makers had just been paid, and were preparing to go home, when smoke began to make itself felt on the eighth and ninth floors.\* Panic instantly followed. There was a rush for the two elevators, a hurried gathering of wraps and hats, a shrill shrieking of alarmed women and girls. The men tried their best to stem the frantic rush for the elevators and stairways, and shouted words of warning to the girls who made a dash for the windows. Dense clouds of smoke poured out of the windows of the three upper stories.

## The Mad Rush to Escape

An alarm had been sent out and the firemen were soon on the scene, but the tragedy was already under full headway. Frenzied girls began to leap from the windows only to meet certain death on the sidewalk below. Over fifty met their fate in this terrible manner, horrifying the crowd of spectators who assembled to watch the fire. So great was the height that neither fire-nets nor ladders could save the victims. Some of the poor creatures fell with such force as to break through the basement vault lights of glass and steel on the sidewalk. Most of the women were on the ninth floor. The Shirtwaist Company had on its payroll over eight hundred, including cutters, fitters and machine operatives of various kinds. All around the workrooms were piles of light material used in making shirtwaists, quantities of wrapping paper and card signs, all of which added ready fuel to the flames. Some of the survivors say that the light cotton fabrics, which hung from rods and lines, flashed up like celluloid.

Meanwhile the elevators were working rapidly, carrying about twenty down to safety on each trip. There was a fierce struggle every time an elevator started. Some of those who could not get on board owing to the crush, seized the cable attempting to slide down to safety, but few could retain their hold and they fell headlong down the shaft, to meet death at the bottom.

Had it not been for the panic, many more might have escaped by the roof. As it was, a considerable number found safety by that means.

## Leaping to Certain Death

On the eighth floor of the building, where the fire seems to have started, flaming sheets of light cotton fabric were whirled upward through the stairways and fell among the operators on the ninth floor, where four hundred girls were at work at sewing machines. So suddenly were they enveloped by the flames that few had opportunity to even think of escape. Scores of bodies were found by the firemen on this floor lying near the

windows, while many others met their death by frantically hurling themselves to the street below. The tenth floor, which was the last to catch fire, was filled with crates, boxes, bales of cloth and card-board stock. Here the flames raged like a furnace.

There were many narrow escapes. One girl, Anna Dougherty, who had been among the first to find safety by way of the stairs, was rendered temporarily insane by fright. With clothing torn and hair flying, she ran toward Broadway, hysterically shrieking, "Don't let them hurt me! Don't let them hurt me!" Shoppers near Astor Place were startled, as they

Doubtless many of the poor girls who met their death by jumping from the windows were rendered insane by fear before they took the fatal leap. Spectators in the street could see them huddled in white-faced groups while the flames seemed to envelop them. Some who leaped did so with hair and clothing ablaze. They had simply been hemmed in and all avenues of escape cut off before they sprang out of the inferno into the air vainly hoping to be caught by someone below. Several men on the street attempted to save lives by catching the leaping girls in a horse blanket. They formed a ring and held the blanket

When at last the fire began to die down and the firemen commenced to take out the bodies, a great crowd estimated at over 100,000, filled the streets in front of the burned building. Many of them were relatives of the victims. As the firemen and ambulance surgeons proceeded with their rescue work, many pitiful scenes took place when victims were identified by mothers, fathers or brothers. Two girls were found alive and breathing on one of the floors, under a pile of dead; both died later in the hospital. One man was found at the bottom of the elevator shaft, alive and half-submerged in water. Joseph Zito and Joseph Gaspari, the two elevator men, proved themselves real heroes. Through their splendid courage they saved scores of girls who would certainly have perished but for their help. After the last trips they staggered out of the elevators with clothing ablaze and faces and hands literally roasted by fire. Their conduct receives on all sides the highest praise.

## Taking Out the Dead

All night and all day Sunday the firemen and police continued to take out bodies from the building. The last two to be taken out were those of two young girls who were found in the sub-cellar and who were among those who leaped from the windows. Their bodies had gone clean through the glass and iron sidewalks to the cellar below. Twenty-four of the rescued were taken to the city hospitals suffering from serious injuries and some of them are expected to die. The bodies of the unidentified dead were placed in the same rough wooden coffins that were used for the victims of the *Slocum* steamer disaster, several years ago. About sixty bodies remained unidentified, many being so badly burned as to be beyond recognition.

The District Attorney has already begun an investigation into the causes leading to the disaster and it promises to be thorough. It is unquestionable that the building was inadequately supplied with facilities for escaping fire. Many of those who perished were the sole support of relatives, and Mayor Gaynor has issued a call for relief to aid the bereaved families. A large majority of the employees were foreigners, including Poles, Russians, Bohemians, Germans and Italians, and a considerable number were Jewish.

## Sad Scenes at the Morgue

At the improvised morgue on the Charities Pier on East Twenty-sixth Street, the bodies of the unidentified victims were visited by thousands on Sunday, including many friends who wished to identify their missing ones. The doctors, however, believed that except in a few cases identification would be almost impossible, the flame having not only destroyed the clothing but burned the victims out of all semblance to humanity.

Fifty subpoenas have been issued by the fire marshal for the coming investigation. The firemen found fifty bodies piled up against the door on the ninth floor. Whether the doors were locked or not at the time of the fire will be developed by the official inquiry. It is supposed that the first rush in the mad effort to escape was made toward these stairways, and that, finding escape in that direction impossible, the frantic victims surged to the windows leading to the fire escape in such numbers that that flimsy structure soon gave way, as already stated.

A majority of the victims were young girls. Of those identified up to Monday, 16 were men and nearly 70 were women, 50 of them of ages ranging from fourteen to twenty.



The New York Shirtwaist Factory in Which Over 140 Perished by Fire

knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted a few blocks off. She was taken to a drug store, and after quieting down told the story of the panic of the girls, who did not know which way to turn. Some ran to the rear where there was a single fire-escape, but it soon collapsed under their weight; others rushed to the elevators and stairs and still others, frenzied with terror, huddled at the windows. This girl fell to the floor and would undoubtedly have perished had not an office-boy half dragged her to the roof where, when she saw the open sky and felt the cool air, she fell on her knees and offered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

while others shouted directions to the girls. One frantic creature was seen at a ninth-story window ready to leap. She lifted her eyes toward heaven as if in mute prayer for help, and then, with a loud scream, she jumped. Her slender body shot swiftly downward and struck the blanket with such force that it went through it as though it had been a sheet of linen, and the young life was crushed out on the stone sidewalk. Hardly had she struck when a companion leaped and shared the same horrible fate. The two lay together, a mass of broken bones on the pavement. At this time girls were leaping from the other stories. Cries of warning from the street were of no avail.



# STRIVING FOR PEACE IN MEXICO



Photo by Editorial News Co.

Lieutenant Foulois and Aviator Parmalee Flying Over the Encampment at San Antonio, Texas

THE political aspects of the Mexican revolution and the great mobilization of United States troops in Texas have recently belittled the results of the actual fighting that has been done. At Washington it has been admitted in the Presidential circle that the present army manoeuvres along the Mexican border are taking place at the request of President Diaz of Mexico. The Mexican Government feels itself entirely competent to deal with the situation, if the neutrality of the neighboring American territory is strictly preserved. President Diaz asked for the enforcement of these neutrality laws, evidently without any expectation of the vast demonstration which has resulted. In Mexico the results of this massing of the troops seem to have been a greater unsettling of conditions. Anti-American feeling is strong in many parts of Mexico, and the press of all Latin America has joined in the cry, "Anything rather than American occupation." Reports which have escaped the censors claim that President Diaz has broken entirely with the association which is composed of the great bankers of Mexico City. They keenly resent his inviting outside interference.

This fear of international hostilities is entirely on the Mexican side of the border. Though the officers in the various divisions of the United States Army near the frontier have continually expressed their belief that the public was being kept in the dark as to the final aim of the mobilization, it has been announced at Washington that only some open isolation of international peace conditions by the Mexicans can start any real trouble. All Washington is laughing at the idea of a Mexican-Japanese alliance. The existence of any treaty other than a commerce agreement has been emphatically denied by both countries.

President Taft told the Japanese Ambassador, whom he had requested to call, that he was much pleased by the promptness with which Japan denied the existence of any treaty with Mexico. In reply to questions on the subject, Mr. Taft said, "There certainly cannot be the slightest basis for talk like this. I know of my personal knowledge that never within my recollection were the relations between the United States and Japan more friendly than at the present time, and war talk more absurd."

The operations of the revolutionists have been carried on with more semblance of organized warfare. They have succeeded in placing the city of Chihuahua in a complete state of siege. Food has become scarce and prices have soared to almost unbelievable figures. The fortunes of war seem to award victory to each side in about even proportions. The insurrectionist forces of General Sanchez's command have succeeded in cutting all communication with the city of Ojinaga. General Madero has gathered his troops near Juarez and the five hundred federalists there fear he is planning an attack. Dispatches from other points tell of disaffection in the insurgent ranks and the retreat of the main body that has been operating just south of the Arizona border.

For a few days the hope of all who wish for peace centred on Señor José Limantour, Mexico's Financial Minister. Señor Limantour left New York for Mexico City in great haste, and it was believed that he carried proposals from the representatives of the revolutionists. The party in Mexico which has only recently broken with the Diaz régime, as well as the political malcontents in the field, looked to Señor Limantour as a possible peace agent. He has inaugurated previous reforms in Mexico, and has no doubt returned there for the purpose of attempting reforms that will satisfy the revolutionists. His arrival in Mexico City, however, was attended by general disappointment, as he then stated that his plans in no way included any negotiations with the Madero faction while it was still under arms. The third day after his arrival, admitting that Mexico is facing a crisis even greater than he had believed, Minister of Finance Limantour said that the administration had no definite plans for the solution of the problems confronting the government, and had no alternative but to continue its military programme. Notwithstanding the government's aggressive attitude, reforms which were intended to remedy the alleged grievances were under consideration. The most important of these reforms was that relative to the revision of the electoral laws.

The operations in the American camps only a few hundred miles north of the border have been of the regular training-camp order. General target practice has been carried out and the various branches

of the troops have been put at hard training, that they may be "in every way prepared for the field."

The training of recruits is being pushed forward with all speed. The regular troops are being inured to long marches under war conditions. The various brigades are being ordered on practice marches and general training expeditions. On all these "hikes," as the soldiers call them, the baggage is reduced to the smallest possible war equipment. The soldier's pack under these conditions contains twenty pounds of ammunition, and a shelter tent in addition to the regular items. The first section to go on one of these expeditions was the first brigade of the division, composed of the eleventh, fifteenth and eighteenth infantry regiments, under command of Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, to march to Leon Springs. The distance is twenty-five miles northwest of San Antonio and the brigade will probably remain away from the manoeuvre camp for one week.

Because of the scarcity of water in the vicinity of San Antonio there will be no extended manoeuvre drills of the entire division, and the belief is growing among the army officers that if the moves on the diplomatic chess board result in re-establishing peace in Mexico the troops concentrated there will be immediately ordered to return to the various military posts throughout the United States.

The most interesting development in the manoeuvre camp is the brilliant success that has attended the tests of an army aeroplane scouting under conditions approximating those of actual warfare. In the first trial Lieutenant B. D. Foulois, of the Signal Corps, and Philip O. Parmalee, the aviator, flew from the division encampment to Leon Springs, delivered a message to a theoretical division and returned. The time taken was one hour and forty-five minutes. The distance flown was twenty-six miles going and thirty miles coming back; the elevation from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet the entire time.

The flight from the field began at fifteen minutes after three o'clock and the return was at five o'clock. The aeroplane landed just behind its hangar as quietly and calmly as a bird, and the two men were by no means disheveled, as they would have been from a thirty-mile cross country trip in an automobile.

Putting Together the Camp Bakeshop

Photo by Editorial News Co.

Messing Under Difficulties Just After Arrival in Camp







# OUR EDITORIAL FOR



LOUIS KLOPSCH, Late Editor and Proprietor

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## The Progress of Arbitration

THOUGH great reforms may move slowly, they move none the less surely. In recent years arbitration has made progress, even amid stress and opposition. It is therefore significant at a time when war talk is rife, and when the great nations are busy adding to their fleets and their armaments, that the movement for the promotion of peace should have received its strongest impulse and its most convincing presentation from an unexpected quarter. In a speech in the British Parliament a few days ago, Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sounded a note that lifted the peace discussion far above the level of ordinary parliamentary debate. He advanced the principle so often proclaimed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that no dispute can possibly arise between civilized nations which is incapable of adjustment by judicial arbitration. He did not plead for a treaty that would bind certain powers against certain other powers, as two countries might agree to general arbitration on all questions arising between them without entering into any offensive or defensive alliance. His able argument found an eloquent echo in the leading churches throughout Great Britain and has awakened the hope that his example may be followed by statesmen elsewhere. France is ready for a step in the same direction, and other nations will follow.

Thus by foregleams increasing in number and emphasis we may note the tide of public sentiment setting in peaceward. The enlightened races are beginning to realize that if our boasted Christianity and civilization be worth a snap of the fingers, they should lead us in the direction of goodwill and peace among men. Of course, the path may be a long one and it will not be without its obstacles, for there are still many who hold with Bismarck that "pointed bullets are better than pointed speeches"; but the intelligence of two great continents is rapidly coming to the conclusion that war is the greatest of all crimes, that force is no remedy for national evils, and that the so-called science of war is sowing to reap the "devil's harvest."

We rejoice that the Church and its allied organizations are taking a united stand in favor of general arbitration. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing over 15,000,000 members, has put on record the declaration that "war is evil and that Christian nations should determine by obligatory arbitration the international differences which cannot be settled by diplomacy. For Christian States in the twentieth century to refuse to arbitrate and to insist on war will be to bring reproach on the Christian name." To this is added their united approval of proposals "looking to a general arbitration treaty between the United States, Great Britain and other nations." Sunday, April 2, was observed as "Arbitration Sunday" by all the American Churches and simultaneously by the British Churches. When the next Peace Conference meets at The Hague, we hope to see the results of the influence of the Christian Church felt in its sessions. From now on its place should be in the very front of the great movement which is spreading throughout the civilized world, to put an end to war by the establishment of an international Peace Court with power to enforce its decisions.

## Shakespeare's Laurels

FOR nearly three centuries, Shakespeare has sat enthroned as one of the great princes of the world's literature. Time and again, the efforts of cranks and detractors to give his laurels to another have been exploded and exposed to ridicule. Repeatedly has the cry of "impostor" been echoed around the world by those who claim that Bacon and not Shakespeare wrote the works which bear the latter's name. Since Ignatius Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram*, in which, twenty years ago, he endeavored to prove Bacon's authorship, many others have entered the field of controversy. The latest is an Englishman, Dr. Orville Owen, who is digging in the bed of the river Wye at Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, under extraordinary difficulties, in the belief and hope that he will find proofs that not only did

Bacon write the works of Shakespeare and many other famous books, but that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth. The doctor contends that the proofs were hidden by Bacon himself, who gave in cipher, in an edition of Sir Philip Sidney's *Acadia*, an account of his act. Doubtless the result will prove that Dr. Owen's enthusiasm and energy are misdirected and wasted. Shakespeare has worn his mantle of fame so long, and it fits him so well, that it would look altogether out of place if draped around another. His laurels are not in danger, nor are they likely to be jeopardized by anything that may be found under the river with the interrogative name.

## The Bible in Illinois Schools

SOME time ago the Supreme Court of Illinois rendered a decision excluding the Bible from the public schools of that State. That this was a distinct step backward in a moral sense has now become convincingly evident, and the Chicago Presbytery, reflecting the views not only of that denomination, but of thoughtful citizens generally, has addressed a petition to the Supreme Court praying for a reconsideration of its decision. In the petition it is pointed out that present conditions in Chicago are such as to demand the strengthening of moral education at every point. They cite the fact that seven other States have declared that the Bible is not a sectarian book, and that the Illinois court alone enjoys the doubtful distinction of pronouncing it sectarian as a whole. The petition also shows that, in four instances at least, the rulings of the Court are opposed to previous renderings by the same tribunal; and finally, that its decision is in direct conflict with that of the United States Supreme Court, and if carried to its logical conclusion would abolish religious exercises in connection with all bodies enjoying any measure of State support. It concludes with the general statement that it is a contravention of all precedents. This is a fair and accurate presentation of the case. It has been a matter of surprise to many that no steps have been taken to have the decision reviewed; but the action of the Chicago Presbytery is in that direction. To strip our schools of that moral training of which the Bible is the universally recognized expositor, is to deprive our children of the basis which is essential to all development of character and to send them out into the battle of life burdened with a heavy handicap.

## Dr. Jowett's Stirring Message

AMERICANS will soon judge for themselves as to the quality of the utterances of the Rev. J. H. Jowett, the great English preacher who now occupies the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. This church for three years in succession has urged its claims upon him and has at last persuaded him to undertake the pastorate. His personality and magnetism are already familiar to many Americans who have had the privilege of listening to him at Northfield. In his farewell sermon in Birmingham, he told his people something about the message he would bring to America. The words are so striking and beautiful that they are worth repeating:

I came to Carrs Lane with very much fear and trembling, and I brought a Gospel that I have proved. How vividly I remember the Sunday morning when my ministry began, and I came down to conduct the first service. Every nerve in my body was stretched and strained. My soul was the kindling place of countless timidity and countless fears, but I had no doubt about my Gospel. I very humbly and I very gladly believe that with the passage of these sixteen years the Gospel I preached has gained in height and depth and length and breadth, and that I have been privileged by the help of your fellowship, of your affection, of your constant forbearance and your many prayers, to enter more intimately into the love of God that passeth knowledge. That love lays hold upon me today with a stronger grip than ever, and with that Gospel I finish my work at Carrs Lane, and with that same Gospel I shall begin my work in New York. Now, that is all I want to say about myself.

These words came from the modesty, the self-effacement of a spiritual mind. But there was a clarion-blast at the close of that farewell sermon,

which deserves to be heard throughout the world. This was his eloquent conclusion:

We are not ambitious, if we are Christians, for something outside us; we are ambitious to realize something within us. We are never going to golden streets in heaven unless there are first of all golden streets in our souls. The golden streets of paradise are first of all to be found in the radiant highways of the spirit, and the pearls gates of paradise are first of all to be found in pure, lustre motives that open out into rooms and fields of unselfish service. No one is going to have anything worth calling a harp in glory who has not already harped music in his own soul. But these things are symbols not of a heaven outside, but of a heaven within. And the only crown I covet is a crown of glory, which is a crown of life.

The supreme ambition of the apostle Paul was for a certain quality of soul, a certain nature, quality, beauty, of life. I want to ask you, what ambition you would place alongside this? What is there to be named in comparison with it? I suppose that when we reach our fiftieth birthday, there are many things that once concerned us that begin to look very little. When we reach even the prime of our life, there are certain things that begin to drop away as unworthy of a man's ambition and endeavor. Mere easiness, idleness, dissipation, money has fewer and fewer markets as we get older. Fame turns tawdry, like street decorations after the rain. In every other kind of ambition "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." But the apostolic ambition lives on, and endures, and is satisfying—the ambition which has partnership in the promises of Christ, which has fellowship with the heart of Christ, which seeks to become clothed in the glory of Christ.

## Items of Interest

—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced that the tercentenary celebration of the Authorized or King James' Version of the English Bible would be observed in London on March 21-26. The celebration will be marked by a series of religious and social events. A fine display of Bibles was on exhibition in the British Museum. There was a reception at Buckingham Palace to a deputation from British and Foreign Bible Societies. The Archbishop of Canterbury represented the various Protestant denominations of the kingdom. King George was presented with a specially bound copy of the Bible; he expressed his thanks and appreciation in a few apt sentences, in which he emphasized the glorious privilege the people secured in obtaining the right and power to search themselves for the truths and consolation of faith.

—ANTIQUEMANS excavating in Abyssinia have recently uncovered the remains of a city which it is believed flourished more than 2,000 years before the Christian era. The ruins of a vast temple of the Sun have been brought to light, and it is believed that the temple was built by the famous Pharaoh Amenhotep III. The ruins just laid bare are a part of that mighty and renowned city of the early time. There are no cities or even towns in Abyssinia-Ethiopia to-day, but long before the time of Solomon this country boasted magnificent piles of masonry, the splendors of which have never been surpassed, forming vast centres of population to which flocked men and women from every quarter of the then known world.

—ENGLAND and FRANCE have recently brought pressure to bear on the government of Liberia to compel the passage of several reform measures by its Congress. Due to many serious faults in the judicial system of the land it has been impossible for the government to borrow from the great European bankers. Foreign capital invested there has not been considered safe. A visit from Roland P. Walker, Liberia's former financial representative, to Monrovia convinced President Barclay and his Cabinet that the judicial reforms must be enacted, and the boundary disputes settled. According to the recent decision the French boundary has been permanently established and the rich district of Kanre Lahun becomes a part of the British Empire in exchange for \$20,000 and a strip of territory of about one-fifth the size of the British colony of Sierra Leone. At the next session of Congress the entire judicial system will be reformed.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## The Panama Canal Locks

COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, made an address on the stupendous work which he has undertaken, which has been printed in the *National Geographic Magazine*. He has this to say of the locks which form so important a part in this gigantic undertaking: "The canal which is now building consists of a sea-level entrance channel from the sea through Limon Bay to Gatun, about seven miles long, 500 feet bottom width and 41 feet deep at mean tide. At Gatun the 85-foot lake level is obtained by a dam across the valley. The lake is confined on the Pacific side by a dam between the hills at Pedro Miguel, 32 miles away. The lake thus formed will have an area of 164 square miles and a channel depth of not less than 45 feet at normal stage. At Gatun ships will pass from the sea to the lake level, and vice versa, by three locks in flight. On the Pacific side there will be one lift of 30 feet at Pedro Miguel to a small lake held at 55 feet above sea level by dams at Miraflores, where two lifts overcome the difference of level to the sea. The channel between the locks on the Pacific side will be 500 feet wide at the bottom and 45 feet deep, and below the Miraflores locks the sea-level section, about eight miles in length, will be 500 feet wide at the bottom and 45 feet deep at mean tide. The Pedro Miguel locks connect the summit or 86-foot level with the 55-foot level. The excavation for the locks, amounting to 770,000 cubic yards, is completed, and of the 837,400 cubic yards of concrete required for their construction, 57 per cent. is completed. The west dam connects the head of the locks with the hills to the northwest and performs the same function at the south end of the lake that the Gatun dam does at the north. It is to be of earth, about 1,400 feet long, 40 feet wide at the top, which will be at reference 107 above mean tide, and have side slopes of 8:1. It will be subjected to a maximum head of 40 feet, though the average head is from 25 to 30 feet. In its construction two rock piles are formed; between these two masses of material (from which an existing stratum of gravel was removed) selected material will be placed properly puddled and rolled. This central portion will have a thickness of 140 feet at the bottom. Concrete core walls will connect the dam with the hill and lock. The dam, which contains about 1,000,000 cubic yards, is 26 per cent. completed. The natural surface of the ground from the east wall to an adjacent hill is above the upper level, but it is to some extent impervious to water. To cut off any possible flow, the lock wall is returned toward the hill, with which it will be connected by a concrete core wall." This gigantic undertaking is worthy of the genius, ability and resources of our great country, and will be one of the greatest monuments of modern times. It will increase the commerce, good fellowship and religious love of the nations of the earth. The perfect sanitation, the cutting of this river through dry land, the preservation of fountains of fresh water, and the local and universal blessings promised, materialize the vision of the prophet, in which rivers were cut through dry land and fountains of refreshment formed.

I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. (Isa. 41: 18.)

## Charged \$313 for Prayers

There is a report of a singular suit in the Superior Court of Springfield, Mass., claiming some \$300 or more for religious services rendered. The bill of particulars claims \$13 for the prayer offered when the man was on his deathbed and \$6 a week for fifty weeks for repeating daily in the synagogue the Kaddish or prayers for the repose of the man's soul. The Jewish rabbi or Christian minister has a right to reasonable compensation for his service, but this cold-blooded plan of \$13 a prayer for the dying man and \$6 a week for prayers for his spirit has such a metallic sound that it shocks the soul. Fortunately such rude greed upon the part of rabbi, priest

or minister is exceptional, and yet avarice is so cunning that religious teachers of high standing and widespread influence have not always been proof against it. The claim of the purchase of God's favor for money is a blasphemy shocking beyond all expression. What a rebuke is administered to this thought where Peter says:

Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. (Acts 8: 20.)

## Twenty Year Term

The Bible and Newspaper recorded the murder of her only son by Mrs. Melber, who forced a deadly acid down his throat, a cold night in January, near Albany, N. Y. We hoped that the plea of insanity which her lawyer made would be sustained, and that an insane asylum instead of a prison would receive her. The jury, however, found her guilty, and a minimum sentence of twenty years of hard labor in Auburn prison and a maximum of incarceration for life was the sentence imposed upon her by Judge Howard. The jury was no doubt just in holding

there burst sweet music from the throats of many song birds. The chorus filled every room and the effect upon the mourners was magical. The melody came from an immense cage containing one hundred birds of rare plumage and song. Mr. Hubbard was a great lover of birds, and they knew and loved him strangely in return, and for this reason they were allowed to sing the requiem. Mr. Hubbard was a good man and his going was not the end but the beginning of life, and the chorus of the birds was no doubt answered by the angel choirs as he passed out of the winter into the springtime of everlasting life, beauty and song. The Scriptural description of spring is typical of the realm into which he went.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come. (Solomon's Song 2: 11, 12.)

## Trolley Car Safety Appliances

In compliance with orders from the Public Service Commission, the surface car companies of New York City in the past two years have expended \$250,000 equipping their cars with wheel-guards and fenders. Altogether 6,350 cars have been equipped with wheel-guards in the Greater City, while 350 cars have been supplied with projecting fenders. The effect of the general use of these safety devices is shown in the falling off of the number of persons killed. Before the safety appliances were used an average of almost one person each day was killed. Since the use of such protections the reports show the death of only one person every two days from street car accidents, so that the reduction in the mortality is fifty per cent. One every other day is many times too many, but it is a great improvement on the death of one a day, the fearful massacre so much of which could have been prevented. The speed and craze of our time is unfriendly to life, and the heart of benevolence has demanded that we have better legal provisions for the protection of human life. The wheels of the automobile and the trolley car with their shocking harvest of death bring sensibly to mind the statement of the Divine Word:

Truly, as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. (I. Sam. 20: 3.)

## Millionaire Made His Mark

John Leahy, a millionaire of Long Island, who died recently, signed all his legal documents by making a mark, as he was unable to read or write. He came from Ireland, and by his industry he secured the ownership of a little truck farm which at the time of consolidation became a part of Greater New York City. He sold his farm for \$300,000 and he became a neighbor of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and continued to prosper with his trades and investments until he had accumulated over a million dollars. Mr. Vanderbilt tried very hard to buy him out, but he had plenty of money and did not see any reason why he should not remain in the colony of the rich. He had naturally a strong intellect, had keen Irish mother-wit, had splendid judgment and rugged honesty, and was a perpetual motion of industry. These things in a certain sense compensated for his lack of education. It is a pity, however, that the man did not take the few hours or the few days necessary to learn to read and write, and thus largely increase his personal happiness and personal worth. In early days, when school advantages were poor or wanting, men had to educate themselves, and some of them did it singularly well; but in these days there is no excuse for any, young or old, who will not learn to read and write. Education is important, but the good character of the Irish gardener was still more important. The illiterate millionaire was a long way from the beginnings of written language, which has preserved to us the Bible and the doings of the centuries that are past. In the description of the clothing of the high priest mention is made of a most important writing.

And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing, like to the engraving of a signet, Holiness to the Lord. (Ex. 39: 30.)



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The South End of Pedro Miguel Locks, Panama Canal  
Showing the Massive and Heavy Iron Castings

her to an accountability, but she was badly handicapped in the race of life. She was born into her own home the child of a poor, miserable, wretched, worthless drunkard. She married a young man who with her had to go to the poorhouse, where he faded away with consumption. She has consumption, it is said, and will last only a little while. Society ought to have given better help to this unfortunate weakling and degenerate. Weakened with tuberculosis, she could make a living for herself, but it seems that she could not make it for herself and earn board for the child. She was turned away from benevolent institutions, which would gladly have cared for the child if he could have paid his own way, but they had no room nor pennies for this pauper, for this child of physical and moral weakness. The mother committed one of the blackest of crimes and suffers the punishment; but society is not without blame in refusing help to such a creature as she. When even a mother's love fails, God's love still remains.

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. (Isa. 49: 15.)

## Bird Chorus at Funeral

Mr. Edward N. Hubbard of Middletown, Conn., died recently, and there was a peculiar feature of the funeral service at the homestead. Suddenly



# GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

I WISH you could have met him just as I did; for in addition to all the letters that follow his name, Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D., LL.D., C.M.G., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., has the greatest claim of any I have ever met to the title M-A-N. "The Uncrowned King of Labrador" is a brave sobriquet, yet it seems the most fitting of all for this remarkable man. Doctor, magistrate, author, skipper, educator, philanthropist, missionary and adventurer, he stands unique in the ranks of living heroes. When asked to tell of the beginnings of his work Dr. Grenfell referred to a little article which, in response to persistent requests, he published some time ago under the title "A Bit of Autobiography."

"In 1883, while studying medicine in London," said Dr. Grenfell, "I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent. Singing was going on inside and I was led to enter by a spirit of curiosity. I listened to Dwight L. Moody, and came to the conclusion that my religious life had been a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real. It was obviously a thing not to be played with.

"My medical course being finished I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine with them a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, suggested my seeing whether or not a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the society, for which he was a member of the council.

"Encouraged by the results of my work in the North Sea, in 1892 I was loaned the largest sailing vessel belonging to the society, and sailed for the Labrador Coast to see whether among English-speaking fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic similar results might be achieved. In three months I had 900 patients to whom I could prescribe religion as well as pills and plasters without fear of denominational interference.

"I witnessed a condition of poverty to which I had been quite a stranger on the other side of the Atlantic. Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it."

Year after year since that beginning in 1892 progress has been the watchword, and adventure the lot, of this intrepid doctor and his volunteer associates. When he was addressing a great audience in New York not long ago the doctor used the following story as an illustration: "I spent the night there and next morning hitched up the dogs and started across the bay. It was late in the spring, April 21, and the ice was a bit broken up—but one gets used to that. Presently I noticed that the field was swaying a good deal, and I had only time to learn that I was driving over mere slush composed of ice fragments before I was into it—sledge, dogs and all. I soon cut the traces, loosening the dogs and allowing the komatik to sink. It looked like the end. The dogs were climbing about me trying to get upon my shoulders. One at last climbed out upon an ice pan and gave me some help, for I fastened his trace to my wrist and pulled myself after him. When I had gotten onto the pan the rest of the dogs followed in my wake and I pulled them up after me. I had lost most of my clothing and, as the instinct of self-preservation is strong, I stabbed several of the dogs and clothed myself in their skins. Night came on and the ice was drifting out to sea, so I turned in amongst the remaining dogs and went to sleep. When the next morning dawned I found that the wind had changed and I was back near shore. I could see where the hospital and the village lay behind the hills. With the traces and the bones of my dogs I made a flag pole and sacrificed my last garment for a flag. It was seen from the shore and soon a boat was coming for me through the rifts and being pulled over the floe. Those great big husky men grabbed me by both hands. The tears were streaming down their faces and they hadn't a word to say for themselves."

Along all the lines of his work Dr. Grenfell has had most remarkable success. In 1896 a small co-operative store was started at Red Bay in the Straits of Belle Isle, to help the settlers to escape the "truck system" of trade and the consequent loss of independence and thrift. This has since spread to a series of eight with very beneficial results to the very poorest. In connection with the co-operative store at Flowers Cove, an industry of making seal skin boots has sprung up, and 1,500 pairs of boots were exported last summer. Around these small industries it is possible to aggregate women and children in the winter for the purpose of better education. Cloth-weaving has been introduced and has spread along the coast. Several hundred dol-

lars' worth of rugs, homespuns, and other products have been sold. Some excellent woven rabbit skin rugs have proved a new use for these natural products. During the last year considerable progress has been made in the weaving of homespun—four prizes were secured in open exhibition in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Several years ago Dr. Grenfell imported a number of reindeer from Lapland and has succeeded in acclimatizing them. They now number nearly nine hundred and afford milk, meat and valuable hides. No possible industry that could benefit the people has been neglected. Careful experiment has proven that agriculture is not impossible, and considerable success has attended the introduction of hardy plants. A saw-mill has been erected and a plant for polishing labradorite (Labrador bluestone) has been installed.

Though engrossed in this great work of building an economic unit in Labrador, Dr. Grenfell has never neglected the great call which first took him to the nether North. The messages of mercy and



Dr. Grenfell in Arctic Outfit

of love—both human and divine—have made him the hero of these hardy Northerners. Perhaps this is how it has all come about:

"Once when Dr. Grenfell was wintering at St. Anthony, on what is called the French Shore, there came in great haste from Conch, a point sixty miles distant, a sled with an urgent summons to the bedside of a man who lay dying of hemorrhage," says Norman Duncan, who has spent a season with the doctor. "And while the doctor was preparing for this journey a second sled arrived with a message from another place to the effect that the doctor should call at once to treat a boy who had broken his thigh.

"The doctor thought best to visit first the lad with the broken leg, and at 10 o'clock that night he was at his bedside. It had been a black, dark night, with the roads precipitous, the dogs uncontrollable and the physician in great haste. The doctor thought many a time that there would be more than one broken limb by the time of his arrival. But there was no misadventure, and he found the lad in great pain, wondering why he must suffer so. Every minute there would be a jerk, a flash of pain, and a cry to his father, who was holding him all the time.

"The doctor was glad to get the chloroform mask over the boy's face—he is a sympathetic man; glad, always, to ease pain. The broken bone was set after some difficulty and the doctor had a cup of tea, after which he retired to a bed on the floor for a nap until daylight, as it was impossible to continue farther in

the black night. After his dogs were harnessed and he was ready to depart, the little patient had awakened and was merrily calling to the doctor. 'He was as merry as a cricket,' says the doctor, 'when I bade him good-by.'

"When the doctor reached the coast, for the trip to Conch was over the level ice of the sea, there was a man waiting to intercept him, as the news of his probable coming had spread. The man had a fresh team of dogs and wished him to visit a sick friend on an island. It was not much out of his way, and the doctor consented. But he had no sooner reached that point of the mainland, whence he was bound across a fine stretch of ice to the island, than he was again intercepted. This time it was a young man whose mother lay ill with no other family within fifty miles. Would the doctor help her? Yes, the doctor would—and did. . . . Then off again toward Conch—now with fresh dogs provided by the friends of the man who lay there dying."

The doctor's present mission in the United States is to raise enough money to complete a new Seaman's Institute in St. Johns, Newfoundland. He said not long ago: "It has been my privilege to raise a sum of money toward putting up a proper place for the sturdy northern fishermen to go. We have only got just enough to begin it. Some of us have known what it was to take a voyage on a fishing schooner, and know these fishermen. They are fine men, they are as worth while to-day as in Galilee; but opportunities to wash are not very many. A fisherman comes in and often enough he can't be asked to go to church. You would not ask him into your pew; he has had no chance to make himself respectable. Maybe he has only one suit. We have already contracted for a laundry on the ground floor of our new building in which that man can go and wash himself and his clothing, and come out again and not feel that the only place in which he will not be out of place is the saloon. The other part of the ground floor is to be used for a swimming tank. Labrador water is frigid—it is seldom above forty-three. You cannot expect men to go in and learn to swim. And yet only last year we had a boat, with three women's husbands, three bread-winners, capsized—right inshore—and two out of the three were drowned in their own depth, because they could not swim. The third man, after floundering about a bit, waded ashore!"

"The service of the great Church of God has interpreted itself in two ways: one large factor tells those men of faith in Jesus Christ; the other tells them of scoundrels and villains and what bad places the saloons are; meanwhile there is no other place to which to go! And as one of the men said to me once: 'It is all very well for you to say, "Be good when you are in St. Johns," but it's pretty lonely business in the middle of a street on a cold November night!'

"The need of somewhere for these men to go, beside the sixty-seven saloons with which St. Johns is cursed, is imperative. Brave men, strong men, men with responsibilities of wives and children, men who have dared the sea and have passed through fogs and storms and by floating ice—come back where they have to come every year to sell their hard-won earnings and get the necessities of life, in the city to which every one of them has to go, and run the risk of having every bit of it robbed from them by the temptations which they are unable to avoid! The building is now being built as fast as we can secure the funds. The present contract calls for completion to the second story, and we hope to let one for the rest in the near future."

The new building is modeled after the Rowton Houses in London, which were designed under the supervision of the great surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves. The nearest thing in an organization to what Dr. Grenfell and his colleagues are planning, is the Young Men's Christian Association; in fact, the man who will take charge as manager is a Y. M. C. A. trained man. The building, all the designing and planning for which has been done free of charge by a big New York firm, will contain reading and social rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms and an auditorium. The top floor, for which there is to be a separate entrance, is designed for girls. Here, under the direction of a matron, some domestic science work or something of that nature will be carried out. Many girls come into port on the schooners with members of their families, who have no way of properly looking after them when they come ashore. The result is that they bring up in unsafe places, frequently with pitiable and worse than fatal results. The chief of police of St. Johns has told Dr. Grenfell that he has often given the protection of the police station to young girls to prevent them from going to the only places that were open to them in the city.

The people of St. Johns have given \$30,000 toward this project. The city grants free rates and taxes;

Continued on page 362



# All Now Eagerly Helping China



In Rags and Penury



Household Furniture Being Sold to Relieve the Distress



A Type Frequently Met

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the good ship *Buford*, bearing its precious load of food for China, will in all probability have arrived at Chin-kiang. There the flour will be distributed under the supervision of our Interdenominational Missionary Relief Committee and of the official Shanghai Committee. Mr. J. W. Walker, chairman of the Chin-kiang Committee, and his associates (Rev. W. C. Longden being absent on furlough) will operate in the very centre of the famine area in Anhui.

Sacks of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's gift of flour will be loaded on launches and small boats and sent by canal for distribution to all points where help is most urgently needed, while vehicles of all descriptions, including doubtless a multitude of wheelbarrows, will bear off the welcome sacks to places inland. At all the local centres of distribution, the relief work will be under the charge of missionaries and trustworthy natives. While needy Christian native families will not be overlooked, relief will also be given to heathen homes, where the flour will be a most convincing evidence of the friendly interest and good will of the American donors.

When the full story of the great China famine of 1911 shall have been written, it will be seen that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have most generously done their share towards alleviating the distress of the stricken people. After going to press with last week's issue, we received the following cablegram:

"CHIN-KIANG.—Conditions unrelieved. Chin-kiang needs one hundred thousand gold to continue organized relief work until May 30. WALKER."

In view of this urgent message, we increased the sum last cabled through our State Department from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

By the latter part of May it is expected that the wheat harvest will be ready for cutting. Not till then will the close of the famine be in sight. Meanwhile, the efforts of the relief workers will be redoubled to reach all the accessible points of suffering. Every pound of flour will be a providential gift, and many a prayer will ascend for a blessing upon the givers.

## Consul Wilder's Appeal

United States Consul Wilder, at Shanghai, in an appeal cabled to this country on March 21, made it plain that abundant help would be needed to tide over the interregnum before the food ship's arrival. While considerable relief had already been distributed, large numbers were still dying of starvation. Barks and weeds provided the only sustenance for thousands. With the food ship's cargo safely in port and distribution under way, it is hoped that the situation may undergo a material change for the better.

Many of the Chinese in this country have sent their contributions to their suffering fellow-countrymen through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The Chinese men of the Baptist Chinese Sunday School of Washington, D. C., and the Chinese Young Men's

Christian Association of that city, have been deeply distressed about the famine. On a recent Sunday the Calvary Chinese School and Young Men's Christian Association took up a collection of \$37, and on a week-day evening, the Chinese Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of Washington gave an entertainment from which they realized \$63. These sums they sent through Mr. Baker of Washington to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they were included in our cable remittance of \$25,000, which was forwarded through the State Department to Chin-kiang on March 20.

Some of the letters accompanying the contributions have been extremely touching. Mr. G. A. Senter of Lyman, Me., forwarded a dollar for the relief fund, the gift of a "poor widow with three children to support, but who has a heart large enough to care for others who are needy."

## Remarkable Missionary Zeal

Many churches and Sunday Schools are energetic in this life-saving work. A notable instance of extraordinary missionary zeal is furnished in the experience of the *Sabbath School Bode*, published at Paterson, N. J. This neat little paper contains the International Sunday School Lessons edited in the language of Holland, by Rev. K. Kinper, of Rose-



Theological School of the Christian Reformed Church

land, Ill. The mission topics are in charge of Rev. J. W. Brink, of Tohatchi, N. M., and Rev. Lee Huizing, of Englewood, N. J., while the miscellaneous matter and short stories are taken care of by Mr. H. Bosloper, of Passaic, N. J., and the publisher, Mr. James Tanis.

When the first China famine article appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Tanis revived the idea of some years ago, to request all the Sunday School superintendents in his church organization to solicit from each scholar a penny for the famine fund.

More of course would be welcomed. A similar modest request was made by him at the time of the famines in Finland, Russia, and Japan with gratifying results. Up to date his present plan has proved most successful and has met with marked co-operation. Those "penny collections" have grown so that the remittances received by Mr. Tanis and forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD amounted to over \$2,662.33 on March 20. The novel idea of asking for only a penny proves exceedingly popular, and no one would think of refusing, while many nickels, dimes and larger coins flow in with the pennies. This worthy little paper circulates among the Holland Sunday Schools of the Christian Reformed Church in America.

The members of this organization, which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are Holland people who emigrated to this country, and Holland-Americans born here. From these, English-speaking congregations are gradually formed. In most of the Sunday Schools, the language of Holland is still used; but in their "Christian Day Schools," where Bible history forms one of the subjects of study, the pupils are fully prepared for the high schools. All the ministers are required to conduct weekly catechism classes, the children beginning at the age of five and continuing until a desire is expressed to join the church by confessing faith, which is usual towards the age of twenty. This method produces very strong and intelligent members. Another mainstay of the organization in this age of evolution and higher criticism is the fact that father, mother and children are expected to attend the church services as regularly as possible. While the Sunday School is given due respect, it is not permitted to detract from the regular service of the Word.

## An Active Church Organization

The mission work of this organization is quite extensive. At Hoboken a mission station is conducted near the transatlantic steamship landings, and is extended to Ellis Island. At Paterson, N. J., and Chicago, Ill., Jewish missions are established, and at Denver, Col., there is a sanitarium, "Bethesda," for tuberculous patients. For the Zuni Indians in New Mexico, mission stations and a hospital are maintained with much success. At Grand Rapids the college and theological seminary is located, where the church trains its own ministers, missionaries and Christian school teachers. This organization has 29,000 communicants; its total membership, including all baptized children, is 76,000. This number has been nearly doubled since 1900. Next to the Lord's necessary blessing, this people depend for the stability and growth of their organization on the teaching of the simple truths of God's Word in their homes, schools and churches.

All contributions to the China Famine Fund should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged. A list of acknowledgments will be found on another page of this issue.



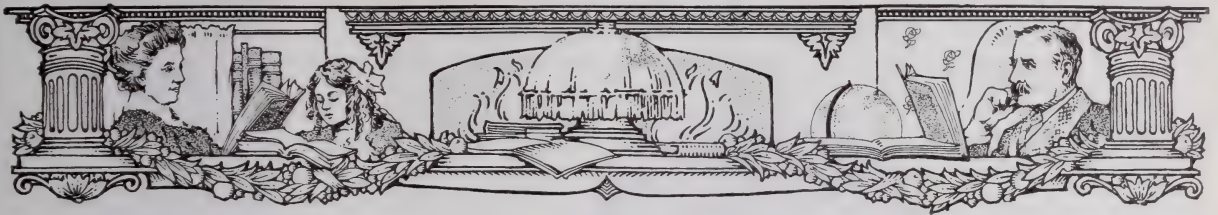
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# IN THE HOME QUEEN'S REALM



## The Use of Good English

CORRECT speaking and writing are within the reach of every one who pays attention to refined usage, reads good books and habitually attends church. Far more than many people think, a good vocabulary is gained, with freedom and elegance in its use, through the simple medium of regularly attending church and listening attentively to the service, inclusive of the sermons, prayers and hymns. This, of course, is not the highest reason for going to church. It is secondary to the duty of reverently worshipping God, but in a lesser degree and very surely it is a method of education. In Scotland during its entire history people of all ranks and conditions have attended church, and the result has been evident in the general intelligence and excellent choice of language limited to no class, but the happy birthright of all. There is a striking example of this rooted and grounded habit of church-going in the story by Stevenson of *David Balfour*. The boy David had passed through many thrilling adventures and singular experiences before the day when he came, weary and spent, to the Highland village where a great trial was going on. It was the Sabbath, and the preacher was in the middle of his sermon. David sank quietly into a pew near the door and surveyed the congregation. It included all the great men, as well as the small ones who were gathered at the trial of James Stuart, accused of having murdered a member of the Campbell clan. From the Duke of Argyle to the poorest of the neighboring peasantry, every one was listening, as if life depended upon it, to the sermon of the minister.

This is a digression. Let me add that children do not invariably acquire correct habits of speech when they go to school. Teachers sometimes make mistakes in colloquialism, particularly if they have grown up in families where culture was lacking. Still, habits of speech are formed in the home, and it is unfair to blame teachers for some of the errors constantly committed in both speech and writing by careless pupils. "Ain't" is ruled out of elegant usage to-day, although we not infrequently discover it in English novels which represent the manners of good society. "Aren't" is preferable. Double negatives are unpardonable and always without excuse. "Hadt' ought" gives one a feeling of distress when one knows that "ought not" is the correct form. "You was" instead of "you were" is a confusion of the singular verb with the plural nominative. "Seen" used instead of "saw" likewise gives one a creepy feeling down the spine. Perhaps the most usual mistake is that in which people fall who say "I" when they should say "me." "Mother invited Mary and I to go with her to the concert." The speaker would not say: "Mother invited I." One hears this error glibly falling from the lips of accomplished graduates who should certainly know better than thus to disfigure their speech.

### Our Mothers' Meeting

TO EVERY mother who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the pithy words of our correspondent are strongly rec-

ommended. She has managed to enclose in a nutshell advice which many mothers greatly need to heed and consider. Especially mothers of boys will find her letter useful and pertinent:

"In reference to bringing up boys, be just.

"Remember that the life work of a mother equals an angel's and surpasses a queen's in its importance. Give it your deepest interest and most painstaking care.

"Make your children happy at home; guard their companionship; be worthy of their confidence.

"Measure their conduct by their mo-

with good principles, will make a strong character. The mischievous child, if rightly directed, will be unusually clever and useful in his after life.

"Aim at future results. Authority is for an hour; influence is for eternity.

"Implant regard for virtue and keep children from bad habits. Give them firm belief in revealed truth. The son of a mother who had done this, said to her in a time of great distress, 'I would kill myself if I did not believe in a hereafter.' He lives to enjoy many blessings.

"Teach them honesty and truthfulness.



Typical Pergola or Arbor at Anacapri, Island of Capri, Bay of Naples, Italy

tives; and be not too swift in passing judgment. Boys are whipped for accidentally tearing and breaking. Successful tricks and concealments are not blamed.

"Do not talk about them in their presence.

"Do not stand hostile to your children, always assuming that they are in the wrong, and ready to take the part of any one against them.

"Be not uncharitable to their faults, which generally appear to outsiders an inheritance from their parents, as often from the mother as from the father. The wilful child, if imbued

ness and be a good example in these qualities yourself. Never appropriate their little belongings without their permission.

"Prepare yourself to impart moral and religious instruction. If you are not interested in goodness and godliness, your perfunctory efforts will not have much effect. Pleasantly, but with reverence, read a little to them in the Bible every evening.

"Follow the guidance of the Lord. Depend upon his strength, and not your own.

"Be patient—patient—patient.

"EXPERIENCE."

## The Secret of a Happy Life

ANOTHER correspondent has some suggestive hints which are commended to young people. "When contemplating marriage, two who are sure they love each other should take the matter to the Lord in prayer. A young man once went to John Wesley asking his advice about a young woman he wished to marry. John Wesley did not approve of the union. 'But,' said the young man, 'Is she not a Christian?' The reply was 'Yes, I believe she is, but the Lord Jesus can live with a person who would be impossible for you.'

"If having prayed in faith, they find no obstacle, they may take for granted that they are walking in the will of the Lord. After marriage it will be necessary to keep two bears in the house, bear and forbear. Next in importance is the setting up of a family altar. The home may then expect to receive the blessing of the Master. Young married people should be frugal, laying aside every week something for a rainy day. ISABEL S."

## Women and Church Work

A NEW JERSEY village furnished the other day a novel illustration of the many-sidedness of women and of their bravery in tackling a job rather out of their line. A certain Episcopal Church was sadly in need of paint, but the money in the treasury was insufficient to meet the expense of the work. Nothing daunted, the ladies took hold of the matter in earnest. They said to the men, "If you will buy the paint we will undertake to put it on." The men, half-incredulous, but aware that when women urge a matter there is little use in opposition, did as they were told and purchased the paint. Then, under the gallant leadership of the rector's wife, the women of the church showed they could handle a brush as well as any painter who had learned the trade, and they did not stop until the sides and the back of the church were finished to their satisfaction. They decided that they did not wish to climb ladders and attract crowds to watch their performance on the street, and so an artisan was hired to paint the front of the church. All honor to women so ready to labor for the church they love.

The part women take in church work is by no means a sinecure. If a church needs new cushions and carpets, a new organ or a new heating apparatus, it is not uncommon for the women to raise the necessary ready money by suppers, fairs, concerts and other devices which take a great deal of time and thought and exact a large amount of self-denial. When the women of a church get together for any object one may rest assured that they will succeed or perish in the attempt.

## Aunt Prudence Payson's Corner

—EMMELINE J. is disturbed because she has not seen Women in Council every week. Several contributions to this department are in hand. Those who wish to meet their friends in this informal way must send their letters to Mrs. Sangster being careful to make them brief. Mothers who have anything to tell about their experience are asked to write. We wish to hear more about the good children. We cannot let the naughty ones monopolize the space. What about the little ones who are forever asking questions?



# Our Boys and Girls

## I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD

I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on  
my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen His kind  
look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."  
SELECTED.

## HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I never can do it," the little kite said,  
As he looked at the others high over  
his head;  
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly,"  
"Try," said the big kite; "only try,  
Or I fear you never will learn at all."  
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll  
fall."

## April Fete Days and

**M**Y DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:  
April is such a glorious month,  
brimming full of Red Letter Days,  
and so many wonderful things happen in  
April. The sun is much higher in the heavens  
and the days have grown longer. The woods  
are fairy worlds of bird songs and wild flowers, and all the  
little forest folk are busy and alert, getting ready for the  
myriads of April babies that are sure to be there. Put some  
picnic in a basket and get out into the woods, the hills, the  
fields and the meadows; they are wonder-lands in the early  
spring mists and sunshine.

When I was a little girl I fancied that all the summer  
fairies came to life in April along with the lovely red  
fringes on the maple trees that invariably brought the first  
swarm of summer bees. The alder tassels and willow cat-  
kins, and all the tiny frog pipers that come into the April  
woods, remind almost every one of the fairies, I think.  
Hans Christian Andersen was born in April, and Shakes-  
peare; then there are St. George's and St. Mark's days. In  
the countries where the saint days are popularly celebrated  
these are among the most beautiful of all the springtime  
festivals. In many States in this country, Arbor Day is  
set for April, and many of the schools make a fête of plant-  
ing out the young trees.

Easter coming this year in April makes it especially  
lovely, I think. All of you little folk who are going to the  
Kindergarten will be learning to sing

The little flowers come from the ground,  
At Easter time, at Easter time!  
They raise their heads and look around  
At happy Easter time!

And every little flower doth say,  
Good people, bless this holy day;  
For Christ is risen, the angels say,  
This holy, holy Easter day!

Then there is Palm Sunday,  
with its gloriously sad, sweet  
story of Christ's triumphal  
entry into Jerusalem. There are  
times when I believe that this  
story is the most beautiful of  
all the Bible stories. How  
fresh and wonderful it stays,  
and how mightily Christ must  
have loved Jerusalem. Once he  
had set his face toward it, there  
was no turning him back nor  
detaining him.

## The Kingdom of Love

**I** LOVE to think of those mes-  
sengers that he sent ahead  
to herald the coming of the  
kingdom of love. "Into whatso-  
ever house ye shall enter, first  
say, peace dwell within this  
house." What a message that  
was, to be sending broadcast  
into Jerusalem among his ene-  
mies and his friends!

It was on his way to Jerusa-  
lem that he sat down to rest a  
little while among the children  
who followed after him, and he  
took them on his knee and  
blessed them. Jairus' little  
daughter was brought back to  
life, and most of the great para-  
bles were simply and humbly  
spoken along the way to Jeru-



The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by!

I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.  
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,  
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.  
First whirling and frightened, then braver  
grown,  
Up, up he rose through the air alone,  
Till the big kite looking down could see  
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with

pride,  
As he sailed with the big kite side by  
side!  
While far below he could see the  
ground,  
And the boys like small spots moving  
round.

They rested high in the quiet air,  
And only the birds and clouds were  
there.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite  
cried:

"And all because I was brave, and tried."  
SELECTED.

## Spring Festivals

sale. The lame and the ill were made  
strong and well, lepers were cleansed  
and the eyes of the blind were opened.

It was on the way to Jerusalem that Christ  
visited in the home of Mary and Martha and  
Lazarus, and coming down from the Mount of  
Olives, near the gates of the city, he persuaded even his  
enemies that he was indeed the Son of God.

## Little Pomp or Pageantry

**I**S IT any wonder that his final entry into the city was  
triumphant? It was humble enough too, with very little  
pomp or pageantry. Christ mounted on the back of a little  
colt, with the multitude spreading their cloaks in his path-  
way, and many little children cutting branches from the  
trees, strewing them before him and crying, "Hosanna to  
God in the highest!" That was all, but can you think of  
anything more mysterious, more wonderfully lovely?

## Easter Morning

To be sure, there was that dreadful week of suffering that  
followed. But then there was the Easter Morning, when the  
angel came down from heaven and rolled back the stone.  
"He is not here; he is risen!" the angel cried, and the king-  
dom of love that the messengers heralded had come to stay  
among the people of the earth for ever and ever.

Next week we will tell you something more about Mini-  
ature Airshipping in an article by Mr. Frederick Collins,  
author of the *Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes*.



## THE COOKY MOON

**T**HE cooky moon hangs in the evening sky,  
All sugary, round and sweet;  
I suppose it was hung way up so high  
So no one would get it to eat.  
But still there's a way to get a bite  
For good little girls and boys,  
If only they go to sleep at night  
Without any fuss or noise.

So close one peeper and shut one eye  
So that we'll reach it soon.  
All the babies from By-lo-by,  
All the babies of Drowsy-eye,  
From Nap-on-a-lap and Sleepy-sigh,  
On pillows of clouds piled high, so high,  
They all come sailing across the sky  
To nibble the cooky moon.

And when it is gone, why the Moon man takes  
And makes us another one;  
And it's always bright on the days he bakes,  
For he cooks it in the sun.  
And then, when it's sugary, shiny bright  
The good little children come,  
And they eat the cooky moon bite by bite,  
And every star is a crumb.

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## SPECIAL EASTER PRIZE CONTEST

### Topsy Turvy Verse

The milkman brings the grocer dreams  
Bed to the eggs and me  
Fairies bring the pretty but  
That brings with tea bring the

Be sure to try your hand at  
this week's contest. These  
topsy-turvy verses are great  
fun to work over. Every boy  
and girl who straightens this  
one out and sends it before the  
20th of April to THE CHRISTIAN  
HERALD Cozy Corner, 19 BIBLE  
HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, shall  
receive a lovely Easter picture,  
with the compliments of the  
Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

### Our Good-Night Verse

"Yea, the sparrow hath found her an  
house,  
And the swallow a nest for herself,  
where she may lay her young,  
He hath made everything beautiful in  
its time."

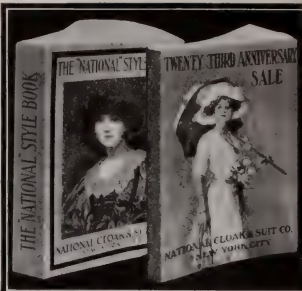
### Honor Roll

Adelle Maud Cooper, 10; Mary A.  
Heitman, 10; Ruth T. Bedell, 11;  
Clara Marshall, 16; Gladys Hewitt,  
12; Helen L. Hess, 13; Ernest Salter,  
12; Donald Cole, 10; Grace Cooper, 14;  
Marie Stevens, 13; Paul Sharp, 15;  
Helen E. Clark, 13; Abbie Vermilyea,  
12; Russell W. Shields, 12; Geraldine  
Hawks, 10; Lynn Smith, 13; Earl  
William Roop, 13; Fay Grassmyer, 13;

Continued on page 361

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*



Copyright, 1911, by National Cloak and Suit Co.

## These Two Books Are Yours Free

One is the complete "NATIONAL" Style Book—224 pages of the new fashions for Women, Misses and Children.

The other is the "NATIONAL" Twenty-third Anniversary Sale Booklet—64 pages of the new Summer Styles offered at Special Anniversary Prices.

For twenty-three years the "NATIONAL" has been gathering and designing new styles and placing them within the reach of American women.

And so great has been the appreciation of American women that they have made the "NATIONAL" the Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World.

So this Twenty-third Anniversary Sale Booklet, which we have reserved for you, is an anniversary gathering of the very newest and best Summer styles, with prices made specially low for the occasion.

One copy of this book is yours, waiting only for you to fill in and return the coupon below.

### "NATIONAL" Apparel at "NATIONAL"

#### Prices:

Waists, 95c to \$9.98

Lingerie Dresses, \$4.95 to \$22.50

Silk Dresses, \$11.98 to \$29.98

Wash Dresses, \$2.98 to \$10.98

Misses Dresses, \$2.98 to \$10.98

Ladies' Skirts, \$3.95 to \$14.98

Summer Coats and Capes, \$9.98 to \$19.98

Wash Skirts, \$1.45 to \$5.98

Linen Suits and Dresses, \$3.98 to \$16.98

Millinery, \$1.98 to \$14.98

Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, \$15 to \$40

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The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world.

Your money refunded if you are not pleased.

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218 West 24th Street, New York City

National Cloak & Suit Co.,  
218 West 24th St., New York City

Please send me my copy of the "NATIONAL" Twenty-third Anniversary Sale Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

Have you a copy of the complete "NATIONAL" Style Book—the one with the Lorna Doone Picture on the cover?.....



## The Stranger Who Stayed

By ALBERT LYNDON BLAIR

**E**VENING had dropped a mantle of darkness over the village of Milford when there strode into town a man who wore no overcoat, although retreating but treacherous winter had that day thrown a covering of snow athwart the landscape, and a sharp cold nipped exposed hands and noses. No gloves covered his fingers; no muffler encircled his neck. His sack coat clung close to a compact form; and a slouched hat hovered above a square, ruddy face.

He paused a few moments, glanced about him, as if in quest of somebody or something with a glad hand of welcome; but apparently seeing nothing more inviting, he mounted the three steps of the rickety porch, pushed open the door and entered Milford's principal place of business.

The stranger's entrance, of course, created a sensation. The loungers and the contents of the store seemed to come to parade rest, in order to gaze at the unknown and speculate who he was, whence he came and what he wanted. The object of general interest swung up to the counter, ordered a supply of crackers and cheese, and proceeded to appease hunger.

In the meantime, the stand-abouts and sit-abouts gradually resumed conversation, but kept their gaze fixed upon the comer and made alert note of his dress, features, and movements.

Finally, Jim Hussey, whose chief reputation rested upon his ability to learn everybody's business but his own, ventured to address the unknown about the weather, who in reply partly relieved the inquisitive pressure of the atmosphere by saying:

"Gentlemen, my name is Muggins. This has served my use for several years; and, barring losing it, I shall probably wear it for some time to come. I never trouble myself to recollect whether I have any other name; so, please remember I am Muggins—M-u-g-g-i-n-s. Why I've dropped into Milford at this particular time, is somewhat of a mystery, even to myself. How long I shall stay will partly depend upon the next whim avorting across my mind. I greet you one and all, and hope that our further acquaintance will not foot up on the losing side of the ledger."

The next day Muggins took up his abode on the hill road, about half a mile from the village. No one had lived there for fifteen years. The place was known as "the abandoned farm," and the house as "The Manse." There was in the community a vague notion who the owner was, but whether he had gone and whether he was living or dead Milford had no definite information. "I'll take care of the house for him and pay the rent due when he comes back," was Muggins' only public comment.

He procured needed furniture, to supplement some that he found in the various rooms. Several days later oak boxes, much travel worn, arrived, and the expressman surmised that they contained books.

Muggins visited Dick Nelson's store and selected a small assortment of carpenter's tools; and, long before summer came, Milford saw some surprising repairs and changes on the hill. A new door replaced the broken-paneled one so long familiar to the passer-by. Whole panes of glass succeeded the shattered. New shingles appeared in patches on the roof where rain and snow for years had invaded the upper rooms.

Tim Larkins, who soon found an excuse for visiting the hill, electrified the storeful of sitters by describing the improvements Muggins had wrought. "Seems to me," said Tim, as he warmed up with his story, "that Muggins must have worked at the carpenter's trade where they do things different than anybody ever

seen in central New York. What beats me is the iniquity that feller shows in ev'ry directshun. There's nothing he can't do."

The town, one morning, rubbed its eyes, and concluded that nocturnal fairies had spread a coat of white paint all over the visible part of The Manse, and that the blinds and roof had likewise turned green in the same mysterious fashion.

"I swan!" piped up Rob Lane, as the usual audience sat around the old box-stove. "Reckon the owner of the place won't know it when he returns." "The owner!" shouted Harv Risley. "There's more behind that hill affair than any of us have dreamed of. I say, Muggins has got the job of fixin' up the place agin the owner's gittin' back."

Just then Muggins stalked in, nodded all around, and dropped a few dollars on the counter in payment for wall paper and other house adornments. He talked for ten or fifteen minutes in an apparent attempt to illuminate the benighted but inquisitive souls around him. Yet, after he had gone, the gossips took up what he said, item by item, and came to the disgruntled conclusion that he had dealt a great deal more in rhetoric than in revelation.

In the meantime painting and papering went on in The Manse, and passers-by soon saw surprising transformations in the front and side yards. Flower beds of unique designs and walks—straight and winding—appeared where before weeds and coarse grass had waved supreme. Four arbors soon rose on eligible sites, while the reeling board fence in front vanished except in the memory of the neighbors.

Milfordites almost suspended business, in order to stroll up the hill road and gaze, and to speculate what all these innovations meant. Somehow, when they returned home, the village never before seemed so poor, commonplace, and unsightly. People talked over Muggins' improvements, and quickly decided that Milford had slouched about long enough. Even the good women who met twice a month in the church parlors to devise means for helping workers among the heathen, spent most of the next four sessions more as village improvement societies than as auxiliaries of foreign missions. The two stores, caught off their vigilance, were unable at first to supply the unexpected demand for flower seeds. Such a number of orders for shovels, wheelbarrows, and fine-tooth rakes also poured in that the merchants hired extra teams to go to the nearest railway station for the implements. The town even surprised itself by getting together and voting money for creating a reservoir on the mountain side. The old pump on the Common was moved out of the way to make room for a noble fountain, and soon water glided into residences to the inexpressible delight of everybody. Painters came from neighboring towns in response to the new demand for their skill; and Milford, in short order, scarcely knew itself when it looked in the glass.

Just before winter set in the gossips were aroused to a great pitch of excitement by the report that a slim man, with shady complexion and wavy hair, was also living at The Manse. Later it was affirmed that tenant number two was a Hindoo, a Malay, or a Creole. Precise information on this point was exceedingly hazy; and the mist showed little tendency to clear up when rumor said the What-is-it was a deaf-mute and acted as servant to Muggins.

The night stage from the railway station a few weeks thereafter

Continued on page 356

## "17 Cents a Day" Offer Stirs the Nation!

### The Whole Country Applauds the OLIVER TYPEWRITER "PENNY PURCHASE PLAN"

From a thousand different directions comes a mighty chorus of approval, voicing the popularity of The Oliver Typewriter "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan.

The liberal terms of this offer bring the benefits of the best modern typewriter within easy reach of all. The simple,

The Oliver Typewriter, and you have an overwhelming total of *tangible reasons* for its wonderful success.

#### A Business Builder

The Oliver Typewriter is a powerful *creative force* in business—a veritable *wealth producer*. Its use *multiplies business opportunities, widens business influence, promotes business success*.

Thus the aggressive merchant or manufacturer can reach out for *more business* with trade-winning letters and price lists. By means of a "mailing list"—and The Oliver Typewriter—you can annex new trade territory.

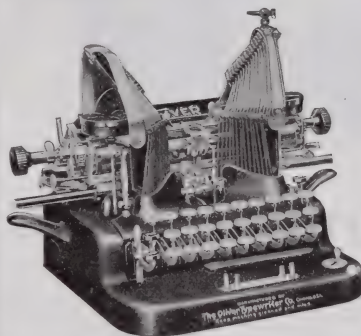
Get this greatest of business aids—for 17 Cents a Day. Keep it busy. It will make your business grow.

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convenient "Penny Plan" has assumed national importance.

It opened the floodgates of demand and has almost engulfed us with orders.

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## The OLIVER Typewriter

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of the attractive plan and endorsing the great idea which led us to take this radical step—

To make typewriting the universal medium of written communication!

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The trend of events is toward the general adoption of beautiful, legible, speedy typewriting in place of slow, laborious, illegible handwriting.

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With several hundred *less parts* than ordinary typewriters, its efficiency is proportionately *greater*.

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Every purchaser of The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day is made an Honorary Member of the National Association of Penny Savers. A small first payment brings the magnificent new Oliver Typewriter, the regular \$100 machine.

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Name .....

Address .....

694 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.  
Chicago





## The Howard Watch

Sometimes you see a prosperous looking passenger inquire the time, and you wonder why he does not take out his own watch to compare with the conductor's.

It is not that he has no watch—but because he is ashamed of the time he is carrying. He has no confidence that it is anywhere near correct and he tries to save his dignity by not making a comparison.

What do you think of the type of man who will carry a cheap

and uncertain timepiece because it doesn't have to be seen?

It is quite different with the HOWARD owner. He is ready to match time with all comers.

The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world—and worth all it costs to any man of accurate habit and orderly mind.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at \$150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man and knows.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. W, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

## The Stranger Who Stayed

Continued from preceding page

brought a passenger upon whom the gaze of Milford was instantly fixed. He signed only "Alfred Crane" in bold letters, on the register of the Knowles House; and immediately after supper began to "mix" with the citizens of the town.

"Well, gentlemen," directing his remarks to several prominent members of the Knockers' Club, "what kind of a town you got here? Think of nestling among the hills, twelve miles from a steam road, all these years, when the people of every other place in the universe mount the cars and go snorting out into the great world! I was shut up for two hours in that old stage of yours and bounced about like a pea in a pod. Don't see how you stand it. It'll take me two full days to recover from my trip."

"Wall, stranger," spoke up Squire Burchard, one of the retired plutocrats of Milford, "we've got along right well (at any rate some of us have), if we don't breathe locomotive smoke and git over the ground quite so fast as some of our neighbors. Milford dun't ask no odds of enny on um."

"Yes," answered Crane, "but it's high time for Milford to crawl up out of its stage-coach age, and try a little electricity."

"All we want is to be let alone," drawled out another villager, who had sat in the same chair, tipped at the same angle, in precisely the same spot and on the same link of his backbone for five mortal hours every night in the week for the last three years and a half.

"What you Milfordites want is to be stirred up with the long pole of progress; and I'm just the man to give that pole a whirl or two. In a year and six months you sitters here will ride in trolley cars to the steam station, and your old stage-coach will go up in a bonfire set to celebrate the opening of the new line."

With that prediction hurled into the ears of the startled gathering, Crane jammed his hat a degree farther down upon his head, and strode across the square to Nelson's, where in five minutes he had the Store Club boiling and bubbling with the heat of the promoter's rapid transit ideas. When Milford went to bed that night, the town had divided into two disputatious camps, sharply defined. In one were the conservatives; in the other, the radicals.

Crane was in his element. He fiercely harangued groups of Milfordites, and, buttonholing individuals, poured out facts, figures, estimates, arguments, answers, and appeals as if invisible factories were at work supplying him with just the word and the phrase at the psychological moment.

The town was billed with posters and snow-flaked with dodgers, announcing that next Tuesday evening a public meeting would be held in the Town Hall in the interests of the proposed trolley line between Milford and Castanet Junction.

Tuesday evening arrived, and the town turned out to a man; ay, to a woman and a child. On a front seat sat Muggins, as unconcerned, seemingly, as if he belonged to another planet and had no interest in this. The curious noticed that by his side was the "mute," probably there for companionship.

Eight o'clock came; and, with the hall a sardine box of humanity, the proceedings opened. One of Crane's lieutenants moved that Mr. Brickfield preside, and another seconded the motion. This was carried with a tremendous pulmonary explosion. With a great show of candor and impartiality, the chairman (previously coached) placed before the meeting the purpose of the call. Then he blandly announced that if any present were opposed to the trolley project

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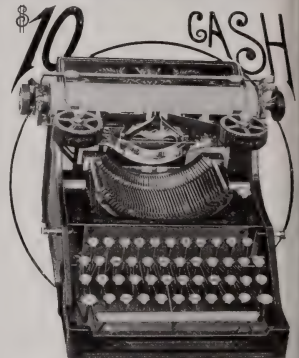
## Try the "DELIN"

With Your Money in Your Pocket!

Try it for 30 days on your own roads; then, if you find it entirely satisfactory, you pay us. Buggies—all styles—and harness at lowest wholesale prices, direct to you, on approval.

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Our FREE 1911 Catalog gives full information. Shows metal auto seat buggies and hundreds of other classy styles. Get acquainted with the values we offer also, with our exclusive "DELIN" terms. Write for FREE CATALOG Today.

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## PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

The Original Visible Writing Typewriter

We are prepared to distribute 100,000 Pittsburgh Visible Typewriters on the small cash payment of \$10 each. This is how we propose to do it. Send us \$10 and we will ship by express prepaid to an agent East of the Mississippi River one Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter.

Use it for 10 days in your own home or office and if it is not in every way up to our representations, ship it back at our expense and we will return your money without question.

If it is satisfactory, pay us \$5 a month for 11 months—\$56 in all.

The Pittsburgh Visible is a full-sized, standard typewriter with all the advantages you have ever been able to buy. \$100—and some exclusive advantages.

We have abundance of confidence in the typewriter to a us in successfully carrying out our plan.

There are now thousands of Pittsburgh Visible Typewriters in use.

There are likewise thousands of users who will give you a positive assurance that the Pittsburgh Visible is worth \$10 if any typewriter in the world is worth it.

When you come to look for a reason for this epoch-making price you will find it not in the size or efficiency of the typewriter—not in anything it lacks—but in the comprehensiveness of the guarantee—but in the elimination of 35% of the selling cost.

Our revolutionary plan for the distribution of 100,000 typewriters makes it possible for you to secure this remarkable machine at the cost of only a few cents a day.

When you see this typewriter in use you will understand why the thousands of users would not exchange the Pittsburgh Visible for any \$100 machine on the market. You will understand why they would not be willing to lose the distinct advantages of the Pittsburgh Visible, even if it cost more than \$100.

The Pittsburgh Visible is the best \$100 typewriter on the market to-day. It is the most efficient—the easiest to operate—the most economical.

It has the finest ball bearing carriage on the market. Positive back spacer and tabulating mechanism. The keyboard, including type and keys, is removable as a unit. Two colored ribbon mechanism instantly available. Absolutely visible writing at all times.

These are but a few of the distinct and exclusive advantages of the Pittsburgh Visible.

Our booklet, which will be mailed free upon request, illustrates and describes this wonderful typewriter in detail. Write for

**PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.**  
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Enclosed find \$10, send me, express prepaid, on ten days trial one Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. If satisfactory I will remit to you the balance of the purchase price \$55 eleven equal monthly installments. It is understood that if machine is not satisfactory, I am to return it at your expense and you are to refund the \$10 paid up on it.

Name.....

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**Business Man's Lunch Kit \$5 Complete**  
Consists of a 22 oz. stainless steel thermos, a 22 oz. stainless steel cup, a 22 oz. stainless steel spoon, a 22 oz. stainless steel fork, a 22 oz. stainless steel knife, a 22 oz. stainless steel glass, a 22 oz. stainless steel plate, a 22 oz. stainless steel bowl, a 22 oz. stainless steel can, a 22 oz. stainless steel jar, a 22 oz. stainless steel bottle, a 22 oz. stainless steel container, a 22 oz. stainless steel lid, a 22 oz. stainless steel cap, a 22 oz. stainless steel plug, a 22 oz. stainless steel gasket, a 22 oz. stainless steel seal, a 22 oz. stainless steel ring, a 22 oz. stainless steel band, a 22 oz. stainless steel strap, a 22 oz. stainless steel buckle, a 22 oz. stainless steel button, a 22 oz. stainless steel snap, a 22 oz. stainless steel hook, a 22 oz. stainless steel eyelet, a 22 oz. stainless steel loop, a 22 oz. stainless steel tab, a 22 oz. stainless steel flange, a 22 oz. stainless steel rim, a 22 oz. stainless steel edge, a 22 oz. stainless steel corner, a 22 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## THE TWO PATHS

TWO paths there are through which all mortals go:  
*This* leads to bliss, and *that* to endless woe.  
 The way that leads to misery is broad,  
 A smooth, a pleasing, and a flowery road.  
 With company 'tis crowded everywhere—  
 The rich, the gay, the witty, and the fair.  
 Ah! fondly blinded, whither will they run?  
 Why in such headlong haste to be undone?  
 See how they press death's ample gate to win:  
 How heedless of the flames that glare within.  
 But there's another unfrequented way  
 That leads to life, and love, and endless day.  
 Its strait and thorny path, as on you go,  
 Will every moment more delightful grow.  
 To tread this narrow road, no labor spare,  
 For heaven, and holy souls, and God himself are there.

ANON.

## What Christianity Means

WHATEVER our birthright and descent, whatever our name and profession, whatever our knowledge of Christian doctrine and our performance of Christian worship may be—when the great host is gathered in the city of God, with tattered flags and banners glorious in their bloodstained folds, with armor dented and swords worn in the conflict, with wounds which tell of courage and patient endurance and deathless loyalty—when the celestial knighthood is assembled at the Round Table of the King, our name will be unspoken, our crown will hang above an empty chair, and our place will be given to another, unless we accept it now, with sincere hearts, the only Gospel which can deliver us from the inertia of doubt and the selfishness of sin. We must enter into life by giving ourselves to the personal Christ who unveils the love of the Father in a human life, and calls us with divine authority to submit our liberty to God's sovereignty in blessed and immortal service to our fellow-men for Christ's sake.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Stranger  
Who Stayed

Continued from preceding page

they would first be gladly heard. Whereupon uprose Storekeeper Nelson from the group of conservatives on the platform, and disclosed his sentiments on the subject. He consumed twenty-five minutes, and concluded:

"Gentlemen and ladies: I plant myself on this 'ere prinsipul: When we du as we have dun we allers know jest where we aire. Then we don't haffer lie awake nights to worry about to-morrer. That's the way I made my munny. That's the way Milford made its munny. We never had no pannick. If we git a trolley line, ev'rybody will neglect bizness and go to ridin' to Castanet Junction. They'll stop armin' munny, and what leetle they have they'll spend out of taov-n. I'm agin the nu road for scientific, e-co-nomic and moral reasons. We growed up here nat'rally. We want ter remain nat'r'al. That's what the Creatur wants us to be."

When Mr. Nelson retired from the field of oratory Squire Burchard thought he would illuminate the occasion: "I've lived in Milford all my life," said he, "and I'll die right here and sleep in the be-u-ti-ful cem'try. I've known this place, boy and man, sixty years, and its entire feeters are indelubly imprinted on my mem'ry. I don't want no trolley thund'rin' into town and breakin' up the sanctity of our quiet. All the improvement I'd suggest is a new coat of paint on the stage and a new set of harnesses for the hosses; and so far as I ken see the outfit'd last as long as we old fellers live. Harmon's stage brings into town all the strange peepul we want'er see, and sometimes more."

"A trolley line would be an excuse for all the sweepin's of the naborin' towns to come here Sundays and holidays, trample on our flower beds and steal our cherries, and discombobolate Milford's happiness general'y. Yes, sir, Mr. Chairman; friend Nelson pinched the tweezers of common sense at the right spot when he said, 'Well enough's best left alone.' That's where you'll find me na-ow and forever."

A slight rustle of approval followed Burchard's harangue, but the audience's curiosity to hear Promoter Crane was too intense to permit much delay. He had been circulating through the hall and had not once set foot on the platform. He took up his position on the floor within six feet of the front row of hearers. His speech was, in most respects, a surprise. In his canvassing about town, he had given free rein to his enormous powers of wit and sarcasm. So it was generally expected that he would make an unsparring use of these weapons on this occasion. But his address was one of conciliation. He complimented everybody and every thing; the speeches to which they had listened, the men who made them, and even found something honeyed to say about conservatism, which goes slow and cannot be baited or pushed into rash enterprises.

"I am a conservative myself," Crane proclaimed. "That's my strong point." Without any more preliminaries, he struck into the solid division of his speech. He exhibited an improvised map of the proposed trolley route, told how most of the farmers along the line would donate the required strip, gave a tabulated statement what the roadbed, rails, and rolling stock would cost; and with a nimble brush painted the new life the road would bring into the community.

With a flaming face and vibrating sentences, the orator exclaimed: "'Let well enough alone,' somebody has said. Yes; that is precisely what wise men remarked to Columbus when he proposed to lift the veil that hid this glorious Western world of peerless opportunities from the gaze of Europe. If he had adopted their

Continued on page 364



## Keeping Trouble Out of the Kitchen.

Her pudding is burnt. When hurried and overworked, the woman in the kitchen is sure to have disasters.

Cakes will "fall," pies will bake unevenly, and puddings will burn.

Everything that keeps trouble out of the kitchen helps woman's work.

## JELL-O

does that. It **never burns**. It doesn't have to be cooked. It never goes wrong. It saves time as well as trouble.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. A package of Jell-O and a pint of boiling water are all that is needed.

Jell-O desserts are pure and delicious, and beautiful in the seven different colors.

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

The beautiful Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it. A splendid book.

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The delight of the housewife because so perfectly sanitary, convenient, economical. Made entirely of metal. Enamelled spotless white inside and outside. Revolving removable shelves. Entire inside can be taken out, cleaned and replaced in two minutes. Round in shape, there are no nasty corners, cracks for dirt and germs to lodge in. Refrigerator scientifically perfect, giving a cool, dry temperature with little ice. Handsome and best Refrigerator in the world. Six years success. If dealer does not handle, we will sell at trade discount, freight prepaid. Write for book and prices.

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## THE SPARKS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Offers a year's course including obstetrics to young women from 21 to 25 years of age, who are desirous of entering the profession of nursing. For any information apply to DEPT. SPARKS HOSPITAL, Fort Smith, Ark.

## A RAY FOR EACH DAY

From the Sun of Righteousness, beautiful color-booklet each \$1.50 per doz. Miss Tupper, 24 Orangetree Park, N. Y.

## YOU CAN AFFORD

to have a new Song Book in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person when you can get "FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL" for \$3 for 100. Words and music, \$3 very best songs. Sample copy 5 Cents. E. A. K. Hackett, 100 North Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the true mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
 5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
 SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK

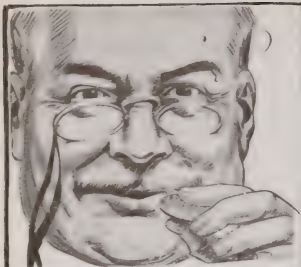












Lots of square-jawed men chew chips—as a substitute for tobacco—for their mouth refreshment—and they like to sink their teeth into the firm springy chicle body—sort of develops the bull-dog qualities of tenacity and determination.

## COLGAN'S

Mint or Violet

## CHIPS

have two mighty popular flavors. Most men prefer the mint, but the violet has many backers.

**Ten Chips 5c**  
In a handy metal box

You can buy MINT CHIPS and VIO. LET CHIPS almost everywhere. If they're not sold near you, send up 10 cents in stamps for a full box of each.

COLGAN'S  
GUM CO., Inc.  
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**PATENTS:** For facts about Prize and Reward offered by the U. S. Patent Office for inventions that will bring from \$5000 to 10 Million Dollars; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 8c postage to Pats. Patent Sense, Dept. 36 Pacific Bldg., Washington, D.C.

### Safe Bond Buying Is Based Upon Investigation

Public service corporation bonds are bought and sold upon facts which can be ascertained only through careful investigation by experts. The investigation costs just as much whether made for the sake of purchasing one bond or an entire issue. Therefore, the firm of N. W. Halsey & Co. investigates thoroughly the security upon which a bond issue rests and takes an entire issue or a large part of the issue, which it sells to its customers backed up by the results of its own investigation. This investigation is so careful and so thorough that it will satisfy the most cautious investor if it satisfies N. W. Halsey & Co. The same service is extended to all clients irrespective of the amount of their funds—whether they buy a single bond or many. The scope and character of this service and the kind of bonds which we offer are described in our booklet, "The most satisfactory bonds," which is sent free on request.

Ask for booklet No. B-10

**N. W. HALSEY & CO.**  
BANKERS

New York 49 Wall St. Philadelphia 1421 Chestnut St. Chicago 152 Monroe St. San Francisco 424 California St.

### Resurrection\*

WITH the hope and the reasonable expectation of immortality, a new nobility was imparted to our brief and blotted human span. We are no longer members of the family of "beasts that perish." We can look upon the crude and unfinished fabric of human life as only the introduction to our real life—a life unbounded in its length and possibilities. In our dreams, and with the words in mind of our Saviour, and especially of his best beloved disciples, we may glimpse the glories which await us. To the sober and literal mind, which accepts nothing not seen, touched or handled, these dreams seem wild and fantastic. The famous scientist Haeckel, the great Herbert Spencer, and others of their ilk both in Europe and America, may reject the Scripture testimony and call upon the advocates of immortality for proof from finite sources; but all their clamor avails nothing to the earnest believer in Christ's resurrection. By proofs deeper and stronger than mere flesh or stones or prismatic rays could ever afford, we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that he has gone to prepare a place for us, where, after death, we shall be satisfied.

"Life," says Elizabeth Phelps Ward, "is scarcely more than an experiment if death is the end of personality." And again she has said: "If you love greatly, if you love utterly, if you love nobly, what power in the universe can decide that your love shall cease to be? I can conceive of none. It is a slow lesson for us to understand that God is love. Perhaps it took the Scriptures to give us the splendid epigram."

"In parting from my body," said the venerable John Bigelow, in the book, *In After Days*, "I shall merely have parted with a transient implement as destitute of life as a spade or plow."

Life, if terminating at the grave, can only be regarded as but a fragment, as only a page of the great volume of human life as only the atrium of one of God's noblest temples. What possible reason can be assigned for even suspecting that this trend of development should not go on indefinitely?"

What, indeed?

In one of those beautiful moments of inspiration which visited the erratic brain of that great genius, Lord Byron, he wrote:

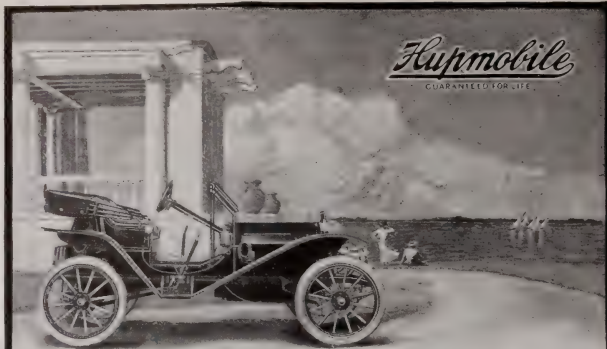
Yet if, as holiest men have deemed there be  
A land of souls beyond that sad shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophist, madly vain of dubious lore,  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labors light,  
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more,  
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight—  
The Baetian, Samian sage, and all who taught  
the right!

He voices one of the great passions of every devoted Christian: We all long to behold again not only our own beloved ones, but the great souls of all ages who have by life or voice ever "taught the right." One godly man in speaking of the future life said feelingly, "Among the first whom I shall seek in that enchanted land, after my very own, is the beloved disciple. I long to behold his face; to grasp his hand."

Another, a profound student of English history, who believed that the greatness of that wonderful land was largely due to the majestic and stainless Alfred, often said, "I almost long for death in order that I may see and talk with him."

Truly, he who would deprive the Christian world of its hope of immortality, deserves the divine anathema, "O ye fools and blind." "If we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, April 16. Text: Rom. 6:1-14.



### Runabout \$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, windshield, gas lamps and tank or generator, etc., extra. All models have 4 cyl., 20 H. P. motor, sliding gears and Bosch magneto. Detachable doors for any Hupmobile Runabout, \$25. Touring Car for 4, \$900. Fore-door Touring Car, \$925. Torpedo Runabout, \$850. Coupe, \$1100.

## "The Hupmobile has been Recommended to me"

You are safe in buying a car by its reputation because that is what its owners truly think and say of it.

Letter after letter comes to us saying: "The Hupmobile has been recommended to me."

It is rarely indeed that a Hupmobile owner speaks anything but praise of his car. Rarely indeed that one is found unwilling to give the car enthusiastic and favorable report.

The Hupmobile has built its good name for the trustworthiness that means the maximum of service for the minimum of cost because it expresses the highest ideals of automobile building as truly as the cars of greatest price and largest size.

The world-touring Hupmobile, which left Detroit in November last on a tour around the world, is now in the Far East.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, DESK 39, Detroit, Mich.**

## Ladies' Guaranteed Stockings

Extraordinary Value. Six Months' Wear or Worn Goods Replaced Free

Style 5001—Six pairs for 85c. Cotton: DOUBLE heel and toe of Irish linen; seamless; black or tan. Single pair, 15c. Style 5015—Six pairs for \$1.45. Imported cotton: double heel and toe; all black or with split white feet. Single pair, 25c.

Ladies' Hosiery and Men's guaranteed Half Hose at prices beyond comparison. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We pay all express and mail charges. State size and color when ordering. Agents Wanted. Free Illustrated Catalogue.

STANDARD DRY GOODS CO. Suite 516, 400 West 23d St., New York

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### Most Direct Route to the "Highlands of Ontario"

Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes  
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Temagami, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes

Spend Your Summer Holidays at One of These Delightful Spots

Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodations at moderate cost. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out of the ordinary resorts.

All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States, via the Grand Trunk. Palatial trains provide every travel luxury to your destination. Address—

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GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM





The cook's right bower for making things good is

# Snider's Tomato Catsup

IT is not only an unsurpassed relish for meats, fish, game, vegetables, etc., but is a most convenient seasoning for dishes requiring a tasty puree, and saves labor.

Try this recipe, (using Snider's)

## Tomato Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 cup thin cream; 1/2 cup Snider's Tomato Catsup; 2 cups cheese measured after grating (or running through chopper); 2 eggs slightly beaten; salt.

Melt butter to sauce pan, add flour. Pour in, gradually, the cream, and as soon as mixture thickens add the Catsup. The 2 eggs, cheese, and salt to taste. Serve, as soon as cheese has melted, on soda crackers, or crisp toast.

Helen Mar Thomson

The pantry should always contain a good supply of Snider process Pork and Beans and a bottle of Snider's Chili Sauce.

## "It's The Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Company Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

All Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.



## The Right Paint For This Spring

You can't afford to let your house stand exposed till oil drops in price. The way things look now, the buildings would be paint-hungry before that time comes.

Get the cost of 100 pounds "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead, 4 gallons pure linseed oil, 1 gallon turpentine, 1 pint turpentine thinner—this makes 5 gallons of pure white lead paint. Divide by 5 for the price per gallon and compare this with the price of any other paint you'd think of using.

You'll find that the best is the cheapest; also that after the increase in the cost of "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead made to order paint is trifling.

Write for our free "Helps No. 1250" It answers all paint questions.

## NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago  
Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco  
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia)  
(National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

## General Notes

—A COUNT of the attendance in a number of the leading churches of all denominations in New York, on a recent Sunday, Protestant and Catholic included, showed that 531,100 members were absent on that day. Of these, 453,800 were Catholics and 77,300 Protestants.

—PREMIER STOLYPIN of the Russian Cabinet resigned his portfolio on March 20, because the Council of the Empire rejected his Zemstvo bill for self-government in the nine Western provinces. Minister of Finance Kokovtsov has taken the place of Stolypin. The new premier is said to be an able, level-headed statesman. On all foreign questions, and particularly in regard to the Jews, he has maintained an enlightened and moderate attitude. He opposed the excesses of Nationalism, and co-operated with the Duma in effecting extensive reforms in the finances of the country, and in many other ways has saved millions of dollars to the Empire.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN BODY has received a million dollars from the estate of the late John S. Kennedy, the New York multi-millionaire and philanthropist, which, with a previous donation of \$500,000, makes the amount received to date \$1,500,000. More is expected. Of the \$500,000, three-fifths was used to liquidate the debt of all Presbyterian churches, and the remainder has been saved to erect a labor temple at Fourteenth street and Second Avenue, New York. The million dollars will be used as a permanent endowment for the spread of Presbyterianism in New York, while the income, which will amount to \$50,000 annually, will be devoted to building new churches and aiding struggling ones that are deemed worthy of support.

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, the acknowledged head of the colored race, was somewhat unfortunate on his last visit to New York. In seeking the city address of one of his Tuskegee officials in a West Side street, he was attacked by a man who presumably took the negro educator for a burglar or some one with a more sinister motive. The bruises Dr. Washington received confined him to his hotel for a few days. Many letters of sympathy came to him from all parts of the country, among them one from President Taft in which was expressed the high estimation in which the latter holds the man who has done so much for the elevation of his people, through whose labors they have become an integrally important element in our civilization and progress.

## REDEEM THE TIME

ONE hour in meditation  
On the Book of Books Divine,  
One hour in contemplation  
Of its messages sublime,  
Helps the work of transformation,  
Aids the Master in His plan  
To effect the restoration  
Of His chief creation—man.

One hour in earnest pleading  
At the Father's mercy-seat,  
One hour in simply waiting  
At the Saviour's blessed feet,  
Or in seeking for the lost one  
On the hard, bleak hills of sin,  
That will help in recreation  
Of the Master's life within.

Do not while away the moments,  
Unimproved let time pass by,  
Aching as if hours and minutes  
Later on would backward fly;  
Time once passed there's no recalling,  
And life's hours at best are few,  
Help the Master then in bringing  
His lost image back to you.

Chadron, Neb.

H. J. BRYCE.

## Honor Roll

Continued from page 304

Dwight Gadberry, 10; Isaac N. Leatherman, 14; Christopher Hutchins, —; Elizabeth B. Anderson, 10; Leone McBride, 10; Ivy Thomas, 8; Claudie J. Pell, 9; Miriam H. Field, 15; Charlotte Cannon, 7; Willard J. Seder, 10; Marjorie Adams, 12; Mary Kay, 11; Lois Culmer, 12; Ruth Mistle, 13; Alice Boyd, 12; Daisy E. Johns, 11; Edna Drabick, 15; Norman M. Johnson, 12; Elsie A. Julison, 15; Mary Lansing, 13; Phyllis R. Cutter, 12; James Rowden Gordon, 10; Clifford Martin, 12; Irma Reinhardt, 13; Charlotte Todd, 14; Warren Satterfield, 10; Ernest Hagen, 13; Howard K. Brinklow, 15; Gordon Thomas, 14; Fremont B. Hailock, 14; Corrah Lee Otis, 13; Campbell Strunholm, 14; Ivan R. Adams, 14; Lorne Guest, 15; Carl Furry, 14; William C. Dorsey, Jr., 14.

You can place money in the Industrial Savings and Loan Company, and know that it is safe, and it earns you an income of 4 per cent, and will yield four per cent, the very day you deposit it. See advertisement on page 362, and write for full information.—ADV.

# Everyman's Car

## The Brush Runabout \$450

THE contractor needs a reliable means of getting from place to place to oversee his work.

The Brush appeals to him because it is quick, dependable and particularly suited to getting through crowded city streets with the least loss of time. It earns its cost easily.



DOESN'T the Brush fit your needs as well as it does the contractor's—if you must go quickly from place to place?

To any one who loses valuable time in a business day by the slowness of ordinary means of city traffic—the Brush will pay for itself in no time.

It means more business calls and more business done—wellcome relief from the frets of city crowds—better health, better temper, better results, more money.

Whether contractor, architect, or artisan—whether salesman, solicitor or collector—whether merchant or manufacturer—it will save you time and earn its keep as an aide in your business.



Let us send you detailed data on Everyman's Car.

## BRUSH RUNABOUT COMPANY

Division of the United States Motor Company

460 Rhode Island Avenue

Detroit, Mich.

## Why Take a Chance With Your Eggs or Chicks?



Don't blame your poor hatches to the parent stock, or the eggs, because lack of moisture, irregular heat, and cheap incubators are responsible for the deaths of millions of chicks in the shell every year.

## The International Self-Humidifying Incubator

is absolutely automatic in every function, unvariable temperature, positive moisture from the moment of starting the hatch until necessary to properly dry the newly hatched unit of future profit, so thoroughly safeguarding its entrance into poultrydom as to guarantee its livability.

Your brooder losses are not always the fault of the chicks. Ultimate success depends on the proper mothering of chicks.

## The International Sanitary Hover

is the only one positively supplying the highest temperature at the outer edge. Therefore, no loss by crowding to the center, and every chick has a chance under this hover. Entire metal construction. Portable and adjustable to all conditions. Eliminates expensive brooder house equipment. Our best efforts are centered in the production of Day-Old-Chicks and Hatching Eggs from matured stock. No pullet eggs are used except for table purposes. All orders for incubators, hovers, Day Old Chicks or Hatching Eggs will positively be filled within 24 hours after receipt.

Send to-day for 1911 catalogue on incubators and hovers, also our stock catalogue on Rancoas Strain Baby Chicks and Hatching Eggs.

## INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SALES COMPANY

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Branch: No. 21 Barclay St., New York City

















# MEN'S COMPLETE OUTFIT

**FINE NAVY BLUE & WOOL SERGE SUITS \$4.95**  
**SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS**  
**AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR**  
**SAFETY RAZOR FREE**  
 Until there are some we will sell 15,000 year around weighty BLUE WOOL SERGE SUITS at \$4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit a pair of fine navy blue worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in an extra pair of trousers with the suit and extra trousers at \$1.95 a highly nickled, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any \$5.00 safety razor regardless of name or make.  
**THE SUIT** is daily finest grade navy blue wool serge a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful chambray finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect. Is made lined, elegantly finished, guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers. \$8 to \$11 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 in. around breast.  
**THE FREE TROUSERS** which we give with the suit at \$1.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish and well tailored, and perfect in every measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of trousers and height and weight, and we will send this fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, \$3.95, and express charges after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw at \$10.00 for \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00, and our terms good for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ask for BOOK 27) which contains 100 line cloth samples of ready made suits at \$3.95 up, trousers fine up, shirts on raincoats, \$4.50, cravattes, \$5.00, and complete outfits of shirt, vest, tie, and coat and trousers, and all the latest of men's and youth's clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book. If you order the outfit, send for FREE MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS and for FREE FREE FURNISHING GOODS. Shirt hats 95c, soft hats 42c, underwear 19c, dress shirts 47c, silk 4 in hands 19c, and every kind of apparel for men's and youth's clothing at the lowest prices.  
**JOHN M. SMYTH CO., CHICAGO**  
 116 West Madison St., Chicago

This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it. Measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of trousers and height and weight, and we will send this fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, \$3.95, and express charges after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw at \$10.00 for \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00, and our terms good for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ask for BOOK 27) which contains 100 line cloth samples of ready made suits at \$3.95 up, trousers fine up, shirts on raincoats, \$4.50, cravattes, \$5.00, and complete outfits of shirt, vest, tie, and coat and trousers, and all the latest of men's and youth's clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book. If you order the outfit, send for FREE MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS and for FREE FREE FURNISHING GOODS. Shirt hats 95c, soft hats 42c, underwear 19c, dress shirts 47c, silk 4 in hands 19c, and every kind of apparel for men's and youth's clothing at the lowest prices.  
**JOHN M. SMYTH CO., CHICAGO**  
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**Direct from Factory, Freight Prepaid and Guaranteed by the Manufacturer**  
 You can buy a Gold Coin Stove from us \$4.00 to \$20 less than any other place. We pay freight, safe delivery insured, polished and all ready to set up.  
 Satisfaction or your money back any time within 1 year or our money back guarantee.  
 Free Catalog of all our Stoves, Ranges, and all the latest and tells you Plans and Offer. Send for it.  
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Send for new illustrated Recipe Book, and make Knox Turkish Delights, Knox Mint Flats, Knox French Dainties, Knox Chocolate Caramels and Knox Marshmallows in your own home.  
 Recipes for a hundred desserts and salads in addition to the candy.  
 It is on request for your grocery's name. If in doubt send Knox Gelatine, we will send a full list, sample, too, in stamps and the name, or for the two quick packages.  
**Knox Gelatine**  
 Pure, Plain Spiculing  
 55 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

**\$1 English Knock-about Hat**  
 A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English felt. Pulls into compact felt without damaging. Remains hard. Won't shed or lose its shape. Season. Colors: Black, Gray, Striped, Brown, Tan, and White. Weight 1 lb. Sent postpaid. Ready to ship. \$1.00. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Hat Book and Hat.  
**Panama Hat Co., Dept. C, 830 Broadway, New York City**

# The Stranger Who Stayed

Continued from preceding page

forever. The time has come to enlist the services of that fault in the creek's channel in the cause of keeping Milford's young men here with their old fathers and mothers."

Seeing that the field before him had been sufficiently plowed and harrowed for the sowing of the seed, Crane tersely unfolded the project. General electric works for the manufacture of all kinds of electrical implements; a building four stories high and covering half an acre of ground; the total cost, equipment and all else, not less than \$400,000; one half of the stock already taken by an unknown, the rest thrown open to general subscriptions by local capitalists; the offices to be held by Milford residents.

In a week all the preliminaries were through. Milford's postmaster, James Carter, was chosen president. Ground was broken in three weeks, and the following summer the music of the falls was reinforced by the mighty melodies of whirling wheels and humming belts and the movements of hundreds of workmen.

Milford, of course, took a new leap forward. The best sinews and the most enterprising spirits of the town jumped to grapple the new opportunities.

Many of the villagers were not surprised when, at the end of another year, Crane's posters again summoned Milfordites to the Town Hall. This time, with no flourishes, the mouthpiece of the benevolent unknown reported that mysterious being's purpose to set up a public library in the community. To that end he offered to build a \$75,000 housing for the books, these to be selected by a town committee, besides contributing a fund to add three hundred volumes every year to the shelves. All he asked of Milford was to meet the running expenses of the library. No Rip Van Winkle objecting, this Milford benefaction took its place in the lengthening list of surprises.

During the next few years little of extraordinary moment occurred in Milford. Nearly everything moved in normal grooves. The population rapidly increased; there were now several thousand more people than when Muggins walked into town that cold spring evening. Streets of beautiful cottages steadily multiplied. The old ramshackle store buildings made room for successors worthy of the town. A high school and two new church edifices came at the beck of educational and religious needs.

The gossip clubs duly noted all these changes; likewise that from some mysterious source came from time to time "lifts" and benefactions for which there was no explanation. Supplies of coal, in zero weather, landed at the doors of poor families. Blankets and clothing for children were handed into homes of want by expressmen. Some needed municipal improvement that had slowed down from lack of means suddenly had no excuse for a longer halt. Boys and girls of scant resources, but resolved to obtain an education beyond the gift of the village schools, discovered, at the end of the term, that they had unknowingly worked for and won a scholarship.

As time lapsed, Muggins was seen less often in the village; and finally his visitations ceased altogether. He now lived wholly with his books.

The inquisitive clubs had almost ceased to think of him when one evening in the store Dr. Huxley, the leading local physician, confirmed a rumor that Muggins was ill. "He will not live a week longer," stirred the heart of every man within hearing of the physician's prediction. The following day people saw Lawyer Brickfield, Squire Burchard and Alfred Crane, who had come to town in response to a telegram, accompany the doctor to

Continued on next page



# Comfort for Old Age



Heat does not always mean comfort. The dry, baked heat thrown off by radiators is not comfortable warmth—it saps life and energy out of you. You have noticed that in steam or hot water heated rooms. But the fresh, warmed air of



# Jewel WARM AIR Furnaces

is comfortable warmth—energizing, stimulating, healthful warmth. The reason the "Jewel" Warm Air Furnace is to be preferred to any other system is because it supplies just the amount of pure air needed in addition to an abundance of heat. As the fresh, warm air is delivered from the registers it displaces the colder and impure air. This makes comfortable, healthful warmth.

# Learn About Comfortable Warmth Get This Free Book

It tells about comfortable and healthful warmth—it explains why warmed pure air is preferable to baked, dry heat. It tells of the economy of the "Jewel" Warm Air Furnace—how it saves fuel and gives more and better heat. It proves by eminent authorities why warm air is the hygienic heating. You will enjoy reading this book—it is interesting and instructive. Send postal for copy today.



# Detroit Stove Works

(Largest Stove Plant in the World)  
 DETROIT—CHICAGO

# 75c. Stocking Darner—Free

Will do all your darning on any sewing machine. Send name, Address LOCK BOX 69, CHICAGO, ILL.

# A WAY TO MAKE MONEY

A little booklet, "A Business of Your Own," tells how you can make money in your spare time without any investment on your part, and by simply doing some plain and work among friends and acquaintances. You like the plan, because it not only pays well, but at the same time offers you a chance to earn a permanent income that will be very helpful to you. May we send you full information? Now is the time to begin. Every day you delay may mean a loss of one more dollar. Write now! Ask for our "Money Making Plan." WRITE TO-DAY!  
**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Agency Dept., New York**

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**This CORSET COVER ONLY 45c**  
 No. 639  
 Send only 45c and we will mail you this Handsome All-Over Swiss Embroidery Corset Cover. Pretty open work and blind design. Plain pin tucked back. Edged around neck and armholes with beautiful Imported Valenciennes Lace one inch wide. Dainty pure silk baby ribbon draw and bow.  
 Bust measure 32 to 44 inches. Be sure to give size. If you don't find the Corset Cover worth at least double, mail it right back and we will cheerfully refund your money, also postage.  
 We offer the Corset Cover at this extremely low price, to clear large Free Catalog of Everything to Wear for Women, Men and Children, also Furniture, Carpets, Lace Curtains, Rugs, Stoves and all kinds of House Furnishings Goods.  
 Ref. Continental & Bonn (Max) Bank. Capital \$20,000,000  
**CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.**  
 INDIANA AVE. & 26th ST.  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

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## The Stranger Who Stayed

Continued from preceding page

The Manse; and everybody said "will" under his breath. Three days later a village bell tolled "sixty"; and Milford knew what soul had passed from among the living.

The next morning Crane posters, the last the town was ever to see, bade all Milford assemble at the Town Hall "to hear news of great interest to every man, woman, and child." For once the hall could not hold the people who assembled; so they massed in front, and Promoter Crane used the pillared porch for a platform. With crape on his arm and tones befitting the occasion, he said:

"People of Milford, I shall take but a few minutes of your time. The man that you knew as Muggins is gone. You saw him, but you did not know him. Because of sorrow he buried himself, under an assumed name, in this quiet corner, away from the bustling world. He was an Englishman, born in Norway, and his name was James Watson Lonsdale. His father died early, and left his son a fortune of many millions. James studied at Eton and Oxford; and then for years traveled in every corner of the globe. A real estate investment in South Africa turned out a diamond mine, and his wealth increased tenfold in a few years. The death of one he loved, who, if she had lived, would have become his wife, drove him to seek a final home where nothing could remind him of joys prematurely snatched away. The place where he took up his abode was his. He bought it of the owner, whom he happened to meet in the diamond fields. The unknown who took half of the Milford and Castanet Junction stock was Muggins. By will he gives that stock to the town, to be used for the promotion of any needed public improvements. It was he who furnished half of the money for building and equipping the electric works. His interests there he bequeaths to the churches of Milford, all sharing alike. The giver of the library was Muggins. But this is not all. For the creation of a hospital for the free use of the people of this town he wills the site on the hill, and a sum to meet the expense of erecting the buildings and paying the current expenses.

"It was Mr. Lonsdale's wish that his will be withheld from public knowledge until after his burial, but those who shared the secret have otherwise decided."

On the modest shaft beneath which sleeps the self-exiled Englishman is his full name, below which was chiseled, between quotation marks, the appellation "Muggins," and highest of all and in larger letters, with a golden gleam, are the words:

WHEN THOU DOST GOOD, LET NOT THY LEFT HAND KNOW WHAT THY RIGHT HAND DOETH.

Always in His Place

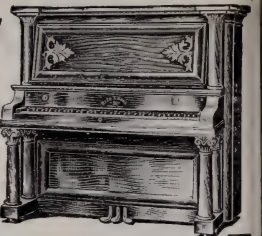
When a mere baby, just three years old, a little boy was seen toddling to Sunday School in the small town of Lagro, Ind. As he grew older, he still was in his place every Sunday, through rain, storm or sunshine. When six years old he entered the public school and worked hard and faithfully all through the graded school. Never in all those years had he been absent or tardy. He is now in high school. His interest in the Church and Sunday School has never waned. He has attended the Presbyterian church for eleven years without missing a single service. Although now grown up he still attends Sunday School. He is also a member of the church and doing good work for the Master. We trust as the years roll round and as the cares of life press upon him, he will ever find God's house a refuge from the storm, and work on faithfully to the end, until at last he hears the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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*Letters for Home—A Scene in Camp on the Border*





## Questions and Answers

A. E., York, N. Y. How long was it from the time Noah left the Ark until Abraham entered Canaan?

From the Deluge to the call of Abraham was 427 years, estimated, according to the best Bible authorities.

N. M. A., West Chazy, N. Y. When a person writes a story is he at liberty to send it to more than one publisher at a time and to accept offers from all? When one publisher buys a story is it his property to the exclusion of all others?

A manuscript should only be sent to one publisher at a time. This is a rigid rule of the profession, to break which by sending to several publishers simultaneously, would involve serious trouble, if more than one were to accept. When a publisher buys a story, he buys either the serial rights only or both serial and book rights. In either event, it becomes his exclusive property for his publication, unless it is desired to syndicate it to several publications, in which case the arrangement should be clearly understood.

C. K., Ghent, N. Y. 1. I recently heard a minister say he did not believe God created heaven and earth and all things in a period of seven days of twenty-four hours each. Is this sound doctrine? 2. Is it better or more sacred to use the word "Jehovah" than "Lord" in the twenty-third and many other Psalms so familiar to all?

1. The Bible nowhere implies that the word "day," as used in the account of the Creation, is to be interpreted as a day of twenty-four hours. Indeed, the Scripture tells us that "a day in his sight is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." The "day" of Creation was an indefinite period of time, and no one hes the right to dogmatize as to its duration. 2. The word "Jehovah" is the name by which God made himself known to the ancient Hebrews under the Covenant. It is synonymous with "Lord," and is used in the Revised Version, although it will hardly displace the more familiar term which is endeared by association to all Bible readers.

W. V. M., Tullahoma, Tenn. Who said, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again?"

William Cullen Bryant in his poem *The Battle-field*.

Mrs. S., Grand Forks, N. D. 1. Kindly explain Ex. 20: 5. I can't understand how our children suffer for our sin in the way of having to suffer for our lack of proper care for our health, but not further. 2. Is the temple Solomon built still in existence?

1. Our children suffer for our sins in a double sense, i. e. physically and spiritually; but the passage in Exodus referred specially to the continuing results of the sin of idolatry—"them that hate me." God reserved to himself the infliction of a special punishment for this sin alone. Under the Jewish law a man suffered for his own sin only (see Deut. 24: 16). 2. Solomon's temple was destroyed about B.C. 586.

J. B., San Diego, Calif. What is meant by the Victoria Cross?

The Victoria Cross is a martial decoration instituted in the reign of Queen Victoria and awarded only to those who displayed conspicuous bravery in the battlefield. The Cross is in the Maltese form, and manufactured from Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol. It is considered the highest honor a British soldier can receive.

E. W., Channah, Ill. In our early childhood days we were sometimes used to sing a hymn, one verse of which and chorus ran as follows:

"Although you flourish like the rose,  
That in the garden grows,  
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,  
No more will they be seen."  
"We are passing away,  
We are passing away,  
To the great judgment Day."

Have been wondering if some copy of OUR MAIL-BAG could furnish the balance of this hymn, which I have always wanted to know. Sincerely hope so, as some reader may know it well.

H. E. B., Whitesboro, Ind. About 1800, a man of Israel, know that Jesiah was conspiring to kill Naboth until she sent him word of the death? Was it for the judgment was pronounced against him, or for unlawfully possessing the vineyard?

We have no way of being absolutely sure whether Ahab knew of the plot or not. We may, however, be morally certain that he did.

Continued on last column

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## Questions and Answers

Continued from first column

He certainly knew his wife's disposition and temperament, and he must have been dense indeed not to have realized that her assurance of the gift of the vineyard meant the removal of Naboth in some way. The letters were sealed with his seal, and it is more than probable that he knew this was done. A modern jury would surely call Ahab an accomplice in the murder. By Jehovah's instruction, Elijah said to Ahab, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" The judgment was "because thou hast sold thyself to do that which is evil in the sight of Jehovah." We may presume that this judgment meant complicity in the crime. It is almost too severe to have been meted out for the sin of accepting the blood-stained gift of the vineyard.

J. R., Gumberry, N. C. 1. What became of Solomon's temple? 2. What became of Noah's ark after the flood?

1. See answer to Mrs. S., Grand Forks, S. D. 2. It is believed to have found a lodgment on some peak or cleft of Mount Ararat, and to have gradually ascended from exposure to the elements. Josephus, the Jewish historian (who lived in the first century of the Christian era), wrote of the ark in his *Antiquities* that "its remains are shown there by the inhabitants to this day"—that is, by the Armenian people. Of course, this cannot now be verified.

R. S. W., Fairview, Mont. What kind of food is pemmican, which Peary used when seeking the Pole?

Pemmican is a food preparation of the American Indians, consisting of buffalo or venison meat cut into strips and dried in the sun. These strips are then pounded and mixed with cranberries and other wild fruits and compressed into bags of cowhide. Pemmican keeps indefinitely and is much used on long journeys and also in time of war.

H. D., Ventura, Calif. 1. Is there anything definite known with regard to the death of Paul, Peter and John? 2. Why did our Saviour pray to the Father, having all power, both in heaven and on earth, inherent in himself, and why suffer anguish in view of death, when his mission upon earth was to die for sinners? 3. Would not our Lord's prayer for his enemies secure them from punishment?

1. According to traditional accounts, Paul was beheaded at Rome during Nero's reign; Peter was crucified there also; John endured much persecution and faced many dangers, but died a natural death. It is believed, at Ephesus. 2. Jesus who became man was in "all respects as we are, yet without sin." He was susceptible to the same temptations and privations, pain and grief—the penalties of the flesh. Being God and immortal, he had power to lay down his human life and to take it up again (see John 10: 17, 18). In his self-imposed mission for our sakes he foresaw the physical suffering, and the anguish he would have to undergo, and even the death on the cross. The cry that was wrung from him was the cry of his human nature. 3. It was the expression of his Divine love and compassion, even toward those who, blinded by sin and fanaticism, had compassed his death. Believing him to be mere man and not God, they knew not what they did.

### Miscellaneous

J. V. S., Orleans, Neb. He made considerable money from author's royalties and copyrights on his books, which he left to his children when he died.

W. H. E., Port Matilda, Pa. The subject has already been fully dealt with in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to prolong discussion is unprofitable.

Reader, Jersey City. Doctors will tell you that it is unwholesome for a child of tender years to sleep with and inhale the breath of an aged person.

Mrs. A. D., Moscow, Idaho. The note to which you refer did not apply to any particular school, but was intended as general advice to any who are so afflicted and anticipate taking a course in any of the numerous schools that are advertised.

W. B., Herrington, Kan. The names Norma and Norman are derived from the Saxon root, meaning north. The accepted meaning of the first is purity; of the second, sturdiness. Ruth comes from the Hebrew, and means friendship or beauty. Esther is the ancient Persian name for the planet Venus. Its meaning is love. Alice comes from the old Teutonic languages, and means noble cheer.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

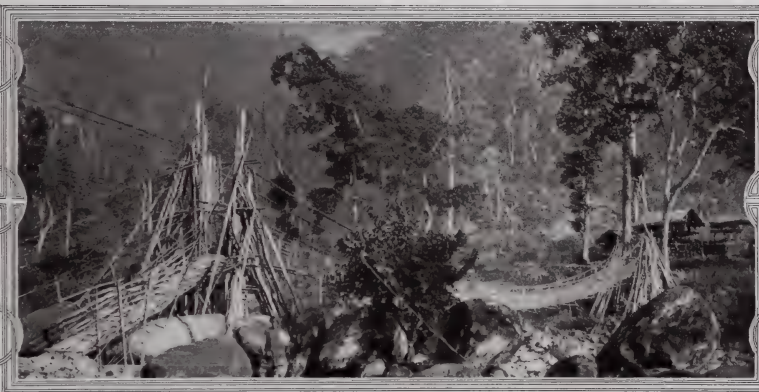
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Tea-Carrier

A Rattan Bridge in the Himalayas on the Tibetan Border

Tibetan Water-Carrier



## KNOCKING AT THE GATES OF TIBET

By CHARLES F. GEIGER

**S**LOWLY but surely the mystery which has so long enshrouded Tibet, "The Great Closed Land," "The Roof of the World," is being dispelled. From the remotest times curiosity and legend have centred about that land, and civilized nations have been stopped at its borders when in search of knowledge. It is only a few years since slumbering interest in Tibet was aroused by the results of the explorations of Dr. Sven Hedin and a few other intrepid travelers. As a factor in international questions Tibet has been unknown till within the last four years. England and Russia have both looked on it with longing eyes, but have seemingly studiously avoided all mention of it in their dealings with one another.

In 1907 the fate of Tibet was made an international question when that daring British military expedition, under Colonel (afterwards Sir) F. E. Younghusband, gained a forcible entrance into the exclusive land of the Dalai Lama, and after occupying the town of Gyantse, penetrated even to the sacred city of Lhasa. As a result of this expedition, the Tibetan cities of Gyantse, Gartok and Yatung were opened to British trade. In the same year an Anglo-Russian convention determined the following conditions with respect to Tibet: "The recognition of the suzerain right of China and the territorial and administrative integrity of the country; that no official representative at Lhasa should be appointed either by England or Russia, and that no concessions for railways, mines, etc., should be sought by either power."

Unsupported by any great government of the earth and with none of the publicity or spectacular effect of a military expedition, an advance was made upon Tibet which is destined to rival all others in glorious results.

On the 18th of July, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Muir, missionaries under the direction of the China Inland Mission, reached Batang, in Chinese Tibet, where they at once established a mission station. They were followed a week later by Dr. and Mrs. Shelton, of the American Christian Mission. Writing from this far outpost of Christian civilization—a distance of nearly one hundred days' travel from New York—Mr. Muir says: "We are actually as far west here as we can go at present, and at the door of the Great Closed Land. You can imagine how very strange we feel to be living here, where it is impossible for a European to go a step farther. Districts are opening, and last year we got into places where no foreigner had been before. The new official, when he comes, will doubtless reduce other tribes to submission, and as fast as the Chinese get control they will let us go in, but they will not

do so now, because they cannot protect us there; for in the eyes of the world, they feel responsible for Tibet, and so they make us keep out." In 1910, by permission of Chinese officials, Mr. Muir was enabled to take an extended journey into Tibet proper. He penetrated as far as Chamdo, at which place the official refused to let him go any farther; so he turned back, passing, on his return to Batang, through the cities of Draya and Gartok, the latter one of the British trading towns.

The journey was through fertile mountain valleys, over swift flowing streams, and rough mountain roads always 12,000 to 16,000 feet above sea level,



Mr. Muir's House

where the altitudes made the journeying both dangerous and difficult.

Tibet is all mountains and valleys. There is scarcely a plain worthy of the name. The mountain passes are at a high altitude, and crossed only with great difficulty. The valleys were found to be well populated, but the cities were small, and the houses crude buildings of mud walls. The streets are narrow and dirty. Northern Tibet is peopled largely by nomad tribes, while in the south there is a more settled population. Moffat in Africa beheld the smoke arising from a thousand villages, in the early

morning light; so Mr. Muir on this journey saw entire villages, where Jesus is not known.

Buddhism has probably a firmer hold on the Tibetans than on any other people in Asia. This form of religion was brought in from India many centuries ago. The Dalai Lama at Lhasa is supposed to be the reincarnation of Buddha. He is the Grand Lama, and under him are all of the many lamas, or monks, of the lamaseries. Every family gives a son to be a lama, though it be the only son of the family. Writing of the great lamasery at Chamdo, Mr. Muir says: "The lamasery is built above the river in the fork of the two streams that join here to make the Mekong. The Tibetan city is built on the first level and the lamasery is on another level above the city, so that it may be seen from all directions. This lamasery is very wealthy. I was not permitted to see the main temple, but it is reported fabulously rich in gold and silver and gems. The one small chapel that I did see gives an idea of the wealth. It was the shrine of the thousand Buddhas. In this shrine in every lamasery the thousand images of Buddha are painted on the walls, or on a scroll, but here in Chamdo each separate Buddha was an image of brass, about six inches high and gold plated. The main idol was adorned with gems and gold and silver and coral, and in all, the small chapel gave an idea of richness and prosperity."

In the ordinary lamaseries often a thousand lamas may be found; while the great lamasery at Lhasa is said to contain over 5,000 of these monks. The Tibetan Buddhists have no knowledge of Jesus, or of his mission on earth. They have no knowledge of the Gospel, except as it is brought to them by heroic missionaries, and those who have dared to establish themselves on the Tibetan frontier in India. In order that one may form some opinion of the valiant spirit of Mr. Muir, the following extract is given from a personal letter: "The Tibetans are resenting the new regulations of their Chinese rulers, and so we have rumors of wars that may or may not develop into grave proportions. We are here and our God is able; so why should we fear? What can man do unto us? It is sufficient honor to be here and to have had the privilege of living where no Protestant missionary lived previous to our coming."

Mr. Muir is enduring his isolation and hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Having acquired the difficult Chinese language, he found it a yet more difficult task to learn the Tibetan. He is hopeful that soon other portions of Tibet will open to the Christian missionary, and eventually all of Tibet. The regions which he has explored in the interests of the Gospel, it is hoped will yet be evangelized.



# THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Rev. W. MacMullen, D.D.\*

## The Easter Angel and His Message

TEXT: Mark 16:6  
"He is risen; he is not here"

### I. The Angel

WITH each account of the resurrection angels are connected. Their garments were snow-white. They were dazzling. Their appearance was like lightning. At sight of them the military guards were smitten with fear and became like dead men.

That feature in the life of the angel visitor which Mark with characteristic vividness selects for special notice is his youth. "A young man" was sitting in the tomb. And that suggests the youth of the immortals. Immortality without youth and with the memory of the lost youth still active would be an appalling curse. That possible tragedy is a theme often used by writers and by none more beautifully than by Tennyson in his *Tithonus*. Immortal life was granted Tithonus through Aurora in response to his prayer, but youth was forgotten in the plea, and when age came upon him he cursed the decree which tied him to life and envied the dead in their grassy beds. Now here we have on Easter morning the suggestion that the immortals are always young. In this life we grow from infancy to youth, to maturity, to decay. We have noisy debates as to the age at which life's productiveness ceases, we have satires as to the value of a suicide club, we have suggestions, sometimes playful, sometimes serious, as to how to get rid of the old, we have proposals of chemical methods, based upon physiological secrets, by which the maturity of life may be lengthened, we have essays upon how to grow old gracefully, we have reminders that age has its compensations and puts valuable qualities into the spirit. And the conclusion forced upon us by all the discussion of the problem of old age is that souls shrink from age and cling to youth, for whatever values age may bring, it is associated with the idea of decay and seems to involve decay.

Of course there are some whose minds stand the strain of life, its wear and tear, without apparent damage, like Victor Hugo, who, after a half century of intellectual energy, pouring out his thoughts in all forms of literary expression, said he had but just begun to express what was in him. There are many such souls. But even with them age is an intellectual drag if not a paralysis. Such minds are like strong engines in poorly timbered vessels, moving on through seas not too heavy for the engine, but too heavy for the hull. And a trembling enfeebled body is a poor home for an eager spirit. It gets weary the sooner under the weight of an alert mind. A brilliant writer said: "The tragedy of growing old is in remaining young," which means that the lack of correspondence between spirit and body is a sad disaster. And the assurance of this radiant being at the empty sepulchre on Easter morning is that the time is coming when there will be no such distressing contrasts, when the vessel will be strong enough for the engine which drives it, the house be eternally suited to its tenant. The glorious body for which we shall exchange the body of our humiliation, the spiritual body, with its marks of power and glory, will have the splendor of youth and be able to meet all the demands of a tireless spirit.

### Moral Deterioration

Sometimes age means the decay of other things besides the body. Moral deterioration with the lapse of years is common enough. A medical writer has maintained that moral sentiments naturally decay in the course of years, and that "age becomes ethically inferior to youth by a process as natural as the whitening of its hair or the lowering of its vital force." Such teaching is full of peril. Its basis is materialism, which denies personal freedom and makes character a product of physical forces. It is quite true that history has instances of moral lapse, notable cases like Nero and Henry VIII., common cases like that which Stevenson portrays in his *Ebb-Tide*. There have been a good many sad relapses and sadder wrecks of character. They are not inevitable. The moral glory of life as well as its intellectual strength may stay with us to the end. But there is sore danger that moral ideals may be lowered and moral sinews be unbraced by the disintegrating power of time. And it is blessed to

know that at last in the highest things, the things that make the best in life, the things which when preserved lead life at its grandest to the grave, the vision, the ideals, the impulses, the courage, the holy tempers of the soul, there will be eternal youth. No moral weakness, no eclipse, no dimness, no old age, but everlasting moral strength. Such strength is guaranteed in eternal youth. You cannot separate the process of growth from healthy life. Living things grow. Living souls grow there as well as here. And the growth will never conduct any soul into the dim light and lonely valleys of old age. An old mystic said, "The oldest angels are the youngest." That suggests a process the reverse of what we know here. Instead of growth leading to age it will lead to youth. The longer we live the younger we shall get. Youth will always thrill us. Eagerness, zest, glow, hope, power, splendor will characterize life forever and forever.

### II. The Angel Message

1. "He is not here." One of the foundation stones of the Christian Church is the empty grave. The first deniers of the resurrection admitted the empty grave when they said, "His disciples came and stole him while we slept." The body was gone. Where? Did his friends steal and hide it so as to give color to their story of a Risen One? Then they were liars, and out of their theft and falsehood came their later jubilant faith and the enthusiastic service which brought them persecution and death. Now men may be persistent in adhering to a lie when their own interest is involved, but they do not get radiantly happy when they repeat the lie, and do not sacrifice themselves in a service which they know has such moral rottenness at the heart of it. Where was the body? Did his enemies know? If they did they could easily, at any time in the days succeeding Pentecost, have produced the body or taken competent witnesses to view it, and so shattered the resurrection romance and made a laughing-stock of these disciples who were organized either as liars or dreamers. The body—where was it? Was the death only apparent? Did Jesus, under the influence of aromatic spices and the cool air of the rock tomb, revive and creep out wounded and weak? Did he find some obscure place in which to hide while he recovered a measure of strength? Did he die at last in some Phœnician inn or among the rock caves of the Essenes? Did he keep himself aloof from his friends because he had ceased to care for them? Or did he do it in order to create the impression that he had risen from the dead? That is a theory which transfers the imposture from the disciples to the Master and is absolutely abhorrent to any decent soul.

### Death Conquered

The theories of modern deniers of the actual resurrection differ from these earlier and bungling ones of a stolen body or a sick body. Now they say that while the body was not lifted into life, Jesus himself was really alive, in the life which all souls have when the body is overthrown, and the living one sent spiritual telegrams to the expectant spirits of these disciples and made them sure not only that he had survived death, but sure also that they saw him in bodily form and heard him speak and walked with him in the roadway and sat with him at meat and breakfasted with him in the glowing dawn by the lakeside. But the difficulty with all such theories about expectant disciples being persuaded by spiritual communications that their Lord was alive, is, first, that they were not expectant—not in a mood to be persuaded by anything but sense perception; and second, their belief was not merely that their leader had survived death, but that he was risen from the grave, and that faith could not have lived if the dead body still rested in its rock niche. The beginning of their faith was not a spiritual telegram, but a missing body. Breathless with haste, Peter and John looked in on Easter morning, saw the linen clothes lying in orderly array, as though their wearer had risen in leisurely fashion, but saw no body; and they believed. A vacant tomb, not a spiritual impression, was the basis of faith. "He is not here"—that was the first truth verified. When Peter and John after Pentecost had healed the lame man and were put in prison for it, and in the morn-

ing were brought before the council, the leaders of which were Sadducees, who denied that there was any such thing as a resurrection or angel or spirit, and Peter, once a coward, now a hero brave and calm, said, "If you inquire into this good deed, be it known unto you that Jesus whom ye crucified, whom God hath raised from the dead, he hath made this man whole." Why did not the Sadducees put these brave preachers to confusion and disrupt this new sect by pointing out the sealed and occupied grave? Why didn't they? There is only one answer. They couldn't. "He is not here."

2. "He is risen." Jesus in his complete personality has weathered the storm of death. Some would comfort us in our griefs with assurances of an impersonal immortality, with promises of final absorption into the universal soul, with guarantees of an immortality of influence. These are all vague, misty theories, with no answer in them to the clamor of the heart. If anything is to last it ought in justice to be that which is highest in value. Now the highest treasure we know is personality. Says one student, "Expel if you can the idea of personality from the universe, and it is doubtful whether anything appears to exist in some relation or other to conscious and intelligent, that is personal, life. . . ."

### "He is Risen!"

The visible world somehow fits into the spiritual fact of personality, and the universe breaks up with personality taken out of it." No immortality of influence or of virtue can be a substitute for personal immortality or is indeed conceivable apart from it. "He is risen." One can imagine without any great strain of his imaginative faculty a tone of expostulation in the angel word. "He is risen." He could not be among the dead. He must be alive. That is the natural angel view. The surprise of the disciples was his resurrection. But the surprise of the angels was his death. Now the view of the angel is the true view. We feel the truth of it when our eyes are clear. The best must live on. "As God lives, what is excellent is permanent." We cannot believe that the universe brings forth its finest products just in the way of blind exercise or as bits of sport. We cannot think that the heroes and the saints, the towering flashing souls, are made just to be dashed in pieces when completed. Such a universe would not be rational. It would be bedlam. "He is risen." Of course. Nothing else could be imagined about him. And the disciples came to hold that view. Peter said at Pentecost, "It was not possible that he should be holden of death." But they did not at first see that. They did not in advance so understand the glory of their Master as to expect the resurrection or be confident that he would survive death. The prospect of his death alarmed them. The fact of it appalled them. They needed the manifestation clear and unmistakable of his death-conquering power, just as they needed in him the manifestation of God and of goodness. It was after the resurrection and after the Spirit's coming that all the films were brushed from their eyes, that the angel view became their view and they saw that the risen life was his necessity.

### Sin's Captives Freed

"Risen." By his own act. "I have power over my life to lay it down and power to take it again." He is "declared to be the Son of God with power by his resurrection from the dead." Not made the Son of God by his resurrection, but declared to be such. The resurrection is the clear and final statement of his divinity, which would not be true if he were lifted by power external to himself. It is his power which checks the operation of nature's laws, brings again the thrill of life to the dead form and the flush of life to the pallid cheek, which restores not an enfeebled vitality but an abounding life, which transforms the very particles of the body with such a mysterious change that gravitation cannot control it and solid walls cannot serve as detaining barriers. And this mighty conqueror is our mighty deliverer. With his splendid all-sufficient power he wrenches loose and carries off the gates of sin which would imprison us and the gates of death which would bar our progress, sets free sin's captives and death's victims and becomes our living ever present leader into life that is holy and glory immortal.

\* Pastor Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York City.



## The Dawn of Easter

THE flowers will bloom for Easter;  
The lilies pure and white  
Will bring their sweetest perfume,  
And make the old earth bright;  
They come from depths of darkness,  
To bloom in sweetness here,  
In purity and beauty,  
All lonely hearts to cheer.

O glorious dawn of Easter!  
That morning long ago,  
When from the dead our Lord arose,  
And conquered every foe.  
The sun in golden splendor  
Would burst through clouds of night,  
And old earth would seem fairer  
In this its brighter light.

Oh, glad, the dawn of Easter morn,  
The gladdest of the year;  
Our Lord indeed is risen,  
Rejoice, and never fear;  
With angels join your voices,  
His praises now to sing;  
He ever lives who once was dead,  
Our risen Lord and King.  
—ELIZABETH ESTES KENDRICK.

## Vacation Bible Schools

THE National Vacation Bible School, of which Robert G. Boville is director, has had a year of unusual success. During that time the institution has ministered to the physical, mental and moral welfare of 19,578 boys and girls all over the United States. Vacation schools are now located in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Providence, Baltimore, Kansas City, Albany, Holyoke, Cleveland, Pittsburg, McKeesport, Pa., Homestead, Pa., and Washington, D. C. In the daily routine, manual work and play are coupled with Bible lessons and devotional exercises. The children devote the best products of their manual labor to neighboring children's hospitals and at the close of each session, they carry their gifts to their sick comrades. They subscribed 10,000 pennies toward the building of another Vacation Bible School, which is to be opened in some new district where vacation privileges are few. The Daily Bible Vacation School had its origin in New York City in 1901. Twenty-one colleges are now interested in the work. More than half of the schools owe their support to the contributions of the churches in which they were held. Another institution of this character is to be opened at Hankow, China, under the direction of the Rev. E. H. Cressy.

## ANVIL STROKES

THE growing Christian requires much spiritual food.  
OUR daily talk should harmonize with our Sunday prayer.  
A MAN doesn't harden his heart until he has softened his head.  
A MAN may work his way into heaven by working his way into the hearts of people.  
HE who cannot pray in public has no way of proving that he prays in private, except by the way he lives.  
THE man who goes on to perfection through the course of a lifetime, will go on in perfection through eternity.  
THOUGH he doesn't open his mouth, the sinner says "No" to God every time he has an opportunity to say "Yes."  
A FRIEND is such a valuable asset that a man can afford to go a little out of his way to convert an enemy into one.  
W. J. B.

## Better Than Sculptured Marble

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:  
I am a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD almost, if not quite, from its infancy. I have been an admirer of Dr. Klopsch since he became interested in it, and I think that in honor of his memory a monument at Mount-Lawn surpasses and speaks as no sculptured marble ever would. I extremely hope that it may be perpetuated. The little children who used to watch for his coming will never forget their friend and benefactor. His influence will live for ages to come.  
MRS. N. T. C.

# The Day of Hard Things

By EUGENE THWING

PRaise of hardship is never a popular philosophy. The most eloquent tribute may be paid to the value of pain, and struggle, and misfortune, yet we are not eager to welcome them as heaven-sent blessings. When Paul exhorts us to "covet earnestly the best gifts," we think naturally of success, and power, and helpful service, seldom stopping to consider how these things *must* be gained. It isn't easy to agree with James when he writes, "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations."

Nevertheless, it is wholesome to face the truth. If we really want "the best gifts," if we really desire to gain power and make our lives rich in usefulness, we must know the price and be willing to pay it. A great life can no more be made without trials than a gold coin can be made without fire and pressure. What would we think of the miner who carefully put his ore away in a glass case because he feared to subject it to the fiery furnace of the smelter, and the heavy rollers, the steel punches and the crushing dies of the mint? He would be "protecting" his ore from the very process necessary to bring it to its highest value.

MERE hardship in itself, of course, is not a warranty deed to greatness. We need not hunt for trouble as a first preparation for success. But we must surely expect it, for it lurks somewhere in the path of every aggressive and progressive life. There is no standing still, no hiding in camp, for the Christian soldier. "Let him who is enlisted for the war expect to meet the foe." Let him "endure hardness like a good soldier," thanking God that out of the struggle and hardness—*yes, even out of the defeat*—may come the strength which later shall prove invincible.

"Godly men," says Dr. Stifter, "find treasure in disaster. . . . A failure in business has taught many a self-willed man that the directing hand of his life was God's, and not his own, and has been the means of teaching him the truth of the first beatitude. . . . It is a shame for a man to come out of a long sickness and not be stronger at heart. It is a pity to waste a temptation or a misfortune; they are the most valuable things that we ever get, for they conceal new ideas, and possibly can lift us to new beatitudes." As Emerson said, "Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor."

IT IS a good deal easier to talk about these things than it is to fit them into our everyday experience, but there need be no theory in the matter at all. Every one of us can translate this truth into terms of real life. It is nothing if not a practical working rule. We are familiar enough with it in business life. The wise father sends his son into the workshop with cap and overalls to begin at the bottom and learn, through hard experience, the details of the great business before taking him into the handsome suite of offices as a partner. The man whose business judgment is surest and whose operations are most successful is the one who has "learned his lesson" through bitter heart and nerve trying experience. The positions of trust and responsibility go to such men, who have met opposition, who have grown strong in struggle, who have grappled with defeat, who have been thrown down, but have risen again more eager for the fight, more sure of the victory.

THERE is great need in this nation for strong men and strong women. The fight against the monstrous evils in politics, and business, and society cannot be waged successfully by weaklings. Everywhere we find good people bemoaning the evils so rampant in public and private life. They theorize regarding causes, and tell what ought to be done—and wait for somebody else to do it. Like the ten spies in Canaan, they see the giants, the sons of Anak, and feel themselves to be like grasshoppers before them—and so they are when they feel that way; but if they are willing to pay the price they may be giants, too, in spirit. A difficult task, bravely undertaken, brings, step by step, its own equipment, and develops, through hardness, the strength to prevail. It is only "through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things," as Roosevelt says.

Have you ever been in perplexity or trouble, when you felt the need of a brother's sympathy and counsel? Where did you look for it? Did you go to one whose life had always been easy and pleasant, or did you go straight to one who knew, from his own experience, just what you were suffering?

When did ever a man or a woman do a great thing for humanity and for God without the preparation of difficulties and hardships overcome or sorrows endured?

THE only thing worth while in life is service to others—a life that will brighten and lift up all it touches. Any trial, any hardship, any victory over difficulties that can give the sweetness and strength for such a life of cheer and helpfulness is a wonderful blessing.

When some brother or sister who is passing through the "valley of the shadow" reaches out an appealing hand to you for help, it's worth while to be able to give that help. The burden and the pain in all walks of life give glorious opportunities to the strengthened, purified, valiant soul.

He who came into a sinful and suffering world with miracles of love and helping was a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He uttered his most inspiring message when he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do." Certainly he spake not to cringing, doubting, selfish, or ease-loving men. His promise, his wonderful legacy, was for those who are willing to gain through pain and struggle his meek and kingly spirit. Is there any more wonderful blessing in all of human life than such a legacy and the experience which fit a man or woman to claim it?

## Eastertide

EASTER lilies softly swinging,  
In the breezes gently singing,  
Echoes sweet their bells are ringing,  
At Eastertide.

Nature voices all her gladness,  
Lays aside her gloom and sadness,  
All is peace and joy and gladness,  
At Eastertide.

So let every heart of sorrow  
Neither trouble keep nor borrow;  
All is peace upon the morrow,  
At Eastertide.

Tell the resurrection story,  
Tell of Him, the King of Glory,  
Every tongue repeat the story,  
At Eastertide.

Ring, ye Easter lilies, ring!  
In the breezes gently swing;  
Every heart for joy shall ring,  
At Eastertide.

JEAN ERICKSON.

## Some Famous Wills

THE last wills or testaments of historical personages are always of interest to the world at large. There have been some very remarkable wills, but in general these reflect the characters of those making them. Though the common form of the document as we now know it originated in Roman law, men in the olden time disbursed their property much the same as we do in modern times. Adam made a will, though he had not much to leave. Sennacherib, 700 years before Christ, made a will in which he bequeathed to friends, bracelets, coronets, trinkets, gold, ivory and precious stones kept in the Temple of Nebo.

Jacob must have left a will, for the Scripture says: "Joseph received a portion above his brethren."

Those old-time worthies, Plato, Aristotle and Petrarch, left wills of great length and ornamented with those beauties of language in which they were skilled masters.

Cæsar bequeathed his jewels, swords and military accoutrements to acquaintances who he thought would appreciate them for the sake of the owner.

The will of William Shakespeare is deposited in Somerset House, London. In addition to the will he left behind a command for no one to disturb his grave—one, however, which was not obeyed. It read:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be he who spares these stones,  
And curst be he who moves my bones.

Napoleon's will was a long time on exhibition in London, but is now in French custody.

The will of Washington is on file in Virginia, but a copy of it is kept in Washington.

Robert E. Lee, the Southern general, though he fought to keep black men in chains, freed his own slaves by his will.

Lincoln and Grant both died intestate.

The last testament of P. T. Barnum was so long it had to be printed in pamphlet form.

Brigham Young in his will provided for nineteen wives and almost three times as many children.

Florence Nightingale, who recently died, in her will bequeathed her body to dissection that medical science might benefit.

There have been many curious wills manufactured in fiction, but often the wills of real men and women surpass in both curiosity and originality any that can be thought out or conceived by the brain of the romancer.

## Regarding Creeds

PERMIT me to thank you for your timely editorial on "Concerning Creeds." I have been wondering what has possessed the minds of so many Christian writers, that they have become credophobists, when every intelligent Christian knows that some kind of creed is absolutely essential as a bond of unity in any church organization. How any one can profess to have faith and then deny having a creed is a mystery which I cannot solve. God speed you in your efforts "to contend for the faith," etc., and for your work of charity and good will in all directions.

Carrollton, O. (REV.) SAMUEL Z. BEAM.



# New York's Capitol Flame-Swept

EARLY on the morning of March 29 a fire broke out in the west wing of New York's historic capitol at Albany, and before it could be subdued the huge \$27,000,000 pile was damaged to an extent of between \$5,000,000 and \$8,000,000. The State of New York will have to bear the loss, as there was no insurance on this part of the building. Only one human life was sacrificed, that of a watchman named Abbott. Great as is the material damage from an architectural and utilitarian standpoint, it is almost as nothing when compared with the priceless treasures in the way of historical books, documents, manuscripts, paintings, urns, relics, bric-a-brac, etc., dating back to the earliest history of our country and commemorating every step of the State of New York's achievements and progress for more than three hundred years, which have been sacrificed to the flames. These can never be replaced; their intrinsic and historical value was such that money could not have purchased them, therefore their loss cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The magnificent State library, probably the most complete and valuable of its kind in the world, was totally wrecked. In all about 1,000,000 books, pamphlets, manuscripts, files, drawings, plans and specifications were destroyed. The collection of Governor Clinton, containing hundreds of letters from Washington, was destroyed. Among the burned papers was the first charter of Trinity Church, New York City, from the British Crown. Oil portraits and crayon sketches of men whose lives have been identified with the history of the State in all its phases were consumed. A sentiment clung around some of these which words cannot describe. Faces of Colonial days looking down from their canvases had made themselves familiar to the people of our generation, linking, as it were, the historic past with the rushing present. Now they are gone, leaving only memories which a short time will efface. Many Indian relics, which cannot be duplicated, went up in flame and smoke.

Of course the library records were the most valuable from a sentimental viewpoint, as they practically encompassed the whole history of the State, its political rise as also its social side, to the present commanding position it now occupies; but there were also destroyed very many valuable docu-

ments relating to the present time, the loss of which will entail much confusion and probably clog the machinery of some of the State departments for some time. Some of these were of great commercial value. They were chiefly stored in the Excise, the Lunacy, the Court of Claims, the Regents', Attorney-General's, State Treasurer's and the Charitable Departments of the State Government. In the examination offices many of the thousands of test papers from the examinations held in January were burned. Only those stored away in the east wing were saved. What effect this will have on the standing of

fications for admission to the various professions.

The fire, fed by the thousands of books and other inflammable material in the library, swept through five floors along the entire western wing. The flames drove the firemen back again and again, and it was not until after nine hours' hard work that the fire was extinguished. The damage to the exterior masonry was conservatively calculated at \$2,000,000. The interior masonry suffered an injury of almost like amount. The grand \$1,000,000 stairway, pronounced by authorities the most imposing architectural feature in America, was defaced and blackened,

has been in course of construction for almost forty years, and to date has cost some \$27,000,000. The original plan called for an expenditure of only \$4,000,000, but as the years have passed it has been enlarged and embellished under every successive administration, until it is probably the most costly public building in America. Time and again public sentiment has condemned the outrageous cost, seeing no good to be accomplished in such a magnificently pretentious structure. The dimensions of the capitol are 300 feet north and south and 400 feet east and west. With its porticos it covers over three acres. The foundations of the walls are laid in beds of concrete sixteen feet deep and four feet thick so there is not much danger of the edifice tumbling, except from the most violent of earthquakes. The building is beautifully situated, crowning the highest of the hills on which Albany is built, and overlooking the city and its environs. The present set-back will indefinitely defer its completion.



The New York State Capitol at Albany in Flames

students is not known, but it is believed the loss of these papers will not militate against the pupils, as in all probability the regents will accept the rating or percentage given by the teachers in the schools in which the pupils made their studies. Practically speaking, all the destroyed examination papers came from New York City. The regents' examinations are held twice a year, in January and June, and were students to be deprived of their January credits, it would certainly put them back considerably in their quali-

ties and most of its beautiful carvings and cornices destroyed.

Fortunately, the Senate Chamber was practically untouched, and a few thousand dollars can restore the meeting-place of the Lower House to its former condition; but as far as the building is concerned it will take both a long time and millions of money to put it in its former state.

The capitol has been justly admired for its architectural beauty all over the world. The structure is white granite with red-capped towers. It

## EASTER SONG

THE Sun should rise most fair this day,  
All birds exult and blithely sing,  
And all life swell a roundelay  
Till earth with soulful song shall ring.

For our Lord from the grave did rise,  
And conquered death forevermore,  
And we with Him beyond the skies  
Shall havens gain unknown before.

This sweet springtime that fills the air,  
And brings the bloom to all the hills,  
It only tells of life more fair  
When we have known the frost that kills.

The buds that swell this Easter tide,  
And brooks long hushed now glad in song,  
They tell to all the world so wide  
That there can be no death for long.

The grasses breaking through the sod  
A tale of resurrection tell—  
Thus lived again He that was God,  
And for all creatures all is well.

So let this day be fair and glad,  
And music ring in earth's domain;  
Of death let no thought make us sad,  
For we but die to live again!  
Charlotte, N. C. GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

## It Grows Better and Better

I want to thank you for the pictures you so generously sent me. I shall prize the fine one of Dr. Klopsch, and shall have it framed and hung in my room. The worker is called home, but the work will go on. Your paper gets better and better. I am interested in every department of it. Mrs. Kingsley's serial is most interesting. MARIA F. M.

## THE BIG ROOSEVELT DAM OPENED

THE second largest dam in the world has just been completed in Arizona. It was opened by Theodore Roosevelt, after whom it has been called, on Saturday, March 18. The ex-President pressed an electric button, setting in motion a mechanism which raised three massive iron gates, weighing 6,000 pounds each, allowing three torrents of water to rush forth down the great valley, from which it will be turned to irrigate some 250,000 acres of land formerly arid and useless. This irrigation scheme of the government is to induce Indians to take to farming. Desert wastes will be made to blossom as the rose, and a good livelihood will be obtained in places that were once as unproductive as the middle of the Sahara. The poor Indians, especially the women, in times gone by had to carry water like beasts of burden in order to make fertile little patches here and there from which they obtained after infinite labor a few ears of corn or some stunted vegetables. Now they can have farms hundreds of acres in extent and raise enough to bring them large returns from exportation. The Roosevelt Arizona dam cost over \$6,000,000 in construction. It is of sandstone and cement and rises 284 feet above the Salt River. It is 1,080 feet long on top and 170 feet thick at the base. The reservoir is twenty-five miles long and 280 feet deep and



A Section of the Wall of the Roosevelt Dam

has a capacity of 56,628,000,000 cubic feet of water. The only dam in the world that surpasses it is that of Assouan on the Nile. The opening up of this part of the country to arable cultivation by means of irrigating the wastes will certainly prove a great blessing to the Indians of the section, whose lot heretofore has been far from a happy one. With a productive soil, they will be able to settle down in a permanent way, devote all their attention and energy to farming work from which they may make a good livelihood and thus become producers and useful members of the commonwealth.

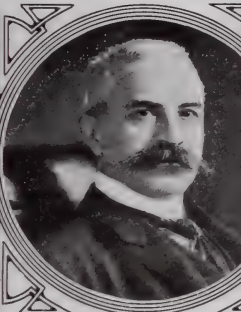
The irrigable area is capable of providing the most abundant crops. Indeed, it is to be doubted if in all the arid West there is a valley better adapted to cultivation than the one over which the waters of the dam will now flow. All it required was the necessary moisture to make it productive, for the climate is kindly in this section. Almost all crops common to the semi-tropical and temperate zones can be raised here, and the year can be made a continual sowing and reaping season from January to December. Harvests can be gathered every month. It is estimated that the annual income from the land, when under right cultivation, will approach a nine-million-dollar mark, and that some 15,000 families may be comfortably supported on the farms.



# Hopes of Early Peace in Mexico



General Bernardo Reyes



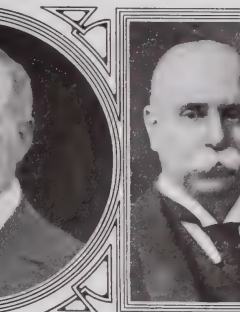
Ramon Corral  
Retiring Minister of the Interior



Jose Yves Limantour  
Minister of Finance



Francisco de la Barra  
Formerly Ambassador at Washington



Enrique C. Creel  
Retiring Min., Foreign Affairs

WHILE in the United States' mobilization camps in Texas training and preparation have been pressed forward as if war were expected in the near future, the fighting of the federals and revolutionists has been steadily increasing just across the border in Mexico. The States of Sonora and Chihuahua are still the theatre of the most active warfare. In spite of conflicting reports of the results of battles each side seems to have had some successes and some reverses. In an attempt to hold Chihuahua City seven hundred insurgents have taken up positions between Chihuahua City and General Rabago's federal forces, according to reports from the war zone. This division is a part of the force of Francisco I. Madero, the revolutionary President, who is now said to have about 1,500 cavalry.

An American engineer who recently returned from that district said of the situation: "We learned that Rabago was on his way to Casas Grandes, when in obedience to a call from Chihuahua that the insurrectionists were becoming numerous about the city, he turned southward. Before he got far, he found that insurgents had surrounded the city about twenty miles out. We know the insurgents were there for we had to pass through their ranks. Rabago is now in the position of being cut off from Chihuahua, and yet pushed toward it by an insurgent army at his rear."

The federal troops under Luis Medino Barron, chief of the Rurales in Sonora, were credited in the official dispatches with the defeat of 500 revolutionists at La Colorada. Passengers arriving in Nogales over the Sonora Railway from the south did not corroborate the official Mexican account of the battle. Instead of a federal victory, with a large number of the rebels slain, these passengers said that the government troops were defeated, and that the rebels were still entrenched on a hill commanding the town and controlling its water supply. A later report bearing out their statements said that the revolutionary force that took La Colorada was well received by the inhabitants.

Though the activities in the field still go on, the leaders on both sides are making every effort to restore peace. Señor Francisco Madero, father of the revolutionist leader, said recently when passing through New Orleans on his way to Mexico:

"We are working for peace now, and will try to conciliate the warring factions. It isn't so much an election as a change of policy that we will fight for to the end. We are fighting for principles and not for political rewards."

An American mining engineer of Mexico City

recently said: "This insurrection is not a warfare waged by ruffians and bandits, but properly organized by intelligent people who know what they want and intend to get it. The Mexican people want to elect their own governors and mayors of the various cities and towns and not have incompetent officials forced upon them. The governors have become millionaires on the gleanings of their offices. The Mexican people have never had a square deal, and the demands of the insurgents are so reasonable and so just that all the foreigners are in sympathy with them."

The arrival of Señor José Yves Limantour in Mexico City was not without remarkable results, though his reform moves do not seem to have been attended by any increase of satisfaction amongst either the revolutionists or the milder political reformers. After several days of apparent tentative awaiting of expressions of public sentiment, President Diaz nominated the new Cabinet he has chosen to succeed the one which he requested to resign. The personnel of the new administration is as follows:

*Foreign Relations*—Francisco Leon de la Barra.  
*Justice*—Demetrio Sodi.  
*Public Instruction*—Jorge Vera Estanol.  
*Industry and Colonization*—Manuel Marroquin y Rivera.  
*Communications and Public Works*—Norberto Dominguez.  
*Finance*—José Yves Limantour, incumbent.  
*War and Marine*—General Manuel Gonzales Cosio, incumbent.

Changes even more sweeping are in contemplation, for it is understood that all sub-secretaries will resign when the ministers take office. There is much dissatisfaction over the make-up of the Cabinet. The military patrol of the city has been increased, and the situation seems to be more critical than ever. The anti-government political clubs have even gone so far as to announce a slate for a Cabinet that would be acceptable to them. It is:

*Foreign Relations*—Señor Limantour.  
*War and Marine*—General Bernardo Reyes.  
*Interior*—Rafael Rebollar.  
*Justice*—Felix Romero.  
*Treasury*—Manuel Zamacona.  
*Industry and Colonization*—Emilio Pimentel.  
*Communications*—Gilberto Crespo.  
*Public Instruction*—Vasquez Gomez.

One of these men so acceptable to the liberal forces, Manuel Zamacona é Inclan, has been named as ambassador to Washington to succeed

Señor de la Barra. The Mexican people seem well enough pleased that Señor Limantour should remain in the Cabinet, but are not averse to declaring their dissatisfaction with a number of the new appointments. General Cosio, the minister of war who continues in office, is one of the three members of the old administration against whom the masses have raised the cry of "old age." All of the retiring ministers were past sixty-five years of age, and it has been well known that their duties have been for some time performed by substitutes.

The revival of the possibilities of General Bernardo Reyes taking a hand in the affairs of Mexico is heralded with great joy by many of his countrymen. General Reyes left Mexico some years ago, it was believed at the request of the government, as his popularity and ability, coupled with his pronouncedly modern and reformative ideas, were then considered dangerous by President Diaz and those in power. He has been recalled to Mexico by cable.

Predictions of a peaceful solution of the internal disturbances in Mexico are being freely made by army officers of high rank, who are now in the mobilization camps on the border. Many of these officers were sure, only a short time ago, that the American troops would occupy Mexican territory within a few weeks. All are now convinced that the end of the trouble is almost at hand.

The attempt which has been made to implicate Japan in the Mexican trouble was finally and permanently made of no account by a remarkable peace message from the Emperor to President Taft. This message was transmitted to the President by Baron Uchida. It reads as follows:

"To the President of the United States of America: "I was greatly pleased to receive your very kind message conveyed to me through my ambassador in Washington and I thank you for it. I was already well convinced that you had given no credence to the false and wicked reports regarding Japan, but it was especially a source of profound satisfaction to me to receive from you the assurance that the relations of amity and good understanding between our two countries were never better or more cordial than at this time. I am most happy to be able entirely to reciprocate that assurance. MUTSUHITO."

In making this message public the White House had nothing to say further than that the message spoke for itself. It was looked upon as the crowning blow to the war scare which has been occupying columns of space in some American and English newspapers.

The photograph which appears on our cover this week, is copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE POPULATION of Germany has increased 4,261,934 in five years. The result of the last quinquennial census taken in December has just been announced. It gives the number of the Kaiser's subjects at 64,913,423, and as has been nearly always the case, females predominate considerably, there being 860,000 more of them than males.

—A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH station is about to be erected at Fort Myer, Va., just outside the national capital. It will have the most powerful apparatus in the world for sending and receiving messages; it is estimated that through this station a span of communication extending over 3,000 miles can be bridged. It is primarily designed to keep the headquarters of the American navy in close touch with the war vessels in the Atlantic Ocean.

—SOME PEOPLE may not be aware that many of the leading powers have now what are known as air navies for which a fitting appropriation is made in their respective budgets. For instance, America's air-service will cost for 1911-12, as esti-

mated, about \$600,000. There are now five aeroplanes available for work in the British Army. Three airships are also available and two more are being built. Germany has nine completed dirigibles, France four, and eight more in course of construction, and Russia has nine, with one building and four on order. In 1910 the German Government expended for aerial work \$2,000,000; that of France \$680,000, and that of Russia \$919,100.

—A VALUATION of \$2,512,146 is placed on the estate in New Hampshire of the late Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, who, as a comparatively poor woman, began teaching Christian Science about thirty-five years ago. This sum is the valuation of the appraisers, whose report was filed in the Probate Court by General Henry M. Baker, executor of the estate. While the property left by Mrs. Eddy in Massachusetts has not been formally appraised, General Baker estimates that it is worth \$250,000. The total value of Mrs. Eddy's estate, therefore, is approximately \$2,760,000. Stocks and bonds to the amount of \$1,057,788 and copyrights valued at \$1,400,000 are the chief items of the estate.

—IN DISCUSSING the trusts, we should not overlook the fact that all trusts are not inimical to the interests of the consumer. This occurs to us in connection with a recent comment on the Beef Trust, which is now under investigation. We have at hand a statement of the business of Armour & Co. for the last year, which shows the percentage of profit on capital and surplus to be 6½. This is a little less than 2 1-3 per cent. profit on the "turn-over," or total volume of business done in all products. This is marching pretty close to the deadline of profit and loss. A profit of 16 to 17 cents per hundred-weight on beef sold to consumers means a profit of less than one-fifth of a cent per pound. Anything lower than this would practically mean doing business at cost. Thus it will be seen that, in the case of one trust at least, a very slight difference which would mean little if anything to the consumer would mean a loss to the concern. These facts we state as a simple matter of justice, so that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers may not be misled into a too sweeping condemnation without sufficient investigation.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Who Is to Blame?

IT IS to be hoped that the official investigation of the terrible fire disaster in New York, by which over 140 lives were lost, will be searching and unsparing. It seems to be conceded that the building was inadequately equipped with life-saving appliances; that the doors from the workrooms to the stairways opened inward instead of outward, if indeed they were not locked, and that there was criminal neglect somewhere in permitting such conditions to exist after inspection. Although warned by the Fire Department, the officials seem to have had no realizing sense of their responsibility for such conditions. It is beyond all question that such a disaster could have been foreseen and prevented. Who, then, is to be held to accountability?

There are several thousand factories in New York in which human life is as lightly guarded as in the Washington Place death-trap. Our civilization is a pitiful thing if it be not based upon principles of humanity and common sense. We point with pride to our great metropolis and its mammoth buildings, and to the glory of our mechanical and industrial achievements; but what a price they cost us when we look back at that tragic Saturday night, with its vision of those poor helpless victims huddled in a fiery furnace from which there was no way of escape. The ancients who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch were not more inhuman than the city which exposes its children to such a fate as this. It is a picture that shames New York before the whole world.

Nothing can restore the lives that have been sacrificed. No human comfort can assuage the sorrow of those who have lost their dear ones. It may be for others merely a nine days' wonder and soon forgotten; but for them, all through the weeks and the years to come, the memory of that night will remain a perpetual abiding sorrow. The great Father alone can console the bereaved ones for the loss of those who went to their deaths so young and so unwarned. But if their fate should result in better protection for the vast army of workers who remain and should thus lighten the sorrows and sufferings of another generation, they will not have died in vain.

## The Nation and the Child

IT HAS taken many ages for men to discover that the health and welfare of the child lies at the foundation of national greatness. A people which deliberately allows, as most peoples have always allowed, an enormous proportion of its children to die in infancy, is criminally fatuous and shortsighted. Modern science has shown that it is feasible to save many of these little lives, and by the exercise of only simple honesty and common sense. Take the matter of pure milk, for example, upon which more than upon any other one detail depends the health of young children. Yet it is only lately that the proper standards have been set and laws made to secure this necessity to infant health.

The harm which infected milk does was strikingly illustrated in the design of a frieze used in a recent child welfare exhibition. The wicked microbes which play in the unclean milk-pail of the careless farmer were first shown by the artist. Then bigger ones danced around, as the pail stood at a high temperature in the farmer's front yard. The baby's milk-bottle held the microbes in their latest and most deadly development; and the white hearse and plumed horses completed the effective series. The disregard of child-health displayed in the employments of older youngsters was illustrated by pictures of little girls and boys compelled to sit in long rows and work for hours at a time upon the making of fancy flowers and feathers and the "picking over" of wool and cotton. Little parodies upon familiar nursery rhymes helped to stamp the lessons of the exhibition upon unthinking minds. One of these ran:

One little child made Irish lace;  
One little child made flowers;  
One little child made willow plumes;  
And one sewed much for hours;  
And all of them worked in a clean, hot room  
Through the day's bright, sunny hours.

Theodore Roosevelt never spoke a truer word

than when he made the assertion, often ridiculed, that large families of healthy children are a main source of national power and greatness everywhere. A sickly people, with a stationary or dwindling population, must go speedily to extinction. The cry, "Save the children," now ringing from every quarter of our land, indicates that we are waking up to our responsibilities, and none too soon.

## A Clean Conscience

NEXT to the divine grace and forgiveness, the approval of one's own conscience is among the things most to be desired. And indeed a good, active, quickened conscience is a witness that gives a zest and sweetness to life, with assurance to the heart and a wholesome enjoyment of all God's blessings. If with his help we are able to say with Paul that we have "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men"; which prompts us to perceive and to do the right; which leads us to be generous, charitable, forgiving; which rejoices not in worldly show and vanity but in true, simple service pleasing to him and helpful in his work; which holds faith in God and in our fellow-men—then, though occasions may come when we still shall feel the law of the body warring against the law of the Spirit, we shall be kept from capitulating in the hour of temptation and weakness. Intellect, reason, passion, may all deceive us, but the quickened conscience never does. With Christ in the heart and a clean conscience, one is fortified against all the experiences of life.

## Silenced

IN THE general revival of interest in the old Bible, which has come with the almost world-wide celebration of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version, there is little consolation for the school of Biblical critics whose attacks on the sacred Book have kept them pretty steadily in the limelight for several years past. Never since the Christian era dawned has such a volume of universal praise of the Bible come from the pulpits of two continents as is now finding utterance. And it is specially significant that amid this stream of appreciation there is not visible a solitary ripple of detraction. One recalls only a short time ago, the attacks on Biblical integrity and inspiration, the explanation of the flood as hyperbole, of the miracles as folklore, of Jonah as a moral fable, of Babel as a legend, of Jairus' daughter as myth or tradition, and descending to detail, of Eutychus as merely a sufferer from concussion instead of a dead man restored to life. These and a hundred others were their stock in trade. They had then a note of uncertainty about everything; but now, amid the tumultuous acclamations of the old Book and its Gospel, they are silenced. Thus in a single year the Bible celebration and renaissance have given to the assailants of the old Book the greatest set-back they have ever met. They know now what the Christian world, clerical and lay, thinks of the Bible, and how dearly it is beloved by the "common people."

## The Menace to China

IN SENDING a virtual ultimatum to China on what seems to the rest of the world to be rather doubtful provocation, Russia has displayed the same methods that marked her course during the early stages of her trouble with Japan. Moreover, she has entirely forgotten or abjured the role she once played as the advocate and originator of the movement for world-peace. Of course, nothing more may come of the present trouble with China than the concession by that government, for policy's sake, of the Russian demands for commercial and diplomatic privileges in the province of Ili, for what between plague and famine on the one hand and a lean exchequer on the other, the ancient empire is not in a condition to oppose aggression by active resistance. Other powers stand behind Russia, ready with demands upon China's integrity. It would be a bold and reckless foe that would invade a country ravaged by plague. But the best informed authorities declare that the growing spirit of nationalism in Asia will

ultimately assert itself in a way that will make the impairment of China's integrity a very dangerous adventure. The old land has become liberalized; it has adopted many reforms; its people are gradually becoming enlightened in the modern sense, and are developing a national spirit which is unmistakable. Furthermore, China has the world's sympathy and respect, and her attempted spoliation would not be viewed with approval by any means. Her morning star is in the ascendant, and when it is fully risen she will be abundantly able to maintain her place and to assert her influence among the nations. Then the spoilers may be glad to moderate their ambition and even to forego them altogether. Time moves slowly in the Far East, but the hands on the dial are surely moving toward China's hour. When the clock strikes, who can tell what may happen in history?

## Live in the Sunshine

LIVE in the sunshine! You may apply this spiritually, if you choose. The sunshine we are thinking of is the warm, glowing, golden radiance that in these lovely days of spring is changing the dry, bare stubble of the fields to the richest emerald making the world everywhere beautiful, starting the green leaves in a rare unfolding and bringing health to many a sick-room. If you want a tonic avail yourself of the sunshine. Nothing else is half so good.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom.  
Carry some gladness the world to illumine.  
Live in the brightness, and take this to heart:  
The world will seem gay if you'll do your part.  
Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;  
Open air Christians live nobly and well.

There's a whole library of philosophy in this little stanza. Don't worry; keep sweet; trust in God; give carking care a wide berth and get out into the sweet spring sunshine as often as you can.

—WHEN the daily press dips into theology something is pretty sure to happen. Recently the cable brought the news that the Canterbury Convention had practically decided to reconstruct the Decalogue. As we surmised at the time, the statement had an exaggerated aspect. We now learn that the foundation for the report was a motion by the Dean of Westminster for the use of a shortened form of the second, fourth and tenth Commandments, to be substituted as a summary for use once a month, the following being the form:

The priest (or pastor) shall say: "The Lord Jesus said, Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the First Commandment. And the Second is like, namely, this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other Commandment greater than these (St. Mark 12: 29-31). And he said, On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets" (St. Matt. 22: 40). "Lord, have mercy upon us, and write these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee."

This is the familiar New Testament summary and can hardly be called even a revision. It is simply intended to take the place of the repetition of the Decalogue in full in Sunday worship.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Memorable Trial of Century

ONE of the most memorable criminal trials of history is in progress in the city of Viterbo, Italy. Imprisoned in a large iron cage, guarded on all sides by soldiers, are thirty-four Camorristi, all of whom are charged with taking an active part in the Camorra slayings. In the front of the cage and to the right is Maria Stendardo, the only woman prisoner; in a little cage by the side of the large one is Abbatemaggio, one of the band, who turned informer. The opening of the trial was accompanied by scenes never before witnessed in court. The accused men alternately cursed in a rage and sobbed hysterically, while their women friends in the audience screamed and fainted. Giuseppe Salvi, who is charged with having stabbed to death Gennaro Cuocolo and his wife, was cross-examined. It is charged that he found the evidence of Cuocolo's treachery to the Camorra and brought about his sentence of death, which six persons proceeded to execute. It is claimed that according to the rules of the Camorra a ring was taken from the hand of the murdered man to be sent to Salvi in proof of the fact that his wish for vengeance had been observed. Carabineers claim to have found this ring in the mattress of a bed at the home of a woman known as the companion of Salvi. The case is being tried in the Church of Scalzi, which dates from 1675 and is now a court of assize. Four of the prisoners are accused of investigating the murder of Cuocolo and his wife, "the beautiful Sorrentina," six of committing murder, and one of complicity in receiving stolen goods. A priest, Father Ciro Vitozzi, is among the accused, but is allowed a seat outside the prisoners' cage. There are 600 witnesses for the prisoners and 330 witnesses against them. There are twenty-four jurymen, twelve of whom form the actual jury and twelve are to act as substitutes in case of need. It is expected that the trial will last at least a year, that most of the prisoners will be convicted, and that it will be the most memorable criminal trial in Europe for a century. The Camorra is a secret society which has existed in the former kingdom of Naples since 1820. It has been composed of circles with chiefs, which formed vigilance committees that robbed and frightened the public. It had almost expired until comparatively recently, when it pursued its diabolical plans more murderously than ever. The horrible Black Hand business has become so red-handed in Europe, and even in our own America, that society will be compelled to deal with it much more strenuously than it has heretofore done; for the vengeful killing, if tolerated, will not remain within the ranks of the Italians, but will become general, and disorder and crime of all kinds will run riot. This is too nearly the case now in some of the great cities of our country. The mosaic law against murder and theft is the basis of the jurisprudence of the ruling empires of the world. It may be that the verdicts of the Camorra trial will echo the threatening of the law:

Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbor secretly. . . . Cursed be he that taketh reward to slay an innocent person; and all the people shall say, Amen. (Deut. 27:24, 25.)

## Died at His Post

Dr. Edward F. Ashley, a bacteriologist and an assistant to Dr. Doty in the Health Department of New York, died on Swinburne Island the other day of cerebro-spinal meningitis. His task was to guard the port against the contagious and infectious diseases which immigrants bring to our shores. In dissecting the body of one who died of cerebro-spinal meningitis he became infected with the same disease. Dr. Simon Flexner immediately treated Dr. Ashley with the serum which he had discovered, but the disease was relentless and carried him off. Dr. Ashley was a graduate of Yale and of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He had been nine months assisting Dr. Doty in his important and perilous task. This young man was a true soldier on the firing line of the great fight against disease, and gave up his life in the interest of science and for the protection of the health and lives of his fellow-men as a real hero. He was a modest, silent

hero in the standing army of peace for the protection of public health and life, and he is worthy of the highest gratitude and honor of his fellow-men. Another such hero was Dr. Raymond W. Brown, House Physician of the Hudson Street Hospital in New York City, who died in that institution of cerebro-spinal meningitis a few days after the death of Dr. Ashley. There are some quacks who bring the medical profession into disrepute, but the rank and file of physicians are true as steel and brave as any soldier that ever faced a cannon in their fearless handling of any disease, however dangerous. Every now and then one of these brave men drops down as a victim, as real a hero as any patriot who ever fell upon the field of battle. The death of young Ashley was untimely, but he lived a thousand lives of worth and heroism in his nine months of tragical service for his fellow-men. What was said in derision to Christ on the cross can be said with reference to Dr. Ashley and men like him:

He saved others, himself he cannot save. (Matt. 27:42.)

## Drowned by Money

The bodies of a well-dressed man and woman were found in the river near Brunoy, a charming little country town just outside of Paris. The man had been kept under water by the weight of coin in his pocket. In one pocket he had \$95 and in another \$115, all in silver and copper pieces. The specific gravity of many souls is increased by the amount of

industrial feature into their curriculum, which will be of great advantage to the individual scholar as well as to society in general. There is a royalty in the successful work of the artisan which must not be forgotten amid the many devices instituted for securing values with as little effort as possible. The law of value for value and of self-support is involved in the instruction of the apostle.

And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you; that ye may talk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing. (1. Thess. 4:11, 12.)

## Generous Gift to Coachman

Mr. John G. Muller, a retired manufacturer, formerly of New York City, living at Oneonta, N. Y., called his coachman, Grover Henderson, to his bedside and said: "Grover, I'm a pretty sick man, and you have always been a good boy. I am going to make you out a check for \$5." "Yes, sir," said Henderson, and waited. When he took the check he almost fell over with astonishment when he saw that it read for \$5,000. Mr. Muller was so impressed by the man's gratitude that he called Henderson back and gave him another check for \$5,000. The coachman has a wife and two little children, and intends to see to it that the \$10,000 shall contribute very much to their comfort and happiness. There would be very little conflict between capital and labor, if labor were always thus devoted and capital thus generous. The reward of a faithful servant is thus referred to by the wise man:

Whoso keepeth the fig tree shall eat the fruit thereof; so he that waiteth on his master shall be honored. (Prov. 27:18.)

## Wrongly Imprisoned

Andrew Toth twenty years ago was sent to the penitentiary in Pittsburgh for life, convicted of having killed a fellow-workman, Michael Quinn, in the Edgar Thompson Steel Works of that city. There were two Toths engaged in the mill, one by the name of Andrew and the other by the name of Steve. They were not related. Suspicion fell upon Steve Toth, but no evidence was produced against him. A dozen men who were suspected were drawn up in line, and a Hungarian pointed to Andrew Toth, declaring that he was the murderer. Andrew could not speak English, did not know what was going on, was not even in the mill at the time of the murder, did not know Quinn, but he was convicted in the courts and was sent to prison for life. The other day the Hungarian who had identified Andrew Toth as the murderer made a confession of his sin against the man, and declared that he was entirely innocent of the crime. The Governor of Pennsylvania, hearing the news, immediately pardoned Toth. In the crowd that greeted him on his release were his four grown sons, all workmen in the mill where he was employed. Workmen cheered, and he was overcome with gratitude and joy. He said, "No pay can recompense me for the anguish brought to my wife in Hungary and to my sons here, but I do not hold resentment against any one, as God has been my support and comfort every day of my imprisonment. There has not been a day in the twenty years when I have not prayed and often that God would let the truth be known, and that I would be set free." F. M. Wilmot, secretary of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, received a letter from Andrew Carnegie the other day in an envelope addressed in the ironmaster's handwriting on his private stationery. Within was a clipping telling of Toth's release and of his penniless condition. At the bottom of the clipping Mr. Carnegie had written in pencil: "Glad to help if true. Please investigate and oblige." It is to be hoped that Mr. Carnegie will fulfil Toth's desire and furnish him a little farm in Hungary where he and his wife may make a modest and honest living. Society has been guilty of an injustice for which it can never atone. It has dealt an innocent man a cruel damage that can never be repaired. There can be no order or happiness or success in human society, except upon the principles of everlasting justice and truth. Upon these twin virtues depend both the moral and material welfare of the race. The punishment of the innocent is hateful to God.

He that justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord. (Prov. 17:15.)



The Prisoners and the Informer in the Camorra Case Caged in the Church of the Scalzi, Which Is Being Used as a Court of Assize at Viterbo, Italy

money that is piled up and the inordinate affection which is bestowed upon it. Wealth set to proper uses is a blessing and even a means of grace, but wealth hoarded for its own sake is a curse. The drowning of the soul through money is referred to by Paul in his letter to Timothy:

But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. (1. Tim. 6:9.)

## Learning Trade in School

One of the latest features of the educational system of New York is the Vocational School for boys in Manhattan Borough. It is now in its second year and has over four hundred boys studying for a trade. The boys are taught, without charge, machine shop practice, electric wiring and installation, plumbing, printing, blacksmithing, bookbinding, metal and wood working, etc. The sessions are from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and are held every month in the year except August. Any boy over fourteen is eligible for admission provided he can pass examinations in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Students are received on five months' probation. The object is not to turn out finished artisans or skilled mechanics; it is to fit boys for a trade. The practical exercise in the trade is given as well as the theory. Training for the ordinary duties of life is not neglected. It is expected that this Vocational School will open up communication with some of the great foundries, factories and workshops, so that the boys may have a better opportunity to practise the theories that are taught to them. A law has recently been passed by which the Board of Education is permitted to sell the products of the pupils for the benefit of the schools. More and more the public school systems of the country are introducing the

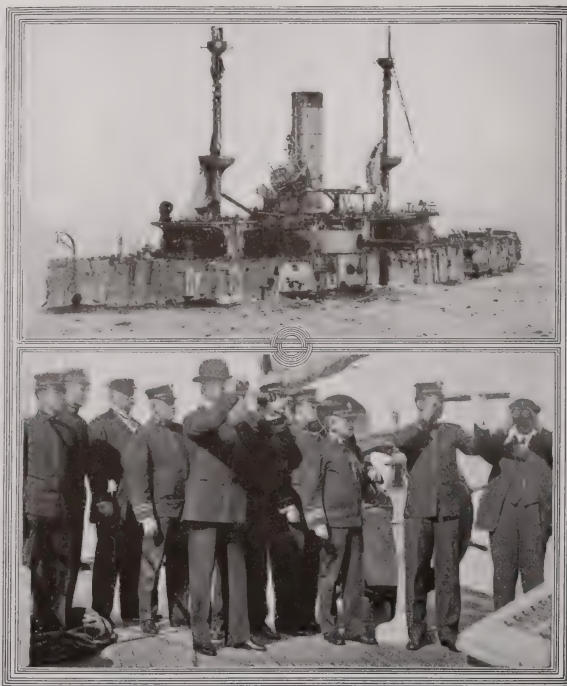


# DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD "TEXAS"

THE old battleship *Texas*, in recent years renamed the *San Marcos*, "will plow the waves no more." She came to a not inglorious end lately when one of our dreadnoughts, the *New Hampshire*, riddled her with shells down in Chesapeake Bay. Now, amid the slime and mud of her watery grave, will rest and rust and rot the ship that helped to sink Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago Bay. The *Texas* had outlived her usefulness. Alongside the modern warship she was obsolete. This demonstrates two facts, namely, the great advance made in marine architecture and the short life of even the largest vessel built. About ten years marks the limit of the best ship. After that the mass of steel and brass, which costs so much to construct, is only fit for the scrap heap. The very fact that ten million dollars' worth of material and construction (the present cost of a battleship) is practically worthless after ten years, should be a strong argument in behalf of a universal peace movement. The maintenance of a fleet is an expensive game.

The *Texas* was built in 1889 and cost in the neighborhood of five million dollars. As she could no longer be used in the service, the government devoted her to the purpose of making a test of the high explosive shells of an up-to-date war-vessel. The *New Hampshire* was selected for the target practice, principally because the guns of this vessel were thought to be giving out and naval experts wished to see if they were still capable of dealing destruction. The experiment proved that they were. The shooting was done at a range of from five to six and a half miles with the twelve and eight-inch rifles, and about four and a half miles with the seven-inch guns.

A General View of the *San Marcos* After the First Period of Firing



Secretary Meyer and a Group of Officers Observing the Firing

A splendid record was made by both tests. The shells wrought havoc with the old warship. A number of shots penetrated the hull from one side to the other and one pierced the nine-inch wall of the conning tower as if it had been so much cardboard instead of the toughest steel. The explosion of the shells within the vessel caused a raging fire to sweep through the compartments, and soon the old *Texas* was but a flame-scarred, battered hulk. Water rushed in through the gaping holes in her sides, and she settled down in the ooze and mud of the bay.

The passing of the *Texas* brings us to a consideration of the marvelous advance which has been made in the science of battleship building within the past decade. The war monsters of the present day cost more than twice as much, and the last word in projecting dreadnoughts is far from being spoken as yet. Rivalry is spurring the great powers in the designing and building of armaments, which the most vivid romancer could scarcely have imagined less than a score of years ago. Floating leviathans of steel, having a displacement of 26,000 tons, now sweep the seas with their 28,000-horse-power engines with the grace and swiftness of pleasure skiffs. The latest to be added to our fighting fleet is the *Arkansas*, the launching of which was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 25. This mighty vessel has a length of 562 feet with 93 feet beam, and makes a speed of twenty-one knots an hour, generated by Parsons turbine engines. Yet, powerful as she is in construction, machinery and guns, in a dozen years or so her ten-inch armor plate may only be fit for the scrap-heap, or at best, like another *Texas*, be a target for the guns of a coming dreadnought.

## The Aftermath of New York's Factory Fire

**A**CROSS the lower East Side of New York stretches a zone of mourning, the result of the disaster which took place at the Asch building, Washington Place and Greene Street, on March 25. The awful toll of death has reached 143, and may yet be increased. Years have passed since New York has been so deeply stirred as by this fatal fire. The walls of the building were hardly cool before investigations were under way to fix the responsibility for the loss of life. Survivors of the tragedy have told their stories—heart-rending stories of sacrificed lives—and when closely questioned have told quietly the tales of the heroes and the heroines who saved dozens of lives at the risk of their own.

While those in authority were striving to find the true reason for the disaster, the East Side was seeking to identify its lost loved ones. A temporary morgue was established on one of the East River piers, and there all day Sunday sounded the tramp of passing feet, while a crowd of over 50,000 persons filed up the pier past one line of coffins and down past another on the opposite side. The scenes that took place in connection with the identification of the dead were harrowing in the extreme.

Monday was a day of sad processions following hearses, most of them white, from all parts of the East Side into Delancey Street and over the Williamsburg bridge. But there was a change in the temper of the thousands on the sidewalks, who paused to watch the mournful corteges go by. Grief possessed the mourners, but words of indignation were murmured on the sidewalks. Now that the first shock is over, there is an ugly spirit working on the East Side which is making itself plainly felt by all observers.

Among the incidents of the day which stirred the pity of onlookers was the funeral of Jennie Stollino, an eighteen-year-old victim of the disaster. It was like a bit of life taken out of a corner of Sicily. The widow Stollino and her three remaining daughters, all of whom lived by Jennie's wages, walked all veiled in black from head to foot, with bowed heads from their home at No. 315 Bowery to Bonomo's undertaking shop at No. 294 Elizabeth Street. The streets felt silent as they passed.

At the undertaker's, where the girl's body lay with

those of Sara and Lucy Maltese, also victims of the horror, there were sixteen little girls, fellow members with Jennie Stollino of a Catholic order. They were all dressed in black and wore white veils caught back with bunches of white carnations and roses. The undertaker's men lifted the white coffin from its stand beside the others, under the image of the Virgin and the little altar on which the candles flickered, and took it out into the street.

The sixteen girls in white formed a hollow square, inside of which were the widow and the three sisters and the coffin. And so they marched across the street to the Church of Madonna di Loretto. There the priest met them at the door and walked before the coffin to the great altar between rows on rows of sobbing men, women and children, most of them dressed in the costumes of Sicily and Southern Italy.

Outside, a great crowd stood silent in the street, listening to the voice of the priest chanting the mass for the dead.

A quarter of a million mourners followed behind the hearses of the unidentified victims of the dreadful fire on the day of the great public funeral. Almost every union shop and factory in the city was closed during the hours when the great cortege wound its way through the East Side and the streets west of Broadway, lined with the shops and lofts of the garment-making industries. Unions of all the trades joined the great demonstration, and made it a vast, silent protest against the systems under which such a catastrophe is possible.

The evidence which is being gathered will be used not only to place the responsibility of this fire, but as data upon which to base the improvement of city and State fire regulations. Within two days after the fire, bills had been drawn and submitted to the legislature at Albany. Many suggestions and plans are being talked over, and there is no doubt that the conditions in loft and factory buildings, not only in New York but in all America, will be greatly improved.

Many stories of other buildings that are inefficiently provided with fire escapes and fire preventive apparatus are being told. The first important fact brought to light in the course of the investigation was that the responsibility for fire escapes and exits is divided between several departments of the

State and city governments. This is to be changed as quickly as it may be so that one department will have entire charge and authority to enforce its mandates.

It has been shown that the building in every way complied with the laws which govern such places. It had the required number of elevators, exits, and the one fire escape for which the law calls. Those who passed on the building cannot be implicated, it is believed. The great trouble lies in the laws and regulations themselves. These must be changed.

One of the most necessary innovations is the fire-drill. It is more than probable that a great many lives would have been saved if the girls in the Triangle Waist Factory had been accustomed to fire-drills and had known of the various exits.

Expressions of sympathy have come from many parts of the world. In New York City that sympathy has taken concrete form in a substantial movement for the relief of the injured survivors and the distressed families.

### Preparing for the British Coronation

—LONDON is a mighty hive of industry at the present. Every one is working in preparation for what it is anticipated will be the greatest event the British capital has ever witnessed—the coronation ceremonies of King George and Queen Mary. Nowhere, perhaps, are activities more pronounced than in staid old Westminster Abbey, that hoary pile which has been the arena of so many historic scenes. The walls are being brightened up and festooned and garlanded with multicolored banners, streamers and sashes. Even those places where sleep the illustrious dead, the artistic fingers of decoration have covered with rosettes and immortelles to recall the triumphs of bygone times in order to excite a jealousy that will make the crowning triumph of the present eclipse them. That part of the Abbey known as the Chapel of Edward the Confessor is the spot where the actual crowning of the king and queen will take place. It is officially known as the "theatre" and it is here that the largest amount of attention is being given. The king's throne, the historic old chair of St. Edward, is elevated on a dais in the centre of the theatre facing the high altar, and is approached by five steps. Side by side with it, but two steps lower than the king's, stands the more modern chair that will be occupied by Queen Mary. On the right of these are two chairs of state, with stools in front of them, that will be occupied by their Majesties during the ceremony and until the moment arrives for the placing of the crowns upon their heads. These chairs directly face the seats reserved for the members of the royal family and the distinguished foreign and royal and other visitors whom it is especially desired to honor.



# Relief Work in Famine Camps



A Scene in the Great Chinese Famine Camp at Chin-kiang, Where Thousands of Refugees Are Now Being Fed by Charity

AT NO time during the present famine in China has the relief work been better organized or more effective than now. The two Relief Committees—one in Shanghai and the other in Chin-kiang—are working hand in hand for the benefit of the sufferers, and a large number of sub-committees throughout the famine region in both provinces are benefiting by this harmonious and effective co-operation. By these means, the neediest sections are reached in the most direct manner and the famine camps are not overlooked.

The chairmen of the two Committees, Mr. James Ferguson of Shanghai and Rev. M. J. Walker of Chin-kiang, sent this cablegram to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announcing the completion of the plan of distribution of the Buford's cargo of flour:

Shanghai.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

Two committees have arranged distribution Buford's cargo.

FERGUSON.  
WALKER.

Long ere this, every sack of flour contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and through other sources has doubtless been distributed in the famine camps and elsewhere, and is doing its life-saving work.

Chairman Walker of the Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang writes of date February 11:

Since my last letter a week ago, we have received a wire telling us of the arrival of another instalment for the Famine Relief Fund of \$10,000. This will enable us to send more to Hsu-chow-fu and Ken-cheng. The condition is very bad indeed in and around Po-chow. It is said there are about 20,000 living in great poverty in Chin-kiang.

On February 24, Chairman Walker wrote that the committee had disbursed all famine funds on hand up to that date. Money had been sent to Po-chow and Hwai-Yuen, in Anhui province, and also to Suchien and Hon-cow-fu in North Kiang-su province, besides smaller amounts to Antong, Tsing-Kiang-Pu and Chin-kiang. He added, "We now feel that the greatest demand for immediate help is in the centres around Po-chow and Suchien. Hwai

Yuen is also very needy. Now is the time to save life."

In a letter from Po-chow, the Rev. Wade D. Bostick writes:

We have just had from the Famine Committee at Shanghai about \$10,000 gold for distribution; but think of what a task we had to decide on who should receive it, for in this one county there are more than 200,000 who have nothing whatever to eat. When we had distributed tickets, entitling the holder to a part of this money, and had given it out to them, there were a few hundred dollars left over. We wanted to get a plan for immediate distribution of this remainder, so we announced early this morning, four different large temples, at which places we would give tickets to those who had not received anything, expecting to give out about four thousand tickets. The people went inside the yard, after which the gate was closed and no one was allowed to go in or out till all the tickets were distributed. But to our dismay, there were nearer ten thousand than four thousand at the four places at eleven o'clock, the time mentioned for closing the door.

Among these people, there was not a single one who would not move an ordinary American to sympathy, and there were some who were the greatest objects of pity that any one in all the world ever saw. Old women tottering with age and hunger; men, who a few months ago were able-bodied farmers, now in rags and shivering with hunger and cold; some men with nothing but the thinnest ragged clothes on and barefooted, even though the ground was frozen a half a foot deep and snow was falling. Some came with children wrapped up in the breasts of their garments. One poor fellow in rags had a small baby in his arms and was carrying on his back his sick wife, evidently helpless from hunger. One man, who looked as though he was almost starved, was holding a baby of only a few months inside of his clothes to keep it warm, the baby looking just about starved. I spoke a few words to him and found that the mother of the child had recently died of starvation.

When the tickets were given out and we were ready to open the gate, it was seen that some three thousand more were outside. The mayor of the city being there, he decided to let them in and asked us to give tickets to them. I stood close by the side of the big gate when it was opened. There were about twenty strong soldiers in and around the gate to keep the people from rushing in too fast; but in spite of our precautions they came with such rushes that some would be pushed over, and would lie there as a stumbling-block for others. There would almost instantly be a pile of the fallen ones, who were saved from being crushed to death only by the soldiers beating

the crowd back and then pulling with main strength the fallen ones to their feet. As I saw this eager rush, I found my heart in my throat and my eyes full to running over. Some were scrambling through the crowd, hugging little children close to them, for they knew that if they had the child alone they would be counted as two and would get more. I no longer wonder that some are often crushed to death at such a time.

The story of woe might be prolonged indefinitely. Such scenes are only a few of 200,000 in this one section in which I live. There are two adjacent counties, each having about 200,000 more, in just the same needy condition. And these three counties do not count one-third of the famine district. Little girls are to be had by hundreds without a price and little boys for from 10 cents to 50 cents each.

A correspondent writing from Peking gives the official view of the general situation in the famine districts. One thousand villages have been deserted; 30,000 families are wandering south in search of food. Many, rendered desperate by suffering, are committing depredations. Most of the refugees are ragged and feeble and their feet and hands are badly frost-bitten. There are a number of districts in which there is no more food left, and even those who have money must send a long way to buy. Fighting over food is a thing of frequent occurrence, and lives are risked daily for a dish of boiled rice. People fall dead from sheer starvation and no comment is excited. Refugees are appealing to the missionaries for food and shelter and are being helped as far as possible. At Chin-kiang, the missionaries are feeding 10,000 people daily, besides sending large quantities of flour and rice to many needy sections farther inland. Fortunately, the fear of plague visitation in the Canal provinces is no longer felt, as the epidemic seems to have been fairly checked in its southward march.

## The Following Additional Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund Have Been Received:

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |
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| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
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# OUR NEIGHBOR AND OUR GUEST



## Social Usage of To-day

WE HAVE recently been told in the press and elsewhere that the custom of calling, once universal, is gradually falling out of fashion. No doubt in large cities, where friends live at great distances from one another, calling is less general than of old. Take, for example, a city like Chicago or New York, where homes are remote from the business centre, and the hours of an afternoon would be absorbed in the effort to make a single call, and it needs no explanation to show us why this friendly custom is there becoming obsolete. In smaller towns and suburban villages, whatever may be said to the contrary, women still make afternoon calls. Clubs and associations where the women of a neighborhood meet one another at frequent intervals, detract from the former necessity, and this may account for the change of mode. The telephone is responsible to some extent for the decline of calling, the temptation often being to have a talk over the wire instead of face to face.

A friend said the other day that she appreciated more than ever in what she styled "these degenerate days" the trouble her acquaintances took when they left their homes, rang her doorbell, crossed her threshold and sat down to have a chat with her, without invitation or prearrangement. It would be indeed the greatest of pities should we ever allow the many-sided activities of our modern lives so to trample upon leisure and scorn the sweet offices of friendship that we should cease to exchange ordinary informal calls.

WHEN a newcomer enters a community, it is very pleasant for her to receive a welcome from the people among whom she is to reside. She usually receives this through the simple medium of calls. If she and her husband identify themselves with a particular church, the minister and his wife and a representative of the hospitality committee will call upon them at an early date. Other members of the church will call, and in due time other residents of the town will extend the same courtesy. The rule is for a married woman to leave, when calling on a married friend for the first time, one visiting card of her own and two of her husband's. A first call should be returned when possible within a week. If for any reason the call is not promptly returned good form requires that an apology should be made for the tardiness later on. If, on the occasion of a first call, an invitation is tendered to a reception or other function, the invitation may be accepted and the call returned afterward. A large and formal reception, a luncheon or a dinner requires a later call.

Dinner invitations, by the way, should be answered immediately. Every invitation to which the letters R. S. V. P., or the English equivalent, a reply is requested, is appended, must be at once answered. If a dinner guest is unexpectedly compelled to break the

engagement he or she must notify the hostess by the quickest available means. A dinner engagement should never be broken if it can be helped.

ONE who is bereaved and obliged to put on mourning may drop responsibility about her unpaid calls. She is not supposed to think of them. When she again enters society it will be her privilege to resume calling upon her friends. If the door of the house at which one calls is opened by a member of the family cards are not handed to her as they would be to a maid. The visitor may leave her card unobtrusively on a table before saying good-

and yield to convenience. In the large cities it is safe to accept the guidance of a well established stationer.

## Good Friday

MORE and more as the swift centuries pass, the whole world stands at gaze at a single figure outlined against the blackness of the noon-day sky on a mountain-top in Judea. Our Lord said: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." When Good Friday comes to us year after year our thoughts and eyes turn to that

Green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.



LITTLE PLAYMATES

HOW child nature responds and expands under the silent influence of "a live plaything"! No home is complete without its pets. Gentleness and kindness developed in childhood will follow all life through.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

by. When there are several women in a family, and the call is somewhat formal, a visiting card should be left for each. This is wholly needless, if the call is at a house with which friendly and intimate relations are maintained.

Mourning cards may be edged with black either deeply or with a narrow line according to preference. An extremely deep edge of black is too sombre and the narrower line is the better choice. The oldest daughter of the family has her visiting cards engraved simply "Miss Smith." Her younger sisters are "Miss Margaret," "Miss Rose" or "Miss Dorothy Smith." A lady sending out invitations for a large reception in which she and her daughters combine, may have her invitation read: "Mrs. Elliston Brown," on one line; below, "The Misses Brown," and following this, "At home to their friends" with the date and place.

Fashions in visiting cards are elastic

In thought, during Passion Week, we are with Jesus in the Garden, with him at Herod's judgment seat, and in Pilate's hall; with him we climb the steep ascent up which he toiled, bearing his cross, and with the various groups who watched him as he hung upon the cross between two thieves, we are identified. The Good Friday of this year of grace has many features similar to that on which our Saviour gave his life for a thoughtless world. Even in our modern day he is crucified again between the thieves of sordid ambition on one side and selfish indifference on the other. The groups at the foot of the cross are forever the same. There are those whose hands have nailed him there, those who hate him with bitter and malignant malice; there are the cowardly disciples who still forsake him and flee in times of peril; there are the inconsistent, who wound him in the house of his friends,

and there are the loyal and loving, who cling to him amid their tears, venture all things for his sake and listen to his last triumphant cry, "It is finished." This last representative group has the comfort of knowing that although the marred form shall be taken down from the cross and laid in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, death shall not hold him there. On the third day he will rise again and go forth victorious, "death of death and hell's destruction." The recent splendid demonstration, culminating in New York City with the final meetings of the Woman's Jubilee of Foreign Missions, is a portent of hope. Many of us are anticipating the evangelization of the world before the close of the present century. This does not mean that every hearth and home on the globe shall become

truly a Christian hearth and home before the close of the year 2000. It does, however, mean that there shall not be a corner of the globe by that time over which the banner of the Cross shall not wave. In every country, every great city, every island, every little fishing hamlet, every village, where men and women live, whatever their race, creed or color, the Gospel of Christ shall be proclaimed, a Christian Church shall be organized, and people shall hear the good news from disciples who speak their own language and are of their own blood. Fifty years ago a few believing women began the Union Missionary Society in the city of New York. On this Good Friday the women who work for Foreign Missions are affiliated with forty women's boards. Shall we not thank God and take courage?

## The Spring Housecleaning

MOTHER NATURE started in furious energy setting her old-fashioned vacuum cleaner at work in the windy days of March. Her annual housecleaning is radical and thorough, and unfortunately it entails a lot of inconvenience upon us if we are not inured to changes of atmosphere. Notwithstanding the occasional high winds and inclement frosts of March, by the time April comes Nature's world looks very much as our houses do when notable maçons have administered upon them with broom and scrubbing brush from top to bottom. We have all heard the story of the little girl who replied to a cheery visitor when he remarked that the world looked bright to-day, "Yes, sir, it does. Mother has just washed all the windows."

Sensible women do not clean house with such uncompromising speed and force of arm and will that they conclude operations by gripe or pleurisy. The spring housecleaning may be comfortably carried forward if a room or a floor be taken at a time, while the whole house is not upset at once. The attic, if you have one, and the cellar invariably, must be rigidly inspected, and if you live in a mosquito-haunted region you must begin the campaign against the tormentors by fumigating the cellar when you do the spring housecleaning.



## Union for World Peace

By Edwin D. Mead

THE present hour is one of the most pregnant and critical in human history. In the long struggle for the fraternity of nations, there has never been a time so big with opportunity and promise. The President of the United States has taken the most advanced position ever taken by the responsible head of a great nation in the effort to supplant the war system of nations by the system of reason and law. He has declared his belief that in the dealings of great civilizing powers with each other, there is no reason why every dispute arising between them not settled by regular diplomatic negotiation, should not be settled by arbitration or referred to an international court. He would have nations cordially agree to act concerning their differences precisely as individual citizens in individual States are compelled to act.

There should be no reservation in this policy of international justice. The reservations from arbitration in existing treaties of so-called "questions of honor" and "vital interest," Mr. Taft rightly sees to be unnecessary, unreasonable and mischievous. Everything whatever, he declares—questions of honor, of territory, of money—is under any possible circumstance better settled in the courts than on the battlefield; and he calls upon the United States to lead the world in this high policy. Let two great nations, he says, act together upon this basis; and faithful to his principle he has at once proceeded to the negotiation of such an unlimited arbitration treaty with Great Britain.

Great Britain's response to the inspiring American proposal is itself inspiring. The recent speech of Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign minister, in the House of Commons, has profoundly stirred Great Britain and stirred Europe. It has especially stirred the religious public. In England itself the foremost men in the Established Church and in the free churches are uniting for a universal demonstration in behalf of a policy which simply means the translation into politics of the first principles of our religion; and this demonstration will be made when the message comes that the religious leaders of America are ready for simultaneous demonstration. That message will certainly be prompt. With it will go similar assurance of co-operation from the great commercial and industrial bodies of America to those in England. Never have the great labor organizations of England declared themselves so strongly against the wasteful and wicked war system altogether, and the hardly less burdensome system of armed peace, as in this latest time; and their strong protest finds response in the hearts of our American workmen.

If the United States and Great Britain adopt the treaty upon which our hopes are now centred, and it is settled that never again shall war be possible between these two great nations, then we are assured France stands ready for a similar treaty; and there is every ground for hope that before the third Hague Conference meets in 1915 a veritable league of peace may exist between half a dozen of the world's great powers.

The responsibility of this nation to the family of nations is therefore at this moment critical and solemn. The Olney-Pauncefote treaty between the United States and Great Britain in 1897 was defeated in the Senate by less than half a dozen votes, the votes of a few far Western States with a combined population less than the population of Chicago. That lamentable miscarriage, which delayed the progress of arbitration for years, was due to the fact that the good men of the United States were not awake. Let that never again be true in an exigency so great, and especially in to-day's great crisis.

There is a thing of moment for  
Continued on last column



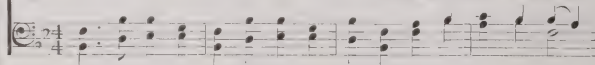
### A Hymn for Easter

JOHN M. MORSE

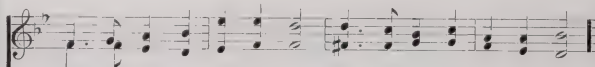
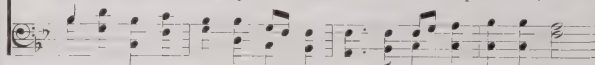
HUBERT P. MAIN



1. Ring the bells this Easter morning, Ring them! ring them loud and clear!
2. Death, the grave and all their powers yield to Him, our ris-en Lord.
3. Once the low-ly Son of Ma-ry, For our sins, He gave His life!
4. Christ, our ris-en Lord, we hon-or, Love Him, laud Him ev-er more!



O'er the wide world let their ech-o Car-ry glad-ness, hope and cheer.  
As did winds and waves and de-mons To His all pre-vail-ing word!  
Now the Son of God ex-alt-ed Far a-bove all earth-ly strife.  
He who took our curse up-on Him, We will wor-ship and a-dore.



Christ, the ris-en Christ a-bove, Reigns supreme, the God of Love.  
Great and mar-vel-ous His ways, Give Him glo-ry! sing His praise.  
Where the thorns once pierced His brow, Rests a crown of glo-ry now.  
Je-sus triumphed o'er the grave! Thus He proved His pow'r to save.

Copyright, 1911, by Hubert P. Main.

This beautiful poem, which appeared some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is here printed in its new musical setting for the first time.

## The Call of Easter

THERE is nothing in this world that exercises a more delightful spell over humanity than the coming of Easter, the day on which our Lord raised himself to life again, and the memory of which great event the churches celebrate with such joy and praise. The supreme feeling of reverence that attends this day is beyond expression. With the tender budding and flowering age of this early Easter spring, comes the call of awakening for happiness to all things that live. What soul can remain insensible to that never-failing message?

As we look up to the heavenly blue and its cloudy magnificence, the heart fills with mute but exquisite delight; the spirit must yield to these influences and respond to the gentle caroling of the birds and to the flowers breathing forth their fragrance. The world has changed. We live over once more the spring of life; everything is young! The peal of the organ by some master-hand lends its holy music to charm our ears. Again we think how grand is life!

There is an endless chain of beauty in this world to strengthen our faith in God and to awaken our adoration. We should feast the eye and ear upon all the grandeur that nature provides. Faith is the only strong foundation on which we may safely build all hopes and plans—faith in all things real, given by the hand of God; faith in the resurrection of his Son, and in his finished work as the Saviour of men. We know that the frozen waters will flow again, that the sun will shine after the storm has ceased. Easter comes and earth and heaven are in unison once more. As we pass on to the next day,

with the beautiful emerald hues of nature everywhere, we offer up our hearts' prayer. We think how good is the hand of God, who gives the sun its beaming warmth and gladness, and to every heart the heavenly light.

MRS. ROBERT GRAU.  
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

### THE KINGDOM

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man that thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he, and we, and all men, move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as is the sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
And anguish, all are shadows vain;  
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perious voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more: They only miss  
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know:  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this is blessing, this is life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

## Union for World Peace

Continued from first column

Americans to remember besides the epoch-making act of their President. The Congress of the United States, by unanimous resolution, has authorized the President to create a commissioner upon the limitation of the burdensome armaments of the nations, and as a step to the limitation of armaments urged the transformation of the present rival national navies into one co-operative international force to maintain the world's peace. It would be impossible to over-state the significance of this action of our national legislature, in the same spirit as that of the effort of our national executive, which has commanded the attention of the world. It points the way to the international organization which alone can make military power a real police power instead of as to-day the chief menace to peace. But we must never forget that the gradual disappearance of the menacing machinery of war depends strictly upon the adequate development of the system of international law and its efficient and reliable administration. It is this which makes President Taft's treaty so significant and commands for it the earnest support of every patriotic American and every lover of humanity.

### 'Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD recently held a four weeks' union meeting with the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches at Highland, Kan., which resulted in one hundred and twenty professed conversions. Since the close of these meetings more than one hundred new members have been received into these three churches.

—FANNY J. CROSBY, the blind hymn writer, celebrated her ninety-first birthday on March 24. She is a wonderful woman. Despite her great age she is active, physically and mentally, and takes as much pleasure in hymn writing as ever. She has lately added several new chapters to her well-known book, the *Memories of Eighty Years*. The volume, which is a wonderfully interesting one, can be had from the aged Christian postess direct by addressing her at Post Office Box 840, Bridgeport, Conn. The price is \$1.25.

—SIMON SMITH, cousin to the noted Gipsy evangelist, intends to visit the United States on an evangelistic tour. For six years he has been engaged in and around London, conducting special services, and his efforts have been very successful. He is thirty-five years of age, and has had a wide experience. He was brought up in a caravan. Eventually he was converted, and giving himself to study, passed the London City Missionary examinations. He is well recommended by leading ministers of every denomination.

—A GRATIFYINGLY successful revival has recently taken place in Ashland, N. J. At the evangelical churches united for a series of services and meetings, led by Rev. Lewis Shelhorn. Noon meetings were held in factories and moving picture places. In the afternoon services took place in the churches. A moving picture mass meeting was held in the church having the largest seating capacity. The merchants have co-operated by closing their business places early, in some cases even the saloons closed up.

—H. M. S.  
—MR. AND MRS. BRUCE W. RANKEN, of Brazil, are visiting the United States on a tour of several months' duration for deputization work on behalf of the great mission field of South America. The South American Evangelical Mission, of which Mr. Ranken is director, carries on work in Brazil and Argentina, two of the largest and most advanced republics of our sister continent. A staff of thirty-five workers, including couplets, are engaged at ten stations and eleven out-stations, and hundreds of converts have been won for God. Sunday Schools are in operation at most of the stations, and an orphanage for Protestant children, an entirely new development in Brazilian missionary work, has been opened at Sao Paulo. The mission is interdenominational in character and depends upon freewill offerings. Mr. and Mrs. Ranken will be glad of opportunities of addressing meetings, either public or private, in the interests of this work, or will give talks on Brazil, illustrated with lantern views, if preferred. Any one desiring to communicate with them may address letters to care of E. D. Sniffen, 150 Broadway, New York.

### Literally Read to Pieces

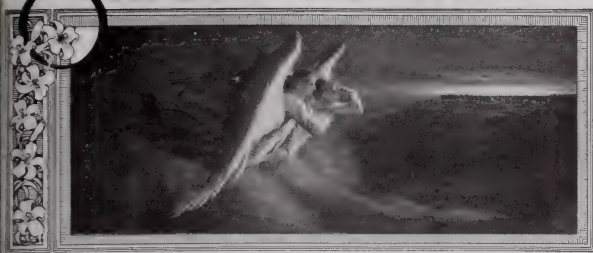
We, of my home, think THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the greatest publication in the world, and look forward for it as eagerly each week. It is literally "read to pieces."

Decatur, Ill.

F. O. RIGGS.



# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



## AN EASTER SONG

Sing, little children, sing,  
And hily censers swing!  
Sing that life and joy are waking and that  
death no more is king.  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly  
brightening spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!  
Winter wild has taken wing,  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright  
face to the sun,  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;  
And the golden catkins swing  
In the warm airs of the spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell  
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;  
That bitter days shall cease  
And warmth and light and peace,  
That winter yields to spring,  
Sing, little children, sing.

—CELIA THAXTER.

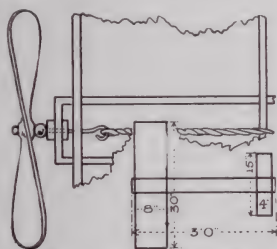
## INSTALLING THE MOTOR

Third of a Series of Articles on Miniature Air Craft, Written Especially for Cozy Corner Boys and Girls by Francis Arnold Collins, Author of "The Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes"

THE actual conquest of the air was not won until the aeroplane flew by its own motive power. Many years were spent by aviators in practicing with gliders before engines were installed in air craft. The builder of model aeroplanes cannot do better than follow their example. Once he has succeeded in constructing a well-balanced model which will sail through the air on an even keel, it becomes a very simple matter to add a motor which will drive the toy aeroplane swiftly and steadily for surprising distances. It was in this way the Wright brothers attained success.

### The Best Motor for Models

THE best motor for models is made of many strands of rubber bands which are wound up by simply turning round and round. To build the frame or supporting such a motor, cut two blocks of some soft wood, which will not split easily, one inch square. Through the centre of each of these, and with the grain, bore a hole with a gimlet, not more than one sixteenth of an inch in diameter. You will need two pieces of stout wire. A bicycle spoke is just the thing, but a pin or hair pin will answer. Cut the pieces of wire three inches long. Now pass one of them through the hole in one of the blocks and bend down the end so that it will be held rigidly. Fill the hole with glue, bend the other end into a broad hook.



Detail of Propeller and Model

Now fasten the two blocks to the under side of the main frame or motor case of your aeroplane. There are several ways of doing this. They may be nailed, glued or tied fast. By cutting the under side of the round dowel tick so that two flat surfaces will come together, you may simplify the work. The block with the hook should be fastened near the extreme end of the main motor base near the edge of the smaller lane. The second block should be fastened at the front of the aeroplane with the front or entering edge of the forward plane.

### The Propeller

THE most interesting detail of the aeroplane is the propeller. This

consists of two fan-shaped blades much like those of a steamboat propeller or an electric fan. These may be carved from wood or cut out of metal and bent to the right shape. The best plan is to prepare five strips of thin wood (a cigar box will answer), cutting them half an inch wide and ten inches in length. Cover with a thin glue and lay them one on top of another. Now drive a long, thin nail through the centre of this pile, and before the glue hardens, turn them on the axis formed by the nail to a fan shape, with the edges one quarter of an inch apart at the outer ends. Bring the pieces together by driving the nail through again, and lay away to dry. When dry, whittle off the edges with a knife or chisel until the blades are smooth, then sandpaper and varnish.

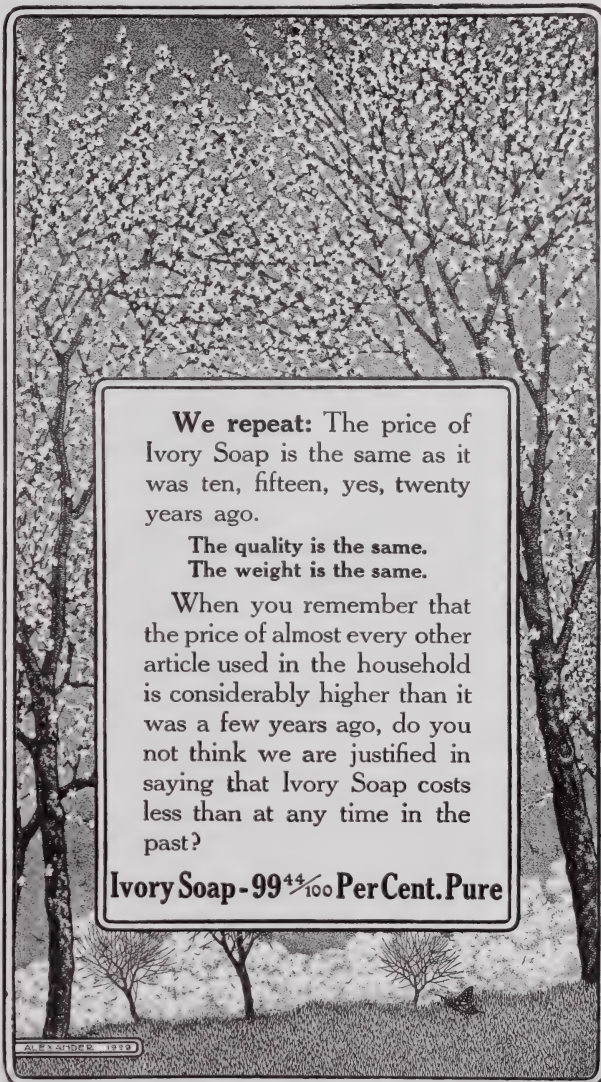
### Very Important

It is very important that the outlines of the curve should be right. If the blades are very flat they will not take hold of the air, and their propelling power will be slight. On the other hand, if the curves are too sharp, the propeller will merely whirl around and give a little forward thrust. Follow the directions carefully, and the

propeller will come out about right. Be careful to have the blades on either side balance exactly, or the flight will not be straight.

A second piece of wire should now be imbedded in the centre of the propeller. The best plan is to run it through the middle and bend over the end as you have done with the first hook. Now string on this wire or shaft a smooth glass bead and pass it through the hole in the block at the forward end of your model. The end inside the block should then be turned in the shape of a hook. The two hooks should come exactly on a line with one another, and the propeller should turn easily without striking against the frame of the front plane.

You will need several yards of rubber band for your motor. If you cannot procure the regular rubber, loop together a number of rubber bands to form a long rope. The rubber should then be wound from one hook to another just as you would wind a skein of



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The quality is the same.  
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zephyr, taking care to fasten the ends securely. The size of the rubber motor must be determined by experiment. A series of strands forming a rope one inch in diameter will give you plenty of power. To wind up your motor, turn the propeller away from you about one hundred and fifty revolutions, or until the rubber is tightly knotted, and release. As the rubber unwinds, the propeller will spin about and drive your aeroplane upward and onward.

NOTE.—Articles 1 and 2 of this series, "How To Build Paper Gliders" and "Model Aeroplane Building," appeared in the Cozy Corners of February 1 and March 15.

### ARRIL PRIZES

Five Kodaks—Souvenirs for All

HERE is a short sketch of a famous man; but the writer has been careless, and has made several mistakes. The boy and girl readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are asked to correct these mistakes.

All who enter the Cozy Corner Contest this week for the first time will receive a special Cozy Corner greeting. The five boys and girls sending in the best answers, whether they have ever entered the Cozy Corner Contests or not, shall each receive a Brownie Eastman Kodak, loaded with six films, ready to take snap-shot pictures.

### The Careless Biographer

"", born in Westmoreland County, W. Va., February, 1733. Assumed command of the American Army July 3, 1774. On the 9th of July, 1776, he wrote to the President of Congress: 'I caused the Declaration to be proclaimed before all the army under my immediate command,' etc. Was elected President in 1789. Died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799."

Correct the mistakes, put your name and address clearly on your paper, and send before April 19 to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

### Good Things for All

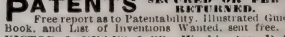
I have Cozy Corner Souvenirs and Good-time Plans for you all. You have only to write and ask for them. I especially want to hear this week from every boy and girl reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and from all your friends too.

### Our Good-Night Verse

"For the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." *Altitius most lovingly.*

*Janet Porter*







# THE DRAGON

By Mrs. R. L. WEATHERLOW

ANNIE RAIMOND, as she came in from school, tossed her books down upon the table. "Do you now, mother," she began, "our entire ass is going to take part in the Easter exercises at church? What am I to do? We are all expected to wear white, and my white dress is not fit to be seen, and, besides, they have requested me to recite that Easter poem, very one says I speak it so well, and surely needs a suitable dress to fit to theme." And she paused out of breath.

"Well, dear," replied her mother, "have you given me the whole list of our troubles? It certainly appears rather formidable to look at. We rarely have a problem before us to apply that much-needed dress. You now that there is very little money, and my sewing pays poorly."

"I know," and Annie came and put her arms around her mother's neck, at the same time giving her a good hug. "That's what is worrying me. Oh dear!" she exclaimed; "all the girls have such a plenty they little know how hard it is for us to live and appear respectable."

Mrs. Raimond, a widow, had a hard struggle to support her two children. Annie, the eldest, was straining every nerve to fit herself for a teacher, so that she might lighten her mother's burdens. She had a remarkable talent for reciting, and was often called upon to use it.

"Well, we will have to study ways and means. I am doing work for Professor Jones' wife, and if she would only pay me when I send it we could manage the dress."

"Oh, mamma! she is such a cross-grained old miser, she will try to lower the price, and likely ask you to come another time for the money."

"That may be, Annie; but we can only try."

"When will you have the work done?" asked Annie.

"This evening, and you can take it to her on your way to school in the morning; if she puts you off about the pay, tell her that you can call on your return from school."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Annie, "I always feel a propensity to scratch, when I take work to her, she has such a suspicious, sneering way of examining everything, and grumbling, no matter how well the work is done; many times I have bit my tongue to keep back a sharp retort."

"Well, I know it is very unpleasant for you, but you must have charity; we do not know what tragedy may have happened in her life to have caused that soured disposition. I have heard she had a son who ran away, and no one knows what became of him. She also lost a daughter who was about your age, in a terrible railroad accident, so it is not to be wondered that the poor woman is what she is."

"I did not know this before," said Annie. "I am glad I never lost my temper when she has been disagreeable. I shall take the work to her, feeling that I can pity more than blame, if she is cross and snappy with me."

The next morning Annie started out to face the Dragon, as she sometimes styled Mrs. Jones. She rang the bell and was ushered into the sitting-room.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Jones," said the girl, in a bright, cheerful tone.

"I wonder if you have brought my dress at last," was the woman's acknowledgment to Annie's greeting. "It seems as though your mother might get my work done quicker than she does; I don't suppose you help her any, only hinder."

"Please, Mrs. Jones, I do all I can to help mother when I am not in school. I do not like to see her work so hard, but I am trying to study every minute of time I have, in order to fit myself for a teacher, to enable me to earn enough to relieve mother of some of the burdens of caring for Louis and myself."

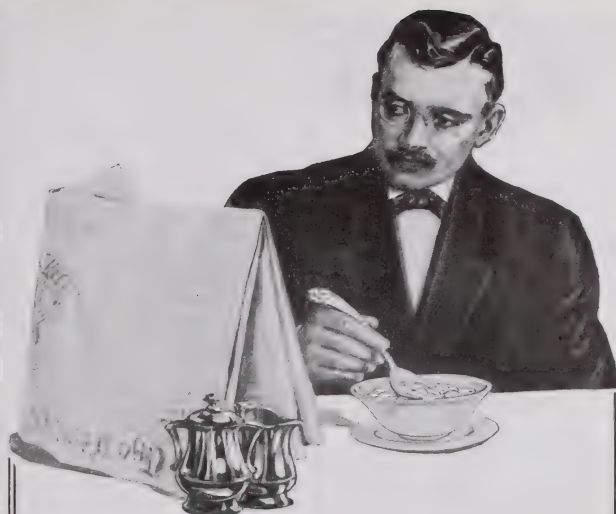
"Humph! I suppose, now that Easter is almost here, you will be wanting a new Easter suit; that will mean a lot of self-denial and hard work for your mother."

"Why, Mrs. Jones," said Annie, with surprise in her tone, "I do not expect, nor can we afford, anything more than to keep myself respectably clothed."

But Mrs. Jones continued: "I hear they are to have a grand Easter service at the church, and, of course, you will be in it."

"Yes, I expect to take part, as I have been requested to recite an Easter poem," replied Annie.

Continued on next page



## The Business Man's Ideal Lunch

Brain workers know that a hearty lunch lessens one's powers. For a couple of hours one is not at his best.

And we all know why. The blood is drawn to the stomach to supply digestive fluid. One's energy is consumed in digestion.

The ideal solution is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, served in a bowl of milk. Here are whole-grain foods with all the food granules literally blasted to pieces. By no other process are cereal foods made even half so digestible.

And men like them. For months we conducted a lunch room in the heart of New York City to find out men's tastes in cereals. With all the ready-cooked cereals to choose from, four out of five chose Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

## Between-Meal Foods Bedtime Foods

For the same reason Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are ideal for children. Not only at mealtime but between meals. One can eat at any hour foods which don't tax the stomach.

And children delight in them. The grains are like nuts—so much like nuts that countless children use them in candy making.

Many able physicians, when the stomach needs rest, are advising Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. When ease of digestion is of any importance, the best possible foods are these crisp, puffed grains.

## Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These foods are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, by which all the food granules are exploded by steam. The raw grains are sealed up in great steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. Thus the moisture in the grain is turned to steam and brought to tremendous pressure.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices can instantly act. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

The result is these delicious, digestible grains—porous, crisp, nut-like and brown.

## Serving With Fruit

One capital way to serve these puffed grains is to mix them with sliced bananas or berries. The blended flavors make an enticing dish.

The common way is to serve with cream or milk, like any breakfast cereal. Or serve them in milk, like crackers or bread. People are now eating 18,000,000 dishes a month. Isn't it your turn to begin?

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## LIVING TEMPLES

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

## The Temple of Character

**T**HREE kinds of temples are mentioned in the Bible. Our lesson story is about the first kind, a temple of stone, but it will illustrate the second kind, the temple of individual character, which it is more important to discuss, except where repairing of the church is the duty of the hour.

The temple Joash repaired was the beautiful temple that Solomon had built. Under Queen Athaliah, who preceded Joash, many stones had been taken out of God's temple to build a temple to Baal close at hand, in which the people worshiped. On the coronation day of King Joash, the temple of Baal had been demolished, but God's temple was not at once restored. That was ordered later by King Joash. The priests, however, paid no heed to the order. Years afterward, it was repeated, and this time king and priest and carpenters and stone-cutters and the people generally each did his part in giving and working till the repairs were fully made, and the temple stood complete and beautiful. The chief feature of the restoration, more beautiful than marble and cedar and gold, was the cheerful and generous giving of the people. That reminds us that one of the most beautiful things in the temple of a Christlike character is generous helpfulness "In His Name." Let us recall how Jesus introduced the idea of character building.

One day when he was in the temple, he said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up" (John 2: 19). The Jews thought he referred to the temple of stone, and they said, with a sneer, "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou restore it from ruins in three days?" "But he spake of the temple of his body" (John 2: 15-21). And at another time, when in a wheatfield talking informally of great truths to twelve workmen who were his helpers, he said: "In this place is one greater than the temple" (Matt. 12: 6).

This, then, is the second kind of temple, a Christlike character (1. Cor. 3: 16-17; 6: 19; II. Cor. 6: 16).

## Laying the Foundation

As the altar, with its bleeding sacrifices, was the first thing to be met in the tabernacle and in the temple, so self-sacrifice for the good of others is the keynote of Christ's and of Christian character. Then comes the laver of clean habits, and the incense altar of prayer. The table of shew-bread pictures the word of God as the food of the soul; and the golden candlestick, the gladdening influence and helpfulness of a true Christian. And the most holy place stands for direct communion with God.

It was of wise character-building that Jesus spoke the warning parable of the two houses, one built on the sand and the other on the rock (Matt. 7: 26, 27). The man who builds on the sand is the man who has right intellectual ideas and even right emotions, sentiments and desires, but does not by an act of will consolidate them into rock-firm resolves and decisions and vows and a life of prayer, that will hold him firm when floods and torrents of passion sweep down upon him. In spite of momentary desire to do wrong many a man has stood in such an hour because he has pledged his word to his wife, to the church, to the temperance society, and especially because he has built up by many right decisions a ten-

dency, a habit, a character, hostile to evil, friendly to the good.

Pledge in thy robbest moods against thy worst. Pray then for strength to keep the sacred trust.

That is the rock foundation that withstands the storm of temptation.

## Building Wisely

We should not only build strong but build high, out of reach of temptation, so far as possible. That is the point of a story told by Rev. J. M. Farrar, that the youngest can understand, and the older ones need yet more, of two little birds that foolishly selected a low bush for a nesting place, when they could just as well have built in some high tree. An invalid girl, who saw them from her window, exclaimed: "O you foolish birds!" But they could not understand. The eggs were laid and hatched out in tiny nestlings; and then the invalid girl's anxiety increased. One morning she saw only a demolished nest and a few feathers to tell of the destruction some cat had easily wrought. Alas, boys and girls, and even parents, though they have higher powers of reasoning than the birds, are often quite as foolish in exposing themselves to needless temptation. If a hundred parents would serve notice on the business men of the town where saloons are open and gambling slot machines are on every side: "If you don't make this town a safer place for little feet by moral street-cleaning, by no-license votes, and enforcement of neglected laws, we will all move to some place of a higher moral standard," sleeping consciences in "leading citizens" who do not lead would be re-enforced by fear of lost patronage, and many an endangered home would be saved from heart-breaks and soul-wrecks. Build strong, build high, build safe, build for eternity.

The two breaches in Christian character-building needing repair, which the lesson story logically suggests, are: an excessive devotion to selfish pleasure, and a covetous use of the property we hold as trustees for God and man. Those who give themselves to selfish pleasures beyond the need of recreation when they should work for God and man are carrying stones from the temple of God to that of Baal, and in these days much of the carrying is done in automobiles. And many of those who cannot afford such vehicles to carry them to Baal's temple, are walking there every day in their excessive patronage of moving picture shows, which, even if they were once generally wholesome, ought to be frequented only so far as recreation is needed to increase our efficiency in the glad service of God and man.

## Giving to God

While the prodigal greed for pleasure carries many a stone from God's temple to Baal's, the ugly breach in God's temple made by miserly greed is in equal need of attention. And this greed is found in poor as well as rich, as is shown by the following story of a poor man who was very generous in saying what he would do were he wealthy. A friend said to him: "If you had a hundred sheep, would you give fifty of them for God's work?" "Yes, I would." "Would you do the same if you had a hundred cows?" "Yes, I would." "Would you do the same if you had a hundred horses?" "Yes, I would." "If you had two pigs, would you give one of them to God's cause?" "No, I wouldn't; and you have no right to ask me when you know I have two pigs."

It is not alone those who withhold, but those who wish to, that come under

Continued on next page

Just WHY



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## Continued from preceding page

Christ's love against covetousness, which is what we now call commercialism, which Jesus condemned more than any sin except hypocrisy, with which it is often carried. Many men lack the courage of their covetousness, and so give with the hand when the heart does not go with it, for fear of what Mr. and Mrs. Grundy will say or do. In contrast with such a spirit, the following missionary story pictures such generous giving as the lesson described—only more so:

Carefully and lovingly a little band of Christians, in a country district in Korea, were building a church. The logs and plaster were all in place, but they found that to buy materials for the completion of the roof and floor they lacked three guineas, which, in their poverty, was a large sum. A young man, named Pai Ni Il, grieved much over the unfinished building. Months passed, and he became greatly burdened about it. But what could he do? His sole possessions were a small piece of land, a bullock, and the mud hut in which he lived. One morning, after a time of special prayer, Pai Ni Il went to call on a neighbor, then came back, and led his bullock to his friend's house. He returned without the ox, but with three guineas in his pocket. He said nothing, but quickly the church was finished, and villagers from far and near came to hear of the living God. The Holy Spirit was present at the meeting, and there was great blessing through the winter. Springtime came, and the farmers began to plow their fields. How fared Pai Ni Il without his bullock? He and his younger brother got into the traces of the plow and went along, their old father holding the harness. Patiently and cheerfully they toiled, Pai Ni Il always taking a double share all through the long season of seed-time and harvest, doing all by their own manual labor. And God blessed their hard work with abundant crops.

## The Spiritual Temple

And now we come to another kind of Bible temples, of which the temple of the lesson was but a pictured prophecy. This kind of temple is the spiritual church, made up of "living stones," "fitly framed together," as Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. (Pis. 118: 22; Isa. 28: 16; Matt. 21: 42; Acts 4: 11; Eph. 2: 19-22; 1. Pet. 2: 4-7.) This is a bold and beautiful picture, that no artist has dared to put on canvas; a temple in which great and good men are living "pillars"; believing children, the lively works; spiritual church members the "living stones"; and Christ, the living corner stone, the living door, the living priest and prophet.

There is sometimes, even in good men, too much devotion to merely individual upbuilding. We should not leave undone our share in the social upbuilding of the whole church, the whole city, the whole nation, the whole world, in which each of us is but one living stone, in duty bound to fill our own chink, uphold our own share of the common burden and do our own part toward the common good. One who thought himself too feeble to be of any real service, and so failed to do his little part in world uplift, had a dream in which he saw a temple, beautiful and glorious, save that one stone was missing, which seriously marred the effect. He awoke to realize it was himself that was missing, and that God's plan included his work, and that would be imperfect without it. That points out the way by which you, who are studying this lesson, and thinking it deals with matters far away, may right now repair one breach in God's spiritual temple, the breach where you should be as a living stone.

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## THE DRAGON

Continued from page 386

and was about to pass through the room, when her mother spoke to her. "Annie," she said, "I want you to give your opinion of this Easter dress." Turning to look at it, the girl exclaimed, "How lovely!" and as she took in the simple, harmonious blending of the whole, she said, "Mrs. Jones, I think it is perfect."

"Well, Miss Annie, would you accept this as an Easter offering of peace from a cross old woman who has need of all the good-will that your kind heart can bestow?" And she bowed her head in her hands, while tears trickled slowly through her fingers.

Annie was so taken by surprise that she uttered no word, but when she saw the woman's grief, she went quickly to her side, and clasping her arms about her neck, kissed the trembling hands, saying she accepted the present as it was given, not so much as a peace offering, for she had never laid anything up against her.

After a few moments, Mrs. Jones raised her head, and clasping Annie's hand, said: "Come to see me often, and I will try not to say those ugly things I have been wont to say to you."

Annie thanked her for the beautiful present she had given her and told her she hoped to see her at the service the next evening.

Then Mrs. Raimond took her by the hand, bidding her try and look on the brighter side of life, for she felt that this new Easter morn would bring healing and comfort to her bruised and weary heart. So the poor woman left them feeling quite a little comforted.

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie, as she viewed herself in the mirror, "I never expected to have a dress that suited me so well. It is just what I wanted."

The next evening, when all were assembled on the platform that were to take part in the exercises, Annie saw Professor Jones and his wife enter, followed by a stranger. As they took their seats Annie noticed that Mrs. Jones sat between the men; the change that had come over her was wonderful, her face was almost radiant, and the worry and care had fallen from her as though some genie had transformed the sickly old woman into another being. But speculation had to cease as the evening's programme was being rendered. Annie's was the closing piece, and she stepped forward, with a graceful bow. She soon carried the audience with her, so vivid were the pictures she portrayed of the mother and divine Child in the manger, the wise men from the East, Christ grown to manhood, going about his Father's business, healing the sick, cleansing the leper, lifting up the fallen, debating in the temple, casting out the money-changers, raising Lazarus from the dead—doing all in his Father's name. The latter part of the recitation portrayed his enemies, his own people crying, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" the sorrowful day when the veil of the temple was rent in twain and the crucified Saviour laid in the tomb, the poem ending with a wonderful burst of song and thanksgiving from the whole choir—"Christ hath risen! Christ hath risen! Glory to God in the highest, and good will to men." With a bow Annie retired to her seat.

For a moment a hush fell upon the congregation, then murmurs of "Wonderful!" "Wonderful!" were heard on every side.

After the services were over Annie was deluged with congratulations, but her greatest pleasure was when Professor and Mrs. Jones introduced the stranger. "Annie," said the old lady, "I wish to present to you my son, who was dead, and now is alive." The stranger came forward and shaking hands with our little heroine, laughingly said he felt very much alive, and appreciated the treat that had been given him on this first night of his arrival home.

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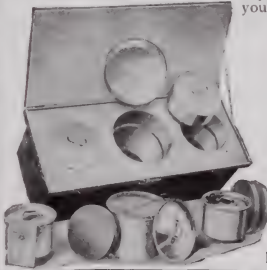
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THERE is great fear expressed by some of God's people that America will become a land without a Sabbath. They are led to this view by the constantly greater latitude which Christians are allowing themselves in their keeping of the holy day; and by the immense influx of Sabbathless immigrants.

Every one who reads history is impressed by the futile attempt of the infidel French revolutionists of 1793 to have a rest-day once in ten days instead of once in seven. They had thought that they could even abolish the Sabbath altogether, but they found this code so injurious that they were compelled to abandon it. It is generally conceded by farmers that horses and oxen need, quite as much as men, a rest-day each week.

On tablets recently excavated, it is made certain that the ancients, even as far back as the Hittites, early discovered the need of such a rest-day, and that their monarchs commanded it.

In country districts and small towns, a Christian may spend his Sabbath restfully and healthfully, without the temptations which beset those in the large cities. His church is generally near at hand; or if it is far he has usually a conveyance in which he can easily reach it. He has a quiet drive or walk to the house of God. In the afternoon, if there is no service, he may walk in meadow or wood, with his family about him, or with his religious weekly or a good book in hand. Most of us can recall such Sabbaths, full of quiet hours of reflection upon sacred themes, of calm enjoyment of God's fresh air, of pure and grateful rest. But to the dweller in cities, especially to the poor in the crowded tenements, such Sabbaths seldom come. They usually find him amid scenes of disorder, often of drunkenness. He may attend some morning service at church or chapel, but, though he has probably been closebound in a dark shop or office every day during the past week and pines for the fresh air, he has to ride for an hour or more in some car before he can reach any green breathing-spot.

Even there, he is likely to find a noisy crowd, with merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries on every side. Vaudeville shows and moving-pictures tempt him. In order to find peace, he must go back to his close living-rooms, seldom worthy of the name of "home," and lock himself in.

The problem of the poor man's city Sabbath grows yearly more complicated. The parks are full; the near-by beaches are black with people; saloons and evil resorts are stretching out their slimy tentacles to entrap the weak and the unwary; rag-time music supplants hymns, drowns all conversation and almost prevents thought. And yet the unfortunate dwellers in the slums, like those who live in the more respectable sections, should enjoy their rest-day in the pure out-of-doors.

It does not behoove those more fortunately situated to judge too harshly that portion of our population which the sociologists call "the submerged tenth"; or even the social stratum just above that one. To most of them is now granted freedom from toil on one day of each week. This rest day is in nine cases out of ten the first day of the week. How shall they, with their limited means, spend it in order to obtain the most health for body, mind and soul?

And for the remainder of us, the so-called educated classes, the question is, perhaps, almost as difficult—how shall we best spend these beautiful "first days," in order to grow in spiritual stature and in favor with our God?

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, April 23. TEXT: Isa. 68: 1-14.

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with me!"

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chew out!"

"I won't stay up *there* when it's down  
*here*!"



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It freshens breath  
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tid-bit ever sold!  
Look for the spear  
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# Christian Herald

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# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

R. D. Germantown, Pa. What was the worst plague of history?

A virulent form of typhus which turned the body black and caused rapid putrefaction. On this account it was called the "Black Death." It broke out in 1348, and devastated the world almost, sweeping from China across the whole of Asia and Europe to the British Isles. In Europe alone it claimed almost 3,000,000 victims. London became a vast charnel-house, seavengers going along the streets shouting, "Bring out your dead." As graves could not be prepared for all, hundreds of bodies were thrown together in heaps and allowed to decompose, exposed, so that the air became poisoned with miasma and deadly effluvia. Over 150,000 died in the city.

J. A. B. Decatur, Ia. How will the parties be divided in the new Congress?

The Senate stands, Republicans 50, Democrats 41, vacant 1. The House, Democrats 228, Republicans 160, Socialists 1, vacancies 2. In the last Congress, in the Lower House, the Republicans had 217 and the Democrats 174.

M. A. Bloomington, Ill. What is the present situation with regard to the timber lands of the United States?

According to the report of the Bureau of Corporations, 195 holdings control about one-half of all the standing timber owned by private individuals. Three big concerns own eleven per cent. of it. The United States Government owns only one-fifth of all the standing timber in the country, whereas forty years ago it owned three-fourths. It sold in comparatively recent years timber lands for \$12.25 per acre that are now worth \$50 an acre.

G. M. H. Coff, Kan. Is there any authority for the statement that the power of healing through Jesus' name ceased with the death of those on whom the apostles laid their hands?

No one has authority to dogmatize on the subject. The church, however, holds that the power of healing was confined to apostolic times. At the same time, there have been many well attested instances of the healing power in modern times. A celebrated divine, Professor David Smith, D.D., writing on this subject, says: "To each man there is given one and only one life; and if he wastes it, and then repents and is forgiven, Christ does not give him a second life. He says to him: 'Take up your wasted life, and repair it and fashion it anew; and I will pour upon it my healing grace.' It is because we fail to recognize this law that we are discouraged by the difficulties of the Christian life, and wonder if there be any reality in salvation when we find the old passions so strong within us after we have believed. After we have repented and believed, our old lives, so broken and mutilated, are the material which we must work with, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, repair and refashion."

A. F. C., Brinnwood, Wis. I find Hong-Kong given as one of the important cities of the world. Still all descriptions show it to be an island, whose chief city is Victoria. Please explain.

This is due to the confusion of the name of the entire British colony with that of the city. The port with its little town was known as Hong-Kong before the British conquered it, and the old name still persists. The entire settlement, including Stanley, a watering place on the island, and Kau-lung, a residential suburb on the mainland, are now included in the general name, which is accepted and used even by the best authorities.

Mrs. H. L. Payette, Idaho. Please tell the origin of the Dutch Reformed Church.

The former title of this denomination indicated its historical relations—"The Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in North America." It is "Reformed," as distinct from Lutheranism; "Protestant," as protesting against Rome; "Dutch," as originating in Holland. In 1667, by an ancient agreement between the General Synod, the name was restored to its simple and original form—"The Reformed Church." The word "Dutch" was originally introduced to distinguish the church from the "English" church, by which name the Episcopalian denomination was generally known. It was not until the Dutch colonial government had surrendered to the British in 1664. The Reformed Church of the Netherlands grew from the great Reformation. Gansvoort and Agricola had preached doctrines similar to those of Luther, fifty years before he broke away from Rome. Their followers worshipped in private houses until about

*Continued on last column*

1563, when the Synod of Antwerp was held. This adopted the Belgic Confession, and laid the foundation for the noble Reformed Church. The first Reformed Church in America was organized in New Amsterdam (New York) in 1619.

Mrs. M. E. B. Knowing your paper to be so widely read and interested in every humane work, I write to ask if you will not say something to prevent the dreadful brutalities practiced on dumb animals in the name of science by vivisectionists.

We have repeatedly advocated the passage of

laws regulating vivisection and rigidly preventing unlicensed persons from making experiments. Whenever vivisection is performed, it should be in the hands of licensed practitioners of experience and no others. We have no sympathy with those who torture dumb brutes needlessly, and would favor severe measures to restrain and punish such cruelties as have been publicly exposed.

S. Pennsylvania. 1. An inheritance tax is that amount which is collected by a State government upon the passage of the property of a deceased person to the heirs or legatees. 2. An

## Questions and Answers

*Continued from first column*

inheritance tax is collected in thirty-eight States of the United States, in nearly all parts of the British Empire and in many European countries. 3. There is no tax on tea. 4. All vessels engaged in carrying passengers or freight and flying the flag of a given country are called the merchant marine fleet of that country. 5. The ladies' colleges having the largest enrolment are Smith (1,620), Wellesley (1,375), Vassar (1,067), Simmons (799), Mount Holyoke (755), Barnard (719), and Bryn Mawr. 6. Sixteen leaders in order of enrolment: Columbia, Chicago, Valparaiso, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Harvard, Nebraska, Pratt Institute, College of the City of New York, Syracuse, California, Yale.

H. P. Wilburton, La. The March 22, 1911, edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD makes the statement: "Nothing is impossible with God." Do you mean that God can do anything, or do you make a mental reservation in making the above statement?

God is omnipotent, which attribute is sufficient to cover all possibilities that the human mind can conceive of. Some sophists urge that not even God can efface the past and its record. This is merely a logical quibble, of course. The Scripture itself tells us that he cannot lie (Heb. 6: 18). All power dwells in him and such power he exercises in accordance with his will and in the direction of sovereign benevolence.

A. B. C., Boston, Mass. Will you please tell me how much of my estate will go to my husband at my death? I have money and real estate of my own. I have brothers and sisters, but no children. Would you advise me to make a will?

Counselor David Paine, New York City (to whom we referred this letter), answers as follows: "Under the laws of Massachusetts, where the wife dies without making a will, leaving brothers and sisters, but no children, the husband shall receive \$5,000 from the personal property, if the estate is of sufficient value, and one-half of the remaining personal property. If the estate is not of sufficient value, the real property, if any, can be sold to make up the necessary \$5,000. In addition to this, the husband receives one-half the remaining real property, unless he elects to hold one-third of the real property for life, which he is at liberty to do. He thereby forfeits his right to the one-half remaining realty. Unless this disposition of the estate is satisfactory to the inquirer, it would be advisable for her to make a will."

## Miscellaneous

B. T. R. Send full name and address for reply by mail.

W. S. See answer in previous issue on subject of recognition of friends in heaven.

Robert F. Haig, Roanoke, Va. Your criticism is correct. "British Empire" was the proper expression.

G. W. F., Orange, Mass. The Esperanto Course of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has not been published in book form.

Any reader of this paper knowing the whereabouts of Frank Rutledge, formerly of Oklahoma, is requested to forward his address to T. S. Rutledge, 1030 Twenty-sixth Street, San Diego, Calif.

Subscriber, New York City. All questions to THE MAIL-BAG are read and, if suitable, are answered. If you will send us full name and address, we will inquire about donations, as every gift, no matter how small, is acknowledged.

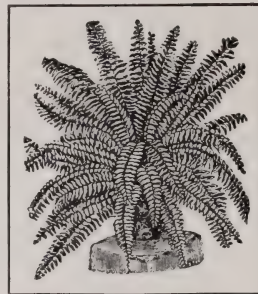
G. A. R., Wheeler, N. Y. 1. From their own point of view, the men you refer to are doubtless doing their best with their wealth. We should not judge them, as they are not responsible to us. 2. We do not know whether the organization is in existence now.

Reader, Indiana. The use of slang is inexcusable. There are familiar or colloquial expressions, however, which are proper under certain conditions, and which do not detract from the character of an article. Even a writer cannot always be on the mountain top.

O. M. K., Whitney, Neb. 1. We know of no Scripture dealing with the subject. 2. We are sending you by mail some printed matter on the Lord's Day. 3. The passage in Acts is symbolic. 4. Priscilla and Aquila were faithful workers in the early Christian Church, but it is not asserted that they were preachers.

## SPECIAL OFFER To Christian Herald Readers Only! Beautiful Ferns Given Away!

Of course, you will want some Ferns this season. Live, growing plants that look vigorous and healthy, are what every housewife wants for house decoration. Roses, Chrysanthemums, and all the other kinds of beautiful and fragrant flowers are necessary, but no home is quite complete without some ferns. Easy to take care of, strong and healthy, with reasonable care they will develop into fine specimen beauties.



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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



An Indian Chief



A Scene at Meal Time in the Paraguay Forests



The Witch Doctor



## AMONG SOUTH AMERICAN SAVAGES

By JOHN HAY

*Director of the Inland-South-America Mission*

DAY after day she lay in front of our door and literally starved to death. As we sat eating our own food this starving woman lay at our door. In vain we pleadingly entreated her to eat and live. The superstition that held her in its grip was stronger than the pangs of hunger; and at last, from the skeleton frame, already unconscious in the apathy of an awful despair, the soul of the untaught Indian woman went forth to meet God! But let me tell the whole story:

I had moved with my family to a new station, and had just finished building our house at Riacho Negro on the river Paraguay when a company of redskins arrived from a district about sixty miles west of us. While they were busy putting up for themselves a rude shelter of palm leaves, grass, twigs, and sticks we found there was a sick woman among them and that they had sent for a witch-doctor to come and drive out the evil spirit which they supposed was causing the sickness. When the medicine-man arrived he and some of the older men of the tribe, each armed with a hollow gourd containing a few pebbles, seated themselves around the patient as she lay on a deer-skin on the ground with a palm log for a pillow, and the weird "sick-chant" began in deep guttural ejaculations of the syllable "uh" uttered in staccato to an accompaniment of the gourd rattles. The motion was slow at first, but the movement increased in speed as the men worked themselves into a frenzy of excitement, till with perspiration streaming from their bodies they bent low over the sufferer, the strong pulsations of their throats sounding like thudding hoof-beats on the ground, and finally stopping from sheer want of breath. This was repeated at intervals till morning.

Next day the skin of the patient was punctured in places with a bone lancet and the witch-doctor sucked large quantities of blood from the victim's body. All this proved fruitless, and the next step was starvation. This was supposed to make the evil spirit leave the sufferer in search of something to eat. The awful terror and loathing expressed in the eyes of this poor untutored victim of savage superstition were simply heartbreaking. As the days passed the numbness of despair

replaced the look of terror, and then all was still. The legs of the poor creature were at once doubled in two against the body, which was then wrapped in the woman's small skin skirt and tied with cords into a bundle about two and a half feet long.

Some of the Indians with wooden diggers scraped a small hole in the sand on the bank of the river for a grave. It was too small to admit the little bundle, but the men simply laid it on the top and tramped it in with their feet. Still using their feet they filled in the earth and tramped it down on top!

Later, I witnessed a very different scene. Some years of missionary work had intervened, and an

epidemic of measles was raging among the Indians. The people in the districts around the mission stations, where we could not reach them, were dying in hundreds without medical or spiritual succor, and on all the mission stations but one the missionaries' hands were full, tending to the sick. The Indians on that one station decided they would ask God to keep the sickness from them, and though the missionaries could not believe it possible for them to escape these people had more faith than their tutors. They said: "Don't you teach us that whatsoever we ask in His name he will do?" So they gathered every night in the palm-log church to ask God to keep the sickness away. Then they came along to my wife, who was the medical missionary on the station, and stood in a row in our sitting-room while she gave each a dab of quinine on the tongue. Then in perfect assurance that all would be well they would lay themselves down in quietness to rest till morning.

The terror of evil spirits causing sickness gave place to the peace of God, who says, "No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling." The sickness at that time spread around the station on every side and finally spent itself, but not a person on the station was touched with it. Verily, "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God!"

As fast as funds will permit the Inland-South-America Mission, which is an undenominational organization, is reaching out to repeat the same work of love and redemption amongst the three hundred Indian tribes that still await evangelization. The present ambition of the union is to equip a new station among the forest Indians in Paraguay. These people are almost prehistoric in their savagery. They are still in the stone age, using stone axes and many other crude implements, and their mental and moral progress is in about the same primitive state. There are consecrated men and women ready to go to these yet unreached tribes if there were but the available money to send them and support them. We are praying that an all-wise Providence will supply the \$10,000 that are needed to establish two new stations in Paraguay. These Indians are susceptible to the highest and best development when given spiritual and educational advantages.



Paraguay Indian Women



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Richard W. Jungfer\*

## Acceptable Prayer

TEXT: Matt. 20: 20-28

WHEN Solomon ascended the throne of his father, he hastened to Gibeon, to bring a sacrifice to the Lord. God appeared to him in a dream by night and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon praised God, as it was only due to his grace that he was king over a powerful nation. Continuing he said: "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" This pleased God. Solomon, like many others, might have wished for wealth, power, influence, long life and other earthly things. God said therefore: "Because thou hast asked this thing and hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment, behold, I have done according to thy word: lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor." God was pleased with Solomon and his prayer, but not so with the mother of Zebedee's children, who desired of Christ: "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom." He answered her: "Ye know not what ye ask."

### The Impossible Prayers

Many prayers are spoken, which God does not answer for just this reason. Our children ask things of us, which we must refuse for the same reason. If these were granted, they would do positive harm. We are children in understanding, and also ask for things harmful. We should be very careful when we pray for the things of this world. We should never fail to add: "Not my will, but thy will be done."

It is different, however, when we ask for heavenly things. It is God's will that his kingdom may increase, that all sinners may be saved, that his will may be done by all. We can pray for increase of faith, love and hope, as we know that this is God's will. We can pray for these without constraint. We can be sure that all such petitions are pleasing to God. We learn of our text that we can pray for faith. The wife of Zebedee was the mother of James and John. She was a woman who believed in Christ and his kingdom. As yet there was nothing to be seen of his kingdom. The oppressors of the Jews were still in full power. Herod the Wicked ruled in Galilee; Pilate, the detested, in Judea. The garrison was of Roman soldiers. Jesus had made no political effort to erect his kingdom; still she believed he had the power and ability and would establish it at no distant date. Even when Jesus was made a captive, when he was abused in the most shameful manner, even when he suffered death on the cross, her faith never wavered. She was one of the few faithful who were standing under the cross until he breathed his last.

### "O Ye of Little Faith!"

Our faith fails at a mere trifle. Our faith is shaken when we are abused and ill-treated, and when we see others so treated. Was Jesus not abused and ill-treated worse than we? Yet this mother believed in him. We are disheartened when we see infidelity and unbelief triumph, when we see how the populace is growing more indifferent in spiritual matters, and how it is leaving the church to follow the world. But should we lose our faith on that account? Everybody turned against Jesus. Judas became a betrayer, Peter a denier, and the rest of the disciples forsook him in his hours of trial. Infidelity and hatred triumphed as never before. Yet this mother believed in him. We see our best efforts misunderstood and misconstrued. We see our love rewarded with hatred and calumny. Then we are apt to sigh with Elijah: "It is enough; now, O God, take away my life." Let us not do so. Jesus himself had the same experience. Let us remember that Christ predicted all this. As we know by the swelling buds that spring is near, we shall also know that as infidelity and apostasy increase the end of the world is coming. As the former is the sign of spring, the latter is of the coming end. Jesus said

that his disciples would suffer even death. These words are being fulfilled.

Have faith! Pray for faith! What is man without faith? He is like a vessel which has lost her rudder and is being thrown hither and thither by the angry billows of the sea. A man without faith is like a mariner without his compass. The Indians out West tore the eyes out of their victims, and stripping them would drive them out in the glaring sun to their destruction. A man without faith is blind and stripped of his best, destined to go to his everlasting ruin. The wise men of the East would never have found their way to Jesus, the new-born King, had it not been for the guiding star. No mortal would ever find Jesus and heaven if it were not for the guiding star called faith. Without faith we may not be saved. "Believe," says the apostle, "and ye shall be saved." A man who has no faith in himself will never succeed. Napoleon had faith in himself; his soldiers had faith in his leadership; therefore they were victorious. Let faith be your most precious jewel. With faith in Jesus, you will vanquish all enemies and gain the victory. Do pray for faith! Pray with the man of the multitude: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief" (Mark 9: 24). In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews you will find the most beautiful definition of faith ever written: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . . Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Then the apostle goes on to speak of Enoch, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, and says that whatever these did they did by faith. It is even so to-day. The Reformation was a work wrought by faith. Oh, let me beseech you, pray for faith. Christ said to him who was stricken with the palsy: "Go, take thy bed, thy faith hath helped thee." All things are possible if one has faith. Christ said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove." Ah, beloved, pray for faith. Such will please our heavenly Father.

### Cheerfulness in Suffering

Besides this, we can pray that we may be kept cheerful in suffering. This mother brought her sons and said: "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, in thy kingdom." But Jesus answered and said: "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They say unto him, "We are able." Jesus refers in this figurative speech to his suffering and death. They express most cheerfully their willingness to suffer for and with him. Jesus saith unto them: "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with." And this came to pass; when after Pentecost they began to preach the Gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit, they were imprisoned and persecuted. James was the first to suffer death for his Master. John was the only apostle who died a natural death. Yet even he, in his old age, was compelled to go into exile. Paul, the chosen vessel of God, suffered much. Read the account of his suffering in II. Corinthians II, from the 24th verse on. It is impossible that any one suffered more than he. Still there was no one who was more cheerful, more happy than he. Now, if Christ says to us: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I drink, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" let us answer with a cheerful heart, "Yes, we are." If troubles and trials do come, let us bear them cheerfully as promised. Like Job let us say: "What? Shall we receive evil at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

### Tried as by Fire

Now, why does God send us suffering? To make us better. To make us perfect. When silver is melted, it is left on the fire until one can see his image in the metal. Then it is taken off. We are created in the image of God. Being brought in contact with the world, this image is being effaced. Peter speaks in his first epistle of fiery trials, i. e., trials which act like fire. God therefore puts us in

the melting-vessel of fiery trials, and leaves us over the fire until he can see his image in us. When coins leave the mint, they are shining. But, brought in contact with the wear of the world, they soon lose their lustre. It takes rubbing and polishing to bring it back. We are to shine, yea, even as bright lights, but sometimes our lustre grows very dim. God therefore burnishes us with suffering that we may shine with his light. The Bible says: "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We are punished of our sins. Let no one say he has no sin. All who speak thus belie themselves, and the truth is not in them. It is the very debased, the most depraved who speak thus. Those who know themselves will admit their failures. St. Paul knew well why he was obliged to suffer "the thorn in his flesh." He says: "Lest I should be exalted above measure," i. e., that I may not become proud and sin, "there was given to me a thorn in the flesh." Instead of bemoaning his condition, he says: "Therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Oh, let us pray for this spirit! I have met men who said: "I have received much punishment as a boy, but I thank my father in his grave for every chastisement he gave me." The time will come when all will thank God for the received chastisement. Those who grumble in their affliction form a sorry spectacle. They are objects of derision. Let us drink the cup with cheerfulness.

### The Strength of Affliction

Cheerful sufferers have great power over man. They are looked upon as marvels. They preach a powerful sermon. Their influence is great, such as that of Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess, and Frances Willard, who suffered terrible pain. A man who will not brave a storm is a coward. A worse one is he who does not brave the storms of life. A fruit tree, growing in a hothouse, where no wind or rain can reach it, never bears fruit fit for man's use. Put the tree outside, and the tempest will make it strong and fruitful. So do we become true Christian men and women if we brave the tempest. It is for this reason God sends us trials. Let us bear them cheerfully. God does not send us more than we can bear. Let us pray for this spirit.

God also sends us trials for other reasons. When the disciples saw the man born blind, they asked Jesus, "Master, who did sin, he or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered: "Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Think of it! God chooses us to glorify him. What a privilege! Bear it cheerfully. Listen what Peter says: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Again he says: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings." Abraham said to the rich man tormented in hell, "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things." But now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." Let us bear whatsoever God sends us with good cheer. We must take up our cross and follow Jesus.

### "For I Have Given You an Example"

Then we can pray for humility. When the ten heard of the proceedings of Zebedee's wife they were moved with indignation against the two brethren. Why? Because they were not humble. Jesus soon appeased them. Calling them to him he said, "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." He was the Son of God, invested with all power in heaven and on earth. He gave his disciples an example of his humility. He took off his dress and girded himself with an apron, and began to wash their feet. This was work the slaves were left to do. He said: "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example [in humility], that ye should do as I have done to you."

Continued on next page

\*Rev. Richard W. Jungfer is pastor of the Lutheran Church at Sharnsburg, Pa.



## And What Then?

A CERTAIN good man was living at a university, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had long been wishing for above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study law. Thereupon he had come to the law school at this university on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no labor or pains in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he came to a stop, the good man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said:

"Well, and when you have got through your course of study, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And what then?" asked he.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty causes to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And what then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides I shall make money and grow rich."

"And what then?" repeated the good man.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And what then?"

"And then," said the youth, "then I shall die."

Here the holy man again asked, "And what then?" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last "And what then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get clear of it. Soon after he forsook the study of law, and gave himself up to the ministry and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

The question which was put to the young lawyer is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, even supposing that all our highest dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask the question, "What shall we do? What shall we be then?"

Whenever we may cast our thoughts forward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, "And what then?"

## Acceptable Prayer

Continued from preceding page

We should indeed have this spirit of humility. Christ says: "Who exalteth himself shall be abased, who humbleth himself shall be exalted." At another time the disciples quarreled among themselves who should be first. Christ placed a child in their midst, and said: "Unless ye become as a little child [so humble], ye shall not enter heaven." The Lord says of himself: "I am meek and lowly in heart." If Christ is humble, it behooves us to be so. "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble," says Peter. Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Christ says: "Toison my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father." Those who believe in Christ; those who take upon them his Cross; those who minister. These are they, the ones who follow Christ, for whom heaven is prepared by God, and it will be given them

## The Progress of World Peace

WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH IT?

By EUGENE THWING

A FIVE-CENT piece, held near enough to the eye, can obscure the sun. A little military demonstration on our own Mexican frontier is so filling the American eye just now that the rising sun of a world-wide peace is for the moment somewhat obscured.

Nevertheless, the peace movement is gathering force and making rapid progress on both sides of the Atlantic. President Taft awakened new interest by his speech in Washington advocating the importance of a comprehensive treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, evoked enthusiasm at home and cordial response throughout Europe by a remarkable speech in favor of disarmament and arbitration. The French newspapers and even the German official press extended a hearty welcome to the movement.

KING GEORGE is deeply interested, and is said to cherish a hope that his reign may be made notable by repairing the injury inflicted upon Anglo-Saxon unity by George III. No king could have a loftier ambition than to be a strong leader of his people in ways of peace and good will—to be "the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

In London a national peace council has been formed to set afoot a national demonstration in support of Sir Edward Grey's policy for a rapprochement with Germany, and to demand acceptance of President Taft's proposal for the settlement of all disputes, including those relating to the national honor and territory, by arbitration. The Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the leaders in this movement.

American clergymen and leaders of thought are joining eagerly in the work of rousing public sentiment. "If the Church can take up such a magnificent work for humanity," said the Rev. Arthur H. Judge, rector of St. Matthew's Church, New York, "and can bring it to a successful issue, it will have done much to justify its existence in the eyes of the common man. It would prove that it has power to do great good for civilization and humanity."

"ALL the civilized world," declared the Rev. Henry Mottet, New York, "has been watching with intense interest these two great men, the President of the United States and the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. They have been working hand in hand to bring the English-speaking world together and hasten the time when men 'shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

Miss Anna B. Eckstein, of Boston, is helping on the great peace movement in a very different way. She is scouring Europe for signatures to an enormous petition for international arbitration and disarmament. Miss Eckstein is full of animation, intelligence, and determination. She has set herself the task of getting two hundred million signatures to her petition to be presented at the next Hague Conference in 1913. At the last Conference she presented a petition containing two million signatures. She is receiving hearty co-operation everywhere she goes.

Andrew Carnegie's great gift of ten millions of dollars as a permanent peace fund appears to be accomplishing results by mere psychological forces. Adjutant-General Verbeck issued a statement the other day complaining of the difficulty in securing enlistments for the army, and declaring that the military spirit in America is at a low ebb. He gave several reasons, the first mentioned being the influence of Andrew Carnegie and his ten-million-dollar peace fund. Mr. Carnegie, naturally, was delighted, and responded with an interview in the New York World declaring that "the statement of Adjutant-General Verbeck is one of the greatest compliments I have ever received."

"THE day will come," said Mr. Carnegie, "when an educated young man asked to enlist in the army and to promise to shoot down his fellow-men whenever he is ordered to, as a profession, will say to the tempter: 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' The typical heroic soldier who rallies to the flag of his country when it is attacked is found in men like Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. They were pursuing peaceful avocations when the call came. One was a surveyor, another a tanner, and another a professor in a university."

Peace between nations can never become a reality, however, until peace has taken actual possession of the hearts of individual men. Presidents and Foreign Secretaries, ministers and millionaires can lead the great movement, but the man on the street, in the shop, in the office, in the pew, in the home, must "seek peace and pursue it." Peace is not a large and intricate theory. It is a simple matter of man and man. Nations can never "follow after the things which make for peace" until the individual men who make the nations get more of the last twelve verses of the twelfth chapter of Romans into their dealings one with another.

WE STAND too much outside of these great questions and discuss them as if they belonged to everybody else but ourselves to settle. We must talk peace everywhere we go, to be sure, but most of all we must live peace. Bickerings and dissensions in family life, in church work, in business, must stop. How are we to be cooing doves in international affairs if we constantly practise the habit of war in our daily domestic and social affairs? We are fond of quoting unctuously the Scripture phrases that seem to apply to large issues between nations, and we long for the time to come when war shall cease and "peace on earth, good will to men" shall be the law of governments. That glad time is coming, but it will be hastened if you and I shall recognize now and apply in our own lives the truth "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

## His Unanswered Prayers

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 29, Rev. C. W. Stephenson, Detroit, Mich., asks: "Shall we not thank God sometimes that he has quite as often said no as yes to our unwise and narrow petitions?"

My answer to above question, from the bottom of my soul, is, yes. I am one of those who thank God daily that he has not granted some of my most ardent prayers and wishes. And it is experience, personal experience, that makes me say this.

If God had granted my prayer I would not have had the good and noble wife that made my life one of the happiest on earth. If God had granted my earnest wish I would have gone into a business which I thought I would be able to manage successfully, but in which—as I found out in after years—I would have made a sad failure by not having the necessary experience. This would have made an unhappy man of me for the rest of my life.

If God had granted my ardent prayers for the life of my beautiful first-born son when he was taken sick when nine months old, I never would have been the man I am now; I would have remained a good-for-nothing fellow, a disgrace to my family. But when I stood with my dear, despairing wife at the cradle containing the lifeless body of our only child, the question arose in my mind, why has God taken this beautiful child from us? why has he not granted my prayers for the life of our dear child?

Then, suddenly, a low voice spoke to my soul: "Thou shalt not have any other gods beside me." This voice brought me to my knees. Yes, I always prayed; prayed for earthly, material things, but never for spiritual blessings. We had made this child our god, our idol. Here, at the cradle of our only treasure, my eyes were opened. Here I found my Saviour; he comforted me in my great affliction so that I was soon able to say, "Thy will be done."

Since then I have thanked God—more than for all other rich blessings he has bestowed upon me—for that day when he opened my eyes and made a new man of me.

And it is yet like a miracle before my eyes—from that day on my material circumstances changed. From a poor man who had tried hard for years to gain a foothold on the first rung of the ladder to a successful business career, but always in vain, I gradually advanced to a firmly established business. It was as if an invisible hand had opened the road for me and led me on from one success to another. Yes, thanks to God for the prayers he does not grant; he knows best what is good for his children.

I never speak of these experiences to anybody, not even to my own family; but it may be that some "hardened and heavily laden souls" may receive a little comfort from them; therefore I have answered the question of Rev. Stephenson by some of my experiences.

W.

## THE CALL OF THE FIELD

LIST to the call of the field,

Yoho! my farmer boy,

Come, break the stubborn glebe,

And whistle your tune of joy.

List to the call of the field:

Honor its press and seed;

Go draw your furrows long and deep

And scatter precious seed.

List to the call of the field.

It will call to you soon again;

For, after toil and waiting,

You may gather golden grain.

The fields of the world are calling.

They are rank with the weeds of sin:

Come, break the stubborn glebe of doubt,

And sow the good seed in.

The fields of the world are calling,

Calling to you again;

For, by and by, if we faint not,

We shall reap the precious grain.

Grove Hill, O. DEARBORN PRENTICE.



Senorita Paulita Mejia

Madame Mejia

Mrs. Coe O. Crawford

Mrs. Fred. Dennett

Mrs. L. B. Hanna

Madame Louise Ritter



## LENTEN EVENTS AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

By *ABBY GUNN BAKER*

**B**ETWEEN the two sessions of Congress—the closing of the Sixty-first and the opening of the extra session of the Sixty-second, which by the President's call will convene on the 4th of April—Washington society almost deserted the national capital. Immediately upon the adjournment, President Taft went South, to the golf links at Augusta, Ga., to get a much-needed rest. It is also possible that he wished to be away from the capital when the order was given for the mobilization of the United States troops on the Mexican border in order to rob the movement of the significance it might otherwise have had. At the same time Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen were in New York on a shopping tour, but returned the day the President left, that they might be ready for the musicale which Mrs. Taft gave in the East Room of the White House that evening. This was the first of a series which she will give during the spring season. They followed the President South the next day. Many of the diplomatists flitted to Atlantic City, Old Point Comfort, and other shore resorts, while the members of Congress seized the opportunity to hurry to their homes for a short stay.

The East Room musicales, such as Mrs. Taft will give during the spring, were introduced by Mrs. Roosevelt, and have proved among the most pleasant features of the social life of the White House. Every one knows of Mrs. Taft's devotion to music. As a girl she studied at the Conservatory in Cincinnati; later she helped to organize and for years was largely instrumental in maintaining the famous Philharmonic Society of that city. While she dropped her music to some extent after her marriage, yet she gave her children their music lessons while the family were in the Philippines, and has never lost her fondness for the art. When she became mistress of the White House one of the first additions she made to it was a splendid concert grand piano for the Blue Room and an upright one for the family sitting-room on the second floor. She also installed a cabinet gramophone, which has been a great source of delight to the White House guests.

To the East Room musicales there are usually from four to six hundred people invited. They are largely from official circles, although the President and Mrs. Taft have many friends among the residents of Washington, who are also to be found there. Mrs. Taft receives the guests in the Green Room at ten o'clock. After they have greeted the hostess they pass into the East Room, which is filled with light folding chairs for the occasion, and where the programme occupies an hour or a little longer. The President often comes in toward the end of the programme, and after it is over he mingles informally with the guests. Gradually every one drifts from

the East Room through the long corridor and the state parlors to the large dining-room, where a dainty buffet supper is served. Soon after midnight (for the White House hours are always early) the guests depart without the formality of bidding the President and Mrs. Taft good-night.

Whether Washington society has simply been following in Mrs. Taft's wake or not, it is certainly true that musical entertainments of all kinds have been tremendously the vogue at the capital during the past year or two. Mrs. Bryce lent a room of the British Embassy for several such affairs; indeed, until she was completely swamped with requests and in self-defense had to decline to lend it at all. It is characteristic of Washington that for benefits for every imaginable kind of charity the prominent hostesses, from the White House to the outer ring of all circles of society, are besieged for their drawing-rooms. If only the White House, an embassy, or any other well-known doors are opened for a charity the drawing-room is sure to be filled to its limit, no matter how soaringly high the tickets of admission.

The Monday Morning Musical Club had the Playhouse for a series of pictures and tableaux the latter part of March, while the National Theatre was filled to the limit in mid-Lent for the Bardic recital and Ceilidh, which was given to raise a fund for some poor churches in the West. This latter event was largely patronized by the diplomatic corps and was a great success.

Women in the public eye—the wives and daughters of our public men—are often sweepingly classed as brainless butterflies, particularly if they are successful socially; but this is exceedingly unfair to many of them. There never was a time in the history of the world when so many women of wealth and position were interesting themselves in humanitarian objects as now, and the Washington women are fully abreast of their sisters elsewhere in this matter. In Congressional circles scores of women could be named who are actively identified with organizations for social betterment and for the study of economic questions, and it is the rare exception among them to find those who are not church members. The wives of three of the newer members of Congress could easily be included in the last statement; they are Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Hanna.

Mrs. Crawford is the wife of the junior Senator from South Dakota, who had a distinguished career in his own State before coming to the Senate. A native Iowan, he went to Dakota in 1883, where he rose rapidly in his profession, the law. He was a member of the territorial legislature, later a member of the State Senate, and in 1906 was elected governor of the State. Mrs. Crawford is the daughter

of Judge Robinson of Iowa City, and was graduated from the Iowa University, where she met Mr. Crawford when he was taking his law course at the same institution. They have three children of school age, and, by a former marriage, Senator Crawford has an attractive young daughter, who finished her collegiate course last June. Mr. Hanna, who has just completed his first term in the House, is one of the most successful business men of North Dakota, and has been a member of the State legislature and Senate since 1895. They have made their home at the Arlington Hotel since they have been in Washington, and their two bright daughters are of great assistance to Mrs. Hanna in her social duties. The family is Methodist, and Mrs. Hanna is active in church work. Both Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Oldfield are stanch Presbyterians. Mr. Oldfield is entering upon his second term as a member of the House from Arkansas. They have no children, but those who know Mrs. Oldfield best say that her heart is big enough to take in all the children in the State of Arkansas. This was illustrated last year when one of the lads at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, an appointee of Mr. Oldfield's, was taken sick and died at the Academy. Had he been Mrs. Oldfield's own son she could not have given him more tender care.

A friendship of long standing has existed between President Taft and General Edwards. They are evenly matched at golf and are frequent companions on long cross-country tramps. Mrs. Edwards' health is not very robust, and for that reason she has not been as active in society this winter as usual. Mrs. Dennett, the wife of the Land Office Commissioner, is one of the most delightful hostesses of the official circle. Mr. Dennett is the scion of a family distinguished in the annals of the Church of England. His father had charge of the parish where King Edward spent his summers, and he was the minister of the court church.

The Guatemalan and Salvadorian legations have been in care of the *Chargé d'Affaires* for several months, as both Minister Herrarte and Minister Mejia are in their respective countries with their families. Minister Ritter of the Swedish legation has recently been joined in Washington by Madame Ritter and their infant son, who was born during her stay last fall in Switzerland. Madame Ritter is a charming little dark-eyed lady who has traveled extensively and who speaks English with scarcely any foreign accent. Before coming to Washington Minister Ritter was the Swiss Envoy Extraordinary at Tokio for several years, and the legation on Hillary Place, in Washington, has numerous interesting Japanese wood carvings, embroideries, and other Oriental furnishings brought from Tokyo.

Miss Janet Fish

Senora Herrarte



Mrs. C. R. Edwards

Mrs. W. A. Oldfield

Mrs. Chas. B. Howey

Senorita Amelia Mejia





# Dr. Jowett in an American Pulpit



Mrs. Jowett

THE first sermon preached in New York by the Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett, the famous English pastor, was listened to by an audience that crowded the old Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to its doors. It was a clear, simple, forceful exposition of the orthodox Gospel. He expressed the belief that institutional work was the foundation and should be the future path of the church's development. His text was Matt. 9: 36-38. In

with compassion he had looked upon the multitude, first as fainting sheep, then as a great harvest ready for the reaper, I want to know what was in that compassion? What does pity constitute? I believe most earnestly that the first essence and cardinal prerequisite of pity is a cloudless sense of right,

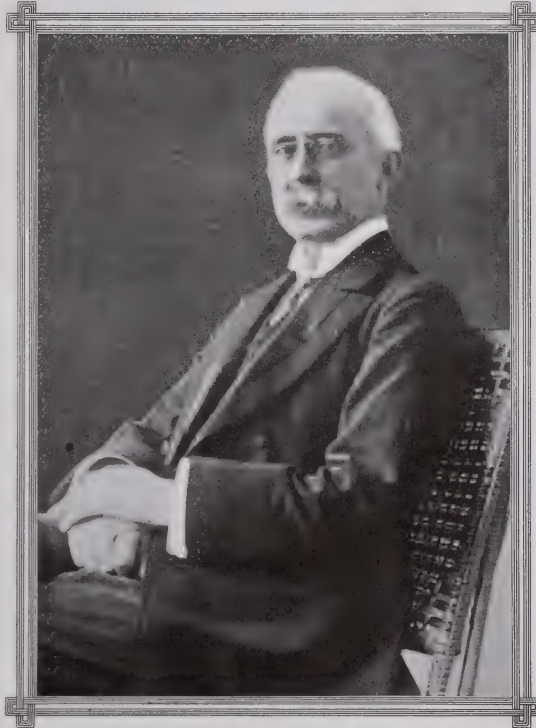
an incorruptible holiness. The conscience of Jesus was as luminous as the clear sky. Without clarity of conscience there can be no fine compassion. Whenever conscience begins to burn low compassion begins to shrink. I believe that the correlative element to the cloudless sense of right is a blazing antagonism to wrong. It is exemplified in lightning. The light of conscience changes into lightning whenever wrong draws near.

"In the Lord's compassion there was, first of all, this cloudless sense of right, merged with a blazing indignation toward wrong. Next, he possessed a supersensitive conception of human suffering and infirmity. Like a standard seismograph, which registers not only earthquakes and violent shocks, but the smallest undulatory motions of the earth, our Lord registers everything; every sigh or groan uttered here is recorded indelibly on his big heart.

"But in the last analysis there must be even more in him who can be moved by compassion. Such a man must have the glorious purpose to ransom and redeem, moulded into a quenchless, restless passion to attain this end. He must shed his blood at the rescue.

"Pray ye, therefore!—that shall be the first word to my new congregation, remembering that prayer is not words but work. Too often it is but a construction of words, words which are going about in this world with a lost sovereignty, with their power spent. And the word 'compassion' is one of these. The conviction which I hope to illumine is this: That whenever we pray for men who are in the grip of the world, in the grip of the devil, we shall understand that we are doing for those men vital work, fundamental work.

"The Great Shepherd of the sheep is here, and I pray that in this, my first sermon, we may gloriously find him."

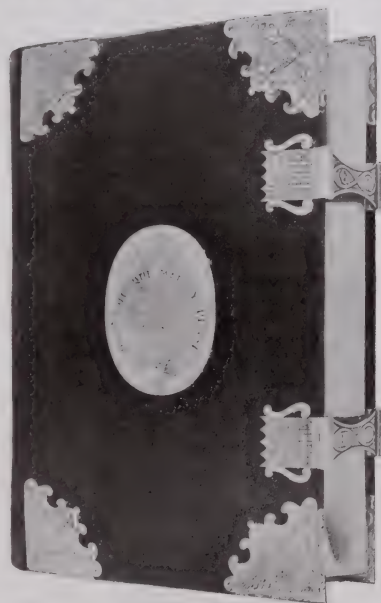


Dr. Jowett in His Study

## BIBLE PRESENTATION TO KING GEORGE

PROBABLY the most interesting event that characterized the recent Tercentenary Celebration of the King James Version of the Bible the world over was the presentation of a magnificently bound and embellished copy of the great Book to His Majesty King George of Great Britain, together with an illuminated address. The presentation took place in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, on the morning of March 21. A deputation headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and representing all the Protestant denominations in the empire, waited on the King, who received each member in truly democratic fashion. There was no formality observed as at court functions, the King himself and his visitors wearing ordinary morning costumes. The address, a beautiful specimen of the lithographer's and printer's art, was read by the Archbishop. It dwelt upon the mighty results the Authorized Version of the Bible had accomplished in English-speaking lands, showing that much of the progress of civilization and enlightenment was due to the powerful influence exerted on the minds of the people by the great work of the translators, who comprised the world's foremost scholars and philosophers. The fact was emphasized that the Authorized Version had permeated literature and art and set a standard of pure speech, had helped to remove social wrongs and ameliorate the conditions of labor, had modified laws and shaped national character, and had fostered international comity and good will among men.

The Bible presented to the Sovereign represents the highest achievement of the bookmaker's craft. It is 11 inches by 7 1/4 inches, bound in rich purple velvet with silver mounts. It reproduces the binding of the copy of King James I.'s *Meditation Upon the Lord's Prayer*, which is preserved in the British Museum Library. In the new volume the King James coat-of-arms is replaced by that of George V. The silver corner-pieces are exact copies on a larger size of those on the older volume, and bear various



The Superbly Bound Bible Presented to King George

crests and badges. On the upper cover can be seen the Tudor rose, surmounted by a royal crown, the crowned harp of Ireland, the crowned thistle of Scotland, and the crowned cross, the coat-of-arms of Cadwallader, last king of the Britons. On the lower cover the corner-pieces show a crowned fleur-de-lis, the crowned crests of England and Scotland, and also a crowned lion and a crowned harp.

The volume was presented to His Majesty by the Marquis of Northampton. In a few well-chosen sentences the King expressed his sentiments on the high mark of esteem shown him by the presentation of "the most valuable thing this world affords." He compared the King James Version to a broad light which came in the darkness, giving to the whole English-speaking people the right and power to search for the truths and consolations of faith. "The multiplying millions of the English-speaking world," said the King, "have turned in their need to the grand simplicity of the Authorized Version, and have drawn from its inexhaustible springs, wisdom, courage and joy."

All the religious bodies in the kingdom were represented, including the Salvation Army, Moravians and Friends. There were also present delegates from the leading universities, high commissioners from overseas dominions, and representatives from Bible societies in all parts of the English-speaking world.

### MR. CARNEGIE'S MUNIFICENT GIFT

—MR. CARNEGIE'S liberality would seem to be boundless. It is reported that he has decided to give \$10,000,000 toward the establishment of a great national university in Washington. This is a noble aim. Mr. Rockefeller has made many gifts to universities, and educators are certainly under great obligations to these two open-handed Americans. There is one object to which we should like to see some of our great donors address themselves. It is the establishment of a free sanitarium for consumptives on a scale commensurate with the great need for such an institution. Such a gift would be a blessing to thousands who are making an almost hopeless battle for life against the Great White Plague.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

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## Our Relief Work in China

WITH the remittance of \$20,000 cabled this week to China through our State Department in Washington, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has now passed the \$100,000 mark. This splendid result is due wholly to the golden-hearted generosity of our readers and their friends, whose gifts, under God's blessing, are doing a great life-saving work among the famine sufferers. Our good missionaries in Chin-kiang and their missionary allies throughout the two stricken provinces, together with the official Committee in Shanghai, are most cordial in their appreciation of these generous gifts from Christian America, which are reaching them at the time when most needed. May God richly bless the work and the workers to his own glory and the saving of many precious lives.

## As to Sunday School Lessons

SUNDAY Schools have not done all that could be desired either in the impartation of Bible knowledge or the development of Christian character. Seeking for a remedy, a considerable number of Sunday School leaders are displacing the uniform lesson system by a new series which presents a different lesson for each "grade." This break from uniformity to a uniform variety is not going to stop there, for the Presbyterian Educational Superintendent of Sunday Schools, Rev. E. Morris Ferguson, said in the *Westminster Teacher* for January:

The alternative, also, is always open to the intelligent leader of rejecting all these ready-made propositions, drafting a line of studies for himself. A large majority of the Sunday Schools still hold to the uniform lesson system, but an aggressive propaganda against it threatens us with the condition that preceded the uniform system, when every teacher did what was right in his own eyes.

Now, as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD teaches at the present time, under Dr. and Mrs. Crafts, what is doubtless the largest Sunday School class in the country, if not in the world, it can speak with experience on this subject. There are some advantages in the system, and also in the selection of special courses of lessons for particular schools or classes; but are there not more advantages peculiar to the uniform system, which would be lost by a change?

1. We should lose, with the uniform series, the weekly lesson helps in the religious and daily press, which could not spare room for more than one lesson.
2. We should probably lose the annual books on the lessons, which could not be made as well or sold as cheaply if the uniform lesson constituency were greatly reduced.
3. We should lose the weekly union teachers' meetings, where the best teacher gives the other the benefit of his skill, and one general teachers' class for lesson study in the individual schools would no longer be practicable.
4. We should lose the pastors' aid by review.
5. We should lose the continuity of lesson study.
6. We should lose co-operation between churches at home and in the mission field in the use of the same lesson material.
7. Most of all, we should lose the united home study of the lesson if the children had three lessons instead of one.

One of the leading advocates of the graded lessons, when the objection was raised that mothers could not be expected to teach several different lessons to their children, replied: "We are not planning lessons for mothers." Well, if not, why not? It seems to us that the real remedy for inadequate Bible knowledge and the few conversions among the children is in making more rather than less of the home. Parents who in their own childhood were called to the family altar, and on every Sunday sat in the family pew besides going to Sunday School, could not expect that the Sunday School alone, whatever the lesson system, can take the place of all that home religion for their children.

In holding to the uniform lessons, we need not lose the "grading," for the best Sunday Schools have had excellent grading under the uniform system, by adaptation of the one lesson to different grades. It has not always been easy to make this adaptation; but every lesson ever selected for the uniform series has been made by faithful teachers "profitable" to young and old.

The real remedy for the deficiency in religious

knowledge and practice in the children is not a variety of lessons, but a revival of home religion; a large enlistment of pastors in work for the children, and a mid-week service for the children, who surely need it even more than the old saints; the promotion of a better Sabbath observance; better teaching and better teachers—the enlistment of the strong men as a Sunday School hedge to keep the boys.

## The Reciprocity Message.

SELDOM has any Congress received so brief a Presidential message as that which President Taft sent in to the new Congress on April 5. It contained less than 600 words, and was wholly devoted to reciprocity. It urged the passage of the pact with Canada on the ground that it was the natural supplement of our friendly settlement of various diplomatic and political questions with that country; that it would promote commerce, strengthen friendly relations, open up Canada's reserve productive resources to our consumers and give us a broader outlet for our farm and industrial products. It pointed to the careful and discriminating labors of the Commission, and the popular approval of the agreement, and invited the earnest attention of both houses to the measure which the people of the two countries desire and by which both would be substantially benefited. Like all of Mr. Taft's messages, this latest one has the business-like merit of clear and straightforward statement. Short as it is, it covers the ground and leaves nothing to be said.

## The Waste of Men in War

ONE of the significant signs of the times is that the civilized nations are gradually coming to realize the truth of the saying, frequently emphasized in these pages, that probably the worst use to which a human being could be put is to make him "food for powder." Baron de Constant, the distinguished Frenchman who is now making a tour of this country in the interest of international peace, has compiled some very instructive statistics on this aspect of the question. He openly charges that governments conceal from the people's knowledge the terrible consequences of war in the criminal sacrifice of human life. France's Napoleonic wars cost her from two to five million men and left her physically depleted for many years. Russia's wars, as well as those of England, Germany, Austria, Italy and our own nation, all were frightfully wasteful in human lives. If the battlefields of modern and even recent history were balanced in the scale against the results, it would be shown that every so-called victory made the whole world poorer and none more so than the victorious power. The Baron could do no better service to the peace cause than to publish all the facts he has evidently gleaned on the needless sacrifice of men in warfare. Such a book would take rank with Bloch's famous volume on the *Cost of War*, which inspired the Czar to call the first Peace Congress.

## Crime and the Saloon

IT IS encouraging to find the churches taking the open field in the fight against the saloon. At the recent Methodist Conference in New York, a resolution was adopted protesting against the lax enforcement of the excise laws, especially during the prohibited hours on Sunday. In the resolution the saloon is denounced as "the parent of crime." It was a strong yet truthful characterization which Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart put in the resolution, and it might have gone even further, for the saloon with the traffic it represents is the fruitful source of a multitude of evils. It is the oppressor of the poor, the blighter of character, the prolific cause of idleness, poverty and pauperism, the spoiler of men's brains and bodies and one of the very worst enemies of their souls. It robs them of health and happiness here and of heaven hereafter, for no drunkard shall inherit eternal life. Yet all the votaries of all other vices put together do not equal the great army of the slaves of drink. Tamerlane asked for a hundred and sixty thousand human skulls to build a pyramid to his honor as a conqueror. He got the skulls and built the pyramid. But if the skulls of

those poor creatures who have fallen victims to drink, mainly through the American saloon, in a single decade, were to be piled up, they would make a pyramid that would dwarf that reared by the monster Tamerlane. And it is a pyramid that is growing bigger every year—a ghastly pile of victims that shames our civilization. But the time must come, God willing, when the saloon with its accompaniments of crime, misery and despair will be a thing of the past. To hasten that time and to remove this blot from our country's fair fame should be the earnest desire and prayer of every good citizen. May it come soon!

## A Sad Tribute

IN MOURNFUL procession, over fifty thousand workers marched through the streets of New York on April 5 and paid silent tribute to the memory of the victims of the recent factory fire in which 145 operatives lost their lives. Half a million hushed spectators lined the sidewalks. All the great factories of the city were shut. To the faint notes of muffled music the procession marched with white, sorrowful faces, through the falling rain, behind draped banners that proclaimed their loss. These banners, however, bore no words of animosity or recrimination. The demonstration was a tribute to the dead, not an exorcism of the living. Yet, though silent, it was an eloquent protest against the shamefully inadequate protection of human life in workshops and factories and a strong though unuttered rebuke to the authorities whose criminal indifference made such tragedies possible. This voiceless plea by the sons and daughters of toil carried their case to the tribunal of public conscience. It will have a greater influence than a thousand speeches at crowded mass meetings. It deserves to be heeded.

## General Notes

—THE PRODUCTION of cotton is on the increase in the Southern States, the crop of 1910 giving 1,500,000 more bales than that of the previous year. The total number of bales on the market last year was 11,941,563.

—THE CUBAN CONGRESS reconvened early in April and received the Presidential message, in which President Gomez announced the continuance of peace and order throughout the republic. During the last two years the Cuban public debt has been reduced \$3,465,000, and there has been unprecedented activity in the construction of railroads, highways, and public buildings. The sugar crop has been large in spite of the lack of rain, and the sanitary conditions in the island are excellent.

—AT THE OPENING of the Mexican Congress on April 1 President Diaz accomplished the second important act in his reform programme by promulgating the outlines of the measures which he has decided are necessary in order to comply with the outcry for administrative regeneration in the federal and State governments. He declared unqualifiedly for the election of anti-election legislation to provide for rotation in office of the President, Cabinet members and State governors; for remedying defects complained of in local administrations of States and municipalities; for amendment of the election laws so as to insure actual freedom of the franchise and the barring from the polls of illiterate voters, and for the reform of the federal judiciary. He also pledged himself to bring about the division of the large rural estates on terms of equity to the owners and to those who desire to purchase small parcels of these lands and place them under cultivation.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Speaker Clark Inaugurated

THE first session of the Sixty-second Congress, called by President Taft to act upon the Canadian Reciprocity Agreement, was held in Washington, April 4. It had been sixteen years since the Democrats had controlled the House, and they perfected their organization with unusually enthusiastic demonstration. Representative Champ Clark of Missouri was elected to the speakership, receiving 217 votes to 131 cast for James R. Mann of Illinois, the nominee of the Republican caucus. Messrs. Mann and Underwood of Alabama and Vreeland of New York were appointed a committee to wait upon Speaker Clark in one of the little rooms in the building to inform him of what had taken place and escort him to the chair. As they did so the Democrats arose, each man waving a small American flag and cheering right lustily. Mr. Mann, waiting till the applause had ceased, made this brief introduction: "The speakership is a great office and filled by a great man. Gentlemen, I present to you your Speaker, the Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri." The Speaker took the new gavel with its silver plate, which an admirer had sent him, rapped and secured order, and made his inaugural address, outlining the policies and purposes of the Democrats. At the conclusion of the address he asked Representative Talbot of Maryland, who is the oldest Democrat in point of service, to administer the oath to him. Everybody rose as the Maryland veteran read the oath, which Mr. Clark took. It is expected by political friends and foes alike that Speaker Clark will make what he promises—an intelligent, just, tactful, kind and successful presiding officer. Speaker Clark, it is generally understood, owes his election to the intimate personal friendship between William Jennings Bryan and himself, and Mr. Bryan's active efforts in his behalf. Like Harmon of Ohio, Wilson of New Jersey, and others, his name is used in connection with the possible nomination for a still higher office than he now holds. The injunction given to the political leaders of old for their guidance in the government of God's chosen people will no doubt be followed by Speaker Clark throughout his term of office.

That which is altogether just shalt thou follow. (Deut. 16:20.)

## Love in Animals

There was a cat belonging to Mrs. Stanislaus Fradansky of Bayonne, N. J., which had a family of kittens. The owner did not care for the little things a week old, and sent word to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to come and take them away. When Charles B. Lambert, the officer of the society, took the kittens, the mother cat flew at him and scratched him severely. As the owner of the cat was leaning out of the third-story window watching the officer take away his freight, the old cat jumped up on the window sill, and as the wagon door closed on her children she gave a loud wail and leaped to the ground and her death. There is no one who has a pet cat or dog or other creature that is not often impressed with the true love which these animals have for their offspring and master or mistress. The affection is often pathetic. What a beautiful illustration the cat gave of the maternal instinct which is so marked in almost all animals, and which is so pathetic and so nearly divine in the

human heart. Mother's love is pictured in one of the early Bible tragedies.

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. (Matt. 2:18.)

## Cattle Food for People

Mr. Mark C. Rich of Hot Springs, S. D., claims that alfalfa is as good food for people as it is for horses, cattle, and sheep. On returning from the Dry Farming Congress in Pierre he made an after-dinner speech at a banquet given by the local commercial club, in which he gave his experience in his test of the value of alfalfa as a human food. In the experiment he made tea of carefully selected leaves and drank of the brew as he would coffee or tea. He says the addition of this alfalfa extract to his bill of fare caused a gain of ten and a half pounds in two weeks. He then tried it on his baby, who was so tiny that they nicknamed her "Midget," and claims she showed a decided gain by the use of the new diet. This new article of food will be hailed with gratitude by all classes, especially the poor, and will contribute materially to the solution of the problem of the high cost of living. The Bible makes record

O'Brien. Marquis Katsura, the premier, and Count Komura, the foreign minister, were present at the luncheon. After the luncheon the Emperor handed to Mr. O'Brien an English translation of his formal message to President Taft, which was as follows: "Attaching the highest importance to the perpetuation of the relations of friendship and good understanding which have so long united our two countries, and believing that the treaty just ratified will serve to strengthen and render still more enduring these relations, and knowing the important part you took in bringing about the fortunate results, I desire to express to you the sense of my high appreciation of your successful efforts and an assurance of my continued friendship." In answer President Taft sent this cablegram: "I beg to assure your Majesty of my deep appreciation for the friendly message sent through the American Ambassador on the occasion of the consummation of the new treaty between our respective countries. I am happy to join with your Majesty in the confident expectation that the treaty will result in binding still closer the ties that have so long united the peoples of the United States and Japan in amity and peace. I also beg to assure your Majesty of my hearty reciprocation of the sentiments of cordial friendship."

While the jingoes are making war between Japan and America with their mouths, the heads of the two nations are giving to each other the hand of friendship and mutual helpfulness. There was a commercial treaty between Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre.

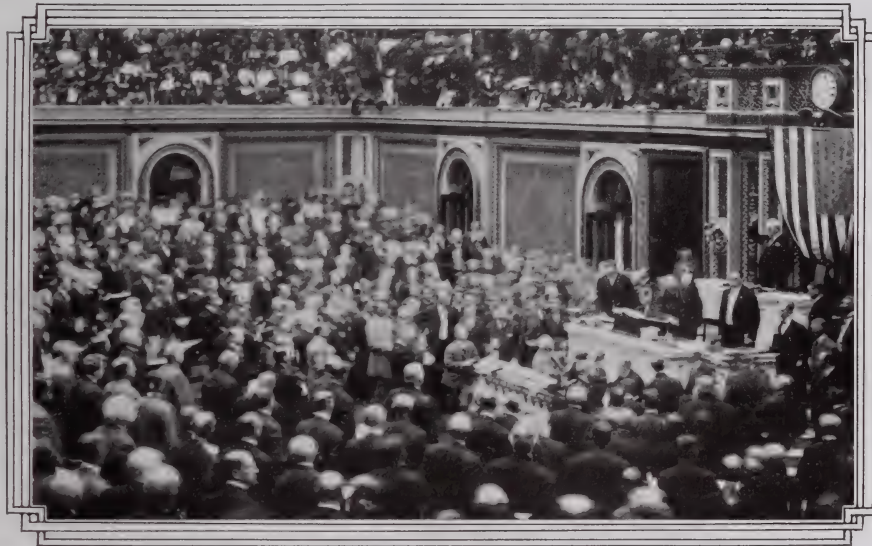
And there was peace between Hiram and Solomon; and they two made a league together. (I. Kings 5:12.)

## 50,000 in Funeral Procession

One of the most pathetic scenes ever witnessed in New York City was the labor parade on April 5 in memory of the victims of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire. At every meeting room of a labor union in the city, members gathered, and tramped through the drizzling rain and over the slippery

streets to express their grief at the removal of 145 of their fellow wage-earners. These fifty thousand waist-makers and garment-workers of every department wore black robes. There was no fife nor drum nor band of music. There was silence, broken only by the sound of the footfall of the mourners. At the close of the parade the funerals of seven unidentified were held, and their bodies laid to sleep in the city plot of the Evergreen Cemetery, various kinds of religious services being held at the graves. The parade was not only one of mourning, but was also designed to be one of sullen anger at the criminal negligence on all sides that made the fearful massacre possible. These scores of thousands took this most eloquent way of expressing their hatred of the insufficient means of escape, the absence of fire extinguishing devices, the barring of doors, the choking of means of egress. They took this method also of calling to the public to see to it that the Fire Department and Building Department of the city give some immediate guarantee that the hundreds of thousands of precious lives that are engaged in the various trades shall not be wickedly sacrificed. The city of 5,000,000 population, Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew, are in hearty sympathy with the sorrow of these people, and with their just hatred of that needless sacrifice. This demonstration reminds us of the description given of death and the sorrow which it brings:

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. (Eccles. 12:5.)



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Swearing in the Speaker, Hon. Champ Clark, at the Opening of the Sixty-second Congress

of a man who ate grass, but he did not do so from choice, but as a judgment visited upon him.

The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. (Dan. 4:33.)

## Fortune for Indians

Judge E. P. Hill is back from Hugo, Okla., where he accompanied F. E. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs. They had been to look over the great timber reserve of the Indians. The forest reserve embraces about 1,500,000 acres of timber lands in four counties of Oklahoma. The principal trees are pine, with considerable quantities of white oak and some cypress. It is understood that the Indians are to receive \$10,000,000 in cash for their land. The policy of injustice toward the red man almost from the very start in this country has been one of the most disgraceful chapters in American history. Fortunately there is a much better disposition in these times to do justice toward the Indian, and even to atone for some of the injustices of the past. It would have been well if in our dealing with the original owners of the soil and forests of our country we had obeyed the injunction:

Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him. (Lev. 19:13.)

## American-Japanese Treaty

Ratifications of the American-Japanese commercial treaty were exchanged recently at the palace of the Mikado for the American Ambassador, Mr.



# A Canvas That May Help to Promote Universal Peace

From the Painting by Edgar Bundy, R. I.



From the Illustrated London News

**"THE SWORDS OF SOLDIERS ARE HIS TEETH": THE ONLY VICTOR IN THE WARS OF THE WORLD**

Now that the question of the possibilities and probabilities of universal peace is once more uppermost in the minds of men, it seems to us particularly appropriate to publish this very striking picture by Mr. Edgar Bundy, which is designed to show Death, "THE GREATEST GENERAL OF ALL," riding beneath his pale flag, the only victor in the wars of the world, his dead jaws lined with steel, the swords of soldiers his teeth. It is not a pretty picture; but war is not beautiful. So we have no hesitation in reproducing it, that it may do something towards promoting international arbitration.



# \$20,000 More for Starving China

The Christian Herald Relief Fund Has Now Passed the \$100,000 Mark and is Saving Many Lives

ANOTHER remittance of \$20,000 has this week been sent to the Famine Relief Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, China, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. This latest sum, like all our former remittances since the famine began, was cabled through the State Department in Washington. The remittances forwarded from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to date, including the \$21,000 worth of flour represented in the cargo of the *Bu-ford*, have now reached the grand total of \$102,100. Letters received during the week from the famine field show that up to the present time there has been

"It is a constant surprise to see the fortitude of the people in the face of death. It is true that there has been much robbery and theft throughout the famine district, and that the country has been kept from breaking loose in rebellion only by the strong hand of the law. In one city alone the official has either decapitated or hung in wooden cages over three hundred people since last fall, and the number is not much less in other cities; still, in view of the fact of the awful suffering of the people, and of the additional fact that even the theft of a few loaves of bread is sufficient to cause a man to be hung, it is a constant miracle that the country is as peaceful as it is." Mr. Lobenstein adds that up to the present time the relief afforded to over 300,000 persons in four large districts during the last two and a half months has amounted to only a fraction of a cent a day per head. Imperfect as has been the relief work, it has undoubtedly resulted in a large saving of life. They have kept alive somehow.

Rev. Samuel Cochran, of the American Presbyterian Mission, writes: "We are giving out 1,800 Nanking piculs of rice this week to 40,000 people, many of whom are so far gone that they can hardly walk. We have means to repeat this in twenty days; but following that we have no provision unless we get more from the Relief Committee. Hundreds are doubtless dying daily in this famine. I hear one estimate of 2,000 dying by starvation in the last few days in the fifteen wards in which we are distributing relief."

Rev. James B. Webster, Treasurer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee at Chin-kiang, writes: "I am sending you a photograph of the refugees in the Chin-kiang province—there were about 30,000 of them. The officials have sent them back to their homes in the famine district, and judging from the reports from those sections, it means that they go back to starve. Many must perish by the way."

Missionary Wade D. Bostick writes from Pochow: "The death roll appalling. People are using their furniture for fuel. Whenever a missionary goes out of doors he is surrounded by hundreds of ghastly, emaciated men appealing for work or help. One family of five—father, mother and three children—were found dead at the entrance to a temple, the parents having strangled the children and then hung themselves rather than face death by slow starvation. In a single county there are 300,000 foodless. Many have the bloated, swollen eyes which have come to be recognized as the forerunner of collapse from starvation." Mr. Bostick adds:

There came several men to my door telling me that they had "refused," hoping to find work or to beg their food. Not doing either they had returned, feeling that if they must perish they would rather do so at their own hands. They would not work for less than three cents a day, and when I told them that I could take on no more, they begged that I give them something to get bread. Later, there came an old man and his son, who got on their knees saying that they were nearly perished and would not go till they had gotten something. Their faces and eyes were too conclusive proof that they were near death's door when sheer hunger. Then I went to where the work is going on and several others prayed me to take them on, took hold of my clothes, saying they would not let go until I promised them work. As I turned to go to the street I saw two men carrying a helpless man on a pole. He had become so weak from hunger that he had fallen in the deep mud of the street, and could not even crawl out. When the two Samaritans placed him on higher ground, he attempted to get on his knees and hands, but toppled over even from his knees, as weak as a child.

Many have perished on the streets; but one of the saddest cases I have heard of was that of a man who died last week, right near us. He was so overcome with hunger that in the last moments he picked up clods of dirt and crammed them into his mouth!

Almost every conceivable thing that can be sold is disposed of for food. On the streets are benches, chairs, tables, beds, lamps, and cooking utensils offered at less than the fourth of an

ordinary price. There are also the outfits of carpenters and masons and other workers, offered at almost any price. One man offering to sell me the bench used daily in his house, said that he was not able to keep anything now. Then from the farm there are the hoe, mattock, plow, harrow, reaping-hook, and other implements. As one goes into the country, it is so noticeable that no stock of any kind is to be seen. It will take a long hard battle for these poor people to recover from the loss of this year.

Contributions to the fund continue to come in from many quarters. Many of the letters are full of interest. A short story, briefly told, is contained in this note from a lady in Atlanta, Texas:

"A woman invests \$1.50 in a CHRISTIAN HERALD



Hoping for Food by the Generosity of America



Awaiting Relief for Themselves and Baby

no diminution in the distress. The Rev. E. C. Lobenstein of Hwai-Yuan writes of date March 14: "The impression seems to have got out that the present famine is less severe than that of three years ago. I think the others who like myself are engaged in famine relief work, will bear me out in the statement that not only is the present famine fully as severe as that of three years ago, but also that it is extended over a far greater area. I myself have seen only the afflicted parts of the province of Anhui, but speaking for them, I can say that there is absolutely no comparison between the need that exists now and that of the former famine."

"Sadder of all has been the sale of women and children. Even in China, it is generally considered disgraceful for a man to sell his wife, and the sale cannot take place openly. This year not only does the sale take place quite openly, but the purchaser is even regarded as a benevolent man, no matter how nefarious his object in the purchase may be. Those most in demand are girls from the ages of twelve to sixteen; most of these are bought as slaves for lives of degradation. One is constantly seeing children offered for sale on the streets. A child under ten can be bought for anywhere from a dime to a quarter, and of course many are given away, if the parents can find some one who will promise to support them."

subscription. Papers received and read, and interest awakened in starving China. Suggestion made to teachers on March 5. 'In teaching how Elisha saved one life, contrast how easily a Chinese life can be saved now.' Also a short article in a Sunday School publication, March 12, on 'The Chinese Situation.' Pastor's interest awakened and a sermon on 'Starving China' is the result. Some further notices of a public donation being received in the daily press. The fund is growing and will be wired to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Tuesday, March 14, at noon. The sequel to the story will be the total amount subscribed. It is now in excess of \$125, and the books will be open over twenty-four hours yet." Excellent work, and sure to be followed by good results.

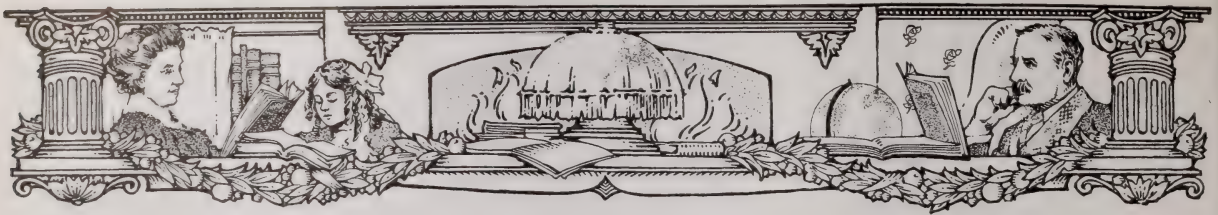
A reader, Anna B., of Liberty, Mo., writes: "Here is a plan adopted by two members of the Second Baptist Church of Liberty, Mo.: Dr. J. E. Cook of William Jewell College, and Mr. W. F. Norton of the Citizens' Bank, each having a family of five, agreed to support a Chinese family of five through the famine. Dr. Cook made an appeal for every father to do likewise. I thought his example worthy to be passed on to all the heads of CHRISTIAN HERALD families. Awful as the famine is, a single State, doing its duty, could stop it."

## The Following Additional Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund Have Been Received:

|                               |                               |                   |      |                  |      |                  |      |                 |       |                 |      |                 |       |                 |      |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------|------|------------------|------|------------------|------|-----------------|-------|-----------------|------|-----------------|-------|-----------------|------|
| lected through Sabbath School | Cliland, Saml & wife & Walker | S. Harrisburg     | 5 00 | K R McEl, Boies  | 5 00 | M E G            | 1 00 | N V W, Lodi     | 10 00 | S N W, Concord  | 2 00 | W M A, Gaines   | 10 00 | Mrs. E. C. C.   | 2 00 |
| W. H. H. Moore                | 15 00                         | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | ville            | 1 00 | M E S, Geneva    | 1 00 | S T H, Lehigh   | 2 00  | W E B, New York | 1 00 | W R W, New York | 1 00  | Southern        | 2 00 |
| Cliffman, T. E.               | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | M. H. H. Ash     | 1 00 | M E S, Baltimore | 2 00 | Orange          | 2 00  | Y P S, New York | 1 00 | Y P S, New York | 1 00  | Y P S, New York | 1 00 |
| Conley, J. T. and wife        | 15 00                         | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | D. B. Adams      | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | P & C S, Bow    | 2 00  | S T S, New York | 1 00 | P & C S, Bow    | 2 00  | P & C S, Bow    | 2 00 |
| Dunbar, R. J.                 | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
| Frederick, N. W.              | 1 00                          | H. S. S. Rountree | 1 00 | L. E. C. Doucett | 1 00 | M E S, New York  | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 | M E S, New York | 1 00  | M E S, New York | 1 00 |
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# IN THE HOME QUEEN'S REALM



## Women in Council

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OUR first letter this week is sent us by a correspondent whose words are worth pondering:

"The whole responsibility of juvenile training does not rest upon the mother. God gives the children to both parents, and will require as much of one as of the other when the day of reckoning comes. Daily men are turning the entire character-building of their little ones over to the mother, never once questioning whether she is strong enough mentally or physically, or whether she has the ability, to lay the firm foundation alone. Some of our men who have constructed some of the largest buildings, the longest bridges, greatest tunnels, founded colleges and schools, and built up great churches, have simply made a wreck of forming the character of their own children. They have let the frail mother, the colored nurse, or a tutor, perhaps, do this greatest of life's work, and the most important in the sight of God and man.

"How often I have longed to tell you in the eighteen years of my married life how I have enjoyed your messages of love and comfort! Often when I have been miles from friends and loved ones, in railroad camp, with my husband and babies, your messages have come, always comforting and bringing rays of sunshine.

"E. L. C."

### Not in the Future Tense

"I READ in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD what you said by way of comfort to one in sorrow: 'God will help you.' I had a bit of experience on that line, some years ago, as an invalid. I kept saying, 'God will help me,' but he did not. One day it came to me that I was putting off the very thing I wished for; so I stopped, and ever afterward said, 'God is healing me,' and the work was done. Would it not be well for Christians to say 'now' and not 'by and by' when they are asking for anything they need? J. M. M."

Our friend has evidently taken to heart the words of our Lord, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

### Can You Help This Mother

"I HAVE a little son who is a problem, though he is only three years old. I have been a teacher in the public school, and I was considered a good disciplinarian. I have never believed in letting a child be the master, and am willing to resort to any right method to control him; but my boy is not easily governed. I have tried to love him into things, but have given that up, believing that severity is necessary. One day, when I had been very patient and loving, and he had been exceptionally naughty, a few tears trickled down my cheeks, something he had never before seen on my face. He simply said, 'Are you crying

a little, mother? Well, I'd like to see you cry real hard.' He is persistent and determined as well as contrary. I have punished him a dozen times for the same offense, and then realized to my chagrin and sorrow that he was still unconquered. This morning I had him eat alone in the kitchen because he talked in an ugly manner to his grandma, at whose house we are visiting. It was not the first time he had been obliged to eat alone, and he did not seem to mind it in the least, although he was at first inclined to rebel. He is very honest, and tells me all of his misdeeds—indeed, rather glories in them; for so soon as other members of the household arrive he informs them

morning at breakfast the child suddenly seized his cup of milk and dashed it to the floor, with results that may be imagined. Remonstrance and punishment failed to deter the wee boy from the act of destruction, day by day. "Thee does not understand the child," said the old Quakeress to the young mother. "Thee does not comprehend that he is of a dramatic temperament and wants to make a sensation. Cover the floor around the table with something that cannot be hurt, or take up the rug and leave the floor bare. Put the milk in a tin cup, and when the little fellow performs his theatrical act, let nobody pay the least attention. Go on as if nothing had



QUEEN MARY'S GIFT

QUEEN MARY of England has a motherly heart, and its loving care is extended beyond the circle of her own fireside. On Christmas a little protégée of hers, Rosie Bloxham, received from Her Majesty the gift of a tea-set. In the picture Rosie is seen on the extreme right pouring tea for the first time for her little friends.

that he has been naughty. Sometimes a stranger asks him how he feels, and he replies: 'Oh, not very well. I'm kind of naughty this morning,' when perhaps I have forgotten his naughtiness. He is extremely sympathetic and good during any one's illness, but resumes his old attitude as soon as the patient is better. At times, too, he is very affectionate, and right here is a characteristic I cannot understand, for I cannot work on the child's feelings, and he does not grieve if any loved ones go away, not even myself, though he is more attached to me than to anybody. The birch is no stranger in the house. M. C. F."

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, a venerable member of the Society of Friends, was once paying a friendly visit in a home where a small child was as great a puzzle to his mother as this dear little boy of three seems to be to his. Every

happened. Thee will find that he will not do this more than twice, if thee lets it pass without taking notice." The plan worked to a charm. Young mothers are apt to put a great deal of emphasis on discipline, and the first child comes in for a large share of it. However, I will leave the question for discussion in the hands of experienced mothers.

### A Perversion of Justice

THE story comes to us through the Cincinnati Post that a boy of fourteen has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Minnesota for the crime of fatally shooting a policeman. If this is true, the people of Minnesota should at once take steps to have this sentence modified. No boy of fourteen should be sacrificed to so cruel a perversion of justice as this. The boy may or may not have deliberately

killed the policeman, but whatever his motive, whether the crime was murder in the real sense of the word, or simply was accidental homicide, he can be put to better use than to be shut up for life behind the bars of a prison. The boy may have carried a gun in mere bravado. He may have been reading dime novels. Whatever be the cause behind his act, he is young enough to be redeemed to clean manhood. The late Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, once commenting in public on a harsh sentence imposed in New York State upon several youthful train-wreckers, said with an emphasis which none who heard it could ever forget, "Every one of us sitting here is a sharer in the crime of these boys. So long as society suffers bad reading and low amusements to pervert the minds of boys, so long as no provision is made

to save the boys of the street from debasing ideals, just so long God will hold us responsible for such perversions of justice as we find in sentences like these."

### The Never-Ending Servant Question

IN NEWARK, N. J., a cooking and training school for domestic servants is about to be started in the form of a co-operative club. Housekeepers joining the club will pay annual dues of five dollars each, the latter paying two dollars when they secure a place with which they are satisfied. Women looking for work, if members of the club, may live there while out of a position, presumably paying for board and lodging at a reasonable rate. An effort will be made to reduce the difficulties that seem to bristle whenever the subject of domestic service is named, by bringing business principles to bear upon the entire situation. Housekeepers will await with some curiosity and no little sympathy the development of the co-operative idea in the Newark club. Meanwhile, in most households, a good and considerate mistress, who understands housekeeping, and who is willing to make a friend of the woman in her kitchen, may go on without too much discouragement in her work of home-making.

### Endowing Rural Pulpits

I HAVE just read that a great educational institution has received an endowment of \$200,000. The income of this sum will benefit directly about one thousand people each year. Its indirect benefit is, of course, beyond our calculation. It suggests the thought, however, that perhaps if the attention of some of the great philanthropists were called to it some might see their way to benefit their fellows by the endowment of rural pulpits. Take the sum mentioned as an example. This would give \$10,000 each to two hundred churches; would, at six per cent, give in each case \$600 as the nucleus of a pastor's salary; would insure weekly or biweekly services in a great number of communities and the preaching of the Gospel to twenty thousand people, few of whom can ever receive academic or collegiate training and fewer still a university course. Gustafson, Mo. D. C.



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE COZY CORNER



Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before!  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe!  
Forward, into battle,  
See his banners go!

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we;  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.



### Hats Off to "Old Glory"! Long May She Wave!

EVERY boy and girl in America should own "Old Glory." If you have not an "Old Glory" of your own, take my advice and get one.

You should have "Old Glory" in your room near by you all the time.

First. Because "Old Glory" with its brave red stripes and white, standing for valor and purity, its blue field that stands for justice, and its galaxy of shining stars representing the history of the greatest of all nations—"a star for every State and a State for every star"—is the most beautiful national banner in the world.

Second. Every American boy and girl should own "Old Glory" because to live along with it nearby, like an intimate friend in your room, makes for the feelings of patriotism, loyalty, brotherhood, heroism, and most of the sturdy characteristics that go into the making of *best American boys and girls*.

Third. Each and every boy and girl should really own "Old Glory" because, when the nation celebrates its anniversaries, every true-hearted young American should set his seal of approval by loyally flying his and her own Star-Spangled Banner.

#### Our National Holidays

ON Decoration Day, when the country sets work aside and celebrates the memory of the brave soldier boys, North, South, East and West, who gave their lives to make of our nation what it is to-day;

On the Fourth of July, our own glorious Independence Day;

On Arbor Day, when already upwards of a thousand million trees have been planted out by boys and girls in the United States since the famous day was instituted by John Stanley Morton in 1872;

On Labor Day; on Washington's, Lincoln's, and Columbus' Birthdays; on special hero days; on Peace Sunday: on all flag-raising occasions and national gala times throughout the year, every boy and girl should feel it his and her duty to take active part and to set an "Old Glory" of his and her own

#### Flying in the Golden Sunshine

NOTHING so keenly kindles the spark of loyalty, the love of life and heroism like the sight of your own "Old Glory" flying bravely in the golden sunshine against the blue sky, or waving from the home window, a precious symbol, a mighty evidence of your own high-heartedness and pride of country.

Yes, there is no doubt about it, my young friends. Believe me when I say it: *Every true American boy and girl should have, must have, "Old Glory."*

#### Old Glories Enough for All

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD feels so strongly in this movement and is so heart and soul with it that the president has gotten for us "Old Glories" enough for all.

#### Such Splendid Banners!

SUCH splendid banners! I am proud indeed to send them out among you all. They are six feet long and four feet broad, with great wide stripes, a deep blue field, and brave white stars.

They are uncommonly beautiful. They were made for us by the flag-maker who supplies the United States Government, and every one is guaranteed. You can depend upon it, they are all that I say they are, and more besides.

Hats off, boys, to "Old Glory"! Girls, wave your handkerchiefs! Salute the splendid old banner!

#### Own Old Glory

EVERY CHRISTIAN HERALD boy and girl who agrees with us in this splendid sentiment shall own a sturdy "Old Glory."

When CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls really want anything worth while we intend to give it to them. We can think of nothing more gloriously inspiring as a first step to good fellowship with the world, with your country, with your comrades, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with us: than to own a big wide-striped "Old Glory" and to pledge yourself to fly it in some conspicuous place, or from your own



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

Actual Size of "Old Glory" is 6x4 Feet

my country." On all the glad and glorious patriotic days throughout the year it will sing for you

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty;  
Thy name I love.

Explain to your friend how easy it is to get a superbly beautiful "Old Glory" that will last you all your life.

Almost any one will stand by you on such a generous proposition as this. Do not delay—make up your mind to live with "Old Glory" near by you all the time. Send right away while our supply is fresh and beautiful.

#### Patriotic "Christian Herald" Boys and Girls

YOU see, we are all soldiers after all. Some of us are pluckier and more like the real soldiers who have gone out to defend their country's flag than others. But we are all soldiers in our love and loyalty. And remember this, all you young people who will be reading the Cozy Corner this week: You are the Peace soldier boys and girls of to-morrow. The whole country is looking to you to raise and maintain the honor of our country—the honor of "Old Glory."

Let us be the most patriotic, wide-awake, energetic set of young Americans in the country.

#### As Beautiful as a Flower

THE great beauty of the American flag is very generally recognized by other nations. When it was first carried by an American ship into Japanese waters, the Japanese thought it was as beautiful as a flower. Hundreds and thousands hurried to see Kaw-Kee-Chaum or the Flower-Flag ship. America is still called Kaw-Kee-Kah, the Flower-Flag country, and in poetical Japanese Americans are known as Kaw-Kee-Koch-Yin, men of the Flower-Flag country.

#### Our Good-Night Verse

Our father's God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,

To thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;

Protect us by thy might,

Great God, our King!

Lovingly and faithfully,  
The Aunt in  
the Cozy Corner,

Janet Porter

## Old Glory

Every American Boy  
Every American Girl  
should own  
OLD GLORY



Old Glory for You

FREE

Read the Article on

This Page



Old Glories for all  
Christian Herald  
Boys and Girls.

Never in all your  
life will you meet  
with such an offer.  
Such Splendid Ban-  
ners!

They are six feet  
long, four feet broad,  
with wide stripes and  
stars.

FREE

Get a superbly beautiful  
Old Glory that will last  
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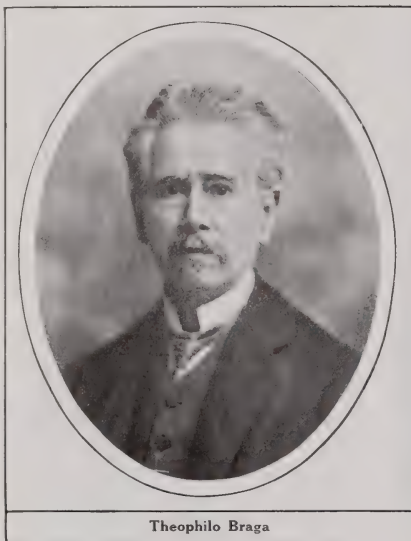


## Portugal's Poet President

**T**HEOPHILO BRAGA, President of the Portuguese Republic, is a self-made man from the bottom up. From an early age he had to carve his own way, and that he has made an emphatic mark in the political and social world of his time is evidenced by the commanding position he now holds in the new government. Pre-eminent he is a man of the people, one who has worked for the people and their best interests from the time he was able to take an active part in public affairs. He thoroughly understands the democracy and their wants because he himself was taught in the school of a hard experience, and knows every step of the curriculum as thoroughly as the most horny-handed son of toil, who has to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. He was born in the island of Sao Miguel, the largest of the Azores, in 1843, where his father, an artillery officer who had espoused the "lost cause" of Dom Miguel, the Pretender, had to seek a livelihood when opportunity shut its doors against him in his native land. The elder Braga became a mathematical teacher in the Lyceum of Ponta Delgada, but as his salary was small, the children at an early age had to make effort to contribute to the family exchequer. Theophilo turned to the type-setting business, and while attending to his duties in this rather irksome calling for a boy, he contrived to find time for study. At the age of eighteen he left his island home, and entered the University of Coimbra in Portugal. He had a hard struggle to secure an education, and many a day had to go hungry because he had not the wherewithal to buy bread. He managed to exist in a kind of way by teaching and other kinds of literary work. He was inclined towards history and poetry. In the former field he delved into the great events of the past, while in the latter he studied the contemporary writings of the leading men of his time. It was a period of inspiration. Such great minds as Hugo, Musset, Michelet, Proudhon, Hegel and Kant were dominating the

thought of Europe. Young Braga took copious draughts from the teachings of all these masters. In a short time he essayed to strike out for himself, and produced some poems very remarkable for a boy of his age, one of them, "A Vision of the Times," creating quite a sensation among the thinking public of Portugal.

In 1867 he graduated in law, and the next year took the doctor's degree with high honors. From this time onwards his pen was actively engaged in turning out many works, which have a



Theophilo Braga

permanent place not alone in his own country but throughout Europe. Among these are *History of Portuguese Law*, *History of Portuguese Literature*, etc. In 1871 he was called to the chair of Modern Literature in the Superior Course of Letters in Lisbon. It was shortly after this that the whole course of his life and writings became changed by the perusal of a book which has wielded a powerful influence on the best thought of Europe for generations. This was Comte's *Out-*

*line of Positive Philosophy*. It worked a complete mental revolution in Braga. It caused him immediately to rearrange his ideas, and make up for what he considered his deficiencies in his ideas of the abstract and natural sciences. He studied Comte to such purpose that in 1879 he produced his own *Outline of Positive Philosophy*, based very closely on the theories and ideas of the great French philosopher. This work was immediately followed by *Universal History*, a monumental work dealing with applied sociology.

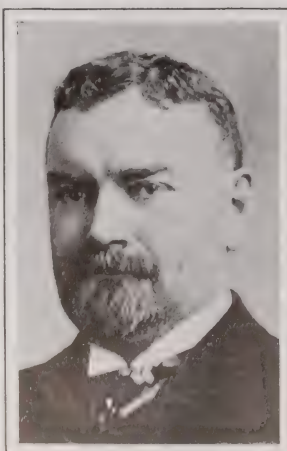
His *System of Sociology* came out in 1884. These books of Braga's spread Positivism throughout Portugal, and proved the foundation on which he erected the edifice of party leadership. Indeed it was quite natural for Braga to become the leader of a Republican Party, for a republic was his life-long dream. In 1881 he published a work called *Dissolution of the Constitutional Monarchical System*, in which he pointed out the anachronisms of monarchy and the Roman hierarchy, two elements which he considered the greatest foes of modern society and modern progress.

Despite his incessant literary labors—he has written upwards of 150 books—he has never been a passive intellectualist, but always an active militant leader, ready to make any sacrifice for what he considers right and for the best interests of the common people. But although he is militant and aggressive, he never thrusts himself forward, but waits in the background till occasion calls. He made it possible for a republic to be proclaimed which promises to place the country once more on the plane of prosperous nationhood.

Braga may have his own systems of philosophy, his own ideas regarding the cosmos of society, his own theories of the ethics of living, but it is certain that none who know the situation can deny that he has done much for Portugal in the way of reform, that he has kept every pledge he made and that he is doing his very best to raise the status of the country and at the same time give a fair and square deal to all.

## NEW YORK'S NEW U. S. SENATOR

**A**FTER one of the longest and most acrimonious deadlocks in the political history of the State of New York, Justice James A. O'Gorman was elected to succeed ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew by the State Legislature at Albany on March 31. Senator O'Gorman is a New Yorker and his beginning was such as might have discouraged a man of less stamina, for he is a type of the self-made man. He was born May 5, 1860, in West Forty-third Street, New York, and was educated at the public schools. Upon finishing his public school course, he worked as a clerk in a law office. He learned stenography, and while still a youth entered the law department of the New York University. After graduation he set up the practice of law, and acquired a considerable fortune. While still a young man he was elected a Municipal Court Justice in what is now the Third district and served six years in that branch of the judiciary. In 1899, when he was but thirty-nine years of age, he was elected to the Supreme Court. It has been said that "Whatever advantage the State of New York may gain from the presence of



Senator James A. O'Gorman of New York

Justice James A. O'Gorman in the United States Senate will be to the loss of the Supreme Court bench of the county of New York and many members of the bar. Practically all the lawyers who practise in the Supreme Court regret his exchange of the judicial gown for the senatorial toga, for he was regarded as one of the ablest justices, although he has been less known to the public than many of his colleagues; for once having abandoned the active side of politics, he devoted nearly all of his time to his office and his family. He has six daughters and one son. One of the daughters is Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, wife of an Assistant Corporation Counsel, and another daughter is the wife of William L. J. Duffy, a contractor. Nearly every year it has been the custom of Senator O'Gorman to go to Europe with his wife and children, and it made a large family party.

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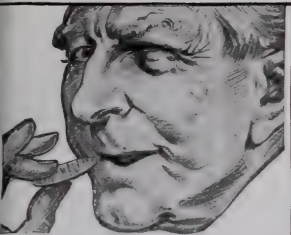
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MISS ANN

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Transformation of Margaret," "Into Still Waters," "Marco," etc.

WHEN the plan was first suggested, Miss Ann had embraced it enthusiastically.

"We've got to have money," the president of the Ladies' Aid Society had said, "or else we can't give our promised fifty dollars toward the new carpet for the church. It has been suggested that we get up an autograph quilt—a quilt made of white squares, you know, all covered with names, and worked in red. You get ten cents a name—and of course they're glad to pay it. What's ten cents compared to havin' your name handed down like that to posterity?"

"And they got fifty-six dollars at Queechy, just for the name, besides sellin' it," chimed in the vice-president, by way of emphasis.

"Oh, splendid!" chorused a dozen voices, while Miss Ann breathed rapturously: "Fifty-six dollars! My!"

It was a simple matter after that. The cloth was ordered to be bought, and to be cut by Miss Ann into squares, these to be distributed as soon as possible. Each member present agreed to take one or more, and Miss Ann was appointed receiver of the finished squares. In addition she was to take two squares herself to fill.

All Flecherville awoke to a new experience during the days that followed. Everywhere were to be met insistent women with neat white squares of cotton cloth and a pencil. Everywhere, too, was to be seen the trail of bits of tambour-cotton; and always the trail led straight to Miss Ann's.

Miss Ann lived alone in a little cottage at the eastern end of the town. She was not old—the exact number of years was unknown; but at sixteen she had begun to wear only sombre gray and brown, and to smooth her hair into a tight coil at the back, particularly because her heart and hands and thoughts were full of an invalid mother and a younger brother. There was a time, it is true, when youth seemed for a moment to be hers. Miss Ann was eighteen then. The bun at the back of her head loosened its coils and freed the little curls at neck and brow. Bits of pink showed themselves at her throat, and matched the color of her cheeks when she went driving with Ned Hartley—a thing she did several times that summer. But Ned Hartley went away. Ned was poor, and had his own way to make in the world. He had made it, to be sure; he was said to be a famous surgeon now. But he had not been back to Flecherville once during all those years; so, after all, Flecherville knew little about him.

As to Miss Ann, the pink disappeared from her throat, and the curls from her brow. In time the invalid mother died, and the young brother went away, leaving Miss Ann all alone in the little house. And to this house now led the red trail of the tambour-cotton.

For three weeks Miss Ann worked valiantly to obtain her twenty-four names for her two squares. The first half-dozen names came easily; but after that—

The Wheelers and the Hart sisters had already been asked. Miss Jenkins refused with cold, but silent, disapproval. Mrs. Stone refused with equally cold, but open, disapproval. The next two Miss Ann accepted gracefully, and the weary canvasser was beginning to regain her courage when she encountered the Dean twins. The Dean twins said yes, they would be very glad to put down their names, provided, of course, that Sarah Bailey's name was not to be on the quilt.

"But I—y—y—that is," floundered Miss Ann, ending desperately. "But, don't you see? There's to be fifty-six squares and twelve names to a square.

Just as if I could help one of those six hundred and seventy-two names being Sarah Bailey's!"

"Very well; such being the case, I'm sure you won't miss ours," murmured Miss Amelia.

"No, indeed," echoed Miss Cordelia. And with that the Dean twins closed their door emphatically, leaving Miss Ann alone on the steps.

It was, perhaps, some compensation that almost the next woman Miss Ann asked, promised her dime and her autograph on the distinct condition that Sarah Bailey's name was on the quilt.

Judge Gray came next. Miss Ann thought she would try a man, chiefly because she believed a man could not care whether Sarah Bailey's or any other woman's name was or was not on the quilt. So sure of this was Miss Ann that she even mentioned it to the man himself, saying merrily, as she told him what she wanted:

"You see, Judge, I knew you wouldn't ask whether Sarah Bailey's name was or wasn't going to be down, before you gave me yours. I felt safe with you."

Judge Gray, however, refused so peremptorily that, once outside his office, Miss Ann actually examined herself with care to make sure she was quite intact after her precipitate flight. She remembered then that it was Sarah Bailey who had declined to marry the Judge some years before, and that the Judge was supposed still to feel the wound. So it went. Day after day Miss Ann tramped the streets only to reach home at night tired, foot-sore, and discouraged.

It was February now, and for some days other finished squares had been coming in; and so, a little wearily, Miss Ann began her task of putting them together. She was beginning to think she did not like that quilt.

At the April meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society Miss Ann appeared with the finished quilt; and then the storm broke. The quilt was spread over the top of the piano where all might see it—and the members had begun to hunt for their own names. It was bedlam let loose.

Mrs. Lawson was displeased that her name was placed so near the edge where it would be always "tucked up out of sight." So, too, at once felt all the other "edgers." Yet nobody was satisfied. Those in the centre preferred the ends. Those on the ends preferred the sides. Nobody was on the square she would have chosen; nobody was content with her neighbors. Also, incredible as it seemed, the three Briggs sisters, who had been out of town when the quilt was proposed, had never been asked at all for their names. They stood aloof now, forlorn, hurt, and angry, though they scornfully assured their apologizing, gesticulating fellow-members that it was of no consequence, no consequence at all. Of course, if the ladies did not want their names on, it was fortunate, indeed, that they had been out of town.

Matters were made even worse just here by the discovery that S. Horatio Stubbs—a citizen of whom Flecherville was not proud—had scrawled his name on no less than forty of the fifty-six squares; and S. Horatio Stubbs was not a name that the Ladies' Aid would have elected to hand down to posterity. All of which did not tend to soothe Miss Ann, nor to make her love the quilt the more. She explained and apologized and "regretted" until she was flushed, hoarse, and almost ready to cry. Then supper brought new distractions, and a measure of peace.

It was decided at last that the quilt should be carried home by Mrs. Samuel Hartley for the summer (as it was

Continued on next page

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## MISS ANN



Continued from preceding page

now nearly May), and be brought out in the autumn to be sold. And with a long sigh Miss Ann went home. Her work was done.

Perhaps because her work was done, Miss Ann was restless that May. She began to spend the long days out of doors digging in the earth among her plants. She made friends, too, with the new family's little girls across the street, and she learned to romp—actu-

ally to romp!—with them beneath the pink-petaled apple trees. It was there and with them that she was one day, when the tall, smooth-shaven man with shoulders that drooped wearily stopped at her gate.

With a little cry Miss Ann struggled to her feet. Both hands flew to her hair. The children had unbowed it, and decked it with apple blossoms. With the lovely pink in her cheeks, Miss Ann looked, indeed, quite like the Ann of long ago.

Over by the gate the tired shoulders straightened, and the eyes flashed into glad recognition.

"Ann!—Ann Wilcox! Don't you know me?" cried the man, striding forward.

"Yes! I—that is—Ned—er, Mr. Edward Hartley," corrected Miss Ann, breathlessly, trying to pull away her hands, which had somehow been caught in the man's eager grasp. "If you'll come down and sit up—I mean, come up and sit down—and excuse me—just a minute," she panted. And then she was gone.

The three little girls from across the street went home, treading softly. The man dropped himself into one of the veranda chairs, sighing with an odd feeling of content. And by and by Miss Ann came back, her hair imprisoned once more in the stiff little bun at the back. But the man called her "Ann" joyously as before; and he asked questions—quick, alert, decisive questions. Then he leaned back and told stories which all began alike with "And do you remember?"

At last he said: "I saw a funny thing to-day. Aunt Hannah Hartley showed me a quilt all covered with names. She said everybody in town was there, so I suppose you know about it."

"Know about it?" Miss Ann laughed, though she shivered. She always shivered when she thought of that quilt. "Know about it? I should say I did! I put it together, and even now I sometimes dream the dreadful thing is covering me—and smothering me. Nobody likes it; nobody wants it; nobody is satisfied. It made, really, almost a split in the church; even yet the Briggs sisters hardly speak to the rest of us. Mrs. Jones had nervous prostration, and Mrs. Ellerton brain fever, they worked so hard trying to fill their squares; and little Jimmy Hartley fell and broke his arm, and Mrs. Hartley lays that to the quilt, just because it happened while she was out canvassing for it. It made four quarrels that I know of, besides the trouble with the Briggs sisters."

The man laughed indulgently. "But why did you start it in the first place?" he queried.

"To get money—money for the church. But our minister says that the real work of the church simply stood still all the while that quilt was being made; and I suppose it did, in a way. You see, we women were really all worn out with it—every one of us; and I suppose we didn't go to the prayer meetings as often as usual, nor to the missionary meetings. We were too tired. Then there was the barrel that we were to pack to go West to Reverend Mr. Roberts. We did neglect that, I know; and I have heard that poor old Mr. Roberts didn't find much of anything that he really needed, in the little box we did send. But he did find a quilt square for the whole family to autograph."

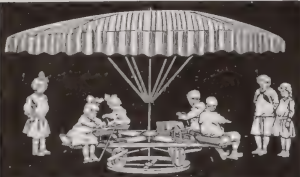
"How many names were you trying to get?"

"Six hundred and seventy-two."

The man whistled softly. "And you got them? And the money?"

"Oh, yes, we got them, and the money; but I can't help thinking sometimes, what a lot we'd have escaped if

Continued on page 412



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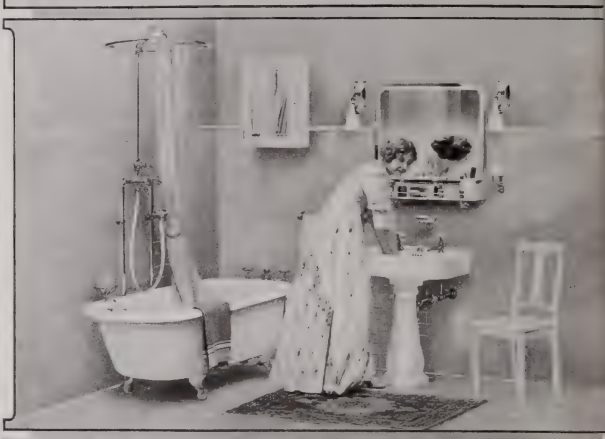
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# An Unwilling Missionary\*

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**Considering the Story**  
**M**ORE discussion has centred about the forty-eight verses that constitute the book of Jonah than any other part of the Bible. Jesus, knowing that this would be so, connected with this book the greatest fact in his life upon earth—his resurrection: "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth" (Matt. 12: 40). Jesus again used the fact of Jonah going to Nineveh when he said, in preaching to a multitude: "This generation is an evil generation; it seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of Jonah. . . . The men of Nineveh shall stand up in the judgment, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here" (Luke 11: 29, 32).

In a company of young people assembled for Bible study, and presided over by a professor of theology, a young lady said: "Professor, I wish you would tell me what you think about the Jonah story." "Don't believe a word of it," was the quick response. He was challenged by an eminent clergyman present who said, "Professor, you think there might have been a man named Jonah; you and I have both known men by this name." "Yes," "You are quite sure there was a city called Nineveh; this has been proved by recent excavations?" "Yes." "You believe two words of the story, then. It is quite supposable that Jonah might have been impressed that it was his duty to go to Nineveh and reprove the unrighteous conditions of that wicked city?" "Very likely." "There were lines of corn ships on the Mediterranean, and a man going to Tarsish would be likely to take passage on such a ship?" "Yes." "You and I probably know something about the storms characteristic of the Mediterranean?" "Yes, I have experienced some myself." "Fish of large size are frequently seen in the Mediterranean following in the wake of a ship?" "Yes." "You and I have both seen and heard of fish large enough to swallow a man?" "Yes." "It is altogether probable that Jonah was swallowed by such a fish after he was thrown overboard?" "He might have been." "Let us for the moment pass over the incident of Jonah being vomited up by the whale after three days, and let us consider if not the thing most likely for Jonah to do after being rescued was to carry out his purpose of going to Nineveh?" "I should think so," replied the professor. "Well, now, it seems to me, instead of not believing one word of the story, you accept ninety-eight or ninety-nine per cent. of it. I will confess that I do not see how a man's life could be preserved inside of a fish for three days, but God is able to do many things that you and I cannot understand." "I believe that." "Well, now, professor, it seems to me that it would have been nearer the truth for you to have said: 'I believe by far the larger part of this story, and in faith I accept the rest,' and in so doing you would not have misled these young people by being a teacher of doubt in declaring that you did not believe a word of it." "Agreed; I stand reprov'd," was the reply.

## Estimates of Jonah

Rev. Jesse Gilbert commenting upon this occasion, calls Jonah "the preacher who refused to go to his appointment." He says: "Jonah's dislike for his ap-

pointment was not without reason. Nineveh was a heathen city. A Jewish prophet would be likely to have a poor welcome. No reception committee or address of welcome would await him. He had not been invited, and was not wanted. He was sent with an unpleasant message, a burden of woe and disaster. But Jonah himself has let us into the secret that this was not all: down in the inner depths of his consciousness was a fear that this mission might be a success. The men of Nineveh might repent, God might be gracious, and the city spared. This Jonah did not want, for then he would appear as a false prophet. Besides, Jonah was a Jew, and he did not want God to have anything to do with the Gentiles except in judgment." All of which is true of Jonah, because when God had delivered him from the whale, and he had gone to Nineveh on God's errand to proclaim judgment and mercy, the people of Nineveh did repent and covered themselves, and even their beasts, with sackcloth in token of repentance, and God did show mercy and did not destroy their city. Then Jonah took to putting. More than this, he was exceedingly angry, and went outside of the city, and made a booth of leaves for a temporary dwelling-place. But he could not get out of God's sight. God supplemented the leaves by making a luxuriant gourd vine to grow in a single night; but he also taught Jonah the foolishness of his retreat by creating a worm which killed the vine, and it withered. And God tried to reason with Jonah by saying that there were one hundred and twenty thousand children in Nineveh who did not know the left hand from the right—that is, right from wrong—and that he had regarded their ignorance and innocence, together with the repentance of the older people.

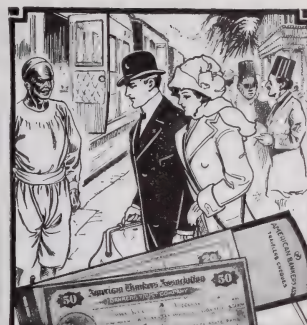
## Jonah a Prototype

Jonah has been called the Peter of the Old Testament. Let us hope that Jonah's disregard for Gentiles was as completely overcome as was that of Peter, and that he afterward went into the homes of the Ninevites and preached to them, as Peter did in the home of Cornelius.

Jonah has also been called the Paul of the Old Testament. It was certainly hard for him to kick against the pricks—as hard as Paul. Let us hope that in the end he became a teacher in good faith to the Ninevite Gentiles. We cannot doubt that the people of Nineveh were dear to the heart of God even though they were wicked.

"Does God love bad children?" a Sunday School teacher once asked her class. And they all replied in a chorus, "No!" Then the teacher tried to show them that it was the badness which God hated, and not the children. But it was not an easy lesson for them to learn, for they had often heard their parents say, "Go away; you are so bad, I don't love you!" Phillips Brooks said: "Man is the child of God by nature. He is ignorant and rebellious—the prodigal child of God; but his ignorance and rebellion never break that first relationship. It is always a child ignorant of his Father, always a child rebellious against his Father. That is what makes the tragedy of human history, and prevents human sin from becoming an insignificant and squalid thing. To reassert the fatherhood and childhood as an unlost truth, and to re-establish its power as a central fact of life; to tell men that they were, and to make them actually be, the sons of God—that was the purpose of the coming of Jesus, and the shaping power of his life."

Continued on next page



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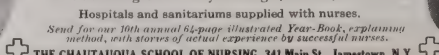
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## MISS ANN

Continued from page 408

there hadn't been any quilt—if there'd been just the money, given to us, just given to us. But that's too much to expect, of course. Still—even the money it did bring they forgot to mention, they were so excited in picking the quilt to pieces—figuratively, I mean. But, do you know? I wish they had really picked it to pieces, for I don't want ever, ever to see that quilt again!" And once more Miss Ann shivered.

Before Mr. Edward Hartley went back to his hotel that night, Miss Ann had learned much concerning him, though there were some things that she only guessed—the great surgeon was not given to talking about himself. But this much he did tell:

His home was in New York. He was not married. He had not had time to get married, he said. Always he had studied and worked, worked and studied. This winter his hand had not been so steady. Once it had almost slipped, and that slip would have meant—death. He knew then that it was time to call a halt. He must rest—and to Flecherville he had turned for that rest. Nowhere, he thought, could he rest so well. He hoped, too, he said, that she would let him rest there on her veranda a good deal. He liked the chair. It just fitted. He liked the view of the hill, the river, and the village beyond. He said that he should stay all summer, and he hinted that he would like to try over some of their old pieces for the flute and piano, if she would be so kind; and he added that he thought he ought to tell her all this so she might know what to expect.

And Miss Ann had said "yes," "certainly," and "of course," to it all; then the man had stood up tall and straight, and had put out his hand to say good-night. And Miss Ann had gone into the house, and later to bed—but not to sleep.

By September, when the engagement was announced, Flecherville people had grown used to the stupendous fact that the great Edward Hartley was to marry their own Miss Ann. It had taken them all summer, however, to do this. Little by little they had grown used to the walks, the drives, the tête-à-têtes on Miss Ann's veranda. But even now they were not quite accustomed to the change in Miss Ann herself. Youth seemed suddenly to have come back from the lost years that had been miraculously stored away for her now to use. And the town looked on and marveled.

In October was to be the wedding, and in October Miss Ann received her first wedding present. It was a bulky package. Miss Ann's fingers shook, her eyes sparkled; then the wrappings fell away, and her face paled. Before her lay an expanse of white cotton cloth, crossed and circled with trailing, scrawling lines of red. On top was a note.

"Ned, Ned," she called a moment later, half laughing, half crying, "just listen to this:

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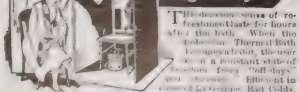
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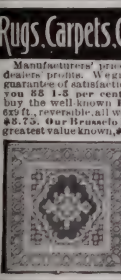


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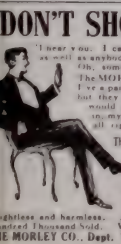
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Hawaii and the Philippines\*

DURING the past year the A. M. A. contributed over \$9,000 to the work of its auxiliary, the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. This sum supported six American and ten native workers, and left something for schools and social settlements.

It is now ninety years since the first missionaries landed in Hawaii. The anniversary was appropriately celebrated by the erection there of a memorial arch, on which was inscribed a tribute to their services to evangelism and temperance.

The Rev. Rowland B. Dodge is now enjoying a well-earned vacation in this country after five years of hard missionary labor in Hawaii. He reports that during the past five years an average of ten churches and parsonages per year have been built or repaired there. The money required has been raised only by self-sacrifice and great generosity on the part of the native Christians. Women have labored with pick and shovel on the government roads in order to contribute to the building of a new church; while whole families have worn shabby clothing, mending and patching it in order to save money for the same purpose. One Hawaiian judge, a poor man, yet managed by close calculation to give \$1,500 in order to help the local churches.

Perhaps no missions have been so fully invested with romantic charm and dramatic interest as those in the Sandwich Islands, as they used to be called.

The dozens of delightful books describing the islands (especially *The Transformation of Hawaii*, by Belle M. Brain), give vivid pictures of the different stages through which the great forward movement there has passed. It has contributed not a few illustrious names to the galaxy of the world's heroes—Titus Coan, Queen Kapiolani, Bingham, Armstrong, Dole, Thurston and many others.

In Dr. Devins's interesting book about the Philippines, he quotes a leading Filipino as saying: "The Spaniards were Christians, but we like the Americans because they are not Christians."

This is a cruel commentary upon our people. Let us hope that Americans and Christianity will soon be associated more closely in the minds of the Filipinos.

Still, we must remember that it is only twelve years since Protestantism was introduced into those islands, and yet in 1905 there were 8,000 evangelical Christians there. When our missionaries first appeared in Manila, an American teacher, himself a Romanist, opposed them bitterly, saying, "You see the people all worship images. Of course, we know that they are simply symbols, but they believe that those images are really saints. If you come here and tell them they are not saints, you will make them unbelievers, infidels, atheists."

Thus it can be seen that our missionaries were urgently needed there.

All observers agree that conditions in the Philippines closely resemble those in the South American countries. In neither does the Roman Church present as pure a form of Christianity as it teaches in our land. If it would, it could do untold good. Rev. Lewis B. Hillis believes that they are beginning so to do, and that Archbishop Hart, the Roman Catholic prelate there, is doing his best to purify Philippine customs and to conform religious practice to preaching. Mr. Hillis says that the Filipinos are eager for the Gospel, but the laborers are few. As four years are required for our missionaries to learn the languages necessary there, it is not strange that few have tried it. Let us pray that more may be moved to undertake the work.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, April 30.  
TEXT: Isa. 60: 1-12.



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# Christian Herald

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"As the worshiper's mind ascends each cloud, till it fades from our wondering view."

See page 421





## Questions and Answers

W. G. H., Saltsburg, Pa. If a person is in debt or has borrowed money and is liquidating his debt and paying interest on this borrowed money also, ought he to pay anything to the church?

A person may be in debt and still solvent; that is, good for all he owes and able to pay as arranged. If he can do this and keep up living expenses also, there is no reason why he should not be able to give a limited sum toward the Lord's work. It is a proper charge on his income and should be dealt with honorably and rather as a privilege than as a burden.

J. C. W., Barboursville, W. Va. 1. Where was Jesus educated, and by whom? 2. Were there two Mary Magdalenes, or was Mary Magdalene, out of whom were cast seven devils, sister to Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead?

1. He was educated at Nazareth, but there is no record that he attended the rabbinical schools. Yet what little we read of his youth shows that even in boyhood he was filled with the divine wisdom. In the collection of incidents legendary and traditional, in the so-called "Gospel of the Infancy," he is said to have been sent to school to Zacharias, and astonished his teachers by his knowledge. It was in boyhood that he talked with and confuted the learned doctors in the temple. Whatever his training in youth and early manhood, it is certain that with his baptism the full force of his divine mission was developed and he became endowed with all power and knowledge. 2. Although Mary Magdalene has been regarded by some commentators as identical with Mary of Bethany, others, with apparently better reason, believe them to be totally different persons. None of the evangelists state that the two were one and the same person. There has been much discussion on the subject and no one can assert positively either way, but the probability is they were distinct individuals.

Reader, Toulon, Ill. A husband and father died, leaving an estate to be equally divided between the wife and two children—a son and daughter. The daughter married, but had no children. She died without making a will. Under the laws of Illinois what part of her estate does her husband get?

Under the Illinois law, where the wife died without making a will and leaving no children, the husband receives all the personal property and one-half the real estate of his wife.

Mrs. J. R., Solon, Ind., and Mrs. S. E. G., Kitting, Pa. Name the twelve apostles.

Simon Peter, Andrew, John, Philip, James the Elder, Nathanael, Thomas, Matthew, Simon Zeleotes, Jude, James the Less, Judas Iscariot.

J. M. C., New York. Will you kindly explain and give date of the introduction of the "recall" in the State of Oregon?

The final step in the establishment of popular government in Oregon was the adoption of the recall amendment to the constitution in 1908. Under this amendment any public officer may be recalled by the filing of a petition signed by twenty-five per cent. of the number of electors who voted in his district in the preceding election. The petition must set forth the reasons for the recall, and if the officer does not resign within five days after the petition is filed a special election must be ordered to be held within twenty days to determine whether the people will recall such officer. On the ballot at such election the reasons for demanding the recall of said officer may be set forth in not more than 200 words. His justification of his course in office may be set forth in a like number of words. He retains his office until the results of the special election have been officially declared.

Q. 1. The volume on the canon of the Scriptures compiled? 2. Why does the Protestant version reject two books which the Catholic accepts? 3. What were the reasons for the rejection of the books of the Hebrew and Greek? 4. When and by whom were the books of the Bible framed?

1 and 2. The Hebrew canon (Old Testament) was compiled after the Jews had been exiled, probably under the guidance of Ezra, and has remained unaltered. The New Testament canon of Augustine was first adopted by the Council of Carthage about A.D. 397, although there is evidence in Paul's epistles that there was an accepted collection of New Testament writings in apostolic days. The canon of Carthage

was substantially affirmed by the Council of Trent (1546). The subject is too voluminous to be dealt with in THE MAIL-BAG. Consult a good encyclopedia. 3. Augustine, who afterward became Archbishop of Canterbury, was sent to Britain by Pope Gregory about 596 A.D. He should not be confused with the greater Augustine (the son of Monica) who never was in Britain. Patrick, who had been a captive in Ireland in his youth, tells in his own writings how he was called to missionary work there afterward by a vision. Like Paul, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He declares that he received no call from any

earthly source, neither Pope nor bishop. His mission was from God. 4. There is a tradition that the Creed was composed by the apostles shortly after the crucifixion and when they were leaving Jerusalem, each contributing a part. This, however, is unauthentic. It is now generally admitted that the Creed, in its present form, was not in existence earlier than the fourth century. Its authorship cannot be determined.

F. H. D., Lacombe, Can. 1. The first Sunday School was that of Robert Raikes, a printer of Gloucester, England, in 1784. The earliest

## Questions and Answers

in America of which we have any record were the Methodist Sunday Schools introduced here under Bishop Asbury shortly after they were established in England. Thomas Henshaw had a Methodist Sunday School in Hanover County, Va., in 1786. 2. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Salvation is free, but the workers who are devoting their lives to the spread of the Gospel need to be supported. It would be a mean church indeed that denied its faithful minister a living salary. Some may be overpaid, but the great majority are insufficiently remunerated. This is particularly true of certain denominations. The Lord provides, it is true; but this fact does not relieve us from doing our duty under the circumstances, as in such case we are the instruments through which he makes provision. Jesus made no reflections on those who gave gifts to the Lord's treasury in the right spirit, although he condemned the ostentatious giver. Paul approved those who gave liberally of their substance to the Lord's work.

W. P. R., Emaus, Pa. Please tell me what is meant by bimetalism.

The term is employed to describe a financial system wherein gold and silver are used as standard money and coined without limit at a fixed ratio. Bimetalism proper implies, first, that the money unit shall rest upon two metals; second, that these metals shall enjoy equal and unlimited coinage privileges; third, that they shall be connected by a fixed and definite legal ratio; and, fourth, that the coins made from them shall be a full legal tender.

T. M. K., Northfield, Vt. Was Jesus happy when on the way to the cross? Some think that because he was doing the Father's will, therefore he must have been happy even in the midst of suffering.

In the narratives of the evangelists we find only the impression that he was filled with sorrow. From the time of the agony in the garden (see Matt. 26: 37) till the last cry on the cross, this cloud was not lifted. On the way to Calvary, together with his sorrow for the people who "knew not what they did"—who were now as ready to mock and revile him as they were only a short time before to joyfully acclaim him—there must have been a deeper burden of sadness for his base betrayal and for his utter desertion by all of his panic-stricken disciples, even by Peter, that weighed down at every step. Yet, wounded, bleeding, and subjected to the worst indignities, he bore it all without a murmur even while his heart was breaking. He was sustaining the name of his high mission and bore his suffering with such fortitude that even his enemies remarked it (Luke 23: 47). Thus, to the last moments of his earthly life, he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

## Miscellaneous

H. M. A., East Bethany, N. Y. It is nowhere intended to convey that mere man can confer the blessing; it is simply a brief form of title for the ceremony of invoking the Divine blessing.

Mrs. F. A. B., Chicago, Ill. Tradition has preserved the names of the thieves who were crucified with Christ as Dismas and Gestas. The hymns sung by the apostles have not been preserved.

O. G. C., Towntown, Ind. The word should have been "Ecouren," the name of a town situated directly north of Paris, France, in the district of Seine-et-Oise.

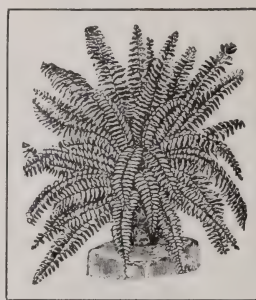
L. H., Rochester, N. Y. 1. See answer to E. S. W., Aurora, Ind., in MAIL-BAG of March 22. 2. There has been much discussion regarding the prophetic passage in Daniel 7: 25. Some interpret it to mean 1,260 days; others 1,260 years.

E. H. G., Fort Plain, N. Y. 1. See our recent editorial on the spiritual need of a certain class of churches. 2. The millennium has yet to come. 3. The Divine warnings and denunciation of national sins are as applicable to-day as in ancient times.

Reader, Kirkwood, Ill. The marrying of a single woman to a man who has been divorced and who has the legal right to remarry is purely a matter for the individual conscience to decide. There are many pastors who decline to marry divorced persons on the ground that it is against the teachings of Scripture. Such marriages, while legal, are unfavorably regarded by many people, although of course there are others who take a more liberal view.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, 515 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Muscat, the Capital of Oman

Dr. S. M. Zwemer

The Chapel School at Bahrein, East Arabia



## OUR LONE MISSION IN ARABIA

By DR. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER

AMERICAN missionaries have belted the globe in the enterprise of carrying out the "Great Commission." From the Arctic Circle to the equator and the South Sea Islands, one can visit American schools, hospitals and mission stations. Arabia, however, was for centuries left out of the missionary programme of the Church.

When Keith Falconer landed at Aden in 1886, the first standard for Christ was planted on Arabian soil. The Scotch missionaries who succeeded him were joined by those from Denmark, in recent years, and the Church Missionary Society has for many years carried on an interesting work at Bagdad and Mosul in the far north. The only other mission in Arabia, and the largest in numbers and in extent of territory covered, is the American Arabian Mission, founded in 1889 on an interdenominational basis, and still bearing somewhat of its interdenominational character.

It has at present twenty-eight missionaries working at six stations on the east coast of the great neglected peninsula. Of the early struggles and of progress against resistance, Dr. James Cantine, the pioneer missionary from America, writes:

"Again and again, heat and fever took workers from our ranks, until, at the end of ten years, scarcely more than half the number of men sent out remained. Some in the home land called on us to halt, but the fact that our organization was semi-independent made it possible for us to appeal widely and directly for reinforcements. Those whom no danger could deter came in increasing numbers, so that we soon passed beyond that deadly zone of isolation and overwork which hems in so many small organizations. Years have also brought experience, and increasing income has made possible more healthful surroundings, until now our missionaries can reasonably expect far more than two decades of service."

In a new work and in a country wholly Mohammedan, the progress of missions is not measured by statistics so much as by dynamics; not by distance covered, but by resistance overcome. It is one thing to build a railroad track over a wide prairie and quite another to pierce through trap rock for a tunnel. The latter is the kind of work required in Moslem lands. After establishing stations and beginning the Bible work, our medical missionaries through their skill overcame Moslem prejudice until to-day the medical work alone in Arabia would justify all the expenditure of the past.

In Oman in the south, extensive medical touring

is being carried on; hundreds of villages are reached every year with the Gospel message, and literally thousands of the sick, who otherwise would have no care, receive the skilful treatment of our physicians. One of the photographs shows Dr. A. K. Bennett on one of his tours in the hill country beyond Muscat. At the Mason Memorial Hospital in Bahrein 13,591 treatments were given last year, and 8,671 people were present at the regular morning preaching. Our Mission has just obtained a valuable site for a hospital at Kuwait, the future terminus of the overland railway from the north. In Busrah, the medical work begun by Dr. Worrall has developed year after year, until now patients come to us from all parts of North Arabia.

Turning from the medical work to that of preach-

ing, it is interesting to note that from the outset our Mission has put emphasis upon the distribution of the Word of God and on itineration. Last year, 4,759 portions of Scripture were sold, and 95 per cent. of these sales were to Moslems. Our seven Bible depots are open doors for inquiries, and here one can see every day groups of Arabs reading the Scriptures, having their objections answered and getting into close touch with those who can lead them to Christ.

Educational work is still in its beginnings, as is natural in a country where perhaps 80 per cent. of the people are wholly illiterate, and where the prejudice against Christian schools still exists; but with greater liberty in the Turkish province of Busrah and an eagerness for education on the part of those Arabs who are in touch with Indian life as pearl merchants or horse dealers, there is every promise that the future will see large developments in this direction.

As one looks back over the past twenty years of effort in this most difficult of all Moslem fields, one cannot help feeling encouraged. Where once the name of Christian was a hissing and a byword, not only the missionary but the native helper and the convert are received with respect. Dense ignorance regarding the principles of our religion has been dissipated, and indifference is slowly giving way to a spirit of inquiry. There have been baptisms at nearly all of our stations, and there are those to-day who are secret believers in our Lord Jesus Christ, but who, for fear of suffering shame and reproach, are still afraid to confess him openly.

If the American visitor should sail into the harbor at Muscat—one of the most picturesque in the world—and make the acquaintance of the missionaries there and hear their story of the influence of the Gospel in the hill country, he would find a new significance in the old church hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
Son of Righteousness arising,  
Bring, O bring the glorious day."

The great "hinterland," including all the interior provinces, is still unoccupied. The Arabian Mission pleads with its friends for more prayer, more workers and more money. The Secretary of the Mission in New York, Dr. William I. Chamberlain, 25 East Twenty-second Street, will gladly furnish information, and the illustrated quarterly *Neglected Arabia*, is sent free to all who desire it.



Dr. Bennett on Tour in Oman



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.\*

# WHY I BELIEVE THE BIBLE

TEXT—1. Peter 3:15



I HAVE been asked to give my reasons for believing that the Bible is the veritable Word of God. The request is, no doubt, due to the fact that I am a "conservative," and happy to confess it. If I regarded the Scripture as a mingled tissue of truth and falsehood, I could not honestly say that I believe it. But I mean precisely what I say. To my mind the Bible is not true in spots but true and trustworthy from beginning to end. And this is the faith of the Christian Church along the ages. The enemies of the Bible are so vociferous that at times one is moved to lament as Elijah did under the juniper tree, "I, even I only, am left"; but the Lord reassures us, "I have left me a great multitude who have not bowed their knees to the anti-Biblical Baal." Be of good courage, therefore. "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

It is a great thing to be a conservative. We are bound to move with the moving world, providing we move not away from the immovable faith which was "once for all delivered to the saints." We are bound to keep open house for Truth; but we are bound no less to double-bolt our doors when Falsehood knocks and shouts "Let me in!"

## God in the Universe

Whether a man believes his Bible or rejects it, two things may be fairly required of him. On the one hand he should frankly and truthfully state his position without mumbling or mouthing it; and on the other he should be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh him a reason for it.

The following, now, are my reasons for holding that the Bible is the true and trustworthy Word of God.

*First, there is a presumption in its favor.*

If there is a God anywhere in the universe, and if we are his children, he would surely not leave us in doubt respecting the great problems which have to do with our spiritual and eternal life. If an earthly father advises his sons and daughters, in their distress and bewilderment, assuring them of his plans and purposes concerning them, it is reasonable to suppose that our heavenly Father would do less? Plato lamented that he was adrift on a raft upon an open sea with no rudder nor star above to guide him; yet he, pagan though he was, ventured the hope that in good time "the gods would give us a stanch boat to sail in." This was but the expression of a universal instinct. If there is a God he must reveal himself to his children. There is, then, somewhere in the world, a clear and authoritative Word of God.

*Second, the Bible claims to be this authoritative Word of God.*

It claims to be inspired; nor does it leave the meaning of "inspiration" in doubt. The word is *theopneustos*, that is, "breathed of God." It says, in explicit terms, "All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." And it speaks no less definitely as to the method of its inspiration: "For the prophecy came not by the will of man; but holy men spake as they were moved by the Spirit of God."

## The Authority of the Bible

If the Bible is not true, then it sets up a fraudulent claim; but if that claim can be verified we have no alternative but to receive it at its face value and frame our lives accordingly. The question, *pro* or *contra*, must be determined by internal evidence. We proceed, therefore, to open the Book: and we shall find that the proof of its inspiration is as complete and satisfactory as that which it furnishes to substantiate the immortality of the soul, the divinity of Christ or any other fundamental truth. In other words,

*Third, its claim is verified.*

An examination of the contents of the Book discloses the following facts: (1) Its unity. Here is a volume made up of sixty-six books, on a large variety of themes, written by forty odd writers of various tongues and nationalities, writing at intervals along a period of sixteen hundred years, and representing all degrees of racial development from barbarism to clearest light. Yet the sixty-six books

thus composed, when bound together, constitute a harmonious and consistent whole; yielding one system of doctrine, one code of ethics, one "rule of faith and practice" for all the children of men.

Shall we call this a fortuitous circumstance? The folly of such a statement would immediately be recognized in any other province. If forty odd persons of different tongues and degrees of musical culture were to pass through the organ-loft of a church, at long intervals, and, without possibility of collusion, strike sixty-six notes which when combined should yield the theme of the grandest oratorio ever heard, I respectfully submit that the man who regarded that as "a fortuitous circumstance" would by universal consent be regarded as a fool. The conclusion would be irresistible that there was one controlling mind, a great Tone-Master, behind it.

## A Book for All the Ages

(2) Its completeness. The Bible is the only book that touches and solves every one of the great problems that have to do with human destiny. You cannot ask a question concerning God or immortality or salvation which it does not answer, and answer so clearly as to satisfy the simplest mind. It furnishes a code of morals also which covers every possible question that can be asked respecting the conduct of life. The Decalogue and its exposition in the Sermon on the Mount are universally recognized as the two perfect ethical symbols. When the Book has thus spoken of truth and righteousness it has traversed the entire circumference of human experience; for truth and righteousness are the two hemispheres of man. And having spoken in this manner it leaves nothing more to be said. Wherefore it concludes with the word "Finis." The Book was thus closed forever. There was to be no *addendum*; there were no *errata*. That word "finis" is a challenge to the centuries: "I am complete; supplant or supplement me if you can!"

(3) Its up-to-dateness. Here is the oldest book in the world. The Book of Job had been written three thousand years when our own Chaucer first opened the springs of "English undefyled." The Book of Ruth was twenty-five hundred years old when America was discovered. Yet there are hundreds of millions of people who read their Bibles daily and find them fresh as the break of day. This is because the Book was adjusted in the beginning, to all the vicissitudes of time and the progress of coming ages. Its truths, its ethical precepts, its "exceeding great and precious promises," are like Oriental spices, which the more they are rubbed give forth the more of fragrant sweetness. The Gospel is "good news." It is as new and fresh as when the Evangel came to paradise. It is the last tidings from the heaven of a loving God.

## The Certainty of Bible Truth

(4) Its tone of authority. It might be supposed that a book dealing with spiritual truths, all of which lie beyond the purview of the physical sense, would speak with some measure of reserve or uncertainty; but there are no "ifs" or "perhapes" or "peradventures" here. How could a divine book speak that way? We want no guesses about life and immortality. We must know. We want authority; and there can be no final authority, with respect to these problems, except a divine *ipse dixit*. Wherefore the Book says always "Yea and amen," and "Thus saith the Lord," and "Verily, verily, I say unto you."

Put an "if" into the Decalogue and you lay a charge of dynamite under the morality of men and nations. Put an "if" under the manger at Bethlehem and you destroy the happiness of a million homes. Put an "if" under Calvary and you make us of all men most miserable. Put an "if" under the empty sepulchre in Joseph's garden, and our visions of life and immortality vanish into thin air. But blessed be God, there are no "ifs" in the Bible. It gives no uncertain sound. It speaks as the oracles of God.

(5) Its truth; its faultless, flawless truth. The claim of absolute inerrancy is not made for any current version of the Scriptures. It would be singular indeed if the hundreds of current versions were so absolutely identical as to show no discrepancies. Let it be noted, however, that these discrepancies are so insignificantly slight as not to affect in the slightest degree the integrity of the

doctrinal and ethical teaching. And let it be observed also—and this I wish to emphasize—that they are such as to convince any candid mind that they were not in the original but have crept into the text in the process of translation and transmission. This being true, they furnish of themselves a mighty argument for the absolute inerrancy of the original autograph.

If it be replied that no man living has ever seen that "original autograph" and that we are not practically concerned with it, we answer that the objection proves either too little or too much. For, by the same token, no living man has ever seen the incarnate Word of God. He lived only thirty years in this world of ours and then vanished. The only knowledge that we have of him, apart from the Scriptures, is through his followers; for every Christian is, so to speak, a current version of the incarnate Word. Christ, like the Bible, has suffered by transcription through the ages.

## The Bible the Only Authentic Record

It is nevertheless of supreme importance that we shall believe that Christ, as he once lived on earth, was the perfect Son of God. And the very mistakes of believers in their earnest yet inadequate efforts to copy his life and character are evidences of his perfection. We are ever striving to get back to the original Christ; precisely as reverent students of the Scriptures seek, by both textual and historical criticism, to reach the "original autograph," that is, the "first edition" of the written Word of God.

If the destructive critics were to be taken at their word the Bible is full of frightful errors. Its prophecies have failed, its history is not historical, its science is unscientific, its stories are myths, its facts are fabulous; and there is practically nothing trustworthy in it. We make bold to affirm, on the contrary, that as yet the destructive critics have not been able to produce a single error or discrepancy which cannot be most reasonably explained as either purely imaginary or unimportant.

Of its ten thousand prophecies not one has miscarried yet. The owl and bitter, dwelling among the ruins of innumerable cities on which the curse of divine judgment was pronounced in olden times, confirm their truth.

The history of the Bible is the only authentic history of the world. It is a deep river, flowing backward in its course past the ruins of antiquity, past the confusion of tongues, past the deluge and the creation, past the solitude of primeval ages, past the floating nebulae, and still beyond to the ineffable glories where it finds its source beneath the heavenly throne, as it is written, "In the beginning, God."

And that history has come out of the ordeal of long centuries of criticism without a successful challenge. Archaeologists are unearthing confirmations every day. It used to be said, for example, that the Battle of the Four Kings was purely fabulous; till along came a man with a spade and dug up a royal library in the valley of the Euphrates, bearing date of 640 B.C., wherein were found the names of the Four Kings. This man with the spade is continually verifying the historicity of the Bible in that way.

## Impregnable and Indestructible

The same can be affirmed of its science. It is frequently said that "the Bible was not intended to be a scientific book," giving the impression that it makes little difference whether its scientific statements are trustworthy or not. The question, however, is not whether the Bible was intended to be a scientific book, but whether it is true or not. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*. If the Bible cannot be trusted at this point, what ground have we for committing ourselves to its guidance in spiritual things? You have impugned the veracity of your witness.

*Fourth, its indestructibility.*

No other book has ever provoked such fierce opposition. If fires and acids could have destroyed it, it would have been lost and forgotten long ago. The ancient cities of the world were lit with bonfires of Bibles; yet the Book survives without the smell of fire upon it. The corrosive acids of unfair criticism have been poured upon it from time immemorial; but they have not destroyed a single page of it. The Book is its own greatest miracle. It stands, to use the words of Gladstone, as "the impregnable

Continued on page 433

\* Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church (Baptist), New York City. Text: "He would advise us to give an answer to every man that asketh you the reason of the hope that is in you."



## How Aunt Hannah Helped

**O**H DEAR! another famine, and in China, too! I did hope there wouldn't be no more famines, but it has come, an' now the question is, what can I do to help?"

"I don't see that you can do anything, Aunt Hannah. There's more offering in this country, yez, right in our midst, than we can alleviate, and China is so far away. It isn't as though they were our neighbors, and—"

"But they be our neighbors. Their jines urn down there. It does eally seem as if the Lord meant that we in this country should help 'em. Of course there's sufferin' here, but people don't need to go hungry, an' to hink of them poor little children starvin' to death or bein' sold to some heartless monster who traffics in human souls, jist hants me till I've got to do somethin'." I sent five dollars to the other famines, an' I've jist got to give somethin' to this one somehow. I'll go home an' think it over."

As she rose to depart the perplexed, worried look on her face disappeared, and with a sigh of relief she exclaimed, "There! I have an idee! I'll tell you about it bime-by." And, knitting work in hand, she hastened homeward to put the "idee" into practice.

A few days later she appeared again, with a beaming face, and this is the story as she told it:

"You know them brass-headed androns of mine that Great-granther Frost give me, that come down from Colonial times? Well, Squire Pratt's wife saw 'em when she come to get some sewin' done, an' said she'd give me five dollars for 'em. I told her I couldn't think of partin' with 'em. I've set a store by 'em, an' kept 'em polished so you could see your face in them brass balls on top, but lately I hain't seen nothin' but starvin' Chinese faces in 'em, so I concluded to let 'em go, an' took 'em out of the fireplace an' put in a pair of iron ones I had in the garret. That very evening, who should come in but two of my girls with their beaus!"

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" they cried out, "where's them androns we've admired so much?" Then I told 'em what I'd planned to do with 'em, but they said five dollars wa'n't 'nough for such a treasure, an' only give 'em time an' they'd raise that money somehow. So they went to see the others, an' one said she'd go without the new gloves she was jist goin' to buy, an' nother'd go without a belt, an' nother a collar, an' they asked their beaus to give up the entertainment they'd planned on and give the price of the tickets. So in one way an' nother the money was raised. I was so glad, for I did hate to part with 'em. So you see, if I'm goin' to hold on to these young people the Lord has given into my care, an' keep them out of the traps Satan is settin' fer 'em in this village, I've got to keep my house pleasant. So I light the big lamp and keep a bright fire an' encourage 'em to come here for their little treats, an' I cook the oysters for their spreads, an' help them plan out candy pulls, and get up other amusements."

She did not add that she baked delicious cookies and old-fashioned gingerbread of her own to help out in their good times. She believes heartily in the Gospel of home-made fun as the best weapon with which to fight the dangerous "down street" allurements; and the fact is, she is slowly but surely educating the people of this village to feel that the people even at the ends of the earth are our neighbors, and that God wants us to share our blessings. In ways best known to herself she succeeded in raising ten dollars which was soon on the way to New York to help swell that "famine fund" in which we all now take a deep interest, thanks to Aunt Hannah.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

## The "Old Path" and the New

By P. G. MEATH

**A** CERTAIN rabbi, speaking of the conciseness of the truth according to the Mosaic Dispensation, declared he could tell the whole truth while he stood on one foot. But much more concise still, according to the Christian Dispensation, the whole truth can be told in a breath. And to be born of the Spirit of God, and to know Jesus Christ as one's personal Saviour, is the whole truth in a few words. And that it has been the purpose of our Lord to make the truth so plain, brief and reasonable we cannot fail to see. It is written so plainly that "wayfaring men, though fools, might not err therein."

Primitive Christians loved the simple truth and obeyed it. They attended the house of the Lord for devotion and instruction. They were there to know God's will and his pleasure concerning them. They received what they sought for—spiritual power. The hungry lions, the stake and place of torture could not shake their faith in God nor intimidate them in their vindication of truth.

**M**UCH of modern Christianity has wandered far from this standard. They want what they call "a good time" in the house of God. The preacher must be entertaining at the expense of the truth, or look up some other field of labor. Eating, drinking, social and theatrical entertainments are usual in the house of God, and we might add that quite a fraction of modern Christianity has become an elementary school for the cultivation of theatrical talent, and without doubt they bring forth much fruit in that line. In the last thirty years, theatres and theatrical talent have greatly increased. Saloons in every quarter have found it profitable to throw open their doors to unemployed talent. In our day, that the world is a stage more truly than ever before is no dream.

To modern Christians truth has become insipid. They must have something to please the senses and feed their vanity, let come what will. To them the house of God is no longer sacred. It has become a workshop, a club-house, a restaurant, a vaudeville theatre. The crucifixion of our Lord, solemn and sacred as it is, is put on the stage as a play. It seems that there is no limit to what we may look for in modern Christianity.

In the Primitive Church there was no delusion or false mediation between the sinner and his God. Christ alone was his Mediator and Advocate. With worshipers in those days, God was a pure Spirit, and could only be worshiped in Spirit and in truth. Foolish rites, heartless ritualism, relics and statuary—which is, to say the least, modern idolatry—had no place in the Primitive Church. And, let us ask, can the wise and just do other than admit that all this is a grave reflection on an all-wise Creator?

**W**HY it is that a way marked out by God himself, so plain, wise and logical, could by men supposed to be possessed of reason be made so mysterious, absurd and complicated is a matter hard to explain. That such delusion was to come to pass, Paul tells us in II. Thes. 2.

If ever the call of the prophet Jeremiah should be heeded, it is now. Jer. 6: 16: "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

What a blessing it would be if all that call upon the name of Christ would go back to the King's good old highway once more—the way of meekness, humility and spiritual life! The coveted place of a disciple of Jesus who would accept his teaching and walk in his steps, is that of humility and meekness. What a farce it is to call the high and haughty—living in palaced homes, in opulence and ease, vying with the princes of the earth—followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who had not where to lay his head!

Seeing in this life we have but one life to live, and in that so much at stake, why should we not take the sure way—God's Word and companionship—that is so freely offered to us, rather than that of frail humanity, that with all its boasted inerancy bears a record of wicked and grievous error? When standing before the Judge of all the earth, is it through faith in man and his word we are to be justified, rather than in the Word and companionship of our God?

**E**VERY man ought to be a member of some Christian organization; but what is of much more value to him is that he be born again, possessed of the spirit of Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal. And fortunately for us, every man can have this blessing who is willing to pay the price. Our Lord in his own Word says: "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." And we know it is a finished work. Every man who seeks with the whole heart will surely find.

With reference to our knowledge and possession of the one thing needful, the following texts in God's Word speak with no uncertain sound:

Rev. 3: 20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." I Cor. 3: 16: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" I Cor. 6: 19: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and ye are not your own?" Eph. 2: 22: "In whom ye are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." I John 4: 13: "Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us."

This is the truth that, once and for all time, was delivered to the faithful. With the true Christian there can be no room for doubt. When a man is the temple of God, possessed of the Spirit of God, how can there be room for doubt? And let us add, no room for bigotry, persecution and self-righteousness. With no shadow of doubt, he finds the "old path" the way of increasing pleasantness as he journeys homeward.

## Anvil Sparks

..BLUNTNESS is not necessarily a sign of sincerity.

..IT WILL not do to build the house even on golden sands.

..NO STRONG faith was ever shipwrecked on hardships.

..THE lazy person never prays for real blessings, for they enhance obligations.

..THE busy days seem the shortest, but they stand out the tallest in the retrospect.

..A GOOD deal may be known about one's character also by the company he keeps out of.

..WHEN a purpose cannot be promoted by the truth, there is something wrong with the purpose.

..THE moral muscle gained in the struggle for self-control must be utilized in helping others.

..THE sacred place of one's conversion can only be kept hallowed by twining it about with the evergreen of a living experience.

..It takes more than beautiful visions of the future to insure a past that will be a delightful contemplation. M. G. R.

## ALL HAIL, O AIRSHIP!

(See Illustration on Cover Page)

**S**AILING on high in the silvery sky, Where never a mortal man

Was seen before since the long, long score Of the centuries began;

Dancing through space at a marvelous pace,

Which halts our startled breath, Goes the aeroplane—that triumph of brain— As it challenges life and death.

Plowman and clerk must stop their work,

And banker and statesman too, As the airship proud surmounts each cloud, Till it fades from our wondering view.

As the coach so slow went long ago, So automobile and car

Must follow soon, as beside the moon We ride through the heavens afar. K. U. C.

## THE QUESTION

**W**ERE the whole world good as you—not an atom better—

Were it just as pure and true,  
Just as pure and true as you;  
Just as strong in faith and works;  
Just as free from crafty quirks;  
All extortion, all deceit;  
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;  
Schemes its neighbors to defraud;  
Schemes some culprit to applaud—  
Would this world be better?

If this whole world followed you—followed to the letter—

Would it be a nobler world,  
All deceit and falsehood hurled  
From it altogether;  
Malice, selfishness, and lust  
Banished from beneath the crust  
Covering human hearts from view—  
Tell me, if it followed you,  
Would the world be better?

## THE VILLAGE EXPRESS

**O**H, what is this noise and clatter—  
The racket outside in the street?

I hear the rush of the wagon  
The running of two little feet,

And above all a gay voice shouting—  
It's a voice that I love, I confess—

"Look out, look out, I am coming!"  
Look out for the Village Express!"

And then round the corner comes bumping  
A wheelbarrow pushed by a boy.

Who cries as he dashes onward:  
"Here's the Village Express, ahoy!"

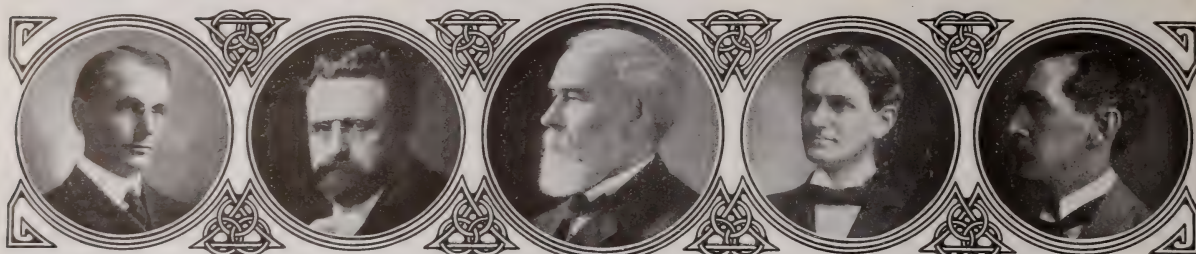
His face is all heated and dirty,

As he looks he is not a success;  
But what fun all when he's playing  
That he is the Village Express!

H. P. LYMAN-WHEATON.



# The Third National Peace Congress



James Van Sickle  
Member Nat'l Peace Congress

Dr. Ernst Richard  
Pres't German-American Peace Society

Dr. Benjamin Trueblood  
Sec'y American Peace Society

P. P. Claxton  
Member Nat'l Peace Congress

Theodore Marburg  
Chmn. Ex. Com. Nat'l Peace Congress

PRESIDENT TAFT will open on Wednesday afternoon, May 3, the third American National Peace Congress, to assemble in McCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. All the Peace Societies of the land unite in making this year's event eclipse its brilliant predecessors in numbers, interest and results. It is the object of the Baltimore Congress to arouse the American people to a realization of what has already been accomplished, and to prove the value of the first Congress at New York in 1907 and the second in Chicago in 1909.

As the commercial and economic phases of war and its national and international effects are now receiving consideration almost to the exclusion of the sentimental, the Congress will, in drafting its results, lay great emphasis on the need for national arbitral settlements under an inviolable international code. This is, of course, planned for its immediate moral and economic results. It would obviate the need for the maintenance of great standing armies, thus relieving the people of this burden on the world's resources and liberating an immense number of men whose energies would be turned to the ordinary producing occupations.

The first peace society in America, or, for that matter, in the world, was founded in New York City by David Low Dodge and his associates in 1815.

This action seemed to establish a precedent for the United States, for despite her later wars this country has always been one of the leaders in all movements tending toward international arbitration. National, State and local peace societies have been formed and are being brought into closer affiliation by the biennial national congresses.

Among the leading bodies concerned in the Baltimore Congress is the veteran American Peace Society, of which Dr. Benjamin Trueblood of Boston is secretary, and which has given special attention to the promotion of the permanent international Court of Arbitration, the distribution of peace literature, and the improvement of international laws. Another leading body which will participate is the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, founded by Mr. Albert K. Smiley in 1895. Among others are the American Association for International Conciliation, led by Richard Bartholdt, Lyman Abbott, Seth Low and others; the New York Peace Society, of which Andrew Carnegie is president; the German-American Peace Society, Ernst Richard, president; the Universal Peace Union; the American School Peace League; the Grim World-Peace Foundation, and the American Peace and Arbitration League, of which President Taft and former President Roosevelt are honorary presidents, and which favors universal peace by conciliation and

arbitration through a permanent international court, arbitration between all nations, and adequate armament for national security.

Mr. Hamilton Holt of New York City is the president for the 1911 Congress, and Mr. Theodore Marburg of Baltimore is chairman of the executive committee. The assembly proposes not only to discuss the economic waste of universal armaments, but also to arouse the public conscience by addresses directed against the folly and the injustice which flow from war and to consider practical means of making war difficult by establishing institutions which will take away the excuse for war.

Special sessions are on the programme for teachers, and the progress of the peace movement as conducted educationally through the schools will be carefully gone over, and plans laid for still more effective activities in the future. This important feature of the Congress is under the direction of a committee headed by James Van Sickle, Baltimore's city superintendent of schools.

The Congress is to approve and urge the proposed arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and will formulate plans for co-operation in the coming celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace between the United States and the British Empire. J. A. S. Philadelphia.

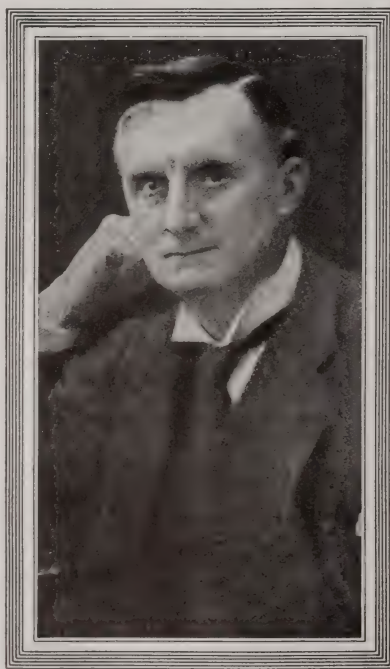
## ENGLAND'S GREAT PEACE APOSTLE

A Character Sketch by William Durban

TWO eminent men have become heroic heralds of a new era, an epoch that is destined, let us hope, to be the vestibule of a millennium for which weary nations are deeply yearning. These forerunners of the coming men who will engineer an international armistice are, happily, not both of the same country. President Taft represents the United States and Sir Edward Grey, England. It is of felicitous augury that in the persons of these statesmen Britain and America are thus sympathetically linked. A bridge is being built that will span the Atlantic. Through these advocates the two greatest nations the world has known will proclaim a message that will inspire a thrill of hope in the breast of humanity in every land.

My American readers know their own President Taft, but they cannot so well know or comprehend Sir Edward Grey. Indeed, this British Foreign Minister is in his own country accounted a somewhat inscrutable personality. He is characterized by a sphinx-like imperturbability which has greatly hindered his attaining anything like that degree of popularity enjoyed by the magnetic-souled Lloyd George, or the versatile Winston Churchill, or the ever fluent Premier Asquith. Outside that conspicuous triumvirate stands their colleague, always cold, calm, and undemonstrative, seldom condescending to address the House of Commons, and even habitually absenting himself from it.

Sir Edward Grey is a phenomenal figure. His clearly chiseled features, his serene blue eyes, his handsome and aristocratic countenance, his slightly aquiline nose, and his limpid but unemotional voice all render him unique among British public characters. He has been suspected of cherishing a sentiment of semi-contempt for the very assembly of which he is one of the most honored and distinguished ornaments. All the Foreign Offices and all the diplomatic chancelleries of the world stand in something like awe of this powerful minister. With one voice all his foreign critics agree in rendering him this high tribute of praise, that his word is as good as his bond. Whenever he makes a statement or gives a promise, the one is accepted as a "firm" statement, the other a redeemable promise. Such is the man who holds the most difficult and delicate post in the Liberal Government now in power in England, and who has electrified not only his own



Sir Edward Grey

The Leading Advocate of Peace in Great Britain whose Recent Speech on Arbitration Evoked World-wide Comment

nation but all civilized communities by his magnificent, prompt, and cordial response to the proposals of President Taft for an arbitration treaty as an example for all nations.

Many of my American readers may wish to know something more of this English statesman now in the limelight of publicity. The Right Honorable Sir Edward Grey, Baronet, is the third representative in succession of the baronetcy which was created in 1814. He succeeded his grandfather both to title and property in 1882. He was born in 1862, and consequently is still in the full prime of life and vigor. Three years ago he was left a widower, bereaved of the beautiful wife whom he fondly loved. It was feared by those who knew his reserved and reticent nature that he would quietly withdraw from all public life, especially as he delights in solitude and is never so happy as when he can find opportunity to indulge in his favorite recreation of salmon fishing. Sir Edward owns about 2,000 acres of fine land round his home at Falldon, in the county of Northumberland, in the farthest north of England, close to the border of Scotland. He is an accomplished scholar, and was a very close student at the famous Balliol College in Oxford University. He is a fine athlete, having at one period been distinguished in the national English game as a cricketer, and also captured the Queen's Prize as a tennis player.

Sir Edward Grey is not a captivating orator, for he is quiet, low-voiced, and singular in his mannerisms, having a curious habit of fidgeting with his hands, incessantly either putting them in and out of his pockets or lifting them one after the other to the back of his head. He never indulges in a metaphor or trope or makes any effort at rhetorical brilliancy; yet his speeches are listened to with an eagerness approaching reverence, because of their fervent earnestness, high moral tone, valuable lucidity, exact information, interesting individuality, righteous appeal, and recognized sincerity. Above all, his utterances are welcome even by his greatest political opponents, because here is a statesman who despises the arts of diplomatic *finesse*, repudiates Machiavellian duplicity, and has never been suspected of engineering schemes of international treachery. Integrity has been the keynote of his policy, and he is thus a kind of Cromwell *redivivus*.



# A Wizard of the World of Plants

**K**ELVIN of England in physics and our own Burbank in horticulture are instances of whole-souled devotion extended by brilliant minds to the development of material things for human welfare. No one is known to-day who communes on more intimate terms with the God-given but hidden forces in plant-life and their latent potentialities than Luther Burbank, native of Massachusetts, wonder-worker in the wonderland of California. His achievements proclaim him a genius of a singular kind; for he has been the producer of many varied and useful additions to vegetable life—large and small, native and exotic, commonplace and exquisite, commercially unsurpassed and, again, appealing only to the æsthetic sense. From the stately oak and the walnut to the homely rhubarb and even the sprawling weeds of the roadside he runs the scale of his experiments. Over the laws governing plant life and its development his reign, within certain limits, seems supreme.

If genius is nine-tenths toil and intensive application, it is his; but there is not lacking the divine spark. The keen glance with which he perceives characteristics and adapts them to his purposes is the evidence of the inborn fire. Out of a hundred thousand plants growing for an experiment—a number which precludes individual inspection—he selects one that yields the desired results. The others are destroyed.

Mr. Burbank's unremitting toil in his chosen field began forty years ago with the Burbank potato, which since then has remained a standard for yield and quality. It was but the harbinger of literally innumerable other "plant-creations," some improvements on old varieties, some new altogether, some setting up the claim of hitherto unknown species. Only those were allowed to live that had passed muster before the severe judgment of the scrutinizing master. The others were doomed to annihilation. His genius appears as a national dynamic force when his methods promise to decrease the area of land necessary for the support of man—the promise that a score of acres shall become as profitable as a thousand now. Again it is seen in a playful mood in the rainbow grass, showing the national colors, or in the three strains of the Shasta Daisy; or in the one hundred and thirty-six strains of the New Burbank Giant Amaryllis.

His devotion to his task brooks no interference with his liberty to use his talents in his own way for his high purpose, even if he should be forced to give up salary of \$10,000 per annum with hampering conditions attached to it by a scientific institute. This devotion appears in even a stronger setting when we learn that he has spent, in the course of his experimenting, the princely sum of two hundred

and forty thousand dollars of his own private earnings, not one-tenth of which has ever been received in return. "The reward is in the joy of having done good work."

Of this there must be a full measure indeed, if one may judge from the measure of his successes. The "Burbank Plum" is known very generally, but should be understood as generic rather than specific, for there are twenty-four varieties of his introduction. These appear in all the market catalogues of dealers, that is, 100 per cent., while only twelve per cent. of the other new varieties put forth during the same twenty years by other horticulturists have survived the sifting tests of grower, dealer, and consumer. The Burbank Cherry brought at wholesale auction sales, in 1908, fifteen dollars per ten-pound box; again in 1909, in Philadelphia, it was sold at the seemingly fabulous price of thirty-one dollars per box of ten pounds, or \$3.10 per pound. The Standard Prune, another of Mr. Burbank's productions, surpasses the best French prune of California in size, flavor, keeping and shipping qualities. His Crimson Winter Rhubarb is a complete success not only here, but also at Cape Town, South Africa, where all other rhubarbs had been complete failures. None are indigenous, and all attempts made for two hundred years were absolute failures. His Giant Rhubarb produces stalks of delicious flavor throughout the whole year, and its yield above others is as three to one. The Patagonia Strawberry is the first of a new race—inulnerable to sunburn, first to ripen,

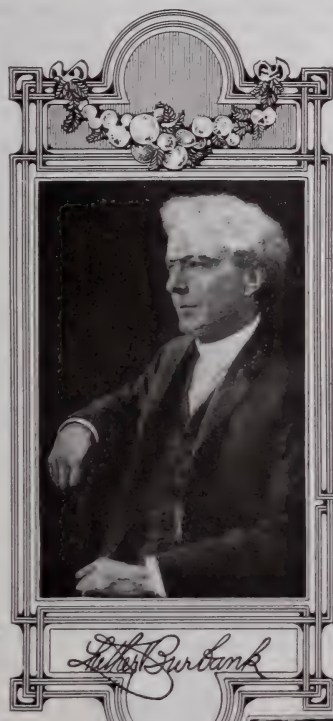
longest in bearing, with fruit almost seedless, palatable even to those who must abstain from the common strawberries. Then there is the Wonderberry, the Phenomenal, the Himalaya Blackberry and the Plumcot, which is neither plum nor apricot, but stands in a class by itself.

What may we not expect from him in years to come when it is known that he is working on several hundred species of fruits and several thousand species of flowers, grasses, and shade and ornamental trees? Besides these, it may be expected that the claims made for his new Spineless Cactus will be proved true. Then the sandy wastes of the arid regions of the world will yield an incredible abundance of food for man and beast. Once established in India by the efforts of the Salvation Army under Booth-Tucker, it may banish the spectre of famine from future generations; for its leaves, joints, and fruit are all usable. Its productiveness under favorable circumstances is proved by Burbank to be at the rate of 100 tons of fodder and 198,637 pounds of delicious pear-like fruit per acre.

Official representatives of the governments of England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Japan, China, India, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Chile, New Zealand, and a number of others have been in communication with Mr. Burbank in regard to his new cactus plants. The striking omission of United States officials in this list is hard to account for in a rational way.

While Mr. Burbank has had his share of misunderstanding, prejudice and misrepresentation by unscrupulous dealers in Burbank (?) green carnations, blue roses, seedless watermelons, or hardy bananas, he is not without honor even in his adopted State. March 7, the day of his birth, has been made a legal holiday and the Arbor Day there in his honor. Two thousand seven hundred and forty-six names of applicants for positions on his experimental farms were registered at one time. Six thousand visitors in one year alone clamored for interviews. His work was made impossible; his health was on the point of breaking down. Extraordinary measures were of necessity adopted by his friends and relatives to shield him from this onslaught of an appreciative but thoughtless public. Approach to him is now as difficult as to the President. Attempts to get interviews merely for the purpose of asking childish questions are discouraged in every possible way. Mr. Burbank's time is too valuable both to himself and to humanity at large to be wasted in this way. Beneath the ardor of the scientist and the buoyancy of the enthusiast there is in Mr. Burbank's character that finest qualification of genius—the realization that it is but an entrusted talent, of which an account must be given.

It is only a few weeks since this wizard of the plant world decided to try some of his horticultural theories on a human being. He has taken a boy from the schools of one of the California cities, and is firmly convinced that the right environment and proper sort of education will transform the truant and wayward boy into a stalwart and steady man.



"In all Europe there is no one who can even compare with Luther Burbank."

—Prof. Hugo De Vries, Amsterdam, Holland



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The Burbank Spineless Edible Cactus

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE UNVEILING of Queen Victoria's statue, opposite Buckingham Palace, London, on May 16, will be one of the memorable events of the coronation year. All the royal family will be present. King George has invited the German Emperor to perform the ceremony. The German Emperor will also be present. May this family reunion be a harbinger of peace between two great nations.

—STATEMENTS PRINTED in some of the London papers say it is understood that King George has revived the rule which obtained in Queen Victoria's reign that no divorced person be received at court. Some relaxation of the rule was made by King Edward. It is believed, however, that though some hardships will be inflicted, the more comprehensive measure revived by King George will be more workable and satisfactory.

—RECENT DISPATCHES from Fez, Morocco, state that the situation there is very unsettled. The tribesmen have taken up arms and surrounded the city. They seem undecided whether to submit to Sultan Mulai Hafid or attack the town. On April 2 they charged down upon the government troops under the walls,

but were soon dispersed by sharp artillery fire. France has intimated that she will take steps to prevent any long continued strife in Morocco, and has requested Spain to second her efforts. To this Spain has given an affirmative reply, thus assuring the world that no extended petty warfare is to be tolerated.

—ISAAC HARRIS and Max Blanck, joint-owners of the Triangle Waist Company, in whose plant in the Ash building at 25 Washington Place 146 persons lost their lives during the fire of March 25, have been indicted for second degree manslaughter. The indictments were handed up in the Court of General Sessions just after the Grand Jury completed its inspection of a charred bit of wood to which a fastened lock was clinging. This was the lock from the main exit door of the ninth floor where the greatest loss of life took place.

—WITH THE APPROVAL of President Taft an attempt will be made to amend the enabling act providing for the entry into the Union of the Territory of Arizona, so that the President will not be compelled to approve or disapprove the Arizona constitution.

Two of the representatives have submitted a proposed amendment to the enabling act to the President. It reads as follows: "And that portion of section 22 of said act which requires the approval or disapproval of said constitution by the President is hereby repealed." This will relieve the President of the necessity of throwing out the enabling act because of some of its provisions which are experimental in their nature.

—ANTI-CRUELTY to animals is a dominating fad which in certain cases is apt to run to excess. Thus we have the story of a wealthy woman who, in order that her pet building might have a pleasant and comfortable journey to San Francisco, hired a Pullman for his exclusive accommodation at a cost of \$2,000. As a counterpart to this we hear of an effort being made by the Anti-Cruelty Society to stop the "cruel practice" of importing live turtles from the West Indies and keeping them lying on their backs while in transit. Somebody appropriately suggests that the promoters of this effort might do well to look in at the New York subway, where the closely-wedged crowds of human beings would be apt to envy the turtles.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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## To Close the Famine Fund May 15

FORTUNATELY, the end of the long famine in China is not now very far off. In a few weeks more, the growing wheat will be ripe enough to harvest and the famine cloud will lift. Hope and courage will quickly return to the sufferers with the restoration of normal conditions. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that, unless some unforeseen misfortune arise, the worst of the famine will soon be over.

Meanwhile THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will continue to accept and forward contributions to the Relief Fund up to May 15. All contributions received on and after that date will be returned to the senders.

## The Coming Peace Congress

WHEN the third American National Peace Congress meets in Baltimore next month, its chief task, according to the outlined programme which we publish elsewhere, will be to review the economic and commercial aspects of modern warfare. It will thus be to a large extent a Congress for popular information and education. It is astonishing how little the average individual knows of the tremendous cost of military establishments as we see them to-day, and how little he reckons of the Atlantean burden which they impose upon every branch of industry, productive, manufacturing and commercial. Here is a table which will serve for reference to readers who are interested in this practical view of the subject. It shows the estimated costs of maintaining the armies and navies of the different nations for the current fiscal year:

|                      |               |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Great Britain .....  | \$341,818,500 |
| United States .....  | 214,398,595   |
| Russia .....         | 258,750,000   |
| France .....         | 250,000,000   |
| Germany .....        | 214,000,000   |
| Italy .....          | 78,000,000    |
| Austro-Hungary ..... | 60,000,000    |
| Japan .....          | 77,000,000    |

These figures do not include the British, German or French colonies, nor the National Guard of the various American States, nor do they include pensions. Here is a grand total approximately of \$1,588,000,000. Indeed, the figures will be rather in excess of that below this estimate, as some of the individual totals given above are for the last fiscal year and are smaller than the current figures, which are not yet obtainable. Moreover, the cost is steadily increasing, and when it is remembered that this colossal tribute is paid by industry to the various nations on a peace footing, the contemplation of what it would mean in war time is simply appalling.

It would be difficult to construct a stronger argument against war than these figures present. The strain has become unbearable, the waste unprecedented. And when we add to this the additional consideration that five great Powers alone maintain 3,500,000 able-bodied men in idleness for military service, the individual loss to the industrial world through their withdrawal practically doubles the direct cost in taxation to these nations even in time of peace. The economic view should be taught everywhere, in our schools and colleges, as an important means toward the conversion of the world to peace and arbitration.

## Society and the Working Girl

IT IS said that the theory is constantly impressed upon the students at West Point and Annapolis that they are expected to form the most "aristocratic" social circle in the country; and it is to be feared that this rumor has some foundation. Otherwise, how could it happen that a midshipman was lately disciplined for inviting to a social function of the Naval Academy a young governess—beautiful, accomplished, and having in her veins the best blood in America, but guilty of the crime of working for her living?

The extraordinary attitude of those who reported the "misdemeanor" of the erring midshipman has properly received the unanimous condemnation and ridicule of the press. No cultivated young man is

shut out from "the best society" here because he works for a living. Why should not our cultivated young women, who are honestly laboring for money in a respectable calling, be equally welcome? It is known that English ideas upon social requirements do not agree with our own. Merchants and tradesmen there cannot, unless by special dispensation, be received at court. Working women, no matter how exalted their mission, need an even more special dispensation in order to enjoy exalted recognition. It is claimed that we in America are free from castes and social distinctions; that character, brains and refinement are the only passwords to our most exclusive society; and that paid labor, well done, is honorable always and everywhere. The action of these "middies" was ungallant and un-American. Their idea, carried out to the limit, would socially bar some of the brightest men and the noblest women our land has produced. The snobbish Annapolis verdict is wittily ridiculed in a few lines, in the measure of "Danny Deever," by the poet of the New York Times:

"An' what's the cause of all the muss?" asked Blue-Cap-on-Parade.

"There's lastin' feud! There's lastin' feud!" the little Ensign said.

"Uncle Sam's brevetted duchesses and ladies-of-the-court; For a workin' person to butt in, she really hadn't ought. They must draw the line exclusive, and shut out the common sort!

To a free-and-equal nation they've give warnin'."

Our Naval Academy and those who have permitted snobbishness to obtain such a hold there would do well to heed the popular verdict on their social blunder. It is one that will not bear repetition.

## A Chinese Critic on Missions

AN intelligent Chinaman, Mr. Lin Shao Yang, presumably a man of some social standing in his own country, has lately favored the American press with certain strictures upon missionary work in China. He does not hesitate to assail missionaries as "so ignorant that they have nothing to impart but what is absurd, contemptible and demoralizing." He laments the increase of their activities and suggests that the divisions in the ranks of Christianity at the present time should make them less zealous about converting the Chinese. He repeats the old-time taunt, common among a certain class of white traders, that missionaries are not desired as patrons at some public inns in China and Japan—which, by the way, is very much to their credit. Finally, he pronounces their teachings, in his opinion, to be harmful "to the people of China and disastrous to the causes of truth, civilization and international harmony." He predicts that "some day a terrible reaction in the definite expulsion from China of all Western religion" may be confidently anticipated.

There is nothing new in all this, not even in the somewhat gloomy climax. Mr. Lin merely echoes old and long ago exploded slander. He chooses a singular time for his attack, however, when the Christians of our own and other lands are engaged in a heroic and unselfish effort to save his fellow-countrymen from death by plague and starvation; an effort that is welcomed by all classes of Chinese, and even by many of the most distinguished men of his country, men in whose presence he would not dare to utter such calumnies against a friendly people. At the present time, there are 91 Protestant missionary societies laboring in China, with 4,299 white workers. Among their converts are 11,661 Chinese workers, of whom 487 are ordained pastors. Not one of them, we venture to assert, would agree with Mr. Lin. The total number of natives converted to the Christianity which Mr. Lin condemns is 278,628, all of whom would smile with pity at his ignorance of what that religion really means. The missionaries have built 2,029 primary schools and 1,116 intermediate and high schools and colleges, and they are teaching 45,730 students. There are 2,341 Chinese Christian congregations, whose members, though they might pray that Mr. Lin might be redeemed from heathenism and bitterness of soul, would not credit a single statement he has made. There are 170 hospitals and 133 dis-

pensaries established by the white missionaries, in which 45,188 in-patients and 897,011 out-patients are treated by skilled white Christian doctors. Would these poor patients agree with Mr. Lin that the missionaries are "harmful"? There are many high officials in his country who, recognizing the value of missionary service and the benefit of their teachings, have accorded them all needed concessions and opportunities. Is it conceivable that these dignitaries would agree with Mr. Lin's coarse characterization of the men and women whom they have so honored with their confidence and support?

We shall doubtless hear more of Mr. Lin. Ordinarily THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives no heed to such matters; but at this time, when the good people of Europe and America are doing all in their power to help the stricken millions of China, we cannot permit a characterization so deliberate and unjust to pass unnoticed.

## General Notes

—A WINTER WHEAT crop, 10,000,000 bushels larger than any ever raised in the United States, is indicated in the first government report of the season, showing the condition of winter wheat on April 1. If everything goes well between now and harvest time, the yield will be 54,414,000 bushels. Although wheat has declined about thirty cents a bushel since the end of the last season, these reports show that the acreage in winter wheat has never been equaled. It is 1,000,000 acres in excess of 1910 and 5,000,000 acres greater than in 1909. This indicates the coming of a certain reduction in the cost of living in the great cities of America.

—JAPAN is increasing its imports of Australian wool and frozen meats. The people are rapidly adopting Western clothing and a meat diet. A Japanese glassworks in Manchuria is preparing to compete against German and Belgian window glass in Manchuria, Korea and China as far as the Yangtze River. German engineers and factory overseers will be employed at first. The real founder of the undertaking is the president of the Japanese South Manchurian Railway. At present Japan is importing \$1,500,000 worth of foreign glass a year, says our consul at Coburg, Germany. In the neighborhood of Tientsin, China, are five glass factories, two of which are in Japanese hands. Another is to be built and will employ over 1,000 workers. Chinese coolies are employed, who work for still smaller wages than the Japanese. Japanese banking facilities in China are good now, but are to be made larger and still better. In anticipation the older banking interests are doubling their capital and embarking in new banking lines.

## From Hon. L. J. Gage, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury

Some time since I received from you a copy of the memorial volume of the *Life-Work of Louis Klopsch*, sent at the request of Mrs. Klopsch. I have delayed the acknowledgment thereof until now, that I might in the interim read the story of the life-work of this remarkable man. This I have done with a continuance of absorbed interest. In his powers of energy, oversight, breadth of plan and capacity to achieve, he may be compared to the great military leaders of history—Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon—but how different the direction in which his powers were employed! They led men to misery, wounds, poverty, destruction and death; he led a great following into the path of benevolence, human sympathy and love. They have destroyed; he gave life. It was my great privilege to know him in his social and family life and to feel the touch of his broad and beautiful spirit. For men like him the world is in travail; may their number be multiplied. LYMAN J. GAGE.

Point Loma, Calif.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## "Prinzess Irene" Stranded

THE *Prinzess Irene*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Line, under the command of Captain von Letter-Petersen, lost her way and ran aground on Lone Hill sand bank, just off Fire Island. The captain saw stars above him and what he thought was a heavy bank of fog in front of him, which was in reality a bank of sand. The ship had 1,720 passengers aboard besides her crew. The steerage passengers became badly frightened, to the point of panic; but the officers of the ship, all of whom were Germans and spoke Italian, went about among them, assuring them that everything was safe. When the excitement became intense and a panic seemed imminent, the ship's band was sent to the lower deck, where it played patriotic airs by the hour for the entertainment of these passengers. The effect was magical. The steerage passengers did not sleep, but the captain allowed them to crowd the rail and peer into the mist for a glimpse of the shore, telling them how easily they could be landed in case of great peril. The first-cabin passengers, on the contrary, displayed no fear whatever, but entertained themselves with concerts, recitations, and amusements of one kind or another. The wind and the sea would not permit an immediate removal of the passengers, but as soon as it was possible, the *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm*, a sister-ship of the line, was sent to the rescue, and the passengers were first transferred to waiting tugs, and then conveyed to the *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm*. To avoid panic, the steerage passengers were taken off first, and the old tradition of the sea was observed, the women and children going first; then the other passengers were transferred. There was not the loss of a single life in the transaction, which was certainly a marvel. The success of the enterprise was due to the superb discipline of the captain and officers of the *Irene*, and of the men of the tugs and ship to which the passengers were transferred. It was generally thought that the \$3,000,000 ship would be destroyed, but fortunately, by titanic efforts, she was pulled out of her setting in the sand, and, eighty-three hours after she had run aground, she was towed and pushed into her dock at Hoboken by six tugs. Captain Petersen almost went insane over the accident. There is to be an investigation as to the cause of the disaster, till which time it will not be known whether the captain will be relieved from the command or not. Wherever there is human instrumentality, there is the liability of error, and the peril which is likely to follow. In navigating the sea of life a bank of sand is often mistaken for one of fog, and the grounding of the ship is the result. There is a similarity between the stranding of the *Irene* and that of the vessel on which Paul was shipwrecked, in the fact that the two hundred and seventy-six on board the ancient ship were all saved; but dissimilar in the fact that the officers ran the ancient ship aground on purpose, and that while the passengers were saved, the vessel went to pieces.

And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the fore part stuck fast, and remained unmovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. (Acts 27:41.)

### Only Wax Beads

In appraising the estate of one of the women society leaders of this country it was discovered that some of the jewels that were the glory of the proud person and the envy of those who were less wealthy were imitation—that the celebrated five-strand pearl necklace worn by the leader of the four hundred was composed of fake pearls, only wax beads, nothing more. She had some genuine jewels, to be sure; but these were fakes. Extreme society women set a poor example when they load their bodies with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry which cannot add beauty to homeliness, or increase the charms of native beauty. The excessive use of these genuine jewels is coarse enough, but the gaudy display of the imitation ones is still more coarse. There are leaders of American society who are all

that the public could expect of them, and there are other silly proud ones who reach the limit of an empty vanity, and whose features are mirrored in the wax beads that are palmed off for pearls. The only jewels that adorn womanhood are those of truth, faith and love, which are worn within. They are the adornments and treasures of wisdom.

She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. (Prov. 3:15.)

### Strongest Safe for Radium

A Birmingham firm has just made what is thought to be the strongest safe in the world for the British Radium Corporation. It has been constructed as a receptacle for the storage and protection of radium. The height of the safe is only three feet, and yet its weight is one and one-half tons. The double object in the construction has been to protect the precious treasure from thieves and to prevent its loss by emanation. It is understood that lead is the only metal that will withstand the great penetrating

soon as they become proficient, they are sent into the regular classes to recite, from which they return to their special teacher for the correction of their class-room work. What medical science is doing for the material eye, education is doing for the mind that sees through it; and both are imitating the great of Jesus, who, upon earth, took such great joy in opening the eyes of the blind. The one who had been born blind and had been cured by the Saviour, bore this testimony to his miraculous ministry:

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. (John 9:25.)

### Dr. Aked's Farewell

Dr. Aked, after sixteen years in the Baptist ministry in England, closed a four years' pastorate at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, April 9. The church was not able to hold the great audience that came to hear his farewell sermon. The valedictory was an exhortation for peace in the local church, in the nation, and in the world at large. After saying beautiful things about the many kindnesses which he had received, he paid an unusual tribute to his family physician, thanked Judge Lovett, the railroad magnate, for having put his private car at his disposal for the trip to San Francisco, acknowledged the service of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his Bible class in the four years of his ministry in New York; and special gratitude was expressed at the purse of \$2,500 which his friends had given him. Dr. Aked was counted one of the greatest preachers of England. He is certainly one of the pulpit giants of America. As a platform orator, he has few equals anywhere in the world. Dr. Aked's great intellect, his marked originality, his devotion to Christ and his kingdom, will make him a great factor in the Congregational Church in San Francisco, of which he becomes a pastor, and throughout the whole Pacific Coast. In his insistence upon the spiritual interpretation of the truth we are reminded of the description of the preachers of old.

Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament. (II. Cor. 3:6.)

### Horrible Mine Disasters

The newspapers simultaneously report two shocking mine disasters—one in the Banner mine at Littleton, Ala., where 128 men perished, most of them convicts; and one in the Pancoast Mine at Throop, Pa., three miles from Scranton, in which at least fifty men and ten boys were suffocated or burned to death. It is claimed that the loss of life at Banner was the most disastrous of any mining calamity in Alabama, and that the one at Throop, Pa., is the worst in the State since the fire twelve years ago at the Twin Shaft Mine at Pittston, when sixty-four lost their lives, and the fire at Avondale, in which 100 men were lost. There were 400 men and boys in the Banner Mine when the fire started, but some of them escaped through a second opening, which the State law requires in mines. These enormous slaughters are only a small proportion of those who are killed in the mining industry. It is claimed that there are about 7,000 killed or maimed annually in this branch of the nation's industry, which is a fearful price to pay through human carelessness and greed. Human life is wickedly cheap in this country. In some nations of Europe—Belgium, for instance—the governmental precautions are such that the sacrifice of life among miners is not over one-twelfth of what it is in this country. Fortunately each year the laws of the various States better safeguard the lives of the miners and those engaged in other perilous employment, and as life and love shall grow stronger than grind and greed, the perils of industrial life, so shocking now, will be reduced to a minimum. While there may be no wrong intention and no overt act to harm, the carelessness and avarice of the human heart are not guiltless; and of human society to-day, it can be truthfully said:

In thy skirts is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents. (Jer. 2:34.)

North German Lloyd Steamship "Prinzess Irene" on the Sands Off Fire Island, N. Y.



Copyright by The Pictorial News Co.

Women and Children from the First Party Taken by Tugboat from the Stranded Steamer

power of radium emanations. But any thief can get through a barrier of lead in a few minutes; so a safe of lead is encased in one of steel. The interior shell is of three-inch lead, and the outer casement is of a similar thickness of steel. The door is fitted in a peculiar manner to prevent any escape of the radium light. In the safe there is now a little nugget of radium worth \$1,250,000. Strong as the safe is, it will be a fortunate thing if some brilliant thief shall not find a way to get into it and take the fortune. The Master himself makes mention of the insecurity of earthly treasure, and contrasts it with the security of divine possessions.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matt. 6:20.)

### Singular Instruction of Blind

It would hardly be believed that blind children are taught in the public schools of New York in the regular classes with children that see. They read, study and recite with them, and they compete successfully with them in their studies. There are eight classes for the blind, each containing ten scholars. They are taught the Braille system of point-writing, typewriting and map-making, and as



# A Little Tour in Newfoundland



Part of the Fishing Fleet Lying in the Harbor at St. Johns

"NEXT station, Ireland!"

It was a professor in Trinity College, Dublin, with whom I had traveled through Canada, who made this remark as we alighted one day from the train at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Sure enough, Ireland would be the next station, and not so very far away, as ocean distances go; since it is less than two thousand miles from St. Johns to the Irish Coast.

I suppose readers of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* have read more about Labrador than about Newfoundland, especially since Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's labors up there and his activity in bringing the isolated life of the Labrador people to the attention of our own people. Labrador, after all, is only a territorial extension of Newfoundland, and sometimes it is disputed where the Newfoundland jurisdiction ends and that of the Canadian province of Quebec begins.

Everything in regard to Newfoundland always has interested me from its history as a fishing settlement up to its recognition by Great Britain as a self-governing colony. It still speaks to the visitor of the old times, centuries ago, when the French and the Portuguese and the valiant Basques from the Bay of Biscay came out annually for the catch, and then returned to their native countries. Many of the names recall those times.

Fisher-folk are much the same the world over, whether on the Devon Coast of England, on the coast of Brittany in France, or on our own New England Coast. They are sturdy, straightforward, open-hearted. Their life is one constant struggle, and its nature cannot be made much easier. In Newfoundland it has perhaps undergone less change than in Nova Scotia and in New England. The people at the out-ports, as the fishing villages are called, are hardy and primitive. They have all the characteristics of a people who for years have led isolated lives and have become very self-reliant.

St. Johns itself is one of the most picturesque and interesting ports in the world. Nature in some way cleft the rocky highlands, and opened up a wonderful shelter from the stormy Atlantic. Once in a while an iceberg drifts into the harbor, but usually icebergs are only seen a hundred miles or more off the coast. Two or three times, when I have had a chance to pass a few days in St. Johns, I have spent most of the time wandering among the fishing vessels, some from the United States, some from Canada, but most of them belonging to the Newfoundlanders themselves. There are also the sealers, which, when the season comes, breast the far northern seas, sometimes bringing back a catch which

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

means a small fortune both to the owners and the crew.

Naturally, most of the picturesqueness of Newfoundland is to be found along the coast, with its hundreds of inlets and bays and its pretty fishing villages. But the overland trip by the narrow-gauge railway is also very interesting. It is more than five hundred miles across from the landing at Port aux Basques to St. Johns. Part of the way the railroad runs along the coast and the bays, then it strikes straight over the high interior lands. Some of these are called "the barrens." There is peat

that a couple of thousand miles' journey for a week's good salmon fishing was a passing incident with me every summer. After my return, I was telling of this with some amusement to a friend who lives in one of the Southern States. He at once began his inquiries as to the salmon fishing in general and the particular stream where I had met the stranger. When he had all of the particulars, he announced that he was going to Newfoundland this summer. He figured a week to get there and back and a week of the sport. He will have to travel, going and coming, about five thousand miles.

There is also the hunting, chiefly for deer, and especially for caribou. It did not seem to me that there could be very much sport in hunting caribou, since on one visit, I saw several herds of them peacefully crossing the railway track. This, however, is not common, and I believe the Newfoundland Government has stringent regulations against the wanton slaughter of the caribou.

Newfoundland is not only a land of fishermen. It has timber resources, and lumber and logging give employment to many of the inhabitants. Within the last two years very important industries have been established for utilizing its pulp wood resources. Pulp wood is becoming of increasing importance to newspapers everywhere, and any country which has the spruce for pulp has an asset of great value. Lord Northcliffe, the owner of the *London Times* and twenty-five or thirty other English newspapers, has established immense works for grinding the pulp wood, and also for making it into print paper. He has provided a model town, fully as modern as any community in England or the United States. Other companies have also gone into the pulp wood business.

It was at first thought that there would be difficulty in getting labor, since practically all the inhabitants of the island of Newfoundland are fishermen. When the paper works were begun, however, it was soon found that these fishermen, from the nature of their lives, had also become expert woodsmen, and even artisans and mechanics. They had learned how to build their own boats and their own cottages, and they were not long in advancing a step further in industrial lines.

Newfoundland not only has its fisheries, which will always be a great source of wealth, and its timber resources; in addition there is farming land, and it is one of the surprises that meet the visitor from the United States to see beautiful and well cultivated farms in the immediate vicinity of the city of St. Johns.



Gathering the Dried Codfish into "Kentles" or Bundles for Shipment

moss, a scrubby growth of trees, and then the larger timber growths. It is after one strikes into the interior that the famous hunting and fishing grounds are found.

The salmon streams of Newfoundland are celebrated. Some years ago, when stopping at one of the little way stations, I met an English gentleman, who casually remarked that he had come out for his salmon fishing. He was not interested in hunting or anything else. It seems a long way to come—something more than two thousand miles—for a few days' fishing.

Last year I ran across the same Englishman. He took our meeting as a matter of course. He assumed that I, like himself, was fond of the sport, and



This block contains three black and white photographs. The leftmost photograph shows three people in traditional clothing standing next to a bullock cart in a field. The middle photograph shows two children sitting on the ground, one holding a small object. The rightmost photograph shows a person cooking over a fire while another person sits nearby.

### Preparing Food for the Famine Invalids

from Anhui province, now in the United States, gives this description of scenes witnessed in the famine districts:

In one district in Anhui 150,000 are suffering. The first thing when in dire need is to part with the donkey or cow, with which they plow; then their farm implements; next their surplus clothing; then the house is pulled to pieces and all the framing and plank sold for food. Having now no home, they take the wheelbarrow which they have reserved and pile on the little ones of the family, the iron pan to cook in and a couple of bowls. Then they beg their way to the nearest town, helplessly begging, the father in the lead pushing the barrow with two or three children; next the wife with bound feet, stumbling along, and strung out behind two or three more children. Food becomes so scarce that the sale of the children begins. The father, staggering from very weakness, searches for any sprig of green, to sustain life, and finding none, he turns to the bark of the willow tree, as his last resort. The pailor and emaciated child, then, is sold for a few dollars. Another has gone out. Ten dollars will save a family of six or eight till wheat harvest. Two dollars will save an adult life.

One man who was carrying dirt for me for three cents a day says that his whole family of seven are now subsisting on that, having nothing else to depend on. I am told by one neighbor that another family of eight are making sixteen ounces of meal per day into soup, and that it is all they have. One neighbor family of three pass the day eating only one-half cent's worth of wheat bran for the three. A few days ago a man with nothing whatever on him was sitting outside by the side of a house in the snow and mud and ice, and his high boots were frozen down on him. One morning when I arose I found a fifteen-year-old boy just outside of my gate, having crouched there all night when the temperature was ten degrees below freezing. I inquired about him and found that his father, mother and whole family had perished, and that he had been out six days begging without anything to eat. He was in the poorest of rags. I found him a boy of good manners and willing to carry dirt. But when he got up it was shown that his feet had frozen and his toes were already in a rotten condition. Again, when the temperature was below freezing I saw a half-frozen man, a child, sister, and mother, all of them babies with cold and hunger. I am not telling isolated cases; there are just such as I have told above to be found by the thousands.

All contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Fund should be sent in without delay to be of real service, as the Fund will close on May 15.

[illegible]



Contributions for Our China Famine Fund *Continued from preceding page*[illegible]

## Contributions in Aid of the Bowery Mission

|                          |                      |                      |                         |                         |                         |                         |                        |                        |
|--------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 100 Smith, Ruth.         | 100 Singer, Geo      | 100 Smith, May L.    | 500 Steacy, J. W.       | 100 Sullivan, A. Y.     | 200 Theisen, H.         | 500 Todd, Mrs. C.       | 100 Utterdies, H. W.   | 200 Ward, E. A.        |
| 100 Solinger, Mrs. G. W. | 100 Singer, M. A.    | 500 Smith, Minnie M. | 500 Steele, F. A.       | 100 Super, O. B.        | 100 The J. L. Mott Iron | 100 Todd, Mr. & Mrs. I. | 100 Valtette, Mrs. M.  | 200 Ward, Mrs. S.      |
| 100 Solon, R. L.         | 500 Singler, John    | 500 Smith, P. S.     | 500 Steeles, Charles J. | 500 Surface, H. L.      | 100 Works               | 500 Todd, Judson S.     | 250 VanBrunt, Mrs. M.  | 100 Ward, Mrs. W. A.   |
| 100 Solon, H.            | 100 Singson, J. H.   | 500 Smith, R. S.     | 500 Steen, J. H.        | 500 Suter, J. H.        | 100 T. J. Mott          | 500 Todd, Mrs. J. H.    | 100 VanDusen, Mrs. J.  | 100 Ward, Mrs. W. A.   |
| 100 Souffert, John       | 200 Sinskey, Oscar.  | 500 Smith, J. R.     | 500 Steinfeld, Fred     | 200 Sydnam, Mrs. K. I.  | 100 The Linen thread    | 100 Tolles, M. J.       | 100 Vandervoort, E. C. | 300 Ward, Wm F.        |
| 100 Sparr, Harry M.      | 100 Skeels, D. S.    | 100 Sinder, John S.  | 500 Steinhard, F. J.    | 100 Swain, Mrs. C. J.   | 100 Co. N. Y. City.     | 100 Tolman, J.          | 100 VanHouten, Mrs. A. | 100 Warner, Mrs. J. T. |
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| 100 Spaulding, W. H.     | 100 Snyder, Miss K.  | 100 Snyder, Miss K.  | 100 Steiner, Mrs. A.    | 100 Stuart, M. J.       | 200 The Misses Wiest    | 100 Torrey, Mrs. E. J.  | 100 VanKeulen, Mr. H.  | 100 Warren, Mrs. M. S. |
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# DOOLITTLE'S DOUBLE

By MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

THIS story is about two people—Doolittle and the Whelp; that was what the Indians called him, but after he became an adopted son, he was known as Doolittle's Double; and if you once saw the two together, you would know why.

Of course, others contribute indirectly, just as a theatrical cast includes—"shouts outside," and "mob of revolutionists." There was Black Coyote, the Whelp's Indian master, and after him a long procession of redskins, each one of whom contributed a scar for the Whelp's body or soul.

Then there was Hector, the abused, scarred little pony that finally carried the Whelp across the wastes of Indian Territory and into the newly-settled plains country of Kansas. The Whelp named him for the brave old house dog that died under the tomahawk that day the Indians came.

On Doolittle's side, too, there were other influences. A weak woman, a dishonest brother, false friends; but unless you lived on the plains when they were in the making, you could not understand Doolittle. To be sure, a long, narrow man, with a long narrow face, and thin lips that snarl forever, is not indigenous to any country; but the plains, with their wind and sun, and vast loneliness, do things with a man of that type which are past explaining.

The smaller settlers on the Big Salt table lands, where Doolittle's broad acres grazed his vast herds, soon learned the manner of man that he was, and took their neighborings elsewhere; so that, shunned at home and abroad, the richest man in all that proud country became a veritable pariah.

Men and horses he had to have, for his herds were many; but they were cowed creatures, of dejected spirit, who received never a pleasant word or look, and carried themselves after the manner of slaves under the lash.

It was a day in late autumn. The wind, waxing fiercer as night drew near, roared beneath the empty arches of the sky, and lashed the tall, dun grass and dried weeds. For miles the Whelp had ridden the pony—at the start but a bag of bones—the only moving object in sight. The creature staggered and stumbled patiently over the half-worn trail, and the rider swayed from side to side. Starvation and exhaustion were about to claim their own, for while the new country was rich in promise, it held no manna for the homeless traveler.

Doolittle watched them coming, his lips set in their habitual snarl, his fingers curving inward a bit. Already in his mind were the words which would send them on their way; for no stranger had been allowed on his place for months. The pony stumbled toward him until the gray-faced, unseeing rider stared him in the face. Then, before Doolittle could speak, the Whelp, wavering, pitched forward into his arms.

The man looked for a moment at his burden; then, calling one of his helpers, pointed to the pony, which, with head drooping to the ground, panted and shivered.

"Take care of it. It's beat out," he directed; and, turning, carried the boy into the house and laid him on his own bed.

First there was a period of semi-consciousness. Then the Whelp—under a roof and with a white man for the first time in ten years—faced his benefactor unblinkingly and unthankingly. At seven he had been a normal child, a bit brooding and secretive, perhaps, as betokening certain strains of New England ancestry. Every impulse of his captivity had been toward getting back to his kind; yet now he

met the first one more Indian than white.

As for Doolittle, he looked into the Whelp's face as into a mirror. Long, narrow, thin-lipped and beetle-browed was his face, and sullen his manner. What the plains had done to the older man, the Indians had wrought in the Whelp.

Food, shelter and clothing were given the lad, and as he returned to strength, he returned the favors. His years of hardship and outdoor life had fitted him for labor, and he gave it ungrudgingly. But no words, beyond necessary monosyllables.

Thus, when Doolittle indicated the pony's seamed side, cruel memory dyed his cheek a dull red, beneath its tan. Much he might have told of such things, but his reply was brief.

"Indians." And no more. The same word explained a scar on the Whelp's face, and the loss of a finger. No questions were asked, or explanations given. Doolittle's snarl might have seemed less imminent, but the Whelp's sullen, averted face took no note. Each recognized in himself a replica of the other, but neither would appear to notice that they were as alike as father and son.

The boy's one companion was the pony—now growing plump and well-fed. One day—the Whelp had thrown himself, Indian-wise, on the grass, and Hector was nibbling about his head and face—Doolittle stood watching them, and a close observer might have seen a quiver of feeling pass over the man's features; but the ordinary looker-on would have seen only the scowl.

The autumn wore into winter, marked only by the calendar, for the winds of fall still beat and pounded. One night—the two men employed on the place had taken a drove of cattle to the nearest railway, and would be gone several days—the Whelp, having finished his double work, climbed the ladder to his bed in the loft.

This loft, over the high room which was the main part of the house, was reached only through a trap-door, and by means of the ladder. The roof came quite to the floor on each side, and in either end, where the roof peak gave room, was a small window. Here the Whelp and the men who worked about the place slept, while Doolittle lived below. To-night he slept heavily, in spite of the roaring of the wind. Subconsciously, there drifted into his sleep the sense of some commotion; then there cut across his dream a sharp,

"Gif it up. Gif it up." A prolonged struggle followed, punctuated by breathless exclamations, evidently oaths—Mexican, he remembered from his nomadic days—and a heavy fall. The Whelp was wide awake now, and knew that Doolittle, alone below stairs, had been attacked.

Approach through the narrow trap-door was impossible; so from a peg near the window he took a coiled lasso, and swung himself out. Broken glass cut his face, but he knew it only by the blood that ran down his cheek. Just as he swung past the high window of the room below, a gust of wind swayed him against it. The two men who were rifling Doolittle's pockets looked up, to see at the window the face of the man on the floor, staring in with burning eyes, set lips and blood streaming from the left temple—where they had just struck him. Growing white under their swarthy skins, they glanced back at the figure on the floor. The faces were identical. One instant they hesitated, but the vision was too much, even for their greed; and with a cry of terror they rushed from the house, colliding frantically in the doorway, in their haste to reach their waiting horses.



An automobile is like everything else. To do its best and look its prettiest, it must be clean—engine, body and brasswork.

To clean the engine, employ the most competent man you can find.

To clean the painted parts, use Ivory Soap, tepid water and a couple of soft cloths.

To clean the brasswork, use Ivory Soap Paste. This is the way to make it:

To one quart of boiling water add half a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine. Boil ten minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Let it cool. Keep in a glass jar with a tight-fitting top. Apply with a sponge or a soft cloth, using cold or lukewarm water. Polish with another soft cloth.

For cleaning brasswork, Ivory Soap Paste is better than polishing compounds. It contains no "gritty" substance, and will not injure the lacquer.

**Ivory Soap-99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure**

Before it can be told, the Whelp had swung to the ground and darted around the house, but even so, he was in time to hear only the pounding of hoofs down the bone-hard trail.

For Doolittle there was fever, pain and delirium; a time when existence wavered from hour to hour; when the surgeon, brought from the fort far to the west, said that life must go out. To all of these things the Whelp turned a face of stoicism; but back of it all was a hand of tenderness, a watching eye. The hardihood that enabled the boy to serve the sick man day and night, without sleep or rest, came from his Indian training, but the resourceful care, the tender patience, must have had root a generation away.

There came days, before speech was vouchsafed the twain, when the dark, unlovely interior of the log house was as vibrant with unuttered melody as the interior of a long-silent violin. While the two, alone from hour to hour, seemed but the stoical Indian lad and the taciturn hermit, a sixth sense might have heard the music of two natures becoming attuned.

All the things that a son might say were in the Whelp's eyes, as he brooded over the sick man. All of father-love was in the man's face, as he watched the boy at work about the room, or regarded the lean, brown hands, so deft in his service.

It came on a day—the Whelp had finished re-bandaging the now nearly-healed wound—that the man's hand would be no longer stayed, but went out impulsively to the boy's.

"Lad," he spoke softly. Could these broken tones be Doolittle's? "I've been harsh and rough with you from the start. Yet you have been as tender to me as my own son."

The Whelp looked down at the moved face on the pillow—ten years of hardness dropping away from his own—and struggled for speech. Then, from some long-forgotten cranny of his brain, saved from the wreck of his childhood, the words flashed to his lips:

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

It was long afterward that one of the mer, coming noiselessly to the door, stood transfixed at what he saw within: The Whelp, kneeling beside Doolittle's bed and clasping the sick man's hand in both of his own. But, even to the helper's dull intelligence, the most wonderful sight was the light of joy in the two faces—a joy which foretold years of companionship—a joy that each soul was at last to find expression. Universal sonhood was in the Whelp's face, and in the man's enveloping glance was universal fatherhood.

Finally the Whelp's lips opened. "Just think," the lad almost whispered; "you and me and Hector."

The listener stole silently away.



## The Cozy

## Corner

FLAG-FLYING  
HOLIDAYSIN APRIL  
AND MAY

**A** SPLENDIDLY patriotic movement has been started to place within the hands of everybody in America a standard American flag.

Every true American should feel in duty bound on all national holidays and flag-flying occasions to set "Old Glory" flying from his own home window or from a flag-staff on the lawn.

## A Splendid Sight

**E**IGHTY millions of people behold "Old Glory" with a hallowed love. What a thrilling sight it would be, what an unparalleled evidence of love of country, if from every house, in every State and Territory, on every national holiday, "Old Glory" should wave.

## Arbor Day, April 30

**A**RBOR DAY has come to be one of the most important of the nation's holidays. Since Arbor Day was instituted, in 1872, upwards of a thousand million trees have been set out by American school children alone. Think of it!

If we are truly patriotic, then we must be interested in beautifying and conserving the natural resources of one of the most gloriously beautiful countries of the earth.

Therefore, beyond a doubt, we should each one consider ourself in duty bound on Arbor Day to plant a tree or help some one else to set out a tree, and in honor of the day every true American should raise his own "Old Glory" up into the golden sunshine.

"Old Glory" will say for you, more eloquently than words:

"I love my country; I believe in its beauty, its bounty, its glorious freedom! I too will help conserve its resources and perpetuate its beauty."

Because THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes in the individual recognition of Arbor Day we are offering you an "Old Glory" Free. (See coupon below.)

## Memorial Day, May 30

**W**HEN one of the foremost nations of the earth commemorates the magnificent loyalty of brave men and women, North, South, East, and West, whose love of country established and

maintained that nation's glory, not one of that nation's men, women, or children, should be silent or indifferent; no, not one.

Each one living to-day in this "land of the free and home of the brave" should, in loyal memory of the American soldier boys, set "Old Glory" flying.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes heart and soul in individual recognition of this great national holiday, and this is why, at this time, it offers to every one of its readers FREE a splendid national emblem, for you, and you, and you, to set flying from your home window on Memorial Day. (See the coupon.)

## Old Glory at Half-Staff

**O**N Memorial Day the flag should fly at half-staff from sunrise to noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

When the flag is flown at half-staff as a sign of mourning, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position; before lowering from half-staff, it should be first raised to the top.

## Every Letter Is Welcome

**D**EAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Thank you for your nice, enthusiastic letters. Yes, I agree with you, we are the very best Boys' and Girls' Department in any magazine in the country. Hundreds of you have assured me of this, and I want to assure you in return that you fine, manly boys and dear homey girls help to make it so. Your enthusiasm and interest sets my enthusiasm and interest afire, and together we shall soon be doing very big things indeed.

## Our Good-Night Verse

From Isaiah: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

Wishing you all, and the grown-ups too, great joy with the beautiful CHRISTIAN HERALD flags, I am, faithfully, always,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner,

*Janet Porter*

## First Prize Winners

Gummett Watch, Brounie Kodaks, etc., etc.

Winifred Robinson, 11; Harold B. Whitmore, 11; George E. Russell, 12; Clayton Stevenson, 14; John Moffett Brown, 15; Clara N.

Hains, 15; Clarence J. Stacey, 14; Carl Walberg, 17; Marshall Weaver, 14; Myrtle Gill, 13; R. Wayne Opp, 11; D. Olmyn Edwards, 12; Emanuel A. Weishaar, 14; Hilda Morse, 15; Eugene Sheehan, 11; John Pope, 11; Maude Preston, 11.

## Supplementary Prize Winners

Winell Yauslin, 10; Addie Gibbs, 7; Louise Nebbett, 12; Lucile Krugth, 13; Ruth Pender, 13; Clyde Smith, 9; Clark S. Beardslee, 12; Mary E. Colman, 15; Nina Wilhelm, 13; Gladys Lynch, 13; Clara H. Van Lennep, 9; Jessie McKennan, 10; Ruth C. Linton, 11; Mary Stranger, 12; Elizabeth Kessi, 8; Susie F. Langford, 12.

## Answers to Cozy Corner Bible Questions of March 22

According to Hebrew statistics the answers are 1,666 years, 4,004 years, 17 years and 80 years. The Honor Roll of boys and girls sending in the right answers:

Ruth E. Biles, 14; Josephine M. Morgan, 10; Edith Frail, 11; Helen Howe, 13; Lella Dawson, 10; Bess Crookshank, 11; John I. Clark, 16; Ruth Ellen Parkam, 11; Edna Robbins, 16; Marie Davidson, 13; Mabel E. Klingberg, 11; Harry Dykstra, 12; Howard Corning, 14; Margaret Jane R. Wallace, 9; Judson E. Clark, 9.

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For extra OLD GLORY COUPONS send to "The Aunt in the Cozy Corner," Bible House, New York City.



# Great Chinese Dragon Parade

LITTLE Chinese woman who looked as if she had stepped from the pages of some wonderbook of Chinese lore led the parade which on April closed the bazaar which was held in New York by the Chinese Merchants' association to raise funds for the relief of their suffering fellow countrymen. Each afternoon and evening the fair lasted there were special entertainments in the Rescue Mission, which was formerly the Chinese theatre, and each night the narrow streets of Chinatown were brilliant with colored lights. The Chinese part of the parade was not long, but it was picturesque.

The marching Chinamen in native costumes made a real pageant. The costumes were all of silk and of all colors and combinations of colors. The most conspicuous figures were the little Chinese woman and the sixty-foot dragon. The little woman was Mrs. Lee Tow, a missionary. Clothed in her native costume of soft silk trousers and jacket and sitting cavalier fashion, she rode at the head of the procession with the utmost confidence. For a head-dress she wore a sort of glorified sunburst of brilliant colors and over her shoulders was hung a gorgeous Oriental cape. There were several groups of men carrying ornamental spears, eight of them usually together, representing the eight precious things, a Chinese allegorical idea.

The mossonglung or dragon was brought from San Francisco specially for the occasion. It was a great flexible thing of yellow silk painted and embroidered with terrific head and staring eyes in true Chinese style. It was carried by eight Chinamen who amused the onlookers with all sorts of antics and tail waggings. The odd spectacle drew large crowds in the downtown districts where the streets were filled with the home-going Saturday afternoon throngs. About \$10,000 was made at the fair and this was immediately forwarded to the sufferers in China.



The 60-Foot Dragon of the Parade

## Called Higher

Clara Waltz (22) at Williamsport, Pa.  
Mrs. Eliza Stephens in Aurora, Neb., Janu-  
ary 24.  
(Mrs.) Olive R. Trask (79), Otego, N. Y.,  
passed beyond.  
Rebecca Van Wagner (88), Syracuse, N. Y.,  
entered into rest.  
Mrs. Cora E. Sorrell, of Raleigh, N. C., has  
been called to her reward.  
Julia L. Smith (90) at Lawton, Okla., mem-  
ber of the M. E. Church seventy-seven years.  
Mrs. Caleb Simkins, of Live Oak, Fla., has  
been called to the reward of lifelong trust in Christ.  
Mrs. L. A. Johnson, Alpha, Ia., for many  
years a reader of this paper, has been taken to  
her long home.  
George H. Lamb (85) died recently at his  
home in Mondovio, Wis. He was for years a  
reader of this paper.  
Mrs. L. J. Holmes recently passed away at  
her home in Marshalltown, Ia. She responded  
every call that was for good.  
Mrs. H. J. Lansdell, Magnolia, Miss., was  
called to her reward on January 7, after many  
years of faithful service for the King.  
Mrs. Mary E. Lusby (83), of Amherst, N. S.,  
passed to her reward. She was for many  
years a reader of this paper.  
Josiah T. Wright, of Janesville, Wis., has  
been called to enter into rest. "From early  
youth he was an enthusiastic worker in the  
seaward."  
Mrs. Louisa J. Hendrick, of Drain, Ore., was  
called home on her seventy-seventh birthday.  
She was an exemplary mother and a most de-  
vout Christian.  
Clark Preston (77), one of the pioneers of  
this, Mich., has been called to the Master's  
presence. "He was a faithful member of the  
church of Christ."  
Mrs. Sarah L. Miller (79) died recently at  
her home near Hophotom, Pa. She was an  
earnest and faithful Christian who will be long  
remembered for her benevolence.  
Mrs. A. W. Forster, Meadow View, N. S., an-  
swers the death of her dear husband in his  
thirty-third year. He was a subscriber to  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty years.  
Washington W. Seely, Brooklyn, N. Y., has  
been called to his long home. He was a pio-  
ner member of the Young Men's Christian  
association in America and a devoted Christian.

## Answered Prayers

Mrs. B. A. Oakland, Calif., thanks God for an-  
swered prayer.  
A Reader, Sparta, Ill. "My prayers have  
been answered."  
A Mother, Colorado. "God in his mercy has  
answered my prayers."  
M. M. Sabattus, Me. "Through prayer I  
have been restored to health."  
E. S. Stoneham, Texas. "A loved one was  
saved in response to our prayers."  
M. E. A. Stronghurst, Ill. "The good  
Father has answered my prayers."  
R. B. San Francisco, Calif. "I was in anxi-  
ety and distress but I found peace."  
T. D. B. Midway, N. M., acknowledges God's  
loving response to two special prayers.  
Mrs. B. T. Middletown, Conn., thanks God  
for restoration to health through prayer.  
C. A. B. Mont Verde, Fla. "I thank the  
dear God who has answered my prayer."  
C. J. Buckeye, Calif. "In response to my  
prayers marvelous answers have been given."  
L. T. C. Manchester, Vt. "God has an-  
swered my prayer for a member of my family."  
L. B. B. Harrisonburg, Va. "In answer to  
prayer God has brought me out of great  
trouble."  
Subscriber, Saylor, Ill., acknowledges God's  
answer to prayer "for the success of a dear  
friend."  
B. L. A. Marshall, Minn., has been saved  
from the necessity of an operation and restored  
to health through prayer.  
S. K. W. Seattle, Wash. "A great trouble  
hovered over us. I prayed for deliverance and  
it was marvelously granted."  
M. A. B. Grand Rapids, Mich., wishes to  
thank God "for wonderful deliverance from  
deep trouble" in answer to prayer.  
Mrs. E. M. S. Farrier, Calif. "I wish to ac-  
knowledge God's answer to my prayer that the  
life of my baby might be spared."  
Mrs. F. S. Sonoma, Calif. "I prayed to God  
for the restoration of a dear one to health. I  
acknowledge the loving answer."  
C. B. K. Baxter, S. C. "He heard and an-  
swered my petition for a loved one who seemed  
beyond the help of human hands."  
Mrs. W. T. L. Fulton, Mo. "I have long  
wanted to acknowledge, through your paper,  
many answered prayers and one especially in  
the last few months."



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## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### The Mother's Dream

FOR the second time we were childless. Our first dear baby never reached her second birthday. The boy and girl who had so recently left us, were our light and joy. They were lovely children, their faces had a peculiar radiant beauty, and their voices were so sweet and musical that in the early morning, as they talked and laughed together in the nursery, it was like listening to the songs of the happy birds outside the window. God had bestowed upon them many precious gifts, and we looked forward to their maturity with buoyant hope and expectation.

Our hopes were more than realized, for are they not now serving God in his temple day and night, and going no more out forever?

Within ten days these dear children were taken from us, and we knew as only parents thus bereft can know what the desolation was to our hearts.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence of the house without the children!

Oh, the strange oppressive stillness where the children came no more!

Ah, the longing of the sleepless for the soft arms of the children!

Ah, the longing for the faces peeping through the open door!

Faces gone forevermore!

We buried them in one of the sweetest spots on earth, and "until the day break and the shadows flee away," their precious dust is safely sleeping.

After they left us, I sometimes felt troubled lest my dear little children were not among God's chosen ones, but one night I had this dream: I thought that I was sitting alone in my room. I heard the children coming up the stairs near me. Their little feet made the same noise as they used to do. I could distinguish the steps of each. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and they both bounded in, and rushed joyfully toward me, climbing up into my lap. I held them so closely, and put my arms around my darlings, and said to one, and then another, "Dear, are you happy? quite happy?"

They gave me such a beaming, beautiful smile, and jumping off my lap bounded out again at another door. I heard the little feet running down the front stairs and out of the house, and all was still again. But I was comforted by that dream. Perhaps God had had pity upon my weakness, and so had sent the children for that blessed moment to me. But whatever it was, I have never felt uneasy about their perfect safety since.

Oh, the joyful happy meeting in the house of many mansions!

Oh, the beauty and the glory of the children's faces there!

Oh, the eager, wistful faces pressed against the heavenly ornaments!

Oh, the glad and ideal welcome to us when we enter there!

Faces ours forevermore!

OCTAVIA W. RICHARDSON.

### The Tooth-Brush Club

A NOVEL idea comes to us from across the water. Every one knows that in these days greatest care is taken to ascertain the rate of health attained by children in general in our public schools. In each of our States medical inspectors visit every school annually and make minute and detailed reports of what they ascertain. The same system is carried out in England, and among the poorer classes in London an alarming condition of ill health and physical degeneracy has been discovered. The teeth of little boys and girls have been

found in an advanced condition of decay, so that many children among the London poor must arrive at adolescence with few sound teeth remaining. Most of them have never so much as heard of a tooth-brush. The teachers have now hit upon the plan of organizing tooth-brush clubs in every school. Once having learned their use the children vie with each other in having clean white teeth. The brushes are bought by wholesale, sold to the children who can pay for them at a nominal price, and given to those who cannot afford so much as a half penny. It might be a good plan to adopt the introduction of tooth-brush clubs in some of our crowded city schools where the little ones are drawn from a tenement house population who have little acquaintance with the simplest rules of comfort and hygiene.

### Children and Sleep

IF little children, and for that matter all children under twelve, are to be physically strong, they must have plenty of sleep. Until the age of five, at least, a child should have a daily nap. The hour for going to bed in most well-ordered households is fixed at eight o'clock for the growing child. Many parents make the mistake of waking children too early in the morning. Unless there is an excellent reason to the contrary, boys and girls should have their sleep out and awaken without being called. If they cannot do this and must be repeatedly called, falling asleep again after they have seemed to be thoroughly awake, proof is given that they do not go to bed as early as they ought. Ten hours' sleep is not too much for an active child who is both growing fast and learning rapidly. So long as children are ready for school at half past eight or nine o'clock they may be permitted to sleep later than the breakfast hour of their parents. Breakfast hour for every one should be somewhat elastic. One would fancy that father and mother might enjoy sitting down together and making their plans for the day with the children asleep upstairs, that they might put aside the simple breakfast of bread and butter, cereal and milk, which is enough for boy or girl; and that instead of fretting and fussing because Frank and Helen, Sallie and John are drowsy and come down half dressed, they might let the children have their sleep out.

When children do rise, they should be taught to dress quickly and prepare for the duties of their day.

### A Word About Memory

NOT long ago I heard a woman in her fortieth year complain that she was losing her memory. There was no reason whatever to excuse in her case the loss of this useful quality of the mind. Memory is a faculty dependent upon use and attention. Properly used, memory should last to the latest day of life. Any one who determines resolutely to be served by memory will not be defrauded. There are various kinds of memory, some far more worth while than others. For example, one may in these days possess a telephone memory, keeping easily in mind the numbers of the tradespeople on whom she daily calls, and those of her friends and acquaintances with whom she has pleasant bits of talk from time to time. The memory for names and faces when combined in the same

Continued on next page



A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION.

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# OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

erson gives him or her a vast advantage over some one else who can remember neither. For a pastor or politician, a king, or a railway conductor, this dual memory is a fine em in the outfit for popularity. The te King Edward VII possessed it an extraordinary degree, and could thout difficulty remember the name and personality of almost any one ith whom he had ever conversed.

memory for dates, for rules in grammar, and for the definition of words, as well as for noble passages in poetry and prose, is within reach of any one who begins memorizing in youth and never ceases to exercise his faculty. The late Maltbie W. Abeock, so dearly loved and deeply mented, memorized one hundred lines of verse every day. A lady, who has difficulty in recollecting anything which she listens, and who can report a sermon almost word for word, said recently that when a child is learned by heart and thus committed to memory many chapters in the Proverbs, large portions of the Gospels, and almost the whole of the New Testament. A distinguished teacher who died some years ago used to ext from his pupils the precise repetition of several pages of history every day, with the result that those who studied with him have little trou-

ble in being letter perfect in anything they wish to fix in mind.

With the hardening of the brain, which often comes to people as they grow old, there is a singular form of loss of memory. The sufferers from this infirmity tell the same story, write the same bit of news and make the same statement over and over, day by day. But they do not fall into this habit until the period comes when the curtains are gently drawn around the present and the images of the past return like pictures hung on the wall, to divert a weary child.

## SPRING ARITHMETIC

IT WAS the busy hour of 4.  
When from a city hardware store  
Emerges a gentleman who here:  
1 hoe,  
1 spade,  
1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went  
Into a seed establishment  
And for these things his money spent:  
1 peck of bulbs,  
1 job lot of shrubs,  
1 quart of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way  
And if he's fairly lucky, say,  
He'll have about the last of May  
1 squash vine,  
1 eggplant,  
1 radish.

Washington Herald.

# Why I Believe the Bible

Continued from page 420

ck." He was thinking of Gibraltar, which guards the Gates of Hercules here the storms of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean meet in a mighty grapple. Its foot is strewn with the wreckage of ships that have defied it; but Gibraltar stands. In like manner the Bible survives its foes. "Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, it flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever!"

Fifth, it makes men and nations.

The Bible has gone in the forefront of civilization all along the centuries. It has run a line around the nations that have the Bible, and you will then have divided between barbarism and civilization, between thrift and poverty, between selfishness and charity, between oppression and freedom, between life and the shadow of death. The three great powers to-day are America and England and Germany; the one other coming to the front is France. For England it was publicly affirmed by Queen Victoria that "the Bible was the secret of its greatness." As for Germany, at the close of the Franco-Russian War, Pere Hyacinthe declared to his people that the reason for their calamitous defeat lay in the fact that every German soldier had a Bible in his knapsack. As for America, its great institutions are founded on Bible principles.

Sixth, I believe the Bible because Christ believed it.

He spoke of it as "truth" and as "the Word of God." He preached it. He testified it. He made the Bible the determining factor in the problem of life. He commissioned his disciples to "go preach." Preach what? He said. This was "the good seed" which they were to sow. The world is to be converted by it. And if this book was true enough for Christ it is true enough for every Christian; and it is true enough for me.

Seventh, it has power to save.

In every heart, down below all other wants and aspirations, there is a profound longing to know the way of spiritual life. "The world is crying, 'What shall I do to be saved?'" Of all books the Bible is the only one that answers that universal cry. There are others that set forth morality with more or less correctness; but there is none that suggests a blotting out of the record of the mislived past or an escape from the penalty of the broken law; but there is none that sings the song of salvation or gives a troubled soul the peace that floweth like a river. There are other books that have eloquence; but there is no other that enables us to behold God himself with outstretched hands pleading with men to turn and live. There are other books that have science, but there is no other that can give the soul a definite assurance of the future life, so that it can say, "I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!"

I believe the Bible because "it finds me." Those are the words of Coleridge; and I make them mine. The Bible found me on a memorable day more than fifty years ago. It found me perplexed with a boy's fear of the unknown. It calmed my fears and gave me the hope that maketh not ashamed. It has found me once and again in the Vale of Baca and wiped away my tears. It has found me and upheld me in seasons of weakness and discouragement. It has found and never failed me. And, when I come to the border line between time and eternity, it shall find me there, and give me a rod and staff to lean on. Oh, blessed Book. The Bible is a book to live by and to die by. It is worthy to be received as an infallible rule of faith and practice. It is true and trustworthy every way. It is the veritable Word of God.

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## The Wickedness of Pride\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**K**ING UZZIAH was of illustrious descent, being ninth in line from King David. Uzziah was crowned king of Judah at sixteen years of age. He was made up of good and evil; good from David, Solomon, Asa and Jehoshaphat; bad from Rehoboam, very bad from his father Amaziah, who forsook God and set up idols, but worst of all from his great-grandmother Athaliah. But Uzziah did make progress against the evil that was born in him; the secret of his success is to be found in the statement that Uzziah was "marvelously helped of the Lord until he was exceeding strong" (II. Chron. 26: 8, 15). How was he "strong"? He owned vast herds of cattle; he possessed many vineyards; he dug many wells (a great benefaction in the Orient); he formed a great army. He fortified Jerusalem by building towers at the city gates, and on the wall. He mounted on the walls catapults for hurling large stones and engines for shooting immense arrows, for such were the munitions of war in those days. Surely King Uzziah was great in being a man of comprehensive mind.

We have all been told of a tower that was built so high that it toppled over; and Uzziah rose so high in his own estimation that he had a downfall. He dared to venture higher than God helped him, he essayed to offer sacrifice in the temple. He entered into the holy place of the sacred edifice to burn incense upon the golden altar. Azariah, the high priest, saw him unlawfully entering the temple, and took with him eighty priests to prevent the sacrilege. But Uzziah would not yield until God smote him with leprosy in the forehead, as if to rebuke his proud thoughts.

Then Uzziah left the temple, and went to live in a house by himself, for a leper might not live with others, not even his family, in any house; and there alone he died, after having been king for fifty-two years. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Some one has said: "As chessmen are all thrown into the bag together, so in the grave there is no distinction; skulls wear no wreaths; and corpses carry no marks of honor." But this is not true; in fact, no one goes into his grave without carrying his distinction with him, whether for good or evil. Sometimes tombstones, and even monuments, are raised that tell quite a different story from what is really known concerning those who lie beneath them; while on the other hand no monuments can be made beautiful enough to picture all of the good that is remembered of those who have spent their lives serving God and humanity.

### Too Good an Opinion of Himself

That was Uzziah's fatal fault. He should have had somebody to "take him down," as we say in not classical English. That is what the high priest tried to do, but he arrived too late. It is to be regretted that Uzziah did not have a visitor like that described in the following incident:

Mr. Alison was an attaché of the British Embassy at Constantinople. An insolent, proud Turk named Raouf Pasha was the Sultan's chief minister. When Mr. Alison had occasion to transact business at the Porte (the palace of the Sultan) he called and was announced as "Secretary of the British Embassy." Raouf Pasha took

no notice of him. Seeing what the cue was—contempt for a subordinate rank—the visitor followed it in his own way. He put his hands in his pockets, whistled and stared about him. Up ran a scandalized servant to say that it was the Grand Vizier who was sitting on the sofa. "Impossible," said Mr. Alison; "that must be some flunky." The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman." This brought the haughty old Mussulman to his feet. Now it was Alison's turn. Quick as thought he sat down, and patronizingly suggested that his antagonist should also seat himself. Half stupefied, he did so. The business was entered upon, but Raouf had a resource of insult yet remaining. He got up, looked at the time, said it was his hour of prayer, and proceeded to cry aloud against all infidels. Then he came back to his seat, imagining perhaps that his dignity had been saved. Then Alison glanced at his watch, and declared that it was his prayer time, and promptly went aside, and in Arabic, well understood by the Pasha, he prayed with such force and sincerity that even the unbelieving Turk was impressed and accorded him the courtesy due the department he represented. What the reflections of the Grand Vizier were we may not even guess, but it is evident that his pride had been humbled. If some one had done a similar service for King Uzziah he might have been saved from his sad fate.

We are reminded of King Nebuchadnezzar, who had also too good an opinion of himself, and whose pride was the occasion of his fall. His Maker had endowed him with powers that made it possible for him to establish a great name, and build the wonderful city of Babylon. But he looked upon all the grandeur about him, and exclaimed: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" (Dan. 4: 30.) God heard, but did not touch his lips with leprosy; but there fell a voice from heaven, saying: "Thy kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field." etc. And it was so. Nebuchadnezzar was driven from men, and "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws" (Dan. 4: 33). What was it but Nebuchadnezzar's pride became insanity? But out of it all there came blessing for Nebuchadnezzar; for he made confession after many days: "I lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth forever." Alas! Uzziah did not repent of his pride, and he died a leper!

### God's Estimate of Pride

"These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren" (Prov. 6: 16-19). The proud are thus classed with the most wicked people on earth, with liars, murderers, instigators of crime, perjurers and scandal-mongers. How alarmed then should be those who have this heart disease of pride!

"Him that hath a high look and a proud heart will not I suffer" (Ps. 101: 5).

"Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord; though

Continued on next page



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## Continued from preceding page

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Thus many others among us act as though, if we were careful, as the witty old poet said, to avoid the sins that we "have no mind to," we might be excused if we commit those that we are "inclined to."

"It tires me so," complained a girl to her mother, "to have you keep telling me that I must do everything in the very best way I can, every day."

Yet that is the only way to live one's life as a Christian should. A great man has said that no virtue is securely possessed until it has become a habit. The habit of duty, duty in the home—duty in business—duty in the church—duty in public life, must become a habit. Then, and then only, does it cease to be hard and burdensome. But remember that it is never impossible. If the finger of God, through his servant Conscience, bids us follow a special path, it can always be done, no matter how thorn-strewn and difficult it may appear.

The thrilling lines of Emerson upon this subject always come to mind when it is under discussion. Commit the exact words to memory:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,

When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"

The youth replies, "I can."

One of the chief duties which falls to the lot of every Christian is to try to win souls for the Master. He must try to win them among his business associates and among the public generally, but his first efforts should be put forth in his home.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman says that a man went to a friend of his and remarked, "I have about decided to enter upon evangelistic work, and want a few suggestions from you. I am going to California and am sure that with such a class as I shall find there, I shall be successful."

"His friend said, 'Do you live here?'"

"Yes, with my brother and sisters."

"Is your brother a Christian?"

"No, he is not. The fact is, I have never asked him."

"May I inquire if your sisters are Christians?"

"No. As a matter of fact, we are not on very good terms with each other, and I know little about their spiritual condition."

The friends turned on him sharply and said, "God will never use you in the broader work, sir, until you are successful in your home field."

Duty begins at home. So far as your own efforts can secure it, see that happiness, peace and true religion reign there every day.

The idea of Christian unity is often emphasized by Paul as a Christian duty. In his day, even as now, there were apparently many contrary and quarrelsome men. Nearly all of us have encountered such characters, who are likely to be against whatever measure is proposed by others. Whether this is the result of temperament, wrong training, mental stupidity or pure malice, one can never tell; but if you find yourself beset by this most unamiable and trying tendency, fight it to the death. It is the chief cause of divisions in families, and feuds in the church; and is a prime factor in the slowness of Christianity's progress.

Let us have unity among Christians. "One mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, May 7. Texts: Rom. 12: 17; Phil. 1: 27; Eph. 4: 1, 2.

### Great Lives: Ruth\*

THE idyl of Ruth is considered by many critics the most poetic and beautiful among all of the ancient writings. Her devotion to her mother-in-law, a devotion exceptional, according to all history and literature; her faithful industry; and her generous disposition show her to have been a young woman of exalted character.

"All the city of my people," said Boaz, "doth know that thou art a virtuous woman."

Horton's supposition that she was not possessed of remarkable beauty is not shared by most readers. It is true that she was sufficiently lovely in character to dispense with any further charm; yet all of the poets who have written of her have seemed to read between the lines of her touching story, that face and manner illustrated fittingly her inner graces. Thomas Hood, in his famous lines upon her, conceives her to look like "a sweetheart of the sun," brown, with cheeks like red poppies, a "tressy" forehead, long lashes, and "praising God with sweetest looks."

The ancient chronicler has wisely omitted any reference to these characteristics, if such there were. He was evidently captivated by her lofty virtues, and was determined to focus upon them the attention of the reader. It is well that a woman who was to become the mother of a lordly line should possess a full measure of the great qualities, and this had evidently been granted to Ruth the Moabitess.

The date and authorship of this book are unknown, though it is generally attributed to Samuel.

It was surely written as late as the establishment of the house of David (see Ruth 4: 22), unless the last verses of the book were added by later writers, which is not likely.

The ancient Jews annexed the book of Ruth to that of Judges; but the modern Jews place directly after the Pentateuch, the five Megilloth: 1, The Song of Solomon; 2, Ruth; 3, Lamentations; 4, Ecclesiastes; 5, Esther.

In the minds of men the vision of Ruth stands first and foremost for loyalty. Her eloquent vow of fealty to the bereft Naomi has come to stand among the immortal sayings of all literature. Chants choir it; preachers quote it; poets weave it into their verses; and never does it fail to thrill every hearer and reader with its nobility.

For loyalty to the highest and best is at bottom the basis of all character. He who is true to an earthly friend is likely to be true to his Maker. He who regards God's wishes unwaveringly may be relied upon to remain faithful to every worldly obligation.

The necessity of having one's inner life right is well demonstrated by Ruth. How little she thought that her loving loyalty was to be immortal and was to be incorporated into the sacred books, to ring with divine melody far down the ages, and inspire all mankind to greater truth and more unselfish love! With no intention on her part to produce an "effect," but simply out of the depths of a tender and sincere heart, sprang her beautiful deed, unconsciously and unaffectedly. Hence her conduct was right.

The friendship of David, Ruth's great descendant, for Jonathan, was like that of hers for Naomi. So was Paul's for Timothy. So was that of our Saviour for the beloved disciple.

There is nothing more lovely in life than this sweet and unswerving loyalty of one noble soul to another. It uplifts not only those who share it but all who behold it.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, May 7. Text: Ruth 1: 14, 22.

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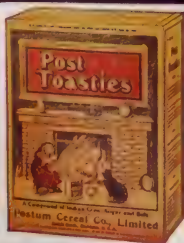
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## Questions and Answers

A. B. C., Hebron, Va. 1. How many States have woman suffrage? 2. Has Rhode Island still two capitals? 3. Where can I obtain copies of the Constitutions of the different States? 4. How many miles of railway did Alaska have in 1909?

1. Five—Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, Washington. 2. No. Providence is now its sole capital. 3. Write to the Secretary of State of each State. 4. Approximately 303 miles.

E. S., Easton, Pa. 1. What proof have we that Jesus will reign over this world one thousand years after his second coming to earth? 2. Do the dead saints now hover over God's people to help them in their need, as some say it means in Heb. 1: 14 and Ps. 34: 7?

1. There are many things which though incapable of proof in the human legal sense are yet capable of demonstration to the spiritual sense. The belief in the millennium (see Rev. 20: 1 to 7) is not based upon a single passage. It has been consistently held ever since the beginning of the Christian era by a very considerable portion of the Church. The Jews also had visions of it, and the evidence of their belief is seen in some of their sacred writings (see Isa. 65: 17, etc.). Many Christian millenarians attach a literal interpretation to Christ's sayings in Matt. 26: 29, Mark 14: 25, and also interpret John 6: 39, 44; Luke 20: 35, Luke 14: 14, Matt. 19: 28 and other related passages as strengthening the millennial view. 2. Paul says in Heb. 12: 1: "We also are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses." These were interested yet unseen spectators, redeemed ones, who had themselves been in the same contest, and the knowledge of whose spiritual presence gives encouragement. The passages in Heb. 1: 14 and Ps. 34: 7 refer to angels only.

Mrs. W., Savannah, Ga. Late I heard an evangelist say that "Felix might have given Paul a different answer ('Go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call thee unto me'), but he was afraid of Drusilla, the woman at his side, who was not his wife." In Acts' 24: 24 I read she was his wife.

Drusilla (Josephus informs us) was the wife of Azizus, King of Edessa, but Felix induced her to leave her husband and on being divorced she married Felix. Tacitus, the historian, affirms this, but gives such a different account of her parentage that some have conjectured that Felix married two Drusillas in succession. Possibly the preacher meant that she had become the wife of Felix by unlawful means.

A young reader of this paper in Romero, Texas, sends this dainty little verse, which contains a sentiment worth remembering: "Little brown sister far over the sea, Here in some money my father gave me, 'Tis more than I need now, that's why I declare

The belief that he gave me a part of your share.

And when he gives me more than I use May I and share with you, if I choose? He gave it, I think (for my wants are supplied).

To teach me how blessed it is to divide."

E. F. C., Ellenville, N. Y. We brought up the question in our Sunday School class, "What should be the proper observance of the Sabbath?" Our teacher did not seem quite satisfied with the class's opinion. I know what the Bible says, but what we want is something more spiritual or exact, so that we can apply it to our own lives. Should a farmer milk his cows on Sunday? The commandment is very clear with regard to Sabbath observance, but it is capable of fuller explanation. To keep holy or sanctify the Sabbath is to appropriate it to sacred purposes; and the purpose of the commandment is that as the Sabbath properly signifies rest and leisure from servile work, and at the same time is used to denote the Sabbath, the same God at the beginning consecrated to holy rest, to enjoy by special present the duty of hallowing it by a total suspension of all labor, both personal and domestic. The word "Remember" implies that it was much known and appreciated. The commandment even specifies that not only we ourselves, with our dependents, but even our beasts of burden, are to have the privilege of a rest on the seventh day. At the same time, it has been held during the Mosaic dispensation and since that works of necessity and mercy were permissible on the Lord's day, it should not be difficult for one with a conscience and ordinary intelligence to decide when it was

lutely necessary and what is charity or mercy. Jesus himself has shown that it was necessary to eat on the Sabbath day and that it was even permissible to walk through the fields, and did not condemn the plucking of the ears of grain. He told us also that when an animal fell into a pit on the Sabbath it would be permissible and proper to take it out. That was mercy. He visited on the Sabbath, and at the same time he set us an example to make it as far as possible a day of complete abstinence from routine tasks or duties. We have heard of preachers who have stopped in the middle of their sermons and ordered the congregation to go out and take in Widow Jones' hay and save it from destruction by an impending rain or hail-storm. That, though an extreme case, was a work of necessity and of charity also. You ask about milking cows. Certainly that is a work of necessity, but the commercial end of the transaction can well be deferred till next day. Many people get their Sunday milk supply on Saturday. We do not honor God by making of his day a straight-laced, stiff, pharisaical observance, but by spending the day to his glory and the welfare of our fellowmen, as well as to the rest and recreation of our own bodies. Of course, the first duty is to worship in his temple, and this should be invariably observed, whether the temple be a splendid church or a simple room in which two or three gather together in his name.

Subscriber, Savannah, Ga. Where will I find the origin of (1) "A fool and his money are soon parted" and (2) "Fight the devil with fire"?

1. It is said to have originated with a king's jester, as the last line of a couplet which he was given to rhyme. There may be some confusion between the phrase and "A fool's bolt is soon shot," in Shakespeare's Henry V. 2. Origin unknown.

A. F., Galveston, Texas. How am I, in a dilemma, to know the will of God? It is about a certain change of position.

It is never the will of God that we should act selfishly, or evade our just obligations, or neglect our proper duties. One's present sphere is the place God appoints for him in the meantime and if we are there, doing our duty, God's call to a change will find us equipped and ready. Of course, you are entirely right in the desire to advance to larger opportunities and greater responsibilities by every honorable means; but such a call only comes to those who are doing their present work well. To any others, the call would be meaningless. On the other hand, if acceptance would involve the sacrifice of those dependent upon you, or if conscience and a sense of duty tell you to stay, you will lose nothing by rejecting the desired advancement. When God calls, he not only opens the way but clears off all the obstacles to honorable acceptance. Have faith in God, and his guidance and be true to Christian principle and you will not make a mistake.

S. McK., Bryan, O. Please explain Matt. 7: 6 and the first clause of I. Cor. 6: 20.

1. Here Jesus was using a familiar illustration. In the East the dogs are the scavengers and swine are ceremonially unclean. It means that religion is brought into contempt and its professors insulted when it is forced upon those who cannot value it and will not have it. It is not intended, however, that there should be no effort made to evangelize those who are leading vile and wicked lives, but simply as a condemnation of indiscriminate zeal. 2. The 19th and 20th verses must be read together as a whole. The believer's body is a temple which must be kept pure and fitting for the Holy Spirit. It is his own no longer. Christ's sacrifice was the purchase price of our salvation—the ransom paid to divine justice for our redemption. It is therefore our duty not only to glorify God with the spirit but with the body also, abstaining from all impure living, and consecrating it to his service. The whole chapter is a powerful plea for personal purity and a holy life.

W. E. H., Western, Neb. Describe aluminum, the process of manufacture, and tell where aluminum works are situated in the United States.

Aluminum is a white metal with a bluish tinge, used much in the arts. It is hard as silver, but very malleable and ductile. Next to oxygen and silica it is the chief component of the earth's crust. It is hard to isolate from the minerals in which it occurs. 2. The student of Oberlin College, named Hall, devised the process by which all aluminum is now manufactured. This consists in electrolysis. Hall discovered that a melted bath of the double fluorides of aluminum and metals more electro-positive than aluminum, such as sodium and

calcium, is a perfect solvent for alumina, taking it up as hot water does sugar, and dissolving twenty-five per cent of its weight. The solution is found to yield promptly to electrolysis. The vessels used in making aluminum by this process are rectangular iron boxes, thickly lined with carbon, which constitutes the cathode. The anodes consist of forty cylinders of carbon, each about three inches in diameter and eighteen inches long when new. These are supported above the pot, dipping into the bath of melted fluorides. The chief aluminum works in the United States are around Kensington, Pa.

R. F. G., New York City: C. F. H., Poultney, Vt., and others. Will you kindly explain why eggs figure so conspicuously at Easter? What is the connection of the rabbit with the Easter idea?

Easter or Pasch eggs are symbolical of the creation or recreation of spring. The custom of attaching a sentiment to eggs in the spring time is Magian or Persian, and originally referred to a Persian legendary story. It also prevailed among the Jews, Egyptians and Hindu Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection. The origin of the Easter rabbit is indefinite. There are several stories, all of which are too simple to be credible. The idea of a child that a rabbit seen running away from a hen's nest had laid the eggs, and that others state that the rabbit is symbolic of the fertility of spring.

C. H., Siloam Springs, Ark. It is said that during the imprisonment of the Federal forces at Andersonville, when the men were suffering for water, a spring broke out at the root of a tree inside the prison, saving the lives of many. Is there any evidence that it had ever appeared before? Does it do so now?

Possibly some of our readers may be able to shed light on this interesting question.

M. R., Decatur, Ia. In view of the world-wide Bible celebration now going on, can you give in brief space the chronology of the various English Bible revisions since the first Anglo-Saxon version appeared?

Beginning with Caedmon, the monk, whose translation of portions of the Bible may be regarded as the first crude effort at a version in the common English of his day, they were as follows: Caedmon's history of the Old Testament in verse, Anglo-Saxon Psalter about 709, Guthlac's translation of the Psalms about 710, Bede's translation of the Lord's Prayer and Creed and also the Gospel of John about 735, Alfred the Great's translation of the Ten Commandments, Alfric's translation of the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, etc.; Matthew's Bible, 1551; Wycliffe's Bible, 1382; Pym's Bible, 1388; William Tyndale, 1525; Purvey's Bible, 1535; Taverner's, 1539; Great Bible, 1539; Coverdale's Bible, 1539; Bishop's Bible, 1568; Geneva Bible, 1560-1576; Anglo-Rhenish New Testament, 1582; Douay (Catholic) Old Testament, 1609-1610; Authorized Version, 1611.

W. P., Jersey City, N. J. I have heard Hoboken called "Gretna Green." Can you tell me what this means?

Gretna Green is the name of a village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. All the runaway couples for a radius of fifty miles or more went to this village to get married. From this it became a celebrated place. Hoboken has been called a Gretna Green because of the many couples who go from New York City to be married there. No marriage license is required in the State of New Jersey.

H. P., Athens, O. Please explain Eccles. 12: 2; also verse 6.

This chapter pictures in beautiful yet simple similitudes the approach of old age. Verse 2 describes a joyless old age in which troubles follow each other and when sunshine and cheer need hardly be expected after the storm. It is an old age unillumined by piety. In verse 6, the images of the loosing of the silver cord and the breaking of the golden bowl and the pitcher all represent the approach of death. In the East the frail lamp was usually gilded over and hung by a silken cord with strands of silver interwoven, which, when snapped and broken, represented the breaking of human life. The golden (gilded) bowl of the lamp symbolized the skull and the silver cord the spinal marrow. The white and precious, attached to the brain. The figure of the broken pitcher and wheel typify the time when life ceases and the vital energies are gone; when no longer the fountain (the heart) forces the blood through the veins.

M. A. L. sends this description of a very satisfactory device for an invalid chair which I automatically fans the sifter: "In one end of a reed, I cut a groove in the top and some notches

near each end, and tied it to the upright of a rocking chair, on the side of the chair next to the bed. I took another long reed to go so far across the bed as I might wish and cut three notches in it. I basted cloth on one side, fastening at notches to keep in position. Then I placed this reed in the groove on top of the reed fastened to the chair, and tied it with strings I had tied in the notches of the first reed. I fastened a string in the notches of the reed with the cloth on it, and then tied this string to the other side of the rocking chair. The height of the fan above the sick person may be regulated by this string. The doctor said it was a decided success. The nurse can then fan the patient by rocking."

## Miscellaneous

Reader, St. Albans, Vt. We pay no attention to chain letters. The one you sent is a fair sample of many of the same kind.

Story Reader, Dayton, O. The book *The Hidden Bidder* can be obtained from the book department of John Wanamaker, New York.

Mrs. C. E. M., Belva, W. Va. See answer to a correspondent on "visiting the sins of the fathers on the children" in a previous issue of *The Matt-Bag*.

Mrs. S. G. K., Malvern, Pa. The sufferers in China are chiefly small peasant farmers and laborers in the agricultural districts. Although no doubt there is some suffering among the Christian natives, these would be about the first to be relieved.

Mrs. J. H. C., Seymour, Ind. There is no Scriptural evidence of any previous incarnation of Christ before his birth in Bethlehem of Judea. Some speculative commentaries have suggested that Melchizedek was such an incarnation, but the suggestion cannot be sustained.

Mrs. D. A. T., Columbia, S. C. 1. The Sunday School Lessons are published ahead of time in order to permit of their being studied before they are taken up in class. 2. See recent paragraph in *The Matt-Bag* regarding the Creation. 3. The dispute referred to was doubtless John himself.

J. H. H., Gordon, Neb. 1. Paying respect to the memory of a person by the erection of a statue, is not worship in the proper sense of the term. 2. Moab, Ammon, Edom and Philistia as nations have long since disappeared. It would be difficult now to trace the descendants of any of these, except perhaps the Moabites.

A. C. T., Cuba. There is no union of church and State in this republic. All sects and denominations stand on the same level and are entitled to the same privileges. There is no one among them which has "official recognition" in preference to the others. All denominations are represented in the Cabinet and in Congress.

E. W. S., Northfield, Minn. 1. Marriages between first cousins are discouraged because of the consanguineous relationship. The offspring of such union is apt to be intellectually feeble and physically degenerate. 2. Dancing, while it may be harmless in itself, leads to promiscuous acquaintanceships that are a peril to young people and should be avoided. Write to the National Temperance Society, New York City, for literature on liquors and tobacco.

R. L. L., Scottsburg, Va. What is needed is not the abolition but the regulation of immigration. You should not forget that the country has been largely built up by immigration. Restriction of numbers, an educational and financial qualification, exclusion of the criminal, the insane, the pauper and the defective—these are some of the reforms needed. Most of them, though already provided for by law, are not in actual operation.

Several readers have taken exception to the statement recently made in this column as to the origin of the affirmation, as allowed in place of the oath. Attention is called to the use of the affirmation by the Quakers and some other Christians. It was farthest from the intention of *The Matt-Bag* to include these as non-Christians. The original question, not all of which was reproduced, seemed to refer more to those of foreign birth and non-Christian religions, who are allowed this privilege. In writing of the origin of the practice amongst the Friends one correspondent says: "They believed that the teaching of the Gospel was sweeter (Matt. 23: 24-27 and James 5: 12) included judicial as well as profane swearing; consequently they could not conscientiously and therefore would not violate what they understood to be a Divine command. After suffering imprisonments and fines for refusing to swear, they were allowed to affirm. This to them is the equivalent of an oath."



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Rt. Rev. David Hummel Greer, D.D.  
Bishop of New York

The Completed Portion of the Cathedral of the Church of St. John the Divine

The Late Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D.  
Former Bishop of New York



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## THE CONSECRATION OF ST. JOHN'S

WITH deeply impressive ceremonies and all the pomp of the Episcopal Church, the choir and two memorial chapels, St. Saviour's and St. Columba's, of the Cathedral of the Church of St. John the Divine at Morningside Heights in the diocese of New York, were consecrated on April 19 according to the ancient ritual. The dedication ceremonies formed one of the largest and most striking church pageants that have ever taken place in America. While a great throng waited outside for the procession of the clergy and officials of the diocese, the more fortunate who had secured cards of admission sat awed by the dignity and beauty of the interior and heard the mighty organ fill the edifice with its wonderful music. Over it was a sunny April sky, whose light, as yet unobscured by stained glass windows, made a glory

of the gray granite arches, the snowy marble of the altar, the priceless tapestries, the flowing vestments of the clergy, and the resurrection lilies that mingled with green on the altar, the organ and the pulpit. In the nooks about the massive columns that guard the sanctuary, and in the windows of the temporary walls which close the arches, suddenly, as if to verify the words of the Psalmist, "Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest," there was a twittering of birds. In the great crossing were placed chairs for about 700 people, and all were filled by a reverent crowd, whose attire told of the joy of spring. A list of those whose faces might be recognized from the press would read like a roll of fame of the city of New York.

The Right Rev. David I. Greer, bishop of the diocese, conducted the

services, and more than four hundred of the clergy, lay deputies of the General Convention, members of the Great Chapter of the Cathedral and members of the board of trustees participated in the ceremonies. The procession was led by the choir of fifty men and boys, followed by the clergy of the other Christian denominations. The clergy of the Episcopal Church were next in order. At the close of the procession marched twenty deacons, sixteen visiting bishops, the Right Rev. Dr. Burch, the Bishop Suffragan of New York, and Bishop Greer.

The robes of the churchmen made a fine display of ecclesiastical pomp as they passed in. The majority wore snowy white surplices, but over these were cast the hoods of various and rich silks. Certain of the clerics wore caps, velvet hats of archaic form and other reminders of the ancient days of the

church. The brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross, three in number, arrayed from head to foot in the monkish garb of coarse white woolen, appeared in striking opposition to the rest of the clergy in their sumptuous array. Among the notable costumes were those of Pastors Anderssen and Peterssen of the Danish Church. Pastor Peterssen is from St. Thomas, West Indies. They wore, one a white surplice, the other a black gown, and both had on the wide white Elizabethan ruff that went out of profane use in James I's day.

As they entered the cathedral the 24th Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," was chanted, the bishop one verse and the clergy the alternate one. The consecration ceremony was simple, following the conventional form of the Episcopal Church. After this came the reading of

the instruments of donation, dealing with the cathedral itself and the chapels of St. Columba and St. Saviour, showing that they were free from debt and ready for consecration. The deeds of gift of the chair, altar, reredos, organ, and choir stalls were then read by the giver, Levi P. Morton, former governor of New York. George Gordon King read the deed for the Columba Chapel, which is a memorial to his sister, Mary LeRoy King, the gift of their mother, Mrs. Edward R. King. August Belmont presented his gift of the St. Saviour Chapel. These gifts were accepted for the board of trustees by its M. Miller, who in turn presented them to the secretary, Mr. George Bishop.

After the celebration of the communion service, Bishop Greer preached from the text, "Love the brotherhood; fear God; honor the

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The Ecclesiastical Procession Entering the Cathedral



# GOD IS LOVE

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, America's Greatest Evangelist\*

**M**Y TEXT is short enough, so that all can remember it, and it is an awfully weighty one—weightier than the whole world. You cannot weigh it or measure it. It reaches from the throne of God clear down to a lost world. Only three words: "God is love! God is love!" I believe that more than a hundred thousand people would be converted in any great city in a day if they



Dwight L. Moody

believed that sentence—believed it, that's all. Not merely say they feel it; but believe it. Let the feelings take care of themselves. Get your feet on that rock and let the devil howl! Stand there with this "God is love." Whatever may happen, don't give it up. Hold on to it. Satan has been successful in the past six thousand years in making most of the human family believe that this is a lie. The world would swing into the light if they would believe that sentence.

Why does he love? I cannot tell why he set his love on such a race of sinners as we are. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. I suppose it can't help doing it. It is its nature to shine, and it is God's nature to love. It is his nature. Bless the Lord, you will never hear better news this side of heaven! Make up your mind to that. The fact is "God is love."

## God's Love Immeasurable

I want to ask you a question; take it into your mind. Don't sleep to-night until you answer this satisfactorily to yourself. It is this: What more would you ask God to do to show that he loves this world than he has already done? He puts the question himself: "What more could I do for my vineyard than I have done?" He sent the holiest of men and the world drove them into dens and caves. It tied them to the stake and burned them. He sent his own Son and they put him into the grave. But God took him up out of the grave and put him on the throne and raised him for our justification. Even then he was not satisfied. He sent the Holy Ghost, and he is here to-day. "What more could I do?" God asks us. "Would you ask me to send Christ down to earth again, to suffer and die?"

If Christ should come again, and should go to Golgotha and suffer the agonies of Calvary, would it make any more sure the fact that God loves you? Would that satisfy you? Remember, this is for you. He has been trying to show that he loved this world, and he wants you to believe that God is love. Now, the trouble is that we are all the time measuring God with our little, short rule; that is the trouble with us. We are trying to measure God's love with human love. There is the mistake we make. You cannot measure God's love. "It passeth knowledge." We love persons as long as they are worthy of our love, and when they are not, away they go. How many men have cast their wives off—lovely families of children—turned them away (it seems almost as if their love had turned to hate), because their wives had done some things they didn't like. Our love is not worth much; it is not skin deep. We love when everything is lovely; but when there are reverses, our love is gone.

## His Love Unchangeable

Now, mark you, God's love is unchangeable. He loves right on. There is not a man or woman anywhere whom he has not loved. There is a passage I like in the thirteenth of John. It is the first verse: "Having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Do you know when that was said? Listen! That was said the night that Judas went out and betrayed him and sold him for thirty pieces of silver. And when Christ uttered those words he knew that Judas was planning to sell him. "He loved them unto the end." That was the night when Peter was going to curse and swear that he never knew him. And yet he loved Peter. And I am one of those who think that it must have been terrible for Judas to have had the consciousness that Christ loved him. "Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" There was love

This is the twelfth of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One will appear each month.

mingled with that voice. And I have the idea that that was what drove Judas to suicide. He knew he had betrayed one who loved him more than his mother did, and more than he loved himself; how he betrayed one who had done nothing to hurt him, and from whom he received nothing save love and kindness; he had sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Judas went to the grave a suicide, but one look of the Master won Peter back.

I want to tell you again that Christ's love is unchangeable. You may have turned away from him; your love may have died in your heart; but he loves you still, in spite of all your backslidings and wanderings. He wants you to come back. Not only is this so, but his love is unailing—it never fails! Never! God says in the prophecy of Isaiah, "Can a woman forget her son, the child of her breast? Yea, she may, but I never will forget thee." Never!

Now the deepest, strongest of human ties is a mother's love for her child. There is something that will separate a man from his wife, or even a father from his boy; but there is nothing in the wide, wide world that will separate a mother from her own child—that is, a real mother. I will admit there are mothers that have drunk so much whisky as to turn against their own offspring; mothers so steeped in sin that they turn against their children; but where you find a true mother, she will never give up her child. So the prophet asks, "Can a mother forget her child? She may; but I will never forget thee." God's love is higher, deeper and broader than a mother's love. A mother loves more than the child can love the mother. I used to tell my mother—I used to climb up on her knee and say, "I love you the most." Mother would say, "It is impossible." I doubted my mother; but when I became a father, and my boy said that to me, I realized what my mother had meant when she said, "It is impossible."

## A Love That Is Unfailing

Do you tell me that I don't love my child far more than he can love me? If a child sees his father in the coffin, in a few days his tears are gone and perhaps he has forgotten it. If you see him in the coffin, will you forget it? Won't your mind go back to that grave from time to time? Could you forget your own child? Never! There was a time when I used to think more of Jesus Christ than of God the Father. I had a false idea of God. I thought about him as stern; on the other hand, Jesus Christ had come in as a mediator; he had appeased the wrath of an angry God; and Jesus brought more to me than did the Father. But I made this discovery: that it took more love for God to give his Son than for the Son to come and die. Is there a man or woman who would not rather suffer than see the child suffer? You tell me that it cost more to redeem this world. When God gave Christ to this world, he gave all he had; he gave the richest jewel he had. And this is the Gospel, as free as the air we breathe; but it cost God something when he gave up the Son of his bosom. Never doubt the love of God. Don't doubt that for a moment.

I was speaking in St. Louis, a number of years ago, and Dr. Goodell, now dead, was telling me that he was brought up in Vermont. He said there was a boy who used to go to school with him, the lad really lived next door to him; but his father was a very bad man, and seemed to take delight in taking the boy into every kind of vice and sin, until the boy became so bad that the Goodell family thought it would ruin their boy to let the two play together. So he was forbidden to play with the neighbor's boy. How much interest in him they had! It wasn't long before the father died, and then the boy went on from bad to worse, until at last he was arrested for murder. When he was brought into court for trial, he turned out to be the roughest criminal Vermont had ever known. He had killed five different persons. When he was on trial for his life, that mother in the court seemed to take in every word said against her boy, and it seemed to hurt her far more than it did the accused. Men wondered how she could love such a man. She could not help it. God planned that love in her breast. When the verdict was brought in and the youth was condemned, that mother went the length and breadth

of Vermont trying to get men to sign a petition asking the governor to pardon. After it was all over, she begged the governor to let her have her son's body that she might put it into the old family burial plot, where she might plant flowers upon it and water them with her tears. They say that death has burned down everything in this world. It has never burned out the love of a mother. The governor said, "No." By the law of the State, the criminal must be buried in the prison yard. Then the mother begged that her own body might be taken and buried close to that of her boy. She was the only one in the universe whom he loved, and she thought she had a right to be laid by his side. That is a mother's love! Willing for love's sake to have her grave pointed out for all coming time as that of the mother of a noted criminal!

God says, "I can never forget thee." God's love is deeper and broader even than that. It never, never fails. A friend of mine told me that an acquaintance of his was at a great dinner party, and he was struck with the graceful manner in which the lady of the house presided. He found that he had left something in the dining-room and he went back to get it, and he found this lady with a sick child, sitting by the table. With a trembling voice, she introduced him as her youngest son; and she said, "He has gone far away, but I love him still." Of course she did. That's the love that's going to bring this old world back. Tell the world that God loves with an unchangeable, unfailing love.

## A Love That Is Endless

Mother! Have you got a family of seven children, and one of them is gone astray? Don't you love that prodigal one? Is there a night that you don't lift your heart in prayer for him, or a day pass in which you don't cry to heaven for that boy? Now, if you love that erring one, don't you think God loves those that are gone astray? There are none that he does not love. The devil has made them believe that God is their enemy. Let us contradict the lie. Let us publish the good news that "God is love." He loves, whether they believe it or not. He loves with an everlasting love. Jeremiah puts that word in: He loves with an "everlasting love." No end to it! How can we measure "everlasting"? Our government was trying to make a treaty with the Indians, and put in the word "forever." An Indian said, "I wish you would put in 'As long as water runs and grass grows.'" Forever! There is no end to God's love.

Then, if God loves all, will all be saved? Listen! God wants to save you; but if you despise the love of God and turn from it, how can you get the benefit of it? Here is a boy who has a mother, gentle and loving as any being on earth; yet he will turn his back on that mother and go into the depths of sin. He gets no benefit from that mother's love. The love is there, all the same, just as the sun is shining on the just and the unjust; but you can go to the cellar and shut out the sunlight. Aren't men doing that? Aren't they shutting out the love of God? I understand that that is what they are doing. They are outtrunning the love of God—despising the love of God.

## Will You Reject His Love?

One of the saddest things I know is a man who crushes his mother's love under his heel. What is going to become of a man who spurns the love of God? I was going West some time ago and a gentleman who had heard I was going, said, "I have a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law, and they will probably come to one of your meetings. If they do, and you can get their confidence, I wish you would tell them that, if they will come back to a certain State, I will buy the best farm in that State, and they need never come to see me if they will only take it as a gift." The old man said, "I have got two daughters and they are both married, and one daughter thinks I think more of the other daughter, and I cannot make them believe that there is no difference toward them in my heart. I have tried every way I can. I sent money in letters, and they send them back, not even opening them." (He was a man of wealth.) "I have done everything to show them that my love is the same."

When I got to that city, the very first man I saw was that son-in-law. He asked me to his house. I gladly went, for I had an errand. It turned out just as I was told. He said, "Now, look here; I want it understood that you are not to speak about my father-in-law. I don't want you to mention that old hypocrite in my house." I said, "You will please

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\*This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 29, 1897. TEXT: 1 John 4:8—"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."



## Do You Know Your Bible?

Another List of Scripture Questions for Christian Herald Readers to Study and Solve

AN avalanche of letters has come in response to the second list of Bible questions, published in these columns, demonstrating the very general appreciation of this new and instructive feature of Bible study. Many of the letters testify to the thorough enjoyment the writers experienced in solving the questions, and express the hope that they may be continued. "I have found them a great help to me in my Bible study" is an expression frequently encountered. It is surprising to note the keen interest and pleasure with which this great volunteer Bible class has set to work and the results are certainly such as prove beyond a doubt that a very large proportion of those who have begun this line of study know their Bible and know it well.

We print below the correct answers to the second list, and the names of those readers who have made the highest record. It should be explained that Question 8 should originally have read, "How many times do the words Jesus Christ appear in the Gospels?" The answers are as follows:

### ANSWERS TO LIST NO. 2

1. Caleb and Joshua; Deut. 1: 36.
2. Moses; Num. 32: 23.
3. Joshua; Josh. 4: 9.
4. Og, King of Bashan; Deut. 3: 11.
5. Achan; Acts 21: 10, 13.
6. John 14: 6—"I am the Way."
7. Isaiah; Is. 18: 23.
8. John 17: 3; Matt. 1: 1; Matt. 1: 18; Mark 1: 1; John 1: 17.
9. Rev. 22: 20, 21.
10. Lamech; see Gen. 4: 19.
11. Cain; Gen. 4: 9.
12. Rachel; Gen. 29: 9.
13. Hagar; Gen. 21: 16.
14. Rebekah; Gen. 24: 64, 65.
15. Jacob at Rachel's grave; Gen. 35: 20.
16. The offerings; Ex. 22: 29.
17. Job 19: 23, 24.
18. Solomon; Eccles. 8: 8.
19. Amos and Zeehariah; Amos 7: 14; Zech. 13: 5.
20. Zech. 14: 7.

To the second list of questions 597 answers were received up to the date of going to press. Every letter was examined, and all the letters were graded according to the number of correct answers given by the writers. Nine sent perfect answers to all the questions; 31 answered 19 questions correctly; 66 answered 18; 93 answered 17; 109 answered 16; 93 answered 15; 68 answered 14; 41 answered 13; 35 answered 12; 14 answered 11; 14 answered 10; 7 answered 9; 5 answered 8; 1 answered 7; 4 answered 6; 1 answered 5; 1 answered 3; and 5 answered 2. All these answers were correct, in the order stated.

The nine readers who made a "clean score," answering every one of the twenty questions accurately, were:

Charles Allen, Mary Norris, Mrs. G. A. Walker, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Miss Emma L. Davis, Winnifred P. Cairns, Mrs. William E. Camp, Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, Mrs. E. McGaughey.

The thirty-one who answered nineteen questions correctly were:

Mrs. C. E. Spencer, Anna M. Furlan, Mrs. J. K. Davis, Spencer Williams, Georgianna Alexander, Mrs. Charles H. Gilbert, W. A. Campbell, Miss Leonore L. Reese, Howard Hudson, Charles A. Fox, Miss Sahrah A. Hayes, Mrs. J. L. Akins, Eliza J. Fuller, N. K. McLeod, Mary Ben, Mrs. George Livermore, Miss Olive W. Miller, Walter B. Briggs, Stewart Irving, Louise A. Goss, Mrs. J. L. Malcolm, J. M. Faust, Mrs. D. A. Rogers, Mrs. James E. Hart, Abby M. Batsod, Mrs. Frank M. Pett, Arthur Brinklow, Mrs. Mollie Yager, Mrs. G. F. Oxlin, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Charles A. Porter.

The sixty-six who answered eighteen questions correctly were:

Liza C. Fisher, John Bisatt, K. E. M. Kilop, A. M. Shepard, Agnes Rodgers, Mrs. W. H. Gage, Mrs. A. Stechman, James Lee, M. C. Mannen, Susie M. Lathan, Lucy E. Wood, Miss Lillian E. Brown, Mrs. L. N. Root, P. J. Stone, Mrs. Kesia Packer, Mrs. A. N. Lowe, Miss Cora E. White, Mrs. G. W. Tuttle, Mrs. W. H. Bartholomew, Mrs. M. S. Forsyth, A. S. McGinty, Alice M. Brackin, P. F. E. Albee, G. C. Laithwaite, Jennie E. Holmes, Mrs. M. Perry, F. M. Goode, Mrs. S. M. Walker, Mrs. Harriet L. Cahoon, Mrs. Charles Kullen, Karl P. Kullen, Miss S. Bertha Beckwith, Ella E. Robbins, Mrs.

Continued on last column

## Can Giants Be Grown at Will?

By EUGENE THWING

"WHICH of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" The manner of asking this question implied, of necessity, a negative answer. Obviously such a thing was impossible; yet science to-day is asking the question again, "Can giants be grown at will?" and this time the manner of asking is almost a demand for an affirmative answer.

At the base of the brain is a queer little gland—just a tiny morsel of tissue—called the pituitary body, or gland. Its use, until recently, was not known. To-day it is found to be more vital to life than the stomach, a lung, a section of brain, or many other organs. A man can live for months separated from his stomach, but the removal of the little pituitary body will cause death inside of forty-eight hours. It is the belief of investigators that the secret of the growth of the body rests in this gland. The rapid deduction is made that the functions of the pituitary gland can be so modified and controlled by surgical and chemical skill that a race of giants may be produced at will.

WE NEED not wait for the wizardry of laboratory workers. Let them alone with their microscopes and their testing tubes. We have the answer to their question—every one of us. Giants can be grown at will. It has been done again and again, ever since the time of Joshua and Caleb. The sons of Anak were tall; they had the great reach of arm, and the mighty muscle. Some of the spies called them "giants," but they were dwarfs in comparison with Joshua and Caleb. The other ten spies were pigmies and "grasshoppers." Caleb had seen the sons of Anak, yet he stood before the whispering crowd and said, "Let us go up at once . . . for we are well able to overcome." He and Joshua were the real giants in that whole assembly.

William Lloyd Garrison was a young fellow in his twenties. With one assistant and a negro boy he started the *Liberator*, announcing his purpose in these words: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." By the power of that unyielding will he grew to be a giant in the cause of human freedom.

DISRAELI was hated and sneered at. His person and his acts were treated with contempt. His first speech in Parliament was drowned with coughs and hisses. Turning upon his tormentors he declared that the time would come when they should hear him. By the power of his will he grew to be such a giant in debate that the very men who had laughed and hissed him down were later made to writhe under his terrible sarcasm. Such illustrations are countless in number. Men of puny and sickly bodies have made themselves robust and strong; shop-boys and mechanics have become captains of industry; the rail-splitter and the canal-boy became Presidents of the nation.

A STORY is told of the civil war in Spain. Don Basilio was a captain in the army of Isabella. His friend Ramon was with the Carlists. Don Basilio was captured and sentenced, with twenty others, to be shot. The execution began. Don Basilio was tenth in the line. Seven had fallen. Two more, and then Don Basilio. At that moment Ramon ran to him and seized him in his arms. "Not this one! Not this one, General!" he cried.

"Why not this one? Is he a musician?" asked the general. The Carlists did not shoot the musicians, as the latter did not injure them during the fight; also because they needed music bands for their battalions.

"A musician!" exclaimed Ramon; "yes, yes, General, he is a musician; a grand musician."

"Upon what instrument does he play?"

"The—the—ah, now I remember; the French horn!"

Don Basilio could not play on any instrument; he did not understand a single note of music. The band to which he was allotted was to be organized in fourteen days. Death faced him and the friend who had saved him. Here is what Don Basilio said to his friend: "In fourteen days I shall know music; in fourteen days I will play upon the horn." The French horn is a very difficult instrument to learn. Don Basilio tells the story:

"In fourteen days—ah, the power of the will!—in fourteen days, with their fourteen nights (I did not sleep for half a month)—yes, you have cause to be astonished—in fourteen days I learned to play upon the horn! What days they were! Ramon and I went to the fields and spent our days with a musician who came from a neighboring place to instruct me. I spoke nothing, I thought nothing, I ate nothing. My only thought was music—the French horn. I wanted to learn, and I learned it. Had I been dumb, I should have learned to speak; if lame, to walk; if blind, to see—because it was my will to do it. Ah, the will! that is the greatest power on earth. I had the will to do it; therein lies the whole deed. I had the will—and I succeeded."

CAN giants be grown at will? The scientist puts his question better than he intends. The most wonderful technique of the surgeon, or skill of the chemist, at best is restricted; but the will can do miracles. The will admits no restrictions—it knows no bounds. It may well be that the cleverest jugglery of scientific instruments and agencies may not produce giants of physical measurement. After all, what is the *will* but a garment, or a dwelling place? A very large body may be the home of a *will* or the weak form of a very small child may hold the soul of a giant. In many of our homes there are boys who should know, and feel a joy in knowing, that giants can be grown at will.

The will—it is a wonderful thing. It lays all science, all knowledge, all wealth under tribute. The schoolboy, the errand boy, the farmer's boy may have no money, or no influence. If he have the *will*, he may some day stand forth in the world of men as a veritable giant in power and achievement.

## Do You Know Your Bible?

Continued from first column

E. H. Roberts, Mack Wilson, Miss Tallulah Alfriend, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Osburne, Ida Shields, Mrs. Joseph Robinson, Mrs. H. H. Pettit, Evelyn Wright, Miss Marion F. Grinwell, Anna Franklin, J. C. Budd, Ira J. Chamberlin, Miss Sallie N. Goodie, Mrs. L. P. Bickerdie, Marion Rockwood, William R. Harrison, Rosina Rausch, A. A. Williams, Mrs. N. M. Lewis, Mrs. Thomas W. Cole, Mrs. John Croning, D. B. Rittenand, Mrs. H. Hollingsworth, Mary L. Downie, Mrs. Delger Moor, John C. M. Elroy, Anna R. Mineh, Clara Hackwell, Lucian Meilera, Mrs. A. Wicks, Mrs. M. E. Hancek, Lawrence Miller, H. H. Barrows.

The ninety-three who answered seventeen questions correctly were:

Mrs. J. H. Wallace, A. B. Reynolds, Mrs. W. H. Bliss, Mrs. M. Niman, Mrs. George I. Perry, Mrs. H. F. Fisher, Bessie Stophil, Mrs. Annie McGreener, E. T. Tennant, Miss A. E. Sloan, Mrs. W. O. Thomas, Caroline Simmons, Mrs. James Yule, H. Brownell, Anna Meister, Ella Larsen, Mrs. Jerome O'Leary, Irvan H. Cammack, Mrs. W. H. Batchelor, Mark Scribner, Mrs. Jesse C. Morris, Franklin Frederick, C. F. Miller, Mrs. L. B. Campbell, Miss Altie E. Kemble, Mrs. R. D. Gilbert, W. G. Robb, Mrs. George K. Perrin, J. P. Hannay, George L. Putty, Mrs. M. P. Pierson, Miss Florence Cosgrove, Mrs. R. A. Best, Richard Galle, Sarah Elizabeth Frost, Mrs. W. E. Adams, W. J. Wickham, Mrs. A. G. Taylor, Mary E. Hey, M. Jennie Bonstein, Louis Fowler, David Wilson, Mrs. M. Jay Cornell, Louisa A. Riecke, Mrs. L. Fannie Coumbe, Miss L. A. Smith, Miss R. A. Beldman, Mrs. D. B. Gary, Mrs. J. A. Tutthill, Sallie Davidson, Mrs. Wetha A. Ferris, Mrs. Albert J. Smith, John V. Secor, H. F. Snyder, Miss Lilia H. Baker, Mrs. Burroughs Shaw, Miss Jennie Lewis, Miss Amanda L. Groff, Mrs. S. E. Sloan, Mrs. E. H. Coldough, Mrs. A. J. Halcum, Mrs. E. C. Troustout, Mrs. W. B. Wild, Mrs. F. K. Tucker, Mrs. P. M. Gainfort, Mrs. J. M. Fishburn, Mrs. George Francis, O. P. Allen, Anna M. Hutton, Annie S. Dyer, Mrs. Roy Vanarnum, H. H. Carey, Mrs. A. S. Darling, Mrs. Elizabeth Harder, Mrs. H. C. Poe, Mrs. H. M. Harttraut, Mrs. J. N. Strong, Mrs. Maria L. Harkness, Mrs. W. H. Edmonds, Samuel O'Harr, Mrs. C. Newendorp, Mrs. James Anderson, Mrs. C. E. Clark, Mrs. Herbert L. Bradford, Alma H. Shulters, Mrs. H. T. Hughes, Egbert Field, George A. Abbadusky, Alonzo N. Smith, Mrs. W. O. Barnes, Mrs. A. E. Merrill, Annie Tipton, Mrs. Sarah Lawrence and two unsigned.

We give below List No. 3 of Bible Questions. At the suggestion of a number of readers who consider the earlier list somewhat long, we have reduced it to fifteen questions:

### QUESTION LIST NO. 3

1. Who made the first draft of men for war?
2. Where are we told of the first man who shaved himself?
3. Where is the first mention of a tithe or tent?
4. Who was the writer of the first recorded letters?
5. By whom and when was a monument used for a dining table?
6. Whose daughter was Noah?
7. Where was a fourteen days' great revival held, and by whom conducted?
8. Where is the record of a blessing on the wholesale and retail departments of business?
9. What is the longest word in the Bible?
10. Where is the first instance of church letters being used?
11. What Scripture proves it to be a duty for a church to support its minister?
12. What one word in Scripture is said to contain the whole law?
13. Who called Jesus the "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls"?
14. Name three persons whose afflictions were their enjoyment?
15. What New Testament preacher at his first sermon had many conversions?

## Anvil Sparks

..HE who doesn't pray becomes the prey of Satan.

..DEFINE sin by saying that there is nothing fine in it.

..SET a converted thief to catch other thieves to convert them.

..HE who goes forward for prayer has made a great forward movement.

..THE sinner meets Christ coming in his direction, but afterward he follows him.

..MEN who do as they please, though it pleases them to do wrong, are willing for everybody else to do as they please, so long as they do not wrong them.

..THE Christian has cause to be thankful for three things—that some one preached the way, that the Lord accepted his offer to walk in the way, and that he made the way easy.

W. J. B.





# The Coronation Programme

To Be a Most Imposing Ceremonial,  
and Also a Most Biblical One : : :



By WILLIAM DURBAN, London

EVERY one of the many associations and details connected with the coronation of an English monarch seems wonderfully calculated to add to its profound and solemn impressiveness, apart from the gorgeous and grandiose character of the ceremony. There is probably no event celebrated in the modern world that can compare with this august occasion. No inauguration of an exalted dignitary is in anything like the same degree invested with the sanctity derived from the precedents recorded in Holy Scripture.

Thursday, June 22, will witness the enthronement and coronation of George V. and Mary, both already beloved by the people for their sweet and simple domestic life, their pure love for each other, and their absolute devotion to their children. The grand rite will of course, as has been the case for over a thousand years, take place in the most venerated of all British sanctuaries, built near the close of the Saxon period, before the Norman Conquest—the magnificent Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster.

The occasion is to be graced by the presence of a host of magnificently robed officials, ecclesiastical dignitaries, functionaries, peers, military and naval officers, and noble ladies. For three months before the event, Westminster Abbey is closed, so elaborate are the preparations needed for the celebrated occasion. The most prominent amongst the officiating dignitaries will be the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Durham, and of Bath and Wells; the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Westminster, together with the Grand Chamberlain, having parts assigned to them.

It will readily be seen, from a brief description of the principal details of the ritual, how great a part is played by sacred symbolism. Thus the Coronation is more replete with solemn and religious suggestions than any other modern celebration ever witnessed anywhere. The Introit inaugurates the proceedings, for the entrance of the two Royal Consorts into the Abbey is signalized, as soon as they appear within the West Door, by the choral chanting of an anthem taken from Psalm 132, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go up into the house of the Lord." A magnificent procession, headed by the two Archbishops and many Bishops, follows the sovereigns to the peculiarly constructed dais erected for the occasion. This dais is intended to be the focus of a glorious and solemnizing spectacle. On it takes place a significant performance, for it is the scene of what is known as the Recognition.

But some impressive preliminaries are first observed which show the deeply religious stamp of all the proceedings, for the King and Queen first pass by their thrones and kneel at "faldstools" to offer short private prayers. These are offered at the south side of the altar. Then the royal pair are placed on what are called their "Chairs of Estate." The Archbishop of Canterbury as Primate of all

England now turns to the east part of the dais and in a loud voice speaks to the whole assembly in the following proclamation:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all of you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?"

The people instantly by loud and repeated acclamations respond, crying out, "God save King George!"

The Archbishop repeats the proclamation at each of the other three sides of the dais, receiving the same assurances of allegiance. To crowds outside

the Queen kneel at their "faldstools" while the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit," is sung. The Anointing is a peculiarly significant rite. The oil used is first consecrated by the Primate and is called "holy oil," just as in Bible days. Thus were Saul, David, and Solomon anointed kings. On the altar for this occasion stands a remarkable vessel, shaped like an eagle, fashioned 800 years ago and styled the *ampulla*. With oil poured from its beak, the monarch is anointed in the form of a cross on the head, as the seat of thought; on the breast, as the seat of emotion and affection; on the hands, as instruments of action. Three times, as the Primate performs the solemn chrism with the unction, he repeats the formula, "Be anointed with holy oil as kings, prophets, and priests were anointed. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The King, while the hymn is being sung, takes his place in the venerated chair of King Edward I., made in the year 1300, which has ever since constituted the Coronation Chair. Here takes place the highly symbolical Investiture.

This ceremony is styled the Investiture *per anulum et per baculum*. The monarch must be arrayed in the Robes of Office. He is girded with the sword of Justice; clad in the Imperial Mantle; invested with the ecclesiastical Dalmatic and Stole, just as if receiving priestly ordination and called to the sacerdotal function and becoming God's minister, as indeed St. Paul calls a king. Then is placed in his hands the Orb, a gem-studded ball of gold surmounted by a cross, to remind him that the whole world is subject to Christ. Next on his finger is placed a ring engraved with a cross. This is the Royal Signet Ring, and at that moment the Primate prays that he may be "sealed with the Spirit of promise." The Royal Scepter, the token of kingly justice,

and the Rod with the Dove, that of equity and mercy, are now placed in the right and left hand of the king respectively.

Now comes the climax. The Archbishop takes the Crown, blazing with many priceless jewels, from the altar, but immediately lays it on again, this action signifying that the august symbol of supreme rule is from God, and that to God it will be returned in due time. Then as the Crown is reverently placed on the royal head the Abbey resounds with shouts of "God save the King!" The religious ceremony concludes with the Benediction. But now the newly-crowned King is enthroned after his Coronation; that is, he is "lifted to his throne" by the Archbishops and other Peers, the *Te Deum* being sung. Then the Prelates and Peers do homage according to an ancient custom, kissing the King's cheek as Samuel kissed the cheek of Saul. The Queen is then robed, anointed and crowned. Finally, the two monarchs put off their crowns and humbly prostrate themselves, receiving once more the Holy Communion, and the great celebration is over.



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The British Houses of Parliament, from the Thames

the Abbey loud trumpet-blasts by heralds announce the compact. Next the Litany is chanted by the august assembly, and then, as the very heart of the occasion is sacramental, Holy Communion is observed; for it is the main purpose of this ceremonial to impress on the mind of the monarch that he is expected to live as the "first Christian" in his Empire in the eyes of all the nation. A short sermon is delivered, before which the King puts on his cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. On his right stands the Bishop of Durham, and beyond him, on the same side, the lords who carry the swords, and on his left side the Bishop of Bath and Wells and also the Lord Great Chamberlain.

On February 6, in the presence of the two Houses of Parliament, the King and Queen signed the prescribed Declaration of fidelity to the Protestant Reformed Religion, and now in Westminster Abbey the Coronation Oath to the same purport is administered, the King laying his hand on the Bible as he repeats the vow of fealty. The Anointing now follows. The King returns to his Chair, and he and

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Dr. EDWIN D. MUMFORD of Boston writes, in that a number of American colleges and university students recently sent a subscription to "China for relief work as a testimonial sympathy from the American students and a recognition of China's movement for the New Education."

THE NEW BRITISH bathrobe, called *Indefatigable* has broken all records for speed at sea for ships of her dimensions. She has been making twenty-nine knots per hour in her recent speed trials. The vessel was launched at Devonport in October, 1909. In her trials in 1910 she is said to have made twenty-seven knots with reduced power.

JEWISH COLONIZATION in Egypt has been progressing at an unusual rate in recent years. Many of these immigrants come from Russia and are proving themselves capable colonists and

poor farmers. It is a strange coincidence that this latest development of Jewish immigration should have been directed toward the race's ancient "land of bondage." The ages, however, have wrought this difference: that they can now live there peacefully under government protection and free from the persecution and race hatred that have followed them so frequently in Europe.

—REPORTS FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., state that all records for immigrants landed at those ports have been broken during the winter season which recently closed. This increase has been largely at the expense of Boston, New York and other United States ports, according to the steamship officials. While most of the immigrants have settled in the Canadian Northwest, there is said to have been a considerable

entry to lands in the Western part of the United States. The shorter passage of four and five days, as compared with six and seven days, is given as a reason for favoring Canadian ports. It is estimated that more than 100,000 persons were landed since last November, compared with 68,000 during a similar period last year.

—A HEALTHY New York woman has sued a firm of beautifiers for heavy damages because, as she alleges, her hair has turned green from the use of a dye with which it was treated to restore its natural color. Her hair had become gray, although she is comparatively young. The dye employed inflamed the scalp and caused serious illness. The case is a typical one, as showing results that no doubt may be duplicated in many instances where "beautification" has been resorted to in order to preserve the appearance of youth.

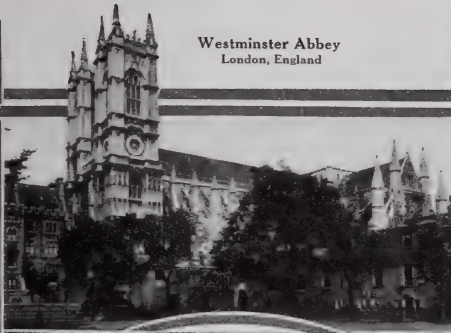


# England's Coming Coronation



Rt. Rev. G. W. Kennion  
Bishop of Bath and Wells

A "Beefeater"



Westminster Abbey  
London, England



Rt. Rev. H. C. G. Moule  
Bishop of Durham

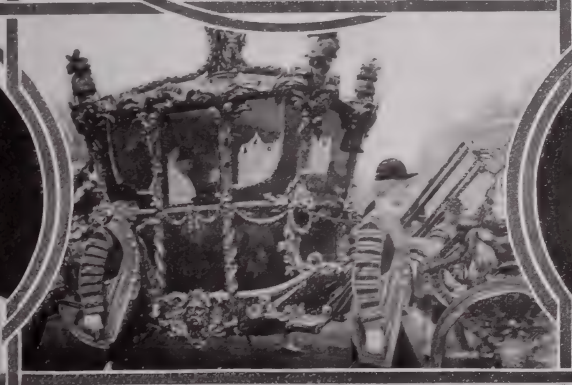
A "Beefeater"



Their Majesties  
King George and  
Queen Mary



Rt. Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang  
Archbishop of York



The King and Queen in the State Coach



Rt. Rev. Randall Davidson  
Archbishop of Canterbury



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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## Our Palestine Pilgrimage

IN THE old pilgrim days, it was the ambition of every true believer to visit the Holy Land. This was the one desire toward which all his efforts tended, and for the accomplishment of which he was willing to make great sacrifice. In those early days travel was difficult, and the journey to Palestine was a serious undertaking. Now, however, our swift modern railroad and steamship facilities have placed a Holy Land tour within easy reach. It calls neither for great outlay nor long absence. The journey across the Atlantic in the vast palatial ocean liners occupies only a few days. Our large liners are replete with every accommodation and comfort to make the trip a pleasure and an exhilaration. The Atlantic crossed, they run up the Mediterranean under blue skies, through a region full of historic and sacred interest. Rome, Greece and Egypt visited, the latter-day pilgrims are at last in Palestine, the land of their dreams and the goal of the Christian's desire. All the holy places are visited; we come into actual contact with the scenes and people described in the Old and New Testaments, for the passing centuries make little change in the ancient East. At every stage of our journey new light is shed on the Bible. Faith is strengthened and spiritual life quickened. We ourselves become, as it were, a part of the great Bible story—a participant in the sacred drama of the world's redemption. Such a journey is a fitting crown to a Christian life.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are now offered the opportunity to make this pilgrimage at a figure far below what it ordinarily costs. Some few among them may already have visited Palestine, and would no doubt be glad to repeat the journey under such pleasant auspices and at comparatively little cost. To those who have never been there, it is the opportunity of a lifetime. It will be an experience full of inspiration and instruction; one to which every member of the party can look back with pleasure and delight. To Bible students and Christian workers of both sexes it will be a priceless asset on which they may draw in the coming years.

We urge all who desire to take advantage of this opportunity to visit the Holy Land to send their names and addresses to "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Pilgrimage Bureau, Bible House, New York," and they will receive by mail all the necessary particulars. The journey will be "personally conducted," and we hope to have a goodly company along when the delightful sixty days' pilgrimage begins on September 20.

## The Decay of the Saloon

IT IS well to hear both sides of a question before forming an opinion. Lately, the liquor press has been endeavoring, by strenuous publication in many quarters, to demonstrate the utter failure of prohibition in the South. The result has been to mislead many as to the actual condition of affairs in several States. A reader of this journal in Georgia directs attention to this species of exaggeration and says, "It is the purpose of the liquor forces to publish in one State what a lamentable failure prohibition has proven to be in another State. Georgia consumes some liquor yet; but the open barroom there is a thing of the past." The Atlanta Georgian dealing with the subject says:

"Georgia has prospered under prohibition. It has increased in wealth and population, while Atlanta has leaped to second place among the cities of the South. Exploded beyond repair is the old contention that prohibition hurts business. It hurts only the whisky business and boosts all others. Atlanta was never in the midst of such business and building activity as it is now. In Atlanta, moreover, prohibition has decreased drunkenness, crime and disorder. This has been shown by indisputable statistics. Prohibition has killed the old whisky saloon; an organized force corruptive both of society and of politics; and the law has been enforced, too, perhaps as well as could have been expected of any law passed over opposition as strong. Sentiment for its better enforcement is growing everywhere. As

to the prohibition law of this State—with all its faults, Georgia will cling to it still."

The Georgian goes further and claims that the impression has been given by the liquor organs that one by one the prohibition States of the South are looking forward to repealing their State-wide laws, when, as a matter of fact, nothing is further from the truth. In Alabama, the apparent reaction has merely been the result of too drastic legislation. In Tennessee with a prohibition governor, and a prohibition combination controlling the legislature which recently elected a prohibitionist to the United States Senate, there is no immediate likelihood of repeal. Violations of the law there are and will be, as long as human nature remains unchanged; but the one momentous fact remains that the saloon in these Southern sections has gone! And this is something for which to be thankful. It would be pleasing if these conditions could be duplicated in other than Southern States.

## Cathedral Spires

IN HIS consecration sermon at the Cathedral of the Church of St. John the Divine, Bishop Greer said we are living in an age when men's thoughts are more occupied with temporalities than with temples. The stress of our modern life leaves little time to devote to those phases of thought and action which occupied such a large share of the attention of our ancestors. They built their cathedrals in the old mother-lands in the "age of faith"—a testimony to the dream and the hope of a church universal. The great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, whose choir has just been consecrated with such dignity and solemnity, cannot perform for the people of the teeming city above which it towers such full-rounded service as did those of England, France, Italy and Germany. As those have stood through the centuries to gather about them the hallowed associations of history, so may it stand till in the progress of divine Providence it shall lift its spires in another and a freer age of faith—itsself a testimony to the religious brotherhood of humanity. As one looks upon that splendid pile, unfinished as yet, but whose mighty arches and great buttresses point forward to a day of completion, he cannot but be impressed by the thought of the coming centuries in which it shall be a monument to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The beautiful pageant that marked the dedication of that portion of the Cathedral which has been finished, may fittingly be the prototype of its service to the community, in pointing ever onward and upward to that which is highest and best.

## Timidity and Boldness

SOME mere man, whom we suspect of timidity, since he hides his identity, writes to this journal that the only obstacle to granting the suffrage to women is the hesitancy of the other sex to grant them what they ask, so long as they persistently lean toward such abnormalities as the big hat and the hobble. He deferentially submits the suggestion that a mind well-poised and equipped for the more serious duties of life would not be carried away by such trivialities. Of course, this is both ungallant and absurd. When meetings are held to discuss the problem of equal suffrage, it seems unfortunate that trivial, silly and ill-tempered words should be spoken. The question is vital and will be decided in this country by and by, in the way that suits the majority. Whenever American women show convincingly that a majority of them wish to vote, the ballot will be granted them. In the meantime one strenuous editor who has declared that husbands are weak and should keep their wives in subjection, quoting St. Paul as an authority, is very much a back number, theologically and sociologically. People who quote Scripture, twisting it out of its proper meaning to prove what they wish, are hardly fitted for the full blaze of the twentieth century. Until the pros and cons of this matter can be discussed without allusions to women's dress and

vanity, and without insult and loss of equanimity on either side, nothing worth speaking of will take place in settling the matter at issue. Let us have good temper and fair play and the battle will be a pleasanter one all round.

## Circles of Prayer

THE Woman's Foreign Mission Jubilee, which began in Oakland, Calif., last October and closed its sessions in New York in the latter part of March, had one significant feature among many others. Now that it is in the past and we look back upon it, the feature standing out most conspicuously is that of its intense spirituality. In every city for weeks before the meetings were held there were special gatherings of women for prayer. In many cities and churches the women's prayer meeting, which had been given up because of the pressure of other meetings and obligations, was revived. Circles of women met at each other's homes for prayer that God's blessing might come on the movement, that the interest in foreign missions might be heightened and deepened, and that the money might flow into the treasury for the increase of the work. This wave of prayer sweeping across the continent cannot but prove a wonderful blessing in that it will show women that without the presence of the Saviour their efforts can be of slight avail. So deep was the impression made upon individuals that in some towns nothing else was talked about over the telephone, and every social arrangement was made in accordance with the necessities and demands of the Jubilee meetings. The words of Dr. Noble, the missionary physician from India, whose plain and telling statements aroused her listeners to sympathy and carried them into the privacies of the zenana, can never be forgotten by those who heard them.

## Great Chinese Loan Arranged

—THE AGREEMENT for the \$50,000,000 loan to China by a group of American, English, German, and French financiers, negotiations for which have been going on for some time, was signed recently. The loan is secured by the provincial revenues. According to the terms of the agreement the banking groups representing the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany will pay to China \$5,000,000 immediately, \$5,000,000 when the Powers have approved of the currency reform and the Manchurian development schemes, and the balance of the loan in instalments covering some months. The agreement does not provide for a financial adviser to the Chinese Government, the Chinese having refused to allow that provision to be included, but the Peking Government addressed a note to William J. Calhoun, the American Minister, asking him to appoint an adviser.

## Received by Japan's Emperor

I NOW have the honor to inform you that the copy of the memorial volume of the Life Work of Louis Klopfach has been graciously accepted by His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

I have the honor to be, etc.,  
BARON U. UCHIDA,  
Imperial Japanese Embassy, Washington.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Italy's Fiftieth Anniversary

ITALY and Rome are as old as civilization. They go back to the earliest period of European history, and have an important relation to it; but modern Italy is just fifty years old now, and the semi-centennial anniversary of the foundation of United Italy is celebrated in Rome and Turin by an exposition of magnificent proportions. Our Civil War was just beginning when the throes of revolution had been passed in Italy and a united nation with its new liberty was formed. Among the men who had an important part in the making of modern Italy were Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Victor Immanuel II. Humbert I. and Victor Immanuel III. played their important parts more recently. King Victor Immanuel opened the Exposition of Fine Arts in the Vigna Carboni; on the day following he inaugurated the Exhibition of Retrospective Art in the Castle of Sant' Angelo—the Mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian and his successors—which is to be converted into a permanent mediæval museum, retaining many of the exhibits now shown. Among other beautiful things there will be a corner of Venice produced on the Lagoons erected for the International Exposition. There will be a round of events in harmony with the greatness of the event which is being celebrated. Italy caught the spirit of progress which is the breath of God. The prophets, rejoicing at national prosperity, can be voiced by united Italy.

Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation; thou art glorified. (Isa. 26:15.)

## Solved Riddle of Sphinx

Professor G. A. Reisner of Harvard, who has just returned from Egypt, believes that he has solved the riddle of the Sphinx, which has baffled the world for thousands of years. The professor announced recently that in his exploration he had found the remains of the palace of Ahab and Jezabel. He has just unearthed the statue of the builder of the Third Pyramid, who belonged to the fourth dynasty, and his head-dress is exactly like that of the Sphinx. He claims that the Sphinx is none other than Cephren, son of that Cheops who built for himself the first and greatest pyramid of the three huge tombs. The professor says: "The Great Sphinx is the guardian of the sacred precincts of the Second Pyramid, placed beside the causeway leading to the pyramid. The body is the body of a lion. The head is the head of Cephren, the king who built the Second Pyramid and carved the Sphinx out of a knob of natural rock." That the Sphinx should guard the pyramid was natural. Such images frequently protected tombs. The inscription on one such sphinx reads: "I protect the chapel of thy tomb, I guard thy sepulchral chamber, I ward off the intruding stranger, I cast down thy foes to the ground and their arms with them, I drive away the wicked from the chapel of thy tomb, I destroy thine adversaries in their lurking place, blocking it that they may no more come forth." This calm assurance of power and ultimate victory has seemed to create a soul for the Great Sphinx. Nearly five thousand years it has stood in the shifting desert sands, and it always has had a way of troubling people's consciences. The Greek Sphinx had a riddle which the generations were unable to solve. It was this: "What animal is it that goes on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three feet at night?" Oedipus guessed that it was man, who when a baby crawled on all fours, at noon of manhood walked upright on two feet, and in the evening of old age walked with two feet and a staff. The story goes that on the solving of the riddle the Sphinx fell to pieces. It is a Sphinx, guarding the entrance to the tomb. It has a riddle which no one but Jesus the Nazarene ever saw, the one

Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. (II. Tim. 1:10.)

## Bridegroom at Ninety-six

A prosperous farmer of Baltimore County, Maryland, concluded to marry the second time. He courted a maiden of some seventy summers and the day of the wedding was set. The man went to Towson to obtain the marriage license. After some search he

found the courthouse and entered the clerk's office, and noticing a number of persons about one of the clerks securing licenses, he asked for one for himself, receiving it and paying the fee, \$1.50. When he reached home and opened the envelope, he found that his license was a permit to shoot birds in Baltimore County for one year, instead of a permission to marry his sweetheart. As there were no trains between then and the hour set for the wedding, he started out afoot for the courthouse to repair his mistake. He found the public building closed, but sought a deputy, who opened the door, and gave him the license he desired, charging him a dollar for it. He wanted the money he had paid for the bird permit to go as a credit on his license, but the clerk would not allow him to do so, and he was made to pay the penalty of his mistake. He walked back home again and the Methodist minister of his village pronounced the couple man and wife. There is perhaps no subject on which people will volunteer so much advice to their neighbors as on that of marriage. The friendly and unfriendly suggestions as to the age, size, quality and character of candidates for the matrimonial estate are almost as many as the persons entering upon the life contract. We may be mistaken, but we are of the opinion that it would have been wise for the old man almost at the century goal to have kept his license to shoot birds, and to have asked the bride-to-be to excuse him from his

and put it out. The Saviour enjoins this spiritual caution and prudence in his words:

Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man. (Luke 21:36.)

## Planting Trees

The 30th day of April was tree planting day. The school children in America very generally observed the day and grown people also joined in the delightful exercise. Some named their trees Charter Oak, Treaty Elm, Newton's Apple Tree, Washington's Cherry Tree, after the famous trees of history. Some imitated the custom in New England of planting friendship gardens, the names of those planting the trees being cut in the bark, as beautiful and perpetual expressions of friendship. The ax of civilization has murdered the trees by the wholesale, destroying material values, exhausting the streams, and threatening serious damage to future generations. It is fortunate that the attention of the nation to the repair of this damage is so practical and efficient. They have suffered also by the destruction of forests in New Zealand. There was a volcanic eruption in the Mount Tarawera district in the centre of North Island twenty-five years ago, which destroyed all vegetation. The government is employing its prisoners in replanting the trees. The men are allowed \$2 apiece for every larch tree planted. Each man is allowed to have his own hut, and all have the benefit of a library and social centre. Of course only first offenders with a light record are set to this class of work. Last year these men set out 3,500,000 trees. It seems that our Federal and State governments might set many of the prisoners to the task of tree planting, which would be healthful to the bodies and minds of the convicts, and of advantage to the country. There is a beautiful description of tree-planting in old times.

I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. (Eccles. 2:5, 6.)

## Mother's Letter Saved Boy

Glenn Koss, twenty-two years old, who enlisted in the United States Army in Chicago and took the money furnished him for passage to Jefferson Barracks and spent it on a drunken spree in which he went through to Memphis, reported to the recruiting officers there and was returned as an embezzler to Chicago, where he was arraigned before Judge Landis of the United States District Court. The judge got hold of a letter the boy's mother had written to him, which was as follows: "The trouble that you are in is almost more than I can bear. Your trouble is serious, and I know it was drink. But you must be honest with the court that tries you, and must take your punishment like a man. You must be true to your country even though you have to go to prison. I would rather have you in jail than in a saloon. If you will only brace up and be a man and stop drinking we shall be glad to have you come home when you have served your punishment, whatever it may be. Your father will give you work if you do not drink. I will pray for you every night, as I always have done, and that you will come home to us and be true to yourself and your country." After reading the letter the Judge said: "Glenn, a boy who has a mother like that cannot be totally bad. If you will promise me that you will stop drinking and try to be a credit to your people I will not send you to prison. I will impose the trifling sentence of \$50 fine on you and hold the prison penalty in abeyance. Go home to the job, send me \$8 a week until your fine is paid, as the evidence of your sincerity and repentance." The young man with deep emotion said he would, and went home to his people, and resolved upon a better life. Something beside his human will will be required for his reformation; Christ's help and that of the Church will be necessary. How like an angel from heaven is a mother's influence over her wayward son! A mother's love is the nearest to omnipotence of anything this side of the white throne. The injunction of the Good Book we would suggest to this young man in his determination to reform:

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. (Prov. 1:8.)



The Opening of the Beaux Arts Building at the United Italy Exposition at Rome

foolish agreement. Age and childhood are both beautiful things, but a second childhood is a pitiful period, and contradicts the rule that years bring prudence and wisdom.

With the ancient is wisdom; and in length of days understanding. (Job 12:12.)

## Distinguished Fire Chief

Edward F. Croker, after twenty-seven years of service within the fire lines of New York, and after a dozen years as Chief of the Fire Department, was retired on a pension of \$6,000 a year the other day. He does not intend to retire from all activity, but will devote the rest of his life to the prevention of fires. He was made Chief of the Fire Department when only thirty-seven years of age, and, next to the lamented Colonel Waring, there has perhaps not been a city official more popular and successful than Fire Chief Croker. He had a perfect passion for putting out fires, and a genius which gave singular efficiency to his endeavors. The United States leads the world in the wonderful machines for putting out fires, and yet there is scarcely a country of Europe that does not surpass us in preventing conflagrations. In spite of our efficient fire departments in the cities, the annual fire losses in the country must amount to \$200,000,000. As sanitary science nowadays is more interested in preventing than curing diseases, so the great fire conqueror of the future will be the one who can come nearest to preventing fires. Croker, the distinguished fire-fighter, will be a great blessing to his generation if he shall be spared yet many years to teach the nation how to prevent these disastrous conflagrations. In the training of children, in the formation of character, in growth in grace, it is so much better to guard against the fire than to have to go to work



# A NATION-WIDE CHILD CRUSADE



Mrs. Frank De Garmo  
Missouri



Mrs. E. H. Merrill  
Syracuse, N. Y.



Mrs. Walter Brown  
Des Moines, Ia.



Mrs. J. P. Bryan  
Beverly, N. J.



Miss Mary Garrett  
Philadelphia



Mrs. Ella C. Porter  
Dallas, Texas



Mrs. A. L. Hamilton  
California



Mrs. Geo. D. Marshall  
Delaware

THE National Congress of Mothers, at its triennial convention in Washington this year, celebrates its fifteenth anniversary. The work of the Congress has gone on steadily and quietly during the years, and has been extended into other lands, where the ideas of better conditions for children and a higher standard of home life have won great hospitality.

The National Congress of Mothers now has nineteen national departments. Prominent among these are the new departments of rural child welfare, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Frank DeGarmo, of St. Louis, Mo.; child welfare legislation, Miss Mary Garrett, of Philadelphia, chairman; child labor, Miss P. J. McGovern, Atlanta, Ga., chairman; and child hygiene, Mrs. Walter S. Brown, Des Moines, Ia., chairman. The new work of rural child welfare is especially directed towards betterment of conditions in rural communities, the first and practical step in this direction being the promotion of good roads between isolated homes and schools and churches. Active work is already being done in the legislatures of eighteen States to secure better roads, the Mothers' Clubs co-operating with other agencies.

Work for open-air schools and better sanitary conditions in schoolrooms forms another new department taken up by the National Congress of Mothers. Many mothers are longing for the power to exert their responsibility as resident mothers now do in the splendid States of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Washington.

The mother movement in Washington State is having a boom through the enfranchisement of the home-makers and the women of the State. There will soon be mothers' circles in all the twenty-six schools of Tacoma. Home and school work has also been introduced in Utah through the efforts of Mrs. Clarence Allen of Salt Lake City, State president. In Idaho, the mother work has made a good beginning at Boise, being closely connected with the church and club organizations.

Among the newly-fledged State organizations is Massachusetts, of which Mrs. Alice B. Merrymann, of Haverhill, is the first president, and which had 105 delegates, representing 3,000 members, at its first annual convention in Waltham last February. The younger State organizations include those of Rhode Island, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana and Tennessee, where work for rural schools is bringing parents and teachers together.

In the older State Congresses, like New York, Connecticut, California, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, the mother work has been expanded in all the important lines. The New Jersey Congress

at its last annual meeting appointed a committee of investigation, hoping by a campaign of education to control or correct some present conditions. The Pennsylvania Congress has done effective work to reduce infant mortality, and the New York Assembly of Mothers has endorsed the single standard of morality for men and women. The marriage bill presented by Mrs. E. H. Merrell, State chairman of child hygiene organ-

ization, has been pushed in Delaware by Mrs. George W. Marshall, the philanthropic State president. In Texas, the Mothers' Congress movement has developed amazingly under the direction of Mrs. J. N. Porter of Dallas, temperance worker and home protector.

The 1911 National Convention at Washington focused attention on such vital topics as Education for Parenthood; the Relation of the Home, the School and the Church to Child Welfare; the Duty of the State and the Nation to the Children; Plans for Eradicating Dependent and Working Children, etc.

The Religious Education Society had charge of a session devoted to religious training, with special reference to parents as religious teachers.

The world-wide aspect of the movement was reflected in the addresses by representatives from abroad and reports from the great World's Home Education Congress held in Belgium last year. Memorial services were held for the departed leaders, Mrs. James H. McGill, of Washington, national corresponding secretary, and Mrs. W. W. Murphy, of Los Angeles, national vice-president for California, able and consecrated workers. J. A. S.

## WASHINGTON'S GOSPEL MISSION

THE past year has been one of progress for the Gospel Mission in Washington. The location is strikingly adapted to the work in hand, for the neighborhood is far from a choice one. There are several drinking saloons and "speak-easies" nearby. Here many of the denizens of the under world consort with the children of darkness and give to this particular section a name which has made it notorious throughout the city.

To offset the conditions of the surroundings the Mission was organized five years ago by a few Christian men who had much experience in rescue work; it has been a success from its inception.

The experience of the workers has been similar to that of other missions. The demand for a place where the "down and outs" could secure baths, clean beds, employment, etc., became pressing, and so two large dormitories were fitted up with cots and bedding, shower baths and toilets; a heating plant installed and everything provided to make men comfortable.

An industrial department was organized, where men and boys could earn an honest living while becoming established as Christians and getting in shape to return to their homes or to seek permanent employment. A team was purchased, a paper bales secured, and hundreds of tons of newspapers and magazines collected, baled and shipped to paper mills, the proceeds of which supported in part the men engaged in the work.

A penny lunch was furnished where men and boys of very small incomes could secure a cup of coffee, a roll, a plate of bean soup or something similar for a penny each, or a good "substantial" meal for five cents. The patronage extended to this institution has been phenomenal and far exceeded the highest expectations of the managers of the Mission.

A penny bundle kindling wood plant was equipped which furnishes work to the unskilled and at the same time reduces the cost of kindling wood to the poor from one to three cents per bundle.

The primary object of the mission, however, and its principal business, has been to uphold Christ to the lost that they may be drawn unto him, and so a Gospel service is held every night in the year in the hall on Pennsylvania Avenue, which is attended by large and interested audiences; the Gospel is presented and many men and women have yielded their lives to the service of Christ.

Among the many cases of men rescued is that of a man who was a professional burglar and who had served time in the penitentiary. Two years ago

last fall, he came to Washington to ply his vocation, and in order to hide from the police he sought shelter in the Gospel Mission dormitories, the inmates of which are required to attend the religious services. There he heard all about the power of Jesus to redeem men who were enslaved to sin and there he heard the testimony of men who had been set free

from their bondage. After going up to the dormitory one night at the conclusion of the evening Gospel meeting under deep conviction, he heard some of the workers pouring out their souls to God in prayer for a seeker down in the chapel and he could no longer resist. He descended to the chapel, fell on his knees and cried out, "Pray for me, I am a lost man." God heard his prayer and the prayers of the faithful workers, and pardoned his sins and applied the cleansing blood, and the burglar became a child of God, a new creature in Christ.

Mrs. John Hay, widow of the former Secretary of State, has rendered possible a permanent home for the Gospel Mission by giving \$5,000 for the purpose. The old District building, at 214-216 John Marshall Place, was purchased by the Gospel Mission Association for \$25,000.

The building is 56 by 125 feet, covering the entire lot, to the alley. It contains sixty large apartments, all well lighted and heated. It is a well-built structure, all the dividing walls being brick. Work will at once begin on the necessary repairs and alterations, and as early as possible the Gospel Mission will be domiciled in its new home, where the enlarged accommodations will greatly extend its usefulness.

A kitchen and a dining room, apartments hitherto unknown in the building, will be installed, together with store-rooms and pantries. A reception room, reading room, and hall for religious services will be on the first floor. On the upper floors will be the sleeping rooms, linen rooms, and baths.

From fall until spring each year the Washington Bread Line has been maintained by the Gospel Mission, furnishing thousands of men a pint of steaming hot coffee and rolls at six A.M. daily, enabling them to start out upon the day's labors, doing odd jobs or searching for employment without an excuse to go to the saloon.

The employment agency has secured permanent work for many, while the industrial department is enabled to bridge over many a man in want. Families are aided when in financial distress or when sickness and death visit their homes. In fact the Gospel Mission does a general work of mercy among the poor and destitute of Washington.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, the late and greatly beloved editor and proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was a frequent contributor to the Gospel Mission from its inception to the time of his death. His portrait occupies a prominent place on the wall of the Mission hall, being suspended over the platform.



Gospel Mission Hall, Washington

Meetings are held nightly in this hall at which many erring souls are brought to repentance and salvation



## A black and white photograph showing a massive crowd of people, primarily African American, gathered outdoors. The crowd is densely packed, filling the frame from the foreground into the distance. Many individuals are looking towards the camera, while others are engaged in conversation or looking away. The setting appears to be a large open area, possibly a church grounds or a public square, with some trees and structures visible in the far background. The photograph is enclosed within a decorative, ornate border that features a repeating geometric pattern.

THE MULTITUDE OF FAMINE REFUGEES WAITING OUTSIDE A TEMPLE GATE FOR RELIEF DISTRIBUTION

OUR photograph on this page presents one of the most extraordinary scenes in connection with the famine in China. This picture, which was taken by one of the missionaries and forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, shows a portion of the great refugee camp outside of Chinkiang. There were at one time not less than 30,000 human beings in this aggregation of misery, all of them having wandered far from their homes in mid-winter in the hope of finding food and shelter. Since the present famine began there have been several large migratory movements of this character, in which the hopeless multitudes have passed from one section of the country to another, each procession leaving a line of dead and dying in its wake. Such a movement in famine times illustrates in grim fashion the principle of the "survival of the fittest," for it is only the stronger men and women and the more robust children that can come through such an ordeal alive. Our good missionaries write us that hundreds of thousands of sufferers like those in the picture are being supported at the cost of less than a cent a day per head!

Fortunately, the end of this long-continued suffering cannot now be far off. In the latter part of May the first wheat harvest is due. Should no misfortune befall the crop meanwhile, with that harvest the suffering will be greatly abated.

Rev. James B. Webster, treasurer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee in Chin-kiang, writes that the missionaries are now redoubling their efforts in the relief work. Missionary Mark B. Grier of the Presbyterian Mission at Hsuehfu, has taken in over 400 famine babies. They are being fed on milk. He is arranging to feed 2,600 families and may possibly take on 2,000 more and carry them through until the first harvest, late in May.

Mr. E. C. Lobenstine writes from Shanghai: "We have on the list of the Relief Committee in four magistracies of Anhui, over 300,000 persons. These are being supported at the rate of a fraction of a cent a day. How they manage to live is a mystery. Imperfect as has been our work, it has undoubtedly resulted in a large saving of life." He adds that no

attempt has been made to undertake industrial work, one reason being that the concentration of people huddled together in famine camps would be favorable to the spread of famine fever.

Mr. Lobenstine sends this touching incident:

A few fit from here lived a family of eight, father and mother, two married sons and two grandchildren. Having nothing to live on and unable to support themselves by begging, they were, along with ten thousands of others, reduced to the point of starving. Not many days ago, the eldest son's wife said to her husband, "I am not going to let my children starve to death. I am not right that we should all perish, if by selling me you can live. I am quite ready to be sold as a slave." But the other daughter broke in, saying: "Not so, my sister; you have children while I have none, and you are the wife of the elder son; it is your place to stay by your family. Let them take me to sell. I will change for the better, my husband can take to him another wife better than myself, who will be an honor to the family and raise up children for him." But they were a united family and could not resign themselves to the parting. So the father spoke up and said: "We have still some property, let us sell it. We will use the money to get you sold well for a few cash. Perhaps that will keep up alive till the Relief Committee makes its

snaps that will keep us alive," the Reformation made the same mistake. The church must be "us" die together." The son carried the cornstalks to the city, and received in return 200 cash (eight cents, gold) with which he bought a little food. But, as you know, the bank has been slow in getting the copper coins to us, and it has not been possible to make cash of the corn. The corn is still in the hands of the bank, and we would have kept them alive for a few days longer), and yesterday the report came that the entire family was dead. Wives and even children over ten are being daily sold as slaves, and not only is it not considered wrong to buy them, but he who does so is looked upon as a benefactor. The slaves are sold for as little as a few cents, or a few ounces of bread, or even left to die by the roadside. Three or four days ago, a woman passed out of the west gate of the city not far from here, carrying a baby in her arms. She had tried to beg, but both she and her child gradually grew weaker, and she was unable to go any farther. The child, but could find no one to take it, for it was young and weak and would almost surely die. She had made up her mind to expose it by the roadside among the grave mounds, but when she came to doing so, her heart failed her and she could not do it. She carried the child for some distance, and at last a passersby noticed the child from her arms and carried it off amongst the graves, while another turned the half-dead woman back toward the city, there to try to save herself from death. God only knows how many thousands of others have passed this way in the last few months, and how many tens of thousands must pass that way.

Several of the missionaries write describing minor

tragedies of the famine; people staggering from weakness and falling dead in the streets; bodies, some of them half eaten by dogs, found in the morning, the victims having died of sheer starvation in the night; famine sufferers applying for work and collapsing at the beginning from weakness; and the prevalence of unnaturally bloated features, the usual forerunner of death from famine. One of the difficulties experienced by missionaries in the relief work is that, however they may try to use wise discrimination, they find it unsafe to give to one what they cannot extend to all. Should they endeavor to relieve a particularly unfortunate case with a special supply of food thousands of other sufferers in the district immediately rush forward with importunate demands and will not be refused.

There is now a more hopeful aspect in the plague situation than at any time since it began its course in Manchuria. It is the opinion of the international medical staff that it has been effectually limited and that there is now little danger of its spreading. The death-roll, however, has been an appalling one.

death-roll, however, has been all appalling. The doctors have worked heroically, risking their lives at every turn for the sake of science and humanity. Among those who have been most active are the American, English, and Russian physicians. Dr. Paul Huard worked at Harbin in the plague hospital until he himself perished. Dr. Anna Sniezhkoff, one of his assistants, succumbed to the plague. Drs. Aspland and Stenhouse were among the foreigners who did special service in the Peking hospitals. Dr. Wu Lien De, a native Chinese physician of great experience, with three European volunteers, had charge of the work in Fu Chia Dien, the worst plague centre in all Manchuria. An elderly Chinese doctor with one native assistant attended 1,600 plague victims in the hospital at Harbin and came through the ordeal unscathed. Unfortunately, few of the patients recovered, as the treatment was that of the antiquated Chinese medical school.

We would remind our readers that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S China Famine Relief Fund will close on May 15, after which date no contributions will be received. Intending contributors should make an effort to send in their offerings during the present week, in order that the final remittance by cable to the Relief Committees may be as large as possible.

**The Following Additional Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund Have Been Received:**

[illegible]



## Continued from preceding page

Continued from preceding page

## Continued from page 444

this particular man and I said, "What was in the sermon that made you cry?" He said he didn't even know that had been preaching, and didn't know anything about the sermon. I was floored. Well, was it something that had been read? Was it anything in the songs? He couldn't remember any thing in the songs. "What is the matter?" I urged insistently. He glanced upward and said, "That text up there!" I said, "Man, believe God loves you." He said, "I ain't worth loving." "That's true," I said. "But he love you all the same." And I sat there a half an hour and we got it down into his soul and I had reason afterward to know that divine grace wrought it wondrous work in him and he became a man.

Let us all say these blessed words together once again by way of benediction—"God is Love."



# OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' COZY CORNER



## I Thank You All

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: We are not saying much about flags in the Cozy Corner this week, but our Editor has asked me to call the attention of our boys and girls to page 466 of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I trust you are going to enjoy your flags as much as I enjoy thinking of each of my boys and girls with OLD GLORY as a friend and companion. I would rather have my own Old Glory than almost anything else in the world. It is so really a friend.

## An Interesting Trick

TAKE an empty spool and a small calling card. Put a pin through the centre of the card, and hold the card lightly against the bottom of the



spool. Then blow through the spool. So far from being blown off, the card will be sucked up so that it will stick to the spool when you take your hand away, but will drop off as soon as you stop blowing against it.

## This Week's Contest

BE SURE to answer the contest this week. You will have lots of fun puzzling it out, I am sure. The verses are taken from Miss Bancroft's delightful book called Games.

There is a farmer who is (YY)  
Enough to take his (EE)  
And study nature with his (II)  
And think on what he (CC)

He hears the chatter of the  
As they each other  
And sees that when a tree de  
It makes a home for

A yoke of oxen will he  
With many haws and  
And their mistakes he will ex  
When plowing for his

He little buys but much he se  
And therefore little  
And when he boes his soil by spe  
He also soils his h

All the fun consists in filling out the ends of each line with a double letter of the alphabet, as indicated in verse 1.

To the boys and girls finishing the greatest number of lines correctly we will send special Cozy Corner prizes, and their names shall be published on the May Honor Roll.

## A Good Outdoor Game

FOX AND GEESE can be played with anywhere from ten to forty players. One boy is chosen to be the Fox, and one to be the Gander. The other players all stand single file behind the gander, each with his hands on the shoulders of the next in front. To open the game, the Fox shouts, "Geese, geese, ganno!" The geese answer, "Fox, fox, fanno!"

Fox: "How many geese have you to-day?"  
Gander: "More than you can carry away."

Then the chase begins. The Fox should try his best to catch the goose on the end of the line. The Gander does all he can to prevent the Fox from catching that goose. When more than

ten are playing the game, the last five players may be tagged by the Fox. The fun lies in the geese all co-operating with the Gander to prevent the last goose from being tagged. The line must not be broken.

## A Prize Winner in "Something I Have Made Myself" Contest

A HONEY-BOX, a shingle, some cord, two pins and a fair-sized tin can are the only materials necessary



"Long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

for making this successful steam-engine.

To make the wheel, cut two pieces of wood from the honey-box about one inch long, one quarter inch wide, and not more than one-eighth thick. Cut a notch in each piece (see fig. 2); fit the two pieces together (see fig. 3), and hammer a pin firmly in each side. From the shingle cut two pieces of

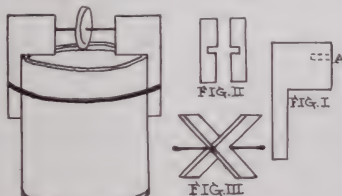


Diagram of Toy Steam Engine  
By Harold Denton, age 14

wood in proportion (see fig. 1), and bore a small hole represented by dotted lines (A).

Place the pin-heads in the holes in the side pieces, being sure that they turn easily. The pins and the wheel revolve together, and it is a simple matter to attach a pulley to run like machinery.

Puncture two very small holes in the lid just under the ends of the paddles. Set the can on the stove and fill it half full of water.

## Souvenirs to You All

SO MANY Cozy Corner boys and girls answered the careless biographer's mistakes successfully that it would be impossible to publish all the names. But Cozy Corner souvenirs were promptly sent to all, and if any one was overlooked and did not receive the Good Times Reprint, besides the Souvenir Post Cards, be sure to write and ask for it, because you will like it.

The correct answer of the Topsy-Turvy verse in the Cozy Corner of April 5 is

The milkman brings the eggs,  
The grocer brings the tea,  
But bring, pretty fairies, bring  
The dreams that go to bed with me.

## Special Prize Winners

THE prize winners in this contest are: Frances Flower, age 8; Emelie Grover, age 14; Gene Swantina De Young, age 8; Ellen Sellen, age 16.

## A Narrow Escape

Proseman and a recent contest

THE game was on. With two fellows out, the Cressville boys were desperate. It was the last half of the ninth inning, and the score was 5 to 2 in favor of the Mellville team.

"For the last six years Cressville has held the championship! Are we going to let those fellows take it away from us?"

"Not if I can help it," said Bob Baker, the Captain of the team.

"Jerry Hopkins up to bat," called the Umpire.

"Now do something," yelled Bob. "Ned is on third, knock him in." But it was not to be thus. Jerry was given a walk, as was also the man that batted right after him. Bob Baker was now at the bat.

"Strike one," called the Umpire.

"Strike two," and the Cressville fans began to groan.

The next ball was right over. Bob struck at it. Whack! The ball was sent flying to right field. Bob skinned to the bases as fast as he could, and started home.

"Slide, slide!" yelled the coach. Bob slid to the home base, and the game was won, 6 to 5.

FRANK M. COLLEY, age 11.

## So Many Good Things

ANY one who has not already written to the Aunt of the Cozy Corner, be sure to write and introduce yourself.

I very especially want to know every boy and girl, big and little, older and younger, in the homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes. Your letters will all be answered promptly.

I am planning so many good things for you all that I do not want a single boy or girl left out.

## Our Good-Night Verse

Lord is the strength of my life;  
Whom shall I be afraid?

Louisa and Faithfully yours.

THE AUNT IN THE COZY CORNER

## QUEEN OF THE MAY

(See illustration on first page)

CROWN of the year is the beautiful May,  
With its starry blooms and its lambs at play,  
And the children laughing the livelong day.

While down in the vale rings the robin's trill;  
And the hermit thrush and the whip-poorwill  
Hold twilight concerts over the hill.

And playing the shepherdess, fair and tall,  
A maiden comes at the springtime's call,  
And the white lambs follow her, one and all.

For sweeter her voice than the linnet's lay,  
And brighter her eyes than the shining day,  
And all hearts hail her the Queen of the May. K. U. C.

## Korea Needs Missionaries

A MISSIONARY at Mokpo, Korea, writes: "Recently I sent you something about our campaign for a million souls in Korea. I hope campaigns for winning souls all over the world may be inaugurated until a great, world-wide revival, united and simultaneous, is begun. The Word of God, read, studied and published abroad until it is in every home and heart and life, must bring a mighty transformation throughout the whole world."

"The Southern Presbyterian Mission in Korea is asking for reinforcements urgently needed this year; six ministers, three men for educational work, two physicians, three trained nurses, four single women for evangelistic and educational work, one teacher for industrial work, and one architect and practical builder. Dr. S. H. Chester, or Dr. James O. Reavis, secretaries of the executive committee of Foreign Missions, First National Bank Building, Nashville, Tenn., will give applicants all information. Please help us in this work, and may a rich reward be upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for all that our heavenly Father is using it to accomplish in his kingdom."

"I recall a visit made to the Bowers Mission while in America one cold night, and the work of relief there witnessed was a help to me to go forward and do more for our fellow men."

## Federation of Gospel Missions

THE National Federation of Gospel Missions will hold its annual Convention in Washington, D. C., May 8 to 14. This organization, in the foundation of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was actively interested, now includes practically all the best known Rescue and Gospel Missions in the country. Its officers are men and women actively engaged in various lines of mission work. At the Convention, addresses will be made by the superintendents of a number of the leading missions. A reception is being arranged for the delegates, who will visit the President of the United States. A part of the programme will be the holding of memorial services in honor of Jerry McAuley, the founder of rescue mission work, Colonel G. R. Clark of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, S. H. Hadley, Charles N. Crittenton, Dr. Louis Klopsch, "the friend of all Rescue Mission work," and John S. Huyler, founder of the Hadley Hall Mission, New York.

## A Great Sermon

I wish to say that in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 5, the sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Luke 18: 37, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," is fully worth the whole year's subscription. It should, if possible, be published broadcast through the land.

Brooklyn, Mass.

F. M. BORDEN.





## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### An Unhealed Wound

A MOTHER writes telling of the loss years ago of a dear little daughter. When the child was taken to the upper fold she was little more than a baby. If she were here to-day she would be a girl of eighteen. The mother has never ceased to grieve for her lost darling. More than this, she has allowed her grief to grow morbid, so that she looks with envy at mothers whose children are with them, and turns away when she meets girls who are at the age her child would have been had she been spared. The unhealed wound has become a chronic sore, and it almost seems as if this mother does not wish to be comforted. There is little use to say to such a one: "Your dear child is safe from the perils that beset us who are here; she is immune from sickness; she can never have a heartache such as yours; she is in the house above not made with hands, the eternal home of God's dear children." She has so long hugged her sorrow that instead of its being a familiar friend it has become a haunting foe. What she needs is to ask of God this gift: submission to his will. So long as she remains in rebellion she will continue to be desperately unhappy. Then she should say to herself, "Have I the right to make others wretched because I am deprived of what I most prize in the world?" By persistently trying to be cheerful and by avoidance of the topic that has taken precedence of every other, she may yet emerge from the cloud and walk in the sunshine.

A mother who grieved in this way told me that there came to her suddenly, without an instant's warning, another great sorrow which was also a great shock. She said, "Something gave way within me, and I knew that I had been wrong, and that my better self must come to the front. My weakness left me, and in an instant I was strong, but at what a price!" Pray for submission to the will of God, and show love to those who remain, is the advice to give to those who suffer from an unhealed wound.

### "WHAT am I to do with my Mary?"

This is the cry of a bewildered mother who cannot see a step before her. Mary is seventeen, a beautiful age, an age when a girl is an unfolding rose-bud. The rose-bud at this stage is even prettier than the rose in bloom. "Mary has always been the dearest and sweetest of girls," the mother declares; "but she has lately lost her head over a lad of the neighborhood, the son of a common family whom we consider below us in social station. There is nothing to be said against the boy himself, but his parents, though in comfortable circumstances, are foreigners, and we think illiterate. If Mary does not give up her absorption in this Leopold, life for me will not be worth living. The more I fight against this obsession, the more she seems determined to hold fast to Leo."

To this mother I would say, you have gone about the business in the wrong way, as far too many women do in similar conditions. If you did not wish your Mary to care too much for this boy, you should have given him free entrance to your home, inviting other young people there, and putting no emphasis on the boy-and-girl friendship by strenuous opposition. Probably it is a little late to repair the mischief, if mischief it be. Still, they are both very young, and you might arrange a visit for Mary away from

home. If there is nothing to be said against the boy himself, if he is honest, manly and likely to do a man's work in the world, you have no right to turn from him because you look upon his family as common. As foreigners, they may seem to you illiterate, while in reality they may take pride in their country and ancestry and may be acquainted with three or four languages, and be anything except ignorant. In a republican country nobody should look down upon neighbors, nor is it quite permissible for any of us to stigmatize worthy folk as common.

### The Moslem Women of To-day

WHOEVER has read the exquisite descriptions of harem life as they appear in the novels of Pierre Loti has received an impression of soft luxury, flowers, perfume, feasting, indolence, and the general atmosphere of the land where it is always afternoon. Beneath the languor and the luxury there always lurks the possibility of tragedy. Turkish women, highly educated, speaking and reading two or three European languages, skilled in music and supplied with every detail of European dress, if they choose to wear it in the seclusion of their imprisoned life, have, according to the French novelist, everything to live for except freedom and love. They have no liberty, and the love they inspire is not a satisfaction to the soul of woman. Other stories of Turkish life appear from time to time, always depicting a life of dreams behind barred windows and closed doors. Kipling's lines come back to us as we think of the Moslem woman:

Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet,  
Till earth and sky stand presently  
At God's great judgment seat.

Notwithstanding the truth of this familiar stanza in its bearing upon Eastern and Western civilization, there is another truth of which we cannot lose sight. Woman remains feminine in every age and under every sky. Mohammedan women and Oriental women in general have the capacity for love and the capacity for suffering common to their sisters in Christian lands, the legacy to the race of our mother Eve. It is interesting to note that in the twentieth century a change, gradual but inevitable, is coming in the standards and ideals of the East, a change so imperceptible as hardly to be recognized at first, and yet so radical that it has already actually modified the ancient dress and brought to the ladies of the harem the occasional privilege of appearing in public with their husbands, or of being seen in groups together out of doors unveiled. The veil of an Eastern woman, it must be remembered, is not the filmy bit of gauze or lace of which we think when we use the word. It is very much more like a great opaque sheet which is a complete protection to face and form, in which there are apertures for the eyes, but which is otherwise a shield beyond the penetration of any onlooker. Rebekah's veil in the old days was of this shape and texture. The veil in which Ruth of Moab carried home six measures of barley to the waiting Naomi was also no doubt a great sheet, and in the American version of the Scriptures it is fitly spoken of as a mantle.

The education of Europe and America will before very long be given to Turkish girls, a few of whom have already entered the American College at Constantinople. The twin forces of education and Christianity are at work.

## How to End Floor Troubles

You can make a natural wood floor tough, mar-proof and durable. You can protect a painted floor, and make old paint look new. You can double the life of oilcloth or linoleum.

All this by coating the floor with **Elastica Floor Finish**, and there is no other way.

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Look for this Trade-Mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

**SENT FREE**—We want to send you a book "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper for tests. Also a beautiful book-mark—just to repay you for writing us.

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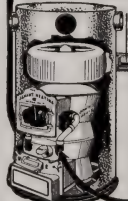
ASK YOUR DEALER (59)

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It is now almost time to start making your white summer frocks and dresses—certainly time to think about what you are going to have.

Fashion points to another all-white sheer season, with dainty lingerie, frocks and waists vying in popularity with white tailored suits and skirts.

But before you plan a single white garment, send for these samples of **Linweave**!

This beautiful, Linen like **White goods**—the most satisfactory for all-around purposes that has ever been made—makes up into cool, stylish, attractive, easily laundered summer clothes, that it is a delight to own and wear.

**LINWEAVE white goods** have all the charm, gloss, and beautiful finish of linen, and all linen's durability at one-third linen's cost.

It won't crush and wrinkle, won't get hopelessly mussy with one wearing as does linen, and washing never harms its splendid finish.

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**LINWEAVE white goods** come in 200 fancy patterns, ranging from the sheer, dainty-like checks, stripes and plaids that make up into charming lingerie, dresses and waists, to the heavier qualities in striking conventional designs which you want for tailored waists and shirt-waist suits and the children's clothes.

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**LINWEAVE** also comes in guaranteed fast black, in various weights and weaves.

### Send for Free Samples

We will send you the samples of **LINWEAVE white goods** by return mail.

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Cut this out and write for samples. Specify if sheer or heavier weight is desired. Mention your favorite local dealer's name.

**John V. Farwell Company**  
190 Market St. CHICAGO

Sole Distributors of **Linweave** and all **Standard Varnish Works** products.



# GIUSEPPE'S FRIEND

By GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

"PEOPLE are going mad about advertising. It's perfect foolishness the way you are carrying on!" snapped Mrs. Warwick. "If you keep on this way a few more months, we won't have any business to advertise."

Rolfe Warwick, the tall young son, looked from the balcony with a satisfied smile. He knew, if his mother did not, that the past six months had been remarkable because of almost doubled sales; consequently he could afford to listen patiently.

"I said nothing when you wanted to enlarge this room, though I thought it unnecessary," continued Mrs. Warwick fretfully, "but this last caper is one too many. Flowers, greenhouse roses to be given away as souvenirs at ten cents apiece and music by the Cadet orchestra! Who ever heard of the like! I only saw the paper thirty minutes ago and came right down. I really believe you are losing your senses, Rolfe."

But as the irate woman looked up into the face of her tall young son, the frowns left her. In spite of her vexation, she could not keep from smiling when she looked into his father's eyes. He was a handsome young man and an intelligent, energetic one. He had been at the head of his classes in an Eastern college and the admiration of the children and the girls. He had been brought up in idleness, but there was a germ of bravery beneath the seemingly thoughtless exterior. When he was called home suddenly by the death of his father, and when he learned that a dingy little drug store on one of the principal streets of Silver City was the only fortune his mother possessed, he resolutely set to work to mend their tattered fortunes. So far as managing the store, he had been successful. Mrs. Warwick, elegantly dressed, exquisite, was obliged to admit that the Corner Pharmacy was a different place from that which her son had taken charge of twelve months before.

For a thoughtful moment she sat looking about her. The sharp click-click of the boot-heels of half a dozen clerks snapped briskly across the blue and white tiled floor. A crowd of people stood before the counter. The soda fountain, posts and ceiling were adorned with festoons of bright-hued flowers. A company of musicians were tuning their instruments in a palm-bordered alcove. It was a cheery, inspiring scene.

"The openings are not an uncommon thing in the large cities," her son's voice broke in on the critical survey. "Why, in New York—"

"New York!" Mrs. Warwick interrupted him by these words in exclamation points, and an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "New York and Silver City are two different places. What will a town of smelter folks care for flowers and classical music? You've wasted your money, Rolfe. I see now that I've given you too free a rein. I never will do it again."

The sudden appearance of a bright-faced black boy in a white coat cut short the tirade. The boy carried a brown earthen jar filled with American Beauty roses. They nodded their rosy, fragrant heads proudly as they filled the room with their spicy odor. It floated up to the woman on the balcony and blended with the strains of music, seeming to form a concert of harmony. Behind this boy came another boy and another jar and more roses. A sandwich of flowers, pink and white, and a procession of black boys in white coats marched proudly to the front showcase, centre aisle, and carefully placed the brown jars on the yellow mats which had been prepared for them. The orchestra began to play very softly, "Hearts and Flowers." Even

the mother was silenced by the beauty and by the crowd.

Mrs. Warwick sat with wide-open eyes, watching the people who were flocking through the open doors. Young girls, newsboys, business men, faded matrons, jarred against each other in their effort to reach the centre aisle, where the grinning black boys in white coats were handing out the long-stemmed pink-and-white buds. Several men with grimy faces, men with work-scarred hands, who wore tattered overalls, crowded to the front with the others to receive their flowers. Wonderingly the woman on the balcony watched their faces lighten as they pinned the flowers to their coats or protected them by a sheet of paper before going out into the chill spring wind.

She noticed, too, with much pleasure and surprise, that almost every person who received a flower sought some department of the store. Many left it with their arms filled with bundles. The ice-cream tables were crowded. The clerks at the soda fountain were busy. The music, now gay, now grave, filled the air with sweetness. The people of the little mining town, who heard so little good music, lingered as if they could not bear to leave. And still the crowd came.

In the temporary lull between selections, a girl's voice floated up to the balcony from a table below. "Order something else, Lil. I haven't the nerve to sit here unless I am eating, and I can't leave yet. I don't want to miss one strain of that lovely music." Mrs. Warwick leaned over to look for the owner of the grating voice, and saw a factory girl decked out in a tawdry red satin waist trimmed with cheap lace. Her hair was elaborately curled and puffed. Her hat was loaded down with feathers and flowers, and her rough red hands, adorned by rings and bangles, kept time to the music. "Ain't it heavenly?" she repeated. "It makes me feel different in here." One hand sought her heart.

"And to think of that girl appreciating Wagner!" groaned Mrs. Warwick, looking for her son. But he was gone. She saw him far across the store, solicitously bending over a grotesque old figure. It was an old woman, evidently of foreign birth. She wore her native costume, a short red skirt and blue stuff waist. The home-knit stockings wrinkled over the tops of her heavy shoes. Her face was weather-beaten and brown and crinkled as an autumn leaf which had been brushed by the lips of the frost. Her eyes burned fiercely. The wisps of iron-gray hair which strayed from beneath the red-checked shoulder shawl which she wore over her head, gave her an almost witch-like appearance. She was gesticulating and talking loudly, and Mrs. Warwick noticed, when Rolfe went to the prescription desk for an order, that the old woman shook her fist vindictively at his retreating figure. And still the crowd jostled each other in their effort to reach the centre aisle, where the fragrant flowers stood. There was but one perfect white rose left in the last jar.

Just as the boy was about to hand it to a little girl, she saw Rolfe hold up a restraining hand. With the rose and a bottle of medicine Rolfe Warwick returned to the old woman. With the bottle, he smilingly presented the flower. An instantaneous change swept over the face of the curious customer. She burst out into a flood of thanks, bowed her head over the young man's hand as if to kiss it, then with another torrent of thanks she whirled and hurried from the store.

It was an hour before Rolfe Warwick returned. The flowers were gone. The music was over, but the

Continued on next page



Do you know a dessert can be dainty and light—easy to make—and yet have most wholesome and nourishing qualities? *Real* desserts are made with Kingsford's Corn Starch—Blanc Mange, Charlottes, Custards, Puddings. You forget how good they can be unless you use Kingsford's—the pure corn starch.

Ordinary corn starch can be made in a few days. It takes as many weeks to produce Kingsford's. The price is the same. The results are very different. Insist on

## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

IN THE OLD FAMILIAR PACKAGE

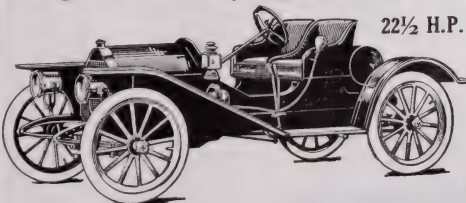
**Blanc Mange.**—Put into a saucepan three-quarters cup Kingsford's Corn Starch, add pinch salt and four tablespoons granulated sugar, moisten with one-quarter cup cold milk, then add two and one-quarter cups boiling milk. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with one teaspoonful vanilla extract, allow to boil up, mixing well, then pour into a wetted mould.

Send for Cook Book "Q"—10¢ of the best recipes you ever tried. *Free*—just send your name on a post card.

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You think of Quality when you think of

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You may forget the price—but never the Quality

WHEN you buy a small car you demand not one whit less service from it than you demand from a large car. Indeed, because it is so much more convenient, so much easier on tires, so much more economical, so much more "ready"—you are likely to exact much more service from it than from a car of larger size.

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If high quality and good workmanship are prime essentials in a big car, they are **DOUBLY IMPORTANT** in an every-day service car like the K-R-I-T.

That's why we continually emphasize K-R-I-T Quality. It's important to you.

The K-R-I-T is not a large car, neither is it a small car. It has all the efficiency and easy riding qualities of a well-

built large car, equal roominess, comfort and style. It also has the compactness, flexibility and low operating cost of a small car. Yet it is neither one nor the other, but stands just between the two classes—it is a class by itself.

The K-R-I-T is the highest quality car of its price and size built.

This is a bold claim and demands proof. This is just exactly what we would like to submit. We have not space enough here to more than suggest that you investigate the K-R-I-T before you spend a dollar in an automobile. The K-R-I-T Catalogue explains the K-R-I-T quality features in detail and describes the full line, including the K-R-I-T Four Door at \$850, and the wonderfully swift, snappy, classy K-R-I-T Understudy at \$1200, and other K-R-I-T models.

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DEALERS! Some territory open. Write for proposition.



## Hold the Admiration

As well as the Love  
of your husband  
and children

Make them admire  
as well as respect.

**K**EEP vivacious  
and attractive  
and their eyes  
will sparkle with  
admiration and pride in  
you.

Do not allow your figure  
to lose its girlish, symmetrical outlines.  
Keep well—so that you are an inspiration  
to happiness, and radiate health to those  
about you.

You are busy, but it takes only 15 minutes  
a day in the privacy of your own room. This  
is not much, and with rested nerves and a  
strong body you will do your work in less  
time and be happy in the doing. I have  
helped many mothers to surprise husband,  
children and friends. I will help you to

### A Good Figure

#### Rested Nerves

#### Strong Vital Organs

then you will be to them what in your heart  
you would like to be—the **Inspiration to  
Happy, Useful, Right Living.** You must be  
well to do this.



Judge what I can do  
for you by what I have  
done for others.

I believe I do not ex-  
aggerate when I say that  
I have helped more women  
to perfect figures and to  
relieve such chronic  
ailments as

*Indigestion Torpid Liver  
Constipation Catarrh  
Anaemia Asthma  
Sleeplessness Weakness  
Nervousness Rheumatism*

during the past nine years  
than any physician,  
and the best physicians  
are my friends.

I have reduced in  
weight about 25,000  
women from 10 to 85 lbs.,  
and increased the weight  
of as many more.

### No Medicine No Drugs

just the strengthening of vital organs and  
nerves, correct breathing and forceful circula-  
tion through natural, hygienic principles of  
health. I not only teach you how to regain  
health and figure, but how to **keep** them.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly  
and contains other information of vital interest  
to women. Write for it. If you do not need me, you  
may be able to help a dear friend. I have had a won-  
derful experience and I'd like to tell you about it.

### SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18-B 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is authority in America upon Scientific Hygienic Principles  
in the regaining of woman's health and figure.

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10 Birthday 10 cts 10 General Subjects 10 cts  
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Envelopes to match. 10 cts  
Ask for 10 cent Package. Mailed for 25 cents  
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**LABLACHE**  
FACE POWDER

AS SPRING APPROACHES

Look for the new face powder  
as LABLACHE has just  
introduced a new  
smooth and soft  
powder that  
will keep the skin  
and the complexion  
in perfect condition  
all summer long.  
Refuse substitutes,  
face may be ruined.  
Lablache, White Face  
Powder, is the only  
one that can be used  
all day long in the sun.  
Sold in 10 cent jars at  
all drug stores.

BEN. LEVY CO.,  
French Perfumers,  
Dept. 22, 135 Kingston St.  
Boston, Mass.

## GIUSEPPE'S FRIEND

Continued from preceding page

store was filled with shoppers. "What  
do you think of my experiment now?"  
he beamed, nodding across the way to  
the other drug store, which was empty.  
"They haven't had a customer to-day.  
We have been busy as could be. You  
thought the smelter folks didn't care  
for music and flowers, but you see you  
were mistaken. I have more than  
taken in enough to pay expenses al-  
ready. I'm not sorry I tried it; are  
you, mother?"

"That was a curious looking old  
woman to whom you were talking."  
Rolfé looked at his mother quickly.

"That was old Mag—crazy Mag,  
some call her—and I declare she acted  
like she was crazy to-day. Her son's  
family have had a great deal of trouble  
since they came here. A year ago,  
they had a sick child and sent a pre-  
scription which the doctor gave them,  
to Tuttle's to have it filled. The clerk  
made a mistake, gave them some sort  
of a poison, and the baby died. They'd  
heard so much talk about Americans  
hating foreigners, that Guglielmo's  
people made up their minds that it  
was done to rid the country of the  
Italians. They swore vengeance on the  
Americans, and since that it's hardly  
safe for a medical man to go on that  
side of town. The feeling's been  
pretty intense lately. The superin-  
tendent told me yesterday that there'd  
been a good deal of suffering from  
diphtheria in the Italian quarter.  
They kept it a secret as long as they  
could for fear of being quarantined,  
and the result has been that a great  
many children died. Old Mag's grand-  
son, Giuseppe, seems to have it now.

"Without the knowledge of his pa-  
rents she started out to get some medi-  
cine for him. The orchestra happened to  
strike up an old Italian hymn just  
as she went by, and that drew her in.  
She was telling me how homesick it  
made her. When she spoke of medi-  
cine I knew antitoxine was the only  
thing that would help the child. She  
only had a few pennies, so I gave her  
the medicine and the rose, too. Poor  
old soul! She was so happy! I'd feel  
repaid if this day hadn't accomplished  
another thing than to brighten her  
hard, unhappy lot."

Mrs. Warwick's lip curled, but she  
said no more. Drawing her wraps  
about her, she bade her son good-by  
and hurried from the store. But old  
Mag had gone. Her aching old heart  
had been cheered by the young man's  
words and kindly smile. Tender mem-  
ories surged through her brain with  
the strains of music. The white rose  
carefully protected from the fitful  
gusts, she hurried hopefully along,  
thinking of home and Giuseppe and  
her son, the proud leader of the Italian  
secret society, which numbered five  
thousand strong. She was proud of  
her son because of the mastery way he  
led the other men in the settlement,  
because he was so brave and true. She  
had heard the men, only night before  
last, planning how they would destroy  
not only the medical men, but the drug-  
gists who were selling the poisons  
which were driving their people into  
the grave. She heard their oaths and  
vindicative threats. "We'll grind down  
our oppressors!" one dark, excitable  
fellow had shouted. She could hear  
him now. "Our superintendent and  
these rich men enjoy luxuries while we  
starve. We are helpless. We dare  
not resist these officials. We must do  
their dirty work and let these foreign  
doctors kill our children. But wait!"  
The young man had held up a finger  
commandingly. Old Mag had seen  
him all the way to the store—that  
beautiful place where the flowers and  
music greeted her.

She had not thought a great deal of  
it then; she had believed him right.  
Now the repeated words made even  
her stout old heart quail. "If another

child dies between now and May Day,  
the idle rich, the medicine men, must  
pay the penalty with their property  
and their lives." In vivid contrast  
she now saw Rolfé Warwick's smiling  
face and heard his kind voice as he  
pressed the pennies back into her hand.

"Keep the pennies, Auntie; you may  
need them for something else. I'm  
glad to give you the medicine for the  
little Giuseppe. He's a fine little lad,  
and I hope he will soon be well. Take  
him the flower, and tell him I sent it—  
Rolfé Warwick—he'll remember me,  
and when he is well, tell him to come  
down to the store and I'll fix up the  
best soda for him that this store can  
make."

Pondering over these words, old Mag  
passed St. Joseph's church just as the  
bell began to toll—one, two, three—  
yes, eight strokes. It was for little  
Antonio, whom she had heard gasping  
for breath. He was dead. No more  
would he and Giuseppe romp together  
on the streets or in Winter's Alley.  
Old Mag's heart failed her, not because  
she sorrowed for the child, but because  
she saw the defiant young Italian and  
heard his voice, "Just one more death,  
and these people must pay the penalty  
by their property and their lives!"  
Before, she had not cared; she thought  
they deserved it; but now, shining out  
like a star amid a crowd made up of  
baser metal, Mag saw the face of Rolfé  
Warwick, Giuseppe's friend.

She reached the tenement. In the  
hallway, she paused and listened to the  
wailing of the women. She pushed the  
door open softly. In the dim light she  
saw the child's mother walking the  
floor, sobbing and wringing her hands.  
Little Giuseppe lay on the bed, sur-  
rounded by a crowd of wailing women.  
He was beating the air with his small  
brown hands and fighting bravely for  
breath.

"He cannot even swallow water!"  
expostulated one woman when the  
grandmother motioned her aside. "It's  
no use to try. Don't give him that  
foreign stuff. Children are dying all  
around. Father Joseph says masses  
night and day. Don't bother Giuseppe.  
Light the candles to light his spirit  
away."

Old Mag rudely pushed her aside.  
She took the child in her arms and be-  
gan her treatment. All evening, all  
night, the child's father and mother  
near, she fought the disease, and when  
the feeble sunlight flickered through  
Guglielmo's dirty windows, the little  
lad opened his eyes and smiled at the  
white rose which his grandmother had  
placed beside his bed. "So sweet," he  
murmured, "take! take!"

The grandmother held the fragrant  
thing to the child's nose. He kissed it  
feverishly. "Purty, so purty," he  
whispered, "where did you get the  
rose?"

"Nice gentleman sent it, nice man.  
He says he knows you are a nice little  
lad and when you get well he says he  
will give you the best soda in his store.  
He says his name is Rolfé Warwick.  
Do you know him?"

The little lad's face shone. "Does  
he say so?" he whispered proudly. "He  
is my friend."

All day the church bells rang. All  
day the frantic fathers and mothers  
counted their beads and prayed and  
called down curses on the medical men  
and the idle rich. Three days passed,  
and the fourth, on the night before  
May Day, the Italian order sought  
Guglielmo's quarters, an angry, black-  
faced crowd. Old Mag, sitting beside  
Giuseppe, who was playing with the  
faded rose, saw them and knew what  
it meant. The past few days had been  
days of horror for the inhabitants of  
"Little Italy." They had been event-  
ful ones for the grandmother, the child  
and the parents. Giuseppe had been

Continued on page 461



"Ah, cook knows  
what I like!"

So exclaim all her favorites when  
she serves the delicious, appetizing

## SNIDER PROCESS PORK & BEANS

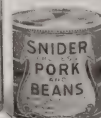
As they come from the can, they are  
whole, rich in color, and, especially when  
hot, laden with an aroma irresistible.

As a food, their nutritive value is very  
high. They are concentrated nutrition.  
In the process of digestion, beans are  
almost entirely absorbed, containing very  
little waste.

The smacking zest of Snider's is  
due to the perfect seasoning sauce,  
made from Snider's Tomato  
Catsup. The daintiest of  
the pork, a bit of jowl,  
makes them luscious.

Snider's are good food  
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD  
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

The result was a large increase of attendance.

### The Church and the Sunday School

Let Sunday School teachers take note how few of their scholars are even seen at the church service. Why not? First, because they are not expected there.

Many Sunday Schools are dismissed just as church is to begin, but the scholars, almost en masse, either go to their homes or wander through the streets, often playing by the way. Remedy: dismiss the school to the church, requesting all who are not going to attend church to remain in their seats until the others have passed out. Let certain parts of the church, perhaps the gallery, be set apart for the Sunday School, or let teachers take their scholars with them in their pews in case their parents do not attend the church. Undoubtedly the Men and Boys' Religion Forward Movement would not be so much needed as now if Sunday School scholars had been thus trained and helped to attend church.

We rejoice that organized Sunday School work is to take a hand in that great movement, but four months yet remain before the opening of the campaign. Let the Sunday School begin now by inaugurating and helping church attendance in the two ways we have suggested.

"Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" "Here am I; send me." We are learning about Isaiah, that we may be as willing as he was to do the Lord's work. Mr. Marion Lawrence has said: "We are not doing the Lord's work; we are not even playing with it; for playing requires energy. We are only fooling with the Lord's work."

We have long had the motto as a slogan in Sunday School work: "All of the church in the Sunday School," and the result has been a large increase of attendance by adults. Let us now hear the motto: "All of the Sunday School in the church," and begin to work it now.

Rev. David Watson, in his book *Social Problems and the Church's Duty*, says: "We need both social reform and personal regeneration, a better social order and better men; but we shall attain neither unless we strive for both simultaneously. To safeguard and develop the individual, found the Christian home, and build the city of God—that is the work of the Christian Church."

It is stated that nearly sixty millions of dollars have thus far been spent by the United States Government in building dams and canals for the conservation of water and leading it where arid tracts and plains may be irrigated. Marvelous have been the results which are exhibited in pictures of plains once arid, now covered with beautiful orchards, yielding also grain, and vegetables of unusual size.

Home Missionary work may be considered a reclamation service for the plain dwellers and the regions beyond, not needed there alone, but in every part of our land, that in the end the fruits of the Spirit may be as abounding as those of the field.

### A Hint for the Primary Teacher

In this lesson there is much that you can not present to little children, as seraphim and their shadowing wings, the coal taken from the altar and placed on the lips of Isaiah; but you can tell them that God sometimes chooses people to do errands for him, and that he did choose the prophet Isaiah to try to persuade the people who lived in Jerusalem and other places to quit their meanness and do the right. They can also be told, or can be led to speak themselves, about the bad things done in the places where they live. Teach them that God's messengers to make things better are the ministers, parents and teachers, and the good children who can help.

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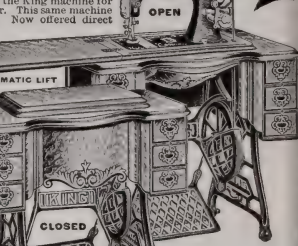
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To any Christian Herald reader who sends us \$1.00, we will mail the Christian Herald to any address in the United States or Canada, for eight months from the date of receiving the subscription; and for your service in securing the new subscription we will send to you post-paid, or to any address you may designate, these four Ferns, just like those described below. By this plan the Ferns cost you only the effort required to secure the subscription.

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How Is Your Own Church?

Still More Replies from Many Sections Telling of Home Church Conditions

THERE is no evidence of any decline in public interest in the question which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago asked of its readers, inviting them to write frankly of the spiritual condition of their home churches. We give to-day another instalment of letters on the subject, many of them being necessarily abbreviated:

A Difficult Parish's Progress

I am a pastor of two country appointments which have not as yet organized churches. One service is held in a schoolhouse, the other in a town-house. The places are more than six miles from a village and six and one-half miles apart. In the neighborhood are people who are members of all denominations, with members in one village church. We find it comparatively easy to carry on services, unless weather conditions are bad, and deem our religious work a success in the community. Sunday Schools are attended fairly well; the preaching is evangelistic and is also well attended. While the Sunday Schools have been in progress many years, the preaching services have only existed between three and four years. We are working towards the foundation of a "Union" church in one of the appointments—one not connected with a denomination and where one denomination may worship with as much liberty of conscience as another. Advice from pastors of denominational churches in rural districts would be much appreciated.

Herschel, Ill. W. J. DAVIS.

The Church vs. the Lodge

The reason why there is so little power in the church is because it has turned its power over to the lodges. They are doing the work the church was called to do, and when even the ministers belong to them, what can one expect? Why is it that most men will attend the lodge with a preference to the church? Christ taught brotherly love and all that is good and noble; why does the church not do its duty and look after the widows as the lodges do? The church and the lodge can't go hand in hand; The one must fall. While the other shall stand.

Lenmore, Calif. Mrs. A. T.

Neglect of Pastoral Duties

My husband and I were in the town ten years. The pastor, his wife and two members called during that time. In the next five years another member came with the pastor's wife. Later the pastor's wife came and said a member was at the gate, but could not come in. I saw the members of the church pass my house for years and never come in to see me. One came one day to the door on church business. It will soon be twenty years since I came to this town.

Greenville, Tenn. MEMBER.

This Church Is Growing

My church is the Hebron Baptist. Our young pastor is an exemplary minister. Scores are coming into our church. Prayer meetings, Christian Endeavor Society, Brotherhood meetings, Sunday School and preaching services give us six or more spiritual feasts every week. There are four other Baptist churches within one-half mile of us.

Philadelphia, Pa. MISSION WORKER.

A Reawakened Church

I came to this charged last April and found the two churches in a backward condition spiritually. A considerable part of the money was raised by fairs, festivals, etc. I have labored to bring the people to the Scriptural standard of giving. Also we began praying for a revival. We have had a series of meetings resulting in fifty persons making profession of faith. We preach a whole Gospel, and the temperance cause is earnestly advocated.

Minden, N. Y. G. W. T.

A Church's Spiritual Decline

Ours is a Missionary Baptist Church, small in numbers, weak financially and not strong spiritually. The prayer meeting has almost died out; we have no Sunday School, and have not had one for some time, but few of the members seem to be interested in either Sunday School or prayer meeting. Many of the churches in our part of the world seem to be "at ease in Zion." Is there no remedy?

Morish, N. C. MEMBER.

A Pleasure-Seeking Community

Albany, Ore., has ten churches and 6,000 inhabitants, three of them have twenty-five persons on an average in attendance, and the

others have, say, 100 at each service. Each is little more than a club. The lodge and moving picture shows, skating rink and theatre are the plague of Albany. The spirit of the people here is pleasure-seeking in spite of the hard working ministers here.

Albany, Ore. MEMBER.

Causes of a Church's Decay

In the church of which I have been a member for over forty years, spiritual conditions are low, as in many other country churches. We are losing ground because of lack of faith in God, and in the power of the Holy Spirit; neglect of prayer, secret and family, increasing conformity to the world, and unwillingness to deny self.

Worcester, Vt. C. H.

Continued on next page

CHRISTIAN HERALD PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

By special arrangement with The Raymond & Whitcomb Company, the famous tourist agency, the CHRISTIAN HERALD is able to announce a "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," including Europe, Palestine, Syria, Egypt, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jaffa, with supplementary extensions to Mount Lebanon, Damascus, the Sea of Galilee, and many other places intimately connected with the life and death of our Lord.

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A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:

"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my housework, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me."

"This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child dependent upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life."

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once."

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared. I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me. Greatest of all my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth!"

"Then I again made application for life insurance, and had no trouble in passing the medical examination."

"It was seven years ago that I began to use Postum and I am using it still, and shall continue to do so, as I find it a guarantee of good health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## How Is Your Own Church?

Continued from preceding page

### Lack of Reverence and Worldliness

What do you think of a church that will have a Ladies' Aid Society supper on Wednesday evening to make money, on Thursday evening a preparatory service for Communion, and on Friday evening a Brotherhood banquet? Next Sabbath it has Communion—all in the same week. I would have no objection to the suppers or banquets if they were held at some other place. I have the greatest reverence for the house of God. We as church people are losing our reverence for the house of God. Canton, O. A. G.

### Secret Societies Hurt the Church

I am living in a little town away down in Maine of about 200 inhabitants. The church was organized about fifty years since, with some twenty members, which time increased to fifty; but for various reasons the church has diminished and at the present time there are about twenty-five resident and seventeen non-resident members. We have had no settled pastor for many years. We now have preaching from three to six months each season by students. Many members are absent during the winter, and no service is held until spring. The secret societies seem to take away the interest from the church. Eastbrook, Me. MEMBER.

### A Revival Needed

Our revivals here are a failure as a whole. We need to-day a twentieth century revival all along the line. I believe what the whole world is longing for to-day is for a practical religion to live by each day, showing us a kind of heavenly Father who is willing to stand by us to help us to make the most of the talent he has given us. I saw a picture of an evangelist taken with one hand in pocket, while the other was clinched, saying, "You old sinner you!" Is that the right spirit? May the Son of the living God break into our churches. Reader. McCool Post, Neb.

### Does the Church Neglect Woman?

Too much creed and not enough Christ. Years of precious time have been spent on church government, and arguing on predestination, baptism, etc., while all about us is a struggling humanity in need of the Gospel. There is a desire on the part of too many to increase the membership without regard for quality. There was a time when if a member failed to obey the laws of the church, he or she was asked to have the name removed from the record. All are ready to admit that much of the church work is done by its women. Many churches would go out of business if it were not for them. But it makes no difference how much a woman gives, or what she does, woman as a general thing is not recognized on church boards, neither is her name found inscribed in the tablet of marble. M. C. L. Champaign, Ill.

### The Old Religion

I am a member of the Methodist church in this place. Our church is gaining in membership, the Gospel is faithfully preached and our church is making spiritual progress. We have for our pastor a Man of God. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has stood for the old religion; this is what our pastor stands for. He preaches it and is living as he preaches. I am glad to be a subscriber for a paper that stands for this old religion. L. H. D. Cobleskill, N. Y.

### Do We Neglect the Jews?

All we ever got came from the Jew. I believe God will hold us responsible if we don't do more for them. We have a good Sabbath School here in the country. I never had a better class of young people. We have church once in two weeks, although there are a great many churches without a pastor. A. C. J. Lorimer, Ia.

### His Work Lives After Him

The memorial volume, *The Life-Work of Louis Klopsch*, was here on my return for a few days' visit with my family. In expressing to you my heart-felt thanks for the beautiful book, I wish at the same time to tell you how highly I value it because of its record of achievement of one of God's truest noblemen, whom it was my privilege to come to know fairly well. The work he helped to make possible in Japan will tell for eternity. God called him his workman, but his work is living in the Sendai Christian Orphanage. In a very real sense he has helped to evangelize Japan. It was a privilege to have been associated with him. I shall count the volume among my treasures. With best wishes for the continued success of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, WILLIAM E. LAMPE, (A leading American Missionary in Japan.)



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## Continued from page 456









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| 30                                   | 29 | 28 | 27 | 26 | 25 |
| 19                                   | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 18                                   | 17 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 13 |
| 7                                    | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 6                                    | 5  | 4  | 3  | 2  | 1  |

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Making Pledges\*

THE story has often been told of Abraham Lincoln and his temperance pledge. He signed it when he was a small boy and always kept it. Almost better than that fact was his willingness to proclaim it. Many have been ashamed to admit that they had signed a temperance pledge. Not so our great President. And to the friend who persuaded him to do this he said, "I owe to you more than to almost any one else of whom I can think."

When a man enters the army, he makes a pledge of loyalty to his country. When a witness is called to testify in court, he has to pledge himself to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. When a man and woman marry, they take a pledge of faithfulness to each other. When a man accepts a responsible position in a bank or any other great financial or commercial institution, he has to "furnish bonds," which will be forfeited if he is unfaithful to his duty—only another way of saying that he pledges himself to be upright.

Thus the lives of all of us are full of pledges. According to the way in which we keep or break these pledges, does our character stand among those who know us. And yet one often hears a man or woman say, "I make it a point not to bind myself with a pledge of any kind."

It is a silly speech; for whether he realizes it or not, every man who is respected in the community has passed his word, spoken or unspoken, in a thousand directions, to live up to as many obligations. He might just as well, and often better, speak his vow outright. It is the manlier way, and it would have far more influence over others, especially the young.

The figure of the soldier, taking his oath of allegiance to his government, is perhaps the most effective similitude to use in describing the sacred duty of the pledge. He knows that adherence to his word may mean for him the facing of danger and even of death; yet openly he takes his country's vows upon him, and the world knows if he betrays his trust through laziness or cowardice. The motive of regard for the opinion of outsiders, though not a high one, is by no means entirely to be disregarded. It is surely a powerful one in many cases; and, since the soul usually needs all the supports and incentives that it can get, the open pledge is often more effective than the secret one.

More to-day is being said and written upon the will than ever before. Many of the newer sects have demonstrated, with a power hitherto unmatched, that the human will, when striving honestly to unite its force with the divine, is almost irresistible. If a true man only says to himself, "I will do it," and prays steadfastly for help, he can generally keep his pledge.

Then let us oftener say, "I will accomplish this or that good purpose. I will conquer the difficulties that beset the way." And let us not fear to do this publicly. The addition of the goad of open disgrace to the better and higher motives may be just the little needed to "help the camel to bear its load."

In Robert E. Speer's *Memorial of a True Life*, he gives the noble pledge of his friend Beaver of entire loyalty to God: "This 16th day of November, 1895, I, Hugh McA. Beaver, do, of my own free will, give myself and all that I am and have, entirely to him whom having not seen I love, and on whom I believe. Bought with a price, I give myself to him to be used as he shall see fit. Sealed by the Holy Spirit, filled with the peace that passeth understanding, to him be all glory, world without end. Amen."

May all who read these lines make a similar pledge, and may God help them to keep it!

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, May 14. Text: Ps. 61: 5-8.



The Howard Watch

Everyone concedes that the Railroad man must have an accurate watch.

His business requires it.

But how about the man in any other calling?

Why should he be content with less than the best in a time-piece?

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There is a big change taking place in this country on the watch question.

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There are not so many men who think it smart to carry a poor watch and bang it around.

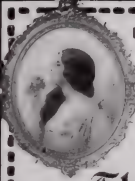
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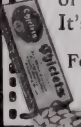
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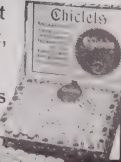
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## Evidence of Divine Blessing\*

AS anniversaries come around, whether of individuals or of societies, there are pauses for thought. Once in a while, says old George Herbert, we must "tumble up and down our chests, and see what is in them," and anniversaries furnish such occasions.

Thus, as we celebrate the twenty-second birthday of our League, let us review its history and progress—not only those of the society as a whole, but of our particular branch of it. The Epworth League was founded on great ideals and for noble objects. Have we lived up to them?

Remember that under the stress of great thoughts and motives, such as brought into existence our grand organization, the richest balsams of life, to use one of Browning's great figures, have usually been expressed. It was under such convictions that the wretched, drunken tinker, John Bunyan, reformed his life; was persecuted and thrown into jail for his heroic loyalty to his religion; and ended by enriching our language and our faith by a great spiritual allegory.

In the same way, as Dr. Louis A. Banks relates, a certain young man reached his majority, with little education and with no higher ambition than to drive a hack. Suddenly he was touched by a conviction of sin, and he was led to lay hold upon Christ. A divine desire took possession of him to bring souls into the kingdom. He studied passionately in every department of knowledge that he might better accomplish his object. He became a great scholar and teacher, and thousands of the unconverted were brought through him to serve his Master.

That is what our society ought to do for us—to constantly stir us to noble, unselfish action, as we attend its meetings and ponder upon its objects. It ought to make us more ardent for self-improvement in order that we may spread Christ's work more efficiently and win souls for him. Has it done this for us?

An interesting feature of the foreign missionary work is the comparative ease with which fluent preachers can be developed among the natives of almost every country. What Dr. Speicher says of China is true in general—that the great need of the young Chinese churches is not only for leaders with so-called "gifts," but for those possessing also the power and will to be "living examples of the Gospel they preach." Is not the same thing true of our League? And have we not perhaps unduly exalted the more showy gifts of eloquence and readiness of speech over the solid, fundamental virtues of Christian character—"love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance"?

These saintly qualities come not with the simple desire, but only by long prayer and battles of the spirit. To gain them for each of its members should be the object of every meeting of our League. One of our modern poets has voiced well the despondency of the soul which, like so many of us, has stumbled and given way to temptation. A man cries to "his angel" that the battle is going against him. What shall he do?

Then said to the man his Angel,  
"Thou wavering, witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole?"

"While kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken sabre  
To rise on the last redoubt."

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall."

And that, though the world may account it failure, God will account victory. The watchword of our League for this year may well be, "Fight to the end. Never give up."

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, May 4. Text: Ps. 48: 12, 13.

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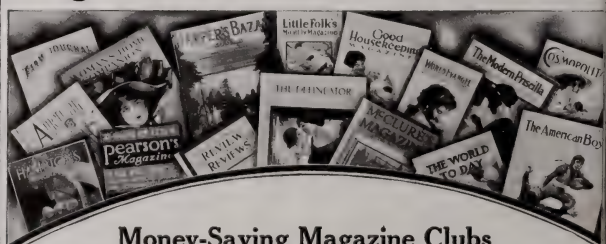
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**The Consecration of St. John's**

Continued from page 443

king" (I. Pet. 2: 17). He said in part:

"This is a practical and utilitarian age, an age which concerns itself not chiefly with another world, but with the more engrossing and pressing affairs of this; not so much with temples as with temporalities. And yet it also is, in its appreciations and in its inconsistencies, an age of moralities, as practically shown in two appealing and comprehensive forms of ethical expression.

"And so, for the sake of our common humanity, to bless and to crown it; and for the sake of our common country, to help us more and more to love and to serve it and to make it take its place, its true and destined place, for righteousness and peace, among the nations of the earth, we consecrate today, as the offering of our love, these memorial chapels and this cathedral choir, to the service here among us of the Incarnate Jesus Christ; God of God, Light of light, very God of very God, by whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation, in this world as another came down from heaven and was made man. And we have seen his glory, shining on and in and through our human life to-day, giving righteousness to it, philanthropic and patriotic. And this cathedral shall help us as long as it shall stand more and more to see it; the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!"

The music, led by the splendid organ, was wonderfully rendered. Seldom does one have the opportunity of hearing such execution. The flutelike voices of the boy sopranos rang through the arches with wonderful effect.

The Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine is the largest ecclesiastical structure in America and the fourth largest in Christendom. Although only partially constructed, it has already been twenty years in building, and it may take as much longer to complete it. Seating accommodations are now provided for 1,700 persons. The choir is now roofed and partly cased, and the eight giant columns, each sixty-five feet high, which cluster about the altar, are in place, with the names carved upon them of those whom their donors wish to commemorate. Two of the seven chapels in the apse of the chancel have been completed, and with them their stained glass windows. These are to be called the Chapels of the Tongues, and the intention is that in each religious services will be conducted in one of seven foreign languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Chinese and Armenian.

This magnificent building was proposed and first planned for in the days of Bishop Horatio Potter, but nothing was really accomplished till after he had, when on his death-bed, consigned the work that was so near his heart to his nephew, Bishop Henry C. Potter. During his tenure of office the first actual construction was started, and it is in a large measure due to his efforts that the building is as near completion as it is at present.

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## For Christian Herald Readers

**T**HERE are three things that should be in every American household: the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the American Flag.

You have the Bible, of course, but have you the Declaration of Independence and the American Flag? Wouldn't you like to own a large American Flag, like the one shown in the picture, if you could get it practically for nothing?

Not a little hand flag, understand, but a large-size "Old Glory," 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, bigger than the top of your dining-room table. It is real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the government flag-maker.

## Declaration of Independence

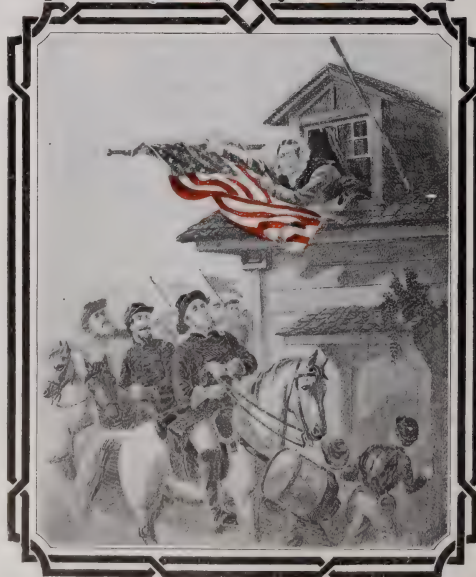
Every patriotic member of the **Christian Herald** Family has it in his or her power to secure, without money, a large American Flag like the one shown in the illustration, and a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches, an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which hangs framed on the walls of the old State House in Philadelphia.

Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism, for you will not only have use for a Flag on every holiday for years to come, but you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private sociables, in the school-house, in the church, and, best of all, in the home.

## Flag is 4x6 Feet in Size

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Every new **Christian Herald** reader means the assistance of another soul who will work in common with this great congregation in its laudable purpose of spreading the teachings of the Gospel to every nook and corner of the world.



*"She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag,' she said."*

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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# GET ONE FOR THE PATRIOTIC HOLIDAYS!



**WHEN SORROW CAME**

WHEN Sorrow came, I did not look  
For any visitor that day,  
But in beside the ingle-nook  
She slipped in calm, familiar way.  
As one, a dear and privileged guest,  
Who pushes wide a door ajar,  
And, seeking only friendly rest,  
Sits down where all the kindred are.

And first, surprised, I scarcely knew  
A word to greet the stranger face;  
There crept a numbing shadow through  
The brightness of my dwelling place.  
So dumb her lips, so veiled her eyes,  
So chill the hand in mine she laid,  
The sunshine vanished from the skies,  
And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But Sorrow stayed, until I heard,  
In that hushed silence round her drawn.  
Voices more sweet than song of bird,  
The tender notes of loved ones gone.  
And floating from the silvery shore,  
Whereon the ransomed wail serene,  
Came wafts of fragrance blown before  
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfigured, Sorrow turned.  
Her look was wonderful to see;  
My very soul within me burned,  
For Love in sorrow died for me.  
And Love appoints my sorrow still,  
And sacramental cups are poured  
Where I and Sorrow, if God will,  
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**An Indian Evangelist**

TO HENRY L. CLOUD, the "Indian Evangelist" of the Oklahoma Methodist Conference, belongs the honor of having been the only representative of his race to secure election to the Constitutional Convention which in 1907 brought into the Union the new-born State of Oklahoma. Mr. Cloud was nominated by the Republican Party, ran as an out-and-out Prohibitionist, and led his party ticket by a good plurality.



Henry L. Cloud

Mr. Cloud is a three-quarter blood Cherokee Indian. His parents were Christians, and when he was left an orphan at eleven years of age, an uncle arranged for his entry to the Cherokee Orphan School near Pryor Creek. During his course there he became a member of the Methodist Church. When he was sufficiently advanced he became a teacher, and as he was entirely dependent on his efforts, he made this the means of securing higher educational privileges.

Before taking up his present work, Mr. Cloud successfully filled several pastorates. Those who know his work best, speak of him as an evangelist of the Gipsy Smith type. Great interest and fine spiritual results have attended his efforts in the Southwestern States where he labors. He has always been an ardent worker for prohibition, and was sent by the Oklahoma Woman's Christian Temperance Union to Washington, D. C., to work for the prohibition clause in the act that granted Statehood to the combined territory of Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Mr. Cloud has delivered over and over again a lecture entitled, "An Indian on the Warpath." For this lecture he dresses in the garb of his forefathers. REV. WALLACE I. TORBET.

Clifton, Col.

**A Splendid Gift**

THROUGH a gift of Mrs. A. D. Juilliard, the West Side Young Men's Christian Association, 318 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, has purchased the building of the First Church of the Disciples of Christ, adjoining the Young Men's Christian Association on the Fifty-sixth Street side. Men have been turned away from the present West Side dormitories at the rate of about fifty a week,

as it was impossible to provide for them. Because of this condition, work of tearing down the church was commenced at once and the erection of the dormitory will be pushed as rapidly as possible. It is believed the building will be ready for occupancy by September, 1911.

There will be over two hundred dormitory rooms in the new building, which with the fifty-five rooms in the present dormitory will afford accommodations for almost four hundred men. The building will be modern throughout and will cost about \$200,000. The first floor will be occupied by the Boy's Department and the upper floors as dormitories. The West Side Young Men's Christian Association now has a membership of 5,400—the largest in the world.

**A Luxury-Loving Dog**

MY greyhound discovered that my neighbor had been making ice cream, and being fond of good things, he went on a tour of investigation. He found the freezer on the porch where it had been placed to harden. Soon his eyes and all of his head disappeared. He was without doubt inspecting it. My good neighbor spied him, and her shouts "made the welkin ring"; but poor Joe could not part company with the freezer. He ran with the incumbrance on his head, whither he knew not. Finally he ran against a fence, then a tree, then the side of the house. He tried to explode the nuisance, but of no avail was bark or howl. After a time—soon enough to save poor Joe but not the cream—he was rescued. The lady took the freezer and I my dog, and they parted company. Joe was cured of his love of that luxury. Ever after he would run and howl at sight of a freezer.

M. M. H.  
Fredonia, N. Y.

**Answered Prayers**

K. D. M., Fairfax, Mo. "God has answered my prayer."

M. O., Manitoula, Can., testifies of God's answers to prayers.

Subscriber, Ostrander, Minn. "God has granted my petition."

Mrs. W. H. Y., Bouri, Texas. "God has heard and answered my prayers."

M. C. H., Galveston, Ind. "I acknowledge God's answer to my prayers for my son."

B. F. S. and four friends, Smithsburg, Md., thank God for answer to their joint prayer.

A. M., Pueblo, Col. "I thank God for partial restoration of sight after serious injury."

J. M. F., Mendota, Ill. "My prayers have been answered in a better way than I expected."

Subscriber, Long Beach, Calif. "I thank God for the recovery of my son from typhoid fever."

E. M. W., Philadelphia, asks the prayers of readers that he may obtain spiritual assistance.

N. S., Fay, W. Va. "God has answered my prayers many times on behalf of sick friends."

B. E., Bellefontaine, O. "The heavenly Father delivered me from worry when I prayed to him."

J. E. S., Auburn, Ala., thanks God for the restoration if loved ones to health in answer to prayer.

G. R., Tamover, Ill., thanks God for her mother's restoration to health in answer to prayer.

M. E. C., Oatago, Mich. "God has answered my prayer, and I wish to acknowledge his kindness."

Mrs. H. G. B., Martinsburg, W. Va. "When I was in great financial trouble my prayer was answered."

W. L. L. and S. E. L., Hurricane, W. Va. "The Lord in his own good time has answered our prayers."

M. E. H., Sulphur, Ky. "God answered my prayers with restored health when all human hope was past."

Mrs. E. S. "I acknowledge wonderful answers to prayers for restoration to health and the salvation of souls."

B. S., Milwaukee. "A beloved one was brought through a severe illness to perfect health through prayer."

C. E. H., Kansas. "God answered my prayer in behalf of a dear one. I promised to acknowledge his goodness."

Mrs. L. Mc., Los Angeles, Calif. "I prayed for a lost son, not knowing whether he was alive or dead, and God has returned him to me safe and well."



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# Printype Wins!

***A New Creation in Typewriter Type, Whose Beauty, Readability and Attention-Value Have Captivated the Public—"TYPEWRITES PRINT!"***

Another great Oliver innovation—PRINTYPE.

Some months ago, without announcement, we placed The Printype Oliver Typewriter on the market.

Its only advertising, two pamphlets and a mailing card.

To-day, *one-third* of our output of Oliver Typewriters are Printypes. It's more than a success. *It's a revolution in typewriter type!*

Printype is the most beautiful, readable, attractive, attention-compelling type ever evolved for typewriters.

We want to write you a letter on The Printype Oliver Typewriter so that you can compare Printype with the old-style outline Pica typewriter type. This object lesson will show at a glance the overwhelming advantages of Printype.

It will explain why the new type face, *without a line of advertising*, scored an instantaneous triumph.

When you receive our letter, mark the marvelous *clearness*, the surpassing *beauty* of Printype. See how it *meets the eye!* "As plain as print"—it is print! Contrast the perfectly shaded letters and numerals of Printype with the thin outline type. The difference is easily *100 per cent* in favor of Printype.

Printype is virtually *book-type*—the type which the eye has been trained to grasp *quickly*.

The type which is always used by publishers—whether it be for a newspaper, a magazine or a rare book in *edition de luxe*.

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It is not a mere coincidence that to the same typewriter company which introduced *visible writing* now falls the honor of presenting *Printype*. There's a deeper significance. *Think it over.*

## The Singular Beauty of Printype

Printype is the very soul of *symmetry*. The shadings give *body*, *refinement*, *distinction* and *life* which are utterly lacking in the old-style thin outline letters and numerals. The completeness and perfection of Printype makes it a delight to the eye.

## The Attention-Value of Printype

A letter written in Printype attracts the eye—it's *magnetic*. A Printype letter is so strikingly *attractive*, so *forceful*, so *distinctive* that one unconsciously picks it out from a mass of mail, to read *first*.

Its perfection *compels attention*. It gets "preferred position" *always*.

A large part of our sales have resulted from letters like this, sent by interested correspondents to users of the new machine:

"For goodness sake, what machine did you use to write that letter?"

The answer—a *Printype Oliver*—makes the sale.

## Printype Aids Eyesight

Printype aids and rests the eyes: None of the strain on the optic nerve that sharp, thin, outline type imposes. You read a Printype letter as swiftly and easily as the page of a primer.



## Send Coupon for Printype Oliver Book and Letter Written in Printype

To realize the difference between Printype and the old-style typewriter type, you must read a letter written in Printype.

On receipt of the coupon, or a postal, we will write you a specimen letter on The Printype Oliver Typewriter and forward a copy of the book, "A REVOLUTION IN TYPEWRITER TYPE." If interested, ask for details of the "17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan," which has added so many thousands to the ranks of typewriter users.

We urge upon merchants, manufacturers, publishers, financial institutions, professional men, public accountants and all who are interested in *efficiency*, the importance of investigating the new face in Typewriterdom—PRINTYPE.

Address Sales Department

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
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This elimination of *effort* makes it a positive pleasure to read Printype correspondence. To the business man who signs hundreds of letters a day, Printype offers welcome relief. Ask the opinion of your oculist or optician. *He knows the value of Printype!*

## Printype Prevents Errors

Printype makes every letter, every numeral, every character employed in the whole wide range of commercial transactions *perfectly plain!*

Each separate word *stands out* instead of blurring and *running together*.

*Printype figures don't lie.* No possible chance of confusing 3 with 8 or 5 with 3. No errors, confusion and misunderstanding because of too great similarity.

**Printype —  
OLIVER  
Typewriter**

## The Standard Visible Writer

Wherever *accuracy* is demanded, *Printype* is worth a premium. Yet it costs not a penny more when you purchase a Printype Oliver Typewriter.

## A Printype Test by Linotype Operators

One of the hundreds of interesting and conclusive tests preliminary to announcing *Printype* was made under our direction by various newspaper publishers. Linotype operators of equal dexterity were pitted against each other in a speed contest. One set of operators were supplied with copy written with the *regular* typewriter face.

The opposing operators were supplied with copy written in *Printype*.

It was found that the linotype operator could increase his output *10 per cent*, setting from "Printype" copy, over copy written with the ordinary "outline" typewriter type. Think of the enormous saving of time when the many thousands of other people who daily *read* typewriting and *use* the typewriter, adopt the wonderful new type-face!

## 17 Cents a Day for The Printype Oliver Typewriter

Thousands of dollars have been expended in producing this wonderful typewriter type, yet you pay only the regular price of \$100 for the complete machine, the new Oliver No. 5, equipped to write in Printype. You can buy The Printype Oliver on the famous 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. No matter what typewriter you are using, you can turn it in on your first payment for the new Oliver and let *pennies* complete the purchase.

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Gentlemen:

Tell me all about The Printype Oliver Typewriter. Write me a Printype letter and send the book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type."

Name .....

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Occupation .....

(103)



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



THE LAST GATHERING OF THE BOWERY MISSION BREAD LINE BEFORE IT CLOSED AT EASTER



## THE BREAD LINE'S BUSIEST SEASON

141,000 Meals Served to Homeless and Hungry Men at the Bowery Mission

**T**HE Bowery Mission Bread Line has just completed its longest and by far its most interesting season. Thanksgiving of 1910 came at the earliest and Easter of 1911 at the latest possible date. Altogether there were 141 breakfasts, making a total of 141,000 meals served.

The class of men found in the Bread Line was very much the same as in previous years, except that perhaps there was even a larger percentage of the typical able-bodied unemployed workman. Of course, there have been every morning several of that pathetic class that society, alas, so readily puts on one side as being "too old" to work; and there has always been a proportion of sick men, who ought to have been in some hospital, rather than walking the streets in the chill wintry weather, without a roof to cover them.

The large number of able and willing men, however, that the Bread Line has helped has been evidenced by the busy state of the Free Labor Bureau during the winter months, by the number of positions that have been secured, and by the splendid record they have made.

Between September 30, 1910, and March 31, 1911, 2,046 such positions were found, most of them being in country places. Since the organization of the Bureau in January, 1907, 10,731 men have been placed.

During the last six months, the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau has become known to employers of a higher grade of labor, and in consequence men of a better class have registered. In nearly every case, however, the men have been entirely destitute, and, with very few exceptions, have graduated from the

Bread Line. There is abundant evidence of the splendid human material that is submerged in the dire poverty conditions of the Bowery, in the letters we have received from employers to whom men have been sent. For instance, one writes from Salt Point, N. Y., "C. W. arrived at the appointed time and is doing well; he is a good plower. I hope I can keep him." One from Torrey, Pa., "We are well pleased with the man. He is industrious and quick to learn." Another from Mount Upton, N. Y., "He is a much better man than I expected to get."

Another from Westford, Conn., "Report safe arrival of the man. Thus far, perfectly satisfactory." Another from Wallkill, N. Y., "Six men came on Wednesday, and three last evening. Will be pleased to have another good man."

Equally pleasing have been the many letters we have received from the men themselves. The following are a few types of such letters:

Canajoharie, N. Y.: "I am getting along all right on the farm and making good." Bronx Borough, New York City: "I am still serving the Lord. God is with me in everything I do. I have got a very hard place; but I will keep it till I can get a better." Apollo, Pa.: "I got here all right and am very glad. It is a home fit for any man." Oyster Bay, N. Y.: "One week gone and profitably spent. This is no picnic, yet I thank God for the job. I find great respect for old age. All are kind to me."

Many visitors, amongst them CHRISTIAN HERALD readers from all parts of the United States and Canada, have visited the Bread Line, and without exception they manifested the kindest sympathy and keenest interest.

They have been cordially received by one of the Bowery Mission converts who, a few years ago, was himself a miserable "wastrel" on the Bowery, but has made a splendid record at the Mission and has since the closing of the Bread Line been appointed assistant superintendent of the Church Rescue Mission of Boston, Mass.

I allude to Charles H. Kendall, who will be remembered with the most grateful feelings by thousands



Serving the "Line" in the Bowery Mission Kitchen

Continued on page 48



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY  
Rev. A. C. DIXON \*



## THE MOTIVE OF THE CROSS

TEXT: Rom. 5:8—"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

**D**ID Paul exaggerate when he said, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross?" Did he go too far in his Letter to the Corinthians when he said, "I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified"? I believe he told the whole truth, for "The Cross of Christ" is Christianity; "The Cross of Christ" means saving experience. "The Cross of Christ" left out, everything worth while has been left out.

Right in the midst of old Edinburgh stands the Castle Rock. Centuries ago they built a fort on it, and that great Castle Rock has been the key to the possession of Edinburgh. When it was captured by the English, the English owned Edinburgh; and when the Scotch recaptured it, the Scotch owned Edinburgh. Whoever had that Castle Rock in hand commanded the situation for the city. And more than that, this solid rock gives Edinburgh largely its foundation. Among the first things I heard when I got there was that Mr. Kemp's church was founded on Castle Rock, though it is out of sight of it. The ledges run out from it under the houses of the city. What Edinburgh Castle and its Castle Rock are to that city, "The Cross of Jesus Christ" is to Christianity. It is the centre and foundation of everything. When you have given up the Cross, you have surrendered Christianity. Underneath everything in Christianity is the Cross. We read of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," reaching back into eternity past. We read again of "the Lamb as it had been slain, in the midst of the throne," thus reaching forward into eternity future. Its great solid ledges lie under the Church, its creed, its institutions, its membership, its character. Everything in Christianity is founded upon the Cross.

Now, there are just two things in this text: First, a great fact; second, a great act. First, the greatest fact in the universe; second, the greatest act in all history.

### The Great Fact

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners." The great fact is that there is a God who loves and commends his love to the unlovely. The fact that there is a God modern science has largely forgotten, and modern society has ignored it. But if I should speak of one thing that God has given to me above all else during the past three months, I should say this: *the sense of God*. I had it on the ocean in its solitude; I had it amid the mountains with their beauty; I had it in the great crowded city with its millions; I had it in the pulpit surrounded by sympathetic Christian people—a new overwhelming sense of God; that there is a God who thinks, and loves, and plans. And the great fact of this universe is that behind all nature and all history is God, who made nature, and makes and remakes history. But the great fact has its climax in the greater fact of our text. "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners." The word "sinner" means primarily a failure, one who has missed the mark. God, though we were failures, still loved us. But the word "sinner" goes further and means a criminal against God. Crime is an offense against society; sin is a crime against God. Sir Robert Anderson contends that man did not fall morally in his relation to man, but spiritually in his relation to God. A man can, therefore, still be moral in his relations to man, in his relations to his family, and the community and the country, and a great sinner in his relation to God. The moral fall came as the result of the spiritual fall. And when a man gets wrong with God, he will get wrong with everybody else sooner or later; and when a man gets right with God, he will get right with everybody else sooner or later. "God commendeth his love toward us" in

that while we are failures and criminals toward him, he still loves us, loves us even as failures, loves us even as criminals.

"Christ died for us." The greatest act in history. He lived for us, yes; he preached for us, yes; he worked for us, yes. But greater than all, he died for us, and without his death his preaching amounts to little; without his death his working amounts to little; without his death his teaching amounts to little. "Christ died for us." His standard of greatness was this, "If any man would be great among you, let him become the servant of all." And the greatest act of history in the light of this definition is the death of Christ. He died for us, and in the deepest sense served all.

### Life at Its Best

In Jesus Christ on the cross we have life at its best. Life at its worst simply protects itself, and that may be cowardice. The life that simply shields itself is the life of a coward; but the life that gives itself is life at its best, the life of a hero. The life that simply protects itself is life at its worst, but the life that puts itself on the altar is life at its best. And as you count the monuments in bronze and marble and granite, you will find that with scarcely an exception the people who have built those monuments had that in view. Here was a life that was willing to die; here was a life not at its worst in protection, but at its best in self-sacrifice.

Love at its worst simply enjoys itself; love at its best seeks to make others happy and forgets itself. The divorce courts are kept busy just because men get married in order to be happy, and women get married in order to be happy. If they would get married to make somebody else happy, the divorce courts would have to go out of business. The love that simply forgets itself and seeks to serve others is at its best.

Light at its worst simply displays itself; light at its best sacrifices itself. What is this flower, these beautiful roses? Sacrificed light; light taken up, given off by the sun, forgetful of itself, not trying to preserve itself, but just giving itself into leaf and bud and root and petal until we have the beauty of the garden. And the light that gives itself off for others is the Light of the Cross, Jesus Christ, in infinite love forgetting himself, as he puts himself on the altar for us and becomes the Light which is the Light of the world.

Holiness is at its worst when it simply cultivates itself. And that is the matter with so many holiness meetings. They just meet to cultivate and to foster holiness; and it is real holiness, but holiness at its worst. Holiness at its best does not seek to cultivate itself, but puts itself on the altar for the good of humanity and seeks to save other people. Jesus Christ was holiness wherever he went, but Christ on the cross meant holiness at its noblest, not cultivating itself, but giving itself for the unholly.

Power at its worst simply asserts itself, while power at its best gives itself for the weak. Power at its worst destroys. Power at its best saves. Power at its worst is dangerous; power at its best gives protection.

### True Liberty and Peace

Liberty at its worst means doing as you please. It says, "I will not be subservient to anybody, God or man," and that is anarchy, barbarism. But liberty at its best says, "I rejoice in the liberty to give up my liberty, to make others free. I have the liberty to die for my country. I have the liberty to be true to my convictions and go to jail. I have the liberty to sell myself into slavery, as a Christian missionary did, and go and work among the slaves that I may make them free." And Jesus Christ on the cross is liberty at its best, liberty that gives up its liberty that the enslaved sinner may be free, while it gives the highest civilization, kills anarchy, and makes the Home, the Church and the State everything that they ought to be.

Peace at its worst means compromise. It does not contend for principle. It surrenders and gets the experience of Napoleon at Waterloo. Peace at its worst says, "We must get together, no matter whether there is a sacrifice of truth and of principle or not;" but peace at its best says, "First pure, then peaceable." Now this is a day we ought to remember. It is a day appointed by the Peace Commissioners on which all the preachers of the world are invited to give a sermon on arbitration; and God knows every Christian ought to hate war. Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace, but he gives peace not as the world gives it, at its lowest, by compromise and by surrender, but at its highest, by victory. There is only one thing worse than war, and war with its bloodshed, its groans and the sorrow that follows, is hell. The one thing worse than war is injustice. In Jesus Christ on the cross there is peace at its best, no sacrifice of justice. The love of God furnishes the satisfaction which his justice demands. In Jesus Christ on the cross we have perfect peace, peace with God, peace with conscience, peace with righteousness, peace with holiness, peace with everything that is good, and not peace at the lowest by the sacrifice of justice, righteousness and holiness. Said a man to me, "I am trusting the mercy of God; I have confessed my sin. I don't need any cross; I don't need any blood atonement." Stop, friend, you have peace at the sacrifice of justice, for mercy is injustice. The very moment the judge begins to be merciful, he ceases to be just. But in Jesus Christ on the cross God can be merciful because justice has been met. He can be "just and the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus." The man who depends upon God's mercy apart from Jesus Christ on the cross is demanding that God shall be unjust, that God shall give him peace in opposition to the very nature of His being.

### Love Once Told

One thing more. Christ on the cross answers all the problems that perplex us. I met a man on the ocean who declared that he was a wanderer on the face of the earth. A gentleman who had talked with him more intimately said, "That man told me his wife died a year ago. He had seven children. He locked his door and has never gone inside the house again. He has put his children in school. The furniture is in there just as it was when he left it." The man himself said to me, "Nature, sir, is unkind." I replied, "Let nature be unkind, but God is kind. God loves, and God commends his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Have you read that wonderful book, *The Silence of God*? Oh, the pathos of it! The Armenians butchered by the Turks, pure women crying to God for help, and God silent. The basal proposition of the book, you remember, is: After God has shown his love to us in Jesus Christ dying for us on the cross, he is under no obligation to tell us again that he loves us. We ought to believe it. Believe it when the heart breaks, believe it when the clouds gather, believe it when the storm rages, believe it when the wreck comes. God commendeth his love in Jesus Christ, and as you sit with your broken heart and your wrecked fortune, your life a failure, if you will believe in the Christ that died, you can still know that God loves you. And out of that knowledge comes a power that will reconstruct your life and make it a success. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." I wish I could write it in letters of light on the window of your soul, that every time you look out you may see it. "Christ died for us." He was born of a virgin for us, he preached for us, he lived for us, he worked for us, but, best of all, he died for us; and in dying he bore the guilt of sin. He made it possible for God to be merciful and still to be righteous, to give us peace of soul on the basis of love linked with justice. "Glory to God in the highest!"

\* Pastor of the Moody Church, Chicago.



## Giving Thanks

A LITTLE strength was lost each day.  
A little hope dropped by the way.  
The feet dragged slowly up the road.  
The shoulders bent beneath their load.  
Courage seemed dying in the heart.  
The will played but a feeble part.  
Night brought no ease,  
Day no surcease  
From heavy cares or wearying smart.  
Then why give thanks?

Somehow strength lasted through the day,  
Hope joined with courage in the way;  
The feet still kept the up-hill road.  
The shoulders did not drop their load.  
An unseen Power sustained the heart  
When flesh and will failed in their part.  
While God gave light  
By day and night,  
And also grace to bear the smart.  
For this give thanks—

Thanks for the daily bread, which feeds  
The body's wants, the spirit's needs;  
Thanks for the lesson, the quick'ning word,  
"He only lives who lives in God."  
Whether his time on earth is spent  
In lordly house or labor's tent.  
Thanks for the light  
By day and night  
Which shows the way the Master went.  
And he gave thanks.

Southern Cross.

## Revival Work in Wales

THE work of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander in Swansea, Wales, during April was full of interest. An unexpected and interesting incident took place one evening at a great meeting for men. The floor and gallery of Albert Hall were packed with men. They had put force and vigor into the singing. Then Dr. J. A. Rawlings, one of the most influential of Swansea's ministers, arose. Referring to the Peace Treaty suggested by President Taft, which had received the approval of Sir Edward Grey, he said, "I want to ask Dr. Chapman, who is a citizen of the United States, to convey a President Taft that this great meeting most heartily and earnestly prays that the suggestion of President Taft may speedily bear fruit in a treaty between our government and the United States, a treaty which, I hope and believe, would be the beginning of a truce of God amongst all the nations." The great audience of men rose to their feet and loudly applauded. Then Dr. Chapman, in a few sentences, thanked them and expressed the pleasure it would give him to convey the message. "Now," he said, "let us sing God Save the King," a request which met with a most enthusiastic response. "Now we'll sing it as we do in our country," he said, and, standing shoulder to shoulder on the platform, Dr. Chapman, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Natfizer sang together the American national anthem:

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.

Further applause greeted this, but the most thrilling scene took place a moment later, when Dr. Chapman said, "Now let us all join in singing 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' and is 'Crown Him Lord of All' was reached it almost seemed as if the building could not contain the sound.

## Called Higher

Mrs. Jonathan Everett, of Linden, Mich., has passed to the heavenly home.

Mrs. Cyrus Light (80), Lebanon, Pa., has received the Master's call. A lover of this paper.

Arthur S. Cox (82), of Jersey City, N. J., has been called higher. He was for many years a reader of this paper.

Mrs. Elizabeth Price (74) died recently at her home in Barnsville, O. She was a faithful Christian and from early girlhood a member of the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Mary J. French (83), of Damascus, O., has been called higher. She was the mother of Dr. Isabella F. DeVol, of the Friends' Mission, Luhoh, China.

Frederick Stephen Pitkins, Madison, O., died April 4. He was the oldest person in that town, being ninety-two years of age. He was always a firm friend of every good philanthropic work and was a long-time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

# The Desert Places

By EUGENE THWING

WHAT is there in the desert places of earth to appeal to our interest, to arouse our enthusiasm? Surely there are too many desert places, and some of them are very much in the way in this crowding, bustling, busy world. Man is eager and impatient. Civilization demands that everything shall be put to use; shall contribute to his onward march, his success, his pleasure. The desert places obstruct him; they increase his labor; they thrust themselves across his path, and seem to defy his restless ambition.

What are they like, these desert places? A wilderness of sand or baked clay, utterly parched and bare; a place left desolate by nature, or made desolate by the ruthlessness or neglect of man; a place where no water is, no cool shade, no pleasant growing things, no comfort and no joyful life; a place of solitude, and emptiness, and gloom. We think of the wide Sahara with its drifting sands, or the stony plains of Asia, or the great American desert, pierced only by steel rails for trains which hurry across from East to West.

WELL, what have we to do with the desert places? We can keep away from them; and if we must travel, we can go around some other way. There is enough to occupy our thought in the busy town. We can refresh our jaded energies in the green and fertile country, and enjoy the trees and flowers, the singing of the birds, and the laughing waters that flow through fertile valleys. The desert depresses and repels us. Why not leave it alone?

In the Bible we find other meanings of the desert. It is a place of temptations, solitude, and persecution; a place inhabited by evil spirits, or visited by them; a home of people who are ignorant or neglectful of God; a place of suffering, and human desolation, and sin. The desert is not always a dry and lonely stretch of sand, or stones, or clay. It may be, and very often it is, a crowded city where the hearts are stony; where lives are made desolate by persecution and neglect; where the springs of living water do not flow. The desert places are at our doors, and we have everything to do with them.

UP AND down through Palestine Christ walked and worked in the desert. He went alone into the solitary places to pray; but he came again into the crowded towns and villages to work. He found multitudes of men and women and children whose lives were like the dead things of the desert. Ignorance, disease, pain, and sorrow were everywhere. There was no medical or surgical science worthy the name. Sickness, either of heart or of body, could not be cured. A woman cast herself at his feet after twelve years of misery; she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Into the desolation of her life he came with healing; but it cost him something; for he felt at once that virtue had gone out of him.

Astonished and eager, great multitudes came pouring out of their desolate homes and surged around him, "having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet, and he healed them."

Weary of body, often without time even "so much as to eat," he went up and down through the great crowded human desert of Palestine, spending himself and being spent, with a great passion of love, for the pain-stricken multitudes in "villages, or cities, or country," where "they laid the sick in the streets" before him; and, behold, the "blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Wherever he went, "As many as touched him were made perfectly whole." When, one day, his disciples urged him to send away the crowds, saying, "This is a desert place; send them away, that they may buy themselves bread," he said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat," and immediately, in the desert, the multitude was fed.

THE desert places of the world to-day are our fields for labor; they are our places of greatest opportunity and privilege. "The works that I do, shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do"—the most inspiring and glorious commission ever given to man! China to-day is a great "desert place," and CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have gone into it gladly to feed more than "five thousand." They have gone into India, and into Russia, and into Finland, into Armenia, and Cuba, and Japan in the name of him who gave them their commission, and they have carried bread in one hand and the Gospel in the other; and they are waiting for every call that comes from any of the sad desert places of earth, ready to respond again and again.

CLOSE at hand are desert places in homes that to outward appearance are as other homes; in hearts that often hide their misery, but that cry in secret, "My spirit is overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate." If we have accepted the great commission; if we have an undying passion for healing and helping, we will search out the desert places near us as well as those afar. We will go into them daily and "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees." We will "say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not." Then, all around us, in our cities and our villages, in our factories and in our homes, in our crowded slums and in our polite but too often benighted neighborhoods, "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. The lame man shall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

WHAT is there in the desert places of earth to appeal to our interest, to arouse our enthusiasm? There is everything worth while. As the soil in many parts of the desert is really fertile, needing only a supply of moisture to bring life, and vegetation, and rich productivity, so in the human desert places there is always the possibility of a glad awakening to new life. We can irrigate them with springs of living water, and "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing." What desert place is there nearest your own home waiting for you to transform?

## Dragon Trees of Tenerife

STANDING with an upturned face,  
In my fancy now am I;  
And what it is meets my gaze,  
As I peer into the sky?

Is it hordes of honey-bees?  
Is it faun or hippogriff?  
No, it is the Dragon Trees—  
Dragon Trees of Tenerife.

At Laguna one hath stood  
For a thousand years, 'tis said;  
And it may be strong and good  
When a thousand more have sped.

Very slow the growth of these,  
And no branches do they throw,  
Till the blossoms clothe the trees  
In the fifteenth year or so.

One at Ortova that grew  
Was most ancient known to be;  
For six thousand seasons through  
It had sentinelled the sea.

In its hollow trunk, 'tis said,  
Gaucho mystic service held,  
By some superstition led,  
In the gruesome days of old.

Half a century ago,  
Reft was this one by a storm;  
And there's not a trace to show  
Aught of its once regal form.

Standing with an upturned face,  
In my fancy now am I;  
And what it is meets my gaze  
As I peer into the sky?

Is it hordes of honey-bees?  
Is it faun or hippogriff?  
No, it is the Dragon Trees—  
Dragon Trees of Tenerife.

Osterdock, Ia. EDEN REEDER LATTI.

## The Anti-Fly Crusade

FOR several years a subject of increasing interest has been presented to the public.

We speak of the fly—the common house fly—which spreads filth and disease, which causes sickness and misery; the great destroyer of peace, health and happiness.

A few years ago flies were looked upon as scavengers. They were thought of as a necessary evil. Now they have been found out.

There is no longer any doubt of the fact that the common house fly—*Musca Domestica*—or as Dr. L. O. Howard, National Entomologist, calls it, the "Typhoid Fly," is responsible for much, yea, very much of our sickness. It has been proven time and again that the fly carries the bacilli of typhoid, tuberculosis, and other malignant diseases.

The fly is not only a disseminator of disease, but is one of the most troublesome and loathsome enemies of mankind; more to be feared than a mad dog or a snake in the grass or a wild animal roaming at will.

The fly is insidious. He lurks in every corner. He plants his disease germs on your bread. He buries them in your butter. He drovns them in your baby's milk bottle. There is no escape if he once enters your home.

There is only one safe way to guard against him, and that is to keep him out of the house by screening your doors and windows.

The fly does not convey the bacteria into the human system by biting, as the mosquito does, but carries the disease germs around with him in his body and clinging to the hairs of his feet.

Fly season is at hand. What are the good housewives going to do about it? Do they intend to allow these hot weather pests and breeders of disease to multiply from a few flies into a million eggs and from a million eggs into tens of millions more flies? If not, an early campaign is in order.

W. D. B.

## Appreciated More and More

The book, Calendar and photogravure were duly received, for which please accept my many thanks. I prize the book and picture very much. The latter I intend to frame. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD only one year, but feel that I could not get along without it now. I have enjoyed every number, and after I finish reading them, I mail them to a relative living in New Jersey. MRS. R. S. L. Peekskill, N. Y.



# THE DEAF AND BLIND IN KOREA



Mr. Yi, Teaching Deaf-Mutes, Pyeng Yang, Korea

Pongnai O, Korea's First Blind Pupil

An Animated Conversation at Pyeng Yang School

**F**AR away in heathen lands one of the trials of the Christian missionary is to realize his limitations in meeting and relieving not only the spiritual, mental and moral dearth, but the physical defects and distress that press and depress upon every side.

The condition both of the blind and of deaf-mutes in Korea is truly pitiable: the latter are considered imbeciles, while the former are never taught anything useful, but become fortune-tellers or vile sorcerers if their parents are well enough to do to have them thus trained; otherwise they are often neglected—half fed and clothed, kept in some dark corner, and in some instances when found had been sitting on the floor until unable to walk, but when placed in the hospital under proper treatment became able to go about as others. Others were about to be disposed of with a dose of opium when rescued and are now happy, contented school children.

There are several thousand deaf-mutes in Korea for whom the mysteries of life are fought with the animal instincts only; they have souls, but do not know it; they live in a perpetual silence which the voice of no regular evangelist can ever penetrate.

And for the thousands of blind, who walk in real physical darkness amidst the mental and spiritual darkness of Korea, *even more than for the seeing*, Christian education is the only help and the only hope.

My interest was not again stirred in the subject until I took up medical missionary work in Korea, when my heart was often touched by so many coming to the dispensary with eyes already sightless, and too often "hopeless" had to be written in the record book, and I knew too well it meant not only hopeless as far as the little patients' eyes were concerned, but hopeless for their whole mental and moral condition. Sometimes the mother, having heard of somebody's eyes having been healed by the foreign doctor, had traveled many weary miles with her blind child tied to her back, and the way she would prostrate herself in her Oriental way before me, beseeching me to "give sight," was heartrending. I longed to do something for these sightless ones, but my hands seemed so full, and then in those pioneer days of the work in Korea some thought the heathen would not understand what we wanted to do with blind children, and that after they had been with us awhile or in time of riot they might point to them as proof of the false tale sometimes rehearsed about doctors' taking out children's eyes to make medicine.

In the spring of 1894, when baby Sherwood and I accompanied Dr. W. J. Hall for the first time to the city of Pyeng Yang, we found there a little blind girl, the eldest born to Mr. O, the first Christian convert there, and I thought, "Here's my chance to begin; her father is a Christian, and will not misinterpret my motive." So I set about contriving a way to prick Korean oiled paper with a needle to teach little Pongnai. But we were early recalled from our work in Pyeng Yang because of the Chino-

Japanese War, and before I could return, my husband died of typhus fever contracted at the seat of the war, and I left for the United States with my son Sherwood.

But I did not forget blind Pongnai. While in America I had a talk with Superintendent Wait, of the Institute for the Blind in New York, about his system, and received much valuable help from him. Upon the return of myself and children to Korea, in the fall of 1897, I at once set about adapting the "New York Point" system to Korean, after having compared it with other systems in vogue and being satisfied it answered best the tests of correspondence and utility. By using spare moments and as a recreation from my medical work, I had succeeded by spring in transcribing the Korean alphabet, syllabary, Mrs. Jones' primer and the Ten Commandments. A little later, upon taking my work up again in Pyeng Yang, I began teaching Pongnai. It was slow and tedious work at first, press of other duties often preventing the necessary time being given to it, but little by little Pongnai mastered the alphabet and the syllabary, and then it was plain sailing. In one year she could read readily all I had been able to prepare, and she learned to write in point and to make her own lessons from dictation. I also taught Pongnai to knit; and patients, seeing her industrious and happy, would ask if other blind girls they knew of might join her. And when our Pyeng Yang Girls' School was built, Mrs. DeWitt Clocke of New York City, whose blind brother makes her kin to all blind, gave sufficient to build a classroom for blind girls, and has ever since contributed to the support of some of the girls. Much credit is also due the Hancock and Middletown auxiliaries of my own district (Newburgh), who supplied what help was needed for Pongnai all through her years of training, and now raise her salary as a teacher for the new blind pupils.

During its first decade our work for the blind was limited both for lack of funds and of time and good help; yet ten blind girls benefited by its training; their souls were saved and in almost every case they proved the means of bringing salvation to their families; thus instead of deepening the darkness about them with the sorcery of the heathen blind, the Christian blind are a means of enlightenment to others. This is the object of our educational work for the blind or deaf: to make them intelligent, happy, useful members of Christian home circles. Out of the work also during its first decade have grown Miss Perry's class for blind boys in Seoul, and Mrs. Moffett's in Pyeng Yang.

Once when I had Pauline Yi, the second blind girl, to enter the school (no relation to Pastor Yi—Yi, Kim, Pok and O all being common surnames in Korea) with me in Seoul, Hon. Yun Che Oh of the National Educational Bureau invited us with Mr. Rockwell to his home to meet the acting minister of

education and members of this board, together with other prominent Seoul men. Pauline gave before them a demonstration of our methods: reading, both Korean and English, letter writing, arithmetic, geography and knitting; she also sang some Korean national songs and Christian hymns, accompanying them upon the organ. You should have seen how amazed those grave Korean gentlemen were. Dignified officials with gold or jade buttons would sit beside Pauline upon the floor better to examine what she was doing. After the gentlemen went out their wives came in, and were also so deeply interested we could scarcely get away.

Another time in Pyeng Yang we arranged a programme to be executed by the blind girls, inviting Bishop Harris and Dr. Jones, both of whom are cordial friends to this work; also the Korean governor, Mr. An Chang Ho, and some other prominent Pyeng Yang men interested in educational matters. My rooms were crowded with an interested and enthusiastic company, and quite unsolicited the native gentlemen handed in their cards with promises of nearly fifty yen for the work.

From the first it has seemed to me best for the blind girls to be taught together with the seeing girls, and mingle in their games. The reason for large institutions for the blind and deaf lies in the fact that for so many years they were neglected—left out of the race altogether—and philanthropists, at first thought, brought them together in special institutions. But this is *not* essential; in fact is detrimental. For even though a special teacher be added to a school staff here and there for the beginners, the expense would be much less than the support of special institutions—the blind or deaf child would be kept in touch with the other children, which is of great advantage. To illustrate, three of our blind girls finished the work of the lower school two years ago together with three seeing girls, having used in "Point" the same text books and having had the benefit of whatever had been taught the seeing girls with but little more tax upon the teachers.

The oldest of the three, Pongnai O (baptized "Prudence"), remains in the school to teach the new girls and to help the seeing teachers with the other blind pupils who are now scattered in threes and fours through all the grades of the lower school. The two younger girls, Pauline Yi and Fanny Chyo, entered the Union Academy, where their work compares favorably with their more fortunate schoolmates. Mrs. Moffet, M.D., who teaches them physiology, reports them among her very best pupils.

Beside the work already provided for we need as follows:

Ten \$25 scholarships for needy pupils; \$60 salary for special teacher for deaf boys; \$60 salary for special teacher for deaf girls; \$60 salary for special matron of girls' dormitories; \$500 for stereograph plant to produce Bibles and text-books in sufficient quantities for the blind, and for industrial work for both the blind and deaf; \$5,000 for dormitories for deaf and blind boys; \$5,000 for dormitories for deaf and blind girls.



# WITH OUR BOYS ON THE FRONTIER

What the Y. M. C. A. Is Doing in the Camps on the Mexican Border

EVER since the beginning of the present extensive movement on the Mexican frontier the Army Y. M. C. A. has been actively at work in the military camps. Reports received by the International Committee of the Associations in New York from its representatives in San Antonio show the character of the work now going on and incidentally disclose some interesting glimpses of the camp-life. One secretary writes:

"With the 11,000 men in camp here at San Antonio, Texas, I am daily realizing anew how great is the need for all the effort we can put forth to help them in their leisure moments. Tent No. 1 is always busy. For our first week we have had an attendance of about 10,000 men, and the amount of mail matter sent out is something like 700 letters a day. We started in to give something every night, having moving picture shows three evenings in the week, and planned for a band concert the alternate evenings, but we find that many prefer not to have the band concerts so frequently; they hear the bands every day and it is nothing new for them. Their real preference is to come to the tent, where it is quiet and restful, and read and write, with no greater disturbance than the spasmodic efforts of the talking machine.

"On Monday morning at 3 o'clock, while Mr. Hicks and I were on our way to Galveston, a playful Texas whirlwind came through camp and Y. M. C. A. stock was 'on the rise.' The sentry on post at brigade headquarters said that when the whirlwind struck the tent, it filled like a great balloon and went up in the air about twenty feet, falling down in an utterly collapsed condition. All our electric lights were broken, and it took the boys until almost evening to get the tent erected and straightened around again.

"My visit to Galveston was most interesting. The general is our friend. I went to headquarters and met him and found him anxious to do anything possible for our work. They turned over Barracks

Building No. 33 for our use; it has just been completed at a cost of \$33,500, and is a beauty. From the entrance to our Y. M. C. A. tent are paths radiating out to the respective companies of the various regiments camped near us, paths so clearly marked that they look like the laying out of the spokes of a great wheel, and those paths are hardly ever deserted. I rose at a quarter of seven Sunday

vices are concerned, they are a success and will increase in popularity.

"A second large Y. M. C. A. tent has just been erected at San Antonio, and two secretaries are at work. A third tent is in operation for the colored troops, with a colored student secretary in charge. Officers are asking for a fourth tent. At San Diego four tents are in operation with three men in charge.

The commanding officer telegraphed the Association at San Francisco, urging the secretary to come down and organize work similar to that carried on last summer at the large encampment."

A letter from a Y. M. C. A. worker in Galveston, Texas, says: "What a crowd we had yesterday afternoon and evening! The first day we opened up the work in Barracks No. 33 we did not have one-quarter enough tables or chairs. I suppose there were 500 letters written. I have ordered ten ten-foot tables and fifty ten-foot benches. I know the benches

won't accommodate a quarter of the crowd we'll have at the entertainments and meetings. Tonight we start the moving picture shows and expect to run them four nights a week. This will keep hundreds in camp at night who otherwise would go to Galveston, which is a 'wide-open' town. We gave our moving picture show last night, and between 1,500 and 2,000 men came. We had at one time over 200 men in the social room, and all the time from twenty-five to forty men writing letters. We are finding a great number of men who know of the Young Men's Christian Association. A considerable number are Christians and Bible Class members, so we are planning for immediate organization of a big Fellowship and Bible Class Club. The opportunity for good work is here. Remember us in prayer. We have a great opportunity here to save men and the service is full of inspiration."

Preaching, song service, tent meetings and much personal work among the troops will be continued without cessation while the encampment lasts.



Barracks No. 33 at Galveston, Texas, in Use by the Y. M. C. A.

morning, and upon opening my tent flap, I looked over into the big tent and already there were four men at the tables, writing letters home. The tent was not uncoccupied from that moment until the notes of the bugles sounding taps floated across the camp at ten o'clock at night.

"Sunday evening Dr. Bleim, of San Antonio, one of the principal physicians and an active layman, made the address. His subject was 'Clean Manhood' and he spoke for nearly an hour to an audience of men, and I never saw a more attentive audience anywhere. I had, as my organist, a major of the Third Artillery, and General Hoyt, commander of the Third Brigade, was on the platform, while his personal staff were there in the audience. Dr. Bleim must have had conferences with twenty-five to thirty men after the close of the services.

"We hope to get our Bible class working soon. We need a separate place for meeting, and it is almost impossible to get a time at which all the men can assemble. I know, as far as our Sunday ser-

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

AN INDEX to the value of such old and rare volumes as are offered for sale only once or twice in a lifetime was clearly shown at the auction of the library of the late Robert M. Hoe, of New York. Many of the books brought prices that would be quite snug little fortunes in many parts of the country. The famous Gutenberg or "42-line Latin Bible" brought the world's record price for a single book—\$50,000. Mr. Henry E. Huntington was the purchaser, and by this acquisition succeeds Mr. J. P. Morgan as the owner of the most expensive book in the world. This Bible was printed some time between 1448 and 1455 by John Gutenberg at Mainz, Germany. Its greatest claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is one of the first books ever printed from movable types. The work is printed on vellum and is one of seven which are known to exist.

—THE WAR on the mosquito is on again. The Board of Health in Montclair, N. J., is carefully inspecting all pools, ditches and drains for "wigglers." Even tin cans, pans and bottles are inspected. One "wiggler," they have figured out, may be the progenitor of 7,623,292 mosquitos in a single season! A fine of \$10 a day has been fixed as the penalty for having a mosquito breeding-place on any property.

—IN CONSEQUENCE of the anarchistic conditions in Morocco, France will reinforce her troops already there by thirty immediately four battalions selected from the Colonial army. The troops will embark at Toulon. Their destination will be the region of the Chaouia. The internal situation of Morocco is growing steadily worse. Several tribes hitherto faithful to Sultan Mulai Hafid have thrown in their lot with the rebels. The position of Fez, and the danger to the lives and property of foreigners, is considered critical. The rebels are reported drawing a circle around the capital, whose only hope of safety lies in the Sultan's army commanded by Captain Bremond. Dispatches received in Paris by way of Spain indicate that sedition is rampant in Fez itself, with food growing scarce and communication with the coast daily becoming more difficult.

—SPOKANE, WASH., has lately tried the experiment of eliminating politics in municipal affairs, and with much success. Government by commission is the term applied to the new order of things. Five commissioners were chosen from among ninety-two candidates at a special election on March 7, when women voted for the first time. Mayor Pratt and ten councilmen retired, giving place to the new order which included the instal-



One of the seven volumes of the Gutenberg Bible which sold for \$50,000

lation of Rev. William J. Hindley as Mayor and Commissioner of Public Affairs, with Commissioners of Finance, Public Utilities, Public Works, and Public Safety, all of the four last named being successful business men. Thus far, the experiment has worked smoothly and with evident satisfaction to the taxpayers. Nashville, Tenn., adopted government by commission in the early 80's and Galveston, Texas, also tried the experiment some years ago.

THREE MEN were arrested recently in Indianapolis on charges of complicity in the plots which resulted in the blowing up of the offices of the Los Angeles Times and the Llewellyn Iron Works at Los Angeles, Calif. These men were John J. and James B. McNamara and Ortie E. McNamagal, all of whom are more or less closely identified with labor unionism. The arrests were made upon the instigation of William J. Burns, head of the National Detective Agency, who with his staff has been working on the case ever since the Times disaster in October, 1910. The police and detective claim that their investigations have produced a chain of evidence which proves the guilt of McNamagal and the McNamara brothers, not only of this crime but of similar outrages. It is also said that McNamagal has made a most startling confession, in which he admits his connection with the destruction of over 100 lives and many millions of dollars' worth of property. Those who speak with authority for the labor unions, however, are united in their denial of the charges against the men arrested and the imputation which the arrests make against all organized labor. They claim that the arrests were illegally made and that the men were spirited out of Indiana without a chance to consult counsel or to fight extradition. All connection with the dynamite explosions that have occurred during the last few years in connection with strikes is also denied by the Labor Federation leaders. Efforts were made to free the accused men within a few hours after their arrest, those who were directly connected with the legal procedure being themselves arrested on warrants sworn out by the labor leaders on charges of illegal apprehension. The discovery of stores of dynamite, nitro-glycerine and percussion caps, which the detectives claim were made by the arrested men, is already being investigated by the authorities of several towns and cities. Labor leaders throughout the country are thoroughly aroused and are planning a great legal battle for the liberation of their fellows. Congressman Berger has introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives calling for a Federal investigation of the entire case.





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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## The Bible Above All Books

WHEN Johannes Gutenberg 460 years ago set up his newly devised movable types and his cunningly constructed hand-made press at Mainz and invented the "admirable art of printing," one of the first books he made was a Latin Psalterium, with the Psalms, Antiphones and Collects arranged for choruses for Sundays and holy days. This was the first notable specimen of the new art which was destined to revolutionize history. Gutenberg, like Caxton and Wyclif, had wider views than the printing of the Psalter. He labored early and late at his invention, that he might put the whole Bible into the hands of the people. After years of toil he succeeded in completing a Latin version of the Scriptures now known the world over as the 42-line Latin Bible. A copy of this Bible, printed by the old inventor himself with his own types and presses, was sold at auction in New York on April 24. It consisted of seven substantial volumes bound in vellum and was part of the famous library of the late Robert Hoe. It brought the unprecedented price of \$50,000—the largest sum ever paid for a Bible or any other book since the world began. The purchaser, Mr. Henry E. Huntington of California, is to be congratulated on his rare prize, for which the leading book collectors of America and Europe were in hot competition with him.

This event has a double significance. Although the Mainz Psalter, Gutenberg's first book, was sold in London not long ago for \$24,750, the Bible brought more than double this price, and is therefore, even from the bibliophile's point of view, the most valuable book in the world. Moreover, the event makes still more memorable this centenary year of the Authorized Version. Now, as it was in Gutenberg's day, the Bible is the most highly prized of books.

If the old printer of Mainz, who died poor and almost friendless after laying the foundation of the art that has done more than all others to uplift the race, could have looked forward through the centuries to the world-wide appreciation of his handiwork, he would have felt repaid for all his toil and suffering. It is gratifying to know that this first printed Bible—the forerunner of the countless millions of Bibles now in use—is to remain in America. It is a prize of which any nation may well be proud.

## The Mania for War

The desire to die on the field of battle and give your life for your country, after slaughtering a reasonable number of enemies, is patriotic in its way, and Colonel Roosevelt and others who want to be killed on the battlefield are at least anxious to die usefully.—*New York Evening Journal.*

WE TAKE leave to differ with our contemporary. Why should there be any occasion for war at all? Is not slaughter on the field or elsewhere the poorest use to which a human being can be put? In this supposedly civilized age, with the science of law so well understood and so widely recognized, why should it be necessary to resort to sheer brute force to settle differences between nations and governments any more than between individuals? If there were no laws to meet the emergency, the man who went out with a shotgun to settle an apparently irreconcilable quarrel with his neighbor might have some colorable excuse for his act; but any one attempting such a course to-day would be an outlaw and a criminal. Law affords all the facilities for the settlement of every conceivable form of human dispute. This being the case, why should it be right, justifiable, honorable for any government to go to war with another? We have a high respect for the sagacity of our contemporary, has it no crimes of condemnation for the greatest of all crimes against justice and against the progress and happiness of the race—the black, odious crime of war? We can conceive of the noble sacrifice of one's life for another, or for science, or invention, or for any high ideal that looks to helping the race of men to better things; but wherein consists the glory and honor, or the praiseworthiness of men who have no earthly quarrel with each other—and who are not deadly enemies but rather friends—slaughtering one another to gratify the ambition of

some despotic ruler bent on conquest or revenge, or on some pretext of honor; or because selfish trading and commercial interests have stirred up war with a view to greater trade or larger territory? Armies are but an aggregation of pawns moved by master hands on the chess board of fate. All the human sacrifices and sorrows that follow the great movements on the board, while they may make the world weep, are viewed with equanimity by kings and cabinets so long as they themselves are safe. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, a distinguished European peace advocate, has openly charged that the actual losses of human life in this great "royal game" of war have been purposely concealed and misrepresented by monarchs and ministers, lest the truth should appal and shock and lead to revolution. The great need of the nations to-day—a need that is felt especially by the workers of every land—is the establishment of an international arbitral court, with power guaranteed by a sufficient number of signatory governments to carry out its decrees. This is the hope of the world; it is what the wise, progressive and enlightened element in all lands is longing, working and praying for.

## Finders of Continents

THERE are the makings of a great historical controversy in the claim recently put forth by a Mr. Petherich (who is said to be an accepted authority), that the continent of Australia was discovered by Amerigo Vespucci in 1499. This honor has been variously claimed for the French explorer Le Testue, for Magellan, Portuguese, De Torres, Spanish, and Tasman, Dutch. Petherich now claims that Vespucci was the real discoverer. In May of 1499 he went out with Alonso de Ojeda and three ships, and was gone sixteen months, in which time he had sailed 26,000 miles. The real dates of Vespucci's American voyages have never been definitely ascertained. He wrote a long account of his discoveries and declared that in 1497 he reached "a coast which we thought to be that of a continent," and he claimed to have come to the mainland long before either Columbus or Cabot. Although investigation has not cleared up his American voyages, if it should result in according him the glory of finding the Australian continent, it will be something of a late atonement for the neglect of this remarkable adventurer, in whose honor the old German teacher and mapmaker, Windeemuller, affixed the name "America" to his first map of the New World—an appellation which has withstood even the well authenticated claims of Columbus to prior discovery.

## Mother's Day

WHEN Miss Anna Jarvis set aside the second Monday in May to be devoted to the memory of her mother, she probably little thought that her filial devotion would soon find an echo throughout the length and breadth of our Union. The comfort which she derived in paying special tribute in this way to her mother's memory, caused her to begin, three years later, a movement for the general observance of such a day by sons and daughters everywhere. The growth of the sentiment in favor of a "Mother's Day" has been unprecedentedly rapid, until now it is sacredly kept on the second Sunday in May by many thousands in forty-three States of the Union as a thank offering for the gift of good mothers.

The badge to be distributed and worn on Mother's Day is a white carnation, or whatever may have chance to be your mother's favorite flower. If no flower can be had, the national colors or the official badge which is issued, may be worn instead. A special programme is prepared for the use of schools, Sunday Schools and societies of all kinds.

Miss Jarvis advises that love for one's mother be shown especially on this day by visiting her with gifts and affectionate words. If she has passed on before, give something to a needy one; a cup of cold water to the thirsty, a favor to those who are sick and in prison, a kind thought to another mother. A man whose beloved mother died two years ago,

has sent his carriage two or three times each week ever since in order that an aged friend of that mother, who otherwise would be unable to go abroad at all, might enjoy the rides no longer possible for her whom he had so deeply loved.

Those of us who cherish the memory of devoted and self-sacrificing fathers, hope that some time they may receive their meed of honor also, if not by a day set apart to their memory, yet still in some equally beautiful and fitting manner.

## A Continental Movement

WHAT promises to be one of the most extensive religious campaigns ever undertaken in a systematic and business-like manner, is planned by the "Forward Movement," the centre of the organization and the initial momentum being New York City. It is proposed to conduct revival services in ninety cities simultaneously, in which it is planned to have practically all the leading Christian churches of the country participate, as well as the Y. M. C. A., the Gideons, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the International Sunday School Association, the Civic Betterment Societies, and similar organizations. This spiritual battle all along the line, it is announced, will last five months, ending in September. With the spiritual element there will be allied a strong social service feature. Primarily, the movement will be directed toward reaching the non-church-going masses, and thus to strengthen the Church by increased membership and by a wider contact with those who have been living in a social environment heretofore beyond its reach. Such a work, undertaken, as we doubt not it will be, in the right spirit and with proper spiritual preparation, cannot fail to become a blessing to multitudes and a powerful energizer to the Christian Church everywhere. We pray that it may be made the means of bringing thousands into the kingdom and of greatly augmenting the Christian forces of this nation.

## General Notes

—ACCORDING to some recent statistics New York must be awarded the palm for the greatest producing capacity in proportion to its population of any city in the world. Included in these recent statements are the following facts: New York has 8,000 church workers (salaried), 6,000 lawyers, 6,000 physicians, 24,000 educators, 40,000 employees in the printing trades, 45,000 office workers, 58,000 in the liquor business, 220,000 laborers and mechanics, 290,000 store-keepers and 600,000 factory employees. New York has many working inhabitants who do not represent families living there. They have come from homes outside the city and are not counted as part of New York's population. Then there is a vast amount of work done in New York by commuters, not credited to the city in its population, but who toil in New York daily, and their accomplishments go to the credit of the city. The careful observer in New York would say that it is a city of shops, and so it is, miles on miles of them, up one avenue and down another, on both sides of the cross streets and in every direction presenting their wares to the eye. For small shops it is a wonder and it is often asked, "How do they all live?" and for big shops, that house villages of people, it leads the world. Yet the shopkeeper does not outnumber any other class of workers, for more persons are engaged in manufacturing goods than in simply selling them.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## New York Public Library

THE New York Public Library is one of the largest libraries, and its home is one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the world. The library is the result of the consolidation of the Astor Library, the Lenox Library, and the Tilden Trust, which occurred in 1895. The trustees determined that the institution should not only be for the use of scholars, but of the common people, and that it should be made a positive practical help to all who should care to share its benefits. In searching for a site for the great building, Bryant Park, on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, the location of the old reservoir, was selected. By an act of the legislature the reservoir was abandoned and leased to the city for the purposes of this great library. The style of the architecture is Renaissance and the building is of white marble. The front is on Fifth Avenue looking east. Although the building was under roof in November, 1906, it is just now completed, and the books are being carried from the other libraries and placed on their shelves in the new building. No architecture could be more beautiful and no appointments could be more complete to the minutest detail in its furnishings. John Jacob Astor gave \$480,000, which founded the Astor Library. Among the officers and trustees named in Mr. Astor's will were Washington Irving and FitzGreen Halleck. These books are now being taken at the rate of 20,000 a day to the new building. New York City is rich in its sky-scraping buildings, in its factories, its stores, its banks, its ships, its railroads; but above all these are the treasures of written truth that shall adorn the shelves of the great literary palace and enrich the minds of the citizens who may thirst for knowledge. Our God is omniscient and good books are the emanation of his mind and the choice treasures of his children's hearts. Paul in his instruction to Timothy recognized the necessity of clothing for the body, and also that of books and documents for the mind and soul, as he said:

The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments. (II. Tim. 4:13.)

### Lost in the Battle

The revolutionists in the Battle of Agua Prieta on the Mexican border, recently were defeated not by the federal forces but by their own folly and sin. They defeated themselves by getting drunk just at a critical moment when to have remained sober would have given them an important victory. The battle was going in their favor, and feeling that they had gotten the victory, they commenced celebrating by drinking large quantities of intoxicants common to Mexico, which made them brutally drunk, and instead of achieving the victory which was theirs, they turned and ran in ignominious defeat. Next to the skill and valor of the Japanese army, the vodka of the Russian soldiers was the greatest enemy to the Russian cause. In the battle of life drink turns many a victory into defeat, it bankrupts the young promising merchant, spoils the practice of the brilliant lawyer and physician, and when taken to excess defeats men and women upon every battlefield of life. The defeat of the insurrectionists from drunkenness reminds us of the capture of the city and the death of the king after Belshazzar's monstrous drunken debauch with his thousand lords.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom. (Dan. 5:30, 31.)

### The Bible and Nations

The tercentennial celebration of the King James Version of the English Bible under the auspices of the American Bible Society was one of the most memorable meetings ever held in Carnegie Hall, New York. Able and appropriate addresses were made by Bishop Greer of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hon. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador, and Professor William Lyons Phelps of Yale. The following message from President Taft was read: "I desire to express my deep interest in the recognition which is being taken in this country of so notable an event as the three hundredth anniversary of

the King James Version of the English Bible. The publication of this version of the Holy Scriptures in the year 1611 associates it with the early colonies of the English people upon this continent. It became at once the Bible of the American forefathers. Its classic English has given shape to American literature. Its spirit has influenced American ideals in life, laws and government. I trust that this celebration may continue and deepen the influence of the Bible upon the people of this Republic." Ambassador Bryce then read the following special communication from his sovereign to the meeting: "I rejoice that America and England should join in commemorating the publication, three hundred years ago, of that version of the Holy Scriptures which has so long held its own among English-speaking peoples. Its circulation in our homes has done more than perhaps anything else on earth to promote moral and religious welfare among old and young on either side of the Atlantic. The version which bears King James's name is so clearly interwoven in the history of British and American life that it is right we should thank God for it together. I congratulate the President and the people of the United States upon their share in this our common heritage." King George's letter closed with an exhortation to international peace as taught in the Bible. The Ambassador then delivered a short address in which he dwelt upon the simplicity, dignity and beauty of the Bible, and said it was about the only book in

a Franco-American celebration and have enlisted the support of the national government. President Fallières of the French Republic will be present and the principal address will be delivered by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Ambassador Robert H. Bacon, Consul-General Frank H. Mason, and many other Americans, have promised to be present, as will also the representatives of twenty American republics. J. Pierpont Morgan cabled from Egypt his acceptance of an invitation. The programme will include a military review, a historical pageant, the installation of a tablet on the house where the name America was first written, and the laying of the cornerstone of an obelisk on the peak of Mount Ormont, to be known as America's Tower. The celebration will be good for the little city that is arranging for it, and for the nations that will participate in it. We fail to see any reason why this continent should ever have been called America? It should have been named North and South Columbia, and to have named it after Americus Vesputius seems to us to have been unjust and ungrateful. This great nation, however, has sanctified the name, and history will ever give it. Some geographies tell us that the Norsemen discovered the Western hemisphere well on to a thousand years before Columbus set sail, but these are mere traditions. History goes back to the man who set his feet upon the shores of the new world and claimed it in the name of his

Saviour. Whoever was or was not the discoverer of America, Columbus undertook to carry the cross of Christ to India by a new route, and he stumbled on San Salvador. God sent him to open a gateway to the new world for the spread of his Gospel and civilization.

His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blest in him: all nations shall call him blessed. (Ps. 72:17.)



The New Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York

which the translation was as good or better than the original. He showed how the excellence of our great writers is traceable to their knowledge of the diction of the Bible, and mentioned four great masters of the English tongue who adorned the last generation and who were familiar with the Scriptures from childhood. The four were John Bright, Abraham Lincoln, Cardinal Newman, and Thomas Carlyle before his style became Germanized. British and American character has been largely formed by this Book," he said, "because it was in the seventeenth century the only book which all the people knew and all the people revered." After Bishop Warren had spoken ably on the Bible in the world's education, Professor Phelps made a short address on the English Bible and Literature, in which he said with great emphasis that a chapter of the Bible ought to be read in every public school in America every day, which sentiment was lustily applauded by the great representative audience assembled. The world has gone a long way toward the fulfilment of the mission of the Scriptures when the heads of the two most powerful nations of the earth, whose law, literature, commerce and religion have been created by the Christ of the Book, should pay these official tributes to the value, the necessity of the Bible as the guide and saviour of the world. The Emperor of Germany and other rulers have paid similar tribute to the value of the Bible to individual character and national life. This thought runs through the 119th Psalm:

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. (Ps. 119:105.)

### First Called America

Early in June the city of St. Dié in the Vosges, France, will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the publication of the *Cosmographie Introductio*, in which this continent was first termed America. Mayor Ducl and various civic and philanthropic societies have undertaken a preparation for

balance and fell into the river, her brother going with her. People on Willis Avenue Bridge saw the children fall and set up a call for help. Christopher Kenny, nineteen years old, heard the cry of distress and ran hurriedly some distance to the scene of the accident. He threw off his sweater which he wore as he ran, and plunged off the dock for the rescue. The girl had by this time drifted forty feet away from the pier, while the boy was a little closer to the shore. Kenny swam hand over hand and rescued the girl as she was disappearing for the last time, gathered her in his left arm and made for the boy. He was not visible, but he swam to the place where he saw him go down. The boy appeared for a moment and then sank again for the third time. Kenny thrust his hand down and fortunately caught the boy by the hair, pulled him up, gathered him in his right arm, turned himself over on his back, and thus swam backward to the pier. The boy and the girl were almost dead. People on the shore let a line down to Kenny, who trod water while he fastened the rope first around the girl and then around the boy, who were lifted to safety; and then he himself was pulled up by the rope. The unconscious children were rolled on barrels till the ambulance came, taking the girl to the hospital and the boy to his home. Young Kenny did not think that he had done anything worthy of special mention. In fact, he is in the habit of doing such things, for this is the third rescue of the kind which this young man has made. In the ordinary walks of life, amongst the plainest people, we have exhibitions of as rare heroism as was ever displayed on the field of battle or rewarded with plumes or epaulets. There seems to be a revival of the evangelistic spirit, the instinct for saving souls, especially those of children. No service can be more beautiful and divine than this for saving children from temptation and ruin. The divine salvation of children is expressed in the words of the prophet:

He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom. (Isa. 40:11.)



## Questions and Answers

Questioner, Ontario. 1. My husband and I before marriage were members of a certain denomination. Now we live three miles from a church of that denomination and five minutes' walk from a church of another denomination. We have been attending the latter church for convenience. What is our duty?

Both denominations are doing a splendid spiritual work. No one would dare say which is the better. You can serve Christ well either. Weigh the matter well, pray over it, and then follow the leadings of your conscience.

J. H. A., Yonkers, N. Y. William Dean Howells, in his reminiscences of Mark Twain, says he was at one time in the church, but he lost his interest because, he said, conditions now were no better than they were thousands of years ago under the pagans. Was there any justification in saying this? In other words, are we no better to-day than we were under the heathen?

Such a conclusion was absurd on its face. Any one who, in the light of history, cannot see that the world under a Christian civilization is better in every way than under a pagan system, must be a pessimist by nature as well as by profession. Pagan morals and philosophy, as well as social conditions, cannot be contrasted with conditions to-day in Christian lands, and no sincere student of history will attempt it.

R. DeM., Chicago, Ill. How are we to interpret 1. Thess. 5: 22? In the most comprehensive sense would it not possibly lead us to avoid many things which, no matter how they may look, are really not wrong at all, but sane and proper?

The original Greek is somewhat strained in the Authorized Version. It not only tells us to abstain from all appearance of evil, but from every form of evil. Evil sometimes presents an alluring form; it is not always repellent. Then, even assuming the thing in question to be as far as we ourselves are concerned, no evil at all, it may be a real evil to others. For their sakes and in order that we may not for our example subject them to danger, we are to refrain.

W. B. P., Independence, Ia. 1. Does the Carnegie Pension Fund for Superannuated Teachers apply to teachers in our public schools? 2. If not, please give conditions upon which such pensions are granted.

1. No. 2. They are granted only to regular professors or assistant professors in colleges (which must have a certain endowment). Such professors upon reaching a certain age, if in good and regular standing, will receive pensions upon simple application.

A. D. W., Rogers, Mich. 1. Was Jesus really born on December 25? 2. If not, why do we celebrate that day?

1. The exact time of Christ's birth is not anywhere recorded. In the writings of the Church fathers, during the first three centuries, no mention is made of any celebration of the nativity. It was the taste of the age to multiply festivals, and it doubtless occurred to the Christians that, since Christ's death, resurrection and other events in his life had each been memorialized by an appropriate celebration, it was proper that his birth should be also. Since at about the same time the ancient winter holidays (*Saturnalia, Juvenalia, Brumalia*) were transformed into solemn celebrations of the birth of Christ, it is likely that they did so with a view to using that period of joy as a tribute to their Saviour's birth, instead of to the glory of pagan divinities. 2. We celebrate the day because the custom as thus established has come down to us through the ages.

A. P. F., ARLANDS PASS, TEXAS. 1. Please explain Matt. 24: 21, 22, and what is its relation to Daniel 12: 1-4 and 10? 2. Is Christ's prophesy here in some respects identical with that of Daniel in the above quotations?

1. Matt. 24, Mark 13 and Luke 21, all deal with the Saviour's prophesy of the destruction of Jerusalem and the signs of his second coming. He had gone out of the temple never to return, and this discourse practically ended his public ministry. The "abomination of desolation" pointed to the Roman ensigns as the symbols of an idolatrous and cruel pagan power. The expression of Daniel is applied to the profanation of the Jewish altar by Antiochus Epiphanes. The flight to the mountains here foreshadowed actually took place afterward when the Christians fled to Pella in northern

Perea to escape the calamities that overtook the Jewish nation. The forceful language of Matt. 24: 21, 22 is not unusual in the New Testament when applied to great calamities. All commentators agree that this special prophesy, up to a certain point, applied to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Beyond that point, expositors are divided, some holding that it applies to the Lord's second coming and to the day of judgment, and others still adhering to the idea of judicial vengeance on Jerusalem, culminating in the breaking up of the entire system of which that city was the centre. There is little doubt, however, that the Master's purpose was rather to point to his own coming and the final judgment, since it was impossible that the generation then living could witness the fulfilment of the prophesy in its entirety.

C. H. B., Delway, N. C. 1. If a man be dead to sin can he be converted and forgiven of his past sins? 2. Explain John 5: 39.

1. Nothing is impossible with God. We have no right to say that any man is beyond redemption. The sinner who truly repents and turns to God for pardon and for help to live a better life will not be rejected. 2. "Search the Scriptures." There has been much difference of opinion concerning this passage, some hold-

ing that it covers your point. 2. We cannot judge. There is too often a disposition to judge people harshly, ministers included, and Christian people should strive to avoid this. 3. Many a one is misrepresented and unappreciated, even though trying to do the best and live up to a high standard. We should not do good for the sake of winning praise, but to please God and our own conscience. 4. We cannot advise on the other questions.

S. W. G., Altamont, Kan. What were the deeds of the Nicolaitans—Rev. 2: 6?

They were a sect which, while professing Christianity, tried to introduce into the church a false freedom and a degree of licentiousness which were fatal to true spirituality. They abused the doctrine of divine grace by making it a plea for loose living. See II. Pet. 2: 15, 16, 19 and Jude 4.

W. H. W., Edgewater, Col. Much has been written concerning the apparent discrepancy in the two genealogies in Matthew and Luke, but it seems now to be the general view of commentators that both these genealogies refer to the paternal side. Joseph's family had suffered adverse fortune and it is surmised that the reconstruction of a complete family record back to David may have been a difficult task. According to Eusebius, King Herod had caused

7: 10. See John 12: 36; Acts 13: 10; Col. 3: 6. Jesus himself drew the distinction when he told the wicked scribes and Pharisees that they were the children of the evil one and this is the actual condition of every one living in sin unrepentant and unforgiven. Thus while in his perfect condition man was like his Maker, in a condition of sin he is no longer so, nor has he any of the spiritual attributes and qualities that belong to the perfect condition, or even of the pardoned sinner, who has the hope through Christ of reconciliation and restoration. The Bible nowhere declares that man is of himself and inherently immortal. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When sin entered, then came physical decay and death; man's first condition was lost and with the continuance of sin, and unrepentant and unforgiven, he also forfeited spiritual immortality. Eternal life is the gift of God. Paul declares that Jesus, through his Gospel, brought life and immortality to light for fallen man and showed the path to restoration through repentance, forgiveness and acceptance.

J. M. B., Passaic, N. J. Please explain Gal. 6: 17.

The marks or brands or *stigmata* are here meant. In those days, slaves were branded with the names of their owners. Paul gloried in the marks of the sufferings he endured as the servant and bondman of Jesus.

Mary S., Detroit, Mich. Will you please explain John 3: 36?

It means that whosoever believeth on the Son has eternal life now; it does not belong exclusively to the future world nor begin there. It begins here, and is spiritual and timeless. We begin here to live forever (see verse 18, also chapter 25, verse 24).

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. J. H. E., West Philadelphia. The author of the hymn "A poor, wayfaring man of grief," was James Montgomery.

G. T. Christmas is kept as a festival in honor of the birth of the Saviour. The New Year celebration has no relation whatsoever to the same cause.

B. P. H., Montague, P. E. I. You will find the historical gap between Malachi and the Gospels (nearly 400 years) best accounted for in Josephus' history of the era of the Seleucides, wars of the Maccabees, etc.

H. A. P., Youngstown, O. God's mercy is boundless and we cannot set limits to his love and forgiveness. If we are truly repentant and ask his forgiveness he is "faithful and just to forgive." (See I. John 1: 9 and related passages.)

J. L. B., Fresno, Calif. One who is mentally defective to such an extent that he cannot distinguish between right and wrong, is not responsible for his actions. This is the attitude of human law, and it is reasonable to suppose that in the spiritual world his responsibility would be limited. Those who, knowing his mental defect, lead him into wrong actions, are certainly responsible (see I. Cor. 8: 9, 13; Rom. 14: 21). We cannot answer your other questions.

Mrs. W. H. H., Stewart, Minn. 1. "God made man in his own image," says the Scripture. 2. Darwinism is not taught, but human evolution is taught in some of the colleges. 3. It is Christianity without Christ. 4. The church standards and the commendations of learned and holy men are the best expositors of Scriptural meaning. 5. The Jews to-day are split into two great divisions—Orthodox and Reformed. The former hold the essentials of the ancient faith; the latter are liberals, and while not discarding Judaism wholly, reject much that the orthodox hold in reverence.

## A Canadian Pastor's View

Just a word of appreciation of your splendid paper. I have taken it now for some years, and find it most interesting, inspirational, and educational. It often brings me help in my sermonizing, as well as information relative to the expansion of the kingdom of God among men, and encouragement and inspiration in my own spiritual and devotional life. I am an admirer of our late brother and co-worker, Dr. Klopsch. He was a Christian hero, and a world-benefactor. I appreciate his picture, and have framed it for my study. The volume of his biography has also come to hand, and I am pleased with it. God bless you in your work, and God bless all who in sincerity are with us in the common work of the Master.

North Vancouver, B. C.

W. C. SCHLICHTER.



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## A May-Day Fete in the Park

INTO the life of our nation we are weaving the festivals and celebrations of many lands. It is ours to choose those whose beauty and pretty sentiments appeal to us and to reject those which are distasteful to the genius of our people. Of all the dainty and joyous fetes we have made our own, perhaps none can equal the May-day festival which we have adopted from our cousins of old England. All the joy of spring was typified in this early summer holiday. The whole-souled villagers of England thus greeted the coming summer and saw in the symbolism of the bare brown pole, which was finally clothed with the windings of its particolored streamers, the clothing of earth with the glories of summer. In the great cities, where the children cannot go to the open country for their May-day celebrations, the parks become the playgrounds of thousands of parties such as that shown in the picture. Innumerable children dance and gambol about the green. The old-time meaning of the fete, as well as its customs, is well preserved. The children crown their Queen of the May, and in the spontaneous joy of the day tell of their gladness for the chance to run once more hatless and coatless in the open fields.

ing that it should be read: "Ye search the Scriptures, and not as a combat, but as a rebuke to them for having searched and for failing to find that which was most precious—the testimony of the prophets to the coming of Jesus as Messiah.

J. L. H., Rogers, O. Please explain Rev. 20: 2, 5.

The first passage refers to the beginning of the millennium. Many have interpreted it to mean literally a thousand years, while others accept the term as implying perfection—that during a certain time the world would be perfectly pervaded by the Divine. Verse 5 means that it will be the first resurrection—the resurrection of the just (see Luke 14: 14).

C. H. B., Troy, N. C. 1. What became of the Ark of the Lord? 2. Please explain Rev. 3: 21. 3. What was the promise made to Abraham referred to in Gal. 3: 29?

1. Nowhere stated. 2. It means that the victorious saints shall share his honor and shall sit with Christ and judge and reign over the nations. The Oriental throne is a sort of divan, admitting others besides him who as chief occupant, the center. 3. See the "Covenant promise," Gen. 17: 6, 7, 8.

Irig W., Ijamsville. 1. See sermon in April

the family records of all the Jews to be burned, consequently they would have to be recompiled with difficulty and the variations in Joseph's case may thus account for the apparent double lineage. It is evident, however, that the two evangelists, though giving the register as they interpreted it, regarded it as purely secondary to the accepted fact of Jesus' divine origin.

W. L., Idaho Falls, Idaho. Is the evidence fairly conclusive that one of the Popes was a woman, and if so, which one?

The story to which you refer is that some time in the ninth century, the papal chair was filled by a woman (known as the Pope Joan). It is now admitted by practically all writers of authority to be a fable.

G. V. V., Brookline, Mass. The questions you raise would involve a protracted and fruitless discussion, since no one can go beyond the words of Scripture. The Bible tells us that God gave to man a living soul. In this sense he was in the image of his Maker in his dispositions, temperament and desires, and in his obedience to the divine will; but this condition was forfeited through sin. It could only be said thereafter of those who walked uprightly before God and were inspired of him, that they were "his offspring." Matt. 13: 38; Mark



# \$15,000 More for China's Famine

The Christian Herald Fund Has Now Sent \$117,100 to the Relief Workers to Save the Starving

ALTHOUGH the season is now far advanced toward spring and the harvesting of the new wheat crop in the Chinese famine provinces is looked for a few weeks hence, the general distress continues with little abatement. An additional remittance of \$15,000 was cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through our State Department in Washington on April 25, of which \$7,500 was apportioned to the Shanghai Relief Committee and a like sum to the Missionary Relief Committee at Chin-kiang. This latest remittance makes the total of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund sent to China to date \$117,100, inclusive of the *Epworth's* food cargo.

Chairman John C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Relief Committee writes: "The distress is even greater in Northern Anhui than here (Kiangsu). The missionaries in Kiangsu who assisted in famine distribution in 1907 all state that present conditions, even in this district, are worse than they were at that time. Crowds of hungry men, women and children await the distribution of the small amount of relief we are able to give them."

The relief movement continues to find friends and supporters throughout the country among good people of all denominations. China they recognize as the greatest missionary field in the world, and the present suffering they confidently believe may yet become the means of opening many doors of service to the missionaries who have been engaged in distributing relief.

E. M. Paulson of Barron, Wis., who sends a money order for \$7.81 from Pleasant Hill Sunday School to be added to the relief fund, writes, "During seven years of mission work among the Chinese, I have learned to know them as a patient law-abiding people—a people who will feel grateful for any assistance they may get in their present distress."

Superintendent Edith Smith of the Loyal Temperance Legion of LaMesa, Calif., sends \$10, the proceeds of a candy and food sale, to help the famine sufferers. The writer of the letter, Miss Frances E. Bishop, adds: "This will be a helpful lesson for them in the future to remember this in time of need." Paul H. S., a little lad of thirteen of Pierce, Col., sends \$5 "to give some starving boys food." "I do wish I was a millionaire," writes Mrs. C. M. E., Fredonia, N. Y., "I would be glad to give freely; but I have passed my eighty-first birthday. I enclose a dollar. May the dear heavenly Father open

many hearts to give liberally of their abundance." The graded school children of Shelby, N. C., collected \$30.75 for the sufferers, which was forwarded by Miss M. L. Ivie, who writes, "May it help to relieve some poor perishing soul." Dr. R. S. H., of Waverly, N. Y., sends \$2 and writes, "This is in a sense conscience money—at least, my conscience would give me no peace until I had decided to send it." G. A. S., Alfred, Me., sends \$1 and explains, "Mrs. Alice D. sends this for me. She is a widow with three children to support; but she has a heart big enough to care for others who are needy. May God bless your grand relief work." "I hope my contribution may not be too late," writes Sarah C. M., New Galilee, Pa. (\$6); "I sincerely hope that

may do a mite of good to the suffering ones. Have long been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and am confident of the fidelity of the promoters of this charity." Eva M. Pasley, of Sycamore, Kan., writes, "Enclosed find order for \$3.65 to be used for the relief of the China sufferers. This collection was taken last Sunday night by our Epworth League. The League has only been organized a short time and this is our first collection for missions." Surely, no Epworth League could be in better or nobler service than this.

Mrs. J. K., Bernardsville, N. Y. (\$2), writes, "I sincerely hope that God will bless your efforts to help the starving and that they may be the means of bringing many of them to Christ." Secretary T. A. Stephens, of the Charlotte Harbor, Fla., Methodist Sunday School, sends \$5.50, being a collection for the China famine. He writes, "We send it with our deepest sympathy and earnest prayers."

"When I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the great suffering in China and how mothers are trying to sell their dear little ones for food it brought tears to my poor old eyes and made my heart ache. I am a mother ninety-one years of age, and I know how to sympathize with the mothers of China; I have no children now. They are all gone before me to the heavenly country where they neither hunger nor thirst any more. The little I have

I will share with some poor, heart-broken Chinese mother," writes Mrs. M. B., Peterboro City, Can. (\$1).

"I am sending a money order for \$3," writes a friend in Dodson, N. M., "one for myself, one for my husband, and one for my young son. I wish it were much more." Mrs. E. L. S., Fanley, Sask., Can., writes, "My three little boys each had a dollar given them and they want to send half of it to China, so I am enclosing you \$1.50 for them. They think it awful that so many should be hungry there." "Use this to relieve the suffering of some of the children in the stricken districts," writes M. A. R., Elizabeth, N. J. (\$5). "May God abundantly bless your work by pouring upon you contributions from all parts of this country so that we may soon hear the good news, 'We are able to help every poor sufferer in China.'" Miss Susie Bausch, secretary of the Helena, S. D., Sabbath School, writes enclosing \$5, the gift of the pupils, and adds, "May God bless the great work you are doing and may the day soon come when this state of things will no longer be."



Famine Refugees Who Have Received Relief Tickets, Waiting for Food at Chin-kiang

the famine will soon be past and that they may again enjoy plenty."

Mr. L. W. Felter, of Denver, Col., writes: "With the co-operation of the Ministers' Association of Canon City, we had a meeting there for the China Famine Fund and I enclose gross results, \$47.69 (making no charge for my stereotyped lecture). I am thankful for the privilege of being used for this good cause."

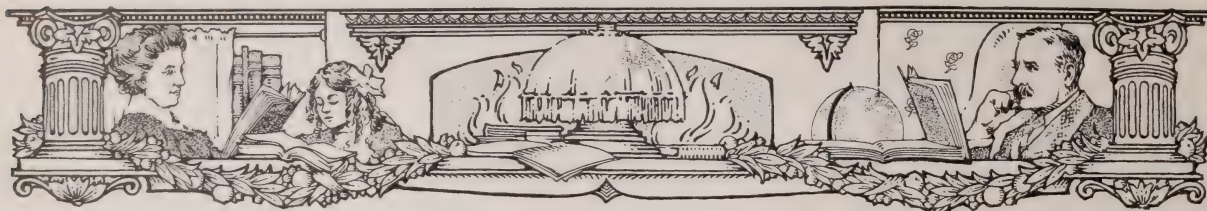
"I want to be represented in this relief work," writes E. H., Bucklin, Mo., "and I send this small amount (\$5), and my granddaughter Jewel, six years old, hearing of the poor little suffering tots in China, wanted to send a little of her own bank collection. She says, 'I want to send a whole dollar.' May God bless this small gift of \$6 and make it the means of some soul's salvation." M. H., Watertown, N. Y. (\$1), writes, "Am much interested in your great mission of love and mercy, and wish I were able to contribute a large sum. Please find enclosed \$1, which, with my prayers, I trust

## The Following Additional Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund Have Been Received:

|                           |                            |                               |                                 |                              |                              |                            |                              |                             |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Erk, J. & K. .... 1.00    | Marsh, Mrs. Jas. .... 1.00 | Morrill, H. S. .... 1.00      | Minter, Jacob .... 5.00         | Morton, Mrs. S. H. .... 5.00 | Newton, Mrs. L. .... 1.00    | Oleson, Ole .... 2.50      | Parnelle, Ellen .... 2.00    | Perry, Marie R. .... 2.00   |
| Gels, Irwin W. .... 7.50  | Marshall, W. A. .... 2.00  | Morrill, H. S. .... 1.00      | Minter, Mary .... 1.00          | Moser, Stephen .... 1.00     | Newton, Mrs. J. .... 1.00    | Olmstead, J. J. .... 1.00  | Parr, R. C. .... 1.00        | Perry O. .... 1.00          |
| Gibbs, R. .... 1.00       | Marshall, Ida E. .... 1.00 | Morrill, Mrs. E. A. .... 1.00 | Mistfeldt, I. H. .... 1.00      | Moser, Emma .... 1.00        | Neymeyer, Jos. .... 3.00     | Parsons, Mrs. E. .... 1.00 | Parr, R. C. .... 1.00        | Perry O. .... 1.00          |
| Grimm, John .... 2.00     | Martin, W. .... 1.00       | Mortz, John H. .... 1.00      | Mistfeldt, Mrs. S. S. .... 2.00 | Moss, Mrs. A. .... 1.00      | Nichols, Miss A. .... 1.00   | Olson, John .... 1.00      | Parish, Mrs. E. B. .... 3.00 | Phillips, N. J. .... 1.00   |
| Grimm, Mrs. M. .... 1.00  | Martin, Wallace .... 1.00  | Mortz, J. W. .... 5.00        | Mitt, Mrs. A. .... 2.50         | Mott, Mrs. A. .... 2.50      | Nichols, Miss E. .... 1.00   | Olsen, H. P. .... 1.00     | Patch, Mr. & Mrs. .... 2.00  | Peters, Lafayette .... 1.00 |
| Hackwell, Thos. .... 1.00 | Martin, Wallace .... 1.00  | Mortz, J. W. .... 5.00        | Mitt, Mrs. A. .... 2.50         | Mott, Mrs. A. .... 2.50      | Nichols, Master K. .... 5.00 | Omsen, H. .... 4.00        | Patterson, E. .... 2.00      | Peters, S. .... 2.00        |
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# THE MISTRESS AND THE MAID



## Is There a Stigma?

A CORRESPONDENT writes with some bitterness on the subject of domestic service. She inquires whether a stigma is not attached to it in this country, where our ideals are republican, and we are supposed to have no separation of classes. She contends, and with reason, that it is just as worthy an occupation to do housework in a family as to stand at a loom in the factory, to make paper boxes, to sell bonbons or ribbons, or to engage in any other line. She is quite right. She would be right if she went farther and declared her conviction that housework, if done well, requires as much application, intelligence and attention as painting pictures, writing poems, caring for the sick, or editing newspapers. Work is work, and when well done work is honorable.

There is something peculiarly un-American and snobbish in the spirit which looks down upon those who serve us in our homes, who make our lives comfortable, and set us free to engage in other occupations ourselves. There certainly is no real stigma attached to domestic service in the mind of any reasonable human being.

Years ago it was my happy privilege to conduct a large Bible class. On the class list were the names of fifty young women, and I recall with vivid pleasure the fact that they represented almost every form of womanly culture and womanly usefulness in the community. There were students, teachers, girls in society, saleswomen, factory operatives, artists, one actress, and one nursery maid on my class roll. In the class itself and in our frequent social meetings outside the class we met on equal terms, and there was never a shadow of condescension, patronage or anything of the sort to mar the harmony of our intercourse. Neither was there on the part of the less well educated and the more hard-working young women the slightest shadow of self-consciousness or the least feeling of loss of dignity or of being out of place.

If we could but remove from the mind of houseworkers the sensitive feeling that they have in reference to the work they do, if we could persuade them to accept as part of their obligation the comparative aloofness from the family life of their work while it is going on, half the battle would be fought and won. Domestic service is only intolerable where there is not a footing of true friendship in the situation. The woman in the kitchen ought to have a friend in the woman of the drawing-room. Not a social stigma, but a great loneliness, is the drawback to domestic service. A

woman most happily placed in a family where her employers were her friends went out one evening to take a walk. She met a maid employed in a neighboring house. The girl was walking back and forth sobbing, and when she was asked what was the matter she said:

"I am really half dead with homesickness. I have no one to speak to all day long. Mrs. Blank never says one word to me except to give me an order. She keeps me on the outside of everything. I don't know what to do. I have good wages and it's an easy place, but I'm leaving it at the end of my month."

Quite different was the recent experience of a young girl from Sweden engaged to do the general housework in a little family of three, up town in

creasing loneliness of life as the years go onward past the meridian. One by one her dear ones have left her until she seems to stand on the shore, the last of her family, with the waves of eternity rolling in. It may easily happen that the survivor of a family may be spared a number of years. If so, what is there for her to do? The problem must recommend itself to many readers as a practical one.

A woman who has, we will say, reached her sixtieth year, who is in good health mentally and physically, cannot in these days be called old. In fact, she has merely arrived at a comfortable way-station on the road of life. She may seem old to a girl of eighteen, because young people are not in a position to gauge accurately

grow constantly sweeter and more precious.

## Everybody's Aunt Jane

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is greatly honored by having on its subscription list a venerable lady, who may be called Everybody's Aunt Jane. If only we might all of us walk with such queenly dignity toward the evening of life! How profound would be our gratitude!

Mrs. Jane E. Farington, Westfield, New York, has passed her ninetieth birthday, as bright and active as ever. Her eyesight is so clear that she has hemstitched in the last year two dainty white tablecloths and pieced two silk quilts, blending the colors beautifully; every stitch fine and neat. Mrs. Farington, or "Aunt Jane," as she is universally called, because she is aunt, great-aunt, great-great-aunt, great-great-great-aunt,

was born on the banks of old Lake Erie very near the beach, but not a trace of the old road that passed the cottage can be seen now. She has always lived within a few miles of her birthplace. She has a kind word and a loving deed for every friend and neighbor, and her home is a restful sunny place, which attracts young and old. Aunt Jane lives by herself, but is never lonely. Long ago she learned the sweet secret of peace, and although her years are so many, she does not seem old, nor is she ever afraid. In winter there is often a group around her big wood fire, blazing cheerily on the hearth, as it did long before most of us were born. When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes, Aunt Jane reads it from the first to the last page, and there is not one in the great company of subscribers who takes a keener interest in it than she.

## Morning Prayer

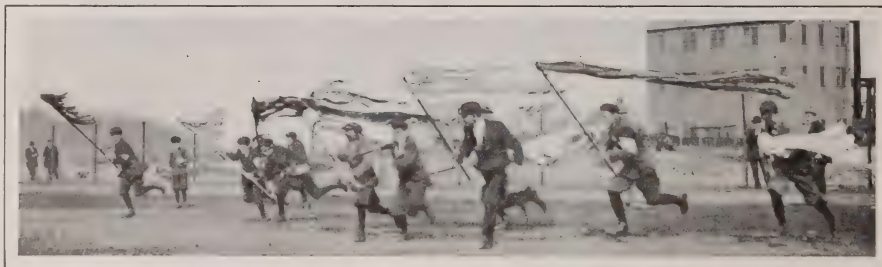
"I WONDER if any of you know the morning prayer for grown folks corresponding with the children's 'Now I wake and see the light'? It is:

Now I rise and set to work,  
I pray thee, Lord, I may not shrink,  
If I should die before the night  
I pray thee may my work be right.  
"J. N."

The spirit of this prayer may be commended to grown people, not alone to the lazy ones.

## Aunt Prudence Payson's Corner

—ANXIOUS FRIEND. Aunt Prudence Payson has not gone into permanent retirement. The dear lady has been on a vacation. She may be counted upon for a return before long, and in the meantime if you wish to consult her you may send your letters to the care of this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



The Race for Position in the Astoria Kite-Flying Contest

MORE than 150 kites of all colors, sizes and shapes were in air nearly two hours at a contest held a short time ago by New York Public School boys at Astoria, L. I. A British war kite took the altitude prize with an ascension of 3,500 feet, while the "farthest out" record was made by a Roumanian war kite which hung out in space at the end of a line 8,000 feet long. Among the different types of kites entered in the contest were the buzzing or whistling, the cobweb, the cylinder, the Antoinette or aeroplane, the box, war, and many others of comic and freak design.

New York. When she came to her first place in this country she could speak little English, and she had almost no knowledge of the simplest routine in an American kitchen. She was patiently and affectionately steered through the reefs and shoals of early difficulties. She gradually learned to comprehend and speak the language strange to her. Then she was taken ill, and for several months was unable to do any work. When she was assured that she should be taken care of until she was well again, that she would not be cast adrift, and that she had nothing to worry about, her gratitude was unbounded.

On the basis of personal friendship alone can there be permanence in the relation of mistress and maid. The maids, however, are those who make most of an implied inferiority, who do not see the advantages of a comfortable home, and who, so to speak, too often go about ready to resent suggestions and take offense at criticisms when, on the contrary, they should be open to every hint that can be given and every bit of knowledge volunteered in order to their improvement.

## As the Years Go By

A FRIEND writes that she has lately been impressed with the in-

the difference between their smiling springtime and the ripeness of maturity. A woman of sixty in the twentieth century may very easily be no older in reality than a woman of forty was in the eighteenth century. In the Far East, where girlhood is so short a time, age comes to women sometimes soon after thirty, a time with us of glorious bloom and fullness of beauty. The woman left alone in her later fifties or early sixties should take hold of life with courage and foster her friendships with unabated interest. We must continue to make friends day by day and year by year, never letting go the chain without stopping to repair a weakening link. One of the best things to do, as one grows older, is to keep as close as one may to the vital pulses of life as they beat in the hearts of the young. Let the college boy come to the woman who is growing old, telling her of his plans and hopes. She, as readily as his own mother, sometimes with quicker understanding, listens patiently to the story of his first love. Let the young girl run in and talk over her affairs in the twilight. Have an open mind to every one who brings a trial or a triumph for discussion, and though the love of kindred may be lacking, the love of friends will



# FRIENDSHIP IN THE COZY CORNER

"Thy friend will come to thee unsought;  
With nothing can his love be bought;  
His soul thine own will know at sight:  
With him thy heart can speak outright.  
Greet him nobly, love him well;  
Show him where thy best thoughts dwell."

**A Friendship Garden**  
IN the foot-hills of the Adirondack Mountains, far off from the trail of the traveler, and by a small blue lake that takes its name from the curve of a meerschampa pipe, there is a beautiful camp. The soft-sounding Indian name of it means Here-the-Deer-Lodge. Off to the right of the spacious, well built Lodge, there reaches a grove of sixty trees or more, known at Here-the-Deer-Lodge as

**Friendship Garden**  
UPON the boles of the trees in Friendship Garden, dates and names are variously carved; for the trees have been set out and marked by guests at the Lodge, and every one represents a friend of mine host.

For a great many years, each guest at the Lodge has been asked to set out a tree, and carve his or her name on its stem. These trees are very beautiful now, and there are names there that have grown famous. Many of you girls and boys would know them well. To walk in Friendship Garden is to feel, first of all, the golden bond of friendship that binds with almost a magic spell that sacred place.

Ah, how dearly I should love to tell you more about it, if only I had the space. But think of it for yourselves. A Friendship Garden! It is so full of suggestion, so full of life and love.

## Homey, Welcome Letters

NOW, so many of you older girls, and ever so many older boys as well, have been writing such homey, nice letters to me that I feel I should like to start and plant out, in the Cozy Corner, A Friendship Garden. Will you come and help me, please? We can meet now and again right here in the Cozy Corner; and besides that, we can write to each other as often as we like.

We shall soon grow acquainted, and almost before we know it we shall be friends.



**A Pathway in Friendship Garden**  
There are names there that have grown famous. Many of you girls and boys would know them well.

## A Golden Blessing

FRIENDSHIP is one of the golden blessings of the world; for after all, when we stop to think of it, we are healthier and happier, our lives are richer and saner and more worth while for friends. There is no gainsaying this, is there?

You may love music and your flower gardens, birds and sweet home life. And I may love traveling, and books, and the social world, and little children. Are not our lives richer, then, for knowing one another?

We shall grow interested in each other's lives, and I shall do all I can to increase your opportunities, to help you attain the things that you desire. And, who knows? Perhaps with the helpful companionship of one another, here in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cozy Corner, we shall soon be putting color and gladness and friendship into each other's life.

## Will You Come to My Party?

I SHOULD love to have all you older girls come to my Cozy Corner Tea this week. I shall invite the boys another time, you may be sure. My Tea is a letter-writing Tea. If you will write to me, I will write you; and straightway we shall have started in the Cozy Corner A Friendship Garden.

## A Cup of Tea

P. S.—Because my letter has grown so long it has crowded out a sweet, lovely picture, called "A Cup of Tea." Two girls in the picture are chatting and gossiping, and having a cozy time together. The original painting from which my picture is taken is in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, and I shall take great pleasure in inclosing a copy of it to all of you older girls who write and introduce yourselves to me this week.

With my love, and hoping to hear from you all.



## How One Woman Cleaned Her White Parasol

"I made a strong suds of Ivory Soap and, with a soft hand brush, I scrubbed the upraised parasol with the Ivory Soap suds. I scrubbed hard, rubbing the streaks through the center of the sections lengthwise, until all the stains were removed. Then I rinsed thoroughly by pouring water over the parasol and ended by sprinkling blueing water from a water sprinkler. The parasol, upraised, was placed in the sun to dry. The result was delightful. Snowy white and just a little stiff, it looked like new."

Ivory Soap is primarily a bath, toilet and fine laundry soap; but, because of its purity, it can be used for scores of purposes for which ordinary soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory. The cleaning of white parasols is a case in point.

Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

## Some Clever Work by Our Boys and Girls

PORTLAND, April, 1911.  
DEAR AUNT IN THE COZY CORNER:  
That is the dandiest prize book you sent me. It is just fine, and I thank you ever so much for it. It has been snowing this week, but the fruit trees are all in bloom, and the garden is up, and it is just like summer.  
Please send me some Good-Time Plans. A little friend of the Cozy Corner.  
M. GILL, age 13 years.

It starts with "a," now guess it;  
"Taint to eat, and doesn't go.  
But now just get your wits to work;  
You'll never guess the rest;  
So I will have to tell you;  
Tis the attie I love best.  
If you had all the fun I have  
When I go there to play,  
You'd like it well as I do,  
To go and spend the day.  
BESSIE M. DAY, age 13.

**OUR BABY**  
Two brown eyes,  
One little nose,  
Two pink ears,  
Ten little toes;  
Sweet little mouth  
Just ready to kiss;  
Pray tell me what  
Is sweeter than this.  
EVELYN ANDERSON, age 12.  
Winnipeg.



By Grace N. Harris, age 13

**THE ATTIC**  
I love to go to grandma's;  
I bet you don't know why.  
No, 'taint so much the sweets,  
Nor yet my favorite pie.  
I'll tell you the first letter,  
And then see if you know.



Drawn by Ed. O'Brien Edwards, age 11

**Homey Letters Like This Come Every Day:**  
DEAR COZY CORNER AUNT:  
I think the Cozy Corner is growing better every week. I think it is the best in the world. We all look forward to the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we all want it first when it does come. We could not do without this magazine in our home. There is always something nice for everyone.  
Please send me an April souvenir and Good-Time Plans. I shall write to you again soon. Your loving Cozy Corner girl,  
GRACE STAFFORD,  
Age 12 years.

## LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

### THE DREAM-FAIRY

A LITTLE fairy comes at night.  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,  
With silver spots upon her wings,  
And from the moon she flutters down.  
She has a little silver wand,  
And when the good child goes to bed,  
She waves her wand from right to left,  
And makes a circle round its head.  
And then it dreams of pleasant things,  
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,  
And trees that bear delicious fruit  
And bow their branches at a wish.  
And singing-birds with gifted tongues  
For singing songs and telling tales;  
And pretty dwarfs to show the way  
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.  
THOMAS HOOD.

ters this week, that I am neglecting you. Not a bit of it.  
This is the month of fairies; and if you will write me little letters about your favorite Fairy Stories, I will gladly send prizes of five books of best fairy tales to the five girls and boys who write best letters this week. There are many smaller books for extra prizes. So be sure, all of you, to write and try for a book of fairies.

### Our Good-Night Verse

When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid;  
yet, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.  
Hoping that the Cozy Corner mailbox will be bulging and bursting with May letters from you all, and wishing you gladness and success with your flags, lovingly and faithfully,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

DEAREST BOYS AND GIRLS: Do not think, because I have written a letter to your older brothers and sis-



## The Calvert Mortgage and Deposit Company

### 6% CERTIFICATES

**PAYABLE ON DEMAND AT ANY TIME AFTER TWO YEARS**

THESE certificates are issued in even multiples of \$100.00.

They bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent., payable in semi-annual installments, January 1st and July 1st. They run for two years, or longer, from date of issue, and may be withdrawn at any time without notice, after the expiration of two-year period.

These certificates are issued at the time to meet an insistent demand for exceptionally good loans from the very best sections of the South. The property and rapid development of the South make it an extremely desirable field for investment just now.

Applications for loans on improved property in the very best of the towns and cities of Georgia and Mississippi, where our organization is the strongest, have been largely in excess of our ability to accommodate for some time.

In order to help us meet this demand and at the same time extend the advantages it offers to our customers, this issue of 6 per cent. certificates has been authorized by the Directors of this Company.

You will readily realize the ample security back of these certificates when you realize that we are required by law to keep deposited at all times, with some Trust Company, mortgages to the amount of 75% of our assets. In compliance with this requirement of law, we have on deposit at this time with the Union Trust Company of this city, mortgages to the amount of \$800,000. This deposit secures our Certificates. As these mortgages are never more than 50% of the value of the property upon which they are a lien, you can readily see that the security behind these certificates is ample.

#### The Company's Record

During the past sixteen years the Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company has loaned about \$2,000,000 on real estate, chiefly in prosperous cities and towns of the South. Whether or not a Mortgage Company has been conservative can always be judged by the amount of real estate taken in under foreclosures.

Our statement shows only five pieces of real estate taken in at an aggregate cost of \$5,500.00. The rental value of this property is \$62.00 a month, or a gross income of 13% of our investment. No better illustration could be given of the careful manner in which we handle our business.

The loans made by the Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company are all small, averaging in size from \$200 to \$4,000. More than 1,000 such loans are on the books of the Company at the present time, and they represent as sound a line of real estate investments as can be shown by any institution in the country.

Loans are made only on First Mortgage. Every piece of property is carefully examined by the Company's expert appraisers, and as there are always more applications than can be taken care of, only the best are accepted.

The loans are put into the form of notes, payable in monthly installments and are secured by first mortgages on the property itself. Thus the borrower begins immediately to pay the principal, and as the mortgage remains unchanged until the debt is discharged, the margin of security becomes greater with each succeeding month.

#### 16 Years of Substantial Growth

During the sixteen years of this Company's existence it has paid 5 per cent. on its Certificates, **withdrawable on demand.**

It has also from time to time issued 6% certificates, running for two years and payable on demand at the end of that period, or at any time thereafter.

And in these years there has never been a day's delay in the making of interest checks, or in the payment of principal when due. No customer has ever lost a dollar or been caused inconvenience or delay even in times of financial stringency.

#### The Present Issue of 6% Certificates

Often every essential of a desirable investment.

1. They are safe. Mortgages on property valued at twice the face of the certificates afford absolute security.
2. They are liberal in interest returns; 6% is as high a rate as money can earn without the sacrifice of safety. There is nothing speculative about these certificates.
3. They are easily convertible into cash; certificates continue to draw interest as long as the money is left in our care. They are payable on demand at any time after two years. They can be used at your bank as collateral for a loan if it is desired to raise money before the expiration of the two-year period.
4. The denomination is small, hence the certificates are available to almost any one who has savings or surplus funds to invest.

In fact, it would be difficult to find a safer, more liberal, more altogether satisfactory form of investment than is offered in these 6% certificates.

As the issue is not large, it will be necessary to send subscriptions at once.

**Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.**  
1046 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

#### REMITTANCE BLANK

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.  
1046 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.  
Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for which send me \_\_\_\_\_ 6% certificate, withdrawable at any time after two years.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State if dividend of 2% is to be mailed to S at semi-annually (January and July) or if we shall remit to your account and compound it at 5%.

## SUDDEN FORTUNES

IN NINE cases out of ten a sudden fortune is a misfortune. If it were possible to pour at once into the brain of an illiterate man all the knowledge of all the world's books in all languages, the possession would leave him even more helpless and vastly more confused than he had been in the days when his life was controlled by his instincts and his experiences. If a healthy, normal boy of nine were suddenly endowed with the stature and strength of a giant, he would at once become a danger to himself and a constant menace to his associates. The value of great knowledge, great strength, or a great fortune depends altogether on the training the possessor has had in the acquisition of such powers; and without this training, this education, the possession is very apt to prove a curse.

#### An Illustration

The reader whose memory goes back for thirty years or so will recall the case of the notorious "Coal Oil Johnny," an illiterate country boy, born in northern Pennsylvania nearly twenty years before that region sprang into prominence as a great petroleum field and the hotbed of sudden fortunes. Unlike the central and southern parts of the Keystone State, this section has never been distinguished for the fertility of its soil. Before the discovery of oil the value of land, away from the towns, was estimated by its timber growth; and two generations of merciless cutting and destructive forest fires had in many places reduced this to a worthless, forbidding scrub.

Drills had been invented, and under the direction of geologists and mining engineers these drills passed through the thin soil, pierced the overlying strata of rocks, and tapped the liquid fountains of light and heat for the comfort of the many and the enrichment of the few. Farmers who did not estimate their total possessions at more than a few hundred dollars suddenly found themselves owners of tens of thousands, sometimes of hundreds of thousands; and a majority of them were more helpless with their wealth than they had been in the times when every dollar was the product of toil and sweat and grinding thrift.

A book detailing the manner in which these sudden fortunes were used would make reading at once interesting and instructive; but in most cases the humor and the gladness would be found drowned in the tears of tragedy and disappointment. Through the death of his guardians "Coal Oil Johnny"—his family name we have forgotten, nor does it matter—suddenly found himself a millionaire. Stories current at the time credited him with an income variously estimated at from twenty to fifty thousand dollars a day; and this would continue so long as the oil wells on his land continued to flow.

#### A Spendthrift Trail

Johnny was not naturally depraved; indeed, had he been permitted to continue on the lean farm, he would without doubt have been an honest, hard-working man, doing his duty as he saw it within his cramped limitations. But he was an ignorant boy, suddenly endowed with a giant's strength, and utterly at a loss how to use it. Had his mind been properly trained, Johnny, with his youth and his money, might have become the world's oil king. Soon the keen-eyed vultures found Johnny, and seeing him fat and helpless, they proceeded to devour him. They took him out and showed him the world; they called it "life"; and he had a gold-encased magnifying glass with which to examine its details. Johnny dressed in garments more expensive than tasteful, and he clothed his many parasites in the same raiment. Johnny flashed with diamonds; so did the parasites. Johnny hired minstrel troupes for his

own entertainment, carried them around in a special train, and the parasites went along. Had the wells been spouting liquid gold instead of crude petroleum, Johnny would soon have been living up to his income. As it was, he soon exceeded it; and then he began to draw on his principal, and the oil wells began to "peter out."

It is not necessary to continue the career of "Coal Oil Johnny." Within a few years the fortune was gone; so were the parasites; and the young man went back to the old home and took up the old work, as well as his shattered health would permit. This is a true case, and we do not introduce it as a warning, but simply as an extreme illustration of the misfortune of a sudden fortune mismanaged.

In 1908 Edward Morton—we use a fictitious name, but some of our readers will no doubt recall the real one—owned and lived on a fifty-acre farm on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio River. He was forty-five years of age, but, having married young, he had five children, at this time all well grown up, the youngest being a girl of eighteen, and the next, also a girl, aged twenty-one. The oldest son was married and managed a harness shop in the neighboring town; another boy helped his father on the farm, and the third was a pilot on a river steamer. Like the father and mother, the children had received what is known as "a good common school education," and although all had ambitions for a broader life and a wider horizon, they were reasonably content, and were fighting the life battle as best they could in that part of the field to which Providence had assigned them.

#### The Unexpected Happens

Church members, healthy, honest and industrious, the Mortons might be pointed to as a typical American family. Seeing that we have no authentic record of its ever happening, "lightning out of a clear sky" is a serviceable illustration of the unexpected. If the lightning from a clear sky had actually destroyed his home, Edward Morton could not have been more astounded than he was when a letter from Oregon informed him that a bachelor brother, from whom he had not heard since they were boys, had just died in that State, leaving him, in immediately available cash, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And so it was that while he and his wife were still in life's prime, and their children grown up, Edward Morton suddenly found himself the possessor of what he regarded as a great fortune.

Knowing his own limitations, Mr. Morton went down to Cincinnati to consult an old friend who had become a prosperous business man in that city. This is what the friend said: "Ed, you are a farmer and are too old to take up a new business. Invest your money so as to make it interest-producing. At five per cent., which you can get from selected mortgages or from sound railroad or other good bonds, you will be in receipt of an income of six thousand dollars a year, which is twelve times what you are clearing now, so that you will be able every twelve months to reinvest, in the same way, the greater part of your income. Do this, and by the time you are sixty you will have almost doubled your money. I am a director in a trust company and will gladly help you."

"But there are the children," protested Morton. "I want them to get some good of their uncle's money." "Hold on to that money while you live. Enlarge your house, if you wish, and turn over the farm to one of the boys, but keep on working. Your oldest girl is a teacher; let her keep at it. Send the youngest—till she is twenty-one, to a good school, and let the boys fight it out as if their father was still a poor man."

Continued on next page

## Diversified Investment

This Company suggests to careful investors the advisability of dividing their funds among bonds of various classes, in this way obtaining a well diversified investment. Investments made in this manner will possess the individual qualities of the respective classes in combination, thus making the investment well balanced. For instance, we own and offer a 5% railroad bond, a 6% short term note, a 4½% equipment bond and a 6% industrial bond netting at present prices

**An Average Yield of Over 5.35%**

We will furnish particulars of these on request.

Ask for our Circular 142

**Guaranty Trust Company**  
of New York  
28 Nassau Street

Capital and Surplus, \$23,000,000  
Deposits . . . \$133,000,000

## FARM MORTGAGES

### A Safe Investment



The present home of a Farmer in North Dakota, who borrowed \$400.00 from us in 1897.

Such loans have furnished our customers with safe investments at attractive rates of interest for over thirty years past.

Send for Booklet "A," which is a full description of Farm Mortgages. Reliable information is furnished which might prove the means of increasing your rate of interest, 1% which is perhaps a 20% increase of income and at the same time improve the quality of your security.

**WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY**  
Established 1878. Capital and Surplus, \$700,000.  
Security Bank Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



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**To Get One Free** and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: Mail your FREE 10¢ card.

**The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.**  
Dept. 30, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**6% DEPOSITS**

\$100.

Not a dollar loan to depositors in 20 years.

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N

375 York Street Savannah, Ga.

**"A Sulky Dollar"**

booklet explains how we make you Deposits earn you 5% 6% on time deposits. Over \$2,500.00 approved First Mortgages held by Citizens-Southern Bank as Trustee and \$750.00 Capital and Surplus. Stockholders' individual interest as Security.

When we know a given property, as a result of thorough personal investigation we are in position to advise bond buyers as to the values we have found, and our reputation stands back of that advice.

We are frequently able to offer the investor bond yielding from 5% to 6% with a security that is quite equal to that of the more popular (because better known) bonds yielding only 4% to 4½%.

We invite correspondence on the subject. The scope and character of this service and the kind of bonds which we offer are described in our booklet, "The Most Satisfactory Bonds," which is sent on request without charge. Ask for booklet No. B-67. Also for April bond circular.

**N. W. Halsey & Co.**

BANKERS

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco  
49 Wall St. 1421 Chestnut St. 1522 Monroe St. 424 California St.



## Canadian Pacific Offers YOU Farm in Sunny Alberta, Near Existing Railway Lines

The last chance for a first selection of low-priced land in Central Alberta, near existing railway lines. Thousands of home seekers have shown investors have snapped up all the better tracts offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This new one just now opened is your best chance. Here you will find American farmers—400,000 acres in this district were bought by American home seekers during 1910. Now we offer 2,000,000 additional acres—the pick of the Province, the finest wheat land on a continent—where farms are often paid for with one season's crops—where climate, soil, transportation and markets combine to build fortunes fast. The eyes of the world are on our country. Yet right here by the railroad, among neighbors, where good roads, schools and all sound social conditions are established, we offer you a farm at \$12 to \$25 an Acre.

## Three Ways of Buying Your Farm—at your Option

FOR INVESTMENT—One-sixth cash, balance in five equal annual installments.

DEVELOPMENT BY SETTLER—One-tenth cash, balance in nine equal annual payments.

CROP PAYMENT PLAN—In partnership with Canadian Pacific Railway, one-tenth cash, balance by crop payment—NO CROP—NO PAY.

Think of it! Such an offer of the choicest "The Last Best West." The gate is unlocked to the best tract of virgin land in Sunny Alberta. Districts previously sold are making fortunes for American farmers who realize that Western Canada is the future source of cheap supply for the United States.

## Write for Free Book NOW

First come—first served; earliest arrival—biggest value—quickest results. Write quick for "Alberta Hand Book"—and all the facts about this land of home and fortune.

Address:  
J. S. Dennis, Manager, Alberta Land Dept.,  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
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## GUARANTEED MORTGAGES

For Large and Small  
Investors

Don't think, because your capital is small, that it can earn only 3 1/2 per cent. 7 1/2 per cent. It used to be so—the small investor for hundreds of years had no chance aside the capitalist.

Our  
First Mortgage Trust Bonds

On New York and Suburban Real Estate

You exactly on par with the wealthiest investor. You have the same security, and the same certain returns—5 per cent. or 6 1/2 per cent. You have the same opportunity to withdraw your capital if you should need it.

Under Supervision of New York  
Banking Department

Write for our Booklet

NEW YORK MORTGAGE CO.  
Dept. D, 1470 Broadway, New York City

## OUR SUMMER VACATION

The time is nearly here for you to begin planning for that Summer Vacation. Are you prepared for it? If not, it is time to start the Vacation Fund. Don't wait until it is too late. We have a plan that has helped thousands to raise money during their spare time. It may be just the plan to you finance part of your vacation expense. It won't stir up a single penny in fees and charges. Simply write and send us these words: "Send Vacation Plan." Sign your name and address, and we'll gladly write and tell you about it. Better do it NOW!

See Christian Herald Vacation Bureau, Bible House, New York City

## TYPEWRITER FACTORY

we \$25 to \$50 in the name of Typewriter. Our fact in quality, condition and looks. Durable and reliable construction and available in every way. Buy from the one who has the best—write now. We guarantee for one year against defect in workmanship and material. Write for catalogue and address.

American Writing Machine Co.  
345 Broadway, New York

## Chairs & Tricycles

For Invalids and Children  
Worthington Co.  
414 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

## GENTS:

The Remond Automatic Hair Stripper automatically shaves any razor in the world. It is the only one that does not hurt. Retail at \$2.00. Every man wants one. Write for information, price and terms.

C. Brandt Cutlery Co., 34 W. Broadway, N. Y. C.

# SUDDEN FORTUNES

Continued from preceding page

Good advice this, but Edward Morton, induced to the contrary by his children, did not take it. They wanted to live in Pittsburg, where the millionaires were many and the opportunities for investment the most alluring. The little farm was rented. The harness-maker gave up his shop, the pilot bade adieu to his wheel, and the teacher resigned from her school. A fine house was rented and expensively furnished in Pittsburg, and into this all the Mortons moved; and the girls began to think of society, and the boys began looking at the many irresistible investments that are ever on tap in that prosperous city.

It is unnecessary to give the subsequent details. Excepting the little farm and five thousand dollars invested by Mrs. Morton in her own name, on the advice of the Cincinnati friend, Edward Morton's sudden fortune has gone the way of so many other sudden fortunes. The two families, after barely two and a half years of the world, are back in the old home, trying each to pick up the life threads dropped in their crazed desire to turn the thousands into millions.

The moral, as we have indicated above, is that that which comes easily goes easily. On the contrary, any-

thing which is acquired through a process of long continued work or slow saving is sure to be valued more highly than that which is acquired without effort. The rule is one which applies equally as well to all financial or investment propositions, as we have tried to illustrate a number of times with the axiom which has it that the greater the amount of interest promised, the greater will be the risk, and vice versa. Even inexperienced investors admit the force of this; but the greater the investor's inexperience the more seems to be enkindled the hope that in his one case the rule may be reversed, and much fortune result from a small investment.

Now, much fortune may result from a small investment, but in the course of ordinary events it cannot come to pass without the lapse of some time, and a certain compounding of interest. The great fortunes of the world, contrary to a widespread belief, were not acquired as a result of some fabulous rise in stock values. Rather have they been the result of sane investments upon which the interest, though small, has been nevertheless sure. Truly, it is better to accept a small rate of interest and have it, than to be promised a fabulous amount and lose it and your principal as well.

## The Bread Line's Busiest Season

Continued from page 471

of poor, friendless men whom he has helped and cheered during the last winter. He has been present every morning at the Bread Line since Thanksgiving. He rendered the service voluntarily and gratuitously. As soon as the line began to form—generally an hour before the doors were opened—he came and spoke to every man personally a word of cheer and encouragement.

This man himself, a few years ago, was a Bowery tough, a dive-frequenter, belonging to a gang of "clothesline hangers," who made that occupation a cover for "hanging" on to many other things that did not belong to them.

Soon after his conversion, Kendall joined the Second Avenue Baptist Church, where, in the course of time, he married one of the women workers.

A short time afterwards, his wife fell sick. She died last fall. During all this time, this former Bowery thug displayed the most heroic and touching devotion to his suffering wife, nursing her most assiduously, and caring for her with the tenderest care.

Then came his splendid service to his Bread Line brethren and God's prompt acknowledgment of it by opening the way to his present appointment.

And so we go on working in the deep dark passages of God's great diamond mine of fallen humanity. We are constantly bringing to the surface splendid specimens of human wealth, and demonstrating the uplifting, emancipating, disenthraling and transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

J. G. HALLIMOND,  
Superintendent Bowery Mission.

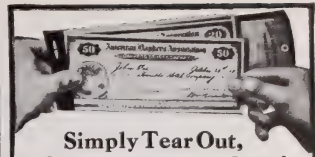
## General Robert E. Lee's Will

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there was printed an article on "Wills," which was reproduced from another publication. In that article reference was made to the will of General Robert E. Lee, who, the writer said, "though he fought to keep black men in chains, freed his own slaves by his will." That statement was unjust to the memory of General Lee, who was one of the bravest and best beloved sons of the South. Long before the war he had believed that slavery was an evil and in 1856 he wrote: "There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. . . . I think it is a greater evil to the white than to the black race." Nothing that could be said or written could now detract from the lustre of this great soldier's fame. As a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Louisville, N. C., pertinently observes, "The author of that statement was evidently not conversant with the cause of the Civil War, else he would have known that the question of slavery was a secondary one, and that the South fought for its constitutional rights." Although the paragraph in question did not originate with us, its reproduction in these columns gave it an im-

portance it would never have attained elsewhere. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as its readers well know, has no political or sectional animosities, and we are glad to do justice to the memory of a brave American, even though no slight was intended.

## Six-Day Week a Success

Preparations for the six-day week, which becomes effective in the New York Post Office on July 1, were discussed at a meeting of the post office clerks in New York a short time ago. Experiments were begun a few weeks ago by giving the letter carriers a Sunday off in restricted districts, and extending it until all in the city had a day off. Later the clerks were included in the experiment and it was found possible to allow each a day by a rearrangement of the work. It has been stated that similar experiments in Jersey City, Newark, Newark, Yonkers, and other places have been successful. No extra appropriation is provided for the new conditions, so that they must be met by a readjustment of the work. The post office officials say that when the law becomes effective conditions will have been arranged to comply with it without a hitch.



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By identifying you, the "A.B.A." Cheques make easy your financial dealings with strangers.

These Cheques are accepted at face value in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Holland, and in all other countries at current rates for New York or London exchange.

They may be purchased in amounts to suit the traveler, as they are issued in \$10, \$20, \$30 and \$100.



Write to Bankers Trust Co., 7 Wall St., New York, for interesting booklet, "THE SAFEST CHECK" and information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER  
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO  
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### \$13.50 TAILOR MADE Suits

WE DYE THE YARNS, WEAVE  
THE CLOTH AND TAILOR TO  
YOUR MEASURE.

You save four middlemen's profits, and get a suit at from \$13.50 to \$23.75 for \$20 to \$40 values.

THIS MEANS TAILOR-MADE SUITS  
AT PRICES OF "READY-MADES."

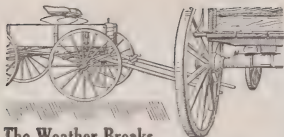
Our patterns embrace the latest  
travels in gray, brown and blue;  
also the new beautiful pencil stripe  
effects. Best trimmings, linings  
and workmanship. We guarantee  
garments to hold their shape.

We supply New York styles with-  
out extremes or freaks. Complete  
satisfaction or money back. We  
prepay express. Write for samples  
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COLONIAL WOOLLEN MILLS, Dept. 201, Lawrence, Mass.







### The Weather Breaks

#### Down More Wagons Than Weight Does

Rain soaks in around the spokes; it freezes and expands with a force iron can't hold. Water-soaked joints rot; cracks widen and deepen.

Good paint, made of

### "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead

and pure linseed oil, makes wagons weather proof. It gets into every pore and seeps in, it sticks and wears as no other paint does.

Keep your wagons painted with pure white lead and cut out repair bills and cost of new wagons.

You will find all painting questions answered in our "Helps No. 1756, which we will gladly send upon request.

#### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

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### Cornish Sent to You for a Year's Free Trial

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Buy no piano or organ except on a year's approval before you agree to keep it. Make the maker prove his instrument. Then you will know whether it will please you, whether it is all the seller claimed. All Cornish instruments are sold upon one year's free trial before you need make up your mind to keep the instrument. That is why Cornish instruments never disappoint. They are the only high grade instruments sold on this plan.

#### Buy as Low As Any Dealer

##### Choose Your Own Terms

By the Cornish Plan we place in your home on trial, a piano or organ under bond to please you for twenty days. If you are not satisfied, return it at once. If you are, give you one year to test the instrument, let us pay for it, if you wish to keep it, on terms of your own choice.

Send today for the Cornish Book which will tell you all about the Cornish Plan and show the thousands of our satisfied buyers. It is a free trial book, and you can have it at once and without charge, if you are interested in the plan.

Cornish Co., Washington, D. C.

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My "Pearl Glass" lamp-chimneys give more light than common ones, due to perfection of shape and proportions—right balance of drafts.

They are clear as crystal—made of tough glass, not bottle glass. They make the lamp do its best.

Common chimneys hinder the light—the draft is a matter of chance. The lamp can't do its best.

M. E. Evans, Manufacturer of "Pearl Glass" lamp-chimneys. Send for free trial book.

#### MACEBETH

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Pittsburgh  
Chicago, Ill. 175 East Lake Street  
NEW YORK, 19 West 50th Street

### DOWN WITH THE DRINK CURSE\*

Sunday School Lesson by  
Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THIS lesson has an Oriental environment which we must investigate before we can comprehend the lesson. When the prophet says, "Let me sing for my well beloved a song," he likens himself to a traveling singer with a crowd gathered about him. It is not impossible that Isaiah might have chanted his message in part. The theme of his song was a vineyard—not at all such a vineyard as we are accustomed to see, with its straight rows of grapevines, with some sort of a fence about it; but a vineyard on a hill covered with olive or fig trees, the vines festooned from tree to tree, was probably what Isaiah either saw as he sang, or had in memory. Vineyards like this may be seen all over Israel to-day. In the vineyard of Isaiah's song, all of the stones had been dug out. It is possible that the stones had been piled up, and the vines had been trained to creep over them, that there might be warm exposure for the ripening fruit.

And there was a winepress, so different from anything we are accustomed to see, it must be described: A stony place on the hillside was selected; a trough was cut along the top, about three feet deep; into this the grapes were put, and then they were pressed and the juice was discharged through holes bored near the bottom of the trough; about a foot below the trough was another trough into which the juice flowed, and from which it was drawn out through a hole bored for that purpose.

A tower is a necessary part of an Oriental vineyard. It is sometimes thirty feet square, and sixty feet high; in it a watchman was stationed that he might give the alarm when he saw marauding parties or wild beasts approaching. It was also used as a summer parlor where the master of the vineyard might entertain his guests.

#### Isaiah's Song

In Isaiah's song, God's chosen people were likened to a vineyard which the Lord himself had planted in the Land of Promise. Wonderfully did he hedge them about with his strong arm, giving them victory over those who disputed their right to the land, until "the God of the Hebrews" became a recognized force that must be acknowledged by the idolatrous nations. His watchtower, where he himself kept guard, was in heaven above. And God expected that his people would bear the luscious fruit of godliness. But, alas! they did not. Instead they brought forth "wild grapes," because they made friends with the idolaters instead of exterminating them, as God had commanded (Deut. 7). Therefore, God chose Isaiah to tell them just how they seemed to him. And as we have said before, a part of his message was delivered in song.

"Sing-as he walks" is the name of a gifted evangelist of our own time (given to him by a white man). He is a high-toned, refined member of the Choctaw tribe. He first came into notice among white people at the Mohonk Conference which was met to consider the needs of Indians and dependent peoples. His singing there was so sweet and so glorious that it brought tears to eyes quite unused to tears, and it opened the way for him to be invited to many pulpits in the States of New York and New Jersey. Subsequently a missionary was desired to be sent to the Indians in the

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for May 21, 1911. Song of the Vineyards, Isa. 5:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine." Isa. 5:22.

Continued on next page

Housecleaning is but half done if the paint brush doesn't follow in the wake of the mop to repair ravages of time and wear. And it is done right only if the right paints and finishes are used.

Whether for the most highly valued piece of furniture—china closet or chair—or to give the bathroom that high enamel that resists steam and moisture—for porch furniture, floors, walls—every purpose—there are

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Acme Quality Varnish-Lac stains and varnishes at one application. Exact colors and effects of expensive woods—mahogany, oak, cherry, walnut, rosewood—easily produced. Durable and lustrous.

Acme Quality Enamel will give a perfect enamel finish over any previously finished or unfinished surface. Ideal for wicker chairs and porch furniture. A hard, smooth surface that will not crack nor fade.

Your dealer doubtless has Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. If not, write us to-day for a copy of

#### The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

Tells just what should be used and how. Beautifully illustrated in colors. Sent free.

#### ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

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WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR BIG, FREE, SHOE CATALOGUE. It describes, illustrates and price lists, a mammoth, half-million on large stock of fine made shoes for men, women and children, for all purposes for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market, possess faultless style, perfect fit and finish, and are easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from choicest leather by expert shoemakers. WE UNDERSSELL EVERYBODY. No one can meet our prices. Women's low cut or high shoes, 98c; women's heavy shoes, \$1.19; men's shoes, \$1.35; women's patent leather low cut or sandals, \$1.50; boys' shoes, \$1.40; misses' and children's shoes, \$1.50; and a full line of rubber sportswear and athletic footwear at half your shoe prices. Order from this day, sending price and width of shoe worn, or WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG, FREE SHOE CATALOGUE, beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices and wonderful liberal terms and JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 152 1/2 W. CHICAGO, by which we send shoes entirely at our risk, subject to your approval.

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** We will ship you a "RANGER" bicycle on approval, free of charge, for ten days. If you do not like it, return it at once. If you do, we will accept it at once. We will ship you a "RANGER" bicycle on approval, free of charge, for ten days. If you do not like it, return it at once. If you do, we will accept it at once. We will ship you a "RANGER" bicycle on approval, free of charge, for ten days. If you do not like it, return it at once. If you do, we will accept it at once.

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A "Detroit Fireless" will be sent you on 30-day trial, will pay for itself in the first few months. Write today and see our handsome catalog for the new offer.

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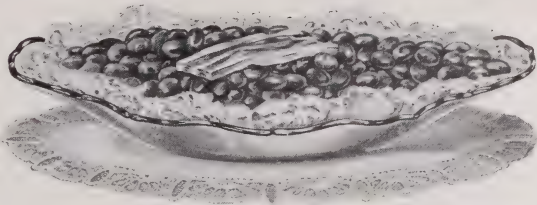
## Continued from preceding page

## The Blight on Israel

| <i>Year</i> | <i>Gallon</i> |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1880 .....  | 10.08         |
| 1888 .....  | 14.65         |
| 1890 .....  | 15.53         |
| 1895 .....  | 16.95         |
| 1900 .....  | 17.69         |
| 1905 .....  | 20.38         |
| 1910 .....  | 21.1          |

The boys and girls must be told that *per capita* means how much each person drinks on the average. Of course, those of us who are teetotalers do not have any share in this matter; but this only shows that there must be others who are drinking more than the *per capita* average. This is altogether a bad showing for the United States, and we should rejoice that many men and

Continued on next page



# Does It Pay to Bake Beans Like These?

Our friends used to say that we were extremists—that such care was Quixotic—that we might save all the extra cost and people would never know it. But we are now the largest user of tin cans in America. Our beans outsell all other brands combined. And every month a new army of users changes from home-baked beans to Van Camp's. It does pay to bake beans like these.

That settles the question forever.

The reason is lack of sufficient heat. The top beans crisp, but the beans below rarely get more than 100 degrees.

The result is baked beans as you like them—baked beans at their best. And so many people have found them out that we sell millions of cans each month.

**Van Camp's**  
BAKED  
WITH TOMATO  
SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

You ought to be glad that there are

such beans ready to serve in a minute. You can have a dozen meals on hand all the time, ready for any emergency. They taste just the same when you open the can as they tasted when they came from our ovens. And that means a savor which never before was found in a dish of baked beans. Be fair to yourself and try them.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

**Van Camp Packing Company** Estab. 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

(110)

[illegible]



# Just WHY



## Scrubbing Floors With Old Dutch Cleanser Saves Time & Labor

Because the fine, porous particles of the Cleanser get right down into every crack and crevice, take up all dirt and leave the floor clean and spotless.

Wash wood, stone, cement or linoleum floor with mop; sprinkle on Old Dutch Cleanser and rub over with scrubbing brush; then mop up and wipe floor dry. No long, tiresome scrubbing necessary as with old-style soap-powders.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10 Cents

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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

women are warning the people against liquor drinking as Isaiah did. We should rejoice that temperance lessons are now, and have been for many years, a part of the Sunday School Lesson system. We should rejoice that scientific temperance instruction in public schools is the law of all our States, and by the law of Congress in districts and territories. What would be our condition if these things were not so? We firmly believe that *per capita* table would give a far more terrible report. Let it be our aim to better that report, so that it shall show decrease. Is it too much to hope that we might even get it down to zero? Let us begin to reach that end by determining upon total abstinence for ourselves.

When stopping at a hotel in the White Mountains Henry Ward Beecher was asked to explain to his guests his position on the use of intoxicating drinks by Christians. He replied: "Suppose there is a precipice out by a schoolhouse, where many children are assembled. Suppose that half way down the precipice there is a spring that I especially enjoy, and, strong man that I am, I can go down there safely by a narrow path, dangerous to many, but not to me. Suppose that the children are determined to go down there after me, and will not believe that the path is dangerous, since they saw me tread it with impunity. Some of them that try fall and break their necks, and others are maimed for life. Now, what sort of a man, much more, what sort of a Christian, should I be if, under these circumstances, I persist in going down that dangerous path? Nay, verily, if I have one particle of magnanimity of soul, if I have been at all of Christ, I shall put a good strong fence across that path, and never tread it any more. That is my position on the total abstinence question."

But there are some people who think only of themselves, whether or not they are in danger of becoming drunkards, if they drink only a little. Let them take to themselves the following story:

One wintry day a gentleman standing by the upper rapids of Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb, encrusted in a floating cake of ice, which was drifting every moment into swifter rapids. Every now and then the eagle would proudly lift its head and look about as if to say: "I know I am drifting toward danger, but I can quit any time, and with my strong wings soar away to safety." As the ice neared the falls he rose and flapped his great wings, but in vain, for while he had feasted on the dead carcass, his feet had been frozen to its fleece; and amid shrieks and vain struggles to break away, he was carried over the falls to his doom, an awful picture of many a soul which has been fastened to appetite so firmly that efforts to rise into a noble life here or hereafter have proved unavailing. A drunkard has been described as a man who commits suicide on the instalment plan.

A great book has recently come in to reinforce those who are trying to save the boys in our land from intemperance. It is called *Particeps Criminis*, and is written by Dr. Ervin S. Chapman. It is based on the story of a California rabbit drive. Rabbits are a great pest in California, and it is found that the only effective way to get rid of them is to build a corral, and organize a company of men armed with sticks and whips to beat the bushes, and dislodge the rabbits in hiding, and then drive them into the corral, where they are afterwards beaten to death, sometimes as many as twenty thousand being killed. The author says there is a "boy drive" going on in the United States, every day of the year, and millions of boys are being driven and corralled by the liquor traffic, only to meet their death in a short time as drunkards. This is too true. Let us be the ones to stop it!



## Suppose These Were Toasted Nuts

Suppose we offered you—for 10 or 15 cents—a big package of toasted nuts. You would imagine them delicious. You'd try them, would you not?

But here's something even better.

Here are whole grains of wheat and rice, puffed to eight times normal size.

Here are toasted grains in their natural shape, yet four times as porous as bread.

Here are crisp, brown grains which—because they are puffed—actually melt in the mouth.

Here are the world's two premier grains—made into the most enticing foods ever served on a morning table.

Don't they sound good to you?

## They're Used Like Nuts

These grains are used in candy making—used in place of nuts. Countless girls know Puffed Rice fudge.

Cooks use them, like nut meats, in frosting cake. Some of the finest cafes use them to garnish ice cream.

When berry time comes, people mix them with berries. In winter they are mixed with bananas. All to mix a nut-like flavor with the tart of fruit.

And 18,000,000 dishes monthly are served with cream for breakfasts. Or served like crackers in a bowl of milk, for lunches and for suppers.

Think of 18,000,000 dishes monthly. That shows how people like them when they find them out.

## Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods—the foods that are shot from guns.

The selected grains are sealed up in bronze metal guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They come out as you see them—crisp, porous and brown, nut-like and enticing.

## The Scientific Side

The object of all is to break up the food granules—to literally blast them to pieces.

That's the object of all cooking, baking or toasting. Digestion can't act on unbroken food granules. But no other method makes grain half so digestible as does this steam explosion.

It happens here that foods best to the taste are best for the stomach, too. That's a rare combination. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are now the favorite foods with nearly all who know them.

Please tell your grocer to send enough to let you find them out.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



## FOOD IN SERMONS

Feed the Dominic Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet."

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal."

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table."

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet."

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength."

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Opal-Glass-Lined \$31<sup>75</sup>  
Oak Refrigerator

Freight Prepaid from Factory

You get this highest grade, Solid Oak, Well-Sealed, Counter-mounted Refrigerator lined with Opal Glass—better than marble—*for only \$31.75—freight prepaid from factory.* You have the best Refrigerator at the factory, at actual factory prices. You save all the dealer's profit and department store profits. You get the best at the price asked everywhere for only \$31.75. "Guaranteed" refrigerators, for which you have to pay the freight in addition.

MEASUREMENTS  
Height, 45 in. Width, 36 in. Depth, 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

## The Wickes

### New Constructed No. 230

Is made of solid oak, to last a lifetime—perfectly joined and beautifully finished. The total compartment and door are lined throughout with O.P.M. GLASS, 7/16 in. thick. This exclusive construction gives you *double* the refrigeration from every point of use. Opal glass makes the Wickes a life-long beautiful center.

Your money refunded if the WICKES is not exactly as advertised in your issue. See and use this high grade refrigerator in your issue.

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We prepare the freight from factory to every point East of the Rockies.  
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Free patent on Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

## THE TRAMP'S REDEMPTION

"THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea,"  
Sang the choir in the choir loft,  
And it sounded good to me,  
I had come there foot-sore, weary,  
And my thoughts were ill at ease;  
So I vowed my feet could take me  
In the paths they fain did please.  
At that door I paused a moment,  
Wondering—should I enter there?  
I could see the people kneeling,  
And I heard sweet words of prayer.

Back my mind went, down the pathway  
Of the long-forgotten past—  
To the picture of my mother—  
Oh, those years went by so fast!  
I could see her as she knelt there  
By my little trundle bed;  
I could hear the prayer she uttered—  
That I ever should be led  
In the paths where all temptations  
I could overcome and spurn.  
Mother, if you could have seen me,  
How your anxious heart would burn!

But the Lord an angel sent me—  
She was such a tiny girl;  
I was sitting on a door-step,  
And my brain was all awhirl.  
It was Sunday morn in summer,  
And the church bells I could hear;  
By me went the rich and poorest,  
Till she came—without a fear  
Of my dirt or of my tatters:  
In my face one look she gave,  
Then she took my hand and shook it—  
Such a mite, with heart so brave!  
"Does you want to come with me, man,  
To the church across the way?"  
Sunday School is where I'm going—  
You can hear us sing and pray.  
And they've got a lot of water  
Where they let you wash up clean—  
And they like you—oh, my goodness!  
You just never could be mean."

Down my face the tears had started,  
And I pressed her little hand;  
"Bless your heart, my little lady,  
I will come there if I can."  
While I stood within those portals,  
Wondering should I enter there,  
My eyes found that little maiden,  
With her wealth of golden hair.  
As she turned her head she saw me,  
Then her mother turned to look;  
To their new the usher took me,  
In my hand he placed a book.  
Oh, I wondered! Was I dreaming?  
Would this like all dreams go by?  
My poor heart was almost bursting—  
Now, for better things I'd try.  
Up that choir rose together,  
And they sang right straight to me—  
"There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea!"  
LOTA ELIZABETH SMITH.

## A Missionary Wedding

The Rev. Charles W. Iglehart and Miss Florence S. Allchin were married at Kyoto, Japan, April 6. The groom is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, and a brother of Rev. E. T. Iglehart, of Hiroaki, Japan. The groom is an alumnus of Columbia University, of Drew Theological Seminary, and a post-graduate of the University of Glasgow, Scotland, and was sent to educational work in Tokyo, Japan, under the auspices of the M. E. Missionary Society in 1909. The bride is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. George Allchin, American Board missionaries in Japan. She studied in Simmons College and the Conservatory of Music in Boston and was a teacher of music in Doshisha College, Kyoto. Mr. and Mrs. Iglehart will reside at Sendai, Japan, in charge of the native Methodist Church there. The ministry and foreign mission field desire and are receiving the best the church has in lineage, ability, education and consecration to Christ.

## TO GREATER SERVICE

—Mrs. BESSIE WILLIAMS, wife of the Rev. Bradford Williams, fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday morning, January 22, at the Grange, N. J., Memorial Hospital. Her husband was fifty-two years old and had been actively engaged in mission and evangelistic work with her husband for over ten years. She was perhaps as well known as any worker in the field. When Mr. Williams started the Coney Island meetings she cooperated with him and also helped to inaugurate the Midnight Mission under the auspices of the Brooklyn City Missionary and Tract Society. Hundreds of thousands of working men in the shops all over the East and West have heard her sing and play at the meetings.

UNION SUITS  
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS  
ALL STYLES FOR MEN AND BOYS

Be Comfortable  
This Summer by  
Wearing "Porosknit"

There's cool comfort for every man and boy wise enough to wear "Porosknit" Underwear. "Porosknit" is light and airy—not the kind of lightness which comes from stretching a close-woven garment over the body until it's thin, and clings to you like a glove—but the real lightness which results from knitting a fabric thin and leaving air spaces all over to increase its lightness. "Porosknit" absorbs and evaporates perspiration. That removes one of the big discomforts of summer. "Porosknit" is elastic. It never binds or restrains. It gives absolute freedom of motion. "Porosknit" is made in every underwear style. Whatever kind of garment you want, you can get it in "Porosknit" and enjoy the unique features of "Porosknit" fit and fabric. If you like union suits, you'll be better pleased with "Porosknit" Union Suits than with any others. Thousands wear them because they have found them perfect in every detail. Learn what "Porosknit" summer comfort means. Buy and wear a suit of "Porosknit" today. It is sold in nearly every store. Look for the label when you buy.

For Men  
50c  
Men's Union Suits  
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All Styles  
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TRADE MARK

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FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905

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A BIG SUCCESS  
New Discovery Revolutionizes Old Methods

DAYLIGHT AT NIGHT

The Wonderful Cancheater. Greatest Light. Always. Many times brighter than Electric Light. One candle power of one-fourth lb. candle. No fumes, no noise, no odor, no smoke, no heat, no fire, no danger, no cost. Guaranteed. Pronounced by State of Pennsylvania as most efficient light found. Compared to daylight it is superior to any light.

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On each town and country who are in a position to carry stock for immediate orders. No experience required. Showing money-making. Price within reach of all. Agency does selling, collecting, and perfect territory and a permanent business. Your own locality. Be profitable. Immediate return. To the main headquarters, Ingersoll's General State Agency, Inc., a lifetime opportunity. WRITE AT ONCE. CINCINNATI LIGHT CO., Dept. C.H., 204 North State St., Chicago, U.S.A.

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## Miss Hawley's Parlor

By WILLARD N. JENKINS

"THINK, Sister Hawley, that it is your duty to give Mrs. Hawley a home."

Margaret Hawley looked at the Rev. Ross in a perplexed way.

"But I can't," she said slowly. "I don't have a spare room in the house. I can't send any of my boarders away. I depend on the money to pay the mortgage. And by fall I shall have it all paid."

Mrs. Hawley is a worthy Christian man, went on Mr. Ross firmly. He is left without a home and with means. It would be very hard for me to go to the poorhouse; and she is my stepmother."

"Yes, yes," assented Miss Hawley, "I am very uneasy in her chair."

"And was she kind to you when she came to take your mother's place?"

"Kind? Oh, yes. But after all I don't know as she has any claims on me."

This property was left to me by my uncle, my own mother's brother. When I get the mortgage paid, I shall be able to live in comfort; but I want to be out of debt."

"That is right and proper, sister. I will give your stepmother a home, and I will bless you."

"How can I, when I have no room for her?"

"You have this room."

"This room! Why, this is my parlor!"

Mr. Ross glanced around the room. The window shades were raised only a few inches under the lace curtains; the dim light the minister saw only pictures on the walls, vases on a mantel, and a showy lamp and a few elegantly bound books, including a large family Bible, on the marble-topped table. He knew that Miss Hawley's parlor was a grand apartment in her own estimation. He knew, too, that it was seldom used. The boarders had the use of the large, pleasant sitting-room across the hall.

"Sister Hawley, if the cattle on a thousand hills belong to the Lord, don't you think this parlor is his also?"

Miss Hawley started uncomfortably. "Why, yes, I suppose so. But do you think the Lord wants me to give up this room to my stepmother?"

"I do."

"But she is an invalid. She would need bottles of medicine on the mantel and sunshine streaming in. The carpet would be spoiled. Why, I should have put a bed in here."

"Certainly. It would make a very comfortable room for an invalid."

"I could take the carpet up, I suppose," she said slowly. "But no, I will not. If I invite her here, I'll leave the room just as it is. The carpet might as well be spoiled as the other things."

"The Lord may require this sacrifice of you, Sister Hawley."

"I have been a member of the church, good standing, for more than twenty years," said Miss Hawley coldly. "If it is my duty to give up this room to my stepmother, I can do it."

"And I think you will see that it is your duty," said Mr. Ross, looking at his watch and rising to go.

"I suppose this room belongs to the Lord, as you say," said the lady meditatively, "and being the Lord's, no doubt he wants Mrs. Hawley to occupy it."

"But I will confess that I never looked at the matter in such a way before. Do not think, Brother Ross, that my stepmother will be compelled to go to the poorhouse; she shall come here."

"I was sure she would find a refuge with you," said the good man kindly. "I knew that you would look at the matter as a Christian should."

Miss Hawley bowed stiffly. Although she had listened courteously to her pastor and had been guided by his opinion, she certainly was not in very cheerful mood.

The next day, when Mrs. Hawley was conducted by her stepdaughter into the latter's parlor, she looked about her in amazement.

"Why, Margaret, this is your parlor!" she cried. "And what is that in the corner—a bed?"

"Yes, it's a bed," grimly replied Miss Hawley. "This is to be your room."

"My room! But how can I sleep in it? And how could you give up your parlor to me?"

"I haven't any parlor. Mr. Ross told me that it belonged to the Lord."

"Then Mr. Ross was the cause of my coming here! Oh, I'm sorry! I don't want to use your good things. Why didn't you take the carpet up?"

"Because I didn't want to leave the floor bare. Don't say any more, mother. You'll find that chair comfortable, I think; it cost ten dollars. And you'll eat your supper off of a marble-topped table," finished Miss Hawley, with a curious little gasp, half way between a sob and a laugh.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Hawley, as the door closed behind her stepdaughter. "I don't believe I can stay in this room. I'm afraid Margaret only took me in because she thought people would talk if she didn't. I don't know but I should be happier in the poorhouse."

When Mrs. Hawley was eating her supper that night, she upset a cup of tea, and the hot liquid quickly spread itself over the marble-topped table and dripped down on the carpet. Then she dropped a piece of butter.

"Oh, how careless I am!" she faltered apologetically. "Everything will be spoiled."

"That's just what I expected when I let you into this room," said Miss Hawley in a hard voice.

"But, indeed, I don't want to spoil your things. And if I'd known that you planned to give me this room I wouldn't have come here. I'd rather be in the poorhouse."

"That's a grateful speech!" cried Miss Hawley tartly. "Finish your supper, mother. I can't wait here all night, and I can't run back and forth, either."

"I have to take a great many steps."

"You can take the things now, Margaret. I don't care for any more supper."

Miss Hawley took the tray and started for the door with unnecessary clatter.

"Good night, mother," she said shortly; "I shan't be in again till morning."

"Good-night," replied the old lady sadly. "O Lord, show me what to do," she prayed when she was alone.

A week went by. Miss Hawley continued grim and unrelenting. Mrs. Hawley spent much time in reading her Bible and in prayer. And at last she came to a decision.

"Margaret," she said one day, "I feel that I can't stay here any longer. I'm grateful to you for asking me here—twas kind in you—but this room is too nice to be turned into a sleeping-room. The Lord will be with me wherever I am, and some way I don't dread the poorhouse as I did."

Miss Hawley's face was a study. Anger, pride, shame, were all struggling for the mastery; but her better nature triumphed.

"Mother, forgive me!" she cried. "I have been a wicked woman. This parlor has been a sort of idol to me—I see it now. And, indeed, I think I knew it all the time, but I wouldn't yield. The Lord doesn't want me to have any parlor—at least, until my heart is purified. O mother, forgive me, and I will try to make your life brighter." And then Miss Hawley did what was for her an unprecedented thing; she kissed her stepmother.

"My daughter," faltered the old lady tremulously, "May God bless you."



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One of our great preachers has dwelt pathetically upon the lack of imagination among men. They want a conception of God, but they cannot form it. Thousands of Christians echo the old complaint of Job: "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; . . . how small a whisper do we hear of him."

They pray to a vast cloudiness—a nebulous vision in the sky. To such men, unable to maintain in their minds a strictly spiritual image of Christ, this great preacher commended the words which he taught to his apostles: "He that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward." For the literal mind, only a visible symbol will suffice. It must touch, see, feel, before it can believe; and the righteous man in the community becomes, often unconsciously, the representative of his great Master to such minds.

It was said by one who loved Phillips Brooks, "When I see that man, it is easy to believe in God."

Thousands, without knowing it, have their faith in the Saviour established by watching a godly man. The godly man has "that inward eye" which perceives the hidden things of the Spirit. Many who observe him, having it not, still dumbly feel his higher presence, and by following his example they, too, find their way to heaven. Beware lest thou, having been singled out by some blind, wavering soul to stand in the place of that unseen God whom he cannot apprehend, shouldst lead astray that confiding, bewildered one. This thought should make us all very humble, very prayerful.

Dr. Banks tells a story of Edward VII., when as the Prince of Wales he visited this country. He was being entertained on a great Western ranch, and a fishing excursion was arranged for him on a certain day. A gruff old rancher had promised to provide the bait, but quite late on the evening before the anticipated sport, it had not come. The host sent for the rancher.

"We must have that bait before daylight, Mr. Pratt," he said sternly.

"You'll have it," said the old man. "Didn't Jabez give you his word?"

"But how do I know that he will keep it?"

"Because he is a Pratt. None of the Pratts was ever known to tell a lie."

He tramped off in hot wrath, while the host turned to the Duke of Newcastle, who was standing by, and begged him to excuse the old man's rudeness.

"I don't call him rude," declared the Duke. "Why shouldn't the Pratts be as proud of their honest blood as the Pelham-Clintons?" (This was the family name of the house of Newcastle.)

The man who follows the Master must have this sacred pride. He is a Christian. His Lord's honor—the honor of his whole family on earth—it is the part of every Christian to uphold. He is "an ensample." Let him not forget it.

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, May 21. Texts: 1. Peter 2:11, 12; Phil. 2:15; Matt. 5:16.

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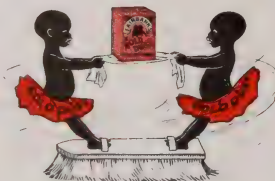






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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

R. E. B., Elm Grove, W. Va. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

It is believed to have been attributing the works of the Holy Spirit (miracles, etc.) to Satanic agency. Such is the view of some of the leading commentators.

J. McL., Hattiesburg, Miss. Why have not the tombs of Jacob and Joseph been opened by excavators? Both were embalmed in Egypt (says the Bible) and are no doubt in the same state of preservation as the Pharaohs.

The tombs of the patriarchs at the present time are under Mohammedan control, and are rigidly guarded against intrusion. To do what you suggest would doubtless be considered profanation. Privileged visitors to Hebron are permitted to view the exteriors of the tombs, but nothing more. Joseph was buried in Shechem.

J. L. E., Connecticut. Is the platter-shaped Japanese coin in the Philadelphia mint the largest coin in the world? 2. Are there more in the United States?

1. The Japanese consul in New York, to whom your question has been referred, thinks that it is. 2. Probably not, as that coin passed out of circulation when the Japanese ports were opened to foreigners.

G. L., Nanticoke, Pa. 1. What is meant by the passage which speaks of our Lord being made perfect through suffering (Heb. 2: 10). 1. I always thought that Jesus Christ was free from any imperfection, and therefore did not need making perfect. 2. Was our Lord's body naturally immortal? In Rom. 8: 3, I read of our Lord being in the likeness of sinful flesh; and if so, was not his body like that of other human beings, liable to mortality? How could his death be voluntary?

1. The better and clearer rendering is "to perfect through suffering," to bring to a glorious consummation, through suffering, to the appointed avenue. Some able scholars render it "to perfect a completed sacrifice." There is no suggestion of imperfection in the ordinary sense. 2. It is true, he was in the likeness of sinful flesh, being "in all things as we are, yet without sin"; but that the sacrifice of his life was a voluntary one, is evident from his own declaration in John 10: 18. Having taken up the great work of the world's redemption, he would carry it through to the end.

S. E. E., Grand View, Ia. Is there foodstuff in China that can be bought in China or at its ports?

At some of the southern Chinese ports there are foodstuffs, but the principal sources of supply, in times of shortage, have been Hong-Kong, Rangoon in Burma, and Singapore.

J. B. R., Decatur. In studying the Bible should we regard it as a unit—a single book—or as a number of independent books?

It is not a single book, but a series of books. The Old Testament, in the phraseology of Jerome, is a library. It is the accumulated sacred literature of the Jewish nation, and its present form is practically as it was when the canon of Hebrew Scripture was determined in Ezra's time. It includes poetic books, dramatic books, history, prophecy, oratory, biography, philosophy, law, theology. The New Testament may in a more accurate sense be regarded as a single book, embracing, in its various parts, the birth, life, mission, death and resurrection of the Saviour, the testimony of his immediate disciples, the organization of his church on earth, the rules of Christian conduct and discipline and the exposition and fulfilment of the prophecy concerning Christ. This silver cord of prophesy pointing to Jesus runs through both the Old Testament and New Testament, and thus the two sections make a complete whole.

M. V. B. P., Salem, Mass. A writer on "Word Studies" in reference to Matt. 26: 29, says: "This fruit of the vine"—suggesting that water had been added to the wine; otherwise the words would have been "This fruit of the tree." Kindly explain how "tree" means or suggests pure wine, and "vine" impure or "watered" wine.

The distinction seems to be too finely drawn. The words were simply the opposition, in a form adapted to the cup, of the phraseology used in verse 16 which referred to the paschal lamb and the bread eaten with it. It was a part of the Passover ceremonial.

W. T. W., Washington, D. C. Regarding the days of creation as eons of time, in the first eon God divided the light from the darkness and called the light day and the darkness night. How could this be with no sun? Three long eons pass and then God made the sun, moon and stars. Must we believe this earth to be alone in the universe for millions of years and then be surrounded by myriads of suns with their probable planets? These questions have long perplexed me.

The story of Creation in Genesis, while it is not to be taken as a categorical scientific record.

Continued on last column

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

ord, makes it clear that all things came into being in their proper order. The Hebrew text might be read in substance thus: "Of old, in former duration, God created the heavens and the earth." The opening verse is regarded by the ablest scholars as a general preface, respecting the origin of all things, and then the narrative is confined almost exclusively to the earth. With regard to the anterior or subsequent creation of other worlds, this account has nothing to do, although their previous existence can be assumed from the narrative. In verse 3, the words "Let there be light" do not mean a creative act at that moment; but rather a command for the diffusion of light. The same remark applies to verse 7, "God made the firmament," which more accurately interpreted, would read "prepared" or "arranged" the firmament, implying that it was already existent, but that up to that stage, the atmosphere had not been completely purified, so that the heavenly bodies might appear.

S. M. Provence, Victoria, Texas, writes: "In the answer to the question concerning the supposed identity of Mary of Bethany and Mary 'Magdalene,' it should be stated that there is not the slightest foundation for the supposition that they were the same. There is no mention ever afterward of the outcast whom Jesus pardoned at a dinner early in his ministry. He immediately dismissed the woman with a warning, and she dropped out of the 'beaten path,' name was never given; Mary of Magdala (so-called as a convenient distinction from the other Marys) was named from the town of Magdala, where she lived. Upon her first appearance in the history she is mentioned along with other women of means and of social standing, and the fact is mentioned that she had been cured of an aggravated case of demoniacal possession. No stain ever attached itself to her name during her life." The wretched legend that grew up about Mary of Bethany was quite as groundless. The late Professor Plummer, of King's College, London, discussed the subject fully in Smith's Bible Dictionary (American Edition, unabridged)."

J. C. G., Westgrove, Pa. Please explain Heb. 6: 4.

It means that it will be impossible for those who have fallen away after being enlightened—having had knowledge of the word of truth, and of the peace that comes from the remission of sins, and of the "heavenly gift" (which in that age was usually combined with miraculous results)—again to renew to the full the same joy they first experienced, or to stand in the same holy relation to Christ in which they once stood. The apostle here warns the Hebrews that complete and useful apostasy will not be forgiven.

P. H., Burnham, N. Y. Please tell me from whom the Philistines were descended, and also the origin of the Gipsies.

The origin of the Philistines is nowhere expressly stated in the Bible; but since the prophets describe them as "the Philistines from Caphtor" (Amos 9: 7), and "the remnant of the maritime district of Caphtor" (Jer. 47: 4), it is probable that they were the "Caphtorim" which came out of Caphtor, and who expelled the Avim from their lands and occupied them (Deut. 2: 23), and that they were the Caphtorim mentioned in the Mosaic genealogical table among the descendants of Mizraim. There is equal authority for believing Caphtor to have been the island of Cyprus, or a land somewhere between Egypt and Ethiopia, or a part of Northern Egypt. Some have claimed that Caphtor and the modern island of Crete are identical; but the best authorities do not agree with this conclusion. The Gipsies are a nomadic race, scattered all over the world, whose origin is unknown. It has been traced to several different sources by various scholars, and they have been called Egyptians, Huns, Bohemians and even the lost ten tribes of Israel. They call their language Romani, but it is probably a dialect of Sanskrit or an intermediate dialect. This language exists in several dialectic forms, but is as true and distinct a language as any in existence. It is now quite generally supposed that this odd people is of Indian or at least Eastern descent.

### Miscellaneous

Mrs. S. E. S., Denver, Col. We know of no such agency.

T. S. W., Mount Airy, Ia. Any one of the three in the Trinity may be addressed in prayer.

L. L., Reynoldsville, Pa. 1. In John 4: 1, 2, it is stated that "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, though he himself baptized not, but his disciples." It is inferred that his own immediate disciples must have been admitted into the company by baptism. Andrew seems to have been baptized by John the Baptist (see John 1: 35, 37, 40). Jesus himself, as some infer, may have baptized some of his earlier disciples, who were then authorized to baptize the others. 2. Those who become leaders in the Lord's work should cultivate as noble as well as secret prayers, the former for the purpose of directing others in devotion.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Types of Middle Class Mexicans

Statue of Hidalgo at San Luis Potosi

A Mexican City Street Scene



Copyright by B. L. Singley

## SOME MEN OF THE HOUR IN MEXICO

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

MEXICO in the crises through which it is passing is going through two tests. One is of the mass of the people. The other is of the public men who are expected to solve the situation.

Most of the Mexican people are kindly enough and well disposed. There are something like fifteen million of them, and with the larger part the Indian blood with the Spanish admixture predominates. They are woefully ignorant compared with the people of our own country, but that is in no way a measure of their capacity for better things. Much has been done for them since General Diaz more than a quarter of a century ago by his iron rule established order and gave protection to peaceful industry. More may be done under the new dispensation, but it will be on the foundation built by President Diaz and the men who have been identified with his rule.

A very brilliant Mexican, Señor Pablo Macedo, in an address some years ago declared that it was impossible for a people to be free where schools do not exist. Schools do exist in Mexico, and a fairly good educational system has been established; but when it is broadened and improved the mass of the people will be in a better position to learn the principles of free government and the self-restraint which distinguishes liberty from license.

While there will be improvement in the schools the lack of educational facilities is not, after all, the cause of the revolutionary movements. There are in fact many causes, some of them of an economic character and some of them of a political nature. Economic reforms will come first, and among these without doubt will be some measures for breaking up the enormous estates, hundreds of miles in extent, which are held by a few individuals. A few years ago a very distinguished Mexican, then holding a diplomatic position, asked me on my return from a visit to Mexico what I thought the most serious drawback to future progress. I unhesitatingly replied, "Land monopoly." "Yes," he said, "that subject has given us much concern. We must find a way to give the people land."

This Mexican was one of a group of influential leaders with whom I had been associated during the Pan-American Conference at Mexico City in 1902. He was a member of what was known as the scientific and literary group. At that time all were very

friendly to General Diaz, although they differed a good deal among themselves; but every one of them had the welfare of Mexico at heart and was studying deeply the measures which would benefit the mass of the people. Señor de la Barra, who after a brilliant diplomatic career was called home to become Minister of Foreign Affairs in the crisis, was one of this group. The majority of them were at that time young men, or men who had not reached middle age. So most of them are still in the meridian of life. All of them are devoted to the independence of Mexico, which was wrested from Spain under the patriot priest Hidalgo and was maintained against European aggression by Juarez.

At the time of the Pan-American Conference there were also some very influential men who were not

identified with the literary and scientific group. One of these was General Bernardo Reyes, who was recently summoned from Paris to take part in the rehabilitation of his country. General Reyes was at that time Minister of War. His career had been full of the romance of patriotism. As a boy of sixteen, he had run away from home and become a soldier in the army of patriots which was fighting the French army that Napoleon III. had sent to Mexico to impose monarchical government on the country and keep Maximilian on the throne, as was desired by the clerical party.

Young Reyes was wounded several times and was conspicuous for his personal bravery. At twenty-six he was a colonel. His military talents gave him various commands, and after the French were driven out he fought the organized bandits and helped to put down revolutions against the government. As military commander he settled an election dispute in the State of Coahuila which threatened to result in a revolution because there were two candidates, each of whom announced that if he were not made Governor, his followers would fight. General Reyes marched his troops into the State capitol, called the defiant leaders together and told them they must compromise on a third man. The two candidates did a great deal of talking, but in the end both withdrew, a compromise was made, and peace prevailed in Coahuila.

President Diaz showed his appreciation of General Reyes from time to time until the latter became Secretary of War after having been Governor of the State of Nuevo Leon. Then a break came because it was claimed General Reyes had ambition to be President himself. He retired from the cabinet and returned to Nuevo Leon as Governor. There was coolness between the President and the Governor of Nuevo Leon, but General Reyes continued to discharge his civil duties. He was Governor, my recollection is, when the great flood occurred at Monterey which was succored by gifts of money, blankets and food from CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

The friction with the administration of President Diaz continued, and the outcome was that General Reyes accepted a military mission to Europe and withdrew from Mexico. He was in Paris when the summons came to return. Much is to be hoped from the exercise of his abilities and from his deep patriotism.



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General Bernardo Reyes



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, D.D.\*



# The Splendor-Slain

TEXT: Rev. 1:17—"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead."

IT IS the confession of a splendor-slain soul. A banished, lonely man stands on a solitary, sea-washed isle. But he is true brother to all "in the tribulation and kingdom and patience which are in Jesus." Thus his physical loneliness is forgotten in the spacious, universal, social consciousness. Fellowship with the eternal—the eternal in man and the eternal in God; love for the Highest, which he has seen garbed in warm-blooded human flesh; in a word, brotherhood and vision have made the Patmos Seer exquisitely sensitive to the melodies and glories of another world. So, Patmos is now neither bleak nor lonely. It is an enchanted island—a splendid jewel set in an ethereal sea—and the whole universe seems intent on stopping at its golden shores.

Why, the white societies of the heavenlies have come to visit John on his sea-girt isle. The martyrs, having put off their blood-dyed garments for robes of pure white, are there. The redeemed, loosed from their sins by the blood of the Lamb, are there. The old, old harpers from before the dawn of time, are there. The snow-clad angels, with woven lightnings for wings and ocean-thundered waves for voices, are there. Heaven's rainbowed throne, flashing in emerald brilliance, and occupied by One "to look upon like a jasper stone and a sardius," is there. Streams of radiance pour down the sides of the universe and meet in one vast, limitless, molten sea of glory.

## The White Thought of Christ

Now, John was able to endure the sight of all—save One. He beheld the redeemed, the harpers, the angels, the martyrs with unblinded eyes. But when he saw the faithful Witness, the First-born of the dead, the Ruler of the kings of the earth, the Golden-girdled, the snow-white head, the fire-flaming eyes, the brass-burnished feet, the many-watered voice, the seven-starred hand, the swordlike mouth, the sun-flashing countenance of the eternal Christ, John exclaims: "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as one dead!"

My subject, then, is "The Splendor-Slain." Let us but have a true vision of our Lord. Then we, too, may be numbered among the royal company of those who fall dead at his feet, only to be lifted by his strong, tender, fearless hands to a height beyond all heights.

Think, first, of the splendor of Christ's white thought. "And his head and his hair were white as white wool, white as snow." Thought, like the rainbow, has many colors. There is philosophic thought, scientific thought, psychologic thought, biographic thought. The great minds have been able to gather one, two, sometimes three, rarely, indeed, four of these thought-colors, making them serviceable to mankind. But as the white reflects all the rays of the spectrum combined, so the splendor of Christ's thought gathers all scattered mental rays into one pearl lustre. Then, with a consciousness deeper than the sea, higher than the stars, wider than the world, longer than the ages, he says calmly, but irresistibly: "I am the truth."

## Great Thoughts of Humanity

Christ is the truth about life's ultimate, final things. One word of his empties a tide of meaning upon all life—"as mine-lamps enkindled a hidden gem." Great, indeed, is our debt to the imperial thinkers. Plato waved his thought-wand, and ideal republics arose in its magic wake. Aristotle was called nature's private secretary. For two centuries his works lay buried amid the rubbish of an old cellar. But thought refuses to be entombed, and at last—a kind of third day in the intellectual kingdom—the immortal Greek rose again from the dark and the damp. What a mind Moses must have had to have recorded the Ten Words of the old law! Inspired by God Moses unquestionably was. But is it not something regal, something unique, to have possessed a brain capable of catching the thought-waves, engraving the breath of the Almighty upon its delicate tablets? Michael Angelo carried Saint Peter's tucked away in his brain-cells long, long before the magnificent cathedral soared up to the sky

in its clothing of stone and marble, its interior studded with gold and precious gems. Voltaire is responsible for the story that the apple, in falling, struck Newton's head. This ancient object of Eve's undoing hit Newton so hard and made him so angry that he forthwith determined to find out what made that apple fall. O precious, luscious, golden fruit! It must have fallen from the Tree of Life which blooms in the Garden of God! For, in questing his way through the realms of thought, Newton discovered the law of gravity and taught men that

The world was built in order,  
And the atoms march in tune.

So we give thanks for these, and all true, great thinkers, living and dead. They have done their best, they have done well, they have done all that men could do. And they are nothing less than beams raying forth the Light of Life. Yonder sun shoots out myriad millions of rays. No insect, no leaf, no flower, no sprig of grass, no buried root, no thrilling bird, no beast, no human but may claim its beam. Yet is it not good to know that back of countless silver beams there is one central sun; that behind every ounce of energy, every blush of beauty, every throb of life, in our world and all the worlds of our solar system, stands that unifying, exhaustless fountain of heat and fire named the sun? So the Sun of Righteousness shines in the realm of pure thought. His is the sun-mind, and all other thinkers are thought-beams. True, the beams have too often forgotten their source. In their brief, winged brilliance they have scandalously denied their parent sun. But the Sun still floods their minds with light as he keeps on his untroubled way through the heavens of thought. "There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world."

Light is light which radiates,  
Blood is blood which circulates,  
(Thought is thought which permeates),  
Life is life which generates,  
And many-seeming life is one.

## Christ Supreme in Thought

He, and he alone, hath worn God's spotless thought-splendor through these aching human years. Once, and once only, in the history of our kind, has thought's many-colored beams melted into "the supersolar blaze." Once, and once only, has a snow-white head domed a brain that passed its thinking into the crystal radiance of perfect truth. Life, death, character, joy, sorrow, sin, salvation, destiny, heaven—in all this higher mental pioneering, Christ is solitary, unapproachable, absolutely supreme! Therefore, not to Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Moses, nor Angelo, nor Newton, nor to any of their kingly brethren, though the highest, holiest thinkers of the race, do we bow as we kiss the hem of thought's seamless garment. No! We look upon him who was pierced, the enthroned Thinker of the universe. We behold his head and his hair, white as white wool, white as snow. Then do we fall at his feet as one dead, stilled in the depth of his fathomless thought, grateful, loving brothers in the goodly company of the splendor-slain!

Think, also, of the splendor of Christ's burning vision. "And his eyes were as a flame of fire." Heaven's measure of a man is vision power. When intellect reaches its highest, it invariably breaks into the flame of vision. There are atmospheres of being so warm that in them the cold feet of intellect melt like wax in the July sun. Then doth the seraph of vision catch up the fainting soul and guide it on through the pilgrim realms of spirit. In vision hour, we see "the truths that never can be proved." Thus, it is no mere paradox to say that the intellectually unproved may be the spiritually ascertained. Of course, no visionless mind has ever been, or can be, a harmonious mind—a mind in which all the powers act concertedly and completely. Now, it is because of the perfectly harmonious working of Christ's mental faculties, unclogged by the dirt of sin, unstained by the red of guilt, unchilled by the blasts of impurity, that the light of clear-splendored vision shone so luminously in "His eyes, which were as a flame of fire."

Not by way of comparison—for comparisons are never so odious as setting men alongside the Christ—but for the sake of appreciating His own infinite

superiority, let us think, for a moment, of the lords of vision. Blind old Homer was the nightingale that warbled through the long nights of history's vanished dawns. Blind he was and poor, but Homer's dead eyes blazed with an inner, diamond light—the light of vision. What Homer was to Greece, Vergil was to Italy. But let us not forget that the Aeneid waited for fifteen long centuries for a publisher. 'Tis indeed touching and sublime to see Tennyson, in his old age, wrapped in his softly murmuring, singing robes, going back, as in his boyhood, to the sweet, fresh song-fountains of Vergil, in whom "all the charms of all the Muses often flowered in a lonely word." Vergil's songs are at times so fine and high as to burst into rosy, golden vision. At a later time, Dante, by the light of vision, dugged new cellars under hell and trod new floors over heaven. Perhaps the mind of Raphael housed the most nimble, the most ideally beautiful imagination ever given to mortal man. He Hellenized the Hebraic universe, replacing those stern old personages with ideal figures which thrill with "love's loveliest rapture."

## The Vision of Christ

And yet, compared with Christ's vision power, even the lords and kings of vision in every sphere are pathetically poor. Hugo said that Shakespeare's rhythm is so vast that it staggers. But Christ's rhythm is so vast, and so steady, clean and high in its vastness, that it walks straight on to the last marge of the world, and then unweariedly climbs the sacred, happy hills of God. The best the lords of vision can do is to set their toy boats afloat upon a painted ocean. But the Lord of the years and the spheres, the Pilot of heaven's depths, puts his white eternal ships of vision out on the tumbling oceans of reality, and they all come sailing home at last to drop anchor in love's crystal seas. Too often, alas! the seers behold only phantasmal dreams. But Christ is the Master imperial and universal—the artist in white flesh and red blood, the transformer of matter-clogged spirit into high and glorious human character. What vision that could enshrine the ages: "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven!"

Consider, moreover, the splendor of Christ's perfect service. "And his feet like unto burnished brass, as if it had been refined in a furnace." Why, his holy feet walked the pathway of human and divine service so gloriously as to leave a brass-burnished refinement glowing upon all spheres of service. Are you a pilgrim toiler on the road of sorrow, poverty, heartache, defeat, ingratitude, sin? Then, hear me, my friends: your roads intersect at the crossways which meet in the large place of God's heart, opened wide by him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Verily, Christ's service is the key, the interpretation to the service rendered by the universe itself. An old psalmist sang: "All things are thy servants." Thus, every object in the universe is a letter in the alphabet of service. Stars and suns, oceans and rivers, mountains and plains, trees and flowers, atoms and electrons, birds and beasts, men and women—all are servants, bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

## The Symphony of Service

But oh, how shadowy, how meaningless, how tongueless they were for millions of ages! Then, in the fulness of time, Christ came and gave these silent letters voice, pronouncing the word service in tones of flesh and blood, until they echoed around the world and thundered on and up behind the towering hills of stars! Henceforth nations and planets shall beat time to the ageless, spheric symphony of service played out, amid tears and blood and triumph and immortal glory, by the Lamb that was slain from before the foundation of the world, by the Conqueror from Edom with crimsoned garments from Bozra, glorious in his apparel, marching in the greatness of his strength down "the ringing grooves of change," until he brings a white-robed humanity winging, singing home at last!

Christ has forever vitalized the idea of service by revealing that nothing is foreign to God which is essential to man. He only chops off the rotten bark

Continued on next page

\* Pastor Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## The Splendor-Slain

Continued from preceding page

at the living blooms may put forth the ever-growing human tree. And is the very simplicity of his conception which almost smites us blind by sky-born beauty. Professor Peary reminds us that "the prophets estled with the waves of social agion; Jesus walked upon them. The ference was not so much one of sol intention as of social horizon. The work of a reformer is for his own age; at of a revealer for all ages." Let then, have something of the maj-y and sweep of our Revealer's hori-. Carlyle used to tell of an experi-ence he had at Weimar. In a garden saurant, seated under a May-tree in ll bloom, he saw Schiller and Goethe inking coffee together. Slipping a aler into the waiter's hand, Carlyle is allowed to put on a white apron d wait upon those two kingdom-aking men. What fun and honor e great Scotchman must have had! t you and I, my brethren, treading e brass-burnished path of service azed out by our Master, not waiting on Goethes and Schillers, it may be, t serving Christ's little ones, shall ve a joy that swells the souls of ints, a peace that snows softly down on the robes of angels, as we take r place in the high society of the lender-slain!

Consider, finally, the splendor of rist's many-toned authority. "And s voice as the sound of many waters." is a noble metaphor, surely, and andly suggestive of our sober, gloous, Christian truth. Roll the volne of a thousand Niagaras into one armonious tune of liquid thunder, en let every ripple in their foam-ite, dashing, crashing, falling wa- be touched into a rainbow, and ature will paint you a picture of the ean-like power and manifold diver-y of Christ's authority. Why, his uthority is in all, over all, and above l. He is the one God, the one Man, r souls can afford to follow through e ever-widening kingdoms of the irtual.

How we need to en throne his uthority in every walk of life to-day! When a earth, he did not "lute and fute antastic tenderness." How firm, how rong, how sovereign the manhood at looked and lived and breathed ough him! With more than womly tenderness, he yet incarnated a ugged masculinity that sent ancient ods of wrong, though fair as classic ngels, toppling and shivering down rom their stained pedestals. He azed upon distress with eyes all sumer; but upon petrified hypocrisy he urned a wintry, killing glance that rose with icelike gloom and doom. His and was velveted with tenderness to ripe away the publican's tears; but it ras gloved with steel to smite the harisist's self-righteousness. Against ll forms of injustice his indignation urned at white heat, as when billows f crackling flame roll across the wind-weet plains. Nor was he orb'd in nreal isolation—He was heaven's big-centred, morning-souled warrior that ode at the head of the human battle. hus, the light of his full-orbed nature rrikes upon the immortal soul like awn upon the hills of earth. Gnarled eep in his oaken truth are "the wresting thews that throw the world." When we obey him—

Then comes the staller Eden back to men;  
Then reigns the world's great bridal, chaste  
and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

Let us, then, like John, join the shin-  
ing ranks of the splendor-slain, hear-  
ing him say: "Fear not; I am the first  
and the last, and the Living One; and  
was dead, and behold, I am alive for-  
evermore." Then shall we answer:  
"O Love! how red thy heart is, and  
by hands are full of roses!"

## One Man in a Million

By EUGENE THWING

GR EAT movements for the reform of national or social evils often lag and fail of success even when public sentiment is well-nigh unani-mous in their favor. Work for the uplift of humanity, for the betterment of civic conditions, for the advancement of righteousness in business and public life makes too slow progress in spite of much preach-ing and praying. Why?

We are surely agreed concerning many things that ought to be done. World peace is something we all long for; honesty in legislation and in the administration of city, State, and national affairs is a condition we all desire, earnestly, though almost without hope. Justice, peace, and co-operation between capital and labor seem to all of us so needful and so sure to result in good for both sides that we wonder they seem at the same time so impossible to attain. Emancipation of the men and the homes of this country from the liquor traffic is a vital, imperative thing, but still far from achievement; and the gain in one place seems almost to be offset by the loss in another. Why do these and other great needs of humanity and of the State cry out so long unsatisfied?

SOMEWHERE, at this moment, *one man or one woman* is quietly read-ing these words. The answer to the question must be found, in part, with him or with her. Never mind *how many* men and women may be reading this page, the question must be answered, if at all, by *one*—definitely, positively, finally.

A mighty engine drives an ocean liner across the deep, or causes a heavy train to go rushing over three thousand miles of track. It never would have moved an inch if the propelling force had not *begun* with a *single ounce* of steam in the boiler. If every drop of water had remained cold, waiting for every other drop to turn to steam first and do the work, there never would have been power in that boiler.

Power in a multitude of citizens must begin with the *individual initia-tive and action* of one citizen. There is no habit and no hope of original action in the multitude. That is why needs universally recognized often are not met; reforms widely desired are not brought to pass. Everybody waits for everybody else, and the multitude does not act.

A million men and women may earnestly believe in and long for a thing, but it will never be gained until *one man* in the million makes up his mind that he is going to devote time and strength to get that thing whether any one else does so or not.

We have too much the habit of considering the great works of right-eousness and humanity from a point of observation rather than from a point of contact and a place of active personal participation.

Martin Luther was the one man in a million in the cause of religious freedom. The history of religious advancement, of science, of art, of education, of government, has been made, not by the multitude which has followed, but by the *individuals* of initiative, creative force and determina-tion who have led.

WE ADMIRE our great men and set them on a pedestal for the crowd to behold; but why keep them apart as a race of giants by them-selves? Why not reach out and take them by the hand, as it were, and claim brotherhood? There are giant deeds in this country to-day waiting for the "one man in a million." He need not stop to remark that every other man in the million may do the same as he. It is true; but he must not wait for them. In his own relationship to the work and to his God who gave him the power to do his share, he is the *one man*, and the only man, whose responsibility and opportunity concern him.

"Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world," said Archimedes. "Give me a chance; give me money; give me influence with the govern-ment; give me this, that, or the other thing," says many a man to-day, "and I will put a stop to this wrong, or establish that right; I will move the world." Goethe changed the postulate of Archimedes into a precept—a ringing challenge: "Make good thy standing-place, and move the world!" With your heart full of a passion for service, and your arteries charged with good red blood for action, go forth, bold and courageous, into a fight that will cost time and strength and sacrifice. Do not expect to accom-plish anything worth while without paying the price; but what is life good for without its real adventures in unselfish service for the common weal? It may be that your adventures, solitary at first, will bring you great joy in accomplishment, and the acclaim of the multitude whose welfare you advance. In any event you may be sure of that word at the end which will be the most precious of all rewards, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

### Watched It Grow with the Years

I cannot now write a good hand, for I have arrived at an age when the keepers of the house tremble, and it is time, for I am about seventy. I like your paper much, and you are doing a great work. I remem-ber your first issue—a little seven by nine paper, filled to the brim with good reading—and I frequently bought a copy. Little did I think then that in time it would grow and become in after years a great power for good. I hope that the paper and its influ-ence for good will continue to grow until its influence becomes world-wide.  
Kenneth, Me. GEORGE B. LITTLEFIELD.

### A Cordial Letter from Texas

I am sending in my renewal. I did not intend to neglect this so long. I cannot think of doing without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. There are so many things in it that are helpful to me. I am only a Sunday School teacher down here in the "Lone Star" State, but I love to read the Sunday School lessons and "Young People's Soci-eties." "Comfort Corner" is helpful as I am the mother of five girls and one boy, ranging from one and a half years to four-teen. I say, God bless the Children's Home, Dr. Klopsh's most beloved work.  
Merkel, Texas. MRS. L. A.

## CAPTAIN ABNER'S OPINION

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GIVE me the Bible, Jennie, the good old Book for me;  
The one I've loved and leaned upon in storms on land and sea.  
It's been a pillow for my head in many a sleep-less night,  
It's been a heaven-guiding star to give me cheer and light.  
Don't bring that new revision, I'm not in need of change,  
The music is not quite the same if chord and key are strange.  
I like the dear old-fashioned words I learned at mother's knee.  
Bring me the Bible, Jennie, the good old Book for me.

Our parson in the pulpit explains the meanings well;  
To him the slightly altered phrase is like a silver bell.  
To me a change is out of tune; it does not sound so sweet.  
You ken I'm watching daily for the Master's coming feet.  
I'm listening should He call me, I long His knock to hear;  
If for me He has a message, I want it plain and clear.  
I'm not a scholar, Jennie, I'm only what you see,  
And the Bible I have always had is the best of books for me.

I sailed the ocean, Jennie, when I was but a lad;  
Sea-faring men get close to God when tempests rave like mad.  
In the darkness of wild weather the sky was overcast,  
But I trod the deck in safety and came to port at last.  
When the Master was on earth, dear, He seemed to like the sea,  
And once He hushed a driving storm on the Lake of Galilee;  
When I was but a little chap I mind I used to look  
At a picture mother had of Him, 'twas in her dear old Book.

At the wedding and the funeral, when'er the heart is full,  
It craves the thing it understands, old mem-ories tug and pull.  
To just an average man like me there comes a sense of loss,  
A feeling that of land profane might touch the Crown and Cross;  
That from the East the Star might fade, the Manger disappear,  
The Virgin Mother and the Child grow dimmer year by year,  
If one by one the miracles were all explained away  
In the scientific brightness of our glaring mod-ern day.

What I'm afraid of, Jennie, is the tiny enter-ing wedge;  
The field is bare to every one if a gap be in the hedge.  
I like my Bible as it is, a well of water sweet,  
Where thirsty souls may rest themselves, and drink, and sun and heat.  
The minister may need it, but we common folk can wait  
To find our new revision when we reach the pearly gate.  
I want it as it is, my dear, its pith and poetry;  
Bring me my Bible, Jennie, the good old Book for me.

## Anvil Sparks

..TRUE love never wears out in service.

..You cannot climb down from high ideals upon a ladder.

..A HEART full of cheer makes a face full of sunshine.

..WALKING is always more tiresome when you carry a heavy heart.

..WITH a heart full of love you will never be able to develop a grouch.

..WHEN you lend a helping hand, don't make the interest rate too high.

..ONE lie uncorrected is enough to brand a man, but one truth is not enough to make one truthful.

..A GOOD name is "rather to be chosen than great riches"; but it requires something more than merely making a preference.

## Rev. Dr. Burrell Honored

—THE CONGREGATION of the Marble Collegiat Church in New York gave a reception recently in the parlors of the church to celebrate the completion of the twentieth year of Dr. David James Burrell's service as minister of that church. Dr. Burrell is a preacher whose sermons are constantly being printed for the benefit of those who cannot hear him in his own church. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers frequently find his sermons in this paper.



# THE ORIGIN OF "PEACE DAY"

**T**WELVE years ago, on the afternoon of May 18, a group of one hundred men from twenty-two nations gathered in the Orange Hall of Queen Wilhelmina's little palace, "The House in the Woods," at The Hague. It was a skeptical and uninspired group. In response to the rescript of the Czar of Russia, which had fallen amongst the startled nations like a bolt from the blue, these statesmen had come, bringing cynicism or indifference, and expecting nothing more than some slight perfunctory action. They had counted without some of their number, however; for amongst those skeptics were two men whose larger vision could see beyond the horizon to a warless future when, as Tennyson said,

The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

These men were Julian, Lord Pauncefoot, Great Britain's ambassador at Washington, and Andrew D. White, the United States minister to Berlin. With a few supporters these men threw into all the work of the conference their optimism and energy. Innumerable social functions brought the strangers together and established that basis of good will which made possible the results which were finally accomplished. The greatest of these was the declaration of "war against war" by the establishment of The Hague Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration, for the housing of which Andrew Carnegie is providing a building at a cost of a million and a half dollars.

Many nations have already availed themselves of this International Court. Here Great Britain and Russia peaceably settled the differences that arose from the Russian fleet's firing upon English fishing craft off the Dogger Banks in the North Sea. A provision of that conference made it possible for Theodore Roosevelt to call the representatives of Russia and Japan to that meeting at Kittery Navy Yard whose outcome was the treaty that ended our most bloody modern war.



"The House in the Woods," Where the First Peace Conference Was Held

The second Hague Conference has been held, in the meantime, and still further steps toward world-wide organization were made. All the indications point to the realization of the great laureate's prophetic vision in these conferences. It is not now an impossible step to the enforcement of the decisions of the Hague Tribunal by an International Executive Commission, and all the world has risen to acclaim the proposal of Sir Edward Grey that the rival armies and navies of the world shall become its police

force for the regulation of its commerce and the enforcement of law and order.

The United States and the British Empire are looking forward to the celebration of the completion of a century of peace between them; and if the wisdom of President Taft, Sir Edward Grey and Sir Thomas Vesey Strong, the Lord Mayor of London, can but prevail, that celebration will serve to mark the opening of that era in which, as we are one in language and descent,

we shall be one in aim—the prevention of the crime of war.

This is the age of the power of organization. Men have learned to operate; and in all the activities of our lives the might of this rapidly developing force is making itself manifest. In the business of the governments the world, in the handling of the various business interests of our nation, agriculture, in manufacture, and, above all, in the advancement of the cause of righteousness and truth throughout the world, co-operation is the new, conquering slogan.

We are living in one of the great moments of history, when God flings forth his mind and makes his purpose clear. A "war against war" is the most inspiring battle cry the world has ever heard. After two thousand years the angels' song of "peace on earth, good will to men," has become the peacemakers' cry of the thinking world. The situation should be met and handled squarely.

All who desire the uplift of humanity, the onward march of the human race to larger, higher destinies, should think it their unquestioned duty to volunteer and contribute their quota of personal effort toward the divinely edict, "Live peaceably one with another." The situation should be met largely with personal interest.

The founders of the World Peace Foundation declare that success lies less in conventions and publications than along the avenues of education and in the effort of teachers and ministers, and fathers and mothers.

"Jerusalem was destroyed because the children's hearts were never fixed; is an old saying of the Talmud; but such accusation could be brought against the United States of America. The hope and pride of America have ever been the little red schoolhouse. But what of to-morrow? Better citizens—better men and women—this is the cry of America to her children only through education to the gospel, "peace on earth, toward men of good will" shall we attain our petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

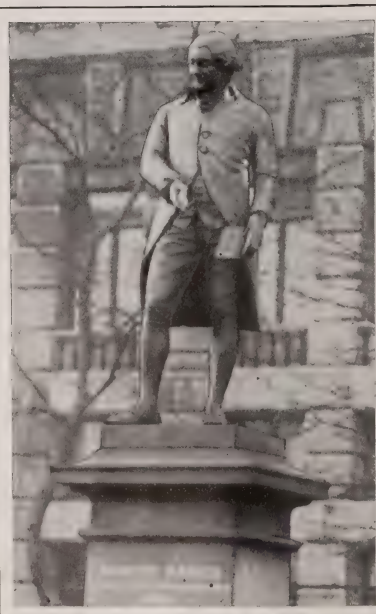
## Robert Raikes: The Founder of Sunday Schools

**T**HE recent world-wide commemoration of the centenary of the death of Robert Raikes has united Sunday School scholars and teachers all over the globe. They have combined to honor a great name, which is in no danger of ever passing into oblivion. The son of a printer who had successfully founded the Gloucester Journal, Robert Raikes was born at Gloucester, England, on September 14, 1735, and on his father's death succeeded him in the management of the Journal and the printing business attached to it.

During the early Georgian era no provision for the moral welfare of the children of the poor was made, beyond the extreme severity of the penal laws, which were supposed to be sufficient agents for the extinction of violence and crime. Upon this dark moral outlook the compassionate heart of Robert Raikes gazed with extreme sympathy. The condition of the children oppressed him, while his observation led him, even before the advent of John Howard, to mark the abuses of the prevailing prison system, with its troops of juvenile offenders. The neglect of any spiritual training for the outcast children stirred him into action. He opened his first Sunday School in July, 1780, and, after the early struggles, its success was tremendous.

Sunday Schools in imitation of his rose all over England; within the short space of six years it was estimated that two hundred thousand children were being drawn from the darkest ignorance and neglect. At Christmas, 1787, the disinterested love of Raikes for his fellow-creatures reached the royal ears, and he was summoned to Queen Charlotte's presence and assured of the royal support in his future undertakings.

The Sunday School Union, the development of these private efforts, was founded in 1803, and its first teachers received a salary, an arrangement long since swept away by devoted gratuitous service all over the world. Robert Raikes, who had retired from business in 1802, and lived on a pension from



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The Statue in Kensington Gardens, London, England, Erected in Memory of Robert Raikes

the Gloucester Journal, continued his ceaseless efforts for the instruction of the poor until the year 1811, when, on April 5, he died, and was buried in the Church of St. Mary le Crypt, in London, England.

### The White Rose Trail

**S**HE was getting old and feeble, and her hair was silver gray;  
She had rocked the old red cradle many times  
Younger day.  
For her children well she builded; some had earned  
Both fame and name;  
But the grand Fifth Avenue mansion and the cottage  
Weren't the same.  
In the cottage near the hillside she had lived her life  
Indeed;  
In the brown soil of her garden she could plant the  
Homely seed.  
Now she views the old sun-bonnet with a tired air  
Homesick air,  
For John says she "mustn't wear it"; he's a modest  
Millionaire.  
But one morn she left the mansion; ere the shadow  
Day reached its close  
She was sleeping in the cottage, and a single sweet  
White rose.  
In that chamber had expanded. Mother's gone, as  
Now John knows  
That God plucked a star and laid it in the white  
Heart of the rose.

NELLIE LOUISE ROWE.

### A Famous Visitor

—ADMIRAL TOGO, the naval hero of the Russo-Japanese War, has accepted the invitation of the United States Government to be the nation's guest in July. He will then be returning Japan from his mission as a member of the special embassy to the coronation of King George V., in London.



# THE WRECK AT MARTIN'S CREEK

A TRAGIC end overtook a light-hearted excursion party which started from Utica, Syracuse and Waterville, N. Y., for Washington on April 29 when a special train carrying one hundred and sixty-nine school teachers and their friends and relatives was derailed and dashed down a forty-foot embankment at Martin's Ferry, N. J. The train left Utica on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and when it reached Stroudsburg, Pa., a Pennsylvania Railroad crew took charge of it and was to have run it through to Philadelphia. It was traveling at fifty miles an hour when at 2.45 o'clock, in making a curve where men had been repairing the tracks, there was a sudden crash and the excursionists in each car were thrown together in a heap. The locomotive jumped the track, carrying four cars with it.

Hardly had the train come to a stop at the foot of the embankment before fire started and spread so rapidly that some of the imprisoned passengers were burned to death. As the train left the track it side-swiped and broke a tank of oil which ran over the wreckage and added to the fury of the flames. The fire started at both ends of the train, hot coals from the firebox of the engine starting the fire at that end and flames from the stoves in the dining car starting the destruction at the rear.

Men and women who were on the train say the scene that followed the accident is beyond their powers of description. Willing hands began the work of rescue as soon as they were able, and had it not been for the heroic efforts of the men and women, some of whom were cut and bleeding from their own wounds, the loss of life would have been appalling. Uncon-

House Which Was Turned into a Hospital at the Scene of the Wreck



Wrecking Crews at Work Removing the Debris at Martin's Creek

scious forms were pinioned beneath the wreckage with the flames leaping toward them, when the less seriously injured, at great risk to their own lives, plunged into the debris, worked the unconscious victims loose, and carried them beyond reach of the flames.

Doctors were called from Easton, Pa., and every town within a radius of ten miles, and twenty minutes after the accident there were a score of physicians on the ground. They did everything possible to relieve the injured, and made them ready for the trip to the Easton Hospital. Every farmhouse in the vicinity was quickly transformed into an improvised hospital, and farmers' wagons were pressed into service as ambulances. Many of the injured remained at the farm houses where they were first sheltered and at Martin's Creek Hotel.

When the more seriously injured reached Easton, ambulances and motor cars were on hand to get them to the hospital with all possible speed. The sisters and nurses at the institution had prepared for their coming, and as soon as they arrived made them as comfortable as possible.

Eleven persons lost their lives, and it is believed that three or four others are fatally injured as the result of this terrible wreck. Many of those who worked so heroically in the rescue of their comrades were themselves badly cut and burned. Those who first reached the unfortunate ones have been highly commended by the doctors and by the friends and relatives of the injured. The physicians have stated that had it not been for the ministrations of Miss Anna Souders and Mr. and Mrs. David Hillyard many of the injuries would have been much worse.

## AN ANTI-DYNASTIC REVOLT IN CHINA

DISCONTENT with the present ruling dynasty in China took concrete form in open revolt on April 30. There has been a gathering at Canton lately of those opposed to the Manchu dynasty. A few days ago several hundred arrived from Hongkong. The plot to overturn the government was betrayed, and the leaders of the movement urged the viceroy's bodyguard to join forces and kill the Manchus. This the bodyguard refused to do, with the result that when the attack was made upon the official residence of the viceroy the revolutionists were routed. Later, however, they returned to the attack, and succeeded in burning the viceregal palace and compelling the viceroy to take refuge on a gunboat.

Wu Sum, a Chinese who was educated in Japan and has adopted the dress of Western countries, is the leader of the revolt against the Manchu dynasty. The brigand chief Luk of Shuntak is at the head of a horde of outlaws whose object is robbery, accomplished by killing. Following the standards of these two men are anarchist groups, to whose purpose the outbreak lends itself most advantageously. Rebellion, brigandage, and anarchy are stalking through the western half of Kwang-Tung Province, and the rebels are murdering, pillaging, and burning. Loyal troops are fighting desperately to crush the uprising, the seriousness of which was not at first fully realized.

The insurrection which began at Canton spread rapidly through the countryside. Under pressure of the loyal troops the rebels were compelled to withdraw to a great extent from Canton, and have devastated the country to the west along the West River. Before falling back they fought the troops from street to street, many persons being killed. They attacked the provincial arsenal and, being repulsed, gathered in an immense rice store, which they baricaded with bags of rice. From the building they threw bombs into the attacking troops and were only dislodged when the building was set on fire. Many of the rebels escaped, but thirty or more died in the flames, while others killed themselves to avoid capture. While the fighting was progressing in the streets Chinese gunboats patrolling the West River fired into several parties of rebels, slaughtering 200 of them. Retreating to the countryside, the revolutionaries attacked and captured Sam-Shui, thirty miles west of Canton, and murdered the prefect. The troops were put to flight and the rebels moved on to Wen-Chow and Woo-Chow, both of which towns they took after slight resistance. Luk's brigands, following in their wake, looted the shops of the three towns. One hundred revolutionaries attacked Fat-Shan on Sunday and succeeded in burning part of the town before they were repulsed.

British and German warships which were nearest

to the seat of the insurrection were immediately hurried up the Canton River to give protection to the missionaries and other foreigners who were reported to be in grave danger. As soon as the American warships arrived they joined those of the other nations in sending bluejackets ashore to preserve order and protect the property of the foreign population. Though this outbreak is in no way directly aimed at the missionaries or other Europeans or Americans, they may still suffer from the general lawlessness of the times. Their residences are apt to offer considerable temptation to the bandits, who compose a large proportion of the revolutionary force.

The belief that Christian missionaries are not in especial danger on account of the revolt in Kwang-Tung has been expressed by the Rev. William E. Strong, editorial secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The American Board maintains two mission stations in south China, one at Canton and the other at Hongkong, with several out-stations to the southwest of Canton, a little to the south of the territory where

the revolt is in progress. The station at Canton is in charge of the Rev. Charles A. Nelson. With him are the Rev. Obad Johnson, Miss Edna Lowry, and Miss Ruth Mulliken. Mr. Nelson is a graduate of Oberlin College. His home address is Providence, Ill. His wife, who was Miss Jeannette May Elmore of Liberty, N. J., is with him. Mr. Johnson's home is at Lanyo, Webster County, Ia. There are mission stations at Woo-Chow, the scene of fighting and pillage.

In that part of the Province of Kwang-Tung which lies west of the longitude of Hongkong, but not including the Island of Hainan, there are thirteen mission stations at which American missionaries are resident. At some of these stations there are British or German missionaries also, and other stations in addition to the thirteen are occupied only by British or German missionaries.

Canton is by far the strongest station, no fewer than ten American organizations being represented there. The other twelve stations are Fat-Shan, Kong-Mun, Lien-Chow, Lo-tung-Chow, Macao, Pak-Hoi, Shek-Lung, Shiu-Shing, Suilam, Tak-Hing, Yeou-Kong, and Ying-Tak. The American societies having the most missionaries, given in the order of the strength of their mission forces, are as follows: Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church (headquarters at New York City); Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (Richmond, Va.); Foreign Missionary Society of the United Brethren in Christ (Dayton, O.); Canton Christian College, interdenominational (New York City); Seventh Day Adventist Mission Board (Washington, D. C.), and American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Congregational (Boston, Mass.). The total number of American missionaries at work in the region is 145—66 men (ordained and unordained); 45 wives, and 34 single women.

### General Notes

—AT THE DINNER of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York on April 27, President Taft, talking on the annexation of Canada, declared it "all bosh" and "a platform joke." This ought to put a quietus on the absurd talk in which not a few newspapers have indulged in discussing reciprocity.

—THAT OUTSPOKEN Briton, Mr. W. T. Stead, whose utterances have a momentum that is sometimes uncomfortable, has lately been discussing the hitherto indifferent attitude of the British churches toward peace. It seems that although the Lord Mayor of London suggested the formation of a National Peace Committee by the churches of the whole country, only a few responded. This attitude Mr. Stead stoutly condemns, and urges the Established Church to rouse itself to the present opportunity, when the whole nation is expecting every branch of the Church to co-operate in the general peace movement.



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A Scene Along the Water Front at Canton, China





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## Organize for World Peace

**I**N OBEDIENCE to a widespread and urgent request, **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** has undertaken the work of organizing Peace Circles throughout the country. It invites the most cordial co-operation on the part of its readers in this great work for Christianity and humanity. All other questions are overshadowed by this one dominating topic—how to bring about world peace and thus, under divine blessing, advance the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace. A few days ago our third National Peace Congress met in Baltimore with delegates from many lands in attendance. It was formally opened by the President of the United States. It is especially fitting, therefore, that the present time should be chosen in which to begin a national peace movement on popular yet simple and practical lines, in order that the principles of the movement may be thoroughly understood and that peace-lovers everywhere in this land may be organized for effective service in this great and sacred cause. Readers and their friends who will undertake the organization of Peace Circles in their neighborhoods will receive all necessary information on sending full name and address to "PEACE CIRCLE DEPARTMENT, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City."

## The Sacred Ark of the Jews

**A**LTHOUGH this is an age of surprising discoveries in Oriental lands, it would be remarkable indeed beyond all precedent if the story, which comes from Jerusalem of the discovery and removal of the Ark of the Covenant by a party of English archaeologists, should prove to be true. For many ages the hiding-place of the Ark has been an unsolved mystery. There is a Jewish tradition that its whereabouts would not be revealed until the final restoration of the ancient people. According to the report referred to, the explorers in extending their excavations, followed an old underground passage beneath the Mosque of Omar, where the Ark, the Censer and other sacred vessels are said to have been found. It is added that the Mohammedans in Jerusalem are greatly exercised over what they regard as a profanation of the mosque. We should prefer to await authoritative corroboration of the "find" before crediting the story, as the discovery may prove to exist only in the Moslem imagination. If indeed it should be true, it will be of an importance sufficient to dwarf all other discoveries in recent years. The sacred Ark of the Jews, known as the "Ark of the Covenant," the "Ark of God" and the "Ark of the Law," was of oblong shape, made of shittim (acacia) wood and covered on all sides with pure gold. Over the top stood the golden figures of two cherubim. In it are believed to have been deposited the pot of manna and the rod of Aaron, the tables of the Law and possibly other sacred relics. When the temple was plundered and demolished by the Babylonians, it was generally believed that the Ark was carried away or destroyed; but the Hebrews themselves asserted that it was securely hidden by their own leaders and would remain unrevealed until the coming of the Messiah.

## How They Welcomed the Foodship

**A**S ONE reads the letters of the missionaries and their co-laborers describing the arrival in China of the relief ship *Buford* with her life-saving cargo, the scenes are impressed upon the mind in a way not soon to be forgotten. After days and weeks of waiting she came like a great blessing from over the seas. With her she brought glorious weather of brilliant sunshine, dispelling the storms and rains that had been continuous for many days. America's generous gift filled forty railroad cars and was quickly apportioned among the needy districts. That gift to which the readers of **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** so largely contributed is now feeding 160,000 famine sufferers. It is true that the flour will only suffice to satisfy a portion of the vast need; but we pray that God in his infinite goodness may bless it and multiply it to the saving of many precious lives. **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** is thankful to have been the channel of this blessed benevolence

and to have shared in any way with the splendid effort made by its generous readers in China's behalf at this trying time.

## A Gigantic Experiment

**C**HANCELLOR LLOYD GEORGE'S scheme of insurance against physical disability and unemployment, which is just now being considered in the English Commons, is a gigantic one. It provides for a three-fold source of contribution, viz.: the wage-earner, the employer and the State. Over 14,000,000 persons are affected by the proposed legislation. Among its features are the establishment of a chain of sanatoria for consumption, the more liberal payment of doctors and the support of sick workers. Those who are responsible for their own financial and physical misfortunes and invite incapacity will receive medical treatment but no insurance. Every worker whose wages aggregate \$800 yearly would be compulsorily insured so that during illness he would receive \$1.20 weekly while incapacitated. No payments would be made where the insured was idle through a strike or a lockout. The weekly assessment would be about eight cents for a man and six for a woman. The Chancellor estimated that the entire plan would cost about \$35,000,000 for the first year and \$100,000,000 the second year, the State's contribution being one-third. Should it pass, it must be ranked as one of the most remarkable legislative experiments in the history of the world.

## Anger and Fear Destroy the Brain

**S**CIENCE is sounding a warning which is quite in keeping with Paul's exhortation to "put off all these: anger, wrath, malice," and his statement that "fear hath torment." Dr. George Crile, Professor of Clinical Surgery at the Western Reserve University, described before the American Philosophical Society the other day the effect of fear and anger on the brain. He showed that the mind is greatly impaired and the brain cells disintegrated through fear or anger. Dr. Crile presented also his theory for a remedy. He said:

It has occurred to me to utilize as an antidote for fear and worry an appeal to the same great law to which the origin of fear is due, namely, the law of self-preservation. I have found that if an intelligent patient suffering from fear is made to see, so plainly as to amount to a firm conviction, that his brain, and indeed his whole being, was physically damaged by fear, this same instinct of self-preservation will, in proportion to his conviction, banish worry and fear. It is hurling a threatened active, militant danger, whose ravages are both certain and known, against an uncertain, perhaps a fancied one. In other words, fear itself is an injury which, when recognized, is instinctively avoided. In a precisely similar manner anger may be softened or banished by an appeal to the stronger instinct of fear of physical damage, such as the physical injury of brain cells. This play of one primitive instinct against another is to be compared with the effect upon two men quarreling, when a more powerful enemy of both comes threateningly on the scene.

Dr. Crile's scientific researches in the realm of the emotions seem to be incomplete. It is strange that he should demonstrate so thoroughly the emotional poisons, and miss completely the real antidote which has been known and urged for nineteen centuries. There is only one perfect antidote for anger and fear, and that is love. It is impossible to be angry with one we love. It is impossible to dread the future when the love which brings complete trust in God's wisdom and goodness fills the heart. As Paul says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

## The Spirit of Maine

**B**ANGOR has shown the true American spirit. Though swept by fire until little was left of its business section but a line of smoking ruins, it rises indomitable and begins at once the heroic task of building a new and better city than the old. Before the smoke had cleared, the plans were under way, and it was bravely decided, too, that the work of reconstruction should be done by Bangor men and money; not to satisfy a false pride, but simply to show to the country that the famous town can "take care of its own." After all, we cannot help liking the old-fashioned spirit of independence of these sturdy

men of Maine. So with the sons of Massachusetts when Boston was burned and with the independent Illinois men when Chicago had her historic continental blaze, and the courageous Californians when San Francisco's conflagration lit up the western sea-gate after the awful earthquake. It is the American spirit, unconquerable, and smiling at disaster, which rises superior to passing adversities that might easily overwhelm weaker natures. Next to faith in God, faith in ourselves is essential to all human progress, and the people of Bangor have shown, in their present visitation, that they possess both. May blessing and prosperity follow their fiery trial.

## The Chinese Outbreak

**C**HINA, land of famines, is also a land of revolutions. In Kwangtung province, far south of the famine provinces of Anhui and Kiangsu, a formidable rebellion has broken out against the constituted authorities. Beginning at Canton, it has spread rapidly throughout the country-side. Led by an educated Chinese named Wu Sun, it is not an anti-foreign rising, but a revolt against the ruling Manchu dynasty. Fortunately the cable reports that the missionaries are not in any especial danger. Warships are rushing from Hongkong and other ports for their protection. Meanwhile, the missionaries, though protected, need the prayers of their friends at home that they may be brought safely through this new peril and that their work may not sustain any serious setback. Thus far, foreigners have escaped harm. There are several foreign warships, American, British, German and Portuguese, which may be relied upon in the present emergency.

## THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

—THE DISPATCHES which had been received from Mexico up to May 5 told of the continuation of the revolution and held out but slight hope of immediate peace. Although the peace negotiations are still in progress, their success seems very doubtful. Senor Madero insists on the immediate announcement of General Diaz's resignation as the chief means of promoting a settlement. Even during the armistice which followed the fighting at Agua Prieta, during which the town of Douglas, Ariz., was under fire, a number of engagements took place. Ojinaga was attacked and fresh outbreaks took place in Zacatecas and at Torreón, Durango City, Puebla and Vera Cruz. In only three of the thirty-four States and Territories is there peace at the present time. These are two of the southern States and the Federal District about the City of Mexico. Yet even here there is great discontent. The capital is practically in a state of siege. Train-loads of foreigners have already started for the coast, and those who are left are organizing a sort of police force for their own protection. The insurgents have been reported within ten miles of the national palace, and have captured Cuernavaca, which is a famous mountain health resort seventy-four miles from the City of Mexico. The whole country is in a turbulent state; all industry and commerce are suspended; neither life nor property is safe. The general unsettled spirit and the extreme views made public every day have affected the Congress, and much of the recent legislation is of an extravagant and puerile kind. General Reyes sailed from Europe on May 3, and will doubtless yet reach home in time to be of great assistance to his people.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Bangor's Furious Burning

NEXT to the Portland conflagration, the fire in Bangor, Sunday night, April 30, was the most destructive that the State of Maine ever had. The fire began, it is said, with a lighted cigarette thrown by a poker player into a pile of hay in Bacon & Robinson's coal sheds about five o'clock Sunday afternoon, and, swept by a fierce wind, it consumed the buildings of one third of the city. The burnt district extends from the junction of the Kennebec stream and the Penobscot River to Broadway Park, and on the other side from Main and Centre Streets to Grove Street, which includes forty city blocks. This cleared out about all of the business section, and cut wickedly into the residential neighborhoods. The miracle is that there was so little loss of life; as it was, two precious lives were sacrificed. Embers fell on John L. Scribner and he immediately became a living torch, and with screams rushed toward a burning building, whose wall fell upon him and crushed him. A falling brick struck George Abbott on the head and killed him. Every public building except the Court House went down before the flames. Seven churches were in the path of ruin. The property loss is from three to five millions, and several thousand of the people were rendered homeless and destitute. The people outside of the burnt districts opened their houses to those who had been made homeless, and even then there was not room for them, and many had to camp in the streets, where there was not a little suffering. Had it not been for a heavy rainstorm and the shifting of the wind at eight o'clock Monday morning, the disaster would have been still more horrible. The self-reliance of the city is superbly voiced in this message from the Mayor: "Bangor will get its breath and courage, and then we will go right at building again. We are going to find out first how many there are in the city who are without homes, and then we will begin to clean up and open the streets. I have received offers of help from Boston, Portland and other cities, but I believe that we are going to be able to take care of our unfortunate ones without their aid. We shall not accept any aid until we find out that it is absolutely necessary." The spirit of the city, expressed by its head, was an illustration of Yankee enterprise gratifying to the nation, and reminds us of the emergency call which Nehemiah made to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem after the city had been devastated and the gates burnt with fire:

Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire: come and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem. (Neh. 2: 17.)

### Unsubstantial Homes

Mrs. Robert Grau has written a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which contains this description of a wonderful people: "There is a colony of people in New Orleans, called the Batture folks. They get their name because they live on the Batture, a land deposited by the waters which continually wash up sand and earth from the great river toward the Algiers side, and is constantly being enlarged. It costs nothing to the people who dwell there, as the land is not really land in the true sense of the word. At certain seasons the river rises, and there is no land left; this season lasts for several weeks, or perhaps months. The Batture people build their cozy homes with bottoms like a boat; when the water rises, the houses rest on the water, and when it subsides, they settle back on an elevation of wood (attached to the houses) upon the earth again. The people take advantage at that time to plant their gardens of vegetables (not a few have very beautiful flower gardens); and they are not disturbed again until everything has matured and been harvested. They send their children to the public schools; they have no rent or taxes to pay, and thus they live happily and respectably, enjoying the finest bounties of nature that God can give." These homes that seem so unsubstantial are types of the instability of earthly estates. The green fields and cot-

ton fields and orchards are held by deed for a few seasons, until the sheriff or the undertaker shall come and evict them, thus reminding us of earth's mutabilities:

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. (Heb. 13: 14.)

### Immigration of Dutch Farmers

Many of the Dutch have quit taking Holland and are now taking parts of our Northwest. About every steamer of the Holland-American Line reaching New York from Rotterdam is bringing from three hundred to four hundred farmers—sturdy weather-bronzed men with wives and children dressed in quaint Dutch costumes—for North Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin. The steamer *Noordam* brought three hundred of these thrifty yeomen of the Netherlands last week. The places of the farmers who went from our Northwest to Canada are being rapidly occupied by this robust stock from the dykes, canals and meadows of Holland. The land of Holland is more and more falling into the hands of the rich, and less and less are the opportunities for the intelligent, industrious and ambitious middle classes in the agricultural districts. Rents are so high that the tenants cannot more than make a bare living, and the farm hands have great difficulty in making both ends meet. The immigrants on the *Noordam* were a happy lot. There was no

folks. Those homes that have never had any children, or which, having had them, have lost them, should adopt some boy or girl, or boys and girls, in the interest of humanity and in the interest of the development and happiness of the home into which the dear little ones have been taken. There is the risk, to be sure, of bad blood, of corrupt lineage on one or both sides; but good education and a religious environment will provide against many of these perils, and will contribute immeasurably to the happiness of humanity and the promotion of the kingdom of God. The adoption of spiritual waifs by the heart of the infinite Father, through the mission of Christ, is thus referred to:

To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. (Gal. 4: 5.)

### Companion of the Birds

The Governor of Virginia asked the people of the Old Dominion to observe May 4, the birthday of John James Audubon, as Bird Day. New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Louisiana, in all of which States the naturalist had his home, and, in fact, all of the States of the commonwealth, could have joined heartily in such a request and celebration. This son of a French admiral was born in New Orleans. He was a genuine artist. As many such men have done, he blundered at one kind of business after another and failed, declined the life of a naval

officer which his father had marked out for him, and went to the woods in his passionate love of nature and kept the company of the birds, which he preferred to that of people. He is the father of bird knowledge in this country, and it is likely will be the best authority on birds for centuries to come. He was a true artist and he painted the feathered creatures in the comeliness of their form and in the exquisite beauty of their plumage. When mice made a nest in the box containing the drawings representing years of search and toil and cut them into lint, he went to bed sick, and two days after he arose, went back to the forest, where he remained three years, reproduced his specimens, greatly increased their number, and turned his calamity into a blessing.

At the last he lived in New York City and his body rests in Trinity Cemetery, while the birds sing and the children play in the public park named after him. Audubon's love for the birds and his fidelity to them with pen and brush gave him a place among the great naturalists of the world. His mastery of the feathered songsters is in obedience to the Divine command to the race through its head:

Have dominion over the fowl of the air. (Gen. 1: 28.)

### America and Japan Friendly

At the dinner of the American Asiatic Society in New York City recently, Ambassador Uchida made an address in which he ridiculed the folly of the war talk between his and our country. Noticing the stars of the American flag and the sun on his own flag, he remarked "that the sun and the stars had never quarreled in their courses. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and one star differs from another star in glory; but, gentlemen, there is room in the ample gulfs of the sky, there is room in the spacious purposes of history for the glory of all." With his Oriental imagination he was expressing the thought that there was an abundance of room in the Pacific Ocean for both Japan and America. The area of the Pacific is 55,000,000 square miles. It would take all the earth of the globe to cover it nicely, so that those who think because we have possessions in the Pacific that we are cooped up in a pond with Japan, where competitions will make war inevitable, are forgetting how wide and long the Pacific Ocean is, and that there is ample room in it for all the navies of commerce in the world. Uchida illustrated his thought by a quotation from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. International friendliness which he suggested in obedience to the harmony of the stars recalls the question asked a long time ago:

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? (Job 38: 31.)



A Section of the Ruins of Bangor, Me., After the Great Fire

evidence of race suicide, as in several instances eight, ten and twelve children gathered in cheerfulness about proud parents. The men averaged nearly \$1,000 apiece in ready cash; some had their household goods, and a few in their innocence brought their out-of-date farming implements; but they all knew where they were going and what they were going for, and they will make a good contribution to our composite national life. We have had rather more than our share of weak, shiftless and criminal immigration in recent years, and it is with satisfaction and hope that we hail such newcomers as these Dutch, with their thrift, industry and integrity. Since the days of the Exodus men have moved from place to place to improve their condition. The happy, hopeful spirit of the Dutch immigrants on their way to their new home reminds us of that of Moses in his invitation to Hobab:

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. (Num. 10: 29.)

### Carload of Babies

The proportion of the babies to older people in certain parts of Texas is so small that those regions are calling upon certain cities of the East to supply the deficiency. The request of the cities from the United Charities Association of the East is that carloads of babies be sent; they must be Americans and in good condition. The association at Fort Worth, Texas, sent an urgent order to New York for a shipment of babies between the ages of two months and three years. A carload of sixty-six New York babies had passed through Fort Worth on their way to Houston, where homes had already been found for them. The plea to let a few of them remain at Fort Worth was not granted, but a carload of their own will arrive from New York in the near future. This is as it should be. No community or civilization is complete without the little



# International Peace Drawing Near\*

**D**R. MOFFAT, the celebrated South African missionary, tells a humorous story of a shepherd who had been converted by reading the New Testament. He had been very wayward, but the teachings of Jesus had made him quite a new boy. One day he came to Dr. Moffat in much distress, telling him that their big watchdog had got hold of the book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat comforted him by saying it was no matter, for he could get another Testament.

But the boy was not at all comforted. "Think of the dog," he said. Dr. Moffat laughed, and said, "If your dog can crunch an ox-bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper." Dr. Moffat supposed that the boy thought that the paper would hurt the dog's teeth, but that was not it. "Oh, Papa Moffat," he cried, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy, I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart, and began to love everything and forgave all my enemies, and now the dog, the great, big hunting-dog, has got the blessed Book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers, and let them help themselves to the sheep and the oxen."

Not only the New Testament but the Old, as we see in to-day's lesson, teaches peaceableness, not alone among individuals but also among nations. We still need these lessons, however, for in the very last Christmas season, when our cherubic children were celebrating the 1910th anniversary of the angel song of "peace on earth," the new 13½-inch cannon of the British dreadnought battleships, that cost \$1,000 a shot, were driving Germany to the manufacture of 14-inch man-killers. Even Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the foremost foreign commonwealths of the world, morally and socially, were being drawn into the "big navy" craze, which has also cast its spell over the United States. However, President Taft has this year made a peace proposal, which we shall presently discuss, that the British Foreign Secretary describes as "more momentous than any statesman in his position [that is, as the chief executive of any great nation] has ventured to say before."

## The Need of Peace Teachings

But first let us see what the Bible teaches about international peace. Before we study the Divine promise of peace in Micah, let us glance at some earlier Scriptures. The very first page of the Bible is a mighty peace lesson, for it teaches human brotherhood. "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" The very first murder is another peace lesson, showing the moral ugliness of every Cain who kills his brother, whether by retail or wholesale. Many godly men were warriors in the early ages when law was weak, and the conceptions of human rights were dim; and the individual and the nation must often fight in self-defense. Godly men even fought wars of conquest. But God plainly showed his general disapproval of war when he withheld from David as a man of blood the privilege of building the temple, and turned the honor over to his son Solomon (I Chron. 28: 3). One of the brightest visions of the prophets was of a coming day when, through the influence of the Christ upon individual convictions and social customs, the nations should "not learn war any more." Hosea (2: 18) prophesies, speaking in God's name: "I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and I will make them to lie down safely." Isaiah (2: 4), as well as Micah, prophesies, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

And now we come to Micah's yet unfulfilled picture of world peace in the lesson for to-day, which was uttered in Jerusalem, 710 B.C.

"He shall judge between many peoples and shall reprove strong nations." There are some premillennarians who see in the opening words of this lesson a picture of a literal uplifting of Mount Zion "above all other mountains," for a rallying point at "the coming of God's own King to rule in Zion over all nations." And we are told that it is through such a coming of Christ to a visible throne in Jerusalem, "not through great peace conferences," that international peace is to be secured (see Torrey's *Gist of the Lesson*). But the general view of Christian scholars is that this is a picture of the ultimate triumph of Christ's teachings, when such a world court as is already developing at The Hague shall "judge among many peoples, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every one under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The remaining

## Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts

verses of the lesson but repeat the promise of a United States of the World over which Christ shall reign in the recognition of his laws as the rule of international as well as personal relations.

Let us hasten to see whether there has been any approach to the fulfillment of the Bible promises that love and law should take the place of war. It is not an accident that the first world parliament for judging between nations and promoting peace followed the great Reformation—the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, when the many nations involved met, and the smaller nations unitedly curbed the power of Austria in the interest of a proper "balance of power," such as would prevent any one nation lordling it, as Rome had done, over all the others. Of like significance were the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, which curbed the power of France; and the treaties of Reichen-

Conference in 1898. Many laughed, and even continued to sneer when the court had met and made some important additions to international law in the interest of peace. But when the United States actually submitted a case to The Hague Court, it was clear to men of vision that the world had reached at last the beginning of the end of international war. The second Hague Conference still further mitigated the customs of war. (See condensation of its action in Crafts's *Internationalism*, p. 32).

Another force that has been working for peace side by side with these treaties of the "concert of Europe" at the end of wars, has been the increasing use of arbitration by disputing nations, as a substitute for war. In a hundred years from the time Washington inaugurated international arbitration, there were two hundred such peaceful settlements of national disputes that might in earlier ages have led to war; and not one award was rejected, though there was no power to enforce it save that invisible force, second only to the omnipotence of God, the power of international public sentiment. If ever we should need more material force we have it in reserve in "diplomatic isolation," the withdrawal of ambassadors and consuls by all nations favoring arbitration, with consequent destruction of the offending nation's commerce. No international army or navy will ever be needed save against savage and half civilized peoples, such as might appropriately be constituted on a small scale if the Panama Canal were neutralized, to protect it against the insurrectionary Spanish-Americans.

## World Peace in Sight

American school children studying history, and too much inclined to miss the victories of peace, all should be made aware that one of the greatest acts of history has just occurred in their own land in the following declaration by President Taft, on March 22, 1910, in a speech before the National Arbitration and Peace League:

"I HAVE NOTICED EXCEPTIONS IN OUR ARBITRATION TREATIES AS TO REFERENCE OF QUESTIONS OF NATIONAL HONOR TO COURTS OF ARBITRATION. PERSONALLY, I DO NOT SEE ANY MORE REASON WHY MATTERS OF NATIONAL HONOR SHOULD NOT BE REFERRED TO A COURT OF ARBITRATION THAN MATTERS OF PROPERTY OR MATTERS OF NATIONAL PROPRIETORSHIP."

The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, declared in the British Parliament that, in his judgment, a statement of this kind made by a man of Mr. Taft's position should not go without response, and added: "We should be delighted to receive such a proposal. I should feel it something so far-reaching in its consequence that it required not only the signature of both governments, but the deliberately decided sanction of Parliament. That I believe would be obtained. The great nations of the earth are in bondage, increasing bondage, and it is not impossible that in some of the future years they will discover, as individuals have discovered, that the law is a better remedy than force, and that, in all the time they have been in bondage, the prison door has been locked on the inside."

These words of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey have been endorsed by a great chorus of approval throughout the British Empire and the United States, and the enactment seems assured of such a treaty, first between the two English-speaking nations and soon afterwards by many nations, followed later by a general law of compulsory arbitration. The shrewd capitalists of Europe have concluded "that the public funds and investments of powerless Holland and Sweden (any day at the mercy of their big neighbors) are from 10 to 20 per cent. safer than those of the greatest Power of continental Europe." Here is a subtle recognition that big armies and navies invite and provoke war. Nearly all the sophistries of militarism can be exposed by applying them to individuals. Long ago even learned the folly of every man going about loaded with arms and armor, when they could settle their quarrels in open court and reserve their energies for useful work. Disarmament of nations is required by similar economic considerations, and when the chief powers agree to substitute law for war it is equally practicable. This is being seen alike by churches and chambers of commerce and labor unions, and the years of our Lord 1910 and 1911 are moving swifter than any before to the goal of peace, led on by great statesmen, and peace societies new and old, which are stronger and more active than ever before.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has this week inaugurated the formation of Peace Circles throughout the entire United States. All readers and their friends who desire to be represented in this great movement should write for fuller information to the Peace Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



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Statue Erected in Washington to Commemorate the Consummation of Peace Between Russia and Japan

bach, 1813, of Paris, 1814, and of Vienna, 1815, for the purpose of curbing Napoleon and undoing his work; and the treaty of London, 1827, against Turkey, in behalf of Greece; and the treaty of Paris, 1856, and of Berlin, 1878, both aiming to curb Russia. The school histories are many of them greatly at fault in giving such prominence to the wars of Europe that our boys and girls miss the supreme fact that after the greatest wars had wasted wealth and life, the great powers, Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, regularly convened what was really an intermittent court of nations, and decided just how much, if any, of conquered territory the conqueror should retain. The battle of Leipsic, where five nations fought, four of those named above against France, is called "the Battle of the Nations," but every boy and girl should know that such a title belongs most of all to that supreme battle of diplomats in Bismarck's office, when he sat as umpire, and with Lord Salisbury and Disraeli took from Gortchakoff, as the representative of Russia, about all the Balkan territory that country had won by rivers of blood. Strange that after such international courts, known as "the concert of Europe," had become the European habit, the nations did not have sense enough to assemble the court before fighting rather than after.

This logic, perhaps, prompted Nicholas II., the Emperor of Russia, to summon the first Hague

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for May 28, 28, 1911. Universal Peace. Micah 4:1-8. GOLDEN TEXT: "Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Micah 4:3.



# How they Welcomed the "Buford"

Joy in Chin-kiang Over the Foodship's Cargo, Which Now Is Sustaining 160,000 Famine Sufferers

OUR American Consul-General at Shanghai, Amos P. Wilder, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an official account of the arrival and distribution of the cargo of the relief troopship *Buford*, which gives many interesting details. He writes:

"The officers of the *Buford* told me that the voyage to the Orient was through rough seas; but there was harmony on board between the army and marine representatives, and the embassy was a success in all ways. On arrival at Woosung, the *Buford* was met by Deputy Consul-General J. K. Davis of this office, a son of a Nanking missionary, and who speaks Chinese. Dr. J. C. Ferguson, chairman of the Relief Committee, one of the active men of China, adviser to high Chinese officials, owner of the *Shanghai Times*, was there to greet the ship, as were Chinese officials. The Legation at Peking had co-operated in urging Chinese and railway officials to have perfected preparation for prompt handling of the cargo, and delivery was made at Chin-kiang of a third of the cargo to go to northern Kiangsu province; and the balance at Pukow (directly opposite Nanking) to reach the larger district of northern Anhui province.

This last distribution is largely in the hands of Messrs. E. C. Lobenstine, Morris and Cochrane, Yale and Princeton men, of great sense as well as goodness. The great work done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in this and previous famines has made the name of your paper familiar to the Chinese generally.

"Your idea of setting apart colonies of orphans and training them up is statesmanlike. I have one of your boys, taken from Mr. Malone's orphanage in Nanking, now in a school in Shanghai. If among your thousands of boys you should develop one leader who could help China out of her difficulties, or even put one of these provinces of 40,000,000 people in the way of progressive and efficient government, the investment would perhaps equal Mr. Carnegie's in far-reaching usefulness. I have long thought that a fund might well be set aside for the advanced and complete training of individual boys and girls who show unusual powers and promise. In nearly every school there is some one pupil who the teachers agree is beyond his fellows in natural equipment. If there could be the assurance of encouragement and support of these occasional 'stars,' not all would meet the expectation, but here and there would be one of unfolding power. The history of nations is that of individuals, of type-men; and while education for the mass is good, it is a wise system that builds up those specially endowed.

"The Shanghai Famine Committee has received about 125,000 gold in cash. A large amount has come from America otherwise placed.

"Again congratulating you on the great work your journal is doing for humanity—how far-reaching the service in kindling many virtues and in binding together diverse races, you cannot realize at home—I am very truly yours,

"AMOS P. WILDER."

Owing to the sickness of Rev. J. B. Webster, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, the duty of superintending the unloading of the *Buford's* cargo of flour devolved upon Mr. Walker, the Chairman of the Committee. He writes us of date April 7:

Before daylight on March 21, we were on the hook, and just as light was breaking in the East, we could see the grey bows of the big vessel, and in a short time she swung past the Silver



Some of the Officials Who Aided in the Distribution of the *Buford's* Cargo

Top Row, left to right: Agent Smith, U. S. A.; Mr. Chen, representing Taotai of Shanghai; J. C. Ferguson; Mr. Ying, representing Governor of Anhui Province; Mr. Kiang, Resident Director of the Famine Fund; Taotai Tseng, graduate of Yale, representing Nanking Viceroy; Mr. Gray, Viceroy's pilot; Col. Goodman, U. S. A.; Shen Tun-ho, Chinese Chairman of Famine Committee; Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. J. C. Ferguson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Corbman. Lower Row: Mr. Donald, of the New York Herald; Jessie Houghton.

Island and dropped anchor in midstream. Soon we were alongside and had the pleasure of welcoming the good ship once more to Chin-kiang. What a joy it was to see the stately vessel and to find some old friends on board! All was stir and bustle. The Standard Oil Company kindly placed their launch at our disposal, and visitors and friends had an opportunity of inspecting the ship with her precious cargo. Soon our augmented band of workers were hard at it, superintending unloading into the six Chinese junks alongside, and by seven o'clock in the evening 16,000 bags of flour were allocated to their destinations.

It had been decided to discharge the balance of the *Buford's* cargo at Nanking, fifty miles further up river, and next morning unloading began there close to the Pukow wharf. China has wisely begun to lay railways in various parts of the empire, and the expeditious way this food for starving millions was carried up into the interior must have, even to the most conservative Chinese, contrasted strangely with the old means of transit. To see that long line of forty special cars, each with its designation—FAMINE RELIEF—painted in conspicuous white letters, was an imposing sight indeed; and if it brought strength and encouragement to us who were facing this calamity from the outside, what must it have meant to those poor creatures in the interior, who were living on roots or grass?

A remarkable feature of our operations was the good weather we enjoyed. For weeks it had been raining, but from start to finish of our work we were favored by dry weather. We have the warmest appreciation of the courtesy and consideration shown by Captain Creary and the officers and crew of the *Buford*; and it is greatly owing to their co-operation that the work of transportation was so satisfactorily accomplished. We would also voice the feeling of gratitude felt by every missionary engaged in this humane work, for the magnanimous generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in aiding stricken China in this her hour of direst need.

Chairman J. C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Relief Committee writes of date April 10:

I boarded the *Buford* when she arrived at Woosung, and took along with me several members of our Committee, including Mr. Shen Tun-ho, the Chinese chairman. We gave them as cordial a reception as possible. The Viceroy at Nanking sent Taotai S. T. Tseng, a graduate of Yale University, who accompanied the party of American Commercial Commissioners visiting China last autumn. The Governor of Anhui also sent a representative and so did Consul-General Wilder; so that, all in all, it made an impressive showing. I went with the *Buford* to Chin-kiang, where she discharged 16,000 fifty-pound sacks of flour during the day. She left for Nanking during the night,

and was alongside the wharf at Pukow, opposite Nanking, at daylight on Saturday, April 1. She discharged cargo all day on Saturday, and we loaded sixteen cars, which were sent off into the famine district Sunday night, where they were unloaded during the night into boats, and by Monday noon all were on their way to our centres of distribution. No cargo was worked on Sunday, but the discharging was finished on Monday. Every honor possible was shown to the ship by the Chinese authorities. The ship discharged at Nanking the following: 23,404 sacks flour, 20 sacks sweepings of flour; 433 sacks wheat; 5 sacks rolled oats; 58 sacks potatoes; 42 cases condensed milk; 15 cases pilot bread.

This is to be distributed by Mr. Lobenstine and his associates at the following places: Mengchen, 60 per cent.; Koyang, 25 per cent.; Pochow, 25 per cent. Along with this wheat, we shipped 3,000 piculs of beanmeal, which will be distributed at the same time, and will not only make the flour go further, but will provide a food more easily suitable to the needs of the people.

At the present time, there are depending upon our Committee in northern Anhui the following numbers: Mengchen, 150,000 persons; Koyang, 75,000 persons; Pochow, 75,000 persons.

We plan to distribute seven or eight pounds per capita, which will be sufficient food for fifteen days. Our committee is following this distribution of flour by another of beanmeal, *kaoliang*, which can be used not only for food, but for planting purposes.

In northern Kiangsu, 400 tons of flour (16,000 sacks) were distributed as follows: Pichow, 120 tons; Suining, 120 tons; Suchien, 80 tons; Huochowfu, 55 tons; Tsingkiangpu, 25 tons. Along with this was distributed 2,000 piculs of beanmeal, and this was divided among about 160,000 persons.

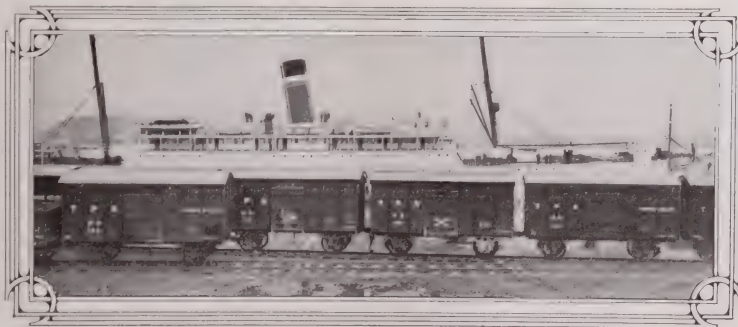
Our committee appreciates greatly what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have done. It is marvelous that your paper has been able to elicit so large an interest in this famine, which has followed so rapidly upon that of four years ago.

Missionary Wade D. Bostick writes from Pochow under date March 17, that for two months there has been a great deal of snow, hail and rain. The suffering and loss of life during that time have been beyond conception. Hungry and almost naked sufferers are to be seen in the streets, while wandering over the country are hundreds of thousands of destitute. Little children are sold for anywhere from five cents to fifty cents apiece or simply abandoned. The cities are full of beggars. Every day the dead are picked up on the highways. Mr. Bostick at this writing had 200 destitute men working for him, at between three and four cents a day, such allowance being sufficient to buy food for two persons or even three. Many have had their feet frozen in the bitter weather and are unable to walk. Shallow graves are dug for the dead, which are easily scratched up by stray dogs. The Famine Committee in his district are trying to help about one-third of the destitute and they have the cordial co-operation of the local officials and gentry. Sweet potatoes, leaves, weeds and tree bark, with an occasional handful of grain thrown in, constituted the food of many in North Kiangsu this winter.

Among the contributions received for the Relief Fund by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently was a sum of \$200 contributed by the citizens of Sparta, Ill., and forwarded through Mr. James Alexander, treasurer of the First National Bank of Sparta.

Mr. James Tanis of Paterson, N. J., on May 3 sent another notable contribution of \$240.30 to the China Famine Fund. This sum, collected through the Sabbath School Bode from Sunday Schools and societies of the Christian Reformed Church in America, brings the contributions from that source up to the remarkable total of \$5,001.21.

The German Methodist congregation, Klemme, Ia., recently sent \$56, and the Germantown, Ia., congregation \$87, a total of \$143 raised for China relief by the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies in these congregations.



Train of Forty Carloads of American Flour from the *Buford* Starting for the Interior



# Peace Advocates at Baltimore

**S**URROUNDED by a group of distinguished men, which included Andrew Carnegie, Secretary of War Dickinson, Hamilton Holt of New York, Dr. J. A. Macdonald of Toronto, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, and a large number of well known clergymen of all denominations, President Taft opened the Third National Peace Congress on May 3 at Baltimore. This gathering was held under the auspices of all the leading societies in America devoted to the settlement of international disputes by other means than resort to war. The Lyric Theatre, where the sessions were held, was packed by an enthusiastic audience at the opening meeting, and all the sessions of the Congress were well attended. The audiences seemed deeply interested and by their hearty applause endorsed the sentiments of the speakers. In his opening speech the President said in part:

The State Department at Washington has no more important or absorbing duty than to lend its good offices to the twenty republics of this hemisphere to prevent their various differences from leading to war. And not to go back of this administration there have been four instances in which the action of our State Department, taken in connection with some of the influential countries of South America, has absolutely prevented war, which twenty or thirty years ago would certainly have ensued.

The recurrence of war is not now as frequent between stable and powerful governments maintaining law and order within their respective borders as it is in those governments which do not exercise complete control over their people, and in which revolutions and insurrections break out, not only to the injury and danger of the people and their property and of the government itself but to the disturbance of all the world in their neighborhood. It is with reference to disturbance of this kind that the United States and the other great republics of this hemisphere must exercise their kindly and peaceful influence as much as possible.

One of the difficulties that the United States finds is the natural suspicion that the countries engaged have of the motives which the United States has in tendering its good offices. Assuagement of good faith helps but little where the suspicion is real, and yet I like to avail myself of an opportunity in such presence as this to assert that there is not in the whole length and breadth of the United States among its people any desire for territorial aggrandizement and that its people as a whole wish to permit its government, if it would, to take any steps in respect to foreign peoples looking to a forcible extension of our political power.

An arbitration treaty between two great nations of the world would be a very important step in securing the peace of the world. I don't claim any patent for new discovery in that suggestion, because I have no doubt that it has often been made before. If such an arbitration treaty can be concluded I have no doubt that an important step will have been taken, but it will not bring an end of war. It is a step only; and we must not defeat our purposes by enlarging the expectation of the world as to what is to happen and by then disappointing it.

We must realize that we are dealing with a world that is fallible and full of weakness, with somewhat of wickedness in it, and that reforms that are worth having are brought about little by little and not by one blow. I think that we are likely to make more progress if we express our hope with moderation and realize the difficulties that are to be overcome than if we proclaim that we have opened the gate of eternal peace with one key and within one year.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was introduced as "the Dreadnought of peace," spoke just after the President. He said in part:

In his opening

I rise with diffidence to address the members of our various peace societies here assembled in the presence of the great peace compelling ruler, the bearer of the message from on high, who, through his trumpet with one blast, has blown down the stronghold of international war, which lay in the fallacy that nations could not submit to arbitration questions affecting their honor or

in a speech by Dr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto (Canada) *Globe*, a warm advocate of reciprocity. Dr. Macdonald said:

If that arbitration treaty between your country and England is ratified, the name of William Howard Taft will be remembered in world history so long as man loves peace.

Above all other nations Canada has the greatest stake in the proposed treaty; she has the most to gain by peace, the most to lose by war.

Canada desires the pact not for herself alone, but for the sake of the whole world. The time to do it is at hand. The hour is trembling, ready to strike; the tide is swelling to the flood, and if I ever had the right to speak for my country or for the empire to which I belong it is now, and I ask that the Parliament of Great Britain and the Congress of the United States join to insure the peace of the whole world.

Hamilton Holt, the president of the Congress, outlined in his speech at the opening session a peace programme for the world. He said:

First, an unlimited arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States; second, a League of Peace; third, the cessation of the World. Those are the successive steps toward achieving the end of wars and the lasting peace of mankind.

Any League of Peace likely to be established in the immediate future must differ from all previous attempts at leagues, pacts and confederations in its total abstinence from the use of force.

First, the nations in the league shall refer all disputes of whatsoever nature to arbitration. Second, The Hague Court or other duly constituted courts shall decide the disputes that cannot be settled by diplomacy. Third, the league shall provide a periodical convention or assembly to make all rules for the league, such rules to become law unless vetoed by a nation within a stated period. Fourth, each member of the league shall have the right to withdraw on due notice.

Mr. James Speyer, who, as a delegate from the Chamber of Commerce of New York State, spoke of "International Finance as a Power for Peace," said just before closing:

We in the United States are proud of being called a business people. Uninterrupted peace is of more importance to business than tariff reform, free trade or currency reform, or even reciprocity with Canada. I am a business questioner, and we business men of the United States should insist on international agreements making for peace.

A medal, which was awarded to Mr. Carnegie by the twenty-one nations forming the Pan-American Union that convened at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, last summer, was presented during the Congress. The medal is of gold and is three and one-half inches in diameter. Upon its face is a bas relief portrait of Mr. Carnegie, with the words: "Benefactor of humanity." The reverse side bears the inscription: "The American Republics to Andrew Carnegie, 1911."



The Opening of the Third National Peace Congress at Baltimore, May 3

## Christian Herald Children's Home, Annual Statement, Year Ending February 28, 1911

| RECEIPTS                                             |                    |
|------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Contributions .....                                  | \$36,806.96        |
| Interest on Bank Balances .....                      | 782.77             |
| Endowments .....                                     | 750.00             |
| Miscellaneous .....                                  | 25.50              |
| <b>Total Receipts .....</b>                          | <b>\$38,365.23</b> |
| DISBURSEMENTS                                        |                    |
| <b>Pay Roll</b>                                      | <b>\$ 984.50</b>   |
| Laborers .....                                       | 4,768.78           |
| House Help, etc. ....                                | 5,753.28           |
| Repairs to House and Property .....                  | 4,028.52           |
| Furniture and Furnishings .....                      | 1,021.67           |
| Medicines and Medical Attendance .....               | 364.47             |
| Food Supplies .....                                  | 5,290.52           |
| Freight and Transportation .....                     | 1,420.87           |
| Livery and Stable Expense .....                      | 1,256.04           |
| Postage, Stationery and Printing .....               | 2,644.99           |
| Fourth of July Celebration and Sunday Services ..... | 289.80             |
| Clothing .....                                       | 292.55             |
| Telephone and Telegraph .....                        | 114.62             |
| Ice .....                                            | 101.75             |
| Laundry .....                                        | 818.85             |
| Gasoline .....                                       | 56.09              |
| Amusements .....                                     | 21.38              |
| Rent .....                                           | 225.00             |
| Exchange .....                                       | 14.10              |
| *Deposit on Purchase of Motor Car, 20 per cent. .... | 575.00             |
| Office .....                                         | 38.62              |
| Miscellaneous .....                                  | 272.74             |
| <b>Total Disbursements .....</b>                     | <b>\$24,600.86</b> |
| <b>Balance February 28, 1911 .....</b>               | <b>\$13,764.37</b> |

\*We are informed that the car in question did not meet requirements, and was therefore returned to the manufacturers.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of account and record of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y., and that the above is a full and true statement of all cash receipts and disbursements for the year ending February 28, 1911.

[SEAL]

(Signed) ERNST & ERNST,  
Certified Public Accountants.

Of this balance \$5,000 will be set aside toward the Endowment Fund of \$25,638.58, making the total Endowment Fund to date \$30,638.58. This will be further supplemented by legacies not yet paid, but which will be paid in the course of the year; and also by a substantial sum from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, secured through an Endowment subscription plan. Of the remaining balance of \$8,764.37 some \$7,000 will have to be applied to the introduction of the new sewage disposal plant at the Home, which has now become an absolute necessity. Plans and specifications for this plant have been prepared and the work will be pushed this summer. 2,327 children were received at the Home during the season of 1910.



# OUT OF DOORS IN THE COZY CORNER

**DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:** It is with greatest pride and assurance that I am thanking you for your nice letters. They are full of just the things that I like to hear, and they prompt me to offer this week charming surprises of books, kodaks, toys, games, and pictures, for best letters titled

## Why I Like the Cozy Corner

**WE** stand alone now in a class by ourselves. There is no finer or more wide-awake young people's department in the world. You go into the competitions so heartily, and your work is so good, that we are obliged each month to send many more prizes than we wanted to send. And this is just what we like to do.

We stand heart and soul by the Cozy Corner boys and girls. Those of you who write us letters and try for our awful prizes are a long way ahead of those who do nothing at all with the opportunities that the Cozy Corner offers. It is the trying that counts.

## Out-of-Doors

**TURN** your in-door duties to out-of-door pleasures now as much as you can. Get out into the warm glad sunshine. When I was a little girl, dear old colored Mammy used to say along with me, "Mammy gwine to put yo' toys away now, Honey. The blessed Lawd 'd done sent yo' de birds and de butterflies, de wild flowers and de wind, to play with now." I once knew a little girl in Japan, who in May packed her trunks in a teakwood box and asked her mama to send them to some "wintered little girl," for she was ready to play with the sunshine and the cherry blossoms. In the south of France, the children have May parties and picnics on their dolls. I have seen as many as two hundred dollies all decked with flowers and ribbons on a single village green.

## May in Southern Lands

**MAY** in the Mediterranean in Italy and Spain is wonderful too. Myriads of little folk bubble out into the sunshine like so many fairies dancing everywhere. And when the long soft twilights come the children seem scarcely to "turn in" and go to bed as American boys and girls do. They play out until it is quite dark, and then—well, perhaps they do go to bed, but it seems more as though they just vanished, by some magic spell, into the marble palaces that are everywhere in Southern Europe. And at sun-up there they all are at play again. In Italy especially the wonders of the king is not an enchanted king, who plans with the sun to make his children happy.

## Some Good Out-Door Games

**THE** Jingling Game, Bob Cherry, Jack-Be-Nimble, Muffin-Man, Mulberry Bush, Round and Round Went the Gallant Ship, Oats, Peas, Beans, Nuts in May, Tommy Tiddler, Prisoner's Base, Animal Chase, Barley Brake, All Run, Circle Race, and plenty more.

## Write the Aunt in the Cozy Corner

**IF YOU** do not know how to play any or all of these best



**MAY** By Louisa M. Alcott

"I am calling, As I ripple, run and sing; Who will listen, who will listen, To the story of the spring?"

of out-of-door games, write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, and ask for The Good-Time Game Leaflet. These Cozy Corner Leaflets are especially charming and valuable, and I am glad to send them to you when you are in earnest and intend to make use of them.

There is never any charge for these leaflets. I am very glad to say, however, that ever so many Cozy Corner boys and girls have already begun to consider it courteous to enclose a one-cent stamp to cover the mailing expense.

## PEACE DAY

"God shall spread abroad His banner, Sign of universal peace."

**IT IS** interesting to know that the first motto for the original American flag, made by Betsy Ross in the quaint little upholstery shop in Arch Street, Philadelphia, is this: "An Appeal to Heaven." And in these days, when the battle cry of nations is "Peace on earth, good will to men," it comes as a delightful surprise to rediscover that Old Glory has already

been recognized as a Peace banner.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, there were flag raisings far and wide over the original States to celebrate the end of the war. Every American banner then in existence was run up to herald and commemorate the return of Peace, and during the years that followed, when the trading vessels of the young Republic sailed the seas and entered the principal ports carrying the Stars and Stripes, Old Glory became known generally as the Flag of Peace.

Every loyal American should consider it his individual duty to talk Peace, to live Peace, and to celebrate the return of each Peace anniversary. With such a spirit broadcast over our country, great things can be accomplished.

## A PRETTY PENNY TRICK

**INERTIA**, or that tendency of a body to remain at rest until acted upon by some force, is nicely shown by the following experiment: Balance an



"Snap the card sharply"

ordinary stiff calling card upon your index finger; now place a small coin, such as a cent piece, in the middle of the card, directly over the end of your finger. With the thumb and middle finger of the other hand (see illustration) snap the edge of the card sharply. If the card is snapped away in the plane in which it was at rest—that is, without going either up or down—you will find the coin nicely balanced on your finger tip. Very little practice will enable you to snap the card out straight every time.

The card did not have time to impart its motion to the coin, or in other words, the coin's inertia kept it where it was.

## A Sacred Parchment

**THE** most interesting document in America to-day, if not in the world, is beyond a doubt the Declaration of American Independence.

"It stands and must forever stand alone, a beacon on the summit of the mountain to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wrack behind."

**COZY CORNER** boys and girls were so beautifully enthusiastic over the splendid Old Glories that were sent to them from the Cozy Corner in April, that it is with great pleasure I am announcing that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Old Glories may still be had. (See page 514 of this issue).

Complimentary copies of the Declaration of Independence have been forwarded to the hundreds of boys and girls who sent for Old Glory in April.

## Good-Night Verse

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

RENA GARY SHEFFIELD.



## COST \$14,000 TO BUILD

Auditorium Seats - - 300  
Bible School Seats - - 250  
Kitchen, Toilet, Etc.  
Write for further particulars of this and other plans.  
N. Y. CHURCH PLANNING CO., Architects,  
P. O. Box 22, Madison Square, New York

## YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY

Beginners learn thoroughly and can perfect method many sell their stories before completing the course. Write those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars: School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 44 Page Bldg. Chicago

**WANTED**—A consecrated woman experienced in sewing, to take charge of sewing room in a Christian institution. Remuneration: half receipts from sewing done in the institution for outside parties. Board and laundry free. P. O. Box 296, New York City.



**TOMB OF ABSALOM.** There is no story, even in fiction, more pathetic and interesting than the story of David and his rebellious son, Absalom. This photograph shows Absalom's Tomb, known in the Bible as Absalom's Place, erected by himself nearly 3,000 years ago. The illustration is but one of the 418 wonderful 7 in. by 10 in. photographs in the marvelous

## Self-Interpreting Bible Library

Consisting of 4 splendid volumes, containing the complete authorized version of the Bible, together with all the Helps, Tables, Commentaries, Atlas, Dictionaries, Photographs and Side-Lights necessary to enable anyone to understand the Sacred Scriptures. It makes reading the Bible a pleasure and a delight, and opens up a world of beauty and interest that has been almost meaningless to the average reader. Introduced and edited by Bishop John H. Vincent. Endorsed by Bishop D. G. Tuttle, Rev. Frank W. Gunsulius and leading ministers of all protestant denominations.

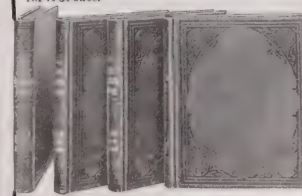
**THE 448 ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS** Realizing how much easier it would be to appreciate the Bible if everyone could visit the Holy Lands and see for themselves the places and scenes of Bible history, the Society equipped a special Expedition at a cost of \$25,000 to tour Bible Lands and to secure actual photographs of all the places made sacred by the footsteps of Christ and the great events of Bible history. The result is a truly priceless collection of 448 wonderful Biblical and historical photographs, by means of which the Society now brings Bible Lands to us in our own homes.

**THE ATLAS OF BIBLE LANDS** Consists of one large folding map of Bible Lands showing route covered by our Expedition, together with full page colored maps of Canaan, Babylonian Empire, Persian Empire, Kingdoms of Judah and Israel, and many others made expressly for the Society.

**THE CROSS INDEX** Prepared for the first time in connection with the Scriptures, by means of which every person, place and event recorded in the Scriptures is now readily accessible.

**Handsome Illustrated Portfolio—FREE**

To readers of Christian Herald who respond promptly we will mail free a copy of our splendid, 48-page portfolio, "Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," containing beautiful 7 in. by 10 in. photographs of principal scenes in Christ's life, secured by our Photographic Expedition to Palestine, with descriptions by our author, and showing new and interesting method of Bible reading. Send for it at once.



TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TODAY  
**THE BIBLE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY,**  
516 Harvester Building, Chicago  
Mail me, without obligation on my part, free copy of "Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," handsome 48-page portfolio, containing 48 photographs of principal scenes in Christ's life, and full particulars of our Special Introduction. Please send me payment plan offered Christian Herald readers (5-11)  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_





## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### Husbands and Fathers

IN THE division of labor which assigns to wife and mother the indoor management of home and its concerns, it is supposed that the man of the house will look after as his share most of the outdoor work. For instance, it is his duty to order the coal, take care of the furnace, shovel the snow, and relieve the wife of everything that requires a strong arm and a strong back. Notwithstanding that a man may work hard all day in the field, the shop, the office, the foundry, or wherever his business takes him, he does not fulfil the obligations of a good husband in this land of ours if he permits his wife to carry coal from the cellar or do any other household work that demands mere strength. American men are chivalrous, and they scorn the idea of being waited on by their women folk. All the more they should be considered and perhaps petted and indulged in their preferences in the life of the household. Children should be taught to wait upon fathers as well as upon mothers, and if a husband have a favorite dish it should be ready for him when he sits down to his evening meal. What the home would be without the presence of and the cheer brought to it by the good husband and the loving father, who can tell? There are some who measure by their sorrow the depth of such a lack.

### "To Jesus in Heaven"

A LETTER addressed in a childish hand was thus deposited in a post office in Pennsylvania not long ago. A little girl whose sister had been rescued from drowning, wrote her thanks from the fulness of her heart and then dropped the missive in the box. She did not know that Jesus can be reached by methods less clumsy than those of our earthly life. She felt that she was doing him honor when she sent her little confident letter, and so indeed she was. There may be world-hardened hearts which the little incident may touch. Jesus is in heaven, but he is also on earth, and he is very near every one of us. We have only to waft our prayers to him and they will be heard. Have you said a word for Jesus Christ this day, this week, this year? Have you written a letter to any one which might lead a soul to him? Ask yourself the question.

### What to Do

I FIND outlined in a letter lying on my desk a rather difficult situation. At first I thought I would not make the letter but as memory recalled one and another confidence given me by friends I changed my mind. Here is the gist of the letter which is my text: A woman is happily married to a man who was a widower when he courted her. When she came home from her wedding journey she found occupying the place of honor in the drawing-room the portrait in oil of her husband's first wife. It gave her a feeling that she had no right in the house; that in a sense she had usurped a position held for years by her predecessor, and notwithstanding her predecessor's death, and the fact that some years had elapsed since then, she could not step into the room without having the eyes of the portrait follow her; and she fancied a look of reproach on the face, which seemed to belong to some one living.

This, however, was not so hard to

bear as the fact that on his table in his private den her husband still kept the framed photograph of his first wife. Every day when she dusted this sanctuary and put it in order she was conscious of a sentiment partly composed of jealousy, partly of sadness, and largely of dislike for the picture that stared at her whenever she approached it. What was she to do? Her husband surrounded her with every delicate attention, she knew that she was loved with all his heart, and that he was honestly devoted to her in every thought; yet there were the two pictures. She ventured to ask a married stepdaughter if she would not like to have her mother's picture. The daughter said that she would very much like to have it; that she had asked her father to send it to her before his second marriage, but that he had refused, saying, "That picture has been there a long time, and I would not on any account have it taken from its place. It would not be fair to your mother's memory."

A friend recommended that the drawing-room should be done over, thoroughly refurnished, and that then the portrait should be placed unobtrusively at one side of the room, a little in the shadow. "If you do it, my dear, and say nothing about it, you may depend that your husband will take no notice. If you make a fuss and ask his consent, he will naturally object to allowing a change. As for the photograph on the table upstairs," the friend said, "I think if I were you I would have one of my own taken, frame it beautifully in silver, and present it to your husband on the anniversary of your marriage."

What would the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD do in a case so difficult and delicate as this one? What are the privileges of a second wife, and how far should the honor and reverence that belonged in the first marriage be allowed to interfere with the happiness of the second wife? Are husbands equally as sensitive when the case is reversed? Are there not certain chapters in life under which *finis* should be written, especially if another page is to be turned? This question is open for discussion. Women and men may write about it as frankly as they please.

### One Busy Mother

I AM sure this letter from a busy mother will waken an echo in the experience of a host of others:

"I am the mother of five children, of whom four attend school. I do all my own work, except the washing. My two older girls help on Saturday, and my boy does the errands. I pay the children for their work, and what they earn is their own, although they consult me as to how they shall spend it. During the week they take turns in doing the dishes, which, as everybody knows, is a never-ending task. I was a while ago almost a nervous wreck, much like 'the tired mother' whose letter prompted me to write this one. I still dread the confusion of washing-day, and am relieved when the children are all off to school in the morning. I darn my stockings when friends are calling. Our home duties grow lighter when every one shares the daily responsibility. Mrs. D. M."

Is there not somewhere a mother who can add her mite to the solution of this problem of getting the work done, and not getting so tired in the doing that one becomes a wreck?

Continued on next page

## The Season's Fashionable Colors in Guaranteed Hose



Genuine Holeproof Hose are soft, extra lightweight and perfection in style. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months. This saves all darning and, in large families, a great deal of hosiery expense. Try them today and learn what you sacrifice when you wear other hose.

We use the finest yarns we can buy. Cotton yarn can be had in this country for as low as 30 cents per pound, but we pay for ours an average of 70 cents. We get the cotton from Egypt and from the Sea Islands.

Hose made from cheap yarn must be harsh to be strong.

"Holeproof" of equal strength is light, stylish, soft and attractive. No cotton hose ever cost more to make. We use only pure thread silk in the silk goods. So careful are we of our quality that we spend \$55,000 a year merely to see that each pair that's sent out is perfect.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

Every pair of genuine "Holeproof" bears above signature on the toe. Unless it is there the hose are not genuine "Holeproof"—no matter who says so. If you want the original guaranteed hose, the kind backed by thirty-eight years of experience, look for the "Holeproof" trade-mark and that signature.

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

### The Wide Assortment

Six pairs of plain or mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six months, cost \$1.50 up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight. There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men. Seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Silk hose for men cost \$2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. Three pairs of women's silk hose cost \$3.00, guaranteed three months.

months. The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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## Are Your Hose Insured?

In the Spring  
get close to nature by drinking that delightful beverage made from  
**Hires**  
House Blend Extract  
whose composition is roots, bark, berries and flowers of the field. It quenches the thirst and stirs the blood to throw off all impurities. Besides, it is the most delightful of temperance drinks.

A package makes 5 gallons. Easy to make. Sold by dealers, or sent by mail upon receipt of 25 cents.  
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with a rag moistened with "3-in-One," polish briskly with dry, soft cloth to bring back the original sparkling brilliancy. Also clean window glass, mirrors and any glassware same way. "3-in-One" also cleans and polishes finest furniture, lubricates anything. Generous sample and oil book free. Ask

**3 IN 1 OIL COMPANY**  
54 Broadway  
New York City

### When Your Savings Deposits Pay You

as large returns as you can get from standard stocks and bonds, you have an ideal investment because the speculative feature is absent. 5% per annum. Whenever they wish to convert these investments into cash they don't have to pay any broker a commission to get it nor "sell out" on a falling market.

### "Savings Accounts by Mail"

Our Company, like other Savings Institutions, is under the supervision of the New York State Banking Department, and its assets now total more than \$2,300,000. Our "Certificate Plan" for limited time deposits by mail is the best ever devised. Start and stop with draw whenever desired upon short notice, receive full earnings for all of the time. \$25.00 to \$1,000. Industrial Savings & Loan Co. 2 Times Bldg., E-way & 42d St., New York

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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?  
**MEINDES**  
Mend all leaks in rubber, glass, or metal. No heat, solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. It's easy and sure. "Meindeg" is the only one. Write today. Collette Mfg. Co. Box 122, Amsterdam, N.Y.

### SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

made sharper than new 25c each. Write for Mailing Wrapper. F. MacNell, 171 Congress Street, Boston





## OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

### Children and Temperance

IT WOULD almost appear that no direct teaching about temperance need be given to children. If they grow up in families where alcoholic liquor is used only medicinally, they have no temptation to stimulants in early life. A sensible German business man of middle age, conversing lately with me on the subject, declared that in his opinion American children were fed on food entirely too stimulating, too highly flavored, and too highly spiced, and that meat was too largely a portion of their diet. He said, "The ordinary American home prepares boys for the saloon." This was his view.

Considering the vast amount of misery due to drunkenness, considering, too, the object lessons presented to the young in the form of human derelicts, we might again suppose that they could go without direct teaching against the drinking of liquor. Unfortunately, our small boys at an early age are long to smoke cigarettes. This is their first step toward yielding later on to the temptation to drink. A boy at college or in early business life is sometimes afraid that he will be thought unmanly if he refuses a glass of beer or wine. Far back, unsuspected, there may be an hereditary taint. The first glass taken socially may be the first step on the down-hill road. Parents, teachers, physicians, and, above all, sisters and sweethearts, should set their faces against this perilous vice, and children should be taught that in alcoholic drinks there is a residuum of poison.

### Hobble or Harem?

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been set afloat concerning the new woman, as if there ever had been an essential change in the feminine sex from the days of Mother Eve until the present moment. "The eternal feminine" is the term that best describes woman in every age and under every sky. Fashions come and go and revolve in a never-ending circle. Should we penetrate the zenanas of India and the harems of Turkey to-day, we should find many of their inmates amusing their leisure and dissipating their *emmi* by trying on before their mirrors the gowns of Paris and London. Whoever has read Pierre Loti's vivid descriptions of Oriental life remembers the flashlight he has thrown on the occupations of women in the East behind their guarded doors and latticed windows. Chief among harm-

less occupations is the trying on of European dress, which the ladies of the harem imagine to be more becoming than their own. It is not strange that among the women of the West there should be a swing of the pendulum in an opposite direction from the fashions which have been in vogue with us, with more or less modification, for many years.

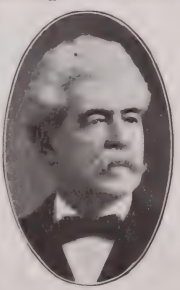
Our girls in the gymnasium and the sensible women who have abandoned the side-saddle in riding on horseback long since adopted a divided skirt in which the ample dimensions and flowing lines were both modest and graceful. How could a girl play basketball wearing corset and without freedom to run, catch the ball and exercise her lungs, as well as her limbs, to their utmost capacity?

THE hobble-skirt, which has been worn by extremists in fashion during the past season, was simply the antithesis in absurdity of the voluminous, barrel-shaped skirts which women wore nearly fifty years ago. Open one of your old photograph albums and look at the pictures of the ladies who entertained in Washington during Lincoln's administration, and you will see how the circumference of a skirt dwarfed the figure of the woman within it. The close, clinging hobble-skirt, as it was called, interfered with woman's freedom in walking or running, and on one occasion at least, caused the death of its wearers who lost their lives in a crowd. The poor things, hampered by their skirts, tumbled down and were trampled under foot. The hobble-skirt had far less to say for itself than can be said in behalf of the harem-skirt, in which, at least, a woman can walk with some freedom. It is unlikely that this fashion will be accepted by the better classes of women, or arrive at popular favor anywhere out of its original home. It is simply a vagary of the moment and an interesting feature of the passing show. On the score of indecency, it is preferable to the hobble-skirt, and as there is nothing specially masculine about it and it claims notice because it is nondescript and ugly, it will soon be forgotten. A few daring innovators have appeared in it in London, copying their Parisian sisters, and a few more may wear it in New York and Chicago; but it will not come into general use in this country, where the majority of women are conservative, and dress is chosen with a view to suitability and beauty.

## A Great Gift to Boston's Children

JOHN H. and Thomas A. Forsythe, two brothers living in Boston, have

announced their intention to give to the city a dental infirmary as a memorial to their brothers, James B. and George H. Forsythe. In addition to the building and its perfect equipment, they will endow the institution with \$1,000,000. It will be designed especially for the benefit of the children



John H. Forsythe  
Who founded a dental infirmary

of Boston and vicinity. There will be more than one hundred chairs and the children of the poor will be given treatment free of charge. The Forsythe brothers are of the opinion that diseased teeth are a cause of much ill health. Their brother James had made plans in his will for a dental infirmary for children. He died suddenly before he had signed the will, and they are now carrying out his wishes. There has always been a tender and beautiful bond of affection between the Forsythe brothers, and they have found great happiness in working and in giving together. They have given away large sums in the quietest way possible, and this last great benefaction also would have been given in secret had it been possible for them to have done so. The dental infirmary for children will add one more splendid institution to what Helen Keller once called the "City of Kind Hearts." J. L. H.



The simplest Gown looks well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

## You Can Weigh Exactly what You Should Weigh

My pupils are among the most refined, intellectual women of America. They have regained health and good figures and learned how to keep well. Each has given me a few minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit each individual's needs.

## No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

Be well—nothing short of well. Radiate Health so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed.

Improve Your Figure—in other words, be at your best. You wield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happy.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise. Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have treated more

Chronic Ailments and built up and reduced more women during the past one year than any physician—the best physicians are my friends—thru their wives and daughters are my pupils.

I have Reduced about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and

Increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Won't you join us?—we will make you and the world better.

I have published a free booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least, you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

Sit down and write to me NOW.

Don't wait until you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

SUSANNA COCROFT,

Dept. 18-C, 624 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the re-creation of the healthful figure of woman.

## "Standard" Bargains

This Dainty Embroidered Waist, . . . 79c  
104. Waist of sheer white lawn. Effectively designed with collar of medallions of handsome embroidery, panels of pin tucks, and insets of fine Vail lace. Insets of matched lace outline the square neck and trim the shoulders, arms and cuffs. Made with stylish seamless front sleeve. A splendid \$1.00 waist. Special. . . . . 79c



Dainty New Dutch Neck Waist, . . . 79c  
105. Jauntily tailored waist of fine white lawn. Beautifully tailored and tucked, and effectively trimmed with front collar and cuffs of cross-striped lawn in blue and white. Collar is edged with narrow fluted trim. Buttons in front. A delightful style and a splendid \$1.25 quality. Specially tailored. Special. . . . . 79c



Pretty 2-Piece \$1.98 Middy Dress  
325. Jauntily two piece sailor dress of good white butcher linen. Sailor style, with large square sailor collar of blue bias, daintily strapped with white. The blue cuffs are trimmed to match, and the patch pocket is suitably welted. A matched sailor kind is provided. Buttons in front. The skirt is in a two-piece styled style, with delightful fullness around bottom. A \$3.50 value. Special. . . . . \$1.98



Both these dresses come in sizes 32 to 44.



Practical Wash Dress \$1.48  
359. A practical wash dress of gingham in medium blue with pretty white corded stripes. The bodice is made in "Princess" style with semi-fitted sleeves and is trimmed with wide piped solid blue chambray banding. The skirt is a plain full model, with solid color belt and band at bottom. A durable dress of effective style. Worth fully \$2.50. Special. . . . . \$1.48

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The SUMMER BARGAIN BULLETIN, a book full of the prettiest summer styles at really economical prices, is now ready. Write today for YOUR copy—it's FREE!

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You need no longer be inconvenienced and perhaps embarrassed by the dropping of your plate. Sprinkle a little

## NUCHOSE

The New German Antiseptic Preparation

on the surface of your full or partial plate in the morning—and it will hold firm and tight the rest of the day.

Send two cent stamp NOW for free trial package.

Regular price, 50 cents per package. Mailed with nothing on wrapper to show what package contains.

QUALITY DENTAL SUPPLY CO.  
464 W. 145th St., New York City

## D. A. R.'s New Leader

AFTER a somewhat stormy session, the Daughters of the American Revolution on April 20 re-elected to the position of president-general, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, who has so ably served in the same office for the past two years. The opposition candidate was the popular Mrs. William Cummings Story of New York. Eleven hundred votes were cast, and the tellers worked until the small hours of the



Mrs. Matthew T. Scott

morning in order to determine the result. Mrs. La Verne Noyes of Chicago placed Mrs. Scott's name before the delegates. The nomination was seconded by Mrs. John R. Walker of Kansas City, Mo. There is a strong feeling among some of the leading members of this great and honorable society that when so many able and patriotic women are gathered together, business matters should be transacted as rapidly as is consistent with thoroughness; while the larger share of their time should be devoted to discussions of great political and social questions, since in some of these are involved the prosperity and even the existence of the nation whose heroic birth their organization commemorates.

## Answered Prayers

D. L. B., Hillsboro, O., thanks God for answered prayers.

D. W., Dessie, W. Va., thanks God for aid in response to prayer.

C. M. W., San Miguel, Calif., thanks God for restoration to health.

W. R. S., Sparta, Mich., thanks God for a direct answer to prayer.

M. J. M., Roseville, O., thanks God for the restoration of a son to health.

M. M. and M. V. M., Woodburn, Ky., thank God for answers to prayers.

Mrs. W. C., North Coast, Pa. "I thank God for the return of a loved one."

Mrs. I. L., Kidwell, W. Va. "God has answered my prayers many times."

M. N. H., Shannon City, Ia., thanks God for the restoration of a son after injury.

Mrs. G., Memphis, Tenn. "I wish to acknowledge prayers answered recently."

J. L. M., Newark, N. J. "God has answered my prayer when I was in deep trouble."

E. B. D., Seattle, Wash., thanks God for aid in business affairs in answer to prayer.

A. M. McU., Ingersoll, Ont. "I have had a direct answer to prayer for which I praise God."

F. H. L., Kansas. "God has answered my prayers recently when things seemed very dark."

E. M. B., Blytheville, Mo. "God has restored to health a member of my family, in answer to prayer."

L., Texas. "I asked the Lord to restore to health a loved one. I am grateful for his goodness."

Reader, Stratford, Ia. "I prayed for two friends who were ill. God has restored them to health."

Mrs. F. G., Germantown, Ind. "I was in great trouble and the Lord heard me and helped me."

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355-D Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.

Wanted A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All of spare time. No experience necessary. Opportunity to earn big money. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATES, 112 Association Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING

All we ask is that you try a Linene Collar. We will send a single sample for 6 cents, or a box of 10 for 30 cents in U. S. stamps. Price at the stores 25 cents per box. State Size and Style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY  
Department T, Boston, Mass.

RAFAEL JASSO RUBENS ANGLO

13

**ZU ZU**  
GINGER SNAPS 5¢

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! All in vain!

If you lack snap and want ginger, use the old established countersign

**ZU ZU**  
to the grocerman

No one ever heard of a ZU ZU that wasn't good

No! Never!! 5¢

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**FREE SAMPLE**

Send me a free sample of your best paint. I will send you a free sample of your best paint. I will send you a free sample of your best paint.

**I Was Deaf 25 Years NOW I HEAR PLAINLY**

With this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears, I never feel them. They are perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got them, and how I made myself hear.

**Medicated Ear Drum**  
Pat. July 15, 1904

**ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY**  
2 ADELAIDE STREET DETROIT, MICH.

**What's the Use Hatching Chicks if You Can't Raise 'em?**

The International Sanitary Hoyer is essential to successful brooding of chickens. It is indispensable to the farmer with a few chicks or to the poultry man with thousands to raise. Both give results only to the wonderful results attained with this hoyer. Don't continue with your old equipment and take any chances this year.

This nearest to nature hoyer. The International Sanitary—is built entirely of metal. It is absolutely fireproof and will last twenty years. The hoyer heat from above is greatest, your hoyer curtains. Consequently no crowding, and chicks do not pile in the center. Every chick has a chance under this hoyer. No possibility of foul air, gases or smoke getting to chicks. No expensive brooder equipment necessary with these hoyers. Can be set in barn, box, anywhere.

"You might be interested in the successful way in which the International Sanitary Hoyer acted. We had a late hatch in August of forty-two chicks, and it is with pleasure that I state that today, Sept. 25, we have the same number living." [Signed] J. H. HANCOCK, One Ton Poultry Farm, Hartford, N.Y.

Write TO - DAY for Hoyer catalogue and convincing testimonials.

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buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine FREE for a very small service. No selling necessary.

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# One Woman's Mission Work

THE Eighth Avenue Mission at 290 Eighth Avenue, New York, is a work of rescue; not primarily, but absolutely and unreservedly; that and only that. The mothers' meetings with nursery and kindergarten connection, the Sunday School, the Bible class, the children's hour, the neighborhood visitation, even to the singing of the Christmas and Easter music, are but side issues. To lose sight for one moment of the important fact that Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost would be to close the Mission doors as far as the present Superin-



Miss Sara Wray

tendent, Miss Sara Wray, is concerned. The name Rescue must be true to itself. Miss Wray is not the founder of the Mission, although well known through her valuable association with Colonel Hadley in the St. Bartholomew Mission. Mrs. Mary Agnew Stephens, now of Toronto, eleven years ago opened the doors, but after twelve months handed the work over to Miss Wray. No better spot in the City of New York could be chosen for a Mission than the section bordering on the tenement, flanked on all sides with cheap shows, gaudy saloons, sensational advertisements, glaring dens of iniquity harboring the initiated and luring the innocent. Decoys of all kinds beckon the young and gulleible. Even the children become familiar with vice, thus falling early victims to the sin habit. In the very heart of this district stands the Mission—a lighthouse to steer from the rocks. Here the life-line is ever thrown out. There are no reproaches made, no questions asked, but the blessed story of the Gospel is simply told, making the way out of darkness, out of sin, so possible, so practical, so exquisitely joyous, that many who come to mock stay to reverence and believe. From the first glimmer of the electric light at sundown until the break of dawn a great mass of humanity roam backward and forward through the street, seeking forgetfulness of self. Not by any means does the crowd represent the luxurious class that fills Broadway with its carriages and motors, well-filled purses, brilliant restaurants and theatres, nor yet the down-and-out, shambling, gaunt-eyed Bowery throng; but a great mass of misled humanity tortured with unrest, seeking big sensations and morbid emotions for little money. Here we find the unchurched—the mechanic, the small merchant, the spiritually indifferent, the wanton, the drunkard, the idler, the reckless, the abandoned.

When the work was established but two or three years it was evident that the quarters were too small. It was a

common but always distressing sight to see crowds turned away, to be instantly swallowed up in the adjacent places of questionable amusements. New quarters had to be considered, although buying property or even owning a building was out of the calculation. One day, to the surprise of Miss Wray, she received a ten-dollar gold piece from a convert with the words, "For the new building." Who ever mentioned a new building? Thus God sowed the seed, and the building fund that resulted in the splendid edifice that stands to-day was started.

The Mission is now incorporated under the laws of New York State, with a Board of Directors chosen from the ranks of Christian business men. The building cost forty-one thousand dollars, eight thousand of which have been paid; the rest was taken on a mortgage, thus placing a debt on the building with quarterly interest to meet, also part of the capital to be paid. In addition to this, four thousand dollars were spent in needed repairs. The building was well located but in a deplorable condition—uninhabitable for the workers who intended to make it their permanent home. Everything was done with the most rigid economy. To-day the Mission hall is a cheery sight, well adapted for its work. It is large, well ventilated, ready to accommodate comfortably the increased crowds. Miss Sara Wray, the superintendent, is a most remarkable woman. The first impression she makes in spite of her radiant face is the intensity and self-control of her personality. Slim almost to extreme girlishness, she has the poise and dignity of a soldier—the command of a general. When in repose her face is calm, somewhat sad—a face intent upon a purpose, but relieved by soft masses of bright wavy hair that she wears simply brushed away from her brow. With a most charming winsomeness she combines a masterly leadership that freights her most insignificant words and gestures with meaning and importance. In spite of the mixed throng, including drunkards, maudlin women, flippant girls and scoffing youths, not a sound is heard as she speaks.

Miss Wray has had the most hearty co-operation of her zealous associates, but without exception they are men of limited means and resources.

This extraordinary work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Any reader who is interested may address E. G. Selchow, 265 Canal Street, or Miss Sara Wray, 290 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

### THE CALL TO SERVICE

A GAIN there comes a cry from o'er the sea;  
Again doth China send a mournful plea;  
Again she holds to us a trembling hand,  
While pain and famine stalk about the land.

Again her cause THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pleads,  
And nobly hastes to furnish China's needs;  
It sounds a bugle-call to you and me,  
To give of our abundance full and free.

It speeds the Buford forth with wheat for bread;  
Yet more, much more, is needed, it is said;  
For yet do plague and famine hold their way,  
And claim their thousand victims day by day.

O HERALD readers! let us heed the call,  
And send our offering, be it great or small;  
If but one life should be your offering's yield,  
Who shall dare say what good that life may wield?

And with your offering send a fervent prayer,  
That Christ may be uplifted everywhere;  
That while the hungry moun with food is fed,  
The famished soul may be to Jesus led!

That, while the hand of skill applies the balm,  
The lips may breathe the message sweet and calm  
Of him, the Great Physician (oh, so blest!):  
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Let every one uphold THE HERALD's hand—  
A loyal, staunch, great-hearted Christian band;  
Give, every one, as unto you 'tis given,  
JENNIE WILSON-HOWELL.



## For The Family

YOU work to provide for your wife and children. Your ambitions are for them. You intend to make up to your wife the self-denials she has practiced. You plan that the girls and the boys shall have their chance; You picture the future by your hope.

But have you had the forethought to realize that death does not halt for any man's hopes, or wait for any man's convenience? Have you made such provisions for the future that your family will receive an income adequate to their needs in case of your death?

By devoting a small percentage of your income to life insurance your hopes will become realities to them.

A Guaranteed Low Cost Life Insurance Policy for \$1,000 at age 35 costs but six cents a day and will not lapse if you become unable to pay the premiums in consequence of total and permanent disability from accident or disease.

### MORAL: Insure in THE TRAVELERS

Send today for information about the Travelers  
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# Mellotone

## Interior Finish

most successful of dull finishes. It imparts the repose of water colors to any room and gives the service of oil paint—sets off fine pictures—is adaptable to any color scheme, room furnishing or interior surface.

Mellotone appeals to careful housekeepers because washable—sanitary. Non-fading—crack-proof. Will not peel or chalk like kalsomine. Costs no more than desirable wall paper.

Drop us postal for color cards and "Harmony in Color;" also "Common Sense about Interiors." Both free. Or send 25c for "Good Homes by Good Architects" showing pleasing effects obtainable with Mellotone and other "Little Blue Flag" products.

**The Lowe Brothers Company**

470 Third Street, Dayton Ohio

Boston New York Chicago Kansas City



## YOUR PHYSICIAN will tell you that Sani-Tissue

It is the Best Toilet Paper because it is Soothing and Healing.

It is composed of long vegetable fibre which gives it a cloth-like texture and its treatment with Canada balsam and other emollients makes it the most strictly hygienic, fragrant and soft tissue.

Each roll is carefully wrapped in parchment excluding germs and gritty dust.

**3 Rolls in a Carton for 25c.**

at your Dealer's, or if he does not have it, send us his name, and we will send you a sample pocket packet FREE.

**SCOTT PAPER COMPANY**  
662 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia  
Makers of "Star-Towel" Towels, Se-Walton Toilet Paper, and other Hygienic Paper products.

## Japan and Korea\*

A GREAT Japanese nobleman has said that the highest aim of the patriotic Japanese statesman, teacher or priest is "to develop three qualities in the people—obedience, sympathy and dignity. Obedience, because only through it come regularity and serenity of life; sympathy, because it is the crowning virtue of civilization, without which the best man is but a savage, and because it is the basis of the democracy we hope to become; dignity, because we are an impulsive people, about to meet the outside world on equal terms, and because we need it quite as much in victory as in defeat."

In ministering to the Japanese, our missionaries may well regard this saying. The three traits mentioned are already characteristic of the Japanese people. If only their obedience can be transferred from Confucius and Buddha to Christ, they will surpass in their fealty our own race, in which this virtue has not been so strictly inculcated.

Much fault has been found by the world's people because the numbers of Christians in Japan have not grown in the proportion which might have been expected from the money which has been spent there. It was interesting to hear a returned missionary comment recently upon this. He spoke of the respect which is felt there for the missionaries and their teachings; and also of the considerable number of Christian Japanese occupying high places in the Island Empire. But far above any statistical display which can be made is, he asserted, the effect visible on every side in Japan, of the introduction of Christian ideals.

Thus, personal morality there is constantly being adjusted on a higher scale than ever before; plural marriages are decreasing in number and respectability; cruel tortures for crime are being abolished; measures never attempted before are under way for helping the unfortunate classes; women are being educated. In short, Christian standards are gradually superseding those of the old paganism.

In a late issue of the *Missionary Herald*, Dr. DeForest tells of his recent visit to Korea, which he calls by its Japanese name of "Cho-Sen." He says that that country is full of Japanese Christians, many of them prominent.

Thus the head of the Korean Judiciary, Judge Watanabe, is an earnest Christian. At Songdo the captain of the gendarmes is active in helping the flourishing Methodist mission there. Many of the high officers in the army are Christians. Yet Dr. De Forest says that "the Korean Christianity is not yet related to world-movements and world thought."

Perhaps this is because, though the language of Korea is like that of Japan, its soul, as Mr. Gale says, is Chinese; and this in spite of the fact that they have been ground for ages under the heel of a corrupt government, patterned after the Chinese.

Korea is of about the size of Kansas, and in 1907 was computed to have about 14,000,000 people—every man, woman and child of whom smokes. One of the great tasks of the Korean church leaders and teachers has been the abolition of this custom, which they see to be harmful and extravagant. They put the pipe away "quietly but emphatically," says Mr. Gale.

Korea is crying for missionaries. It receives the Gospel with warmth. In 1900 there were 111,000 adherents to the churches, and the number has greatly increased. But as yet only the outskirts of the land have been reached.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, May 28. TEXT: Acts 17:1-14.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has this week inaugurated the formation of Peace Circles throughout the entire United States. All readers and their friends who desire to be represented in this great movement should write for fuller information to the Peace Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



## Ready to Run

and Guaranteed to Keep On Running

**THE SEARS** Nine Models **\$325<sup>00</sup> to \$475<sup>00</sup>**  
**SOLD ON TEN DAYS' TRIAL**

When your SEARS is uncatered and mounted at the freight depot you have only to fill the gasoline tank, climb into the seat and drive off—as soon as your friends will let you go, for motor enthusiasts everywhere gather about a newly arrived SEARS to admire its power plant and praise its perfect construction and natty appearance.

The SEARS is first, last and all the time a country car. In designing and building it we deliberately forgot that there are such things as boulevards and rock roads. That is why, day after day, all the year round, this car is found doing hill climbing and other "stunts" more difficult than are attempted by high priced automobiles in much talked of endurance tests and economy trials.

The judgment of careful buyers is not influenced by the performances of expensive cars run by star drivers and mechanics in endurance and cross country races, with repair parts awaiting the cars at almost every stop.

The SEARS' remarkable records for endurance, reliability and economy are the more wonderful because they have been made by self-taught amateur motorists whose only knowledge of motoring was gained from our instruction book. We employ no racing experts and no demonstrators, but hire the best engineering and mechanical talent obtainable to build the SEARS and keep it right.

What the SEARS does, how it does it and at what cost—everything you want to know about the car and how you can make it work for you, is told in letters from SEARS owners which we have printed in a booklet entitled "What Sears Owners Say." Let us send you a free copy NOW.

**Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.**

**PAINT!** Do you want to learn how to make house paint for 65 cents per gallon? Send me 50 cents in postage stamps, and I'll not satisfactory. I engage to return it at any time you ask it, within two months.

O. E. Van Allen, 516 South Center St., Schenectady, N. Y.

## Don't Put Off Painting—It Will Prove Costly

The longer you put off painting the more oil and lead the job will take.

While you wait your buildings rot, exposed to the weather. The cost of paint made of

**"Dutch Boy Painter"** white lead and pure linseed oil is not so high as you may think.

For an average house, the cost now of this genuine old-fashioned, mixed-to-order pure white lead paint is not more than \$4 or \$5 greater than it used to be. Much cheaper than repair bills.

Write for our free "Painting Helps No. 1356" **NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY**

New York Cleveland Chicago St. Louis Boston Buffalo Cincinnati San Francisco (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)  
(National Lead and Oil Co., Pittsburgh)



**AGENTS** My Sanitary Coffee sweet coffee needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 430 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

**\$25 to \$75 Saved Or No Sale** 30 Days' Free Road Test—2 Years' Guarantee—125 styles to choose from. **Highest Grade Made Split Hickory Vehicles**

Don't you want Phelps' Big Book for 1917? It's free—and it gives the prices. It tells all about the latest order Vehicles—sold direct from factory. Best Buys! Every wife writes—more Vehicles to choose from than you could find in 25 buggy stores in 10 big towns. Write for the book today.

H. C. Phelps, President, THE PHILPS CHARRAGE & REPAIR COMPANY, Station 236, Columbus, O. Large Factory in the West Selling Vehicles Direct

## A Way to Make Money

IF YOU desire to increase your income so that you can earn more, have more, and save more, you will most likely be interested in our Plan. It isn't a plan that will start you up in business and immediately produce large profits. Those opportunities are still as scarce as ever. It is, however, a straightforward opportunity that is worth looking into. It isn't a "something for nothing" scheme. But it has splendid possibilities. There is no catch about it—it is plain, simple and easy. There is something to sell and some talking to do. But it's a good work—fine, glorious work! You'll enjoy it! And you'll be making money every time you take an order. We don't want to tell you all about the Plan in this advertisement; we prefer to make it a personal arrangement between us.

Just write your name and address on a postal card, and say, "Send me the Plan for those who want to make money." Particulars will be sent to you gladly without cost. Do it now. **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AGENCY DEPT., Bible House, New York City**



### FEED YOUNG GIRLS

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain that which is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic condition and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago that I finally quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness.

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk at my meals, but at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum.

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it made right—according to directions on the package—I found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum!

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than for a long while before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

### The Proof of Faith\*

THERE is no stronger argument for unity among Christians than those loving words of the apostle James, which form our first text this week. Every sect and every creed which our America knows, agree that "if a brother or sister be destitute," it is a travesty on any sort of religion to say to him or her, "Depart in peace," until that destitution has been relieved. Every evangelical and other so-called Christian sect, all Roman Catholics, all Jews, meet on this common platform. We may disagree in our conceptions of the atonement, of baptism, of the oral confession of sin, even of the past or future coming of Christ, and yet we all believe that the proof of any sort of honest religion is helpfulness and service to our fellow-beings. Is it not a beautiful thought?

In the same way, all religious sects unite in a hatred of sin. All deplore the existence of the low saloons and dens of vice in our towns and cities; all desire a purer family life, and a higher condition of physical, mental and moral health throughout the world. All the streams of religious thought, no matter how widely they may seem to be separated by creeds or forms, thus, as it were, meet together in the boundless ocean of God's love for his poor, misguided creatures.

"But," you may say, "I can't do anything for the so-called poor. I am poor myself. I have all I can do to keep myself fairly comfortable and free from debt. I can't help others."

It is true that there are some among us who do not solicit nor wish others to assist them, yet who are still as badly off as some of those to whom aims are extended; but the great mass of self-supporting people can manage, if they so desire, to save something from their scanty living to alleviate the lot of those who are less fortunate.

The sainted Dr. George Parsons Nichols once appealed to his people to repair their church. It was at a time of financial stringency throughout the country, and he knew that the work could not be done without much self-denial on the part of his congregation. "But," said he, "I want you to make sacrifices. I could wish that this whole church were frescoed with sacrifices. I could wish that every window through which God's light streams in were a sacrifice-window, and that every sacred object upon which the light falls were a gift of sacrifice."

We may say without reserve that the teachings of Scripture impress the same lesson. (See Luke 21: 2-4; Matt. 16: 24; and many other passages.) We are continually admonished in the sacred writings that, whatever our condition in life, nothing absolves us from the obligation to show our faith by good and unselfish deeds, and especially by helping others in the giving of our substance and of ourselves. Among the very poor, this spirit often prevails to a remarkable extent. Many touching stories are told of the Christ-like self-denial for others among those whom we are wont to regard as degraded and ignorant.

"The love of our neighbor," said George Macdonald, "is the only door out of the dungeon of self."

And the same thought was sweetly expressed by Rose Terry Cooke in these noble lines:

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, its power and ever  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver.

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring.  
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is swimming?

What if no blossom looks upward ardent?  
Look to the Life that was lavished for thee!

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, May 28. TEXTS: James 2: 14-17; 1. John 3: 16-18.

Thanks for the Roses

The roses came to me by the mail in good condition. Thank you. Mrs. E. D. N. Amherst, Mass.

## How To Quickly Raise Funds For Religious, Educational And Kindred Societies

Special Inducements Will be Offered Those Who Answer This Advertisement Within 30 Days From Date of This Issue.

### Motion Picture Exhibits Under Our Plan Will Arouse Interest And Provide Permanent Income

No Pay Until After Service Is Rendered

IN past years the Motion Picture Machine has not been widely used by Church organizations because of the almost prohibitive price that has been asked and the lack of suitable material for educational and religious purposes.

Under the plan of the Chautauqua Film Exchange these obstacles have been entirely overcome.

**The Chautauqua Film Exchange** is the only service in the world organized for the special purpose of supplying Motion Picture Films which are absolutely clean in story and scene.

Even the smallest mission church can now own and operate its own Motion Picture Apparatus and give entertainments as frequently as desired.

We furnish a very large assortment of programs and keep you advised of every new picture.

The charges for our services are paid out of your receipts after the entertainment has been given. No advance charges.

Motion Picture Machines, Stereopticons, Films and all supplies are sold by us at prices far below the ordinary and we make a specialty of the machines best suited for church work.

Your first entertainment will buy the machine, pay for installation, and leave you in a position to reap handsome profits from all future exhibitions.

Pastors, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, Sunday School Superintendents, and Chairman of Societies are urgently requested to write for our plans. We send entirely FREE, upon request, catalog, price list, plans, etc., and co-operate with you in every way.

Investigate this by sending today the attached coupon.

Special Notice: Any church or society desiring to order films should send a Home Chautauqua course well as a general order for films. Outdoor services are popular during the summer season, and an outdoor evening chautauqua at home is a delightful novelty.

**CHAUTAUQUA FILM EXCHANGE**  
538 South Dearborn Street  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send, without obligation, your catalogue, plans, etc., giving complete information as to Motion Picture Machines, Stereopticons, etc., as applied to Church and Society Work.

Name.....  
Street Address.....  
Town..... State.....  
Write on the margin of the page, if space is too small.

Ch. Herald  
Chautauqua Film Exchange  
538 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

### CREME EOGIENE

The fragrant, disappearing cream—free from oil or metal. Softens lines of face and imparts a transparent effect. The best powder foundation. Send post card for Free Sample and the Booklet, "How to Look YOUR Best" an instructive treatise on the best means to that end, by Wm. M. Chase, an authority on toilet preparations and their uses. Franco-American Toilet Requisites are sold only by specially appointed women; they may be a opportunity in your locality—if interested write for terms. FRANCO-AMERICAN HYGIENIC CO. 219 FRANKLIN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

### UNLESS IT'S A IMITATION

In Its Tenth Year  
The  
DUPEX ENVELOPE  
SYSTEM OF  
CHURCH COLLECTIONS  
DUPEX—Richmond, Va.  
Write for Cherry Calendar, Free

### STAMMERING

Habit Permanently Corrected

Natural speech taught. No beating time, drawing or other tricks. Read Method being introduced into public schools. Department for training teachers. Instructional, educational, scientific, systematic, thoroughly. Endorsed by leading authorities. Special summer classes for children. Trial Week Free.

REED SCHOOL 367 Hubbard Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

### YOUR SUMMER VACATION

The time is nearly here for you to begin planning for that Summer Vacation. Are you prepared financially? If not, now is the time to start the Vacation Fund. Don't wait until it is too late. We have a plan that has helped thousands to raise money during their spare time. It may be just the plan to help you finance part of your vacation expense. It won't cost you a single penny to find out about it. Simply write on a postal card these words: "Send Vacation Plan." Sign your name and address, and we'll gladly write and tell you all about it. Better do it NOW!

The Christian Herald Vacation Bureau, Bible House, New York City

### CLOTH FROM THE MILL

Best Values in Woolen and Worsted Cloth for Men's, Women's and Children's Wear. Direct from the Mill at Mill Prices. Pat. 1892. Always ready. Suits, Skirts, Trousers, Dresses, etc. Write for our Free Sample 1 P.E. State garment (planned, color preferred). 1110 E.W. and M.L.L., No. 61 Main St. Holyoke, Mass.

### THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOND BOOK

WE have received so many requests for copies of the financial articles which have been appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that we thought it wise to prepare them in pamphlet form. Any one who sends a copy of this useful booklet without charge, by forwarding 4 cents in stamps to cover postage, to THE Christian Herald, Dept. 36, Bible House, New York.

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### DRY GOODS NOTION CATALOG FREE

HAIR BRUSHES 48¢ UP  
CORSETS 48¢ UP  
SILK HOSE 48¢ HOSE 10¢  
MUSLIN 45¢ YD.  
LINEN 45¢ YD.  
DRESSING 99¢  
SUIT CASE 95¢

Our Prices for Dry Goods and Notions of all kinds are 25 to 50 per cent less than what you would have to pay your home dealer for the same goods. If you pay him \$5.00 for a bill of dry goods, you could buy the same for \$3.75 or less. Don't take our word for it but find out, describe us a postal order today saying "send me your free special dry goods and notions catalog," and when you receive it make out a list of the goods you need, get your local store, get their prices and compare with our prices. If you can't save a lot of money by sending to us, write to-day for this great special Catalog and see our many other goods. You will find out, describe us a postal order today saying "send me your free special dry goods and notions catalog," and when you receive it make out a list of the goods you need, get your local store, get their prices and compare with our prices. 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## How Cy Started Something

Continued from preceding page

were in a perspiring condition, but the calf, who was fresh as a daisy. What to do? Just then, as if sent by a good fairy, along drove Mr. Daley, the good-natured grocerman.

"What you trying to do, boys?"

"Oh, Mr. Daley," chorused the boys, "we want to go to the University farm with the calf; won't you take us? Are you going that way?"

Mr. Daley laughed all over his fat, jovial Irish face. "Well, I don't know but I might. What you going to do when you get him there?"

A united shout from the boys: "Sell him for five dollars." And Cy diplomatically added, "I'll give you fifty cents of it, Mr. Daley, if you'll take me'n the calf."

"Humph," said Mr. Daley, scratching his head, "don't believe they'll ever give you no five dollars for that calf; 'tain't more'n three weeks old. Well, let's see, hoist him up."

After many bunts and rushes on the part of the calf, and much lifting by the amiable Irishman, the calf was at last placed in the wagon, Cy and half a dozen boys mounting guard beside it, the rest of the crowd hanging on behind; and so they disappeared from view, leaving many misgivings with the watcher on the porch.

Supper passed, and no Cy. The sun sank below the horizon, still no sign of the missing boys. Darkness deepened, and the stars shone out; mother was getting very nervous and father commencing to pace the porch. A little figure came running through the gloom, the ever faithful Hi. "Cy can't get the calf to go," he panted. "It's tied to a tree now, and Cy says he's going to stay, and sleep by it all night."

Now that the facts were known, and Cy safely located, father's wrath broke forth anew. "Pretty piece of business. The most foolish thing I ever heard of a sane person doing, allowing a boy to buy a calf."

Finally, when a sound very like a smothered laugh came from the dark corner of the porch, father, with a grunt of disgust and indignation, put on his hat and stalked off in the direction of the hill, whence a sound had been proceeding for some time, the plaintive "ma-a-a" of a hungry calf, responded to every time by the lowing of the mother cow in the vacant lot near by. Half an hour passed away. The watcher on the porch, divided in sympathy for the long-suffering man and the downcast boy, listening intently to all sounds from the hill, noticed that they seemed to be moving and coming nearer, but very slowly. What could the poor souls be doing? At last, about ten P.M., a very weary and exasperated man, with a humble and despondent boy trudging behind him, appeared through the darkness, and sank down on the porch steps. Poor father had carried that calf every step of the way home!

After the calf incident there was a lull in the live stock demand among our boys. However, one morning Cy came running in, his big black eyes shining. "Now I've got something that I know papa will let me keep," he announced, proudly uncovering a basket, and displaying two lively Plymouth Rock pullets, gift of the kind-hearted neighbor. "I can keep them in our play-house, and they'll lay eggs; then you can always have fresh eggs, mamma." There was no resisting this appeal, no objections to be raised; so the two pullets were located in the play-house, where they lived in great comfort for two days, and were objects of the deepest interest to the neighborhood children, who thronged the ex-play-house to watch Cy's fowls.

After the second day he again appeared before his confidante, with rather an apologetic manner. "I've taken those pullets back to Mr. Jamison, mamma, and he's let me have a good hen that lays every day; those pullets wouldn't ever lay." Mother agreed that was a better bargain; so

the hen now occupied the pullets' former domicile, and a box of straw, containing mother's darning, was placed invitingly in a corner, Cy retiring to await developments. That hen was vigilantly watched through a knot hole by Cy, Stub Jones and Hi, in turns throughout the afternoon, but though she inspected the entire residence, not an egg did she lay, and seemed not to notice the attractive nest. When five o'clock came the boys gave up for that day, because Mr. Jamison had told them hens did not usually lay after four o'clock. Next morning, though, as Cy was dressing for breakfast, his ears were charmed by the sound of a loud, victorious cackle from the poultry house; out he raced in his stocking feet, regardless of dewy grass, to return proudly, bearing the first product of his poultry establishment.

In three days this industrious Biddy laid as many eggs and Cy proudly boasted of his hen to all whom he could get to listen. Then came a change. Two of Mr. Jamison's hens came off their nests, followed by a flock of downy chicks. This was the most wonderful event that had happened in boy-land for some time; and our hen's glories paled before such interesting creatures as a hen and her family of snowy puff-balls.

Finally Cy was seen in the barn in earnest conversation with the unfailingly complaisant Mr. Jamison. Emerging from the barn door, he came over to the porch where mother sat darning stockings. With a somewhat sheepish look, he said, "Mamma, I've decided to trade my hen for a setter. Mr. Jamison will let me have a nice old Plymouth Rock setting-hen. You ought to just see her; she ruffles all her feathers when I smooth her, and says, 'Cluck, cluck!' but she don't peck a bit. Then I'll empty my savings bank—it's half full again—and get some first-class eggs and set her on them; then when they hatch I'll have a real poultry yard, and we'll have all the eggs we want, and chickens for dinner." This was counting chickens before they were hatched certainly.

The hen was duly installed in the nest on some "first-class eggs," "Buff Cochins, biggest chicken that grows," according to Cy. Old Mrs. Plymouth tucked them carefully under her, and all went well for two hours. But the knot-hole could not have been carefully attended, for at the close of an exciting game of ball, Cy and Hi came tearing in, the tears making pathways down their dirty little faces. "Oh, mamma, the old hen has knocked all her eggs out, and they're broken on the floor; now we can't have a poultry yard." Poor boys! the case was indeed desperate. Old Biddy was seated with Buddha-like gravity on one egg, while fourteen others lay like sacrifices before her shrine. The boys had turned the former nest on its side, without a protecting board in front, so when Mrs. Hen got off to take an airing, out went all the "first-class eggs."

The only thing to do now was to replace them with next best, which were eggs that had lain in the ice-box for two days; they were, however, warmed in the oven, and then the patient old dame was placed on her new batch, well boarded in this time. Contrary to all expectations, five of those eggs hatched, notwithstanding that the store, the ice-box and the oven had a hand in controlling their fertility. When those five chicks of all kinds and colors followed their proud mother on a hunt for the choicest bugs, the joy of Cy and Hi knew no bounds.

"They're mine, my very own, I hatched 'em!" their happy owner cried over and over again; and loyal Hi, with equal pride in whatever Cy delighted in, shouted with joy, "Aren't you glad, mamma, aren't you glad?" throwing his arms around her neck, while Cy danced a triumphant war dance, and the rest of the clan perched on the porch rail, and whooped.



## "Mamma's Making Jell-O"

"Bobbie! Bobbie-e-e! Mamma's making Jell-O! Ain't you gla-a-d?"

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## JELL-O

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Surgeon-General Prof. Dr. Tillmanns, Leipzig University, says:

"I am, and shall always be a great admirer of Sanatogen."



Professor C. von Noorden, of Vienna University, writes:

"Sanatogen is of especial value in the various forms of anæmia and general debility. It is an excellent albuminous preparation."



Prof. Dr. C. A. Ewald, of Berlin University, says:

"I am able to speak from my own observations made at the bedside of patients, and I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurosthenic origin and have obtained excellent results."



Prof. Dr. Binswanger, of Jena University, writes:

"We have had good results from the use of Sanatogen in our clinic."



Professor Dr. Albert Neisser, Breslau University, writes:

"The experiments that I have thus far made with Sanatogen, especially in cases of patients suffering from loss of appetite and neurasthenia, have been most satisfactory."





# Christian Herald

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DECORATION DAY NUMBER





## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

Miss M. F., Detroit, Mich. What is meant by "the special friends of Jesus"? A Bible class teacher used these words: "Jesus has his friends, to whom he trusts his secrets more than to others."

Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha, may be regarded as special friends, and John was known as "the beloved disciple." To what extent Jesus made special revelations to them concerning himself and his mission, must be left to conjecture. The teacher may have intended a modern application, however, meaning that those who were most thoroughly consecrated to Christ, or who lived most closely to him, were, more largely than others, partakers of his nature and knew better the mind of the Master.

L. M. L. What do you consider among the leading vices, social, political, etc., of our time which threaten in any degree the destruction of our civilization?

Among our besetting sins as a people are corruption in high places, the inordinate love of money, the pursuit of pleasure, intemperance, the neglect of high ideals, social impurity and the lack of an honest enforcement of the laws. We do not take the pessimistic view, however, that conditions are such as to threaten the destruction of our civilization. We believe our country has a grand future in the drama of world development and that, under divine guidance, its greatest days have yet to come.

B. F. W., Cleveland, Okla. Please explain I John 3: 9. Also Heb. 6: 4, 5, and 6.

The passage I John 3: 9 is interpreted as meaning that the seed—the Living Word of God made by the Holy Spirit the seed of new life in the heart—is a continuous means of sanctification and keeps us from sin. Thus, the thoroughly regenerate, while they may be involuntarily betrayed into sin by the old nature, are cleansed of their sin by the blood of Christ. The passage does not say that because a man was once born of God, he never afterwards can sin; but with the Living Word now abiding in him, sin can have no place where it so abides. It was Luther who put the case pointedly when he said, "The child of God in this conflict receives wounds daily," but never throws away his arms nor makes peace with the deadly foe."

E. N. L., Cromwell, Conn. Where is the quotation found, "He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb"?

In Laurence Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

N. C. P., Santa Barbara, Calif. Please harmonize Matthew's and Luke's account of Christ's first days. Matthew says that he was taken to Egypt and remained there until the death of Herod, while Luke says he was taken to Nazareth.

There is no discrepancy between the accounts of the two evangelists. Luke, it is true, does not give the episode of the journey to Egypt; but a close reading of chaps. 2: 39 to 42 inclusive, shows that the evangelist has purposely omitted, for the sake of brevity, the details which would ordinarily cover a period of years. The whole account of Luke is less circumstantial than that of Matthew. A very generous construction as to the length of time might be put on the three verses in question, which cover a period of twelve years. The two narratives, though independent, are easily reconciled.

Maria B., Schenectady, N. Y. Being somewhat tenderhearted toward those in distress, I am frequently warned by friends—well-meaning ones, no doubt—against "indiscriminate charity." But what can one do? It is often difficult and sometimes impossible to tell the worthy from the undeserving.

Yours is not an uncommon experience. If we could look into the heart (which the good Book tells us "God alone knoweth"), we might be able to learn the merits or demerits of men. But such a thing is impossible, save in an occasional case we think the right course is to give the applicant the benefit of the doubt. It would be better to feed a fox because than that one worthy man or woman should be misjudged and starved by any act of ours.

Reader, Pottsville, Ark. What States and countries have woman suffrage, and what good has it done there?

Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Washington are the States which allow men and women to vote on equal terms. In Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Finland and (practically) Denmark have woman suffrage. From all these countries come favorable reports of its results. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe sent just before her death circular letters to Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational ministers and also to editors in the enfranchised States asking whether the results of the woman's ballot there were bad or good. Six hundred and twenty-four answers were received; 62 opposed, 46 in doubt, 616 in favor.

Continued on last column

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## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

D. W., Easton, Pa. Why did Jesus, after eating the Passover, exhort his disciples washing their feet, singing a hymn and offering a prayer, resort with his disciples to the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane when it must have been late and cold, in stead of seeking a needed night's rest at some friendly abode?

It was no time for rest; he knew that his hour was at hand (see Matt. 26: 31 and subsequent verses). He went to the garden to pray and to receive new spiritual strength for the great trial which was about to come upon him. An angel ministered unto him and strengthened him (Luke 22: 43). With divine consciousness he knew what had passed in the mind of Judas and that his own betrayal was near. Yet even in the crisis, had he so desired, he might have summoned the heavenly forces to overthrow the machinations of sin (see Matt. 26: 53, 54). We think that Matt. 26, read carefully, furnishes the whole answer to the question.

T. H. C., Cresco, Pa. Please explain what it is: "To love one's neighbor as one's self." It is found in Matt. 22: 39. I believe it means much more than man, as a rule, is willing to allow. My understanding is that I am to love my neighbor as I love myself. Is not this the real meaning? If so, how few of us reach or even try to reach the standard as required by this commandment!

It means that while our supreme affection is to be reserved for God alone, we are to love all mankind and to show this love by practical means; we are to do and to suffer for them as we should reasonably desire them to do and suffer for us. It is to be a happy interchange of brotherly love and generous consideration in all things. It does not refer to charity any more than it does to everyday conduct in word and deed, in opinions and judgment, as well as in acts and words. It is, in a word, the supreme law of human kindness and brotherly love, the "Golden Rule" (see Matt. 7: 12). This has been summarized as "the very essence of Christian teaching." We should put our selves in our neighbor's place, and what we consider would be most pleasing and gracious for him to do to us, that we should do to him.

### Miscellaneous

A. N., Berne, Md. The same question was answered recently in THE MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. W. Holiday. Thanks for your note but we prefer the other interpretation.

J. L. D., Dallas, Texas. See reply to the question on the "spirits in prison" in another issue of THE MAIL-BAG.

Rev. J. A. Chambliss, Plainfield, N. J., writes to THE MAIL-BAG to say that the marriage law in New Jersey was changed a year or two ago and a license is now required.

W. W. D., Miami, Fla. We are entitled to pray for faith, just as we should pray for other spiritual blessings. Remember the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." That was a prayer for increased faith.

Mrs. G. L., Port Byron, Ill. 1. The word "carriages without horses shall go" are from the old pseudo-prophecy of Mother Shipton which has a purely mystical character. The passage in Nahum 2: 4 is singularly suggestive of the same idea.

A. J. G., Harrisburg, Pa. We think we can best serve the cause of Christ and humanity by following the plain path we are now pursuing and by avoiding all complications. To us all races and nationalities are alike; they are all God's children and our brothers.

E. A. G., Manchester, Ia. In THE MAIL-BAG the question is asked by G. B., Buffalo, N. Y., "Is it customary for Jesus' disciples to wear swords?" Turn to Luke 22: 2, 36, 37, which shows that Jesus himself asked his disciples concerning swords, and therefore his knowledge of their possessing at least two swords.

H. P., Atwater, Minn. The house of God should not be made a place for commerce. While there are many things in which a congregation may engage with propriety, there are some that are better conducted elsewhere than in the church itself. This applies to fairs, bazaars, and a certain class of socials, suppers, etc. Good taste and a proper respect for the church will tell you where to draw the line.

A. K., Chatfield, O. Your first question has already been dealt with in THE MAIL-BAG. I Cor. 15: 61 refers to the putting off of the corruptible body for the incorruptible. It is applied to the Christians of that age and of the subsequent ages who are found in the attitude of "waiting" so that if Christ should come in the time that they might be found among the "quick." In Rev. 21: 1, the sea is a type of unrest and division or separation. In the perfect state described in the chapter, the sea will no longer be needed as now. It was once the element of man's destruction, but will be so no longer. For your last question see I Pe. 3: 19-21.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

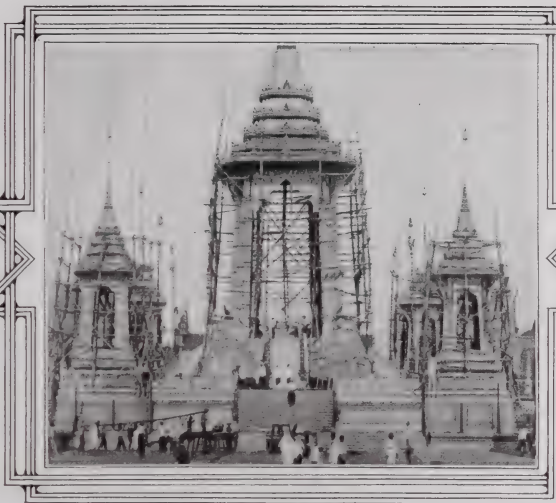
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Maha Vaajiravudh, King of Siam

Building the Great Pyre-Shrine

The Late King Chulalongkorn



## THE CREMATION OF A KING

ONE of the strangest and most impressive ceremonies ever witnessed took place at the royal city of Bangkok, the capital of Siam, on April 17. It was the official cremation of the late ruler of that country, King Chulalongkorn I., who died on October 24, 1910, and whose son, King Maha Vaajiravudh, lately ascended the throne as his lineal successor. In this last tribute of respect to the late king practically the whole Siamese people united. Chulalongkorn was an able and progressive ruler, and during his reign the ancient kingdom attained great prosperity. His people were happy and peaceful, and he was regarded by all with love and veneration. He was the author of many important reforms, chief among which was the abolition of domestic slavery throughout his kingdom.

For the purpose of the royal cremation, a large building of intricate design known as the *Phra Meru* was especially constructed. Four massive pillars resting on a platform formed the sub-structure, at the four corners of which were prayer towers of beautiful design, with gold roofs and sides, for the use of the priests. Hundreds of native artists and skilled craftsmen labored for months on the shrine, which was to be the dead king's pyre. They reared around it graceful pavilions and other buildings; all the architecture and decorations were in the richest style of Siamese workmanship; money was lavishly spent and the structures glowed with gold and color, and were artistically enriched with screens, royal emblems and exquisite curtains.

One eye-witness of the cremation ceremony, writing to the *London Graphic*, gives this description of the building:

In the perfect symmetry of the *Meru*, with its lofty spire; in the crimson and gold of the evening breeze stirred the garlands of flowers into motion; in the

beautiful decorative work of the cremation chamber, a striking object in the sea of gold and red; in the magnificent relief work at the base of the columns—everywhere was the same careful attention to detail, the same artistic success. It was a fitting chamber that the successor had caused to be erected, where the highest and lowest in the realm might take their final farewell of a great monarch.

All the pomp and splendor of the ancient East were reproduced in this great spectacle. Religious ceremonies and funeral rites preceded the final pageant, many priests and a great multitude of Siamese taking part. Then the gilded and jeweled casket in which lay the body of Chulalongkorn was borne to the place of cremation. First, the troops of Siam marched past, playing the funeral march, and took up their position on the *Phra Meru*. Next came the band of the royal palace guard, all scarlet-clad and playing upon silver trumpets, conch shells and metal gongs. High officials of state followed, bearing jeweled swords, spears and gilded vases. Then came a large car, in which was the High Priest Prince, clad in his official yellow robes, and reciting passages from the sacred Buddhist books as he rode. The gilded car was drawn by 150 men in red robes, and in front of it were the bearers of the royal insignia. Another equally gorgeous gilded car, borne by 220 men, also robed in red, bore the funeral coffer, which was shielded from the sun by a huge embroidered umbrella. Kneeling beside the

coffer were two royal princes dressed in white and gold. The young king, wearing a field marshal's uniform, walked in the first line of the royal mourners and acknowledged by salute the greetings of his people on every side. Representatives of all the European nations and of the United States attended the ceremonies. The naval band, with sailors and marines, closed the long procession.

On reaching the *Phra Meru*, the new king entered the pavilion and the various personages took their appropriate places. It was a gorgeous and imposing picture. When the coffer had been removed from the car it was elevated to its place on the pyre by an inclined plane and was then saluted by the entire assemblage. Great golden curtains were then drawn and the coffer was hidden from view. At sunset, the entire structure was illuminated by electric lights. The king ascended to the pyre amid the sound of soft dirge-like music; a royal salute was fired from the guns; the national anthem was played and the king himself applied the sacred fire to the pyre and then departed.

The royal princes, the diplomats and government officials then mounted the platform and placed their offerings of candles and sandalwood on the pyre, which was now blazing freely. It burned all through

the night, and next morning it was extinguished with perfumed water. The ashes of Chulalongkorn were then enclosed in a golden urn, studded with diamonds, and taken away in solemn procession to their final resting place.

The young king who now governs the Siamese people was educated in England. He has traveled extensively, and studied carefully the affairs of his own country. Like his father, he has progressive ideas and is already very popular with his subjects.



A View of Bangkok, the Imperial City, Showing the Palace



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. R. A. TORREY\*



## THE WELL IN THE HEART

TEXT: John 4:14—"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

THERE is an almost matchless music in the words of my text. Long before I was converted or had any understanding of their meaning, I would come to this verse and read it time and time again. I did not know what it meant, but it seemed like a strain of music from some heavenly world. When I came to understand the meaning of these words, and came to know in my own heart that of which they speak, it would be impossible for me to tell how precious these words have been to me.

I suppose you recall the circumstances under which the Lord Jesus spoke these words. He was very tired, very thirsty, very hungry; so tired that he felt he could go no further; and he sank down in utter weariness upon Jacob's well at Sychar. He was very thirsty, but he had nothing to draw water with from that well. His disciples went on alone into the city to buy something to eat. He could not go with them. He just waited there until they should bring him something to eat. There he sits, tired, hungry, thirsty; and as he looks up the road he sees a woman, a sinner, coming to draw water out of the well; and a new thirst comes into his heart, a far more intense thirst than that for water for his body—a thirst for the salvation of that woman. As soon as she comes within speaking distance, he turns to her and says, "Give me to drink"—not so much that he wanted to quench his physical thirst, as that he had a great longing in his soul that he wanted to quench—the longing for the salvation of that woman. She in the meanness of her spirit, instead of letting down her water-pot and giving him to drink at first tries to start a theological discussion. "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?" (John adds the comment, "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.") And Jesus said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." "Sir," she cries, "the well is deep, and thou hast nothing to draw with; from whence then hast thou that living water?" Jesus said to her, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

### Unsatisfying Fountains

How true that is of every earthly fountain! No matter how deeply we may drink, we shall thirst again. No matter how deeply one drinks of the fountain of wealth, he shall thirst again. No matter how deeply one drinks of the fountain of worldly pleasure, he shall thirst again. No matter how often or how deep one drinks of the fountain of fame, of social position, of political position, he shall thirst again. No matter how deeply they drink, they always thirst again. The earthly fountain never satisfies. Take the one who drinks at the fountain of human philosophy and science, he always thirsts again. The one who drinks at the fountain of music and art always thirsts again. It does not satisfy. Take even the one who drinks of that best of all human fountains, the fountain of human love; it does not satisfy the deepest longings of the soul; he thirsts again. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." That is the way to be fully and forever satisfied. Drink of the water Jesus gives. You will not thirst forever; you will have a fountain within you, springing up into everlasting life.

The water that Jesus gives is the Holy Spirit. You say, "How do you know that the water that Jesus gives is the Holy Spirit?" Because the Bible says so in John 7:37-39: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.)" Here we are told in so many words that the water that Jesus gives is the Holy Spirit. When any one receives the Holy Spirit, the Holy Spirit becomes within him a well of water, a never-ceasing fountain of satisfaction and rest and joy, springing up, springing up into everlasting life.

\* Pastor Moody Church, Chicago, Ill.

It is a great thing to have a fountain that you can carry around with you. Some years ago, I had occasion to build a summer home in Northfield, Mass. Mr. Needham, the evangelist, and I were out walking one day and when we got within about five minutes of the Auditorium, there was a hill rising from the road. Mr. Needham said, "Torrey, I believe if we would go up to the top of that hill, we would get a good view." I said, "Let's go." We climbed the hill and it was a wonderful view. Right at our feet were the Seminary buildings, then the broad Connecticut River running through the valley, then the valley beyond the river, then a tier of hills and then another tier, and still another, four, five, six, seven tiers of hills all lying in the golden light of the setting sun. I said, "I am going to buy this hill and build a house right here." I went to see the farmer the next day and he told me what he would take for the hill and I bought it.

### The Hilltop Spring

After some months I went to work to build, and my friends would drive along at the bottom of the hill and they would call me down and say, "Torrey, are you crazy? What are you building for way up on top of that hill? That is no place to build. You cannot get any water up there." Now that was where they were mistaken; for before we had ever struck a spade into the ground, one day walking over the hill with the farmer from whom I had bought it, about one hundred feet perhaps from the house, I saw a depression, and I said to him, "I believe if I should dig right there, I should strike water," and he said, "It does look like it." I said, "I am sure there is a spring right there." And we dug a hole about four feet across, and when they had gone down about eight feet, we had five feet of water, clear as crystal, cool, soft, delicious, pure. Well, that well ran on year after year, never abated in its strength. We had great droughts, and other people's wells would run dry, but my well on the top of the hill would just have the same amount of water, five feet of water; and it was such clear water you would think there wasn't any water in it, that you were just looking through the air. But there was one trouble with that well. I could not take it with me. Most of the time since I had that well dug, I have been away from there, sometimes 12,000 miles away. During the Spanish-American War, I was down in Chickamauga with the troops, and there was no rain and we had 60,000 troops. Why, the dust was thirty feet high, and we ate dust, and we slept dust, and we drank dust. How I used to long for my well up there on the hilltop! But I had to leave it behind. Near us was a well, but if you drank at it you would be flat on your back in fifteen minutes.

### The Well in the Heart

But all the time I was thinking of that well so far away, I had another well in my heart that I had taken with me. I had a well within my heart springing up, springing up into everlasting life. It is a great thing to have a well you can always carry with you. When you receive the Holy Spirit you have a fountain you can take with you, everywhere, to all eternity.

It is also a great thing to have a well within you as your source of joy instead of being dependent on things outside of you for your joy. If your joy is in your environment, sometimes you will be happy (when your environment is pleasant), but when your environment is not pleasant you will be miserable. You will be happy when you are prosperous in business, and miserable when you are not prosperous. Sometimes you will be well, and sometimes you will be sick; if you are well you will be happy, but if you are sick, you will be miserable. Then the day always comes sooner or later when our dearest friends are taken from us; then if your joy is in things without you, in these moments of deepest sorrow, you will be miserable; but if you have a fountain within you, in these moments of deepest sorrow you will be happy, and the fountain within, the Holy Spirit, turns the moments of deepest sorrow into moments of unutterable gladness.

The Holy Spirit never so fills the heart and never so fills the soul with gladness as he does in moments of deep bereavement.

Friends, it is a wonderful thing to have the Holy Spirit in your heart when sorrow comes. It turns the deepest sorrow into the gladdest joy. What is any earthly fountain worth in a time of sorrow? Is there any comfort in wealth when the dear one is taken away? The rich man is as sad as the poor man. Is there any comfort in the pleasures of this world at such an hour? Do you want to go to the theatre? Do you want to go to a card party? Do you want to go to a dance? Such things only bring agony in such an hour. What comfort is there in music, and art, and philosophy? Or in political position, or power, or honor? None at all; but oh, if you have the fountain within, the Holy Spirit within your heart, these moments of deepest sorrow become the moments of our supreme gladness.

If you have the fountain within, the Holy Spirit in your heart, you will be independent of the world's sources of joy and pleasure. You won't have to run after the dance, the theatre and the cards. You will have something infinitely better. I sometimes think it does not do much good to talk to people and say, "You must give up your dancing, your cards and theatres." To them it seems as if life would not be better living without these things; they are all they have. But get them to receive the Holy Spirit; then they get something that is so much better that they will give these things up without a struggle. What does a person who has a cool crystal spring to drink of want with a muddy old pool?

### The World's "Muddy Pools"

A lady in Philadelphia came to Mr. Moody once and said, "I don't like you." "Is that so?" said Mr. Moody. "Why don't you like me?" She said, "Because you are too narrow." "Is that so?" said Mr. Moody. "I didn't know I was narrow. Why do you think I am narrow?" "Because you don't believe in going to the theatre, and you don't believe in dancing, and you don't believe in playing cards." "Why," said Mr. Moody, "I go to the theatre myself whenever I want to." "You do, Mr. Moody?" she exclaimed; "why, you are much broader than I thought you were." "Yes," said Mr. Moody, "I go to the theatre whenever I want to. I don't want to." If you get the Holy Ghost in your heart, you won't want to. When you drink of this living fountain you will not want these muddy pools any more. Another lady said to Mr. Moody, "I heard you say, 'I go to the theatre whenever I want to,' and I did not understand it. I understand it now. I was converted the other night in your meeting. My husband afterwards asked me to go to the theatre and though I did not care to go, I went to please him; I did not want him to go alone. The curtain went up and the play began. It did not go very far when something that was said just grated upon this new life, and I whispered to my husband, 'I have got to go. I can't stand this.' He replied, 'Don't make a fool of yourself. You need never come again, just stay this play out.' I braced up and tried to stand it through. Pretty soon something else was said that grated, and it just seemed as if I could not stand it, and I said to my husband, 'I must go.' He said, 'Don't make a scene right here. You needn't come again.' Again I tried to stay, but something else grated, and I said, 'I have just got to go.' He said, 'Don't make a fool of yourself.' I replied, 'I have been making a fool of myself all my life, and I am not going to make a fool of myself any longer, and I left.' When you get the Holy Spirit in your heart, you cannot be happy in the theatre, you cannot be happy at a dance. You won't want these things. A well of water within, springing up, springing up into everlasting life. Why is it then that so many Christians are running after these things? It is either because they have never received the Holy Spirit (and that is true of a great many professed Christians), or else the fountain is choked. Don't you know it is quite possible to choke a fountain?

I was born in the city and brought up in the city, and when I was ten years old I was sick and tired of the city, and my other two brothers were too, and we wanted to go to the country, and we went to my father and said, "Let's get out of Brooklyn. Buy a place out in the country, and let's live out there." My father said, "Well, boys, I guess I will." H

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## The Well in the Heart

Continued from preceding page

ent up to Geneva, which was near where he had been born, and tried to buy a place he had known in boyhood. He could not buy it, as it was not for sale; but a friend said to him, "Reuben, I think I know a place that will satisfy you. The Colonel will place it for sale." My father went up to see it, and bought it at once. The man who had built the place had not a great deal of money upon it, but the natural contour of the land was good, and he wanted a hill, so that he could see over the town and twenty miles up the lake. He got men together, and there was no hill there he built it. He had 300 teams working there for months to build that hill to get it as he wanted it, and just the right shape. Then he brought forest trees from all over the country and some from foreign countries, and set out his chest trees.

When he went to work and built his house, there was everything there that a person could desire: houses and barns and stables and orchards and vineyards and gardens. There was a well, but it was not located where he needed it; so he said, "I am going to dig a well near the house." They dug and dug and dug, and it seemed as they were never going to strike water. One day they struck water, but it struck altogether too much. They took a gusher. They thought it was not to inundate the land and underneath the house; so they sent for the fire department and pumped out the water, and while they pumped a fireman came down the well with an old rag and put it into the orifice, and stopped the water and then they dug in stones and it was safe. The water there for some time. One day a man who had built the house said, "I want a whole lot of money into that well and I'm going to enjoy the water." He went to work and had the stones taken out and curbed up the sides of the well and now it was safe to let the water in. He sent for the fire department again and they let a man down the well to pull out the old rag and stop it. He went down with a rope in his hand to give the signal to those above, and had his other hand free to hold the old rag carpet. He pulled the carpet and they hoisted him up. The well was safe now, and for years people would come and drink of that water. It was most delicious water.

The place passed out of our hands. They took down the barn and stables, and cut down the forest trees, and laid the whole property out in town lots. I never went back to Geneva for twenty years. One day I was going to Cornell University, and I had to pass through Geneva, and I said, "I guess I will stop to see the old place." I went up to the old place, but it was not the old place. The house had been taken down, and built by brick and stone by stone, and everything was changed. I thought I was not going to see anything that was not natural. I noticed a well right in front of a porch, and I said to myself, "What a strange place for a well! Most on the porch!" Then it dawned on me that it was the old well. The Presbyterian pastor met me and said, "Have you been up to the old place? Everything is gone you used to know." For everything has gone. I saw one thing that was natural: the old well. That is up there still. How funny that they have left it right there in front of the front porch! Why don't they fill it?" He replied, "They will never fill it at all up there, that is the best water in Geneva." The best water in Geneva, and yet plugged up with an old rag carpet for years!

Do you see it? If you have received the Holy Spirit, you have the best well in the universe right in your heart; but in some of your hearts it is plugged up with some old rag of worldly concern, some old rag of sin. Let's pull out the old rags to-day. What do

## Discouragement and Power

By EUGENE THWING

WHEN there is so much wickedness and greed on every hand, so much of injustice and cruelty—when business difficulties crush and family trials harrow the soul, what can one tired heart find to give it strength? What hope is there that a single individual can set in motion any force that will prevail?

It is all very well to talk of the power and the great achievements that lie within the grasp of the "one man" or the "one woman in a million"; but in real life where does the power begin? How can the achievements that seem to mock us with their magnitude and with our littleness be made our own, when there is everything to discourage us and make us pessimistic of the outcome? We want to see and recognize something that we can believe in, something that will bring back our faith that there is a force for good which we, as individuals, can lay hold of with hope of overcoming the evil that appals us.

SUCH a force is at hand for every one. There is no doubt of it. He who recognizes and believes in the desire for good and the purpose to do good and not evil in his own heart must believe that the same desire and purpose live in other hearts. To awaken this desire, to rouse this purpose, until they shall take control of the life and result in action, this is to put into operation "a force for good" that will counteract and overcome the evil in business, society and public affairs.

Do you want "something to believe in?" Believe in yourself. You are not dead clay waiting for the hand of some master sculptor to fashion it into a semblance of life. You are not a thing that must wait to be acted upon by other men. You are a living soul. The beginning of things is in you. There is "a force for good," and it must start from your own soul. Begin to act in accordance with your own longings and aspirations. Begin to respond to your own need, and you will find not only that your need is being satisfied, but that the "force for good" which you set agoing will affect other lives.

WHAT is "a force" after all? In the physical world or in the moral world, what is force? It is nothing but an aggregation of units moving or striving to move in a certain direction. These units have various names—pounds, volts, degrees, horse-powers, etc.; but the force is great or little according as the units are many or few. In the "force for good" you are longing for, the units are human lives—nothing else. The power of God works in the world only through human lives. Do you expect the "force for good" to be made up somewhere afar off and come sweeping hitherward like a mighty rushing wind, or a devouring flame, consuming the "evil" in its path while you stand and look on waiting to shout "Glory to God!" when the work is done? Or do you expect the "force for good" to spring into being spontaneously in the community, taking in all other human life units while you prepare to rejoice in the results which you have not helped to achieve? Perhaps other units—who knows how many of them?—are waiting to be jostled into motion by the unit of force which you are yourself.

There is an immense "force for good" in the world, but too much of it is at rest. In your own particular environment the units all around you may be at rest. It is up to you to get them started in the right direction by starting that way yourself.

"DISCOURAGEMENT is a form of atheism," said Dr. Parkhurst. "A man may accept God in his creed, but he does not accept him in his heart if he finds himself interpreting an ebb-tide as a symptom that we have had our last flood-tide. Believing in God when the time is favorable is often a belief in the favorableness of the times a great deal more than it is a belief in God." As we believe in him, we must believe in the power for good which he has in us or is ready to put in us for use in the world. He deals with individuals before he deals with multitudes or with nations.

Love is called the greatest force in the world, but there could be no love without human hearts. Even God's love is meaningless and powerless in the world aside from its working in and through human hearts. You have this power, this mighty force at your command. As Mrs. L. M. Child expressed it years ago, "The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lies in that one word *love*; it is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life; to each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will."

HERE, then, is the answer to our questionings—here is "something to believe in": believe in yourself, believe in your own power, in your own calling, in your own responsibility, in your own destiny. Believe that when God breathed into man's nostrils his own breath and made man a living soul—when he gave man dominion over the earth and commanded him to subdue it, that he gave him also the power to do as commanded, and that man is here to subdue and not to be subdued. In the name of him who gave that power and appointed that high destiny, do not lose hope—do not be crushed down. There is more good than evil in the world, though it does not make as much noise. Theodore Roosevelt spoke only the truth when he said, "The forces of truth and love and courage and honesty and generosity and sympathy are stronger than ever before."

Take to yourself the exhortation of Paul and "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Employ to its utmost the force for good that reposes in your own life, and set it at work to counteract some at least of the injustice and grind and crushing and greed. Set it at work, also, in disturbing the repose of other "units of force" around you and getting them to work.

## Standard Oil Decision

ON THE afternoon of May 15 the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its final decision in one of the great anti-trust cases whose results have been awaited so long. This case, which was prosecuted under the Sherman Anti-Trust law, was that of the United States against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The decree of the Circuit Court directing the dissolution of the Oil Trust was affirmed by the higher court, but its directions were modified in two particulars. These two modifications are that the period allowed for the execution of the decree is extended from thirty days to six months and the injunction against engaging in inter-State trade in petroleum and its products during the execution of the decree is removed. The removal of the injunction against inter-State trade during the six months allowed for the closing up of the corporate affairs of the trust is due entirely to a consideration of the serious injury which might result to the public from a complete cessation of the business for such a length of time.

In this, the first of its big decisions in the anti-trust cases, the court determines against the Standard Oil Company on the ground that it is a combination in unreasonable restraint of inter-State commerce. Thus, after a fight which has lasted through many years and in which every obstacle known to the legal profession has been interposed, the Federal Government has finally succeeded in its efforts to compel this giant corporation to cast off its holding company and again to separate itself into its thirty-three constituent parts.

The judges of the Supreme Court were unanimous in their decision on the matter, the only objection being raised by Justice Harlan, who concurred in the general decision, but wished to have the word unreasonable omitted from the findings of the court.

For the first time since it has been constraining the Sherman Anti-Trust act the court takes that position, and thus definitely reads the word "unreasonable" into the law. It was on this ground that Justice Harlan dissented.

Justice Harlan sharply criticised the majority of the court for taking this position. He declared it to be a menace to the institutions of the country. He said it was amending the Constitution by judicial interpretation, and was unjustified.

The decision was received with varying emotions by the crowd in the little court room. Some of the opinions expressed later were as follows: Attorney-General Wickersham: "Substantially every proposition contended for by the government is affirmed." Frank B. Kellogg, counsel for government: "It is a complete victory for the government." Senator Kenyon, formerly Assistant Attorney-General: "I think the court has amended the anti-trust law, and it will lead to trouble." Senator La Follette: "I fear that the court has done what the trusts wanted it to do, and what Congress has steadily refused to do."

## Jail Sentences Recalled

SAMUEL GOMPERS, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, president, vice president, and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor, will not have to serve the jail sentences imposed upon them by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for contempt of its decree in the famous suit of the Bucks Store and Range Company of St. Louis against them for an injunction restraining them from continuing the boycott laid by the Federation against that concern.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in a unanimous decision, handed down by Justice Lamar on May 15, reversed the District Court and remanded the case, with directions to dismiss it, but the dismissal is to be without prejudice to the right of the District Court to proceed properly against the labor union men for criminal contempt.

Justice Lamar showed that the jail sentences were imposed as punishment for criminal contempt as a part of the relief prayed for by the Bucks Store and Range Company. The District Courts simply mixed up civil and criminal proceedings in one case, and the United States Supreme Court informs them that that cannot be done.



# OUR FIRST SUFFRAGE PARADE

By KATE UPSON CLARK



THE MARYLAND AND NEW JERSEY DELEGATIONS IN LINE JUST AFTER THE PARADE LEFT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

IN SPITE of the fact that certain among the suffragists believe that parades do not help any cause, others feel that they do. Accordingly, under the special inspiration of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, President of the Woman's Political Union, a great procession of suffragists marched down Fifth Avenue in New York on Saturday, May 6. It extended over ten city blocks and in its ranks, side by side, marched the wives of millionaires and hard-working shop girls; professional women whose names are honored throughout our whole land, and humble toilers who earn their daily bread in obscure corners.

It was an impressive and cheering sight, and the thousands of spectators who lined the sidewalks of New York's most famous thoroughfare, many of whom had come to jeer, were moved to an admiration which was not unmingled with emotion as they beheld it. In the words of the poet Goldsmith, it might almost have been said that "those who came to scoff remained to pray." Some of the older and feeblier of the veteran suffragists rode; but among the straightest and proudest of the 4,000 marchers were many gray-haired women, who had worked through long lifetimes to secure the ballot for woman and to free her from the stigma of classification with the incapables.

At the head of the procession marched four of the youngest and prettiest of the whole number. They were dressed in white, and kept their eyes directed straight forward, while their bearing was full of dignity. Then came a band of Scotch pipers, followed by a dainty little matron borne by four men in an old-fashioned sedan chair. She typified the lady of "ye olden time." Appropriately, a float behind her showed an antique kitchen, with its brick fireplace, a hanging kettle on its crane, and women spin-



Miss Sarah McPike

Miss Alberta Hall

Miss Inez Milholland

ning and weaving near by. The fifth division held the suffrage banner, and the sixth and seventh divisions were devoted to the different suffrage organizations. Of these the Men's League for Woman Suffrage was by far the most conspicuous. Every woman must be especially grateful to those two hundred splendid men, who showed their colors so openly in the great woman's parade. Their numbers and their noble bearing contributed immensely to the wonderful success of the demonstration. When, at the end of the procession, the marchers entered Union Square, the women gave them an enthusiastic greeting. Among them were Professors Jol Dewey and Vladimir Shklovitch of Columbia University, James L. Laidlaw, the distinguished banker, and many others of light and leading.

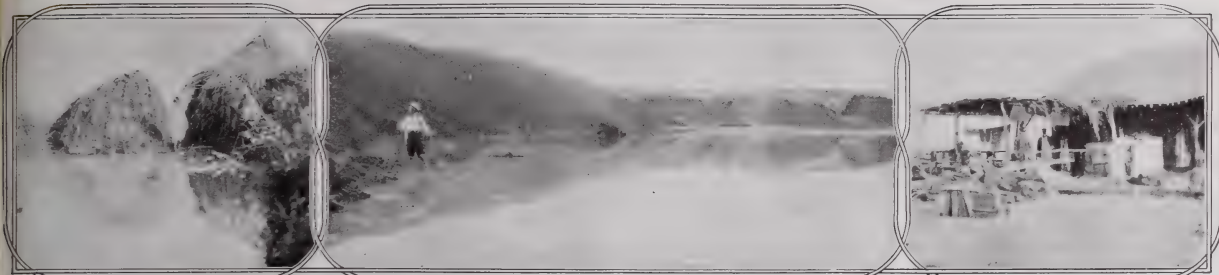
The few women who bore a banner on which was emblazoned a crown, labeled, "The Suffrage." Under it were



Women Representing all Nations



# A NIGHT AT THE DEAD SEA



The Flooded Bedouin Encampment

The River Jordan in Flood Time

The Arab House Where the Night Was Spent

By CARLTON H. TYNDALL

WE HAD been in Jerusalem over a week and it had rained every day. As that was our second visit and we had seen the various points of interest, we were eager to start on our horseback trip northward. We had not as yet visited the Jordan and Dead Sea, and were waiting for a fair day on which to make that excursion. Finally on the 31st of March of last year, when the sun arose in a cloudless sky, they told us at our hotel that the rain was over and we might safely go down to Jericho.

We hurried outside the Jaffa Gate, where carriages were usually engaged, but it was impossible to get one. We endeavored to procure saddle horses, but the supply had been exhausted, and so we inquired if strong donkeys could convey us as well. Some said that with such beasts we would not reach Jericho until night, but we had ridden them many times, and although the prospect of a fifty-mile donkey ride in a day and a half was anything but pleasant, we determined not to waste a single pleasant day.

At nine o'clock, accompanied by our donkey-boy, we started. Leaving the city by the Dung Gate, we skirted the Valley of Hinnom, crossed the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and soon the Mount of Olives had cut off our view of Jerusalem and we were well on our way to Bethany.

As soon as we had lunched at Jericho, we remounted our donkeys and started for the River Jordan. We pursued a southeasterly course over the plain and in a few minutes had crossed the Brook Cherith, which was so swollen by the constant rains that our animals had to be driven through it.

At three o'clock we reached a spot opposite the ford El-Hennu only to find that the river had overflowed its banks for a half mile inland and that the willows, tarfa trees and poplars, which fringe the margin of the stream, completely hid it from view. The River Jordan was one of the attractions that had lured us seven thousand miles. To return without seeing it would surely be a cause for future regret. After telling our donkey-boy that we wanted to go down to the Dead Sea that afternoon, we dismounted and left him with the crowd that came in carriages. We took off our shoes and, rolling up our trousers, waded toward the main stream. Presently we found the water over three feet deep and so proceeded more to the north. We met a native in our wanderings and tried to make him understand that we wished to see the Jordan. He motioned us to follow him and after wading perhaps a quarter mile we found ourselves among a dozen natives in the midst of a Bedouin encampment composed of partly submerged straw shacks. We made our guide understand that this was not what we were looking for and, after getting a photograph, we left the settlement. An hour's walking and wading brought us to Kasr el-Yehud, near which is the famous Ford of the Jordan. Here we had a view of the river that well repaid us for our arduous journey.

We stayed long enough to take a couple of pictures and then started back. The walking was bad and the wading was worse, so it was five o'clock when we reached the place where we had left our donkeys. What was our surprise to find that the donkey-boy and all the carriages had gone. We

shouted with all our might, but no one was within hearing distance. After waiting a few minutes we started southward toward the Dead Sea, thinking that the lad might have gone there since we had impressed upon him the fact that we surely must visit that place before we returned to Jericho.

In many places the water had so covered the road that we had to leave it for the hills and ridges. We did not know then how dangerous this was, but were afterwards informed by the American Consul in Jerusalem that there are often slime pits within fifty feet of the road from which escape is impossible if a person gets into one of them.

Before we had completed our seven-mile tramp across the soft plain it began to grow dark and we

them certainly was not inviting, but it was better than being outdoors in the mud, and we were glad to be sheltered by a roof and near a cheerful fire.

After a few minutes one of the Arabs went out and brought in a man who was evidently a European. We were glad indeed to learn that he was a Bulgarian, who with his wife occupied the other end of the shack.

We followed him to his room and discovered that while he spoke several languages he had not as yet learned more than a score of words of ours. They were much puzzled as to our reason for coming there at that time, and we were unable to put their minds at ease. They had just finished their supper, but they immediately re-set the table and gave us a meal that was a great surprise. Among the dishes set before us were beans, sardines, bread, pickles, Holland cheese, oranges and lemonade. Our long

walk had given us good appetites, and we were glad to find such hospitable people in that out-of-the-way place. They urged us to occupy their bed for the night. Of course we would not listen to such a proposition, so they covered a long bench with blankets and we were glad to make the best of the makeshift. We didn't get much sleep, however, for the Arabs in the other end of the house talked furiously until long past midnight.

The next morning after we had made a good breakfast of chocolate and English crackers, a caravan of camels and donkeys came down to the sea, laden with merchandise for the towns at its southern end. When they had unloaded the beasts, the men drove them into the water, where they floated about like huge buoys. The water is said to possess antiseptic properties. I hope it helped to heal the sores on those poor camels and donkeys, for they were a pitiful sight.

At seven o'clock we commenced our ten-mile tramp back to Jericho by a road farther from the Jordan and in consequence less muddy than the one we traversed the night before. Just as we were fording the Brook Cherith near Jericho a mounted policeman accosted us and asked if we were Americans. Upon our answering in the affirmative he at once rode on into the town and before we could get our stockings on he had brought a crowd from our hotel down to the brook.

It seems that after the carriages had returned to Jericho, our donkey-boy was afraid to stay alone

and soon followed them, reporting on his arrival that we had gone in swimming and had probably been drowned. The Turkish officials doubted his story and after flogging the poor lad on general principles, dispatched mounted police to scour the plain all night in search of us. They said that roaming bands of lawless Bedouins infest that section and in consequence robberies and murders are of too frequent occurrence. We thought there was little ground for their fears until the American Consul at Jerusalem told us of several instances in which tourists had been robbed and killed by these roving bandits.

[The readers who wish to accompany THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, next September, will be specially interested in Mr. Tyndall's article, which deals with scenes and places that are included in the itinerary of the tour. Pamphlets of the tour will be furnished on application by post card.]



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Tourists and Guides at the Dead Sea

wondered what we should do if we failed to find either our donkey-boy or a dwelling at the Dead Sea.

However, soon after dark, when we came in sight of the Dead Sea we were gladdened by the sight of a light. A large pond separated us from the building in which it shone, and, before wading over, we made as loud a noise as our parched throats would allow. When the demonstration had been repeated several times an Arab, armed with a rifle and followed by a dog, came out and hailed us in his native tongue. Finding that we were unable to answer intelligently in Arabic he motioned that we should come across the pond.

He led us into a big room, in the centre of which there were several Arabs squatting around a fire. They questioned us in their language and we replied in ours, so they were none the wiser as to why we had come. The prospect of spending the night with



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## "Lest We Forget"

MEN'S memories are short. In the ancient times, God burned into the minds of his people in hard and terrible ways the remembrance of his great mercies. Even the generation which had witnessed the miracles in Egypt soon lost the deep impression which had been made upon them. He knew how succeeding generations would soon forget them altogether unless the story was kept alive by solemn ceremonies, often repeated, and by costly and bloody sacrifices.

To us of a latter and, as we are wont to think, a better day, the lesson still comes with force. We shall forget the magnificent sacrifices through which we have derived universal liberty, unless we are continually and strongly reminded of them. Therefore it is well that we of the North and the South alike should on this day repair to the graves of those who died in the great civil war; remind ourselves afresh of their courage and their virtues; and rejoice in the united and prosperous country which they bequeathed to us—a country which already, perhaps, holds the balance of power in the civilized world; and which, if we fulfil our rightful destiny, will soon be able to control public opinion in both hemispheres—not by the conquest of fire and sword, but by the wisdom and love and greatness of our people.

In every community on this sacred day there should be public and dignified exercises by which the ignorant and the careless should be instructed and thrilled to a higher patriotism. In every family there should be mention made of the glories and the sorrows of those stirring days of '61. God has dealt graciously with us; but too often when he dealt thus with his chosen people their hearts were "lifted up" and they forgot him and the wonderful way in which he had led them. Let not this stigma rest upon our own beloved nation.

Let us not forget God's goodness and the great blessing which came out of all the trials and sorrows which Memorial Day commemorates—trials that have bound our people in one family.

Before many years, the last veteran of the Civil War will have grounded arms. Let us hope and pray that this day may continue to be celebrated while the nation lasts, while equally we pray and hope that our national peace may never again be interrupted by the clash of hostile weapons.

## Financial Neutrality in War

FOR the first time in the history of the Peace Movement, the financial element came to the front in the Baltimore Congress. One of the leading representatives of the money interests, Mr. Speyer, the New York banker, indicated the new attitude of capital towards war by suggesting the adoption of a policy of financial neutrality, under which nations, to a very large extent if not altogether, might prevent loans being raised within their territory or by their own people to enable other nations to carry on war against each other. Several bankers spoke on similar lines and favored the submission of this novel proposition to the next Hague Conference. It is impossible to estimate the far reaching importance of this plan for withholding the "sinews of battle" from governments contemplating hostilities. The whole literature of modern warfare begins and ends with a loan. There is probably not a "leading power," European or Asiatic, which has not floated war loans within the last half century without which it is doubtful if ever they could have begun hostilities. If the stock exchanges and leading banks of half a dozen capitals were to adopt the future policy of turning down the applications of bellicose governments for floating war loans, they would indeed be giving most efficient aid to the peace movement. Grub-stake loans for foreign wars have been raised here and elsewhere in recent years, the refusal to float which would have halted hostilities and prevented the firing of a single shot; but when the financiers opened their treasuries, the coin they poured out was the price of thousands of lives needlessly sacrificed, and of immeasurable sorrow and hardship to innocent people.

If the financial magnates should unite on such a policy as Mr. Speyer has outlined, they would indeed deserve to be regarded as world benefactors.

## As to the Peace Circles

LAST week we announced the proposed organization of Peace Circles throughout the country. Arrangements are now under way for a complete working plan for such Circles, which we are assured will meet with a favorable reception. They will not only be attractive and popular as a means of extending the Peace Movement, but will be welcomed in every community wherever organized, as an aid to the development of the best powers of the men and women who join them, as a fine training in public speaking and right thinking, and as an inspiration to good citizenship and well-rounded manhood and womanhood. We repeat our invitation to all who desire to do pioneer work in this great and popular movement to send in their names and addresses to the PEACE CIRCLE DEPARTMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without delay. There is no higher patriotism or better public service than this opportunity affords.

## Let Justice Be Done

LITTLE profit and less edification can result from the charges and counter-charges that have filled the columns of the daily newspapers in the discussion of the Los Angeles dynamite explosion case. Since the arrest of the two McNamaras, who are accused of the crime, there has been an intermittent fusillade between Detective Burns and President Gompers of the Federation of Labor, the sole effect of which has been to intensify the already bitter feeling. All the facts must come out at the approaching trial. It will then be shown whether or not Detective Burns can substantiate his charges. If he establishes the guilt of the accused, the representatives of labor—who have stood by them giving them the fullest benefit of the doubt—should be the first to repudiate them and to recognize the justice of the law in adequately punishing so foul a crime. On the other hand, the accused will be represented by able counsel and will have every opportunity to prove their innocence. There are thousands who would gladly believe them innocent; but they can neither be vindicated nor convicted by further trying the case in the newspapers. Let us hope that there may be no miscarriage of justice, one way or the other, and that the real facts may soon be brought to light, fixing the responsibility for the deed. A fair and full trial is the one thing to be desired to fix the responsibility for a deed, the villainess of which shocked the whole country. Let us not judge in advance, but with unbiased minds wait the ordeal of the courts.

## Polygamy Recrudescent

ACCORDING to the Mormon organ, the *Deseret News*, which reports the eighty-first annual Mormon Conference held recently at Salt Lake City, President Joseph Smith delivered a most remarkable address on that occasion. Speaking of plural marriages he said:

We ought to obey the rules of the Church with regard to marriage. Eleven hundred marriages were contracted last year in accordance with the law of God. As announced time and time again at these conferences, plural marriages have ceased in the Church. There is no man who is authorized to perform a plural marriage. No man and no woman have the authority to have this ceremony performed for them. We have been doing all in our power to stop this.

He added that neither he nor any other Mormon had any objection to the regulation of plural marriage by the federal government, and that "it would be a godsend to the people everywhere" if the States petitioned the government to regulate the whole subject of marriage throughout the Union. Without discussing the sincerity of this last declaration, it must strike the average reader that the fact that 1,100 illegal marriages admittedly occurred in a single year, apparently without any serious attempt to check so vast an evil, gives color to the charge that plural marriage is flourishing to-day in Mormon territory unhindered. Such an admission from the head of the Mormon Church, coupled with the

statement that that church is unable to check the evil, although solemnly pledged to do so, shows conclusively that the anti-polygamy law is very much of a dead letter. We have to face the ugly fact that dual marriage is flourishing as flagrantly as ever while the church officials, consenting to the disobedience, close their eyes at the immoral and lawless conditions around them.

## The Man Who Turned Not Back

SEÑOR DON FRANCISCO DE MADERO, the "man of the hour" in Mexico, is a small, compact-knit, quiet gentleman. He is known among his associates as a reliable leader, sound and conservative in council and a good listener. Leaving his profession to take up the cause of the revolution he put everything else behind him and deliberately accepted the risks which such a position involved. He is not a fire-eater at all, but rather of a humane disposition. Just before the attack on Juarez, he sent a message to General Navarro, the Federal commander, advising surrender to save needless waste of life, as the revolutionary forces outnumbered the Federals and he felt confident of the result. There is not a member of General Madero's staff who does not overtop him in inches, but the silent little man is easily the leading and controlling agent among the turbulent spirits that surround him. He is "Provisional President"; but should the revolution succeed, as now seems probable, Madero will promptly stand aside for some one of more statesman-like calibre and larger public experience to be President of the Republic after Diaz. However matters turn out, the modest, self-reliant little man who "having put his hand to the plow turned not back," has made history in Mexico, and he will be worthily remembered by its people.

## Ominous News from China

IT IS with great regret that we are compelled to announce the receipt of news from Shanghai which may make it necessary to continue the relief work a little longer. Mr. John C. Ferguson, one of the chairmen of the Shanghai Relief Committee, writes: "Latest reports from the famine districts are most distressing. Rain for the past month is destroying the spring crops. It seems that we shall need to continue relief well along till the end of June. Anything you can send after the receipt of this letter will be most welcome."

This gloomy view of the situation is corroborated by letters from the missionaries at Chin-kiang. Dr. Woods of Tsing-kiangpu writes that one-third of the crop was ruined as early as April 13. Dr. Junkin of Suchien makes a similar statement and forecasts a total loss. In view of the prospective partial or complete failure of the early wheat harvest, which all looked forward to as the one bright hope of the near future, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD feels it to be a duty to postpone the closing of the Relief Fund. Contributions will therefore continue to be received by this journal and forwarded to the Relief Committee until May 31.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Revealed by the Spade

THE Mohammedan world is stirred with hottest anger and Christian nations with the deepest interest at the claim of a certain exploring party that it has found the Ark of the Covenant, which was lost to mortal sight and knowledge 2,500



The Sacred Ark

years ago. These excavators are said to have dug under the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem and found the Ark of the Covenant that Moses built. This mosque, travelers are told, stands on the exact spot where the second temple was. It is possible that there are tombs or hiding places for the preservation of precious relics, but there is a widespread skepticism in the minds of the public in regard to the claims that these discoverers have around the Ark of the Covenant of the Jews; but should it prove to be true it would reveal the greatest discovery that the spade has ever made. The yacht containing the explorers is now on its way through the Mediterranean to England, where, if they shall have been successful, they will be able to furnish material evidences of the fact. The Mohammedans are angry at the explorers for two reasons. They fear that the sacred rock has been tampered with, and that is the most holy spot to them in all Jerusalem. It is the centre of the Holy Hill, the reason for the existence of the Mosque of Omar. Secondly, the Mohammedans declare that the Ark of the Covenant, which they revere, is not and never has been underneath any Mosque, but that, together with the rod of Moses, it lies in the lake of Tiberias, and on the last day it will be brought forth. The Ark of the Covenant was the centre of Jewish worship in the tabernacle and in the temple. For a thousand years the loyal few counted it the earthly residence and throne of Jehovah. The seven-branched golden candlestick was taken by Titus to Rome, when he took the second temple, for its money value. The Ark of the Covenant was lost, and there is no authentic record of when it was lost or of what became of it. There is a bare possibility that this exploring expedition has found it, but there is the greater likelihood that it was carried away, like the candlestick, for the gold that was without and within it, and that the statement concerning the discovery is erroneous. A description is given of the transfer of the Ark of the Covenant into the temple of Solomon.

And the priests brought in the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord into his place, into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place, and under the wings of the cherubim. (I. Kings 8:6.)

## No More Green Tea

It is said that there will be no more green tea in the market, but those who use tea will still have that which tastes the same but does not look green. The leaf will be dry and yellow and not of the present polished, emerald hue. The Tea Board at Washington, composed of seven tea experts, appointed by the tea trade of the country to keep the standards high and obey the pure food law, are responsible for the edict that tea is to be green no more. Black tea has been cured simply by drying it in the sun, but green tea has been cured by the Japanese and Chinese, by a quicker process. The fresh plucked leaves are put in a pot over a fire. As they are dried, the Chinese or Japanese who stands over the pot rakes over the leaves constantly with his fingers and sprinkles them with a certain mysterious powder. So little of this powder is used that one pinch will cover a whole chest of fifty pounds. The leaves of the black and green tea are identical; the only difference being

that the black tea is dried in the sun and the green by an artificial fire. It is claimed that the coloring matter preserves the tea for its long voyage, and that there will be difficulty in setting it down in as good condition in the foreign markets, as under the present process. Comparatively little difference will be recognized by the tea-drinker, as the tea cured over the fire will taste like green tea whether it be green or not. There are leaves used for food and those that are employed for medicine. The tea leaf is an article of food. There is a difference of opinion as to whether tea is healthy or injurious to the human system. In the eye of the prophet there was a tree whose fruit was used for food, but whose leaves were a medicine.

And the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine. (Ezek. 47:12.)

## Cruelty to Animals

In a civilized and Christian age it could hardly be imagined that there could be so much cruelty manifested toward animals. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has greatly benefited the silent victims. The first year's report of the Woman's League for Animals has just been published. This society used to be Woman's Auxiliary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But as it determined to teach the poor and children kindness to animals, it was thought best to incorporate a separate organization. The

which promises to stop the irritation and to prolong the man's life. Patching the skull with a piece of skull bone has not been unusual, but its transfer of the rib to the back of the head is said to be the first experiment of the kind in the history of the world. The prophet makes mention of surgery in the case of a fracture.

Son of man, I have broken the arm of Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and, lo, it shall not be bound up to be healed, to put a roller to bind it, to make it strong to hold the sword. (Ezek. 30:21.)

## Light in the East

Two events in the Far East are of great importance and promise. One is the long-looked-for edict abolishing the Grand Council of China and the substitution of a constitutional cabinet of ten members. The cabinet is made up of the present grand councilors, with the addition of Liang Tun Yen, the former president of the Foreign Board. Prince Ching becomes Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs and Na-Tung and Hsu Shih-Chang are made Vice Prime Ministers. The substitution of this cabinet with Prince Ching and the heads of the ten executive departments for the old Grand Council of five persons is a long step toward the establishment of a true constitutional government in China, which has been promised in the near future, and it is thought that this reform will reduce the probabilities of further insurrections throughout the Chinese Empire. The other very important event is the

new Anglo-Chinese agreement for the immediate reduction and final extinction of the exportation of Indian opium to China which was signed the other day. This opium agreement between China and Britain became operative immediately. It provides that China shall annually diminish its production of opium proportionately with the Indian import until its extinction in 1917. Great Britain agrees that the importation of Indian opium to China shall cease earlier if the native production in that country ceases. The royal edicts of the Chinese government for the gradual abolition of the opium traffic and habit are doing their work singularly well. This governmental reform in the interest of political freedom and victory in the battle against opium in behalf of personal liberty is a new light God has sent to drive away the darkness of the night. The fulfillment of the divine plans and prophecies suggests to the apostle the light that ushers in the dawn that banishes the night.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn. (II. Peter 1:19.)

## New York Speaks to Denver

Telephone communication was opened up the other day between New York and Denver, 2,000 miles apart, and now any one in New York who desires may call "Hello, Denver!" and keep the wire three minutes if he has \$11.25 with which to pay the toll. The longest distance for commercial telephone service heretofore has been 1,400 miles. Persons who tried the line said they heard the voice in Denver as distinctly as though it had been in Harlem or Brooklyn. It is predicted that in the near future New York and San Francisco will be talking to each other over the phone. Any one who has looked into the mystery of wireless telegraphy or telephonic communication need not have much difficulty in believing in the intimate communication between God and his children through the privilege of prayer. However far heaven, God's home, may be away from us, either beyond the stars or between us and them, his children can speak to him and hear his voice in return.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. (Matt. 6:6.)



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The Mosque of Omar, Under Which the Ark of the Covenant Is Said to Have Been Found

report says that the work-horse parade held last May, and which is to be an annual feature, was a great success, \$2,000 in cash prizes being awarded to drivers, and twenty-two Speyer medals distributed among the drivers of the various city departments. Governor Wilson of New Jersey signed the Radcliffe bill, which carries a severe penalty for the killing of wild birds for millinery purposes, and also prohibits persons from having the plumage of such birds in their possession; and thus the cruelty and barbarism of fashion has been rebuked. Cruelty to animals out of heartlessness or passion, or from alcoholic frenzy, is bad enough; but the slaughter of beautiful song-birds for the decoration of big hats sheltering small brains in the service of an empty vanity seems even worse. Cruelty to the horse, the faithful friend and servant to man, has existed from the earliest times until now. When David defeated Hadarezer king of Zoph, and captured his infantry and cavalry, he had all of the chariot horses of the enemy hamstringed; that is, had the tendon of the hind leg cut.

David also houghed all the chariot horses, but reserved of them a hundred chariots. (II. Chron. 18:4.)

## Rib in His Head

Between one and two years ago, George Williams of New Orleans was struck on the head with a club, and to save his life a piece of his skull was removed. The pressure of the scalp on the unprotected membrane beneath it caused an irritation of the brain cells which threw the man into frequent paroxysms. He became a patient in the City Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., and the surgeon cut out one of his ribs and with it covered the open place in the man's skull,



# JUAREZ FALLS AFTER HOT FIGHT



The Church of Guadalupe at Juarez, Showing Sentries on the Roof



Carrying the Wounded to the American Side for Treatment, After the Battle

THE sudden termination of peace negotiations between the revolutionists and the Diaz government in Mexico on May 6 was followed by the greatest battle which has yet taken place in the war. On Sunday a small body of General Madero's troops was fired upon by the Federals in the city of Juarez. The insurgents returned the attack with such success that they were able to gain a footing on the outskirts of the city. As this aggression had been carried on without orders from General Madero he commanded that those who had captured the Federal trenches should retire. The men, realizing the value of their position, questioned the order and asked that it be reconsidered and a general attack ordered. This gave rise to dispatches which stated that Madero had lost control of his forces. The decision finally turned on a report which was made to the general on behalf of the detachment in the town. They declared that they felt they could not abandon the positions they had gained legitimately, although they were completely loyal to General Madero. The pressure from the army became too great for General Madero to resist, so at midnight he gave the order for a general attack in the morning. In the morning General Navarro, the Federal commander in the city, was called on the telephone and a final attempt made to induce him to surrender. This he refused to do.

Firing could be heard inside and outside the city at times all during the night. The little force of rebels that had gained important points in the first day's fighting—said to have numbered about 300—was on the alert to prevent surprise, and occasionally fired upon suspicious bodies of men. Some of the rebel outposts also drove in outlying Federals.

The real fighting began at dawn. By this time the main rebel army had been disposed to the south and west of the city and was merely awaiting the signal to make the rush. A squad of insurgents had taken up a position in an adobe house, and it was under their guard and that of other rebels stationed along the river bank that a large portion of the rebel force was able to get into the city for the later fighting.

It was 4.30 when the general assault began. The few rebel guns had opened on the city preparing the way. Then out of the trenches along the whole rebel front squads of men emerged, dropped to the ground and fired, jumped and ran a short distance, dropped and wormed along, fired, ran again, and came closer and closer. From the outlying trenches, from the houses, whose roofs had been fortified with sandbags, from every other cover, the Federals sent a shower of bullets on the advancing foes. General Navarro had two modern field guns, other older cannon, and twelve machine guns, and shells and shrapnel were sent by the artillery at the advancing squads.

The advance of the rebels was steady. They withheld their fire whenever possible in order to save ammunition. Their sharpshooters seemed to inflict large damage on the Federals. The forenoon was not far gone before they had driven the enemy from the trenches and were gaining positions within the city. Once that was accomplished the houses became forts. Rebels and Federals took refuge in them and fired upon every one in sight. The rebels continued their rushing tactics and slowly carried the fight into the centre of the city. Prominent in the advance on the march through the city was the American Legion, commanded by Colonel Garibaldi, descendant of the great Italian warrior. In this legion were many former soldiers, not only of the American Army but of Canadian and European training. It was part of this contingent that led the way into Juarez. They were not always in the front, however, for they found themselves racing with detachments of the native rebels.

The objectives of these advances were the Federal

barracks, the custom house, the post office and the Church of Guadalupe, which General Navarro's troops had converted into a fort. In the middle of the afternoon the attacking forces set fire to the

post office and the flames spread to buildings near the church where the Federals were gathered. As the fire grew and sent up great volumes of smoke, the revolutionist reserves under Colonel Blanco came over the hills near the city. The smoke became so dense as to render the Federal firing ineffective and to permit the insurgents under General Orozco and Colonel Garibaldi to surround the church. At seven o'clock a truce was agreed upon so that the dead and wounded might be removed and cared for. Many of these were brought to the United States side of the border and are being tended by the soldiers at El Paso.

The rebel success which really decided the fate of the city was accomplished soon after midnight, when the Church of Guadalupe, where General Navarro had hoped to hold out until General Rabago could come to his relief, was captured. This work was accomplished largely by the band of Colonel Blanco. The way to the church was made through the jail near by. A dynamite bomb was exploded under one of the walls of the prison, and tore a great hole through which the insurgents entered.

Blanco's men battered down doors with dynamite and rushed into the building. They fought their way through the auditorium, and finally up into the tower and on to the roof, which had been fortified with sand bags. Some of the Federals were captured and others retreated. It was here that the field guns and some of the machine guns and a store of ammunition fell into the hands of the rebels. It was the work of a short time to clear the Federals away from the municipal buildings, and send them to the southeast.

The next morning the Federals were gradually driven back from their various strongholds till the remainder was gathered in the barracks, and completely surrounded by the insurgents. The rebels artillery, together with that captured during the previous day, was brought up and, when General Navarro refused to surrender, was ordered to batter down the building.

Insurgents by the hundreds occupied the houses within one hundred yards on every side. Shrapnel was poured into the hollow square of the barracks. The soldiers crowded the place to its capacity. Only a few loopholes from which to shoot at the insurgents pierced its sides. Finally General Navarro hoisted a white flag. The gray-haired general stood in the doorway of the barracks and received Colonel Garibaldi. His eyes dimmed as he gave up his sword, but Colonel Garibaldi, with a handshake that bespoke his admiration for the brave fight the Federal leader had made, assured him of the desire of the rebels to afford him every courtesy. A score of rebel officers rode up and extended to the Federal commander their sympathy as Mexicans for him and his men.

After the surrender General Madero addressed the prisoners who were confined in a corral. "You fought for General Diaz," he said at the conclusion of his speech, "because you had to, because you were a part of that system which we are trying to dissolve. In a few days perhaps peace will be restored. You will soon be free. If the war is to be continued you can have your choice of being paroled or joining the army of liberation. In the meantime we shall treat you as brothers, not as foes."

General Navarro and his twenty-seven officers were paroled by General Madero. After inviting them to dinner, he announced that if they would promise on their honor not to leave the city they could have the liberty of the town. They agreed to do so and went to their own quarters to sleep that night. A conservative estimate of physicians and those who watched the fighting puts the Federal dead at fifty and the insurgent loss at fifteen, with a total of about 250 wounded on both sides.

## RECONCILIATION

MEMORIAL DAY --- 1911

By Alfred R. Calhoun



I'm getting bowed and I've long been gray,  
O friend from our Southern land,  
But a voice from the past thrills my soul to-day,  
At the clasp of your strong, brown hand;  
Many years have passed since you and I met,  
Though it seems scarce a day to me,  
Since we buried our dead, with the battle rain wet,  
On that hill by the Tennessee.

A bugler in gray came down to the shore,  
And signalled a truce to the blue;

Two captains rode out, 'mid the wrack and the gore,—  
I was one, and the other was you;  
We met 'neath a tree, where two young soldiers lay;  
We shouted, but they gave no sign;  
The one was your brother, who'd fall'n in the fray,—  
The other was brother of mine.

There, under that oak, we made them one grave,  
And your eyes and my eyes were damp,  
As we cut in the bark: "They were foemen and brave!"  
Then each turned and rode back to his camp.  
Like true men you fought, till fighting was vain,  
For those who drew sword on your side,  
But I've prayed since that day to meet you again,  
And to talk of our brothers who died.

To talk of the hunger, the march, and the strife,  
Of the snows and the summers' fierce heat,  
And to say: "We are stronger for knowing that life,  
Though mine was success, yours defeat."  
But a truce, a truce we forever must keep,  
Has come for you and for me;  
We are brothers at heart, through the brothers who sleep  
On that hill by the Tennessee.





# OVER 1,000 MEN WON TO CHRIST



MEN'S PERSONAL WORK LEAGUE FOUNDED BY EVANGELIST SUNDAY AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

THE Men's Personal Work League of the Youngstown, Ohio, Young Men's Christian Association is the direct outcome of the great revival held in Youngstown during the months of January and February last year by Rev. William A. Sunday. At all of Evangelist Sunday's revival meetings, a temporary organization is effected to carry on personal work for men during the six weeks' meetings. It remained for Youngstown to see the great advantage of making this temporary organization permanent.

On February 23, 1910, the men who were in direct contact with the work of the revival met at the Young Men's Christian Association and effected a permanent organization. The membership started with 115 men, and on February 23, 1911, 1,250 men were enrolled under the "Banner of Jesus Christ," doing personal work every day. The Men's Personal Work League, from its inception up to February 23 last, has held over 500 meetings with an

approximate attendance of over 100,000, and over 1,000 conversions!

These meetings open with fifteen minutes of song service. About ten minutes are then taken up in announcements; a word by the chairman on the work of the League, followed by songs, after which sentence prayers are given, the men always praying in short, definite prayers for those immediate things that are on their hearts. Then comes another song, which is followed by testimonies. It is an inspiration for one to listen to the men (between 500 and 600 strong) giving their testimony in such an honest, definite, forceful manner. It is a common event, at these Sunday afternoon meetings, to have twelve to twenty men start life anew.

When one considers that there are over twelve hundred men carrying on Personal Work, not only at the meetings, but during the week, talking with their fellow-men on the streets, in the shops, mills, offices, stores and wherever they may be, striving to carry the word of Christ to those about them, it

is easy to understand the great results that are produced.

The League is undenominational and democratic, bringing men into closer contact and relationship with one another. The meetings held outside of the Association in and around the city of Youngstown are always entirely undenominational, so that any one coming forward feels entirely free to become a member of any church he may select. At these meetings one sees and feels the entire independence of the men. The speakers, chairman and co-workers are from all walks of life. Men in the professions and laborers work side by side with that one great object in their hearts which is the League's motto, "To bring men to a closer knowledge of the love and saving power of Jesus Christ."

It is a year since the revival closed in Youngstown. To those who have watched the progress of the work, it is a stimulating revelation that the spiritual enthusiasm has been kept alive all these months and is still growing.

## AN IMPORTANT CABINET CHANGE

ON MAY 12, public announcement was made by the President of the resignation of Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, and simultaneously, the appointment of Henry Lewis Stimson of New York, as Secretary Dickinson's successor. Although the news was somewhat of a surprise to the general public, the resignation of Secretary Dickinson had been in the hands of the President since April 28. In his letter of resignation, the Secretary stated that private business affairs connected with his estate in Tennessee are in a condition that demands his personal attention. It is understood that he has interests in all lands to which he must devote himself in order to avert considerable losses. This was fully explained to President Taft, who in his letter accepting the resignation expressed his appreciation of the reason and paid a high compliment to Secretary Dickinson's administration of his department. The appointment of Mr. Stimson as Secretary of War is understood to have been made at the suggestion of Senator Elihu Root of New York. Mr. Stimson was the Republican candidate in the last gubernatorial election in New York State, which was carried by the Democrats, electing Governor Dix. He is a warm friend of ex-President Roosevelt, who appointed him United States District Attorney when he was Mr. Root's law partner and who worked hard for his nomination at Saratoga. Both as a lawyer and as a public official, he has made an enviable record.

The new Secretary of War is a native of New York City, where he was born in 1867. He was educated at

Yale, and took a course in Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1891. He has conducted many important cases and is regarded as one of the leading lawyers in this country. He was for nine years a member of Troop A., National Guard, beginning as a private and rising to first lieutenant. While Mr. Root was Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson took a close personal interest in the affairs of the Department and became familiar with many of its details, and the knowledge thus gained will now stand him in good stead. Since his appointment

he has received scores of telegrams of congratulation, including messages from Colonel Roosevelt, Secretary MacVeagh and former Secretary Garfield. His first meeting with President Taft after notification of his appointment was at a reception in

### Our First Suffrage Parade

Continued from page 522

words, "We want this crown." The banner of the millinery section bore a hat with waving plumes. That of the dressmakers was illustrated with a sewing-machine.

The beloved President of the National Society, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, led the College Women's League, and was saluted with cheers along the line. The caps and gowns of the college women formed a picturesque feature. So did the red head-bands of the Athletic Club Girls, who also carried racquets. Two pretty young girls in blue and white bore the standard of the Equal Franchise Society, 100 of whom mustered for the fray.

Among the many very beautiful women in the parade, young and old, were Miss Inez Milholland, Mrs. W. W. Penfield, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, Mrs. Nora Blatch de Forest, Mrs. John Winters Brannan and Mrs. Frederick Nathan.

The New York Times has been among the most pronounced opponents of woman suffrage, but in its issue for May 9, it said editorially: "The parade was not in itself an argument for woman suffrage, but the efficiency with which the affair was managed, its size

Newark, N. J., on May 13, when the President gave him a cordial welcome to the Cabinet family. His appointment gives New York two members of the Cabinet, Attorney-General Wickersham being the other Cabinet official from that State.

and dignity—these were, in a way, arguments of considerable force."

### Sunk in Crash at Sea

EARLY on the morning of May 12, the steamer *Merida*, of the Ward Line, bound from Havana, Cuba, for New York, sank in thirty-five fathoms of water, fifty miles northeast of Cape Charles. The *Merida* was feeling her way through a dense fog when she was rammed by the steamer *Admiral Farragut*, bound from Philadelphia in ballast for Port Antonio, Jamaica, to take on a cargo of bananas.

All of the 319 persons on the *Merida* were safely transferred to the *Admiral Farragut*, and only one was at all seriously injured. The *Merida*, which is a much larger ship than her destroyer, the *Admiral Farragut*, was struck just after midnight, and only five hours later she was resting at the bottom of the Atlantic.

The bow of the smaller ship crashed into the side of the *Merida* and disabled the latter's engines, wrecked her electrical dynamo and wireless apparatus, and left her in total darkness. As the *Admiral Farragut* backed away it was found that she had entirely wrecked her bow and was being floated by her water-tight bulkheads. The first wireless call at 5:30 A.M. was heard by the United States battleship *Tow* and the Old Dominion liner *Hamilton*.

At eight o'clock the *Hamilton* arrived, and, lowering her lifeboats, took on board the passengers and crew of the *Merida*, and sailed for Norfolk, Va., where they were cared for by the steamship company. The *Tow* was stood by to convey the *Farragut* into port.

Though the lights on the *Merida* went out in less than ten minutes after the accident, and all the passengers were greatly frightened, there was no panic. The officers saw all safely transhipped before they themselves left the ship.



Hon. Henry L. Stimson  
Our New Secretary of War



[illegible]



# Our Boys and Girls

## THE LITTLE HOPI INDIAN

An American Hero Tale

THE very best Indian hero tale we have heard for many a long day is the story of Tewanima, the Hopi Indian boy who in 69 minutes and 12 seconds won the twelve-mile Marathon race in New York City on May 6. In many respects this race is the greatest in the history of boy athletics.

### Tewanima Entered to Win

TEWANIMA, a keen-witted, modest Indian student at Carlisle College, ward of the nation and a loyal scion of one of the oldest tribes of aboriginal American Indians, entered the race to win. It never occurred to Tewanima that anybody could pass him on the course. His boyish heart held high from start to finish, he paid little attention to comrades, to judges, or to cheering crowds that were first to applaud his clean, easy running. Tewanima had set out for the goal, twelve miles away. To reach that goal was his high-hearted and sole aim, and he reached it here it is in a nutshell.



Tewanima, Famous Boy Runner  
World champion in the ten to twenty mile class

To be sure, one thousand other boys had, at the same moment, set out for the same goal, and fifty per cent. of them ran the full course, but to the keen observer Tewanima was the picked man. And to Tewanima himself victory was no surprise.

### Tewanima the Pace-Maker

FROM the first mile and a half, the determined little Indian easily and pluckily set the pace for the thousand well-trained schoolboys who had entered the race, and as pluckily he picked up the lead whenever he seemed to want it; until at last, three quarters of a mile from City Hall, over rough paving and cobble stones, with a smart print that had the ear-marks of plenty of power to spare, he picked up for good and all, and breasted the tape a minute and a half ahead of everybody. Then modestly he acknowledged the thunderous cheering of the crowds and accepted the winner's trophy.

### Ten to Twenty Mile Champion

IN little more than 69 minutes, Tewanima had set new standards in the athletic field, had added dignity to his race, and established his own international reputation as the greatest ten to twenty mile cross-country runner in the world.

### Tewanima's Secret

Everyone who knows anything about it acknowledges that the secret of Tewanima's success is this: He has no bad habits, he does not shirk work, he is a good all-round sport, and no matter what he undertakes, he goes into it heart and soul to win.

### Hotfoot It

THE 487 winners in that race hotfooted it from end to end. I can-

not resist driving this home to you boys (forgive me just this once): Hotfoot it all along the way. Life is not all a triumphal procession of applauding crowds and comrades and we cannot all be cup-winners, to be sure; but don't be a laggard in the race, and don't drop out. Buckle down to it. Be jolly good all-round American boys. The standard is high but you can make it. Run clean, run earnestly, run to win. Breast the tape, boys; it pays.

### ON MEMORIAL DAY

AT all Army Posts and Naval Stations on Memorial Day, the Stars and Stripes will fly at half staff from sunrise until noon. Immediately before midday, the regimental band will play the National Hymn, and the Nation's salute of twenty-one guns will be fired off instantly at 12 M. At the conclusion of this tribute to American soldiers North and South and East and West, the flag will immediately be run up to full staff and will remain there till sunset.

### Proper Respect for the Flag

IN running up your flag to half staff, remember it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff, then lowered to position; before lowering from half staff, the flag should be first raised to full staff.

Let Old Glory, with its inspiring message, "In God is our Trust," fly from every schoolhouse and village church, and from home windows and lawns on Memorial Day.

If you do not happen to have your own flag to fly in honor of the soldiers whose memory the nation holds sacred, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will stand by you for one. See page 518.

## Little People's Corner



### MEMORIAL DAY

By Beth Howland

In the golden morning light  
Let us scatter blossoms bright,  
Where Old Glory gently waves  
O'er the soldiers' grass-grown graves.

On the waters flowing past  
Flowers garlands let us cast,  
That honored may the memory be  
Of heroes sleeping 'neath the sea.

'Twas for us that, in the strife,  
Each one freely gave his life;  
Pluck the fairest blooms of May  
When we keep Memorial Day.

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Advertising has been a factor—an important factor—in the success of Ivory Soap.

But—would you buy Ivory Soap if you could get better soap for the price you pay for Ivory? No!

Would you buy Ivory Soap if you could get another soap, as good as Ivory, for less than you pay for Ivory? Of course not.

Advertising is merely an evidence of a manufacturer's faith in the merit of an article.

Continuous advertising is proof of the public's confidence in it.

Ivory Soap has been advertised, continuously, for more than thirty years.

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes; for the nursery; for shampooing; for everything and anything that necessitates the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled.

Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

### "Thank You a Thousand Times"

DEAR AUNT in the Cozy Corner: If you only knew how much that little watch meant to me!

I have always longed for a watch and never got one until you sent me this one. I was so pleased when I received it from the Cozy Corner, and so was mother. I am going to show my Cozy Corner prize to my school teacher, my painting teacher and all my friends. Thank you, Miss Porter,

a thousand times. Yours lovingly,  
WINIFRED ROBINSON, age 14.

### APRIL HONOR ROLL

Donald Helms, Myrtle Hodges, 10; Mearlie Eidson, 7; Howard B. McElwain, 15; Harvey M. Staker, 19; Inez Duke, 14; Salome Ungersma, 14; Ada Louise Barnes, 12; Edna Swanson, 16; John M. Brown, 15; Jane Morris, 15; Margaret Dickey, 13; Mamie Holmden, 15; Mabel Givens, 9; Araxie Vartanian, 11; Eva Maye Suthard, 15; Etta Allen, 14; Nellie Oleison, 13; Harland Baldwin, 12; Aubrey Pittenger, 11; Minnie E. Rapp, 13; Robert Vance, 11; Gladys Ryan, 11; Mildred Lacey, 14; Wil-

liam Roy Walter, 13; Mary Haselton, 11; Edith A. Sprague, 10; Dorothy B. Jewell, 12; H. Kathryn Bartow, 10; Elizabeth B. Anderson, 10; Lynn Smith, Edward Sandstad, Elora Blaettner, K. L. Oades, Gordon E. Johnson, Florence Bartholow, Walter R. Quinn, Ruth Anderson, Hugh Howry, Dencie Hillyard, Gertrude O. Collins, Urban C. Verrill, Harold F. Shuts, Rachel Mae Willard Woodburn, Minnie Belle Breen, Winthrop H. Sliter, Edna Kratz, Amy Gardner, Mary Day Hoover, Harry H. Scheibeler, Susie Frances Langford, Wallace E. Hanford.

### May Prize Offer

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award prizes of money, best books, games, kodaks, appropriate pictures and toys, etc., etc., for best original work sent in before June 21. PROSE—subject: "Peace" (not to exceed 400 words).

VERSE—subject: "Old Glory."  
PHOTOGRAPH—subject: "A Good Time."  
DRAWING—subject: "A Bird," or a Cozy Corner Heading for July.

Be sure to enter this contest. We want to award more prizes this month than we have ever awarded before, and also we want the June page of your Own Work the very best Cozy Corner we have ever published.

### Good-Night Verse

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,  
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud,  
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner  
Bible House, New York City





## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### About Living Peaceably

THERE is a verse in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans which has the ring of a marching order. "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Read it with the emphasis placed on the pronoun: "As much as lieth in *you*, live peaceably." There are occasions when living peaceably even at home seems to be the hardest task that can be set before the ordinary person. Most of us are fond of having our own way; few of us enjoy having to set aside our way in little things for the accommodation of other people. Strife and friction at home, in church, and in the usual intercourse of everyday life are oftener caused by trifles in dispute than by differences of opinion concerning larger issues. One word brings on another, ill temper is awakened and discord mars what should be music sweet and harmonious, all because there is insistence about a trivial matter which might as well be dropped. Julia has one impression and Caroline another; both sisters have strong wills and are accustomed to speak with decision. Neither will concede an inch, and the result is unhappiness for both and disturbance and unrest in the atmosphere of the family. Sometimes a cloud hangs over a household, and its effect is so chilling that outsiders crossing the threshold are aware of discomfort. Sometimes the feeling in a home where all should be tranquil is not unlike that of a brooding thunderstorm. Occasionally a whole class in school is at odds. Sides are taken by opposing cliques. There is a leader here and another there, and the jarring of sentiment makes for lowered attainments in study and foolish waste of time. All this would never exist were each individual hourly to determine that the rule of life must be to live peaceably, and that so far as individual responsibility went peace should prevail. As much as lieth in you, John, Benjamin and Harold, cease from strife, look at the comfort of your neighbor rather than at your own convenience, and contribute to the joy of the community.

YEARS ago a man did something extremely mean and cruel to another. Whatever the act was, it had resulted in the other man's illness and death; and although no legal infraction could be traced to the survivor in the quarrel, the grudge had not been settled nor the flame of the feud quenched. The spirit of hate had lasted over a long period of time. It was borne in upon me then that forgiveness is a divine quality, and that the Master knew human nature well when he said that an offense should be forgiven indefinitely. "Master, how many times shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? until seven times?" Jesus answered, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven."

TO BE sure, in home life exasperation and irritation seldom go farther than into the realm of slight disagreements, ironical remarks that sting and prick, personal allusions that are unfortunate, and little stabs that make only surface wounds. Yet this is undignified and in a measure shameful. It is beneath the standard that Christians should set for themselves, to live in perpetual squabbles and "amid scenes of confusion and creature complaints." Speaking of a family who possess extraordinary gifts, more than one of them being an

acknowledged genius, an acquaintance said: "Those people are charming when you meet them in society, but in their home life each acts upon the other like a blister. They never make concessions, and half the time they are not on speaking terms. As for servants, they cannot keep them, and in the kitchen there is continual revolt." This family needed one by one to consider the beautiful Scriptural injunction, "As much as lieth in you live peaceably." A good rule and a safe one is never to insist on saying the final word. In a majority of instances silence is golden and whoever has sufficient self-control to maintain quietness will hold the key to the situation and insure domestic harmony. That which applies to home life is of equal application and suitability to school boards, committee meetings, church conferences and conventions in general.

### A Problem to Be Solved

"I HAVE been engaged for three years to a man whom I love and who loves me. A year ago my father died, leaving my mother and me alone in our home. My mother wishes me to remain at home after my marriage, or else inclines to closing her home and coming to live in mine. I am an only child and cannot bear the thought of deserting my mother in her desolation, but here is an unexpected line in the way: My future husband declares that he will not become a member of my mother's home or allow her to live with us in ours. I do not know what to do. Shall I break my engagement? Has my fiancé a stronger claim on me than the mother who has loved me all my life?"

"BERTHA B."

The question is open for discussion. What counsel shall be given this young woman who stands at the parting of the ways in a position of peculiar difficulty and delicacy? Which should yield, the mother or the future husband? In what way shall this young woman decide so as to insure her future happiness?

### Hints for the Discouraged

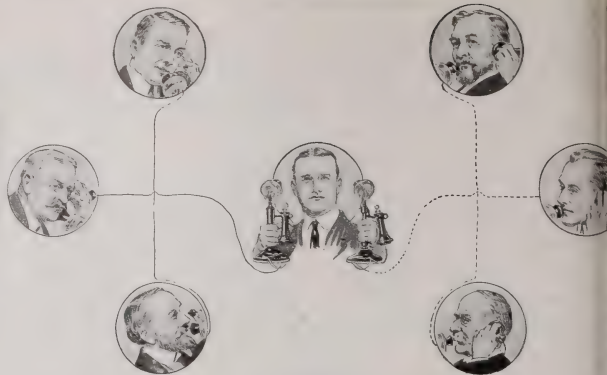
EVERY mail brings advice and encouragement to the couple whose situation has moved the sympathy of the big CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. I am selecting from a budget a number of hints that may be useful to them not only, but to others who are finding that they have a hard road to hoe.

"I would say to Ed and his wife to forget as far as possible the past and start to climb again. They can do it if they will. Their past success proves it. The experience of the past has been a dear one, but heaven will be the brighter if the reverse is taken in the right spirit."

"A man in our village suddenly lost his position. He took the first thing that offered itself, which was selling fruit and vegetables in the street. The contrast with what he had formerly done was very marked, but every one admired his pluck and energy. Some men give up in misfortune and let their wives support them. The more manly plan is to get up and hustle. Health, happiness and prosperity lie before the brave who refuse to stay down, even if they fall."

"Count your blessings, not your losses. Stick close to Jesus all the way. Have faith in God; seek his guidance for temporal as well as spiritual needs. Go to work; do your best, and he will be with you to own and to bless. Some day you will understand

Continued on next page



## Half Service or Double Expense

TWO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can full meet the needs of the public any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and have the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

## Save 75c on Every Dollar's Worth of Fuel (My Rapid Fireless Cooker Will Do It)

Yes—75% of fuel bills, 75% of your time and worry saved—food cooked 75% better than ever before—these are a few of the benefits you'll get from my Rapid Fireless Cooker. It gives you the best tasting, most healthful food—and it's the one thing that will reduce the high cost of living in your home.



I am the Original Fireless Cooker Man

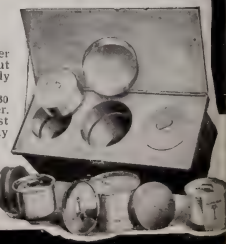
Now—10,000 **Rapid** FIRELESS COOKERS

### On Special Price Proposition

Last year I sold 30,000 Fireless Cookers. Often one customer brought me three or four others. Now I'm going to hurry out 10,000 cookers to all parts of the country quick at an astonishingly low price—and reap my profits in the extra sales they'll make. Rush a postal to-day for this startling price offer, and the 30 day free test you can have before you decide to keep the Cooker. This offer is on the famous Rapid Fireless Cooker—the cleanest and most sanitary—all metal—no pads or cloth lining—beautifully finished cases with dust proof tops.

**Mailed Free—125-Page Recipe Book** with complete Catalog. Special Price, 30-Day Free Test Offer. Remember, my Cooker Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Boils, Steams and Stews any and all kinds of foods most deliciously. A postal brings full particulars. **FREE.**

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY, Dept. B2, Detroit, Mich.







OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

we have trials, and will be able to  
It was good that I was afflicted:  
I might learn thy statutes."

Economize in the Weekly Wash

LONG our readers there are those who do not need to study economy the matter of the weekly wash. They are able to use as many tablecloths and napkins as they like in the course of the seven days, perhaps giving each person a fresh napkin at each meal. They wear as many gowns and dainty skirts as they choose, and are not obliged to think of the breaking labor of bending over the tub and the strain there is in standing over an ironing table. These people have plenty of money and can afford to send their linen and lingerie to the house to be laundered, or they may employ as much help as is necessary to have the work done at home. For the average American housekeeper such luxury is impossible. The maid of all work gets at her washings early as she can on Monday, or on the mistress does it herself, and on the time Tuesday afternoon arrives a basket of clean clothes is carried upstairs and its contents are put away in the proper receptacles. The hardest part of the week is then over.

There is no occasion for changing linens at every meal, although it is a compliment to a guest to give her a fresh napkin at least once a day. A young lady comes to mind who has made a scheme for keeping her table immaculate for three days in the week. She has a family of growing children, and she has taught them to be careful in the handling of fork and spoon, and to take pains about putting their clothing nice and spotless. She places a tray before her youngest children, and the older ones use a large napkin under their plates. Every child is provided with what this mother calls an eating apron. This is used on coming to the table, and is thrown away in a closet when meals are over. The washing in this family is less formidable than in homes where little care is taken to keep clothing and table linen spotless. Rompers worn by children in their play save considerable washing.

The Holding of Personal Rights

Robert Louis Stevenson's wonderful story, *Kidnapped*, there is an illustration of the ill that is

wrought by weakly abandoning one's personal rights. Two brothers, Alexander and Ebenezer Balfour, started in youth with an equal chance of happiness. Unfortunately, both set their hearts on the same girl, and Alexander, the elder and more unselfish brother, in his eager desire to save the younger from misery, first offered to give up his sweetheart and next, she being wiser than he, and refusing to be given away to the man she did not love, married her and gave Ebenezer the estate. In due time Ebenezer degenerated into a mean, unfriendly and unfriended miser, capable of almost any crime and shunned by every one. Mr. Rankeillor, the lawyer, after relating the story to Alexander's son, David, summed the whole transaction up by saying that in this world people do very much better if they claim and hold the rights that legally belong to them.

This little homily is not intended to be a comfort to any one who is aware in candid moments of a tendency to selfishness. We do not all need to be warned against the defect of being too obliging.

Shine Any and Everywhere

WE DON'T have to live in a beautiful house, wear fine clothes or be counted a millionaire to shine, but we do need Christ in our hearts. If he lives with us we are bound to shine.

There was an aged woman living in the slums. She was old and poor, and lived in a basement room. The only light she had was through a transom window. Those who visited her almost forgot the room was so dark, the dear soul was so happy. Why was it? Because Jesus lived with her in that little dark room. She was one of God's stars.

Some of God's children have gone to the darkest and hardest corners of the earth, carrying salvation light to those who live in spiritual darkness. The world did not see them, but God did, and watched their patient faithful service, and he counted them his stars.

CAN any one supply the remainder of this poem? Our friend who sends it has only the first stanza:

Wearied and spent and fainting,  
For bitter had been the day,  
And rough the road I had traveled,  
At the foot of the cross I lay.

Interesting Advertisements

ADVERTISING is a subject that very few readers give thought to, and yet it is of vital importance to them, considered from an educational standpoint alone.

We wish to impress upon you the fact that there is real editorial ability, interesting, instructive, and beneficial reading to be found in our advertising columns. Truly an issue comes off the press that does not contain an advertisement that gives you some new idea, add to your comfort, and in all probability save you money.

We want every reader to be interested in the advertisements of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All these advertisers are first-class business concerns. Buy their goods whenever you can, and so help the good cause along, for without advertisements we could not give you so excellent a CHRISTIAN HERALD as we are able to now.

If you ever have the slightest cause for complaint do not fail to write us immediately.

Whenever one of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.

The Meaning of "Gold-Filled"

BY far the greater number of men and women who buy gold watches choose a gold-filled case.

Gold-filled means two layers of solid gold stiffened with a layer of metal alloy between. It makes a firmer case than solid gold, and it costs much less.

If the two plates of gold are heavy enough they will wear a lifetime. But you see the temptation to irresponsible manufacturers to roll the gold layers to a mere film and increase the center layer of base metal.

What is worse, the maker of the shoddy filled case can stamp it "Guaranteed for 20 years" or "Guaranteed for 25 years," and there is no law to prevent him.

A good many jewelers buy and sell by the guarantee. Remember when you buy your watch to inquire about the case. Remember, also, that the guarantee stamp is no safe guide.

Fortunately, there is a way you can protect yourself—a way you can be absolutely sure of wearing qualities. Demand a filled case made by the people who make the finest solid gold cases in the world. That means a "Crescent Filled Case" or a "Jas. Boss Filled Case"—both made by the Keystone people, who produce the Keystone Solid Gold Watch Cases.

If you want to be doubly sure, don't trust your memory—cut these trade-marks out of the magazine and take them with you to the jeweler.

These marks are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years.



THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY  
Established 1853 PHILADELPHIA

**LADIES EASE YOUR FEET**  
A customer writes: "You could not have fitted me better. For the first time in years my feet are comfortable. The soft glove-like feel of..."  
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## REUBEN'S TRIBUTE

By ADELE BROWN

REUBEN HENSHAW chewed a bit of oat straw ruminantly as he sat in his barn door one morning in May. It was an unusually warm morning for May. Already the cherry blossoms were sending down their white shower of petals. A phoebe bird called its name plaintively from the hitching-post beside the woodshed door, jerking its long tail and tipping its head from side to side as it watched for insects to carry to the patient little mate on the nest in the woodshed. The farm looked beautiful to Reuben this morning. He loved every apple tree just bursting into bloom, every blade of tender green springing in the wide mowings. The lilacs and flowering almonds in the yard were his delight, while the hum of the honey-bees busy in the fragrant blossoms of the tall locust trees filled him with drowsy content.

In the opposite corner of the barn door sat the chairman of the selectmen of the village. He had just paid Reuben what the farmer considered a wonderful compliment.

"Of course," said Reuben, "I expect to be present at the exercises that day. 'Tain't often this town has a centennial, and I ain't likely to see another," smiling whimsically. "When I heard the Guv'nor was comin' I was morn' anxious to go, 'cause he's got a name like an old friend of mine—nicest boy you ever see—shot 'way back in '64 in a skirmish—same night I got this hole in my leg. I kinder think the Guv'nor may be some kin of his'n. Maybe I'll have a chance to get speech with him."

"Sure you will, Mr. Henshaw. I'm going to see that all the speakers are introduced to him, and as many of the other folks as I can manage. You see, Mr. Henshaw, as you are the last of the veterans, I think it is particularly appropriate for you to give a history of the boys who went out with you in '61. Our town made quite a showing at that time, I believe."

"Yes, sir," said Reuben, "quite a showin'—quite a showin'. We felt pretty smart when we marched away, fifteen on us, men and boys. The village ain't very big, but the families was bigger then. I don't believe you could scare up fifteen for such a cause now. There wasn't but eight on 'em come back; and I'm the last o' the eight. Well, I thank ye kindly, Mr. Whitney," as he rose to go; "I'll do my best, though I ain't a public speaker, ye know."

"We don't care for oratory, Mr. Henshaw. We want plain facts, and you'll give us those. Good morning."

Long after Mr. Whitney's top buggy had disappeared over the crest of the hill, Reuben sat in the barn door and mused. In imagination he was back in the autumn morning long ago, when the fifteen volunteers of the little village marched away. How gay they were, or pretended to be! The maple trees had spread a flaunting carpet of scarlet and gold for their feet. The leaves rustled merrily as they marched, heads up, faces front. The girls waved and cheered, but the mothers knew and hid their faces. He could see his mother's white face now. She had sent her all—husband and three sons. "Oh, people could talk of the pomp and panoply of war; but how about the mothers, the sweethearts and wives who stayed at home?" he thought a little bitterly. Then he smiled, as he recalled Samantha's face that morning, round and rosy, with a wealth of curls on either side, and blue eyes meeting his eyes shyly. She had pressed a small package in his hand when he went to say good-by the evening before. He waved his thanks as he passed her in the crowd. Dear little daguerreotype! he had it still, faded but beautiful to him. He must go and tell her about Mr. Whitney's compliment. She

would be glad to know. Samantha was always glad when honors came to him.

Rising somewhat stiffly he limped to the house. The wound in his leg had always troubled him somewhat. "But," he would say, "it might hev been wuss; I've got the leg anyway, and it's better than a wooden peg."

As he reached the kitchen door, Samantha came down the steps to help him. Putting her hand under his arm she said:

"Why, father, I didn't know but I'd have to come and get you. Thought you'd fallen asleep."

"I was dreamin', ma, but I wasn't asleep. I was way back in war time. Al Whitney was here this mornin' to get me to make a speech at the Centennial. 'A Tribute to Our Boys of '61' he said I was to call it. But I ain't goin' to put no such high-flyin' title on that on it. If they want an account of how our boys fit and suffered and died, I can give it. I know how they held together at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, who went down at Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania; and if they want an account of Andersonville Prison, why, I guess bein' an eye-witness for more'n six months qualifies me to give it."

"That's so, father; no one can do it better. But won't you be afraid talkin' before the Guv'nor and so many folks?"

Reuben laughed softly. "Now, mother! the Guv'nor ain't a day older than our little Tom would have been. And just like 's not Tom would have been Guv'nor if he had have lived. No, I ain't a mite scared. I'm glad the Lord spared me to do it for the boys. There wasn't a slouch among the whole fifteen. I know some as went from other towns and never heard a gun fired. But 'twan't so with our boys. They was in the thick on't from the very beginnin', and they kept in the thick on't. I'll tell the history good and true."

Joe, the hired man, had double work for several days after Mr. Whitney's visit; for Reuben spent many hours at the old desk in the sitting-room, writing his manuscript laboriously. In his pocket he carried a pencil and pad. Joe had many a sly laugh over his use of them; for no matter what he was doing, planting, milking, or whatever, if a thought struck him, out came the pad and he jotted it down.

At last the great day dawned, bright and clear. Preparations had been going on for several days in the village. The hotel and post office were gorgeous in flags and bunting. Flags floated from many house windows. At one end of the Common a huge tent had been erected, and there the speaking would take place. The church organ had been placed in front of the rostrum, and a choir of village boys and girls drilled for the occasion. The band from Upper Hallam had volunteered their services. In front of the hotel was placed a dining-tent to accommodate the overflow. The village was astir early, and long before ten o'clock, the hour set for the exercises to begin, the church sheds were filled with horses, carriages, express wagons and farm wagons, while a long line of nondescript vehicles, with often indifferent locomotive power, lined the fences. Purveyors of badges and postal cards wandered up and down and the toy balloon man arrived early. The entire township had poured its full measure of enthusiasm into the village; and in the home gatherings were brought together for the first time sons and daughters who had turned their backs on the village for wider horizons years before.

Reuben and Samantha were stirring before "sun-up." Reuben didn't want to be hurried, he said. The chores were done, breakfast eaten and cleared

Continued on next page

# Can't Get Away From It

Is it possible to nourish, strengthen and Rebuild the Brain by Food?

Every man who thinks uses up part of the brain each day. Why don't it all disappear and leave an empty skull in say a month of brain work? Because the man rebuilds each day.

If he builds a little less than he destroys, brain fog and nervous prostration result sure. If he builds back a little more each day, the brain grows stronger and more capable. That also is sure. Where does man get the material to rebuild his brain? Is it from air, sky or the ice of the Arctic sea? When you come to think about it, the rebuilding material must be in the food and drink.

That also is sure.

Are the brain rebuilding materials found in all food? In a good variety but not in suitable proportion in all.

To illustrate: we know bones are made largely of lime and magnesia taken from food; therefore to make healthy bone structure we must have food containing these things. We would hardly feed only sugar and fat to make healthy bone structure in a growing child.

Likewise if we would feed in a skilful manner to insure getting what the brain requires for strength and rebuilding, we must first know what the brain is composed of and then select some article or articles (there are more than one) that contain these elements.

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all mineral salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid but

Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is supply the lacking principle, and molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits a grain. To supply deficiencies this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and y use food which does not contain you have brain fog because its dross is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain building.

Mind does not work well on brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Ptyalin, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water. Grape-Nuts contain that element as more than one-half of all mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, one would "do things" in the world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required. Brain rebuilding material is certainly found in

## Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.



## REUBEN'S TRIBUTE

Continued from preceding page

and an appetizing luncheon in a basket and tucked under the carryall before seven o'clock. Samantha bestowed her most caring care on Reuben. When she was alone, she was proud of his personal appearance. And he was good to look at in a neat gray suit, with his face framed in soft gray hair, his eyes faded somewhat, but full of kindly light.

It was all blurred confusion to him as he was ushered on the platform and saw the sea of faces before him. He could not distinguish an acquaintance, and decided that his eyes were growing poor. By and by he mist cleared he saw Samantha's familiar face, and to that face he turned when the time for his speech came. Then Mr. Whitney turned and introduced "our honored citizen," the remaining veteran of the Civil War, Mr. Reuben Henshaw. As he came up, tottering a little on his old leg, there was a surprised murmur at the rear of the tent among the ranks of strangers.

Reuben fumbled for his manuscript, did it tight, and sought out the man who had never failed him. Then he saw his speech. "Fellow-citizens, friends," he began, "your names have been selected me to talk to you some of the bravest men this country has ever had. I've got it all written here, but my eyes ain't workin' and I don't believe I can read it. I'll just have to tell it to you all. I'm wearin' gray to-day 'cause of blue. I've buried all hard as toward the color. Them fellows that wore it fit just as hard as we did, and they got licked, and I guess we're drawin' the color line very tight. I didn't feel that way, though, five years ago, when I marched with this town in the fall of '61, along with you."

Here followed the string of names well known and reverend in the village. Reuben forgot to breathe and talked as he had many times to the children and to those who loved to hear his war stories, giving kindly tribute to the sons of campfire and battlefield, to the lonely pickets and forced marches, dwelling upon acts of bravery and fearlessness, till his hearers were dazed with the recital and many eyes were wet. At last the chairman was obliged to touch him on the shoulder and tell him his time was up; and he went into his seat amid a thunder of applause.

There was no more speaker before Reuben should make the final address. Reuben's mind freer now, he saw the young Governor's face as he bent slightly forward to the speaker's words. "Strange," thought the old man, "how much I like Tom Duffield, my old tent-mate and chum. Tom was shot away in '64, long before this boy was born. But he is strangely like; the alert, eager face, the look Tom had before a battle. Poor Tom! I missed him that night we camped in Hazel Run. Tom was almost dead that night, anyway. I was a lot older, and glad to take his place on the platform. 'Twas pretty hard to wake, though. I couldn't help my feet—did stumble—my—felt—as—though—" A sudden knock. "Why, I thought I was a boy on duty again; I must have dozed." Reuben looked about in wonder as eyes found Samantha's face and rested there. Now the Governor was on his feet. He was speaking. What was he saying? Reuben bent forward, his old hands with knotted veins clutching his knees, his eyes filled with wonder, as the Governor was saying, "I begin the speech I am here to make. I want to pay a tribute to one of our volunteers whom your speaker

has overlooked. I have a father—he is here to-day—who was also a volunteer in '61. In Washington he met a boy from his own State. They became chums and tentmates. They were together in many a hard-fought battle. Many a night they lay in the trenches or marched weary miles in each other's company. One night—my father tells the story with loving remembrance—your soldier boy did picket duty. It was cold and wet. Next day the march was a hard one, through the mud of a country road. My father was not well. When after plodding wearily for many miles a halt was called, and camp made, he was assigned to picket duty. He was very tired, too tired to keep awake, and so your boy volunteered to serve in his stead. Your boy had served the night before. He had marched as far as my father, but he accepted the duty to spare his friend. Can you not see him as he trudges painfully back and forth on his post?"

"There was another night"—the Governor's voice was quiet now and all was very still—"a small detachment of the Fifth was surprised by the enemy. In the skirmish that followed, my father was shot."

Reuben's mouth had fallen open. "I know't; wasn't I there to see? But he was killed," he murmured.

"His chum," continued the Governor, "seeing his comrade fall, dashed in amid a rain of bullets thick as hail, and dragged the senseless body to a place of safety, then disappeared."

"Grays ketched me," muttered Reuben. "When my father recovered consciousness he was in a field hospital of the Christian Commission. There he learned of his friend's part in that night attack. Search was made; but all effort to find that friend proved unavailing, and he was given up for dead. When my father recovered, minus his right arm, he received an honorable discharge, and returned home. Later he left his home and went to Vermont. I learned to-day that his old comrade is still alive. I have listened with interest to the glowing tribute your speaker has paid to the volunteers of this village. But he has been too modest. Some of the bravest deeds he has left unrecorded. So I take pleasure in giving my inadequate testimony to the bravery and kindness of your neighbor and my father's comrade, Reuben Henshaw."

There was not a sound to be heard as the Governor turned and clasped Reuben's hands in both his own. The old man's eyes were full of tears, and his voice trembling as he asked eagerly, "Is Tom alive? Is Tom alive?" "Yes," returned the Governor, "not only alive, but here. He came with me to-day because it was to your town I was coming."

The crowd had been quiet long enough and now broke into tumultuous applause.

Down through the aisle another old man was coming, gray, bent, his right sleeve hanging empty. Making his way through the curious applauding throng he reached the platform, while the Governor, still holding Reuben's hand, stepped forward to meet him. One look into each other's eyes, and the two old comrades clasped hands with a cry of "Reuben!" "Tom!" Then their trembling voices failed and their eyes overflowed.

Samantha laid a timid hand on that of her neighbor.

"I'm afraid father can't stand it," she said anxiously. "I must go and get him."

Shouldering her way to the platform, she caught Reuben's coat. "Come, father," she said. "You and Mr. Duffield come outside with me. I'm afraid you can't stand it." And so, led by Samantha, they passed out into the sunlight.

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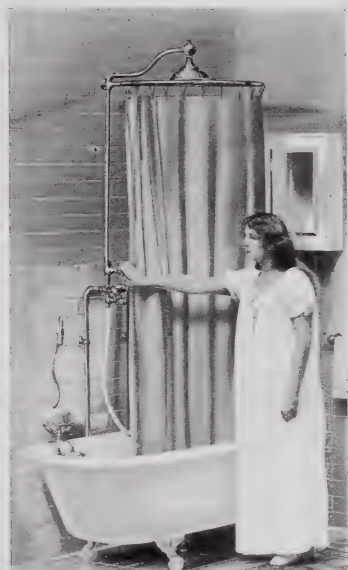
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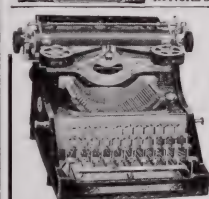


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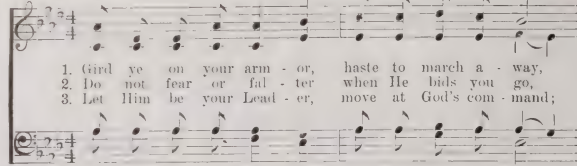
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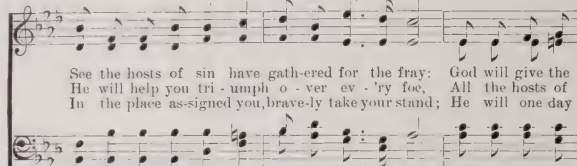
### A Decoration Day Song

GEO. O. WEBSTER

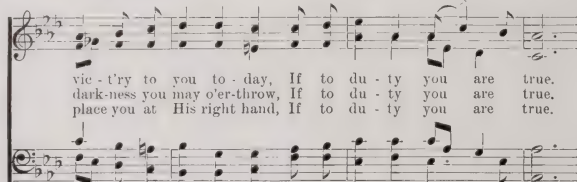
HUBERT P. MAIN



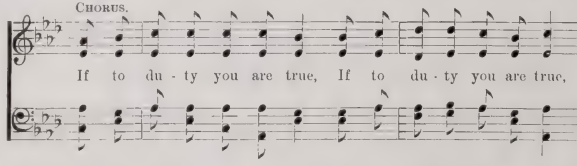
1. Bird ye on your arm - or, haste to march a - way,  
2. Do not fear or fal - ter when He bids you go,  
3. Let Him be your Lead - er, move at God's com - mand;



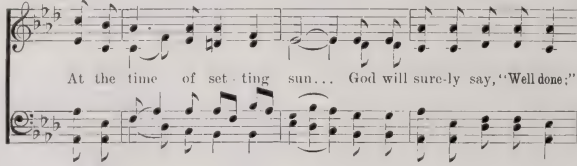
See the hosts of sin have gath-ered for the fray: God will give the  
He will help you tri - umph o - ver ev - ry foe, All the hosts of  
In the place as - signed you, brave - ly take your stand; He will one day



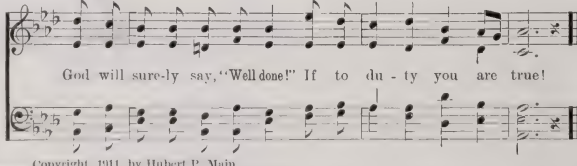
vic - try to you to - day, If to du - ty you are true,  
dark-ness you may o'er-throw, If to du - ty you are true,  
place you at His right hand, If to du - ty you are true.



CHORUS.  
If to du - ty you are true, If to du - ty you are true,



At the time of set - ting sun... God will sure - ly say, "Well done!"



God will sure - ly say, "Well done!" If to du - ty you are true!

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## A Great Temperance Work

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gladly prints the following appeal sent out by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, whose officers, well known to our readers, are: Rev. D. S. Dodge, D.D., President, Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., Editor and Lecturer, and Hon. Oliver W. Stewart, Field Secretary. The following is their appeal:

"DEAR FRIEND: Two great battles are to be fought soon. Texas votes on State-wide prohibition in July. Shortly after, the voters of Maine are to face the question of the repeal of Maine's old-time prohibition policy. The men engaged in the liquor traffic will spare no expense to keep Texas out of the prohibition column, while hundreds of thousands of dollars will be spent to sweep Maine from her safe moorings. It is the combined money power of the liquor business in the nation arrayed against these States.

"Our comrades in Texas and Maine will make the best fight in their power, but they will battle against enormous odds. Have we any right to leave them to fight single-handed? If they lose, the reaction will hurt every city, town, village and hamlet in the land.

"They will not fail if we do what is in our power at this critical time. The National Temperance Society—the oldest national temperance organization in the country—proposes to help, and we seek your co-operation.

"It is our plan to put Oliver W. Stewart, our Field Secretary, whom you know, and who has been heard in all parts of the country, into the State of Texas for the last month before the election. We propose to send such other speakers and literature of a helpful character as our means will permit. As quickly as that fight is over, we will transfer Mr. Stewart to Maine, where again we will mass our speakers and will back them up with literature specially designed to meet the situation.

"To do all this we should have a campaign fund amounting at least to

\$10,000. Double that amount and even more can be used to good advantage. This can be made possible by the generous contributions of men and women outside of those States who believe in helping our friends and comrades when in such need of assistance.

"We are asking friends of the cause to assist in a special Texas and Maine campaign fund. We feel convinced that you and others will see the grave emergency that confronts the whole temperance reform and that you will respond with a prompt contribution.

"If we are to do this, plans must be perfected at once. We must begin months in advance and we cannot do so without means. The smallest contributions will be welcome, but we hope there are some who will send large remittances; every one should send something. At the close of the campaign, we will make a report to the contributors as to the amount raised and how expended. We are inviting you to put your name on a roll of honor.

"We are arranging a great appeal to the people of Maine not to go backward, but for the sake of the entire country to hold the ground they have. Enclosed you will find a blank which you can use in sending your gift, and which also will authorize us to sign your name to the appeal.

"The situation is critical. Much is at stake. We confidently expect a favorable reply.

"In behalf of the society, very truly yours,  
D. STUART DODGE,  
"President."

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who desire to send contributions to aid the National Temperance Society in this great battle in these two States, especially in the State of Maine, that it may retain its present law, may send contributions direct to the National Temperance Society, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, or to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We shall be glad to take charge of such a fund and pay it over promptly as contributions come in.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

the beautiful old ladies. He said that heathen women grow ugly as they grow old.

### Growing in Strength Like the Cedar

It is said that while a palm tree attains its height in a hundred years, the cedars of Lebanon have grown for thousands of years. The secret of this is the far reaching roots which make the tree immovable, no matter how the tempest rages. So nothing can move those whose hearts are stayed on God. They grow on and on, not only for thousands of years, but throughout eternity.

### Grow like the Vine—in Fruitfulness

The Israelites whom Hosea reproved had been growing like a thistle, bringing as fruit only that which was evil. There are a lot of people growing just that way now. Let us examine ourselves. How different to grow like the vine, and bear luscious fruit which gladdens all who eat it! It is a law of nature that a thistle plant cannot be changed into a vine, but it is a law of grace that a sinner can be changed into a Christian, and his works become good instead of evil. Hosea was God's man to preach that truth to the Israelites, and it has been helping men and women in all the world ever since.

What kind of a God have we? One who is "ready to pardon, gracious and merciful." These are not the words of Hosea, but of Nehemiah, and they were spoken nearly three hundred years after Hosea had pleaded with Israel to give up their wickedness and

serve their God. The people had gone on with their sinning, and God had gone on with his loving. He is the same God yesterday, to-day, and shall we say "forever?" He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever" (Ps. 103: 9).

Yet there is time, yet there is room, yet there is pardon for those who will follow him. The words spoken by Hosea more than twenty-six centuries ago are just as potent to-day as then. The knell "Too late!" has not yet rung out into the world, but instead the joyful sound is pealing, "Come unto me."

### THE POWER OF PRAYER

THE alchemists in days of yore, in poverty and pain, Unhaunted by their loss and toil, all day they sought to gain, And often through the weary nights, the knowledge of that power That wise philosophers believed would change within an hour, All dross to gold. And thus they spent long weary years for naught, But never found the glittering prize which eagerly they sought.

The poorest, weakest child of God who knows the power of prayer, With faith and trust that falter not, and strong to do and dare, Has found the magic charm sought for by alchemists of old, For prayers of faith transform the dross of life to purest gold. More wonderful in grand results than any fairy tale, Reaching the goal of great success, where many thousands fail.

LAURA M. LATIMER,  
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### Right Rev. John B. Morris

Little Rock, Ark. Total mortgage, \$70,000; valuation of security, \$190,000. Notes payable serially, one to ten years.

### Highway Baptist Church

Fort Worth, Texas. Total mortgage, \$20,000; valuation of security, \$70,000. Notes payable serially, one to five years.

### Orner Realty Company

St. Louis, Mo. Total mortgage, \$425,000; valuation of security, \$700,000. Notes payable May 1, 1916.

The above are only a few of the many First Mortgage Real Estate Notes we have to offer. request, complete detail circulars of all issues will be sent you, giving full description of properties, amount of insurance and the amount of interest. All interest payable semi-annually, evidenced by interest coupons. A most convenient form of investment with absolute security. Price any maturity to yield 5%.

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During our thirty-three years experience in handling farm mortgages there have been extreme fluctuations in general business conditions at different times, and general market securities have had their corresponding ups and downs.

Farming communities during that period have been hardly concerned with the ups and downs of the business world, and farm mortgages have had a steady value.

We recommend carefully-made farm mortgages as a means of safe investment to yield a reliable income.

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### WELLS & DICKEY CO.

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## FINANCIAL MISTAKES

THE men who have made great fortunes from manufacturing, trade, commerce, mines, inventions, and transportation are many, and year by year they are increasing in wealth and numbers; but all these are insignificant compared with those who have grown rich, or immensely wealthy, by the sudden or gradual increase of land values—what the late Henry George called "the unearned increment."

Some of the richest families in New York, and the same may be said of all our large cities, achieved their wealth, not through trade or other form of industry. Their shrewd ancestors bought land at a few dollars an acre—the taxes, for some unjustifiable reason, have always been low on "unimproved property"—and held it, or their heirs held it, until the demands of an increasing population compelled a division of the acres into lots—usually sixteen lots to the acre—and in time each of these lots became more valuable than the original farm from which it was carved.

We are not complaining about a procedure sanctioned by law and eminently respectable; for our purpose is simply to show how so many great fortunes have been made with little or no effort on the part of the possessors. Now, fortunately, all this wealth from increased land values has not gone into the coffers of those already wealthy, for tens of thousands of our deserving, hard-working countrymen have achieved a competency through their smaller land holdings, and some have become unexpectedly rich. But there has been a great difference in the way in which the large and the small realty owners have disposed of their earnings.

### Jacob Weber's Luck

You will infer from this name that Jacob Weber, who is still living, is a German, but though his parents were sturdy Hanoverians, he was born in the vicinity of New York City, where, soon after his majority, he married an American wife, the daughter of a farmer for whom he worked as a gardener. Being industrious and thrifty, Jacob Weber began saving from the day he left school, so that by the time he was able to marry he had laid by enough money to buy five acres of ground from his father-in-law, and to build thereon a little cottage to which he took his young wife. On these five acres, on which he raised the best of vegetables and the most marketable of flowers, Jacob Weber not only supported his family of two girls and a boy, but he was able to pay off the mortgage and to give the children a better education than the father and mother had had. His ambition was to have his son a doctor, while one of the girls chose to be a teacher and the other a trained nurse.

The son was practising medicine, the daughters were working at their callings, and Jacob Weber was still cultivating vegetables and flowers, when his father-in-law died, and a survey for more streets was made through his garden.

By the will of her father, Mrs. Weber was able to add twenty acres more to the holdings. Jacob, who loved his garden, did not regard the advance of the conquering city with pleasure. He tolerated the trolley line that was built by his door, for it the better enabled the girls to reach their work in the city, but he was heart-broken when the surveyors came to lay out the streets, and he saw the vanishing of flower beds and vegetable rows.

The survey was hardly finished when Jacob Weber and his wife were called on by a real estate promoter who offered them a thousand dollars an acre for their holdings. They refused, and then he wanted to buy an option for twenty-five hundred dollars an acre, but this was also rejected.

The following week, and after consulting with their children, they sold all the land to another party, who proposed to call the place "Rose Park," for eighty thousand dollars in cash, or two hundred dollars a lot. These same lots were selling for seven hundred dollars each before another year had passed.

"I am going to put every dollar paid for my land into a farm just a little further out," said Jacob Weber's brother-in-law, who had sold his twenty-five acres on the same conditions; "and, Jake," he added, "I'd advise you to do the same, for you won't be happy away from the garden."

Mrs. Weber's brother carried out his own plan, and is to-day worth about a quarter of a million, but Jacob Weber listened to his doctor son and to the girls, and was induced to go into the city. Ten thousand dollars he invested in a little frame house with two lots, on a poor street, this because he must have a patch of garden.

### The Fruit of Inexperience

Like other good husbands and wives with families, Jacob and Mrs. Weber lived only for their children. Away from the little farm and amid the roar and bustle of the great city, they were as children themselves, without the power of adaptation and ready to be led. The son, who had recently married, being quite sure that if he had an automobile, instead of being "a walking doctor," and had a house in a good neighborhood, he could build up a practice in no time, was given the money with which to enlarge his opportunities.

The sisters at once felt that they had a right each to the same amount that had been given the brother, and they got it, for both had given up their work and married—married men who believed they were heiresses, and acted accordingly.

Jacob Weber's knowledge of finance was limited, and he was suspicious of outside advice. He had always kept his spare cash in a savings bank, and so he deposited his money up to the full amount these institutions would receive; the rest Mrs. Weber kept concealed in the mattress on which they lay.

The end of the story is in sight. The doctor's practice did not keep pace with his expenses. The husbands of the daughters did not feel that they must work, so long as their father-in-law had money. What could be expected? The money concealed in the mattress was expended. With growing rapidity, the savings bank accounts were exhausted. Then the little frame house with the two lots was sold. To-day Jacob Weber and his wife are on the brother-in-law's new farm caring for the garden.

### "What Might Have Been"

Whittier writes:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Jacob Weber was not a speculator, nor need he have been to have grown richer through the legitimate business opportunities springing up about him. But see what he might have done had he not used the family mattress as a bank and so drawn on his principal. Money was in great demand to build houses on the expensive lots, and he could have loaned all his money on good bonds and mortgages at six per cent., thus securing forty-eight hundred dollars a year income. He could have rented or bought a little place to carry on his gardening, and there would be enough left to help the doctor and girls in a reasonable way. Or, to avoid all trouble, Jacob Weber could have placed his money at five per cent., securing bonds as safe as those of the State in return, with one of the investment companies that were at

Continued on page 539

## The safety of your money

Investments can be divided into two distinct classes:

- 1st—GUARANTEED,
- 2nd—Unguaranteed.

The first consists of GUARANTEED Mortgages and GUARANTEED First Mortgage Certificates. Under the second heading come all other investments, good, bad and indifferent.

The time is coming when the man who attempts to market his securities among those who are not investment experts will be asked just one question—"Is your investment GUARANTEED?" If not, the practical, sensible, ordinary, everyday investor will have nothing to do with it.

Our Guaranteed First Mortgage Certificates provide GUARANTEED investments for \$10. monthly or for sums up to \$100,000. or more at one time. Every cent you put into them is guaranteed from the moment we get the money. The interest earned is 4 3/4%.

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# 5 Beautiful Plants For a Favor

THE photograph below (half size) shows an exact reproduction of the collection of five plants that we have arranged to offer to *Christian Herald* readers in a way that will enable them to secure the flowers in return for a favor. The collection consists of an unusual assortment of Roses, Vines and Dahlias for both indoor and outdoor culture. There is a Dahlia; a Clematis *Paniculata*, which is a magnificent Hardy Climbing Vine; an *Asparagus Spregeri*; a Violet Plant, and one of the Charles Dingee Rose Bushes, which is a new rose and considered by many gardeners as the best, healthiest, and strongest-growing, freest-blooming, Hardy Rose Bush in the world. Each plant is carefully labeled, and complete instructions accompany each package. These plants have already reached the period in their lives when the fresh and young green leaves begin to appear, so that fine results are assured. They are now approximately 10 inches high.

**Clematis *Paniculata*** The flowers are pure white and they are borne in great panicles or clusters of bloom, fairly covering the plants, so that it is a mass or sheet of fleecy white with an exquisite fragrance. It begins to bloom late in August and reaches a height of 15 to 20 feet. Hardy in all sections of the country. It is one of the most magnificent vines that can be planted. See the illustration for an idea of this plant.

**Dahlia** The Dahlia is a very beautiful plant for the yard. It makes tubers not unlike a sweet potato, but it is not hardy and blooms in late summer. The flowers are clear pink.

**Violet** This Violet is known as the "Lady Hume Campbell." It is the best double blue. Strong, healthy and hardy. It is a plant that has always been successful in various climates.

## **Asparagus *Spregeri***

This is a famous and attractive green vine, intended for house culture. It is for pots, vases, or hanging baskets. The long, slender branches droop most gracefully, clothed with feathery, emerald green fronds. It is a strong plant.

## **Charles Dingee Rose**

The Great New Rose known as the "Charles Dingee Rose" is said to be one of the best and most beautiful introductions of the century. It is the result of cross-breeding between *Humosa* with grand, old hardy Pink variety, and White Maman Chochet, perhaps the greatest of all white garden roses, which insures its offspring every point of excellence. It has a hardy, vigorous constitution, and is said to grow to perfection in almost any soil or situation. This rose is said to have been growing and blooming in a temperature very little above freezing. It grows to a height of 2 to 3 feet and blooms continuously. It produces immense, grandly formed flowers on long stiff, erect stems. It is practically impossible to describe how beautiful these flowers are because of the delicate blending of colors; rose tints in the centre of the flowers gradually fade into pale blush and creamy white.



*Clematis Paniculata*



*Charles Dingee Rose*

**You Will Be More Than Pleased With This New Assortment**

This assortment of flowers is different from any we have ever used. It is not

made up of slips, as these plants have commenced to sprout, and the petals will be found to be green and fresh, all ready for cultivation. They will reach you packed in soil best suited for their production, carefully wrapped in oil paper, and all shipped in a nice paste-board box, which fully protects their natural and healthy condition.

We are prepared to give prompt service, and our readers, by taking advantage of this opportunity at once, can expect to have the roses in their possession within a short time after the order has been sent us.

**This Plan Will Enable You to Secure Them Without Cost**

We will give this collection of five plants to any *Christian Herald* reader who will send a new eight months' subscription to the *Christian Herald* for some person who is not now a reader, remitting at the same time \$1.00 to pay for the new subscription.

Ask one of your friends to give you a trial subscription for the *Christian Herald* for eight months at \$1.00. Send the name of the new subscriber to us together with one dollar, and we will mail postpaid to you, or to any address designated, these five plants, guaranteed to be just as represented.



**There are Five Plants in this Collection Twice the Size of This Illustration**

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 207 Bible House, New York**



## Young People's Societies

### Great Lives: Samuel\*

OFTEN in the lives of great nations, when to the casual observer it would seem that demoralization and destruction were surely impending, a strong and righteous personality comes forward to restrain and save.

Thus was it with Israel in the stormy days of the Judges. The national spirit had almost melted away. Patriotism in consequence was weak and divided. Even the priests were held in small reverence, and Jehovah seemed to be nearly forgotten. Upon this degenerate people a great light dawned when Samuel was born—the child of prayer—passionately dedicated to the service of God, and single-eyed and single-hearted in his devotion to his people.

His power was early established. God spoke to him and through him, and the words of his prophecies were so uniformly fulfilled that soon he was surrounded by an army of believers and followers, who, through him, were reinstated in their ancient religion.

A Mussulman tradition relates that Samuel's birth was granted in answer to the prayers of the nation for "a still, strong man in a blatant land," after the overthrow of the sanctuary and the loss of the ark. This is untrue as an historical fact, but, says McClintock, "though false to the letter, it is true to the spirit of Samuel's life."

Gradually, as the youth grew to manhood, his power grew. "All the house of Israel were lamenting after the Lord," and their defeats and losses, as so often with individuals, drove them to their knees. Samuel seized the opportunity. His strong mind and loyal heart perceived that the mood of the nation was ripe for union and for a religious revival. He issued his great manifesto to them, condemning their idolatry, urging repentance and reform, and picturing the national rewards which a just God would surely bestow upon them if they were loyal. For the result of his appeal see I. Sam. 7: 4.

So Oliver Cromwell rose up to "confound the politics" of a corrupt generation. So John Wesley was given to England, when hollow formalism threatened with destruction its splendid church; and so Abraham Lincoln came to our nation to lead it out of bondage into freedom.

At Mizpeh, Samuel seems to have been granted almost kingly powers. Even the fame of Joshua, that great and noble judge, pales before that of the majestic Samuel. He was not a warrior like his wonderful predecessor, though he won one great battle; but God bestowed especial favor upon his generals in answer to his prayers and oblations. Thunder and lightning overwhelmed Israel's enemies, and through weapons not carnal came victory.

We cannot understand how it could happen that bad sons were given to this saintly man; but Abiah and Joel were evidently almost as wicked as Hophni and Phineas. Perhaps if they had been worthy to succeed him, Samuel would not have been petitioned to choose a king. He did not wish to accede to this request of the people; but in obedience to the divine voice, Saul was selected.

Then Samuel summed up his own life before his people—that righteous, consecrated life—ending with his constant injunction, "Only fear the Lord."

The later selection of David and the death of Samuel form dramatic climaxes which have often inspired our poets. The whole story of Samuel is thrilling, unusual, noble—a great prophet, leader, teacher and Judge. No wonder that his name has been given to many of our best and greatest. It is an honor to bear the name of such a hero.

### True Wisdom\*

IT IS a singular fact that perspective and proportion usually change in our sight from year to year. The things which seemed most important to you as a boy, often take a much lower place in your mind in manhood. The absorbing interests of last year may have become now matters of secondary value to you. The most consummate wisdom is required to look forward into the future, gauge the circumstances in which you are likely to be placed, and foresee your wants and opinions then.

Because of this strange ignorance, men study history and biography. They know that the experiences of men and nations in the past are probably repeated in all ages. The tales of Scripture are most valuable for this purpose. There is scarcely a record of the life of any ancient Hebrew worthy which is not replete with lessons for every one of us.

Some men seem to be gifted with a natural sense of values—a keen judgment of the expediency of this or that course; a wise foresight of future events and the proper methods of meeting them. It is a rare faculty, and yet it is known as "common" sense. When this is coupled with a sincere desire to serve God, and a confidence in prayer, it is sometimes called "sanctified common sense." Perhaps the late D. L. Moody was as good an exemplar of this wonderful endowment as was ever known. Let us all pray that we may have it.

The best of intentions count for little unless wisdom accompanies them. Bishop McVicker illustrates this fact by a grotesque story of a dear old motherly elephant, whose heart was overflowing with tender compassion for all things weak and helpless. In an unlucky moment she found a brood of partridges whose mother had gone in search of food.

"You poor, deserted, motherless creatures!" she cried, "I will care for you. I will brood over you," and she proceeded to sit down upon them as tenderly as she knew how.

"The world," remarks Bishop Charles D. Williams, commenting upon this parable, "is full of such blundering beneficence. I sometimes think that it has suffered more from foolish saints than from intentional knaves. Zeal without knowledge, good intentions without wisdom have worked as much havoc as has malevolence."

Wisdom does not often come to one to a man. Even though he be born with more than the usual endowment of common sense and of intellect, yet still he will blunder and fall from time to time. "It is human to err," said the old Latin sage.

Thus it is with most of us—we attain to the highest wisdom only through darkness and anguish, through striving and warfare. God gives us what is best for the soul.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 4. TEXTS: James 1: 5; Prov. 9: 10; I. Cor. 2: 6-16.

### Financial Mistakes

Continued from page 537

that time advancing money to the people hurriedly building on the old farm.

Had the latter course been adopted, and the bonds kept in his own, or in his wife's name, Jacob Weber would have been in receipt of four thousand dollars a year, which, if he chose, he could have divided into four equal parts, the children getting three-fourths. Then adventurers would not have sought out the daughters, and the doctor's industry and ability might have won without the aid of a fine house and an automobile. There are many honest acts so foolish as to seem almost criminal.

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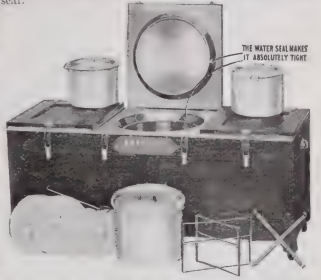
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# Christian Herald

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*Fishers of Galilee. See article in this issue.*



# This American Flag Free!

## For Christian Herald Readers

**W**OULDNT you like to own a large American Flag, like the one shown in the picture, if you could get it without paying one cent?

Not a little hand flag, understand, but a large-size "Old Glory," 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, bigger than the top of your dining-room table.

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Every new **Christian Herald** reader means the assistance of another soul who will work in common with this great congregation in its laudable purpose of spreading the teachings of the Gospel to every nook and corner of the world.

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BARBARA FRITCHIE

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# GET ONE FOR THE PATRIOTIC HOLIDAYS!



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Training the Vines on the Girls' Farm

Spring Work in the Strawberry Patch



## TRAINING GIRLS TO FARM LIFE

Mrs. Belmont's New Farm School and the Wonderful Work Going on There

"ALL of my life," says Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, "I have been looking forward to the establishment of a farm-school for women, to include also landscape gardening. At last I have accomplished my long desire."

Two hundred acres of Mrs. Belmont's fine Brookholt estate at Hempstead, L. I., have been given up to the uses of such a school, and nine embryo girl-farmers are studying and working there.

In charge of them and directing their labors is Mrs. Laura D. Williams, an efficient Quaker "farmer-lady" from Philadelphia. She was brought up on a farm and has been in the work all her life. The girls are housed in a pleasant and picturesque farmhouse, under the care of Mrs. Jacobina Levy, formerly connected with the Sheltering and Guardian Society of New York City.

"There is no reason why women should not make successful farmers," says Mrs. Belmont. "All that they need is proper training. Farming is a beautiful work, and when have women failed to be interested in beautiful work? In England, women at the head of great estates often undertake the management of them. They take far more interest in their grounds and houses than our women do. Here we leave the work to outsiders and say, 'Don't bother me until it is done.' There they are keenly observant of every step and direct it all."

The girls work ten hours a day, but insist cheerfully that the hours are not too long. They wear straw, poked farmer's hats, blue jumpers, and overalls, and, tied around their necks, carelessly knotted bandanas. Mrs. Williams wears a blue print blouse and bloomers, which are so full that they give the effect of a short skirt, while affording the utmost freedom of movement.

Every night each girl makes a report of the day's work in a diary. These records tell what has been done during the day, the methods used, the kind of soil found, and every detail of the plowing, planting and reaping. They will be invaluable to the owners in after years.

"How did you happen to come here?" a visitor asked one of the bright, energetic, intelligent girl workers.

"I read about it in the papers. I have always wanted to be a landscape gardener, and I thought this would be a good way to begin."

"What were the qualifications demanded of you?"

"First, you must be physically fit, of course."

Then you have to answer many questions, and if you can persuade the managers that you are a likely candidate, you are accepted."

Every visitor is impressed with the superior intelligence and refinement of the nine girls. Combined with these traits, they show also a certain alertness and surety of purpose which, as one observer remarked, "does not belong to the girl who has picked up a new project simply for a lark."

One of the brightest of the girls is deaf and dumb, though she holds a college diploma. Every girl is kept on probation for a period of two months. If by that time she proves to be able, strong and zealous, she proceeds and is paid \$16 per month.

The rising gong sounds at 6 A.M.; breakfast is at 6.30 and at 7 work begins. At 12 comes dinner. At one, the girls start out again, returning for supper at 6, and the evening is spent in talking over the day's work and the writing of the diaries. The

done, the girls jumped out and gathered around a pile of phosphate bags. These were soon opened and the girls went rapidly over the field, whitening the brown, up-turned earth as they ran. The wet corn was then made ready in pails, a pail was slung over the shoulder of each girl, and they started down the rows.

"We expect to have this year," said Mrs. Williams, "sixteen acres of field corn, four acres of sweet corn, nine of potatoes, and plots for spinach, beets, carrots, radishes, cabbages, tomatoes and other vegetables. Large rhubarb and asparagus beds are already started. In time we shall run a motor-truck to the New York markets. There will be a uniform for the chauffeur, which will fit the first girl that learns to run the automobile. But these may be sure," laughed the good lady, "that we shall arrange it so that there will not be one of us whom the suit will not fit!"

Mrs. Williams thinks that the course of training can hardly be finished in less than a year. The girls must learn not only to put in the crops and to gather them, but care for and dispose of them.

There are numerous agricultural schools throughout the country, but they are connected mainly with colleges and other institutions, and they are not exclusively for women. Mrs. Belmont's school is probably the only one of its kind in the United States.

It is her intention to give the girls who show aptitude and interest every opportunity, with the hope that, on leaving, they will be able to take positions as superintendents, or go still farther into the field of landscape gardening. And it is this brand of ambition and enthusiasm which makes the girls at Brookholt oblivious to aching muscles and clay-coated shoes, and brings a smile to their faces when you speak about the ten-hour day with an interrogation point in your eyes.

The farmhouse is planned both for comfort and beauty. Gabled windows peer out from under a sloping roof, to the very shingles of which vines have clambered along the corners of the house. The house itself, with veranda running its entire length, faces a big graveled courtyard, across the way from which is a long line of neatly kept stables. On the south end a road leads out to the fields and pastures.

In an interesting article about this new departure in the education of girls, the New York Times remarks that it is probably the pioneer of many similar institutions to follow.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



Comfort and Cheer at the End of the Day

final ceremony of the day's actual work is the milking of the cows. Covered from head to foot with white gowns, the girls take turns at playing milkmaid each night.

On the morning when the corn was to be planted, one girl harnessed the slow and steady farm-horse, known as "Philadelphia," and the rest "piled into" the farm cart and drove down the road to the fields. Ahead of them was Mrs. Williams, driving the horse known as "Thousand Dollars." She was guiding a harrow.

Once in the field where the planting was to be



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY  
Rev. Hugh Black, D.D.\*



# THE BONDAGE OF FEAR

TEXT: Ps. 56:3—"What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

THE keynote of this song, at once so plaintive and so confident, is trust in God. The writer states a hard case, with dangers without and fears within; but the ultimate issue is the triumph of faith. He is hard bested, worn out, beaten and broken, hemmed in by enemies as in a circle of steel, till his heart almost fails and his courage droops. The Psalm begins with a cry for pity: "Be merciful unto me, O God; for man crusheth me; all day fighting, he oppresseth me." The crushing suggests some cruel, heartless treatment. "All day mine enemies crush me; yea, many are they that haughtily fight against me." But the Psalmist recollects himself, or rather he recollects God; and in the recollection he strikes a note that drowns the low, plaintive melody of the first verses. "In the day when I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." In one moment he lays hold of something of the undaunted courage of faith.

## Faith and Fear

Faith is often spoken of as if it were a weak thing, of a pining, whining nature; as if it were a kind of cowardice that runs to cover as an escape. That is a misrepresentation. From one aspect faith is simply *courage*; moral courage, that will not give in, that refuses to be beaten, that will not doubt the love of God though everything seems against believing. In the day when I am afraid, when I have most cause to be afraid, I will trust in Thee. When clouds are heaviest and despair is on the heart, faith clings tenaciously to God. The Psalmist will not be overmastered by his fears and coerced by his dangers; for instinctively such a courageous soul feels that "sudden the worst turns the best to the brave." "In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid; what can flesh do unto me?" The fear comes back and floods his life again; for the trouble is still there. But he never is quite engulfed, and there breaks out the same refrain of trust in God: "I will not be afraid."

Life still knows the menace of fear, though the forms of it may have changed. Every life has its troubles without and fears within, its dark moments, its difficult passes, its dangers and distresses. Men live in the shadow, oppressed with care and anxiety, burdened with loads too heavy, harassed with fears and doubts. The bondage of fear has been the weariest slavery of the race. It has its roots no doubt in sin, though we cannot trace definite connections in particular cases. Fear entered Eden when sin entered. "They heard the voice of the Lord God, and Adam and his wife hid themselves. And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." Fear has gripped man and held him in spiritual tyranny. Men have been afraid of life and of death, afraid of to-day and of to-morrow, afraid of the living and of the dead, afraid of man and of God, afraid of everything and of nothing. The primitive instinct of dread so forcibly described by Kipling has its abode still in life; in different forms, but none the less real.

Through the Jungle very softly fits a shadow and a sigh—  
He is Fear, O little Hunter, he is Fear!  
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,  
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near:  
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—  
He is Fear, O little Hunter; he is Fear!

We say gaily that knowledge and the spread of education have killed fear. We point to superstitions, the dread of unknown powers, the terror of the unseen, which have been mitigated if not destroyed by knowledge. This is indeed so, and true knowledge is of God, for God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. But it is not true that fear is dead, or that mere knowledge ever can give it its quietus. Knowledge can only glean in the fields after the reapers. The mind of man can only set in terms of reason what the soul of man has discovered. Superstition is killed by faith. A false religion is displaced in the world not by criticism but by a true religion. And it is not the case as a matter of fact that fear has ceased to be a bondage to men. To think so you must be ignorant of life; must have had your eyes shut to the hunted look on human faces; must never even have faced the spectres of your own mind. There is ever a death's head at the world's feasts; and black Care still rides behind many a horseman. It may be that we

no longer tremble at mystery and bow down before the idols which represent the forces of nature; but have we solved the mystery? Has knowledge robbed life and destiny of their unknown elements? Philosophy can sometimes conquer the fear of life. A spurious peace can be got from forgetfulness of the problems of life; by shutting the eyes, or by hopeless acquiescence in the sordidness of existence. That sort of peace could always be got in that way.

With all our knowledge of natural forces and our command of material resources, life has still its appalling changes, its uncertainties. Men can still be mastered by an unspoken dread, a nameless terror. Are there no misgivings in men's minds, no heart-sinkings about the future, no distrust of self even, never an apprehension of evil, never a shiver at the possible? I speak not of the fear of death, though that must always be our portion; for the love of life is natural and therefore the fear of death is natural. It is only when the spirit is broken, when nerve is lost, when body or mind or heart is diseased, that death can ever seem a gain. And if in our modern world-weariness there is a school with their morbid high-priests of literature and art who worship at the shrine of death and speak of it affectingly as our gentle mother, even that is but another proof of heart-sickness and the fear of life. Doubt is the disease of thought; and is twin-sister of fear. We may lay all the ghosts we can, go whistling to keep our courage up, to prove that there is nothing but shadows to frighten us. But the ghosts will not be laid. Fear clings to life, elusive as the mist on the mountains.

## The Darkness of Fear

Even when fear for self is beaten back from the gates, there remains for every true man fear of life. When we stop to think and look back on the past, we can be afraid of our own base impulses and cravings. We may well be afraid of our own weakness. It may be a wholesome fear, and be to us the mother of safety, as Burke called it. It may be one of the hounds of heaven to drive us from the wilderness into the fold.

Further, if self can be forgotten, as perhaps it can be, is there no fear for others in our hearts? Some of you have whispered with trembling lip in the sanctuary your fears for those you love. Perfect love casts out fear; and even our imperfect human love casts out fear of the loved, but not always fear for him. You would shield your loved ones and put protecting arms around them. Paul confesses the fear he had for some of his beloved converts lest they should be drawn away; and is not ashamed even to confess the fear which sometimes chilled his heart lest he himself might be a cast-away. There are noble forms of fear, born of love itself. Job is depicted in all his happiness and prosperity rising up early in the morning to pray and make offerings for his sons and daughters; for Job said, "It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts." When the blow fell, he knew that he had been dreading something like this all his life. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me; and that which I was afraid of is come unto me."

Life is open to fear in other directions. Somewhere or other it can grip you by the throat; if not at this turn of the road, at the next possibly; if not in any of the places I have mentioned, yet at some spot, your heart knows where. There is fear we must all have known—if not, then be afraid of your own want of fear—the fear which sin always brings; to one, as with Macbeth, "the perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart" with its remorse and pain; to another, as with Gloster in King Henry VI., the "suspicion which always haunts the guilty mind."

Need I heap up more evidence? Need I speak of fears of the future, of the fears which find voice in our books about the forces at work in society with their possible social changes, of the natural timidity which looks with shrinking on new and untried paths? We speak glibly of this as a transition period. We perhaps believe that conditions more true and just may emerge; but everywhere you find men dreading the plunge, the passage through the cloud.

Fear is the sign of evil in the world; the symbol of the mystery of iniquity. We have all to meet it sooner or later in some form or other. It is the great bondage of the race. See it in the tired and

startled eyes of men and women with care and anxiety marked on their brow. Life is often lived under a gray sky and on a sodden earth. The weight of to-morrow burdens to-day. The troubles of the future kill the joy of the present. It is no unique experience for a man to say, "What time I am afraid."

## The Light of Faith

We have seen that some of the causes of fear are the same as in the Psalmist's day. We look to see if the cure of fear is the same with us as with him. If we can say that the cause of our sickness of heart is doubt, doubt of self, of life, of God, the cure for it is faith. The owls and bats and dark night-birds that hoot in our ears are driven from us by one stroke of the flashing sword of the rising sun. As in all the great controversies in religion and life, the battle is to be fought out in the region of presuppositions. That is why every controversy resolves itself into some ultimate and simple philosophy of life. So here, if we realize that God's love is the heart of the universe and the centre of life, fear of all kinds must depart. In proportion as that creed is a living faith with us are all fears maimed or dispelled. If we accept that love, if we apply it to our every need, if we breathe in it, live in it, where is there room for fear? Want of faith in God means want of faith in human destiny, and the world becomes a riddle and life a terror. But faith in God, faith in the moral order of the universe and in the protecting love of the Father, saves from despair. In God there is no room for fear. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

This is not something to be argued about, but simply to be stated as experience, and to be tested experimentally. Living in the filial relationship with God in which Christ lived, we are emancipated. Christ's Gospel is the gospel of the grace of God, good news of great joy to the sorrowful, glad tidings to the sinful and fearful. "Fear not" was a word often on his lips. He comes to-day to bring men to God, bringing God with him; he comes over life's broken waters, making a great calm: "It is I, be not afraid." A touch of his hand quiets the fevered pulse; a look of his eye brings peace; a smile of his lips illumines the world. Christ's very presence in the world is a message of courage. Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Look up to the bright light in the clouds. We are not unregarded. Life has a meaning. God has a purpose with you in your struggle and patience and loving service. Be of good cheer.

What is your fear? Of man? Put yourself on to the side of God; and then say, "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?"

Do you fear sin and its power? Love's redemption will snatch you from the jaws of the dragon. Courage! Take heart of grace. "Sin shall not have dominion over you. Faith grips the quiver of trembling flesh with a strong hand. Christ transmutes fear into faith. The true fear of God kills all other fear, even the fear of self.

## In the Shadow of the Almighty

Are you afflicted with love's fear, for some you think of and pray for? Love more: love higher. There is no fear in love. The cloud of it passes away in the flood of sunshine from God's perfect love.

Do you fear for the world? It is God's world, and is the scene of his redemptive work.

Do you fear for the Church, for the cause of truth and righteousness and peace? It is not for you to tremble for the Ark of God. Truth is inviolable: love is invincible. God's will shall be done on earth, and his kingdom come—oppose it who dare. Fear not, O little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Lift up your face with the stain of tears and believe. Faith shall live; fear and all the dragon brood shall die. Be of good cheer; be not afraid. Take up the burden of your life again with comfort in your heart, and let Christ's peace rule within. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "In the depths where no God is and no heart to love him, all sorrow lasteth long; on the heights of devotion we still have sorrows, only they are short. Just as the nights are longer in the valleys; but in the mountains they last not long, and a gleam of red showeth always where day has been, or is to be."

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

\* Professor of Practical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.



## The Power of Prayer

AY at the early dawn,  
When the dew is on the flowers,  
Offer to heaven as incense pure  
The morning's rosy hours.  
When the heart is calm and free,  
The fetters of earth are cast from thee.  
At the noontide hour,  
 midst the weary toils of life—  
Halt thou gather strength and power  
To succor thee in the strife.  
When thy burden is hardest to bear,  
Thy heart is throbbing with anxious care.  
Low in the dewy eve,  
When thou dost thy spirit in prayer,  
The voice that spake to the troubled sea  
Shall whisper sweet comfort to thee.  
Tempest of passion shall sink to rest,  
The sunlight of heaven illumine thy breast.  
When thy cup of joy  
Sparkling to the brim;  
When with base alloy  
The gold of life is dim.  
Ever shall win thee a treasure untold,  
More than treasures of silver or gold.  
Sunshine and shadow,  
Joy and pleasure and gloom,  
The morning of life,  
The verge of the tomb—  
Ever, pray, and good angels beside thee,  
Will watch o'er and shield from the ills that  
Betide thee. M. L. B.

## French Statesman Killed

HE French Minister of War, Mons. Henri Maurice Bertheaux, was killed, and Mons. Monis, the Premier of France, was very seriously injured when an aeroplane dashed into the Premier's party at Issy-les-Moulineaux on May 21. The party had gathered at an early hour in the morning to see the start of the Paris to Madrid race and was permitted to pass through the great crowd to a point of vantage within the aerodrome, where the start could be seen to best advantage. Three aviators had already succeeded in getting away, and a fourth had started only to fall and wreck his machine after going but a short distance, when Emile Train essayed to start, carrying a passenger in a monoplane of his own construction. As Mons. Train rose from the ground and the commandant of the troops giving order on the ground sent a squadron of cuirassiers to keep back a crowd that was attempting to cross the field. The monoplane came toward the cavalry at a speed of about forty miles an hour, and for a moment it seemed that it would dash among the soldiers. Then it suddenly swooped toward the earth under the impulse of an air flurry. The pilot's attention seemed momentarily to have been diverted from his course and he made a sick turn to the left toward the point where the party of officials was standing. Then he lost control of the craft altogether and it dashed violently to the group. The impact knocked Mons. Bertheaux 10 feet away, where he lay badly mangled, while under the wreckage lay Mons. Monis, his son and Mons. Henri Dutch de la Meurthe, a patron of storing and flying. A scene of frightful confusion followed the fall of the monoplane. From all parts of the aviation field arose cries of alarm and dismay and tens of thousands of persons broke through the lines and moved toward the scene of the accident. When the troops had driven back the throng by charging it repeatedly the surgeons in attendance examined the men lying on the ground. Mons. Bertheaux was dead. Mons. Monis was apparently severely injured, but conscious. The Premier showed remarkable fortitude. Though terribly injured about the head and though his leg was fractured in three places he never for one moment lost consciousness. His words as he was picked up were "It is nothing." Mons. Train was heartbroken. He said that the tragedy was due to his efforts to avoid injury to the troops. Mons. Bertheaux was a man of national prominence in France. He was born in 1852 and has for many years been active in the world of finance. He was to have been a candidate for the Presidency of France in 1913.

## Organizing for Peace

By EUGENE THWING

STATESMEN and Peace Societies throughout the world are leading the nations toward arbitration. Almost every day sees some progress. A treaty is now believed possible between the United States and Japan, like that proposed between this country and Great Britain, which will provide for the arbitration of all matters, including questions of national honor. The mere fact that there is serious discussion of such a treaty affecting these three great naval powers shows what remarkable progress has been made during the past year.

International arbitration, however, is only one feature of the advancing movement for world-wide peace. The spirit of peace must fill the hearts of men before militarism ceases to intrude itself in the life of nations. The question is coming home more and more to the individual. Thousands of men and women are considering how they, personally, can help on this great work for Christianity and humanity.

THE most definite and practical plan for focusing this interest, in order that tangible results may be achieved, is announced by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its call for the formation of Peace Circles by its readers throughout the country. If every subscriber should respond to this call and gather ten members into a local Peace Circle, at once three and a half millions of persons would begin working for world peace. This would be direct obedience to the exhortation of Paul, who said, "Let us consider one another to provoke one another unto love and to good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much more, as ye see the day approaching."

The manner of assembling together the Peace Circles, and the plans by which the members may "provoke one another" to work which will really count in advancing the cause may be learned by correspondence with the Peace Circle Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. I shall be surprised if thousands of inquiries do not reach that department very soon.

WHAT, after all, is peace, in reality? Perhaps the coming of that world peace, of which the angels sang on the first Christmas morning, may be hastened if we clearly understand that peace is not merely the cessation of war between nations—the disuse of navies and armies. Such a condition may be only the absence of outward hostilities. Real peace is not an external but an internal condition.

You have seen two boys fighting on the street, when suddenly a policeman comes in sight. At once all is serene, and the boys appear very innocently occupied in something else. Is there peace between them? Look at the flashing eyes and the threatening fists when the policeman's back is turned. War is heaving and sputtering out of sight. Compulsory arbitration is something like that. It is merely war under constraint. Certainly, it is better than fighting and killing, but it is not what the angels sang of. The Prince of Peace will not acknowledge it. Acting under international treaties, the stronger powers may force unwilling nations to put on sheep's clothing for a while, but if inwardly they are ravaging wolves the era of "peace on earth, good will toward men" has not arrived. Treaties have been made and broken at convenience heretofore. Strong nations can agree, in theory, when self-interest seems to point the way, that war shall be no more. But let sudden stress come upon them; let suspicion of one another's good faith and purposes arise—as, for example, if a powerful hostile battleship fleet should appear unexpectedly off our coasts—then, unless there were a deeper basis of peace than mere treaties, the war spirit would flame from one end of the nation to the other, and it could not be controlled.

GENUINE peace can come only from love in the heart. Submission to the rule of the Prince of Peace will be far more effective than international arbitration. The 9th, 10th, 14th and 18th to 21st verses of the 12th chapter of Romans should form the articles of a universal treaty of brotherhood between man and man. Here is great work for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles. It may not be sensational; it may not be reported with big headlines in the newspapers; but it will count.

Draw up your Peace Treaty. Let it be thoroughly understood and signed as a solemn covenant by your members. Shut your doors for a while and pray earnestly for help and blessing that your lives may be fountains of gentleness; that you may avoid all occasions of strife in home, in business, in church, and social intercourse, that you may be, as individual members of a great crusade, truly makers of peace. Turn away not only the battle, but the desire for battle, from the gates. So shall the members of your Peace Circles be heralds of the coming age when world peace shall reign on the earth.

## By the Sea of Galilee

See picture on cover of this issue.

FROM this modern picture of an incident in the daily life beside sacred and historic Galilee, we may readily reconstruct in imagination some of the scenes in the life of our Saviour. In Palestine progress is practically unknown. It is true that railroads have been built there, but the costumes worn and the customs and occupations of the people are largely the same as prevailed in the early years of our era. Still the fisherman brings to shore the food which he gleaned from the waters of the beautiful lake; still the young housewives purchase and prepare it as in Bible times; and

still the children play on the shores and gather in eager groups to see the boats come in. When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Pilgrims reach the Holy Land next October, sights like this will often meet the eyes of the travelers, and they can re-live in fancy the thrilling days when Christ preached beside these very waters to similar groups, and the boats of the fishermen were brought to land bearing the food which still forms the chief animal subsistence of these simple folk. The picture on the cover of this issue is from a photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

## Mexican Peace Treaty Signed

AT TEN o'clock P.M. on May 21, on the steps of the custom house in Juarez, a treaty or agreement of peace was signed between representatives of the Mexican Government and the revolutionists, designed to put an end to the war which has been going on there for six months past. Four automobiles brought the peace commissioners to the meeting-place, and their searchlights illuminated the peace agreement. The commissioners sat on the stone porch (the door being locked) and talked over the agreement with a group of friends, while a small crowd outside shouted "Viva la paz!" Judge Carbajal represented the federal government and the revolutionary forces were represented by Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, Francisco I. Madero, Sr. (father of General Madero), and Sr. Don José Maria Pino Suarez. The agreement sets forth:

First—That Senor General Porfirio Diaz has manifested his resolution of resigning the Presidency of the republic before the end of the present month; and,

Second—That bona fide news is at hand that Ramon Corral will resign the Vice-Presidency of the republic within the same period; and,

Third—That by the administration of law, Senor Francisco Leon de la Barra, at present Minister of Foreign Relations of the government of Senor General Diaz, will assume for the interim the power of the executive of the nation, and will call the general elections according to the terms of the constitution; and,

Fourth—That the national government will study the conditions of public opinion to satisfy these conditions with the provisions of the constitution and will come to an agreement conducive to indemnifying the losses directly caused by the revolution. Therefore, the two parties represented in this conference, in view of the previous considerations, have agreed to formulate the following agreement:

From to-day on hostilities which have existed in the entire national territory of the republic shall cease between the forces of the government and those of the revolution, these forces to be dismissed in proportion as in each State the necessary steps are taken to re-establish law and guarantee tranquility and public order.

Transitory provision:  
As soon as possible the reconstruction or repair of telegraph and railway lines hitherto interrupted shall be begun.

This agreement is signed in duplicate by three of the commissioners named, Judge Carbajal signing first, then the elder Madero, and Dr. Gomez. Sr. Suarez was to sign the next day, but his signature was not necessary. After signing, the federal envoy and Dr. Gomez embraced each other. Then Dr. Gomez and the elder Madero fell into each other's arms, overjoyed that the great act had been accomplished.

It is understood that the troops will be gradually disbanded as tranquility is restored. General Madero has ordered all fighting stopped throughout the republic. He himself forced the situation by sending for Judge Carbajal and announcing that unless the peace terms were agreed to, including the resignation of Diaz and Corral, the armistice would end at once.

After the resignation of Diaz and his Cabinet there will be a new election, a reorganized federal administration and the removal of governors in those States where tyrannous and corrupt federal influences have dominated to the injury of the Mexican people.

## ANVIL SPARKS

..You do not lend your services to God; you give them.

..A MAN with an upright heart cannot be down-hearted long.

..FEAR may lead to the seeking of salvation, but only love can retain it.

..It is good to have stubborn virtues, but it is not a virtue to be merely stubborn.

..You cannot cheat the devil, no matter how sharp a bargain you may drive at his counter.

..WHEN your joy goes out to others, you may know that your own heart is full.

..WHEN one has the approval of a good conscience he can get along pretty well without the praise of folks.



# Across the Andes on Muleback



A Wayside Cross in the Andes



Ferrying Luggage by Wire



Fording a Shallow and Treacherous Torrent

**M**Y PLANS for a trip into the interior of Venezuela finally took form in the journey which started in January and from which I have just returned. Though three different States of the Republic of Venezuela were passed through and I even crossed the border into Colombia, the entire journey was in that territory across which stretch the northern ranges of the Andes. The start was made from Maracaibo, where we have our mission station. Boarding the little steamer, which plies on Lake Maracaibo and some of its tributary streams, I crossed the lake and went eighty miles up one of the tributaries into the heart of the jungle and the forest.

As the trip was made distinctly as a mission journey and for the purpose of spreading the Gospel, no opportunity was to be lost. I started with tracts to distribute, Bibles and religious books to sell, and copies of our paper to use in seeking new subscriptions. This paper, *La Estrella de la Mañana* (The Morning Star) is the first and only evangelical paper in Venezuela and Colombia. On the boat I met three of our subscribers, and during the voyage secured some new ones. I also used the opportunity

to distribute tracts. When the steamer entered the river up which it was to make its way, we were in the midst of all that tropical wonderland of which so much has been told. Gorgeous foliage and the brilliant colors of the tropic fauna were all around us. On the river's banks lay great crocodiles, many of which would measure twenty feet in length, taking their sun-baths and awaiting any unwary living thing that might come to drink. Some of the passengers on the steamer treated them to surprises in the shape of bullets from a rifle or revolver.

When we arrived at a small city near the foot of the Andes, and I had arranged my business, I mounted a mule and started the long climb into the mountains. Here the greatest opportunities of the trip, as well as the greatest dangers, were found. I always carried with me a few copies of the books and papers; and along the road I scattered this precious seed. The stock of books which I had brought with me I sent ahead as freight. When I came to a city or town, I started out with my satchel full of Bibles and papers and went from home to home and from store to store. It generally took me from one to three days to do my work in

each place. I would then set out for the next city. This programme of broadcast sowing of tracts and Bibles and religious literature was continued for seven weeks. During that time many chances came to tell the story of salvation as well as to leave behind a Bible or some religious book, and a subscriber to whom our paper will go twice each month.

Long journeys alone through this rugged country are far from pleasant or free from danger. Starts before dawn and last stops after nightfall become the order of the day. It is not at all unusual to start at two or three o'clock in the morning so that one may reach the next stopping-place before night. The roads wind up and down through the mountains, they cross and recross the shallow yet treacherous torrents. Often they degenerate to mere trails through the wild and dense forests, or across the face of some precipitous rock they wind as narrow paths which barely afford room for the feet of the mule, and on which a single misstep means death. Here, as in many other parts of Spanish America, the people erect a simple wooden cross where a death has taken place by the wayside.

Maracaibo, Venezuela.

T. J. BACH.

## SECOND METHODIST CHURCH IN RUSSIA

**T**WO years ago, Bishop William Burt, LL.D., of the Methodist Church, dedicated the first Methodist chapel on Russian soil at Wirballen on the German border.

On last Russian New Year's Day (January 14, new style), it was our pleasure to celebrate a second dedicatory service; this time at Kowno-Schanze, about two hours' ride by railroad from Wirballen. The first service held in the new edifice was the Quarterly Conference, conducted by the writer. This was followed by a genuine Methodist watch-night service which was concluded with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Favored with ideal winter weather, of the real Russian sort, we had an attendance of 528 persons the next forenoon, when the Bishop preached a dedication sermon on "Christ, the Only Foundation," and the new house of prayer was impressively dedicated. At the song-service in the afternoon there were over 700 people present, more than 200 of this number standing patiently over three hours!

A happy and grateful spirit manifested itself in all the addresses and songs. Among the guests none were more attentive than their Excellencies Governor Werewkin and wife of the province of Kowno. The governor made a speech in Russian, adding a few congratulatory words in German. In private conversation, the governor's wife told the Bishop she was happy to hear an English sermon, her grandfather having been an Englishman. In the higher circles the Russians speak English, French and German fluently.

The next day was observed as a "Second New Year's Day," as it is termed here. It was a Sunday. Our Bishop preached from the text: "As for Meophobeth, he shall eat at my table, as one of the king's sons" (II. Sam. 9: 11). Nicely printed programmes added not a little to the festivity of the occasion, eight hundred copies of which were taken home by members and friends as souvenirs.

The plain, red-brick edifice now stands as a tangi-

ble demonstration that God still answers prayer! The entire property has a valuation of about \$7,000, but there are still several thousand dollars of debt to be met. The main hall of the church has a seating capacity of 350, while the adjoining Sunday School room, opening into the auditorium, accommodates 100. The story of the beginning and development of the Methodist work at Kowno is a striking illustration of the parable of the mustard-seed. Many years ago, when large numbers of Germans emigrated to Russia to seek employment in the large factories in certain Russian centres, a colony settled

was so full of joy that he told his relatives and friends what he had experienced in America. As a result of his simple earnest testimony a revival broke out. Because of business affairs the young man had to return to the United States, but the seed he had sown did not remain without fruit. The first thought of the young Kowno converts was the plan to organize a Sunday School for the study of the Bible. So they wrote to the Methodist Book Concern (*Traktathaus*) at Bremen, Germany, asking for Sunday School literature, and that a Methodist preacher be sent to them. At that time Rev.

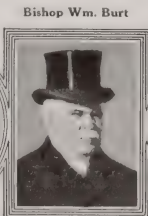
J. Staiger was manager of the Bremen Book Concern. He sent the Kowno letter to the district superintendent, Rev. Carl Schell, who forwarded it to Rev. Heinrich Ramke, then stationed at the large Methodist church in Koenigsberg, he being the nearest Methodist neighbor to Russia. From time to time Brother Ramke visited the friends at Kowno, and finally organized a Methodist society there. During the past five and a half years, Rev. George R. Durdis has been in charge of the work. His faithful wife, who was formerly an evangelist, and Local Preacher K. Piper, are helping him in his arduous labors at Kowno and Wirballen. From this circuit there have already come two promising candidates for the Russian mission, whom we sent to the Methodist Theological Institute at Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, three years ago, but who are now obliged to serve in the Russian army.

Methodism has a great future in Russia, and is already preaching the Gospel in six different languages in this vast, cosmopolitan empire.

G. A. SIMONS,  
Supt. Methodist Missions in Finland and Russia.



George A. Simons



Bishop Wm. Burt



Geo. R. Durdis, Pastor



The Methodist Episcopal Church at Kowno, Russia

down at Kowno. Among the latter there was a young man who later went to America, where he was converted in a Methodist church, and some time after he returned to Kowno on a visit. His heart



# HOME LIFE IN ESKIMO LAND



A Family Living in an Earth Hut



A Little Eskimo Maid



Eskimos at Meal Time

By CHRISTIAN SCHMITT,  
NAIN, LABRADOR

kept burning, and a small tin can filled with water, which is hung above it, supplies hot or boiling water for various purposes, the chief of which is making tea. Of this the Eskimos are very fond. Often the only duty devolving upon the wife in the preparation of the meal is to make tea. Although the Eskimo is not averse to eating his meat raw, this is not always done, for where driftwood is plentiful, the meat is often boiled in large iron pots and thus served. Knives, forks, or spoons are seldom used. The Eskimo is of the opinion that nature has provided him with every requisite for the handling of his food, and he finds the use of his fingers much less complicated than anything to which he has yet been introduced.

Since the duties of the Eskimo wife in connection with her household are neither many nor arduous, one might well wonder how the women occupy their time. It is needless wonderment, however, for the duties that fall to her lot are far from few. When the hunter has succeeded in killing a seal or walrus and has delivered the dead animal at the encampment, he considers his duty manfully done. It is the woman's work to skin the animal and cut it up. The blubber and meat will require little attention, but the hide must be cleaned and stretched over a frame, in order that it may be rubbed and dried properly. The woman's work increases in exactly the proportion of her family wealth, for that is represented by the ability of her husband as a hunter. When the skins have been properly cured, it is the woman's work to make them into winter clothes and boots. These latter are not only for the use of the Eskimos themselves, but find considerable favor among other dwellers along the coast, for they are both cheap and serviceable. The Newfoundland fishermen who visit the coast each summer, buy large quantities of them; in fact, hundreds of pairs are sent to the markets at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Ingenuity has come to the rescue of the women in connection with the baking of bread, and the method employed is a very novel one, indeed. As anything approaching a proper baking-oven is out of the question in their camps, the women and children collect a pile of driftwood and make a fire on a sandy beach; when the sand has become sufficiently hot, the fire is carefully scraped away, and the dough placed in the

sand and completely covered. In this way the bread is baked most beautifully!

One of the greatest events in the lives of these simple people is the visit of the missionary. He arrives with sledge and dogs, or in summer by water, and spends a day or two at the settlement. All events, both great and small, are related to him and his advice sought. For the time being all work is suspended. The rifle, harpoon and *kayak*, the sledge-dog, seals and walrus alike have a holiday, for the time is spent in hunting imperishable riches and in providing food for the soul. How attentively these men, women and children listen to the Word of God, and how naively they question the missionary at the end of the simple but impressive service, testify of their true hunger for better things.

In June the heat of the sun becomes sufficient to melt the snow on land and to cause the breaking up of the great fields of ice which have formed in the bays and along the coast. We long to see Jack Frost loosen his grasp and again leave land and sea free from cold and ice. In summer there is more life, more variety and more stimulus in the scenery and in the entire life of this northern land. Once the ice has left us, large numbers of schooners ply the waters along the coast to carry on the fishing industries.

With the coming of summer begins our time of greatest opportunity and greatest activity. From Newfoundland a great many schooners, sometimes from 1,500 to 2,000, visit our coast, and each of these vessels has a crew of six to twelve men. Most of these fishermen are brave-hearted, honest and God-fearing men. They do not usually fish on Sundays, and whenever possible they will attend services held at the Mission Station. Along the coast-line of several hundred miles, however, there are many harbors and only a few of these are within reach of the station. It has been our earnest desire to visit the more distant harbors and there conduct services among these hardy Newfoundlanders. In spite of the fact that summer brings its warm weather and calm seas, it is not often feasible to make these long trips in an open boat. In order to carry on this work efficiently, we need a motor-launch. With this we would not only be able to visit the Newfoundland fishermen on their fishing-grounds, but also our own special charges, the Eskimos, who regularly leave us in the summer and take up their abode upon the islands and along the outlying headlands in order to be near the fishing-grounds.



Winter Loosening its Grasp Early in June



The Bleak Hills of Labrador with the Settlement in the Valley



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Genial Side of Peace

IT HAS happily fallen to Andrew Carnegie not only to pave the way to peace with gold and silver, but to take away from the movement much of its sober-sided aspect and to give it a certain popular, social éclat and attractiveness which it did not before possess. This is fortunate, and the old iron-master, in the enjoyable turn he gave to the recent banquet to Baron de Constant, showed both worldly wisdom and good taste. There is no reason why the Peace Movement should not be from this time forth the most universally popular idea on two continents. Let us educate toward peace by all means; but let us not forget that it is rich in the promise of better things for all peoples in all lands. Even if war cannot yet be wholly abolished and if fleets and hosts must persist until the "good time" when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, still we have much to rejoice over in the knowledge that we are doing our share to hasten the realization of the world's desire—"peace on earth."

## The Anti-Trust Decision

IT IS not surprising that there should be wide differences in the point of view concerning the effect of the latest Supreme Court decision in the famous Standard Oil case. So able and logical a thinker as Justice Harlan, in his dissenting opinion, has declared that Congress alone has the power to limit or restrict the application of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to "unreasonable monopolies," and has pointed to the fact that the Supreme Court on previous occasions has twice refused so to construe it.

The Anti-Trust Act was created to meet commercial and financial conditions at a time when vast monopolistic combinations threatened the public welfare. It was a drastic law, making no distinctions as to degrees of violation. The Supreme Court has seen fit to modify the previous uniform literal interpretation of this law. A majority of the justices in their decision tacitly recognize the fact that all business combinations are not necessarily criminal, and that a clearer definition is needed in the interest of justice and for the protection of legitimate trade. Broadly interpreted, the new decision means that business may be carried on by individuals or corporations with perfect freedom of contract, as long as it is conducted with due recognition of law and along the lines of honorable commerce. It recognizes the right to free competition, but where such competition develops into "unreasonable restraint" of trade or undue interference with the rights of competitors, the offender comes into conflict with the law.

Standard Oil is the first great monopoly to come under the operation of this new interpretation. There are many worthy people who think that this old monopolistic offender has been too lightly dealt with, but this is a matter we can safely afford to leave to the Supreme Court. For forty years, this corporation has been growing until it has attained gigantic proportions. Absorbing, either by purchase or by the crushing-out process, most of its rivals, it has made itself master of the petroleum product of this country and of a large portion of the world. It has controlled the output and regulated the market. Taking advantage of every opportunity to increase its power, it became a monopoly of a sort so oppressive that it was soon apparently beyond the reach of regulation or control. Embracing some seventy subsidiary corporations, its affairs directed by men of vast wealth, and with a surplus of some \$600,000,000 at command, it was enabled, through sheer capitalistic momentum, to carry out the boldest plans for public exploitation. Pools, trusts, rebates, price cutting, the organization of concerns to pose as independents, and similar devices have all been charged in the government suit, which was first begun in the United States Courts of Missouri five years ago. Though convicted, Standard Oil will pass through the ordeal with little damage; it will simply reorganize and go on, possibly with a closer attention to the law. It has served as an object lesson to other corporations, which must now come under legal scrutiny though with less trepidation,

now that it is made clear that no concern whose methods, contracts and combinations are not "unreasonably restrictive of competition" is affected by the decision.

Just how the new interpretation of the Anti-Trust law will work out in other cases where it deals with monopolies, both benignant and malign, will soon be apparent. Meanwhile it is wise to withhold judgment, until the new reading of the old statute is fairly tested. It is a satisfaction to the business interests of the country to have the whole vexed question set at rest, even though it should prove to be only for a season. Our people are not vindictive, and if the new interpretation works out well it will have the public approval.

## "Playing Up" Religion

JAMES G. CANNON, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, addressed the Omaha Ministerial Union, a few days ago, on the "Forward Movement." He is reported as having declared that there is to be an end of muck-raking and that the magazines which have heretofore devoted so much space to articles of this character are to be switched off and made to take up religion. Mr. Cannon, the bank president, spoke very definitely, and seemingly as one having authority, when he said:

If there is not the greatest ingathering in the churches it will be the fault of the men in charge, for we are going to have the subject of religion so played up in the papers and magazines, that the man who wants to promulgate religion will not have a single excuse for failing to get busy among his friends and neighbors.

Many of the magazines have been changing ownership of late, and there has been much talk of syndicates, made up of great financial interests, gaining control of them for the purpose of stopping the discussion of alleged corporation wrongdoing. Mr. Cannon is not an editor nor a publisher, but a bank president. From what point of information does he speak? Who is "going to have the subject of religion played up"? What kind of "religion" will it be? Will it be the kind the apostle James described when he wrote that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"? Bank presidents and editors, financial syndicates and independent publishers can give the world none too much of such religion; but we look askance at a religion that is to be "played up" in the spot-light, to attract public attention away from any truth that hurts.

## The Contagion of Sympathy

WE ARE far too ready to let the shadow of discouragement creep over us and to cry out upon the world for its hardness and coldness, its gloom and lack of cheer. The truth is that the facts in the case are all the other way. There never was a time when so many silver threads of love and sweet charity bound together people of all sorts and conditions as now. In non-Christian lands little is known of the contagion of sympathy. Dr. Arthur Brown has told us that in a thronged city in the ancient East hundreds of people will pass with utter indifference a man who may have fallen in the street by reason of accident or illness. No one will notice him or lift a finger for his aid unless the good Samaritan in the case happen to be a foreigner whose education has been beneath the banner of the Cross. Similarly a man may fall overboard, and although dozens of boats may be close by, no attempt will be made for his rescue. Sympathy is not indigenous in the human heart. Its seed comes from heaven, and it is sown and thrives and propagates itself in hearts that are watered in dew from above. In Christian lands there are thousands who do not own the name of Christ, yet who, almost without their knowledge, are partakers of some of the finest qualities that belong to him and his disciples. In the large illustrations that occur to us we have only to notice how the world thrills in response to a great need. The contagion of sympathy

sets every pulse beating. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

## The Gospel Missions Convention

WHAT has proved to be the largest convention of Gospel and Rescue Mission workers ever held in this country concluded its labors in Washington lately. It was a most representative body. A though the Federation came into being only a few years ago, and labored under great difficulties, it has already developed into a mighty force for united Gospel effort. Dealing with a very large class that is now unreached by the churches, these mission are doing effective service in reaching down to the lowest social depths. Their labors are among the waifs, the outcasts of humanity, the derelicts and castaways. They are working in the byways and the hedges and by the strong persuasive argument of brotherly and sisterly love and Christlike sympathy are literally "compelling them to come in." When Jerry McAuley, after his conversion, began his work as an apostle to the outcast and the criminal, he set up a standard which many believe would have few followers. But the magnificent gathering of consecrated men and women at the Federation Congress proves how far wrong was this estimate of the spiritual value and the great need of more men like McAuley. Like Paul, these men and women of the Federation are willing to be "all things to all men" so they may win souls for Christ. Rescue mission workers seek little honor or recognition in the worldly sense. They sink self altogether in their work. Their work is of a character that makes the strongest kind of appeal for Christian support. With sincere gratification we look back to the time when **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** in the early days of the Federation, was privileged to assist it over the rough places until it was fairly launched. There were difficulties to surmount obstacles to overcome; but we never doubted it future and we rejoice in its growth and increasing usefulness. We trust to see the Federation grow stronger and stronger until no single mission is outside the organization. All honor to the men and women who are thus spending their lives for others. They deserve our prayers and our generous help in their efforts to redeem the erring and to lift up the fallen.

## General Notes

—THE HIGHEST courts have decided that no one has a right to use a person's portrait for advertising or other purpose without the consent of the individual.

—THAT DISTINGUISHED British soldier, General Ian Hamilton who is now paying us a visit, relates that some years ago, while in Washington, he met President Roosevelt, who invited him to ride so that they might converse together. They rode four miles at a gallop as hard as they could go and at the end of the ride were both covered with perspiration and breathless. No single word had been exchanged between them!

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Six Thousand in Police Parade

THERE are 10,000 policemen in New York City, more than 6,000 of whom marched down Fifth Avenue on the afternoon of May 13 on Seventy-ninth Street to Washington Square the annual parade. Fully 200,000 persons turned it to witness the march. Divisions representing different branches of the police service were led by score of bands, and the men's splendid physique and handsome uniforms made a splendid appearance and impression. On the reviewing stand at Madison Square were Governor Dix, Mayor Gaynor, General Frederick Dent Grant, Rear-Admiral E. C. Leutze, Police Commissioner Cropsey, Nathan Straus, Fire Commissioner Waldo, Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards, John D. Crimmins, and others. There were men on horseback, on wheels and on foot, guardians of the streets, parks, bridges, and ferries. The veterans, few in number, white-haired, none under sixty-five years of age, were applauded everywhere along the line. For the first time in the annual parade, police dogs appeared, twelve of them, four abreast, beside twelve patrolmen who held them by straps. The dogs all wore muzzles. Before the parade reached Madison Square Mayor Gaynor went through the ceremony of pinning medals on the uniforms of six policemen he had won them. These men were Andrew Gelman, Lieutenant James M. Wheelwright, August Krump, Martin S. Owens, William P. Beecher, and Gustave Boettler. The mayor in presenting the medals made a short address complimenting them as the best force in the world and justifying the administration of the police department. A physical prowess, intellectual ability, personal integrity and courage, the 10,000 of New York's police force will compare more than favorably with those of most of the cities of the world. In New York, as in all cities, the efficiency of the police force will depend upon the character of the man or men who control them, the best service only being rendered when there is freedom from political manipulation and corrupt domination. Some of the truest and best men and Christians we have ever known have belonged to the New York police force. No sympathy can be deep enough or words of commendation strong enough for the noble men who every hour of the day or night are risking their lives for the protection of the property and lives of their fellow-men. The custom of policing the cities in ancient times is here suggested.

The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, say ye him whom my soul loveth? (Sol. Song 3:3.)

## Abundant Farm Wealth

From the statement of the Agricultural Department at Washington, we learn that the value of the wealth produced on farms of the United States during 1910 was \$8,926,000,000. This is an increase of \$104,000,000 over the year 1909. It is a matter of surprise to many that Texas and not Illinois stood at the head of the line of all the States in the value of its principal farm products, which aggregated \$364,110,000. It was her 10,000,000 acres of cotton which enabled her to do so. It is beginning to dawn upon the minds of the people that Texas is destined in the near future to pass all the States of the Union in wealth, population and importance, except New York. What a pride comes to the American heart at the production of such fabulous farm products, and what national gratitude should be awakened at the remembrance of God's bounty, man's enterprise, and the supply of sinews of war for conquering moral evils and establishing the kingdom of God! The agricultural is the basis of all other industries. Men cannot dig in the mines, work in the factories, plow the seas, toil with their hands or travel over the land, until the farms shall have first furnished them something to eat and to wear. The outlook thus far is very flattering for an even more bountiful harvest in 1911 than the

one whose fabulous record we have just mentioned. The promise of the Lord to the children of Zion of spiritual things was preceded by the prophecy of bountiful harvests that were to be sent.

And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil. (Joel 2:24.)

## Snakes and Suit-case

Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Bronx Zoo, appeared at an entertainment of the Rocky Mountain Club at the Waldorf Astoria in New York the other night with a suit-case full of snakes as specimens. After the entertainment the curator gave his suit-case of serpents into the care of Zayas, manager of the club, promising to send a man for it the next day, which he did. When the man returning with his suit-case opened it in the reptile house, he removed some underclothing, two shirts, and several collars and cuffs, but no snakes were there. Elmer A. D. Pue, a member of the Rocky Mountain Club, bought a ticket for Washington and was about to retire to his sleeping berth when, opening his suit-case, the heads of half a dozen snakes popped out, swinging to and fro, hissing and darting out their tongues. Pue clapped the lid down instantly, wrapped his overcoat around the case and got off at Harrison, the first stop, and hurried back to telephone Zayas, who immediately communicated with Mr. Ditmars and found that the suit-cases had been exchanged, and that the wearing

desirables. The wandering of these seventeen men is a new role for the Hebrew. He has always been a wanderer in the earth, but in quest of land, knowledge and coin, and has generally gotten what he went after. There are very few Jewish mendicants. No people take better care of their poor than the Jews. America says to the seventeen wandering Jews what the king said to Ittai:

Return to thy place, and abide with the king; for thou art a stranger, and also an exile. (II. Sam. 16: 19.)

## Victoria Memorial Unveiled

The memorial to Queen Victoria, on whose construction workmen have been employed for nine years in front of Buckingham Palace, was unveiled May 16 amid scenes of pomp and royal splendor. King George and Queen Mary of England, Emperor William and the Empress of Germany walked from Buckingham Palace to the scene of the unveiling amidst the cheers of the multitude. The King and the Emperor, in the uniform of British field marshals, decorated with many medals, walked side by side, followed by the English Queen and the German Empress, and close behind the royal consorts walked Princess Victoria of Prussia and other members of the royalty. The royal party ascended the steps of an especially constructed dais on the palace side of Victoria Gardens, where they remained through the ceremonies. Three thousand visitors were allotted seats in a semi-circle in the Victoria Gardens. The general public gathered in crowds in the mall behind lines of soldiers.

Queen Victoria was one of the greatest rulers England ever had, or that any nation has had. She was the highest ideal of womanhood, of Christian motherhood. Personally and officially she was the product of England's best life, and was a most potential factor in its mental, moral, and religious progress during her long reign, and England only honors itself in building this memorial to the great and good Queen. From the earliest times there have been monuments of stone and metal commemorating national events. At the divine command Joshua built



The Mounted Section of New York's Police Parade on Fifth Avenue

apparel was at the snake-house and the snakes were at the place his wearing apparel should have been. The suit-cases were again exchanged and it was found that there was no damage either to the snakes or to the clothing. Many of the mistakes of life and some that are the most far-reaching are the result of carelessness. Watchfulness and diligence are necessary in the divine life that we may be enabled to avoid error and pursue the pathway of truth. The Good Book enjoins this vigilance in these words:

Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whose findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. (Prov. 8: 34, 35.)

## Wandering Jews

Many immigrants have been sent back home on the ground that they were likely to become charges upon the public. One by one certain Russian Jews were deported until a company of seventeen had gathered at Rotterdam, from which place they were sent back to Russia. Russia would not receive them and the German Government hurried them back to Rotterdam as swiftly as possible. At Rotterdam these seventeen sailed for America on the steamship *Volturno* of the Uranian Steamship Line, reaching New York City again. They have been under the care and expense of the Uranian Line, which was responsible for their coming. America does not want these poor creatures, and will not have them; but Commissioner Williams, it is said, intends to have them sent back on the Russian-American Line to Libau, where Russia will be compelled to accept them. It seems a pity that these poor creatures should thus have to wander, but certain steamship lines and governments have united in dumping upon our shores more than our share of imbeciles and criminals, and Congress did perfectly right in putting up the bars a little higher against these un-

a monument to mark the passing of the children of Israel through Jordan.

That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off: and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever. (Josh. 4: 6, 7.)

## Generously Rewarded

Miss Carrie Mustica of Newburgh, N. Y., was visiting friends in New York when at the corner of Second Avenue and One Hundred and Ninth Street she saw a richly dressed aged woman seriously dazed with a street car rapidly approaching. The motor-man was unable to stop the car, which was just about striking the woman, when Miss Mustica sprang forward, grabbed her and at the risk of her own life dragged the woman out of danger. The woman was so shocked that she fainted in the young lady's arms, and people going by carried her into a drug store, where she recovered consciousness. On doing so she immediately asked the young lady's name and address, which were given. Miss Mustica thought no more of the occurrence, and did not even learn the name of the woman whose life she had saved. The other day Miss Mustica received a letter from an attorney, notifying her that the aged woman had died and had left \$60,000 in her will for her. It is seldom that such heroic service brings a material reward. It is perhaps just as well that this should be the case, that there should be no special money premium put on unselfishness or heroism, and yet the fact remains that there are rewards more valuable than stocks, or bonds, or coin, that await deeds and lives of unselfishness and sacrifice. In a Psalm of thanksgiving there is this record:

The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me. (II. Sam. 22: 21.)



# GOSPEL MISSIONS IN CONVENTIONS



THE DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF GOSPEL MISSIONS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the National Federation of Gospel Missions met in the Luther Place Memorial Church, Washington, D. C., on May 8. A large number of delegates were in attendance, nearly all the leading Gospel and Rescue Missions of the country being represented. Never has so large a body of Gospel workers in varied fields met in the national capital. Among those present were:

Washington, D. C.—Mr. Smalley, superintendent, American Salvation Army; Mrs. Phoebe Hall Luttrell, superintendent Hall Mission; Evangelist Albert H. Zimmerman; Mrs. Fred Beall, of the Gospel Mission; Rev. W. I. McKenny, Wesley M. E. Church, People's Mission; Hugh Thrift, Missouri Avenue Mission.

New York City—C. D. Uisinger, superintendent, Faith Mission; Sidney Whittemore, Esq.; Rev. B. A. Angel and Miss Ruth Angel, Hebrew Christian Mission; T. G. Horsefield, superintendent "Gospel by the Sea," Coney Island; Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Florence Crittenton Mission; A. M. Smith, superintendent One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street Mission; John Callahan, superintendent Hadley Rescue Hall; Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, founder Door of Hope; Rev. J. G. Hallimond, superintendent of the Bowery Mission.

Philadelphia—Frank Dippel, superintendent Brotherhood Mission; Rev. J. J. P. Hall, superintendent Galilee Mission; Lewis U. Bean, superintendent Breakfast Association; A. W. Taylor and George W. Tyler, "Inasmuch" Mission; J. R. McIntyre, superintendent "Whosoever" Gospel Mission; M. Richmond, superintendent Kater Street Mission.

Baltimore—George C. Wise, manager Brotherhood of St. Andrew Friendly Inn Association; Philip Siderski, superintendent Immanuel House; George M. Tucker, Prisoners' Aid Association.

Boston—Frank Curtis, superintendent Shawmut Avenue Mission; Oliver C. Elliot, Boston Industrial Home.

Columbus, O.—Henry Schenkofsky.

Akron, O.—Rev. C. A. McKinney, Union Gospel Mission.

Dayton, O.—Rev. James T. Reeves, superintendent Rescue Mission.

Ossining, N. Y.—W. Clark Yerks, superintendent Broadway Mission.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Rev. E. H. Madison, Rev. W. H. Hubbard.

Carlisle, Pa.—M. Friedman, superintendent United States Indian School.

Newark, N. J.—George A. Simmons, superintendent Newark Rescue Mission.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mrs. A. S. Steele, Steele Home for Needy Children.

Roanoke, Va.—E. L. Hess, superintendent Union Gospel Mission.

Charleston, S. C.—O. B. Dugan, superintendent Star Gospel Mission.

Morristown, N. J.—Rev. Thomas B. Ironside, superintendent Market Street Mission.

It was a most representative body, and fully justified the expectation of its founders that the Federation would ultimately represent in the widest sense the Gospel Missions of America. Its growth has been phenomenal and the great variety of Gospel and Rescue Work represented was a pleasing surprise to the large audience. Jail Missions, Bible Training Schools, Summer Resort Missions, Missions for Women, Industrial Missions, Jewish Christian Missions, Brotherhoods, Y. M. C. A.'s, Men's Rescue Missions, Salvation Army Work, Missions for Needy Children, Sunshine Missions, Volunteers of America, Sunday School Associations, tract publishing organizations, and unassigned missions all shared in the large and varied programme.

At the opening session, addresses of welcome were delivered by H. B. Warner, chairman; by Rev. Donald C. MacLeod on behalf of the clergy of Washington, by William Knowles Cooper on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. and by Rev. Lloyd C. Douglas, pastor of the Luther Place Memorial Church. Responses were made by Rev. C. H. Madison, President of the Federation, Miss Sara Wray and Mr. T. L. Fretz.

At the second day's session, President Madison presided. Devotional services were held at 9:30 A.M., 2 P.M. and 7:45 P.M. in which many superintendents and workers took part. Addresses were made on various phases of rescue work. In the evening a memorial service was held in honor of the

late Jerry McAuley, the founder of Rescue Mission Work. The following day was devoted to addresses of a like varied character and in the evening a memorial service was held in honor of the late Charles N. Crittenton, founder of the Florence Crittenton Mission.

At the invitation of the Washington Gospel Mission, the delegates held a parade and open-air service at midnight in the district at Thirteenth and D Streets Northeast, which drew large crowds of spectators and a deeply interested audience.

An evening memorial service in honor of the late Dr. Louis Kloppsch, "the Friend of all Rescue Work," was held on May 13, at which several speakers including Rev. J. G. Hallimond of the Bowery Mission, paid eloquent tribute to the late editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who throughout his whole busy career was an active and liberal supporter of Gospel missions.

The election of officers of the Federation resulted as follows: Sydney Whittemore, of New York president; Tobias L. Fretz, of Philadelphia, Miss Sara Wray, of New York, Henry D. Gordon, O. B. Dugan, of Charleston, S. C., F. K. Ward, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Oliver C. Elliot, of Boston, and George W. Wheeler, vice-presidents; Rev. E. H. Madison of Poughkeepsie, honorary president and founder. The board of trustees elected consists of Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, New York; John R. McIntyre, Philadelphia; Obadiah Becker, Allentown, Pa.; Dr. C. Yerks, Ossining, N. Y.; H. W. Kline, Mrs. C. H. Madison, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; John Thompson, Pawtucket, R. I.; Rev. J. G. Hallimond, New York; Rev. Thomas B. Ironside, Morristown, N. J.; George H. Sandison, New York; Rev. Bernard Angel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. H. Hubbard, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; W. D. Lawmaster, Danville, Pa.; Philip Sidersky, Baltimore; Maurice Ruben, Pittsburgh; Lewis U. Bean, Philadelphia; Rev. O. A. McKinney, Akron, O.; Rev. John McConica, Norfolk, Va.; L. B. Compton, Asheville, N. C.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—PARNERVAL II, the new German military dirigible balloon, while returning from a trial flight on May 17 was blown against the hangar and wrecked. Two passengers on board the airship suffered sprained ankles. The sixth Zeppelin dirigible, the *Deutschland*, was wrecked in similar fashion only a few days before this accident.

—THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and formerly minister of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, will be the guest of King George at the coronation ceremonies on June 22 in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster. The Abbey coronation committee was unable to find room in the church for the distinguished preacher, and when the King heard that all the seats had been filled he placed one of his own chairs at the disposal of Dr. Jowett.

—A COURIER who recently left Tangier, Morocco, for Fez returned on May 17, and reported that he was unable to get within ten miles of the southern capital, having been turned back May 15 by the rebellious tribesmen. A fierce battle was waged around Fez. The Sultan's troops were engaging the rebels in the environs, both sides fighting desperately. The rebels ad-

mitted having suffered heavy losses. All road communication out of Fez is cut, and couriers are menaced with death.

—RATIFICATION of the protocol referring the long standing boundary dispute between Costa Rica and Panama to the arbitration of the Chief Justice of the United States were exchanged in Washington on May 17 by the ministers of the two countries. Arguments in the case will soon begin. The protocol was negotiated under the friendly offices of the United States in March, 1910, and the disputed territory involves valuable banana lands.

—GERMAN EXPLORERS at Elephantine, Egypt, have made some remarkable discoveries. They have found a number of papyri of a date approximately 471 to 408 B.C. or 1,500 years older than the oldest existing Hebrew parchment of the Bible. They tell of a great temple to Jehovah at Elephantine, and of events in the days of Sanballat and of Cambyse. It should here be noted that Winkler and others of the "higher critics" had declared Sanballat a legendary character; but these papyrus leaves, with their inscriptions, show him to have been a real personage. It is said that household documents have been found at Elephantine which go back to the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh cen-

turies B.C., while in Nubia, which was once inhabited by Egyptians, records have been discovered that are believed to date from 4,000 B.C.

—IN MANY PARTS OF ENGLAND there have been during the last few weeks more or less outspoken protests against the activities of the Mormon missionaries who are at work in various sections of the country. These protests have at last taken concrete form and the religious sentiment of some districts is greatly aroused. At Birkenhead the anti-Mormon campaign led to serious disorders on Easter Sunday. An organized demonstration against Mormonism was carried out, and an ultimatum was issued requesting the Mormon missionaries to quit the town within eight days. Later a great crowd attacked the Mormon meeting house, and stoned the windows. The police had great difficulty in restoring order. Two persons were injured and five were arrested. An anti-Mormon campaign was organized at Liverpool by the Bishop of that city and other prominent churchmen. The object was the expulsion from England of the Mormon missionaries, who were charged with sending many recruits, chiefly girls, to the United States. The movement was taken up by the clergy of other cities.



# SPEEDING THE ENVOY OF PEACE



THE FIRST BANQUET OF THE BOARD OF INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITY, GIVEN IN HONOR OF BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

THE Board of International Hospitality came into being as a subsidiary of the New York Peace Society on the evening of May 17, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie presided at a dinner given in honor of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the French Senator and peace advocate who has been touring the United States. About two hundred people, including many of New York's most distinguished men and women, gathered in one of the beautiful banquet halls of the Hotel Astor to honor the gifted traveler.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, introduced Baron de Constant, and paid a glowing tribute to his enthusiasm and ability. "The new relations between nations," Dr. Butler said, "haven't happened by chance. The interdependence of nations caused by education, travel, commerce and finance has been instrumental, but more has been done by persistent, persuasive, intelligent work. And no man has been more active in and out of season than our guest. He has been heard in Russia, Germany, Scandinavia and in this country, and now South America and Japan are asking for him."

"Perhaps you aren't surprised at the existence of a board of foreign hospitality," said the Baron when his greeting had subsided. "But how new it is! I must go back to France and tell them that they shall have to hasten. In the past seventy or eighty days I have been everywhere in your country, speaking and listening, and oh! if I could just speak French to tell you what I thought of Los Angeles, of San Francisco, of the many other cities! Everywhere there is a different kind of people, everywhere a different climate, and still it is all the same. There is no party; it is a nation."

"About peace I shall simply say that it is not enough for us to sign treaties with our signatures. We must sign them with our hearts. We are not ready yet for arbitration. We must first have conciliation. We must not wait until the peril is great to settle our difficulties. Toward conciliation you are far ahead of us. You have 57,000 people interested in the periodical of the peace movement. We have but 1,000." Of Mr. Carnegie he said: "It is just as necessary to prepare for peace as it is to prepare for war. You have not only given. You have done, sir. You have not only fought; you have done much to stop war."

"It is a fine thing that my people in Paris do not say, 'Why is our Senator not representing his constituents instead of absenting himself in America?' They know the vast world-wide significance of our work for peace, and they know my work here represents them, and unselfishly support me in continuing absent to engage in it, even here so far away from my regular duties. This is my thanksgiving day, and it makes me very happy thus to leave your

shores after my ten weeks of campaigning here."

President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York, said in beginning his speech that he had not been invited to the dinner, but merely notified while in Paris that he was to be present and make a few remarks. Dr. Finley has recently been lecturing at the Sorbonne, Paris, and returning full of enthusiasm gave splendid tribute to the France of art, of learning and discovery; back into which runs the history of our own land through Champlain, Cartier, and Marquette. When Dr. Finley had finished, Adolphe Cohn, professor of romance languages at Columbia, made a speech in French to the delight of the guests.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, of Princeton University, began in the mood of good-natured humor which marked the entire evening. He described the event as "a gastronomic adjunct to the cause of universal peace"; then, after gazing at the array of fair women and famous men about him, he decided he

might also describe the banquet not as a gastronomic contribution but as something astronomical. Then becoming serious he said:

"Suppose Senator Root were to go over to France and be entertained at the house of our guest. Suppose they entered into an argument and decided that the only way they could settle their difficulties would be the duello."

"C'est impossible, n'est pas?" he asked, turning to the Baron.

"I hope so," was the cheerful answer of the French Senator.

"If for individuals why not for nations too?" continued the Princeton professor. "A war may settle the life or death of a nation, but it does not settle the question at stake."

In addition to the speakers there were at the head table William Frederick Dix, T. Tileston Wells, Francis Lynde Stetson and Professor Samuel T. Dutton. Some of the others in the room were William H. Short, secretary of the society; General Daniel E. Sickles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, William G. McAdoo, Horace White, R. Fulton Cutting, Carl Lorentzen, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Russell, General and Mrs. Stewart L. Woodford, Jules P. Storm, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clows and Antonio Zucca.

The success of the evening proved a great delight to Mr. Carnegie, who joked and chuckled like a delighted schoolboy in introducing the speakers. Just before the gathering broke up he said: "If this were in Scotland—not a large country, but still on the map—it would not break up without singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'" So all rose and sang a verse of the song while the great ironmaster gesticulated and led the chorus. It was his evening and he seemed to enjoy it to the full.

THEODORE RAND-MCNALLY.

## Russia Remembers Dr. Klopsch

I BEG to thank you most sincerely for the copy of the memorial volume of the *Life Work of Louis Klopsch*, whose memory will always remain fresh in my mind. I remember with especial pleasure Dr. Klopsch's visit to Russia in June, 1892, when he delivered in the steamer *Leo* a cargo of grain for the inhabitants of the famine-stricken districts. I was one of those to whom the distribution of this assistance was entrusted and remember with what feelings of deep gratitude and blessing this donation was received.

The Finns will also not forget the visit Dr. Klopsch paid them in 1902, and the assistance given them at that time, when this country likewise suffered from a failure of the crops.

Your excellent work will serve as a worthy remembrance of the philanthropic activity of Dr. Klopsch, whom I greatly esteem.

Yours very sincerely,  
COUNT ANDRE BOBRINSKY.

St. Petersburg, 20 March, 1911.

## Christian Herald China Famine Fund

### Remittances to Date

|               | Chinking Committee             | Shanghai Committee |
|---------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1910          |                                |                    |
| Dec. 31, 1911 | Cabled through State Depart'mt |                    |
| Jan. 20, "    | "                              | 2,000              |
| Feb. 1, "     | "                              | 4,000              |
| Feb. 10, "    | "                              | 10,000             |
| March 6, "    | "                              | 5,000              |
| " 20, "       | "                              | 25,000             |
| April 10, "   | "                              | 20,000             |
| " 25, "       | "                              | 7,500              |
| May 20, "     | "                              | 2,000              |
|               | <b>\$76,500</b>                | <b>\$23,500</b>    |
|               |                                | <b>76,500</b>      |

Total cabled to two Relief Com't's **\$100,000**

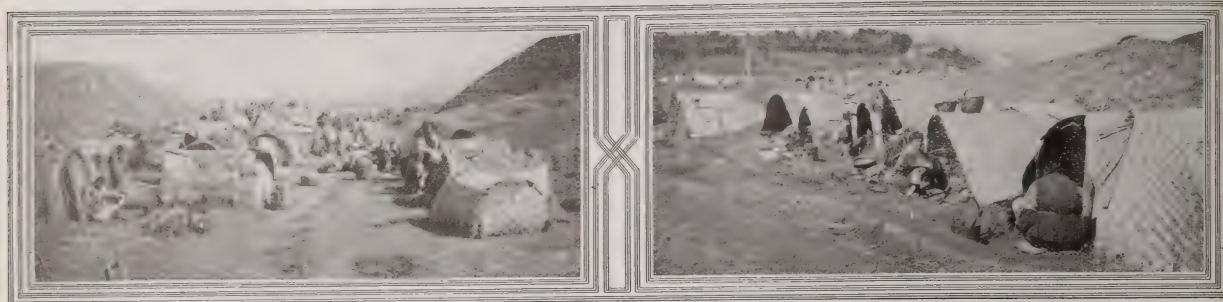
|                                                                  |                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Feb. 20, 1911. Paid Washburn-Crosby for flour for Buford's cargo | \$11,475        |
| Feb. 28. Paid Washburn-Crosby for flour for Buford's cargo       | 8,750           |
| Mch 11. Paid Washburn-Crosby for flour for Buford's cargo        | 875             |
|                                                                  | <b>\$21,100</b> |

Grand total to date **\$121,100**  
21,100 sacks of flour were contributed to the Buford's cargo.



# Relief Work in China Reviewed

THE GREAT GOOD THAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED BY AMERICAN CHARITY



FAMINE REFUGEES AND THEIR MAT HUTS IN THE GREAT CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHIN-KIANG

FOR nearly five months the good people of our Christian land have been deeply interested in the great struggle with famine that has been going on in several provinces of China. Famine conditions began to be experienced in the closing months of 1910, but the situation did not grow really acute until the beginning of the present year. When the appeal came from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary committee in Chin-kiang, supplemented by that of the official committee in Shanghai, the whole world knew that the two provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su were again in the grasp of a famine as severe as that which visited them in 1907.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, ever quick to respond to the call of human suffering, sent in their contributions. Beginning with small sums they gradually increased in volume until they poured in like a very torrent of benevolence. Churches, Sunday Schools, missionary societies, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, Young People's Unions were all represented in this great charity. Their gifts were consecrated with prayer that not only lives might be saved and bodies fed, but that the spiritual result might greatly add to the triumph of the Gospel in China. We have every reason to believe that these prayers have been gloriously answered.

Up to the present time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent \$100,000 to China by direct cable remittances through our State Department in Washington, every dollar of which has been faithfully expended in feeding the starving multitudes. Our published letters during the past four months show how greatly these gifts have been appreciated by the missionaries and their co-workers. Our CHRISTIAN HERALD contributors were represented by 21,000 sacks of flour in the cargo of the *Buford*, purchased with \$21,000 of the Fund money. That cargo, which arrived when the suffering was at its height, and when men and women were dying of fever and starvation, was a tremendous reinforcement for the relief workers. The Chinese authorities—who deserve credit for the splendid work they have been doing in life-saving ever since the beginning of the famine—welcomed the *Buford* and paid high honors to her captain and officers as the representatives of Christian America and the bearers of this great benevolence. The *Shanghai Times* of April 3 tells of this welcome and says: "The consignment of flour unloaded at Chin-kiang was sent out by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, and was in sacks bearing the name of the paper. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done magnificent work in the past in China, having raised a

large fund at the time of the last famine, and its efforts to relieve the suffering of the starving are worthy of the warmest recognition."

Rev. W. C. Longden, former Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, is now in the United States on furlough for the first time in seven years. Mr. Longden spoke in warm terms of the relief work of the Chinese themselves, both the official and non-official classes. The "gentry" in the two afflicted provinces were the first to make liberal advances from their own personal means to begin the relief work, and the government supplemented these with far larger appropriations than had ever before been given during a famine. These gifts were stimulated by the example of foreign generosity during the previous famine, notably by the remarkable work done during the famine of 1907 with the fund raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Such liberality from the Christian people across the sea had thus produced a two-fold confidence of the Chinese people themselves by showing

## FAMINE NOTES

—IN NORTHERN Anhui 300,000 persons and in Northern Kiang-su 160,000 were being cared for by the Central China Famine Relief Fund on April 7.

—ON APRIL 12, Missionary E. C. Lobenstein wrote to Chairman Walker of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee in Chin-kiang: "Our last distribution should be in the hands of the people not later than the middle of May, and preferably from a week to ten days before that. . . . It is to be one grand hustle from now on to the end."

—THE *Buford* proceeded from Chin-kiang to Nanking and discharged the balance of her cargo at the Pukow wharf. The cargo unloaded at Pukow was carried as far as Ling Hwai Kwan and there transferred to boats which go up the Hwai River and reach the most destitute centres—Hwai Quan, Pochow, Koyang, etc. There the flour was handed over to the local committees composed of two Chinese local headmen and one or two missionaries. The general plan adopted is to support as large a number of families as possible until the harvest.

The Tientsin-Pukow Railway placed forty cars at the disposal of the Relief Committee for transferring the flour free of charge to the famine district.

—DR. COCHRAN and Rev. D. B. Morris, missionaries engaged in the relief work, are much better. During their illness, it was touching to see the interest shown by the people of Hwai-yuan. One day fifty men went to one of the temples and prayed for Dr. Cochran's recovery. A written petition signed by fifty persons offering to give one year of each of their lives was presented to their idol!

On page 551 of this issue is a tabulated statement of the remittances sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the two relief committees to date. Detailed reports of the disbursements in



A Tragedy of the Famine

them the kindness of the Christian nations in their time of distress, and it aroused the admiration and respect of the official classes to the highest degree, inducing them to come more promptly and liberally to the relief of their own people in the present famine.

Nor was this good influence confined to the famine problem alone, Mr. Longden explained, for it was reflected in the whole attitude of Chinese officialdom towards the missionaries and made their work more successful in every way. It removed their original prejudice against missionary orphanages for the famine waifs and made the establishment of these orphanages a comparatively easy task. Much of their success is due to this change of heart on the part of the Chinese officials towards Christian missions and missionary workers.

the famine field have been promised by the committees later. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's China Relief Fund closes May 31.

Mr. James Tanis of Paterson, N. J., sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago a letter enclosing a check for \$180.31, being the final contribution to the China Famine Fund from the Sunday Schools, societies and congregations of the Christian Reformed Church in America. This makes a total of \$5,181.52 contributed through this source, and is the highest record reached by any organization in the present famine relief work. Mr. Tanis' letter concludes: "May the Lord bless all who are in any way connected with this great undertaking, and we pray that God's name may be praised among the heathen, and many hungry souls led to the Bread of Life."



# Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

NOT PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund











# Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund







## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

[illegible]



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, May 31, 1911, Page 500



# One Woman's Faithful Service By HOWARD C. SMITH

Main Building, Boynton Institute, Boynton, Va.



Mrs. Helen B. Sharp

for a number of years for the education of the freedmen under the American Board, organizing schools and churches. When Dr. Charles Cullis of Boston bought the old Ran-

dolph Macon College buildings to open a school for colored people, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp were engaged to begin the work.

Substantial buildings were put up in 1852

by the Southern Methodist Conference. All the material and workmanship were good; but during the war they were used as barracks, and later to house freed slaves. Some of the buildings were afterward torn down and sold; but the main building and teachers' hall were left. Dr. Cullis purchased the whole ninety acres of campus and three hundred acres of woodland for about \$6,200. The first cost had been \$80,000 for the main building alone. The buildings were repaired and partially furnished, and Mr. and Mrs. Sharp began teaching with a few day scholars, who rapidly increased to fifty the first year, and soon after to over a hundred. Mr. Sharp only lived one year to co-operate in this work. Mrs. Sharp has continued effectively at work in her chosen field to this day. Although weak in body, yet in mind and spirit she is active, and she has a lively interest in all that relates to the work.

As we look on this old lady's benevolent face and think how God has cared for her and her four fatherless children, we cannot but feel that in her case the promise to add all other things to those who "seek first the kingdom" has been fully verified. Her career shows God's faithfulness in answering to faithful effort, and its recital may bring glory to God by inspiring others to do likewise.

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—MISSION WORKERS all over the country are enthusiastically discussing the recent Federation Convention in Washington. Chairman George W. Wheeler of the Gospel Mission in Washington (which has just celebrated its fifth anniversary—the close of the best year in its history), says of the Federation: "The Convention has given an impetus to our Gospel Mission and we shall go into the new year with greater faith in God and with more earnest purpose to reach and rescue the lost men and women of our city."

—A VERY serviceable volume of *Prayers for Public Worship, Private Devotion and Personal Ministry*, is published at \$1 by M. E. Munson, publisher, Bible House, New York. It is a book suited to all occasions, and will be a valuable aid to workers and to private families.

—THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE of Chicago, Ill., extends an invitation to Christian workers to attend the Fifth Annual Conference on Summer Work June 6-8. Full information will be furnished on application to A. F. Gavford, 153 Institute Place, Chicago, Illinois.

—THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT of New York City has just acquired by gift of Mrs. Joseph Howland of Newport, R. I., an estate of 225 acres at Flushing-Hudson, N. Y., which is admirably suited for the summer work of the Settlement. The Settlement is now trying to raise \$7,500 to maintain and equip the camp.

—REV. CONDILLAC JEAN-JACQUES, pastor of the Union Baptist Church of Cape Hayti, is now in New York. He received his theological training in this country, and since 1897 has labored faithfully as a pastor in his native land. Seven years he spent in his native town, Port-de-Paix, until the fire of February, 1902, burned his church there and scattered the flock to the adjoining towns. He then moved to Cape Hayti and became pastor of the Union Baptist Church, which he has served faithfully ever since. The membership is about forty and the outlook is promising. Teachers, missionaries, colporteurs, etc., are sorely needed. Pastor Jacques is here to enlist the financial support of the American churches and people in the spread of the Gospel in Hayti. He may be addressed care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—LAST FALL Evangelist Sunday came to New Castle, Pa., and held services for six weeks. After that the men organized a Men's Personal Workers' League. Men who work in the mills, lawyers and merchants, men who never expected to speak in public, now go to the nearby towns to hold meetings. The awakening in New Castle is wonderful. The sort of results accomplished are shown in the following newspaper clipping: "Attorney C. Henry Akens is reported having notified his former clients that hereafter he will be unavailable as counsel in license court. Mr. Akens is admitted

one of the foremost attorneys in this country. He took a more serious view of Christianity as a result of the Sunday campaign here."

—THE OUT-DOOR evangelistic meetings under the care of the National Bible Institute, New York, for this season, began on April 24, at Madison Square and Twenty-fourth Street, with a large attendance. During the year ending March 31, there were conducted under the auspices of the National Bible Institute about 2,000 evangelistic meetings in New York, in three Gospel halls and out-doors.

—THE CHURCHES of Montgomery, Ala., have

for help for the famine-stricken people of India, Mr. Ellinger was one of the first to make up a car load of provisions and at the same time contributed liberally from his own pockets. Each year he contributed to the support and education of the blind orphans in China. In this "personal work" he took great pleasure and last summer, realizing that his time here must be short, he turned over to his daughter a sum of money with instructions that it be used to complete the seven years' course of a seventeen-year-old orphan boy whom he had been supporting and educating for the last three years.

the revival. The people of Barberton are very grateful for the privilege of having had this visit from these helpful men. Mrs. C. B. R.

—THE NEW SOUTH REFORMED CHURCH in New York was used for the first time for public worship Sunday, April 30. The new edifice is situated at Park Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, and the services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Reed Bridges. The congregation has abandoned the old church at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, and mortgaged the property, which was appraised at between \$700,000 and \$800,000. The money raised was used to erect the new church, which has taken two years in building. The church, Sunday School building and parish house represent an outlay of almost \$500,000.

—THE ORGANIZATION known as the United Christian Workers of America is planning to acquire a building in upper New York for the broadening of their work. Rev. W. H. Collison is leader of the mission, with headquarters at 728 East 222d Street, New York City.

—AT THE Indian Creek Baptist Church, Mill Run, Pa., on Sunday, May 7, after the sermon two aged men presented themselves for baptism, and twenty-five who had been baptized presented themselves for the right hand of fellowship. Three generations of one family were in the class, the oldest seventy and the youngest ten years.

—REV. A. ANDERSON, of the Scandinavian Mission, Vriheid, Natal, South Africa, writes: "Ninety-seven persons have been received into full membership since our work began. A little more than three years ago another station was started at Pantietersburg, twenty-eight miles from here, where Mr. and Mrs. Rose have been laboring. They have now two preaching places and sixteen members. This station here in Vriheid has one station and three preaching places where the Gospel is proclaimed every Sunday. About thirty boys attend our evening school. Most of them have been won for Christ."

—PHYSICIANS who devote a great deal of time to the study of tuberculosis assert that the white plague will be practically eradicated in another hundred years. This is the keynote of the remarks that were addressed to churchgoers from the pulpits of 200,000 churches in the last few days. Last year a Sunday was selected for sermons on tuberculosis, and it is also planned to have the disease discussed from the pulpits again this year. Last year 40,000 sermons were preached on the prevention of tuberculosis, and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis hopes to enlist all the 33,000,000 church members in the country in their movement.



Three Thousand Baskets Food for Flames

THE Long Island farmers and market gardeners who dispose of their produce at the Wallabout Market in Brooklyn, N. Y., were given an object lesson on the city's determination to insist upon correct weights and measures when 3,000 "short" bushel baskets were burned in the square before the market on May 17. These baskets were seized in raids made some time ago at the market. John L. Walsh, the Commissioner of Weights and Measures, personally superintended the huge bonfires and has given all those doing business in New York's markets until September 1 to provide new baskets, which are to comply strictly with the law.

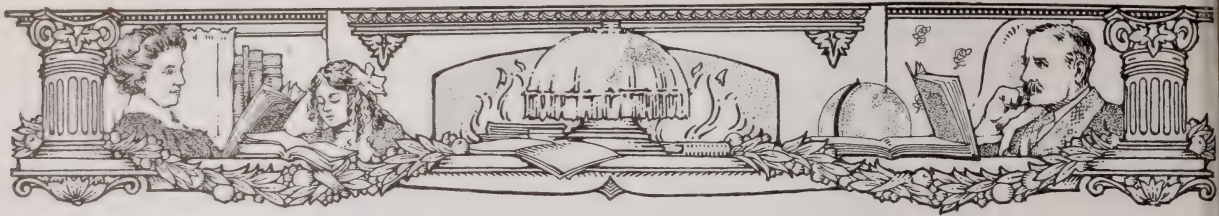
recently had a Bible Conference extending eight days, in which Dr. James M. Gray, Dean of Moody Bible Institute, was the principal teacher, with him being associated Dr. W. Irving Carroll, of Texarkana, and Dr. L. W. Munhall of Germantown.

—MR. WILLIAM ELLINGER of Lincoln, Neb., for many years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, died on December 4, 1910. Although a very busy man he always managed to find time to lend a helping hand to the poor and needy. When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD asked

—EVANGELISTS HART and MAGANN closed a five weeks' series of union services in Barberton, O., early in February. The services resulted in over six hundred professed conversions, among them being many young men. Church members were revived and strengthened and many church letters that have lain in trunks since the owners moved to the factory town were brought forth and handed in to the various churches. Evangelist Hart preached the plain, heart-searching Gospel, and Mr. Magann by his leadership of a chorus of 250 voices and his solos was a powerful feature of



# TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



## Women in Council

SUMMER is once more with us in its affluent splendor. The dandelions lighted the grass plots with their golden discs a little while ago, and were transformed into ethereal flowers before they faded away. Everywhere to-day the grass is green upon hillside and meadow, the trees are in their thickest foliage, and the birds are singing in the branches. The daisies in their white and gold come back with June, armies and hosts that no man can count; the roses are here again too, and wherever we look we again read the story of life at high tide.

A few months ago our Women's Council must have convened around the fire. To-day we meet on the veranda, with the breezes fanning our faces, the voices of children at play coming to us from open field, and nature whispering to us her everlasting secret of joy and blessing.

**Answering Letters** When is the best time to answer a letter? Considering a letter as part of a written conversation, the best time to answer it is on the day when it is received. Every one knows that the enthusiasm, sparkle and spontaneity which make correspondence delightful depend altogether on the mood in which one handles the pen. On the first reading of a letter the writer seems to be almost in the room and the words on the page have the cadence and reality of the spoken voice. Put the letter aside for three or four days or three or four weeks and the effort of reply is evident. The effervescence is brushed from the draught, and what was originally cordial and tonic is flat and insipid. The best time to answer a letter is the present time, yet I heard a young girl complain not long ago that she could never keep out of debt to her friends. "They always answer by return mail, and I am as badly off as ever," she asserted with a sigh.

Home news never fails to satisfy the child away from home. Father and mother at home watch and wait for letters from the absent children. Home letters and business letters should be answered at the earliest moment. As for those of comparatively slight importance, such as letters that are merely written to keep up an acquaintance, one may use her discretion. Bread and butter letters obligatory after a visit should be sent within a few days of a guest's return home. It is well in all cases to write the address of the sender on the outside of the envelope, so that in case of a mistake at the post office the missive may not go utterly astray or be forwarded to the dead letter office.

**A Lonely Life** "Four years ago I lost my dear old home through the division of the estate by the heirs at law. The little flower garden that I made myself fell to my share, here almost under the shadow of the dear old homestead. I built a little cottage in which to spend the few fleeting years of my life, with my flowers only as friends and companions. Our Saviour drew a beautiful illustration from the flowers of the field when he said, 'Consider the lilies how they grow.' E. L."

You are fortunate, dear friend, in having a garden, even if it be a small one, and in continuing to live so near your dear old home that

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

you may see it often. Did you ever read *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*? I am sure you would enjoy it and appreciate her way of loving the flowers for themselves and planting them in masses. One may get no end of delight out of a little patch of ground if she understands how to coax the flowers to flourish and bloom for her.

**Hospital or Home Nursing?** A marked change has come over the popular opinion of the hospital as a place in which to be ill and to get well. Formerly, no one who had a home in which to stay thought deliberately of the hospital as a preferable place to seek in a time of illness. The exception, of course, was entertained when a serious operation must be undergone; the opportunities for surgical treatment and subsequent care being manifestly greater in the hospital than in the ordinary household. A generation ago only the mothers among the very poor ever sought a hospital at the birth of an infant. At present, mothers leave homes of the utmost comfort and luxury and

pay willingly for the privilege of being cared for at a hospital at this critical time, realizing that for mother and child the surroundings are better at the environment safer than anything that can be offered under the home roof.

Every appliance is at hand in a hospital; physicians and nurses are ready on the spot with the ministrations and their trained and scientific knowledge, and let the malady or the occasion be what may the patient's chances for relief and recovery are nearly always in excess of those the household can provide. We were once of the opinion that only loving hands and eyes should watch over the sick. We have discovered that love by itself is not enough that love sometimes collapses in the hour of need and that science and system insure speedier convalescence and a surer foundation for renewed health. Nevertheless, some of us would rather be at home with less comfort, than absent from it without, when we are ill.

### Keeping Up Till You Drop

"Mother has so much spirit she never stops working till she drops." The daughter who made the statement spoke with no little pride in her mother's stoicism, and the pride was still in her voice when she proceeded to say that when mother did finally yield to the claims of a worn-out body she usually had a long spell of sickness.

Among the readers of this page there are, no doubt, other women of Spartan fibre who keep on their feet, stubbornly resolute, until finally nature rebels and a day comes when they literally cannot rise from their beds, and the household is compelled to go on without their capable hands at the helm. Really dear friends, there is no merit in defying nature. Many a time an ounce of prevention would save the necessity for a pound of cure. Of course, you dislike to be on the invalid list, you dread the expense of the doctor's bill, and you don't like to give trouble to the family. Nevertheless, you have your right to be considered and taken care of, and it would be far kinder and more sensible and a much greater economy were you to stop in time, try the value of rest and not wait until a long illness drifts you into the valley of the shadow. Every such illness drains your physical capital and detracts from your chances of long life and a vigorous age. Be wise in time. Three-fourths of the ills from which we suffer are preventable if relieved in the initial stages or if warded off when nature puts out her preliminary danger signals. Don't keep on your feet till you drop.

**Orphan Children** There are childless parents in this world and there are children whose parents have been taken from them. There are potential fathers and mothers to whom God never sent the blessing of a little one of their own. Others there are in whose hearts is the almost insupportable sorrow of a little vacant chair, of a small grave in the cemetery. George Macdonald once said that all children are God's children, and could we bear this in mind, those whose homes are empty would often fill them by the selection of an infant or an older boy or girl who might be taken from an orphanage and adopted into a real home.



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MISS HELEN TAFT

THIS beautiful photograph is the latest picture taken of the daughter of President and Mrs. Taft. The daughter of the White House is interesting, as all young girls are, in her own right, and as her father's daughter has a claim upon the interest of us all. Miss Taft is a student at Bryn Mawr College.



# Prize Work by Our Boys & Girls

## THE ROBIN'S SONG

Pretty robin redbreast,  
So happy and so gay,  
Sing to us a lullaby  
At the close of day.

Said Mistress Robin  
Redbreast,  
Sitting in a tree,  
"Yes, I'll sing a lit-  
tle song,  
Just for you and  
me."

When she finished  
singing  
Down to her nest she flew,  
And there she sat lit morn-  
ing,  
Watching her babies two.  
DOROTHY ELOISE McVITTIE,  
age 10.

## A SUNSHINY SHOWER

Little drops of water,  
Dancing in the sun,  
You could never, never count them,  
Though they are falling one by one.

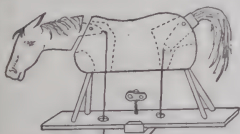
And when the dance is finished,  
In the sky you'll see  
Colors bright as diamonds,  
Dancing merrily.

EMMA HANSON, age 13.

## Something I Have Made Myself

Bobbing Horse—By R. Wayne Opp, age 13

THIS is a real German toy, and is so easily constructed that almost any boy can have one. If you are going to make one, first look carefully at the body of the diagram, which represents the inside surface of one-half of the whittled out body of the toy, which is made of two pieces of soft, smooth pine 3x6 inches, and 1 inch thick.



For the Weight I  
Used an Iron Nut  
Off the Wringer

Whittle out the wood between the dotted lines to the depth of one-half inch. Carve the head and tail from thinner pieces of pine. When your whittling is finished and the strings are put on as is indicated in the diagram, paste the halves of the body together and mount it firmly on four meat-skewer legs, fasten the horse on a small platform and clamp the whole to a table or window sill. I used a clamp and thumbscrew off of an old wringer, and got real horse's hair for the mane and tail of my toy.

## DOLLY'S COMPLAINT

My name is Lady Ethel,  
How d'y do, how d'y do?  
My hair is curly yellow,  
My eyes are glassy blue.

I came with gray old Santa,  
Surely he should know my name;  
And mother called me Ethel  
That first day that I came.

Then she called me Shubelabbitt,  
Queen Bees and Rosa Belle,  
Then Dolly, Polly, Adeline,  
And they did pretty well.

But since her fine French dolly came,  
Oh, I think it is so mean!  
She sets me in the corner,  
And calls me Evergreen.

BELLE MAE JAGGERS, age 10.

## The Cozy Corner in Japan

COZY CORNER AUNT: Here in Japan the boys and girls have a special festival in May, which is called the Fifth Month Sekku. On that day the air is full of fishes made of bright paper many of them from 10 to 12 feet long. This fish-flying festival is a very old custom here, and even the Japanese do not understand it fully.

But you know here in Japan, there are a great many little water-falls, and sometimes there is a carp so strong that he swims even up the falls. This is considered very wonderful, and the Japanese parents want their children to be strong and courageous even when they meet with great difficulties.

Your little friend,  
MARSHALL KLEIN, age 8.  
Sumoto, Awaji, Japan.



Little Fatima

By Alicia Duncanson, age 13

Welcome the time when all is still,  
And the stars come out to play.

The flowers and grasses whisper  
As the cool breeze passes by,  
And even the birds seem happier  
When night is drawing nigh.

By MARGARET DENNISON, age 13.

## The Cozy Corner in Holland

DEAR COZY CORNER AUNT Janet: We live in California, but we are traveling in Holland, and the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD is forwarded to us every week. Holland is the quaintest country in the world, I do believe. In some places the villages and meadow-lands are as much as thirty feet below the sea level. The waters are held back by enormous dikes. These dikes, father says, are among the wonders of the world. William, Prince of Orange, is the greatest hero of the Netherlands since the sixteenth century. The children of Holland still refer to him as Father William.

Lovingly, your little  
Cozy Corner Niece,  
HELEN ARMITAGE.

## My Favorite Fairy Story

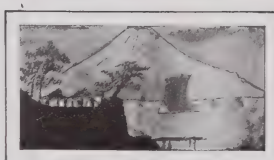
THE Favorite Fairy Tale Contest was delightfully popular, and many prizes were awarded. The winners of the five beautiful prize books of best Fairy Tales are: Gladys Potter, 10; Harry Green, 10; Leona E. Gregg, 11; Robert Hodgson, 12; Herbert Miller, 11.

## Other Prize Winners

(Kodak, Books, etc.)  
Frank M. Colley, 11; Virginia Steele, 11; Emma B. Hanson, 13; Edna Leavitt, 15; Lucy L. Meikle, 12; Leola Martin, 10; Myrtle Jones, 9; Bessie Pope, 11; Roy Johnson, 10; Bee Rigg, 11; Malinda N. Neiswander, 12; Laura Lee Ferguson, 11; Mabel Stevens, 11; Mary K. Reed, 10; Pearl Woodgerd, 11; Margaret Anderson, 8; Mary G. Smith, 8.

## Honor Roll

Eldridge Buzbee, 12; Marion Warren, 13; Jacob Stam, 11; Hazel Wilson, 12; Emma Maude Littleton, 10; Thomas A. Edwards, 12; Margaret Edington, 14; Cynthia L. DeWitt, 13; Audrey Gaither, 14; George Wade, 10; Clara Thompson, 8; Fannie Kelton, 14; Hazel Hunt, 16; Helen Russell, 10; Donelda Spangler, 12; Harry M. Cuppy, 10; Anna Smith, 10; Margaret Miller, 9; Bessie Rushnell, 12; Katherine Tobias, Percy B. Sweet, Esther F. Boggs.



Fuliama, Sacred Mountain of Japan  
Drawing by Edna Leavitt, age 15

## MARKET

On my way to market,  
One big, bright April  
day,  
I took my little doll  
along  
And tried to make it  
say:—

"Mama, mama, do hur-  
ry up,  
It's going to rain, I  
fear!  
For when great clouds  
are rolling by  
The thunder must be  
near."

LUCY L. MEIKLE,  
age 12.

## NIGHT

The leaves are rustling  
gently  
Through the boughs  
that seem to say,  
Welcome the time when all is still,  
And the stars come out to play.

The flowers and grasses whisper  
As the cool breeze passes by,  
And even the birds seem happier  
When night is drawing nigh.

By MARGARET DENNISON, age 13.

## THE BUTTERFLY

Butterfly, butterfly, stay with us, stay;  
You are the fairest we've looked at to-day.  
Who ever saw such a beautiful thing,  
As if a rose had just taken wing?  
No garden you'll find half so lovely as ours;  
So stay with us, play with us, here mid the flowers.

Butterfly, butterfly, where do you go  
When it gets dark and the night breezes blow?  
Close in a flower, do you shut up your wings  
Until the fresh morning awakens all things?  
No garden you'll find half so lovely as ours;  
So stay with us, play with us, here mid the flowers.

VIRGINIA STEELE, age 11.

## June Prize Offer

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award prizes of money, best books, games, kodaks, appropriate pictures and toys, etc., for best original work sent in before June 19.

PROSE—subject: "Vacation."  
VERSE—subject: "Old Glory" or "The Tin Soldier."

DRAWING—subject: "A Good Time."

COZY CORNER HEADING for July.

Be sure to enter this contest, because: Besides the many beautiful prizes that we shall award our boys and girls, every one who sends in original work, this week and next, and all who write for the first time to Miss Porter (the Aunt in the Cozy Corner) shall receive a set of our beautiful Friendship Post Cards.

## A Place to Start

JUST a word of straight, honest praise, my dears, for your good work and your lively interest in Cozy Corner affairs. Stories, verses, drawings, photographs, "Something I have made myself," answers to puzzles, all grow better and livelier day by day. We are the happiest and liveliest band of workers and players together in the world, I do believe.

Be sure to enter this week's contest. Enter them all. Remember, our Cozy Corner is the very best place to make a start and work out to greater things. It is the trying that counts.

One of my older girls writes me today: "You were right, Miss Porter, when you wrote me, 'It is the trying more than the prize that really counts,' though I did enjoy the kodak you sent me five years ago. I have it still."

So many put the correct double letters at the end of the lines in the May 3 puzzle that we shall be publishing the names of those who got it all right on Honor Rolls for some time to come. If you did not receive the Cozy Corner prize, which for that week was a beautiful little booklet describing many frolics and games, be sure to send for one; or, if you are a newcomer to the Cozy Corner, and have not received an Everybody's Party Leaflet, write and ask for it, and one will immediately be forwarded to you.

I am glad you all liked the Friendship Garden Souvenirs. Any one who was overlooked may send for our very lovely Friendship Postal Cards.

## Good-Night Verse

I love them that love me; and they that seek me diligently shall find me.

Address all letters to

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Bible House, New York City



Please, Ma'am, Have You Any Jap-a-lac?

I Can't Keep House Without It—

I'm very particular about my kitchen and with no disrespect to the girl who was before me—you'll excuse me for saying it—it's about time yours was fixed up.

The pantry shelves need a coat of Jap-a-lac badly. It will not only make them look nicer, but being like enamel they're cleaned so much easier.

And the table needs coats of white Jap-a-lac, too. It costs less than oilcloth and don't need constant recovering. When a girl has a nice, bright, sanitary kitchen, she takes so much more pride in it; besides I like a kitchen fit to receive company in.

# JAPALAC

Made in 16 colors and natural clear—Renews everything from cellar to garret.

If you can get me some Oak Jap-a-lac, I can restore the old battered chairs. No need to buy new ones—they'll seem just like the day you bought them. All you have to do is to wash off the dirt with a little bit of warm water and some soap, dry carefully and refinish awfully shabby, but in ten minutes I can change it into a new ice box.

What else can you use Jap-a-lac for? My last missus renewed her old furniture with it every spring and fall.

There's a clear Jap-a-lac, called Natural, for that purpose, and it's a splendid thing for hardwood floors, too. Dries very quickly and doesn't show heel-marks or footprints at all. She used it on her linoleum as well—kept it like new all the time—and if you could have seen her old bathroom after half a day's work with white Jap-a-lac on that tin bath tub—her husband thought she'd ordered an enameled one. She went over the wood-work, of course, and then silvered the pipes and the radiators with Aluminum Jap-a-lac.

Where can you get it?

O! It's sold everywhere.

Thank you, ma'am,

I'll have a lot of it sent

up right away.

All sizes, 20c to \$3.00  
in Canada (imperial measure) 25c. to \$3.50.

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**HARP CO., East Boston, Mass.**

# DEBBIE

By GEORGIA GLADYS WILLIAMS

"DEBBIE, have you seen my veil? I know I left it right here in this drawer." That was Marion's voice from across the hall.

"Debbie, have you any idea where my glove-buttoner is? Oh! here it is. You have my gloves? I was just looking for them. Oh, dear! there's that ripped place. I forgot all about mending it. Debbie, dear, would you mind sewing it up for me while I'm finding my purse? I'm five minutes late now. There's a good child." It was Beth this time.

"Oh, Debbie!" Edith's voice called from the hall below. "Do you happen to know where my parasol is? Why, Marion, you have mine; there's yours; and, Debbie, would you mind phoning to Brown's and telling them I've decided to take that piece of silk I was looking at yesterday? And tell them not to let anyone else have it. I'd do it myself, only I haven't time."

Debbie, from above, heard the front hall door open and close; then the sound of the girls' voices was borne from the street below, on the still June air, through the open window. She walked to the window, and watched them till they reached the corner, where they parted, Edith and Beth to attend a concert, and Marion on her way to an art lecture.

Debbie sighed as she began mechanically to put the disordered room to rights. As she stooped to rearrange the tumbled contents of an open drawer, she caught sight of her own round, rosy face in the mirror above; but the eyes that looked back at her were dark and troubled. In fact, this afternoon Debbie was not at all her usual gay, laughing, happy self; for yesterday something had happened, something which had turned Debbie's bright, rosy world into one of trouble and discontent.

She had been waiting in one of the department stores down town, for her package to be brought to her, when she had heard her own name mentioned. Turning, she had seen two ladies, strangers to her, standing by her side.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "Judge Mandell's daughters are certainly talented. They have inherited their father's intelligence and determination. The oldest is already an artist of considerable note, and the other two are gifted musically. Marion is one of the best pianists in town, and Beth has the sweetest voice of any girl I know."

"Why," inquired the other, "I thought there were four daughters. How about the other?"

"Why, yes," was the answer, "since you speak of it, I believe there is another daughter, a younger one. But I've never heard anything about her. I suppose she is only an ordinary girl."

As soon as Debbie had found that her family was the subject of the conversation, she had turned away, but she could not help hearing this much. Perhaps there was nothing particularly injurious in the words, but they had been a revelation to Debbie, and had caused her to look upon herself in a new light. She had walked out of the store with her cheeks burning and her head high. That night she had cried herself to sleep, and, as a result, in the morning she had wakened with a dull, throbbing headache. At the breakfast table her mother had inquired anxiously the cause of her pale cheeks and unusual silence; the girls had complained that she was cross; and her father had patted his youngest daughter's curly brown head, and declared that all she needed was a good long rest and vacation, which he would see that she should have this summer.

Debbie had said nothing, for somehow she could not bring herself to tell of her experience of the afternoon before.

All day she had felt discontented and unhappy, and now she was glad that the girls were gone, for she could have the afternoon to herself, and look as miserable as she pleased, without any one to ask the reason.

"It's all true, too," she told herself bitterly, as she hung Marion's coat in its rightful place. "Marion was graduated first in her class at college, and Beth and Edith were both second, and they all received honors. Now, next fall Marion will enter her second year at art school, and already her pictures are selling well, and every one praises them. Beth and Edith will take a degree in music some day, and even now they are wanted on all the musical programmes. While I—there's absolutely nothing I can do. I'm not even 'intelligent,' as they are."

Debbie, who had received her high school diploma scarcely two weeks before, was thinking sorrowfully of the four long, hard years, with their half learned lessons and frequent "red marks." Of course, the red marks were the result of Debbie's hearty dislike for study. There were so many other things to do, perhaps more important than lessons, certainly far more agreeable! Surely a gallop on one's favorite pony, out into the fresh country air, would do one more good than an hour's puzzling over an uninteresting Latin translation; and no one could deny that an hour spent in reading an interesting story was far more entertaining than working over tiresome geometry propositions.

Thus Debbie had reasoned, and had gone on her merry way. The teachers had been kind and patient. They had never reproved Debbie; no one could. To be sure, she had puckered her brows when she had seen her father's look of displeasure at the red marks. Then she had kissed him, promised solemnly that she would really try to do better next time, and then had run away to beg Jane to let her make his favorite pudding for dinner. The Judge had smiled as he had watched his daughter skip away, and wondered how long her good resolution would last. He had thought, too, sorrowfully, of the time when he must send her away to college. How could he get along without Debbie? Debbie who brought him his slippers at night, who read aloud to him when he was tired, and was silent and sympathetic when he was worried.

Debbie was thinking, too, how her fairy godmother might have given her just one tiny bit of talent, instead of overlooking her altogether. Even her name was queer and odd. What was there in "Deborah" to live up to? Now, if it had been Marion, she might have been tall and dignified; or, had it been Edith, she might have been sweet and pretty; or, had it been Elizabeth, she might have been witty and popular. As it was Debbie, she groaned. True, she knew she had been named for her Grandmother Mandell, and now she wished heartily that she had lived in those good old days when grandmother was young. Then a girl was not expected to be a genius, or even specially gifted. All that was required of her was to remain at home, learn to keep house and be busy, happy and contented.

"But it's no use," Debbie told herself with a final decisiveness. "Debbie Mandell is Debbie Mandell, and she can't be any one else. It's queer, though, that I never thought about it before. I've been proud of Beth and Marion and Edith, but the thought never occurred to me that I was expected to have some of the Mandell genius too."

The last stray collar and handkerchief had been put away, and Debbie's task was done. She decided to go downstairs and wear off her gloomy mood by attending to some long neglected letters. At the foot of the stairs she met her mother, pale and wan. Immediately Debbie was all anxiety.

"Mother, it isn't one of those dreadful headaches again?"

Mrs. Mandell put her hand to her head in feeble assent.

"You poor, darling little mother! You go right to your room and lie down, and don't you dare to stir until that headache has disappeared. I'll manage things downstairs."

Debbie slipped her strong young arm through her mother's and led her up the stairs and into her room. There she darkened the windows and stole softly out.

Downstairs again Debbie had scarcely seated herself at her desk when the telephone bell rang.

"That you, Debbie?" called her father's voice. "Tell your mother I'll bring company home for dinner. An old school friend I've met for the first time since we left college. We'll be around about the usual time."

Debbie hung up the receiver and turned to the clock. Just three hours till time for dinner. Well, she would go make arrangements with Jane now. No doubt that worthy personage would be much disturbed, and would declare that her rights were infringed upon by being called on to prepare for a guest at this late hour. Besides, it was Thursday, her evening out, Debbie reflected.

"But I can smooth things over," the young administrator declared. "I'll make some of the special dishes myself."

But at the kitchen door she stopped, amazed. No Jane was in sight, but on the table lay a piece of paper covered with scarcely legible black marks. Debbie knew, from experiences with former Janes, just what this meant. In the midst of her perplexities she laughed, as she scanned the blotted paper.

"Poor Jane! she thinks she's not allowed the freedom here she would have in some homes, and it's too hard to cook for a family with so many likes and dislikes. Well, this means trouble and worry for mother, when she is able to look for another servant, for Jane really was valuable; but, as for tonight, I'll manage that myself, and mother shall know nothing about it till morning. Her headache will have worn itself out by that time."

Debbie had already donned a big apron and rolled up her sleeves. In the excitement and planning of her work, she quite forgot her discontent of a short time before, and became the old happy Debbie again, humming snatches of gay little songs as she worked. Later in the afternoon she heard the girls returning, but no one came near the kitchen. At length Beth ventured to the door.

"Where are mother and Debbie, Jane?" she inquired.

The door leading to the cellar stood open, and from somewhere in the depths below came a muffled voice in reply.

"Mother has one of her headaches, and Jane has decided our family is not progressive enough to suit her, or else we're too progressive, I don't know which. Father is bringing company home for dinner, an old school friend of his, so I've taken possession of the kitchen kingdom. Whoever dares to enter therein becomes a subject of my will and pleasure."

Beth's tone was incredulous.

"Exactly. How quick you are to grasp the situation! But you'll be glad this has happened when you sit down to dinner. You'll wonder how you ever ate Jane's dinners at all."

Continued on next page







## ENDURING

AS THE

# PYRAMIDS

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## Questions and Answers

A. J. W., Neillville, Wis. How long before Christ did Israel become a nation?

The national life of the Israelites may be said to have properly begun with the Exodus; see Ex. 3: 16 and 6th chapter, in which the Lord renewed the covenant and took them for a people. This was approximately 1491 years B.C.

O. P., Kimball, Neb. How would a person acting as his own lawyer in court conduct his case?

Very poorly, and it would be unwise for him to attempt it. Law, like all other professions, has its rules, its modes of procedure, its precedents, etc., and none but a trained lawyer could possibly be familiar with these or employ them to advantage. There have been rare instances where a man acted successfully as his own lawyer, but the reverse is so often the case that it has given rise to the rather sarcastic proverb: "The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client."

O. N. W., Granville, Minn. What is your explanation in regard to the "two witnesses" mentioned in Rev. 11th chapter? May not these two witnesses be upon the earth now?

The two witnesses (or, according to the Greek original, "the two witnesses of me") were implicitly two who were well known. They are described by symbol as the two "olive trees" and the two "candelsticks." Reference is here made to Zechariah 4: 3, 12, where two individuals (Joshua and Zerubbabel) were meant who ministered to the Jewish church. In the final apostasy, God will raise up two inspired witnesses to minister encouragement to his afflicted remnant. Interpretations differ concerning this passage, some holding that the two-fold church, Jewish and Gentile, may be meant. Moses was such a witness when he stood for God against Pharaoh, and also was Elijah, who witnessed for God during a period of almost universal apostasy. The words "witnesses" and "prophecy" are usually applied to individuals. Some have held that Elijah and Moses will again appear, while others, with equal force, have held the two witnesses to be Enoch and Elijah, who, having been translated, have never yet died.

E. W., Parnassus, Pa. Please tell what results in better legislation have attended woman suffrage.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey says that he believes that Colorado has the best juvenile court law; the best child-labor law; the best laws for the prevention of cruelty to children and the enforcement of the obligations of fathers to support wife and child; and the best administration of these laws of any State in the Union, and that these laws, in his opinion, would not exist without woman suffrage. The same is said to be true of every one of the four suffrage States (woman suffrage in Washington, the fifth State, having just been admitted). Wyoming has been criticized because it has no child-labor law, and in need, as the education laws are fine and are strictly enforced.

T. S. S., Annville, Pa. 1. In one of John Fiske's books he speaks of the stories which tell why the mole is blind, why the fox has a bushy tail, etc. What stories are referred to? 2. In what poem of Tennyson's do the following lines occur:

"O me! for why is all around us here  
As if some lesser god had made the world,  
And had not force to shape it as he would?"

1. In the books of Joel Chandler Harris, in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book* and other folk-lore books. 2. From the *Idylls of the King* ("The Passing of Arthur," lines 13-15).

A. J. A., Collingwood, Can. What generation is meant in Mark 13: 30?

Commentators believe that this passage had prophetic reference to the destruction accomplished by Titus, or possibly even to the dispersion of the Jews later under Hadrian. In either case, every requirement of the prophecy would seem to be fulfilled. Your other question is too vague.

J. D., Lahoma, Okla. 1. Please explain who the two witnesses are spoken of in Rev. 11: 3. 2. What is meant by the "haystack prayer meeting"?

1. See the same question answered elsewhere in this issue. 2. The Haystack Meeting (the centennial of which was recently celebrated) took place in 1810, when a number of young theological students in Andover Seminary met in a grove but were driven by storm to seek shelter under a haystack, where the meeting was continued. This meeting led to the foundation of the American Board and was the germ of a great foreign missionary movement.

Mrs. V. J. H., Conway, Pa. Kindly give the names of some of the early missionaries?

We give a few of the earlier workers in modern missions: Schwartz, Danish missionary to

India, 1762; Hans Egede, Norwegian missionary to Greenland, 1721; Zinsendorf, Moravian missionary, founded a colony of almost 400 wide missions, beginning in 1731. William Carey, Baptist, of England, the father and founder of Baptist foreign mission work, began his great career in India, 1793; Dr. Coke was one of the pioneers of Methodist missions in America, and carried the work into many Western States, also parts of Canada, from 1780 to 1791. Harvard, Clough, Squance, Ault, Erskine and Lynch were Methodist pioneers in Ceylon, in 1814. Samuel Mills, Gordon Hall and James Richmond, with Messrs. Newell and Mott, were A. B. C. F. M. pioneers in India from 1812 to 1829. Bingham and Thurston were the first to go from the same society to the Pacific Islands. Ward, Judson and Rice were American Baptist pioneers in India, John and David Brainerd were Presbyterian pioneers among the American Indians from 1741 to 1796. Melville B. Cox was the first American M. E. Missionary to Liberia in 1832. The entire list of pioneers, American and European, would be too long to give here.

M. F. C., Rivera, Calif. Where in the Bible can I find the prophecy that the Jews, as a nation, will accept Christ as their Saviour?

See Rom. 11: 21-25. The final ingathering of the ancient people is taught in both the O. T. and N. T. and this is generally added to and amplified by the references of pagan historians, including Tacitus, Pliny, Lucian and Suetonius. But the strongest proof of all is in the *Gemara*—one of the Hebrew Talmudic books—which was practically a contemporary record. It contained the story of his birth, mission, arrest, trial, conviction and death, the names of several of his disciples and the names and testimony of the witnesses against him. These parts of the *Gemara* were ordered by a Jewish World Synod at Jaroslav, Little Poland, in 1631, to be omitted thereafter and a circle placed in their stead, which has since been initiated and used by the Jews. The reason for the omission was explained by the Synod to be that the persecutors of the Jews pointed to these passages which treated Christ's claims with incredulity and held them up as an excuse for persecution.

Mrs. A. D. P., Lincoln, Neb. What class in England is entitled to a crest or coat-of-arms? Are they used on stationery now? I know only those that bear the name can use them.

Crests and coats-of-arms are very ancient. Originally, the crest denoted the ornament worn on the helmet or shield. They are emblems of rank and family, and are used by the nobility. They were armor and their features were concealed, armorial bearings or crests were a necessity, but that day has gone. All crests, armorial devices, family mottoes, etc., are hereditary. To decide who is entitled to use them, one should apply to the Herald's College, London.

E. B. B., Westhampton, Mass. 1. Can you tell me, approximately, what proportion of the population of the earth is civilized? 2. What proportion is living under Christian influences? 3. What proportion of those living under Christian influences may be said to be converted to Christianity?

1. The word "civilization" is a general term applied to the more advanced nations as contrasted with those that are looked upon as barbarians or savages. We term our country and the leading nations of Europe civilized; the Chinese and Tartars less so; the Red Indians, Australians and Esquimaux least of all. As civilization is a condition resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the savage and barbarous life, it may exist in various degrees, and it is impossible to say even approximately what proportion of the world is civilized. 2. The total number of followers of Christianity, according to the latest statistics at hand, is 477,080,158. 3. We are unable to say what proportion of those living under Christian influences have become adherents.

G. H., Wilmington, Ill. Your first question was recently asked and answered in THE MAIL-BAG. 2. Holiness is a progressive condition, as in the highest sense holiness belongs to God alone. Men are called holy, in as far as they are dedicated to God, and as they become vessels of the Holy Spirit. Sanctification is the divine grace which comes through Christ, first at conversion and by successive steps thereafter, under the influence of the Holy Spirit. It gradually works toward the complete deliverance of the believer from sin, as a part of the great work of redemption. In a general sense, sanctification comprehends the whole Christian life; but it is not to be forgotten that no Chris-

tian in this life attains absolute perfection. We are to lead holy lives, ever striving toward the mark, and sanctification purifies all our human imperfections.

Mrs. K. D., Macon, Mo. Please tell me the difference between the Continental Army and the Revolutionary Army.

The distinction between the Continental and the Revolutionary Army is as follows: The Continental Regulars of the War made up the Regular Army which was authorized by an act of the Continental Congress in 1775, and for this reason was called the Continental Army. The Revolutionary Army was composed of regular troops and volunteer troops, as the Volunteer Army of the Civil War comprised both the regulars and the volunteers.

Mrs. R. C., Pittsford, Vt. Please give me dates and information about the Atlantic cable.

"The first telegraphic cable across the Atlantic was completed August 5, 1858, the credit being mainly due to Cyrus W. Field, a rich merchant of New York. In the preceding March, 2,500 miles of wire were manufactured, and the laying of the line began at Valentia, Ireland. Two British and two American vessels were employed, but the cable broke twice and the vessels were obliged to return to Plymouth. A new start was made on the 20th of June, but operations were stopped by a severe storm. The next attempt was successful. 2,500 miles of wire were laid along the ocean bottom from Valentia to Newfoundland, and for the first time the Old World and the New were joined by submarine telegraph. On the evening of August 5, the English directors telegraphed to the directors in America: "Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will toward men." A few minutes later Queen Victoria sent a message to President Buchanan, expressing her satisfaction at the completion of the undertaking so likely to preserve harmony between the two nations. The message was received at Newfoundland in about an hour after its transmission here. The event was celebrated with illuminations, military parades, salutes of artillery and a fusillade throughout the country of orations and speeches. But a disappointment soon came. The insulation was faulty, the difficulty increased, and on the 4th of September the wire ceased to work. In 1860 another company was organized, and the attempts to lay a cable were renewed. More trouble and failures followed; but complete success was attained in 1866, since which several cable lines have been laid and are in active work. Telegraphic communication is now complete around the globe."

Reader, Lincoln, Neb. What is "the order of Melchizedek" spoken of in Heb. 6: 20?

It was an order of perpetual priesthood. See Heb. 7: 3. This patriarch-priest, like Christ, united the kingship and the priesthood. He was a king, with power or authority from man, but from God alone, nor did he transmit it to other men, but remains a priest in perpetuity. Melchizedek's name signified the "righteous king," and Christ was himself the King of Righteousness. The city Melchizedek ruled was called "city of peace," and Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

## Miscellaneous

J. K. W., Santa Barbara, Calif. Second probability is nowhere taught in the Bible; it is a doctrine of the Roman Church and is repudiated by Protestants.

G. L., Elmwood, Neb. 1. Jesus was still a child when he was brought back from Egypt to be reared in Nazareth. (See Matt. 2: 23, etc.) 2. Never married.

P. S. G., Martin, Tenn. The Bible tells us that it is unbecomingly weak, and it also tells us to respect the law and the lawmakers. This is sufficient answer to the question.

W. D., Finley, N. D. The minister in question must have been misunderstood. Jesus was born of the virgin Mary, the son of Joseph, the son of David. The language of the common people at that time was probably Aramaean (a branch of the Syro-Arabic family of languages), not in its literary purity but in a mixed dialect.

L. P. L., Pasadena, Calif. Cocoa is produced from the dried and powdered shells of the cacao or chocolate tree. This is chocolate. Technically cocoa is that powder after the cacao butter or most oily part has been extracted. This makes it more digestible than chocolate. The decoction made from it is a nutritious and fattening beverage. It is considered stimulating, as many other foods are. It contains no alcohol.

Reader, Darien, Wis. We have already explained that the opening chapter of Genesis is a brief and general statement of the work of Creation, while the second chapter recapitulates, with greater detail, the narrative of the earth and of man's creation, being an expansion of the passages in the first chapter dealing with the same subject. They are not to be regarded as two versions, but as parts of the same version.



## 60 Years at Sunday School

**G**RANDMA CHAMBERS," as she is affectionately called in the neighborhood in which she lives, is unquestionably one of the oldest Sun-



"One of Ohio's Beloved Grandmas"

day School pupils in the United States. She will be ninety-three years old next July, and when the Ohio State Sunday School Convention was held in Cleve-

land last year she was one of the speakers.

"Grandma Chambers" is really Mrs. Elizabeth Shreve Chambers, and her home is in Bayard, O. She has been a regular attendant at the Sunday School for sixty years, and she still has charge of her "infant class" in the Sunday School. She is a great believer in the value of the Sunday School as a Christian educational force and a real moulder of character. She also has great faith in the value of the printed tract. She joined the American Tract Society when she was sixteen years old, and has been a distributor of tracts ever since that time. Mrs. Chambers and her husband were promoters of Sunday School work in Ohio many years ago, and the development of the Sunday School in recent years has been a source of great pleasure to "Grandma Chambers." Few women of her years are so entirely at home in the saddle as she is. Simplicity of life, faith in God and mankind, service for others, and a cheerful disposition have been some of the secrets of the serene and healthful old age of this truly good "grandma."

J. L. H.

## Mother's Day at the Bowery Mission

**T**HE Bowery Mission is blessed in the possession of a presiding mother. Mrs. Bird, for nearly seventeen years, has lived among and attended the part of a mother to the motherless men and boys of the mission. It was fitting therefore that on Sunday, May 14, a Mother's Day service should be held at Mrs. Bird's meeting.

The president of the Board of Trustees, the Rev. Charles H. Mead, was the principal speaker. The platform was filled with leaders and workers; the members of the Brotherhood were present in full force. Each member was possessed of the Mother's Day badge, a white carnation, and to each man present, not a member of the Brotherhood, was given a white rose, which was worn in honor of mother. What wonder, then, that at such a meeting the tenderest emotions were stirred?

Dr. Mead's first question was, "How many of you men have mothers living?" Very few hands were raised. Regretfully he said, "Is it possible? Well, will those of you who had good mothers raise your hands?" A forest of eager hands went up.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Mead's quaint style of eloquence, and his faculty of stirring the deep founts of feeling in the human heart, can well imagine, with a start like this, and such an audience to talk to, what a blessed time followed. His touching tribute of gratitude to his own mother made many of the poor fellows bow their heads. The testimonies that followed were profoundly touching. One especially made a deep impression. It came from an elderly man in the crowd—a respectfully-dressed habitué of one of the better class lodging-houses. He said it was many years since his mother died, but she had been his best friend, and he felt that even now she was nearer to him in spirit than any one else. Many a night, lying awake on his lodging-house bed, he found it a comfort to think of his mother.

Whilst this service was being held, the superintendent, Dr. Hallimond, was the principal speaker at a large Mothers' Day meeting in Washington, D. C., held under the combined auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. Here he spoke of the large part a mother's love and influence play in the salvation of Bowery

men, and gave many instances of men who have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of a mother's patient prayers.

### "AS A MAN THINKETH"

**T**HE lavish luxuries of my life go by  
With pageantry devoid of dearth and dole;  
Laughter and peace is painted on the scroll,  
And love, immortal love, too deep to die;  
The years have sung me songs without a sigh;  
Poured nectars at rich feasts for sense and soul,  
Nor taxed me aught of tribute, task or toll.  
Time has but one intent—to glorify.

But this is so because I think it so;  
I drape my world in dreams of what should be.  
Mine eyes look out across the years of woe,  
And only glad-faced flowers of blessings see;  
Though with a Cross to Calvary I go,  
The road is glorious through Gethsemane.  
HARRY RANDOLPH BLYTHE in Boston Transcript.

### Answered Prayers

Mrs. S. C. K., Riverside, Ill. "God has answered many prayers."

A. J. G., Atlantic, Ia. "He has heard and helped me for many years."

D. M. R., Stratholm, Can. "My beloved daughter has been spared through prayer."

J. R. A., Lanesboro, Mass. "Our heavenly Father has answered many prayers for me."

J. F. H., Alhambra, Calif. "My heavenly Father has restored my health. I thank him."

E. M. R., Vergennes, Vt. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

U. M. R., Turlock, Calif. "Through prayer the lives of two loved ones have been spared."

N. W. S. B., Marlboro, N. Y. "God hearkens to the prayer of faith. I know, for he answered mine."

Mrs. C. S., Early, Ia. "The good Lord has answered me many times when I called upon him."

E. C. L., Fairmount. "Through prayer I received money to buy the beautiful Red Letter Bible."

Mrs. M. E. K. E., Buffalo, N. Y., asks the prayers of readers for an absent son, her only child.

A. M. J., Mittineague, Mass. "The heavenly Father answered my petition and I am thankful."

M. L. L., Waddington, N. Y. "The good Lord has delivered me of trouble through prayer."

E. T., Mishawaka, Ind. "God is prayer-hearing and prayer-answering. Praise to his name!"

Mrs. C. N., Lyons, N. Y. "When in deep trouble my prayers have been answered many times."

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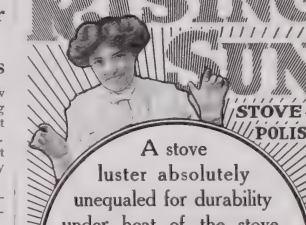
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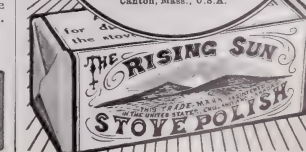


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## A TRUE PATRIOT\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**H**ZEKIAH the Good—so we must call him because of the power he was for good over the Hebrew nation. The fact that he was a good man rolls away the stone of bad heredity and proves that there is a chance in this world for those who have bad ancestors. The father of Hezekiah, King Ahaz, was one of the worst of men. It is said of him that he was a gross idolater, and even sacrificed his children to the gods (II. Chron. 28: 3). He remodeled the temple to fit it for idolatrous rites. He kept chariot horses dedicated to the sun. But there was a good mother in the case. Her name was Abijah. She was the daughter of the prophet Zechariah, who had been a faithful counselor of King Uzziah (II. Chron. 26: 5).

### Cleansing the Nation

God is the only way such a good man as King Hezekiah is to be accounted for. He may be called one of the boy kings of the world, for he was only twenty-five years old when he began to reign. One of his first acts was to have the temple cleansed by ordering the trash of idolatry to be carried out, and dumped into the valley of the Kidron. That included the so-called "gods" and all of the paraphernalia connected with their "worship." The brazen serpent which Moses had set up in the wilderness (Num. 21: 9) was taken along with the rest, and from this we must infer that people had made a god out of it, something after the manner in which relics are considered "sacred" to-day, such as nails from the true cross exhibited in St. Peter's in Rome once a year; also the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which is said to bear the image of Christ, because she wiped the Lord's face with it when he was bearing the cross on the way to be crucified. Hezekiah called the brazen serpent "Nehushtan," meaning only a piece of brass (II. Kings 18: 4). In just sixteen days the accumulated idol filth of sixteen years was removed. And when the temple was swept and garnished, the lamps relighted, sacrifices to the Lord placed again upon the altars, then King Hezekiah sent messengers into every part of the land for the people to come to the temple to worship. Even the Israelites who had been led to worship the golden calves set up by Jeroboam were invited\* to come back to the worship of the true God. And many of them did come. Oh, that was a grand day, that first Passover in the time of King Hezekiah! It was a day worthy to be compared with the dedication of the temple by King Solomon. Not only did King Hezekiah have the idol filth removed from the temple, but from the city of Jerusalem, in which the temple was built, and in every part of his land, so that throughout his kingdom there was a revival of religion. His deeds have caused his name to be associated with King David and King Solomon as three of the greatest kings the world has ever known.

### Well-Earned Prosperity

"Prosperity" is not altogether modern, for it was had in the days of Hezekiah. The king's palace became a storehouse for gold, silver and jewels. Storehouses were built for the large increase of corn and wine and oil as the people cultivated their fields, their vineyards and their orchards; sheepfolds and housings were built for the flocks and herds, and among all of the people there was great increase of comfort and well being. "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." So

great was their prosperity that ambassadors were sent by the princes of Babylon to inquire into the wonder that was done in the land (II. Chron. 32: 31).

We shall hardly be content without reading the whole story of Hezekiah's good and prosperous reign, which extended over twenty-nine years, which was really prolonged fifteen years in answer to the king's prayer. Read Isaiah, chapters 36, 37, 38 and 39.

### Religion and Patriotism

It is told in Denmark that their flag is five hundred years old, and that it was dropped down out of heaven. We have no doubt at all that our own flag is a heaven-inspired banner. That starry corner looks very much like a bit of the starry heavens. Its red stripes are the language of valor and sacrifice. Its white stripes symbolize truth and hope. The blue signifies sincerity and justice.

Who doth that flag defy,  
We challenge as our foe;  
Who will not for it die,  
Out from us he must go!

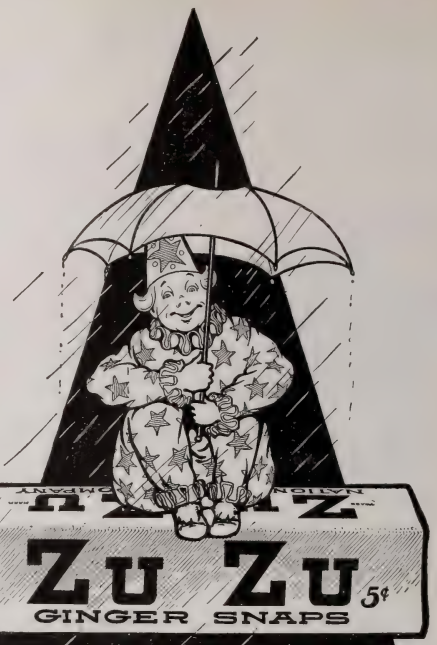
DR. BETHUNE.

The story is told of a little five-year-old boy living in Washington who had heard a good deal of flag talk in his life, and who had gained a somewhat exaggerated idea of its protecting qualities. A new baby came into the home, and the boy was put into a room by himself to sleep. "It's mighty lonesome in here," he called out to his mother. "Just remember the angels are near you, and are caring for you," the mother replied. There was silence for some time, and then a small white-gowned figure appeared at the door, and a tiny voice asked, "May I have grandpa's flag?" "Why, what for?" "Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and I will go right to sleep; for you know grandpa said the other night that under the flag the weakest are safe." He got the flag, and when his mother looked in upon him an hour later, he was fast asleep, with a little fat fist under his fat cheek, and in the other hand he held the flag raised over his head.

There are sometimes four flags to be seen flying on the capitol of the United States. They are large flags, sixteen feet long. Two of the flags, one at each end of the capitol, fly only when Congress is in session; the other two are like perpetual fire on the altar of patriotism, for they fly every day in the year. A human heart may be an altar of patriotism, but the love of country is truest and best when that heart is stayed in God. King Hezekiah labored to lift his nation from their degradation, because he was a true friend and follower of God. Love of God was his strongest passion, and love of country was second to it; and when the two were united a mighty force was exerted, and a great nation was lifted out of sin into godliness. It is said to be the hope of every American boy some day to be President of the United States. Taking all the years together, very few boys can reach that goal, because there are only one President at a time. After all, is that the highest ambition a boy can have? Is it not a personal ambition for fame? But there is room for every boy in this land to be a good citizen. The more good citizens, the better, and those who love their country will determine to help in making this "God's country."

Let them give a thought sometimes to King Hezekiah, and while they may not be able to command as he did that "filth" shall be removed, there will be opportunity for each and every one to lend a hand in making things purer and better wherever they live.

One day in wartime a ship was  
Continued on next page



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\* The International Sunday School Lesson for June 11, 1911. Hezekiah's Great Passover. II. Chron. 30:13-17. GOLDEN TEXT: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I. Sam. 16:7.



# Wonderful Story of King Khama

FIFTY-ONE years ago, a German missionary named Schulenberg was preaching the Gospel among the Bechuana in the old native capital of the Bamangwato at Shomongwe in South Africa. At one of the services, a tall young native who had been a most attentive listener stood up and was initiated into the Christian faith by baptism. He gave his name as Khama, and his age as twenty-five. His father was the great chief Sekake. His conversion was a pleasing incident among several others of the same kind and did not attract special attention.

A year later, Khama came to his own people and ruler of his people, the Bamangwato. Almost the first act of the young monarch was to spread the knowledge of the Christian faith among his sixty thousand subjects. He entered at once on a career of active Christianity which has scarcely a rival in the whole history of missions. Not only was he assisted by the old German missionary, but other workers gave him aid and counsel, notably the London Missionary Society. Khama's influence and example had remarkable results, and soon he had the joy of seeing the Christian faith spread among his people. Year by year, thousands are added to the number of those that have accepted the Gospel, until at last the whole country over which he ruled was under its beneficent sway.

Khama, now an aged man but still a happy ruler of his Christian subjects, lately celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his conversion. It was now far and wide throughout the country as "Khama's Christian Jubilee." Serow, his capital, was in festive dress for a whole week, in honor of the great event, and his people from every part of his little kingdom

attended in multitudes. There were thanksgiving services and a wonderful series of meetings attended by many white missionary guests from different parts of Africa, and by distinguished official visitors, magistrates and others who know and respect the Christian king. There was also a great



King Khama of the Bamangwato, in Bechuaneland, South Africa

military parade of the king's troops. Khama came forth from his palace to meet his guests with an escort of five native regiments of Bechuana warriors and five hundred horsemen, in all about eight thousand men, as a royal retinue. The king's army, however, is one of peace, for he believes in conciliation. Sunrise meetings were held in which four thousand Bechuana took part. At one Sunday morning service, 103 new converts were baptized. The visiting missionaries spoke at times to audiences of 12,000, who made an im-

posing sight with their spears, shields and native head-gear.

Greetings to Khama on the occasion of his jubilee came from many different countries, for the story of his conversion has long been known throughout the Christian world. Over 300 post-cards were received from children in other lands, who sent their love to Khama and expressed their gladness of his long Christian reign. They had heard of and read about him in their far-off Sunday Schools. Among the speakers at this remarkable jubilee were some of the natives who had worked side by side with their king for the spiritual redemption of their country. They were deacons and elders in the native Christian churches. Khama's younger brother spoke for the whole nation, and told of the great transformation that had taken place in their tribal life and customs under Khama's rule, the disappearance of idolatry and superstition, the exclusion of drink from the land, the spread of education and the many blessings that had come from their general acceptance of the Christian faith.

Khama himself made a short characteristic address. He rejoiced in the work of God in his land and among his people; he expressed his deep gratitude to the missionaries and declared that "if we continue in the service of God, we shall continue to be a nation." He warned his people against drink as "the great enemy of their happiness and progress." He cordially thanked the white people for their friendship. He had also a special word for those who had not yet openly embraced the Christian faith. "You are seeking destruction in going backward instead of forward," said the old king. "If we honor God as we honor the things that belong to this world, we shall be a truly great nation."

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

going into action and the captain was determined to win the victory; he was resolved not to give up. But he feared that when the sailors should get into the thickest of the fight, and should feel the shot and the shell, some of them might be frightened into hauling down the flag in token of surrender. So he sent a man to nail the colors flag to the mast. Dr. Barnardo, remarking upon this incident, said: "We must all follow his example in our life's battle, for all who love the Lord Jesus, young or old, have a battle to fight, and a fierce enemy to overcome. Satan does not like to see any one come to the Saviour, and the moment we do come, he begins to fight. What then? Are we to be afraid? No, we must fight him in return, and conquer him, too. Sometimes he says: 'Do not let me know you have come to Jesus; they will laugh at you, and think you strange.' That is like saying, 'Pull down your flag down.' Shall you do as the enemy bids? No, never! Nail the colors to the mast, so that every one may see them, and no one be able to pull them down."

King Hezekiah, when he was about to inaugurate his plan for cleansing his temple, and the holy city, and the nation, called the priests and Levites (officers) together and said to them: "Now it is in mine heart to make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel," etc. He knew that he must take a stand with God and for God if he would be a good king and a help to his nation.

### Teaching this Lesson to Children

A teacher might begin by striking a match, and saying: "It does not give

much light, does it? Why not? Because the room is light. But when we strike a match in a dark room, it gives much light. Sometimes when a city or a land is full of wickedness, we say it is "dark," and we speak of darkest Africa, etc.

Our lesson to-day is about darkest Judah, where the people worshiped idols instead of the true God; where

### THE GARLANDS

By AMOS R. WELLS

WHAT are the garlands we lay on the graves?

Heapings of blossoms that loveliest are?

Beauty supreme for the bravest of bravest?

Yes, and an offering holier far.

Here are the garlands of memories clear,  
Thoughts of the partings, the desperate  
frays.

Marches and prisons and hospitals dear,  
Triumphs and woes of those terrible days.

Garlands of gratitude fadeless and fair  
Lie on the graves of our glorious dead,  
Grateful for freedom that breathes in the air,  
Grateful for union that floats overhead

Garlands of love from the children and  
wives.

Garlands of hope for the nation to-day,  
Garlands of offered and consecrate lives—  
These on the graves of our heroes we lay.

Roses and lilies and violets blue,  
Daffodils, tulips, and all of the rest—  
Ah, dear departed, brave patriots true,  
We know what garlands will please you  
the best!

they used God's beautiful golden house, the temple, not for the worship of God, but for idols. [It may be necessary to show pictures of idols.] The lesson story to-day is about one man who made that darkest Judah a good and happy place to live in. You thought it was wonderful that one little match could make so much light, but I will tell you now what one man did to make a great city and a great country good. I will write his name on the black-board, for it is a long name, and a hard one for you to remember." A few moments' drill will enable all to speak the name "Hezekiah," and then let them be told that it is a name with a beautiful meaning: "The strength of God" (Jehovah). Let the teacher now tell the lesson story, using the main facts and the several stories which have gone before these hints.

### Among the Workers

—THE CENTENARY of the formation of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in New York City was celebrated not long since. It was founded May 5, 1811, by John Morris and John Mills on the present site, then in the country, surrounded by pasture. It is the only Presbyterian church in the city 100 years old which has remained on its original site.

—EVANGELISTS LOWMY AND MOODY, of Cedar Falls, Ia., lately spent five weeks in religious work at Missoula, four weeks at Kalispell, and five weeks at Butte, Mont. A tabernacle was constructed at each place. The number of converts is claimed to have reached 3,250. The local expenses of these campaigns amounted to \$7,500, and the offering for the evangelists amounted to \$6,500. Kalispell and Butte also contributed \$560 to the Chinese famine sufferers. The evangelists are now holding meetings at Stevensville, Mont. The pastors at the points named are greatly encouraged.



## AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

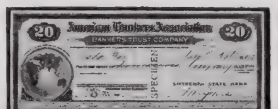
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## MENTAL ACCURACY

Greatly Improved by Leaving Off Coffee

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wis. states that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties.

"It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and what was worse, it muddled my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency.

"I finally concluded that something would have to be done. I quit the use of coffee, short off, and began to drink Postum. The cook didn't make it right at first—she didn't boil it long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to coffee and to the stomach trouble again.

"Then my wife took the matter in hand, and by following the directions on the box, faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it.

"When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no coffee on our table.

"My digestion has been restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so, I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using coffee.

"Postum is the greatest table drink of the times, in my humble estimation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Children Love Mapleine Puddings

(The Flavor De Luxe)

If your little folks do not take readily to the wholesome milk puddings, such as rice, tapioca, blanc mange, corn-starch, etc., just use as a flavoring.

Mapleine is an original flavor constantly delivered, which can be used the same as lemon and vanilla to flavor cakes, puddings, etc., and for making a marvelous and delicious dish, especially for school children.

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## Young People's Societies

### Love to Christ\*

JESUS CHRIST embodies the highest ideal ever given to mankind of the virtues which ennoble humanity. Not only did he enjoin it upon his followers that their conduct should conform to the moral law of Moses, but that they should drive out from their inmost hearts every evil suggestion—that to willingly harbor bad thoughts was just as bad as to do bad deeds. This was a wonderful and novel doctrine, and was enough in itself to captivate every aspiring mind.

When to this was added his sacrifice upon the cross, every inducement of which the intellect can conceive was given to win men's souls unto himself. It would seem that only the most hardened could resist the plea of such a character to "Follow me." And yet, because "there was no beauty that men should desire him"; and because he told the people that they were blessed when men should revile and persecute them and say all manner of evil against them falsely; we see the world turning against him. It is the privilege of all of us who are his children to tell of his great love, exemplifying it before men, and showing them that, through his grace, his yoke is easy and his burden is light.

Mr. Moody, in one of his great sermons upon this topic, dwells with emphasis upon the importance of bestowing, everywhere we go, a loving word and a loving deed whenever an opportunity occurs; and he tells of one little kindness which influenced his whole life.

It was when at ten years of age he started with an older brother to take up his first paid work. They had a dreary journey of thirteen miles in order to reach the place. The month was November. The world looked bare, cold, cheerless. The little boy was sick at heart, and the brother had hard work to keep up the courage of both.

Suddenly the brother pointed out an approaching figure and said, "There's a man who will give you a cent. He gives one to every new boy that comes to town."

"I was so afraid that he would pass me by," said Mr. Moody, "that I planted myself directly in his path. He was an old, feeble, white-haired man. As he came up to us, my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me.

"Why, I have never seen you before. You must be a new boy," he said. He asked me about my home, and then he told me that though I had no earthly father, my heavenly Father loved me. Then he gave me a bright new cent. I do not remember what became of the cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head. A loving deed costs little, but, done in the name of Christ, it will be eternal."

Most of us fail to grasp the more or less fantastic doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg; but his great hold upon his followers is chiefly due to his constant praise of love. Among the many beautiful sentiments which he uttered upon this subject is this: "Those who acknowledge God and his divine providence are like the angels of heaven, who dislike to be led of themselves and love to be led of the Lord; and a sign of their being led of the Lord is that they love their neighbor."

A man may well doubt the genuineness of his Christianity, who is often in quarrels with his neighbors; who begrudges little services to them; who refrains from speaking kind words to them. Jesus meant us to take his instructions literally when he said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

### Training and Leadership\*

NOW and then we hear of a great man, who, failing in youth to obtain the education that he coveted, managed to educate himself in later life by using all his spare time for reading and study, and by seeking often the society of cultivated men.

Thus Abraham Lincoln, stretched on the floor before the blazing fire, or by the light of a pine knot, acquired, mostly during the evenings of days spent in hard manual labor, a mastery of English style and a fund of learning which enabled him to cope successfully on the forum and in the courts with some of the greatest intellects of his time.

Another of our presidents did not learn to read until he had passed his majority. John Wanamaker, who has built up one of the greatest business enterprises of modern times, was put to work at twelve years of age in Philadelphia, and had little chance later to acquire learning; but he made the most of every opportunity. William McAdoo, the distinguished tunnel-builder and financier, was a poor newsboy; so was Thomas A. Edison, the greatest scientist, on the whole, perhaps, of our own or any age.

But in spite of the success of these and many other "self-made" men who might be mentioned, it remains true that every young person should obtain all the education that he possibly can.

Education is a tool. It is, if rightly used, the most efficient aid in the world to natural ability. An educated man feels a confidence in himself which only education can give; and self-confidence (a very different thing from conceit) is a potent aid to success.

More than that, education not only stores the mind with information but quickens and sharpens it; and in the course of acquiring it, friends are made, who lend joy and breadth to life. The progress of civilization has ever rested chiefly upon the educated classes.

In Browning's great poem, "Paracelsus" (in which he much idealizes the historic Paracelsus), the ardent student goes forth into the world, assuring his friends that he does so as

My ready answer to the will of God,  
Who summons me to be his organ.

His friend Festus asks him if he is sure that his wild quest is indeed prompted from above. Paracelsus responds that he is sure, because his desire to know is so strong and his energy so exhausted. He has thought upon the great sages, and has seen that

They know, and therefore rule.

He is determined to delve into the furthest depths of knowledge to

know, not for knowing's sake,  
But to become a star to men forever.

This would seem to be a noble ambition; but he cut himself off from all human love, lived only for himself, and failed in his great aims. He found that knowledge alone was useless. He had despised the past, which had seemed to him "only a scene of degradation, ugliness and tears." He came at last to see that there was "a touch of nobleness" even in the worst men and the worst age, and that this nobleness could be developed only by love and sympathy. As he dies, he cries:

I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast. Its splendor, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day.

Thus he teaches us the lesson that education and learning alone cannot do God's great work in the world. They must be guided by a deep Christ-love, or else they are dangerous weapons.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, June 11, TEXT: 1 Peter 1: 3-25.

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 11. TEXTS: Acts 22: 3; 7; 22.

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makes five gallons of old-fashioned, home-made beverage, the most wholesome and gratifying, the finest of temperance drinks. It is Nature's tonic drink, made from roots, barks, berries and flowers. Sold everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

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# Two Marvelous Mechanisms



**H**ERE is a picture of a great mechanism that pulls a famous 18-hour train between Chicago and New York.

Here also is a picture of "The Studebaker"—the great "South Bend" railroad watch mechanism—a watch that's carried by engineer Floyd of the "Twentieth Century Limited" and by several other engineers on well-known limited trains.

These two mechanisms are two of man's most wonderful creations.

One, ponderous and powerful, weighing many tons—roaring like a cyclone—pulls tons and tons behind it at the wind-like speed of sixty, seventy, and eighty miles an hour.

The other, tiny in comparison—weighing ounces only, but strongly made, is almost frictionless—as quiet as the faintest zephyr; yet it practically controls the cyclonic train that carries it.

For it is on this watch that the engineer depends entirely to make his schedule—his meeting points with other trains—on time.

"On time" is the vital phrase in the language of railroad men.

And right here is the marvel of this railroad watch. It is carried in the cab of this great jolting, pounding, shivering, lurching locomotive, every giant "cough" of which shakes the monster mass of steel in every fibre, and is subjected thus to the hardest tests a watch is ever asked to stand.

A locomotive of this heavy type makes but one trip of 100 or 200 miles and is then laid off for inspection, oiling, readjustment, etc., before it is allowed to make another.

But the "Studebaker"—the South Bend railroad watch, this other mechanism of delicate arrangement and adjustment—which passes through almost the same hard punishment within the monster's cab must, willy nilly, withstand all these shocks, keeping "to-a-second accurate" time the while. That is required by railroad rules and regulations.

Every railroad watch is tested every fifteen days by regular inspectors.

"The Studebaker" has astounded railroad watch inspectors lately with continued "perfect scores"—time and time again without adjustment. It has fairly leaped to fame in this respect within the year.

It is the masterpiece of railroad watches. Where minutes count in miles, "The Studebaker" counts them right.

Six months are spent just in the making and assembling of "The Studebaker's" parts—just the metal and the jewels.

Then it is ready for its regulation, which often means six months more. A "Studebaker" frequently remains a full year in the factory, before we deem it ready for its racking journeys in these engine cabs.

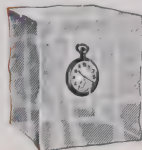
## "The South Bend" Watch

During this construction each "Studebaker" gets four hundred and eleven close inspections.

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Then write for our free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about watches and gives further facts about "The Studebaker." Address



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15,983 expert jewelers now sell South Bend Watches. Last year, and this year up to now, they have sold all we could make.

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We sell direct and sell to jewelers only—and to expert jewelers only.

No South Bend Watch is ever sold by mail, by anybody—nor ever will be sold that way.

Watch authorities now admit that "adjustment of a watch to the personality," which we were first to advocate, is essential to accuracy in service.

If you are prepared to so adjust our watches, we want you to sell them.

Write us for the plan (in detail) that pleases more than fifteen thousand expert jewelers now.

Ask about the "South Bend Dealers' Service Book," a book that shows a hundred ways to increase sales and make more profits by reducing selling costs.



## Where Minutes Mean Miles

It is necessary that engineers shall carry such a watch, for minutes to these men, are miles, you know.

A minute fast or a minute slow means a mile behind—or a mile too far along the track!

Minutes perhaps are not so important to you but you want the satisfaction of carrying a truth-telling watch, do you not?

Then isn't a Studebaker at least as desirable to you as it is necessary to engineers? This excellent watch is handsome in appearance and light in weight.

See a "Studebaker" at your jewelers.

It is the watch that outlasts locomotives, while practically undergoing the same jolting, bumping punishment—a watch of marvelous durability—and one that is almost infallible as a timekeeper.

Why not a "Studebaker" as a graduation present to that deserving son? Nothing is more "personal," nothing is so lasting, so pleasing and so satisfactory. Learn more about it. Get our book.





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the right idea"



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# Christian Herald

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK





# THIS AMERICAN FLAG—FREE!

WOULDN'T you like to own a large American Flag like the one shown in the illustration on this page of *The Christian Herald*—if you could get it without paying one cent?

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Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism, for you will have use for a flag, not only on every holiday for many years to come, but you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private sociables, in the schoolhouse, in the church and in the home. Imagine being able to celebrate Fourth of July with a flag as big as this! Wouldn't it be better than firecrackers for the children? You may have it without paying one cent.

## How?

At this time of the year *The Christian Herald* usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of the great Christian Herald Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members. You are one of these and we know you will help us. But we have no right to accept your good offices for nothing, so we make the following proposition:



Compare Size of Flag With Height of Children

THIS OFFER IS LIMITED  
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Get one of your friends to subscribe for *The Christian Herald* for eight months; send us \$1.00 for this subscription, and *The Christian Herald* will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, and in return for your trouble we will send, absolutely without cost to you, this beautiful American Flag.

And in addition to this we will also send you a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches, an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which hangs framed on the walls of the old State House in Philadelphia. This document should be in every patriotic home, and it may be in yours, free of charge, if you take advantage of our offer.

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**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**  
615 Bible House, New York City

# GET ONE NOW FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

## Questions and Answers

H. R. Utter, N. Y. How far is Mont-Lawn, *The Christian Herald* Children's Home, from New York? What is the acreage and how many buildings are there? How many children have been there since the Home began?

Mont-Lawn is thirty-two miles from New York City. There are a little over thirty acres on the place. There are five large and two smaller dormitories, capable of comfortably housing three hundred children, an abundant water supply, a spacious open-air dining pavilion called "Fort Plenty," a bathing-pool, and a beautiful "Children's Temple," the only one in the world as far as we know. The Home, which has been called "The Children's Paradise," opens June 28. It is an incorporated charity. It is the model institution of its kind. None but the children of the very poor are taken—those who cannot get an outing otherwise. Three dollars covers the cost of a ten days' outing for a child, transportation included.

Mrs. G. B. Denison, Texas. Where and by whom was the modern Sunday School organized and by what denomination?

By Robert Raikes, at Gloucester, England, in 1780. He was of the Church of England, and was called "Evangelical." There were several attempts to organize Sunday Schools in the United States in 1786 and 1790. The First Day, a Sunday School Society, was formed by the Quakers in Philadelphia. In 1711 a Sunday School was started in Boston; in 1793 in New York City; in 1797 in Rhode Island. In 1809 a systematic Sunday School movement was organized in Pittsburgh. The American Sunday School Union was organized in 1824.

C. E. H. Franklin, Pa. The makers of stringed instruments determine the position of the frets on the finger board by a scale, the correctness of which has been proved by careful experiments. The number of vibrations per second, and consequently the tone produced by any stretched wire or string, depend upon its size and length. The frets are so placed that they will mark the lengths at which a vibrating string of the proper size will produce tones of the diatonic scale.

S. Sumner, Wash. Does the Bible say that the earth is a globe and moving?

The Bible nowhere says so. Moreover, it is not to be taken as a text-book of science. Look at Isa. 40: 22, and see what the ancients

thought of the rotundity of the globe. It is true, however, that many people long ago imagined the earth to be flat. In Columbus' time, there were people who tried to dissuade him from his voyage, lest he should go over the "edge of the world."

W. C. N., Asotin, Wash. Explain (1) Rom. 6: 23; (2) Matt. 10: 28; (3) Ezek. 18: 4; (4) Luke 16: 23. (5) Do you believe the story of the rich man and Lazarus is literally true, or was Jesus illustrating the fact that one who would not believe Moses and the prophets would not be persuaded "though one rose from the dead?"

1. This passage points out that death is due to sin, and that this debt was paid once for all when the Redeemer died for sinners who, in accepting him, gain eternal life, but as a gift and not as the wages due to righteousness. 2. The passage in Matthew is a warning of future punishment for persistent and unrepentant sinners, and that there is a state in which retributive justice extends to the soul as well as to the body. There has been much discussion of this passage, but the statement stands clear and unmistakable. 3. The verse in Ezekiel reinforces the passage just quoted, as to the fate of the soul that has been at enmity with God. 4, 5. In the story of Dives and Lazarus Christ was illustrating in his familiar way by parable the fate of the selfish and ungodly rich, contrasted with humble piety, and to show that God looked into the hearts of men and not to their mere outward surroundings. The reference to "Moses and the prophets" was a strong rebuke to the unbelief of the Jews of that time. Miracles could have no effect on those who were determined not to believe.

B. F., Chillicothe, O. I am not at all clear as to the distinction between "restraint of trade" and "restraint of competition." Wherein lies the difference?

There is a marked distinction. "Restraint of competition" may up to a certain point be legitimate and even helpful to trade, as when two or more competitive forces in the same field unite on a proper basis and without interference with the volume of trade. Carried further, however, it may assume monopolistic form and interfere, by coercion or other unfair methods,

with the legal rights of other competitors, to the detriment of trade and the public. "Restraint of trade" is always illegal. It implies a deliberate plan to control trade by hampering it, diminishing it, or forcing it into certain channels for a selfish purpose and making the public pay arbitrary and extortionate prices.

S. S., St. Vincent, Calif. The belief in the immortality of the soul is as ancient as the human race. It is too large a subject to be discussed in a paragraph in *The Mail-Bag*. Apart from the evidence of inspiration and revelation found in the Scriptures, there are many helpful books on the subject, which you can procure from almost any good church library.

J. N. C., Worcester, Mass. 1. To love God is to trust him as our heavenly Father, to seek to know and obey his will and to honor his laws; to seek from him solace in our troubles, strength in our weakness, help in our need, and counsel and guidance in our whole lives. Jesus tells us that if we seek first the Kingdom of God all other blessings will be added. If we honor God by our sincere, loving service, he will withhold no good thing from us. 2. Mere belief is not enough. "The devils believe and tremble." We must have faith and show our faith by our works. To know God's will and yet avoid obedience to it is worse than not to know it at all. Further, if we really believe, having once asked forgiveness and acceptance through Christ, we would not ask it again and again, which would be disbelief. What would an earthly father say of a child who asked twenty or even a hundred times to be forgiven of the same offense?

F. P. F., Waverly, Ia. The losses sustained by capital in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars were widely distributed. They included (1) property absolutely destroyed; (2) cancellation of contracts, etc.; (3) agricultural losses in untitled and unharvested or neglected crops; (4) losses in general trade in all the cities, towns and business centres; (5) losses in imports and customs; (6) depreciation of values of securities and the rise in the necessity of life. There were also heavy secondary losses to insurance underwriters, manufacturers, shippers, brokers and others in the reduction of the volume of trade.

## Miscellaneous

If J. M., New York City, will send his full address, his questions will be answered by mail.

H. C. M., Rockland County, N. Y. Your exposition seems a reasonable one. We have never considered the two passages in connection.

Any reader of this paper knowing the address of Philip Todd McCluny, is urgently requested to send the same to his mother, Mrs. W. W. McCluny, Hughtart, W. Va. When last heard from he was in Amarillo, Texas.

E. R. D., Xenia, O. Delivering the milk may be and probably is as necessary as any other "work of necessity." The commercial part of the transaction referred more particularly to the business end, the payment, etc.

Mrs. W. J. B., Bellevue, Pa. The mottoes, translated, read: 1. He forbids nothing to flourish, i. e., allows everything. 2. United arms an honor (along the line of "In union there is strength"). 3. It grows immensely.

E. W. K., Egypt, Pa. These questions belong to the domain of casuistry and speculation and could be discussed a whole year without result. See Isa. 45: 7 and Jas. 1: 13. God does not create moral evil. He sends trials to make us better, not worse.

C. S. P., Adrian, Wash. The general rule is immediate acknowledgment of a gift of any kind; but when Christmas gifts are numerous, there must often be delay. A brief appreciative card should at least be sent at once, with word that a suitable letter will come as soon as time permits.

Mrs. J. L., Quincy, Ore. We are not sitting in judgment upon other people. For aught we know, the men you mention may be doing much good in the world. We personally know of many genuine Christians who take a delight in doing good secretly, believing that a good act loses much of its merit by being trumpeted to the world.

W. A. S., Fairfax, 1. As all the expenses of all peace meetings, congresses, etc., and their delegates would have to be included in an exact statement of the amount of money that has been expended in the promotion of international peace, it is quite impossible to gather the statistics. One hundred million dollars would not be too great an estimate. 2. For the year 1910: Exports, \$1,744,984,720; imports, \$1,557,811,988.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN MINIATURE RISING IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS



## BRITAIN'S FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

**T**HIS year all the British world is gay, and London, as the hub around which that vast Empire's activities revolve, is gayest of all. There, before this month has ended, with all the traditional pomp and ancient ceremony so dear to the British heart, they will place their Imperial Crown upon the head of an already dearly loved sovereign. So it is fitting that this summer should be chosen for the greatest fair that London has ever had. Europe is replete with special shows this year. Rome, Turin, Dresden and Edinburgh are all in fête dress; but the greatest of all, both in magnitude and interest, is the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace in London. Just sixty years ago that wonderful edifice was built for the great exhibition at Hyde Park. Now, as the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee, it has become the centre of a colossal enterprise that fills the entire two hundred and fifty acre park at Sydenham, to which it was afterward removed. On May 12, King George, accompanied by Queen Mary, Princess Mary, Prince Edward and a small retinue, drove the eight miles from Buckingham to the Crystal Palace through streets lined by forty thousand school children and Boy Scouts. It was a perfect English spring day—"Queen's weather"—and the new monarch was greeted with an ovation by the throngs along the route and at the Crystal Palace itself. After the opening ceremonies an imperial concert was given. A special chorus of four thousand five hundred voices, the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the Festival of Empire Military Band, the London Symphony Orchestra and the famous contralto, Madame Clara Butt, provided the programme. The Crystal Palace has been entirely repainted and redecorated and now, under a great awning lined with eight thousand square yards of royal crimson and decorated with banners embroidered with the arms of the various dominions of the Empire, is shown for the

first time a complete and comprehensive display of the arts and crafts and industries of that wonderfully diversified territory. This exhibition ranges from Empire pictures lent by the Duke of Marlborough from the galleries of Blenheim Palace, to machinery in motion; from a \$10,000,000 collection of diamonds to tropical turtles in a pond; and from processes of manufacture to the native arts of the farthest overseas colony.

Outside even a more wondrous change has been brought about. Here a splendid picture of the Empire in miniature rises before one's view. Dotted about on either side of the main avenue, are the government buildings of the various colonies. These

are two-thirds replicas of the Parliament Buildings of the different countries, while that of Canada is an exact three-quarter reproduction of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa. South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland and dozens of crown colonies are also represented. It is in these buildings that their commercial, industrial and productive wealth is shown. Here will Canada show her wheat, Australia her wool, South Africa her diamonds, and in the Indian section, 40,000 square feet have been transformed into a tea plantation which will demonstrate all the processes of preparing tea for the market. Ten acres of the grounds have been devoted to the rural life of the different countries. Farming in all its aspects, from the grain of the long, bright days of northern Canada, to the sugar plantation of Barbadoes, and the sheep ranges of New Zealand, may be seen. Interest is added to all these exhibits by the electric railway which connects them. This is called the "all red" route—"the line that links the empire," and on it one may tour the world for sixpence; for along its route he will pass the magic city of Delhi, an Australian woodman's cottage, a Maori village, tropical plantations, Canadian lumber camps, and villages in Africa and the Malay Islands.

Far from least among the attractions is the Pageant of London and Empire. The story which this great show unfolds takes a week to tell, yet the performance of each day is of itself complete. Fifteen thousand voluntary performers take part in its thirty-two scenes which depict two thousand years of the history of the Empire. Historic scenes from the days of the Druids to the meeting of Stanley and Livingstone in Africa and the events of the present year are enacted with remarkable realism. All profits from this great enterprise are to be devoted to the King Edward Hospital Fund.

Continued on page 590



King George, Queen Mary, Princess Mary and Prince Edward Driving About the Crystal Palace Grounds After the Opening Ceremony

from this great enterprise are to be devoted to the King Edward Hospital Fund.



# The Compassion of Jesus

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, America's Greatest Evangelist\*

TEXT: "When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion."—Matt. 9:33

I AM sure, if I could speak of my Master to-day as I ought to, that every one of you would love him. If you knew the heart of Jesus Christ, you could not help loving him. Why do I love Jesus Christ? He had a great heart, full of tenderness and love and compassion. And to-day I want to speak about Christ as a Man of compassion!

Some years ago, I took my Bible and read carefully right through the four Gospels, and found how the heart of Jesus moved. And as I marked the Bible I fell in love with him. As I think of the woe, the wretchedness, the misery, that you and I can't see but that he sees, I think I can understand what that passage means, when it is said, "Seeing the multitude, he was moved with compassion." His heart went out towards them; he had compassion on the multitude. Herod had John beheaded; Herodias got John's head; and when John's disciples heard that John had been beheaded they took up that lifeless body and buried it, and then went and told Jesus. They could not have done a better thing—they told out their sorrow to him. And Christ knew that he alone had seen what was to come to himself; he knew that Golgotha was before him, and Gethsemane was in the way. And he went off alone into a desert place; he wanted to be alone for a little while. But the multitudes found out where he had gone, and they followed him. And when he saw the multitude, it was on that occasion that his heart was moved with compassion.

Let me read you a few verses: At the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, the tenth verse: "And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. . . . And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus. When Jesus heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place apart; and when the people heard thereof, they followed him on foot out of the cities. And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick."

## Jesus, the Burden-Bearer

Each heart has its own bitterness. Each one here to-day has his own trouble and sorrow. But it isn't the will of God that you should stumble over your troubles or over your sins into the grave. Jesus has come to bear away earth's sorrows—to bear away earth's troubles and wretchedness and sins. He is here to heal the broken-hearted; that's what he came into the world to do. And there's not a broken-hearted person who cannot find sympathy in Christ, if he will.

Somebody may be asking, "Well, I wish you would tell me how I can get rid of my burden—how I can get rid of my care, and my sorrow, and my misery." I was speaking here some days ago from the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and I tried to show that Christ is not only the sin-bearer but the burden-bearer. There's not a burden that cannot be taken away by Jesus Christ, if you will come to him.

I want to tell you how they did when he was on earth; and bear in mind he is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever; he is the unchangeable Christ, and he knows how to cure distress to-day as ever; if we will only come to him with our burdens and troubles, he will hear our cry.

Listen! The first chapter of Mark, the 40th verse: "And there came a leper to him, beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." There was a man filled with leprosy. Perhaps there wasn't a man there who had faith enough to believe that Christ could heal this man; the case was helpless. You take up the Bible and read about the leper—we don't stop to realize what it meant to be a leper. When the Civil War came on, I read the papers, but didn't realize what it meant. I didn't take it in—the battles. At last I was on a number of battlefields, and from those days on, it seemed to me as if I could see the dying, and hear their groans, and

The thirteenth of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One will appear each month.

see their wounds. So when I take up this Bible, and when I think of a man being a leper—it was a life-long death; banished from society, sent into a life-long sepulchre—I can imagine how this man came to Christ, full of leprosy. When he came to him he had a sad countenance. His wife had said to him, "What's the trouble?" The man says to his wife, "Wife, I fear I'm a leper. I've got some symptoms of the leprosy." By the law, he was obliged to go and show himself to the priest, and if the priest pronounced him a leper, he must be banished from society and go off into exile. I can imagine his terror that day, as he came and sat down by his wife and children. The children began to weep; they could not be comforted. The mother tried to keep her courage up for the children's sake. The husband came back and said he must leave them and go off outside the walls of the city, never to visit them again. They might come to see him and shout to him at the top of their voices. I seem to see this poor man. He is without hope, home or deliverance. He turns his back upon them. Perhaps the day comes when his little one is sick; but he cannot go to visit that home. He could not close her eyes in death. The next news comes that the child is dead; he could not go to the city to follow it to the grave. His wife is sick and dying; but he could not go to the city, to be there with her in her last hours.

Perhaps he had a story like that to tell to the Son of God. This man could come to Christ with all his troubles. I see him as he said, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Spurgeon says he was a good theologian—he got the "if" in the right place. He honored Christ and had faith in him. "The Lord was moved with compassion"; he healed him then and there. I would like to have been in that home. What gladness came to the children when they found that their father had been made whole!

But the old-fashioned leprosy was not coming compared with the leprosy of sin. Leprosy may take my hands away. Leprosy may make it hard to eat. A man may be out of his head. But you know that this life is very short; it is only an inch of time, and eternal ages roll on. It's far worse to see a man reeling down to a drunkard's grave than to see a leper, because that may be only of the body; but when a man has destroyed his soul, it is far worse. I don't know of anything blacker and darker than sin. There's nothing that has brought such a woe in this world as sin.

## Jesus, the Sinners' Friend

Jesus Christ is the friend of sinners; and if every sinner would do as that leper did, and come straight to Jesus, and say, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," He will cleanse you. Have you got a treacherous disposition? Has sin dragged your life down, and made your life hard and bitter? Come straight to Christ, and say, "Thou canst make me clean." If he could cleanse that leper with a word, he can cleanse you, morally and spiritually, this very hour, and make you whole. He said to the man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And if there's a man or a woman to-day who wants to be whole, Christ is able to make you whole. Wilt thou be made whole? A man need not go to perdition or destruction, or go down to an untimely grave. A man can live the life allotted to him, if he will turn from sin and live forever. He need never die, if he become a child of God. "He shall never see death." O man, bring your life-burden to him! Come to his great, loving heart and make your appeal to him!

I want to speak to parents. Dear father and mother, don't leave this world and leave your sons and daughters out of the kingdom. Do as that father did in the ninth chapter of Mark. He brought his child to the church and pleaded with them to cast the devil out. Then when the sufferer got beyond the church and beyond all human aid, that father went straight to the Son of God and made his appeal. And Christ commanded the father to bring the son, and the devil tripped him up. But the devil was going to get orders to move out of that temple,

although he gave the boy such a blow at his departure that the people thought he was dead. And Christ sent that father home with that boy made perfectly whole.

Now, I can imagine those disciples. The boy had been deaf. They said, "If he cannot hear our voice, we can't help him; and if he can't speak, we can't help him." But the boy couldn't hear or speak. But Christ with a word cast out the devil.

So I want to say to you fathers and mothers, who perhaps have got a greater burden than when you came to Christ with your own sins: There may be a beloved son and Satan may have bound him hand and foot, and your heart is aching. You have brought him to the Church and he has not been converted. Go beyond the Church and get right to the heart of Christ to-day, and say, as the leper did, "If thou wilt, thou canst heal my soul. Thou canst save my boy." And if he don't save him, have a time of fasting and prayer. Make up your mind to get your children into the kingdom of God!

## Jesus, the Compassionate One

I don't believe it is the will of God that my children should be banished from heaven, or that Satan should make a drunkard, a thief, or a gambler, or a licentious man, of my son. If there's anything wrong with me that's keeping back the blessing, let me find it out at once and do the right. Don't let the day close without an effort to win your son or daughter for the kingdom of God. They may be hundreds of miles away, or in some foreign land; God can reach them; and I believe that Christ sits on the throne to-day, and is saying, "Bring him unto me." Let your cry go up, "Save my boy to-day; save my son; save my daughter; save my children!" And the Lord will have compassion. He had on that father. His heart was moved.

Another picture. I saw him with his disciples; a great crowd following him. It was when his fame was spreading all over Judea. He came one day near a town; and just as he came near the gate of the town, it was filled with people coming out. There was a funeral procession and his disciples stood aside to let the cortege pass. His heart was moved with compassion. He could not see without compassion the poor widow bearing away her son to the grave. Christ knew about that widow. He knew perhaps the struggle she had had to bring up her boy. He had known how she had given the boy the best chance. In a few minutes she would be returning to her cottage home, almost desolate, because the light of life had gone out. Home was to be for her no more home from that day on. I can see Christ steadily looking upon that son; I can imagine the tears coming to his eyes. He could see death before him, and all around him, and he alone had power to raise the dead. Little did the people know what mighty power he had. And when that poor woman was about to pass him, stepping to the bier, he called to her son and commanded the young man to rise. And I can imagine that at that moment the four young men were commanded to put down the bier, the mother put away her veil, and was a witness to the scene that was to make her heart leap for joy. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is going to speak, and he said, "I say unto thee, Arise!" And the young man instantly came to life. What gladness in that mother's heart! He broke up that funeral procession.

## Jesus, the Restorer

A good many years ago, when I was a young man, I used to spend the summer in Chicago, and when the ministers were gone away, they used to send me to attend a funeral. One day I was called suddenly to attend a funeral. There were to be a great many business men, not Christians, there. I said, "This is my opportunity; I'll give them a Christian sermon." I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, and I found that he broke up every funeral he attended. The dead couldn't stay dead where he was. And when that young man, the son of his mother, heard his voice, he came back to life. The undertaker's work was over!

What was it that brought out the compassion of the father toward the Prodigal Son? It is said that "He had compassion upon him." It was the boy's need that brought out the father's compassion; and if there's a poor, sin-sick soul within my reach I want to tell you that that father of the prodigal represents your God and mine. He will have compassion upon you if you'll turn to him.

Continued on next page

\*This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., February 24, 1897.



## The Compassion of Jesus

Continued from preceding page

I don't know of anything that has ever happened in my life which has helped me so much to get into sympathy with those that need it as I. I always used to spend my summers in Chicago. There were probably fifteen hundred or two thousand children in my Sunday School, and hardly any of them had a church home. One day when I came home, my wife said that one of the children of my Sabbath school had been drowned. They had found the body. I took my little girl, four years old, and started for her house. When I got there, some workmen had gotten the body and brought it home, and the water was ripping down on the floor. The poor mother sat at the head of the dead child, stroking her hair. It was her first-born. She told me the story, while her husband sat in a corner of the room, drunk. She said, "You see the condition my husband is in. I've worked. I've had to take in washing to care for my children, and I've had to care for him. He's never provided for us—not for five years. Now," she said, "I have no money to buy a shroud and a coffin. I wish you would help me." I put down the size of the coffin and the shroud. Then she said, "How am I to get a place to bury her?" I said, "I'll attend to that." And after I had attended to it all, I took my little girl and started out; and when I reached the street my little girl, four years old, said, "Papa, supposing we were very, very poor, and mama had to take in washing for a living, and I had gone to the Chicago River, and I could see a stick, as that little girl did, and I should fall in, how would you feel about it?" I can't tell you how I felt then. I took her to my heart, and said, "Emma, you are my only child, and I think I should die." And she said, "Did you feel bad?" The child had been ashamed of her own father. I was speechless. I had done it unwittingly. I pressed the child to my heart, put her down and took her home. I asked God to forgive me and give me a tender heart, so that, if I ever should see any one in trouble, I might sympathize with them. Then I went back to that house, and read the fourteenth chapter of John, and comforted the mother. The next day we put the drunken husband, the wife and four little children into the carriage, and little Julia's coffin also. I got in and rode seven miles and comforted that mother all I could. I could weep with her then.

There's a story told of a mother whose boy was wounded in the Wilderness. She started down, of course. Of course a mother would go. But Stanton had sent out word that no mothers should go out through the army. I don't know how she got through the lines. She got down to the front and at last to the ward where her boy was. She pleaded with the doctor that she might be appointed the nurse and watch with her boy. The doctor said, "Mother, you must keep away for the present. Your boy is in a critical state, and the excitement would be too great." She says, "I've come six hundred miles, doctor, to see my boy. I can't wait." She begged and pleaded, and, finally, the doctor said, "I'll tell you; you can go and sit down by the bedside, but don't you speak to him, and when his nap is out, I'll tell him." That mother stole up to the boy. She couldn't keep her hand off. She just wanted to lay her hand on the forehead of the boy; and, without opening his eyes, he cried out, "Mother! have you come?" He knew the touch of that hand.

O sinner! Let God put the touch of his hand upon you to-day. The world may have treated you badly; maybe the Church and Christian people have not treated you just as they ought to have done; but I recommend Christ to you, that he may put his hand of sympathy upon you. Is there one among us who does not need Christ's sympathy of love?

## Just Think of It

By EUGENE THWING

EVERY life is lifted up or pulled down by the power of thought acting upon it; and this is not the beneficent or the baneful thought of another strong mind, exerted with benign purpose or malignant intent upon a receptive spirit, but the self-assertive thinking of the mind within the individual himself, selecting its own subjects for thought and fixing upon them with clearly defined choice and purpose. Such thinking makes a life great and powerful or little and useless just as surely as the law of gravitation causes the balloon to rise and the stone to fall.

Emerson declared that "we do not determine what we will think. We only open our senses, clear away, as we can, all obstruction from the fact, and suffer the intellect to see. We have little control over our thoughts. We are the prisoners of ideas. They catch us up for moments into their heavens, and so fully engage us that we take no thought for the morrow, gaze like children, without an effort to make them our own. . . . What am I? What has my will done to make me what I am? Nothing. I have been floated into this thought, this hour, this connection of events, by might and mind sublime, and my ingenuity and wilfulness have not thwarted, have not aided to an appreciable degree." God pity a poor aimless, helpless, drifting human race if that were true!

DOES not the gardener determine what seeds he will plant in his soil? Or does he simply plow, and harrow, and take away the obstructing stones, and then suffer the fallow ground to take in whatever wild seeds may be brought by the winds, that he may be "fully engaged" with the crop of weeds as they grow, taking no thought for the morrow's harvest? Does not the householder determine what guests he will invite into his home? Or does he throw open his doors, take away his locks and fences and let in the good and the bad, taking no thought of the safety or the sacredness of his fireside?

Yes, many minds are like that, it is true. They lie open and fallow, receiving, without choice or resistance, whatever influences and impressions, good or bad, may intrude themselves; careless of the morrow, indifferent as to the fruitage, developing no initiative, no power, doing no service to mankind, and yielding no glory to Him whose breath created the living soul. But it need not and ought not to be so. God said to the man he created, "Have dominion over every living thing." Until a man has gained control of himself and given direction to his own life he need not hope for dominion over others. "He that ruleth his spirit" is better "than he that taketh a city."

DEFINITE, purposeful thinking is not easy. Aimless, fleeting thoughts and impressions must be fought and subdued, just as the gardener struggles against the weeds that crowd into his fertile soil. He has decided to grow flowers and fruit, but it takes constant attention and effort.

Old Doctor Johnson said that mankind dislikes to think. It is true only in the same degree that the lazy man dislikes to work. Mental work is a delight to the ambitious man or woman who, like Paul, reaches forth into those things which are before, and presses toward the mark of the high calling.

The young man or young woman at the beginning of life decides by careful choice what subjects shall receive earnest thought and study. This choice decides the life's activities. Thought opens the door of the soul to whatever visitor it chooses. In every relationship of life thought controls the course and determines the end. If we determine what thoughts shall rule us we may set our course whither we will.

DO YOU want to love your neighbor as yourself? Just think of it. Do you want to bless them which persecute you? Just think of it. Do you want to be patient in tribulation? Just think of it. Do you want to see the good in some one who has seemed to you altogether mean and unlovely? Just think of it. A man said that he had not spoken to his enemy for ten years, and protested against the idea that any dealings between them could be possible. "I hate him and despise him—the rascal!" It was suggested that perhaps this feeling was the product of too much thought upon the ugly side of his enemy's character and too little thought of a possible good side. He agreed—rather unwillingly, but honestly—to try definite thinking for a while on the other side. A few weeks later he reported with a beaming smile that Mr. — "wasn't such a bad fellow after all; in fact he's a decent chap, and we've just signed up a fine contract with him."

FEAR, grief, pessimism, hatred, tear down the bodily tissue and destroy the brain cells. Science has demonstrated the physical injury from such habits of thought. We must not forget that the opposite habits of thought just as surely build up, invigorate and beautify the body. It is within the power of every man and woman to change entirely the mental habit, and to choose, definitely, assertively, a course of optimistic, generous, idealistic, joyous, loving thinking. By such choice the whole trend and action of life may be changed, and better conditions realized. A physical change in the brain cells, in the blood, in the nervous system, may be brought about by adopting a high order of thinking, and life may be made to "yield sweetness, peace, progress, and love," as a garden is made to yield flowers and fruit.

Paul was an inspired messenger of God, and he was also the greatest teacher of health, usefulness and joy, when he said, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

## Do You Know Your Bible?

IN OUR issue of May 3, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a record and rating of 597 letters received in answer to the second list of Bible questions in this department. Since that publication a large number of additional replies have been received for the same list of questions. It is unfortunate that these should have come to hand too late for the first classification. Out of 100 of this latest batch of letters, 2 answered all of the 20 questions correctly, their names being Mrs. J. N. Hess and Anna E. Roberts; 2 answered 19 correctly; 5 answered 18 correctly; 10 answered 17 correctly; 21 answered 16 correctly.

The third list of questions also appeared in the issue of May 3. It is important that an effort be made by all who are interested in this very attractive Bible Study to send in their replies with as little delay as possible, in order that the new lists may appear monthly. We trust therefore to have all the answers to list No. 3, on page 445 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 3, as soon as possible. To examine all the questions and give proper classification and credit where credit is due, is a work of some magnitude and it is important that all replies should be in hand before it is undertaken.

## Van Dyck's Portrait of the Prince of Orange

(See illustration on cover page)

THE famous portrait of William II., Prince of Orange, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck is among the loveliest art treasures of the world. Probably no canvas of the great Flemish master is more widely known, appreciated and loved; for while it is indeed a superb portrait of a royal boy of twelve years, in rich clothing befitting the rank of a nobleman's son, over and beyond this, it is the exquisite portrayal of the lofty dignity of youth.

Notwithstanding the long stretch of two hundred and fifty years since it was painted, the coloring of the great picture, as it hangs to-day in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, is rich and brilliant almost beyond belief. The luminous white linen, the yellow satin of which the doublet is made, with bright patches of rose in the lining, and shimmering armor, are fairly startling in effect. Brilliant as they appear, however, they are but subordinate accessories, used by the mighty master of light and shade to bring out more clearly the sweet nobility and refinement of the boyish face, which, after all, is the key-note of the picture.

Painted at a period when the great master was in the very zenith of his talent and his powers, this matchless portrait will ever remain one of the world's shrines, at which lovers of the truly beautiful will ever pay exalted homage.

## Anvil Sparks

THE fool kills time—the wise man makes it do double duty.

WORK is the secret of a Christian life. A lazy man soon backslides.

HE who has been years growing into an experience isn't likely to lose it in a moment.

THERE will never be any friction between the couple that keeps Christ between them.

THE days are too short even for doing good—how can there ever be time for doing evil?

DEAL with men so they will know you are a follower of Christ without having to tell them so.

THE man who does nothing at all because he is afraid of doing wrong, is doing wrong right along.

EVERY man has thoughts of men, words for men, and ways of conduct toward men, which are peculiar to himself.



# A LITTLE TOUR IN INCA-LAND



Peruvian Student  
Bible-seller



The Noonday Rest on the Eastern Slope of the Peruvian Andes



A Native Colporteur

By A. R. STARK, Callao, Peru

**S**TARTING at sea level from Callao, let us accompany the Bible seller on his journey up the world's steepest and highest railway. By rapid gradients station after station is passed. The valley narrows to a gorge, and the line zigzags up the ridges of the Andes. Strange names are these—Infernillo (little hell), Quebrada Negra (dark ravine), Verrugas, which stands for a deadly disease that ravaged the workmen building this famous bridge. Now we are at San Bartolome, with its peaches and *granadillas*; anon at Surco, and Matucana. Later we come among the silver-smelters of Casapalca. In the early afternoon we reach the snowy solitudes, cross the ridge of the Andes and sweep through the Galera Tunnel—15,665 feet above the level of the sea—the greatest railway elevation in the world. By nightfall the train has descended to Oroya, 12,178 feet. The colporteur sells his books at all the wayside stations.

Chosica lies basking in the brilliant sun. The Rimac, roaring, tossing and ever speeding onward in mad haste, forces its way through village and valley. Green fields sweep down to either brink, trees lend their restful shade and the cattle browse on its banks. The Oroya road, curving upwards to make its long mountain climb over the Andes, runs side by side with the Rimac until it is lost in yon distant turn of the valley, where lie the ruins of an Inca village. The bold spurs of the Andes rise 3,000 feet in the clear air and the eternal snows glitter on the peaks.

"This morning," writes the colporteur, "I went out early in Chosica to select the best places, and found that the most convenient site was the little market-place. There I hung my cartons, and instantly people flocked from different quarters to see what was there, and then to hear what explanations I made, knowing that the subject was the Bible. It seemed to me that many were familiar with what they heard, for they listened attentively and with good will. Workmen and street-arabs were there as usual, but there were no *beatas* (i. e., people devoted to the Roman Church). On the contrary, some señoras asked questions. One confessed that it was not right to adore the image of San Antonio or any other saint; but she was not sure either whether it was permissible to worship before an image of Christ. I told her that I would not give her my own opinion, but I would take her back to Christ's own words to the woman of Samaria, and after explaining to them the Scriptural idea of worship, the listeners were well satisfied. I sold my books in peace, and the hotel manager seeing my empty bag wanted to charge me double pension.

"At Matucana, after reconnoitring, I went from house to house with my books. Finding no suitable place to take my stand, I put up my cartons in the *fonda* (a Chinese restaurant) at the midday meal.

People gathered until the *fonda* was filled, and they began to buy. 'What is the number of the beast?' anxiously inquired a listener. I read aloud Rev. 13. He was delighted, and gave it his own interpretation. The Gospel has made a good impression here. The town is not large, but all are friendly and respectful."

Oroya is the centre from which the railways branch off for Cerro de Pasco, Jauja and Huancayo, and horses or mules start for Tarma and the Perené. Oroya has a small population and the colporteur soon sold to everybody who would buy. Torrents of rain hindered his work. On days when no trains arrive, deep silence reigns on the elevations. He writes:

"These poor folk are like sheep without a shepherd and only God can raise up among them one who

lios!" (Gospels! Gospels!) Everybody seemed eager to buy. He handed out the books, and very soon his bag was empty. Then *centavos*, *reales* and *soles* were showered upon him in payment. One said, "I bought a Bible"; another, "I had a Testament"; and so on until every one had paid the price of the book he received.

Crowds kept gathering from the market and the streets shouting, "We want these *libros santos*" (holy books). "Sell me a New Testament!" "A dozen Gospels for me!" Many people were looking towards a shop, and the colporteur looked also, and beheld the *cura* and the *gobernador* (local authority) gazing in angry astonishment. The colporteur led the way to the inn, and a multitude followed, asking questions. They filled the corridor of the inn, and he sold a great number of books.

As he was ready to leave for Huancayo, a man about forty years old came up and said, "Señor, I have listened to what you have taught here, and I believe it to be the truth. I trust that you will go to Concepcion and visit my house, so that all my family may hear from your lips the teaching of Jesus Christ, and obtain a copy of the Bible.

How is it," he went on, "that during all the years of my life I never heard before that Jesus Christ spoke these precious words?"

At Huancayo people of all classes gathered to hear him—workmen, Indians, doctors and students. Those who had already bought books encouraged those who had not, and any one who came to disturb was quickly driven away. Next he set out to walk to Chongos, three and a half leagues distant, where he took up his position in the village market-place. Little by little the villagers gathered around. He spoke of Christ, and told them about the New Testament. Then they began to buy and soon he had sold out his stock of Scriptures. One man gave him a pigeon for a Testament. They rejoiced at his visit, and invited him back again. At Sicaya, two leagues distant, he visited the schools. The master in one school was

doubtful about letting him address the boys. About thirty were present, large and small, and all listened well. Most of the boys bought New Testaments. Turning to the master he said, "Won't you purchase a New Testament, too? Otherwise your boys will know more about the Bible than you do." Rather nonplussed at this, he bought a Testament.

During this journey among the mountains, he sold altogether 1,500 copies of the Word of God. Over 63,000 copies of the Scriptures have been circulated in this Agency of the Republics of the Andes. Our men have been at work among the dusky sons of the Incas, among bronzed-skinned laborers, among Cholas and Asiatics and men and women of every social scale; faces marked with dissipation, figures stamped with poverty, men in the market-place and devout women in the home.



A Market Scene in Tarma, 11,000 Feet Up in the Andes

can lead them in the way of light. On us colporteurs falls the duty of comforting these people, by God's help, in our passing journeys with his Word. This we do as we are able; but the devil is ever following up our work and only the Allpowerful can give strength to the ant to overcome the lion."

Having secured a room at the inn at Jauja and filled his knapsack with Scriptures the Bibleman went out to obtain a license to sell. He began by selling a large-print Bible to a barber. Wandering through the streets to find buyers, he exhibited his chromos to a couple of men. Soon many began to crowd round and press upon him. "Make room, make room!" cried the colporteur, "and I will explain about my books." "I want the Santa Biblia," said one. "Give me a New Testament," cried another, and others shouted "*Evangelios! Evange-*



# This Farmer His Own Rain-Maker

TO MAKE the acre efficient is the growing problem of the present-day and the future agriculturist. New Jersey has sometimes been called the "Garden State," but she is only now awakening to her possibilities along this line. Dr. Fortier, chief of the Bureau of Irrigation at Washington, in tabulating the rainfall, has found that in thirteen out of seventeen years it has been insufficient in New Jersey for the needs of the crops.

Arthur Seabrook, of Cumberland County, N. J., has demonstrated the success of a new system, which secures absolute uniformity of water distribution, eliminates most of the labor and assures the maximum at minimum expense. He uses an overhead pipe system of water distribution. Two years ago, he irrigated four acres by his new method, and the returns were so marvelous that last year he installed the system on ten more acres, making in all fourteen irrigated acres. The story of his experiment is a wonderful one. He is the only South Jersey farmer who makes his own rain. Sixteen years ago Mr. Seabrook was a "trucker" on a small scale, but he watched what he was working at, and he "plugged along," like the rest of the farming community. Being economical and industrious he saved some money, and began hunting for a farm of his own. About four miles from Bridgeton, N. J., he found a farm, comprising fifty acres of woodland, briars, corn and mortgages. Seabrook looked it over and concluded that if some hearty hustler were to trim out the woods, cut out the briars, and wipe out the mortgages, the land might grow real crops. So he bought it for \$3,000. The place is worth now \$20,000, and is earning its owner \$20,000 a year. He has forty of those acres in garden truck—and truck pays.

First, he built a 5,000-gallon tank on a fifty-foot tower, so that the water would have all the pressure required for an irrigated area of moderate extent. The pressure is sufficient to cause the tiny streams of water to spurt from the perforations in the piping that traverses the fields. An engine of four horse-power was introduced, which sufficed to fill the 5,000-gallon tank at the rate of 100 gallons per minute. The irrigation pipes were given a uniform height of eight feet above the ground surface to afford ample room for horses to pass under in the necessary cultivation.

The process of irrigation, after filling the tank, was automatic and purely an affair of gravity. The water ran down hill—that was all. A simple lever was turned at the end of a pipe line, and then over the whole area a gentle rain fell and kept falling until the lever was shut off. There was not a radish or a parsnip that did not get its share of the refreshing draught. The rain is generally turned on

toward nightfall. Those four acres, in the year when for the first time they got what they wanted and when they wanted it, fairly coined money for their owner. Last year fourteen acres in all were so filled with overhead-irrigated truck that not a particle of top or subsoil existed within that radius that did not yield its full quota. It was an eight-horse-power engine that did the work this time,

operating a duplex pump under ninety to one hundred pounds pressure. All the crops on the irrigated acres profit by the regular and copious rain thus provided. Onions are followed by celery. Early cabbage, beets and radishes are followed by lettuce and romaine, and after that comes a third crop of spinach. Lettuce, where early lettuce has been gathered, come in and take up the rest of the season.

The Seabrook farm carries from ten to twelve farm hands for at least three months of the year, and twenty-five hands for nine months. The yearly cost of labor comes close to \$10,000; fertilizer and manure from \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year. These are big outlays, but returns can be surmised when it is stated that the trucker's new automobile was paid for by the proceeds from one-fourth of an acre of parsley! Meanwhile his original farm acreage has had an additional seventeen acres also bought out of profits. The onion crop last year sold for \$1,500. He had five acres of golden blanching celery which he got on the market in October and kept on selling through February; 150 tons of beets from six acres, for which a canning factory paid eight dollars per ton; 9,000 bunches of carrots per week disposed of in Philadelphia, while he furnished wagon-loads of truck to the Bridgeton stores every day. Besides the chief rotations he raised large quantities of prime rhubarb, string beans, peppers, egg plants, lima beans, canteloupes, watermelons, parsnips, tomatoes and asparagus.

Man travels under the earth, and in the air; he has harnessed the lightning, and now he can make his own rain. The importance of the new system may be better estimated in view of the fact that for every pound of soil matter added to a plant by growth, there are needed several hundred pounds of water, which are taken up by the plant and evaporated through it into the atmosphere.

Shiloh, N. J.

CORA JUNE SHEPPARD.

The Rain-Maker's Irrigation Apparatus at Work



Mr. Seabrook in His Cabbage Patch

## Revival Fires Glowing in Wales

A REMARKABLE mission has just been concluded in Swansea, Wales, by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander. Swansea was one of the storm centres of the great revival which swept over Wales a few years ago, and it has once more been swept with religious fervor. In this revival, incidents are related of men and women and boys and girls converted on the streets, in the homes, in factories and business houses, and in unusual places. Dr. Chapman formed the men into "Personal Worker Bands," six in each band, to work and pray continually for the salvation of the unsaved. Four bands were formed one evening. Then similar bands were organized among the women, and the boys and girls. Among the boys alone in a short time over fifty bands were formed.

On "Home Night," parents brought their children with them. The evangelist invited fathers and mothers who desired to dedicate their boys to Christ to come forward. No less than one hundred boys were brought forward. Over a score of parents lifted their hands to say that they offered their boys for the ministry. Then they were asked to bring forward their girls, and about four hundred were presented to God. No less than fifty parents raised their hands to indicate their desire that their daughters might become missionaries.

Nearly three thousand members of the Pocket Testament League were enrolled in less than a month.

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander next conducted brief conferences in Belfast, Ireland, and Leeds, England, and concluded the season's work with a short mission at Shrewsbury, England. They then sailed for America. THOMPSON BROWN.

## Some Children's Work for Children

FIVE years ago a young woman in Portland, Ore., gathered about her a group of children, and organized a little society to which the name of "The Asha Band" was given. Under the leadership of Miss Hazel Dill Harcourt-Reinhardt this group of children took upon itself the responsibility of sup-



The Asha Band of Helpers, Portland, Oregon

porting and educating one young girl in Calcutta, India.

This protégée was to be one of the one hundred and eighteen girls in an independent mission school, which was started in Calcutta by Mrs. Sukhoda Banarjee, and is now conducted by Mrs. E. C. Avetoom. All the pupils of this school are child-widows, who have been rescued in various ways from

the unhappy lot to which they seemed doomed. The cost of the education of a girl in this school is \$25 per year, and though the raising of this alone was the original object of the band, it has since its inception sent \$627.04 on charitable missions.

The children who compose the organization all come from families in which it is not possible for them to have large amounts to spend as they choose, so each cent contributed to their little fund has meant self-denial and careful saving. This valiant band of little folk voted to send \$5 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee for the China Famine Fund. H. S. H.

Portland, Ore.

## Mont-Lawn Soon to Open

THERE is a buzz of preparation at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn on the Hudson. It will be opened the last week in June as usual and everything about the place is being put in readiness for our little guests. For weeks past, poor children of the tenements have been applying by dozens and scores to be "taken to the country." Only those are taken who have no other means of getting a fresh-air outing. It is expected that fully 2,500 little tenement waifs will be received in the "Children's Paradise" this season—the seventeenth year of this benevolent work, which was founded by Dr. Klopsch, who had the inscription written over its gates: "I love God and little children." It costs \$3 to give a poor boy or girl a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn, but all contributions, large or small, in aid of the work are gratefully received and acknowledged. Friends of the Children's Home should send their gifts to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Exit Diaz

THE sun of Diaz had a brilliant if somewhat lurid setting. Long-time President and Dictator, he realized toward the end that the people were really dissatisfied and that the notable achievements of a remarkable administration were as nothing when weighed in the balance against the popular desire for constitutional liberty, a free ballot and honesty in the public service. He will be remembered with admiration as the leader who drove out the invaders and under whose skilful rule Mexico became great and prosperous, and even his despotic methods will not obscure the fact that the country under his guiding hand has assumed the foremost place among the Latin republics.

There is a picture in the resignation scene in the National Chamber that will live in history. Deputy Aste's dramatic reading of Diaz's letter, followed by wild cheering, which was echoed by the outside crowds, with shouts of "Long live Citizen Porfirio Diaz!" showed that the iron-handed President who had kept his promise with the faith of a true Hidalgo, still held the love of his people, even while they regarded him as the foe of liberty and popular rights. With Diaz out and de la Barra Provisional President until a general election can be held, the speedy restoration of tranquillity may now be hoped for. Fortunately, Madero and de la Barra are both conservative leaders. Their influence and that of their immediate associates will now be exerted for the bringing about of conditions favorable to the nation's peace and prosperity.

## The Blessing of Books

WITH the opening of its new public library, New York has entered into the full possession of one of the largest aggregations of valuable books in the world. She may not yet be able to point to such rare literary curios as those held by the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, or the British Museum, as priceless treasures; but with a round million and a quarter selected volumes all housed in their new and beautiful home (which cost \$10,000,000 to build on a site representing twice that amount in value), the metropolis has a right to be congratulated. To this magnificent collection the Astor and Lenox libraries—both now incorporated with the Tilden—have jointly contributed 800,000 volumes. The united libraries, it is estimated, circulate not less than eight millions of books a year, an unequalled record. Great libraries are the index of a nation's intellectuality, but here we have one which serves not the scholarly class alone, but the whole people, on a larger scale than any of its contemporaries. "To use books rightly," wrote John Ruskin, "we go to them for help; we appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought fail, that we may be led into wider sight and purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion." So in this splendid new library, the books are there, gallery upon gallery, like the rich veins of gold in a mine, as President Taft happily expressed it in his brief speech at the opening. There are six other libraries with a greater number of books, but none with so many readers.

## Peace's Expanding Wings

MOHONK, in turning the illuminating rays of its searchlight along the path of the peace movement, has this year rendered most substantial service to the cause. Dr. Butler's opening address at the Conference was a clean-cut and patriotic presentation of the programme and policy of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, concerning which there had been much speculation. He showed that its work is laid out on practical lines and that at the head of the three co-ordinating branches there will be men who may rightly be regarded as the ablest and most influential in the fields of international law, economics and history. Their propaganda will be a national one in the largest sense. It is a happy coincidence that this important announcement should come almost simultaneously with the great movement for the organization of Peace

Circles which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has begun. Already, in response to our invitation, many earnest and capable men and women are sending us their names and announcing their willingness to undertake the formation of Circles in their neighborhood. Programmes of organization have been prepared and will be mailed to all who write to us for them. These instructions will greatly simplify the work and will enable thousands of our readers and their friends and acquaintances to identify themselves with a great movement which is spreading with phenomenal rapidity throughout the world. These united Circles will form an Army of Peace in which the service will be found profitable, inspiring, developing and wholly delightful. By all means send in your name and let us tell you how to organize and conduct a Peace Circle in your neighborhood.

## The Latest Heresy Trial

WE HAD fondly hoped that the days of heresy hunting were past. That they are still with us, however, is evident from the proceedings of the Judicial Commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which has recently been reviewing the case of the Rev. William D. Grant of Northumberland, Pa. Dr. Grant was lately tried and acquitted by his own presbytery on the same charges. According to the prosecution, he has given expression in the pulpit to views radically at variance with the teachings of Scripture. It is alleged that he has denied the miracles and explained them by natural causes, called Jonah a myth, repudiated the orthodox account of the fall of man, rejected the authority of the Bible, and declared that certain Scriptural incidents were mere fables and to be so understood. Specifically, he is alleged to have expressed either disbelief in or a new interpretation of the temptation of Eve, the fall of Jericho, the judgment upon Uzzah, who was struck dead for touching the Ark, the divine birth of Jesus, the story of the manger, the temptation of Christ, the resurrection, the judgment on Ananias and Sapphira, etc. If the charges be sustained and if these are indeed the views held by Dr. Grant, his proper place would seem to be outside the orthodox Christian church, for it would be impossible to reconcile such convictions with an efficient Christian ministry. He makes an explanation or defense which has at least the merit of frankness, if not of novelty. To keep his audience awake, he found it necessary to "shock" them at intervals. And it is these suddenly-aroused hearers presumably who, catching the note of emphasis but missing the full meaning of some of the verbal "shocks," have made them the basis of the ecclesiastical inquiry.

There ought surely to be a limit to the possibilities of a preacher breaking loose from denominational moorings and setting up his own individual judgment and interpretation against all the consecrated Christian scholarship that has gone before him. There is no sadder spectacle than a church weighted with such an incubus. Soundness in the pulpit on theological essentials is a vital necessity to the spiritual life of the pew. Heresy trials are to a strange anachronism nowadays. It should, however, be quite clearly understood that when a pastor ceases to hold the essential doctrines he is pledged to teach, his honorable course is to seek another allegiance. Whether or not this is the case in the present instance the presbytery will decide.

## Laying up Treasure

AT NINETY-ONE years of age, Dr. Daniel K. At Pearsons, having given away to charity the last remnants of his great fortune, is about to retire and pass the sunset of his life in one of the sanitariums he himself has founded. He has kept barely enough to supply his personal necessities; but he can look around and see on every side the good results of his splendid munificence. This man's life-story reads like a wonderful fable. He began "poor as Job's turkey" and worked his way through college, living in an attic, chopping wood and cooking his own frugal meals. He taught school, studied medicine and afterward went to farming and lumbering. He had a good wife who shared his ambition to help others, and he used to say, "She wanted me to make

money to give it away." And give it they did. Wealth poured in upon him; all his investments turned to gold. The pair were childless, but he remembered his own early hardships and decided to give away systematically all the money he could make to help the struggling youth of both sexes. He has endowed forty-seven colleges in twenty-four States, twelve of them in the South, and declares, "I have had more fun than any other rich man alive. They are welcome to their automobiles and steam yachts. I have discovered that giving is the most exquisite delight in the world. I intend to die penniless." His total gifts to education and charity aggregate \$6,000,000. With him, giving has been a passion, and his career illustrates the joy that comes of real service and of living for others. This great-souled philanthropist has shown us the most practical way of laying up heavenly treasure, by a wise, generous and humane disposition of the surplus wealth we accumulate here.

## Of David's Line

IT IS not generally known that the royal houses of Germany and Great Britain both claim lineal descent from King David. In the royal genealogical trees or charts kept at Potsdam and Windsor (both of comparatively recent compilation), the lines of King George and Emperor William are traced back to the Israelitish monarch. Queen Elizabeth's famous "family tree," which is preserved at Hatfield House, the home of the Salisburys, traces her ancestry to the same source. Now a Russian princess is betrothed to a prince of undoubted Davidic descent; but she is several removes distant from the royal house of Romanoff—too far to exert any ameliorating influence on the traditional severity of Russia's attitude toward the Jews. Yet, some day, it is not improbable that Russia, looking back over the lesson of history, may begin to believe that not a few of her national misfortunes are due to her conduct toward this helpless race.

## Closing Relief Work in China

From a letter from the Chin-kiang Missionary Committee

THURSDAY and Friday of this last week our committee superintended the unloading of 13,267 bags of gao-liang, a little over a thousand tons. It was bought partly with CHRISTIAN HERALD money. It was purchased in North China by Mr. Ferguson. It took twenty-two small native boats. We had seventy-five coolies, and did the unloading in about twenty hours' actual work. It went into North King-su district. Of the last remittance, we have decided to give the distributing committees the cash, as it is getting late for shipping grain. On behalf of the sufferers, we thank you for your hearty response to our cable messages.

JAMES B. WEBSTER, Treasurer.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Great Library Dedicated

THE dedication of the New York Public Library on May 23 was a memorable occasion. There were present at the exercises President Taft, Governor Dix, Mayor Gaynor and others. The exercises were in the following order: Opening prayer by Bishop Greer; delivery of the keys by Thomas Hastings, the architect; addresses by Charles B. Stover, Mayor Gaynor, John Bigelow, George L. Reed, Governor Dix, and President Taft; and benediction by Archbishop Farley. The exercises were held in the main lobby fronting on Fifth Avenue. The seating capacity was limited to 500, and that number of persons holding tickets was present. Two hours later 15,000 to whom special tickets had been given passed through the building two abreast, making a hasty inspection of the institution. The building, of white Vermont marble, has been nine years in construction, costing \$10,000,000, and \$2,000,000 more are to be expended upon it. The ground on which the building stands is owned by the city and is worth \$20,000,000. The building has a floor space of 375,000 feet, as against 328,000 in the Congressional Library of Washington. There are 1,400,000 books on the shelves, and there is shelf room enough for 2,500,000 more. The crowning glory of the edifice is the reading room on the top floor, the largest in the world, being 290 feet in length, 77 feet in width, and 50 feet in height. There are many individual reading rooms for technical study. There is a bindery in the basement; a purser's office; a cataloguing room; a room where books are ordered from dealers; a receiving room; a library school; a manuscript room; a printing office, etc. It was well to make so much of so momentous an occasion. In the greed for gain, in the speed of the race for material success which kills, it is well to pause and emphasize the intellectual and the spiritual, to consider the greater treasures which cannot be weighed in scales, measured by tapes, hauled in wagons, or hoarded in safes, the things of the mind and the soul. Between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 of endowment has been laid away to support this great institution, which will be the fountain of a perpetual stream to purify the corruptions of city life. It will be another instrumentality which, in connection with the religious and educational institutions, will cure vices, check crimes and develop the highest manhood and womanhood. There was a royal city among the Canaanites called Kirjath-sepher, which meant "city of books," because it was the library city of the realm. There is the account of Caleb's capture of it.

And he went up thence to the inhabitants of Debir; and the name of Debir before was Kirjath-sepher. (Josh. 15:15.)

## Flowers for Dead Sailors

It is claimed that the first memorial service for naval men who died in the Civil War was held at the 129th Street Recreation Pier in New York City recently. A little group of men who had command of Federal fleets and members of the Daughters of Veterans assembled there for exercises in honor of the unknown dead sailors and marines of the Civil War. Mrs. Mary D. Ring of the Daughters of Veterans presided and made the address of welcome. The exercises consisted of music and speeches from the veterans who had fought on land and sea. Then a miniature warship made of heavy cardboard, filled with flowers, was taken out from the pier on a launch into the Hudson River. A salute was fired from the shore as it was put into the water and towed about until it sank, its cargo of flowers floating out on the surface of the stream as an offering to those whose resting place was in the sea. It is strange that there should have been a delay of between forty and fifty years since the close of the Civil War to pay such a fitting tribute to those who gave their lives to their country in this department of the service. This exquisitely beautiful memorial service was of course the product of woman's loyalty and love. All these memorial services wherever held only emphasize the indestructibility of the Union purchased at such a price, and the spirit of harmony and affection which exists in all sections of the country, North and South, East

and West. The flowers did not find the bodies of the boys; the fragrance they exhaled was not breathed by them; but the blossoms did the living good as an expression of gratitude at the patriotism, heroism and sacrifice of the men who perished in the sea. Earthly immortality is thus mentioned:

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. (Rev. 14:13.)

## Life in the Stars

Professor T. J. J. See, astronomer in charge of the Naval Observatory at Mare Island, Calif., in a talk to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia the other day, laid especial stress upon the proof that planetary systems similar to our own revolve about all the fixed stars, and that these planets are habitable and inhabited like our planets which revolve about the sun. He said life was a perfect general phenomenon in the universe, and that living beings exist wherever a star twinkles in a depth of space. There is a strong probability that Professor See is correct in his statement that the worlds in space are inhabited. It is likely that



Opening Ceremonies at the New York Public Library

the omniscient God has intelligences to people such illimitable masses and spaces, and yet it is pure speculation without scientific demonstration to declare that this is so. There is little doubt, however, that science with its great strides is peopled with intelligent creatures made in the image of God, and amenable to his royal law of love. God has made the stars; he upholds them in their ceaseless rounds, and knows their number and name, and every creature that may reside in each one of them.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. (Ps. 147:4.)

## Caught Lions with Fly-Paper

Stewart Peyton, owner of a chain of religious newspapers, returning from India to England, gave an account of the manner in which four man-eating lions were captured by means of fly-paper. The Maharajah of Gwalior imported lions from Somaliland to restock his depleted jungles. Four man-eating lions were turned loose in the jungle. The ruler ordered his captain to bring them to him unharmed. The beasts had taken possession of two deserted huts. The officers spread the space about

the huts with sheets of sticky fly-paper. When the huts were opened, the angry animals leaped out upon this paper. Their paws were bound by the paper, and in their efforts to release them the lions covered their eyes and noses. While the beasts were in this predicament the soldiers lassoed them and took them back to the royal cages. We find here apparently one of the weakest instruments having the greatest power to overcome savagery. It often occurs in the business and religious world that the humblest and apparently most insignificant instrumentalities are employed in overcoming obstacles and in subduing appetites that would destroy.

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. (1 Cor. 1:27.)

## Cemetery 4,000 Years Old

The Archaeological Institute of America had most interesting sessions at Brown University. Papers were read by some of the most distinguished men and women in this country and by specialists from Europe. One of the most entertaining papers was on American excavations in Crete in 1910, by Miss Edith H. Hall, of Mount Holyoke College. She told of the discovery of a burying ground which dated back to 2,000 years before Christ, in which many valuable objects were found. In this cemetery were unearthed 150 large jars in which bodies had been buried. In many cases the bones were entirely decomposed, but some were preserved, so that it could be seen how the bodies were bent and placed in the jars, which were buried mouth downward. Some nations embalmed their dead, others burned their bodies and preserved their ashes in sacred urns; but it has been the general custom of the race to bury its dead out of sight and guard with care their hallowed graves. Oblivion has covered the past with a thick dust, has buried individuals, cities, nations, and even graves far from sight. The spade has to dig hard to uncover this soil and reveal the secret, but when found they are of intense interest to the living. The discovery of the ancient cemetery in Crete reminds us of one much more ancient. In the earliest records there is the description of the purchase of a most beautiful burying ground by Abraham, in which he laid his beloved Sarah to sleep.

And after this, Abraham buried his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre: the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan. (Gen. 23:19.)

## Distinguished English Visitors

One thousand clergymen, including Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews, attended a meeting in the interest of international peace, held under the auspices of the Federation of Churches in New York City recently. Three of England's distinguished sons sent in the interest of world peace were to have spoken. These were Allen Baker, Esq., member of Parliament, the Very Rev. W. Moore Ede, D.D., and the Rev. John Clifford, D.D. The two former were delayed on the steamer by the fog, and Dr. Clifford, one of the most eloquent and powerful clergymen in Great Britain during this generation, was given most of the time. The Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young introduced as president, Dr. George Alexander, who presented Dr. Clifford. Resolutions were presented by Frederick Lynch, D.D., and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. All spoke most eloquently of universal peace through the leadership of England and America. Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, secretary of the Federation of Churches of New York, offered resolutions against the passage of any race-track gambling laws at Albany. A hundred or more of the ministers sat down at a luncheon at the galleries of the National Arts Club, and after luncheon greetings and responses were made by Hon. Seth Low, Allen Baker, Rev. Dr. Jowett, the Very Rev. W. Moore Ede, the Rev. John Howard Mellish, the Rev. Dr. John Clifford and Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. The addresses on peace between England and America abounded with humor, wholesome truth and loftiest sentiment. Dr. William J. Schieffelin was the master of ceremonies.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isa. 2:4.)



# Diaz Surrenders Rule of Mexico



Francisco I. Madero



THE NATIONAL PALACE OF MEXICO, MEXICO CITY



Francisco de la Barra

**T**HOUGH the latest dispatches from Mexico tell the story of wild rioting in the City of Mexico and of the depredations of bandits in other parts of the republic, the peace news is, in the main, bright with promise. President Diaz's assurance that he would resign before June 1 had the desired effect of ending the revolution on May 17. This retirement, which took place on May 25, has for a good while seemed imperative, and, though the pressure of circumstances has undoubtedly altered the course of his withdrawal from power, it may also be interpreted not merely as conforming to a general estimate of the necessities of the situation, but as a proof of the patriotic spirit in which, not without mistakes and recently in the face of grievous trials and perplexities, he has served his country for so many years. His rule has been that of the iron rod, but he has made Mexico a nation.

Arrangements for the holding of elections will be made as soon as quiet has been entirely restored. In the meantime Señor Francisco de la Barra, Minister of Foreign Relations, will act as President, and General Francisco I. Madero is to act as his special adviser. The designation of a new minister of war and the selection of the other ministers will be made by the Provisional President in agreement with General Madero. These are not in all respects the terms on which the insurgents have lately been reported to be insistent, but the prompt withdrawal of General Diaz and the official honor paid to Madero will doubtless more than reconcile them to the rest

of the offer and the negotiations may therefore be expected to result in a substantial reunion of the people of Mexico in support of a reconstructed federal government under Señor de la Barra. In many ways the Provisional President is finely qualified for his responsible position. He was a successful lawyer before he entered politics and he has represented Mexico at the Ibero-American Congress in Madrid, at two Pan-American Congresses and at the last Hague Peace Conference. He has also been ambassador to Belgium and the Netherlands and at Washington.

There were many dramatic scenes attendant on the change of régime in the City of Mexico. When, on May 24, it was announced that General Diaz, who was lying at his home too ill to receive any but the highest officials and his most intimate friends, would not resign that day, a great outburst of popular indignation took place. There were wild riots in the streets, and mobs ranged about Diaz's home, calling "Death to Diaz!" and "Viva Madero!" There was nothing anti-foreign in these demonstrations. They seemed rather to be a spontaneous outburst of a hot-headed people who believed they had been duped and deceived beyond endurance. A number of clashes between the troops and the street crowds occurred, and the troops fired several times. Several were wounded and a number of deaths were reported. The revolutionary leaders went into the crowds as soon as they could, and by an appeal to the spirit of patriotism and self-respect, succeeded

in restoring quiet. Alfredo Robles Dominguez, who is now the ranking Maderist in the capital, went into the streets accompanied by his staff. Riding from one group of manifestants to another, he exhorted them to remember the dignity of their cause and not to disgrace themselves and their leader by rioting. The crowds did not disperse, but there was a marked improvement in their behavior.

It has now been agreed that a body of 3,000 revolutionary troops shall be brought near enough to the City of Mexico to be rushed in should any further disorder occur. Throughout the afternoon of the 24th, and all the following day, the attitude of the troops seemed changed. Instead of spurring headlong into the midst of crowds and firing on very slight provocation as in former days, more leniency was shown. The people possessed the city and the soldiers and police did little to interfere with their marching and cheering. For the first time in thirty years the populace feels free to voice its political sentiments, and it is only to be wondered at that there have not been even more grave disorders due to sheer exuberance of spirits.

The scene in the Congressional Chamber on the afternoon of the 25th will become historic. The deputy who presented the resignation of General Diaz said: "President Diaz is dead! Long live Citizen Diaz!" The shout in the Chamber at these words was taken up by the crowds outside the National Palace, and the first vivas for the aged warrior in many days were heard.

## Britain's Festival of Empire

*Continued from page 583*

Now that the official year of mourning for the late King Edward VII. has ended, London and all the world that goes to London is taking advantage of the round of social events and celebrations to appear in its gayest attire. Yet though the splendid uniforms and the court dresses form a veritable kaleidoscope of color there are a few noticeable changes in the styles of the circle that moves closest about the King and Queen. King George has revived the popularity of the coat designed especially for his father and called in America the Prince Albert, while Queen Mary's determined attitude toward extremes of dress is having its desired effect. At all the notable functions of the last few weeks the ladies' gowns have shown considerable modification. No woman connected with the court now wears expansive hats. The ladies in waiting are required to wear toques and their skirts, which must touch the ground, have to be two and a half yards in width.

The visit of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany to London for the unveiling of the splendid gilt and marble memorial to Queen Victoria has provided excuses for the assemblage of great throngs of people. One American visiting in the old capital remarked: "I can't go around the corner without meeting the King, Queen, or Emperor. I stumble on royalties everywhere. Next to unfinished coronation grand stands, clinging to the churches and monuments and other ancient landmarks, Boy Scouts and omnibuses, crowned heads seem the most frequent street spectacle in London."

The activities of the military aeronauts at the Hendon Aviation Field have aroused deep interest amongst all classes, and it is not at all uncommon to see parliamentarian, prince and pauper mingle in the curious crowd that has watched these experiments. The accompanying photograph of Mr. Asquith, Premier of Great Britain, and his son and daughter, was made not long since on the field at Hendon.

One of the features noticed by all visitors in London at this season is the apparent ease with which the great masses of people are handled by the police. At the ceremony of the unveiling of the



Premier Asquith with His Son and Daughter at Hendon

memorial there was a vast concourse which carpeted the whole wide green slope of the Green Park. Yet only on the very border of the Mall was any real crowding. Everybody was very sedate, and with a few exceptions with hats off, all the way back to Piccadilly, fully a quarter of a mile away. As the guns thundered the salute, the cheers were confined to the crowd along the Mall as the royal personages passed on foot across the few yards between the monument and the palace gates. Not a policeman had been visible in all the wide stretch of park during the ceremony. There had been plenty to guide people in. There were plenty at all the exits, but they were rather ushers than human barriers. The flow of thousands was controlled by a gesture and a word.

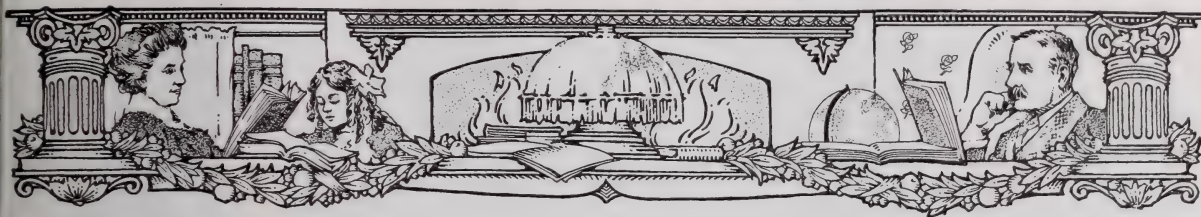
When the ceremony was over and the assemblage broke up there were generals and admirals in full uniform covered with decorations, bishops in their robes, officers of the guards in scarlet, choristers in surplices, notables in court dress—velvet coats, silk stockings, and silver buckles—peeresses, and fine ladies in dainty laces and feathers, all mixed with curious Americans. There were pub-keepers and their wives; and the dingy casual of the street lightly elbowed the royal carriages with finkies in scarlet and champing and fretting horses. Most of these resplendent notables later mingled on foot with the drab troops of sightseers. Still there was no pushing, hardly even momentary crowding, and only an occasional brief and polite activity on the part of the police to clear the way for a state equipage. So strongly does this contrast with the handling of crowds in our own cities that it is sure to impress all Americans.

The hotel men of London have at last awakened to their mistake in putting such high prices on accommodations in the city, and the newspapers, as well as many of the proprietors of hotels further from the centre of the city than those about Piccadilly, are sparing no efforts to impress upon all the world that there are still good accommodations to be had at comparatively reasonable prices.

THEODORE RAND-MCNALLY.



# TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



## The June Wedding

DOROTHEA is to be married in June. Her most intimate girl friends have been in the secret for several months, and the aunts and cousins weeks ago decided what they would wear at the wedding and how much they could afford to spend upon wedding presents. Dorothea's mother is so early and late in these days setting aunts stitches in the trousseau, and with her own hands finishing garments in which the daughter looks with eyes of loving appreciation as they accumulate in the bureau drawers. No doubt the daughter would relieve her mother of much of this work if she had time, but ever since she left school she has been busily occupied in office work and she does not mean to resign her position until a few days before the great event. Dorothea's people have always been obliged to count their pennies as well as their dollars, and as she is about to marry a young man who has his own way to make and is well started in a business of his own, she hopes to prove herself a good manager and a real helpmate. Why should this young couple feel obliged to go away upon an expensive wedding journey, showing themselves among strangers in the hours of the honeymoon and losing the sense of sacred privacy which it is the privilege of every bride and groom to exact in the beginning of their married life? In the possession of limited means they are to be congratulated beyond young people whose fathers, owing to wealth and splendor, are always in the lime-light and are constantly exploited with glaring headlines in the daily press.

Reporters will not ring Dorothea's door-bell nor fashion journals inquire about the length of her train and the fabric of her wedding gown. She will be a bride of June stepping from the charmed circle of home love and the sweet guardianship of father and mother into a little home of her very own, where she and her husband will enjoy their day of small things and adjust themselves to the strangeness of their new conditions and set forth on a road which from youth to age shall be worthily trodden in integrity, honor and usefulness.

### Bridal Showers

Among the interesting features preceding a wedding, the showers planned by friends take front rank. A bride may have a linen, a china, a kitchen or a miscellaneous shower. The hostess of such a function issues her invitations to those who care enough for the bride-to-be to wish very much an opportunity to add to her pleasure. Such affairs may properly be connected with a luncheon, an afternoon tea or at this season with an informal party of the veranda in the early evening. Each individual gift should be wrapped in delicate tissue paper, tied with narrow ribbon and accompanied by the card of the giver on which may be written a sentiment, a rhyme, or simply a greeting and expression of affection. Witty friends sometimes write clever limricks, and these awaken considerable fun when they are read aloud. As the shower is bestowed upon the bride, she thanks her friends one by one, but it is not incumbent upon her to make a speech. Refreshments may be as

simple or elaborate on the occasion as the hostess chooses to have them.

### The Wedding Dress

Neither Dorothea nor any other bride of June should feel obliged to follow precedent in the matter of her wedding dress or the style of her wedding or the sending out of announcements. For once in her life it is a woman's prerogative to be queenly, and this falls upon her wedding day. A gown of white muslin is as becoming to a youthful bride as one of satin or lace. She may or may not wear a veil. Traditionally, the bridal veil dates back to antiquity. It is a souvenir of the period when the bride's identity

gray is the choice for a woman on her second marriage.

June is so beautiful in its abundance of flowers that the home decoration for the wedding may be found in the garden, the meadow or the forest. Heaven bless the brides of June.

### A Good Example

ALL honor to Radcliffe College. It has set a good example to every woman's college and every high school and every grammar school in the whole country, in its recent decision about what the girl graduates are to wear on commencement day. The Radcliffe girl graduates are to wear plain

embroidered or lace trimmed, with white stockings and slippers and wide ribbons. A carriage in which to drive to the school was obligatory because the toilette was too conspicuous or too showy to admit of walking through the street or taking a street car. It may be added that the Radcliffe girls are prohibited from arranging their hair in any fashion except one that is extremely simple.

### Life on a House-Boat

AN inexpensive and delightful method of passing the summer has by some city people been discovered in life on a house-boat. Provided the family home be not too far from the shore of a bay or river, the plan works admirably. For example, dwellers in Brooklyn or on the Jersey coast or elsewhere near salt water have the choice of several excellent beaches. The house-boat is often an old canal boat that has been bought for little money, renovated and painted within and without, and fitted up with the simplest furnishings. Here a mother and children may spend the warmest weeks of the year wearing old clothes and eating plain food, dropping for their daily bath into the waves that lap against the boat, wading far out at low tide and growing strong in sun and air.

"We left our table linen at home for the season," said the owner of such a boat last year, "using white oilcloth instead of damask, and carrying with us a large stock of Japanese paper napkins. We minimized every item of work and forgot the fetters of society. Every evening the tired father came out from business, going back and forth on the electric cars. The baby in her second summer had no trouble whatever, and the mother who had been nervous and depressed rebounded and was like a girl again in her love of fun and her renewal of vigor."

A house-boat colony composed of agreeable neighbors all of whom have a mind to live the simple life rivals in pleasure and profit an opposite colony of millionaires who spend without stint and find the summer much like the winter in social excitement and display.

### Scrap-Books and Clipping-Boxes

TEN years hence when airships are no longer a novelty it will be very interesting to have a history of their progress ready to one's hand. The same may be said with regard to a number of other marvels and discoveries that are at present chronicled in the daily press. The changes going on in Europe, the political progress of this country and the sayings and doings of famous people ought to be preserved by intelligent American families, either in scrap-books properly classified, or in labeled pasteboard boxes. Let one boy or girl in the household take charge of the home clipping bureau, and day by day before the newspapers are destroyed cut out the interesting items and lay them away for future use. They may be pasted or classified on a rainy day or in the evening.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF SPAIN

THESE are the children of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain. This picture, which was taken in the gardens of the Alcazar, at Seville, is one of the best that has ever been made of these sturdy youngsters without older companions. The oldest, Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias and heir to the Spanish throne, was born in 1907. The second son, Prince Jaime, is now nearly three years old, and the little Princess Beatrice will be two on the 21st of next July. King George of England is a cousin of these children, though the Spanish reigning family are Bourbons, descendants of King Louis XIV of France.

was surrendered, so far as her family was concerned, and wholly merged in the family of her husband when he carried her away from her kith and kin to dwell in his father's house. Perhaps the modern aversion to relations-in-law had its early origin in the patriarchal system when a young man had not his own home upon his marriage, but continued to live with his wife under the parental roof. A veil is pretty, if one chooses to have it, but as it does not suit every face many brides look better without this finishing touch on their costume. Dorothea is a maiden and may wear a veil, but if her friend Emily, who is only twenty-three and a widow, were to marry again, a veil would not be appropriate for her, nor should she wear bridal white. A delicate lavender or a pearl

shirtwaists, white, of course, with severe collars and ties furnished by the college. These will necessarily be alike, so that in the matter of neckwear one young woman may not surpass another. The skirts of white linen are to be severely plain and three inches from the ground. Oxford ties and black stockings complete the costume, except for the cap and gown which is the uniform of the seniors. Thus dressed, the graduates will present a dignified appearance and no alarming expense need be incurred by parents of limited means. Even in the public schools of New York City young girls graduating from grammar or high school have been obliged by custom to dress in costly frocks, frilled,



# Talking Peace Plans at Lake Mohonk



Copyright by Enoch Brown, New York.  
Baron d'Estournelles de Constant

A SCENE AT LAKE MOHONK

Nicholas Murray Butler

IT IS now seventeen years since the first Mohonk Conference took place. On Wednesday, May 24, the Conference on International Arbitration began a three days' session at the lake. There was a large and most distinguished attendance. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, presided, and among the notabilities present were Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of Paris, Herr Prediger F. W. Simoleit of Berlin, Dr. John Clifford of London, Dr. Andrew D. White, Dr. Cyrus Northrup, Chief Justice Sir William Mulock, of the High Court of Ontario, W. L. Mackenzie King, Canadian Minister of Labor; Charles S. Francis and Charlemagne Tower.

In his opening address, Professor Butler reviewed the long years of agitation for peace. He said:

A clever observer of his kind said not long ago that whenever some occupation was discovered, making for the peace of the world that was as profitable as is the preparation for war, then the age of militarism would be over. This statement touches upon a very profound and far-reaching truth to which I ventured to allude in this place a year ago. This truth is one that must be seriously reckoned with. We have now reached a point where, unparalleled enthusiasm having been aroused for a rational and orderly development of civilization, it remains to elicit that enthusiasm and to transform it into established policy by proving to all men that militarism does not pay and that peace is profitable. We must meet the money-changers at the doors of their own counting-houses. Just so long as the great mass of mankind believe that military and naval rivalry between civilized nations creates and protects trade, develops and assures commerce, and gives prestige and power to peoples otherwise weak, just so long will the mass of mankind be unwilling to compel their governments to recede from militaristic policies.

The establishment of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace marks an epoch, in that it furnishes the organization and the means for a sustained and systematic effort to reach and to convince the public opinion of the world by scientific argument and exposition. Talk about the evils of war there has been in plenty; we are now ready and anxious for something more constructive.

It has been determined by the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment to organize the undertaking committed to their charge as a great institution for research and public education and to carry on its work in three parts or divisions—a Division of International Law, a Division of Economics and History, and a Division of Intercourse and Education. Otherwise stated,

these three Divisions will represent the juristic, the economic, and, broadly speaking, the educational aspect of the problem before the trustees, which is to hasten the abolition of international war by the erection of an international judicial system competent to hear and to determine all questions of difference arising between nations.

The Division of International Law will be under the direction of Professor James Brown Scott, associated with whom will be a board composed of some of the most distinguished international lawyers in the world. The point of view of each great nation will be represented in their councils, and the results to be arrived at will be the joint work of jurists of every school and of every language. Dr. Butler goes on to say:

It is not too much to hope that by the influence of these scholars the international law of the future will prove to be without the division between the law of peace and the law of war, which is now characteristic of it. The method which obtains in the domain of municipal law affords a model and an example for the method to be applied in the field of international law. We need, first, an agreement as to the fundamental principles which should regulate the rights and duties of nations in their mutual intercourse, which principles would then form the substantive law of nations. The means and instrumentalities provided to enforce a right or to redress a wrong would indicate the natural and normal procedure to be followed in international discussion and litigation. It would then appear that for the maintenance of rights and for the redress of wrongs between nations there are, first, the legal remedies, and, secondly, the resort to violence and force. In this way the rules of war would cease to form a part of the substantive law of nations; they would be classed, together with the peaceable remedies and after them, as one of the possible means of enforcing rights and redressing wrongs. The text-books of international law would no longer put war on an equality with peace, but would relegate it to its appropriately subordinate place in the consideration of questions of procedure.

The second division (Division of Economics and History) will be under the direction of Professor John Bates Clark, of Columbia University. It will aim at the education of public opinion and at the formulation of conclusions that may serve for the guidance of governmental policy. With Professor Clark will be associated a score of the world's leading economists.

The third division (Division of Intercourse and

Education) will supplement the work of the two other divisions, by co-operating with existing agencies, by the educational work of propaganda, by international hospitality, and by promoting international friendship. It will diffuse information and educate public opinion regarding the causes, nature and effects of war, and will make practical application of the teachings and findings of the Divisions of International Law and of Economics and History.

The speaker assured his hearers that

the organization of an international judicial system goes steadily on. An International Court of Prize was created by the Second Hague Conference, and the same body recommended the establishment of an International Court of Arbitral Justice. So soon as these two courts shall be put into operation at The Hague a permanent international judiciary will have been created—one capable of hearing and deciding any and every controversy of a justiciable character which may arise between nations either in time of peace or because of the existence of a state of war.

The International Court of Prize has not yet been instituted. Great Britain did not wish to invest the International Court of Prize with lawmaking functions, and postponed its acceptance until an agreement had been had upon the principles of law which the tribunal was to administer. Upon the invitation of the Government of Great Britain, representatives of the leading naval powers assembled in London from December 4, 1906, to February 26, 1909, and agreed upon the so-called Declaration of London, the purpose of which is to furnish the proposed tribunal with the law which, as the International Court of Prize, it is to administer. In this way the objection of Great Britain has been met. The United States objected to those provisions of this same convention which gave to the proposed tribunal the attributes of a court of appeal, and under which a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States might be subject to review at its hands. An alternative form of procedure has been proposed, which meets the objections offered on behalf of the United States and which, embodied in the form of an additional protocol, has been approved by the signatories of the original convention. On February 16, 1911, the Senate of the United States approved both the original Convention as to the International Court of Prize and the additional protocol. Ratifications of both instruments by the various signatories will doubtless be deposited at The Hague during the present year, and the International Court of Prize will then be an accomplished fact.

Other speakers at the meetings of the Conference were Don Ignacio Calderon, Bolivian Minister at Washington; Dr. F. J. Yanes of the Pan-American Directorate, and Baron de Constant.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—REV. CHARLES F. AKER's ministry in San Francisco opened auspiciously. His first sermon was preached to an audience of 1,600.

—IT IS REPORTED from Tokio, Japan, that the government leaders are deeply interested in the proposed arbitration treaties between the United States and France and Great Britain. Those nearest the source of information believe that only hesitation due to uncertainty as to how such a proposition would be received is preventing Japan from opening negotiations for a peace treaty with this country as comprehensive as the tentative drafts show those with France and Great Britain to be. In Washington, D. C., the idea seems to have made a favorable impression, though qualified by the knowledge that one never knows what a treaty will really look like till the Senate gets through with it.

—THE ATTENTION OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS has been attracted by the movements of the Turkish government troops on the Montenegrin frontier since the Albanian outbreak. Russia has forwarded to the Sultan's government, through its ambassador at Constantinople, a note, the imperative character of which makes plain that this concentration of forces constitutes a serious menace to peace. German newspapers do not hesitate to criticize this move, but Russia is counting on the support of France, Italy and Great Britain for the prevention of actual hostilities. In case the Turkish government proves recalcitrant, the measures adopted may include a display of naval force, such as was sufficient, in the days of the deposed Sultan, to restore tranquillity.

—AT PHILADELPHIA on May 25 the United States launched a new dreadnought in the 26,000-ton battleship *Wyoming*, which when it gets its full armament will not be surpassed by any fighting ship in the world. The *Wyoming* went down the ways in the Cramps' shipyard at noon, named by Miss Dorothy Eunice Knight, of Wyoming, in the presence of Governor Carey and a delegation of visitors from the State for which the ship is named. Cheers from the crowds assembled on the launching stand, and at points of vantage nearby, greeted the monster ironclad as she slipped into the water. Secretary Meyer of the Navy Department and many naval officers saw the ceremony. When the battleship is completed she will carry fifty-four officers and 1,030 men. She went into the water one-third toward completion.

—AN EFFORT TO AROUSE THE foundrymen of the nation to a realization of the danger from fire which lies in the permission of smoking in offices and factories was recently made by Thomas D. West, president of the American Foundrymen's Association and of the Anti-Accident Association. In an address delivered at Pittsburgh, Mr. West emphasized the great loss of property and life which is due to fires started by the burning matches or the live coals dropped by careless smokers. He cited the recent holocaust in New York City and the great fire in Bangor, Me., as examples of the horrible destruction that may be wrought by a single act of carelessness. He closed by urging the association to awaken to its duty in assisting the great public sentiment in favor of stringent precautionary laws and their strict enforcement.

—WHAT IS CLAIMED to be the oldest manuscript in the world is a roll of eighteen papyrus pages, which is said to have been found in a very ancient monument near Thebes in 1847 by M. De L'Avenue. It is now in the famous collection of the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. The manuscript is supposed to belong to the eleventh dynasty, which is earlier than the time of Moses and possibly even than the days of the Israelitish patriarchs. It was presumably written by a prince of a royal Egyptian house, and is full of advice to the young to "fear the words of ancient wisdom," showing that there was, even in that early day, a philosophy of life which had already begun to be neglected. Humility and obedience the writer declares to be the foundation of all the virtues.

—NOTWITHSTANDING THE TRAGIC accident which resulted in the death of M. Henri Berteaux and the injury of the Premier of France, at the opening of the Paris-to-Madrid aeroplane race, the contest was resumed on the following day by four of the competitors. Emile Train, whose machine was the direct cause of the disaster, retired from the race, saying he had not the heart to continue; but Messieurs Gilbert, Vedrine, Frey, and Garros decided to attempt the flight. Mons. Vedrine, after a short fight to test his engine, started at 4.11 A.M. on Monday, May 22, and arrived at Angoulême, 279 miles from the aviation field at Issy-les-Moulineux, in the remarkable time of three hours and forty-three minutes. This feat of traversing 279 miles in 223 minutes breaks all world's records for distance in a cross-country flight. The running time for the Paris to Angoulême express train is five hours and eighteen minutes.



# Our Boys and Girls

## Longer Flights and Double Propellers

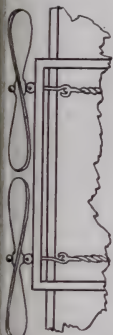
Fourth of a Series of Articles on Miniature Air-Craft, Written Specially for Christian Herald Boys and Girls by Francis A. Collins, Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes"

THERE is no toy in the world which more richly repays patience and perseverance in the building than the model aeroplane. Aeroplanes both large and small are in their infancy. Each year brings many improvements. The amateur builder of model aeroplanes will soon have ideas of his own to work out and will find himself favoring one aeroplane above all others. It is difficult to lay down the exact plan of the second aeroplane to be built, but there are several general principles which all should bear in mind.

The tendency in aeroplane building toward the simple monoplane forms, and the amateur will do well to avoid airplanes. One of the first improvements to be made on your first model is to provide it with curved or flexed wings. If the planes are slightly bowed upward, with the curve at the front or entering edge, their lifting power will be increased and the flights made steadier.

### Two Ways

One plan is to build your wings of reed and bend them to the desired curve when wet, so that on drying they will hold their shape. Another plan is to make the ends of the planes of wire and bend them to the right curve. A curved wing should have several ribs bent to the same curve to keep the



Double Your Propellers

cloth covering even. The curve of both wings should be exactly the same. The lifting power of a flexed wing is increased by flexing, so that your planes may be considerably narrower than when built flat and be spaced farther apart. After you have built such wings, try them out on your motor base by moving them backward and forward until you get the right balance. The flexed wing being smaller works an important economy in the weight of your model. Be careful to have the covering of the flexed planes perfectly smooth on both the upper and under surfaces. It is a good plan to paint the wings with a thin solution of paraffine.

### Double Propellers

To increase the length of your flights your propellers should be doubled. If you increase the size of your rubber bands beyond a certain point, you decrease their efficiency. To mount double propellers you will need a new motor base. The simplest plan is to build a simple rectangle of dowel sticks. Make them six inches in width and three feet in length, nailing and gluing the corners. Now, instead of the square blocks used for the wire axles of your motor, merely fasten wooden strips at both ends of the frame, one inch by one-half an inch and six inches in length. These should be pierced near their outer ends and the shafts of your propellers passed through them in the regular way.

### You Will Be Delighted

The propellers in this case may be smaller, and of course they must not strike one another in turning. Connect the hooks of either propeller with the hooks at the opposite ends of the motor base with skeins of rubber bands of exactly the same size. In winding up, turn the propellers in opposite directions, and give each the same num-

ber of turns. When wound up, hold a propeller in either hand and let go at the same instant. You will be delighted to find how much farther the double motor will carry your air craft.

The amateur aviator who has commenced with the building of paper gliders and worked up through easy stages, should have no trouble in locating any faults in his new models. The trouble, if any, is likely to be due to poor balance of the planes; but if the model has been built and tested out as a glider, many pitfalls will be avoided. There is danger of the motor being either too strong or too weak. If it be too weak, your aeroplane will instantly fall to the ground. If it is too powerful, the propeller will buzz around, coming to a rest in less than five seconds without propelling the model but a few feet. A good motor should run for about twelve seconds. It is a good plan to test it out thoroughly before making a flight.

### WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

THAT an apple tied up in a handkerchief may be cut in two without cutting the cloth of the latter will not be believed by any one until it is tried.

Hang the apple wrapped up in a handkerchief by a string, as in illustration. (Old sheeting should be used the first few times until you are sure your knife is sharp enough.)

Take a strong heavy knife and strike up in a line with the string. You will find the apple cut neatly, but the handkerchief undamaged, albeit a little wet.

Great care should be taken not to strike with a drawing motion. The success of this pretty experiment will depend a good deal on your having a very sharp and polished knife, such as a heavy carving knife.



### For Very Little People

Oh, ring the bells! Oh, ring the bells!  
We bid you, sirs, good-morning;  
Give thanks, we pray, for our flowers are gay  
And fair for your adorning.

Oh, ring the bells! Oh, ring the bells!  
Good folk, accept our greeting;  
And may each year bring you good cheer,  
So, hey! for our next meeting!



Polly Plympton's Blossom Party



## Rings, Brooches—Jewelry of almost all kinds can be cleaned with Ivory Soap and lukewarm water.

Take, for example, the silver-mesh purses, so popular nowadays; an occasional bath in Ivory Soap suds will improve their appearance wonderfully.

If the purse is lined, and the lining is of silk, it need not be removed. If the lining is of kid, detach it if possible.

If that cannot be done, pull it inside out and with a clean, soft

cloth, apply Ivory Soap Paste,\* to the soiled parts, using no water, and removing the paste with another clean, soft cloth.

Then, with a stiff brush (a nail brush, or an old tooth brush will do) apply Ivory Soap suds to the meshes. Rub vigorously, changing the water as often as necessary. Rinse in clear water. Dry in the sun.

Ivory Soap can be used for any number of purposes for which ordinary soaps cannot (and should not) be used.

Please make a note of that fact; and use it whenever the question "How shall I clean it?" confronts you.

## Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

\*Directions for making Ivory Soap Paste will be found on the inside of every Ivory Soap wrapper. The proper proportions, are: Half a cake of Ivory Soap (small size) to a quart of water.

### ABOUT AIR-SHIPPING—an Up-to-Date Booklet

M<sup>R</sup>. COLLINS' articles on Miniature Air-Shipping have been so popular with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls that we have had the entire series put into attractive booklet form. This delightful little book is fully illustrated and contains thoroughly up-to-date material. "How to Build Paper Gliders," "Home-made Birds and Butterflies," "The Wright Machine Model," "Best Miniature Aeroplanes," "Motor Models," "How to Increase the Flying Power of Small Air Craft," "The Trick of Launching," etc., are some of the delightful subjects included in this booklet, which will be sent as a supplementary prize to all who solve or make a good guess at the following puzzle:

#### How Was It Managed?

A merchant in Mandalay left his fortune, consisting of seventeen Oriental rugs, to his three sons. To his eldest son he left one half of his fortune, to the second son he left one third of his fortune, to his youngest son he left one ninth of his fortune. Since apparently the rugs could not be satisfactorily divided, for neither one would have a fraction of a rug, they fell to quarrelling, and a neighbor, noted for his wisdom, was called in to settle the dispute. He settled it satisfactorily. Each son received his exact portion, and, at the same time, the conditions of the father's will were complied with. How was it managed?

#### The Birthday of Old Glory

JUNE 14 is the birthday of Old Glory. See to it, boys and girls, that the splendid old ensign flies from your own house-top or flag pole from sunrise to sunset. It is an obligation we all owe the old banner. If you happen not to have a beautiful American flag of your own, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is giving them away in return for a favor. See page 682.

#### June Prize Offers

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award prizes of money, best books, games, kodaks, appropriate pictures and toys, etc., for best original work sent in before June 19. PROSE—subject: "Vacation." VERSE—subject: "Old Glory" or "The Tin Soldier." PHOTOGRAPH—subject: "A Good Time." DRAWING—subject: "A Bird" or a Cozy Corner Heading for July.

Good-Night Verse: I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.

Lovingly and  
faithfully

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



"First the Blend  
then the Making"



IT is second nature to most women to make good coffee. Yet millions of American homes are denied really good coffee because so much coffee is indifferently or ignorantly blended. Here is coffee that will suit you—blended after the private recipe of Mrs. Rorer, the famous cooking authority.

## Mrs. Rorer's OWN BLEND Coffee

It possesses that indescribable deliciousness, that elusive tang, which draws a sigh of perfect content from the coffee lover. It comes to you with all its full "newly roasted flavor" in our patented triple-sealed package. Order Mrs. Rorer's Coffee at your grocer's today. If it isn't the best you've ever tasted, he is authorized to give you your money back.

### FREE: Mrs. Rorer's Book "27 Coffee Recipes"

Write for it today

You'll miss some real treats if you don't learn what enjoyable desserts, cakes, ices and other dainties are made with coffee as a flavor. Write for this free book today, mentioning your dealer's name. Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Company Dept. H1 - 39 Main Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

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A customer writes: "You could not have fitted me better. For the first time in years my feet are comfortable. The soft glow-like feel of

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Soft, easy, durable, neat, stylish, genuine hand-turned shoes of Vel Kid. No lining comfort and fit guaranteed or money refunded. Price includes rubber heels. All styles. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Customers everywhere.

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## YOUR PHYSICIAN will tell you that Sani-Tissue

- It is the Best Toilet Paper because it is Soothing and Healing.
- It is composed of long vegetable fibre which gives it a cloth-like texture and its treatment with Canada balsam and other emollients makes it the only strictly sanitary, hygienic and soft paper.
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**3 Rolls in a Carton for 25c.**

At your Dealer's, or if he does not have it, send us his name, and we will send you a sample pocket packet FREE.

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## The Miss Janes' Silver Wedding

By ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

"YES," said Miss Jane reflectively, "it's twenty-five years ago the tenth of next month since Janie and I first met." And she looked lovingly at the gentle face in the big rocking-chair by the open fire. "I haven't been sorry, and I hope and believe she hasn't."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Constance. She and her friend Edith had come to call on the two Miss Janes, one of whom, bearing the name of Jane E. and so called to distinguish her, had gradually become Miss Janie.

"How beautiful!" Constance repeated. "What a faithful friendship yours has been! Twenty-five years! and you are as loyal and loving as at the very first."

"More so!" ejaculated Miss Janie at this point. "We aren't so spoony as we was, but we think a sight more of each other. People have to, that live together."

"Yes, they do," assented Miss Jane. "It takes a sight of grace for any two people to live together, even if they was born in the same house, which we wasn't."

Edith's large gray eyes had been looking from one to the other of the kindly Miss Janes, whom everybody in Fairhome loved.

"It's just like a marriage," she said softly.

"Yes, 'tis," said Miss Jane, "but it's a good deal more free than marriage, for we haven't got to put up with one another a minute longer'n we want to."

"How long have you lived together?" asked Constance.

"Only about eight years, since Janie's mother was taken away," replied Miss Jane. "We used to live at different ends of the village before that, ever since I came to Fairhome twenty-five years ago, and found Janie. Her folks came here a few years before mine did. It seems they'd lived not over ten miles away from us in the East, but we never met until we moved out here. Wasn't it strange? Pa had heard such wonderful stories about the silver mines that he was determined to come. It was dreadful hard to leave the old home, though. Pa staked out a claim two miles from town—you girls probably know the place—but it never amounted to much. I've always kept it, in memory of my folks. But it's never been any use to me, because the town was settled so far in this direction. After ma and pa died I was alone a few years, and then—"

"And then," broke in Miss Janie with eager haste, "then, what should I have done, when mother died, if Jane hadn't been willing to come with me? It was such a providence for me."

"Yes, for you, Janie," said Miss Jane with sarcasm. "Of course it wasn't a providence for me!"

She knew, and the girls knew, and Miss Janie herself knew—though she would never admit it—that Miss Jane's last resource was gone when her friend proposed that they should live together on her own not over-large income. It was honest Miss Janie's one deception, and she practised it faithfully.

The two ladies talked on awhile about their friendship, and the girls listened, as they always liked to do. The life of the two Miss Janes was one of the romances of Fairhome.

"Twenty-five years," said Constance, musingly, as they walked slowly home after their call. "Do you suppose we will be friends as long as that, Edie?"

"Depends on circumstances," returned Edith promptly. "If we are, we'll celebrate."

"Edith!" cried Constance. "You've put an idea in my head."

"Glad of it," was the retort. "Does it feel strange, dear?"

"Twenty-five years would be a silver wedding," exclaimed Constance, not noticing the sarcasm.

"If people are married, goosie, but we shouldn't be," said Edith.

"Oh, you are dull!" cried Constance. "The two Miss Janes—you said yourself it was just like a marriage. Why couldn't it be celebrated?"

"Constance! Do you mean it? Everybody would laugh at the idea of a silver wedding for two old maids. And the Miss Janes would never hear to such a thing, never."

"It will be the object of my life for a month to make sure they don't hear of it," laughed Constance. "I am in earnest about this, and we girls will put it through, you'll see."

"Would you dare to surprise the Miss Janes?" asked Edith. "Wouldn't it be rather too much of a shock to them? You know, in surprise parties, usually some member of the family is forewarned."

"We'll have to plan it somehow," exclaimed Constance gleefully. "It will be great fun surprising the dear old things. You just trust me."

"Guess I shall have to," laughed Edith as she turned into her own doorway. "Success to your plans, my dear."

"That is a foregone conclusion," returned Constance the energetic.

And indeed it did seem as though it was. Everything favored her planning, even a strange circumstance which occurred a few days after her project was conceived. She was taking an early morning spin on her wheel, when, on passing Miss Jane's little "claim," she noticed a stranger stooping low over the ground and looking intently at something he held in his hand.

Constance's curiosity was sufficiently aroused to cause her to turn and re-pass the place. The stranger was walking slowly, with head bent, and would occasionally stop and dig, and lift something to examine.

"It's very queer," she thought. "I'll ask papa, as soon as I get home, if he knows anything about it."

Squire Thorpe, the legal adviser of the whole town, surprised his daughter by knowing all about it.

"The man was in to see me yesterday. He thinks there is silver in Miss Jane's claim" after all. He represents some company that offers a nice little sum for the place, and I shall advise Miss Jane to accept. I myself don't think there is much silver there. There may be, or there may not, but that is their concern. The money will be a godsend to Miss Jane."

Constance was wildly excited. "O papa! can't we keep it a secret for a little while?" she cried, eagerly unfolding her plan for the celebration of the friendship. "And this will make it truly a silver anniversary."

"Well, daughter," replied Squire Thorpe with a twinkle in his eye. "As I keep most of the legal secrets of Fairhome, perhaps, if I try very hard, I can keep this weighty one also—if you will help," he added mischievously.

Meantime, the two Miss Janes, unconscious of the honors that were to be heaped upon them, went their quiet, loving way, and planned a little celebration all their own. Miss Janie was reminded to do so by finding a pair of sugar-tongs that had been given to her parents on their silver-wedding day.

"To think I forgot all about these!" she exclaimed, "when mother was so choice of them! I'm real glad I came across them just now, Jane, for we can get some loaf sugar—even if we don't use it much, which is probably the reason why I forgot all about them—and have a special little tea-drinkin', come the tenth of next month."

"It would be real nice," replied Miss Jane. "And if you say so, I'll make a pound cake. We'd never dare to let it be known, though. How everybody would laugh at the idea of two old

Continued on next page

## You Can Weigh

Exactly what  
You Should  
Weigh

You can be  
Strong—  
Vigorous—  
full of Life and  
Energy.

You can be free  
from **Chronic Ailments**—  
every organ of your body strong  
as nature intended.

You can have a **Good Figure**—as  
good as any woman.

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I no longer need to say what "I can do," but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to arise to their very best—why not you?

## NO DRUGS NO MEDICINES

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What My Pupils say:

"Every one notices the change in my complexion; it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds. This year, 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am and can breathe now. I feel young and strong, no then mellow, or sluggish liver and I can breathe now. It's surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I feel as if I take one every night."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indulgence is any more, and my nerves are restored. I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Crocott, I have taken off my glasses, and my catarrh is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am growing—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help every woman to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend in need.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to tell you about it.

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## The Miss Janes' Silver Wedding

Continued from preceding page

ends celebrating a twenty-fifth anniversary, same as if they was married." "I don't care," retorted little Miss Jane with spirit. "It's been a real wedding, and that's more than can be said of some marriages. What a farce it was when Jabez Lawton and his wife celebrated their silver wedding! Everybody knew they hadn't lived happy, it seemed sacrilege, almost, to have a celebration."

"That's so," assented Miss Jane. "I'll have out the best china and silver, and—"

"And what's to hinder our giving other silver presents, if we want?" asked Miss Janie excitedly.

"Nothing at all. I've got a little money all my own, that I earned," said Miss Jane. "Of course," seeing Miss Janie's face darken, "I couldn't give you a present out of your—the money both use together, you know."

"Fudge!" said Miss Janie shortly, and went promptly to work clearing the table. Such references always up-her.

The Miss Janes passed a quietly happy day when their "silver wedding" arrived. The gifts they made each other caused excitement enough, for they had been wildly extravagant and had purchased something entirely unnecessary, a practice they did not usually dare indulge in.

"Here, Jane, my dear," said Miss Janie dramatically at breakfast time. "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I don't care. I was determined you should have something unusual for once."

"Miss Jane laughed with delight when she saw a beautiful orange spoon was disclosed. "It's just what I've wanted," she cried. "It will seem so sort of rich, having a special spoon to eat an orange with. How did you know, Janie, my dear?"

"I guess I love you well enough to know your likes and your longings, don't I, Jane? But what is this?" Miss Janie's box was smaller and more rare.

"O Jane! it's something fancy, I'm afraid," she gasped excitedly, removing the elastic band with trembling fingers. "It's—oh, it's a beautiful silver pin! Now, Jane, what made you think of that? The idea of my fixing up with new jewelry at my time of life! It is foolish, maybe, but I—I like it. I've wanted a pin ever so long, perhaps it was wicked, but I was tired of my old-fashioned ones. You don't think I'm vain, do you, Jane?" she concluded tremulously.

"Bless your heart, no! I thought would just suit your white hair, Janie. You'll look so pretty that I shall enjoy it, on the whole, more'n you, I expect."

"No, you won't, not a bit!" declared Miss Janie stoutly. "I declare, I shall be in front of the glass the whole time."

"And I shall be eating oranges the whole time," laughed Miss Jane.

Just as their quiet tea-drinking was ended, that evening, a ring was heard at the door, and Constance and Edith, with a bevy of girls, fluttered in.

"You don't mind if we've come to spend the evening, do you, Miss Jane and Miss Janie?" cried Constance. "It's your anniversary, your 'silver wedding,' so we girls planned to surprise you. You don't mind, do you?"

The two old ladies said, "No indeed," and invited the girls to go upstairs and "lay off their things."

The merry group, merely the advance guard of a goodly company, came early to pave the way, had a camera with which to take the Miss Janes' picture by flashlight. This was merely a ruse to inveigle the hostesses into their best gowns. Not that any one but themselves would care, for they were favorites alike in their every-day prints or their pompous black silks. But the girls knew how flustered they would be, having a party in every-day garb.

Edith, the photographer, insisted on their sitting at the tea-table for the picture, and amid much laughter and loving fun, the Miss Janes were photographed. Then the girls helped with the dishes.

The silver presents had been shown, and they were all enjoying a quiet game of "Buzz," when about eight o'clock the doorbell rang again, and there the wondering eyes of the Miss Janes saw, first the minister and his wife, and behind them Squire Thorpe and a group of Fairhome people, all smiling and nodding and uttering good wishes in chorus.

When all had been ushered in, and had removed wraps and deposited certain bundles in kitchen and pantry, Squire Thorpe addressed the hostesses in the following words:

"Dear Miss Jane and Miss Janie, we are here to-night, first, in honor of your long and loving friendship, which has inspired more than one of the friends here assembled. You have found out that 'the secret of friendship is the secret of all spiritual blessing: The way to get is to give.'"

"We are here, secondly, to present to you"—he turned to Miss Jane—"a little souvenir of this silver anniversary," handing her a nugget of silver. "I have also a document for you to sign, if you will," he continued.

Loud was the handclapping and hearty the congratulations that followed his speech. But Miss Jane, as if her ears were deaf to it all, turned instinctively to her dear friend and companion, and flung herself in her arms.

"It's all yours, Janie, after what you've done for me!" she sobbed.

"No," said Miss Janie solemnly. "Ours."



## The Howard Watch

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His business requires it.

But how about the man in any other calling?

Why should he be content with less than the best in a timepiece?

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There is a big change taking place in this country on the watch question.

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There are not so many men who think it smart to carry a poor watch and bang it around.

More men every day are willing to put money in a fine watch even if it is carried in the pocket where it cannot always be seen.

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WHEN you send money to an advertiser, you should do it in the form of a money order, or if you do not care to do this, you should at least register the letter.

For instance, one of our advertisers states that he has received a letter from one of our subscribers, which was supposed to contain a remittance. When the letter reached the advertiser no money was to be found, although the subscriber insisted that she deposited it in the envelope. She suggests that the fault may lie with the post office instead of with the advertiser, while he, in his turn, is anxious to reassure her that her claim will be satisfied in any event.

Now the amount is small, less than \$1 in fact, and yet the advertiser desires to go to the fullest extent in satisfying his customer. This is characteristic of the advertisers who use THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We have had several misunderstandings of this kind brought to our notice, and in every case so far the matter has been adjusted to the satisfaction of the subscriber.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.

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## America's First Photographer

HERE was celebrated recently, at New York University, the centenary of Dr. John William Draper, who, as professor of chemistry in the university's early days, took the first photographic likeness ever made of the human face. He achieved this feat in 1839 by discovering and applying improvements on the process invented but

trials on the roof of the old Washington Square building of New York University he at last succeeded in getting a photographic portrait—that of his sister, Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper. Daguerre himself was among those who warmly praised Draper's improved photographic process. Dr. Draper was born in the parish of St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811. His father was the Rev. John C. Draper, a Wesleyan clergyman, from whom the son inherited his interest in scientific subjects. Draper's early education was received in the old country, though he received his degree as a doctor of medicine from the University of Pennsylvania. He became professor of chemistry in New York University, and in addition to making a number of important discoveries, which secured for him honorary memberships in foreign learned societies, he wrote a number of books and short works on scientific subjects, a very valuable *History of the Civil War* and *The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*. This last book was translated into many languages and won him much renown.



Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper  
From the first photographic portrait

short time before by the Frenchman Nicéphore Niépce. Daguerre was able to take pictures of interiors, statuary, architectural subjects, and the like. He tried to reproduce the human face, but failed. Draper, who had been making photographic experiments for years, using lines dissimilar to those of Niépce, took up the latter's process soon as a description of it had reached the ocean. After repeated

### LIVING BY THE DAY

I'M LIVING by the day, just living;  
His grace and his comfort he is giving.  
I am free from all alarms,  
For he folds me in his arms;  
I'm living by the day, just living.

Oh, I'm living by the day, just living;  
I'm a sinner saved by grace, he's forgiving.  
He has banished all my fear,  
And my pathway's bright and clear,  
For I'm living in his cheer, just living.

Ah, the sweetness of each day, just abiding;  
In his voice there's no reproof nor chiding;  
On the cross he bore my sin,  
And by faith I've entered in,  
So in his precious love I am hiding.  
Holyoke, Mass. REV. GEORGE M. SMILEY.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

ning their treasures, they offered to him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. It were well if modern Christians would do likewise. It will surely not be well for Americans to follow a Persian cult that gives no place to a mere man, Abdul Wahab, and for the Bible substitutes the man and other religious books. This is a thing very like the sin of the people of Israel. It is a breaking of the commands: "Thou shalt not bow down to them and serve them."

### Christ or Jaggannatha?

In that part of India where the temple of Jaggannatha stands, there lived a Brahman a few years ago. His ancestors for centuries had worshiped him. His mother had held him up as a babe before that shrine, and taught him to clasp his hands in adoration. He believed with his whole heart in Jaggannatha. When he became a man the missionaries came into that part of the country. They preached, he heard. They distributed Bibles; he got one, he examined it, and he was wrathful. What! dare it affirm that Jaggannatha is no god at all! He decided on, and acknowledged to himself that the tract was written by a man who knew how to put his points clearly and strongly. New truth had seized him. He decided to investigate the subject more thoroughly. He procured a New Testament. Soon a vital question confronted him: "Who is Jaggannatha or Jesus?" He decided on a plan to settle it: Going to

a soldier and borrowing his ramrod, he entered the temple of Jaggannatha, and stood behind the wooden idol, intending to thrust the ramrod into the idol to find out if there really was a god inside of him. His soul was like a volcano. His thoughts were as red-hot streams of lava. Perhaps Jaggannatha is God; so my mother told me; so my father taught me; so my people say; so the whole country believes. If he is God, and I strike him, he will strike me back with his thunderbolts." His teeth chattered, and the ramrod almost fell out of his hands. Then arose within him another thought: "The crucified One! This is a wondrous story. Did he love and come for me? Did he suffer, weep, bleed and die? Was it for me? Why do my pulses beat so when I think of him? Our sacred books tell no such tender and touching story as that. Is he the true God and the world's Redeemer? This thought wins its way. It kindles as a new sun upon the horizon of his dark and doubting spirit. A calm, sweet, warm light overspreads his soul. He can no more hesitate, he draws back the iron and dashes it into the body of old Jaggannatha. Jaggannatha submits, he takes it quietly! The spell is broken, the victory is won. There on the spot the Brahman surrendered his entire being to Jesus Christ, and entered into a covenant with him to love him and serve him forever. He went forth out of the heathen temple a new man in Christ Jesus and took his place among the missionaries of the Cross.

"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

## Home-Baked Beans vs. Van Camp's

At the left is a vertical section from a dish of home-baked beans. It is reproduced from actual photograph.

At the top are the crisped beans, burned and worthless.

Next come the whole beans which remain unbroken for lack of sufficient heat. They are the beans which ferment and form gas because they can't digest.

Next come the beans which boil during the baking—a soggy mass.

These beans—hard to digest—crisped, half-baked and broken—are the best one can bake in a home oven.

The right panel shows a vertical section from inside a can of Van Camp's. This is also a photograph.

Every bean is nut-like, mealy and whole. None are crisped, none are broken, for the baking is done in live steam.

All are digestible because every bean, in the baking, gets 245 degrees of heat.

That's why a million homes have chosen Van Camp's. These beans are digestible. They are always ready for serving. And they are three times as good as any home-baked beans.

Now that summer is coming, we again invite you to let our cooks bake for you. One can of Van Camp's will forever convert you. Tell your grocer to send a supply.

**Van Camp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

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They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.  
Do not soil the clothing or become sticky.



"QUICK WHITE" makes dirty canvas shoes clean and white. In liquid form so it can be quickly and easily applied. A sponge in every package, so always ready for use. Also Quick Colors. Two sizes. Each color 10 and 20 cent sizes.  
"GILT EDGE" Oil Polish. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's oxford shoes, shoes, shoes without rubbing, etc. "French Colors," etc.  
"DANDY" continuation for cleaning and polishing all kinds of rubber and canvas shoes. "Star" size, 10c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us his address and the name of the store for a full size sample.

**WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,**  
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so perfectly sanitary, conven-  
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shelves. Entire inside can be taken  
out, cleaned and replaced in two min-  
utes. Round in shape, there are  
no nasty corners, cracks for dirt  
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scientifically perfect, giving  
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pure  
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## The Roosevelt Dam

THE following interesting details of  
the Roosevelt Dam have been sent  
us by Mr. Harry Welch, secretary of  
the Board of Trade of Phoenix, Ariz.  
From this account many interesting  
things have had to be omitted. The  
great road that had to be constructed  
to reach the site of the dam, the build-  
ing of a cement manufacturing plant  
sixty miles from the railroad which  
resulted in a saving of \$600,000 in  
cement, the cliff dwellings located  
within a few miles of the Roosevelt  
Dam and many other items had to be  
left out.

"Prosperity, crop insurance and suc-  
cess is the meaning of this great pro-  
ject to the farmers on 240,000 acres in  
the Salt River Valley of Arizona. For  
many years holdings in this interesting  
country have been cultivated, and when  
the water was sufficient, with splendid  
success. No better soil is to be found  
anywhere in the world. The uncer-  
tainty of the supply of the necessary  
moisture, made the task a hard one and  
one carrying with it great doubts and  
uncertainties. This condition of un-  
certainty was not long to be tolerated,  
the government was called in to aid,  
and through the Reclamation Act, the  
Salt River project was tentatively  
authorized on March 12, 1903, and the  
dreams of a storage dam, which the  
farmers had first contemplated in 1889,  
were about to be realized.

"The amount expended on the Salt  
River project to date is about \$9,000,-  
000, of which approximately \$3,500,000  
has been spent on the Roosevelt Dam.  
This great wall of masonry and  
cement rises 235 feet from its founda-  
tions, which are sunk in the bedrock to  
a depth of 40 feet. The length of the  
foundations between the steep canyon  
walls is 235 feet, and the thickness is  
170 feet. From the river level to the  
crest of the spillways the height is 220  
feet. At the spillways the length of the  
dam is 680 feet and with the two  
fine concrete and steel bridges spanning  
the spillways the total length is 1,080  
feet. The top of the dam is surmounted  
by a roadway 16 feet in width with a  
coping four feet high on each side.  
The reservoir created by this dam will  
hold 1,300,000 acre feet of water. The  
lake is 25 square miles in area, and the  
drainage area extends over 6,260  
square miles.

"The Roosevelt Dam is a storage  
dam, holding in reserve the flood wa-  
ters of the winter for use during the  
summer. As it is required, the water  
is allowed to re-enter the river through  
tunnels, generating power in so doing.  
The development of hydro-electric  
power is a prominent feature of the  
Salt River project. Already at the  
Roosevelt Dam 7,500 horsepower is  
being produced and a total of 27,000  
horsepower will be generated when the  
whole system of power canals is com-  
pleted.

"As released, the water flows in the  
river bed until it reaches the diversion  
dam at Granite Reef. This diversion  
dam is built across the Salt River at  
the head of the valley, and while this  
work is not as impressive as the Roose-  
velt Dam it is a very important fea-  
ture. This dam is 1,100 feet long and  
its height is 38 feet.

"The Roosevelt Dam is seventy-five  
miles from Phoenix toward the east;  
the Granite Reef Dam is only about  
twenty-six miles from the city. On the  
irrigated lands the variety of crops is  
unlimited. Oranges and grapefruit,  
dates and olives, alfalfa, sugar-beets,  
cantaloupe, fruits of all kinds are  
growing luxuriantly. Cattle, sheep  
and horses all mature young, and there  
are about 7,000 ostriches thriving in  
the valley."

### A New Reader's Estimate

This is the first year that I have been reading  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I feel proud of it.  
It is the best paper that I am taking. I am  
taking nine papers this year; I cannot read  
them all, so I read those I like best and the  
rest I lay aside. ACHORS BRIDENBECKER.

Blossville, N. Y.

## Warmth that doesn't just Heat but makes You feel Good



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laziness are unknown  
where pure fresh air warmed to  
the right temperature and with the proper  
amount of humidity in it is supplied. You  
know the dreaded steam-heated house—it may be  
warm enough, but the stuffy air saps the very life  
and energy out of you—you feel drowsy and sleepy.  
Find out about

## Jewel WARM AIR Furnaces

the ideal heating and ventilating system and al-  
things considered, by far the most economical. The  
pure, fresh, warm air delivered through its register  
constantly displaces the colder and impure air. It is  
invigorating, stimulating and healthful heat—it not  
only warms and cheers but actually makes you feel better.  
It is the economical system of heating because less fuel  
is required and because of the saving it makes in doctors'  
bills caused by impure air and improper ventilation.

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Our book is filled with interesting facts about heating  
—it tells of the many advantages of the Warm Air  
System—it proves by scientific reasoning that it is the  
healthful way. Of course this book explains why Jewel  
Warm Air Furnaces are the best and most economical.  
It also gives new home building plans and other infor-  
mation. You should read this book. A copy will be  
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hinge or griddle. Unsurpassed  
for heating irons. Keeps them  
hot. By express \$1.00. Pre-  
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**SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bears the script name of  
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

**Your Buildings  
Are Capital**  
—just as much as your land.  
You would not think of  
letting your land run down.  
Do you neglect your build-  
ings?  
Where the paint has  
scaled off, the weather will  
soon work ruin.  
This spring protect your buildings with  
good paint. Be sure your painter uses

## "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead

and genuine linseed oil. You can find  
nothing so protective, lasting and econom-  
ical. Ask your painter.  
You can have free our "Helps No. 2156  
which tell all you want to know about  
paint and painting.

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Cincinnati San Francisco  
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**A Complete  
Baseball Outfit**  
You may have one without  
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This is the season  
the year when every boy  
longs to own a complete  
baseball outfit—such as  
ball, bat, catcher's mitt  
and all the other things  
which help a fellow  
play good ball.

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matter where he lives, an opportunity  
secure one of these complete baseball  
kits, or any part of one,

Without Paying One Cent For It!

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dressed nine in the neighborhood, or if you  
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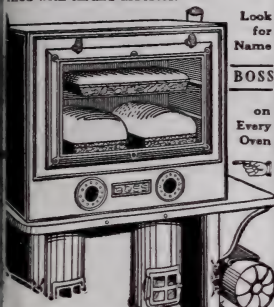
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Few parents seem to appreciate the importance of inculcating in the mind of the very young child the principles of thrift. It was a wise theologian who said: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not what you do with the rest." This has as much bearing upon the question of thrift as it has upon the question of religion. A child gets learning in the schools, but the best part of its education must be had at home, and parents are sometimes apt to forget that in order to win many great prizes of secular life it is imperative that their children have a thorough schooling in the Kindergarten of Thrift; that in the proper use of money there is often too little, or at least no preliminary, training.

The child, if not taught otherwise, is apt to regard money as a medium of exchange, as something to spend rather than as something to save, something in fact which he must barter off as speedily as possible for a sweet to tickle his palate, or a toy to excite the envy of his playmates. And the child through whose pocket the pennies burn holes is apt to develop into the prodigal spendthrift, whose greed and selfishness will ignore the rights of his fellow-men.

The way to teach a child the proper use of a tool is to accustom it to its use, and this use requires responsible handling. The way to teach a child the proper use of money is to acquaint it with the value of money through use and possession, and, let us add, by making it responsible for its proper disposition. Give your child a little bank for the pennies and nickels, and let it be a bank to whose contents it can have access whenever it please, otherwise the lessons of responsibility, sense of actual ownership, and of self-denial by a refusal to spend foolishly, will be lost. But the guardian, conducting this part of the child's education, should be watchful and considerate. He should take an interest in the child's savings, and every six months he should impress on the child the way in which wise investments increase by adding to the fund a fixed sum by way of interest, and then re-investing the interest.

### Educating the Child

I am quite prepared to hear some one say: "Why, the course you advise would change the innocent child into a little financial prig and that meanest of all things, a miser!" Not at all, my friend. The course advised will educate that child in the proper use of that commodity to the acquisition of which most of its adult working life will be devoted; and in acquiring this knowledge its self-denial and generosity will be developed, and being neither a reckless borrower nor a foolish lender, it will be able "to look the whole world in the face, owing not any man."

The best use to which our growing taxes are put is the education of the young, who within a quarter of a century will be themselves paying, collecting, and spending the taxes. It speaks well for our lawmakers in Washington, whom the unthinking are too apt to

abuse, perhaps to show their own superiority, that in recently establishing Postal Savings Banks throughout the country they did not overlook the children, whose education in systematic thrift they felt to be so important to the future of the nation.

Any boy or girl ten years of age who has saved up one dollar can, without the interference or control of parent or guardian, become a depositor in a Postal Savings Bank, and from that interest semi-annually. With one dollar it will be only one cent every six months, but small as such a beginning seems, it may be, as in many other cases, the basis of a competency, if not of great wealth.

The United States Government is not directly concerned in the State schools for children, but that it is not indifferent to this great subject has been demonstrated by the establishment of the Postal Savings Banks, which it has opened to every boy and girl, and it heartily invites them to become members, pupils in these Kindergartens of Thrift.

### Expected Results

It is not expected that the boys and girls, who avail themselves of the opportunities for saving opened up to them by the general government, will become rich before the one class is ready to vote or the other to marry, nor is it expected that the amount deposited through this source will greatly affect the total. The accumulations of the child are a minor consideration compared with the educational value of these continued transactions.

If the child has contracted the saving habit, and learned from actual experience the elementary lessons of finance, he will, long before he has attained his majority, have saved enough to warrant his looking about for more profitable sources of investment. Naturally, when his certificates of deposit, bearing two per cent. per annum, amount to twenty dollars, he will take advantage of the government's offer and exchange them for a twenty-dollar gold bond bearing two and one-half per cent. interest. Or, dissatisfied with a return so small, he may turn his certificates or bonds into cash, and place them in a savings bank that gives four per cent. on deposits, payable semi-annually.

By this time the youth, benefited by the thorough kindergarten experience, will have taken a high position in that common school of finance of which something will be told in the next article. He will have learned, as the trained soldier has learned not to rush recklessly into danger, to avoid the allurements of get-rich-quick speculators, and to place his savings where the returns will be in healthful accord with the security offered. He may safely buy a bit of land, on which the taxes are not too high, and for the rise of which the promises are good. Or again he may regard the five per cent. of the bond and mortgage as sufficient for the time. But whatever that young man does with his money, we may be sure that the kindergarten training will prevent his making a fool of himself.

## Flames Sweep Great Pleasure Resort

THE clang of fire engines roused all Coney Island and many nearby parts of Brooklyn early in the morning of May 27, when "Dreamland," one of the finest amusement resorts at that world-famous playground, was destroyed by flames. The fire made rapid headway in the light frame structure and papier-mache decorations. Soon it leaped to the great tower that overlooks the entire resort. The flames leaped about its fresh white paint, till presently it stood a pillar of fire against the black night sky.

There was a sudden cry of alarm from the crowd which had gathered when it realized that the next building doomed was that in which the incubator babies were kept. Six babies were in there. The attendants had anticipated the danger, and the little ones were carried out through the sweeping flames and smoke. When they reached a nearby hotel, however, it was found that three of them had perished from the effects of the smoke and exposure.

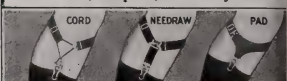
The fire soon ate its way to the wild animal houses, and the beasts of the forest, screaming, were filling the night with their roars and cries. Many of these beasts were highly trained, and the keepers risked their lives to save the most valuable by lassoing them and wrapping up their heads to get them out. Despite this heroic work many perished in the flames, and the keepers shot some that could not be saved so that they might not suffer such a painful death.

Dreamland was one of the two fine enterprises that remained on Coney Island as a playground for the people. Its cost as it stood was estimated at over a million dollars, and the loss, which includes a great deal of valuable property put into the park for the summer, will probably reach about the same figure. The fire was one of the most spectacular that New York has seen in a long time, and drew crowds of hastily dressed people in automobiles and street cars from distant parts of the city.

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CAUSE OF BAD TEETH

Wheeler Says It Is Because People Don't Use Them Enough

The reason Americans have such bad teeth is that they do not exercise them enough, according to Dr. Herbert L. Wheeler, President of the American Dental Hygiene Council, who has been delivering a course of lectures at Columbia University.

"We Americans are living in the lap of luxury," said Dr. Wheeler in the lecture, "and our food is so well prepared for us that we don't use our teeth enough. Regular exercise for the teeth is as beneficial as any other kind of gymnastics."

Out of 11,374 children recently inspected by the medical inspector in the schools of Toronto, 2,027 were found to have decayed and imperfectly formed teeth. Similar relations have been made by medical inspectors in the schools of many of the large cities in this country.

Sound teeth and good bones come from thoroughly chewing the food that is rich in the phosphates. To develop sound teeth in growing children they must have food that compels thorough mastication and that is also rich in the elements that make teeth and bone. You cannot build good teeth with mushy porridges, soggy pastries or sweetmeats.

The whole wheat grain contains the necessary phosphates, but the whole grain must be presented in a digestible form and in a form that compels the child to chew it thoroughly before swallowing. These requirements are most perfectly met completely met in shredded wheat biscuit which not only contains all the bone-building elements in the whole wheat grain but has them prepared in a digestible form. You HAVE to chew shredded wheat. The crispness of the shreds compels thorough chewing and a thorough mixing with saliva which is the first process in digestion.

One or two shredded wheat biscuits every morning for breakfast, served with milk or cream, will build sturdy, robust youngsters with good bones, firm flesh and sound teeth. It is also a preventive of the stomach and bowel disorders so common to children. Most all grocers sell this, the most perfect of all the whole wheat foods.

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A Young Evangelist

AMONG the many young preachers who have come here from England, few give promise of a more successful future than the Rev. George T. Bennett. Mr. Bennett was well known in England as a successful evangelist and preacher. Spiritual results have followed his work everywhere, with conversions, upbuild-



Rev. George T. Bennett

ing, and revival at the various places he has visited.

The following is an extract from the London Christian Herald, of England:

"He employs no sensational methods, but tells the 'Old, old story,' striving to show men and women the hideousness of sin, and their need of a Saviour." Mr. Bennett is the founder of a movement known as the "Young People's Christian Crusade," a society for binding together young Christians and bringing them into the Lord's service.

Mr. Bennett at present holds the pastorate of the M. E. Church in Unionville, Mich., which is enjoying a season of unusual prosperity.

Called Higher

William Phillips (84), of Garrison, Kan., has been called to well-earned repose.

Mrs. Olive D. Curtis (86), of Springboro, Pa., has passed to the long home.

Mrs. Mary Grant, of Dubuque, Ia., has been called to the freedom of the Master.

Mrs. Jennie Butterfield Smith (75), of Cynthia, Ky., has passed on to her reward.

Martin L. Shaffner (76), of Huntington, Pa., has passed to that fairer country beyond.

Miss S. J. Conover, of Watkins, N. Y., was called to join the great majority in August last.

William A. Newton, of South Vernon, Mass., has been called to the reward of a life of service.

Rev. M. Porter Snell recently passed away at the Merriam Home for Aged Presbyterian Ministers at Newton, N. Y.

Mrs. Ester Ladd (84), of Anabel, Mo., has passed to the great beyond. "She spent her life ministering to others."

J. B. Williams (72), of Hillsboro, Ill., has passed away. He was a Civil War veteran and a noble Christian.

Mrs. R. K. Struble, of Linden, Mich., has been called to the great beyond. She was for years a reader of this paper.

Mrs. Laura Major (66), of Itasca, Texas, passed away in August last. She was for many years a reader of this paper.

Miss Catharine Poe Bard, of Davenport, Ia., recently passed away at an advanced age. Her last wish was to go "to meet the Master."

Mrs. Jane Manson (76), of Attica, Kan., has gone to be with Jesus. She was a subscriber to this paper for about twenty-five years.

Mrs. M. M. Warren (76), of Blackriver, Ark., has been called to her reward. She was for years an appreciative reader of this paper.

E. A. Maynard, of Brockport, N. Y., has been called to the ranks of "that innumerable host." He was a veteran of the Civil War and a devout Christian.

Rev. A. M. Brown (90), a retired Baptist clergyman of Binghamton, N. Y., has entered into rest and the reward of long and faithful service.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Vance (81), of Topeka, Kan., recently passed away at her home there. She was a devoted Christian and a church member from early childhood.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD PILGRIMAGE  
TO THE HOLY LAND

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has perfected arrangements for conducting a grand Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The splendid steamer *Cretic*, of the White Star Line, will leave New York at noon, **Wednesday, September 20**, for the Mediterranean, stopping en route in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, etc., and arriving back in New York about Nov. 21.

The itinerary will enable the members of The Christian Herald party to visit the Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Rome, Athens, Smyrna, the site of ancient Ephesus, Constantinople and Palestine.

Jaffa, where the party will land, is the port of Jerusalem, and members of the party will proceed to the Holy City by train, for a comprehensive study of prominent features of Biblical interest.

Among the points of interest to be visited in the Holy Land will be the Tomb of the Saviour, Mosque of Omar, Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, Garden of Gethsemane, Mount of Olives, Bethany, River Jordan, Jericho, Dead Sea, Wilderness, Bethlehem, Temples of Solomon and Herod, Church of the Nativity, etc. An early booking will secure first choice of accommodations.

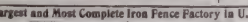
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NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1911

VOLUME 34—NUMBER 24  
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK





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WOULDN'T you like to own a large American Flag like the one shown in the illustration on this page of *The Christian Herald*—if you could get it without paying one cent?

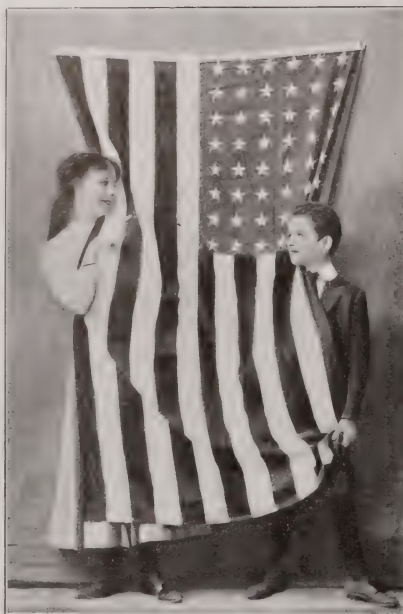
Not a little hand flag, understand, but a man-size "Old Glory," 6 feet long by 4 feet wide—bigger than the top of your dining-room table.

Not a pitiful wisp of color, mind you, but real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the Government flag-maker. A stanch bit of fabric that will not run or shrink in wet weather.

Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism, for you will have use for a flag, not only on every holiday for many years to come, but you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private societies, in the schoolhouse, in the church and in the home. Imagine being able to celebrate Fourth of July with a flag as big as this! Wouldn't it be better than firecrackers for the children? You may have it without paying one cent.

## How?

At this time of the year *The Christian Herald* usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of the great Christian Herald Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members. You are one of these and we know you will help us. But we have no right to accept your good offices for nothing, so we make the following proposition:



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615 Bible House, New York City

# GET ONE NOW FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

## Questions and Answers

M. M. H. West Chester, Pa. 1. Where can I find the poem, "The Discontented Pendulum"? 2. Who was Jean Valjean?

1. It is by Jane Taylor, and can be found in her *Poems for Infant Minds or Rural Scenes*. It is also in many collections and old reading books. 2. Jean Valjean is one of the heroes of Victor Hugo's great novel, *The Miserables*.

L. S. Tacoma, Wash. 1. Am I correct in saying that a grain of wheat will, under favorable conditions, reproduce itself five or six hundred times? 2. How can I become reconciled to hear a lesson read, previous to a sermon, from the Revised Version?

1. It will reproduce itself many times, in proportion to the soundness of seed and the fertility of the soil. 2. The Revised Version corrects many errors in the earlier translation, and should be regarded as giving us a clearer and more faithful view of the real meaning and message of Scripture. It changes no essential of Christian doctrine, but is a great aid to a better understanding of the Bible. All the Christian scholarship of the present day recognizes this.

S. R. B. Bridgeport, Conn. In what measure is "keeping the peace intrusted to every individual"?

To the full extent of his individual influence and example. He should cultivate the qualities of Christian citizenship, which includes honesty, sobriety, industry, respect of and obedience to law, and love and consideration for his fellow-men. These qualities, still and the cause of peace at home, in the community, State and nation. Extended further, the same spirit will bring men to regard all mankind as brothers, children of the same heavenly Father and not enemies to be fought against.

E. P. S. Puyallup, Wash. 1. In *The Christian Herald* of May 10, 1911, we read an account by Rev. A. C. Brown, in which he speaks of a "sense of God." In which part of our makeup would he claim, and where the physical, moral or spiritual? 2. I remember reading once a Buddhist prayer that left an indelible impression on my memory. "Oh that mine eyes were open, Lord, oh that mine ears could hear; then flowers and birds and little stars would shine and sing and speak of thee."

1. He meant not only an inward conviction of the divine Omnipotence and uni-

versal rule, but a "sense" or conviction that dominated his whole life, directing its thoughts and acts, bringing them into harmony with the divine will, and impressing him with the great fact of God's protecting love and care. 2. The passage quoted sounds pantheistic; but it may be only a poetic form of expression. If we could translate the language of nature, we should probably find much of it to be praise.

Mrs. S. H. San Luis, Mex. 1. When were marriage licenses first issued in Pennsylvania? 2. When did the great flood occur in Allegheny, Pa.?

1. The marriage license law of Pennsylvania was approved June 23, 1885, and amended June 18, 1895. 2. The greatest flood that ever occurred in Allegheny, Pa., was on July 26, 1874, when more than 200 people lost their lives. Great floods also took place there in February, 1882; January, 1886; and February, 1888.

M. A. Worcester, Mass. Should we understand that Jesus came to do away with the Old Testament law? What was his attitude toward it?

He emphasized the old law and came not to abolish it but to fulfill it. That he was familiar with the Old Testament is shown in many of his sayings. He put a new interpretation upon it, however, very different from that of the Scribes and Pharisees. See Matt. 5:17, 18; Matt. 7: 12; John 6: 39. The rabbins and religious disputants of that time applied the letter but overlooked the spirit. Jesus disclosed the real meaning of the law, its hidden interpretation and its true teaching. The Old Testament was his Bible and all his teaching was rooted in it.

E. R. H. Roseville, W. Va. In 1 Cor. 1: 17 Paul says: "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." What does he mean by this language? Some people here claim that he meant to teach that the ordinance of baptism is not necessary, or is done away.

Paul did not use these words to depreciate baptism, even in the slightest degree; on the contrary, he appreciated it highly (see Rom. 6: 3). He baptized some of his first converts and would have baptized more; but he recognized the fact that his peculiar gift and mis-

sion were to preach the Gospel and plant churches, and exercise general supervision over them.

N. T. Tacoma, Wash. How can one learn of wealthy, cultured ladies, desiring the services of a lady secretary, business manager or companion?

By advertising in the best class of weeklies, and monthlies. Such positions are hard to get, as most persons have relatives or friends who can help them in every way.

M. T. C. Newell, W. Va. 1. Please explain Matt. 24: 22, 31, etc. 2. A. E. note the elect the sanctified or chosen of God's people?

1. These passages were prophetic of the destruction of Jerusalem, and were also a warning to the world to prepare for Christ's second coming. They have already been discussed in *The Mail-Bag*. 2. "Elect" is a term variously applied. It sometimes meant the ancient church, and the whole body of baptized Christians; again it was those elected to baptism; and still again, it was the newly baptized who had just been admitted to full Christian privileges. Further it is applied to those specially chosen for the Lord's work, like his prophets and evangelists, and to those who had undergone tribulation and even martyrdom. It has been applied to the whole Jewish people as chosen of God. Finally, it is applied to individuals who, not of their own merit, but through God's grace, through Jesus Christ, are chosen not only to salvation, but to sanctification of the spirit and who are holy and blameless before the Lord. They are individuals specially chosen out of the world to be heirs of salvation and witnesses for God before men. This is not of works, but of free grace.

S. S. St. Vincent, Calif. Your question has not been overlooked, but being of a polemical character, it does not properly belong in *The Mail-Bag*, which discourages mere controversy. Immortality cannot be proved by any physical demonstration, nor yet by science, nor by any logic which deals only with physical and material things. It can, however, be proved to the satisfaction of the spiritual nature of man by various means. His own heart assures him that the same Omnipotence which inspires man with the inherited desire for continued exist-

ence supplies the means of its attainment. This is abundantly confirmed by revelation, by prophecy and by the testimony of believers in all ages. Job (the oldest book in the Bible) says: "Though worms destroy my body, yet without my flesh shall I see God" (which is the correct translation in the Revised Version). David said of his infant son who had died: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me." Enoch and Elijah were translated and never tasted death. All through the New Testament, the doctrine of immortality is taught, and Paul expressly says that Christ "brought life and immortality to light" by his authoritative declaration of the life to come. This is wholly a matter of faith. We must take the love and mercy of God on faith before we can begin to experience them as realities, physically as well as spiritually, in our life thereafter. We must take the promises on faith and the belief in immortality. It is only when one has taken the Saviour at his word and accepted the Gospel message that he begins to realize its actuality—that all the promises are true and that life eternal is something upon which we may enter here and now. The lecture you mention in your letter is one of the ordinary infidel type and simply arises from the vanity of human intellect which tries to measure Omnipotence with its own little tale line.

A. C. Iowa. Can stammering be cured?

Most cases can be. Write to the secretary of the Board of Education, Detroit, Mich., where the newest methods of curing speech defects are employed.

## Miscellaneous

L. M. M. LeGrand, Calif. 1. Yes. 2 and 3. We have no information on these subjects.

Mrs. O. G. C. Covine, Calif. The instance you mention is an illustration of how politics and politicians bow to the liquor interest and pay court to it, to secure its support at the polls. It is typical of similar cases all over the country.

W. Milwaukee, writes: "Referring to the article of Rev. C. W. Stephenson, Detroit, Mich., in which he asks, 'Shall we not thank God sometimes that he has quite as often said to us: 'I would call attention to a remark of John Ruskin, who once said: 'I have lived to be thankful that some of my prayers were not answered.' Alfred Tennyson said: 'There are more things attained by prayer than this world dreams of.'"



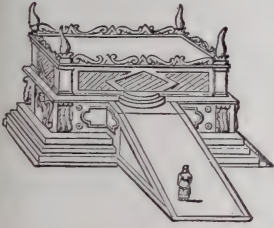
# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Mosque of Omar

One of the Reconstructions of the Altar of Burnt Offerings



The Supposed Form of the Ark of the Covenant



## HAS THE LOST ARK BEEN FOUND?

All Jerusalem Deeply Stirred by the Discoveries Under the Mosque of Omar

IN A RECENT issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the details were given of the remarkable discoveries said to have been made by a party of English explorers in the immediate neighborhood of the Mosque of Omar and in ancient secret underground chambers beneath the Mosque itself. At the time of the discoveries, the statement was widely published that the Ark of the Covenant, the Tables of the Law and the Altar were among the sacred relics which had been brought to light from their hiding-place of many centuries.

How this extraordinary incident is regarded by the Jewish people in the Holy City itself, as well as by the Moslem population, may be gathered from a most interesting and timely letter which we have just received from a correspondent in that city, Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow Brown, which we print below:

"All Jerusalem has been stirred for weeks over the abstraction of sacred treasure from the crypt underneath the Mosque of Omar, on the site of Solomon's temple. We do not believe the most valuable things have yet been discovered, but that treasures were found cannot be doubted. It is not known whether they were hidden here or taken away in the night, when the two explorers were compelled to leave.

"In the absence of official report, one hesitates to write; but the following from *The Truth*, a weekly paper published here for the Jews, seems so reliable and is so interesting that I give it quite fully:

"The nocturnal theft of the sacred relics is an episode of historic and vital importance, and we are positively sure that the articles abstracted, when once universally declared to be *bona fide*, will revolutionize all religious thought and infallibly solve many historic and philosophic problems! It is moreover beyond the shadow of a doubt that the place of concealment of the valuable objects, so long covered by every Jew, and so much enlarged upon in the Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmud—yes, that spot was not even known to the sacerdotal authorities of the Sanhedrim of the Second Temple.

"It appears, from what we have heard on excellent authority, that the illustrious antiquarians came to their work of exploration in Jerusalem with a definite plan and programme, based upon ancient Hebrew documents, written in Samaritan characters, dating from the destruction of Solomon's Temple and from the subsequent exile of the ten tribes of Israel to Persia. These documents are said to have been only recently unearthed in the north of Ireland, and it was by virtue of their definite indications and minute measurements that the exact

hiding-place of the precious paraphernalia of the First Temple could be precisely located.

"The summit of Mount Moriah, where the Mosque of Omar now stands, having been considered by every successive ruler too sacred for any but the unshod foot to tread, it would never have entered the imagination of any one to penetrate below its surface. Moreover, the place supposed to have been ransacked and despoiled is the most unlikely receptacle for such inestimable treasures. The hypothesis that the find consists of sacred relics from Solomon's Temple, is more credited by the Jews than by other nationalities, for the reason that in the Talmud, as well as in other ancient Hebrew books, it is plainly recorded that most of the rich treasures of the First Temple were carefully concealed by the vanquished Israelites, in order that

1. The Stone Tables of the Law.
2. The Stone Bottle containing Manna.
3. The Urim and Thummim.
4. The Crown of David.
5. The Golden Sword of Solomon inscribed in Samaritan characters: "The sword of peace."
6. The Ark of the Covenant, overshadowed by golden cherubim, containing the first tables of the law (broken by Moses).
7. Sundry vessels connected with the service of the Golden Altar.

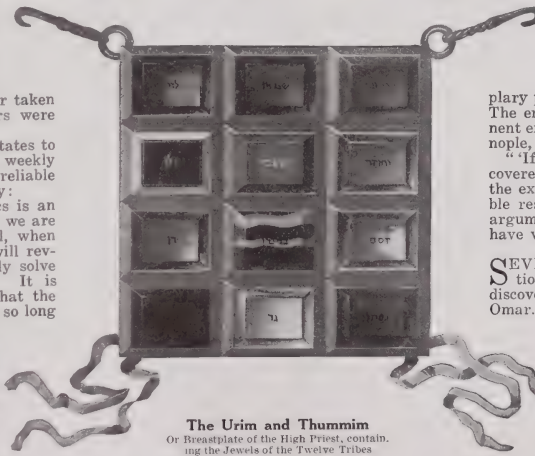
"According to this authority, the Urim and Thummim are inlaid with twelve precious stones, each bearing the name of one of the twelve tribes of Israel.

The Sheikhs who have been suspected of complicity in this dramatic and sacrilegious pillage, are in prison, and are daily subjected to corporal castigation and railway. A commission, composed of Ottoman dignitaries, specially appointed by Constantinople, has already arrived in Jerusalem to make full investigation, and award exemplary punishment to those found guilty of sacrilege. The engineer, who acted as interpreter to the eminent excavators and who is well known in Constantinople, is also under arrest.

"If the documents supposed to have been discovered near Dublin, Ireland, on which authority the explorers based their assiduous and indefatigable researches, were of Israelitish origin, then the arguments in favor of the British-Israel identity have won the day." ABBIE C. MORROW BROWN.

SEVERAL weeks have passed since the sensational reports were published of great treasures discovered by excavators under the Mosque of Omar. Our letter from a correspondent, given above, is the first authentic narrative received since the few meagre facts came by the cable.

It is understood that the particular object for which the search was made was the Ark of the Covenant, but the first reports stated that the crown, sword, and ring of King Solomon had been found, together with an ancient manuscript of the Bible. None of these reports have been absolutely confirmed, but it is believed the discoveries, whatever they were, are of very great value and importance. If a manuscript of the Bible was found, its importance can hardly be overestimated. Such a manuscript, or parchment, preserved in such a place, would, in all probability, be in a good state of preservation.



The Urim and Thummim  
Or breastplate of the High Priest, containing the Jewels of the Twelve Tribes

the victorious foe might not lay hands upon them. "A gentleman who has lately left for Europe, and whose truthfulness we have no reason to doubt, confided to us, amongst other information, the nature of the explorer's quest. The following is a part of the inventory enumerated in one of the discovered parchments:



# THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Rev. H. P. Lyman-Wheaton, D.D.\*



# A RICH INHERITANCE

TEXT: Acts 20: 32—"An inheritance among all of them which are sanctified."

THESE words form part of the address of St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus. He had been among them for three years, and God had so blessed his labors that we read in the preceding chapter that "the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed." The progress of the truth, however, excited at length considerable opposition, and a tumult was raised among the people, which made it desirable for St. Paul to pass over into Macedonia. His stay in Greece was but short; after remaining there three months, he determined to return to Jerusalem, proposing to arrive there, if possible, by the day of Pentecost. On his way he passed near Ephesus; and sent for the elders of that church to meet him at Miletus, that he might have one more opportunity of affectionate intercourse with those whom he knew (by special revelation) he was never again to meet in the flesh.

## The Fullness of the Blessing

It was on this occasion that he delivered the interesting address which is given us in this chapter. He reminded them of his former ministry among them, and the earnestness and constancy with which he had endeavored to make known the Gospel to all, and to press it upon the acceptance of each—"testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." He then referred them to the uncertainty of his own prospects for the future, and the expectation he had of being called to suffer for the name of Christ; declaring at the same time that "none of these things moved him," but that he only rejoiced to be permitted to exercise his ministry, and to spend whatever time might yet be allotted to him in preaching salvation through the Redeemer's merits. In reviewing his ministry among them, he called them to witness that he had faithfully delivered the whole message with which he was entrusted; so that, if any had not availed themselves of the proffered mercy, it could not be charged upon him that he had failed to make known either the freeness of the offer, the fullness of the blessing, or the danger attending its neglect. He then gave them some directions, relating especially to their duties as elders of the church; and, warning them of the danger which he foresaw would arise, besought them to watch, and directed them to God as their helper, and the "Word of His grace," as able to "build them up," and "give them an inheritance among them that are sanctified." And in conclusion he appealed to them as to his own upright conduct while with them, his freedom from interested motives, and his desire rather to distribute to others than to gain for himself any worldly advantage.

Let me direct your attention more particularly to that part of his address in which we see the resource to which the apostle refers, and the blessings he expects from it.

## God's Abounding Grace

I. *The resource to which the apostle refers them.* "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of his grace." He was about to leave them, and would no longer have the opportunity of observing their conduct, and suiting his instructions to the circumstances which might arise. He knew, too, that he left them in the midst of dangers, both from within and from without; while the greater part of them had only lately embraced the truth, and could not, therefore, be so thoroughly grounded and settled in the faith as he could have desired; or, however great their advancement might have been, he still had cause to entertain fears on their behalf. The strongest Christian is but a sheep, prone to wander, and a sheep, too, in the midst of wolves; there can be little hope, then, for his safety, unless some good Shepherd be nigh to lead and defend him.

They parted, then, all professing to walk in the narrow way of life, all desiring to live to the glory of God here, and to enjoy his presence hereafter; but who could say how many of them would continue to press forward in the path they had entered? or which of them, when they met in the judgment, would be found to have remained to the end the faithful servants of the Lord? St. Paul knew, by

the Spirit of prophecy, that not only would grievous wolves come upon them from other quarters, but even "of their own selves would men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." And we find a few years afterwards, when St. John wrote, that though the sound part of the Church had cast out these false teachers, and received the encouraging testimony, that for the name of Christ it had labored and had not fainted; yet there is added also, even of these, the best portion of the Ephesian believers: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." St. Paul had cause, then, to entertain fears respecting them, and to look with anxiety to their own weakness and to the dangers by which they were surrounded. But what is his recourse? "Brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace." "I may leave you; all the outward props upon which you stayed may be removed; the Channel through which you have enjoyed rich communications of comfort and grace is ever the same. His power to bless remains unaltered, and his love continues unchanged; he has provided for you all you have hitherto prized, and can still furnish you with every needed good. You may be weak and liable to err, and unable of yourselves either to continue steadfast in the faith, or to meet the assaults of your many adversaries; but the arm of the Lord is a support upon which you may confidently rely; his grace is sufficient for you. There is nothing that is really good which he is not able and willing to bestow; for he can make all grace to abound towards you, so that ye may always have all-sufficiency in all things."

## Preciousness of the Word

Thus the apostle, in parting from them, commits them "to God, and to the Word of his grace," as that was the one channel through which they might receive an unfailing supply. And well might he term it "the Word of His grace"; for the Word he has given us contains the announcement of boundless grace to poor and guilty man. It tells of, and it bids to be proclaimed to every creature under heaven, a depth of compassion and mercy so great, that our minds cannot fathom it; we are lost in its vastness, can only acknowledge that it stands unequalled as the "grace of God which bringeth salvation." And the same Word that points us to the Saviour for pardon shows us that in him and through him we may obtain every other grace; it enters largely into the various gifts which he bestows upon his people, and contains great and precious promises to excite their hopes, important instructions for their guidance, and earnest warnings to admonish and to quicken them; in short, it is all "given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Here, then, was a treasury to which they might always be referred; in the Word of the grace of God they might meet with an unfailing help, whatever human means might be removed; and by constantly searching the Scriptures, they might obtain a rich supply for all their spiritual needs. But the apostle more distinctly mentions some things which they might receive. Let us then go on to consider

II. *The blessings they might expect from it.* "I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

## "Babes" and "Fathers" in Christ

St. Paul had been permitted, as an instrument in the hands of God, to lay the foundation of a great and lasting work in many of their hearts; he trusted that they were all resting upon that one precious cornerstone which alone can be a sure support for our hopes. But this was not enough; the building must be carried on as well as the foundation laid; nor could he ever rest satisfied till the "top-stone" was brought forth with shouting, and the whole work completed. There were many among them who were young in their Christian profession—but babes in Christ; these needed constant and tender care to feed them with the milk of the Gospel. Others had grown to the age of young men; and even they required no less constant attention; they

were in danger lest their energies should be exerted in the wrong direction; nor would they arrive at a healthy maturity, unless they were taught to add to their faith and virtue (or, as the word signifies, courage or holy determination) which they already possessed, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." There might also be in the Ephesian Church some who had become fathers in Christ; but these still needed to be built up; and none more than they would feel their need in this respect; it is the experienced and ripened Christian who is most deeply sensible of how much he has yet to grow, and how far he is from having attained that which he ardently desires—the full stature of a perfect man. But in each of these cases, recourse might be rightly had to the Word of God's grace, which contains all that is suited to their varied wants.

## The Way of Salvation

It provides milk for babes, instructions so plain and simple that he that runs may read them; it supplies counsel and admonition fitted to give the young man knowledge and discretion; while at the same time it speaks wisdom to them that are perfect, and affords plentifully "strong meat to them that are of full age," "who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." Nor is it less powerful in giving "an inheritance among them which are sanctified" than in building up the believer in every stage of his progress. It gives the first title to that inheritance; for believers are said to be born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God which abideth for ever." The Word of God is able, when accompanied by the influences of the Spirit, to arouse the sinner from his slumbers, to teach him the danger of an unconverted state, to make him in earnest in the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" and to point him to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. That Word is able to speak peace to the troubled soul, to give assurance of pardon to the weeping penitent, and to convey the bright hope of an eternal inheritance to him who was before a child of wrath and an heir of misery. And as it furnished him with the means of obtaining that inheritance, so it is effectual in preparing him for it.

## The Christian Inheritance

In my text St. Paul calls it "an inheritance among them that are sanctified"; as none can enjoy its blessedness unless their hearts are first sanctified by the Spirit of God, and their minds conformed to the purity which reigns there. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." But it is the Word of God, which he has appointed as the means of producing the holiness in the hearts of his people. "Now are ye clean," says our blessed Lord, "through the word that I have spoken unto you." And so St. Paul, in writing afterwards to the Ephesians, represents the whole Church of Christ as cleansed by His Word. "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of the water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Not only the Church as a body, but each individual believer, shall be presented on that great day, as a holy part of that holy body; he shall then be put in complete possession of that inheritance which has long been the object of his hopes and desires; he shall join the happy company of the redeemed, and enter with them into the joy of their Lord. Then, when he looks back upon all the way in which the Lord his God has led him, he will see that that Word of God has been indeed "a lamp to his feet, and a light unto his path"; he has received daily assistance from it, in all the difficulties he has met with on the road; and, guided by its directions, he has arrived in safety in the mansions of the just. He will then prize that blessed Word, and testify from his own experience that it proved able to build him up, and to give him "an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

\* Pastor, Church of the Nativity (Episcopal), Fairview, N. J.



## They Loved Mont-Lawn

A SHORT time ago, I had occasion to visit the lower East Side tenement district of New York.

Walking through one of the narrow, dirty streets, I was attracted by the several groups of children at play. I tried to see the baby faces amid suchretched surroundings. One group of five children, boys and girls, ranging between seven and ten years of age, were greatly interested in playing with very forlorn, tattered ball. As I came close to them the ball rolled at my feet. I picked it up, handed it to the child who rushed up to claim it and was surprised when courteously thanked. My interest was aroused and I stopped to watch them at their games.

One of the group, deeming me friendly, after the ball episode, volunteered a smile, whereupon I responded by smiling too. Immediately the entire group of five stopped their play and came toward me. A small boy, who I afterward learned was ten years old, seemed to be the acknowledged spokesman, and made inquiry as to whom I was "huntin' fer." I answered that I was interested in them and their game and hoped they were having a good time and were well and happy. They assured me that three of them were in fine trim, but that the other two would not be quite perfect until next summer.

I thought this rather remarkable and made further inquiry, whereupon he replied by saying:

"You see, Dan and Mary ain't been to the Home like me and Kate and less; but they'll get there next time." "What Home?" I asked.

A look of astonishment passed over their faces.

"There ain't but one Home," said one of the little group.

"Is that so?" said I. "I thought here were many homes where little children visited."

"No, there ain't," she replied. "It's at Mont-Lawn. Guess you're thinkin' of asylums."

"Oh, I see now," I said. "There is just one Home, the rest are asylums. Now I understand."

"That's it," she replied with a satisfied air.

From that time on I had a difficult time making out all that was said in praise of the Home, for the three tots who had been the privileged visitors at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's Children's Paradise were so carried away by their enthusiasm that they all talked at once. However, I gathered this much: They had lived at the Children's Home for the allotted ten days, and those ten days were crowded with all the joys known to a child's heart. They had played on real green grass, where there were no signs to warn them against trespassing. They had plenty of the substantial to eat and many a "goody" besides. They danced, sang, and frolicked to pretty music and finally were tucked by kind and loving hands into the most comfortable bed they had ever imagined.

"And," spoke up little Dan, "there was people ever watchin' out for yer while, yer was sleepin'. I wasn't scairt oct'."

From their eager, earnest talk it was not difficult to gather that a genuine pleasure had been given them and their little faces showed the help gained, both physically and mentally.

I complimented the little girl for being so lady-like as to thank me for her ball, and she answered with great pride:

"I learned that at the Home and lots of other things, too."

I was delighted, and so would you all have been, could you have heard those bright, enthusiastic, appreciative children. They seemed to know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, not only that they desired the visit, but that they were actually wanted as well as welcome, at the Children's Home where little ones are "never in the way."

N. G. G.

## Rivers of Life

By EUGENE THWING

NATURE, in the sweet, open country, is calling the tired worker of the town away on his summer pilgrimage of rest. The trees, the hills, the sea entice him; the fields are full of flowers, and the cool, fresh grass invites his weary feet to little journeys of refreshment. Where will you go? What is your favorite retreat when you leave the fret and burden of the town to enjoy awhile the pleasure that never fails in God's out-of-doors?

I like the rivers, little and big. There is so much of companionship and human meaning in rivers—more, I think, than in the sea, or the hills, or even in the trees we all love so well.

A RIVER is never still. Its motion is very different from the ceaseless, restless tossing of the sea, which comes from no starting-place and reaches no destination. The waves of the ocean heave and tumble aimlessly, responding in wild disorder to the winds and tides, or rolling lazily in the calm. But the river knows whence it came and whither it is going, and, fast or slow, it moves steadily, surely on, in storm or calm, to the place of its destiny. It may have a winding course; it may be turned this way and that, through the pleasant valley or through the rocky gorge; through the busy town where it gives its power, *without losing it*, to the industries of man; through the quiet pastures where the cattle drink; sometimes through dark shade, and sometimes in the bright sunlight, always on, spending itself and being spent, yet gathering more into itself, until its course is finished and it passes into the great deep.

Just so our lives flow on, day by day, from infancy to old age. They wind in and out through many places and many experiences, now hastening eagerly toward a desired goal, then suddenly turned aside into another direction by some unexpected barrier in the way of our choice. But just beyond, in the new direction, we find an opportunity for some great work of helpfulness awaiting us, which we would have missed if our way had not been changed. Here the life stream lends its power for service and blessing, and then flows on, none the poorer nor weaker, constantly giving itself, and constantly gathering to itself that which it may later give again with greater power and richness.

So, through shade and sunshine, through the noise and bustle of active work, and through the quiet valleys and fields of rest and meditation, our life stream finds its way in the channel that God has prepared for it until it passes out into the ocean of his love for all eternity.

A RIVER is very different at its edges and in midstream. The bank claims it, there at the edge, and the river can not ignore its demand. The two are so different in character, yet they must meet and hold close intercourse. When the shore lies parallel with the course of the river, there is a light, rippling, shallow, pleasant and conversational contact at the banks. The grasses and trees bend over in a friendly companionship, and the river yields its water for their refreshment. Men and cattle come to the edge and drink or rest as the river flows past them.

Out in midstream, away from the banks, is the deeper current of feeling and purpose. There is the real life and strength of the stream. Get out there and find the steady pull toward the end to which it is going. At the bank it passes you with a light touch. In midstream the deep strong current carries you with it.

We have had just such contact with strong lives. At the edge, where they meet and converse with the world, they smile and ripple lightly, as it were, without revealing the great hidden power and purposes of their lives. Then, in a time of sympathy and intimate fellowship, we leave the banks and discover the strong midstream current in which their lives are moving, and we feel its pull. Is there such a strong current in our own lives, and whither is it pulling other lives that feel its influence?

THE source and supply of a river determine its character. Almost always the original source is pure, but often the stream is polluted by taking into itself impure supply. A river that is to be used for the drinking-water of a city must have all impure streams and drains shut off; and a life that is to flow with blessing must be careful to keep out all tributary pollution.

Starting in the pure spring among the hills, the river gathers to itself the waters of other springs as it goes on down the mountain side. If the supply is abundant the river is full and deep. A life which is filled at the start with the rich love of God, and which, as it goes on, makes every new experience and every new blessing a tributary stream for further enrichment, is sure to carry gladness and power all along its course.

Sometimes the supply is small, and the river is shallow and slow moving. It is stopped, or hindered, or disturbed by every stone or stick in its way. In every pool it becomes stagnant. It is unfit to give drink or to do work for man or beast. It shrinks away from the banks it ought to bless. What a pitiful thing is a life like that! When the supply is abundant, the river of life is resistless. It sweeps over all petty obstacles.

THE river gurgles and tumbles over pebbles near its source, and trickles through narrow banks, or spreads itself in shallow brightness on a sandy bed when it first ventures out into the light after its birth in the forest. It grows ever broader and deeper and more peaceful as it approaches its outlet. There may be sharp rocks still in the bed of the river; a wreck or two may lie hidden there, marking, all unseen, the place of former storms; but the current of the river moves over it full and strong, and the peaceful surface shows no sign of the hidden hurt. The fullness of grace submerges the pain and brings peace as the life moves toward its outlet into the glorious life beyond.

EVERY river of life must have a purpose outside of itself. What is the purpose of our life river? As it flows onward, is it blessing or polluting? "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God." Every city may be and should be a city of God. The river of his love must flow in human streams to make glad the city. My life shall be one of these streams, and so shall yours.

## Insurance or Prevention?

A FEW years ago the system of old age pensions was established in England with little or no opposition of any party, either in the Commons or the House of Lords. Now, Mr. Lloyd-George has introduced a measure for insuring wage-earners against sickness, accident and unemployment.

There are many considerations which must influence the adoption or rejection of this scheme. It is going to take a vast amount of money to inaugurate the system, and though a portion of this will be raised from small premiums, paid partly by the wage-earner when employed and partly by the employer, there must be raised by taxation a sum equal to \$27,500,000. This Mr. Lloyd-George's own estimate of the cost and should it prove, as has his estimation on the old age pension bill, to be only about one-half the required sum, the drain on the yearly earnings and profits may raise the question as to its advisability.

The bill makes many splendid provisions for those unforeseen times of illness and disability which visit all classes alike. It provides and makes provision for the wage-earning mother. The scheme as outlined would include 14,700,000 workers of all classes.

Of this side of the proposed law, there can be little criticism. It is a great step toward realization of the admonition, "Thou shalt love . . . thy neighbor as thyself." Of the provision of insurance against unemployment, it is more difficult to judge.

All civilized nations admit the necessity of caring for the pauper in health as well as in sickness. Yet pauperism has always had its stigma and the removal of that feature by this method of aid to the aged, the ill or those out of work, might seem like an encouragement to the ne'er-do-well element which exists in all lands alike. The greatest problem that presents itself to either government or charitable organization which would extend aid to any class, is how to prevent the very necessary help of the moment from becoming a demoralizing influence for the future. To provide even the most limited assistance for the shiftless, the lazy and the improvident, is to instill a subtle poison that must in the end lead to the loss of that wholesome dread of being classed as dependent, which has always animated the English speaking race.

Even in its provision against disablement by accident, the bill is open to question. Payment to the maimed wage-earner or his bereaved family after an accident, has little to recommend it when compared with the expenditure of an equal sum in the prevention of such disablement and fatality. Laws of compensation are in force practically throughout the American Union. Not the payment of insurance, reddened by the blood of crippled workers, but the expenditure of money without stint for every application which man has invented for the promotion of health and the prevention of accident is the need of our own land.

### Anvil Sparks

..THE devil's toll is all—if you patronize his mill.

..A LITTLE opportunity is a big chance to do your best.

..LONG-DRAWN contention seldom indicates breadth of view.

..It is hard to catch up with a lie, even with an automobile.

..You can never measure life's best things with the dollar sign.

..You cannot always hide from your troubles, but you can hide the most of them.

..EVERY one is willing to take short measure when it comes to receiving his share of troubles.

..Just do the best you can, and let the criticisms of other folks be to you like rain to the duck's back.



# IN THE LAND OF LITTLE FOLK



Mrs. Cameron Amusing the Little Tots at Play Hour



Three Pretty Maids of the Land of Little Folk

By ALLAN N. CAMERON,  
CHANGSHA, CHINA



Orphanage Babies with Their Native Nurse

CHINA is a land full of overflowing with lively, talkative, playful children. Its houses and huts, streets and lanes are crowded with boys and girls, who are as eager for any passing show, or procession, or to see the performing monkey, or even the missionary with his singing, as any American boys or girls could possibly be. How the Chinese little folks love to fly their kites in the first warm days of spring, and how the girls never seem to tire of playing shuttle-cock or the many other little games they have!

China is said to have 400,000,000 people, including about 160,000,000 children! Much missionary work has been done among the older people, but what room is there for work among this vast array of receptive little ones for children's meetings, Gospel day schools, classes for learning the precious Bible verses and the Gospel songs! These people have wonderful memories, and the children can easily learn from one to five verses every day, and repeat them without an error. The Chinese are not noted as singers, but the children readily learn our foreign tunes, sing them nicely, and love them, as is shown by the way they sing them. The great favorite in China is "Jesus Loves Me"; but "When He Cometh" is a close second, while "I Am so Glad," "Happy Day," and many of the slower church tunes are to be heard sung every day.

Much new and aggressive work has been done among a few thousand of the neglected children of China since the last famine (1907), and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have the privilege of being great helpers to the missionary workers in this respect. It supports 2,000 of the famine children, full orphans being given the preference. These are maintained and trained in about a dozen homes and orphanages throughout Eastern and Central China, with one or two in the farther North. We feel that the allowance for their support is sufficient, and indeed it appears to be lavish when we look into the poverty-stricken homes around us, and hear the reports from the new famine field. Girls are sold in every famine and for a mere song, only at last to find their way, in too many cases, to the ante-rooms of sin that abound in Shanghai and Canton.

I write to tell you just a little of the blessed work in one of the smallest of our Homes or orphanages, the one located at Changsha, in the heart of Central China, and of the "hostile" Province of Hunan. The work had a small beginning—very small. A clean-shaven head, but a dirty-faced little boy—that was all! That boy was the forerunner of a band that grew to 100 strong and over. How they did sing, and they had their verses every week, and got their cards, too. Then a castaway baby girl was put at our door.

We took her in. Then another and later larger girls were left with us, and soon we arranged a paper to be signed, whenever we could find a parent or guardian.

Now we have a most unique and unheard-of thing. In the midst of conservative Hunan, all our children are signed over to us, with a responsible guarantor, "FOREVER," and they thus become ours to train, educate, feed and clothe, arrange marriages for (as is the custom in China), and this without ever having to refer to heathen relations! At the present we have just fifty boys and girls, and a happier, freer band it would be hard to find. Their ages range largely from five to fifteen.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's support of the famine children has proven an abundant blessing these two years and over, and the children will thank the Christian supporters through all eternity for the blessings brought into their poor lost lives. Forty-three of our homes are being supported month by month by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the funds being sent each quarter.

We enclose some little photos recently taken of the children. These speak largely for themselves, though they do not reveal the ragged, wan appearance, and the dirty faces and fright of hair many of the children came in, or the crushed little feet of some of the girls. Now they are for the most part in splendid health, all have natural feet, and could race well with any others of their ages, and their faces look happy and contented. They literally sing "all the day," at morning and evening prayers, at every meal a verse, at opening of school, and often as they play—they really love the Gospel songs.



Some of the Larger Girls of the Changsha Orphanage

Mr. Cameron in Native Dress

Our twenty-one boys are from some six provinces though, of course, mostly from Hunan. A number were formerly beggars; some came from the Hunan famine district, some are from very poor homes some have lost one parent, some both. One boy is a Miao, or aborigine, and is specially supported by his missionary patrons, with the hope that he will long go back with the Gospel to his people in the western mountains. Four of our boys are now in our tract printing office, and two are very fair preachers.

The gowns of the girls are figured or flowered native calico, and the smaller girls have fanciful woolen band hats. The hair is dressed differently and in heathen homes, jewelry and powder are daily in use. Some of these girls were slaves; several were rescued from homes ruined by opium and came from the depths of poverty and need. They are a bright, helpful band now; make their own shoes, sew on machines or by hand, knit, work mottoes, read and write. Six of the older of the girls are baptized Christians.

The Girls' Bible Class is entirely a Home affair and has eight members at present. The missionary a Kansan in full Chinese costume, is their teacher. The boys have a class of the same size, which meet one evening a week. These two classes have hundreds of Scripture verses by heart, and also know many of the tunes and words of the Sankey Songs.

Our smaller children enjoy an outing much as young folks would at home, only that we use cows in the place of the familiar horse, when the little ones take a ride. One day we went to the open space beyond the North Gate of the city. Many people saw and admired the children, and next day a poor woman brought to us a weaver she had in pity picked up from among the graves, and begged us to take it, as she had one of her own and was very poor.

Three of the castaway baby girls have stolen the heart of the missionary's wife, and in fact seem to be much of an attraction to all of the visitors. Little "Miss No Name" was left at the mission door. Another we call Tien-en, meaning "Heavenly Grace." May her life prove it!

Our heavenly Father shielded us from the recent riot, when destruction and fire raged on three sides of us, and provided a native boat for a refuge till the worst was past; then we were the first to get back. Perhaps because we were so small, and so much like Chinese, they thought it not worth while to bother us. Our homes were not burnt in our absence either, and our Father sent the warm south wind for covering and rice from a gunboat for food so we all got back well. We praise him for this great deliverance, and for the band of workers we see training for his work.



# Washington's Philanthropic Women

By ABBY GUNN BAKER

Mrs. James A. Reed

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Mrs. Larz Anderson

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Mrs. John Hays Hammond

Copyright by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Richard P. Hobson

Copyright by G. V. Buck

Mrs. Martin Littleton



IN ALL circles of society this is the age of philanthropy. Gradually, like the leaven in the meal, we are coming to the realization that in the teachings of Jesus the saving of one's own soul is simply the beginning in His great plan of salvation; that the Fatherhood of God brought with it the obligation of brotherhood quite as impellingly as the duty to save one's own soul. It is this truth which, consciously or unconsciously, underlies every movement, great or small, which is being made for the world's betterment to-day.

To no one class of people has this truth seemed to come with so great an awakening force as to the rich, and those who occupy positions of power and prominence. It is not an unusual occurrence now for a rich man to give a community a public library, or a woman of wealth to endow a college; and yet what a stir it created, not so many years ago, when Miss Helen Gould began to erect buildings for the Young Men's Christian Association!

Look at Mrs. Russell Sage, quietly, wisely, laying out her late husband's dollars in investments which are bearing interest in the treasuries of heaven. Who would have believed, even twenty years ago, that millions of dollars could be raised, when the suffering of humanity demanded it, in small subscriptions averaging a few dollars and less? Yet every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD knows it has been done.

The present Red Cross movement emphasizes the advanced attitude the world has taken in regard to the obligations of brotherhood. It had its day of small beginnings, but it has done splendid work many times in calamity, for the people are always ready to respond when a catastrophe takes place in any part of the world. When Miss Mabel Boardman took hold of the Red Cross organization she determined that it should become a national affair responsible to the people, working under a charter which Congress could annul if necessary, and in cooperation with the various departments of the government. All of this she succeeded in doing, and a great deal more; for she it was who persuaded President Taft to become the President of the Red Cross Society, and she interested nearly every prominent public man in the country in the organization. Then it was she who undertook that which so clearly illustrates the larger place to which philanthropic movements have come. She is endeavoring, and with an assured success in view, to secure an endowment fund of two million dollars for the Red Cross. With this she expects to organize and equip Red Cross Societies throughout every part of the country, which will be ready for instant action whenever a call for help comes.

Not only are rich men and women willing to give their money to help make the world a better place, but many of them are giving their time, thought, brain—*themselves*; and that is infinitely better.

In 1901 the National Civic Federation, probably the strongest and most influential of recent organizations for world betterment, was started in New York City. The membership is not confined to the men, and a few years ago it broadened the scope of its activities by organizing the Woman's Welfare Department. The object of this department primarily is to improve the working and living conditions of wage-earning women, and the hearty manner in which women of wealth and leisure have gone into it is one of the encouraging signs of the better day which is coming. Mrs. Taft is the honorary chairman and has identified herself with the department from its beginning. Mrs. Horace Brock of Philadelphia was the original national chairman, and through her wise administration it reached its present influential position. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, of New York City, is the first vice-chairman, and Mrs. Richard Wainwright of Washington is the second. Mrs. Medill McCormick, daughter of the late Senator Hanna, Mrs. Huntington Wilson, wife of the First Assistant Secretary of State, Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, whose husband is the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Murray Crane, the wife of the distinguished senior Senator from Massachusetts, Miss Wetmore, daughter of Rhode Island's wealthy Senator, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Larz Anderson, wife of the American diplomatist and herself a gifted writer, with many other equally as prominent women, are members of the department, and are helping to prosecute its good work.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, wife of the well known mining expert, and a member of the executive council of the Civic Federation, has recently succeeded Mrs. Brock as National Chairman of the Welfare Department, and she is admirably qualified for the position. The Hammonds have great wealth; she will be able to travel in all parts of the Union to acquaint herself with labor conditions and to organize Welfare branches. They maintain a winter residence in Washington and have a splendid country place at Gloucester, Mass., where she can entertain elaborately and where she will come in touch with government officials and others of station. She will meet large employers of labor and call their attention to the conditions and needs of their employees. More than that, she is a woman who is personally acquainted with both sides of life. Her husband is a civil engineer by profession, and in the days before they had their wealth she shared the hardships of life with him, living in mining camps and seeing at first hand what the hardships and the dangers of that kind of life involved. This experience has given Mrs. Hammond the real fellow feeling which makes the success of all endeavor for humanity's uplift. Mr. Hammond was appointed by President Taft as the special ambassador at the English coronation ceremonies, and he and Mrs. Hammond are now in London.

At the recent annual meeting held at Mr. Hammond's Washington residence, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, chairman of the District of Columbia branch, announced that Mrs. McCormick had determined to establish a model boarding-house for wage-earning women at the national capital. The building was opened a few days later, and has created much interest. Mrs. McCormick has it plainly understood that it is in no sense a charity. She expects it to be a self-sustaining institution and eventually to become a small paying investment. She has leased one of the splendid old-time mansions in Georgetown.

Continued on page 625



Miss Mabel Boardman

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# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Will Germany Join the Peace Circle?

IT IS gratifying to learn that Germany has intimated a desire to enter the Peace and Arbitration Circle along the lines laid down by this government in its negotiations with Great Britain and France. Of course, as Secretary Knox has made clear, the road is open to any government to unite in the proposed international pact; but the advent of Germany would be an event of the highest significance since it would bring into close agreement the four great powers, whose united attitude would go very far toward determining the peace of the world. With Germany, France, England and America in complete accord and pledged to arbitration on all questions arising among themselves, their individual interests as governments reach out so extensively across the globe that it is not difficult to foresee a solidarity of influence in favor of peace and arbitration that would almost encircle the world. Germany's entrance into the peace field would be the greatest event since the century opened. It would be a splendid triumph for the principles for which peace lovers have long contended and which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been proclaiming for twenty years, viz.: violence or the resort to arms decides no principle, and no difference, quarrel or dispute can arise between nations that is incapable of honorable and equitable adjustment by arbitration, according to law.

## A Lawless Trust Condemned

IT WOULD be difficult to cite a decision at once so sweeping in its condemnation yet just in its severity as that of the United States Supreme Court in the Tobacco Trust case. It is shown to have been a piratical trust from the time of its inception twenty-one years ago, to the moment of the issuance of the order of dissolution. It meant to have the tobacco trade of the world in its grasp, and to accomplish this it ruthlessly drove out competitors, buying them off where it could not terrorize them, closing them up by means familiar to the conscienceless trader, and purchasing plants not to work them but to close them. Reading between the lines of the court's decree, it is impossible to avoid being astonished at the uninterrupted exploits of this great freebooter, which for two score years has been a privileged violator of the law, amassing millions for itself and ruthlessly overriding all opposition with a sovereign contempt for the courts and the rights of others. So hopelessly incorrigible did Justice Harlan consider this trust that he added to his note of dissent a line to the effect that he had found nothing in the record that would make him at all anxious to perpetuate any new combination among the sixty-four corporations composing the trust, which the court had conceded "had at all times exhibited a conscious wrong-doing!" Yet the Supreme Court, with a desire for absolute fairness, has given this monstrous combination of lawless monopolists an opportunity to reform and to reorganize their business on an honest basis. We have no sympathy with the tobacco business; but if it must exist, it should be compelled to keep strictly within the law hereafter. We leave to the legal fraternity the inevitable discussion of the "rule of reason" and its application in the present instance. On the evidence presented the court might easily have gone further, but if its reluctance to employ the full rigor of law should result in making a decent concern out of a convicted monopoly, its course will meet with general approval.

## Summer Resort Dangers

CONEY ISLAND, the strip of sand redeemed by man's ingenuity from the Atlantic, has grown to be a national pleasure resort. Nowhere else on the globe is there a place that combines innocent amusement with genuine instruction to the same remarkable extent. Its popularity may be gauged from the fact that on holidays as many as 700,000 visitors—a very large majority of them of the working class—have gone there to escape the midsummer heat and enjoy an economical and healthful outing. Like all other resorts of the kind, it has its drawbacks,

moral and otherwise; but this aspect of the place has been magnified by sensational and imaginative writers who love fiction more than fact. The great fire that swept a wide lane through the heart of the island, leaving scores of beautiful buildings a pile of smoking timbers, has played havoc with many of the picturesque attractions of the resort, and is a cause of genuine regret to multitudes. It has thrown thousands out of employment. But Coney will quickly rebuild. Its misfortune is one that might befall any of our slightly yet thickly built summer resorts. The one redeeming feature of the fire was that there was no loss of human life, which was remarkable under the circumstances.

## Remember Mont-Lawn

ON JUNE 28 we shall again open the hospitable doors of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. This beautiful charity, now in its seventeenth year, was founded by the late Dr. Klopsch, who labored for it with loving, earnest care up to the time of his death. He it was who caused to be inscribed over its entrance gate the words: "I Love God and Little Children." We hope this season, with the kind aid of those friends who have helped Mont-Lawn in the past, to welcome nearly 3,000 little tenement waifs to a summer outing in the "Children's Paradise." Mont-Lawn exists solely for the children of the poor. It is a place where children are never "in the way"; and when they leave, they carry with them influences that help to mould their whole after life. The home is a great boon to those little ones of poor families who have no means of getting an outing from any other source. Its shady lawns, large playgrounds, abundant table, tonic air and beautiful surroundings bring color to pale cheeks and strength to tired and frail little bodies. They enjoy to the full the kind treatment, the simple services and the hours of song in the beautiful Children's Temple. Last year, many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shared with us the joy of bringing a section of heaven into the hearts of the children. We would be glad to have as many as possible to share the same happiness this year. It costs \$3 to send a little tenement child to Mont-Lawn—a trifle to the giver, but ten long, delightful days of happiness to the tiny guest. We take them out of unwholesome and maldororous city slums during the hot midsummer days and surround them with those influences that make for the right development of mind and body. When you are making your summer arrangements, just give a thought to Mont-Lawn and if you can send even one poor little guest there for a fresh-air outing "in his name," the recollection of it will add zest and enjoyment to your own holiday and will be a great blessing to your tiny protégé.

## Vain Regrets

IT WOULD seem that Rev. Dr. William D. Grant of Northumberland, Pa., whose trial for heresy we commented on last week, has undergone a radical change of mind since the announcement of the verdict of the Presbyterian General Assembly finding him guilty. His friends had looked for a favorable verdict, or at the most a disagreement, and the adverse result was wholly unexpected. It suspends him from the Presbyterian pulpit until he makes renunciation of the objectionable utterances. Dr. Grant, after the blow fell, suddenly seems to have realized the seriousness of his situation. He is quoted as saying:

I still remain unshaken in my faith in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in his deity, divine birth, resurrection and mediatorial office and in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. To the world I profess my innocence and declare my unshaken belief in the Word of God. I can see now that some of my statements and writings are subject of misconception. If I cannot preach the great doctrines of grace as given by the New Testament in the Presbyterian Church, I ought to be denied the ministry.

The unfortunate pastor deserves sympathy. His experience should stand as a warning against the all too common evil of loose preaching. Heresy trials, however, are sadly out of date. A simpler way of disposing of such cases would be for a preacher who finds himself unmistakably out of touch with the church's creed and doctrine, to

promptly step down and out from the pulpit. To remain under such conditions is disloyalty to the Christian cause and dishonor to the pledge to his denomination.

## Temple vs. Civil Marriage in Utah

SEVERAL readers have written referring to our recent comments on the statement which appeared in the *Deseret News*, concerning the 1,100 marriages which President Joseph Smith of the Mormon Church in a conference address in Salt Lake City spoke of as "illegal marriages contracted not in accordance with the law of God." It would now seem that while the *News* was right in its facts the extract it gave from the speech of President Smith was calculated to convey a wrong impression to the public mind. This was the extract:

We ought to obey the rules of the Church with regard to marriage. Eleven hundred marriages were contracted last year not in accordance with the law of God. As announced time and time again at these conferences, plural marriages have ceased in the Church. There is no man who is authorized to perform a plural marriage. No man and no woman have the authority to have this ceremony performed for them. We have been doing all in our power to stop this.

Now, as we are informed by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Idaho Falls and Salt Lake City (who, though non-Mormons, have lived for many years among these people), the marriages referred to were not polygamous marriages, but unions solemnized under the civil law. In all of these 1,100 cases, the principals were young members of Mormon families who for their own reasons chose to be wedded by the civil ceremony, instead of the Mormon service in the Temple. They were civil marriages of monogamists and had no reference to polygamy whatsoever. Further, the writers assure us that the Mormon Church is honestly trying to obey the decision of the United States Supreme Court, declaring plural marriages unlawful. These facts, together with the explanation given above, give a new meaning to the speech at Conference which has been so widely misunderstood. It is only just to all that the truth should be known, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which believes in presenting both sides of every case, takes this opportunity of giving "the other side," so that it may not be said that the Mormons have been unfairly held up to criticism for a palpable misunderstanding of terms instead of a real fault.

## General Note

—THE YOUNG MEN'S BUSINESS Association of Port Huron, Mich., has received the acceptance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, to visit Port Huron in September the same day that President Taft will be there. In view of the general interest in the pending reciprocity treaty the announcement that President Taft and Premier Laurier are to be in that city on the same day has received extraordinary attention.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Bright Outlook for Mexico

WHEN the revolution began in Mexico it was thought that Diaz would manifest his accustomed wisdom and courage, and that his administration was so well organized that he would ake short work of the insurrection, but the opposite has been true. Old age relaxed his grip on things and men. The despotism under which he ruled the republic for a generation had wrought deep injury and provoked well-nigh universal resentment, and in an incredibly short time the political convulsion threw him from the summit of his glory and power to the ground, and he is to-day in Spain, an exile from home. His letter to the resident of the Chamber of Deputies was one of the most pathetic messages ever written, and will be a memorable document in Mexican history, containing hints of the man's greatness, a true record of his marvelous deeds in building modern Mexico and in giving to it such material wealth, general education and widespread happiness. The letter closes with these significant words: "I hope, gentlemen, that when the passions which are inherent to all revolutions have been calmed, a more conscientious and justified study will bring out in the national mind a correct acknowledgment, which will allow me to die, carrying engraved on my soul a just impression of the estimation of my life, which throughout I have devoted, and will devote, to my countrymen." The letter and spirit of his dramatic farewell of the late President has opened the way auspiciously for his successors, Francisco de la Barra as Provisional President, with Ladero, who exerts the largest power of any individual in the country, as his adviser. The new authorities are setting themselves in good earnest to the task of restoring peace to the country, subduing the revolutions against the revolutionists, rebuilding the telegraphs and railroads, administering all public affairs and preparing for a general election which is likely to be beset with perils, and all within six months' time. An electoral system must be contrived. The governors of the various provinces, who have only acted as the tools of Diaz, must have their independence and duties better defined, the corrupt politicians and judges and men who have enriched themselves by the privileges of the late administration must be checked, and the people must have a fair and free election. These things, we believe, Mexico will have as the immediate result of the revolution. What a pity that Diaz did not see the handwriting on the wall; that he did not realize that neither the times nor his great nation would tolerate despotism; that he did not appreciate the fact that he was too old to keep up the pace of his nation's progress or adjust himself to his new conditions. Then he could have saved the contests in the provinces and the riot and bloodshed in his beautiful capital and claim an honorable retirement as the greatest man, ruler and benefactor Mexico ever had. The mutabilities of time, the insecurity of earthly estate, the vanity of earthly glory, are illustrated in the overthrow of a man who was for more than thirty years one of the most popular rulers of the world, and whose nation under his authority enjoyed a period of prosperity scarcely equaled. The prophet thus enforces these lessons:

Bay unto the king and to the queen. Humble yourselves, sit down: for your principalities shall come down, even the crown of your glory. (Jer. 13:18.)

## Paid an Old Debt

Jimmy Osborne, a little lad on his father's plantation in North Carolina, fell into the river and was drowning, when one of his father's slaves jumped into the water and rescued him. Almost half a century later, a son of this old slave killed a man and was put on trial for his life in a court in New York City presided over by Judge Crain. One of New York's leading lawyers, Hon. James W. Osborne, a former assistant district attorney, was employed to defend him. The attorney seemed glad to defend this son of his old rescuer, and thus pay back some-

what of the debt, the full measure of which he felt could never be met. The jury was out only a few moments and brought back a verdict of acquittal, believing that the young man had acted in self-defense. If we are good to the children of others there is a strong likelihood that others will be good to our children. The books are not always balanced in this life, nor is there always visible exchange of value for value; but the strong tendency, even here in this world, is to get back what we give in service or in love, in things temporal or spiritual. The likelihood of being paid back what we give is suggested by the words:

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. (Prov. 19:17.)

## Wireless Belting the Earth

A wireless message was sent from Glace Bay, N. S., to Dakar on the coast of French Western



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United Troops of Mexico Passing Through One of Mexico City's Streets

Africa. The message was sent from Glace Bay to the Eiffel Tower Station in Paris and from there relayed to Dakar Station, the message going in just sixty seconds. The experiment was so successful that it is announced that the British dependencies will be linked together by wireless and that sixty or seventy new stations will be erected to make the wireless circuit of the globe. There are scarcely any of the scientific discoveries of the times that do not magnify God's wisdom and bring about a closer relationship between the Uncreated and the created mind. It does not tax the faith of the person who credits the scientific fact of the wireless circuit of the globe, to believe in man's ability to speak to his Creator and listen to His voice in return.

I will fetch my knowledge from afar, and will ascribe righteousness to my Maker. (Job 36:3.)

## Paradise for Cranes

Fifty sandhill cranes have a paradise for themselves and their young in the tall white oak trees on the farm of Anton Schildmeier near Indianapolis.

The oak grove covers seventy-five acres and the trees are almost 100 years old, some of them 150 feet in height. These birds have come back from the South to their Northern paradise in the trees, where hang their nests, woven of sticks and weeds, large as a bushel basket. Mr. Schildmeier is eighty-three years old, and has lived on his present farm seventy-four years. He has secured a competency by his successful farming, but does little else now than spend his time with his trees and his birds. Recently a lumberman offered him \$15,000 for the white oak trees in his forest, and was astonished when the old gentleman not only declined the offer, but said he would not take fifteen times \$15,000 for them. He said his father brought him over from Germany and that he had spent seventy-five years with those trees, which had grown up with him to maturity, and that he loved them like children. He said they made such a beautiful home for his birds that were so dear to his heart. His

woods are also filled with squirrels, rabbits, birds of every plumage and melody; Doe Creek, which flows through the forest, is full of fish, and he spends the evening time of his earthly existence amidst the nature life for which he has made such ample provision, and with Infinite Love, the author of all. This old German presents a beautiful picture; he does not care how many millions of feet of lumber his trees will produce, nor how much a foot he could get for it; he wishes only to drink in the beauty behind them and his birds, and the Personality underneath and around all. The old man had worked hard and laid up enough for his own support and for his family after him, but he took time all his life to feed his soul with the things of the Spirit.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. (Matt. 4:4.)

## Nerves Sewed Together

By a telegram from Trenton, N. J., the statement is made that Dr. G. N. J. Sommer had just sewed together the nerves in the arm of H. L. Jobs and effected a cure for paralysis in his arm. The member had been fractured and paralysis was the result. He came to St. Francis Hospital for examination, where the operation was performed, as a result of which he is able to use his arm as well as before the accident. Medical science is constantly reporting some new discovery. God through secondary causes cured the paralysis of this man's arm with needle and thread. Christ when he was in the world cured the complete paralysis of the body by his own will as a First Cause. The man arose from a complete paralysis at these words of Christ.

I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. (Mark 2:11.)

## The Puckerless Persimmon

The Department of Agriculture in this country has performed the feat and the favor of taking the pucker out of the persimmon. Few boys or girls who have lived in the South need to be told how quickly a green persimmon will tie the lips into a knot, and how delicious that fruit is when the hard frost has made it pink and soft. For five years the Agricultural Department has been experimenting, and has just announced its success in removing the pucker from the persimmon. The fruit is put into tanks into which carbon dioxide has been forced and left there three days. Taken out, it is sweeter than a Bartlett pear and will keep three times as long. The dioxide reduces the canin in the fruit to tiny tasteless crystals. This new discovery will make an added delicacy for the bill of fare and a field of profit to the districts where the persimmon tree grows. What an art and heavenly mission it is to kill the bitterness of life with sweet, and to take the pucker out of discordant and discontented minds! A cheerful face and pleasant words out of an unselfish heart have much to do in giving sunshine and sweetness to our fellow-men. This thought has appropriate expression in these words:

Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. (Prov. 16:24.)



# A Great Sunday School Convention



JOHN STITES  
Pres't 1st Sunday School Convention



DR. GEORGE W. BAILEY  
Treas'r 1st Sunday School Convention



REV. DR. A. F. SCHAUFLE  
Chm. 1st Sunday School Lesson Com.



REV. DAVID G. DOWNEY, D.D.  
Sec'y M. E. Board of Sunday Schools

"THE open Bible and the Uplifted Cross" is the golden theme which will run through all the harmonies of the thirteenth International Sunday School Convention which meets this month in San Francisco, Calif. The proceedings cover a whole week, from June 20 to 27, the changes being rung on a scale of topics apropos of the tercentenary of the Bible; the progress and problems of the Sunday School; the International Lessons; the World's and International Associations; the Sunday School in its relation to the home, to missions, to temperance, to education, and to the pastors. In addition to the general sessions, there will be a special conference of the eight departments of Sunday School work; a Congress of Pastors and of Sunday School Superintendents, and of Personal Purity Workers and of Home Missions.

Over one hundred speakers are listed. They include Rev. Dr. David G. Downey, Chicago, secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools, M. E. Church; Rev. E. M. Ferguson, editorial superintendent Sunday School Missions, Presbyterian Church; W. E. Carpenter, Brazil, Ind., superintendent of a Sunday School numbering 4,000; Dr. George W. Bailey, Philadelphia, World's Sunday School Association president; Rev. Dr. H. H. Bell, San Francisco, vice-president of the National Sunday School Association and chairman of the California General Committee; Rev. Dr. Charles D. Bulla, Nashville, Tenn., superintendent Adult Bible Class Department, M. E. Church, South; Dr. W. A. Duncan, Syracuse, N. Y., founder and chairman of the Home Department; Mr. E. C. Knapp, general secretary Inland Empire Sunday School Association; Mrs. A. A. Lamoreaux, Chicago, general secretary International Elementary Department Committee; Rev. Dr. George Merrill, Minneapolis, secretary executive committee International Sunday School Association; Miss M. E. Kennedy, general secretary, Birmingham, Ala., Sunday School Association; Mr. H. J. Heinz, president Pennsylvania Sabbath School Association; Mr. William Hamilton, Toronto, Ont., chairman Visitation Department Committee; Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Hamill, Nashville; Mrs. Bertha Hegeman, Oakland, and many other secretaries of Sunday School boards; superintendents, chairmen of Sunday School Departments; editors and leaders in the international Sunday School movement. Nearly all of the fifteen members of the International Lesson Committee, Rev. Dr. A. F. Schaufler, chairman, will attend.

Hon. Hiram W. Johnson, governor of California; Mayor McCarthy of San Francisco, Justice McClaren, of Toronto; and half a dozen bishops of as many different denominations; Principal Rexford, of Montreal; Principal Patrick of Winnipeg; President Hemphill of Louisville; Professor Price, Chicago University; Professor Lamprey, Louisville; Professor Tipple, Madison, N. J.; and leaders of temperance and missionary work are also among the speakers.

Work in Mexico, in the West Indies and South America, and among the negroes, which has made

great progress during the three years, will be described by the special workers. Mr. John Stites, Louisville, Ky., is the presiding officer.

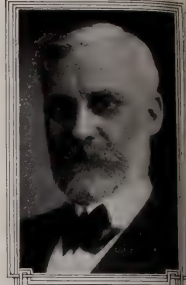
The first International Sunday School Convention was held in Baltimore, Md., in 1875, with 463 delegates present, twenty of whom were from Canada. The delegates at San Francisco will number 2,000, and will represent Sunday School Associations in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, and South America. One of the most interesting reports comes from Mexico, where in 1872 there was not even a railroad from the United States, few schools of any kind, and not one Sunday School. The Bible was a sealed book. Native workers have been trained, lesson helps provided in Spanish, and the Bible has been opened to thousands of eager and attentive adults and children.

Sixteen million members are enrolled in the 275,000 Sunday Schools of North America. Every State in the United States and every province in Canada is elaborately organized for Sunday School work, so that even the remote cross-roads school is brought into touch with the international organization. Every one of the 200 Protestant denominations has now embraced the Sunday School as a factor in the development of Christian character, urging upon parents and guardians the importance of training the children and youth in the knowledge of the Scriptures.

J. A. S.

## Dr. Jowett's Fearlessness

A PROPOS of the opening of Dr. Jowett's New York pastorate, a writer in the *London Morning Leader* has this to say regarding his fearlessness in the pulpit: "I am sure that Dr. Jowett will not flatter New York. He will not flinch from the hard task of telling it the truth about sin. The word has an archaic sound. One seldom meets it in modern literature. It is nearly as obsolete as Satan himself. But Dr. Jowett is a preacher who is able to make sin seem as real as goodness. I can never forget a sermon he preached in the City Temple, London. He recited twice over the appalling catalogue of sins made out by St. Paul. He applied that catalogue to the modern world. He spoke to a great assembly of men and women with the fearlessness and candor of a Savonarola. He held up sin after sin and denounced them in words that blistered and burned. He did not scourge sin as a vague and nebulous abstraction. He defined it in its awful phases, and connected it with the actual life of living men and living women. He descended into the very hell of wickedness and made men shudder at his valiant ruthlessness. I have never heard plainer speech or bolder condemnation. And yet there was an utter absence of sensationalism. The man was grappling with spiritual death and disease. He was fighting with wild beasts. He was in mortal agony. He suffered in the coils of evil. The serpents of sin were strangling him. And then he rose a victor from the struggle."



MARION LAWRENCE  
Gen'l Sec'y 1st Sunday School Conv't



MISS M. E. KENNEDY  
General Secretary



WILLIAM N. HARTSHORN  
Chm. 12th 1st Sunday School Conv't



DR. MARTIN GROVE BRUMBAUGH  
Vice-Pres't 1st Sunday School Convention

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—AN INQUEST INTO the sudden and tragic death on May 29 of Sir William S. Gilbert, the celebrated dramatic author and librettist, was held a few days later. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death was due to syncope, brought about by Sir William's overexertion while attempting to rescue one of the women of his bathing party at Harrow, who had got beyond her depth.

—ON MAY 30 THE NATIONAL GIBSON Society shipped 25,000 copies of the Bible to San Francisco. This society is an official adjunct of the Christian Traveling Men's Association of America, the object of which is the placing of a copy of the Bible in every room of all of the hotels in the country. The copies shipped are to be used at the convention of the International Sunday School in San Francisco. There is to be a parade of Bible classes, and it is planned to have every parader carry a copy of the Bible.

—THERE WERE POST-ELECTION manifestations in the streets of Lisbon, Portugal, on May 31. A crowd attempted to mob the officers of the newspaper *Dia*, but the Civil Governor and other authorities intervened and prevented the destruction of property. It is reported that Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, recently told the Portuguese representative in London that the British Government was ready definitely to recognize the Portuguese Republic as soon as the constitution was voted. Foreign Minister Machado announces that the Constituent Assembly will open its sessions on June 19, and that the constitution will be voted by the end of that month. The Chamber will then elect a President of the Republic.

—KING FREDERICK OF DENMARK gave an audience to Rear-Admiral Badger, commander of the squadron of American battleships which is on a visit to Copenhagen on May 31. He

expressed his gratification over the visit of the warships, and asked the American commander to convey his greetings and warm appreciation to President Taft. Dr. Maurice F. Egan, the American Minister, gave a dinner to Rear-Admiral Badger and his officers. The function also was attended by members of the Cabinet and Danish naval officers and notables. In the evening large crowds lined the shores to see the brilliantly illuminated warships. The squadron sailed for Stockholm on June 1.

—THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET, who has heretofore never been interviewed, and whom very few men of white skins have ever seen, while many hundreds of followers hold him to be a deity, has at last had to give up to a pursuer having a newspaper mission. The interviewer is William T. Ellis, an American, formerly of Philadelphia, who saw the Lama, whose full name is Ngag-Wang Lobsang Thubden Gya-Tsho, in the little village of Darjeling, within sight of the Himalayan snows. His asylum there is one the British have prepared for him, in which they maintain him as their guest. Mr. Ellis was given a long, white scarf of Chinese silk, and bearing this in his arms, thumbs up, he approached the Lama, who was seated on a modern couch. He was allowed to go to within four paces of him. The impression received at this close range of one of the three men of the world who are regarded as divine personages by their followers was not such as to impress the American very deeply. "His face is thoroughly pock-marked," he wrote, "and his ears, which are large and pointed at the top, are his most noticeable feature. His mustache is waxed horizontally, while his head in a lesser personage, would be called bullet-shaped." The Lama's personal cleanliness, however, was remarked by his interviewer, who wrote that "he

ests from a golden bowl and drinks from a golden cup, and sleeps between spotlessly white satin sheets."

—AN AMUSING INCIDENT concerning the Grand Duke Wilhelm Ernst of Hesse recently found a place in the news of the world. The Duke is extremely democratic, and delights to go amongst his subjects very plainly dressed and entirely unattended. It happened that on one of these rambles he met and got into conversation with an unemployed clerk. The Duke sympathized with him, and when the talk grew more intimate the stranger, taking his companion for a fellow-clerk, asked if he might ask him for the loan of a little of the German equivalent for "tin"—English slang for money. If he could let him have some, he could probably obtain a job. "Tin" was an entirely new expression to the Grand Duke, who wondered what such a metal could have to do with a clerk obtaining employment. Desirous of discovering the connection, he inquired and received the reply: "Why, I mean 'dough,' of course." This completely nonplussed the Grand Duke, who, not caring to display his ignorance further, remained silent. His companion, thinking he was hesitating, then said: "You need not be afraid. If you will lend me the 'tin' I can buy a suit, and I will repay you out of my first wages, because I can certainly get a job." Then it dawned on the Grand Duke what was wanted, and, without replying, he led the way towards the palace gates. The sentries, much to the young man's astonishment, saluted, and then a gorgeously uniformed official appeared and asked: "What are your Highness's commands?" The Grand Duke replied: "Take this young man to my tailor's and see that he gets a suit and that he is sent to the palace." Then he said a hearty goodbye to the out-of-work clerk and wished him success in his search for employment.



# Coney Island After the Big Fire



THE RUINS OF WHAT WAS DREAMLAND, LOOKING ACROSS SURF AVENUE

THE details of the great fire which wiped out a large part of Coney Island, New York's greatest popular shore resort, on May 27, disclosed the fact that it was by all odds the most destructive and most spectacular fire which has ever visited that too frequently fire-swept island. The short account of the conflagration which appeared in the last issue of this paper was written while the fire was still burning and its final results were unknown. Although the disaster brought with it a score of the narrowest kind of escapes, not a single human life was lost. The property losses were variously estimated at from \$2,250,000 to upward of \$5,000,000.

The Fire Department's last resort, the "2-9" alarm, was turned in by the Deputy Chief in charge of Brooklyn, almost immediately upon his arrival at the scene. The "2-9" means that the alarm telegraph clicks off nine straight taps twice, and in fire parlance it signifies that "every wheel rolls."

It is the first time that "2-9" has been rung for action since a great fire in lower Broadway, in 1904, and the second time in the history of this department.

Owing to the almost prohibitive rate for fire insurance, based upon the admittedly non-fireproof construction, the fire insurance policies carried on all the property in the area laid waste will not, it is believed, amount to more than about one-tenth of the loss.

One of the most startling and at the same time one of the most pitiful features of the fire was the fight for life made by the wild animals of the Ferrari show, known for years to New Yorkers as Bostock's. Black Prince, a widely advertised Nubian lion, one of the largest and most ferocious of the performing herd of the Ferrari show, finished his career on the highest turret of the "Rocky Road to Dublin" show with some seventy bullets in his carcass, and at that he died, not from the lead, but the steel of a fireman's axe wielded by a policeman.

Before his spectacular finish Black Prince furnished the immense crowd which had quickly gathered to view the fire with a thriller. In a mix-

up in the runway leading to the arena of the Ferrari show the big Nubian in some manner escaped from the trainers who were trying to beat him along with his fellow captives into the iron-barred arena. By that time the fire had caught his mane and the thicker coatings of his bristly hide, and the pain drove him mad. He burst through the passageway leading to Surf Avenue and headed east without an apparent thought of the hundreds of human beings who started a wild scramble to escape him. At the entrance to the "Rocky Road to Dublin" ride, a hundred yards up the avenue, he turned and dashed up the spiral obstructions leading to one of the double turrets which adorn that building.

At the top of the incline he halted, but even then he scorned to notice the advancing policemen, who were blazing away at him as swiftly as they could discharge their revolvers. One picked up a fireman's axe as he joined the chase, and with that he smashed two fierce blows on the lion's skull. The Nubian dropped at the first, and if that did not finish him the second blow did, but even then the policemen made sure of their ground by firing a dozen more bullets into his prostrate body.

Ferrari, Captain "Jack" Bonavita and Vincent

Refire, the owner and principal animal handler of the Ferrari show, made a brave attempt to rescue the beasts, and, failing in that, to end their sufferings by shooting them to death, but the quick spread of the flames frustrated their humane impulse.

The screamings and trumpeting of the animals as they found themselves hopelessly penned in by the fire reached the ears of the crowd above all the roar of flames and the hissing of the water, and started a second panic but slightly less intense than that engendered by the appearance of Black Prince. Some few of the beasts were herded into their transfer cages and trundled out of the burning park to the quiet safety of a nearby livery stable.

While the wild animal end of the disaster was furnishing perhaps the most exciting part of the spectacle, another life and death drama was being enacted in a quieter but no less heroic fashion in a smaller building between the building where the fire started and the Ferrari show's headquarters.

This was in the baby incubator building, where Dr. S. Fischel and his assistants had five little charges in their care. Two o'clock in the morning is a regular feeding time for these incubator babies, and the three nurses on duty at that time were just preparing to attend to that important function.

Something or other, he doesn't know just what, started Dr. Fischel out of a sound sleep, and he jumped to his window just in time to see a watchman running to the fire alarm box. The doctor dashed to the incubator room, and bundling up two of the babies in his arms directed the handling of the other three by the nurses who were there, and the little procession started for safety. Later in the morning the babies were sent by taxicab to the New York Infant's Hospital, in Manhattan, where they were reported to be "all doing well."

Through a preliminary investigation by the Deputy Fire Marshal, instituted immediately after the fire had been checked, it was learned that a slight explosion presumably resulting from a short circuit of the electric wires in a tunnel of one of the show places was the cause of the costly blaze.



Extinguishing the Last Flames Amongst the Ruins



# THE BOWERY MISSION'S NEW FIELD

IT OPENS A FREE LABOR SETTLEMENT FOR THE WORKLESS

**T**HE problem that faces the workers of the Bowery Mission with ceaseless persistence is that of finding work for the unemployed. All but a very small fraction of the multitude to whom the Mission ministers belong to this class.

It is an easy thing to write and speak of them as a class, but it is when you get down to the individual, as mission workers are obliged to do, that you begin to realize something of the unspeakable agony of being without, as Tennyson described it, "the means whereby to live." It means not only, in many cases, a great deal of physical suffering, but, what is worse, the utter breakdown of the spiritual element in the man, the eclipse of the soul, the loss of hope, and the dragging downward of the divine principle of life, until it becomes a mere material, animal existence. Unemployment means destitution, dirt, disease, degradation, and death.

The first duty, therefore, of the Mission to men who have accepted its Gospel of spiritual life in Christ is to help them to secure employment. For over three years, the Free Labor Bureau has been organized, and during that time has found positions for nearly eleven thousand men, many of them in permanent places in the country at living wages. With few exceptions these men have made good. The number of positions in country places would have been much greater had not the difficulty of transportation intervened. In every case employers are expected to pay transportation charges. The Mission charges no fee, either to employer or employee.

The heavy responsibility, however, of caring for the men, feeding and sheltering them until positions are found; then fitting them out with proper clothing with which to assume their new duties, has fallen upon the shoulders of the Mission. This has been, and is still, an anxious, onerous and costly undertaking. Many of the men, wearied out with waiting, have passed on and no one knows what has become of them.

These considerations have created the necessity for opening out another branch—the Bowery Mission's Labor Settlement. Here men are given temporary work, cared for in a clean, healthy, comfortable Christian home, provided with plain, wholesome food, and kept constantly under kind supervision and the best religious influences, until permanent positions are secured for them. Here, also, it is intended to give a certain amount of training to inefficient men, those who have not in earlier life been fortunate enough to learn a trade, or been

the subjects of any educational or disciplinary course of living.

The institution is under the charge of the Rev. Joseph M. Conway, who has had considerable experience with men in connection with the Volunteers of America, the Crittenton Mission, and the National Bible Institute.

We invite the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to assist this new work of the Bowery Mission by



Sent to Work on the Labor Settlement

sending as often and as regularly as they possibly can every scrap of cast-off clothing, furniture, books, magazines, etc., they can gather together. The following list of useful articles may help our friends in sending in their contributions. The suggestion is made that goods be packed in barrels and consigned, freight paid, to the Bowery Mission

Labor Settlement, 4643 Bronx Boulevard, Wakefield Station, New York Central Railroad, New York City.

Men's, women's and children's clothing of every kind, hats, shoes, overcoats, rain coats, overalls, bed clothing, blankets, sheets, counterpanes, comforters, pillow cases, towels, bath towels, kitchen utensils, pictures, carpets, rugs, articles of household furniture, trunks, shaving utensils, toilet articles, provisions, tea, coffee, preserves, ham, bacon, canned milk, flour—

in fact, about anything that you will no longer need, or are inclined to contribute. It would be a good thing to have a barrel standing handy in some corner of the house, known as the Bowery Mission Barrel, into which any likely article might be placed from time to time. Then, when filled, the barrel could be forwarded as above.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will also be pleased to have offers from those interested in the work of the Bowery Mission, who will be willing to undertake the formation of town or village circles of contributors, so that barrels of goods may be regularly sent to help this work along. J. G. HALLIMOND, Superintendent Bowery Mission.

## TWO PAIRS OF SHOES

By Pauline Frances Camp



ONE little pair is of dingy hue,  
Patched at the heels and toes;  
The other is shiny and trim and new,  
Gay with buckles and bows.

One little pair, of its beauty shorn,  
Treads dustily Tenement Row;  
The other's at home on a velvet lawn,  
And walks that are white as snow.

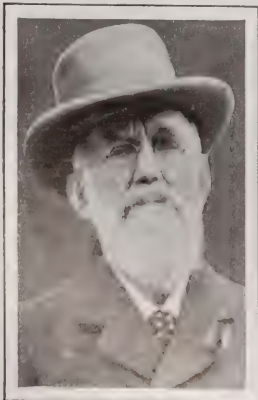
The worn little pair has a light, light tread,  
When there is some one sick;  
But the other one heeds not an aching head,  
If it chooses to stamp and kick.

The patched little pair on an errand runs,  
To the lilt of a merry song;  
Not so do the gay little buckled ones:  
They scuffle and drag along.

Now, the secret about these shoes is this:  
One is a lady's shoe.  
Shall I tell you which pair of the two it is?  
Or do you know the secret, too?

## DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, OPTIMIST

**T**HERE is no reliable antidote for pessimism. Generally the last thing desired by a person so afflicted is to find a cure. But granted that in any specific case healing were craved, one could prescribe nothing better than



Dr. John Clifford

a half hour's talk with Dr. John Clifford. Here is a man of seventy-five, who has carried the weight of an unbroken pastorate in the world's metropolis for fifty-three years, going to his field, the Westbourne Park Baptist

Church, Paddington, London, direct from his university preparation. Almost countless calls for special service have come from his denomination throughout the British Isles.

He has allowed himself to be made a very wheel-horse of social reform, and a half dozen great causes, dear to the hearts of the British people, owe as much to him severally for their advancement as to their most active originators, advocates, and promoters. Perhaps more than any other individual he must be counted the pivotal personality that has made possible the Federation of the Free Churches and all the benefits that have flowed from that union. Yet he comes to America at this time and moves through the circle of his engagements seemingly with the freshness, virility, and blithesome ease of one in middle life. The energy of battle is still in his blood, but the unending campaign in which he contends is one for justice, truth, humanity, Christlikeness, brotherhood. Therefore his first utterances during this his third visit to the United States, have been on behalf of universal peace—before a great assembly of ministers in New York City just after he landed, and then at the Mohonk Peace Conference.

His one sermon in New York grandly uplifted Jesus Christ as the centre and source of life and light for the race. Among his other main services is a sermon at the Chicago University and his varied duties at Philadelphia, June 18 to 24, as president of the Baptist World's Alliance, in what will doubtless prove one of the most significant meetings ever held by the Baptist hosts of the world.

Dr. Clifford believes that it is now

assured that the English Government's Veto bill will be accepted by the House of Lords, and that the way will thus be cleared for the realization of the will of the people. Five great measures of amelioration and progress are almost certain to follow: (1) the abolition of plural voting, so that there will be one man one vote; (2) home rule for Ireland; (3) a new licensing bill that will adequately control the liquor traffic; (4) Welsh disestablishment; (5) a new educational measure, that will do away with unjust taxation as respects the primary schools.

He does not hold with special seriousness the apparent showing that the Free Churches of Britain are at present losing in membership, or making in some cases no advance, or offering in others slight gain. He considers that these results are due in the first place to a new movement of emigration of the active and enterprising in the colonies, especially to Canada.

The growth and assertive influence of the high church party in the Anglican communion is plainly tending to make that body less responsive than in former years toward all forms of dissent. Nevertheless Dr. Clifford, calmly and with a genial twinkle in his deep-set eyes, states that eight million communicants of his particular brand of belief are so illogical as to continue to persist throughout the world, to say nothing of the much larger number of Baptist adherents. Then somehow it happens that especially at this period men who have been born and bred in the realm of dissent have formed the annoying habit of getting into the British Cabinet, such as Premier Asquith, who has clear Congregational

connection; Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, who is a devoted member of the Baptist Church and regular in attendance at the humble church at his Welsh home and in London; Haldane and Birrell, two other members of the cabinet with close Baptist associations, and John Burns, whose sympathies are clearly with the general realm of dissent.

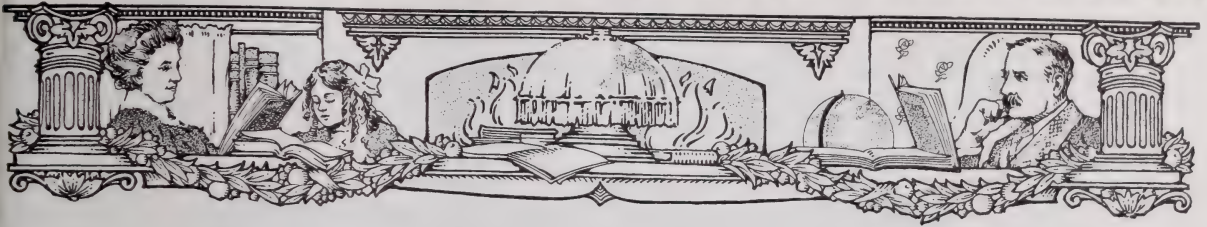
But, best of all, Dr. Clifford is able to report that five hundred thousand men have been brought into sympathy and co-operation with the Free Churches since the beginning of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon and Brotherhood movements, fifteen years ago, and the prospect of increasing advance in this direction is most bright. Even technical socialism in Britain is in closest touch with the Free Churches and its leaders have received their first training in the lines of church life and activity.

Dr. Clifford has no unseasoned word to give us about personal immortality—the question that meets the mind of our time perhaps with a new insistence. He rests in the word of our Lord and his apostles, and asks nothing further. But he knows personally and intimately Sir Oliver Lodge and sees a possibility that a form of proof of the life beyond may come that will enhearten with new courage some who are fighting the battle with evil and who may need this added reinforcement of their faith. Dr. Clifford sees no reason why we may not accept it if it comes as a part of that increasing disclosure which God is making of himself and his provision for his children as the ages pass.

REV. CHARLES H. MORGAN, PH.D.



# TALKS ON THE COOL VERANDA



## Women in Council

**N**O TOPIC recently considered has awakened so much interest among our readers as that suggested by the sensitiveness of the second wife to the continuance of the first wife's picture in a conspicuous place in the home. Several letters among many are here presented:

### A Question of Fairness

"It seems to me absurd to consider a second marriage fair to the memory of a first wife and the removal of a portrait from its accustomed place unfair to that memory. The ability to get another's point of view is a rare gift. No husband could by the farthest stretch of imagination conceive that he was giving his present wife pleasure by keeping her predecessor's picture always in her sight. In my own case my husband had a group picture of himself, his first wife and their children enlarged, and a copy given to each child, so that I have had to gaze at this in several rooms of our home. It is not agreeable to me. In his office my husband has photographs of the entire first family, and I one day laid a picture of mine on his desk, without saying a word. He placed it with the others. I cannot believe that a man would endure the situation patiently were it reversed.

"J. G. S."

A man is much in the habit of accepting a situation as it is. Probably this good husband has not the faintest idea that he is giving pain to his wife, and he will never understand that he does so unless she tells him the fact in plain terms. Suggestions will pass him by unheeded. As for the children, they cannot be blamed for prizing their own mother's picture and liking to have it with that of their father in their own rooms. When a woman marries a second time and becomes a stepmother she must accept everything implied in that condition.

### Another View

"I am interested in the situation described in a recent communication to this page. A husband must love his wife deeply and trust her fully, or he would not allude in any way to a former marriage. A case comes to my mind, that of my next door neighbor, who often spoke freely of his first companion in the presence of his second. The second wife entered as heartily into praise of the first as her husband did. The husband explained his feelings in this way: 'I loved Hattie for her own sake and because she was the mother of my children. I love Maggie for hers, because she has filled an aching sense of loneliness in my heart.' S. R."

No doubt this explanation covers the ground, yet it would be in better taste for a man who has been able to repair the waste place in his life, to let a mantle of gentle silence fall over the past.

### A Word of Advice

"I want to say to the little woman who cannot bear the sight of the first wife's picture in her drawing-room

that she should bravely try to overcome that feeling of repugnance. If she is happily married and her husband is, as we are told, devoted and attentive to her, she should be satisfied. She was aware of her husband's previous marriage before she became his wife, and she should therefore be able to endure his memory of that earlier union. Let me give a brief outline of my own experience. At the age of twenty-two I became the wife of the one man who was 'all the world to me' and who had some years before buried

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### A Bugle Note

**W**HAT do our readers think of the following bugle note from a veteran? It ought to shame despondent young people:

"In one of the Comfort Corner articles occurred these words: 'Persons who see themselves distanced in the race by young and strong competitors,' I object. The writer is looking into the wrong end of the telescope. I am seventy-four years old, and I feel that I have distanced all young competitors far away and ahead, and I don't see

Revelation. The young have my sympathy. The road before them is long and dusty. Sharp stones will cut their feet, thorns line the way, the sun will smite them by day and the moon by night. The vexations are all behind me. 'Oh for a well-tuned harp!' The Delectable Mountains are just ahead. Yours for a seat around the throne, I. W."

### Comfort in the Kitchen

**I**N THE building of houses more attention should be given to the kitchen and the laundry than is usually the custom at present. Many of us are obliged to spend the largest part of the day in the kitchen and it should therefore be sunny and spacious, even if the parlor where we receive our friends loses something of its charm. In other words, the kitchen where the work is done, the dining-room where meals are taken and the living-room where the family commonly assemble, are of more consequence than a reception room used now and then. Every one is aware that the ordinary sink is too low to be comfortably used by the ordinary woman, whether she is mistress or maid. "If I were an architect," said a tired woman the other day, "I would plan my sink so that it should be well lighted and sufficiently high to save me from an aching back." The number of steps that a woman is obliged to take in the course of a single day from closets and pantries to the table, from the refrigerator and the dairy to the cellar and back, are enough to consume the vital energy of an athlete, and many of the steps could be saved were the house more conveniently adjusted to the housework. One of the professors at Cornell indicated to the wife of a farmer an alteration that would save her the necessity of going up and down three steps to her milk-room a dozen times a day. The woman admitted that the change would be beneficial, but shaking her head remarked, "We have always had it this way, and I am afraid the men folks would not take kindly to a change." The fact is that conservatism is at the bottom of the feminine mind, and tradition holds us fast in fetters that we are reluctant to break.

### Clean Hands and Faces

**T**HE little ceremony of washing before meals ought to be a matter of course in every well conducted home. Boys as they are growing up are often indifferent to the necessity for clean hands and imagine that if they wash their faces when they get up in the morning they have done their duty for the day. A mother who wishes her children to be refined in manner and neat in appearance should insist on immaculate hands and faces at the table.

The next step from well-washed hands is the assuming a clean jacket or a fresh print dress by the boy or girl, particularly before the evening meal. A little care and attention as to this detail makes for health. Absolute purity should characterize everything about the table, not only in the cooking and serving of the meals, but in the toilet of those who partake.



PLAYING GRANDMA AND GRANDPA

How funny it seems to be playing like this!

Were Grandma and Grandpa once Master and Miss?

Did they ever have fun, did they romp, did they skip,

Did their feet ever fly as our merry feet trip?

There's one thing just certain, they're both very dear,

And mother is sure they grow younger each year.

his former wife. He has always loved her memory, and her portrait has hung in our home for nineteen years. Our oldest daughter bears her name. I named her myself. The first wife's portrait has never caused a moment of unhappiness between us. In the light of my nineteen years of wifehood I can say to any one who is making herself unhappy over jealousy of the dead that she is making a most unreasonable mistake. M. B. C."

how they can ever catch up. I am almost there. It can't be many leagues off at the most, and if the young run the allotted race of men, I am at least fifty laps ahead. Do I want to be amused? The world is full of books on the wonderful advance made in science, political economy and religion. Do I wish to meditate? I have the Greek classics, Homer and the Old Testament. Do I wish to speculate on the future realities? I have the Book of



# Quelling the Revolt in Morocco

FRANCE has given a practical reply to the request of Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, that a force should be dispatched to the relief of Fez, which was recently invested by turbulent tribesmen who would upset the present government if it were in their power to do so. The French column, under the command of General Moinier, which entered Fez on May 21, was fairly well equipped but had a difficult task in hand, and much anxiety was felt both in Paris and in Tangier as to its position. The French Government have declared all along that their sole objects were to deliver their officers in Mulai Hafid's service from the danger in which they stood and to support the government of the Sultan as the only safeguard against chronic and general anarchy in his dominions.

There is nothing in the agreement as to Morocco made at Algeiras five years ago that authorizes France to use force outside the seven ports open to commerce. Even within the so-called police zones recognized in the agreement there was provision only for a relatively small contingent of Morocco police, officered by Frenchmen and Spaniards and under the general command of a Swiss superintendent. The troubles in Morocco long since got beyond the control of such a body. The Sultan invited French assistance, and it has been given to him in the most prompt and efficacious way. A gentleman who recently left Fez says: "The state of affairs now existing

is the outcome of an original idea of the heads of the tribes most directly affected to attract, if possible, the attention of the civilized world to their unfortunate position by an armed demonstration. It is significant that there is no general rising in Morocco, for many of the tribes have declined to take part in such a venture, and would never do so unless their particular section of the country were as directly concerned as is that around Fez."

The French force met with no opposition from the rebellious tribesmen besieging the Sultan's southern capital. All the Europeans in the city are safe. The latter part of the march of General Moinier's column was uneventful. With the exception of a few bands of Cherada tribesmen, which were easily dispersed by the artillery, the general rebel forces were not encountered.

It is stated that dissensions had broken out among the rebellious tribes besieging the city, and that they engaged in serious fights among themselves, later separating and going to their villages.

A few days ago a dispatch announced that Spain is attempting to extend her dominion in Morocco and has dispatched two columns of troops from Melilla, one to occupy Ras el Hasian and another to occupy Mulay er Rexid with the object of assuring communications between Selouan and Ain Zaio. A Spanish gunboat in the roadstead off Betya was fired upon recently by Moors from the beach. The gunboat replied, inflicting heavy losses among the tribesmen.

Morocco is an empire or sultanate which, according to the somewhat vague knowledge possessed, contains about 314,000 square miles, made up chiefly of flat sterile land or steppes and the northern portion of the Sahara Desert. The present reigning Sultan, Mulai Hafid, came to the throne on January 10, 1908, in succession to his brother, Abdul Aziz, who had reigned since 1894.



One of the Gates of Fez by Which the French Entered the City

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—SEVENTY-ONE new members were received into the "Old First" Presbyterian Church, Glens Falls, N. Y., at the April communion. All but nineteen were by confession of faith, and several were heads of families. This large accession was the outcome of the regular Lenten services, at which the sermons all bore upon personal surrender to Christ, followed up during the week by faithful pastoral visitation, especially in the homes of those not yet committed to Christ.

—ACCORDING to the prospectus for the Seventh Season of the Tent, Open Air and Shop Campaign, issued this week by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, this summer's work will begin on Sunday, June 18, and conclude Sunday, September 10. Tents will probably be erected in twenty centres: eight English, seven Italian, one German, two Bohemian-Slovak, one Finnish-Swedish, and one for colored people. Shop meetings are planned for thirty-five centres, and there will be forty-eight open air centres. During the year just closed 1,929 meetings were conducted in eighty-four centres at which there was a total attendance of 2,210,000. These services were conducted in eight languages. No collections are taken in the meetings. The work—which is interdenominational—is maintained by offerings from churches and individuals. Some individuals and churches have undertaken the support of entire centres in the past, some have supported workers, some have provided Bibles, Testaments and Gospel portions, while others have furnished tracts. Last year the receipts were \$32,965.31. This year the opportunity for work is even larger than in other years, especially among young people and foreigners. The Committee asks for \$40,000 so

that the work may be extended, covering the very needy fields suggested. There are said to be in New York City over 800,000 boys and girls who do not attend Catholic, Protestant or Jewish Sunday Schools regularly; 1,395,000 Protestants who seldom if ever go to church; 1,200,000 foreigners who appear to be giving up all religion. To these various classes of non-churchgoers the Evangelistic Committee of

New York City carries the message of salvation wherever they may be found—in the street or park or pleasure resort, in the shop or factory, in the tent of the congested tenement districts. Stephen Baker, President of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, has been elected treasurer, to succeed the late John S. Huyler. Headquarters of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City are at 541 Lexington Avenue.

—ON WEDNESDAY, May 17, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Business Men's Noon-Day Prayer Meeting in New York. It was held in the old John Street Methodist Church, and over 300 were present. Three Christian business men in 1886 secured premises from the trustees of the church to use as a prayer meeting room. On the 17th of May in that year the first Business Men's Noon-Day

Prayer Meeting was held, ninety-five people being present. Many souls have been saved, a multitude of Christians built up, and joy brought to thousands of hearts.

—REV. JOHN P. HENRY, pastor of the Church of All Nations (East Side Parish), 9 Second Avenue, New York, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the Summer Fresh-Air work of his church at Long Branch, N. J. It has there a home by the seashore to which come poor mothers and children and working girls, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Russian and American. The work is supported by voluntary contributions, and all sums sent will be gratefully received and judiciously applied.

—REV. ROSS F. WICKS, who for twelve years was pastor of the large Institutional Church in Dayton, O., his first church, has rented a cottage at Ocean Grove, N. J., where he will spend the summer before taking up a new field of labor.

—AT the closing service of the Union Evangelistic campaign in Cincinnati, conducted by Rev. Milford H. Lyon of Wheaton, Ill., and his assistants, the pastors declared the series had produced as tangible results as any work the city has ever known. More than seven hundred professed conversion. The eight churches of Norwood have invited Mr. Lyon to conduct a campaign next fall. A large tabernacle will be built.



A Notable Ohio Bible Class

EAST LIVERPOOL, Ohio, has a remarkable Bible class. It has 297 members, and large as the group appears in the photograph, it represents less than the average attendance. The church some time ago proved too small in seating capacity to accommodate this class in addition to the others, so they now use the Carnegie Library of East Liverpool for their meetings. A fine new church building is being erected, however, and this class has pledged \$1,000 toward its erection. The large class was organized in March, 1905, with eight members. Rev. E. P. Wise, the pastor, is the founder and leader. In teaching he uses the lecture and question methods combined so as to make the work something of a study and yet not too heavy. Aside from the usual committees, this class has twelve captains, each having a list of members to look after. Mr. James Larcombe is president of the class, Mr. George Firth is the secretary and treasurer, and Mr. James Norton, assistant secretary.



# Snider's Tomato Catsup

Makes the best  
foods better

Pedigreed tomatoes, grown by careful farmers upon plants we furnish them, pure spices, utmost care every step of the way, and the famous Snider recipe—these make Snider's Tomato Catsup superior. Try this

## Tomato Sauce

1 tablespoon butter; 1 tablespoon flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Snider's Tomato Catsup; 1 cup hot water. Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour and then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

The above is delicious upon all outlets, chops, steaks, veal loaf, and all dishes usually served with tomato sauce. For Spaghetti and Macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese. Cut this recipe out and place in your scrap book for reference.



## SNIDER

Process

## PORK & BEANS

are delicious for luncheon or dinner. Every good housewife should have a dozen cans in the pantry.

\* \* \*

Snider's Chili Sauce adds zest to meats, hot or cold.

\* \* \*

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# "It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

*All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.*



# Out of Doors in the Cozy Corner

## JUNE

No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest corner.  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.

The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Aitil like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives.

Now is the high tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it.

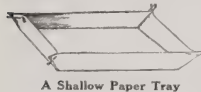


Coronation Chair. Built into the famous Coronation Chair in Westminster is the stone which according to legend Jacob slept upon and set up in Bethel in memory of his dream.

LOWELL.

## A SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT

PAPER will not burn until it is heated many times hotter than boiling water. You cannot make water hotter than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, no matter how much coal or gas you burn under it, until all of the water has been turned into steam, and so, as long as paper is in contact with water, it cannot burn. It is a simple matter, then, to boil water in paper. Take a sheet of paper and pinch up the four corners, fastening them with pins, to form a shallow tray. Place



A Shallow Paper Tray

this on a hot stove, and immediately pour water into the tray to a very shallow depth. The paper will not burn until the water has boiled away, because it is cooled below its burning point by the water. The water may try to leak out of the paper, if it is thin, but it will be turned to steam before it can get through.

When you go fishing or camping out for the day, add to your kit a strong manila paper bag or two and some pulverized coffee. Try boiling your coffee in a paper bag. It can be done easily, and hot coffee in the woods is a treat.

## Good Things That Are Coming

NEXT week we shall have a page of splendid plans for celebrating a stirring Fourth of July without gunpowder; the week after, it will be a fairy page for the littlest folk of all. After that I shall be telling you how to go camping in the nicest, easiest way. Then there is a Salad and Sandwich Picnic, a Veranda Party, a Merry-Making in the Barn, and the Jolliest Mid-Summer Market to tell you about. Perhaps we shall plan a little later to go a-journeing to some far-away lands in a magic airship from which we shall be sending souvenirs to all of you who write and introduce yourselves to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner. Indeed, there is not room to tell you about all of our plans for the summer. But keep writing to me and enter all our prize contests and I shall be writing many a long newsy letter to the Cozy Corner Family this month. Remember, you may write me as often as you like. I dearly love answering your letters, and am proud to be your friend.

## For Our Very Little Folk



Naughty Pussy

Our peacock's tail is full of eyes  
That show him where to go;  
In the glow-worm's tail a lantern hangs,  
For mother told me so.  
Now, pussy, dear, your furry tail  
Is plain and blind and rough;  
I am really quite ashamed of it—  
I think I'll cut it off.

## ABRACADABRA! DUM! DUM! DUM!

JUNE is such a busy month in the Cozy Corner. So many delightful letters are crowding in every day from boys and girls over all the world, and every one is more welcome than the other. I found myself wishing this very morning, while sitting at my busy desk, here in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's big offices, for a magic carpet which would carry me everywhere that I wanted to go, like the Prince Houssian's wishing carpet in the Arabian Nights. "I would sit upon it," said I to myself, "Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum, and choose to go a-visiting among all my boys and girls in their homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes." And now let me tell you just what happened. I had not finished thinking of this, when something said to me, "Why, Miss Porter, your wish is answered. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself is your magic carpet, and each week it takes you into the homes of your boys and girls." I had never thought of it like that before, but I believe it is true, and I do know that this is the month of magic, and that the Cozy Corner is coming into your homes more laden with good things than ever before.

Meanwhile here is a puzzle. Put on your thinking caps and work it out, for I shall send beautiful little buttonhole American flags of Japanese silk to every one who guesses it.

## A Geography Puzzle for Everybody

ONCE upon a time, as they were playing together, (1, a city in Italy) said suddenly to (2, a city in Bulgaria), "I will run you a (3, cape in Newfoundland)." "Very well," said S., "We will start from this (4, city in Arkansas) and run to the (5, mountains in New Hampshire) fence yonder. The prize for the winner shall be a bottle of (6, a city in Germany)." The little girl who proposed the race was doomed to (7, cape in Washington). She lost the prize, (8, a port in Africa) (9, a cape in Greenland) to her little friend, and ran home.

## THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG



When I am on my way to school,  
I always look up high  
To see our flag that looks so bright  
Against the dark blue sky.  
As it floats upon the breeze,  
It seems to say to me,  
"Where I am, there is honor found;  
Where'er I wave, 'tis free."  
Then, children, let us love this flag,  
Which waves o'er us to-day;  
The flag for which our fathers fought  
Should honored be always. SCHOOL READER.

## JUNE PRIZE OFFER

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner will liberally award prizes of money, best books, games, kodaks, appropriate pictures and toys, etc., etc., for best original work sent in before June 19.

PROSE—subject: "Vacation."

VERSE—subject: "Old Glory" or "The Tin Soldier."

PHOTOGRAPH—subject: "A Good Time."

DRAWING—subject: "A Bird," or a Cozy Corner Heading for July.

Be sure to enter this contest, because: Besides the many beautiful prizes that we shall award our boys and girls, every one who sends in original work, this week and next, and all who write for the first time to Miss Porter (the Aunt in the Cozy Corner) shall receive a set of our beautiful Friendship Post Cards.

The Good-Night Verse this week is "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest; . . . I will not leave thee." It is from the story of Jacob in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. Read the entire beautiful story of Jacob's vision, beginning where he tarried because the sun was set, and put a stone under his head and lay him down to sleep. The story of Jacob's dream is one of the loveliest things in all of Holy Writ. Hoping to hear from you all this month and promising to answer your letters as they come, I am as ever,

Lovingly and faithfully,

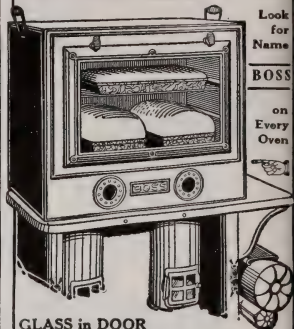
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

## USE A PORTABLE BOSS OVEN

With Patented GLASS DOOR

on your stove or range, either oil, gasoline, acetylene, alcohol or gas. No more spoiled bakings or worry—No more heated heat—No more jarring or chilling of oven. Housewives can see their baking without opening door. Economy and convenience both guaranteed in the BOSS—a polished blued steel oven lined with tin and asbestos.



Look for Name BOSS on Every Oven

## GLASS in DOOR

guaranteed not to break from heat because it is secured by our patented yielding pressure retaining strips, which permit expansion and contraction. Glass door is snugly in one piece beaded front, and is held tightly in place with two turnbuckles, preventing escape of heat.

Baking qualities and ventilation superior to any other oven or range. All heat goes right into the open bottom, and is perfectly distributed to all parts of the oven by means of our patented Heat Detector. Flame always visible through small mica windows. With the BOSS a baking costs less than a cent. It will many times over pay for itself in saved bakings to say nothing of saved fuel.

Ask YOUR Dealer to show you the BOSS Glass Door Oven. INSIST upon seeing the name "BOSS" stamped in the front of Oven. Then you know that it is genuine and guaranteed.

FREE. Our valuable Recipe Book, containing many very helpful and full descriptions of BOSS Ovens sent FREE on receipt of postal, plainly written, giving your own and your dealer's name and address.

THE HUENFELD CO. 2712 Spring Grove Ave. Cincinnati, O.

## Moth Proof Red Cedar Chiffrobe

Sent on 15 Days Approval

Saves Cold Storage Charges

For men and women alike, this elegant Chiffrobe will greatly add to your convenience. It is built of fragrant Southern Red Cedar, has air-tight doors, protects furs and clothing against moths without use of camphor, indan, damp and milder proof.

We prepay freight and sell direct from factory at FACTORY PRICES. Write for handsome illustrated catalog—shows many designs in Chiffrobes, Highboys, Wardrobes, also wide range. Piedmont Red Cedar Chests, Chests, Dressers, etc. Direct from Factory.



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## Make Big Money

Make it easily, quickly, selling our delicious, healthful drinks at Picnics, Fairs, Parks, Ball Games, Resorts, everywhere. We show you how to start. Our Crested Orangeade Powder makes finest, richest drink imaginable. Just add cold water and sugar. Fully Guaranteed under Pure Food Law, U. S. Serial No. 11,123. Over 40¢ profit every glass. Attractive Display Signs Free. Big money selling our powders, etc., to Families, Stores, Restaurants, etc. Send 10¢ for trial packages (enough for one gallon or 17 glasses), with illustrated catalog and valuable information, postpaid. Send at once! CHAS. T. MORRISSEY & CO. 3406 Ogden Avenue, Chicago

## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOND BOOK

We have received so many requests for copies of the financial articles which have been appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that we thought it wise to preserve them in pamphlet form. Any reader who secures a copy of this useful booklet without charge by forwarding a coin in stamps to cover postage. Address: The Christian Herald, Dept. 56, Bible House, New York

## Folding BATH TUB

One little, no plumbing, little water. Weigh 15 pounds. Fold into many sizes. Full length bath for small spaces. No leaks. Lasts for years. Not for rental. Send offer and description. ROLAND BATH CUPBOARD CO., 691 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

Wanted a man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. Opportunity to earn big money. Selling to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 166 Association Building, Indianapolis, Ind.



# THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR-HORSE DRAV

By FREDERICK M. HOLMES

THE knocking grew sharper, more insistent, at the big hall door. "Confound the fellow, whoever he is," growled Rodney Markham, "coming to a petulant consciousness. What does he want at this time of night? Why can't he go on about his business and let me alone?" The knocking continued. "Father!" called a girl's voice through the darkness from another room. "What is it, Lucy?" "There is somebody knocking at the all door." "I hear 'em," growled the father, "in a milder tone; 'it's probably some tramp trying to get me to the door to assault me; though I don't now what they'd find to steal in this house." "Perhaps it's some one in trouble," suggested the girl. "You'd better find out." "Oh, I'll have to get up, all right," capitulated Mr. Markham. "Hold on here!" he called out of the window; "what's the trouble?" "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you," came a voice from below, "but I'm on my way to Plainville with a heavy load, and my horses are too tired to go any farther. I expected to reach there before dark, but I had to wait more than five hours on account of that hard rain, and then the roads became soft and made it harder going. If I can only get a place to put in the horses for the night and feed them, I shall be satisfied; I can stay in the barn." "Wait a minute," called back Markham. "Blessed if I know what to tell him," he muttered, as he turned away from the window. "Go down and let him put in his horses," urged the girl; "and then, if he looks all right, ask him into the house. You know the saying, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" "All right, just as you say, Lucy; we'll entertain this angel, horses and all." "I'll be right down," he called outside. Hastily dressing and catching up his hat and a lantern, the still sleepy parent cautiously opened the hall door and flashed a light on the clear-cut, good-humored features of a young man. One look was enough to disarm all suspicion. "Got two horses, have you?" he asked, as they started from the house. "Four," replied the stranger. "It's a four-horse dray. I'm taking part of a boiler across country to the Plainville Mills; something more than four tons in the load, and the roads are rather bad, too." "Four horses, hum," mused the farmer. "Well, I can't give you separate stalls for that many. Two of 'em will have to stay on the barn floor, but it's a warm night for this time of year, and we'll make 'em comfortable." He assisted in unhitching and caring for the tired animals, growing better-humored as his sleepiness passed off; and, when all was finished, invited the young man to the house. Here the stranger was agreeably surprised to receive an ample lunch, which had been prepared by Lucy; but he was entirely unconscious as to the cause of her slight confusion when Mr. Markham observed that she should have provided angel-cake. They were up early the next morning and the young man busied himself in caring for his horses while Markham was doing the chores. "Where did you start from?" asked the farmer, as he came to announce breakfast.

"Hampton," was the answer. "Make the boiler there?" "Yes; at Bradford & Conklin's." Markham's face changed slightly. "You work there?" he inquired. "Yes, I've been working there a couple of years." "Is it Richard Bradford?" "Yes, Richard Bradford." "Like him, do you?" "Yes." "Think he's a good man?" "I certainly do." The farmer was silent and they went in to breakfast, where the stranger again apologized for disturbing them on the previous night. "Never mind about that," returned Markham. "I've had my sleep now, though I did hesitate about turning out at the time. But Lucy settled it; said we might be missing a chance to entertain an angel unawares; so of course I got right up." He glanced waggishly across the table. The young man flushed slightly. "I believe the word 'angel' is from the Greek *angelos*, meaning a messenger," he replied; "that was probably the sense in which it was meant." "Is it customary for teamsters to understand Greek nowadays?" inquired Markham. "Not that I know of," returned the other, smiling; "and my knowledge of it is slight; still it doesn't interfere with my work." "I'm sure of that," responded the farmer, heartily; for he was beginning to like this frank, manly fellow. But after breakfast, Markham's face grew more serious as he was helping the young man to get ready to leave. "I wish I could ask you to come here and see us again," he said, "but I can't." "No?" inquiringly. "No, I can't," replied Markham; "not but what we'd be glad to see you," he added hastily; "but you were lucky in reaching here last night and not two weeks from now." "Why?" "Foreclosure," was the terse answer; "we're through here; closed out; got to move." "How comes that?" "Well, it's connected in a way with that same Richard Bradford, of Bradford & Conklin, your honorable employer. You see we did business together once and I thought as much of him then as you seem to now. It was Bradford & Markham then, and we invested some surplus money in industrial stocks. Bradford was a good judge of such investments, and they paid. When we dissolved I took my share almost entirely in the stock of one company that was paying well. Bradford told me soon after that a rival company had been organized, but I was busy and paid little attention to it. I came out here and got this place, intending to pay for it out of the stock. The first thing I knew I read in the papers that the Chambers Manufacturing Company had failed for a large sum, and they were coming back on the stockholders. That stock was about all I owned, and I had nothing to pay any assessment with. I had left Hampton; scarcely any one knew where I was; the manufacturing company was hundreds of miles away; so I just kept quiet. They never found me, although I heard from a friend two years ago that some one representing the Chambers Company was still looking for me. Perhaps it would have been as well if they had found me, for I was depending on the proceeds of that stock to pay for this place. As it was, I had to mortgage it heavily, and we struggled along in a losing contest for years, and

Continued on page 623



## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

The creamy delicacy of Kingsford's Corn Starch desserts is exactly the right contrast for the tart of fresh fruits and berries. The combination is refreshing to the eye and the palate. Besides, one box of berries will serve the whole family when used with a Kingsford's custard or Blanc Mange.

As a careful housewife you will look to the quality of the berries, but how about the quality of the custard or Blanc Mange. The entire success of these desserts depends upon the delicacy and purity of the corn starch. Kingsford's has meant supreme quality in corn starch for over sixty years. Yet women will accept inferior substitutes or low-grade corn starches and pay the same price as for Kingsford's. You doubtless ask for Kingsford's, why not insist in getting it?

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## The Way to Serve God\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**H**OW did Elisha do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God? When Naaman, the great general, came to him to be healed, he did not refuse to help him because he was a Syrian. When those who had been seeking his life were blind prisoners in Samaria, and the king prepared to kill them, Elisha said, "No, but give them food to eat, and water to drink, and then let them be free, to return to their own land." In the hour of danger Elisha fully trusted his God, and prayed that his servant might have the same vision.

### How Joash Served God

How did King Joash do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God? He learned to serve his God during the six years of his childhood that he dwelt in God's temple under the care of Jehoiada the high priest, his uncle, and his aunt Jehosheba. He was crowned at seven years of age, and as long as Jehoiada lived to be his guide and counselor, the young king wholly followed the Lord. But after the death of the high priest, his uncle, he allowed himself to be influenced by his wicked courtiers. He dealt justly by his people in enlisting them to repair the temple. He aroused a great enthusiasm among them to do it, and they brought great treasures of gold, silver, etc., which King Joash had weighed and wisely distributed among those who were to do the work. And it is recorded that "they dealt faithfully." King Joash was both just and merciful to the priests who officiated in the temple, for he gave special care that they should receive their portions, according to the law of Moses.

What shall we say of Jonah? He did not do justly, he did not show mercy, and he did not walk humbly with his God. He rebelled against God when God told him to go and preach saving truth to the people of Nineveh. He had no compassion on the people. After God had imprisoned him for three days in the body of the whale and then released him, he did go to Nineveh, but he was not cured of his evil spirit, for after he had preached the Word of God, and the people turned from their wickedness, Jonah sulked on the outskirts of the city, because the people of Nineveh took the chance which God gave them to repent of their sins and save their city.

### King Uzziah's Service

Now what of King Uzziah? He was crowned king when he was only sixteen years of age, and he reigned fifty-two years in Jerusalem. He showed justice and mercy to his people by building towers and strongly fortifying the city against their enemies, making Jerusalem a safe place for them to dwell in. Throughout the whole of his kingdom he looked after the well-being of his people by the conservation of their fields and vineyards and flocks; and by what we call in our day a "reclamation service," he provided the people with water by means of a series of cisterns. But alas! there came a time when King Uzziah praised himself instead of God; then God had to punish him by making him a leper, and he was a leper until he died.

How was it with the prophet Isaiah? "Here am I, send me." These were the words he spoke out of his heart whenever God made known there was something to be done for the good of men, some errand for God; and in this way he was active for fifty years or more. He dealt justly with the peo-

ple by telling them of their sins, and warning them of the sorrow and desolation they were bringing upon themselves. He set before the people the mercy of God as no prophet before him had done.

There was Micah, the prophet of peace. He sounded a note in that long ago which has not ceased its reverberation, if it is not really growing stronger, and reaching further and further around the world, echoing "Peace, peace, peace, in Jesus Christ, the Prince of peace." Micah prophesied "a time when there shall be no more war," and people shall "do justly and love mercy."

There was, too, the prophet Hosea, whose words of warning to the people of Israel were like the tolling of a funeral bell. While he was delivering his messages of warning and doom his own soul was sad because of his message, but he felt it his duty to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.

### Hezekiah, the Just Servant

What shall we say of the great King Hezekiah? He had a great faith in God and a great hope in the people. He deified his whole kingdom, made it as bare of idols as a land that is deforested. He dealt mercifully with those who had long been alienated from God and the temple, worshipping at the shrines of the calves set up by Jeroboam. He invited them to come back, and participate in the great Passover, the like of which had not been known since the days of Solomon. Many of them came, and there was great rejoicing. Need we wonder that when Hezekiah was about to die, he prayed for fifteen years more of life in which to serve God and the people, and that God heard and answered his prayer?

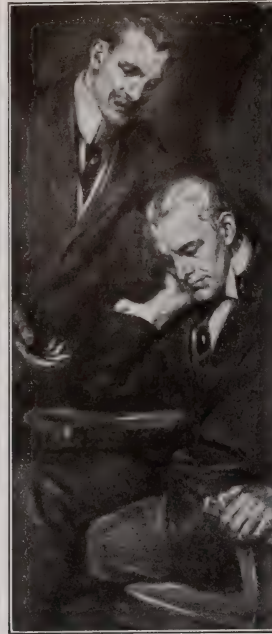
At last we come to the stiffnecked, hard-hearted people who would have none of God, even those of the kingdom of Israel, who were wholly given up to idols. They had no place in their lives for justice and mercy to others, nor for the service of God. They heeded not the warnings of Isaiah, Micah and Hosea, and were overcome by a foreign foe even in their capital city Samaria, and taken prisoners to a far-away land, never to return; so completely lost that no one has ever been able to find them, though the search has gone on for centuries.

On which side of the line have we placed ourselves? Are we among those who deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, or are we with those who do not?

### Balaam, the Stubborn Servant

Let us read the story of the ass on which Balaam was riding, as a mere hireling on his way to curse Israel for a reward offered by the king of Moab. (Num. 22: 1-35.) "Thou shalt not curse the people," God had said to Balaam. Nevertheless he went right on. The ass was wiser than Balaam, for she trusted herself against the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot, and when Balaam beat the ass, she spoke the words which God put into her mouth: "What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me three times? Am I not thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden all thy life long unto this day?" etc. Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw an angel in the way who had come directly from heaven with a message from God, that he should speak for the king of Moab only the words which God should give him to speak, and they were words of blessing instead of cursing for the Israelites, and great was the anger of the king of Moab.

A writer in *Our Dumb Animals* tells Continued on page 625



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\* The Quarterly Review for June 25, 1911. GOLDEN TEXT: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6:8.



# The Tobacco Trust Must Dissolve

THESE are days when the wicked trusts are coming to judgment. The United States Supreme Court on May 29 decided that the American Tobacco Company, with all the corporations and individuals that compose it, is a combination "in restraint of trade," within the prohibitive meaning of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and that it must be dissolved. Six, or, necessary, eight months will be allowed for the disintegration process, during which production by the concern may be enjoined and a receiver appointed. In this sweeping decision are included the United Cigar Stores Company, the British American Tobacco Company and its subsidiary concerns which were excluded by the finding of the lower court.

Justice Harlan coincides with the general decision, though dissenting on two points. He opposes the delegating to the lower court of discretion "to ascertain whether new conditions cannot be recreated in harmony with the law," his he declares was unnecessary, as there was sufficient evidence before the Supreme Court to enable it to decide. He declares that the application of the "rule of reason" is practically new legislation and defeats the will of Congress.

Chief Justice White, who delivered the opinion, gives an extended review of the case, and reaffirms the principle laid down in the Standard Oil decision, that the Anti-Trust law "must be construed emphatically by the rule of

reason." Literal construction, he argues, would render impossible that broad application of the law which enabled the court to find the American Tobacco Company and its subsidiary corporations in violation of the statute. The opinion continues:

Indeed, the necessity for not departing in this case from the standard of the rule of reason, which is universal in its application, is so plainly required in order to give effect to the remedial purposes which the act under consideration contemplates, and to prevent that act from destroying all liberty of contract and all substantial rights of trade, and thus causing the act to be at war with itself by annihilating the fundamental right of freedom of trade which, on the very face of the act, it was enacted to preserve, is illustrated by the record before us. In truth, the plain demonstration which this record gives of the injury which would arise from and the promotion of the wrongs which the statute was intended to guard against which would result in giving to the statute a narrow, unreasoning and uncharitable construction, as illustrated by the record before us, if possible serves to strengthen our conviction as to the correctness of the rule of construction, the rule of reason, which was applied in the Standard Oil case, the application of which rule to the statute we now, in the most unequivocal terms, re-express and reaffirm.

Applying this "rule of reason" to the Tobacco Trust, the opinion pronounces the evidence of wrongful purpose and illegal combination overwhelmingly established. The entry of others into the trade was blocked by the control of the whole product by the purchase of plants for closing and not for operation and by various other illegal methods which constituted "unreasonable" and criminal restraint of trade.

Attorney-General Wickersham says the opinion of the Supreme Court sus-

tains the government in a comprehensive and sweeping manner. It condemns the Tobacco Trust on the ground of planning and acquiring illegal domination and control of the trade, of driving competitors out of business by working upon their fears or their cupidity and of exercising restraint of trade within the first section of the Sherman Act.

There are sixty-four allied corporations in the Trust, two in Great Britain and the majority of the others in New Jersey. The whole case is remanded back to the Circuit Court to devise a plan or method of dissolving the combination and of recreating out of its present elements new conditions which shall be honest and not antagonistic to the law. Any plan agreed on must be finally passed upon by the Supreme Court before it becomes effective. On this point Judge Harlan in his note of dissent writes: "I have found nothing in the record which makes me at all anxious to perpetuate any new combination among these companies, which the Court concedes had at all times exhibited a conscious wrongdoing."

The capital stock of the Tobacco Trust is placed at \$380,000,000 and it has a bond issue of \$148,000,000. The Trust was organized twenty-one years ago, when the American companies combined with the British Trust to "divide the world's business." The first action against the Trust was begun by the government in 1907 in the United States Circuit Court in New York, to which court it is now remanded for dissolution proceedings.

## THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR-HORSE DRAV

Continued from page 621

inally lost out, after all. The foreclosure proceedings began some time ago and the sale comes next week.

"Why, I never heard anything about this at the works—about the Chambers Company, I mean; are you sure there isn't some mistake?"

"Am I sure? Rather; but is it Richard Bradford's custom to talk matters over with his teamsters?"

"N-no," returned the young man, "not the general run of teamsters; but he does sometimes talk things over with me. I—if you don't mind, I'll bring this matter to his attention."

"He knows all about it, well enough," muttered Markham, "and my advice to you is to say nothing to him about it; that is, unless you're anxious to be looking for another job."

By this time the horses were ready and, refreshed by their rest and feed, moved off easily with their load as the last good-bys were exchanged. Markham and his daughter stood and watched until they disappeared around a bend in the road.

"Well, Lucy, the angel's gone with his four-horse dray," remarked the farmer, with a feeble attempt at humor; "and," he added, sadly, "I guess it's just as well we entertained him, for I'm afraid we won't do much more entertaining in the old house."

Slowly the days dragged by until the afternoon of the day before the sale. Markham had gone to the well by the side of the house and was just straightening up with a pail of water in one hand, when he heard the humming of a rapidly approaching motor. He noted that it slackened speed as it neared the place.

"Going to turn in here," he remarked, bitterly; "probably some city chap to look the place over and see if it's good enough for him to spend part of his summers on. No, it isn't; I know him. Here, Lucy! Here's the angel of the four-horse dray! Wonder where he got the automobile?"

Mr. Markham extended his hand

cordially as the car stopped and the young man stepped out.

"I've been talking over that stock deal with my father," he began, after the greetings were over.

Markham's face hardened. "Your father!" he interrupted.

"Yes," replied the young man, cheerfully; "I'm Richard Bradford, Jr. You didn't ask my name when I was here before, and I didn't give it; I was taking the place of a sick teamster for that trip. Had to go and set up the boiler any way; so I thought I might as well drive. But about that stock. I knew that father was all right, and I was sure there must be some mistake—and there was."

"I should really be glad to learn about it," said Markham, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Of course you will be," replied Bradford, frankly. "You know my father told you that another company started away out there in the same place?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"It was the Chambers Manufacturing Company; they tried to steal all the ideas and all they could of the name of the other company; and they failed miserably."

"Well?"

"Why, man alive, don't you see? You were in the Chambers Manufacturing Company; they made a big thing of it; quadrupled their plant in the last twelve years. Your stock is worth two hundred cents on the dollar to-day—and you've got ten dividends coming to you. They hunted all over to find you and pay you, and, not succeeding, they put your money in a trust company, and you'll have to take three per cent. interest in addition!"

Markham put one hand to his head and waved the young man back. "Don't!" he implored, feebly. "Don't! Wait a minute. Give me time—time—to get this thing—through my head. I—I wasn't looking for anything like this."

It was Richard Bradford, Jr., who took charge of Mr. Markham's affairs for the next two days; and it was to Richard Bradford, Jr., as agent for Rodney Markham, that the place was struck off at the sale.

On the third day Rodney Markham, looking ten years younger, went with him to the driveway when he took his departure, and, wringing his hand, said heartily: "I didn't ask you to come again the last time you were here, but I'm going to now. Come again! Come soon; come often; come just as often as you can! Come any hour of the day or night; I don't care if it's three o'clock in the morning—or if you bring eight horses!"

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June 14, 1911.

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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from page 622

of a very practical use to which a ventriloquist put his talent: While overseeing a gang of men, who, with mule teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine, a ventriloquist, came up and stood by my side. Presently a mule, driven by a fiery-tempered fellow, balked right in front of where we were standing. The driver lost his temper, and began to beat the animal. Every now and then, the mule would turn his head, and look reproachfully at the fellow, but refused to budge. "Now just watch him," the ventriloquist whispered in my ear. At that moment the fellow gave the animal a kick with his heavy boot. The mule turned his head, and looking the man square in the face, opened his mouth: "Don't you do that again." The voice sounded as though it came directly from between the mule's parted lips. The whip dropped from the fellow's hand; for a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without a word, bolted down the street as fast as his legs could take him. Both stories of the ass are true, but they have different points of view: one as God sees, and the other as man sees; both teach the lesson of being just and merciful, one to man, and the other to animals.

### Walking With God

A little girl had been very much interested in hearing the story about the translation of Enoch. "And Enoch walked with God, and God took him," she repeated after her mother, and then she remarked: "I suppose he walked every day with God, and one day they walked so far that they walked straight on to heaven, and Enoch never came back any more." That is a child's way of putting it; now listen to a man's way: "Enoch reaches the point of renown in godliness; he walked with God three hundred years at least (he lived to be three hundred and sixty-five years old). His walk was on the high hills, so high that he simply stepped into the next world without troubling Death to go through his long dark process. 'He was not, for God took.'—As if he had walked so near that God opened the doors and took him in; and we, too, might pass in as easily if we walked on the same sunny heights. Solemn

indeed is the word 'Enoch walked with God'; it means so much; there was a serenity about the man unlike all other quietness; a tender light made his face shine, and in his voice there was a tone, rich, pensive, joyous, altogether wonderful in its combination of humility and triumph. To walk with God is to pray without ceasing; to walk with God is to be absolutely free from care and independent of human judgment; to walk with God is to be in heaven."—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

In Stockport, England, one of the largest Sunday Schools in the world has an annual "Walking Day," and this has been the custom since the year 1812. It is thus described by an eye-witness: "Great crowds of people, headed by the chief city officials and leading men and women, including more than five hundred teachers, and thousands of pupils, some of them over eighty years old, and others very, very small: 'cradlers.'" What a great company that would be if all could be counted who are walking with God in every part of the world, not only on one day in the year, but on every day! Let us join the happy throng if we are not already in it, and let us try to keep step with Jesus as he leads us into ways of patience, meekness, righteousness, godliness, faith and love. He has left all of these footprints in the world to make it easy for us to follow on. Let every day be a walking day in his footsteps.

### A Hint for Primary Teachers

The review lesson is always the hardest to teach in all the quarter, first, because it is so easy for little children to forget. Richter says: "We must excuse children for being children." We believe teachers will have their best success by using the large Bible picture roll. As the children see each picture in turn, much that has been told them will be recollected by them.

As to the Golden Texts: It was our privilege to hear eighty-five little Chinese boys in Canton—none of them over eight years of age—recite all of the Golden Texts for two years, without any hesitation and in strong voice—nothing wavering. What little folks in China can do, little folks in the United States should certainly do.

## Washington's Philanthropic Women

Continued from page 611

and had it remodeled into a modern apartment for her boarders. The rooms are sunny and spacious and beautifully equipped, and there is a great big old garden which she has had planted in flowers and vegetables, to be under the care of the girls. She has taken a fifteen years' lease on the house, and the highest-priced room, with board, of course, to a single occupant, is seven dollars a week, while the lowest-priced one is, with three girls in a room provided each with a cot bed, two dollars and a half. Thirty-three girls can be accommodated, the house is in charge of a matron, and the government is in the hands of a board of management made up from among the girls themselves. It is a beautiful exponent of what the Welfare Department hopes to do, and will be watched with much interest.

But the Welfare Department is only one of the many enterprises in which women are working for the betterment of the world, and the names of those who are helping are legion. There is Mrs. Bryce, the wife of England's widely useful ambassador at Washington, one of whose proudest possessions is a diamond pin which was presented to her by the factory women in Manchester, England, for her philanthropic work among them.

There is a large number of brilliant women in the Congressional circle who

can be depended upon to help any endeavor to improve general living conditions. The wife of the Speaker of the House, Mrs. Champ Clark, stands among this number. She is a very brilliant woman, thoroughly in touch with the stirring events of the times, a perfectly delightful hostess, and yet in her busy life finds time to be interested in everything which tends for the betterment of women. She has a keen, clear judgment, and weighs things evenly.

Everybody knows how influential Mrs. Martin Littleton was in her husband's election out on Long Island last year; yet but few know that she has one of the largest mid-week Bible study classes in the city, composed of New York's ultra-fashionable women, which meets every Wednesday morning in her library. Mrs. Hobson, the wife of the hero of Santiago, is greatly interested in Child-Welfare, and second Captain Hobson in all his religious and charitable work as heartily as she does in his political ambitions. Mrs. Isaac Sherwood, one of the brainiest women of this coterie, has the distinction of having organized the Woman's Relief Corps; Mrs. Burleson, the wife of the Representative from the tenth district, Texas, is a successful playwright and uses her pen for the elevation of the stage. These are but a few of the many women who might be mentioned in the Congressional circle.

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## COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y. "Its lightest punishment being to make me 'foggy' and dizzy, and it seemed toicken up my blood.

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit the coffee idly try Postum.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well. "All my ailments, the 'foginess' and ziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have easily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum." (Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.)

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They're genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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## The Winning of a Great Race

BY winning the *Petit Parisien's* prize of \$20,000 in the perilous Paris-to-Madrid cross-country, cross-mountain aeroplane race, Mons. Pierre Vedrine has not only earned a place as one of the world's greatest aviators, but has made new records in man's conquest of the air. In the course of his journey he made the fastest time for the longest distance that has ever



Monsieur Pierre Vedrine

Winner of the Paris-to-Madrid Aeroplane Race

been recorded. He flew over seemingly unsurmountable mountains, even vanquishing a belligerent eagle in his flight. Upon his arrival in Madrid he was greeted by enthusiastic throngs that cheered themselves hoarse in his honor. On landing at the Getafe aerodrome he was so tired after his hardy voyage that he jumped from his aeroplane and flung himself on the ground to rest. A frantic crowd soon rushed up, however, and bore the victorious aviator on their shoulders to the tribunal. On reaching the judges' platform he was showered with roses and kissed repeatedly by women. Later, on complaining that he was still numb from his flight, he was removed to an infirmary, where he received medical attention and a short but much needed rest. On reappearing at the aerodrome the Frenchman smilingly delivered the messages which he had brought with him from Paris, and was congratulated on his magnificent flight by the civil governor of Madrid on behalf of King Alfonso. The following day the King granted him a private audience and after congratulating him with a hearty handshake invested him with the Order of Alfonso XII, a decoration which is reserved for those who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. The King then engaged Mons. Vedrine in conversation for an hour and was deeply interested in the details of the splendid journey.

The Paris-to-Madrid race was begun on May 21 under the auspices of the *Petit Parisien*, which offered a prize of \$20,000. In addition the Spanish Aero Club gave prizes amounting to \$10,000 and King Alfonso offered a special prize for the fastest speed over the Spanish section. The journey was divided into three stages—Paris to Angoulême, Angoulême to St. Sebastian and St. Sebastian to Madrid, a total distance of about seven hundred and twenty-one miles.

### A STRANGE LEGACY

Goldwin Smith used to relate a story of Lord Cardwell to the effect that when Cardwell was a law student, the executors of a will desired to be advised whether they were bound to pay a large legacy to a cat and a parrot. Cardwell's answer was that the bequest might be good, but that as the cat and the parrot could neither sue in person nor appoint an attorney, the legacy might be safely withheld.

### Resignation

THEY way be mine; Thou leadest me  
Through waters still and deep;  
The dusk of years is over me,  
I lay me down to sleep.  
Each soul that lives is crucified,  
Each calls at last to Thee;  
Each wretched heart hath bowed and cried,  
"Do Thou remember me!"  
Lord God of Hosts, with me abide  
At my Gethsemane.

Thy way be mine; Thou leadest me,  
The path of countless souls;  
No way but Thine can comfort me;  
The key my Master holds.  
When darkness falls and endless mists  
Hide all for which I pine,  
Grant, Lord of hosts, that through the rifts  
There be some word or sign;  
Give me, O God, the faith that lifts  
Man's spirit unto Thine.

Thy way be mine; Thou leadest me  
From darkness unto light;  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
But spare the dread of night;  
Lead, kindly Lord, unto the place  
Where earth and heaven meet,  
And ere I see my Maker's face,  
Make Thou my peace complete;  
Guard and protect me, Lord of Grace,  
Before Thy mercy seat.

R. D. ROSS.

### Called Higher

G. E. Sherman (80), of Stanton, Va., has gone to be at rest.

Mrs. Barbara Alheim (73), of Forest, O., has been called to her long home.

Richard Baxter Ware, of Daretown, N. J., has been called to his reward.

Mrs. E. L. Higgins (92), of Sandovel, Ill., has been called to her reward.

Mrs. Fannie S. Phillips (74) was called home on January 10 at Ellery, Ill.

Mrs. Kate J. Blake, of Sutton, Vt., has gone to the presence of the Master.

Mrs. C. E. Watson, of Mt. Etna, Ind., was called to the home beyond on January 5.

Miss Anna G. Kuech was suddenly taken to higher service at Nazareth, Pa., on January 31.

J. D. Wilson (70), of Bridgeport, O., passed to the reward of faithful service on February 20.

Mrs. Sarah J. Reynolds (84), of Athens, W. Va., was called to her reward on February 17.

Pauline Fate (15), of Alingdon, Ill., has been taken to be with him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

John A. Johnston, a well known educator of Allegheny, Pa., has been called to the reward of loyal service for the Master.

R. D. Barber, M. D. (72), of Corona, Calif., has passed beyond the veil. He was a subscriber to this paper for many years.

Mrs. Fannie A. Boyd, of Eldora, Ia., passed on to her long home on January 16. She was for years an earnest Christian worker.

Charles Albert Hurd, of Marseilles, Ill., was called higher on February 1. He was an earnest Christian and for many years a reader of this paper.

Mrs. Margaret E. Campbell entered into rest January 24, 1911, at her home in Ypsilanti, Mich. She had for many years been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Ella Rose Lambing, of Novelty, O., passed away August 13, 1910. For the past twenty years she has been an appreciative reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

### An Innovation in China

THE Chinese Calendar for 1910—the second year of the new Emperor, Hsuan T'ung—was remarkable for one extremely important fact: the Christian Sabbaths were marked, along with the Confucian feasts and holy days. The importance of this from the missionary point of view becomes apparent when we remember that this "calendar" is an official document in a way. It is issued by the government for the guidance of its subjects. It is more than a calendar. It is a guide to correct conduct during the coming year. For example, the red printing on the top of the pages mentions the "lucky days" for starting on journeys, etc. There is also full guidance given as to the proper days to select for weddings, burials, etc.; lists of days when visits are to be paid, presents offered and accepted, etc.; the dates for united worship before the tablet of Confucius; and now, for the first time, in addition, the dates of the Christian worship days are marked! The calendar has a huge circulation.

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Address, JUNIOR DEPARTMENT,  
Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

## Young People's Societies

### Missions in China\*

WHEN Paul organized churches in Asia Minor, on his way back to Antioch, he appointed and ordained elders in every church. This same method has been adopted in all the mission fields, and notably in China. Dr. Speicher says that few Chinese have been converted through direct contact with the missionary. He organizes the church; advises in the emergencies and dilemmas which are constantly arising; teaches classes in religious studies, and trains leading natives. To these, the new convert naturally turns for help and guidance; so that, in nearly every land, it is largely by the efforts of their own best and bravest that salvation comes.

The conditions of social and civic life in China are such that the missionary is often obliged to give a large part of his time and attention to them. For example, it is no uncommon thing to have a church member, often through no fault of his own, but from the enmity of some influential person, thrown into prison. As the prisons of China are filthy beyond description and even leprous, the pastor works hard to prove the innocence of his parishioner, or in some other way to get him out; and all the time he has to be endeavoring to rouse public opinion on the subject of improving the prisons—a slow business in China, where matters have run on for ages with little change. They would probably have so continued forever, if the unwelcome foreigners had not come in to turn the placid Chinese world upside down.

The chief hope of those who are working for civic reform in China, lies in the fact that China, although she often pretends to despise Japan, is really greatly affected by her example. She sees how Japan is patterning after the Western nations, and, little by little, she, too, is introducing railroads and telegraphs, electricity and schools.

One of the authorities on mission work has enumerated the traits which the worker in the Chinese field must surely possess. First, he must be a good theologian, for the Chinese mind is keen and probes to the kernel the truths which are taught by the preacher.

Second, he must know something of pathology and medicine. He may have a physician as a co-worker, and then he does not need to prescribe so often for the physical ailments of his people; but circumstances are always likely to arise in which he will need to administer quinine, a good "pain-killer," castor oil or some other common remedy. He should know something also of dentistry and of surgery.

He must, thirdly, have administrative ability, and good, sound judgment. He must learn the laws and customs of the people, and keep them in mind while organizing his church and his schools.

He must also be a good teacher and trainer. His converts, however zealous they may be, do not know how to perform the duties of church officers, Sunday School teachers or even of active church members.

He must also know how to keep books, for much money may pass through his hands, and he should be able to account for every cent of it. He must understand also something of architecture and building. At Kit-yang, during the decade between 1897 and 1907, the missionary had to superintend the building of two two-story dwellings; a large central chapel; twelve chapels in outstations; the making over of ten old buildings into chapels; and a large hospital.

Take the missionary journals and follow the development of Christianity in China. No work of fiction is so thrilling as is the story of its progress.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, June 25. TEXT: II. Cor. 11: 21-28.

### Spiritual Power\*

WHEN Benjamin Franklin succeeded in drawing down lightning from the clouds, a scoffer said to him, "It is a pretty thing that you have done, to be sure, but it is of no use."

"Perhaps not," said the great philosopher, "but there is power, and who knows what that power may do?"

As we see now the wonders performed by electricity, we wish that the stupid man could be alive to behold them also.

Often a discerning teacher sees marks of promise in a composition by one of her pupils, though another may discover no especial meaning in it.

"What do you see there?" inquired a teacher of such an one, who had asked her opinion concerning a boy's essay. "It is rambling, ill-constructed and disconnected."

"Yes," said the other, "but it grips one, and you feel power there."

The young writer was encouraged and he became a mighty influence for good through his skilful and consecrated pen. The power had been trained to harness. If the essay had been smooth and well proportioned the teacher who was consulted might have thought it good. A certain intuition seems to be required to detect power under a rough, unattractive surface.

It is a common experience with us all to hear young people say when asked to carry some unaccustomed responsibility, "Oh, I am not able to do that. I haven't the ability. I haven't any influence."

It is true that, as the poet says,

Some are born in blight,  
Victims of perpetual slight.

But most of those who have enjoyed any chance at all for education and culture, are simply timid or lazy when they say such things. Let them remember what Paul wrote to Timothy—that God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness. That spirit comes from beneath, not from above. By earnest prayer it may be driven out, and you may gain power. Try it—go bravely forward, trusting in your Leader, and you will be surprised to see how you will be sustained in your endeavor.

But do not expect to find the path to success smooth and easy. It is ever set with thorns. Only keep on and pray without ceasing, and strength will be given you to triumph in the end.

Remember that, as President Hyde says, "a man is what he does." In the broad sense, his work and he are one.

"Blessed is he who has found his work," wrote Carlyle. "Let him ask no other blessedness. The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about, was happiness to get his work done."

The main thing therefore in the pursuit of this wonderful gift of power, is courage to start upon it. The Christian gains this by contact with God through prayer. Then all he has to do is to go forward.

"We learn an art," said Aristotle, the greatest of philosophers, "by doing that which we wish to do when we have learned it. We become builders by building, and harpers by playing on the harp. By doing just acts, we become just; by doing acts of temperance and courage, we become temperate and courageous."

A shoemaker was asked by a passing friend, "Have you got any religion to-day?"

"Just enough to make a good shoe, glory to God!" he replied, as he kept busily at his work.

It is our religion which can give us power. "Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, June 25. TEXTS: II. Tim. 1: 7; Acts 1: 8; I. Cor. 1: 26-28.



## You Can Learn TO Play and Teach The Piano

### In Your Spare Time at Home

You can get this instruction on the piano from the Correspondence Course of one of the greatest artists and teachers of our time, Wm. H. Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood was one of the splendid galaxy of world famous artists, who gained their inspiration directly from the great Liszt himself. He put the best fruits of his successful career as his teacher into this Course of Lessons.

The Course has the unqualified approval of such world authorities in music as Paderewski, Leschetizky and Moszkowski; so that in taking these Lessons, you are learning the methods and principles of these great artists and teachers, and you will enjoy all the prestige which a diploma from a school having the approval of these great men will give.

### Music Has Never Offered Brighter Prospects

to its devotees than in this country today. Music is heard everywhere, and everywhere encouraged and applauded. Good, competent, progressive teachers have no difficulty in securing large classes of pupils, netting them good and sure income. Music is being taught in the Public Schools. Concert players and accompanists receive good salaries. And, socially, no accomplishment gives your friends more pleasure, and makes you more welcome in their midst, than this very gift of music.

### If Already a Piano Teacher

—you may possibly, for all your efforts to the contrary, be getting into the inevitable "teacher's rut," your teaching growing more and more like drudgery, and your own playing needing guidance and inspiration. All this will be changed through these Lessons in the Sherwood Normal Piano Course. The Lessons will not only provide you with a safe and trustworthy guide in planning the work of your pupils from the very first to the last, but will give you new power and renewed inspiration in your own playing. It will mean a fresh start with revived interest and courage in all your work, which will become at once evident both in your playing and in your teaching.

### If You Are a Mother

—we can help you teach your little children to play the piano with the aid we will give you through these Lessons. Froebel's ideal of the Kindergarten was that of the Mother teaching her children at home. In addition to these Piano Lessons, therefore, we are conducting a course in Kindergarten Music, by which every Mother can give her youngest children Kindergarten training at home. In this way you can lay the best foundation for your children's singing in School, at Home, and in the largest.

### Guarantee of Satisfaction

We guarantee to refund every cent you have paid us if you are dissatisfied with the Course. What other reliable School of Music can give you such a guarantee?

### Free—Handsome Illustrated Catalog Telling You All About Mr. Sherwood's Course

If you have any musical talent at all, or are directly interested in music, we will send you a copy of our beautiful, illustrated, seven-page catalog. This will prove to you how you can, in your own home, learn to play or teach the piano through the Sherwood Normal Piano Course, directed by our skilled staff of artists. In writing be sure to tell us in detail all your own individual needs and what you wish you now play or teach, and how much you have studied, how old you are, and what are your particular technical difficulties. Write today. We can help you with your musical education.

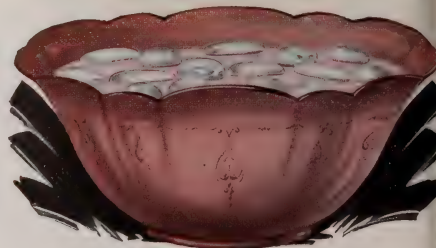
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want it. Orders \$1.00 to \$5.00. No postage necessary. Write today. METALLIC STAIN CO., 1000 Broadway, New York.





**Puffed Wheat or Rice With Berries**  
—a Delicious Blend



**For Luncheons or Suppers**  
—Puffed Grains in Milk

## The Royal Foods of June

In the past few weeks—with grocers stocking for June—the demands for these puffed foods have been overwhelming.

For June is the month of berries. And countless people mix Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice with them.

June starts the months of cold suppers—when people serve Puffed Wheat and Rice in milk. The grains are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they are whole-grain foods.

With June comes the time for ready-cooked cereals. And four people in five prefer these puffed grains to any other cereal creation.

The ice cream season starts with June. And these crisp grains add a garnish which tastes like nuts.

And schoolgirls' vacations begin in June. They use a wealth of Puffed Rice in their home candy-making.

### **100,000,000 Dishes**

So with June starts the greatest demand for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. A hundred million dishes, served in one way or another, will doubtless be served this summer.

But some homes won't have them be-

cause the housewives don't know them. They will serve foods not one-half so delicious.

That's why we print this page—now on the verge of June. They who know Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will all have them. But the millions who don't know are here told what they miss.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are like wafered nuts. They are porous and crisp—eight times normal size—ready to melt in the mouth. Most people regard them as the two finest foods in existence.

We want to urge you—for your own sake—to start using them this June.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**

*Except in  
Extreme  
West*

**Puffed Rice, 15c**

Children at play get hungry. And the best food to serve them between meals is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

They like to eat the grains dry—as they come from the package—sprinkled with a little salt. They like them at bedtime in milk.

These puffed grains never tax the stomach. Never was cereal food made even half so digestible.

All the food granules are literally blasted to pieces, so digestion acts instantly. It begins before the foods reach the stomach.

Let children eat them at any hour—between meals or bedtime. They are not like foods hard to digest.

### **Exploded by Steam**

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods—the foods shot from guns.

The puffing is done by a steam explosion, which literally blasts all the food granules to pieces. Cooking, baking or toasting never made cereals half so fit to eat.

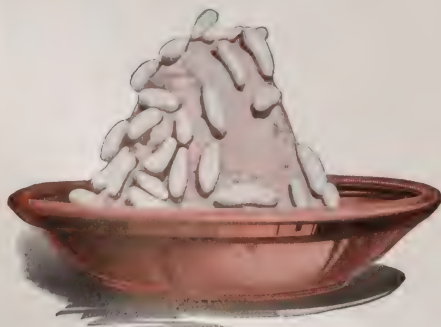
The raw grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved

for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes enormous.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Every food granule is broken. Yet the grains remain shaped as they were when they went in the guns.

The aim of the process was to make grain digestible. But it also created the most enticing cereal foods we know.

Telephone your grocer—now before you forget it—to send you a package of each.



**Puffed Rice as a Nut-like Garnish**  
for Ice Cream



**Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice Blended**  
—Served With Cream

**The Quaker Oats Company**

*Sole Makers—Chicago*



# Christian Herald

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*Shadows in the Stream*

*From the Celebrated Painting by Fritz Thaulow*





# It's Printype!



"What a beautiful typewritten letter—as plain as print—as easy to read as a primer! It must be the new Oliver PRINTYPE. I wish all our correspondents used The Printype Oliver Typewriter!"

—A composite quotation from ten thousand business and professional men on being introduced to Printype.

**A**LL eyes are watching Printype. Its attraction is irresistible. Its beauty and grace in a typewritten letter, are alluring, attention-compelling. Printype has come to stay. Although absolutely new to *typewriting*, its counterpart—Book Type—has been used on all the world's presses since the printing art had its inception.

Yet Printype was an inspiration. It is simply a dream come true. It is the Oliver ideal of perfect typography applied to typewriter uses.

We had brought the machine to its maximum of efficiency. We had added, or by one, a score of great innovations. There remained but one point in which it did not excel its several excellent rivals—and that was *the type itself*.

Then came the inspiration which meant nothing less than a *revolution in typewriter type*. We would design and produce a new typewriter type face, conforming to the type used in newspapers, magazines and books.

We did! It's here! It's PRINTYPE!

Printype is not an experiment. It represents the crystallized experience of centuries. It is, in all essentials, the type that meets your eye when you read your morning paper, your magazine or your favorite novel.

Now that Printype is an accomplished fact, and such a tremendous success the thought occurs to thousands, why didn't typewriter manufacturers think of years ago? The same question was asked, by other thousands, when we introduced *visible writing*, over ten years ago.

## A Long Step in Advance

The change from the old-style thin outline letters known as Pica Type, universally used up to now on all standard typewriters, to the new, beautiful, readable Printype, is one of vast significance.

It means relief from the harmful effect on eyesight of the "outline" typewriter type. For Printype is as easy to read as a child's primer.

It means less liability of mis-reading due to blurring of outline letters, whose sameness frequently makes the words run together. Printype letters are *shaded*, just as Book Type is shaded.

Printype letters maintain their separate characteristics.

It means less danger of costly errors due to confusing the numerals. No possible chance of mistaking 3 for 8 or 5 for 3—each figure is distinct.

It means a degree of typographic beauty never before known in typewriting. Printype is artistic, distinctive, refined, and immensely effective.

And now, because of its *newness*, it has the enhanced charm of *novelty*.

## How Printype Leaped to Fame

The reception of Printype by the business public has been more enthusiastic than we had dared to expect. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for one year.

Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Printype letters soon began to appear among commonplace old-style correspondence. Wherever received, these mysterious, distinctive, beautiful letters aroused immediate interest. Business men began asking each other, "What's that new kind of typewriter that writes like real print?" Users of Printype Oliver Typewriters were besieged with such inquiries. Thus the fame of Printype grows and grows, as day by day its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

## Printype Conserves Eyesight

The manifold merits of Printype are a constant source of surprise. Aside from its intrinsic value in raising the artistic standard of correspondence, its benefits in conserving *eyesight* make its use of the most vital importance. Printype is restful to eyesight. It delivers its message in the most easily readable form.

The constant reading of thin outline letter typewriting plays havoc with the eyes. It sends thousands to oculists and opticians whose eyes need *rest* more than medicine or glasses.

A comparative test of Printype and ordinary typewriting will win you to the *type that reads like print*.

Address Sales Department

**The Oliver Typewriter Company**  
738 Oliver Typewriter Building, CHICAGO

## We Have Not Raised Our Price

Although thousands of dollars have been expended designing and producing Printype, and although we contri-  
ol exclusively, we do not ask a premium for The Printype Oliver Typewriter. The price is \$100, the same as our regular model with Pica Type. We have virtually declared a big dividend in favor of typewriter users by supplying this wonderful type, when desired, on the new model Oliver Typewriter.

## "17-Cents-a-Day" Offer on Printype —

# OLIVER

## Typewriter

*The Standard Visible Writer*

You can buy the new Printype Oliver Typewriter—the latest model, the No. 5—on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly. No matter what make of typewriter you are using, you can turn it on your first payment.

If the Penny Plan interests you, check square in coupon and full details of the generous offer will be sent promptly.

## Ask for Book and Specimen Printype Letter

To supply the widespread demand for Printype information we have issued a special book.

We will gladly send you a copy, together with a *letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter*. This letter will reveal the great fundamental advantages of the new face of type which has created such a sensation. The coupon or a letter or postal will put all the facts in your possession.

## Press the Button for Printype Demonstration

Our great sales organization enables us to make an improvement of this character *immediately and simultaneously available to the public*. Press the button and see how quick an Oliver Agent will appear with a "Printype," ready to tell you all about it and write several Printype letters for you.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,**  
738 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

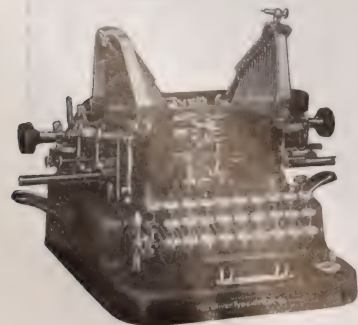
Gentlemen:—Please send Book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type," and a Specimen Letter in Printype.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

If Interested in "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan ☐ Place a check in Square. (114)





# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Crowds on the Dock Watching the Great Ship Go Out

Up on the Hurricane Deck Ready for Five Glorious Days at Sea



## THE ANNUAL RUSH TO EUROPE

ONE of the most remarkable passenger traffic rushes that the transatlantic steamship companies have ever had to deal with, occurred in eastward bound bookings during May and the first weeks of June. Europe has not

in many years offered such a number of great attractions to the rest of the world as she displays this summer. On the Continent there are fine exhibitions in many cities; Switzerland is making a special bid for the sightseers from other lands, but the cynosure of all the world is London. It is upon the coronation ceremony of June 22 that the steamship companies place the responsibility for the great increase in the number of passengers to Europe.

There were on June 4 seventy-seven passenger steamers on the Atlantic, and despite the fact that thousands had already landed at European ports and that thirty-six of these ships left their American ports practically filled to capacity, the remaining forty-one were in turn filled on their departing days.

Never have more animated scenes been witnessed at the docks than those of the last few weeks. The noisy but orderly bustle of taking on the late arriving luggage, the elbowing of messengers and delivery men from the fruiterers and florists, the coming and going of stewards laden with the *bon voyage* offerings of the hordes of friends who crowded the decks with a gayly dressed throng, have filled the hours just before sailing time. Then with the calling of "All ashore who are going ashore!" come the final good-bys. Sometimes the smiles shine through the tears of separation, and as the great ship, yielding to the puffing tugs, slowly leaves the pier and starts down the river on her long voyage, a thousand fluttering little flags wave their remembrance of home and friends to the happy voyagers.

The last of the coronation rush had gone by June 14, though the agents still expect bookings from those persons who do not depart until the vacation season opens and who are somewhat constrained by the school periods. At this time

there are thousands of school teachers who annually leave in the latter part of June and in July, coming from all parts of the United States.

Many of these will arrive in England for the final weeks of the brilliant season

which is to mark the coronation of the most philanthropically inclined king Great Britain has ever had. Already it is said throughout the British Empire that as Victoria labored unceasingly to safeguard the empire, and Edward VII. earned the title "The Peacemaker" by his efforts to promote good relations with other powers, so may George V. be known as "The Reformer" by his sincere efforts to improve the lot of his poorer and less fortunate subjects.

In London, the Whitsuntide holidays gave a brief respite to the coronation preparations, which were then resumed with increased energy. The city, so far as the route of the procession is concerned, has become unrecognizable in its garb of new paint, decorations, scaffoldings for stands, and pillars for street adornment.

In Westminster Abbey itself the structural changes were completed several weeks ago. For the great coronation ceremony tribunes have been erected with a seating capacity for 8,000 persons. The prevailing colors of the decorations are blue and gold. The programme was fully arranged by the first of June and it only remained to hold a number of rehearsals for the two hundred persons engaged in the coronation ceremonial. This, though mainly following the lines of King Edward's coronation, will present some new features, notably the inclusion for the first time of standard bearers representing the over-seas dominions, Canada, Australia and India, as well as England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The over-seas troops will also have a post of honor outside of Buckingham Palace and around the Victoria Memorial on coronation day.

The foreign contingents and the troops from the overseas dominions are now all in the city, and all Europe awaits the great pageant.



A Crowded Ocean Liner Leaving Her Dock for the Transatlantic Voyage



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.\*



## GOD'S UNIVERSITY

TEXT: Job 36:22 (R. V.).—"Behold, God doeth loftily in his power. Who is a teacher like unto him?"

**W**HAT is an education? It is the right development, in the right direction, all the time, of the whole being, for the purpose of giving one as much life as possible for himself, and to share with others.

This means that the whole person must be taken into account. Education means more than a one-sided development of one talent or ability. It means symmetrical and many-sided growth. The reason why there are not more interesting people in the world is because so many people are content with a one-sided development. They are willing to be musicians and nothing but musicians. They are willing to be newspaper men and nothing but newspaper men. They are willing to be lawyers and nothing but lawyers; teachers and nothing but teachers; ministers and nothing but ministers. And so their range of thinking, of conversation, and of action is limited. True education takes into account a whole being, with many different possibilities—a life which has in it the elements of surprise and an eagerness to know everything which can be known about a very great world in order to sympathize with and enter into the thought, so far as possible, of all sorts and conditions of men.

### The Earthly Teacher's Limitations

Now, with this thought of an education in mind, we "go to school," as we say; and we begin to learn the things which the school offers. Our educational system in America provides a large variety from the grades up through the University and the special training schools; a vast number of subjects for study is offered the student. But in all this system the one great thing which is always of supreme importance is the teacher. Modern buildings do not make grammar schools or high schools. Brick, mortar, concrete, and architecture do not make a college. The only real factor which the thoughtful student takes into account is the man or woman who is teaching.

Now the teaching which the modern system of education offers the boys and girls of the United States is of a high order; but it can have at the very best a limited range of experience and ability, and in many cases helps to develop only a small part of the whole being. Mathematics, science, history, language, can have a certain range; but there is a great field beyond which the average teacher in the schools cannot touch. That part of our nature which deals in what we call the ideals of life, the moral and ethical region, the region of religion, is in many cases almost untouched in the course of an average educational career.

It is at this point that the greatest factor in the universe steps in—that is, God himself. And it is concerning this great source of education that I wish to speak. "Who is a teacher like unto him?" In many educational systems, even the thought or suggestion of God is seldom entertained. He is considered as a subject for the theologian or the church or the minister or the prayer meeting or the Sunday School, but as a matter of fact there is no power in the modern world capable of educating the mind, the heart, and the body, as God.

### "Who Is a Teacher Like Unto Him?"

Without the least thought of anything approaching the familiar, to say nothing of the irreverent, we may speak of the "University of God," and consider ourselves each one as entitled to enter this university, and place ourselves under the instruction of one "who doeth loftily in his power," and who stands ready to teach his children in the most wonderful manner the most wonderful things which we need to know. "Who is a teacher like unto him?"

If we acknowledge the existence of a God and then define him as a Father, a living, personal, loving being, we must have to acknowledge that once having such a God we cannot regard him as sitting off somewhere looking at his own creation with indifference or complacency or selfish pride. If he has made the world and loves it, he wants to have something to do with it. If he has made human beings and placed them here, he must be tremendously interested in their welfare; and it stands to reason that human beings who have such a God as this have a most stupendous opportunity to grow

in wisdom and in knowledge with such a teacher. Most students who have been through the university will say that one or two teachers at the most out of the entire number have influenced their own lives and put some kind of touch upon their characters. These teachers are the ones who have themselves been taught of God—real teachers in the largest sense of the term—very rare beings. They have caught a vision of the great Teacher of the world and have learned how to teach by being taught themselves of God.

But suppose we enter this University of God, in a course which is not prescribed by the public schools, which is not found in the curriculum of any high school or university in the land. What are the possibilities for such a course, and what are the lessons which God can teach, and which he alone does teach to those who enter this course? How shall we know what he would teach?

### First Lesson—Life's Greatness

I think the first lesson learned in God's University is the fact that life is a very great and wonderful thing; that it is well worth living; and that it should be lived with the largest possible amount of joyous enthusiasm, purity, and power. Let us not get far from the text: "Behold, God doeth loftily in his power; who is a teacher like unto him?" I think the first lesson he wants to impress on all his students in his classes is the greatness of life. We play at life and make light of it. We "fool away the time," to use a common expression for which we can find no other term. We jest at the most sacred things. One of the commonest so-called witticisms to be found in all our publications in this country is continually to sneer at or cast an innuendo against the marriage relation or woman. It is only one item out of hundreds of others which proclaim with fearful grossness the fact that we have not defined life itself in large or dignified terms. We ought not so to belittle humanity. If human life is anything at all, it is a tremendous thing. It is not a jest nor a joke. It is not something to be taken lightly. The minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years of a human creature's existence are full of the most engrossing values. This does not mean that life is a solemn thing or a sombre or sad thing. It means just the opposite; that the exhilaration of living as a product of God's thought is higher than any other thing known to the world. The exuberance and vitality of an individual ought to proclaim the very greatness of life which cannot be compared with anything sensual or commonplace. What I am trying to get at is the first lesson that God wants to teach us; that is, the life of each one of us is a unique thing. It has no parallel elsewhere. When a life is rubbed out, whether it be by indulgence or dissipation or cynicism and foolishness of any kind, a divine spark has ceased to glow; and something has been subtracted from the sum total of the light of the world. If we learn this first lesson in God's school, we will learn it well, and if we have as a definition of ourselves something superlatively mighty it does not seem possible that we may reduce such greatness to the common littleness with which so many people are apparently satisfied. Once for all, let us make up our mind to this fact, that life is the greatest of all things, and it seems as if we ought to treat it with great dignity and be exceedingly careful how we fill the time with foolishness and little things when we have been taught in God's great first lesson the greatness of his own creation.

### Second Lesson—Two Choices

The second lesson which God will teach in his great school is that every human being faces only two things continually; and faces them with the power continually to choose. These two things are simply good and bad, right and wrong, life and death. This is a primary lesson in the divine university. The minute we begin to have any conscious existence, that minute we have thrust upon us the fearful responsibility and privilege of choosing. Now no one can choose to be either rich or distinguished at will. No one can deliberately choose to be a king or an emperor or a president of a republic and expect his choice to be fulfilled. Vast numbers of things like these are far beyond the reach of our choice; but when it comes to the choosing of the most vital things in life, every human

being has it in his power. There is not a person in this room at this minute who cannot deliberately choose from this very minute to serve God the rest of his life with all his heart. There is absolutely nothing in the way to prevent such a choice being made by any human being here. As you sit here you can deliberately choose that you will not serve God. There is nothing to hinder you. Or you can choose as you sit here from this minute to live a selfish life and look after number one, make the great aim and purpose of your life the search for pleasure or the daily toil for money. There is absolutely nothing to prevent your making such a choice and living up to it. In the wide universe of God, nothing is so divine as this faculty of choice. You are absolutely unhampered. No one will hinder you in what you deliberately will to do on the right or the wrong side of conduct. You can choose to be pure or impure. You can come to the end of the day unstained by any wicked thought, or you can reach the end of the day with your mind filled with fearful images of unclean things. It lies entirely with yourself. I think this second lesson which we will learn in God's university is one of the most important of all. We need to get clear in our minds the great fact that we have got to work out our own salvation. Salvation is not free in the sense that it is thrust upon us whether we will or no. It is simply free in the sense that it is offered to us; but we must exercise deliberate will before it is our own. That is the eternal theology of God. He will never confer this degree of salvation upon us unless we choose to take it.

### Third Lesson—Each One at Work

The third lesson that this immaculate, this unmeasured Teacher is able to teach us is that we are here to work, and so add to others' happiness and power. There is no excuse for the butterfly in man or woman. Play-time is simply an incident in the great range of the beautiful day's work. Nothing is so insipid and valueless and miserable as a life which has in it no purpose beyond the day's amusement. The master teacher is a master worker. No man has a right, no woman has a right, to this divine cycle of life unless the heart of it is ringing with the bells of labor. It was not a curse pronounced upon the first man when God said to him, "By the sweat of your brow you must earn your bread." That was a token of God's mercy, and rightly interpreted has been so understood by the workers of the world. Whatever we do in this world should add to its happiness, to its real power and to its real life. At some point or other every one should be a producer. The idler, the scyphont, the parasite, are as much out of place in God's great world as a beam of useless steel would be out of place hung upon the fly wheel of an engine or upon the driving wheel of a locomotive. The great Teacher would like to impress this lesson upon every one of his pupils. Might we hope to hear him say to us to-day, "Go work in my vineyard, go make disciples of all nations, go do what I tell you to." God has no use for the shirk or the idler or the useless in his great kingdom.

### Fourth Lesson—Brotherhood

I think perhaps the fourth lesson the great Teacher wants to teach us is the great need of his world that every one in it should learn how dependent every other being is upon him; how necessary to a full and happy development of life it is that every one should do his part to help some one else. For centuries the entire world, civilized and uncivilized, has groaned under the insufferable barbarism of warfare. Why is it? Simply because men have not learned this primal lesson that God would teach: that men are brothers, and ought to love one another instead of hating and fighting one another. Why do the Christian nations at the present time keep up this old delusion, this awful growth of a dead past? It is simply because they have not learned the first child-lesson of trust in one another, instead of distrust, and have not learned the lesson of interdependence. If we could release the modern slave from his fear, the slave of political governments and commercial machinery from his fear, this unbound slave would leap up from his shackles and rush out upon the fields that are not tilled, into the waste places of the earth, into the great highways

*Continued on next page*

\* Pastor Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.



## God's University

Continued from preceding page

It is possible for commerce, and markets that are now not supplied, to be happy lives, tilling the earth, eating products for the enjoyment of the senses. No longer bound unto cruel bondage to serve as hired mangers, to kill their brothers in the case some fancied insult to honor—nor which the nations have guarded are carefully with their guns and titles than they have guarded the true of their women and the happiness of their little children. If the nations of the world were as careful and particular about the poor creatures who work in the factories and in tenements and in the slums as they ever over their poor "national honor," would not be long before the world would see the era of peace. But this the great lesson God wants to teach. Think he is the only teacher great enough to teach this lesson, and that is the reason we ought to go to school to him.

### Fifth Lesson—Consecration

The fifth great lesson we ought to learn and can learn in God's university is the lesson of a consecrated life. It is no use to get an education unless one gets convictions with it. Culture does not mean anything except paganism if it is simply culture. Some of the heathen people, as we call them, of the Old World have vastly more culture than the graduates of our universities so far as learning is concerned; but many of them are unspeakably vile in their personal conduct. Learning does not mean anything unless it is applied to relieve suffering. Mere knowledge is useless unless it is used to make a better world. By this lesson of consecration God means the whole being devoted to the greatest possible life in the loving of God and the loving of men. These are things the schools do not teach. They cannot be earned except by private tutoring with God. By consecration I mean that a man's body is treated like the temple of the Holy Ghost, that it is with supreme horror that one ever accepts a single impure thought or deed or a selfish passion which will hurt the master and the student; the growth of the whole life which affects not only one's self, but those who will come after him. By consecration God means the giving up of one's wealth in the divinest kind of sacrifice—saying to God, "This is your money and talent, not mine. Take it and build with it churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, missionary stations, refuges for the halt and blind and lame. Take this which is yours and relieve human distress with it. Rescue the child from his unnatural labor; rescue the woman from her impossible task; save these girls from lives of evil in the great cities; take this and touch it with thy finger, and redeem society; banish poverty, chase the pain of the world away." By consecration God means the use of talent like that of music and painting and literary skill and the vast gifts of science and of physical beauty; the using of them all in ways to make a happier, stronger, healthier world; the elimination of personal greed; the wiping out of individual selfishness. By consecration he means the whole being given up to loving, enthusiastic, joyful service. When we come to this word "serve" we come practically to the end of the lessons which God has to teach. For it is said, "Jesus came into the world not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Will you make this choice to-day to go on with your education in the University of God to be taught of him? Will you choose to-day, before the sun sets, in the quietness of your own resolve, that you will let God teach you his deep things, and then face the future with a calm and joyous confidence that he will lead you on and up into the way of everlasting life? "Behold, God doeth loftily in his power; who is a teacher like unto him?"

## Wisdom and Genius of Man

By P. G. MEATH

MAN with his wisdom and success seems to pry into the hidden mysteries of the world. With his telescope computing from the earth's orbit, he tells the distance and magnitude of Sirius, the Dog Star, millions of miles away. On the other hand, he turns his microscope on diminutive animal life and brings before the human eye parasites increased in diameter four thousand times and sixteen millions in surface.

He tells the distance, magnitude and density of every planet in the Solar System. He located the planet Neptune before it was ever seen by the human eye, giving its distance and location nearly three billions of miles away. He searches out the hidden treasures of the earth with wonderful success; analyzes them and applies them to his needs with great advantage. He stores and controls that invisible, subtle agency, electric force, making it the greatest power in the world to move the wheels of industry. Through invention, he has managed to travel both land and sea at wonderful speed and in comparative safety. And just now it appears he will successfully explore the heavens above him, flying higher than any bird has ever ascended. All this and much more can be said to his credit in an uncertain, transitory life of three-score and ten.

Now, if this life was man's only bright—no ray of hope for a continuation of life further on—it could be said to his credit that he is wise and consistent. He is faithful to the light he has. But such is not the case. When we know he has the promise of a life far greater and better further on, and that promise coming from no less authority than God himself, we must admit that the old proverb fits man's case. He is "penny wise and pound foolish," for here in this life he is but a transient on the bounty of an hour. Yet with what care and toil he provides for a life so frail, brief and uncertain, giving little or no thought to his departure.

Man's failure in being truly wise establishes the fact that our Lord's words are as true to-day as when first uttered. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be who find it." Yes, few there be who are looking for it. Few there be who are really anxious to find it. And not a few who would prefer to climb over the wall rather than enter by the strait gate. The meddlesome would presume to improve on the authorized way. It is written in Eccles. 7: 29 that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions. And they still continue to seek out many inventions. Men have the presumption to attempt improvement on the law and works of

their Creator. They would build a new way to the kingdom, a modern tower (Babel) built of vain, foolish, untrustworthy material, all to their own confusion and delusion. Spiritually, men are totally blind to common-sense and self-preservation.

If man could say the way of life was uncertain, dark and obscure, there would be some allowance for his failure; but on the contrary, the way is as clear as the sun above him. All men who enter this life are born of the flesh, and the way to spiritual life, as laid down, is to be born of the Spirit. Every man born of woman knows that he is born of flesh. In that matter he is not in doubt. And every man born of the Spirit of God is, to say the least, equally conscious of the fact. Is any man that is a householder unable to determine whether or not he has a tenant in his building? Is a Christian, being the temple of his God, and having that love and peace that God alone can give him, unconscious of his presence? Speaking from experience, we know such a thing is impossible.

If Job, in that elder day (when the Spirit of God was sparingly given to the world), could say in his hour of trial he knew that his Redeemer lived and in that latter day would stand upon the earth, now that to us the Spirit of God is given without measure; now that we have lived to know of the birth, death and resurrection of that Redeemer; now that we know of his presence, love and peace, can there be any room for doubt? We cannot be in doubt; we have opened the door of our hearts and the Lord has come in. Hence we are Christians, not because of our Church membership, not because of our peculiar creed, not because we belong to a body of worshippers who claim to have the keys of the kingdom, but simply because we are under the blood. We have opened wide the door of our hearts and the Saviour has come in. In a measure, we live in both the natural and spiritual worlds. We stand on the threshold of the eternal world and before us we see that there is no dark valley there. We have in our possession the Pearl of Great Price. In our journey on the high sea of life, it is for us the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Doubting Castle and Giant Despair are far in the background.

Were the millions who claim to be Christians entitled to the claim and possessed of the evidence, there would be little need of armed men and battleships, but Christians would have instead the kind of defense we find in the fifth chapter of Matthew—namely: peacemakers, humility, meekness, mercy, patience, and purity. Those implements of warfare cost nothing and with them we are sure to be successful in the end.

### The People in It

SOME love the glow of outward show,  
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,  
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?  
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold  
Is truth of heart and honest dealing!

A humble roof may give us proof  
That simple flowers are often fairest;  
And trees whose bark is hard and dark  
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.

There's worth as sure among the poor  
As e'er adorned the highest station;  
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,  
Whose claim is but of rank's creation.

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smiles, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it.

### The Highways

Psalm 84: 5

THAT life is blest with blessings rare,  
Whose strength is in the Lord.  
In whose heart are the highways fair,  
Kept open by His Word.

There is the highway of our Faith,  
On which we meet our Friend,  
The Lord of Life, the Foe of Death;  
Our comrade to the end.

There is the highway of our Hope,  
Which leads across the vales  
Of shadows dark, where spectres grope,  
Up where the light prevails.

There is the highway of our Love,  
Cast up by heavenly hands,  
Where with the pure in heart we rove,  
Joined in love's joyful bands.

Along these ways from strength to strength,  
We journey without fear;  
And by these ways we shall at length  
Before our God appear.

East Orange, N. J. FREDERICK B. PULLEN.

## Anvil Sparks

..HE who doesn't give doesn't half live.

..THE man who is beyond approach is not beyond reproach.

..THE weaker the man the easier he can break a resolution.

..THE man who is going down in life isn't able to stop by himself.

..BLESSED is he who makes a religion of doing without, but woe unto him who does without religion.

..THE choir which sings so that the words cannot be understood is out of tune with the spirit of divine worship.

..THE world is full of "get-rich-quick" schemes. The church ought to promote all kinds of "get-right-quick" schemes.

..HE who goes the gait he should not go, shows the traits he should not show, blows the stakes he should not blow, soon knows the aches that are his to know.

## Mothers and Mont-Lawn

By KATE UPSON CLARK

IT WOULD seem as though there could scarcely be a mother whose heart would not beat more warmly at the thought of Mont-Lawn. It is probably beneath the true number, if we estimate that fully 12,000 mothers during each of the last seventeen summers have been made happy by the love and care given to their children there. It is a thrilling and inspiring thought.

To realize the deep and permanent good wrought by this noble charity, one should talk with those who have themselves experienced it, and who love to come to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and tell of it.

One day three fine looking young men entered the counting-room there, and one of them proffered a dollar bill to the clerk in attendance.

"For Mont-Lawn," he said briefly. The editor chanced to be standing near by.

"So you are interested in Mont-Lawn," he said. "How does that happen?"

"Indeed I am. We all are"—he pointed to his companions—"for the happiest summer of our lives we spent there, and we hope to be able to do more for it some time."

Such incidents as this have occurred many times.

On another occasion, a group of horny-handed workmen entered the office. One of them asked diffidently, and with a strong accent: "Is this where they leave money for Mont-Lawn?"

"Yes." He pulled out a soiled piece of paper on which five names were scrawled, evidently by hands unused to a pen. Then laboriously he counted out \$3.60.

"Here," he said, "five of us want to give this to Mont-Lawn."

"Oh, but we can't take it from you hard-working fellows. No, no—you have to struggle to get along at all. Thank you very much, but we really ought not to take it. Enough rich people will subscribe to keep the institution going."

He turned to his friends and for a moment they talked together. Then he said with decision: "You must take it. Every one of us has had children there, and it did them so much good, we want to show how thankful we are."

It is the mothers to whose hearts such teaching and such care especially appeal. The best efforts of Dr. Klopsch's remarkable mind were addressed to the problem of making Mont-Lawn a truly safe and improving place for children, morally, mentally and hygienically. It has become the model for many other institutions. Let every mother and every one who reveres motherhood contribute freely to this beautiful and beneficent charity.



# Successful Prohibition in Canada



THE ADVANCE GUARD. "RAILWAY BUILDING REQUIRES THE STEADY NERVES OF SOBER, RESOURCEFUL MEN"

IF THERE is one question more biting than any other in Canada it is as to the best way to suppress the traffic in liquor. The struggle to find one has gone on for over seventy-five years.



Sir Donald Mann  
Vice-President of Canadian  
Northern Railway

In the Canadian provinces it has come very near to being answered—so near that the traffic has been bound down to limits tighter perhaps than are thrown around it anywhere else.

The Canadian liquor laws, in practically all the provinces, have come about through a cold consideration of the public good. The prairie provinces have more drastic regulations than those of the East, because they came naturally, as a necessity of development. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have been alike

in treating this evil, but the most effective results have been reached in Saskatchewan, where railway extension and the necessity for sobriety in the wheat fields—the richest in the world—have joined with governmental policy to narrow the whisky market and almost to prohibit drinking outside regularly conducted hotels; and even there, a house holding a license must submit to inspection of all its departments, and live up to requirements that make evasion practically impossible. The main force at work in this reform has been furnished by the railway companies.

Across Saskatchewan, the Canadian Northern Railway has pushed its main stem, and up and down the province, branching north and south, it is putting in an enormous system of feeders. This work is under the direct control of Donald D. Mann, one of the ablest and most tireless of railway builders. It began about fourteen years ago, and has grown ever since at the rate of a mile a day. In such an enterprise there was no place for a drunkard, nor any for a man who sold whisky. The laborers must be sober. A very large proportion of them are men who would drink if they could, and the presence of whisky in or near a construction camp would mean delay in the work. Mr. Mann never has tasted whisky, and has no love for the whisky trade. Largely with his assistance, the demand of the people for stringent liquor laws has been complied with by the provincial parliament, with the result that nobody in Saskatchewan can drink when or where he pleases, not even in an hotel of the first class; and as to the railroad workers and harvesters, it has become just about impossible for them to get any liquor at all.

Though Saskatchewan has gone a little farther than the sister province of Alberta, the spirit and reasoning animating both provinces is very well expressed in an official circular recently issued by the Alberta Government, summarizing the laws of that province, and stating their ground.

"Temperance legislation more than any other legislation demands for its enforcement and administration a strong and healthy public sentiment behind it. The fight of temperance has been carried on in

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

every age against ancient and deep-rooted prejudices involving the strongest considerations of personal rights and the exercise of individual liberties. The purpose of temperance legislation is to control the sale of intoxicating liquors and hedge the traffic around with restrictions in conformity with the will of the great majority of the State or community. The ultimate aim of temperance reformers is the total suppression of the liquor traffic and the disuse of alcohol as a beverage.

"It is apparent that the State as a guardian of the public health and morals is bound to use its great powers to restrain and control its citizens by prohibition or restriction, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with the inherent right of the individual to use any food or drink he may choose without injury to himself or others."

The whole province of Saskatchewan is divided into license districts, all subject to a license board. No one may have a license in any rural neighborhood where there are not at least fifteen dwelling houses within an area of 1,280 acres. This is called "a rural locality." In towns, only one license is issued where there are three hundred people or less. For more than three hundred, a license is permitted in a rising scale up to four for a population of twenty-five hundred, and one more for each additional fifteen hundred. Excepting to brewers and distillers, who are closely regulated, no license can issue save to an hotel, a wholesale dealer (for wholesaling only) or a commercial traveler who carries samples of liquors. No license will issue save upon application by a person who must meet certain prescribed requirements, and whose application must be supported by a recommendation of at least ten out of twenty householders nearest in a direct line to the premises proposed to be licensed. A protest from the other ten householders will defeat the application.

Selling liquor to a drunken man, or a confirmed drunkard, forfeits a license on the second offense. Sale of liquor to minors works a fine for the first offense, and fine and forfeiture for a repetition. There are interdicted days besides Sundays, and the opening and closing hours are very close together, as compared with those in the United States. Bars must actually close at eight o'clock in small towns, and ten thirty in cities. Bars are shut up tight at those hours, and all within must leave. Retail license is to all intents confined to actual hotels, and there can be no infraction of law that does not carry with it almost confiscatory penalties.

No checks or other evidences of indebtedness to employed persons may be cashed in a bar. No dice nor other form of gambling can be played on licensed premises. All the license fees are heavy, and so are the fines and punishments.

These are a few of the features of the law as applied to places having stationary population above a given number. Below the lowest given number, no liquor can be bought, sold, traded in or for, or given away, nor in any manner obtained—except upon doctor's prescription. Doctors, if caught prescribing it where it can be used as a beverage, are

fined heavily. In the country, liquor is absolutely prohibited.

For a long time illicit whisky peddling was profitable in construction camps that dozens of men were getting rich by it. They could buy the stuff for a dollar a bottle and sell it in the camps for three dollars. The business was carried on underground, so to speak, and usually the first notice contractor would have that a liquor peddler had been near him would come in the form of a drunken crew next morning, usually followed by anywhere from a day to a week of idleness and riot. Railroads do not get across continents by any such performances.

One of the most surprising developments was that many farmers were quietly carrying on whisky trade. They would have five-gallon kegs cased up inside barrels of apples, and shipped them at the nearest point on the new road. For a while this was wholly unsuspected. Then a constable one day became suspicious of an apple barrel that gurgled when it rolled, and bored into it with a long auger. The auger went into the five gallon keg, and the whisky followed it out. The constable waited until the farmer came to claim his barrel and arrested him. He was fined fifty dollars, and lost his precious barrel besides, for the law direct that all whisky seized in unlawful traffic shall be destroyed.

Saskatchewan has been doing a great temperance work. It has been demonstrated that temperance at least can be enforced in towns and cities, and that strict prohibition may be had in country places. Thus an effective answer is presented to the old objection that restraint of the liquor trade is unprogressive, and a detriment to the business interest of a community. If that were so, Saskatchewan would be poor; whereas to-day, with the liquor trade strictly minimized in some parts and altogether suppressed in others, it is one of the most prosperous commonwealths on this continent.

## General Notes

—THE WATCHWORD of THE United Presbyterian Church, "A million dollars for missions and 25,000 souls for Christ this year," was forcibly impressed upon the delegates at Washington, Pa., at the session on May 31 of the Fifty-third General Assembly in the speeches and reports of committees. J. J. Porter of Pittsburg, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, outlined plans to raise the \$1,000,000.

—AN EXPLOSION, the actual cause of which was not ascertained until several days later, occurred in Fort La Loma at Managua, Nicaragua, on May 31. One end of the Presidential Palace was reduced to ruins and at least 117 persons were killed. That number of bodies had been taken from the ruins by the afternoon of the next day. It was then officially stated that the blowing up of the fortress was due to a political plot. Many Liberals, supporters of ex-President Estrada, were placed under arrest. President Adolfo Diaz, against whom the plot is said to have been directed; his ministers, and others identified with the government escaped unhurt. So far as a widespread revolutionary movement is concerned, the government has issued an emphatic denial, but the situation in Managua is said to be quite as serious as that which arose when the attempts were made against President Estrada last February. On June 1 troops were guarding the palace and public buildings, and detachments of cavalry were patrolling the streets. The capital was then practically in a state of siege.



# London's Most Beautiful Monument

THE completion of the beautiful composite memorial in London to the late Queen Victoria was speedily followed by its unveiling, with ceremonies that will not be forgotten during the present generation. The monument on which Londoners now gaze with pride, as all visitors must do at it with admiration, is the elaborate work of the well known sculptor, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A. One of the first acts of the late King Edward VII. after his accession was to appoint a distinguished provisional committee to advise as to the best means of raising a memorial to the deceased Queen. Their deliberations resulted in the decision to erect a monument in front of Buckingham Palace. The scheme was munificently subscribed to by the British public. Mr. Brock (who has lately been awarded the R.S.P.J. medal) sent in designs that won success in a competition which included the foremost sculptors of Europe. The accepted design has occupied nine years in execution. It consists of a great base, circular in form, on which are superimposed allegorical figures. Two broad flights of steps lead up to a wide circular plateau on which stands the wonderfully beautiful central feature. The Queen is seated on a throne in front of a massive and lofty pedestal. On either side of the pedestal are groups representing Truth and Justice, while at the base is another group representing Motherhood—a woman caressing three children. Truth, a winged figure, holds a mirror, whilst at her feet on one side is seated a woman searching archives, and on the other a boy holding a sheaf of palms. Justice, also a winged figure, clasping a sword in one hand, is in the act of raising a crouching woman with the other. On the arched cornice of the pedestal are two eagles with outspread wings, the symbols of Empire. Above them on a superbase are seated two figures, Courage and Constancy, while above these and surmounting all towers the winged figure of Victory, poised on an orb.

The colossal statue of the Queen, on account of its size, had to be composed of several blocks of marble, but they have been so cleverly put together that the joints are not superficially visible. The figure, as seated, is thirteen feet high. The other seated allegorical figures are all colossal. The memorial occupies a circular space of 200 feet in diameter, and its extreme height is 82 feet. More than 2,000 tons of the finest marble from Carrara, Italy, have been used in the monument, some of the blocks



The central feature of the Victoria Memorial, London, showing Victoria the Good "looking toward the heart of the great city, whose people she knew and loved so well."

weighing twenty-five tons. Upwards of 800 tons of granite were employed in the structure of the two flights of steps and the paving of the circular plateau. In addition, seventy tons of bronze are used. The total cost has amounted to a little over half a million dollars.

Mr. Brock has furnished various English cities with statues of Queen Victoria. Some of these are at Birmingham, Carlisle, Hove, and his native city, Worcester. At Belfast, Ireland, there is another, and in India there are three more, at Lucknow, Agra, and Cawnpore, while one stands at Capetown in South Africa, and another at Brisbane in Queensland, Australia.

REV. WILLIAM DURBAN.

For the unveiling ceremony the King, the German Emperor and the other members of the royal party were gathered on the plinth of the memorial. When the culminating moment came the King touched the controlling lever, and immediately the white veiling which had covered the statue fluttered to the ground. All eyes were raised to the marble effigy of Queen Victoria, the King stepping backward to get a clearer view, while the German Emperor gravely saluted.

In one of the British weekly publications, Mr. Harry Graham says of the memorial: "It suggests something of her womanly dignity, of her love of peace, of her devotion to higher things. And when the curtain was finally drawn aside, the scene upon which her statue looked down may justly be said to have been one that would have appealed very strongly to her to whose memory we had met together to do homage. The impressive religious service would have been pleasing to one whose piety was so profound, whose simple faith never wavered; the military ceremonial would have gratified the heart of one whose last years were troubled with anxiety for the welfare of the gallant soldiers who were fighting her battles in a far land. And it is not too much to say that she would have found pleasure in the presence of that imperial foreign kinsman who always held her in so deep a regard and affection, and now joins with those who are so often persuaded to look upon him and his subjects as the implacable foes of England, in that solemn ceremony wherein we consecrate to the nation a fitting memorial to the most noble of England's Queens:

"To guard her memory and preserve her story,  
And stand a lasting symbol of her glory."

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE ATTENTION of the French Government has been called to a dramatic incident demonstrating the faithfulness to duty of the family in charge of the Kerdonis lighthouse on the coast of Brittany. Maitelot, the keeper of the light, while using the revolving lamp, was stricken with illness. He continued his work until he was carried by his wife in a dying condition to his bed. The woman was unable to summon aid in any way and would not desert her post of duty even in a fearful emergency. As dusk came she mounted the tower to light the lamp and returned only in time to hear her husband's dying words. One of the four little children discovered that the light was not revolving, and their mother, realizing the danger of disaster to mariners on that perilous, storm-swept coast, who might mistake the Kerdonis for some fixed light, looked vainly long into the darkness to repair the mechanism. Finally, when she found the task beyond her strength, she set the two eldest children, aged respectively seven and ten, to work, and throughout the night, till a merciless storm raged about the lone lighthouse, their puny hands turned the heavy warning light.

—ALFRED G. WILKES, who arrived in Los Angeles from London on June 10, brings the report that under the name of the California Amalgamated Company, Limited, the Rothschild interests have secured their first holdings in America. Mr. Wilkes is the managing director of the California Amalgamated. He says that this is the first step in a keen war of competition which the Rothschilds propose waging against the Standard Oil company, and when the Standard Oil company, as is alleged by Wilkes, makes its agreement with the Rothschild group by which Standard Oil is to keep hands off recognized territory, it became apparent that the Rothschild interests would soon look out for a foothold in America. The Rothschilds, he says, have taken immense holdings in the Midway oil

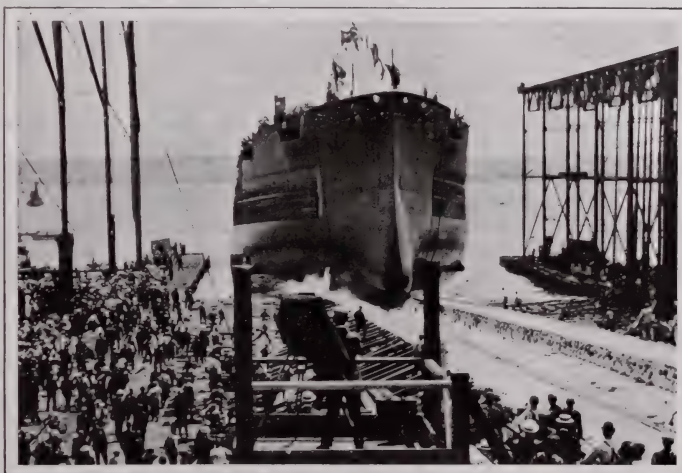
fields. The entire directorate of the California Amalgamated, declares Mr. Wilkes, is made up of Englishmen notably identified with the Rothschild interests. "I can say," said Mr. Wilkes, "without the least hesitation, that the Rothschild interests are coming into California to stay and fight the Standard Oil interests as they have never fought before."

—THE BOY SCOUTS IN CLEVELAND believe there is no limit to the field of their utility. Upon the heels of reports from Al-

berta and Saskatchewan, in Northwestern Canada, that a detachment of the young scouts had captured three desperadoes who had murdered a police chief, it was announced recently that the Cleveland corps of the scouts had declared war and mapped out a campaign against flies. "Swat the fly" is their battle cry. With weapons of every description, from a wad of newspapers to a patented wire "swatter," the boy scouts are chasing flies wherever found and ending their career as germ-mongers. Back of the boys is the Cleveland Board of Health, which is seeking to enlist the school children in a city-wide campaign against flies and mosquitoes. The Board of Health is circulating literature calling the attention of the public to the dangerous menace the fly is to the public health of that city.

—THE RUSSIAN volunteer fleet steamer *Ryurik*, while bound for Vladivostok, ran ashore on a reef near Nagasaki, Japan, on June 5. The Crown Prince of Siam was a passenger on the ship, and he, together with all the other passengers, was saved. As soon as the news of the disaster reached Tokyo, the Japanese warship *Iwate* was dispatched at the orders of the Naval Department to assist the stranded steamer.

—A LITTLE MORE than two months after he passed through St. Louis on his way to Mexico City to assist in restoring peace in Mexico, Jose Yves Limantour, once Mexico's financial agent in the United States, returned to that city and declared that his work was done. Asked whether he believed that the peace he helped to make would be permanent he shrugged his shoulders and replied that he would not talk politics. "I have been eighteen years in politics and I have just been through the trying scenes in Mexico," he said. "I am tired out and need rest. I am going to Europe for a trip of about two months." The party will make a trip through Canada and thence to New York, where a ship will be taken for the journey to France.



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U. S. S. "Wyoming" Going Down the Ways at Cramp's Shipyard, Philadelphia, May 25



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Our Record Wheat Crop

THERE should be no excuse for short-weight leaves or higher prices for bread this season. Our wheat crop will be the biggest ever harvested. According to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture, the yield of spring and winter wheat together will be about 764,000,000 bushels, an increase of 66,800,000 bushels over last year. Spring wheat will total 284,000,000 bushels, or nine per cent. above the last crop. All the weather conditions have been favorable and the crops have had no set-back, with the exception of a drought throughout the country in May, but fortunately the dry spell was of short duration. All the other cereal crops are making satisfactory progress. It would be a poor American indeed who failed to recognize God's blessing in showering these material bounties on our land in such abundance. If the grain gamblers are held in check, we shall soon enter upon a season of agricultural prosperity such as our farmers have never known. What a contrast between our own favored country and those lands that are periodically in the clutch of famine! There are vast sections of China and India where a plentiful crop is the rare exception and other countries also are regularly visited by "lean years," when the struggle to exist becomes a hard one. When the countries round about Egypt were suffering from famine, Joseph's grain-cribs had corn in abundance and he helped their needs. We should be devoutly thankful that out of our overflowing cribs we as a nation have been able to send the blessing of bread to those lands that were struggling with the lean years. It has been our privilege to send help to Russia, India, Armenia, Finland, Cuba, Japan and China. This glorious work, in which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have borne a foremost part, was made possible by God's goodness in sending us abundant harvests and general prosperity. We praise him for all his blessings and pray that we may ever be led to make the noblest use of them.

## Anti-Semitism Rebuked

PRESIDENT TAFT did a wise and tactful as well as a just act when, in a recent communication to the Secretary of War, he ordered that official to reprimand an army officer who had displayed prejudice against a private in his command, because the soldier had a Jewish ancestry. The soldier was a candidate for admission to West Point, and the officer, after reciting the facts of his parentage and humble social standing, wrote upon his examination papers: "I would not desire him in my command as an officer and a social and personal associate." He admitted that the young man was "honest, upright, ambitious and probably deserving," but he drew the line against him solely because he was a Jew. Further he added: "I have found, except in few cases, few communities where Jews are received as desirable social associates." In his letter to the Secretary of War, the President expressed severe condemnation of this attitude, and ordered that the candidate be admitted to examination for a lieutenancy. Public sentiment will sustain the President. There is no room for anti-Semitism here, either in the army or in civil life, and its appearance in this form is an offensive anomaly which deserved the prompt and effective rebuke it encountered. Had the officer in question studied the pages of American history, he might have saved himself the shame of official condemnation. There he might have learned that it was a Jew, Santangel, who financed the memorable voyage of Columbus; that the same race was represented in the foundation period of our government, and that our forefathers were not unappreciative of the worth of the Jew as a citizen, for, following the lead of New York, State after State decreed political equality and religious liberty. This was largely in recognition of the influence of the Jew. As to the patriotism of the race, the Jew has borne his part honorably even from Colonial days. It was Haym Solomon, a Jew, who supplied in all over \$650,000 to carry on the war of the Revolution, in which twenty-five Jewish officers fought on the side of the patriots, while many others of the race were in the ranks. In the Mexican War, the names of DeLeon, Levy, Dyer, Seligson, Mordecai, Davis, Henry and Hirsch-

born were made conspicuous by Jewish bravery. In the Civil War, seven Jews received medals from Lincoln's own hand for courage on the field. Over 8,000 of the race took part in that great struggle, although there were then less than 150,000 Jews in the country. They were to be found in both the armies and navies and over 600 of them were officers of various ranks, from general to captain. In the Spanish-American War they were there in plenty. Seven of the race marched alongside of Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. They were with Dewey in Manila Bay. By sea and land the Jew has vindicated his courage and his right to all the privileges of an American. To endorse or permit to pass unrebuked any official act leveled against a Jew because of his race and religion, would be catering to a dangerous prejudice which has involved other countries in shame and disgrace—a prejudice which is altogether out of place in our own land of freedom and religious toleration.

## Madero's Patriotic Plea

MADERO's stirring appeal to the Latin-American peoples of South America to unite in a movement for political freedom, is a fitting sequel to the success of the recent revolution. "We are all brothers," he said in his speech in Mexico City on June 7, "for in the conquest of liberty we see a contrast with the sentiments of sister republics. They are now going to understand our sentiments, but they are slow to fight for liberty. I know well that the sentiment of liberty has no frontiers. History shows the influence of the French Revolution on other countries. None of us shall feel satisfied until democracy reigns supreme throughout this continent." The great little Mexican, who led in the fight for liberty in his own land, may yet be hailed as the liberator of the Southern republics from the petty despotism and the narrow ecclesiasticism which have been stumbling-blocks in the path of progress and to which in large degree may be attributed the periodical disturbances that have unsettled business, made life and property insecure, and impeded political progress. Madero has cleared up the atmosphere in Mexico. Let us hope that the magnetism of his successful example may be felt from the isthmus to the southernmost of the Latin republics. Although Madero thrust aside presidential honors, which came to him after his success in the field, there is little doubt that the Mexican people will yet place him in the seat of Diaz. He is apparently idolized by the nation. Those who a few months ago derided him as a dreamer, a wild and dangerous enthusiast, belittle him no longer. All their prophecies of disaster have been reversed, and the little, dark-bearded, silent man has emerged from the national struggle with a patriotic fame that will probably make him the choice of the whole country at the October election.

## The British Coronation

THIS is gala week in the English metropolis and throughout the British Empire. Coronations of the past will probably be eclipsed by the splendor and magnificence of the ceremonial which takes place on June 22, when the crown of empire will be placed upon the head of George V. But the coronation is only the beginning of the national festival, which will last a month. Every nation will be represented, our own included, and the English-speaking peoples most largely. It will be a season of impressive functions, with a richness of display hardly equalled. It is interesting to note that over 2,500 ladies will be present by invitation at the coronation to-morrow, 700 of them being ladies of title, including three duchesses of American birth, a countess or two, eight American baronesses and one American viscountess. One of the time-honored rules observed on such occasions regulates the length of the trains to be worn by the women strictly according to rank. Thus, while Queen Mary herself will have a train eighteen feet in length, duchesses will have six feet of finery trailing behind them, marchionesses, five feet three inches, countesses, four and one-half feet, viscountesses, three feet nine inches, and baronesses, three feet. All others below this rank must not exceed two and one-half feet, and no deviation from the traditional rule will be per-

mitted. But the great attraction of the coronation will not be the display of jewels, regalia and robes. The ceremonies in the venerable Abbey Westminster will be to the whole English-speaking race not simply the investiture of a new monarch but the renewed recognition of the Divine goodness to a Christian nation. With the rich and impressive ritual of the Anglican Church there will be mingled prayer and praise and patriotism. And the climax will be reached when the King and Queen, having been anointed and crowned and having received homage of their people, put off their crowns at their ermine and humbly bow themselves before the Lord as Sovereign of all, acknowledging their dependence upon him and imploring his guidance a blessing upon their reign.

## The Bible and its Assaults

FOR some reason, not altogether clear, the Atlantic cable was burdened the other day with report of George Bernard Shaw's address at Cambridge on "The Future of Religion." Of all persons Shaw seems the most unlikely to know anything of value as to the future of religion. What he has said on these subjects is but an echo of Nordau, Positivist who denies God, the soul, and judgment to come, and who looks upon the individual as "unimportant episode in the life of the All," whatever that may mean. And although Nordau's *Conventional Lies of Civilized Humanity and Degeneration* were published less than two decades ago, the world has nearly forgotten him and his theories; but it has not forgotten or ceased to read the Bible. William Jennings Bryan, the other day in an address to the students of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke in quite a different strain from that of Shaw and Nordau. "For nineteen hundred years," declared Mr. Bryan, "this Bible has been attacked by the materialists and the atheists. But it has withstood all assaults. . . . The Bible has stood through all the world, and to-day the people of the world are contributing \$25,000,000 annually to missions to send its message through the world."

## The Weekly Half Holiday

THE Saturday half holiday is a boon to working people. It might become universal if other than those engaged in direct toil would co-operate. Most women who shop, for example, could so arrange their affairs that they should finish the errands on Friday afternoon, particularly the summer. Few experiences are more trying the patience of the girl behind the counter than be compelled to wait on a tardy customer who comes in at a quarter of twelve, is hard to please, a reluctantly departs as she sees the closing of the outer doors. After the apparent business of the day is over, there are details to which attention must be given, and thus a portion of the precious half-holiday is stolen from those who need it.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Steel Corporation Investigation

THE House of Representatives appointed a special committee to investigate the United States Steel Corporation and especially its relation to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, November 19, 1907. The testimony of John W. Gates before that committee made a national sensation. Stung with anger at the deal which meant personal financial loss he sustained, he was bitter in his charges of misconduct against the United States Steel Corporation. He insisted that the company had crowded its weaker rival into a corner and taken it by sheer force for a price far below its value. He took occasion also to speak on the methods of the organization of the steel company and of what he called the misdeeds of its life. As proof of a sensation was furnished to the country at large by the testimony of Judge Elbert H. Gary, the executive head of the United States Steel Corporation. At one of the sessions he sat for six consecutive hours, telling why the deal was made and explaining it to the minutest detail. He claimed that the rival company was taken over to prevent a financial collapse during the panicky autumn of 1907, and that the price paid for the company was more than it was really worth. With the utmost frankness he spoke of the memorable meeting at the White House, November 5, when Henry C. Frick, who he had met President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, and said that the correspondence and records of the United States Steel Corporation upon this or any other subject would be made freely to their inspection. The statement astounded the nation more than all else in the testimony was his willingness to submit to governmental control, expressed in these words: "Eventual competition must give way to publicity and co-operation. The United States Steel Corporation would like to know where it stands: would welcome an opportunity to go to the responsible governmental source and say, 'Here are our facts; what may we charge?'" It would be radicalism among the radicals, such as might have been expected from the lips of a few of the more pronounced; but it was a great surprise coming from the head of the billion-dollar steel corporation. For years neither business nor the courts of the country seemed to know just what the Sherman law meant. The decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases are so much in clearing up the mystery. Two great corporations, having been found guilty of unreasonable restraint of trade, have been ordered to dissolve. The Steel Corporation is now on trial, and a Congressional committee has been appointed to investigate the Sugar Trust. The Lumber Trust is being dragged into the limelight, and it is likely that each great industrial corporation will be investigated with the most careful scrutiny. There never existed such industrial conditions in the world before, and the people in this free government are going to have wisdom and virtue enough by legal processes to compel the business institutions of a billion or a billion dollars' capitalization to do right and obey the law as much as the humblest individual or institution. In this just demand the poorest rich man will concur as readily and cheerfully as the poor man. Our nation is making commendable progress in its suppression of the lawlessness of the mob on one side and the wholesale disregard and purchase of law by the rich and powerful on the other side. Labor seems more determined than ever to drive the lawless elements out of its ranks, and fabulous wealth says that, but that the law has been interpreted, it is willing to give cheerful obedience to it. Our human standards are valuable only as they express the divine law as revealed in the Scriptures. These institu-

tions that are undergoing governmental investigation may well offer the prayer of the Psalmist:

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart. Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness. (Ps. 119:34-36.)

## Great River Under Texas

Geologists are claiming that the greatest underground river in the world flows from the Rocky Mountains underneath New Mexico and Texas, emptying itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This river is thought to be in places several miles wide, and it is believed that it feeds rivers that flow upon the surface. The artesian well belt of Texas is pointed to as the uplifting of the water from this river, often from 800 feet below. God started the great rivers of the world out of the snow melted in the mountains. He has cut a way through the rock on the surface for some. He has made tunnels for others and sent them under the surface to the sea.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks. (Job 28:10.)

## Hopeful Immigrants

Among the vast number of undesirable foreigners that drift to our shores there came from Russia the other day a splendid self-respecting family, which we hail with gratitude and hope. Frederick Schneider, of Odessa, Russia, sold his farm of 300 acres for \$27,800 of our money, and set sail on the steamship *George Washington* for New York with his

entered upon a career of labor and hope. He was competent, made a good income, and commanded the respect of the best people in the community. The other day he received word from Pittsburg that an aunt had died there and that he was one of the heirs. He went to Pittsburg and found that his share of the estate would be a quarter of a million dollars or more. He says that the first \$50,000 of cash that comes to him from the estate he will devote to the endowment of the mission in Elizabeth that saved him. It is to be hoped that the story of his big fortune and good intentions will prove true. Gratitude for spiritual benefits and a desire to share them with others which Ralston's promises suggest are the natural fruit of a regenerated heart. Eternity alone can measure the results of rescue mission work. Christ suggests that class of work in the parable.

And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. (Luke 14:23.)

## Job for Every Man

James Eads How, a wealthy young man of St. Louis, is devoting his life to the solution of the problem of the unemployed. He is a graduate in theology and medicine, is just finishing his law course, and has lived the life of a tramp for a year. Mr. How says that the Bowery Mission of New York, through its wide affiliations, has learned that there are at this time 4,500,000 men unemployed in the United States, when in ordinary times the number ought to be only about 1,000,000. Mr. How is organizing brotherhoods among the unemployed in various cities, and will devote his life to the solution of the problem of a job for every man. The mission of this young man has in it benevolence and piety. If he shall succeed in any measure in carrying out his plan, he will be a genuine reformer and a singularly fruitful Christian. The law of labor is one of the ten commandments. The second part of the commandment, rest on the Sabbath, is emphasized; but there is a first part which reads:

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. (Ex. 20:9.)

## Massacre of the Streets

From a report of the National Highway Protective Society it is learned that in one month 45 persons, including 26 children, were killed in the streets of the five boroughs of New York City by vehicles, besides 128 injured seriously, including 39 children. In Manhattan alone 38 were killed, 21 being under sixteen years of age. In the greater city 10 persons met death by automobiles, 11 by cars, and 29 by trucks. In the streets of New York people are being killed and injured at the rate of 2,000 a year, more than fall in single battles of the world. In shooting across the border lines by the Mexicans, an American soldier had his hat punctured by a bullet, another his scalp abraded by a stray shot. Those stray shots provoked a conference of our State Department, and messages to Mexico, and apologies from the Mexican government; and yet 45 people are killed in a month in one of the cities of our commonwealth, much of which slaughter could have been prevented, and we go on as though nothing had happened, busy with the cent per cent., while hearts are broken and families are left without support and penniless. Unintentional homicide among the Jews was punished by the avenger unless he took advantage of a refuge which the state provided, so high an estimate was put on the protection of human life.

These were the cities appointed for all the children of Israel, and for the stranger that sojourneth among them; that whosoever killeth any person at unawares might flee thither, and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood, until he stood before the congregation. (Josh. 20:9.)



The Special Congressional Committee Which Is Investigating the Steel Trust

LEFT TO RIGHT:—Representative H. Olin Young of Michigan; Representative Charles L. Bartlett of Georgia; Representative A. O. Stanley of Kentucky (Chairman); Representative Jack Beall of Texas; Representative M. W. Littleton of New York; and Representative D. J. McGillicuddy of Maine.

wife and fifteen hardy, healthy children. His 23-year-old son is already in Glenellen, N. D., where he owns a small ranch, and the Schneiders are on their way to join their son and brother. It will take \$1,800 to move the Schneiders, and the head of the family has \$26,000 in cold cash to invest in the Northwest. Mr. Schneider's \$26,000 is likely to double, treble or quadruple in his lifetime; and as it is, he is as well off in proportion as many who have \$2,600,000; not so much because he has saved this cash—which is a matter of importance—as because he has sixteen healthy, handsome, virtuous children, believers in Luther's Bible and his Christ. These are the best material there is out of which to build a nation. Domestic good fortune is thus pictured:

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table. (Ps. 128:3.)

## Surprised With Fortune

This story is told in a telegram from Elizabeth, N. J. About a year ago William L. Ralston went to that city down and out. In the desperation of his circumstances he went to a rescue mission in charge of Superintendent Howard P. Scheckler, where he confessed his sin, accepted his Saviour and



# Recalling Puritan Days in Old Milford

**P**URITAN costumes and customs present a fascinating study for the artist and student of history. The picture illustrating the scenery at Milford, Conn., and the clothing worn by the Puritan settlers has made a setting for a composite portrait by C. Brower Darst, of New York City, using the descendants of Thomas Sanford



Thomas Sanford, the Puritan

in the preparation of the typical face of men of that family. At Milford, Conn., on Memorial Day a window was dedicated by the Sanford Association of America in the First Church and the dedication prayer offered by its pastor, Rev. F. A. Sumner.

This window, designed by the same artist, had as its pictorial feature the First Church building used by these Puritans from old England at the time when Thomas San-

ford and Sarah his wife joined this church in 1642. A large number sat down at the luncheon at 1 P.M. and the after-dinner speeches and Sanford stories brought the descendants long separated in their family movements closer together. This was the fifth reunion since Rev. Elias B. Sanford, secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America in the Bible House, just under THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, invited Rev. Arthur B. Sanford, now of Port Washington, N. Y., and Rev. Ezra T. Sanford to lunch with him, and then and there these ministers of differing religious faith found a bond of union in organizing the Sanford Association of America, electing Dr. E. B. Sanford as president, and giving official duties to the other two organizers. After the unveiling of the window at Milford, an open-air meeting was held at Memorial Bridge, the westerly end of which stands on Sachem's Island, granted in 1651 to Thomas Sanford by the colony. In 1660 Governor Treat appointed Thomas Sanford

to search for the regicides who were wanted by the King for their part in the execution of Charles I. of England. An old deed, dated 1674, with the autograph of this planter of Milford, the property of Carlton E. Sanford, of Potsdam, N. Y., who has recently published a Sanford genealogy, was exhibited during the day, and Miss Julia M. Sanford, of Warwick, N. Y., received quite a number of new



The Old Puritan Church at Milford

names of members of the association, who give a dollar a year and receive the items of interest published as occasion offers.

The decoration of the Sanford stone on Memorial Bridge, placed there by John Sanford, of Amsterdam, N. Y., and Sanford graves in the old cemetery made the day full for the many visitors who came from East and West on this pilgrimage to the home acres of Thomas Sanford the Puritan.

In honoring the memory of their ancestors, the

descendants but carry out the prophecy of the Psalmist, who says: "The righteous shall be held everlasting remembrance." Thomas Sanford, of the environment of a Puritan ancestry in old England, son of Ezekiel and grandson of Thomas Sanford, a tradesman of Essex, was born in 1604 and is first mentioned in New England as a landholder in Dorchester, Mass., in 1634. His brother Robert and Andrew and cousin Zachary had all come to this land of opportunity, even as John Sanford came to Rhode Island in the time of Roger Williams and William Sanford to New Jersey a little later, all of whose descendants comprise the field of service for the Sanford Association of America. Thomas Sanford and Sarah, his wife, removed to Milford, Conn., soon after the founding of the colony in 1639, for he is mentioned in the town records as one of the original planters of Milford. The life in that colony, made up of pioneer enterprising people from old England, was like unto that of the Plymouth colony of Pilgrim fathers, and when one looks at a picture of this old Milford meeting-house beside the Wepewage, as Ausant was and other Indians called the Milford River, beside which Thomas Sanford was granted land, or can almost imagine such a scene as when John Alden looked upon Priscilla at the Plymouth Church.

One of the sons, Ezekiel, who was born at Dorchester, and the other three, Samuel, Thomas, and Ephraim, grew up in the atmosphere of the pioneer people of Milford. Peter Prudden was the pastor who instructed in holy things. With his wife Sarah and the four sons and three daughters, this Christian family were among the regular worshippers at a church that required all colonists to be church members. Peter Prudden's labors were ended by death in 1656, and in 1660 the famous Roger Newton, son-in-law of Thomas Hooker, first pastor of Hartford, became the minister, and it was under his ministry that Thomas Sanford and Sarah his wife finished their labors in the Church of Christ in Milford, and were both laid to rest in the cemetery in Milford in 1681, leaving behind them a large family of descendants to enter into their labors and follow in his hope expressed in his last will made shortly before his death, stating: "I commit my soul into ye hands of God through Jesus Christ, in whom alone I hope to be saved."

The large collection of family papers and antiquities, including his autograph signature on a deed to his son Ephraim, will be deposited with the Connecticut Historical Papers, and the spirit of the fathers who founded this land will continue under the blessings of God to make it a country where dwelleth righteousness.

## An Out-Door School for Frail Children

**S**HORT hours of work and long hours of play and rest make school a thing greatly to be desired by the score or more children who have been admitted to the Phipps Fresh-Air School, which was recently opened on the roof of the College Settlement at 433 Christian Street, Philadelphia. This is one of the first completely equipped out-of-door schools to be opened in that city, and was planned and organized by Alexander Wilson, director of the Phipps Institute, to provide special care for children whose parents are afflicted with tuberculosis. Those who have been admitted so far are not actually suffering from the dread disease, but are what the doctors term "suspicious." Many of them have been ill and unable to attend regular school, while others are under-developed and un nourished and thrown into danger of contagion in homes where proper preventive measures are hard to obtain.

The school was opened through the combined efforts of the Phipps Institute, the College Settlement and the board of education. The use of the roof and two rooms is donated by the settlement, and the board of education has provided a teacher, desks and all the necessary books. A trained nurse is in



Resting After Dinner at the Phipps Out-Door School

constant attendance, and the children are under careful medical supervision all day long. They arrive at eight o'clock in the morning. The first process is a thorough washing, followed by a carefully selected breakfast, especially suited to each child's needs. At nine o'clock, lessons begin and continue with frequent ten-minute rest-periods, until 11.30. Then comes the "scrubbing up" for dinner, which is served at twelve o'clock. After a hearty meal, the youngsters stretch out in the comfortable steamer chairs arranged out in the sunlight, and doze away until three o'clock, when lessons are resumed until four. A light luncheon is then served, and the children play until 5.30, when school is dis-

missed for the day. The little ones see thoroughly to enjoy both the work and the play of this new order of things, and Director Wilson is confident that within a month there will be a marked change in their appearance. They are learning many things too, outside the regular school. Each child has received a line bag, individually marked, containing toothbrush, nailbrush soap and towels, a comb and brush. The nurse, Miss May Blondell, has begun to see that these articles are used effectively every day. An attractive little dining room has been fitted up. And here, too, the outside teaching comes into play, for the youngsters are taught table manners as incidental accompaniment to the wholesome food.

The school is to continue all summer under the direction of Miss Grace E. Phelps, a former teacher of the Randall School, who has undertaken the formidable task of teaching these ungraded pupils who are of varying ages. During the summer the children will take up gardening and botany on a small scale. It is the ambition of Director Wilson to have these children thoroughly strong and their regular school places by next fall.



# 100,000 Children Reviewed by the President

PRESIDENT TAFT spent a busy afternoon in New York on June 8 when he reviewed about one hundred thousand of Brooklyn's Sunday school children. It was Brooklyn's biggest annual festival and the officers of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union had more than 10,000 pupils in the parade, which moved in twenty-four divisions at various points in the borough.

Mr. Taft, his secretary and aide-de-camp, who were met at the Pennsylvania Station by a committee from the Sunday School Union and a small group of government officials, went directly to the Hanover Club in Brooklyn, where the President was welcomed by Mayor Gaynor. From there the party went to the Union League Club and were the guests of Mr. William H. Taft at the annual luncheon which he presided over and the officers and guests of the Sunday School League.

Then the procession started for the Long Meadows in Prospect Park, where the largest preparations had been made for a Presidential review. Arriving at the park, the automobiles were allowed to go directly over the meadows to a reviewing stand in the center. The President's stand was situated so that a long view to the south stretched before it over the meadows. To the right and left, at right angles to the front of the President's stand, were two large stands filled with sightseers. The park was crowded with spectators, and the police had difficulty in keeping them within the limits assigned to them.

When the President was seated, a mounted officer of the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn galloped away to the south. In the distance could be seen a vague mass of banners and moving forms. Suddenly a band struck up, and the mass moved forward. As they mounted a little rise and came within view of the stands, an impressive sight was presented. In the middle came a big band, making stirring march music out of an old hymn. At either side was a mass of white-frocked children stretching away as far as the eye could reach, banners flying, little legs twinkling in and out, curly heads nodding and tossing, and thousands of "grown-ups" to give the gathering solidity. Four lines of stakes with pennants formed three lanes seemingly interminable. In the center one came the band, and to each side the paraders, so closely massed and far-reaching that the official estimate of 20,000 marchers seemed inadequate.

The President enjoyed it hugely. He wore a continual smile and nodded, lifted his hat, and waved his hand in response to greetings from those in line. The latter were of all ages and descriptions. Little tots who had to be carefully herded by teachers when their enthusiasm threatened to break the lines were hemmed in by older scholars, evidently conscious that they were marching for the President of the United States, and knowing just who he was. There were elderly ladies who showed the fatigue of marching in the hot sun, and portly gentlemen. But they were all Sunday School workers. In other sections of the city the President reviewed those divisions which were too distant to go to the park to parade.



President Taft Reviewing the Sunday School Children in Prospect Park, Brooklyn

## MEXICO'S SHOW VOLCANO SPREADS DESTRUCTION

COLIMA, the only active volcano in North America, was the focal point of an earthquake that rocked and jarred Mexico from border to border and ocean to ocean on June 7, costing in the aggregate no fewer than 1,300 lives and destroying property to the extent of several million dollars.

With the restoration of telegraphic communication the following morning it was learned that the volcano broke forth in violent eruption on the previous Tuesday. Lava was thrown to a great height and the molten mass, which since the eruption of 1669 has not reached a point further than 1,000 feet above the crater, burned its way through the rank tropical vegetation that covers the west side of the mountain. As seen from the nearest points it seemed that a new crater had opened on the west side of the mountain, but owing to the dense smoke rolling up in an almost straight column thousands of feet high and covering the crater most of the time, it was as hard to ascertain the exact conditions.

Five hundred persons have been killed in Zapotlan, where the cathedral, built on the site of the one destroyed in the earthquake following the eruption of 1806, has been destroyed. The loss of life would have been greater had not the inhabitants, expecting an earthquake to follow the violent eruption, made arrangements to sleep in outhouses of cane. Many, however, were careless, as the eruptions in 1902 and 1909 were followed by only light shocks, which

did no damage. A large detachment of Red Cross nurses and doctors has been sent to Zapotlan from Guadalajara. Other smaller delegations have been sent to Tonila, San Andres, Platanar, Tuxpan, and the city of Colima, where the mortality has been heavy.

Mexico City fell within the territory, getting the full force of the movement of the earth, but as the greater portion of the city is protected by the bed of silt which formed the old lake bottom on which the city was built, damage occurred only in the northern section where the houses are constructed on the solid ground that formerly was the shore of the lake. Here sixty-three persons were killed and seventy-five wounded and property worth \$450,000 was wrecked. This injected a note of tragedy into what was to have been a day of pure rejoicing over the arrival of Francisco I. Madero, Jr. The property loss estimate is based on calculations made by owners and contractors. Little of the loss is covered by insurance.

About half of the dead accounted for in Mexico City were soldiers. They were caught beneath the walls of the Artillery Barracks in San Cosme, near the Mexican Central Station. Twelve women, wives of artillerymen, also lost their lives. At the city power plant of the street car company eight persons were killed and six wounded. Steel rails had been stacked in the iron and wood departments there and

fell on shacks built alongside the structure and demolished them. The barracks building was an old structure, but unlike many of the older edifices of the city its walls were thin. Seventy-two soldiers and the wives of many were sleeping in the house. The outer wall fell away, and the roof crashing down on the sleeping persons on the second floor hurled them through the ceiling on their comrades below. Those who escaped began the work of rescue at once without spreading the alarm for some time.

Two of the capital's old churches and the National Palace show effects of the shock. Long cracks appear in all of them. In the palace a keystone in one of the arches was thrown almost out. The two churches are Santo Domingo and La Profesa, the latter in San Francisco Street. It had been cracked by other earthquakes. After the shock the cracks were found to have widened and the building was ordered closed. The water mains of the city were not injured, and the light and power company suffered little inconvenience in operations. Some damage was done to street car tracks, but not enough to interfere with traffic, except on one line.

El Volcan de Colima is one of the most conspicuous features of the State of Jalisco. Because of the isolation of the cone and its fine contour it is one of the show places of that part of Mexico. The mountain is 12,278 feet high. The crater is almost circular and its greatest diameter is about 1,600 feet.

## PASTOR DIXON'S FAREWELL TO HIS AMERICAN PULPIT

OUR illustration shows Dr. A. C. Dixon making his farewell speech to members of his church in Chicago, who gathered at the station to bid him good-by. A procession of about a thousand adults and Sunday School scholars marched to the depot with flags in their hands. They were led by the band from the Moody Church, of which Dr. Dixon has been pastor for four and a half years. They gathered on a vacant plot in front of the station and Dr. Dixon stood in a carriage and made an address. A great farewell service was held in the Moody Church on the evening previous to his departure, and his people bade him a most affectionate good-by. He was presented with a banner on which the word "LOVE" was spelled in large letters with British sovereigns.

Dr. Dixon has the distinction of having filled several well known and important pulpits. Two of



Dr. A. C. Dixon Speaking from a Carriage at a Chicago Railway Station

these churches, the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the Moody Church, are quite generally acknowledged amongst the most famous in America. Churches in Baltimore, Boston and Brooklyn have also enjoyed successful pastorates by Dr. Dixon. Not only is he a powerful preacher, but a facile writer.

J. G. LAWSON.

### A Shipment of 25,000 Bibles

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, the New York publishers, have started what is probably the largest shipment of a single Bible at any one time, viz., 25,000 American Standard Bibles—to the International Sunday School Convention at San Francisco. These Bibles go first to the Convention for the Adult Bible Class parade. The Gideons will then distribute them in the hotels of different cities on the Pacific Coast.



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

A. Binaud, Laguna, P. I. Can you tell something about the delegates of the Philippines, as to what they have done and what they are still doing in the United States Congress?

The secretary to the speaker of the House, to whom this question was referred, replies as follows: The Philippines enjoy the same courtesies as to representation in the United States Congress that are extended to Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, and the territories in Continental America, New Mexico and Arizona. The delegates have the right of speech, but cannot vote. There are two Philippine delegates, called Resident Commissioners. They are Manuel Luis Quezon, elected by the Philippine Assembly, and Benito Legarda, selected by the Philippine Commission. Commissioner Legarda has made at least one speech on the floor of the House of Representatives, in which he advocated free trade between the islands and the United States. Commissioner Quezon attends Congress regularly, and has inaugurated a publicity campaign to focus the attention of the American people on the capabilities of the Filipinos for self-government.

J. L. St. Paul, Minn. Explain Isa. 55: 7.

It is a leaf from the prophet's personal experience. He had been a sinner and had known the mercy of God. He had learned that the Divine laws of grace are immutable as the laws of nature—that with like conditions like results will follow. God is not capricious in his dealings with men. "He is faithful and righteous; the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Every unrighteous one who forsakes his way and his evil thoughts and turns to him for strength and forgiveness, he will abundantly pardon. Thus the fulfillment of the promise rests in the initial stage, with ourselves; we must leave our sins and turn in faith to God and the result will follow, just as in nature we must first plant the seed before, in accordance with the immutable law, the harvest can come. All of the promises may be ours, if we but fulfil the conditions.

G. S., Jackson, Mo. Please mention some things (suitable for boys) which I can make for a fair, none of them to be sold for more than five cents.

1. Pen wiper. (This can be made of almost anything and cut in almost any shape.) 2. Calendar. (Take a pad from an advertising calendar, or buy one for a penny or two. Paste on cardboard, decorated with a drawing or painting or pictures cut from papers.) 3. A large covered ring (suspended by a ribbon) on which to hang neckties (there are many kinds). 4. Puzzle cut out of cardboard (put up in envelope). 5. String box. (Cut down almost any box; make a hole in the cover for the string; place a ball of string inside; glue the cover on; decorate the box.) 6. Linen or chintz napkin ring. (Fasten with button and button hole; bind neatly; embroider.) 7. Handkerchief case of chintz or linen. 8. Match scratcher. 9. Some home-made candy, prettily put up in some box that you have saved. There are many more which your ingenuity should suggest to you.

A. E. R., Medford, N. J. 1. Define regeneration. 2. What is spiritual death?

1. Regeneration is being born again, and is the work of the Holy Spirit, by which we experience a change of heart. It is perhaps better expressed as being "born anew from above" (John 3: 7), being "awakened" (Eph. 2: 1), Christ coming into the heart (Gal. 4: 19), "renewing of the mind" (Rom. 12: 2), the "purifying" (Titus 3: 5). Man is not the author of his own regeneration. The change consists in the recovery of the moral image of God upon the heart, leading us to love him supremely and serve him as our highest end. It is wholly the work of the Holy Spirit. The change is in the heart and the will—in our moral and spiritual faculties; and the natural faculties, being dominated by the will, while they may resist for a time, ultimately follow the change. The evidences of regeneration are conviction of sin, sorrow and repentance, faith, love and devotion to God. In regeneration we receive from God, whereas in conversion we turn to God. 2. The "spiritual death," to which your question applies, implies "everlasting punishment" (Rev. 21: 8)—the utter lack of all spiritual hope of restoration or assuagement. It means entire separation from God. Death, in the destructive sense, applies to the entire man and every part of his nature. We speak even now of men as "spiritually dead" while they yet live in the body, just as we speak of men who may be already in the grave, as "spiritually alive," and who shall never die. Spiritual death may begin even in this life. Death, therefore, need not imply extinction and annihilation. One commentator writes: "The proper life of the spirit lies in the harmony

and subjection of its powers and disposition to the nature and will of God; its death in contrast and enmity to him. This involves the disruption of a holy and dutiful relation with the Father of spirits, and by inevitable consequence a deprivation of the fruits of his love and favor on which life and blessedness depend. The whole man shall go away from the glory and joy of God's presence into everlasting punishment." Your other questions are purely controversial.

C. P. M., Detroit, Mich. Of whom was it said, "a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will"?

Of David (Acts 13: 22).

J. H. S., Jamestown, N. Y. 1. Please explain what is an Egyptian "dynasty." 2. Also say if there is any hope of universal peace until after the second coming of the Lord.

1. Egypt had a series of dynastic rulers, or successive representatives of different groups or dynasties. The first dynasty—the Thinites, is supposed to have commenced about 5000 B.C. A dynasty is an unbroken line of successive rulers of the same family or tribe or clan, or from the same ancestral stock. Some of the dynasties were of short duration and there were instances in which two dynasties ruled simultaneously. The fifteenth and sixteenth were a double dynastic rule and there were proba-

bly others. There were in all some thirty-one dynasties up to the time of the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great. 2. While the general tendency is strongly setting toward the decline of war, the Scripture teaching is that wars will continue until the end of the present age.

G. R. M., Iberis, Va. Last Sunday in our Sunday School class some one mentioned Jephthah's rash vow. Some said that he did not kill his daughter. A local preacher said her punishment was only that she was not allowed to marry.

Commentators are divided with respect to the fate of Jephthah's daughter. While the vow is very clearly stated in the Scripture story, there is no definite record of its fulfillment. It was the hope of every Jewish family that the promised Messiah might come through their line and the deprivation of this hope would have been considered an especially heavy punishment, and to the mind of a man like Jephthah would have been worse than death itself. Volumes have been written concerning this rash vow, and while Josephus, the Jewish historian, and perhaps nearly all the early Christian fathers, held that the daughter was offered as a living sacrifice, Jephthah's act is nowhere extenuated. Josephus calls it neither lawful nor pleasing to God. Jewish

writers unite in saying he should have referred to the high priest. Many eminent writers including Joseph Kinch, Ben Gerson Bechai (Jewish authorities) and a number of Christian authors, held that instead of being sacrificed she was shut up in a house specially prepared by her father and visited there by daughters of Israel four days in a year as long as she lived. In support of this theory it pointed out that the Hebrew term employed to express Jephthah's vow is the word which means a "consecration" and not *cherem* which means "destruction."

D. H. S., Ionia, Mich. 1. Is there any difference between the terms "creation" and "making"? The first verse in the Bible reads "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Does the Bible teach us God had anything out of which to make the earth? 2. Moses, Aaron and Elias had staffs to use under peculiar circumstances. Were those staffs canes or walking sticks?

1. "Creation" means, in the orthodox sense, that God of his own free will and by his absolute power called the whole universe into being, evoking into existence that which before was nonexistent. See Rom. 4: 17, Ps. 33: 6, Heb. 3: 4, Acts 17: 24, Acts 14: 15, Ps. 102: 19, Jer. 10: 15, John 1: 3, Rev. 4: 11. It is needless to speculate on these matters. If we concede the absolute power of God, we must concede his power both to create and annihilate, stated in the Scriptures. There are many problems which the finite mind cannot grasp and which must be accepted by faith and alone. 2. The staffs of Moses and Aaron were neither canes nor walking sticks, but more correctly speaking wands or rods of office, the possession and use signifying authority and power of direction.

R. McD., Leavenworth, Kan. Please explain I John 3: 5.

It is one of the mightiest passages in the New Testament and in a few words comprehends the whole meaning of the Incarnation—the purpose of which was "to take away sins"—the sins and shortcomings of the whole human race. Man had missed the mark of the Divine purpose and Jesus came in the flesh that he might lift the load of sin from our shoulders, "for," as John adds, "in him is the sin." Being God, he has the power to do to all who believe in and accept him. He can pardon us and relieve us of the load and he can also save us from sin's domination hereafter. Being man, yet perfect and sinless, I am a model for us to follow; but if we were merely man, as we are, he could not take away sin, however perfect or sinless he might be. The essential point of the passage is that it is not by virtue of the fact that Jesus is God, but by the manifestation of that fact in the flesh that sins are taken away from all who accept him as Saviour.

E. K., Aylmer, Que. What are the duties and salary of the Chief Marshal of a State?

In most States, the Marshal is called the Sheriff or the High Sheriff. His duties are to keep order, punish law-breakers and preside over certain ceremonies and other ceremonies.

Eulalia, Millstone, N. J. 1. Was "Martha Finley" the real name of the author of "The Elsie books"? 2. Please translate "mon pere" as "outre."

1. "Martha Finley's" real name was Martha Farquharson. She was born at Chillicothe, O., April 26, 1828, and died in 1898. She was a devoted Christian and wrote many books. Her father was in Elkton, Md. 2. "My father;" "eccentric," or "outlandish."

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. J. F. A., Greenfield, N. Y. Six hundred and sixty-eight churches and eighty-six thousand members.

W. V. K., North Point, Va. 1. See a dictionary for definition you want. 2. To which "saints" do you refer?

The peace statue in Washington, a photograph of which appeared in a recent number was erected to commemorate the close of the Civil War.

Reader, Free Union, Va. 1. It is entirely proper for you to extend such an invitation if you are sure that it is desired and that you are taking no chances of the humiliation which would result from a refusal. 2. A letter addressed to that gentleman at New York will reach him. 3. The form of address you mention is correct for a friend or acquaintance. A business or formal letter should begin, "Dear Sir."

## China Grateful for America's Aid

THE following letter, reproduced from the original, has been received from His Excellency Chang Yin-tang, Chinese Ambassador in Washington, and will interest all who have had a share in the life-saving work in China during the recent famine:

### IMPERIAL CHINESE LEGATION WASHINGTON

June first, 1911.

Mr. Otto Koenig,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

New York City.

Dear sir:

I take pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 29th ultimo, and copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing the announcement of the close of the China Famine Relief work. Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity to say a word in appreciation of the splendid work your valuable paper has been doing in this connection and the generous manner in which thousands of your readers have responded. I need hardly say that the good you have thus accomplished is not to be measured alone by the number of those whose suffering and distress these gifts have been the means of alleviating. This example of American liberality will always be looked upon by my country as a material expression of cordial feeling of friendship and will contribute in no small degree towards drawing more closely the bond of amity between the two peoples.

Yours very truly,

*Chang Yin-tang*



# FOURTH OF JULY IN THE COZY CORNER



"WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED"

## Picnics, Parties and a Campfire Supper

NEVER in the history of our nation have preparations for celebrating the Fourth of July in large cities been so magnificent as these.

At least five of the largest cities will have Pageants-of-Nations in which every nationality living in those cities will represent themselves in some elaborate way. The Spanish element in New York, for example, will send floats representing, in all its splendor, the court of Ferdinand and Isabella when Columbus made his famous plea for funds with which to equip his ships. The English, Dutch, Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, will vie with one another to have the most splendid float in the pageant. With martial music and plenty of red fire burning along the line of march, living pictures representing some of the greatest moments in the history of the world will pass before cheering crowds of enthusiastic citizens.

### Evenings at Home

PROGRESSIVE town in the Middle West is celebrating Independence Day with an open air performance of tableaux on an heroic scale, depicting fourth pictures of early home life in America. The Indian in his wigwam, the Pilgrim in his humble cony home, the Dutch patroon surrounded with the elegance and luxury that was characteristic of the Hudson River colony, the English nobleman on plantation in the South, the exiled Huguenots in their humble elegance, the peasant Creole, the Spanish cavalier in his gipsy life—all will be pictured, besides the rude shacks, log cabins and sod houses of the sturdy Buckskin Knights who made their way into the Far West and withered the undreamed hardships of pioneer life in young America. This ambitious celebration is to end with torchlight procession in which all the citizens will march.

### Another Stirring Fourth

THE High School boys in a little town in Indiana have hung up banners in the railway station, the village store, and on the trees along the roadways announcing

### STIRRING FOURTH OF JULY.

TRIOTIC PARADE AND PICNIC! Every one in twenty miles around is invited to come and join the

CENTERVILLE CELEBRATION!

Any one who can play a fife or a drum, or who will make a five-minute speech, is invited to bring some picnic and stay to the

**CAMPFIRE SUPPER!**

The programme is definitely planned and reads something like this:

Assemble promptly at ten o'clock in Court House Square. The Mayor will give the call to order and at the proper moment will give the command to "fall in." All join in singing "Hail Columbia"; this to be followed by two or three five-minute speeches by popular citizens. March through the main streets for an hour and return to the square. Song and chorus, "Yankee Doodle," voluntary recitations. Break ranks, and the farmers, it seems, have provided road-wagons enough to carry all the boys into the woods, where the pioneer supper of beans, flap-jacks and coffee will be served. While the supper is preparing there will be games and contests, and before returning to the village the boys will be rallied to sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and to salute the flag.

### Plan a Fourth of July Parade

THIS is a good suggestion, boys. Pitch right in and get up a modern Fourth of July celebration of your own. Get the girls and every one else to help you. Ask the village paper to print a notice about it for you and get the village photographer to take your picture. Begin right away, corral all the boys you know, put your shoulders to the wheel and do all in your power to get up a Fourth of July parade and picnic that will be a credit to your town and to you.

### Speeches and Debates

IF YOU find you cannot plan anything so ambitious as a parade, then get all your chums together and, on the back porch or in the woods, or from the roof of the barn, have speeches and debates. This is great fun. Let one or two boys out of each "bunch" prepare a five-minute speech, and the others select subjects for debates.

Almost any thrilling hero story will do to make a speech about, and good subjects for debate are: "Courage versus Fool-



## Ivory Soap is Not Too Good to be Used for Washing Dishes.

No soap is too good. What is needed, for washing dishes, is a soap that is absolutely pure—a soap that will clean thoroughly but will not injure the hands.

Ivory Soap fulfills these requirements better than any other soap.

It is pure. It cleans thoroughly.

It will not injure the hands.

"But," you say, "Ivory Soap costs more than ordinary laundry soap."

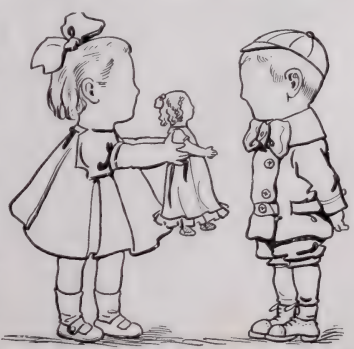
It does.

But the difference is small; not more than ten or fifteen cents a month.

If it were five times that much, it would pay you to use Ivory Soap.

**Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure.**

hardiness," *Patriotism versus Jingoism*, "The New versus the Old Fourth of July," etc., etc. In your speeches hark back to the days of the Buckskin Knights. Nothing is more inspiring nor fuller of manhood and bravery than the lives of those old pathfinders, in the most romantic period of our na-



**SPECIAL PRIZES**—Trace or make a free-hand copy of this picture. Draw in the features and tell a little story in verse or prose about it. First prize, a kiosk; second, a Junior League baseball; third, a box of Japanese water color paints and twenty smaller prizes. All work that is up to the average will receive something.

tion's history. Davy Crockett's last stand at the battle of the Alamo or Kit Carson's exploits as a trapper along the old Spanish Trail would make splendid speeches. The vast region from the Cordilleras to the sea, known now as California, was like the "Golden Fleece" of modern history; tell how Kit Carson and Captain Fremont captured it, and your speech will be a thriller. Let some one be sure to make a speech out of the life of Jonathan Chapman ("Applesseed Johnny"), the "Little Friend of the Pioneer World," who, unarmed and alone, crossed the wilderness in the days when wild animals and savages lurked in every cover. Get together meaty material for a good five or ten-minute speech and speak it out bravely. Your enthusiasm for your country's heroes will grow amazingly as you warm to your subject. Your chums will cheer when you drive a good point home, and will call "more! more!" Try it. Believe me, speech-making is thrilling. It will arouse more real patriotism in your hearts than hundreds of dollars' worth of dangerous fireworks. Yours for a good time on Independence Day,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

"Christian Herald," Bible House, New York



## To the Gods of Toquay-to

By LEONORA BECK ELLIS

"IT WOULD be wholly farcical but for a certain serious shade to the background." Commenting so to himself, Esmond Levering shut off his own laugh with a sigh. "A workaday citizen of the great Republic, I, the ever-practical, conventional, commonplace, to put it broadly, to chance in such incredible wise upon an island-kingdom, half-genuine, half-Utopian, and altogether savage, buried in untraversed seas, guarded by adverse currents that seemed to break only this one time and let my leaky tub of a craft be blown into this impossible port!"

He laughed again, mockingly, but resumed serious conversation with himself.

"Can I be still delirious, and shall I soon come back to myself, to find that I have had a touch of tropical fever, and am still in my Manila quarters? The Princess Wiyuna declares me now restored to reason, announcing at the same time, no longer ago than this morning, that King Matazino, her royal sire, desires an interview with me to-morrow, when the court physician shall dismiss me. Flashlight and peanut applause! Why, the story will be too rank for my paper, and when I'm back in my correspondent's den, I'll have to invent something saner."

Months later, Levering was still in the royal palace of Toquay-to—as prisoner or guest he himself could scarcely decide. Back at home, his paper had filled a gap in the ranks of its foreign correspondents, and the world was moving on no less equably because one rather clever young man had disappeared from the view of civilized eyes.

"I'm here, whether permanently or not," Levering told himself occasionally; "I'm very emphatically here for the present moment, and I see no earthly or celestial good to be attained by sitting down to the doleful entertainment of wishing myself back in reach of cables, mail steamers, white faces, and all that goes with these."

Of those scores of uncounted isles that swing out from Luzon, the central gem of the loose belt, Toquay-to, though tiny, is one of the richest and most beautiful. Matazino now held it by hereditary right, as kinglings of his kind hold many others dotted over the Polynesian waters. It was into this snug harbor that a wanton wind and current had sent its strange flotsam, months ago.

"It was a propitious chance that sent you walking down the cactus avenue and towards the water's edge that morning," commented Levering one day, talking easily, as always, to the Princess Wiyuna. "Propitious to me, I mean," he added, as she lifted her large dark eyes to his in mysterious questioning.

"The guards who had found me must have meant to kill me without delay if you had not intervened," he went on.

"They thought you already dead," the Princess returned, in quaintly cadenced but correct English. "But they would have returned your body to the sea that gave it. It is our custom."

He laughed a little bitterly. "You forget," she answered the charge his laugh implied, "the evils threatening our frail little kingdom from strange vessels and strange men."

"I understand," he rejoined, fairly. "And death is easy to think of in a land like this," he added, in a lower tone than might reach her. "But what did Mata—the king—think?" he pressed her.

"He thought—but you were an American, we surmised, and even here

we have learned the power in the name."

"So I have only my nationality to thank for my life?" Something had impelled him to urge the question. What was the feeling in his breast which made him think he might prefer to owe existence to another thing, to believe, indeed, that he did so owe it?

She gave him one slow, curious glance, turning away with the semblance of a flame's reflection passing across her smooth brown face.

Puzzling, Esmond left her. But he went to his appointed interview with the king certain of one thing: he owed his life to the Princess Wiyuna.

An hour afterward, Matazino was saying to him: "Alien, you have been most useful to me, and you can be yet more so. The men of your race seem born to plan great things. But would they make as good kings as councilors? I doubt me. Years back, one of your brothers stayed with me twenty moons. I had bought him and his family from a people I was trading with. His wife taught the Princess your tongue—you see how well."

"You bought them—they were slaves?" Esmond questioned quickly, repugnance in his tones.

"If buying them made them so, yes," returned his Majesty, quite calmly. "They had gone to the other people freely, and with a message the chief words of which I remember as 'peace and good will.' But they were facing worse than death when I offered a cargo of spices from the royal groves for the three. I thought it might please the Princess, who was sorrowing in her earliest widowhood. And it did."

Levering weighed all this in silence, and found several things growing clearer to his inner vision.

"Did they deliver their message here?" he asked at last, when the king seemed to expect him to speak.

"I would none of it—for myself or my people. But I listened sometimes to the man, when he must needs talk of other things, at my behest. Finding him somehow clever, I gave him better work for a while than his message. The Princess never seemed to tire of the Little White One and the yellow-haired woman with the bird's voice."

"Where are they now?" the young man found himself unable to refrain from asking, although fearfully.

"He is asleep under the almond trees over there," Esmond looked, with shadowing eyes, where the fat brown hand indicated, then back at the monarch boldly.

"No, I did not have it done," Matazino continued, placidly, facing the distrust in the other's gaze. "For," he added with royal naïveté, "he never gave me cause. It was a fever. The woman grieved without comfort, until the Princess would send her and the little white man back where they could reach their own. I might not have had it so—but her Highness has ways."

The royal eyes shot a look, keen, searching, in Levering's direction; but it was lost, for the alien's thoughts were full of the queer, sad little story.

Long ago, in his college-town, there had been a girl in whose power it lay, he told her, to shape his life to large ends and measureless happiness. But she could not see it with his vision. Work in the mission-fields of the Orient was calling to her even then. What if—

Matazino began to talk again, and Esmond followed with half attention, the other half straying after the memory of an elm-shaped street, where a boy, ardent, passionately in earnest, was walking, and at his side a girl like the new-blown lilies in his mother's garden.

Continued on next page

## Startling 30 Day Offer ON "Ideal" FIRELESS COOKERS

You've wanted a PERFECT Fireless Cook Stove—you intend to buy one. Get it now—get the best Fireless Cook Stove made—at a discount of 20% THIS DISCOUNT is made solely to introduce "Ideal" Cookers. Where we sell one "Ideal" we soon sell several more. So, we're willing to sell a limited number at a 20 per cent. reduction, because of the extra sales that will follow.

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Mail the coupon. We'll send catalog. Then call on two friends. Explain that you can save 20 per cent. on the BEST Fireless Cooker made, if they will club with you on the Introductory Offer, made to only three people in a town; explain that all future sales will be made only through dealers at retail price.

Impress upon them what an exceptional offer this is—the most extraordinary ever made. The "IDEAL" is absolutely guaranteed to satisfy. If not, money back. 30 days time is given to decide. We have been in business over 25 years, and have largest cooker factory in the world. Any bank in Toledo can assure you as to our responsibility.

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Makes the "Ideal" the BEST Fireless Cooker on the market—far in advance of all others. This and other exclusive features are clearly explained in the handsome catalog we send you.

Each compartment has separate lid. To open one compartment, you need not disturb the others. Each has patent lever lock and stop hinges.

Lined throughout with SOLID ALUMINUM—"Wear-Ever" the "Sterling" of Kitchenware. Will not rust or corrode—always bright and shiny—requires no scouring or scrubbing. Holds heat as no other metal can. Vulcanized hard wood case, handsomely finished. Insulation our own formula evolved after years of experimenting.

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Buy now, save 20 per cent. on your purchase and 80 per cent. of your FOOD and FUEL money all the year 'round.

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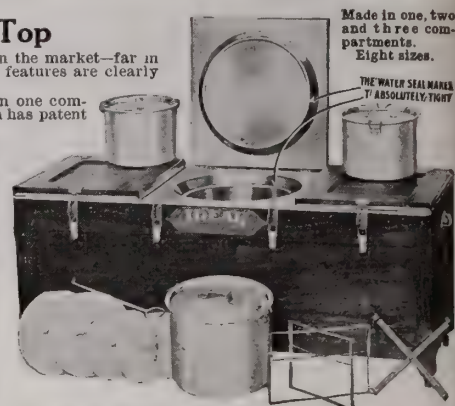
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has perfected arrangements for conducting a grand Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The splendid steamer *Cretic*, of the White Star Line, will leave New York at noon, **Wednesday, September 20**, for the Mediterranean, stopping en route in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, etc., and arriving back in New York about Nov. 21.

The itinerary will enable the members of The Christian Herald party to visit the Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Rome, Athens, Smyrna, the site of ancient Ephesus, Constantinople and Palestine.

Jaffa, where the party will land, is the port of Jerusalem, and members of the party will proceed to the Holy City by train, for a comprehensive study of prominent features of Biblical interest.

Among the points of interest to be visited in the Holy Land will be the Tomb of the Saviour, Mosque of Omar, Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, Garden of Gethsemane, Mount of Olives, Bethany, River Jordan, Jericho, Dead Sea, Wilderness, Bethlehem, Temples of Solomon and Herod, Church of the Nativity, etc. An early booking will secure first choice of accommodations.

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**CHRISTIAN HERALD PILGRIMAGE BUREAU,**  
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# To the Gods of Toquay-to

Continued from preceding page

"Prime minister you would call it," Matzino was saying when Esmond came fully back to the present. "Prime minister, yes?" Esmond retorted, with vague questioning, when the king's emphatic pause indicated expectation of some rejoinder. But the king did not proceed at once. When he did, the American sat up very bright, a look of amazement blazing suddenly in his fine eyes. "My kingdom needs such a vizier as I might make," Matzino was measuring it off studiously. "A white man's hand can point a course well. That is all. To render you secure in your high place, steadfast-rooted in my people's honor and fealty, I will publicly betroth you, at Moon of May, to the Princess Wiyuna, sole daughter of my royal house." Under other circumstances, Esmond Levering's very American thought would have been: "Where did the old pundit learn this art?" But not now. His own strange plight absorbed every other consideration. Unmindful of court etiquette, he arose and strode across to a casement giving on to the deep, sunlit bay. Matzino, watching the foreigner, drew his beetling brows down low. At this moment of strain, a messenger with tidings of deep moment was announced, and speedily entered, abasing himself at the royal feet. "Good news, my Sovereign! We have conquered Cruziamia. The larger parts follow, with the prisoners and spoils. There are white captives, so, a pair of them. The male will doubt prove a suitable oblation in the temple-rites soon to be, while his mate our king may bestow upon the worthy servant at his feet, if no other shall offer to relieve him of her." Swept along by his desires, Aguerrio had poured out too much for a first announcement. The king, pleased in the beginning, was scowling darkly when the messenger ended. With a gesture towards Levering, he dismissed the victorious chief, with no sign of royal favor further than the first gleam of the eye shown him. The young man gazing from the casement had been too wholly wrapped up in his own thoughts to note the chief's jumble of news and petition.

In the Toquay-to year there is one unique celebration, a festival designated in the language of the Isles as "Moon of May." The population of the whole realm then pours into the capital, adorned with wondrous splendor. Tensely festivities fill the day; and by night, with the May moon at full meridian, her flood of violet light illuminating the palace, the great temple, and even the meaner dwellings, there can be only joyance and gayety. When moon of the last day of the festival comes, a procession moves slowly toward the vast white temple, following a flashing opaline casket, wherein reposes the pride of all the Isles, "the Moon of May," a wondrous jewel, round ages ago, it is told, blazing splendidly from the shrine itself. In the temple's front stands a dais of marble, and here on its pedestal the priests set down the casket, open, and let the peerless wonder laugh back at the sun, its unfearful rival. Around it dance the maids of the Isles, singing joyous peans and strewing fragrant blossoms. Grouped near were king and courtiers, among them Esmond Levering. The American's gaze was first upon the mighty violet diamond, sole one of its kind, he believed, in the world. "What think you of it?" "The stone?" asked Levering, his gaze going back with pleasure to the radiant thing. "Stone, if you will; gift of the gods; Moon of May?"

"It is positively a miracle of beauty and brilliance," responded the young man, "revealed, one might fancifully say, to defeat the arbitrary claim that no violet diamonds exist."

Again the king's eyes were fixed on him, with that dull yet incisive gaze. But the monarch only asked: "And how does it compare with other gems you have seen in the vast world you prate to me of?"

"In truth, I know none that would not pale or flaw beside it—and I have seen the Kohinoor."

"No other jewel exists, will ever exist, I trust," spoke a low voice at Esmond's side, "the tradition of whose splendid being binds a people to so terrible a rite as this of ours."

Levering started, turning sharply to gaze into the mournful eyes of the Princess Wiyuna.

"What tradition, what rite?" he demanded.

"Are you wholly unprepared, then?" asked she, lowering her tone yet more, and watching her royal sire, whom one of the priests was engaging momentarily. "Do you not understand that, to keep this marvelous effulgence at full flame, there must be every year a hideous oblation, demanding the blood of—"

Matzino was summoning Levering in harsh, imperious tones, to fall in at his left, the Princess on his right. The procession was forming anew, to move forward, up the flower-strewn steps, the deep aisles of the temple, and to the altar's foot.

Esmond's eyes, wide, excited now, kept on the Princess when he could see her, as they moved slowly forward to the dirge-like chanting. What could she mean? what was he to witness at this pagan celebration, after all?

"Those lambs and bullocks will be slain, of course," he told himself, with relief. "The Princess, who is intensely womanly, thank fortune, hates the sight and smell of blood; and no doubt is sufficiently enlightened to feel aversion for so absurd a superstition."

A slight shifting of position had brought his betrothed into full range of his vision. He thought no more of the Moon of May.

In the next minute, life changed suddenly, poignantly, for Esmond Levering. He roused from thought; they had halted near the altar. The dirge-like chant had modified, ceased, then risen again, this time as a wild incantation, of which he grasped but half the meaning. Yet—that gleaming blade swung with lusty good will by the strong-armed hierarch, here, within the shrine? He had held some vague notion that the slaughtering of the beasts was finished up outside, and only certain parts brought within as some kind of oblation.

The throng parted, the wild song rose higher, became a thrilling requiem; a pair of captives were led forward.

The man was bound hand and foot, with breast bared for the knife. The woman, young, slender, was struggling passionately to break her fetters and reach him.

With a mad surge the blood seemed to leave the heart of Levering, while it stood still. He had heard this captive husband and wife alluded to some days before, but thought them of Malay race, and secure of their lives if no more. In the stress of his own personal matters, he had not found time to think of them beyond that. But now, they were white, they were Americans, and the man at least was destined to immediate death.

Leaping from his station between the king and the Princess, whose face was covered from the monstrous sight, Levering broke into the ring of hierophants, so staying the unholy rite.

Continued on page 649



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## Thrift's Common School

WHEN the Franco-Prussian War closed in the spring of 1871, the successful Germans imposed on the defeated French an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000. Before six months France had paid off every cent of this enormous assessment. Any other European country would have been forced to raise a loan through the world's great banking houses, but not so France. To be sure, as the war had exhausted the State treasury, she had to borrow, but not from the stranger. She turned to her own people and told them of her pressing needs. No, the people to whom she appealed were not titled nobles with great landed estates, nor great capitalists and bankers; they were the peasant farmer and small shop-keeper, though it should be said in justice to the patriots of France, that in this time of the motherland's stress, neither the high nor the lowly held back, but nine-tenths of the whole amount was contributed by the toilers, who having learned to save in Thrift's Common School, now showed that their sense of duty and their love for their country had not been deadened by the long years of hard toil and close saving.

#### A Land of Effort

In proportion to her population and natural resources France is to-day the richest country in the world. Her money is invested in great enterprises in every land. Governments in distress, as Russia was recently, go to the French bankers for loans, and they usually get them, and invariably pay heavily for the privilege. "But where do the bankers get all these vast sums of money?" you ask. Why, from the French toilers, who always have money to loan to a good customer and at a good price. "But where do the French people get all this money?" The reply is: First, they earn it by producing, through hard work, things that some one else is always eager to buy; and, second, they save the money they receive in return.

Yes; the French toiler has always been thrifty. Being an honest, well-balanced man, he cannot dissipate, through sinful extravagance, a substance representing the patient toil and the self-denying thrift of years. He was formerly a loyalist wearing out his life in the furrow, or yielding it on the battlefield for a monarch whom he could neither love nor respect; now, he coins his effort into things his own, for he has come to understand in his wider republican liberty that, in the sight of God, the sweat that glistens on the brow of labor is more beautiful than the jewels that flash on the crown of a king.

Years ago, and before the French people had reached even the kindergarten stage of thrift—a stage that insures some returns from savings—they hid their money, as so many of our good people still do over here, in stockings, or mattresses, or any other place that to them meant safety and concealment. After this came a kindergarten training in the use of money, a time when the very smallest increase to their hoardings was regarded as a gift from heaven, for it took no toll of toil, and having inherited the saving habit they gave no thought to the thrift, that, before the world spoke for itself.

#### Thrift in France

To-day the French workman has advanced in education to Thrift's Common School. Savings banks, through private enterprise but under strict government supervision, have been established in all the cities, towns, and larger villages; and to give something like equal opportunities to those not so favorably placed, postal savings banks have been made accessible to the fisherman by the shore and to the mountaineer cultivating his bit

of vineyard, or raising his few sheep far up the rocky mountain side.

And now the French peasant, having learned the earning power of money and its wonderful way of increasing through the prompt reinvestment of interest, is growing richer and mentally more alert. If a railroad is to be built, a canal dug, or a promising factory erected within reach, he and his associates are ready to provide the money, if satisfied as to the returns and the security; and so it is too if a municipality or their own or another country needs money; they are ready to give it under the same conditions as to safety.

#### Systematic Safety

My reasons for dwelling on the example the French workmen have set their fellow toilers throughout the world are too obvious to need explanation. Many of our own workers in this country have not yet entered the kindergarten school for financial training. They are dwellers in a new, rich land where nature is most lavish of her bounties and where the cold grip of hunger is but seldom felt; but with the vanishing of our frontier to the West, the struggle for existence has become more acute and the necessity for systematic saving is agitating the minds of men with families to care for and an eye to the unproductive days of old age, as never before.

The opportunities still being afforded the workman in this country are not surpassed, not even equaled, by those of any other land. Wages are higher here than elsewhere, and the cost of living lower, while the living is very much better. To be sure, rents are high, and this because tenement investments demand large returns. Our wisest farmers and our industrious mechanics, though never rewarded to the full, are still in a position not only to keep out of debt, but also to show a balance for investment. We can no longer give a thought to the stocking or the mattress when considering the savings of Americans with a good public school education and some knowledge gained in Thrift's Common School.

#### A Dollar a Week

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get-rich-quick swindler, as I have just done." This poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest, and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest, and of course had never heard of the wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays four per cent. will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now if you deposit one dollar every year for twenty years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$30.97. Any man or other wage-earner can put by one dollar a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to \$1,612. A deposit of five dollars a week will have grown to \$8,000, and this at four per cent. will be \$320 a year. There is no secret, no mystery about this. It is clear as the cloudless sun and the method is just as clean and honest.

The savings bank is in the essential primary grade in the common school of finance, and this applies equally to the private bank and to the now omnipresent postal savings institution, though I have purposely placed the latter in the kindergarten department of financial education. However, when

Continued on page 647

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## The Baptist World Alliance

ONE of the most notable gatherings of Christian men and women from every quarter of the globe, will be held in Philadelphia, beginning June 19 and closing on Lord's Day, June 25. Five years ago (1906) the first of these World Alliances of Baptist gatherings was held in the city of London, England. The originator of the idea is said to be the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A. of London, the honored secretary of the Baptist Union of Great Britain.

It is only during the last six years that religious liberty has been enjoyed by the people of the Russian Empire. Now one hundred ministers, pastors of Baptist churches in Russia, are being brought over to these meetings, their expenses being paid by Christian people in America. It is reported that fifty-seven of these men who were sent to the mines in Siberia for preaching the Gospel since the proclamation of the edict of 1905, have returned to their parishes. A well-informed friend of the writer said recently: "Baptist churches are springing up all over Russia. It will not be many years before there will be more Baptist churches in Russia than in the United States."

Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain will be represented by hundreds of delegates. Dr. John Clifford of London, "the uncrowned king of the Free Churches" of Great Britain, F. B. Meyer, D.D., Dr. Newton H. Marshall of London, the brilliant preacher and friend of the oppressed, will be among the leading speakers. The eloquent and brilliant Dr. Forbes of Glasgow, Rev. T. Phillips (a Welshman), and Rev. J. E. Reid, president of the Baptist Union of Ireland, will attend. Canada and all the British colonies will be represented, Australia, Africa, the Islands of the sea, New Zealand, India, also China and Japan. There will be no politics and no sectarianism. The absorbing topic will be how to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men the world over. Those who cannot attend the meetings in Philadelphia will have opportunity to hear several of these distinguished ministers in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, where Dr. N. H. Marshall, Dr. T. Phillips, Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, Dr. Forbes of Scotland, and Dr. Reid of Ireland will speak.

Baptist congregations are requested to pray the great Head of the Church to bless the coming of these brethren to our shores. Nearly every evangelical church in Philadelphia will open its pulpit to these visiting Baptists from beyond the sea. The meetings of the Baptist World Alliance will be held in the Baptist Temple, Rev. Dr. Conwell's church, on Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Among the passengers arriving from Bremen on the steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* was Mr. John Henry Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare is a lineal descendant of the grandfather of William Shakespeare, the poet. During his stay in America he will lecture at Harvard University as well as preach in some of the larger cities of the East. Mrs. Russell James, who arrived on the same ship to attend the Alliance meeting in Philadelphia, will deliver a series of lectures in this country on "Woman's Work in English Churches."

HERVEY WOOD.

## VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

THE Daily Vacation Bible School Association, with headquarters at 21 Bible House, New York, and its branches in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Boston, Albany, Cleveland, Jersey City and eight other cities, will open on July 10 over one hundred daily vacation Bible schools in as many church buildings to gather in and care for children who otherwise would spend the summer on the street. Each school will be equipped with a group of four earnest students—one man and three women—and one hour will be devoted daily to Bible stories and music, and one hour to manual work and play. The schools will continue in session for six weeks, and will enroll approximately 30,000 of the most neglected boys and girls of the crowded cities in cool rooms and under Christian influence. Hammock-making is the feature that attracts the boys, who require to be present during the Bible hour. Last summer they used about 3,600 pounds of twine in making 1,800 full-sized hammocks. This summer 5,000 pounds of No. 32 soft sieve hammock twine will be needed, along with large quantities of raffia and reed. The association appeals to all friends of Christian social service to the young, to provide this material. The cost of the material will be about \$2,000.

The association has obtained a special price on twine, and \$15 contributed will supply one school with sufficient for the summer. Any contribution will help.

The association consists of one hundred clergymen, college presidents and professors, denominational secretaries and prominent laymen through the country. Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks of St. Bartholomew's, New York, is president.

Donations of twine of the sort described should be addressed to Rev. Robert G. Boville, National Director,

21 Bible House, New York City, and contributions should be made out to J. Adams Brown, President of the New Netherlands Bank, New York, and addressed to 21 Bible House.

## Answered Prayers

J. J. Midland, O. "I was enabled to overcome a bad habit."

E. and S. B. Cloversville, N. Y. "Thank God for the opportunity to labor."

Reader, San Leandro, Calif. "I thank God for a direct answer to my prayer."

T. E. N., Weymouth, N. S. Can. "I give God the glory for recovered health."

A. M., Honey Brook, Pa. "I am very grateful to my Master for answered prayers."

B. D. S., Lancaster, Wis., thanks God for answer to prayer when in great difficulty.

T. J. S., Dexter, N. Y. "I have recently had assurance that God hears and answers prayer."

J. C. W., Jamestown, Kan., thanks God for very special answer to prayer for a loved one.

Subscriber, Missouri. "God has recently answered my prayers in a very special manner."

L. J. A., Caldwell, Idaho. "My heavenly father has wonderfully answered my prayers."

M. M., Gibbs, Mo. "I wish to acknowledge the Father's goodness in answering my prayers."

M. W. J., Wysox, Pa. "I thank God for relieving me of a great burden in answer to prayer."

Subscriber, Great Barrington, Mass., acknowledges God's goodness in answering prayer."

Reader, Yale, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge through your paper, God's answer to my prayer."

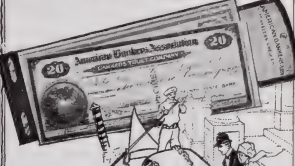
Mrs. R. S., Bay City, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayers."

B. B. S., Georgetown, S. C. "God has heard and answered a prayer which seemed almost miraculous."

J. M. H., Watterboro, S. C. "The Lord has answered me in a special way in restoring a loved one to health."

Mrs. W. T., Princeton, Minn. "I thank God for the restoration of a loved one and for my own delivery from illness."

## AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES



## Pay Your Way Abroad With "A.B.A." Cheques

These cheques are so well and favorably known in all countries as to be accepted not only by hotels and banks, but also by numerous other classes who contribute to the comfort and pleasure of tourists.

Wherever you travel, you can "pay your way" with "A. B. A." Cheques and at the same time avoid the risk and inconvenience of carrying actual money. These cheques make easy dealings with strangers, by identifying you. They are sold in handy wallets made up of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 cheques in amounts to suit.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall Street, New York, for information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity and a copy of interesting booklet, "THE SAFEST CHEQUE" and information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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## LADIES EASE YOUR FEET

A customer writes, "You could not have fitted me better. For the first time in years my feet are comfortable. The soft glove-like feel of

## PILLOW SHOES

is simply charming." Soft, easy, durable, neat, stylish; genuine hand-turned shoes of Vic lea. No lining to wrinkle and chafe. No breaking in necessary. Absolute comfort and fit guaranteed on money-back basis. All styles. Write for free catalog and self-measure book. Customers everywhere.

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## 10 CENTS A DAY

here the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our factory at Kittingen, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our early and full particulars regarding this money-cemented offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail your FREE OFFER." The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co., Dept. 30, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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## HOW PRAYER HELPS\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**K**ING HEZEKIAH was in dire extremity, for Sennacherib, king of Assyria, had already captured forty-six cities of his kingdom and was planning soon to take Jerusalem. His great army of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men was encamped at Lachish, only a few miles from Jerusalem, in command of Rabshakeh, an Assyrian officer. His slanderous and vile tongue was the first weapon which he drew forth. He also made an appeal to Hezekiah's soldiers as they stood upon the wall of Jerusalem, offering them great advantages if they would come over to the standard of Sennacherib; but they were loyal to their king, and with signs of grief—rent clothes—they came and told Hezekiah all that Rabshakeh had said. King Hezekiah, with a sorrowful heart, went into the temple to commune with God. Rabshakeh went to his king and told him that he could not induce the men of Jerusalem to desert their king, and then Sennacherib wrote a fierce letter to Hezekiah telling him how many kings he had conquered and put to death, and that the Lord his God would not be able to save him. When this terrible letter was brought to King Hezekiah, he went into the temple, and spread out the letter in God's sight, and began to pray to God about it: "O Lord God, save us from his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord, even thou only."

### The Ever-Present Help

God looked down and saw the letter, saw King Hezekiah, and heard the words of his prayer. Then God sent some one, not an angel from heaven, but the good old prophet Isaiah, to tell King Hezekiah that his prayer had been heard, and that God would send help, and that Sennacherib should not come into Jerusalem, nor even shoot an arrow against it, neither should his army be brought against the city. When Isaiah told God's message, King Hezekiah was comforted, and he was no longer afraid. But he did not know how God was going to stop the army of Sennacherib. King Hezekiah and his soldiers lay down in peace and slept that night; they trusted in God and feared nothing. In the morning when they awoke, there was not an Assyrian soldier standing outside the walls of Jerusalem, and all was strangely quiet, and they went out to see what had happened. A wonderful sight they beheld: all of Sennacherib's soldiers were lying dead upon the ground! God had sent his angel of death to them in the night. We must think that Rabshakeh was dead, because we are not told anything about him afterwards. Sennacherib would have died with the others if he had been there. Sennacherib was a very proud king, and it was his great pleasure to have pictures cut on great slabs of stone of battles that he had fought, and of kings and their people whom he had taken prisoners, but he had no pictures made of those one hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers slain by the Lord God in one night. But he had made a picture cut in stone of that great army resting at Lachish, waiting to go up and fight against King Hezekiah! About the middle of the nineteenth century (1842) these bas reliefs were excavated.

What lessons do we learn from this story?

1. That to pray is the right thing to do when we are in trouble.

2. That God hears and answers

prayers, and therefore he should be our refuge.

### Prayer Before Battle

The Fourth of July is near at hand, and it will be most interesting to recall the fact that General George Washington prayed when a battle was near. A clergyman who not long since was making a pastoral visit to a very elderly lady named Mother Waters relates: "Her father, Noah Hatch, when a boy had been a servant of George Washington. One night, Noah Hatch had been wakened out of his sleep by the sound of a voice. He thought that his master was talking with some guest, and he was curious to know who it might be, so he peeped through the keyhole, and saw Washington alone. He was engaged in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer, which he continued for the most part of the night. Early in the morning he mounted his horse and rode away at full speed. He had not ridden far before his hat was pierced with a bullet and carried away. Of this he seemed to take little notice, but rode on like one fully confident of divine protection. On that day a great and important battle was fought, and Washington and his army obtained a complete triumph.—(Related by Rev. A. B. Russell.)

President Lincoln told General Sickles that before the battle of Gettysburg, while he was on his knees, laying before God in agonized entreaty the cause of the Union, there came to his soul the sweet assurance of the victory that followed.

We doubt the word that tells us: Ask, ye shall have your prayer:

We turn our thoughts as to a task

With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have these scanty prayers

Yield gold without all gold without alloy:

O God, but he who trusts and dares

Must have a boundless joy.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

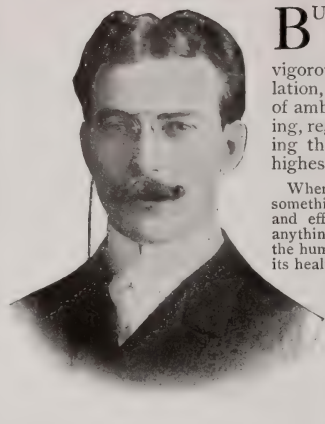
Let us hope that in these times, when "a sane Fourth of July" is coming into vogue, our thoughts, being turned away from freerackers and pistols, may be held in the ways of noble patriotism, rejoicing in the peace which the first Fourth of July made possible. While we are writing this lesson the peace pact between the United States and Great Britain is about to be transmitted to the British Government. Would that the completion of that compact might be the occasion for our next Fourth of July celebration! In case it should be, the Fourth of July should be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. In this connection there is something for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles to do: let them pray that such a consummation may be reached.

### Why Prayer Is Good

Most people have a greater or less interest and belief in prayer. A street boy said: "Most of us think it's kind o' lucky to say something to God before we go to sleep in the boxes at night." We will not say that we quite agree with the boy, but Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, a distinguished specialist in neurology, says: "As one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." Dr. Hyslop advises or prescribes as follows: "Let there be a habit of nightly communication, not as a mendicant repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as a humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a

Continued on next page

## The Swoboda Physiological Exercise Without Apparatus or Drugs



**B**UILDS vigorous brains, superb energetic bodies, developing great nervous force, strong muscles vigorous heart, creating a perfect circulation, overcoming general debility, lack of ambition, lack of vitality by revitalizing, regenerating, rebuilding and developing the body, brain and nerves to their highest power.

When I say that I give something different something new, more scientific, more rational and effective and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane and restoring its health, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my treatment, are saying for me voluntarily.

**MY PHYSIOLOGICAL TREATMENT** is based upon definite laws heretofore almost universally ignored. It is based upon absolutely correct scientific facts which when applied to the physical organism lead to the

inevitable possession of a vigorous mind, strong and well developed body, high vitality, great endurance, powerful nervous force and priceless regularity of all the functions.

If you will follow my treatment for a few weeks, I will guarantee you such an immediate return to body and brain vigor as to convince you that no matter in what branch of industry you may be active, whether indoors or outdoors, ill or well, whether engaged in mental or physical labor, the SWOBODA TREATMENT solves the problem of disease resistance and full attainment of brain and body power and development.

### DRUGS OFTEN DECREASE THE CAPACITY OF THE BODY TO MAINTAIN ITSELF IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH

To be well and strong, you must have greater nervous force, more and better blood. No pupils mine needs to digest his food with poison, or assist Nature with a dose of physic, nor take tonics to excite enfeebled and disorganized nerves, causing thereby deficient nervous force.

I will give you a vigorous appetite, and a healthy and capable digestive system to obey it, fill your arteries with rich blood, develop sound lungs to keep it rich, a strong heart to regulate your circulation and a liver that will work as Nature designed it should, and a healthy nervous system which will supply you with ideal physical and mental energy.

When the average person's health falls he invariably seeks at once for a magic cure in drugs. Temporary relief often deceives him into the belief that a cure is effected, but with each succeeding dose the effect of the drug is lessened until eventually it loses its effect entirely, and the body and nervous force have been considerably weakened.

THE SWOBODA TREATMENT strengthens the brain, nerves and all the internal organs of the body, therefore increasing the blood, as well as developing the nervous force. It increases the capacity for mental as well as physical labor, neutralizing the effect of excesses, improving the memory, giving clear and quicker perception and makes your daily work and life a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

### SWOBODA TREATMENT A PROVEN ONE

My treatment is no experiment. I have been giving it successfully to pupils all over the world for the past seventeen years. It has become the standard of the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics and laborers, and almost an equal number of women.

### WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Restored from nervous prostration in 90 days."

"Stomach and bowels benefited remarkably."

"Chest measurement increased 5½ inches in 60 days."

"All our promises have been fulfilled."

"Muscles developed to a remarkable degree."

"Indigestion and constipation for 25 years eliminated in few weeks' time."

"Gained 20 pounds in weight."

"Thought it impossible to get such results."

"Stomach and bowels improved remarkably in 30 days."

"Your system is a recreation."

"All run down; built up in a month."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"It has eliminated my constipation, bettered

my digestion, improved assimilation and circulation, made me stouter, stronger, healthier and happier."

"Your system develops the will as much as the muscles."

"Was troubled a great deal with indigestion and malaria. Since taking your treatment I have not had the slightest trouble from either, and never in my life have I enjoyed such health."

"I believe it will do all you claim for it. It has certainly made me feel ten years younger."

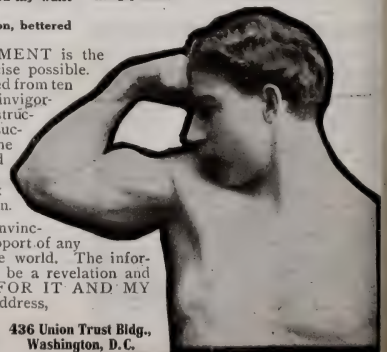
"My nervous system was in that condition could scarcely write my name, but the old has become new and I am in better health than ever."

"Your treatment has done me a world of good. Feel 100 per cent. better. I am working again and that is more than medicine did for me. Everyone remarks how much better I seem to be. Before I started your course, three weeks ago my chest measurement was 33½ in. Today I measure 38 in. I sleep better and eat like a hungry man."

The SWOBODA TREATMENT is the most condensed form of exercise possible. The Physiological effect obtained from ten minutes of its use is startling, invigorating and satisfying. The instruction is given with complete success by mail, accordingly as the individual condition requires and demands. My pupils range in age from fourteen to eighty-six and include both men and women.

I have to offer you the most convincing evidence ever offered in support of any treatment in the history of the world. The information which I send free will be a revelation and education to you. WRITE FOR IT AND MY GUARANTEE TODAY. Address,

**Alois P. Swoboda,** 436 Union Trust Bldg., Washington, D.C.



\* The International Sunday School Lesson for July 2, 1911. Isaiah's Prophecy Concerning Sennacherib. Isa. 37:34-38. GOLDEN TEXT: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Ps. 46:1.



**BELLER  
CHURCH  
BELLS.**



## Hayti Sends a Pastor

REV. C. JEAN-JACQUES, a native pastor of the Union Church of Cape Hayti and Port-de-Paix, is now



Condillac Jean-Jacques

visiting this country in the interest of Gospel work in his own land. Fourteen years ago, after having spent four years at the Newton Theological Seminary and two at the Boston School of Medicine, he left the United States to begin pastoral work in Hayti. Since that time he has labored faithfully in a hard yet hopeful field, as missionary pastor and school teacher. His purpose is to try and raise, among the friends of the negro race in this country, the necessary funds to rebuild the little church at Port-de-Paix, which was destroyed by the fire of February, 1902, which swept away almost the entire town. He also hopes to be able to build a small schoolhouse in Cape Hayti, and, to rebuild the mission house of the Cape Hayti church.

Since the opening of Hayti to American capital and influence which are employed in the building of railways and the cultivation of banana plantations, the ties that bind the two

nations have become closer. Now in all of the large cities as well as in the small country places, development is being pushed with extraordinary vigor. Pastor Jean-Jacques holds that, on account of this new interest, the education and Christianization of the country people has become an urgent necessity.

"The more the men you come into contact with are educated and Christianized," he says, "the better the relationship will be. The benefit then is decidedly mutual. Our educational and religious work in the island is bright and promising. Yet means to develop it and to establish new schools are sadly lacking. We believe in a Gospel of work as well as of grace, and that religion and education are the two great levers of civilization. We will gladly welcome American help in our work, which is both spiritual and educative. Ours is a small but heroic nation, and our people will respond splendidly to the efforts in their behalf if the means for carrying out the work can be supplied." Pastor Jean-Jacques may be addressed in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He will speak in churches, etc., if invited.

Fetish or  
Worship-  
Stones from  
Hayti



## The Infidel and the Preacher

A WELL-KNOWN minister delivered a series of discourses against atheism in a town some of whose citizens were known to be atheists, or unbelievers in the supernatural origin of the doctrines taught in the Bible. A few days afterward he took passage in a steamer ascending the Mississippi River. On this boat were several of the citizens of the town in which he had delivered the discourse against atheism, among whom was a notorious infidel. So soon as this man saw the clergyman he began to talk boisterously against the Christian religion, and perceiving the minister reading at one of the tables, he proposed to his companions to go with him to the opposite side of the table and listen to some stories that he had to tell about religion and professors of religion, which he said would "stir up" the old preacher. Several drew near to hear his vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of which were pointed against the Bible and its ministers. The preacher did not raise his eyes from his book nor appear to be the least troubled by the rabble.

At length the infidel walked up to him, and, rudely slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Old fellow, what do you think of these things?"

The clergyman calmly pointed toward the land, and said: "Do you see that beautiful landscape spread out in such quiet loveliness before you?"

"Yes."

"It has a variety of flowers, plants and shrubs that are calculated to fill the beholder with delight."

"Yes."

"Well, if you were to send out a dove, it would pass over that scene and see in it all that was beautiful and lovely, and delight itself in gazing at and admiring it; but if you were to send out a buzzard over precisely the same scene, it would see in it nothing to fix its attention unless it could find some rotten carcass that would be loathsome to all other animals. It would alight and gloat upon that with exquisite pleasure."

"Do you mean to compare me to a buzzard, sir?" said the infidel, coloring deeply.

"I made no allusion to you, sir," said the clergyman, very quietly. The infidel walked off in confusion, and went by the name of "The Buzzard" during the remainder of the passage.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

## A Brand from the Burning

"I was a prisoner at Huntsville Prison for over seven years. I was released last September. I am pardoned and restored to full citizenship. I wish to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the many blessings I received in my imprisonment through its columns. I never before knew such a paper was published and after reading a few copies I became a subscriber and I don't see how I could do without it now. I would not have one of my old papers destroyed. I give them to the men at the jail that they may do some one the good they did me."

# This American Flag—FREE

WOULDN'T you like to own a large American Flag—like the one shown in the illustration on this page of *The Christian Herald*—if you could get it without paying one cent?

Not a little hand flag, understand, but a man-size "Old Glory," 6 feet long by 4 feet wide—bigger than the top of your dining-room table.

Not a pitiful wisp of color, mind you, but real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the Government flag-maker. A stanch bit of fabric that will not run or shrink in wet weather.

Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism, for you will have use for a flag, not only on every holiday for many years to come, but you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private societies, in the schoolhouse, in the church and in the home. Imagine being able to celebrate Fourth of July with a flag as big as this! Wouldn't it be better than firecrackers for the children? You may have it without paying one cent.



Compare Size of Flag With Height of Children

## THIS OFFER IS LIMITED

We have on hand but a limited number of these flags. They are going fast and we would advise you to Act at Once—Before it is Too Late.

## How?

At this time of the year *The Christian Herald* usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of the great Christian Herald Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members. You are one of these and we know you will help us. But we have no right to accept your good offices for nothing so we make the following proposition:

The regular annual subscription price of *The Christian Herald*, as you know, is \$1.50. Isn't there some one among your relatives, friends or acquaintances who you know would be benefited by reading *The Christian Herald*? You can probably think of several in a few minutes, and it would be comparatively easy for you to get them to subscribe for a short trial period, say eight months.

Get one of your friends to subscribe for *The Christian Herald* for eight months; send us \$1.00 for this subscription, and *The Christian Herald* will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, and in return for your trouble we will send, absolutely without cost to you, this beautiful American Flag.

And in addition to this we will also send you a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches, an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which hangs framed on the walls of the old State House in Philadelphia. This document should be in every patriotic home, and it may be in yours, free of charge, if you take advantage of our offer.

## Don't Miss This Offer!

Simply get a friend to take *The Christian Herald* for eight months, send us \$1.00, and we will mail to you, postpaid, the large American Flag (4x6 feet) and the Declaration of Independence, without cost to you. Address: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 615 Bible House, New York City.

# Get One NOW for the Fourth of July



# To the Gods of Toquay-to

Continued from page 642

The chant became broken, confused; a wild murmur surged up from the throng beyond. The captive wife turned her agonized face towards her compatriot—it was the face of Theodora Latham!

Dazed, maddened, yet struggling to keep that hold on his reeling senses which alone could save her, Levering, seeing but that face and the descending knife beyond it, gave a great cry, half inarticulate, half resembling the Malay word, "Halt!" and springing forward, grasped the priest's arm. The blade glanced, and blood gushed from Esmond's wrist; but the bound man's bosom was unscathed.

A tense hush fell momentarily upon the multitude, the chant broke off, the priests scattered backward, one only rigid in his place, held in the grasp of a pale, stern man, over whose clothes blood was flecked and still dripping.

"By what right?" at last the hierarch hissed.

Levering looked towards the king, praying that the answer might come from him, and be as it should. But Matazzino stood unhelpful as some scowling brown statue.

"By what right?" challenged the priest yet more defiantly.

"By the right of an American to defend his countrymen," Levering answered boldly.

But when the multitude began to hiss and seethe, like some vast, dark coil of serpents, he lifted his voice, proclaiming imperiously:

"By the right, too, of one who is betrothed to the daughter of your king."

But certain courtiers and others, leaders in the throng behind, read something in their sovereign's dark face.

"Down with the stranger!" they shouted, "the alien who would dominate us. His is the hostile blood. Let him have the knife in his bosom, too—intruder and traitor!"

Emboldened by these cries and the king's impassivity, the hierarch wrenched an arm loose and aimed his weapon well at Levering, who, however, proved again too quick for him, and in another moment had the sacrificial blade in his own possession.

But the ring of the priests and acolytes began now to regather and close quickly around the three Americans; and the wilder spirits in the massed throng, pushing aside the inert courtiers and officials, were pressing forward to support the priests.

Esmond had a full minute in which to realize that he had staked and lost all; that, in his effort to save the unknown husband of the woman he loved, he had brought death to himself and her. But with that knife in his hand, he would sell their three lives dearly as might be.

He did not see the Princess as she clung to the king, imploring some boon at his hands. But, after a veritable age of torture, he heard the great smooth voice of Matazzino break out above the rabble's mutterings.

"Let the Americans be conducted to the east wing of the palace. For this Moon of May there are other prisoners, alien and hostile blood enough."

It was a week later when Levering received in his closely guarded apartments a messenger from the Princess, and opened a letter which ran:

"I have read in your eyes, which lie not, that you love her. I have learned from her lips, which are true, that long ago, in a far country where you and she were young together, she loved you, but denied her love, because she mistakenly deemed your purposes unstable, your life unsure of aim."

"It is not her husband but her brother whom you saved from sacri-

fice, and whom I have now prepared to send away with you and her.

"The king, my sire, is perturbed, irritated, suspicious. You do not know him in this mood. I shall say only that I am not willing to risk you three another day within the palace.

"Go, I pray you. Follow my trusty messenger, who leads you, the guards think, to me for an interview. But move speedily after him past my portals, where the others will join you.

When my envoy leaves you on the boat, with the picked and faithful crew of mine, take what the departing one gives you from me. It serves no good end here, but entails a cruel annual rite, a dark curse upon my people. To you it may bring the power to do good and be happy. Am I selfish in feeling, also, that it will be like a part of me keeping with you in the great world I am not to know in this existence.

"Go, take her, be safe, be happy. If you have thought that I loved you, forget it, and ask not if there came to me an hour's temptation to let her be sacrificed and save you for myself.

"Other things than love await me. Better? The gods of Toquay-to can tell. At least, there is work for our realm, and for my young Fedriquez.

"Forget our green isle and blue seas, as you will not be forgotten by

"PRINCESS WIYUNA."

They were well at sea and beyond danger of pursuit before Esmond came to comprehend one thing in that letter, and hastening to open the forgotten package, found the great blazing diamond in his hands.

That was a year or more ago. But Levering and his happy wife, under their quiet American roof, are still at times busy devising some way of restoring this awkward possession to its rightful habitat. None of their schemes has yet worked to a successful issue, but they refuse to despair. If they may not send back the marvelous stone during the reign of Matazzino, at least they feel sure of achieving its restoration when the son of Wiyuna shall hold the sceptre, inaugurating, they must needs believe, a better era and nobler worship, in place of that offered through dead centuries to those old gods of Toquay-to.

## Among the Workers

—REV. DR. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, for twenty-three years editor of the *Missionary Review*, and a leader in missionary work, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 3. He was born in New York in 1837, educated at Union Theological Seminary, ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1860, and has held several important pastorates. He was long prominent as a writer and lecturer on religious topics.

—"THE OLD TENT EVANGEL COMMITTEE of New York" will open the thirty-second season of the well-known Tent Evangel on June 18, at 4 and 8 P. M., on West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, between Morningside and Amsterdam Avenues. Among the noted speakers to be heard at the opening services will be Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. This is the ninth season of the Tent Evangel under the auspices of its present union committee, of which Rev. C. W. McPherson is the superintendent and Mr. F. T. Hopkins, the treasurer. During these nine seasons 1,350,000 persons have been gathered for religious instruction. This season a spacious new canvas tabernacle has been erected on a large plot of ground and its material outfit is most complete. Following are some of the speakers who have promised to assist in the work: Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., Boston; Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, New York; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.; Rev. J. C. Massee, Chattanooga; Rev. A. C. Goshen, editor *Our Home*; Alexander McNichol, M.D., recent Prohibition candidate for governor; Rev. Henry Ostrom, D.D., Indiana; Rev. L. W. Munhall, D.D., Germantown, Pa.; Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., Baltimore; Rev. Samuel McBride, D.D., Brooklyn; Rev. Len G. Broughton, D.D., Atlanta, and various city pastors.



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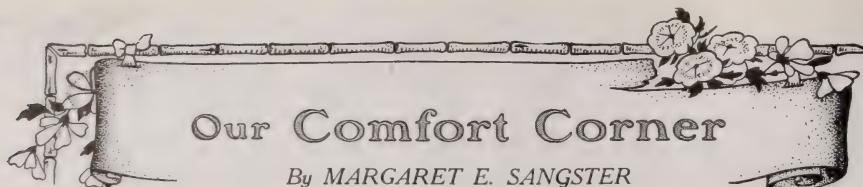
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## Our Comfort Corner

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### Motherly Vexations

TRIALS do not come by chance. Whether sorrows come to us suddenly as the thunder storm sweeps up in a clear sky, or approach us imperceptibly, they come by the will of God. The only way in which to meet trouble, let it be what it may, is to accept it as God's gracious gift. Perhaps among the minor trials of life none is quite so hard to bear as that of being laid aside from our usual tasks. A mother accustomed to activity in her home finds it extremely trying to patience to be shelved, as it were, by a lingering illness at a moment when she is needed by the multiform demands of the changing season. "I meant," said one such sufferer the other day, "to have my spring sewing entirely done before hot weather. I had planned a number of changes in the house. There were rooms to be repapered; the carpet in John's den was worn in the middle and I meant to rip it apart and bring the breadths that were unworn into the centre of the room and put the thread-bare ones where they would not show. Louise requires a new outfit; she has entirely outgrown her clothing, poor child! Jack is going away from home to enter on a business position in town, and here am I, the wife and mother, obliged to lie indefinitely in bed, perfectly helpless, while I cannot be sure how things are going on out of my sight." Every woman knows that this situation is one that demands the greatest faith and fortitude and the very deepest and truest strength of mind, to meet. Accept it, dear friend, if it happen to be your portion, simply as the will of your loving heavenly Father. In this enforced pause he may be giving you a rest cure, and in the end your home may reap the benefit of what to-day seems to you a mysterious dispensation.

### Standing Aside

A BUSY man accustomed throughout life to undertake strenuous enterprises and carry them forward masterfully, does not easily submit to the physician's dictum that he must be contented to stand aside and let others work. When the oculist in his quiet tones tells you that the price of keeping the sight you have is using it with the strictest economy and depending on the eyes of others, you must summon up your reserves of courage and good cheer if you are to obey his directions with a smiling face.

When you realize that the vacant chair in your home is not again to be filled by the familiar dear one, that she has not gone away on a visit from which she will soon return, but has crossed the boundary into the unseen and enduring world where you will meet her again, but to which you must go in the Lord's good time, again there is no consolation like serene acceptance of the Divine will.

### When the Baby Dies

THE heartache that follows the death of an infant is one of the sharpest and most poignant ever felt by a mourner. So many possibilities go with a baby. It is not only the little form that has been so precious that must be laid away in the earth, it is too the hope of the coming days that was blown out like a candle with the little one's last breath. Little children change so rapidly that almost from day to day the mother sees some new beauty in the child, catches some

new note in the little voice and watches with pride some new development in the child's mentality. When the little one is gone the only comfort is found in the thought that the Good Shepherd has carried the lambkin to the upper fold.

Comfort one another.

For the way is growing dreary.

The feet are often weary,

And the heart is very sad.

There is heavy burden bearing,

When it seems that none are caring,

And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another

With the hand-clasp close and tender,

With the gifts that love can render

And the glance of friendly eyes;

Do not wait with grace unspoken

While life's daily bread is broken;

Genetic speech is oft like manna from the skies.

### Going to Bed

WHEN one thinks of it, the nightly business of going to bed is a serious affair. The Psalmist said ages ago, "I laid me down and slept. I awakened, for the Lord sustained me." Launched on the tide of sleep the king and the beggar alike are unconscious of what is going on in the world; are for the time unable to help themselves in an emergency, and are thrown upon the loving vigilance of the invisible powers for safety from peril. How can one be an unbeliever in divine providence if he considers the meaning of the constantly repeated experience of falling asleep at night? Not to moralize on this aspect of our nightly slumbers, but to speak of the homelier matter of preparing for bed, is the object of this bit of talk.

In the same family there are varieties in the manner of getting ready at night. One daughter steps out of her clothes and leaves them in a heap upon the floor. Another, sitting on the edge of the bed, scatters hers in promiscuous fashion about the room, stockings in one corner, shoes in another, waist and skirts anywhere they happen to fall. As a rule, boys are more orderly than girls, and men than women, in the arranging of garments over night. An important part of a child's education is neglected if the child is not taught to be systematic and orderly in preparing for bed. Not one of us can be sure when lying down that we may not be suddenly aroused by fire, illness or midnight alarm, when to save time will be the essential thing. If our clothing is in order where we can put our hands upon it without delay we are sure to be better off than if compelled to search for it in frantic haste. Chairs, stools and small tables should be set against the wall and not left to litter a clear pathway to door and window in the night. The number of people who stumble over rocking chairs in the night and are hurt in consequence is enough to show the need for this caution.

No one should go to bed without having close by matches and a candle. Money and valuables should never be kept in the house while there are safe deposit banks to protect them. As business is now carried on, there is not the former necessity to keep sums of money for the temptation of thieves. Most people would sleep more safely if somewhere in the house there were a light burning, so that in the view of predatory prowlers it would appear a risk to enter. The best protection a house or shop can have in the night is lights on the ground floor.

A word of advice may be pardoned in reference to medicines. Some years ago a widely known publisher, having by his bedside in the dark a tonic ordered for him by his family doctor, and a powder purchased to poison the

tramp cats that made night hideous, reached his hand out in the dark and took the latter by mistake. He lived only long enough to tell his sister that his death was not due to suicide. No one should ever take medicine of any sort whatever in the dark, and if it be anticipated before going to bed that at a certain hour a pill or powder or potion is to be taken, let there be on the table beside it the means for a light.

Going to bed, one sees, is a serious business.

### A Word from a Housekeeper

SOUP forms a most agreeable and wholesome dish with which to start a dinner. There are housekeepers who consider it a useless added trouble and expense. In reality it is an economy. A friend whose early life was active brought a good appetite to his meals. In middle life when his business became sedentary he still continued to be hungry at meals, but suffered the pangs of indigestion. A physician prescribed for him soup as the first course of dinner, and it proved to be precisely what he needed.

Growing boys will be the better for beginning their dinner with a plate of soup. It is nourishing for those who are delicate and as the repast of an invalid. I send two tried recipes:

### Tomato Soup

"Three tomatoes cut up fine, one pint of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half pint sweet milk, salt, pepper, a little butter, and four crackers rolled fine. This is enough for four persons.

### Pea Soup

"Four two quarts of cold water on two quarts of clean and tender peapods and boil one-half hour. Strain the water, add to it one-half of a grated onion, or one teaspoonful of powdered bay leaf, two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into the same quantity of butter, one quart of milk, two level teaspoonfuls of salt, pepper to taste. Boil five minutes and serve, adding parsley or a little chopped mint, if you like it. If you have plenty of peas, boil one gill of the shelled ones in a separate saucepan, and add to the soup as it is dishcd.

F. W."

### About School Books

IN a number of States the children in the public schools are supplied with text-books without cost to themselves. They are expected to keep their books clean and whole, so that they may later be used by other pupils. As children pass from one class to another they require new text-books. Parents are saved no little expense when this method obtains in a community. At the same time it is almost a pity that students are compelled to give up books with which they have grown familiar and which continue to be useful by way of reference during the higher grades. A school text-book in history, geography or science, however elementary, is a compendium of condensed information and is a valuable addition to any household library. There are made in some parts of the country regrettable distinctions in this matter. Parents who cannot afford to buy books sign a letter stating the fact, and their children are then supplied without charge. This is humiliating to a child, and no wonder. It would seem that Boards of Education should arrive at a uniform system so far as furnishing students with needful books is concerned.

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## Young People's Societies.

### Serving Our Nation\*

THERE was never a more wicked and misleading distinction than that which has been often made between the so-called "secular" and the "religious." We used to be old that politics and religion had nothing to do with each other; that business and religion, that art and religion, science and religion, had nothing to do with each other. But the world is slowly realizing that unless the secular and religious are blended no made one, the fullest life is impossible.

The old idea, widely cherished, that we must be religious on Sunday, but that on Monday one may drop his piety and go in for a straightaway race toward some coveted goal of politics, business, science or art, and never mind what becomes of the hindmost—his pernicious theory is at the bottom of most of the moral disease among us. We have learned that politics, business, science and art are so closely associated with religion that they are really a part of it; and that we are not truly religious unless we infuse our religion plentifully into whatever we may happen to be doing during every minute of the seven days of every week.

Especially to the assistance of our patriotism must we summon all of our religion. Many of us are exerting every power in the cause of peace. We feel that the highest service we can render to our country is to place it at the head of the nations which demand that all difficulties between nations be settled not by the sword, but by the reason of the best minds.

But though the physical sword may be forever sheathed, the Son of God must still go forth to war, and we his children must "follow in his train." It is no easy war of mere flesh and blood, but a war "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

It is a fierce fight, but unless it is waged to a finish of conquest, we may lose our country. One great man, seeing the ravages wrought among our bravest and best by the foul fiend Alcohol, has said that drunkenness is going to destroy our nation. Another declares that the more subtle enemy, tobacco, is not less poisonous, and that it is degenerating the native stock, drugging the will and the conscience of our youth, and giving us children of lessened vitality and inferior intellectual endowments. A third feels that the centralization of capital, with its debauching of legislatures, its oppression of the poor, and its pitiless crushing of competition, is the monster before which our citadel must crumble; while a fourth sees in unbridled socialism our worst and deadliest foe.

It is hard to tell which of these enemies is really the most dangerous—or whether others, which there is not room to mention here, may not unite with them to tear down the fair fabric which our fathers builded for us with blood and tears. In any case, we can see that the war is on, and that a courage and skill are needed for the combat beside which the outfit required for the fleshly war is as fustian and tinsel.

In order to engage in this holy crusade for the salvation of the most splendid country that the world has yet produced, our young people must see to it that their bodies are kept strong and healthy; their minds furnished with all the learning they can get; their souls made pure and prayerful and brave. May God help us all on this coming July Fourth, our country's natal day!

### An Appeal to Patriotism\*

MANY wrongly consider that the recent exposures of shocking corruption in the government of our towns and cities, indicate that we have sunk as a nation to an almost irrecoverable depth of shame and sin. We have. In so far, these discouraged ones are right. But the mere facts that the wrong-doing has been dragged into the light, and that in many cases the wrong-doers are being punished, shows the tremendous resiliency of the American character.

Public opinion among us is sound. We are, on the whole, an honest nation. Men promise and they pay. You buy goods of almost any established house, and they prove to be as represented. Your trains and boats start and arrive on schedule time. The over-sharplawyer is expelled from the bar associations; the immoral minister is dismissed from the ministry. The unsound teacher finds no place. Clean lives, thorough workmanship, the keeping of pledges, these are demanded in the professions and in business, and are far more general, we believe, than the average pessimist would have us think.

God knows that there is sin enough behind it all. None of us may fall asleep at our post, under the illusion that everything is well, and there is no hard public work left for us to do; but our standards and ideals are sound. Gradually in business and in the professions men are approaching those standards. More gradually men are shaping their private lives to meet them, and, slow though the great mills grind, still they do grind, and the race forces onward.

One of our great Catholic bishops lately in a noble address reminded his hearers that it was a part of God's purpose, as clearly revealed in his Word and in history, that until the millennium should dawn, the moral muscles of men should be exercised to the utmost.

"Not only must we work to stamp out sin," he declared, "but we must work early and late, and to the limit of our strength. No sooner have we reached one summit, than another looms before us to be conquered. And the good citizen must sacrifice something of his private interest every day, if he would render true patriotic service to his country, in searching out and helping to punish official neglect and crime."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward thus pictures the conflict: "All these centuries the human animal has fought with the human soul, and step by step the soul has registered her victories. She has won them only by feeling for the law and finding it—bringing into light the firm rocks beneath her feet, and on these rocks she rears her landmarks—marriage, the family, the State, the church. Neglect them, and you sink into the quagmire from which the soul of the race has been for generations struggling to save you. Dispute them—overthrow them, if you can. You have about as much chance with them as you have with the other facts and laws amid which you live—physical, or chemical, or biological."

This means simply that God's statutes are the final arbiters. We believe that liberty, equality and fraternity are his will for mankind. Upon them our beloved republic is founded. It cannot be that he will doom them to failure; but he wisely leaves largely to humanity the accomplishment of his will. Let us prove to him that we are worthy of the great trust and let us "play the man for our people, and for the cities of our God." The welfare of our country is in our hands. God will help us if only we, every one, great and small, do our patriotic duty.

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BY SPECIAL arrangement **The Christian Herald** is able to offer a Music Simplifier which will enable its readers to play the piano or organ without a teacher and without any outlay of money.

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You do not, in the beginning, need to know one note or letter from another. As you are playing that feature is all the time before you. You soon learn the letters designating the notes, and you wonder how it all came to you so easily.

After the twelfth lesson your further advancement will depend upon your individual effort, but the foundation will have been laid, provided you have studied the lessons carefully. Of course, one cannot hope to master the art of playing without effort and much practice, but by following this method your energy is conserved, and unnecessary drudgery met with in other systems may be eliminated.

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If you have no desire to learn music, you can probably think of some friend who would be glad to have twelve lessons, and you will therefore be doing that friend a good turn by bringing our offer to his or her attention. You will find these lessons very useful, and we hope you will take advantage of this opportunity to get them without cost for your own use.

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City**

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 2. Text: Father 4: 1-7.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 2. Text: 11, Sam. 10: 12.





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# Christian Herald

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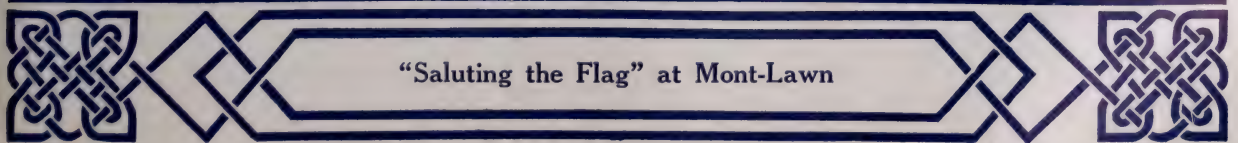
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**"Saluting the Flag" at Mont-Lawn**





Mrs. W. H. Ramdon, Can. Tell us the date when our days of twenty-four hours began?

The division of days into twenty-four hours as a civil standard of time goes back to remote antiquity. The Babylonians reckoned from sunrise to sunset—i. e., the Unitarians from noon to noon; the Romans, midnight to midnight; Hebrews and others, sunset to sunset. See Lev. 23: 32, in which the injunction was given to celebrate the Sabbath from even to even. See also Gen. 1: 5.

E. A. S., Provincetown, Mass. 1. Does the word "generation" in Mark 13: 30 mean "race"? 2. Explain Eph. 4: 30?

1. No, it does not mean "race." Commentators hold that it meant that the generation then existing would not pass away without seeing the beginning of the fulfillment of these predictions. But even if it meant that all the predictions in question would be fulfilled within the limits of the current generation, this can be regarded as accomplished in the destruction done by Titus and the dispersion of the Jews under Adrian. 2. It might be more accurately translated "in whom ye were sealed once for all, and kept safely against the day of redemption," that is, the completion of redemption in the deliverance of the body as well as the soul. See Luke 21: 28; Rom. 8: 23.

Mrs. D. B., Gresham, Ore. 1. Please explain how leprosy could stay and even spread in a garment or in a wall as described in Lev. 13th and 14th chapters. 2. Why have the translators given us the word "let" in II. Thess. 2: 7, and "hindered" in I. Thess. 2: 18, when they seem to mean the same thing?

1. Under the general name of leprosy, various forms of contagious skin diseases were included. Medical authorities are divided as to whether leprosy proper is communicable, although agreeing as to the desirability of segregation. The common or non-contagious form is described in Lev. 13: 13, showing the Israelites were doubtless familiar with the different varieties of skin diseases. 2. "Let" is an archaic expression (now obsolete), which formerly meant to "hinder." The R. V. translates it "restraineth," which gives the clearer meaning.

Mrs. S. H. D., Tyler, Tex. Please explain the Commission form of government for cities and towns.

Certain cities, finding that their transportation, lighting, telephone, and other companies, using new facilities and employing unwieldy boards, were imposing on the public, and seemed to be outside of existing statutes, have appointed Public Service or other "Commissions" (a form of the word "Committee") to regulate the actions of such companies. These Commissions are supposed to be made of the most honorable and intelligent men that can be found, and the salaries are high in proportion. They are legally empowered to fix rates, compel the using of proper machinery, regulate competition, prevent extortion and abuse of power, etc. The Governor of a State usually appoints the Commissioners.

H. L., Hillsboro, O. 1. What was the state of civilization of the children of Israel about the time of the building of Solomon's temple, as compared with what we today call civilization? 2. What is a Jew? When did the name originate, and who were the first people that could be called Jews?

1. There is every reason to believe that the civilization of the Jewish people at the time of the building of Solomon's temple was of a high order for that period of the world's history. The more ancient civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia, which countries led the world in the ancient arts and sciences. Architecture, sculpture, music, philosophy, law, the mechanical arts and trades, were all in a comparatively high state of development, and it is reasonable to suppose that the young Jewish nation had learned much, since their emancipation from Egyptian slavery. Rawlinson gives us inner glimpses of the intellectual and industrial status of the Egyptians, and their civilization was in many respects not inferior to that of the great nations that came after them. There is not a proper light of comparison with our modern civilization, with its great advances in science and mechanism. We have a thousand valuable adjuncts to daily life which none of the ancients enjoyed or dreamed of. 2. The name "Jew" was formed from that of the patriarch Judah, and applied in its first use to one belonging to the tribe and country of Judah, and later to the descendants of the kingdom of Judah. During the Captivity, according to Josephus, the Babylonians became known to have been extended to all people of the Hebrew race and lineage.

W. P. S., Orange, N. J. What is the interpretation of John 14: 2?

Christ in these and the accompanying passages was comforting his disciples in view of his approaching departure. To their minds he seemed about to be removed to a chorless distance, but he explained to them that it was simply to his Father's house he was going, and that they also would go there in due season, and he meanwhile would make preparation for their

Continued on last column

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

coming. There were "many mansions" there and room enough for all, and there they will be with him again. He assures them of all of this in the simplest and most direct language. He would not only prepare for their coming but he himself would come again and conduct them, that so they might all be together at last in the heavenly home. Speculate as we may on the character and location of heaven we have here the Savior's assurance that it is a place, and that it will be large enough for all of God's people. His coming again is interpreted to mean his second coming to receive his people to himself.

M. D. J., Monroe, Neb. Kindly tell me if the fifth commandment applies to present-day conditions of life, and if so, on what ground a person can reasonably expect the reward it offers.

All the commandments apply, notwithstanding that conditions may have changed since patriarchal days. Honor and obedience to parents is as much a duty to-day as when the decalogue was given. This commandment holds a high place in the rank of social duties, coming next in order after the Sabbath law. The clause "that thy days may be long in the land" implies that dutiful, loving, obedient children will inherit their parents' possessions and will be disposed to a pious and righteous life, such as God approves and blesses both here and hereafter.

Old Subscriber, Paterson, N. J. Please publish in the MAIL-BAG the different purposes for which money can be left to the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, and how a bequest in a will should be worded. Also state who has charge, and expends the money, now that Dr. Klopsch has passed away?

Our Children's Home is an incorporated institution under the laws of New York State. It is managed by a Board of Directors, the President of which is the present editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This Board has a Finance Committee which regulates and approves all the expenditures, any unusual expenditure being directed by the full Board. Money may be bequeathed to the Home either for general endowment, or, specifically, for the endowment of cots. The cost of permanently endowing a cot is \$500. Each cot serves for seven children in succession during the season, and the endowing patron's name is in a framed card over the cot. The form of bequest is as follows:

"I give and bequeath to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y., a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of ..... dollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation."

## Miscellaneous

Inquirer, South Bend, Ind. We have no personal knowledge concerning the belief and teachings of the organization in question or of the pastor who leads them.

A. U. S., Potomac, Ill. The Unitarians believe in "God, not in the Trinity. They do not accept the divinity of Christ, though they regard him as a great teacher.

H. C. N., Clyde, N. Y. 1. If there are no other means of getting to church except by using the electric cars, owing to the distance, it becomes a necessity and one is justified in using them. 2. Any person who finds himself in a position where Sunday work is demanded should take the first opportunity to change his occupation.

L. L., Eskridge, Kan. Religion is no bar to political advancement in our country, yet it is a fact that no Catholic has ever become president. What may happen in the future is purely a matter of conjecture. The contingency mentioned in your second question is a very remote one, from present appearances.

W. L. N., Oklahoma. The Sunday School is the nursery of the church and the source from which it draws the largest percentage of its members. We are glad to hear that believers, the children naturally come into the church through the Sunday School. There are no data for recording the percentages of the children of unbelievers who come through the Sunday School to church membership.

G. T. B., Victoria, B. C. 1. "Reverend" is simply a title of courtesy, prefixed to the name of any clergyman, and is indicative of respect for the sacred office, not necessarily for the person who fills it. It has been in use so long that, like Mr., it has now become a fixed custom. 2. We cannot agree with your observations regarding the cross. The crucifixion, death and resurrection are central facts in the Christian religion. The cross is the symbol of the great sacrifice for the sins of the world. See Mark 8: 34; 10: 21, and similar passages in the Gospels. Also I. Cor. 1: 17; 1st; Gal. 6: 14; Eph. 2: 16; Phil. 3: 18; Col. 1: 20; I. Cor. 1: 23, etc. 3. It would be superfluous to give human titles to the Son of God. The evangelists are already titled as saints by some churches, including the Catholic, but it has never seemed necessary to us.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

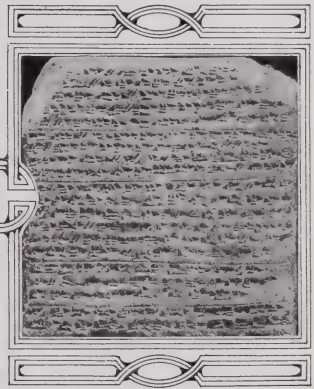
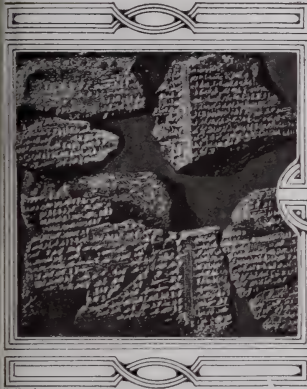
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Assyrian "Deluge Tablets"

The Ruins of Capernaum

Tablet from Tel el-Amarna



## CHANCE DISCOVERIES IN BIBLE LANDS

By Prof. Edgar J. Banks

WHO shall say that the sculptured monuments and inscribed records buried in the ruins of Bible lands and cities have not been preserved there by Providence, who is revealing them in our day as the faith of man wanes and his doubts increase? Strange is it that when there arises some great Biblical controversy, which seemingly can never be settled save by some word from the ancients themselves, a record or a monument rises from the ruins to supply the needed information. Equally strange is it that most of the records, so necessary to the understanding of the obscure portions of the Bible, have not been found by the trained archaeologist, but accidentally by children, or by peasants, or by Bedouin women, or by the traveler, and at just the moment when they were most needed.

It was about a generation ago when Sunday School scholars all over the land were asking their teachers if Moses could write. They had been reading the books of the critics, who said that during the days of Moses no man could write; that civilization had not yet so far progressed; that no part of the first of the Biblical books could have been written by him, for then writing did not exist. This belief was about to be thrust on the people, when, in 1887, a wandering Bedouin woman of Egypt suddenly brought it to an end. This Arab woman, longing for a new necklace, went to the ruined city of Tel el-Amarna on the Nile, to search among the ruins for stone beads which frequently appear on the surface after a heavy rainfall. Instead of beads, she found something of far greater value; yet she did not know it. She picked up a piece of baked clay, all covered with wedge-shaped marks. Thinking that it might be of some value as a curiosity, she took it to an Englishman, who recognized it. Immediately search was made in the ruins, and three hundred and twenty large clay tablets, covered with the writing of Babylonia, were discovered. When the inscriptions were read, an entirely new chapter was added to Biblical history, for many of the tablets were letters written in Palestine before the age of Moses. There were letters from Jerusalem, from Tyre, from Sidon, and from Askelon; they told of the ancient cities, of the people, of the customs and wars, and our knowledge of Palestine of the days before the Israelites, which till then had been confined to a few Bible

verses, now fills large volumes. Naturally the tablets do not tell us if Moses wrote any of the Biblical books, but the controversy as to whether writing was known in his time ceased at once; it almost seems as if these letters rose from the ground to end it.

"Belshazzar is a mythical character, the hero of a legend." So asserted the German critics of a few decades ago. Never was there such a king of Babylon, they said; never a Belshazzar who saw the writing of the hand on the wall, for Belshazzar lived only in the imagination of the author of the book of Daniel. In the year 1853, their theories came to a sudden end. Mr. Taylor, an English government official, who was at the time in southern Babylonia on a mission connected with the Turkish boundary, was exploring about a mound called Mugheir. He found a small barrel-shaped object of clay covered with Babylonian writing. The archaeologists who read its inscription found that it ended with the prayer of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon; and the closing words of the prayer were these:

May reverence for thy great divinity dwell in the heart of Belshazzar, my first-born favorite son; may he commit no sin, and with the fulness of life may he be satisfied.

Belshazzar was no longer a mythical character; even the critic acknowledged that he lived, and that if not the king, he was at least crown prince. Since 1853 his name has appeared in several inscriptions, and now the doubting Thomas may see in the British Museum the leases of the houses in which the once supposed mythical Belshazzar used to live.

As great as any of the difficulties to be met by the explorer in Bible lands, is to determine the location of the ancient cities. Even now it is not quite certain just where Capernaum stood, or where Nain was, and the men who have made our maps of ancient Palestine have always employed considerable imagination when marking the sites of the towns and villages of Bible history. Over beyond the Jordan, near the base of Mount Nebo, is the little village of Madaba. A few years ago the modern Greeks occupying the village wished to build a church, and they sought their building stones not in the quarries, but among the ancient ruins. In Madaba were the ruins of an ancient church, which they used as a quarry. Had they been trained archaeologists

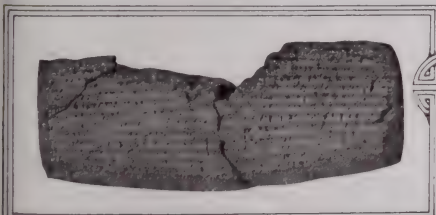
*Continued on page 668*



Ramesses,  
Temple of  
Luxor



Desert Traveling in  
Eastern Lands



The Cylinder of Cyrus Which Tells of His Capture of  
Babylon, Now in the British Museum

ΤΟ ΔΕ ΕΤΙ ΑΡΧΑΙΩΝ  
ΤΗΝ ΤΩΝ ΣΑΛΕΥ  
ΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΜΕΤΑΘ  
ΣΙΝΩΣ ΠΕΠΟΙΗ  
ΜΕΝΩΝ ΙΝΑ ΜΗ  
ΤΑΜΗ ΣΑΛΕΥΟΜΕΝΑ

Part of a Page from the Sinaitic Codex or  
Manuscript of the Bible

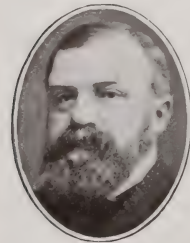


# Have You Been Born Again?

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, America's Greatest Evangelist\*

TEXT: John 3:3—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

**D**ID Jesus Christ teach the truth while here on earth? If he did teach the truth, as we believe, then this is the question I want to ask: Have you (I don't mean the general audience, but the auditor personally) have you been born again? As the Holy Ghost explains it, "born again," "born of the Spirit," "born from above." Now if you haven't, Jesus Christ taught very clearly that you



Dwight L. Moody

cannot see the kingdom, much less inhabit it. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Now, we can afford to be deceived about ten thousand things rather than about this one thing. I firmly believe it would have been far better had I never come into this world and come to years of understanding, than that I should die without being born again—without being born from above. Christ taught that to Nicodemus, who was a ruler of the Jews. He taught it over and over again; he insisted on the New Birth. He taught that a man could not buy his way into heaven; that he could not work his way in; that he could not educate himself in; that he could not force his way in; and that there is only one way, and that is to be *born again*. It is a solemn question.

## The Natural Man

I was told some years ago, while preaching in a New England town, that the New Birth would do for the slums of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but not for intelligent people like those they have in New England. But there is no difference. Culture is all right in its place, but that isn't the New Birth. A man may be a moral man and not a Christian, I will admit; but no man can be a Christian without being a moral man. You want to keep that in mind. The longer I live and the more I mingle with men, I am the more shaky about there being so many men and women who are naturally so good. I will venture to say that if a man could invent something to take a photograph of the heart, and bring out everything in the heart—bring to the light all our secret sins, and everything—I don't believe he'd find a customer anywhere. There's not a man or woman who could be hired to have their heart photographed. We men arrange our toilet, go off and get shaved, cut off our hair, put on our best clothes, and go to the artist, and in our best clothes have our pictures, or rather our faces, taken; and if the artist flatters, and makes us ten years younger than we are, we say, "You are the first man to take us as we are." You pay \$25 for the pictures and you say, "It's correct." But if he should take the human heart, you'd break the plate right before the artist. You wouldn't send that around.

Take another illustration: Take the natural man—never forgiven of his sins; if his secret thoughts were to-day stamped on his forehead, there wouldn't be room enough for the record. And if there were, he'd sneak out of sight pretty quick. It is one thing for a man to talk about natural goodness. I have had foolish wives come to me saying, "I wish you would pray for my husband. He is as good as he can be." That's the one thing—he's bad; he's not good. If I get angry and knock a man down, that hand isn't to blame. The trouble isn't with the hand or feet. People wish they could get control of their tongue, and of their temper. The seat of the trouble is in the heart. "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked." Where does the whole army of drunkards come from? Sixty thousand drunkards every year! And the rural traffic says, "Give me sixty thousand of your children, your promising boys, to keep up this army of mine." Where do they come from? They come from hearts deceived. They don't start in to be drunkards, but their hearts deceive them. There's nothing more deceitful than the human heart!

In the seventh chapter of Mark, Christ gives a description of the heart. "For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wicked-

The fourteenth of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One will appear each month.

ness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness—all these evil things come from within, and defile the man." Now, you'll never make a man right as long as his heart is wrong. No outward revolution will make your heart right. You'll never get a pure stream as long as you have a bad fountain. Make the fountain good and the stream will be good. You make the tree good and the fruit will be good. Make the heart right, and you make the eye right; you make the hand right; you make the thought right. The whole body will be full of light if the heart is right.

## The Natural Mind

A man wrote me a most abusive letter because I made the statement that we wouldn't have any hard times if it wasn't for sin. I want to state that again. The statement I did make was that if men would give up tobacco and whisky we would have plenty of money. That's where the trouble is. Hard times are brought upon us on account of our sins and our iniquities. Let us turn back to God and we will have good times. Do you doubt it? We have turned away. When the prodigal turned away, he hungered; and when a man turns away from God, there's a hunger in his soul. And you'll never be satisfied till you turn back. What took the prodigal away? His heart had deceived him. He thought he would be better away from his father's house and home. He was deceived; men are under the power of delusion, because their heart is disloyal and wrong. Romans 8: 5—"For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Listen: "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither can be."

Now, the best part of a man is his mind. If that is against God, then the best part of him is against Him. The carnal mind is enmity itself. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. A man cannot serve God until he is born of God. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." I have had mothers come to me, and say, "Isn't it strange that my boy doesn't like spiritual things?" No, of course not, until he has been born of the Spirit. The worldly man likes worldly things and the spiritual man likes spiritual things. Therefore you see the necessity of being born of the Spirit. When I was born of my parents I got their fleshly nature, and when I was born of God I got God's nature—another nature. One is distinct and separate from the other.

## What It Means to Be "Born Again"

I Cor. 2: 14—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Don't you hear people say that we are fools because we come out here to-day? Hundreds of men think we are a little daff because we are interested in these things. They don't understand how we can listen to songs and psalms and Scripture from day to day. They don't understand it. Why? Because they don't have a spiritual nature. But the moment they are born of the Spirit, they get a nature that reaches out to these things, and then they understand it. Keep it in mind—the necessity.

That which is born of the flesh will be flesh; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. A man said this was foolishness. He said, "I don't understand it." And then I quoted what Paul says about the natural man. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him." He said, "Does Paul say that?" "Yes, they are foolishness." That's what they are. But they are not foolishness to the man born of God. The greatest joy I have had in this world was when I could not see anything. You can not convey that idea to a natural man. That's the trouble. Godly wives do not understand how their unconverted husbands cannot bear to go to church, and cannot bear prayer-meetings and praise meetings. If you will pray

that God may convert them, and have faith born from above, they will look at these things differently.

I think some ministers would be amazed and astonished if they should catechize some of their members on the subject of the New Birth—what it is to be born again. I have asked people sometimes who have been in the Church for years: "What makes you think you have been born from above?" "Well, because I go to church regularly." Satan goes to church as regularly as any one. He is there before it is dedicated; and if I am faithful in preaching the Word of God, Satan will be very busy here and will catch away the seed if possible, so that it cannot remain in your heart. The idea is a mistake that he is only down in the gambling hells and evil resorts. If there is any danger of your getting out of his kingdom, he will try to get somebody to whisper in your thought and heart that you are not a Christian. Why, if it was merely going to church that's going to make Christians, we would manage to get them there somehow. A man may be a deep-dyed villain and go to church to cover up his villainy. I do not say, however, "Except ye go to church, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

Another man says, "I do Christian deeds." I met a man who said he thought he would go to heaven if anybody did, for his daughter played the organ in church and he entertained the minister. A woman said to me, "My brother is an archdeacon." I said, "I don't know anything about your brother." But she thought because her brother was an archdeacon that she was all right for heaven—that it sort of tickled her through—because her brother was an archdeacon. Well, you smile at that. What's your idea? What makes you think you are a Christian?

I've had lots of people tell me that they were born in this country, and this is a Christian country. That's their hope of heaven. And some say, "I not only go to church but I am a church member. I have been baptized, or confirmed, and united with the church." My friend, do you not know that you may be all that and not be born again? Did not Judas go from that holy scene and sell himself for thirty pieces of silver? I don't know but he had partaken of the bread under this New Dispensation, but he went right out and sold his Master. A man may go from the communion table and do the darkest deeds. That's not conversion. Why, if you could baptize them into the kingdom of God, all you would have to do would be to pass a law that all children should be baptized. Get them into the kingdom that way. But you know that is not being "born of God," or "from above," or "again."

## A Personal Experience

Nor is it coming to meetings and having your feelings wrought upon and "turning over a new leaf," as you call it, and making good resolutions. If it meant all the resolutions made by any audience, it would take fourteen horses to draw them. I used to go to Boston when a young man, and I said I would turn over a new leaf; and on Monday night that leaf was as blue as on Saturday. I went so far once as to draw my blood out of my veins and sign the resolution with my own blood. It didn't stay! And it isn't the death of some friend. You go to some funeral and make promises and vows and tell the minister that you are going to lead a different life. There's not a minister who has not had that kind of converts. But that's not the New Birth.

You ask, "Won't you tell us what it is?" Listen: "He came unto his own" (that Jewish nation), "and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power, or privilege, or authority, to become the children of God; who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of men, but of God." Born of God! When I was born of my parents, I got a life from them, and when I was born of God, I got a life from God. That's the teaching of Scripture. When one has that new life, he is a new man. It is regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost that this nature wants. Then we know we are born of the Spirit. "The words I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life." There is life in his Word. I take his Word into my heart. Man lost life by not believing the Word of God; man will get it again by believing the Word of God. "The word that I speak unto you is Spirit and life." Peter was sent from Joppa to Caesarea to tell how Cornelius and his house should be saved. Peter calls it the "incorruptible seed," the Word of God. If I should take my watch and plant it, I wouldn't get little watches, would I? Why? Because the germ of life isn't there. You might take barrels of gravel and plant them, and

Continued on next page

\*This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 21, 1897.



## Have You Been Born Again?

Continued from preceding page

ou wouldn't get more gravel, would you? Why? Because the germ of life isn't in that stone. But take a barrel of grain, and let the rain and dew and snow fall upon it, and see if something doesn't start from it.

Peter says the "incorruptible seed" is the Word of God. There's life in its Word. Take his Word down into our heart and lay hold of it. Believe it! Believe it! I don't ask you to feel it. "Verily, verily, I say unto you." Put your own name in there. Jesus Christ speaks to you as if you were the only man in the world. "He hath believed on him that sent me hath everlasting life." He doesn't say you *shall* have it. But "and shall not come into condemnation; but has passed from death unto life." God's remedy or sin is Jesus Christ in the heart. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." If you haven't got him, receive him now. Peter says we become partakers of the divine nature. God has showered blessings upon me. My lines have fallen in very pleasant places; but here's one blessing high above them all. It took place one night in 1855, when it pleased God to reveal his Son to me, and I became a partaker of the divine nature. I went up by Tremont Temple the next morning, and it seemed as if the sun were shining brighter than ever before. I walked through Boston Common, and it seemed as if the birds were singing for my benefit. It seemed as if those old elms slapped their hands for joy, and all nature was at peace. And I didn't know myself. It took some time to get acquainted with the new man. The old man had passed away. I love to tell people that they can get something better than this old life. You can be a free man in Christ, if you will.

In India the swan is considered a great bird. There is a legend that an old crane was looking out for snails and the swan came down and alighted near that crane, and stretched out its neck. The old crane said, "Where did you come from?" The swan said, "I came from heaven." "Heaven?" I never heard of that," said the crane. "Is it far away?" "Yes; it's far away." "Is it a good country?" "Oh, yes." "Is it as good as this?" "Oh, yes, far better." And the swan told about the lakes and the rivers and the fountains and the climate, and the crane stood there, listening. And the crane said, "Have they got any snails there?" And the swan drew itself up, and said, with indignation, "No, they wouldn't have vile things there." And the crane said, "You may have your heaven; I want snails."

There's a mighty truth wrapped up in that. Did you ever see a young man who has a mother and father, and whose mother loved him with all her soul? Her home is as beautiful as a bit of paradise let down in this world. Lovely father and brothers and sisters! And the boy will go down into the slums, down, down, lower and lower, and he will hunt around, and at last will clean out the spittoons for drunkards. Tell him how his mother wants him to come home, how she loves and yearns for him; tell him that if he will only return what a welcome he will get. He will tell you that he can't go back, for he *wants whisky*. He will give up his mother and his young wife and beautiful children—his old white-haired father, and reputation and character, and his soul, his life and heaven—if you will only give him *whisky*! What's the trouble? He has got the crane nature. Put into him the swan nature, and he gets up and goes out. Get the swan nature into the drunkards and they will get away from the whisky. It's the new nature that they want to become partakers of the divine nature. You let the 30,000 churches of America go to preaching this day and night, and we'll have a mighty success.

## The Cure for Sorrow

By EUGENE THWING

SHIPWRECKED souls drifting on the sea of trouble cry to us out of the darkness for help. What shall we do? How can we best reach them with our love and sympathy? How can we guide their weak, groping hands until they rest in the strong, tender hand which "is not shortened that it cannot save"? How can we help them to see that troubles may indeed be cured, but not by nursing; that happiness may truly be found, but not by searching?

Here is a little parable for those who cry out bitterly with the Prophet Jeremiah, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

EVERY wise man once announced that he was prepared to cure all the cases of heartache and sorrow which might be brought to him. Each applicant was taken into a small dark closet and placed before a peculiar four-sided mirror enclosed in a case. The front of the case was open, and the mirror could be turned around, but could not be taken out. A hidden light illumined the glass, but left the closet dark. "Sit for an hour looking into that mirror, then go home," said the wise man. "Return at the same time to-morrow, and do likewise daily until cured."

The wondering sufferer looked into the bright surface of the mirror, but could see nothing. Touching the handle, he turned the mirror until the corner, or edge, between two of the surfaces was exactly opposite him; then suddenly he saw reflections in both of these, not of his own face, but of other scenes. He seemed to be looking into two homes where bitter sorrow held its sway. Startled, he gazed a while, then turned the mirror again. As each one of the four sides came opposite him and he looked for his own visage he saw nothing, but directly two of the sides rested at the same angle to the front of the case he saw in them the troubles of his neighbors. In anger and perplexity he tried to escape from the closet, but the door was locked. He called and struck upon the door without result until he remembered the wise man's prescription of one hour. At the end of the hour the door sprang open.

During the remainder of the day and through the night his strange experience haunted him, and reversing his own decision not to return, the next day he spent another hour alone with the magic mirror. The mysterious pictures all were changed. Trouble was in them, but the persons were different. The mute appeal began to take hold of him, and when at the end of the hour the door sprang open he hastened to the relief of two cases of distress which were within his power to relieve. He was surprised at the results both in the delight and gratitude of those to whom he ministered and in the joy and comfort the ministry brought to his own soul.

The third day he was eager to return to the magic mirror. As he sat there alone, yearning over the sadness and pain of those others who cried to him silently from the mysterious glass, he felt a strange thing taking place in his own sorrowing heart. In the warm glow which sprang into life all his own bitter suffering seemed to melt and to be transmuted into love and sympathy with others and an eagerness to do something for them. He stole away quietly from the wonderful mirror, determined thereafter to hunt out for himself its sad pictures and change them so far as he might into pictures of joy.

SELF-INDULGENCE in pain is scarcely less dangerous than self-indulgence in pleasure; both destroy one's usefulness. Self-examination, that fetter of so many of the old philosophers, becomes, very often, self-torture without profit. "I study myself more than any other subject," declares Montaigne—a most unsafe example for many of us to-day to follow. Honest self-examination to a reasonable extent, in order that we may put ourselves into a right attitude toward God and our fellow-man, is a duty, but, as Ritchie said, "There is such a thing as looking into self until despair fills the heart." Introspection as a habit results in hopeless melancholy and doubt. It causes many persons to sympathize too much with themselves. They make the most of their sorrows, and seem to find a certain gratification in giving way to them.

HEAVEN is not our home—yet. We look forward to it hopefully, but before we go there we want to succeed as abundantly as possible in two things: first, in making heaven right here on earth for ourselves and for all whose lives we can manage to bless; second, in gathering and laying up in advance as great a store of treasure as we can in the heaven to which we expect to go when our time expires in the heaven we make here. In John's Revelation some of the wonders and glories of that future heaven are described in language hard to grasp and necessarily inadequate, although there are some things in John's description that touch us very closely; for example, the white-robed throng around the throne are "they which came out of great tribulation." Those who suffer bravely here are qualifying for that glory; "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." So we will make the most of the present life, taking up the beautiful work left to us by Him who set us the example, and "go about doing good," finding some opportunity every day "to bind up the broken-hearted, . . . to comfort all that mourn, . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

HAPPINESS eludes every searcher for it, but comes quickly and abundantly to the one who seeks to bestow it upon some one else. The searcher for happiness may get wealth, and power, and fame, but none of these advantages will avail anything in getting happiness. Even from friends it cannot be gotten, for happiness comes from what is given out rather than from that which is gathered in. Loving, unselfish service, the persistent, enthusiastic effort day by day to bring sweetness, light, comfort, and goodness into the lives of others, will surely bring happiness into the life of any man, woman, or child: No sorrow of heart, no doubt of the future, no restlessness or aimlessness of the present, no loneliness or bitterness of soul, but will yield and be resolved into joy and peace and purpose as soon as the days are filled with labors of love—as soon as the eagerness to get happiness is replaced by an eagerness to give it to others.

## ADIEU

WE bid our friends adieu.  
For we to God commend them,  
To comfort and befriend them,  
Their earthly journey through.

We bid our friends adieu;  
The worldling little dreameth  
How deep this one word seemeth  
To Christian hearts and true.

We bid our friends adieu;  
Be God Himself their keeper;  
The little word goes deeper  
Than heaven's unfathomed blue.

We bid our friends adieu;  
May God with them be guiding  
Even till their feet are bidding  
The peacely portals through.  
Bedford, N. Y. —AMELIA HOYT.

## Among the Workers

—THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH and Sunday School of Brazil, Ind., lays claim to the extraordinary total of 4,897 members in its different departments. Its cradle roll is 818, primary 473, beginners 169, juniors 339, intermediate, senior, and adults 2,381, home 599, officers and teachers 118.

—THE WORLD'S STUDENT Conference in Constantinople in April was largely attended. Mr. John Mott gave several addresses which created a deep interest. At the closing meeting about one hundred students made a public signed profession of belief in Christianity. The power of the Holy Spirit was manifested at many of the meetings.

—DR. GUSTAVUS LEACHEUR, for twenty-four years vice-president and secretary of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, passed away lately in that city. The directors of the Mission at a memorial meeting adopted resolutions expressive of their high esteem of Dr. Leacheur and of the work accomplished during the years of his administration.

—PASTOR NICOLAS ZAMORA, the well known Filipino preacher, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the house in which he lived in Tondo, Bulacan, P. I., was burned to the ground on February 25. All of Pastor Zamora's books, furniture, clothing and general effects were destroyed. At the time of the fire he was attending the Conference of the Native Methodist Church in Malolos. Although he is now reduced to poverty, he still continues bravely in his pastoral work.

—THE FIFTH SUMMER SESSION of the Federate School of Missions will be held at Mount Hermon, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, California, July 13 to 20. Mrs. Wells will conduct the study classes in both of the new text-books. It is expected that Mrs. L. E. Troyer, Baptist missionary from Puebla, Mexico, will be present and speak. The new missions building will be finished, and all who have been at beautiful Mount Hermon before will wish to be present again for this week of missionary study and renewal of friendship with the workers of different denominations. M. E. B.

—PASTOR CHARLES M. SHELTON, author of *In His Steps*, has this to say of the confessional: "I do not in the least advocate the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, but it seems to me that the minister in order to fulfil his full duty to the church and to his flock ought to make himself so useful that the members would feel free to confide in him about anything that concerns them. The Baptist Emanuel Church of Boston is carrying out this idea now. I have been working along this line for many years. The confessional is not entirely a spiritual matter. It is a place where people can carry their troubles of whatever kind or nature, business, spiritual and religious, family affairs and purely personal matters. It is the working out of the plan to give more help to the congregation."

## Anvil Sparks

...SPIRITUAL progress is the only true progress.

...THERE'S much in heredity, but more in integrity.

...IT is hard on an honest eye to conceal a dishonest heart.

...AN OPOSSUM'S tail, a dog's nose, and a formal Christian are always cold.

...SOME people have such a world-wide vision that it misses the world altogether.

...A PREACHER should not expect a higher salary just because he has begun to preach a higher life.

...INSTEAD of complimenting the sermon, it would be more fitting if some of the congregation would apologize for not listening better.

...MAKE heaven within and about you all through your life, and you will not need an introduction when you reach there at last.



# Famine Orphans Now China's Problem



SOME OF THE BENEFICIARIES OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FAMINE FUND—OVER 1,000 CHILDREN ARE FED DAILY

NOW that the great famine in China is subsiding—although there are many places where the missionaries and the authorities are still dispensing relief—the same problem has arisen which has confronted the relief workers in previous famines, viz.: the orphan children. Thousands of fathers and mothers who have perished in the long months of hardship and suffering have left behind them helpless and destitute little ones. Many of these are being cared for by the missionaries, but the number is so great that to shelter and feed all would be impossible under present conditions. The photograph on this page shows a group of several hundred orphans—beneficiaries of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund—who are being cared for by the missionaries of the American Southern Presbyterian Mission at Hsuehchowfu. There are a thousand children at this mission who have been receiving CHRISTIAN HERALD relief. These conditions are duplicated elsewhere.

Chairman Ferguson of the Central Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "We are now nearing the end of our famine distribution work, and have purchased food-stuffs up to the limit of the money which we have on hand. We have arranged to finish the distribution work during the month of May, and after that, whatever is distributed will be only peas and beans, which will be used as seed grain."

"We had, during the last ten days, an urgent appeal from Bishop White, of Honan Province, for relief at Yung-cheng. This is a place which is in the region where the crops were destroyed by water. It

is a tongue protrusion from the north into Anhui Province, and is almost surrounded by the Province of Anhui. We proposed to distribute relief there a long time ago, but the Governor of Honan did not wish us to do so. Bishop White has made a study of the situation there and decided that help was urgently needed and arranged with the Governor. We are sending 4,000 piculs of *kaoliang*, though the trans-shipment will be somewhat difficult, because it must be carried for thirty miles on wheelbarrows."

Rt. Rev. Wm. C. White, Anglican Bishop in Honan province (west of Anhui and Kiang-su, and outside of the area of our Relief Committees' operations) writes telling of a tour. The people are beginning to travel back to their homes by hundreds, only to find, most of them, that their land is again under water through the recent prolonged rains. He adds:

"Kweitch being the prefectural city of the affected districts it was natural that the refugees should flock there, and some 6,000 of these destitute people are in Kweitch city itself. This has brought the cost of living up very high, so that the poorer people of Kweitch are now in just as destitute circumstances as the refugees, and are leaving their homes to beg. In Kweitch, the officials are doing practically nothing, and the district magistrate has just been dismissed from office, some say on account of his incompetence in dealing with the famine problem. The gentry in Kweitch had collected a little money for relief, which they attempted to give, but lacking organization and method the multitude simply stormed the relief centre, so that after a second day this plan was abandoned. They then

adopted the plan of buying grain and selling it cheaply; but the prices were only ten per cent cheaper than the famine prices holding in the shops while ninety per cent, cheaper would be no help to the thousands who had not a "cash" to buy. Finally I agreed to be responsible for the furnishing of cooked food daily to 3,000 women and children, provided the authorities supplied the buildings and gave the necessary oversight. This they were only too willing to do, and will also give what contributions they can for this purpose. This work is under way, and will be kept up until the middle of June, when the wheat harvest ought to relieve the situation. We have started an orphanage for boys in one of the city temples put at our disposal for the purpose, and another for girls in our mission premises. We shall have at least a couple of hundred. All the girls brought to our orphanage are under five years of age. Scores of people have brought their daughters to us and offered them for a string of more of "cash"; but as we cannot buy them, this being nominally illegal, they turn to the ready market offered by traffickers. The Chinese officials say that one fifth of the population of Yung-cheng have succumbed to the famine. If this is so, and if the census of this district taken last January is approximately correct, it means that the appalling number of over 200,000 have died of starvation."

Father Perrin, a Catholic missionary at Meng-cheng, died of typhus, contracted while doing relief work. Dr. Samuel Cochran and Rev. Mr. Morris of the Presbyterian Mission were also attacked by the same disease but recovered. Father Perrin was a faithful worker and died at his post.

## A MODEL HOME FOR SOLDIERS

NEW JERSEY is justly proud of its State Home for Aged Soldiers at Vineland. A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends this interesting description of the institution, which is a model of its kind:

"It is strictly a State Home, owned, controlled, and maintained by the State, for disabled soldiers, sailors, or marines and their wives or widows. It is situated just outside of the borough limits of Vineland, on the road from Philadelphia to Cape May City, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. There is a fine lawn of trees and shrubbery extending about two hundred feet in front of



The State Home for Aged Soldiers at Vineland, N. J.

the home. The building is 320 feet in length and 43 feet wide. It has 230 rooms, large halls, fine porches, a hospital, a laundry, a dormitory for widowers, reception room, ladies' parlor, and two large dining-rooms, with archway between. The officers of the home are: John Shields, commandant; E. P. Southwick, adjutant; Mrs. Emma Southwick, matron; Dr. John S. Halsey, surgeon, and a staff of nurses. There are in all 293 occupants, and 25 employees. Twenty acres of land surround the home. The inmates are made very comfortable. There is a good library, and the days are diversified with entertainments, etc."



# BUDDHISM'S AGGRESSIVE BATTLE

IT IS FORCING THE FIGHT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN

BY A MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENT

THE week ending April 15, 1911, saw a celebration in Tokyo, Japan, which is of serious import to all the Christian influences in the Empire. This is the seven hundredth anniversary of Genku, founder of the Jodo sect of Buddhism. It occurred at the Zojoji temples in the Nishi ward, famous as the burial place of many of the great Tokugawa line Shoguns.

Genku was a priest of the twelfth century, styled by Dr. Arthur Lloyd the "St. Francis of Japan." His early education and training fell under the control of the Tendai sect of Buddhism, which was at that time very powerful and rapidly becoming more worldly. Genku, or Honen Shonin, as he is better known, early began teaching doctrines which were looked upon with considerable doubt by the orthodox Tendai sect, and which resulted in the foundation of the Jodo sect in 1174 A.D. to the Westerner, unused to the subtleties of the Easterner's theology, the change of doctrines which Honen Shonin advocated is difficult to grasp. That the new doctrine was destined to be successful at last, is axiomatic. It is an attitude which has an appeal to a sincere man, and the Jodo sect numbers about 10,000,000 to-day.

But Honen Shonin is to be remembered more especially for his influence upon the life of his great disciple, Shinran. With the large majority of his followers, Honen could not carry his doctrine to its deal and logical conclusions, but in Shinran he found a choice spirit, and through him attained his aim of perfect and complete faith in the name of Buddha and in his vow for the salvation of men; a faith which has become crystallized in the prayer of the Jodo and related sects—*Namu Amida Butsu*. This same reformer persuaded Shinran to marry his daughter of Kanesane, thus establishing firmly the principle that the priesthood is not sacred apart from the world, but sacred in the world. The new sect which sprang from these radical changes, the Shinshu, numbers to-day some 15,000,000 souls. In Honen Shonin we see the spiritual father of some twenty-five million Buddhists.

Apart from the fame and reverence in which the name of the founder of the sect is held, these temples serve to draw great crowds, for here, besides the tombs of the Tokugawas, are many relics of the great family—armor, swords, walking-sticks, and even one old kettle which belonged to Taiko Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan. This is also the resting-place of one of the great artistic masterpieces of Japan, the *Go-hyaku-rakan*, a series of one hundred scroll paintings, which occupy a place in the Japanese artistic life like that of the Stanzas of Raphael or the familiar "Stages of the Cross" in Western thought. These draw pilgrims in crowds.

The great gate of the temple was a scene of confusion on the festival days, but the foreigner found guides ready to take him about, explain things in English, smooth his path, assist him to secure pictures and enjoy himself to his heart's content. Streams of visitors, largely from the country districts, passed through the gate, spending fifty *sen* apiece for badges—an amount which is to them what a dollar or two would be to our small farmers or laborers. Within, the visitor passed between long lines of stalls where were sold many things, not altogether pertaining to the temple worship. Directly ahead stood the temporary building erected to replace the beautiful structure which was destroyed by fire three years ago. A permanent building is soon to take its place, costing \$500,000. Before this building a sloping platform led down to the *nobudai*, or dancing stage. On either side of the enclosure were placed the preaching tents. At the end of the temporary structure a room had been prepared where the pilgrims were fed by the thou-



Part of the Great Crowd in the Temple Grounds

sands each day. Around at the rear was a new shrine where incense burned from morning till eventide and where priests beat upon gongs and groaned continually their *Namu Amida Butsu*.

In the preaching tents, from morning till dark, men preached to crowded, attentive audiences of two hundred or more. What could they have been preaching in this religion which we have been told so often is dying? They were preaching earnestly, passionately, logically the powerful doctrine of faith, faith in the Great Vow of Amida. Truly it seems incorrect to call Buddhism dead. She is aggressive. She is copying the methods of the Christian churches in this land, in the fight. The church has its Sunday School, but on each Sunday

philosophy, and make it appear as just a copy of the Buddhist. An effort is even being made to attract that shallow-minded class of tourists from the great Christian countries, and these are made to believe all that the subtle priests tell them about the beauties of the Buddhist faith and the sufficiency of it for the land and people, which they have no chance and make no attempt to investigate.

Buddhism is not dead; far from it. It is alive and militant, and pushing the fight into the Christian camp, and Christian reinforcements are a necessity in this land, if the battle is not to be lost or victory delayed many decades.

Friday was the greatest day of the celebration, and into the little enclosure crowded some 10,000 people. For three hours they stood watching the sacred dance, as group after group of men marched on the stage in the old costumes, performed certain strange motions called dancing, and marched off. And one could not but remember that this was Good Friday, and that our Lord had died for these very men and women in the swaying, jostling mass. And with the Great One he would almost wonder, "What went ye out for to see? A reed shaken in the wind? For behold, they have eyes and they see not, ears have they and they hear not, neither do they understand."

## General Notes

—THE CHICAGO Council of Grain Exchanges is meeting with encouraging success in its movement for the organization of a National Crop Improvement Committee with branches throughout the country. There are hundreds of local Crop Improvement Committees already in active operation.

—AMONG THOSE who have arrived recently on the trans-Atlantic steamers was Professor C. C. Uhlenbeck, who holds the chair of languages in the University of Leyden, Holland's greatest college. Mr. Uhlenbeck comes to America to study the American Indian. He and his wife are going out to the Blackfoot reservation in Montana, where they will spend five months. He has learned their language. They expect to live with the Indians, and especially to study the sun dance. The Indians, he said, are suspicious of Americans, and fearful that they will be used for commercial purposes.

—IT IS LEARNED that the proposed continent-wide evangelistic campaign of the "Forward Movement," under the leadership of Rev. Frederick B. Smith, prominent in Y. M. C. A. work in New York City, will be a remarkable one in several respects. It is strongly offered and the list of active aids will include a very large proportion of the ablest Y. M. C. A. and evangelistic workers in the country. Meetings will be held in seventy-six American cities and fourteen in Canada. Reno, Nev., the centre of the divorce business, will receive special attention, and \$600,000 in cash will be at the disposal of the movement to cover necessary expenses.



Watching the Religious Dances at the Temple



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Loyalty in the Pulpit

FOR some time past, Presbyterianism has been a sort of mild theological storm centre. Greatly to the regret of many in the old denomination, the impression was created that the church's attitude regarding certain points of doctrine was fluctuating and indeterminate. In the pulpit there was often lacking that vital clearness on essentials which the members had a right to expect, and there was a corresponding lack of confidence on the part of the pew. Too much latitude at last produced open discords, and when these became a subject of discussion in the General Assembly, Presbyterians naturally looked for some declarative action. That this was due and timely seems to have been the opinion of the New York Presbytery, which, at a meeting held on June 11, took a step which has an important significance. It was in the form of a statement defining the Presbytery's attitude toward the General Assembly and the church at large. This statement, which seems to have originated with the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett and Rev. Dr. D. G. Wylie, two of the leading New York pastors, was read and adopted without a single dissenting voice. It described the New York Presbytery as

the centre of a great community where seas meet, and where men from different parts of the country, with a great variety of temperament and training, are brought into close personal and ecclesiastical relations. This being so, it is quite natural that, as in the Apostolic Church, some differences of opinion should arise between earnest men, and this has been the case in this Presbytery.

It then proceeds to explain that "outside the essentials of evangelical Christianity there is abundant room for our theological differences, but within the limits of evangelical Christianity there should be unity, and we are confident that in this Presbytery such is the case." The statement closes with a reassuring pledge that the New York Presbytery puts itself on record "as being in complete harmony with the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church—and we have been and shall continue to be loyal and true to the best traditions of our Church." It expresses the hope that in future the threshing out of theological differences would be done outside the zone of theological work. In other words, that pastors and others should stand loyally by the essentials, however they might disagree on trivial points, or else take their quarrels elsewhere. What is needed and radically needed in many churches—and not Presbyterian alone—is a clearer vision, a deeper personal spiritual experience in the pulpit. This does not lie in scholarship or eloquence. One of the chief causes of pulpit inefficiency is unsound seminary training. Our theological training schools are frequently responsible for sending out men to be pastors and shepherds who are not well grounded in Christian doctrine. Such teaching cannot inspire men to preach the fundamental truths of Christianity, nor lead to the saving of sinners. Those good Presbyterian pastors who are making a worthy effort to put the old denomination back safely upon the rails of orthodoxy, could easily have put their fingers upon the sore spot of the trouble. In almost every case it is to be found, not in any new development or conviction on the part of the ministers who are out of tune with the Gospel, but in the loose teaching of the theological classroom.

## The Church in Social Service

ON DIFFERENT occasions in the past, the Rev. Washington Gladden, the distinguished Congregational sociologist, has succeeded in quickening the public conscience by his writings and his platform utterances concerning the social mission of the Christian ministry. Speaking before the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Boston lately, he sounded a new note of social service for the Church at large. In addition to preaching the Gospel, its function, he urged, should be to inspire, interpret, guide and administer social work. And it should begin by making itself acquainted with the new field it does not now occupy. It is not the sole duty of the Church to prepare people for another and a better world; it should show them how to better the world we now live in. There are many ways in which Mr. Gladden's advice may be interpreted. Christ's command to go out into the highways and byways was meant to include all who had not had the Gospel preached to them. This in our day should

include the careless and indifferent, the stay-at-homes, the idlers and even the tramps—those waifs of humanity who are tossed about by the storms of adversity like driftwood on the tide. With the exception of the Salvation Army, the Bowery Mission and a few organizations of the same class, we know of no serious effort that is being made to reach the tramp and the outcast. For one church that does such work, there are a hundred churches that will not touch it. These heathen at home are neglected, submerged, hopeless, while the heathen abroad are being spiritually sought out and evangelized with unflinching zeal. Here, surely, is a duty as important and imperative as any the church now undertakes. And the pastor who, following the Master's example, goes down to the lowest and neediest, will never know what it is to have empty pews and unresponsive, immovable audiences.

## The Peace Circles Growing

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends greetings to the Peace Circles already formed in response to the widespread demand for a general organization through the civilized world. It also sends a word of warm encouragement to those Circles now in process of formation. England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland and Canada have formed within themselves vast and influential associations, whose object is to bring the Peace Movement directly into the hearts and homes of the people and gradually, through the commanding pressure of public opinion, to move all classes of governments to submit their differences in the future to an International Court of Justice and Arbitration. Clearly we are no longer before the closed gates of the new era of Peace. These gates are wide open for us, and the throngs are already pouring through.

We look forward confidently to the heartiest co-operation of our people in this great work for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the betterment of the world. Let every one who can do so have a share in this Peace campaign and thus become a factor in the noblest work that could be undertaken to promote human happiness.

## Are You Going to Palestine?

THAT this is a query uppermost in the minds of many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the present time is evident from the large and increasing number of letters we are receiving from friends who are deeply interested in our Palestine Tour. We are supplying them with all the necessary information, and many are now being booked for the tour.

Some philosopher of bygone days who had traveled much, in recording his impressions, likened the world to "a great book, whereof they that stay at home read only a single page." Travel broadens and informs the mind; it helps us to view the world and its peoples in the right perspective; it is a sovereign cure for prejudice and narrowness and it brings us into closer fraternal relations with the whole human family. And these benefits are emphasized and greatly multiplied when, as in the present case, the traveler has for a goal the land which above all others is hallowed by sacred associations—the land where the world's Redeemer spent the days of his earthly pilgrimage, the land of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs—Palestine!

Our CHRISTIAN HERALD pilgrims will set sail from New York on September 20 in the splendid steamer *Cretic* (13,517 tons) of the White Star Line Mediterranean Service. She possesses every equipment for comfort and convenience. A few days on the Atlantic will bring us to the Azores and in three days more Gibraltar is reached. Thence by a short run to Naples and then several days of sightseeing in Rome, "the Eternal City." The next landing is at Piræus, the port of Athens, which latter city will be visited. Next we proceed to Smyrna, where a brief visit will be made to Ephesus, and then we steam onward to Constantinople, another visiting point of central interest. Resuming our journey, we next land at Beyrout and on the following day at Jaffa. Then two glorious, delightful weeks in the Holy Land, during which all the sacred and historic places will be visited.

As the tour will be personally conducted by the editor, we are looking forward in pleasant anticipation to meeting many of our readers and their friends on this pilgrimage and to spending in the company two happy and inspiring months, the remembrance of which will sweeten the whole of our after lives. We would urge all who contemplate joining the pilgrimage to write to us for full particulars and the complete itinerary, without delay.

## The Great June Storm

ELEMENTAL forces were let loose with unwonted energy in a series of thunderstorm which swept over a large part of the Eastern and Middle States from June 9 to 13. These storm did extensive damage, flooding many cities along the Atlantic coast and causing terror by the vividness of the lightning and the fury of the gale. Buildings were struck by thunderbolts in various places, church spires demolished, large areas flooded and telegraphic communication seriously interfered with. A large amount of live stock perished in the storm. Sea-going craft of all descriptions were delayed; fallen trees blocked the railroads and there were many washouts. The storm spread over a wide area, including a large part of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and as far north as Nova Scotia. Fortunately, the loss of human life was small in proportion to the violence and extent of the disturbance, though damage to property will reach into the millions. The visitation, however, was not wholly without its compensation. Owing to the long drought, many localities were facing a water famine, which the heavy rains relieved. New York's water supply had run dangerously low and the extraordinary precipitation saved the metropolis from a serious famine, adding nine days' supply to its depleted reservoirs. It was the heaviest rainfall in years.

## Antiquity of the Race

LITTLE by little the scientific world is getting new light on the antiquity of the human race. When traces of man, as he was believed to have existed during the glacial age, were found at Neanderthal in South Germany, some fifty years ago, it was believed the limit of discovery had been reached; but in recent years other remarkable finds have been made in southwest France, in Belgium, in Croatia and in the Island of Jersey which confirm the evidence that the early human type did not vary in physical essentials from the modern man. As it becomes more and more apparent that the human frame, and even the skull, has undergone little change since those remote centuries—reckoned by the scientists to be from 200,000 to 500,000 years ago—the overthrow of the outworn "evolution" theory, once so confidently promulgated, becomes complete. Up to the present time, all discoveries dealing with man's antiquity have disclosed nothing of the brute. As far as science has been able to teach, man has always been man—rude, primitive, strong, but—man, as the old Bible says he came from the hand of the Creator.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Raising of the "Maine"

THE *Maine*, whose explosion startled the nation and precipitated the war with Spain, is being raised, and the eyes of the world are turned toward the vessel. Too long the ship remained a wreck in the harbor of Havana, a danger to commerce and a disgrace to the nation. At last Congress undertook the Herculean task of raising the battleship, which promises to be successful. Two weeks ago some predicted that the caissons forming the dam would burst, that they would blow out at the bottom, that they would not stand the pressure of the 1,300 tons of water each. These fears were not well founded, for everything is working beautifully, and the unwatering of the ship will be pushed from this on with the greatest vigor to success. Major H. B. Ferguson of the Army Engineering Corps has charge of the work. There is the deepest interest in the uncovering of the vessel; the harbor is filled with launches and skiffs carrying parties around the big coffer dam, and when the wreck is actually revealed it is expected that multitudes will be on hand to view the tangled mass of metal which hides eighty-eight sailors' bodies of the two hundred and sixty-six precious lives that went out in the explosion. The naval collier *Leonidas* is standing near by to take charge of any bodies which may be recovered, as well as sections of the armor, instruments, personal effects of the dead sailors, which will pass into the custody of the Navy Department. The compasses, chronometers, sextants and other navigating instruments that have been recovered thus far have been turned over to the *Leonidas* for safe-keeping. The suggestion has been made that if it be possible to float the *Maine* she should be taken directly to New York Harbor and placed on exhibition there. She could then be taken to Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans and then to Panama to be the first vessel to pass through the Canal and be one of the attractions at the San Francisco exhibition; but the present plan, unless Congress should order otherwise, is to take from her all valuables, carry the hulk out to sea and send her to the bottom forever. Brigadier General William H. Bixby, chief of the engineers of the army, accompanied by Colonel William M. Black, U. S. A., has already left Washington to be present at the unwatering of the *Maine*, and the naval board of inspection will be present at the completion of the work to report its findings to the Navy Department. Of course the great question of the nation and the world—"was the shipwreck from the outside by a Spanish mine, or from the inside by an accidental explosion?"—will soon be answered. The waters of Havana Harbor, which for thirteen years have held the secret of the tragedy, are now compelled to give it up. The great law that the mysteries of all the tragedies of life are to be revealed is expressed in these words:

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. (Eccles. 12: 14.)

### Storm-Swept

For three successive nights following beautiful sunny days terrific electrical storms swept over the middle New England and some of the Southern States. The vivid lightning was followed by fearful thunder, torrents of rain fell, terrific winds blew and a number of lives and millions of dollars of property were destroyed. Telegraph men say that at no time since the great storm of 1909, at the time of Taft's inauguration, has there been such a tearing down of poles and wires as by the present storm. The damage of the storm, however, is only the possible evil that attends positive blessings. Without

that electrical disturbance and fierce wind the stagnant atmosphere would have been very unhealthy, and without the rain there would have been in many places, including New York City, a water famine, and on the farms shortage of crops. There is health and growth in the agitation of elements in the social and religious as well as the material world. There are very few blessings in life that do not find some danger lurking near. Lightning, thunder, wind, rain and damage of the storm call to mind the prophet's vivid description of such a disturbance of elements:

Thou shalt be visited by the Lord of Hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and with flame of devouring fire. (Isa. 29: 6.)

### Pisa's Tower in Danger

The campanile or "Leaning Tower" of Pisa, which for nearly six centuries has been one of the wonders and prides of Italy, stands in danger some day, in the not remote future, of falling to the ground. Some have thought that the plans of the architects, Bonnano and William of Innsbruck, provided for the leaning of the tower, but it is most likely that their plans were for an upright tower and that some way, while the work was in progress, it tilted at quite an

he employed a detective agency to aid him. He became ill, and when he felt he was near death, he drew up his will, leaving everything to his daughter, and made Joseph Choate, former United States Ambassador to England, his executor. The day she was found, having been employed as a cashier in a restaurant in Atlanta, Ga., \$1,009,000 was the amount she was said to have received from her father's estate. In all her travels, temptations and struggles for self support she had maintained her integrity, and was really rich without her father's fortune. She can now have increased instruments of development, happiness and usefulness. In this world and country of mutation the rich are becoming poor and the poor are becoming rich almost in a day. There is mention of this mutation in the providence of God:

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. (I. Sam. 2: 7.)

### Bellboy Professor in College

Those who noticed a Japanese bellboy in a Boston hotel waiting the call of "front" were not aware that the good-looking, well-behaved young man had received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard

University, having previously obtained his bachelor degree in Minneapolis. This young man sailed on the *Romanic* the other day on his return to Japan, where he will occupy the chair of philosophy in the University of Kyoto. Professor Yoshio Tani-kawa has made a careful study of sociology as well as philosophy and will busy himself in the promotion of public charities as well as the cause of a higher education in his home land. Whether he became the bellboy in the hotel because he needed money for a temporal support or for his passage on the steamship or whether to study human nature in the great school of a modern hotel, he certainly manifested that modesty and humility which are becoming true greatness and which are the promise of promotion. Christ emphasized this grace in these words:

But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. (Matt. 23: 11, 12.)

### Invaluable Woodpecker

The woodpecker has the most beautiful plumage, but his industry is more tireless and his service to man is more generous than his feathers are attractive. A small boy that tries to knock him off the dead tree with a stone, or the bad boy who fells him with the gun, do not realize that there are few creatures in nature that render such valuable service as he. Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department says that in this age of wicked timber waste man has no greater single aid in the preservation of lumber than the woodpecker. The Secretary estimates that insects destroy at least \$100,000,000 worth of timber each year and the forty-five species of woodpeckers are the most deadly enemies these tree insects have. With unerring accuracy they locate their prey and drive their tongues through the hard timber after him and his family. The Department scientists have examined the stomachs of more than 3,000 of these birds and found that their food consists of the bodies and eggs of these insects and destroyers of trees. The Creator has provided the woodpecker with a carnivorous appetite and apparatus and furnishes him his food, but he is required to hammer hard and bore deep to secure the free board that is furnished him. We are well assured that God, who has made such ample provision for food supply for the birds, will take abundant care of us. We have Christ's statement for the certainty of this fact.

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? (Matt. 6: 26.)



The Barnacled Hulk of the "Maine" Appearing as the Water is Lowered in the Cofferdam

angle. The authorities have ordered that the bells in the tower shall not be rung, as it is thought their vibration might hasten the collapse of the structure. The edifice is about 180 feet high, with walls of marble, rising to eight different stories. The foundations are said to be not more than ten feet deep. There would be as fearful a wreckage as there is a beautiful pile, if the Tower of Pisa were to fall. Before such a catastrophe should occur the government should condemn it and take it down. The first deflections from the perpendicular of rectitude are likely to be small, and by slow degrees they increase, until there is a threat of fall and ruin. The perilous leanings of the towers of virtue and piety are often caused by an unsubstantial foundation.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it. (Matt. 7: 26, 27.)

### From Poverty to Wealth

Eighteen years ago a Mr. Ingersoll, living in New York and in hard luck, went West in search of fortune. He did not succeed, and he and his family lost track of each other. About two years ago he made an enormously successful investment and returned to New York a millionaire in search of his family. He learned that his daughter Margaret only was left, but he could not find her, although



# THE MOTTO OVER THE GATE

By AGNES M. NOTT

"MUVVER, can't I? Please be sayin' Yes, muvver—please?"

The small boy ran his grimy fingers nervously through a shock of yellow hair, as he stood pleadingly by his mother's side.

"Davy, I can't, tain't a good thing to do. I'm willin', y' know, for you to go where you c'd get food, but not there, Davy. No, Davy, he's a drinkin' man; we must get along jest as we have."

Davy's mother sat a little nearer the edge of her chair as she spoke; in nervous haste she plied the needle in her hands, only taking a second occasionally to glance at a puny baby tossing in a restless sleep on a bed in the corner.

"'Twould help, muvver, and I wouldn't touch the drink," he urged once more.

Slowly big tears rolled down the mother's thin cheeks, as she bit off her thread and hurriedly took a new one. "I can't, Davy," she cried. "Tain't no use. We need it bad enough. I'm discouraged quite, God knows; but that!" and with a shudder she broke into sobs.

But there was no time for Davy's mother to give way to tears. Hastily she wiped her eyes and took up her needle again.

Davy twisted himself uneasily around. He was only nine years old, but his big brown eyes took on a troubled expression as he watched his mother's face. Child as he was, he saw how thin and white she looked, and somehow he realized that if there were more food to eat she might be different, and for himself the temptation was almost too great.

One big meal a day, and every day in the week, was almost too jolly to be refused, and only errands to do in return!

With quick glances Davy's mother watched him. It was a temptation to her, too. Davy was growing fast, and with all her steady sewing she could barely pay the rent, and buy enough food to keep the children from starving; but her needle flew faster and her thin lips closed tighter as she muttered fiercely: "No, Davy, it ain't any use. I can't; he's such a drinkin' man."

The child in the corner began to cry piteously, and Davy moved over towards the bed.

"Give him that bit of milk, Davy. I wish 'twas more."

"Maybe I kin run errands for old Mrs. Bray, and maybe she'll give me jest a little bit of her milk! I wisht she would," he added, as the sick baby hastily drank the bit of milk, and cried for more.

"Mebbe she will. You go see, for there ain't any money till this work's finished. Debby's gone to pick up some sticks so we can have a mite of fire," explained his mother.

Almost as gently as his mother, Davy soothed the little one, then took his cap and ran down the stairs.

But Mrs. Bray didn't have any errands, and Davy's steps were slow as he came up from the basement in which she lived. How could he go back? There was a tender little heart under the rags, and Davy wandered aimlessly along thinking of the tired mother, the sick baby, and no food till the sewing was done. So absorbed he was that he walked several blocks, and then suddenly remembered the milk he had hoped to get, and also discovered that he was in an entirely strange neighborhood.

It was a dejected little fellow who dropped down



The Entrance to the "Children's Paradise"

on the nearest doorstep to think, just as an automobile stopped at the roadside.

"My, but she's a beauty!" Davy exclaimed, as a young woman stepped lightly to the sidewalk.

Davy meant the automobile, but as Mrs. Dearing came directly towards him and looked with kindly eyes into his face, he thought she was the most beautiful lady in the world.

"What is the matter, little one?" she asked. "My muvver's discurridged quite," was Davy's simple answer.

It was such a big word from such a small boy that the shadow of a smile passed over Mrs. Dearing's face as she said, "That is too bad. Why is she so discouraged?" But she grew very serious as she listened to Davy's story, told in such evident distress there was no doubt about its truth. As he told of the hope of earning a bit of milk for the sick baby, she took the dirty hand into her own. "Come with me," she said.

If Davy had been spellbound by the beautiful lady, his wonder knew no bounds as she led him inside her home. It was not elegant, nor was Mrs. Dearing wealthy; but to Davy it was like a glimpse of fairyland. Such chairs, and tables, and mirrors, and carpets it had never been Davy's lot to look upon before.

"I wisht my muvver had one!" he whispered as he touched carefully the shiny leather of the chair in which Mrs. Dearing had seated him.

Before him was a cheery gas grate which gave Davy most strange sensations. There was no coal, and no wood to be seen, but the pretty flames danced up and down and made his bare feet toasty warm this chilly June day.

"Does the fire feel good?" asked Mrs. Dearing, who just then returned from the kitchen carrying a big basket.

Davy drew a long deep breath, and then exclaimed: "Oh, I wisht my muvver had one!"

And Mrs. Dearing wished so too. She had never

wished anything more. "Supposing it was my Theodore," she thought; "just Davy's age, and has never had a reasonable wish ungratified, never known the need of a bit of milk, or any other food." The thought was too startling. She dropped into a chair near Davy, and, drawing him close to her side, she said: "You must be a brave little man, and do all you can to help, and tell mother you have found a friend who will come and see her in a few days."

"And won't she be discurridged quite any more?" asked Davy.

"I pray not. At least here is milk and meat and bread, and a few other things that you may take her," was the kind reply. And then occurred the event of Davy's life. For Mrs. Dearing took Davy out, and put him into that wonderful auto, and told the chauffeur to take him home.

"Was ever boy so lucky?" Davy wondered, as they spun along the streets. His small body swelled with pride and joy. The ambition of his life was being realized. He, Davy McDonald, was riding in a real automobile, and a basket of real food close by his side.

That every one was envying him he knew, for they showed it in their faces, he was sure. "If it only was a hundred thousand miles home!" he thought. But all too soon they turned a corner, and the old tenement house stood plainly in sight.

There was, however, a crowning glory to this ride. Debby, his seven-year-old sister, was on the sidewalk when the car stopped. She, with wide-open mouth and eyes, witnessed his triumphant descent from the machine, and plied him with questions as together they lugged the heavy basket up three flights of stairs.

Could any pen describe the hour that followed? In the excitement of Davy's return and wonderful story, the tired mother dropped her needle. What did it matter if the sewing must wait till morning to be delivered? Here was food! Food that by planning would last them all next day, and be a luxury at that. It was as if a gleam of sunshine had pierced the dingy one window of the room, and so made its way into her heart that she almost for the moment believed God had not forsaken her.

The sick baby was satisfied, and they all for the first time in untold months ate of good, substantial food. Davy meanwhile told over and over about Mrs. Dearing and her wonderful possessions. Once his mind took a practical turn, for he said: "And her hair, muvver, is all fixy, and big round her face. I wisht yours was too."

"I know, Davy; I know my hair don't look like other people's, all plastered down tight; but it takes time and other things to fix yourself that way, and I'm neat anyway."

"Yes, course, muvver, you're beautiful, too, but sometimes I wisht y'd have time for her way! Anyway, she said: 'I'm coming to see your muvver in a few days.' A few days! How much is a few days, muvver?"

Davy's mother couldn't say. It might be three, it might be more; and—this very slowly—"It may be never."

But Davy was optimistic; and yet as one, two, three, even four days passed, his bright hopes grew dim. "Anyway, she said 'in a few days,'" he repeated

Continued on page 669



"Mebbe a million," Debby exclaimed.



"I wisht I knew," said Davy



Mont-Lawn and Its Charms Are an Ever-Present Joy to the Children Who Are Taken There for a Ten Days' Outing



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## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

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## Contributions for Our China Famine Fund

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Ch. Rochester. 5 00  
And several hun-  
dred others to be  
acknowl'g'd later.



# Grandmother's Independence Day

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



THE Paxton family were seated at the breakfast table on the morning of July the first. July the fourth was three days in the distance and Johnnie and Jimmie, the twins, aged eleven, considered the three days to be a period almost as long as three weeks. Evelyn, two years their senior, as still young enough to anticipate the Fourth with a species of rapture. Louise, a beautiful girl of twenty, recently graduated from one of the most eminent of co-educational universities, regarded the coming Fourth with inference. She was equipped for a journey and a few hours later in the day would become one of a charming house party in a nearby suburb of the town where the Paxton abode had been for three generations. Although the engagement had not been announced, it was understood in the family and among her intimate friends at her marriage would take place in October, her fiancé being a classmate who had received his diploma and borne off academic honors at the recent commencement.

Breakfast had passed the stages of fruit and cereal, and was on the home stretch of wheat cakes and maple syrup when Mother Paxton from behind the coffee urn glanced at Father Paxton at the other end of the table, and remarked with an air of conviction: "Jonathan, I intend that this year shall mark a change in our programme. I mean to have a quiet Fourth this year. No fire-works, no dangerous explosives, none of those exciting things that run along the round and frighten elderly people, no torpedoes, and above all, no toy pistols; mainly no giant crackers. If you happen to have given an order for any of these wasteful, foolish and barbarous things, I beg you to recall it, and my mind is made up."

When Mother Paxton declared that her mind was made up the family knew at that there was no more to be said. His morning the Paxton household as divided against itself—Father, Mother and Louise on the one side, Evelyn and the twins on the other. The twins frowned and Evie's eyes filled with tears. Their mother took no notice, but their father said, "On the whole, I agree with you, my dear, but why introduce so sweeping a reform in so sudden a manner? Surely, a few torpedoes and a dozen or so sacks of fire-crackers will do no harm, and as for the little boys and Evelyn, they are looking a good deal disappointed. I agree with you that the American custom of observing our national holiday has been somewhat crude and barbarous, to say nothing of its being expensive and at times menace to property, but I don't quite feel that these small people of ours should have their cherished dreams crushed in an instant."

Mrs. Paxton looked severe. "You are generally in the right," she replied, "but I am sure you have entirely forgotten that your dear mother is in this house, that she is over seventy and that tranquillity is essential to her comfort; besides, Jonathan, you seem to have forgotten that you and I promised a month ago to spend the Fourth of July this year with my Uncle Clarke. We shall both be away, Louise will not have returned from her visit and grandmother and the children will be there quite by themselves, for Bridget does not count. I repose no trust on the judgment of Bridget. I should not have an easy moment in my absence if I thought that the means of putting out their eyes or burning down the house had been left in the possession of mere children, nor would it be fair to leave her in the middle of a storm centre of reckless, childish folly. The children can enjoy what they may of the city fireworks and of the neigh-

bors' Fourth of July. The matter is decided, so no more need be said."

In passing, it may be mentioned that as yet no legal enactments had prohibited or interfered with the old-fashioned methods of spending the Fourth of July. In Milltown people still did as they pleased, were indisposed to innovation and had heard little about the revolt against the celebration of Independence Day in booming of guns, firing of cannon and ascension of rockets, the good old celebration once eloquently advocated by the founders of the Republic. Although Mrs. Paxton was a Colonial Dame she was in the van when progressive ideas were in order, and as she fully meant in due course to change Milltown ways for the better, she thought it best to begin on her own door-step.

On the afternoon of July third Mr. and Mrs. Paxton said good-by to grandmother and the children and took the train for Centreville. As grandmother breakfasted in her room she had heard nothing of the discussion that had so ruthlessly upset the plans of the small boys and their sister. When she heard the whistle of the departing train and had assured herself that the travelers were really off, a proof of which was given by the fact that Evelyn standing at the edge of the walk had waved her handkerchief to her mother, who had waved hers from the carriage in turn, old Mrs. Paxton came briskly down the stairs.

"Now, children," she called in an eager, happy voice, her keen eyes flashing and her merry laugh summoning them like a tocsin, "the coast is clear. It's only three o'clock and I mean to celebrate the Fourth precisely as I have done all my life, and you children are to help along. I understand that your father and mother forgot to order the fireworks, but I sent in my order yesterday and Irwin's man will deliver 'em good and an hour from now. Here, Jimmie, you run down town and buy a lot of torpedoes and twenty packs of firecrackers, but no toy pistol. Evelyn, you go to the kitchen and tell Bridget that I want to see her this very minute."

In common with far too many people, the younger Mrs. Paxton made the mistake of fancying that a woman must be laid on the shelf if she have reached her seventieth year. She constantly exasperated her husband's mother by surrounding her with a cloud of gentle tenderness, by arranging affairs for her and by irritating attentions that were altogether superfluous. The Paxton homestead was the property of the elder woman, and her son had brought his wife there when he married. Little by little, as the years had slipped by, the reins of household management had fallen into the capable hands of Jonathan's wife, and latterly more and more she had softly, yet firmly, pushed her mother-

in-law into retirement. Mrs. Paxton, senior, conceded a great deal for the sake of peace, though it is doubtful whether had her son and his wife remained at home, she would have tamely submitted to what in her view was trampling upon patriotism and insulting Independence Day. The spirit of seventy-six was in her veins, and she could not without an effort agree to spend the Fourth in that peculiarly colorless way which had become the ideal of a number of her younger friends.

The children flew to do her bidding. The twins confided to one another that "grandmother was a brick," and said that they had thought all along that she would not like their mother's new commandment. "Grandmother is too sensible," said one little chap to the other, "even to want a quiet Fourth. Why, grandmother likes noise as much as I do. Mother just wears her out by waiting on her and making us hush when we pass her door. She opened it the other night and called out to me, 'You go on and have a pillow fight whenever you want to. I don't mind.' I believe grandmother likes pillow fights. Anyway she likes fun, and that's more than mother and Louise do."

Bridget appearing promptly on the scene with Evelyn close at her side, grandmother inquired what they were to have for supper. On being told, she proposed an addition in the way of hot biscuits, and told Bridget to prepare everything as quickly as possible as she was herself coming to the kitchen to make them. "I shall make cherry pies for to-morrow," she said, "and we shall have roast lamb, green peas, cherry pies and cheese straws for dinner to-morrow, and in the evening we shall all go to the roof to see the fireworks and when they are over we'll have ice-cream and go to bed. Bridget, while you are here run up to the attic and look in the brown trunk in the far corner by the south window. There are dozens of little flags there. Bring them down to me. I'm going to decorate. I think that my son left word with Luke Higgins to come round in the morning and hoist our large flag. I couldn't manage that very well myself."

The spirit of seventy-six animated old Mrs. Paxton and the children as the latter, never gayer and happier than at this hour, dashed upstairs and down, brought from hidden stores long streamers of bunting and worked like beavers until the Paxton windows blazed in a perfect glory of red, white and blue, with little flags sticking out everywhere. When the next morning broke the little boys were up at dawn and joined all the rest of the little boys in town in a jubilee of delight. Grandmother had slept well and was up early, her face radiant and her bearing high. She seemed, as she thought of the beautiful days of her youth, to have renewed it as the morning went

on, each hour more splendid than the last. At eleven o'clock she and the children attended a meeting in the town hall and listened to a speech from the mayor and heard the Declaration read, while the audience joined in the "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Rally round the flag, boys, give it to the breeze."

The Presbyterian minister pronounced the benediction and every one came home in a mood of effervescence. Grandmother invited the minister to dine with them. He was a bachelor and lived in a boarding house, and he needed no urging. Dinner was well under way when the door opened, and who should walk in but Jonathan Paxton and his wife. They had for some reason of psychical insistence felt very uneasy lest grandmother should be ill in their absence or the twins have their eyes put out by the neighbors' firecrackers. Jonathan, too, had felt tugging at his heart the disappointment in Evelyn's blue eyes when she heard the dictum of her mother as to the quiet Fourth. As they walked up the street and saw their house adorned from garret to cellar, as they trod over a litter of spent torpedoes on the garden walk, and entering the dining-room saw grandmother presiding over the feast, their faces were full of astonishment. Grandmother was not in the least abashed. "Come right in," she said. "You are not too late for the lamb, and you shall have cherry pie. You make me think of the prodigal son, Jonathan, and Martha may take the place of the prodigal daughter, and Bridget shall bring you each a plate. This is my way of keeping the Fourth, and as long as I live I don't mean to have any other description of Independence Day in this dear old house."

## The Coronation Flower

WHILE prosaic man goes on as ever grubbing away in the same old fashion, trying to get office, make a name, or a living for himself and family, if he chances to look up from his daily work he will probably be surprised to note that there is a perceptible flush of pink in woman's attire. The reason for this prevalence of pink is not difficult to comprehend. Rumor has whispered it on the spring breezes that the dainty pink carnation has been chosen by Queen Mary as the coronation flower. Also, Miss Helen Taft's preference for the same cheerful, vivid color had given the world of fashion a fancy for what is now known as "Helen pink." With the Queen of England and the daughter of the President of the United States both exhibiting a preference for pink, it is not surprising that the color has become vastly popular this spring. The reason assigned for Queen Mary's preference is regal in its kindness and tact. Asked by a lady of the court who knows the Queen's fondness for violets why she came to choose the pink carnation as the coronation flower, Queen Mary replied: "Because it is within the reach of the common people. I want every loyal subject to wear the coronation flower as often as he can. Another reason for my choice is the gayety of the bright little flower."

The reasons do honor to the kingly impulses of the young Queen, whose name, also, has a familiar homelike sound that is very pleasant. It is, of course, a touch of sentiment, but without sentiment the coronation itself would be but a glittering show that would not appeal to the deeper instincts of human nature. The fact that both King George and Queen Mary seem to understand the higher feelings and deeper sentiments which dignify and give meaning to life is a hopeful augury for the happiness of their reign.



# Dedicating Wisconsin's Memorial

UNDER the brilliant sun of a Southern May day, Governor Francis E. McGovern and a distinguished party of officials, veterans and many ladies from Wisconsin, at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 22, dedicated Wisconsin's beautiful State memorial in the Vicksburg National Military Park. The memorial, a towering shaft of granite, surrounded by rugged equestrian figures of bronze, is located on a prominent height in the park lines, just north of the imposing memorial of Illinois, and presents a lasting and impressive monument to departed soldiers of the great State in whose honor it was erected.

The Warren Light Artillery fired a salute as the Governor's party, which included James Frear, secretary of State; Adjutant General Bancroft, State Treasurer Dahl, Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Morris, State Senators Isaac T. Bishop and James James and Assemblyman Smith, assembled. Chairman H. P. Bird, of the Wisconsin Park Commission, called the gathering to order, and the invocation was then delivered by Rev. Thomas Harwood. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was played by the band, after which Colonel A. G. Weissert, secretary of the Wisconsin Commission, delivered his interesting report. After music Mrs. Bird, wife of Chairman Bird, pulled the string, allowing the flags to fall from the imposing monument. In presenting the memorial to the people of the State and passing it over to the keeping of the United States, Governor McGovern spoke impressively and with deep feeling of the days of the Civil War and its heroism.

Major-General Fred D. Grant, U. S. A., accepted the memorial on the part of the United States in a fine speech, and after the band played "America," Governor E. F. Noel of Mississippi delivered an address, followed by "Dixie," and the dedicatory address by Rev. Jenkyn Lloyd Jones was then de-



Unveiling the Wisconsin State Monument at Vicksburg, May 22

livered. The entire gathering joined in singing the chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner," led by the band, and Rabbi Sol Kory delivered the benediction.

## "A Man Without a Country"

A GREAT deal of excitement has recently been caused, not only in the shipping centres, but in a number of the national capitals of the world, by the report that Cipriano Castro, the discredited and exiled president of Venezuela, was engineering an attempt to return himself to the presidency of that republic by means of a revolution.

The movements of a steamer known as the *Consu Grosbeck*, which was formerly the Italian Government cruiser *Umbria*, have been closely watched by the governments of several countries. This steamer was purchased by the Haytian Government and a partial payment had been made upon her. Great antagonism was of course aroused in Hayti by the assertion that this ship was likely to become the property of Castro. As she set sail from a German port, efforts were made to have her registered in such a way that she might fly the German merchant marine flag; but this right was not granted and the German Government has officially disclaimed all responsibility for the vessel, so that should her movements prove antagonistic to the Republic of Venezuela, she will immediately be declared a pirate and treated as such.

The United States Government has issued orders to the Secret Service forces to watch with added vigilance ports from which filibustering expeditions are likely to set out. Although a great number of rifles has been ordered in New York for shipment to some unknown South American point, it is declared that our government will take particular pains to see that they get no further than New Orleans.

## Chance Discoveries In Bible Lands

Continued from page 655

instead of ignorant peasants, imagine their surprise and excitement when they cleared the floor of the ancient church to find it covered with a beautifully colored mosaic map of ancient Palestine. It was just such a map as the explorer in Bible lands most needed.

Students of the Hebrew and Greek Bible have always sought for older and older copies of the text, for before the days of printing every Bible was copied by hand, and the scribes whose business it was to make the new copies frequently made mistakes or omitted words. Thus in the course of many centuries errors crept into the text, and these errors, causing endless confusion and discussion, would thus be corrected. Early in the last century, Tischendorf, a young Russian scholar, was spending the night with the monks in the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. In the morning the air was so chilly that a monk brought a bundle of old papers to kindle a fire. The eyes of the young Russian caught sight of one of the papers on which appeared the familiar characters of the early Bible. Seizing it before it reached the fire, he found that it was a page from a manuscript older than any known to exist. He learned that there were other pages of the same book in the monastery, and when they were gathered they formed the nearly complete manuscript which is known as the Codex Sinaiticus. It is now in St. Petersburg, and it has been of inestimable value in correcting the errors of the Biblical text. The discovery was due to the chill morning air of the mountain.

In 1880, a little Arab boy who had run away from school, went down to the pool of Siloam in the

Kedron valley, east of Jerusalem, to bathe. His foot slipped on a wet stone, and he fell into the deep water. As he came up with his eyes open, he thought he saw just beneath the surface some marks resembling writing. The story goes that when the boy went back to school and was about to be punished for running away, he told the teacher of the writing, thus hoping to escape punishment. Forgetting the boy, the teacher went down to the pool, and at the mouth of the aqueduct bringing the water from an upper pool, he saw an inscription in strange characters. The letters, half concealed with lime, were cleared and copied: it was the oldest Hebrew writing in the world—the pure Hebrew of the Biblical books of the Kings. In II. Kings 20: 20 we read that Hezekiah "made the pool and the conduit, and brought water into the city." The conduit at the mouth of which the inscription was found was the one King Hezekiah built. The inscription was later cut from the rock and is now preserved in the Constantinople Museum.

In 1842 the French Government stationed a consul in the little Arab town of Mosul on the upper Tigris River, with instructions to dig into the ancient mounds on the opposite shore, for there it was believed the city of Nineveh once stood. As the Frenchman was searching among the ruins, an Arab inquired of him what he was trying to find.

"Stones with pictures upon them," replied the consul.

"Come to Khorsabad, my native village in the north, and there you will find as many stones with pictures as you want," said the Arab.

After some hesitation, the consul accompanied the Arab to Khorsabad. He dug into the great

mound beneath the village and found the wonderful palace of the Biblical king Sargon. The walls of his chambers were lined with sculptured slabs and with inscriptions of historical value. Later, when one of the inscriptions was read, the scholars were amazed to find these words:

"I besieged and occupied the town of Samaria, and I carried away as captives 27,280 of its inhabitants."

These people were the famous lost tribes of Israel, and the account of their captivity was written by the very man who took them captive. The curiosity of an idle Arab led to the discovery of this great place and its many treasures which are now the pride of the Louvre Museum in Paris.

In 1871, at Deir eb-Bahri, in upper Egypt, an Arab discovered in a rocky cliff a hole which led far into the mountain. He followed the hole, and at its end he found himself in a cavern filled with mummies and treasures of untold value. In 1881, from the cavern there were brought down forty mummies of the ancient kings and queens of Egypt, and when they were unwrapped, one of them was found to be Rameses, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites while they were in bondage in Egypt. Now in the Cairo Museum we may look upon the very face of the great king who, to many, has seemed more of a myth than a real king.

Thus it is not always the trained archaeologist who finds the treasures which are buried among the ruins of Bible lands. More frequently it is the peasant or even the child who accidentally reveals them. And may it not be said that these long lost records have been preserved for us, and are revealed at the moment when we most need them?

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL events in observance of Flag Day at Philadelphia was the unveiling of a tablet in memory of Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag, by the Flag House Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The tablet was unveiled by Donaldson Beale Cooper, great-great-grand-nephew of Betsy Ross.

—A FUND of \$2,000 to purchase a silver service to present to Mrs. Taft on her silver wedding anniversary at the White House on Monday, June 19, was subscribed by members of the House of Representatives. Each member contributed \$5. The fund was collected so rapidly that a committee was enabled to take the afternoon train for New York, where a gift was selected. The present was supplemented by a magnificent silver service which the Senate presented to President and Mrs. Taft at the celebration.

—THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America recently authorized a call to be sent to the more than 100,000 ministers and pastors of churches in the fellowship of the council, asking them to consider on Sunday, July 2, questions of international arbitration and peace. The call suggests "that the fact that this Sunday is so close to

the national holiday, July 4, makes it especially fitting that such themes should have the attention of the pulpits of this country on that day." This Council of Churches, representing the larger part of the Protestant Church membership of the United States, is pledged to do all in its power to advance the cause of international arbitration and peace.

—PREMIER CANALEJAS of Spain recently informed the Chamber of Deputies that Spain's projected military operations at El-Araish, Morocco, were not inconsistent with the treaty of Algeciras or other agreements. It was necessary, he said, for Spain to restore and preserve order in that part of Morocco. It is understood that the government plans the occupation of Tetuan, Morocco, because Spanish subjects have been killed or maltreated by rebellious tribesmen. In both the Tetuan and El-Araish regions Spanish interests are endangered. The French Government is endeavoring to dissuade Spain from these military movements. Official advices confirm previous reports that a French column entered Meknes recently after a stiff fight with Berber tribesmen, in which there were losses on both sides. Confirmation also is given to the report that Mulai-El-Zin, the Sultan's brother, who had been proclaimed Sultan

by the rebels, was captured by the Frenchmen. The French Government is concerned over Spanish activities in Morocco, especially at a time when France, having obtained the relief of Fez, intends to withdraw her troops after reorganizing the Sultan's army and accomplishing the pacification of the country. It is believed in Paris that Spain is determined to extend her zone in Morocco, which is now limited to Melilla and Ceuta and their environs.

—THE ORIGINAL STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, the flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the anthem, is to be again unfurled over the ramparts of historic Fort McHenry on September 12, the anniversary of the battle of North Point. The old flag is in possession of Eben Appleton of New York, and is stored in a safe deposit vault in that city. Mr. Appleton is a descendant of Lieutenant-Colonel George Armistead, who commanded the garrison at Fort McHenry during the British bombardment. President Taft is to be asked to deliver an address at the patriotic celebration, and a request will be made of the British Government to send a warship as an evidence of the friendly spirit between the two nations. It is hoped to see the British warship salute the old banner at which British guns were fired.



# NEW GUIDING HANDS IN MEXICO

A GENTLEMAN who but recently returned from Mexico, where he remained through the entire revolution and had the advantages of the closest contact with both supporters of the Diaz régime and the revolutionists, has written most informally of the present situation in the war-torn republic. Of its future and the men who will guide it, at least up to the time of the elections planned for next fall, he says:

"A great many people seem to believe that Mexico is about to be stricken from the progressive class of Latin-American States led by Argentina and Chile and fall to the low level of Honduras and Nicaragua.

"There are certainly dark clouds on the Mexican horizon, but nothing as yet sufficiently sombre to justify these predictions. There is up to the present no sign of a reactionary spirit abroad, though that may come. In view of the great wealth of the score of gentlemen who have recently been dispossessed of a very lucrative position it would be extraordinary indeed if we did not hear, at least in the papers, of a wave of reaction sweeping over the country.

"Under the new régime the development of this country, which in reality is quite as rich as it was regarded to be in the fabulous days, will not be the exclusive privilege and perquisite of

the foreigner. Mexicans will soon take the part, indeed, I think, a leading part, in that work which it is their right and duty to perform. With an open market and fair field Mexico can-

not fail to become more prosperous and more peaceable, and from the geographical nature of things no government will profit by this more than ours, no people more than ours.

"Mexicans may well be proud of the membership of the Cabinet which, at the suggestion of Madero, the provisional president has called about him. Even the place of Limantour, the one able man in the Diaz Cabinet, will be amply filled by Ernesto Madero, who is regarded in commercial circles as the equal of Limantour in finance and perhaps his superior in business knowledge. The other men, Manuel Callero, the Vasquez Gomez brothers, and Rafael Hernandez, are all self-made men, who have reached distinction before middle age in their several walks of life. 'We will build roads and we will build schools. Every road will lead to a school. We have nothing to fear in Mexico but ignorance, and that we will annihilate,' were the words and the programme with which Vasquez Gomez greeted the hundred thousand people who come out to meet him upon his return to the capital he had left as a fugitive in the night."



General Madero with Some of Mexico's New Cabinet

STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—Jose M. Pino Suarez, Minister of Justice; Dr. Vasquez Gomez, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Venustiano Carranza, Minister of War; F. Gonzalez Garza, Minister of the Interior; M. Bonilla, Director of Public Works.

## THE MOTTO OVER THE GATE

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seriously the fifth morning, as he emerged from the tenement stairway for one more lookout. Why! There she was, stepping out of the auto on to the sidewalk at that very minute. Davy turned hot and cold with excitement; for she carried a bundle, and the chauffeur was following with a basket, probably containing more food of the kind his mother couldn't buy.

With happy confidence he took Mrs. Dearing's hand to lead her upstairs: "Muvver, she's come!" he cried, as he pushed open the door of their room.

Mrs. Dearing took it in at a glance. Here was the home Davy's mother had been able to provide since her husband's death, and here was Davy's mother! Just a shadow of womanhood sitting nervously on the edge of her chair, ready to drop her needle any minute she was absolutely needed by the wasted child in the corner! The room was neat, oh, yes; Davy and Debby knew how to keep it so; but for air, and light, and comfort, alas! how could any of these be there?

With Christian kindness the favored woman sat down by the side of the unfavored one, and began to open the bundle she had brought: "I was packing a missionary barrel," she said, "and it occurred to me that perhaps some of the garments might be useful here. I am sure this navy blue suit will do for Davy; this simple gown for you, and the little slips for baby."

Mrs. Dearing held up the different pieces, one by one, as Davy's mother tried to express her gratitude, but Davy was wondering if Debby was to be left out. He had just decided that Debby should wear the coat of the suit and he the trousers, when Mrs. Dearing held up a blue gingham dress, just Debby's size, and almost at the same

moment she said: "And now, Mrs. McDonald, I have an invitation for Davy and his little sister! It is to go for ten days to a beautiful summer home for children. Mont-Lawn it is called. They will go with other children by rail and then by boat across the Hudson River, and for ten long days they will have just the happiest time and best of care. Do you think they could start one week from to-day?"

"Oh, muvver, please! Please, muvver!" Davy was jumping up and down on his small feet pleading with all his might.

But Mrs. McDonald needed no urging. It was what she had craved for her children. Into the weary life a ray of hope was stealing. Some one was interested in her children, was giving them a chance, and as for Davy, he would have followed Mrs. Dearing to the ends of the earth if she had asked him. Always some grand surprise she offered, and this last; an invitation to go where it was all country, no tenement house anywhere in sight! It was certainly too good to believe. Davy curled up every night in the corner of the room on the floor to sleep, with a big fear in his heart that he would wake next morning to find it all a dream. Not until the tram ride was over and he and Debby were in all the whirl and excitement of standing on the deck of the boat with numberless other children, did it seem real.

The party of children were landed on the banks of the Hudson at Nyack, and were driven by stage up the long, winding path towards Mont-Lawn. Every child's heart beat fast for joy as they approached the entrance to the "Children's Paradise." These were the words over the gate and Davy read them aloud: "I LOVE GOD AND LITTLE

CHILDREN." Who was I? "I wisht I knew," he confided to Debby, but the wish was forgotten as they passed through and were in full view of a row of white cottages and a big Temple, dining pavilion and out-door gymnasium, with great, velvety lawns spreading everywhere.

The first event of that memorable arrival was to march to the dining pavilion in Port Plenty. Rows upon rows of tables and chairs, piles of snowy bread and yellow butter, milk, and many other things that made the children's mouths water. Davy, so trim and neat in the little navy blue suit, was an interesting study as they entered the pavilion. His brown eyes sparkled as he whispered to Debby: "Ain't it jolly? Guess you'd put a hundred thousand rooms like ours into this big one."

"Or mebbe a million!" was Debby's rejoinder.

"Sides, you couldn't never get trees, and grass, and sky in our street," added Davy.

"No, never; 'twouldn't grow in stones. Ain't it sweet smelin'!" Debby sniffed as she spoke, and kept on sniffing as they were being seated at the tables. Such appetites! Would there be enough to feed such a crowd? Davy speculated a little upon that subject; but apparently there was no limit to the good things to eat. Every child might be satisfied, and none could decide whether the supper or the fun that came after was the more delightful.

Just to feel the soft green grass under foot, to run, jump, or even turn somersault on it at will! It was simply intoxicating, and Davy in his busy little brain began to wonder who made it all possible. At last, tired and sleepy, he was taken to one of the

pretty white cottages. Each one was filled with snowy white beds. Davy was positively sure no such bed could be for him; he put his hand confidently into that of the nurse in charge. "Please, missus," he said, "I'm 'fraid I'll spoil it."

"Spoil what, my little lad?" she asked pleasantly.

"That beyewtiful white bed. I c'd curl up on the floor like I do at muvver's."

There was a suspicious tremor in nurse's voice as she assured Davy it was meant for him. He might lie on the snowy pillows every night. He was at Mont-Lawn now. "So kneel down, Davy, and thank God for being so kind to you," she said.

Davy had a dim recollection of a little prayer in days gone by, when father was living; but that, with other things, had long ago disappeared. He was, however, an appreciative little lad, and if God was doing all this, he could surely say "thank you," so he knelt down, holding fast to the kind nurse's hand, and said earnestly: "Please, God, thank you for the beyewtiful white bed. I'll be awful careful not to spoil it."

The good times so far enjoyed grew suddenly more joyous, when, next afternoon, the "Children's Friend," Mont-Lawn's life-long benefactor, visited the Home and joined in the sports. Davy and Debby were in it all. Little suspecting that his yellow head had already attracted attention, Davy was surprised once to find his small brown hand suddenly clasped in that of the kind man, and hear the voice speaking directly to him! This was a wonderful opportunity, for a big thought had

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## Various Good Causes Helped by Christian Herald Readers

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# Midsummer in the Cozy Corner



Shadows, seeming idle shapes,  
Of little frisking elves and apes.

When children are playing alone on the green,  
In comes the playmate that never was seen.

He's sure to be present, abroad or at home,  
When children are happy and playing alone.

## ENTERTAINING THE FAIRIES

Do you believe in fairies? Robin Goodfellow, the oldest fairy of them all, says if you do, you are helping to keep the little fanciful folk alive. So whether we truly believe in them or not, for the sake of the little boys and girls who do, we would not like to have them die; and perhaps this is the only reason why at this midsummer season are entertaining fairies in the Cozy Corner.

### Who Are the Fairies?

WHO are fairies? Did some one ask? Well, Peter Pan, the boy who knows them best, says they are born when a baby laughs, and declares that we never can guess all the wonderful things that they do. Robert Louis Stevenson, a really very great man and a poet, says they are the unseen playmates of little children. But I believe there are fairies, fairies everywhere, in grownup people's lives as well as in the lives of the tiny wees.

### Have You Ever Thought of This?

THE history of the world is largely written in fairy tales. Have you ever thought of that? Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, for example, is nothing less than the splendid prophecy of our wonderful modern mining machinery, which, by ways that are almost magic, bring the gold out of hidden places in the earth. Our inventors and discoverers are the real fairy princes who go forth to battle with the great giant forces of nature and conquer them. The monster turbines, hydraulic machines, irrigation plants, war balloons and swift steam engines hauling massive trains across continents, are the giants Wind, Fire and Water made to serve the world.

### Greatest Truths in Fairy Tales

HOP O' MY THUMB and his Seven League Boots and the Ogre who spoke from the earth to the sun and from the sun to the moon, are clearly the fairyland beginnings of wireless telegraphy, and cables and telephones. Greatest truths are hidden in fairy tales, and little by little out of the golden deeds of fairy heroes, who always conquer, much of the progress of the world has gone on.

It is a mistake to get too far away from fairyland. If you find you are forgetting the fairies, go then and sit by the nursery fire, or on the side of the bed at twilight and listen all over again to the stories that mother is tell-

ing to the tiniest of you all; or some day when you have rocked the baby to sleep and have really been very quiet afterwards, and have taken extra care to wash your face and hands and fold the towel, and brush your shoes, and have tried in many other ways to help about the house, and dear busy mother has not noticed it, has even scolded, perhaps, just like the day before when you did not try; tell, remember, it is the fairies that will tell her in the night while she lies asleep that her little girl was a great help that day, when she was too full of other thoughts to notice it.

O my little girls, little boys, keep your fairyland forever. You have only to be brave and patient and truthful and generous, and the fairies are sure to come and show you plenty of their wonderful secrets and ways. They are true little friends, and even though you should forget them for a while because of your being so occupied with the serious business of growing up, they have loyally kept your little girl and boyhood dreams and fancies in the Never, Never, Never Land safe from harm.

### The Fairies of the Caldon Low

#### A Midsummer Legend

"And where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?"  
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,  
The midsummer night to see!"

"Oh tell me all, my Mary—  
All, all that ever you know;  
For you must have seen the fairies  
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee,  
mother,  
And listen, mother of mine:  
A hundred fairies danced last  
night,  
And the harpers they were  
nine;

"Some of them play'd with  
the water,  
And roll'd it down the hill;  
'And this,' they said, 'shall  
speedily turn  
The poor old miller's mill.'"

"And some they seized the  
little winds  
That sounded over the hill;  
'And each put a horn unto his  
mouth,  
And blew both loud and  
shrill:

"'And there,' they said, 'the  
merry winds go  
Away from every horn;  
And they shall clear the mil-  
dew dank  
From the blind old widow's  
corn.'"

"And some they brought brown lint seed  
And flung it down from the Low;  
'And this,' they said, 'by sunrise,  
In the weaver's croft  
shall grow.'"

"'Oh! the poor lame weaver,  
How he will laugh outright  
When he sees his dwindling  
flax-field  
All full of flowers by night.'"

"And then outspoke a brownie,  
With long beard on his chin:  
'I have spun up all the tow,'  
said he,  
'And I want some more to  
spin.'"

"I've spun a piece of hempen  
cloth,  
And I want to spin another;  
A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
And an apron for her mother."

"With that I could not help  
but laugh,  
And I laugh'd out loud and  
free;  
And then on the top of the  
Caldon Low  
There was no one left but me.

"But coming down from the  
hill-top,  
I heard afar below,  
How busy the jolly miller was,  
And how the wheel did go.



Hop and Mop and Trip and Skip "Clear the way!  
Titania's wedding car is coming."

"And I peep'd into the widow's field,  
And, sure enough, were seen  
The yellow ears of the miln'd corn,  
All standing stout and green.

"And down to the weaver's croft I stole,  
To see if the flax were sprung;  
And I met the weaver at his gate,  
With the good news on his tongue."

—MARY HOWITT.

### Such a Nice Letter

DEAR MISS PORTER: Of all the magazines that come to our house, and we take a lot, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the best. We all want it first because it is interesting to everybody. We younger folks like the Cozy



Four nimble gnats the horses were  
Their harnesses of gossamer.

Corner because it is so cozy and keeps getting cozier all the time. I wish the editor would give us boys and girls more room. The prize contests are the best ever and the prizes are first-class. I know, you see, for I have been a winner. I received my Old Glory in good condition. It is all right, and I thank you for it. Please give us some more chances like that. If you can do it conveniently, will you give us boys some more articles on airshiping?

Yours forever,

JOHN ELDRIDGE KLEIN.

We thank you for your nice letter, John, and I am ever so glad that you have found your way into the Cozy Corner.

It is for interested and enthusiastic boys like yourself that our 'Boys and Girls' Department bubbles along full of nice things. I hope that we are going to be good friends now and always.

### SPECIAL

Our Everybody's Party Leaflet was so popular with our boys and girls that we have ordered a new supply. Any one who has not already received it may write and ask for one. Please enclose a stamp for postage.

### Good-Night Verse

"Our feet shall stand in thy gates,  
O Jerusalem. Peace be within thy walls, and righteousness within thy palaces."

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in  
the Cozy Corner

## This From a Minister

Newtown, Pa., Oct. 21, 1910

Kerr Glass Mfg. Co., Gentlemen: I first used "Economy Jar" some 6 or 7 years ago. We have used them every season since and have never had a failure. Their use we have fresh vegetables from our own garden all through the winter months: asparagus, beets, lima beans, sweet corn, wax beans, tomatoes, etc. To my mind there is no other jar on method of preserving, which vegetables come to the table tasting just as fresh and sweet as though they had been freshly picked.

Respectfully yours,

T. J. ELIAS, Pastor Presbyterian Church

### No Leaky Rubber Ring.

No Glass top to leak in Air.

No Poisonous Zinc Cap.



### The Rubber Ring Jar is a Thing of the Past

The public has decided that it is unsanitary and pure food commissioners have denounced zinc caps as unhealthful and dangerous to use for home-canning jars.

The Economy is the only jar in the world that uses no rubber ring. It has a patent zinc composition, a gasket, tasteless, odorless and sanitary, which seals the jar and no other jar has ever been sealed.

### Jar Trademark

Just as you use a gold enameled cap impervious to action of an acid, with this patent airtight sanitary gasket, and I recommended and endorsed by all health authorities.

### The Only Absolute Airtight, Sanitary Home Canning Jar is

The **Economy JAR** White Crystal Glass Wide Mouth

Light or heat does not affect contents as air is excluded. By using Economy Jars you can have on your table in the summertime with their rich, natural flavor: roast turkey, sausage, venison, trout, etc., canned in the winter.

To advertise the Economy Jar we will give

### Free To Buyers of Economy Jars

King's Hall Silver, 1066

### Sectional Plate Silver Tea Spoons

Three Tea Spoons with every case of Economy Jars One Tea Spoon with every dozen Economy Caps

### You want a half-dozen FREE or dozen of these spoons

Cut out jar trade-mark like above shown, appearing on either end of each case of one dozen Economy Jars, and mail it with 14c. in U.S. stamps to cover cost of packing, postage, etc., and we will present to you one Full Size King's Hall Silver 1066, famous sectional plate silver teaspoon, made by the manufacturers of the best silver plate in the world. The richest family in the land has no finer, richer nor more beautiful silver plate than King's Hall Silver, 1066. Wears for years and years. This is no "premium" spoon. It is made by no other manufacturer. You will be delighted. King's Hall Silver, 1066, sectional plate silver teaspoon, made by the manufacturers of the best silver plate in the world. The richest family in the land has no finer, richer nor more beautiful silver plate than King's Hall Silver, 1066. Wears for years and years. This is no "premium" spoon. It is made by no other manufacturer. You will be delighted. 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# The Motto Over the Gate

Continued from page 669

ust come to Davy: Wasn't there some connection between this "Children's friend" and the motto over the gateway? Anyway he would find out; so with earnest voice he asked: "Please, mister, are you 'I'?"

For a moment the cheery face looked puzzled, and then he asked curiously: "I?"

"Yes, mister, the 'I' over the gate!" The kind face grew serious, the heart more tender. It was one of the many moments when its Founder knew that Mont-Lawn was fulfilling its mission. Then in a shady nook, all by themselves, there followed an earnest title talk, which left Davy with the bigger thought that life was for a purpose, and that the boy who enlisted in the service of the King of kings was the boy who would make the man most strong and helpful to those around him.

Sunday came, serenely bright and beautiful. All the Mont-Lawn world felt it. The river flowed more peacefully, the leaves on the trees swayed more gently in the breeze, the green of the velvet lawns took on a more restful hue. The blue sky overhead, contrasting harmoniously with it all, spoke with the mountains in the distance a benediction on the little folks who awoke that morning to a Sunday full of content. To many a new life was opening, for few could resist the love and kindness all around them. He looked forward to the delightful exercises in the Children's Temple, and one sang more heartily than Davy and Debby the sweet hymns learned here.

On this particular day Davy listened in astonishment to the story of David the shepherd king, a king having his name, who from being a shepherd boy grew to be a great and powerful ruler. He coaxed Debby off a little later to talk it over. "My very own name he had, Debby."

"Mebbe he was our great-great-grandfather!" suggested Debby.

"Tain't likely, Debby," McDonald, ain't one bit likely, cause he lived hundreds and thousands of years ago, wist he was; but anyway, if he c'd be a king, mebbe I can, some day!"

"Mebbe," agreed Debby, whose eyes were fixed longingly on a group of children coming towards them. There was more real enjoyment for her just now in the companionship of girls of her own age than in discussing the probability of Davy's being a king, and yet Debby was finding ideals too, and Davy was foremost in the good times that each day offered through the week that followed.

Never-to-be-forgotten days, in each of which were three meals in the dining pavilion. Never in their remembrance had Davy and Debby seen "tasted" such bewyftful yellow milk," so they said. Never had they dreamed of such a world as they looked upon from morning till night, or breathed such an atmosphere of kindness, care, and plenty. Small wonder that their young hearts were full of regrets when the day came to leave it all behind. What a big black cloud of smoke there was over the city, as they gazed New York! How hot and tired the streets looked, especially the one in which was the room they called home! Yet it was home, and there was mother and baby.

Besides, the home-coming was so different. There was Mont-Lawn behind it, possibly Mont-Lawn ahead of it, and Mont-Lawn always to talk about. It was an ever-present joy, when every Sunday after this would be different from other days, for they had promised to spend a part of each here they would sing the hymns they all learned, and also hear more stories from the Bible. They were going to Sunday School. Altogether the outlook was entirely changed, for with

it all, Davy found work to do. His Sunday School teacher kept a little store a few blocks away, and would find Davy a great help, she said.

"Muvver," said Davy earnestly, when at the end of a week he brought home two dollars, besides having eaten a good dinner every day: "D'you think I'll ever be like him?"

"You can try, Davy, and trying's worth a good deal." Davy's mother knew about whom he was talking.

"I am tryin', muvver, and he said boys that tried always got there. Anyway, muvver, I b'lieve I'd rather be like him than be a king. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Davy. Kings are rich and wonderful, but they don't get down near to boys the way he does. Yes, I'd rather you'd be like him."

Davy was satisfied. The shepherd-boy king had made a deep impression, but he who loved little children and did so much to help them had made a greater; so Davy determined he would do all he could to "get there," and the two dollars were one more step up the ladder. At least it would buy milk and medicine for the sick baby.

Weeks lengthened into months, and months almost to another year—a year full of events for the little family in the tenement room. Baby, so kindly tended by mother, Davy and Debby, had been graciously taken by the Good Shepherd into the heavenly fold; but the heavenly home Davy and Debby had learned to know at Mont-Lawn grew suddenly nearer, and more their own.

Kind friends lent their aid, and later found for Mrs. McDonald sewing that would pay better. Thus it came to pass that early spring found the little family in a less crowded neighborhood, with three rooms all their own. Davy, now almost ten years old, was justly proud of this new home, for it was partly his own making, through his small earnings, and in it he foresaw a still better one some day. The little fellow was sticking fast to his determination to be in every sense a copy of the "I" over the gate. But alas! in the midst of their simple happiness, and all his hopes, came the news that he who loved little children had been called up higher. At first this was to Davy and Debby too crushing, too dreadful to be true. Would they never see his kind face again? Never hear his cheery voice so helpful? "Muvver, why did God take him?" was Davy's piteous cry. "Muvver, didn't we want him m st?"

"Seems so, Davy; seems as if he was just wanted everywhere; but 'tisin't for me to say."

Mrs. McDonald's voice was unsteady, for because of that noble life, her children, and, through them, she had been lifted out of misery and almost despair, into comparative comfort. But she was slowly learning the lesson of trust, and so she added: "God knows best, anyway."

"Yes, muvver, but I was tryin' to be like him, and now he can't never tell me how any more."

"There was no answer to this, for Davy's mother, like many other mothers, couldn't see how their children could possibly spare the founder of Mont-Lawn. Would there be any Mont-Lawn, anyway? Davy and Debby were afraid not, but with July came another invitation for them to spend ten days there, and once more they enjoyed the trip to the Home; once more Davy read over the gate "I love God and little children"; once more they shared the privileges and pleasures of the Children's Paradise, which had lost none of its natural charm. Trees and grass were quite as green and restful, the river flowed on as peacefully, the mountains were even grander and more majestic.

Continued on page 673

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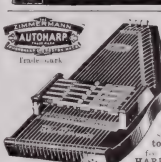
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# THE ATONEMENT\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is probably the grandest chapter in the Bible, because it so fully sets forth the atoning Saviour. It is the story of the mental crucifixion of Christ; of how he bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; how he was stricken, smitten and afflicted. Verily it was no easy matter for him to suffer for the sins of the whole world! Because of this chapter and the other references to Christ, Isaiah the writer was called by the old fathers of the Church "the evangelist." Among the prophets he has a place all his own. His wonderful sayings have staggered men, and some have said very unwise things in trying to account for him. Let us not take man's words as a commentary upon this fifty-third chapter, but rather let us consider what the Bible has to say about it.

In Acts 8: 26-38 we may read a wonderful story showing the power of this chapter. In short, by means of it the Gospel was first introduced into Africa. The story is as follows: The treasurer of Queen Candace of Ethiopia had made a journey of one thousand miles or more to the city of Jerusalem in search of truth. He learned something, but not all he wanted to know, and before starting on his return home, he purchased a book, even the prophecy of Isaiah. Being deeply interested, and a studious man, he opened the book, and read as he journeyed along in his almost royal chariot. God looked down from heaven and saw him; not only saw what he was doing, but what he was thinking—that he was indeed a seeker after truth, and that he was somewhat puzzled as he was reading this very fifty-third chapter. And God knew where to find a man who could be a helper for him. It was Philip, who had gone to Samaria to preach the Gospel. God spoke to Philip, telling him to go down to the road in which the treasurer would pass. And Philip ran to do God's bidding, and came so near to the chariot that he could hear the words of the Ethiopian. He heard him reading aloud this fifty-third chapter. And Philip asked: "Do you understand what you are reading?" He said he could not understand it unless some man should help him, and he invited Philip to come and sit beside him in the chariot. Then they talked together about the servant of God, who should be led as a lamb to the slaughter (Isa. 53: 7). "Whom does the prophet mean by this?" asked the treasurer. Then Philip told him all about Jesus. At once he became a follower of Jesus, and wanted Philip to baptize him, which Philip did, because there was a river near by. Afterward Philip did not get into the chariot again, for God had another place for him to go, and the treasurer rode on in his chariot to his far-away home. I am sure he must have read about Jesus over and over again, and also all of the other words of Isaiah. All of this happened more than seven hundred years after Isaiah had written the book, and now it is more than two thousand six hundred years ago, and still people in every part of the world are reading Isaiah's wonderful words about Jesus and learning to be Christ's followers.

Once I heard a gentleman, who had been a bishop in Africa—the country whence that treasurer came—preach about this chapter. He said he had preached in Africa from this fifty-third chapter of Isaiah oftener than from any other part of the Bible; and that he always told the story of the queen's treasurer. There is nothing more in the Bible about the treasurer, but there are legends (stories which

may be true) about how he told about Jesus himself after he returned home, and that more than a thousand people became the followers of Christ.

## The Measurements of the Cross

In Isaiah's Gospel, as in the New Testament, the central pre-eminent fact is the Messiah's atoning death. Artists speak of Van Dyck's "Crucifixion," and Rubens' "Crucifixion." Both are wondrous pictures, but Isaiah's crucifixion—the word picture in the fifty-third chapter—is grandest of all. Not even John or Paul in the Bible books they have written set forth the atoning significance of the cross so fully in any one chapter.

What is the breadth of Christ's cross? It is as broad as the whole world; for he died for the whole world, as it is written, "He is the propitiation, not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world." And that is the breadth of Christ's cross.

What is the length of Christ's cross? The length thereof, says an old Father, signifies the time during which its virtues will last. How long then is the cross of Christ? Long enough to last through all time. As long as there is a sinner to be saved—as long as there is ignorance, sorrow, pain, death, or anything else which is contrary to God and hurtful to man in the universe of God—so long will Christ's cross last.

"As high as the highest heaven and the throne of God, and the bosom of the Father." When Christ died on the cross, heaven came down to earth, and earth ascended into heaven. And when he arose from the dead, he sealed the virtue of his death forever."—Charles Kingsley.

## He Bore the Sins of Many

No intelligent person claims that guilt is transferred from the guilty to the innocent, or that punishment in the strict sense of the word is inflicted on any innocent person. But it is a matter of everyday occurrence that innocent persons voluntarily suffer in place of the guilty, and that this often softens the offender's heart, and maintains the honor of the law at the same time. It is an historical fact that the son of one of the Seleucidae, king of Antioch, the prince royal, broke a law of the realm, the penalty of which was that the culprit's eyes should be put out. But the king's heart yearned for his son. The king could not bear to think of his own son as groping his way in total darkness. But what could he do? If he should say: "I cannot punish my son. I must remit the penalty, and let him go free," his subjects, from the nobles down to the meanest slaves, would have said: "Fie! Oh! for shame!" But the just king, to maintain the majesty of the law and the righteous administration of government, and yet exercise mercy to his rebellious son, submitted to have one of his own eyes put out, and thus saved one eye of his son. No doubt every subject said afterward: "Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to sin against the government! What a righteous sovereign! What a gracious father!" But the greater Sovereign, for our salvation from the results of disobedience to God's law, laid upon him who was dearer than his right eye—his only begotten Son—the iniquity of us all.

Still it is hard to understand how Jesus Christ could bear the accursed load and set us free. Perhaps the following incident will help to make it plain to us. There was a dissolute young man in the army in Russia. His father had put him in there hoping that the strict discipline would make a man of him. But he went on gambling and drinking, even worse than before. Finally, he had to meet his debts or go to jail. One night, just before going

Continued on page 673

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\* The International Sunday School Lesson for July 9, 1911. The Suffering Servant of Jehovah, Isa. 52: 13-53: 12. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53: 6.







## Many Peace Circles Forming

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends greetings to the Peace Circles already formed in response to the widespread demand for a general organization throughout the civilized world. Hundreds of Circles are now forming as the result of our published appeal.

England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland and Canada have formed within themselves vast and influential associations whose object is to bring the Peace movement directly into the hearts and homes of the people, and gradually, through the commanding pressure of public opinion, to move all classes of governments to submit their differences in the future to an International Court of Justice and Arbitration.

Clearly we are no longer before the closed gates of the new Era of Peace. The gates are wide open for us, and the throngs are pouring through.

Peace has come to stay, but there is a vast and important work to be done—the work of individuals; for while, beyond peradventure of doubt, the statesmen are already born who will formulate public opinion into the definite laws that shall relegate warfare into the limbo of savagery and idols, the Peace Spirit, finding its way into the hearts of the people whose opinions make our laws, and whose present mission it is to undo the false standards of a world armed against itself, is the great incentive of the thinking world to-day.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's significant entrance into this greatest of all wars, the war against war, is in order to bring the Peace Movement, with all of its interests, its advantages, its blessings, within the range of each and every individual whom it can reach and influence.

### Organize for Peace

Necessarily, the greater part of the first meeting must be devoted to the work of organization. For the convenience of those co-operating with us in this patriotic work, full instructions for organization will be sent free,

on application by letter or postal. These instructions contain all the necessary information regarding temporary and permanent organization, adoption of Constitution and By-laws, duties of the various officers, the order of business for the conduct of the regular semi-monthly meetings, and special suggestions for concerts, receptions, stereopticon entertainments, appropriate historic tableaux, musical gatherings, monologues, recitations, etc., besides suggestions as to special Red-Letter Day programmes.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League stands primarily for all that makes for good citizenship. Therefore a wide variety of topics will come within the range of its activities. Semi-monthly topics for all Circles alike will be regularly announced in these columns. All necessary literature, pamphlets, plans for entertainments and outlines of special features suited to the meetings, will be supplied to the secretaries without charge.

God works through his people, and it is the privilege of any one to organize a Peace Circle in his own village or town or in his church or home circle, and through its instrumentality to advocate Peace—Peace among the nations, Peace in our own land, Peace in our communities, and over and above all else, to instill into the hearts of young people the principles and truths of the heaven-born message, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

In extending this cordial invitation to our readers to organize Peace Circles we are prepared to heartily co-operate with you in your effort. You have only to send your own name and address and the names and addresses of those in your vicinity who you believe will be interested to our Secretary.

Appropriate and attractive plans and suggestions will immediately be forwarded to you; your Circle, no matter how small, will be registered in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, and entitled to all the privileges and prerogatives of membership in the great movement which is now rapidly organizing throughout the country, and which commands the heartiest co-operative approval of the leading Peace advocates in our nation.

This first article being necessarily explanatory, the next article (which will be published on July 12) will inaugurate the regular working programme.

We suggest that all of our readers and their friends who are interested, should prepare to organize a Peace Circle without delay. Write us a postal for instructions and then send us all the facts concerning your organization, so that you may be in line when the work begins.

Address, "Secretary, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League," Bible House, New York City.

### A Well-known Philanthropist Dead

MARY OGDEN AVERY, wife of the late Samuel Putnam Avery, of New York, passed away peacefully on April 29, after three days' illness of pneumonia, at her late residence, Woodland Street, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Avery had long been identified with the interests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, contributing generously to all of its many charities. Besides enjoying a bed (\$500) at Mont-Lawn, in memory of a loved child, Mrs. Avery had also endowed five other free beds in city hospitals. Mrs. Avery was gentle, refined, and lovable; an earnest Christian, cheerful under affliction; patient during her long years of invalidism, an inspiration to all who knew her. Her beautiful penmanship and encouraging letters found their way into many homes. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church for over sixty years, but her means helped the sick and homeless, and the ignorant, without regard to color or creed. Her charities could be numbered by hundreds.

## This American Flag—FREE

WOULDN'T you like to own a large American Flag—like the one shown in the illustration on this page of *The Christian Herald*—if you could get it without paying one cent?

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We have on hand but a limited number of these flags. They are going fast and we would advise you to Act at Once—Before it is Too Late.

### How?

At this time of the year *The Christian Herald* usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of the great Christian Herald Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members. You are one of these and we know you will help us. But we have no right to accept your good offices for nothing, so we make the following proposition:

The regular annual subscription price of *The Christian Herald*, as you know, is \$1.50. Isn't there some one among your relatives, friends or acquaintances who you know would be benefited by reading *The Christian Herald*? You can probably think of several in a few minutes, and it would be comparatively easy for you to get them to subscribe for a short trial period, say eight months.

Get one of your friends to subscribe for *The Christian Herald* for eight months; send us \$1.00 for this subscription, and *The Christian Herald* will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, and in return for your trouble we will send, absolutely without cost to you, this beautiful American Flag.

And in addition to this we will also send you a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches, an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which hangs framed on the walls of the old State House in Philadelphia. This document should be in every patriotic home, and it may be in yours, free of charge, if you take advantage of our offer.

### Don't Miss This Offer!

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## Young People's Societies

### David\*

IT IS conjectured by historians that one cause of the noble breadth of David's mind and sympathies was his instant Moabitish origin, through his nestress Ruth. Her memory was doubtless greatly venerated in his family. He must have been, on account of his imaginative and poetic temperament, especially impressed with her romantic story and lovely personality, as preserved in the family traditions. Therefore it is not strange that when in peril he fled to foab, and gave his aged parents into the care of his king.

One is reminded of the history of Joseph by that of David. Both were younger than most of their brethren, and both were so exceedingly beautiful, gifted, and dear to their parents that jealousy broke out in their families. David's brothers seemed to expend little affection upon him, and he naturally was not especially fond of them; though the children of his sisters Zeruiah and Abigail seemed to be ever dear to him. They were apparently of about his own age, and though not noted for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which marked David, were men of great sagacity and force.

David's initial appearance in the record fixes our interest at once. His father, when called upon to produce a son for the lineage of Samuel, does not at first think it worth while to call the little boy who is away tending the sheep. But Samuel demands, "Are these all thy children?" and David is sent for.

We can imagine something of his appearance—a half-grown boy, "ruddy" of countenance and with bright eyes and flowing auburn hair. We can picture him also, as in the description in 1 Sam. 18: "Swift and active as a wild gazelle, his feet like hart's feet, and his arms strong enough to break a bow of steel."

To these extraordinary gifts, he must, even at this early age, have added something of musical accomplishment. His noble and generous nature must also have revealed itself. He shone in many of his later acts, but especially in the incident of the cup of water (1 Sam. 23: 15-17).

The greatest fame of this great man centres, perhaps, about that remarkable incident of his boyhood, the killing of Goliath, with that childish implement, a sling. Psalm 144 is called the "Psalm against Goliath." But there is also in the Septuagint, at the end of the Psalter, a psalm which, though probably, as Dr. Strong says, a mere adaptation from the history, well sums up this period of David's life: "I was small among my brethren, and the youngest in my father's house. I was feeding my father's sheep. My hands made a harp, and my fingers fitted a psalter. And who shall tell it to my Lord? He is the Lord. He heareth. He sent his messenger and took me from my father's flocks, and anointed me with the oil of his anointing. My brethren were beautiful and tall, but the Lord was not well pleased with them. I went out to meet the Philistines, and he cursed me by his idols. But I drew my own sword and beheaded him, and took away the reproach from the children of Israel."

The life of David was, perhaps, the most sensational in all history. Possessed of varied and brilliant talents; brought into the full glare of publicity in early boyhood, and living in it during most of his career; tempted in extraordinary ways and yielding again and again, but always repenting and humbly begging forgiveness; he stands forever in the world's temple of fame, as a warning against sin, and at the same time a prop to our faith.

### Overruling Evil for Good\*

EVERY martyr to the cause of Christ has probably shared the glorious conviction of Paul, that "the things which happened to him," no matter how painful, even to the cleaving asunder of body and spirit, tended to "the furtherance of the Gospel." It has been this blessed conviction, the belief that God was using a present evil for a greater good, which has supported them through tortures unspeakable in all the ages.

The Greeks and the Latins by heroic struggles attained to a high degree of civilization. Thousands of their citizens, while those mighty empires were upbuilding, laid down their lives in order that great patriotic ends should be achieved. Through darkness, progress was made toward light. But with power came license and softness and sin. First, Greece lost her prestige. Then the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire tottered and fell.

For a while it seemed as though all progress were at an end. But through that terrible travail of Europe at last dawned light. Greece and Rome, in common with almost all the nations of antiquity, were strongholds of slavery. All of them were founded on the old principle that "he should seize who has the power—that he should keep who can."

But among the rude nations of the North, destitute though they were of the art and refinement which marked the Greeks and the Latins, had developed the spirit of freedom and the same love of personal purity.

Kingsley, in his great work upon the *Roman and the Teuton*, analyzes thus this mighty movement: "It was not the mere muscle of the Teuton which enabled him to crush the decrepit and debauched slave nations. It had given him more—that purity of his. It had given him, as it may give you, gentlemen, a calm and steady brain and a free and loyal heart; the energy which springs from health; the self-respect which comes from self-restraint; and the spirit which shrinks from neither God nor man, and feels it light to die for wife and child, for people and for queen."

Thus, through the horrible ills and wrongs of slavery and its attendant evils, the great wicked empires fell. The world was dark—but as we look back over history, we can see that they fell only that liberty and a higher morality might come in.

Christ's great saying that he who would save his life must lose it, contains in a nutshell the whole philosophy of the matter. Through apparent evil to the individual or the nation, judging as man judgeth, the man or the country emerges into some crowning good.

"Instead of the sagacious maxims of self-interest," says Dr. Peabody, "there is heard to-day the call to the heroic, the self-forgetting, the larger good." Therefore let us take new courage amid our toils and discouragements, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

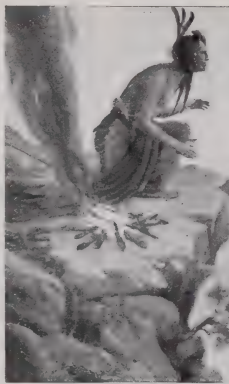
Our beloved poet, Helen Hunt Jackson, well expressed the attitude which we should take, when she wrote:

Blindfolded and alone I wait,  
Lest—seems too late—rain too late;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go:  
That I am glad that good and ill,  
By changeless law are ordered still,  
Not as I will.

Proud of Her Flag

I wish to thank you for my flag, which came yesterday. I am very much pleased with it, and shall delight in displaying it on Memorial Day and all other days on which it can be appropriately done. M. L. R.

New Bedford, Mass.



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# Christian Herald

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# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

Miss Vera N. Rahway, N. J. 1. How shall I direct a package of clothing for The Children's Home? 2. What kind of clothing is most acceptable? 3. How should money be sent?

1. Care of the Matron, Children's Home, Nynck, N. Y. 2. Any clothing that children from four to twelve can wear. Many are needy shoes, stockings, hats and caps are very acceptable. 3. Contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

R. S. S. Cordell, Okla. What is the "Mizpah Benediction"?

This is found in Gen. 31:49. The word Mizpah upon rings and tokens of friendship bears this significance. Read the entire chapter to learn its origin.

C. C. D., Baltimore, Md. Kindly inform me if John the Baptist was imprisoned in the citadel near Herod's palace, and have both buildings been recently excavated?

The fortress of Machærus, in Perea, on the eastern side of Jordan, was built by Alexander Jannæus as a check to Arab marauders. It was on a lofty mountain spur, and is said to have been visible from Jerusalem. Its site was identified by Seetzen in 1806, among ruins on a rocky spur of Mount Attarus, overlooking a valley of hot springs, anciently known as Calirhoe, where Herod went for medicinal treatment. It was a long way from Jericho. There is no doubt about its identification, but we have heard of no particularly recent excavations. John was imprisoned there.

B. Y. L., Pittsburg, Pa. Please tell me what year American missionaries first reached the shore of China and some details of it.

In 1829 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent to Canton its first missionary to China, the Rev. E. C. Bridgman. Mr. Bridgman was accompanied by Dr. David Abeel, who had been sent out by the American Seamen's Friend Society, but who soon transferred his services to the American Board of Commissioners. They were received by Olyphant & Co., a New York mercantile house, and a printing press was sent out for their use by the church in New York of which Mr. Olyphant was a member. In 1833 S. Wells Williams, then in his twentieth year, was sent out to take charge of it, and it remained at Canton until 1835, when it was removed to Macao, where Mr. Williams might have the benefit of the types of the East India Company's presses.

J. B. S., Des Moines, Ia. What is the origin of the word "bugaboo"?

It is said to be derived from the old Cornish words *bucco-dhu*, meaning "god of darkness," who was supposed to be an evil deity whom it was necessary to propitiate by sacrifices. The name later was changed to *bucco-bu*, and so into the present form. It is used to describe anything terrifying in name only, though not in reality.

Mrs. M. E. S., Pittsburg, Pa. I love to read your answers to questions. I would like to have your opinion of recognition of friends in heaven. Do you think disembodied spirits will know each other there? I have lost a dear friend.

There is every reason to believe in heavenly recognition. Many passages in the Bible clearly point to it, including these: II Sam. 12:23; Luke 16:22; Rev. 6:9, 10; I Thes. 4:13-18; Heb. 13:17; Matt. 8:11; Eph. 3:15. These and other passages indicate the preservation of identity. We have no reason to doubt that the redeemed will know each other, that pure friendship begun on earth will there be perfected, that we shall know the saints and our own dear ones. Heaven is the Christian's fatherland, where we shall see our friends and know them.

G. H., New York, writes apropos of the reported discovery of the ark of the covenant: "The Hebrews, I believe, are quite correct in saying that it, the ark, would remain unrevealed until the coming of the Messiah. Consider what the ark was given for. Constructed of wood and gold (humanity covered over with Deity), it was a beautiful type of the Lord Jesus himself, who came as man to this earth and yet God manifest in flesh. He is to us 'the brightness of glory, the expression of his substance.' He has brought us to know the Father, the law which we could never keep (tables of stone) has been fulfilled in him. He has, by his resurrection, brought us into a new life (Aaron's rod), so that we can love and serve him, and by him we live (manna). He is the Great Antitype of what the ark was to the Jewish nation, a type of their Messiah; and, as they have rejected him, it is quite fitting that the type should be withdrawn; and I believe with the Hebrews, that it is the wisest act of keeping until the time comes when they 'shall look upon him whom they have pierced.' It was to them his dwelling-place among his people, a constant re-

minder of his graciousness in selecting them for a people as the custodian of his truth. Read Rev. 11:19. If the archaeologists are really looking for the ark, the sooner their attention is directed to this Scripture the better, for they will never find it under the Mosque of Omar."

Mrs. A. C. W., Williamsburg, W. Va. 1. What was Paul's father's name? 2. What was the "thorn in the flesh" of which Paul wrote? 3. Did Peary or Cook get to the Pole?

1. Although it is gathered that his father was a Pharisee belonging to a family of note among the Jews, the name is not given. 2. Some commentators believe the "thorn" was sore or weak eyes, others that it was epilepsy or hysteria. 3. If the scientific societies cannot answer this, we certainly have no means of doing so.

G. W. K., Chicago, Ill. Please explain the relationship between "love" and "fear of God," as found in the Scripture.

"Fear" (not dread, but rather awe and reverence) is the attitude of man in his sinful state toward God (see Gen. 3:10). It is associated with the workings of conscience and the knowledge of actual sin, and may be regarded as a natural and proper feeling on the part of dependent humanity toward offended Deity. Moreover, it is a safeguard against persistent transgression (see Prov. 1:7; Job 28:8; Ps. 19:9). Under the New Covenant "fear," which makes man stand in awe of the Divine judgments, gives place to love and confi-

dence in Scotland they are usually classed with the adherents of the "Auld Kirk" or Presbyterians. We can find no statistics as to numbers.

Mrs. E. F. C., Stiles, Tex. Please explain Isa. 55, especially verses 6 to 14. Do these promises apply to Christians of to-day?

The prophet was dealing with conditions which have their counterpart to-day. He was reproving hypocrisy and declaring the promises to the true servants of God, the helpers of the oppressed, the kind, the charitable, the compassionate. These promises stand good to-day to those who dwell in doing the Lord's work, who reverence his Sabbath, who do his will, and who love their fellow-men. The prophet's teaching here is a reminder to the modern minister to speak boldly and spare not the guilt, if he would awaken his hearers to the conviction of their sins. Soft words in the pulpit, temporizing with sinful conditions that ought to be denounced, are an offense to God.

O. L., Waterloo, Ia. How large was the town of Nazareth at the time of Christ, and was it located on a main road?

Previous to the return of Joseph and Mary with the infant Christ, the town was an insignificant village, practically unknown to history. Nazareth is about three days' journey from Jerusalem and eighteen miles from the Sea of Galilee. It is situated among the hills which constitute the south ridges of Lebanon. In Christ's time, it was little more than an out-of-the-way hamlet, and was ap-



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## The Sugar Trust Investigating Committee

SITTING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—Hon. John E. Raker; Hon. Finis J. Garrett; Hon. Thomas W. Hardwick, Chairman; Hon. Asher C. Hinds; Hon. George R. Maib; Hon. Edmond H. Madison.

THIS committee, which has become known as the Hardwick Committee, was appointed by Congress to investigate the organization and the conduct of the business of what is known as the Sugar Trust. This consists of The American Sugar Refining Company, The National Sugar Company, the Michigan Sugar Refining Company, and a number of others in which the late O. H. Havemeyer was influential. The combination of a number of smaller concerns to form these great companies, and the issuing of great amounts of additional stock upon the consummation of these combinations, is engendering the attention of the committee. The presidents of the various companies have been called upon to explain the conduct of their business and origin of their companies.

dence. "Perfect love casteth out fear." The old, slavish filial fear gives way to the love of the child toward a kind Father. The New Testament completely dispels the old-time "fear" on the part of those who come under the Gospel influence. In the consecrated soul, love and trust take their proper place. (Rom. 8:15; II Tim. 1:7; I John 4:18). Love to God and to our fellowmen is the fulfilling of the law.

N. R. V., Birmingham, Mich. 1. Please explain how admission is gained to Annapolis Naval Academy and West Point. 2. What are the five strongest denominations in the United States? 3. How many churches have the Covenants in the United States and Scotland?

1. Each Congressional District is entitled to one appointee in the Naval Academy and one at West Point at a time. The Congressmen for the districts nowadays in many instances employ the competitive examination method to determine whom they shall recommend. The candidates for admission undergo an examination both physical and mental and must come up to a set standard. 2. In number of communicants, church organizations and wealth, the following may be taken as the order of the leading Christian denominations in the United States: Roman Catholic (accounted for by the fact that all nominally Roman Catholic families are included), Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Presbyterians. 3. The Covenants as a denomination are not known in the United States.

parently held in contempt by the inhabitants of the surrounding country on account of its insignificance and its uncultivated people, who spoke a rude dialect.

R. A. F., Bentonville, Va. Is Armageddon past, or is it yet future? In your answers in THE MAIL BAG you are a futurist in the interpretation of Revelation? Will Mr. Carnegie's great gifts and endowments for the cause of peace, and the negotiations of Secretary Knox in bringing the nations together in the Hague federation, amount to nothing? Is it not now within the power of the great nations of the world by agreement to enforce the peace which they desire by a treaty of mutual self-defense without actual war? If you answer in the affirmative, what becomes of your future Armageddon? The prestige of England, the United States, Germany, France, and other nations that will be enlisted in the cause, would be sufficient to deter any nation from undertaking a conflict. The Hague federation would not be armed for attack, but only for defense, which is always justifiable.

It is the view of the recognized authorities on Bible exposition that Armageddon is yet to come. We take the ground, in dealing with prophecy—and especially with those questions that are commonly acknowledged to be purely speculative—that while it is a duty to search the Scriptures and to pray that we may know and understand aright, there is a very definite limit set to human know-

ledge in this direction (see Matt. 24:36 and Mark 13:32). The peace and arbitration movement is a distinctly hopeful sign; yet, as a German cabinet minister recently declared in Parliament, treaties would not stand a moment, where the question involved was one of national honor or territorial integrity. Still, it is the duty of every Christian not only to pray for, but to work for the coming of the Kingdom and for the peace and spiritual progress of our fellowmen in all lands. Much good will doubtless come of the peace movement; but will be minimized and brotherly love established among the nations, and we rejoice in the prospect.

C. A. C., L'Original. 1. On the day of Pentecost, did the apostles speak in one language and men of other languages understand them, or did they all speak the same language, as I heard one man say? 2. Explain John 16: "and other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

1. The narrative in Acts, Chap. 2, is clear and circumstantial. The speakers were Galileans, capable at most of expressing themselves in Greek, Latin, Aramaic or Hebrew, and before them stood a multitude of foreigners from many regions widely separated, yet all of whom heard themselves addressed in their own familiar tongue (see Acts 2:6, 8). 2. He meant the perishing Gentiles, of whom he spoke as being also "his sheep." (You will find your other questions answered in any good modern encyclopedia.)

## Miscellaneous

M. Effington, S. Dak. Your suggestion is quite in order, but we regard it as included in the list we printed.

R. P., Fairmont, Minn. A large majority of the Christian Church now use unferrmented wine at sacrament.

W. L., Knoxville, Tenn. You are quite entitled to your own interpretation, of course; but it is not supported by a single authority on the subject.

Anna G., Adams, Neb. There has been no satisfactory confirmation of the reported finding of the ark of the covenant, and it now looks like an exceedingly doubtful story.

Mrs. Ruth A. Anderson, of Woodbury, N. J., writes that the Fulton Street noon-day prayer meeting was begun by Jeremiah C. Lanphier in 1857.

Any one knowing the address of Mrs. Geo. E. Hall (nee Bertha Baumsardner), formerly of Sioux City and Madison, Wis., will confer a great favor by forwarding it to 1102 N. Maple Street, Creston, Iowa.

I. L. G., Sylva, Va. 1. Many scientists believe in evolution, and many others, including not a few of distinction, do not. 2. No. 3. Ethnology is a pseudo-science—not accepted as a genuine science.

Mrs. O. G., Lamoine, N. D. The clipping you enclose is written in the spirit of banter and good nature, being evidently intended to amuse. Of course, it is in science, but it is good writing and very entertaining verse. A real scientist would smile at it.

L. J. P., Ballston Lake, N. Y. Although there is no specific statement concerning Adam's repentance, as he lived to a great age (see Gen. 5:5) he had ample time to recall the past and to regret the loss of his prime innocence and his expulsion from Eden.

Mrs. M. E., Dubuque, Ia. 1. It costs \$21 to endow a cot at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn for the season. Seven little waifs occupy the cot in succession, each for a period of ten days. 2. Yes, we welcome contributions, but we cannot accept pay for children. Only those little ones whose parents are too poor to pay for an outing for them, are accepted.

A. L. P., Napierville, Ill. In the passage in Matt. 11:12, the violence employed means urgency, earnestness, intensity of purpose. See the parallel passage in Luke 16:16. It was as if the Saviour had said in rebuking the Pharisees: "While publicans and sinners are pressing eagerly into the kingdom of God, ye, adherents of the old forms and ceremonials, do not discern the signs of the times and are allowing the tide to flow past you and are missing your great opportunity."

W. C. H., Huron, O. The narrative in I Sam. 28 does not say that Saul himself saw the appearance which the woman (the witch of Endor) called up. In verses 13 and 14, he inquired of her what she saw, and on her telling him, he perceived from her description (though not with his own eyes, that was Samuel. If he himself had seen the figure, spirit or otherwise, he need not have asked her to describe it as he did. Volumes have been written on the question whether the scene was an imposture or a real apparition. Most of the ancient writers hold that Saul himself saw nothing, but on hearing her description and the denunciation which the spirit conveyed, he fell to the floor in utter despair.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

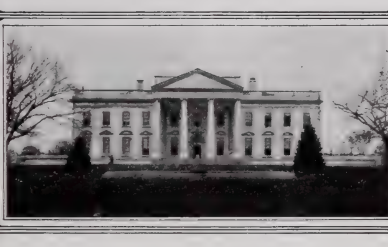
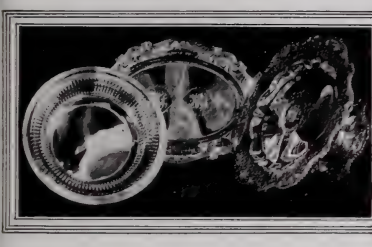
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Gifts from the Washington Correspondents and the Psi Upsilon Fraternity of Yale

The White House

The Gifts Presented by President Taft's Philippine Party and the Class of '78 of Yale University



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## THE WHITE HOUSE SILVER WEDDING

THE 19th of June, a quarter-century ago, William Howard Taft, a young lawyer, unknown and obscure, and Miss Helen L. Herron, eldest of the five daughters of Judge John William Herron of Ohio, were married in the distinguished old family mansion of the Herrons in Cincinnati. It is a favorite after-dinner story now among the Taft-Herron connection that the "ambitious and obscure young lawyer," in the exhilaration of his first love for her, confidently promised "Miss Helen," if she would but become his bride, he would never stop in the pathway of his unbounded ambition and love, until he had raised her to the lofty position of First Lady in the land.

An exalted promise indeed! But the propitious stars that shaped the course of President Taft seem never to have changed. For twenty-five years the young lawyer, United States Judge, Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, never wavered nor forgot his promise. From one point to the next, with dignity and force, Mr. Taft steadily advanced along the blazed trail of successful statesmanship, until finally the day came when he was regarded as the one man best fitted for the highest position the American nation has within its power to bestow. There was a time, to be sure, when Mr. Taft very much desired to be a Supreme Court Judge, but his wife, ever ambitious for his onward march to the very top, held him to his schoolboy resolve, constantly urged him on to the fulfillment of his early ambition, and, on the 19th of June, 1911, that high-hearted boyish pledge, fulfilled, was celebrated with pomp and splendor in the Executive Mansion at Washington. In the vernacular of the small boy, together they *won out*. It is scarcely given to the stranger, perhaps, to realize what that silver wedding anniversary really meant to the President and the First Lady of the land.

The silver wedding anniversary of the Chief Executive of the 90,000,000 of people in the United States of America was made an occasion for felicitations and congratulations of monarchs and rulers of every country and kingdom in the civilized world and of business and social organizations, personal friends, and innumerable individuals unknown to the White House.

The historic home of American Presidents, with its vast gardens and lawns, was turned into a veritable wonderland for the occasion. Outlining the classic beauty of the famous old White Manor, every

cornice and angle and gable was pricked out with electric light, and many incandescent bulbs festooned the capitals and encircled the pillars. In the stately gardens, the trees and shrubberies were threaded through and through with tens of thousands of tiny electric lights, while gigantic ferns and potted plants, transplanted from the Agricultural and White House Conservatories for the night, were brilliantly lighted up. What appeared to be endless lines of Japanese lanterns stretched along the driveways, walkways and garden paths leading to the majestic Potomac, while a giant searchlight, placed on the apex of the Treasury Building near by, playing directly upon the fountains and the moving throngs, magicked the scene into one of remarkable splendor and brilliancy.

a unique way, for they were placed about the rooms so as to form part of the scheme of decoration.

Among the most notable of these, all in solid silver, were three dozen service plates from the House of Representatives; a magnificent fern-dish from the President's Yale class (1878); an antique platter from his college fraternity (Psi Upsilon); two Grecian ewers, and a salver from the "Tafters," the Philippine party of 1905; a mammoth loving-cup from the Commercial Club of Cincinnati; a large antique fruit-dish from the Washington newspaper correspondents; a dinner service from the Supreme Court; another from the Senate; a set of lemonade bowl, ladle and salver from the people of Maryland, the gift selected by a special committee appointed by their governor; a pitcher and tray from the celebrated Gridiron Club; and superb gifts from each member of the Cabinet and diplomatic corps, and from the leading families of Washington and nearly every other large city in America.

Among the unique gifts was a diminutive platinum locket-watch for Mrs. Taft, from the wives of forty of the generals of the army. It is studded thickly with diamonds, and hangs upon a platinum chain, similarly decorated. Another was from Miss Harriet Waters Forbush of Lancaster, Mass., a distant relative of the President, and was one of the wedding shoes of their common ancestor, his great-great-grandmother.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the short speech with which the President responded to and accepted the gift of a massive silver bowl filled with roses sent by the Business Men's Commercial Club of Cincinnati. President James Albert Green, on behalf of the club, announced:

"Mr. Taft, we have no axes to grind, no petitions to present; we come simply as friends from home, to assure

you of our affection and of our loyalty. In doing this we believe we express the sentiment of the whole country when we say that the esteem in which we have always held you mounts higher day by day. We shine in your reflected glory, and, no matter how much the nation may claim it, yet always, in the last analysis, you are William Howard Taft, of Cincinnati, Ohio."

"As I look about this table," the President responded, "and exercise such memory as has been left to me after my experience in Washington, almost

*Continued on page 690*



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President Taft and His Family United for the Silver Wedding

A unique part of the magnificent lighting scheme was immense American flags made of electric light bulbs flashing their varicolored radiance above each pillared portal. Within the White House the principal decorations were American Beauty roses in bunches of twenty-five. The wedding gifts, which were costly and numerous, included tokens of esteem from the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Philippine Party, the Army, the Navy, the National Press Club, and many royal gifts and greetings from emperors and kings and foreign dignitaries. The gifts were on view in





## THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Charles F. Aked, D.D.\*

## SMILE AND SUNSHINE

TEXT: Eccles. 11:6—"In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thine hand."

**T**HIS is a philosophy of smile and sunshine. It is breezy, inspiring. It is in marked contrast with much that we find in the Book of Ecclesiastes. Often the utterances of this book are pessimistic, occasionally they are cynical; at the best there runs through the whole a plaintive tone. But this is delightful. It seems to rest upon a wholesome conception of human nature. You are to go on sowing seeds of kindness here and there without particularly inquiring what the nature of the ground may be, or whether there are probabilities that a good harvest will repay the effort. Keep on being good. Keep on being kind. Speak the pleasant word. Do the generous deed. Reach out the helping hand when you can. And keep on smiling. In the morning sow thy seed. At evening do not refrain; still keep on sowing. Thou knowest not of which of all thy kind words and generous deeds shall bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, nor whether indeed every seed of honest planting shall not ripen to the harvest.

### Sow in Confidence

There is a fine flavor about it that appeals to the dash of healthy recklessness which is in our blood. Sometimes a definite effort will accomplish a definite end. You set out to do a certain thing; you lay your plans; you do the work. So be it. It is good to get immediate results from expenditure of money, thought, and toil. But taking life in the large, you are satisfied if the myriad activities with which your days are charged are somehow making for the ultimate goal. You sow in the morning your seed, and in the evening you are sowing still. You do not know which shall prosper, this or that, but so long as something prospers and the harvest is assured, all is well.

We can express this healthy, stimulating teaching in a few portable maxims. Do not spend your time looking for the good and fruitful soil. Keep on sowing. Take your chances of the crop. The good soil is found in such odd places, in such unlooked-for places. Human nature, says the humorist, is a queer thing and there's a lot of it. It is a queer thing. Its varieties are endless. The man of science says that there are no two nervous systems which are alike. And though it may be in moral things that every individual is a type of some others, yet the number of individuals in the race is so enormous that it may seem to you that you go for many years without meeting two people who are really alike.

There is an unknown element in our human nature which may respond to your appeal, to the lesson you are teaching, to the kind act you are doing, the kind word you are speaking, the kind look that is in your eyes, or the kind thought unspoken which is in your heart. You are not to pick out a person here or there and say, "Now, it looks to me as though I might do that person some good; it looks as if the ground there were prepared, and I may plant a seed of goodness which will bear fruit after many days." You are to go on sowing seed to the right hand and to the left hand, not indifferent as to result, but smilingly confident that whether you see result or not there will be result from some of it, and perhaps none of it will be lost.

### What a Stray Seedling Did

It was one Sunday evening in October that a drunken man staggered through the streets of Worcester, Mass. He had been brought down to the depths. He had passed through the inner temple of sorrow. He had stood by the railroad track contemplating hurling himself beneath the engine wheels. He had fingered the bottle of poison. And it was an unknown man that tapped him on the shoulder and said in tones not of disgust but of affection, "You have been drinking to-day?" and asked, "Why do you not sign the pledge?" The question was commonplace, puerile almost—at least you might think so—yet strangely enough it stirred the inmost soul of the victim, and though he stammered something to the effect that he was hopelessly, helplessly beyond the point where he could take the

pledge, the stranger's tender words flowed on—and John Gough arose to become an enthusiast, an apostle, a prophet. And a million men and women have since risen up to call him blessed. What is that unknown, mysterious element in our complex human nature which responded to Joel Stratton's touch and word?

### Cobbler Carey's Seed-Sowing

The centuries will never cease to wonder at the marvelous story of the inauguration of foreign missionary work by the Protestantism of the world. William Carey made far-reaching plans while he cobbled shoes in the English village of Moulton. He worked very hard for a living. An English village shoemaker in the closing days of the eighteenth century saw little of the luxury of life. In this obscure village, toiling through every waking hour, on Sundays finding rest only in a change of labor, this cobbler, "still under thirty, surveys the whole world, continent by continent, island by island, race by race, kingdom by kingdom, tabulating his results with an accuracy and following them up with a logistical power of generalization which would extort the admiration of the learned men even of this present day." There he wrote the immortal pamphlet which bears this title: *An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens*. In *Which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, are Considered*. By William Carey. The stately Fuller, the seraphic Pearce, Sutcliffe, Ryland, read and marveled. In the back parlor of Widow Beeby Wallis they met and carried some resolutions and took a collection. It amounted to less than \$66. But every Protestant missionary society and every Protestant mission in the world has grown out of it. Only you cannot understand these things.

### Unexpected Harvests

What is that incomprehensible, unexplored, unmapped region of our human nature in which the seed finds lodgment? What is that incomprehensible, unexplored, unmapped element in the intellectual and moral and spiritual make-up of a village cobbler which sets him pondering the religious state of the nations, which sets Fuller, the orator, and Pearce, the saint, pondering the ways and means by which they can hold the ropes, while Carey goes down into the depths? And what is that incomprehensible, unexplored, unmapped potentiality of human hearts the wide world over which receives the seed of these men's planting and brings forth fruit, not fiftyfold or a hundredfold, but brings forth fruit a millionfold for the glory of the Lord? Shall Joel Stratton ask, "What precise result do I expect to follow from a sentence or two that I may exchange with this ragged and dirty drunkard?" Shall Carey in his penury and privation and bodily weariness ask, "What precise result do I expect if I succeed in scraping together shillings and pence so as to print my poor little *Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens*?" Joel Stratton and Carey shall do nothing of the kind. Sorrow is to them, loss to the world—oh! deadly loss is to the world!—if they pause to do anything of the kind, for "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

In such instances as these we touch another of the palpable facts of human life, that the good seed, wherever dropped, however lost to view, buried from sight, forever abolished as it seems, is kept alive by forces as mysterious and unexplored as these elements of human nature which receive it. Grains of seed have fallen out of wrappings twisted round Egyptian mummies recovered from tombs in which they have lain for three thousand years, and life has been in the good grain. Flung into the ground by way of experiment, exposed to the genial dews of heaven, its gracious rain, its life-giving sun, the seed in due time has yielded its crops. A Roman lady named Fabiola founded at Rome as an act of penance—think of it, as an act of penance!—the

first public hospital. "And," says the historian, "the charity planted by that woman's hand has overspread the world and will alleviate to the end of time the darkest anguish of humanity." Is it half the territories of the United States which today are "dry" by the vote of the people? Is it thirty millions or forty millions of the population who live where the saloon is outlawed by public sentiment? I confess that I cannot keep pace with the record. Over sections of the country larger than many a European kingdom a generation has grown up which has never seen the open sale of intoxicating drink.

### The Work of Divine Grace

I heard a Chicago preacher say that he met a woman who had been a member of his congregation, but resident for many years in a Prohibition State, and he asked her, "Does Prohibition prohibit where you live?" And her answer was, "If you had a family of boys to bring up, and left Chicago for our city, you would think you had struck a segment of the millennium." But it all goes back to that night in Portland, Me., when a woman came to General Neal Dow, a neighbor, and asked him to go with her to the saloon and try to persuade her husband to come home. The saloon-keeper resented their interference. He said that he was licensed by the State of Maine to sell liquor and he should sell liquor as long as a man wanted to buy. Neal Dow was a Quaker, and therefore had fighting blood in his veins! And he said: "If this is the law, by the grace of God we will change all that." Yes; by the grace of God he has changed all that. But what is the force we call the grace of God which has kept that passion alive and spread it abroad in the hearts of men until more than thirty million of them have gathered round the standard which Neal Dow unfurled?

More than two hundred years ago an old Puritan, whose very name I do not know, wrote a little book called *The Bruised Reed*. It fell into the hands of one Richard Baxter and led him to Christ. And Baxter, though destitute of university education and throughout his life handicapped by a frail body and feeble health, attained great learning, became one of the greatest of English theologians, a famous preacher of the commonwealth, a martyr, and a saint. Richard Baxter wrote *The Call to the Unconverted*, and Philip Doddridge read it, he who sang for us

Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

But it is Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* which moves his heart, and he writes *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. One of the greatest names in the annals of human philanthropy is that of William Wilberforce, the champion of the slave. It is Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* that wins Wilberforce for humanity and God, and he in his turn writes *The Practical View of Christianity*. Two men read *The Practical View of Christianity*, Leigh Richmond and Thomas Chalmers. Richmond by his book, *The Annals of the Poor*, became a pioneer of the modern social Gospel, and Chalmers by his preaching of titanic force and fiery passion won the souls of unnumbered thousands for God. And if we could call to that old Puritan who wrote *The Bruised Reed*—that old Puritan whose name I have forgotten—if we could call to him in his place above the stars of God, and bid him look upon the Baxters and the Doddridges and the Wilberforces, upon Richmond and Chalmers, upon Europe and Asia and Africa and America which have been blessed by the work they did and the spirit they sent abroad over all the earth, and the men and women of the Church triumphant and the Church militant created and re-created by their breath, I wonder whether he would not tell us that in all the wondrous Bible words he used to know and love so well, nothing to him was sweeter or more splendid than these of our sunny philosophy: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Continued on next page

\* Formerly of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, now of California.



## Smile and Sunshine

Continued from preceding page

Elizabeth Fry was a noble Quaker woman in the early days of the nineteenth century in England. When she began visiting Newgate prison in 1813 she found hell let loose among the women prisoners. Three hundred poor wretches herded together in two wards and two cells without the remotest provision for modesty or for decency. Only scoffing met her early efforts to bring mercy to the prisoners. Tom Hood, genial soul as he was, had only a good-humored rebuke and a bad pun. She opened her School of Pity in Newgate prison and Tom Hood wrote:

I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye,  
I like your carriage and your silken gey,  
Your dove-like hands and your silent preaching,  
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching,  
Mrs. Fry.

There was consternation in the little village of Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. The straw-plaiting industry on which the people depended failed. Casper Fliedner, the village pastor, went through Germany begging for his poor starving people. He went to England. He made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fry and learned what she was doing in Newgate. He returned home bearing with him the gifts he had collected; but his mind was full of Mrs. Fry. The troubles passed in Kaiserwerth. Prosperity returned. He and his wife began such work as Mrs. Fry was doing in England. They received discharged prisoners, and God's blessing rested upon them. They established a home and school for orphans. They built a hospital for the sick. They raised an asylum for lunatics. Women were trained for such ministry. They were called deaconesses. In this institution the art of sick nursing acquired a state of perfection at that time unknown in any part of Europe. Here Florence Nightingale received the training which enabled her to save those uncounted thousands of lives in the Crimea and made her immortal in history. What was it that Longfellow says of Florence Nightingale, the Santa Filomena of his lovely poem, "The Lady of the Lamp?"

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

Contrast the science of nursing today with the Sarah Gamps and Betsy Prigs who live only in the pages of Charles Dickens; then measure if you can what the world owes to Florence Nightingale, Pastor Fliedner, and the inspiration of Elizabeth Fry's Quaker spirit, and tell me if you will what other sermon can we preach: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

So, then, the sermon finishes as it began. It has made no progress from point to point. It has laid down no promises. It has reached no conclusion. There is no logic in it. It has established no doctrines. It has told you nothing you did not know before. It has admitted that the wonderful things of life are too wonderful to be understood, and the most intelligible statement it has to make is that these things are incomprehensible, unexplored, and unmapped. But all the same you will be happier and life will be sweeter and the earth will be fairer and our human nature will be more divine just in proportion as you incarnate this philosophy of smile and sunshine. Do not carp. Do not cavil. Do not repine. Do not despair. Look forward and not back. Do not reckon up results. Do not calculate chances, nor weigh evidence, nor measure probabilities. But keep on being good. Keep on doing good. Be cheerful with it, and keep on smiling. With a light-hearted and joyous recklessness scorn quick return of profits and trust to a far gain. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

## The Joy of Hard Work

By EUGENE THWING

THE greatest fun in the world is work done heartily and well. To every man and woman it is given to know the joy and dignity of labor, yet thousands refuse the precious gift and blindly complain of the "grinding, crushing toil" which is the "curse of their lives," while others, even more pitiable, regard labor with contempt and try to shut out the laborer from "good society." We read in a contemporary that

much humbug is drooled about the "dignity of labor." There is a great deal more dignity in rest. People work because they have to, not because they want to. To be sure, some folks pretend or really think that they like to work. Such a feeling, if genuine, is a prevarication arising from habit. Not only is there no merit in work, but the institution itself has a disgraceful origin and springs from the crafty counsels of the serpent, more subtle than any beast of the field, from the apple and feminine curiosity and Adam's inexperience. As a reminder and memorial of original sin, labor and the bread eaten in the sweat of the face are justly painful to every sensitive soul.

The writer who so bitterly preaches rebellion against the richest and most blessed thing in life has not read the Bible aright. Work had no such origin as he describes. "In the beginning" God himself set the example of work, and when his great task was done he looked his work over "and behold it was very good." He felt the satisfaction which comes from work well done, and he "rested on the seventh day from all his work." The very first gift to man, before sin came, was work. He was commanded to "replenish the earth and subdue it." That mighty task has kept him busy from that day until now. Christ's word to man was, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work. . . . The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." Thus work had the loftiest possible origin, imparting to it a dignity and nobility beyond measure.

WHEN work might be made to fill the life with glory, isn't it a pity that so many insist upon making it a drudgery and regarding it with gloom and hopelessness? "Where there is no vision the people perish." When once the eye of the soul has beheld the vision, life and all it holds is transformed. Hard work becomes exhilarating pleasure; labor becomes service; obstacles become opportunities. The difference is in the worker rather than in the work.

No one ever really enjoys hard work which employs only muscles and nerve and brain. The heart must be in it. Every effort must carry with it a passionate interest and desire. Every moment must contain the indulgence of a wish, must be a stepping-stone of an ambition. There is a way to connect the most commonplace labor that needs to be done with the great movements of the world's progress and uplift.

When the new parliament buildings of the Dominion of Canada were being reared, a visitor stopped to speak to a number of workmen who were cutting stone. The visitor asked one man what he was doing, and he replied that he was earning two dollars and a half a day. He asked a second man the same question, and pointing to a chart spread before him the man said he was trying to make the stone on which he was working correspond with the chart. A third man was asked what he was doing. All three men were, to outward appearances, engaged in precisely the same work. But the third man let his mallet rest a moment, and straightening himself up, pointed proudly to the great building, the graceful lines of which were beginning to show in the massive pile above them. He thought of the glory of the completed building, and what it meant, and he replied eagerly, "I am helping to make that." This man had a vision; he was doing something worth while. The task of earning money may not be worth while; the task of blindly following a pattern may not be worth while; but to have a part in making something good—whether it be a cathedral or a character—that is worth while.

WORK must be an expression of love—some definite love which can find in no other way so satisfying an expression. That man who was enjoying his work with mallet and chisel loved his province, loved his nation, and loved his sovereign. Their glory was his glory, and to enhance their glory was his joy. The same rule holds true in the kitchen, or the barn, or the office. Household duties are intolerable when they are done without the light and joy of love; but the girl who would rather sweep the floor and wash the dishes in order that mother may have an hour more of rest—that girl, if you will open the door just now, you will find singing at her work. All work is service; all worthy service may be an expression of love, and love is the essence of joy. The inevitable conclusion is that all work, to bring real joy to the worker, must take him out of himself—must in some way, directly or indirectly, be service for others. Selfishness seeks for joy and finds it not. Unselfish service finds joy without searching. Every achievement, every realization of a blessing conferred upon another, is an inspiration and an incentive to further effort. The power to change the life of another man, or woman, or child, is a wonderful responsibility. When that power is used to bless, the joy it brings is beyond measure.

JOYOUSNESS in work is contagious. When the face glows and the voice thrills with the delight of the work, the tasks of other men are made lighter, and they feel a new sense. "No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself." No man can loaf without tempting some other to loaf, and no man can work heartily, joyously, without sending a wave of inspiration for work toward some other life.

"Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work," exclaimed Carlyle. "Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any two of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from gladness, beautiful because bright."

## Do You Know Your Bible?

AS announced in a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a number of delayed answers to our second list of twenty Bible questions have been received. Up to May 3, 597 letters containing solutions of List No. 2 had been sent in, and these were announced in the issue of that date. There were 9 readers who, made a "clean score," sending in correct replies to all the questions; 31 answered 19 questions correctly; 66 answered 18 correctly and 93 answered 17 accurately.

Of the delayed answers to this second list of questions (some 150 letters in all), the following sent correct answers to the entire list of 20 questions:

Mrs. J. N. Hess and Anna E. Roberts.

Nineteen questions were answered correctly by Esther Kemp and Mrs. Nellie E. Hetnik.

Eighteen and one-half questions were answered correctly by Mrs. Edgar Myer.

Eighteen questions were answered correctly by Mrs. T. W. Stillwell, Viola E. Cash, Lulu Rodebaugh, and Margaret E. Evans.

The answers to the third list of questions, which appeared in our issue of May 3, will be published shortly.

## WAITING FOR THE BUGLE

By the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson

WE WAIT for the bugle; the night-dews are cold:

The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old;  
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare;  
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair:

The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown  
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring

Like an arrow released from the strain of the string:

The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back

To banish the chill of the drear bivouac;  
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away  
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,

And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains;

Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,  
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear—

Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,

We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

## Anvil Sparks

.THE Lord loves a cheerful fervor.

.GROWING weary in well-doing is not doing well.

.TRUTH harmonizes with all truths, but lies have to be made to agree.

.IT is better to be forgotten than to be remembered for disagreeableness.

.THERE will never be an universal peace movement in the fight against sin.

.UNHAPPINESS is a quality of the mind which comes to him who doesn't mind.

.STRIVE continually for more cheerfulness in your conversation, more liberality in your payments, and more spirituality in your prayers.

.THE kickers in a community are also the sitters, and they have their feet spread out for others to walk over, so that they are always in the way.

.THE man who doesn't enjoy his religion probably has something which he thought was "just as good," but which he at last discovers isn't religion at all.

.THE man who stays home because he finds it too hot to listen to the sermon, ought to feel ashamed. It is hotter for the man who preaches than the man who listens—yet the preacher is always there.



# Christian Endeavorers by the Sea



REV. WM. J. WILLIAMSON, D.D.  
St. Louis, Mo.



MRS. ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN  
Leader of Personal Purity Conference



WILLIAM SHAW  
General Sec'y Int'l Christian Endeavor Committee

"TRAINING for Service" is the convention theme of the twenty-fifth Assembly of International Christian Endeavor for this week at Atlantic City, N. J. The programme plans cover about one hundred different gatherings, from the open-air quiet hour assembly at dawn on the shore, conducted by Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer of London and Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, to mass meetings at night in the great Auditorium and Hippodrome on the pier.

That Christian Endeavor is becoming more and more an educational factor is shown by the fact that some 30,000 young people, of all denominations, are the students in this great religious training school; and hundreds of leaders and religious teachers are the faculty.

President Taft will speak on Training Citizens. Christian Endeavor Training for the Church is the subject of an important session presided over by President Francis E. Clark, when Marshall A. Hudson, president World Wide Baraca Union, Syracuse, N. Y., speaks on Training Sunday School Workers; Rev. Dr. Jesse Hill, Williston Church, Portland, Me., on Training Church Officers, and Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, president Auburn Theological Seminary, N. Y.; Rev. H. T. Marshall, Baptist Missionary, Rangoon, Burma; Rev. Dr. Alexander Gilray, Toronto, Canada; H. H. Spooner, secretary Connecticut Temperance Union, and Rev. Dr. Denton, Troy, N. Y., will also deliver addresses on timely topics.

The Christian Citizen in Politics, by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Denver; The Uplift of a Race, by Dr. Booker Washington, Alabama; The Christian Business Man in Politics, by Hon. John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; and Good Citizenship, by Speaker Champ Clark, are among the subjects considered in training for world citizenship. Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., and Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell will also speak.

The daily Christian Endeavor Institute is a succession of simultaneous conferences on methods of work, in which fifteen field secretaries take part. Several Personal Purity Conferences and Talks to Mothers are held by Mrs. Rose Woodallen Chapman; and the Women's Meeting is led by Mrs. Francis Clark. A new feature is the "Consultation Hour" daily at 9 o'clock, when experts in Christian Endeavor work meet any who desire a personal talk on religious problems. A special guest at the 1911 biennial is the blind poet Fanny J. Crosby.

Twenty-four denominational rallies are listed, and also a German and a Welsh rally. Fifty-four State presidents make "rapid-fire replies" to the query, "What is the best thing I have seen in Christian Endeavor?" Representative workers from New Zealand, England, Japan, Burma, Philippine Islands, British Guiana, Germany, India, Jamaica, and China also take part in this symposium.

Farwell messages from young missionaries under appointment, messages from missionaries and missionary workers are part of the programme on Training for Missions. A group of Hawaiian delegates, and Mr. Enos Bacon, the Yorkshire singer, render special music. Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks tells how Foreign Missions promote fellowship, in the session devoted to Training in Interdenominational and International Fellowship.

Christian Endeavor now makes its home in over seventy different countries; 45,000 of the 75,000 local societies are in the United States, with a membership of over three million. There are some 15,000 societies in Great Britain, 3,000 in Australia, 600 in Germany, 150 in France, 3,000 in Canada, 150 in Mexico, 50 in Spain, 200 in South America, 25 in Hungary, 40 in Norway, 200 in Sweden, 40 in Russia and Finland, 12 in Italy, 900 in India, 400 in China, 150 in Japan, and 500 in South Africa. The grand total of over four million Christian Endeavorers equals the population of Ireland or of Texas, and could fill Maine and Massachusetts.

The societies are conducting a variety of endeavors, the missionary and evangelistic work being most prominent and only second to hospital and prison and floating endeavors. It is estimated by President Clark that, up to date, about \$15,000,000 have been given to missions and charities through the Christian Endeavorers, who support hospitals, schools, missionary ships, fresh-air camps, rescue missions, drinking fountains, reading rooms, etc.; print sixty religious papers and magazines in twenty-five different languages and are establishing a central building in Boston as a permanent headquarters for the work.

Reports from all parts of the world in 1911 show that Christian Endeavor is steadily increasing in numbers and in usefulness. An interesting feature of the great closing rallies at Atlantic City is the recognition by States and countries for the Christian Endeavor Increase Campaign of 1911, and plans for the evangelistic work as far ahead as 1913.

J. A. S.



REV. DR. F. B. MEYER  
London, Eng.



MRS. FRANCIS E. CLARK



REV. DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN  
Secretary, Committee on Evangelistic Work

## THE NEW OCEAN QUEEN'S MAIDEN VOYAGE

IN THE early hours of the morning of June 21 the new 66,000-ton White Star liner *Olympic*, the biggest ship in the world, steamed into New York Harbor for the first time, and was berthed at her pier in the Hudson River. Although those great ships, the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania* of the Cunard Line, retain the palm as greyhounds of the sea, they must yield the place of the largest vessel afloat to this new leviathan, which represents an investment of \$10,000,000. The White Star Line pier had to be extended a hundred feet for the accommodation of the *Olympic* and her sister ship the *Titanic*, and it was only after a long struggle between the officials of the line and the War Department at Washington that permission was granted to build the temporary addition that is now being used. A fleet of twelve tugs stood by to help the monster ship make her way up to the dock in such a manner as to damage neither it nor herself. One gentle jolt from such a floating mass, and the new section of the pier might have been separated from the rest and floated away down the river.

The dimensions of the *Olympic* are 882½ feet in length and 99½ feet beam, with 66,000 tons displacement and a depth of 175 feet from the top of her funnels to her keel. She carries a crew of 850 officers and men. Here are some of her other measurements: Height of funnels above casings, 62 feet; draught, 34 feet 6 inches; largest shell plates, 46 feet long and



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A Fleet of Tugs Helping the Giant Olympic to Her Dock

1½ inches thick; number of decks, 11; number of watertight bulkheads, 15; capacity of double bottom, 5,700 tons; cargo capacity, 5,600 tons; number of passengers provided for, 2,650. Sixteen boats are carried at the davits on her top deck.

The swimming bath on the promenade deck is 33 feet by 14, with a

depth of 9 feet of water. The huge rudder, which is operated electrically, weighs 100 tons; the anchors weigh 15½ tons each, the centre propeller 22 tons, and each of the two wing propellers 38 tons. Each link in the chain anchor weighs 175 pounds, the huge after bosses from which the three propeller shafts are suspended weigh in

all 73½ tons. There are three passenger electric elevators in the first class sections and one in the second class. The bridge deck promenade is 550 feet long, which gives a good idea of the huge scale on which the vessel has been built. Five times around this deck measures more than a mile.

While the ship was still at sea the following dispatch was sent by wireless telegraph to New York:

"As we left Southampton, flying the Royal Naval Reserve ensign, we were saluted by the British fleet at Spithead. We have received many congratulations from passing ships, and the wireless equipment has been kept very busy from the time we started. The passengers are unanimous in praise of the big ship. One, who is aboard, says this isn't a ship, but a bridge across the Atlantic. It takes the best part of the voyage to find one's way about the vessel. The public rooms and the staterooms are huge, and the ventilation is wonderful. The French restaurant is a great feature and is largely patronized. The swimming pool, electric and Turkish baths, and racket court are all much used and highly appreciated."

One thousand three hundred and sixteen passengers came in on the new ship, so with her crew she carried 2,166 persons. As there are already 700 bookings for the first cabin for the eastward voyage she will carry even a greater freight of human lives as she goes back to the old country.



# CORONATION OF KING GEORGE

VIVAT, vivat, vivat Rex Georgius! Vivat, vivat, vivat, Maria Regina!"

With startling suddenness in the midst of the most magnificent and deeply impressive ceremonies that history has ever seen, the boys of Westminster School exercised their ancient privilege of cheering the newly crowned King and Queen of Great Britain. The emotional tension of the wonderful ceremony which took place in Westminster Abbey on June 21 was heightened by the sharp staccato shouts of these lusty young throats. Into the midst of the quiet decorum of the impressive religious ceremony and the glorious music by which it was accompanied these boys introduced the note which by its recollection of the more savage ancient privileges seemed to galvanize every spectator in the great Abbey.

As early as 8 o'clock in the morning Westminster presented a gorgeous spectacle, already filling with the peers and peeresses, and the foreign representatives, in all the gorgeousness of their court garments. Scarlet and purple and gold, untold millions of dollars' worth of diamonds, all the brilliance that the great empire and Europe could provide was gathered in the buff and blue decorated Abbey. At 11 o'clock the actual ceremony began. First came the procession of foreign representatives. Trumpeters and an escort of the Royal Horse Guards preceded these royal guests, few of whom were recognized by the crowds. The spectators were quick to pick out John Hays Hammond, Special Ambassador from the United States, the envoys from France and Germany, and the Crown Princes. Each of these was cheered, and there was a spontaneous clapping of hands.

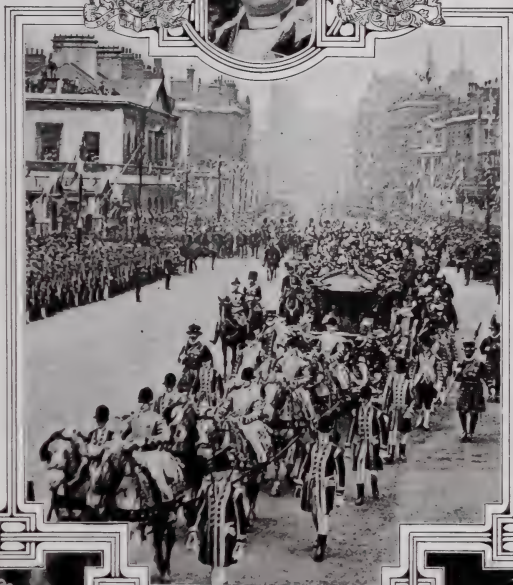
Immediately following was the second procession, with members of the British royal family, including the Prince of Wales and the Princess Mary and their younger brothers. Their appearance was the signal for the heartiest demonstration up to that time. The cheering began as the royal children emerged from Buckingham Palace, and, carried along the row upon row of seats, was echoed by the crowds behind. Within the Abbey one of the most charming groups in the whole magnificent scene was formed by the royal children, emblems of future hope for England.

As the trumpets announced the entrance of the King and Queen the assembly in the Abbey rose to its feet and a choir of four hundred picked voices sang the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

The royal procession was headed by a group of the most famous clergymen of the Anglican Church; next followed the five pursuivants and the heralds in their quaint mediæval costumes of the royal household. Then came the officers of the orders of knighthood, then the official ushers of the royal palace. Five of the highest Lords of the realm, bearing the standards of the various dominions of the empire, were followed by the four Knights of the Garter who carried the King's canopy. The Queen, gowned in her gorgeous coronation robe and carrying a great bouquet of pink carnations, followed the nobles who carried her regalia. After the Queen's suite came the highest nobles of the kingdom, attended by their pages and bearing the regalia of King George. Great clergymen, diplomats, soldiers, and administrators made up this group. After them walked the King in his crimson robe and cap of state, looking very tired and overweighted by the splendor which was but the symbol of the vast responsibility which he was taking upon himself.

A thunderous shout "God save the King" rang through every corner of the Abbey as George made his way to the chair of state. "Be strong and play the man," sang the glorious choir; "keep the com-

The Rt. Rev. Randell Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury



The Royal Coach on its Way to Westminster  
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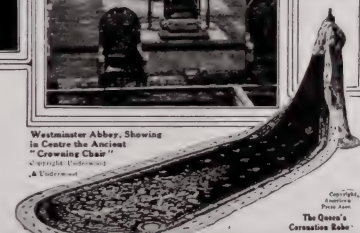


Westminster Abbey, Showing  
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"Crowning Chair"  
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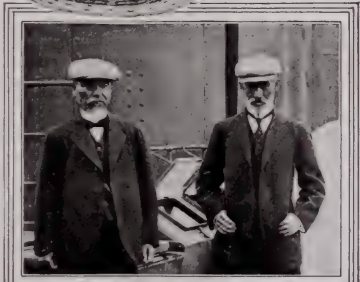
Her Majesty Queen Mary  
of Great Britain



His Majesty George V.,  
King of Great Britain



Copyright, Photo Jan  
The Queen's  
Coronation Robe



Copyright Photo Jan  
Japan's Representatives at the Coronation, General  
Nogi and Admiral Togo

mandments of the Lord thy God and walk in his way." The ancient ceremony familiar for twelve hundred years was performed with only the actors changed. The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the King. Facing the four sides of the Abbey in succession he announced:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this realm; wherefore, all of you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

As the voice of the Archbishop died away, the spell was broken by the blast of the trumpeters and the mighty chorus of "God save the King!" fairly shook the edifice. Then followed the various rites of the ancient service. The King solemnly swore to and signed the oath committing him to govern according to the laws of the land and to maintain the Protestant form of religion. He was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and invested with all the regalia and insignia which symbolize the justice and mercy of his power. Then reverently the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and again the trumpets sounded. Once more the Abbey resounded with cheers and the cry "God save the King!" and as it escaped the walls and was echoed and reechoed by the throng outside it passed through the millions gathered in the streets to watch the great pageant, and the mightiest choir that the world has ever seen united in singing Great Britain's National Anthem.

After the boyish Prince of Wales in his robes as a Knight of the Garter, the Duke of Connaught and the other great nobles had done their homage, the simpler ceremony of the crowning of the Queen took place. Oblations at the altar and the celebration of the Holy Sacrament concluded the chief functions of the ceremony, and the procession was reformed for the return to Buckingham Palace. Along the entire route the crowds, many of whom had waited thirty hours in their places, cheered as the soldiers and the sailors and the hands went by and cried in more subdued fashion, "God save the King!" as the newly-crowned monarch returned to the palace. One American who had watched these vast orderly throngs through the hours which preceded the actual ceremonies, after having told of singing and the noise which they had made to keep themselves amused, said: "But what mattered that when one thought of what he knew was passing in their minds? Was it love of their King, or was it a desire to witness a grandiose spectacle? Steeped in the atmosphere of the past, it was a magnificent sight. Yet the whole crowd seemed to see a vision of the eighteen hundred years of England's glory." The great crowds of people were orderly and good natured. No untoward circumstance marked the day. Though it rained slightly in the early morning the sky cleared and the sun came out just as the King was leaving Buckingham to go to the Abbey.

In chair seats reserved in Westminster Abbey for the principal members of the Diplomatic Corps, sat Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the former in the American diplomatic uniform of plain evening dress, with two or three medals on the lapel of the coat. Mrs. Reid wore white with a magnificent collar of diamonds and a diamond crown. John Hays Hammond occupied a seat almost opposite that of the American Ambassador. Mr. Hammond made his entry in the procession with the other special representatives of foreign powers and potentates. The only unofficial Americans were Charles P. Taft, the President's brother, with Mrs. Taft and Miss Taft, J. Pierpont Morgan and eight newspaper men. Mrs. Taft wore a white satin gown embroidered in brilliants and her jewels were pearls and diamonds.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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## Cheerful Christians

AMONG the many letters that come to us from our readers, it is a pleasure to note that the great majority of them are cheerful in tone, full of spiritual sunshine and broad and generous in their views of life and its duties. Although there are many of these friends whom we have never met, we love to picture them in imagination, with cheerfulness chiseled on every feature, with the grace of inward goodness shining through the eyes and speaking through the lips. We love to picture them as radiating sunshine wherever they go, carrying it into the homes of sickness, and into the social, friendly gatherings of which they form a part. And why should cheerfulness not be an essential part of the Christian character? Does not the Gospel—or the good-spirit, as the old Anglo-Saxons had it—mean simply "glad news"? And if the sense of the Divine goodness is so strong and pervasive in nature that it helps the flowers to smile and the birds to sing and the winds to whistle and everything animate and inanimate to rejoice, why should not a glad heart and a cheerful mind be the heritage of every Christian on the face of the globe? We know there are some good people who suffer from dolefulness and depression at times. There are days when the world looks dark, and when it seems as though things went all wrong; but these bad spells pass, and when the depressed one takes the load of trouble to the throne of grace and lays it down there, then there come into the sad and lonely heart great shafts of celestial sunshine and cheer, messengers from God that quicken the life anew and give freshness and joy to existence. The truth is that Christianity and gloom are antagonistic terms; like oil and water, they do not mix well together. A gloomy Christian is an anachronism. Why should we be despondent, morbid and dull, if the heart be right and if we are living in God's sunshine and doing his work? We know that our Father above understands all our needs and that "He is faithful that promised"; we know that in his own good time every wrong will be righted, every evil redressed, every sorrow comforted. Knowing this, we see no reason why this old world of ours should be taken as a place of penance, instead of as a scene of joyous service and useful existence surrounded by blessings, as God meant it should be. We commend the optimistic attitude—the optimism of faith in God, of cheerful work wherever our lot may be cast. Get the cheerful habit. Sing and smile and laugh away gloom, worry and cynicism; whistle away the blues! Get out into the sunshine, and when any gloomy spell comes, just remember that you are one of the heirs of all the promises and that no matter what comes here, He will make it all right by and by. We may drift a little at times, but

We surely know we cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

When the dark hours come, as come they will at times to every life, make a straight run for port and lay all your troubles before your Father, who will "carry you through." We have known of many good Christians who, at such times, instead of personal petitions, left their own demands unuttered and gave themselves wholly up to praise and thanksgiving. Half an hour of such prayer is a tonic for a whole day long.

## Significance of the Coronation

EMPEROR MUTSUHITO, Japan's poet-ruler, on the occasion of the coronation of England's King, sent a quaint little coronation ode which, translated, reads:

When nation speaks to nation in the tones  
Of friendly greeting, 'tis a joy to hear.  
When nations dwell in peace beneath the sway  
Of wise, good rulers, 'tis a joy to bear.

And the whole British Empire evidently feels that it has placed the imperial crown upon the head of one who is both wise and good—a ruler who is sound-hearted, clean-minded, serious of purpose and public-spirited. In the mighty gathering of British subjects in London, and in the whole-souled demonstrations of loyalty to their newly-crowned king, we have the spectacle of one of the most democratic and progressive peoples of the earth uniting to honor those medieval ideals that still pervade their na-

tional life. Deep-rooted in the British heart is custom; and although the throne and all its appurtenances have come to be but the symbols of the true power of the realm—the people themselves—they still choose to preserve their ancient kingship and to invest it with all the pomp and grandeur of ten centuries ago. England is in the midst of a splendid development of the democratic spirit. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, is a democrat with strong socialistic tendencies. The present Liberal government has enacted several socialistic measures without strong opposition from the Conservative forces. The land-holdings of the hereditary nobility have recently been taxed on their commercial value. Many problems that have long been subjects of heated controversy are being safely and quietly solved. The very existence of the House of Lords as a legislative body is seriously threatened. Yet England, to a man, turns out to acclaim its sovereign and to applaud the appearance of those very lords from whom some of its people would wrest the power to influence its legislation. The inborn loyalty and persistent conservatism of the British people made possible the gorgeous ceremony of June 22. All the world has remarked this fixed trait of the British character, nor is it the least admirable of British traits. Not alone to attest its loyalty to the constitutional monarchy and the Protestant form of religion has England incurred the great expense of this national demonstration. It is another triumph of the British ideal of holding fast to old customs which have proved good till that which will, beyond all doubt, prove better, presents itself. We extend the open hand to our friends across the sea, and we heartily join them in their wish for a successful reign for the newly-crowned ruler of the ancient empire.

## Our Fleet in German Waters

EMPEROR WILLIAM and the entire German fleet gave an imperial welcome to the American squadron on its arrival at Kiel on June 21. Personally congratulating Rear-Admiral Badger, the American commander, the Kaiser complimented him upon the fine showing made by our warships, their officers and crews. It was an occasion of friendly exchanges and pleasing comradeships between the representatives of the two nations. There is no ruler in Europe who can outvie the Emperor as a host and entertainer, and he took especial pains to impress the visitors with the genuineness of Germany's greeting and the sincerity of its friendship. It was the first formal visit to a German port of any important American sea-going force, and our "jackies" as well as their officers were delighted with the warmth of their welcome and the generous treatment extended to them as guests. Such events produce mutual respect and lay the foundations of international good feeling.

## War on Medical Quacks

THERE are evidences that the day of the vender of health nostrums and cure-alls is nearing a close. On June 22, President Taft sent to the extra session of Congress the sole message it will have to consider besides the subject of Reciprocity. It recommends an amendment to the Pure-Food Law so that it should not include in its protective restrictions worthless nostrums and quack medicines labeled so as to deceive the defenseless public. It is understood that over two thousand cases have been prepared for trial in the courts against the venders of cure-alls and worthless drugs. These belong to the class which the President in his message declares to be among the rankest frauds ever conceived. Unless the law is amended, they will not only escape punishment, but will be sheltered by the inadequacy of the statute itself. One of the saddest aspects of this class of cases is that a majority of the dupes are poor, sick men and women, who are ready to grasp at anything that promises to offer them relief. For the sake of our helpless sufferers, and to protect its readers as a whole against the impositions of these charlatans, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD long ago excluded all such advertisements from its pages. It should not be possible, through any technicality or any wrong interpretation of the law, to shield such offenders or to permit their nefarious business to flourish unchecked. They prosper on the credulity of the ignorant and the helpless—the very class who

need protection most. If the Pure Food and Drug Act is to be of real service, it should root out unsparingly these conscienceless traffickers in ridiculous cures and catchpenny medicines. It should be made practically impossible for such humbugs to flourish longer at the public expense.

## The Church and the Peace Movement

THE fact of deepest and widest significance in the church life of the United States to-day is that the organized Christian forces have found their united voice and are speaking on the great question of International Peace.

On Saturday afternoon, June 17, there took place at the White House in Washington a memorable interview. The occasion was the introduction to President Taft, by the Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who brought to the Chief Executive the official greetings of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales. The message of the churches across the sea to our President is as follows:

Mr. President: On behalf of the National Council representing the whole of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, having about 10,000 separate congregations, we beg to express our profound thankfulness, not only for the most Christian proposals that you have made in favor of arbitration between the two countries, but for the cordial unanimity with which these proposals have been welcomed.

Not only have you taken a step in advance more momentous than any statesman has previously ventured to suggest, but you have had the happiness of witnessing its approval, both by the masses of the people and their leaders, more far-spread and enthusiastic than anything that has been witnessed in this generation.

We are gratified to know that these proposals are to be embodied in a permanent form, and we cannot doubt that they will have a profound effect on the relations between civilized nations. We welcome the growing community of conviction and feeling between the United States and Great Britain which evinces their agreement in humane aspiration, progressive spirit, and moral ideals. Holding as they do empire over a third of the population of the world, their agreement to withdraw all disputes from the final arbitrament of the sword must have far-reaching results.

We beg to offer you the expressions of our profound respect and congratulation, and of our wish that you may long be spared to exert your personal influence on behalf of all that will help to further the upward progress of mankind.

REV. CHARLES BROWN, President.  
SIR J. COMPTON RICHTER, Treasurer.  
REV. F. B. MEYER, Secretary.

President Taft expressed himself as greatly pleased that the churches of the two great nations were back of him with their moral support. What made him glad was not alone what had been accomplished by the churches, but what was promised through their united efforts. It has yet to be shown that the churches are loyal to their leaders in this great movement. More than 100,000 ministers and pastors of churches in the fellowship of the Federal Council welcomed the call extended to them by the Council to devote the services on Sunday, July 2, to consideration of the questions of Peace and International Arbitration.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Senator Lea Saves Wife

THE wife of Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, who had been an invalid for several months, was operated upon at the Georgetown University Hospital, the other day, and was rapidly sinking down to death when Drs. H. F. Frey and George T. Vaughan told her husband that the only chance of her life was the transfusion of a large quantity of blood from some strong and healthy person. The Senator immediately replied: "I am that subject," and removing his coat and baring his strong arm said, "I am ready as soon as you are." Incisions were made in arteries in the arms of husband and wife, they were connected by a tube and a pump sent the life fluid of the strong man into the body of the weak woman. Gradually the color was restored to the lips and cheeks of the pale sufferer. At the same time the flush faded from the cheeks of her husband. The process of transfusion was continued for an hour and a half, taking three pints of blood from the Senator, after which he fell fainting to the floor. The doctors believe that Mrs. Lea, who would have been dead in a very short time, will live and that the Senator will be restored to his full vigor in a few days. Senator Lea is only thirty-two years old, the youngest member of the United States Senate. He is a lawyer and the owner of a newspaper in Nashville, of which Senator Carmack was the editor at the time of his tragic death. Senator Lea was elected to the United States Senate in January in a non-partisan contest upon the issue of the State-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic and the rigid enforcement of the State prohibitory law now in force. The saving of the life of his wife at the risk of his own is a mark of chivalry confined to no section and very common in the South. In contrast to the brazen divorces that push themselves into public notice there is this splendid illustration of domestic fidelity, which is fortunately the rule in American home life, and which is in obedience to the instructions of the apostle.

Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband. (Eph. 5:33.)

## Discarded Cash from Korea

When Japan annexed Korea it decided that Korean money should be discarded and replaced by Japanese currency. The steamship Seneca, which arrived at a Brooklyn dock yesterday, brought 1,400 tons of Korean metal money as a part of the cargo. About 20,000 tons more will be brought to this country, where it will be taken to the smelting works of the United States Metals Refining Company at Chrome, N. J., and melted. The various metals extracted from the coins will be remoulded into bars and sold in the market. Much copper and silver will be obtained from these coins. Korea, which got its civilization from China and is older than Japan, is thus further humiliated by having the government stamp and authority taken from its coin. Japan did not intend that any traces of the old government should be left upon the circulating medium of the nation. This custom was followed by the Romans, as suggested by the piece of coin Christ asked of those theological students who tried to trap him:

Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he said unto them, Whose is the image and superscription? They said unto him, Caesar's. (Matt. 22:19-21.)

## Boys' Duel Fatal

Two boys, sixteen years old, schoolmates most of their life, got into a quarrel while playing a game of "cat" in a public lot at West Eighty-first Street, near Broadway, New York City, the other day. They decided to fight it out. They went over a few blocks, and crawled through a hole in a high board fence out of the sight of the "cops." A prize ring was made, seconds were selected, a referee was chosen, and Frank Burke and James Wesley Smith, the two little bullies, began the fight with their bare fists. In the rounds Burke's eye was closed, and he struck Smith back with desperation, landing a blow on Smith's stomach, which threw him to the ground. Ten was counted and the boy did not arise. The twenty boys, ten on a side, who were witnesses of the duel, ran away. Burke got a bucket of water at a house near by, dashed it in Smith's face, and then ran away, and a negro bell-boy pulled the dead body of Smith through the hole in the fence to a corner drugstore,

where a physician was summoned, who pronounced the boy dead, and an ambulance was called to take him to the morgue. Some of the newspapers in reporting the tragedy were inclined to emphasize the pluck of the boys and commend the fact that in the scrap the rules of the game were pretty well observed; but we look upon this as one of the most shocking conceivable tragedies, where two promising boys, friends, make a ring and start in to batter each other like devils. Neither would consent to a time limit when the fight began. It was to be until one or the other was knocked out. They were only imitating the older people of the tough prize-fight gang, and are only infinitesimal hints of the kings that quarrel over smaller things than a game of "cat" and set their uniformed agents to the task of doing each other to death. A promising young life has gone out through folly and sin, and another life just beginning will be marked to its end with a streak of blood. Against human anger and the murder and suicide of the duel and all forms of manslaughter following it, this law of God stands: Thou shalt not kill. (Ex. 20:13.)

## Fooled the Fish

At this angling time sportsmen will be interested in the fishing device by which Forest Hennion and Charles Jacobus took from Green Lake, N. J., pretty nearly a wagon load of bass and pickerel with pole and line. The lake is very clear and the men put a large mirror at the bottom of it and fished over the glass. Every worm looked like two and was increased wonderfully in size. They also trolled



Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee and Mrs. Lea

with a hand mirror that was tied to and reflected the nightwalker on the spinner. In a few hours they caught their boat full of fish. The game warden is hoping to find some means of punishing the men for their wholesale slaughter of the finny tribe. That kind of deadly fishing would soon exhaust the streams and leave fun for no one. The deceit of the fish with a mirror at the bottom of the lake and the one attached to the spinner is no greater than that of a piece of metal and feathers made to look like a fly, bug, worm, shiner, or other bait, nor the catgut leader to make the fish think there is no relation between the hook and the line on which he is to be hung. All these devices remind us of the deceit Satan constantly uses in the concealed hook and bait he uses to catch the soul. The metal hook and feathers are the butterflies, the pearl and silver spinner the live fish, the mirror in the lake or on the line, magnifying in numbers and in size the attractions and promises of pleasure and satisfaction. The tempted think they are to have everything and they get nothing but the hook. The pity is that there are so many that are deceived by the bait and caught on the hook of temptation. Satan's deceit and the caution in avoiding it are thus referred to by the apostle:

Least Satan should get an advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices. (II. Cor. 2:11.)

## Revenge of a Horse

Sergeant Edwin J. Hughes of the New York City police was seated upon his magnificent black horse "Midnight" when a vicious bulldog rushed up to the horse and sank his teeth in the animal's right leg. Midnight kicked the dog loose, leaped straight into the air and began to run, not away from but after the dog. The horse forgot that he had a rider and zigzagged over street and sidewalk in a wild chase after the fleeing dog, during which the ser-

geant was thrown to the ground. The dog ducked and doubled. Midnight was hot upon his track. After a chase of about three hundred yards the horse managed to jump with both feet on the dog, crushing the life out of him. The surly dog had no business to punish the kindly horse who was doing benevolent duty in the interest of the public, and got his dues for his brutal insolence. Revenge is a strong characteristic in many of the lower animals, reaching its climax perhaps in the elephant. Horses, though sensitive to ill treatment, seldom manifest their revenge in so intelligent, persistent and summary a manner as Midnight did. No one thinks of blaming the horse for a settlement with the bulldog, but the law of love and not of vengeance is upon man's conduct, and he cannot punish his enemy at will by force as the police horse did.

Deeply revenged, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. (Rom. 12:19.)

## A Grateful Servant

In an engagement in Virginia during the Civil War Colonel Thomas Willis, commanding a Connecticut regiment, took some prisoners, including a negro slave. Some Union soldiers, in hastening toward a stockade prison, beat this negro, who was lame and could not keep up the pace. "Hold on, sir!" exclaimed Colonel Willis; "let that black fellow alone," and he put the slave, whose name was Henry Green, badly disabled, on his own horse and took him to the prison. Not long afterward came the end of the war. "Marse Colonel," the black man—then young and strong—pleaded, "let me go wif yo' all, let me stay 'long wif yo' de rest o' mah life." The colonel was rich. He took Henry Green to the North, and ever since, both in Hartford and in East Orange, the negro was his personal bodyguard and butler. Three years ago the colonel died. A clause in his will directed that Henry Green so long as he lived should be clothed and fed and paid good wages, and at the death of both, the body of the servant was to be laid crosswise at the foot of his master's grave. Henry died last week, and his attendants say that his last words were "Marse Colonel, I'se comin'." A paper indicates that some wealthy people of Hartford have entered a protest against allowing the old colored servant to be buried in his master's lot. We hardly think so foolish a prejudice could exist, but if it should, we doubt whether it could make its protest effective. The colored servant lived a life of devotion to the colonel for having saved his life. Christ has saved us during our natural lives. Paul describes this complete service which is due by the reference to the custom of olden times of the master branding his slave, and he rejoices in the brand which indicates his faithful servitude to Christ.

For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. (Gal. 6:17.)

## Sermon at Ball Game

At a Sunday base ball game at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently, Rev. J. W. Larkin preached a sermon. The preaching service had been widely advertised as a feature of the afternoon sport, and a thousand people gathered about the platform desk placed in the right field just below the third base. The minister commended the game, which he said was innocent amusement for the Sabbath, and preached a sermon on practical religion to fit the masses. One minute after the clergymen had retired the umpire shouted "play ball" and the game began. From our standpoint, such a sermon and service was a parody, a mockery. We will not be uncharitable enough to charge that it was a desire for sensation, so censurable in some American pulpits, which prompted the experiment. We will give the speaker credit for right intentions in what he and many like him would call a broad view of things. At the very time he was preaching the church people of New York State were fighting desperately at Albany to prevent the legislature legalizing Sunday base ball on the ground of its widespread demoralization to the young and to the community in general. We suspect that the forces of moral evil were as much delighted as the friends of public virtue were grieved at the Sunday performance of the liberal minister. A banner over the preacher's desk might appropriately have had this text:

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. (Ex. 20:8.)



# Recalling the Old Viking Days



The Ancient Abbey and Monastery of Mont St. Michel, on the Coast of Normandy



Statue of Joan of Arc as a Prisoner at Rouen



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The Birthplace of Joan of Arc at Domremy-la-Pucelle, Vosges, France

PERHAPS nowhere on earth is a greater amount of the realistic romance of history packed into one small territory than in the region of France known as Normandy, which, since France was revolutionized, has been made to include the five rich departments of Seine Inférieure, Eure, Orne, Calvados, and Manche.

Each of the two sections of Normandy, Upper and Lower, is now being gratified by celebrations specially located in its capital. The President of the Republic appointed June 24 for his visit to Rouen, and July 15 and 16 for Caen. All the world is hearing of the splendid pageants, for which elaborate and enthusiastic preparations have been long made. Paris will provide entertainment for those of its citizens who cannot repair to the two old cities.

Perhaps no race ever combined as did the Norsemen who settled in France, in such equilibrated proportions, the qualities that went to make up the character known as chivalry. They beyond all others blended militarism and devotion, fighting and prayer, etiquette with dauntless valor, scientific culture of the military art with passionate love of poetry, love of conquest with delight in the most refined architectural construction, and irrepressible seeking of new coasts for establishing their colonies with determination to consolidate their settled rule.

Historians record that when King Harold II, while encamped on the fateful hill at Senlac, heard some of his Saxon followers jeering at the chanting and praying of the Normans in the opposite camp, he rebuked them by predicting that it would soon enough be proved that those same opponents could fight as persistently as they could pray. But what ravaging plunderers the fathers of the Frankish Normans had been! A band of the Norse pirates, swooping down from the savage Scandinavian fastnesses, fixed their grip in 911 on the fair coasts of the region then known as Neustria. To their terrible leader, Rollo, baptized into Christianity under the name of Robert, was given by King Charles the Bold, as a fiefdom, half of the province, to be held under the suzerainty of the French crown, together with the Princess Gisela, daughter of the king, as

wife. That is the memorable event commemorated this season in France. For several centuries England and France wrestled for the possession of Normandy, each side winning brilliantly and losing disastrously by turns. Normandy had conquered England to become the vassal of the land it had subdued, till after a series of vicissitudes it became at length French forever.

Take Upper Normandy, and say if its towns are not unique in their architectural allurements? Rouen, with its cathedrals of Notre Dame and St. Maclou, fantastic with the grace of thirteenth and fifteenth century conceptions in stone and in iron; Evreux, whose cathedral is flamboyant with the confusion of the glories of the styles of seven centuries; Lillebonne, with the ruins of that castle in which William proposed to his nobles the invasion of England; Yvetot, where once petty kinglets ruled at whom Béranger so heartily laughs; Lisieux, Harfleur, Honfleur, Le Havre and Dieppe—these are chief amongst the quaint places that captivate the tourist. Then in Lower Normandy, none of the visitors can forget the charms of Caen, once supreme in Norman militant councils, with its two churches of the Conqueror's day; Falaise, where lived the daughter of the simple tanner who won the heart of Robert "the Devil," sixth of the haughty dukes, and in 1027 gave birth to William the Conqueror. Right back to two thousand years dates Bayeux, with its venerable annals and its incom-

parable tapestry. Coutances, too, is entitled to a millennial celebration, with its enchanting cathedral of St. Lo. A little pilgrimage further on is Avranches, one of the very oldest of all Normandy's cities, perched on a cliff commanding a view of the Bay of St. Michel. Alençon, too, the fine city of the Department of Orne, world-famed for its fine cathedral and its point lace, participates in the commemoration of the history of a thousand years.

The most picturesque thing in all Normandy is the curious conglomeration of monastery, abbey, and fortifications towering on the wonderful crag over the coast, that goes by the name of Mont St. Michel, where, the legend tells us, the Archangel Michael appeared in a vision to Aubert, Bishop of Avranches.

"La Normandie" to-day is almost bewildering in its variety of urban and rural fascinations. Its inhabitants are by far the most versatile, so far as industry is concerned, in all France, for they excel equally as sailors, fishermen, agriculturists, poultryers, cattle-raisers, and horticulturists; and these stalwart and intelligent yeomen are proud of the wonderful mediæval and antique cities dotted about all over their province.

Dr. Durban's article, which refers to the thousandth anniversary of the Northmen, now being celebrated in France, describes events that are going on simultaneously with a second celebration—the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth at the little village of Domremy, of Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans." Joan was born in 1411. At Compiègne a great historical mediæval pageant has been planned in her honor. Battle scenes in which "the Maid" is a prominent figure, tournaments in which armed knights run tilt against each other; processions where men and women in the costumes of that ancient day, mingle with men-at-arms, bowmen and spearmen; attacks on fortresses, led by columns with all the ancient standards and military insignia of those days—these are some of the picturesque attractions of the celebration in honor of "the Maid," who was burned at the stake as a "sorceress and heretic" in 1431 at Rouen.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A LARGE new geyser came into existence in Norris Geyser Basin in Yellowstone National Park on June 19. The new geyser has been named The Harvard, in honor of the delegation of Harvard alumni which arrived in Yellowstone Park on the same day it was discovered. They had been attending the convention of Harvard clubs. The new geyser plays to a height of over 100 feet.

—THE BRITISH Government's invitation to Morocco to send a special ambassador to the coronation of King George was recently withdrawn, and the Foreign Office notified El Mokri, who had been designated to represent Sultan Moulay Hafid, that he will not be received. This action on the part of the British Government was brought about by the cruelty with which the Sultan's troops treated women and children in the recent raid from Fez. The soldiers captured many women and girls in the neighboring villages and sold them in the streets of Fez.

—THE DAILY lowering of the water in the cofferdam which now surrounds the remains of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor

discloses more and more fully the vastness of the explosions which sent her to that berth of mud thirteen years ago. On account of these revelations all plans heretofore proposed for the ultimate removal of the hulk have become merely conjectural. That the old ship will ever float again of her own buoyancy is no longer hoped. Piecemeal removal is now about the only alternative left. So far very few bodies have been recovered, though the exploration of the coral-encrusted hulk has brought forth many surprises. Two rain-coats, a paper-covered book, some door-mats and other articles have been found well preserved. In one of the cabins a pair of encrusted and corroded binoculars were found still on the table where their owner had placed them the night before the catastrophe.

—THE POLITICAL horizon seems to be clearing in Mexico. The promise of factional strife in the ranks of the new controllers of the land have been happily broken. General Reyes has publicly announced his withdrawal from the coming Presidential race, and has

asked the Mexican people who favored his candidacy to support Madero. The manifesto which makes this announcement also explains General Reyes' position as a soldier, which demanded a blind following of the orders of the Diaz government, to which he was loyal as a soldier, but that his ideas had always been favorable to the reforms advocated by Madero. Following a visit to the Presidential residence at Chapultepec Castle, General Madero said: "If I should be elected President, Senor de la Barra will be Minister of Foreign Relations and General Reyes will be Minister of War in my Cabinet." General Zapata, the bandit leader, whose future conduct was at one time very problematical, has accepted the authority of the provisional government and come into Mexico City to answer charges against him before Madero. General Diaz, whose health is considerably improved, has been cordially received by the various European countries he has visited. He said recently he wished every success would attend the new administration, as his hope is for the land whose destiny he controlled for over thirty years.



# What One Woman Did for Her Race

"A VIEW of the great amount of good work that is being done for human advancement, one cannot be wholly pessimistic to-day. Indeed, the calls for aid in such work that come to the charitable inclined men and women of our land are so numerous and varied that none can fail of opportunity for wise investment. Here, for instance, is the industrial school for young colored people, located at Mayesville, S. C., in the very centre of the "black belt,"

with a student enrolment, last year, of nearly 600 boys and girls. It is the brain and heart of a young colored woman, born in slavery, the story of her struggles to secure an education reads like a chapter from a thrilling romance. Her personal endowment for her work accomplished, Emma Wilson went back to the home of her childhood and opened a school for children of her race, in an old, abandoned cotton-gin. Space will not permit me to give even a meagre outline of her heroic work, although I count it more than any sermon or story of modern times. Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with it.

The beginning seemed unpropitious. Ten pupils came at her call; but the dingy surroundings were uninviting, and the outlook gloomy; friends were few and unhelpful. But she had faith in God and in her ideals. Impelled by a passion for her race, she persisted. Her one aim was to found a school and dedicate it to the glory of God and the uplift of her race. It included not merely the instruction of her pupils in the three R's, but also, and emphatically, a preparation for the actual duties of life. She would teach them how to "do things." They should learn how to work and make themselves truly free and independent.

Her enterprise grew. The number of pupils increased, and soon additional teachers were needed and employed. The doubts and fears of her friends

were conquered; social prejudices were disarmed. The white people of the county and State became proud of the Mayesville Industrial School, and prominent citizens of the neighborhood were glad to be chosen to its Board of Directors. But financial backing was sadly deficient. Then Miss Wilson, supporting herself by manual toil, unheralded but undaunted, made her way to the North and found

secure funds to erect a new modern building for chapel and class-rooms; after which the old building should be enlarged to house the increasing number of boys.

The farm is the principal agency in the training of the boys, who come mainly from rural districts. They are instructed in the science and intensive farming: how to get the most out of the soil and how to conserve its productivity.

An opportunity is now presented to the school to secure a valuable tract of land, adjacent to its present holdings, containing four acres, with buildings. To purchase this \$2,500 is needed. With this additional land and some very essential increase in implements and equipments, Miss Wilson figures that the boarding department of the school would be entirely supplied with its own food.

Built largely by the students themselves from plans drawn in the school, there are now upon the property at present owned, beside the school-buildings, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop and other structures in which cooking, dress-making, tailoring and other domestic arts are taught. Of the 563 pupils enrolled last year two-thirds were girls; 118 boarded in the school, the others coming from the surrounding country; 35 entirely indigent pupils were supported wholly by the school.

The school publishes monthly a small paper, edited by the pupils; but they sorely need a good printing press. They need other things. Ten thousand dollars would put them on their feet, and insure their going. Full information concerning the work and its needs may be obtained by applying to Miss Emma J. Wilson, President of the Board of Trustees, Mayesville, S. C. If large gifts are beyond the ability of the average person, smaller gifts will not fail to accomplish great and lasting good; and let us remember that "money a mickle makes a muckle."

Winchendon, Mass.

ALFRED FREE, PH.D.



The Emma Wilson School at Mayesville, S. C.

or made ways to bring her cause to the attention of philanthropic people. It is a story replete with moral heroism.

From a beginning with ten pupils the school has grown to an annual enrolment of nearly six hundred. It owns fifty-four acres of good farm-land, and is now completing the erection of its eighth substantial building. The main edifice, which contains the chapel, class-rooms and boys' dormitories, has become overcrowded, and an effort is being made to

thousand dollars would put them on their feet, and insure their going. Full information concerning the work and its needs may be obtained by applying to Miss Emma J. Wilson, President of the Board of Trustees, Mayesville, S. C. If large gifts are beyond the ability of the average person, smaller gifts will not fail to accomplish great and lasting good; and let us remember that "money a mickle makes a muckle."

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## TOPICS OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

### From Need to Abundance\*

PREACHERS have been lately remarking upon the decline of repentance. So much is being said in these days of the "duty of joy" and "the missionary effect of a smile," that we have perhaps been led to emphasize unduly the happy side of life and of religion. Still, we should not overlook the fact that the normal attitude of the Christian should not be one of gloom or despondency, but rather of joy and thanksgiving. A morbid and unhappy Christian is sadly out of place in the working scheme of Christ's kingdom. The man or woman who renders the best service and in whose hands things are made to "come to pass," is the man or woman whose faith shines brightly and whose face is an index of the happiness within. It was the famous Dr. Abernethy who, speaking of a sad-faced person, said, "He may be a Christian, but he looks as if it didn't agree with him."

Just as in practical, every-day life, we must from time to time search out our needs and must remedy our defects of character and equipment if we would succeed; just so in our spiritual life, we must sometimes examine ourselves for lacks and blemishes, and must acknowledge them to our Creator, beseeching him to supply us with help out of his abundance. On every hand are evidences of his individual love and care for each one of us. Even the most purblind Christian must see them, and yet most of us go on our way, failing to avail ourselves of his offered help until we fairly faint under our load of blunders and sins.

"There are," says Henry B. Wright, "two parts to every advance in civilization—God's part and man's part.

God is ever ready with his plan, . . . but he never forces or compels it. Patiently and uncomplainingly he waits while the pupil in the school of life experiments with his own little, stubborn, selfish schemes, . . . until finally love, as revealed in the Teacher, awakens in the child confidence and a desire to be led."

Then how quickly and bountifully he responds, and how sharply, if our natures are sound, does Conscience upbraid us for our long delay in turning to the Great Helper!

Mr. Moody used to tell the story of an old slave in Mississippi. A young college man who was teaching in his town saw one day a sign-board upon which were the words, "Liberty, 40 miles." The whim took him to ask the old slave what those words meant, pointing to them as he spoke.

"De ol' slave don't read in dis yer country," replied the old man sadly.

"It says, 'Liberty, 40 miles,'" laughed the young man. "So why don't you start and go there?"

The slave shook his head and smiled sadly.

"Dat yer's a sham, young massa," he said, "but if it pointed up yonder,"—he raised his trembling hand toward heaven—"to the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free, dat yer wouldn't be no sham."

In his soul, this ignorant man had availed himself of riches, of which this young man, with all his culture, had thought nothing. He was only one of the great army of the apostles and martyrs, of whom the world was not worthy, and who, amid the persecutions of time, received joy and strength from unseen sources.

Yet not until our bland and self-satisfied souls perceive that they are malformed and starving, does our Lord impart the deepest and richest blessings.

### Our Debts\*

THE appreciation of obligation and the determination to discharge it should characterize every civilized being; but the very fact that we regard those traits as very noble indicates that they are not common.

One word expresses the quality which they embody. It is "honesty." And to show how highly our nation values it, think over our heroes and our "near heroes" (to borrow a current and telling slang phrase), and see how honesty crowns them all. Washington, Adams, Lincoln, Grant—go carefully over the list (it is not long); and then compare with it that of certain men whose brilliancy and ability might have made them forever dear to their country, and yet who failed to win its love and devotion because of some devious transaction, some blot upon the purity of their lives—which darkened their memory forevermore.

This is not to say that even the heroes that we honor the most were or are perfect. They had and have their faults, but we glory in their honesty.

The kind of honesty that attracts us most is the rugged and simple kind—the kind which shows at once in a man's face and bearing. When this accompanies a shrewd and penetrating mind, as in Abraham Lincoln, it wins the heart at once.

"I do not want it to be praise to a man," said Theodore Roosevelt lately in Colorado, "that he is honest. I want it to be an impossible supposition that he should be anything else. But if you train up your children to hear a shady scoundrel spoken of with a certain half-admiration, as, 'Well, he is smart'; if you let your children hear

a man's crookedness excused on the ground that though he is a cheat, he cheats mightily well, you have only yourselves to blame if your legislators betray you."

Next to the personal debts, which are the most necessary of all to be paid, come the debts to the community in which you live. You are born with these debts upon you, first, to pay your own way as a man and a citizen; and then to help to carry your town along. It has poor to be assisted, public institutions to be founded and supported, and a government to be kept pure and efficient. The man who contracts private debts for his food, clothing, lodging or whatever, and then runs away in order to get rid of paying them, is properly despised by all his fellows; but he is no more contemptible than the man who shifts the whole burden of the care of his town's poor and his town's politics upon others. This is especially true in a democratic government, and yet you know many who shirk that duty.

While you are yet young, get into the habit of being interested in the doings of your community. Find out what its needs and its resources are. Examine into the character of its officials. If you discover that things are wrong, give every instant that you can spare, and your best thought, to the task of setting them right. The corruption which has crept into so many of our municipalities and our States has sprung largely from the ignorance of our people; and even more largely from their indifference and carelessness, after they had been informed.

These are worldly debts; but above them all towers our great debt to our Creator and our Redeemer. We are to pay it with the loving service of our every power, every day we live, by extending God's kingdom and upholding his Church.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 16. Texts: Phil. 4:13; I Cor. 10:13; 1 Cor. 4:13.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 16. Text: Rom. 13: 7-10.



# IN MY VERANDA EASY CHAIR



## The Trials of Children

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ARE we not prone to underrate the trials of little children? When they cry over a broken doll or a disappointment grown people are much too apt to be deficient in sympathy. The trial that looks very small to man or woman may be large enough to blot the sunshine from the child's day. Children take life very seriously. The little girl who misses a promotion would like to hide herself from the successful members of her class. Only a few years ago a boy of fifteen in New England was found dead in the woods, slain by his own youthful hand, because he had failed in his effort to be graduated from the high school. Parents should not be too ready to frown upon misdemeanors or failures that may be due to thoughtlessness, inexperience or misunderstanding. The burden that a child sometimes carries unsuspected by elder people, would tax the endurance of teachers, fathers and mothers. Be sympathetic with the children. I once knew a little maid who had the gift of tears. They changed to smiles when her father came home at night. She would run to him and say, "Daddy, carry me and comfort me."

### A Hint to the Ministry

"DON'T you think it time that ministers should be more enthusiastic about getting whole families into the church? In my opinion there are too many churches. Husbands go to one, wives to another or all stay away." "J. C. P."

Pardon me for saying that ministers cannot be enthusiastic very long if compelled to preach to empty pews. Fathers and mothers should insist that their children attend church with them. Too much liberty is allowed growing boys and girls in the matter of church going, with the result that young people do not form the habit of attending divine worship. If the family does its duty in filling up its own pew, and if the family next door are told about the good sermon that has been missed by absence, and if again during the week our minister is praised by the congregation, not one church but all churches in towns and villages will soon be comfortably filled. When the Rev. Campbell Morgan was told one summer that the New York churches were empty because people were out of town, he expressed his surprise, because everywhere he saw crowds of people, non-church-goers, who certainly were still in the city. Don't blame the ministry, dear friend. We who are church members need to get up steam ourselves. The subject is open for discussion.

### An Old-Time Relic

AMONG the most prized gifts that came to the editor of this page just before Christmas, was a copy of the *Massachusetts Sun*, in excellent preservation, published in Worcester, July 17, 1776. Thirteen days previous to this issue the Declaration of Independence had been signed in Philadelphia. No braver deed was ever done by living men in the face of tremendous odds. The first article in the paper is the Declaration itself.

The type is quaint and old-fash-

ioned, but the printing is done extremely well and the margins and spaces are generous. One is impressed by the time it took in those days to send letters from one point to another. Our modern rapid transit was entirely unknown. Perhaps one hundred years from now our own present methods may seem slow in the eyes of our descendants.

A little note from the proprietor of the paper courteously touches upon a vital point:

"I. Thomas, returns his sincere thanks to those gentlemen who have settled with him for News-papers for the year past: He begs that such as have not paid him, would be so considerate as to think of the great disadvantage it must be to him, to have so many

scale both for the food and the fun, that these, too, contribute to fatigue almost as much as to enjoyment. An impromptu afternoon picnic in which one or two families or a half dozen familiar friends combine has none of the disadvantages of the more elaborate function. To put up a simple luncheon of sandwiches, fruit and cake is an easy matter in most homes, and about four o'clock those who are going may set out together in the cars, on a ferry-boat, or in a sail-boat, according to the place where they live. If to the outfit may be added a basket containing cold tea or coffee and bottles of milk, or if at the picnic ground there is the opportunity to kindle a fire, boil water and make tea or coffee, the provision for the supper will be



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### The Kindergarten Housekeeping Game

IN MANY of the kindergartens throughout the country the games to which children devote themselves with greatest enthusiasm are made under the direction of trained and competent teachers, to instill the ever needed lessons of neatness, goodfellowship, forbearance and good manners. The accompanying photograph shows the tea party, that loved amusement of little girls, transformed into a miniature meal which the little housewives have prepared and from which they are to be taught lessons which lead on to interest in courses in domestic science.

small sums in different hands, therefore would now request that they would pay their respective balances to Mr. Daniel Bigelow jun., (as he has removed to Boston,) which will greatly oblige their humble servant,

"ISAIAH THOMAS.

"Worcester, June 14, 1776."

### An Afternoon Picnic

AN ALL-DAY picnic often sends people home very weary at nightfall. If it be a Sunday School or church affair, the older members of the party have so much responsibility concerning the children, the start has to be made so early and the return is frequently so late that a majority of those who have shared the outing declare that they are glad such picnics come but once a year. Preparations, too, must be made on so extensive a

complete. As the summer twilight gathers story-telling and songs will naturally follow the pleasure of an informal meal, and between nine and ten o'clock the party may count on returning ready for a night of refreshing sleep. If you have never tried the plan of an afternoon picnic organize one at once and see how charming it can be.

### Saving for the Rainy Day

A MOTHER, whose young daughter is about for the first time to enter an active business life, has asked that something be said to young girls on the importance of saving for the rainy day. Others besides the young in this lavish age of ours and in this bountiful country need this reminder. The rainy day, by which is meant the day of illness, of loss of employment, of a sudden and pressing emergency, or of

help that must be given to dear one may come to the most prosperous. The temptation to a young girl who has been compelled to deny herself pretty things and nice clothing and the luxuries attractive to the young is to spend all she earns, put nothing aside, and especially to be reckless in buying things to wear. A better way is for the young wage-earner from the very beginning of a business life to determine how much he or she will need for actual wants and then week by week lay aside a definite sum, however small in the savings bank.

To spend all that one earns is foolish, while often to spend more than one earns is little short of criminal. One would sleep well at night, meet the world fearlessly, and remain young in defiance of Time, one must be prudent and discreet in the use of money. A good test of character is to be observed in the manner in which money is treated by the average boy and girl. Parents should early train children in thrift, not in hoarding. If money is wisely saved, wisely spent, and wisely given away, character will broaden and deepen and happiness will be unshadowed.

### A Misdemeanor

A STRENUOUS fight is being maintained in various parts of this land against an evil which menaces the peace of the home and works ruin to soul and body wherever it gets a foothold. The saloon is responsible for poverty, wretchedness and crime, and there are few of our cities in which it does not stand conspicuously on the corner of many a street. There are those who apologize for the saloon on the ground that it is the poor man's club, and that it affords him social privileges which he cannot otherwise compass when his income is scanty and his home ill-provided with even moderate comfort. The fact that this scanty income and the lacking comforts are abridged and accounted for by the saloon itself, and that the hard working woman at home is the chief sufferer from its influence, is overlooked by sentimental apologists.

In Tacoma, Wash., a step has been made in the right direction if it can be legally enforced. The authorities in that city have declared the common practice of treating to be a misdemeanor. A man must be contented with paying for his own glass, but may not invite his neighbor to drink with him. An old farmer who strongly held to total abstinence, having in his childhood suffered from the brutality of a drunken father, and having witnessed the misery of his mother, made up his mind long ago that treating was one of the worst accompaniments of the drink habit. His home was on a New Jersey farm, and whenever he went to market in the nearest large town acquaintances would hail him with the request to come and take a drink. "No, thank you," the old man would shout amiably enough, "I won't drink with you, but if you insist I'll take the ten cents." This settled the matter without further debate. For the sake of women and children and men in whom is good stuff, but who are demoralized by drink, every thoughtful householder must labor that the saloon as a power in the land may one day be abolished. The Tacoma people are moving forward with this end in view.



# Our Boys and Girls

Some Prize Winners in the Cozy Corner

## OLD GLORY

See the flag a-waving high up in the sky;  
Old Glory is a-floating and the sun is passing by.  
Justice, valor, purity  
Held up with security  
Every loyal, faithful man  
Who would work with love for his native land.



See the stars in the field  
Of blue!  
See Old Glory to which  
We are true!  
Even the tiny tots  
Cheer the brightcolor  
spots  
And listen to the story  
Of the flag and all its  
glory.  
ALICE GREENAWALT,  
age 11.

## Night

The leaves are rustling  
gently  
Through the boughs  
that seem to say,  
Welcome the time when  
all is still,  
And the stars come  
out to play.

The flowers and grasses  
whisper,  
And the cool breeze  
passes by,  
And even the birds seem happier,  
When night is drawing nigh.  
MARGARET DENNISON, age 13.

## A Sunshiny Shower

Little drops of water,  
Dancing in the sun.  
You could never, never count them,  
Though they are falling one by one.



"Trusty Old Dick" Elinor Gray, age 13

And when the dance is finished,  
In the sky you'll see  
Colors bright as diamonds,  
Dancing merrily.  
EMMA HANSON, age 13.

## The Tin Soldier

I'm an old little, tin little soldier  
Thrown out from the window above.  
In the cold and the wet and the dampness,  
Where once I was petted and loved.  
My small mistress, ah, but she's pretty;  
Her eyes are the darkest of blue;



"A Good Time" Lucette King, age 10



"The Old Swimming Hole" Wentworth Laxon, age 15

Her lips are as red as a cherry,  
I believe she looks something like you.  
Oh, no! but it could not be you, dear,  
That threw me far out in the cold!  
A poor little, scuffed little soldier like me,  
So stiff and so lame and so old.  
LUCILE WELLS, age 11.

## My Hospital

One day I made a dolls' hospital  
Because all my dollies were sick  
With broken legs and lost hair  
Or maybe a crack in the neck:  
Jane's eyes had both fallen in,  
Elizabeth's arms and legs were gone,  
Maria's fingers and hair were off,  
Poor dear! She'd been ill so long!



"Having a Good Time" Donald Hall, age 11

Martha's neck  
was a little  
cracked,  
But she was  
really very well,  
So I had her  
help with the  
nursing,  
She and my  
rag-doll Nell.  
There was poor  
old Punchy-  
Clown  
Who was once  
so full of fun;  
His head was  
off, and so we feared  
That nothing could be done.  
But we were very careful  
And took care of all the dears,  
And when we 'formed op'rations  
There were always many tears.  
ADDIE BOB BOWLES, age 10.

## Buttercups

They come in the Spring; the first flowers I see  
Are the buttercups, dearer than all to me;  
For they whisper stories in my ear,  
The kind of stories I love to hear.

Into my questioning eyes of brown,  
They tell me this, as I look down:  
"Little girl, little girl, you seem to say,  
'May I cull you, dears, and  
carry you away?'"  
RACHEL MOE.

The June Honor Roll  
and list of Prize Winners  
in last month's Cozy  
Corner contest will be pub-  
lished July 12.

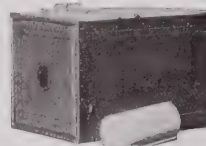


"Dancing Bears on Our Lawn" Betty Carter, age 14

a well-known author, and yet some Cozy Corner little girl sent it in signed by herself, saying further that it took her a long time to write it. Once for all, let us have a clear understanding on this point. We want only your own work. We do not mind a little help over a hard place that some one may give you, perhaps, but anything deliberately copied, in whole or in part, must be considered out of

We built a ship upon the  
stairs  
All made of the back bed-  
room chairs,  
And filled it full of sofa  
pillows  
To go a sailing on the bil-  
lows.  
We sailed along for days  
and days,  
And had the very best of  
plays;  
But Tom fell out and hurt  
his knee,  
And there was no one left  
but me.

This is part of a copyrighted poem by a Cozy Corner little girl sent it in signed



My "Good Time" is with the Kodak I won in the Cozy Corner. My brother took this picture. James Langdon, age 12 1/2

Follow these directions, and you can shave as well with Ivory Soap as with any shaving soap you ever used:

Moisten the face with lukewarm water. Rub on it a cake of Ivory Soap, manipulating it as you would a stick of shaving soap. Work up the lather with the brush. Rinse. Moisten the brush and reapply the lather to the face, working it up thoroughly. Shave.

Ivory's advantages as a shaving soap are: It is inexpensive; it is always at hand in the bath room; it contains no "free" alkali and leaves the skin in better condition than any other soap.

The usual way of using Ivory Soap for shaving—applying the brush to the soap and then to the face—is not entirely satisfactory. The lather is light and dries quickly. But this objection is overcome if you adopt the method outlined above.

Ivory Soap . . 99 4/100 Per Cent. Pure

the contest. Remember, the Cozy Corner is the place where you may start and work up to greater things, and you may come as often as you like and be sure of our interest, our co-operation, and our love. Enter the prize competitions every week, or send in original work of any kind at any time. Do not bother to decide for yourself whether the things you would like to send are good enough or not; we must all make a beginning and from there gradually work ourselves up to the top. If you want thoroughly to enjoy the Boys' and Girls' Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and you have not as yet written, do not wait; write and introduce yourself to-day. You will, almost by return mail, receive a delightful Cozy Corner letter written especially to you.

Our Good-Night Verse  
Blessed be the Lord my rock.  
My high tower and my de-  
liverer:  
My shield, and He in whom I  
trust.

Lovingly and faithfully.

The Aunt in  
The Cozy Corner



## Safety and 5%

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We own and offer, subject to prior sale, the unsold portion of the following issues:

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Fort Worth, Texas. Total mortgage, \$60,000; valuation of security, \$150,000. Notes payable serially, one to five years.

#### First Presbyterian Church

Spokane, Wash. Total mortgage, \$40,000; valuation of security, \$146,000. Notes payable serially, one to five years.

#### Right Rev. John B. Morris

Little Rock, Ark. Total mortgage, \$70,000; valuation of security, \$190,000. Notes payable serially, one to ten years.

#### Broadway Baptist Church

Fort Worth, Texas. Total mortgage, \$20,000; valuation of security, \$70,000. Notes payable serially, one to five years.

#### Corner Realty Company

St. Louis, Mo. Total mortgage, \$425,000; valuation of security, \$700,000. Notes payable May 1, 1916.

The above are only a few of the many First Mortgage Real Estate Notes we have to offer. On request, complete detail circulars of all issues will be sent you, giving full description of properties, amount of insurance and the maturities available. All interest payable semi-annually, evidenced by interest coupons. A most convenient form of investment with absolute security.

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We offer you that investment with our reputation of thirty-three years' experience to sustain our recommendation. Send for booklet "A Testing of First Mortgage Farm Loans."

#### WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY

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Security Bank Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Another Talk On Thrift

IF a boy, born near the water and with opportunities for learning to swim, but from which art he has been debarred by the excessive ignorance or excessive caution of his guardians, is drowned, the emotional will say: "Too bad for the poor parents!" The wiser will clench their teeth and feel, if they do not say it: "The loss of that fine boy is directly chargeable to the criminal ignorance of his guardians! They knew he must live on or near the water, perhaps got his living from that element, yet they never even gave him kindergarten lessons that would insure an elementary knowledge of the conditions under which he was to spend his life."

Yes, we are rehearsing that kindergarten lesson on thrift, for we know it to be the most important in the series now being outlined. The most important acquisition made by the scholar, in all his long life, was the mastery of the alphabet. When he had learned the control of those fragments of words, he had secured the key to the recorded knowledge of all the ages. All beginnings are small, elementary if you will, but the toiler who ignores the little things will never find himself in a position to control the great. True education is the development and acquisition of correct habits of mind and body; and character, whether good or bad, is confirmed habit.

The old maxim, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," holds quite as good to-day as when it was first uttered. There are people born with a natural aptitude for certain callings, and this we call "talent," or when it is conspicuously developed we name it "genius," but all schools are for the average man or woman, not for the exceptional. With the ample opportunities in nearly every part of our country for a fair common school education, it is regarded as a disgrace if the normal American child has reached the age of fourteen without being able to read, write and cipher after a fashion, but the disgrace for such ignorance should attach to the parents or guardian and not to the child.

#### Theory Versus Practice

People have no doubt been greatly helped by reading books that purport to teach finance, music, languages, or swimming in "ten easy lessons," or through some other short-cut theoretical process, but no one ever learned business methods without actual business experience, no one ever learned to swim without going not "near" but actually into the water. We all know this, just as we know that the average boy and girl are qualifying themselves to earn money, that is, to make an honest living, when they go to school, but with too great a faith in books—in theory. We are apt to forget or to ignore the absolute importance of a practical acquaintance with the management of that one thing which represents so many things, and to win which all this effort is being made, and that is—money.

By all means study the theory of thrift, and the laws governing business and trade, for such study will help enormously in actual practice. It is not our purpose here to call attention to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's publications along this line, but we know it has issued, in cheap, handy form, a few books that every man and woman, and boy and girl, should read over again and again, till the details, the essential elementary knowledge they contain, is mastered. All this will prepare them the better for the actual practice, an ounce of which is worth a ton of untested theory.

#### Step by Step

We are trying in these talks to illustrate the successive and progressive steps for the acquisition of a competency through thrift, by comparing

them with the grades through which the scholar passes from the kindergarten to the high school or college. In doing this we are drawing no fanciful analogy, for this education, this knowledge of finance and this drill in the wholesome habits of thrift should be considered an essential part of every education, whether a certain fortune is to be inherited and held through good business management, or an uncertain fortune to be won by individual effort.

There are young men and young women, graduating from our colleges just about this time, to whom the average possessor of a common school education will feel inclined to look up as to the privileged few with wonderful intellectual accomplishments and endowments, and yet, and it saddens us that it is so, a majority of these young people, whose bills have been met by hopeful guardians, are more ignorant of thrift and less able to take up the life battle, than the ragged urchin whose papers they buy, and who is saving up until he can own a stand or a news route and so become his own employer and master.

The youth who has passed through the kindergarten school of thrift, and done well in the intermediate grade, should be well qualified to hold high rank in the grammar school; but just at this point in our illustration there comes in an element that diverges from the parallel. It is safe to prophesy that the pupil who has done exceptionally well in the lower grades will continue his success in the higher department, but because one can swim all right close to shore, it does not follow that he is qualified to venture boldly into the more turbulent depths, nor is it certain that because a beginner has managed well his tens or even his few hundred dollars, that he can rush without fear and with equal hope into larger ventures.

In climbing this hill of success, the grade becomes steeper and the danger greater as we advance, and so each succeeding step must be taken guardedly lest the ground slip and we are sent further back, with increased experience to be sure, but with lessened strength for another upward effort. This step we are calling the "grammar grade" in the school of thrift, and what we have so far said in this short article must not be regarded as a lesson, but rather as an introductory lecture to the more serious consideration of the subject.

We have not gone into details in this consideration, but we hope to illustrate some subsequent talks with actual experiences in the grammar school of thrift.

#### White House Silver Wedding

Continued from page 679

every face brings up some incident of my life in Cincinnati that I like to cherish. And, as the time grows nearer when I shall go back there to make it my permanent home, as a retiring place for one ex-President, the pleasure of anticipation and retrospection as to my friendships there grows greater and greater.

Mrs. Taft's gown for the occasion was of white silk brocade with a court train embroidered with silver roses. Miss Helen Taft, who gracefully assisted her mother in receiving, wore a girlish dress of rose pink.

No story of this national function would be complete without a description of the famous wedding cake, which was a triumph of the confectioner's art. Around the base of the great cake were twenty-five American flags, made of frosting and sugar, the stripes of each flag being over three inches long. Fruits and flowers made entirely of sugar were artistically heaped upon it and surmounted with silver-frosted wedding bells.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 28 Nassau Street, will be pleased to furnish upon request a new circular describing a selected list of railroad and industrial bonds yielding from 4½% to 6%. Ask for circular D-142.

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# The Apple Tree and Jimmy

By ELEANOR H. PORTER  
Author of "The Story of Marco," etc.

"PLEASE, mister, would ye mind if I et jest one? I'll pick out a jammed one, or one what's got a worm in it." The boy's voice was wistful. His eyes were eagerly fixed on the man, leaning against the stone wall.

The man, Farmer Cross—known to some as "John Cross," but to more as "cross John"—turned his head impatiently. He was not surprised to see that the boy was a stranger—none knew better than Farmer Cross that no neighborhood lad would have addressed those words to him.

"Well, who are you?"

"Jimmy Dolan, sir."

"How'd you come here?"

"Walked."

"Where from?"

"The Briggess', where I'm a-stayin' ten days. I'm a Fresh-Airer, ye know."

"Humph!" commented the man, and turned back once more to his moody contemplation of the apple-strewn ground before him.

The boy shifted from one bare foot to the other. Already he was as near the wall as he could get; already his hands were placed for the easy vault over it. Wistfully his eyes swept the trees, the grass, and the far-reaching green aisles of the orchard. Above, beneath, beyond, everywhere were apples—red, enticing apples. One more minute he endured it; then he spoke.

"Please, mister, did ye say I could have jest one ter eat? Ye know it's a-goin' ter be a wormy one!"

"Eh? What? Great guns, yes! Eat the tree if ye like."

Jimmy was over the wall in a trice.

"Did ye mean dat—on de level, now?" he demanded, between mouthfuls.

"Of course I meant it! Why not?"

Jimmy suspended operations long enough to grin derisively.

"Oh, I say! Jest s'posin' I did et de tree an' all de apples on it—where'd be de money what was a-comin' ter you for 'em?"

"Money!" snapped the man with bitter sharpness. "There's no money there, boy—for me."

Jimmy stared. He actually forgot, for a moment, to eat.

"Oh, I say, ain't ye on ter yer job?" he flared. "If ye ain't jest listen ter me. Why, folks'd pay Apple Sally down home five cents fur t'ree o' dem apples, an' sometimes fur only two. On de level, now!"

"Yes, and how much of that five cents do I get?" snarled the man. "Mighty little, I can tell ye. By the time them apples are picked and packed and hauled and freighted and dropped into the hands of your city middlemen and dealers, there ain't much comin' ter me—who growed 'em. Now, maybe you'll think I know what I'm talkin' about when I say you can eat the tree and welcome—if ye like!"

And Farmer Cross turned and began to stomp angrily away.

He had not gone a dozen yards before there came the soft patter of running feet behind him.

"Oh, I say, mister," called the boy, coaxingly, "ye don't care which way I lug 'em off, do ye?—whedder in my hands or in my stumacher?"

"No, no! Eat what ye like, do what ye like—only leave me alone," growled cross John.

"Yes, sir—t'ank ye, sir," caroled Jimmy, jocosely, as he hurried back to his tree.

It was the next day that Farmer Cross, on the highway that passed by his orchard, almost met with an accident. His horse shied violently at a curious object in the road ahead.

With an angry exclamation the man pulled his horse to one side and waited irritably.



# The Howard Watch

When the U. S. Battleship "Maine" was sunk in Havana Harbor, Admiral Sigsbee's HOWARD Watch went down with it.

It lay in sea water for five days—was recovered by a navy diver—and today it varies less than ten seconds a month, which is a ratio of one second in 260,000. Admiral Sigsbee has carried his HOWARD Watch since 1868. It has cruised in eighteen vessels of the U. S. Navy—over a distance of Two Hundred and Eighty-eight Thousand miles.

It has set the standard time in taking observations for navigating—where a few seconds' error may spell disaster to the ship. A service so exacting that even the ship's chronometers have to be checked up in every port.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double roller escapement) in a "Jas. Ross" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel in a 14K solid gold case at \$150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," relating to the history of his own HOWARD. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. W, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

# Not Good By Accident

THE mellow, full-flavored richness of Mrs. Rorer's Coffee is not the result of accident.

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Dept. H 2, 39 Main St.  
Indianapolis - Ind.



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## Love's Work

Sunday School Lesson by  
Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**M**ANASSEH, son of Hezekiah, was born B.C. 708; crowned B.C. 696; carried captive to Babylon B.C. 677; in exile B.C. 676; returned to Jerusalem B.C. 675; died B.C. 641. Of the eleven years of his boyhood as the prince royal we are told nothing. Of the nineteen years which followed his coronation at twelve years of age we are told many things, and all are evil, because Manasseh set himself to destroy all the good that his father had done, and to make the kingdom of Judah as it was in the time of his grandfather, King Ahaz. The first act of King Manasseh was to turn the idols out of the house of God. The first act of King Manasseh was to turn God out of his temple and restore the idols. The holy place quickly became a den of idolaters. All over his kingdom, he threw down God's altars, and set up altars for the worship of the heathen gods Baal and Ashtaroth, and the sun and moon and stars. With King Manasseh for their leader, God's people became even more wicked than those who had always worshiped idols. God looking down from heaven saw all the wickedness of King Manasseh and determined to punish him. God can punish in many ways, but the way he chose to punish King Manasseh was to send the great King of Assyria and his army to make Manasseh a prisoner and take him away to Babylon. He was taken in one night like an ox, not with a ring in his nose, attached to a rope or chain, but with a hook in his lip, fastened to a chain by which he was pulled along. What inglorious treatment for a king! In Babylon he had nothing like the work of a king to do, he had only to sit and think, think, think! He thought about how wicked and foolish he had been. He prayed to God, and told him that he was sorry for the wrong he had done, and asked God to forgive him, and let him have another chance. During one whole year Manasseh thus prayed to God in his prison in Babylon, and then God put it into the heart of the king of Assyria to send Manasseh back to his home in the city of Jerusalem.

A little boy seven years old was once asked, "What is it to repent?" His answer was: "To be sorry for your sins and stop doing them." King Manasseh understood "repent" this way too, for after he was back again as king, there was no more worship of idols for him. He took out of God's house the idols he had put there, and had them broken up. Then he worshiped God as King Hezekiah had done, and he removed the idols from every part of his land, and again it was God's house, and God's city, and God's land. It was that way for all of the years that King Manasseh yet lived—thirty-five in all. He had been a wicked king for nineteen years, and for almost twice as long he was a good king—a follower of God.

It would be well now to read this whole story from the Bible. II. Chron. 33: 1-20, also II. Kings 21: 1-18. Let these two Scripture portions be compared and let the differences be noted on a piece of paper. They can best be compared by two persons taking part, one reading aloud in II. Kings, while the other holds the Bible open in II. Chronicles.

## Manasseh's Evil Inheritance

He received his heritage of weakness from his grandfather Ahaz, who was drawn by cords of idolatry; from his great-great-grandfather Uziah, whose

Continued on next page

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for July 16, 1911. Manasseh's Wickedness and Penitence. II. Chron. 33: 1-20, GOLDEN TEXT: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Isa. 1: 16, 17.



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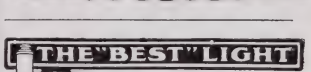
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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

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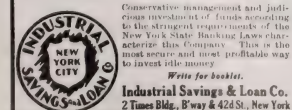


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prosperity was his undoing; from another of his forebears Jehoram, who had little or no regard for the kind of associates he selected. From his ancestor Rehoboam Manasseh had inherited a recklessness that would not yield to wise guidance. If there had been a row of family portraits in the king's palace, undoubtedly Manasseh would have been "one of them over again" in appearance and in manner. "God forgive me out of a pitying heart that curses the man whose sinful life has made it hard for a little boy to be good."—Wilbour Merrill, M.D.

Jimmy was a boy who had "rented" a lively rig for an hour's ride; but the following day Jimmy and his little pal were arrested forty miles from home, making camp along the roadside. The mother said to a friend who came to comfort her: "But you must know that my Jimmy is not deserving of all the censure his bad conduct has placed upon him. From the time he was four years of age, his unsteady life has been even more and more vacillating and uncontrolled. It is some hidden power that has made him dishonest in the very hour that he has wept himself sick at my breast, begging me to forgive him for stealing. No, sir, I can't be too hard on the lad when he comes to me and through his tears tells me he doesn't know why he is so bad."

So Manasseh went on from boyhood through young manhood doing those things which he ought not to have done through a vicious inheritance. Fathers, mothers and teachers, has it occurred to you to study the makeup of the boys with whom you have to deal?

### Manasseh's Inheritance of Righteousness

We have been looking at the family portraits on only one side of the hall. On the other side his forebears were good and true; his noble father Hezekiah, his great-grandfather Jotham, who was mighty because he prepared his ways before the Lord his God (II Chron. 27: 6), and his great-great-grandfather Jehoshaphat, who had caused all places of idolatry to be destroyed and had placed in authority the best and wisest men of his kingdom. Going further back, there was King Asa, who was a great reformer in his time, and had tried to do away with every form of evil in his kingdom, calling upon the people at a solemn festival to enter into a formal covenant with God. Following back down the line, we see among the family portraits King Solomon and King David. We no longer marvel that there was some good in the soul of Manasseh which could be called into action when he was alone with God for one year in the Babylonian prison. All of these gracious influences helped Manasseh to rule righteously for thirty-five years after his return from Babylon.

### Manasseh Blessed by the Love of God

After nineteen years of evil-doing, what would Manasseh have done without God in the world? God had held on while Manasseh had let go. "You have worn out my patience," said a mother to her boy, who often forgot what she told him to do, and hardly ever met her expectations. "Well, it's no use to try," responded the boy; "you don't seem to know how a fellow feels." But God's patience and forbearance cannot be worn out, because it is infinite.

Two men were walking together across a field in the vicinity of Saratoga. One of the men was the owner of the farm; indeed he had lived there all his life. It never had occurred to him that he was a rich man. The friend who visited him that day in the course of their walk drew his attention to a spot where the grass looked rather dry and yellow, while all around the grass was fresh and green. Does it always look dry like that?" asked the visitor. "Yes," replied the landowner. "Have you ever thought there

might be a reason for it?" asked the visitor. "I don't know what reason there could be," was the reply. "I will find out if you will give me a chance," said the visitor. "You may have all the chance you want," was the reply. "That means that I may dig down in the spot?" "Certainly." "I will begin to dig next week." He did, and it was not long before one of the greatest of Saratoga's springs was developed—a gas well, and also a wonderful fountain of water, which not only brought wealth to the owner and the discoverer, but health and blessing to thousands of people. No one can tell for how many ages it had been deprived of a vent. Like that spring is the love of God that men go tramping over, heedless of what there is in store for them. God used the unfriendly hand of the Assyrian king to help in opening up the treasures of his love to the hardened, almost dried-up, soul of Manasseh.

God's love is a fountain of blessing which is waiting to be opened into each and every life. It is the well of water springing up unto eternal life of which one drinks and never thirsts again (John 4: 13, 14).

### Lessons from the Life of Manasseh

How discouraged Manasseh would have been if some prophet had come to him just after his return from captivity to Jerusalem and had said, "You must be good before you can be happy." God in his mercy did not send a prophet with such a message, but instead he gave Manasseh the desire and strength of purpose to clear away the filth of idolatry which in his blindness he had put in the way of the people. Speaking in ship language, we would say God changed Manasseh's course. By way of illustration think of a ship at sea making directly for the rocks. How is the danger to be avoided? By scrubbing the decks, or by setting the men to work at the pumps? No, these things are good enough in their own time, but if the ship is to be saved, one thing is to be done—her course must be changed. Yes, and changed suddenly. Sometimes it comes as a shock, as was the case in one of our voyages last summer. The captain utters a few quick words, and the ship turns and speeds away from the danger. It took a year or less for the utterly wrong Manasseh to be turned from a wicked and dangerous life, dangerous to himself and to others, because the Captain of his salvation was at the helm and the soulship responded to the guidance. No upbraiding followed, only love and forgiveness.

It is said that when Wilberforce had appealed to Parliament for the freedom of the slaves in the West Indies, they eagerly awaited the news of the result. On the arrival of every ship the anxious question was asked: "What has Parliament decided?" At last there came a ship bearing the proclamation of their freedom. The captain could not wait to land before communicating the news, and so he shouted through his trumpet to the waiting people on shore: "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!" The story of Manasseh teaches us that freedom from sin, and freedom from the love of sin is provided for us through the love of God.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness;  
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.  
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,  
And cleanse me from my sin.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;  
And renew a right spirit within me.  
Cast me not away from thy presence;  
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.  
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;  
And uphold me with a free spirit.

—Ps. 51: 1, 2, 10-12.

The golden key to happiness is contained in the text of this lesson. "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

## ELEVEN CENTS A DAY

A Student at the Nebraska State Normal School Lives on Eleven Cents a Day and Reaches a High Standard of Health and Efficiency

Just how little a person can eat a keep in good health and first-class physical condition is a question that does interest the average person who has means with which to gratify all the desires of a normal appetite. It happens, however, that the nutritive value of a food seldom measured by its cost. Dietetic experiments along this line yield so rather astonishing results.

Mr. J. Alfred Hanna, a student of the Nebraska State Normal School, recently made some dietetic experiments on his self and was surprised to learn that the foods which supply the greatest amount of strength and endurance, and which satisfy all the cravings of a normal appetite are the foods that cost the least.

While conducting an individual self-boarding experiment, Mr. Hanna completed five weeks of Summer school at cost of \$1.18 a week for food. One week his menu cost an average of eleven cents a day. Another week he lived a little more luxuriously on twenty-four cents a day, while on other days the average expense amounted to eighteen cents a day.

The opinions of scientific men vary widely as to what constitutes a proper ration for an individual. Common sense teaches us, however, that the season, bodily condition, size, occupation and other considerations enter into the question as to how much food should be eaten. When Mr. Hanna was living on eleven cents a day his daily menu with cost of each item was as follows: Milk three cents; eggs, three cents; bread two cents; shredded wheat biscuit, three cents. On this daily ration this college student attained the highest mental and physical efficiency. He found himself enjoying the best of health and also found that he could accomplish much more each day than he could on a more elaborate and more expensive dietary.

If Mr. Hanna had cared to try the experiment, he would have found that he could have dispensed with all other food and lived on shredded wheat biscuit with milk and a little fruit, and on this diet could have reached the highest physical strength and mental alertness. This has been demonstrated over and over again in hundreds of cases. Shredded wheat contains all the strength-giving material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. The crisp, porous shreds enable the stomach to quickly and easily take up all the nutritive material in the wheat while the bran coat of the wheat, which is scattered along the shreds, stimulate peristalsis, thereby keeping the bowel healthy and active. As a food for the Summer months, when it is desirable to cut out the high-protein foods, nothing is more wholesome or more nourishing than shredded wheat, especially when combined with berries or other fresh fruits.

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## THE APPLE TREE AND JIMMY

Continued from page 692

no more," finished the boy, dolefully, stooping to gather up his burdens once again.

He picked up the basket and both pails, but when he reached for the bag he dropped one pail, and when he clutched at that, he lost his hold on the basket. Again he tried, but a sharp "honk—honk" and a whizzing whirl of wheels and dust sent him scrambling with his treasures to the side of the road. The next minute he was mournfully regarding a little crushed heap of red and white—all that the automobile had left of the trunk apples that had rolled from the bag.

For a moment Farmer Cross, busy quieting his horse, seemed to have forgotten the boy; but he turned at last.

"Now, there was a man that could have helped ye, boy," he jeered. "Why didn't ye stop him an' tell him what ye want?"

"Help? Me? Who was he?"

"He's James Howard Weston, the Boss, the King, the Great Mogul of the railroad you'll be ridin' on to-morrow. Now if he said the word they'd have to take a barrel o' them apples for ye, an' with never a lift of yer little finger yerself. What he says goes, my boy!"

With one bound Jimmy reached the middle of the road, his eyes on the whirling wake of dust.

"Huh! and I never knew!" he almost sobbed.

The man stared; then he laughed uproariously.

"Bless me! if I don't believe the kid would have done it," he muttered. Aloud he mocked: "Oh, 'tain't too late, my lad, if you're really wantin' ter interview the gentleman. He's got a summer home right up there where you see them two towers. You can go to him now. He's just gone there, you see."

"Jimmy! Say, I'm a-goin' ter," breathed the boy. "Jest keep yer eye on my apples, will ye?"

The next moment an amazed man found himself lone guard of two battered tin pails, a broken market-basket, and a bulging bag of apples, while up the road sped two bare, little tire feet.

The entire story of what followed was never known in the village. The butler of the great house on the hill told that a ragged, dirty boy came one day, and demanded to see "Mr. Weston what bossed the railroad."

Mr. Weston himself had overheard the boy, and, to the butler's astonishment, had ordered the lad to be admitted. After that the butler heard only the boy, as he spoke first:

"Say, mister, if you're de Boss, an' what you says goes, I've come ter ask ye ter say my apples goes; see?"

The door had closed then, and the butler, dumb with aghast wonder, had heard no more.

Later, some time later, the boy had come out and run down the hall with a skip and a bound and a joyous shout. In the room behind him there was silence; and the butler, going in long minutes later on some trivial pretext, found his master sitting motionless, his head leaning against his hand.

John Cross, waiting in the road below, told afterward that he could not believe his eyes or ears when Jimmy came bounding toward him.

"He said it—he said it!" the boy was panting. "He said my apples goes!"

"You mean—that?" gasped the man. "Yes, sir, dat's jest what I mean. He'll carry 'em free—all I got. Why, say! he said he'd haul a carload if I had 'em—he did!"

John Cross leaned forward suddenly. "Did he say just that—old man Weston?" he demanded.

"Sure he did!"

"Then, by thunder, we'll give him one ter haul," vowed the man, bringing his fist down hard on his knee. "Just you wait, Jimmy, an' see what I can do!" And with a pull of the reins the man drove briskly off, an expression

on his face that few had ever seen there—not for nothing had John Cross kept lonely guard over two battered tin pails, a broken market-basket, and a bulging bag of apples. He, like Jimmy's Kit, must have been "magin'in"—for before night he had the pledged word of half a dozen farmers; and in the morning a score of men and boys were stripping trees in half a dozen orchards to fill waiting, empty barrels.

When Jimmy went home that day he bore carefully a basket of apples, a tree-branch with a cluster of leaves and fruit, and a promise of something so unbelievable that all his friends tapped their heads significantly, and declared that Jimmy, too, had taken to "magin'in'."

But when, in due time, the promise was fulfilled, and the apples came—

The great James Howard Weston had given orders that Jimmy should be in command, and rightly royally did Jimmy exercise his prerogative. Doubling Thomases as they were—these friends and neighbors of his—they nevertheless came at his bidding, and once there, they doubted no longer.

It is safe to say that never before nor since has a smoky, gloomy freight-yard seen such a sight. In steady streams they came—men, women, boys, and girls, thronging, chattering, laughing, shouting; and each with something empty to be filled: a cart, a box, a baby carriage, a pail, a basket, a bag, a washbowl, a foot-tub made of tin. And everywhere was Jimmy, alert, efficient, guiding, restraining, a just judge, and a careful dispenser of his luscious treasures.

Long hours later, when the twilight fell, there was nothing left but empty barrels and the freightmen softly whistling at their task, as in their ears still rang some child's shout of joy, or some woman's sob of gratitude.

In Kit's tiny room that night a little crippled girl—in her hands a tree-branch, and in her nostrils the spicy odor from a big basket of apples—walked through a fair green orchard with the sunlight on her hair and the summer wind on her cheek.

Nor was Kit the only one to whom a round red apple had brought something sweeter than itself. Old Mag in the alley went to bed that night with an apple in her hand and a smile on her lips, while Lizzy Jane, her niece, drew the first sigh of rest she had known for days.

The Phelans, big and little, had full stomachs for once. Mike Phelan, too, was not drunk, for a wonder; perhaps because he had been so delightfully busy carting apples home that he had no time to spend at the saloon round the corner. Even Apple Sally in the Square wore a beaming smile, and actually gave away an apple to a wistful-eyed horse that stopped by her cart. Did she not have, indeed, at home, a whole big box of apples that were hers without payment of a cent?

Blind Tom down the street played a livelier tune on his violin. He, too, had a box of apples waiting at home. Men and women passing by did not know that; they knew only that somehow their step grew quicker and their heart grew lighter in answer to the little tune that he played.

### Called Higher

Mrs. Alice E. Clark, Memphis, Tenn., has gone to reap the reward of faithful service. Mrs. Frances Ford (85), of Mitchell, Ont., Can., has been called to the Master's vineyard. Mizpah Estele Bradt (20) died recently at the home of her parents in Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Mrs. Eleanor Paterson was called to the Master's house from her home at Boone, Ia., on February 12.

L. W. Hamilton (74), of Liverpool, Pa., entered into rest after years of faithful service for both his God and his country.

Mrs. Eliza L. E. Higgins (92) died recently at her home in Sandoval, Ill. She had been a reader of this paper for many years.

Mrs. Laura A. Johnson (98) of Alpha, Ia., died recently at her home there. Her life of service to her family and of helpfulness to her neighbors testify to the consistency with which her Christian life has been lived.

(A short human-interest story written by C. W. Post for the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.)

# Some Day Ask Your Physician

To tell you the curious story of how the mind affects the digestion of food.

I refer to the condition the mind is in, just before, at the time, or just following the taking of food.

If he has been properly educated (the majority have) he will help you understand the curious machinery of digestion.

To start you thinking on this interesting subject, I will try to lay out the plan in a general way and you can then follow into more minute details.

Pawlow (pronounce Pavloff) a famous Russian Physician and Chemist, experimenting on some dogs, cut into the tube leading from the throat to the stomach.

They were first put under chloroform or some other anaesthetic and the operation was painless. They were kept for months in very good condition.

When quite hungry some unappetizing food was placed before them and, although hunger forced them to eat, it was shown by analysis of the contents of the stomach that little if any of the digestive juices were found.

Then, in contrast, some raw meat was put where they couldn't reach it at once, and a little time allowed for the minds of the dogs to "anticipate" and create an appetite. When the food was finally given them, they devoured it ravenously and with every evidence of satisfaction. The food was passed out into a dish through the opening before it reached the stomach. It was found to be mixed with "Ptyalin" the alkaline juice of the mouth, which is important for the first step in digestion. Then an analysis was made of the contents of the stomach, into which no food had entered. It was shown that the digestive fluids of stomach were

flowing freely, exactly as if the desirable food had entered.

This proved that it was not the presence of food which caused the digestive juices to flow, but the flow was caused entirely and alone as a result of the action of the mind, from "anticipation."

One dog continued to eat the food he fed for over an hour, believing he was getting it into his stomach, whereas not an ounce went there; every particle went out through the opening, and yet all this time the digestive juices flowed to the stomach, prepared to quickly digest food, in response to the curious orders of the mind.

Do you pick up the lesson?

Unappetizing food, that which fails to create mental anticipation, does not cause the necessary digestive juices to flow, whereas, food that is pleasing to the sight and hence to the mind will cause the complicated machinery of the body to prepare in a wonderful way for its digestion.

How natural then, to reason that one should sit down to a meal in a peaceful, happy state of mind and start off the breakfast, say with some ripe delicious fruit, then follow with a bowl of crisp, lightly browned, thin bits of corn like Post Toasties, add a sprinkle of sugar and some good yellow cream and the attractive, appetizing picture cannot escape your eye and will produce the condition of mind which causes the digestive juices nature has hidden in mouth and stomach, to come forth and do their work.

These digestive juices can be driven back by a mind oppressed with worry, hate, anger or dislike of the disagreeable appearance of food placed before one.

Solid facts that are worthy the attention of anyone who esteems prime health and human happiness as a valuable asset in the game of life.

"There's a Reason" for saying "The Memory Lingers" when breakfast is started with POST TOASTIES.

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## How to Forget a Corn

A Blue-jay plaster is applied in a moment. Then the pain of the corn stops instantly. Then the bit of red B & B wax gently loosens the corn, and in two days it comes out.

The plaster is snug and comfortable, and one simply forgets the corn. In 48 hours one is rid of it. No soreness, no pain, no inconvenience. Do you wonder that most people now use Blue-jay? Five million corns are removed by them every year. Please try them on yours.

### See the Picture

A is the harmless red B & B wax which loosens the corn. B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading. C is the comfortable narrow band which goes around the foot. D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

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## Gold Dust

is the housekeeper's best friend and dirt's worst enemy. Its base is pulverized vegetable oil soap, with other purifying and cleansing ingredients added. It does its work quickly, thoroughly and efficiently.

There's nothing about the house that Gold Dust will not clean—clothes, dishes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, mirrors, windows, refrigerators, brooms, brushes, oilcloth, dairy utensils, bath tubs, sinks, pipes—in fact anything that is ever cleaned with soap or other cleanser.

**"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"**



## Fairy Soap

is pure soap. It is made from edible products, and has a clean, delicate, refreshing smell. Its *whiteness* cannot tell a lie, as it contains no coloring matter, impurities or adulterations. Beware of soaps that masquerade under strong perfumes and dyes.

You can pay more but you cannot get more soap goodness than is found in Fairy Soap—the *white, handy, floating, oval cake*—at 5c. Try it and learn why.

**"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"**



## Sunny Monday

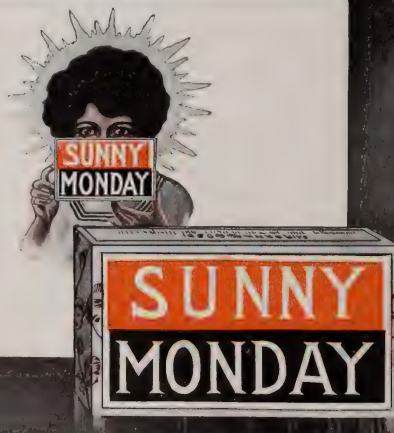
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Sunny Monday is a white soap—made from choice fats, vegetable oils and a wonderful dirt-starting ingredient, which saves half the rubbing.

Sunny Monday washes equally well in hot, cold, luke-warm, boiling, hard or soft water.

The use of Sunny Monday means the saving of clothes—it will double their life—and make them whiter than they ever were before.

**"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"**



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO



# Christian Herald

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*Young Moorish Girls Harvesting in the Fields, Algiers*





## Questions and Answers

M. M., Leavenworth, Kan. Have we any definite traces of the Hittites or reliable data drawn from recent discoveries concerning them?

Recent excavations in Eastern Asia Minor and Northern Syria have been successful in unearthing traces of the "Children of Heth" or Hittites. Their kingdom, which seems to have been one of considerable size, was known as Hatti, and to the Egyptians as Khita. They were flourishing long before the days of Abraham. Hugo Wenckler, a noted Orientalist, in 1906-1907 excavated ruins of Hittite palaces at Boghaz-keni in Cappadocia, and also remains of royal archives, some of which were in a tongue not yet deciphered. Enough has been read, however, to show that the Hittites, about 1800 B.C., made successful war on Babylon.

W. V. B., Grand Rapids, Mich. Please explain II Sam. 7:14, 15. Some think that Solomon was not saved because the Bible nowhere tells of his repentance.

The promise of Divine favor for Solomon, as Nathan delivered it to David, was a beautiful and auspicious one. His strange career, his idolatries and other sins, marred a noble character; but we are not the judges of his final destiny. The great leaders of the Christian Church have shrunk from debating the question and so may we. Let us hope, however, that the same divine mercy which is extended even in the eleventh hour, found Solomon repentant and forgiven, and at peace with God, who had blessed and honored him so abundantly in his lifetime.

O. G. Y., Jesup, Ia. 1. Is the work of George Muller of Bristol, England, still carried on? 2. Is the work of Dr. Charles Cullis still going on in Boston?

1. Yes, in the same place. 2. Yes, in the Dorchester district of Boston. As many as fifty consumptives are often cared for there at one time.

J. P. F. B., Krumsville, Pa. If I contribute for the foreign field, and send it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will it be sent directly to the place where I desire to have it sent, or will it be added to a special fund designed for the foreign field?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been used as a channel of missionary support for many years. Those who desire to designate a special missionary or mission have the assurance in sending to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that their gifts will go in full and direct to the missionary or mission for which they are intended. If, on the other hand, they designate a cause embracing not one but many individual objects, their gifts will be added undiminished to any fund that may exist for the benefit of that cause. Such funds are usually controlled by missionary committees in the field, who are responsible for the equitable distribution of all moneys sent to them for that purpose.

P. M. S., Oakland, Calif. Please explain I Sam. 16:22. Can any evil emanate from God?

You have touched upon a topic that has caused much controversy. Evil is the negation of good. God is the source of all goodness, and no evil dwells in him; but with the withdrawal of his guiding and protecting Spirit from man, evil comes. In I Sam. 16:14, we are distinctly told that this was the case with Saul. The Spirit of God had forsaken him, and then his soul was an easy prey to the Spirit of Evil. He was hypochondriac and his distemper was aggravated by his wicked temper and his consciousness that as the result of his own sin and folly he was in danger of losing his throne.

F. L., Capac, Mich. What object lesson was Christ teaching in John 8:7?

He was not condoning the woman's sin, but was showing the injustice of her condemnation by others who were themselves guilty before God. It was a rebuke to the self-righteous. (For second question see the account of the raising of the Morte in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

J. B. G., Wilton, Me. What did Jesus mean by "perish," John 3:16?

The word, in the widest sense, was ready to "perish" when God's love devised the "gift," or sacrifice, that would save it. It was under divine condemnation, estranged from God, neglectful of his laws, and had loved "the darkness rather than the light." By "perish" was evidently meant the fate reserved for those communities and nations which, living to the flesh and rejecting all else, are at last overwhelmed in their sins by some great calamity, like the nations and cities that have been destroyed in the past. But Jesus refers also to the condition of the individual soul. That there is a destruction beyond physical death

is implied in several passages (see Job 26:6; 28:22; Prov. 15:12; and 27:20; Ps. 52:5; Matt. 10:28; Phil. 3:19; James 4:12). Whether perdition means ultimate annihilation, as some have contended, or exclusion from heaven and a separation so absolute and irredeemable as to practically amount to extinction, is matter of dispute. In Rev. 21:8, perdition is described as the "second death."

W. J. W. C., Santa Maria, Calif. Please explain Rom. 9:1-18; also Zech. 8:23. Has this prophecy ever been fulfilled?

The first eleven verses of Romans 9 refer to the condition and destiny of the "chosen people." Paul was discussing the divinely appointed means of

opening up the way of salvation to both Jew and Gentile. In verse 4 what he writes may be more broadly interpreted: "And well may I feel thus toward a people so illustrious for all that is ennobling—in their origin, the trusts committed to them, and the debt which the world owes to them for the birth of a Redeemer through their race." He shows, however, that the spiritual Israel is not identical with Israel after the flesh. Though Israel after the flesh had fallen, the spiritual elect Israel has not failed. The passage in Zechariah is allied to these verses, but not closely. Read the preceding verses in Zechariah 8, which shows that verse 23 relates to a prophecy yet unfulfilled and points to a time when all nations and tongues shall know

that God is of a truth with his people, and so will desire to be joined to them.

S. J. F., River Forest, Ill. Was Uzzah, who had the care of the Ark, eligible to the priesthood? To what tribe did he belong and were there any special favors accorded them?

Uzzah was a Merarite Levite. He was not a priest, and his offense in touching the Ark was contrary to the law. He did not enjoy the privileges belonging to the priestly family.

Subscriber, Westling, Pa. Please tell me whether Great Britain or the United States could put the most ready men in the field in case of war.

The figures for Great Britain's army were in 1910, as follows: Peace strength, 255,000; reserves, 509,000; available for duty, untrained, 18,700,000. The United States regular army numbers about 77,000, and may be increased to 100,000. The enrolled militia number about 113,000, while about 15,000,000 are available for military service.

Miss L. E. W., Warehouse Point, Conn. Do you not think that "tithe," or "tenth," is first mentioned in Gen. 14:20, instead of later, as stated in your paper some time ago?

The first Biblical mention of tithes is Gen. 14:20, as stated in your letter, but there are other passages which explain the term better than this, and these you can find by reference to your word-book or concordance. Many people practise tithing even at this date, but the majority tithe the income, and not the entire possessions or gross receipts.

E. E., Merrill, Ore. Kindly inform me how the "livings" or pastorates in the Episcopal Church in England are filled.

The appointments are made by the bishop of the diocese as in America. Upon the recommendation of the Synod, the newly-ordained candidate is appointed to the position of curate. There may have been in the past isolated cases of abuse of this system, but it is quite certain that none exist at the present time.

## Miscellaneous

P. F. Y., Sidell, Ill. 1. It is pronounced *Ed-ers-hime*, with accent on the first and last syllables. 2. According to the records as now interpreted it was on Friday. 3. The King James Version still retains its popularity, although the Revised Version is now used by many preachers and is preferred by Bible scholars on account of the many corrections and improvements in the text.

G. H., Grampian Hill, Ill. We confess that our philosophy does not extend into the realm of dreams. It is a study altogether outside of the sphere of THE MAIL-BAG. You may be of an unduly sensitive temperament, and this fact may give form and character to your dreams which, after all, are but the distorted reflex of our waking thoughts. A very interesting volume on the subject is *The Night Side of Nature*, published by Coates & Co., of Philadelphia. It may help you to a solution.

F. F. F., Oshkosh, Wis. 1. The Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit is the third person in the Trinity, proceeding from the Father and the Son and equal with them in power and glory. In the Old Testament original Hebrew he is called "the Spirit of God" or the "Spirit of Jehovah." Besides this personal use of the term the words frequently occur in the New Testament as representing the indwelling effect of the Spirit's agency, with reference to power, endowment and inspiration. His personality is proved by John 16:13; Acts 10:19; Acts 13:2; 1 Cor. 12:12; John 14:26; Rom. 8:26, etc. 2. The passage in Prov. 23:31 warns us not to be caught by the color and sparkle of the wine in the cup. Much sin enters the soul through the avenue of the eye. 3. The statement we printed concerning the Creation is the view taken by modern commentators and in our opinion does not conflict with Revelation. Literal interpretations are not necessarily right. There are many passages which call for a broad, spiritual interpretation rather than a literal one. 4. The Chinese Government did much for the famine sufferers. It made liberal appropriations and is still helping them where needed. To claim that the famine was sent as a judgment against the people is unjustifiable. Famine or distress is liable to visit any nation. China's primitive methods of agriculture and lack of a proper drainage system doubtless did much to aggravate the situation.

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DWIGHT L. MOODY

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



MORNING PRAYERS AT CAMP NORTHFIELD



Photo by Loveland

## THE BATTLES OF "ROUND TOP"

*How Northfield Began and Grew Until Its Spiritual Conquests Became World-wide*

**N**ORTHFIELD'S Summer Conference is probably the oldest gathering of its kind in America, perhaps in the world. It is an outgrowth of the Bible readings which the late Dwight L. Moody gave in his own home in the summers of 1877 and 1878. He had returned to Northfield, his birthplace, to spend a season in rest. The neighbors whom he invited in on Sabbath and Tuesday evenings filled the large living rooms and halls, into which were carried all the available chairs of the home.

But it was while conducting a series of meetings in Cleveland in the fall of 1879 that the Holy Spirit moved in Mr. Moody's heart to call together a larger circle for conference in a summer session of those who were concerned about the state of Christ's Church, in order that, through prayer and study of the Word, the life and service of Christians might be more vigorous and abundant. And thus the circle widened, the first session being held the next summer. Some of the meetings were held again in the village church and others in a large tent erected for the purpose. From 1882 to 1885 no Conference was held owing to Mr. Moody's work in Great Britain, out of which grew the Keswick movement. Since 1885 the Conferences have been held annually, and almost every famous preacher of the last decade has been heard from the Northfield platform.

In 1894 Mr. Moody raised funds for the erection of the beautiful Auditorium, which seats over 2,500 per-

sons. Some of Mr. Moody's friends doubted the necessity of such a large structure, which was in those days one of the largest halls in Massachusetts, as indeed it is still. But the first Sabbath it was used every inch of space in the building was occupied, and it has been of increasing service every summer since then. The attendance runs far into the thousands.

It is interesting to stand on Garnet Rock among the hills behind Northfield, and see spread out before the eyes the many buildings, each of which is a monument to the faith and prayers of Mr. Moody. His memorial is not the granite stone that marks his last resting-place on the beautiful knoll of Round Top, which was his favorite spot. His real monument is in the lives of those whom he touched during

all those years, many of whom made decisions right there on Round Top during the Summer Conferences. Those whom he influenced were men of widely different opinions and training and disposition; but he would always get them in some line of work for the Master. An illustration of this may be seen in the scores of evangelists on whom has fallen "the mantle of the prophet," yet all of whom work in different ways, and reach very distinct classes of people. While Mr. Moody was conducting his series of meetings in England, Dr. F. B. Meyer felt a new call to preach the simple Gospel. The writer well remembers hearing Dr. Meyer tell, some years ago, how he had climbed the hills behind the large tent at Keswick, where the meetings were being held, and quietly settled the question with

God. Since that night his whole ministry has been different, and has reached around the world.

Of a different type was Rev. Len G. Broughton of Atlanta, Ga. He came, one summer twenty-five years ago, with a group of brother ministers from the South. They were quartered in the Marquand Hall. A misunderstanding occurred one day, which was a great disappointment to those men who had come so far. The whole party prepared to pack up and leave. Mr. Moody appeared upon the scene and adjusted the difficulty. The party remained and Mr. Broughton received a great blessing, out of which has grown his very large and extended ministry.

Mr. S. D. Gordon,

*Continued on page 708*



Sunset Service on "Round Top"



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.\*



## A SOLEMN QUESTION

TEXT: Gen. 44:34—"How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

THIS text may be read in many different ways, but it is always searching. How shall I go up to my Father and my husband be not with me, or my wife? How shall I be able to stand before God if the one who has worked in my home, or side by side with me in the office, be not with me? We are not responsible for the conversion of our friends, but we are responsible for telling them of Jesus, and if we have not spoken I am quite sure that one day we shall be obliged to answer for our neglect at the judgment seat of Christ.

There was a great famine in the land where God's people lived, but there was plenty in the land of Egypt. Jacob and his sons were suffering because the famine pressed him sorely, but still more was Jacob in distress because Joseph was away from him. Jacob's sons, with the exception of Benjamin, had gone over into the land of Egypt to buy corn. You will remember that when they came into the presence of Joseph they did not know him, but he knew them; he asked them concerning their father, and asked them if they still had another brother, and learned that Benjamin had been left behind. Then he treated them as spies, though they assured him they were there upon an honest mission, and he said that he would hold one of their brothers, Simeon, as a sort of hostage, and they should go back again to their father, but they could not have Simeon, nor could they have more corn, unless they brought Benjamin into his presence.

These brothers, now bringing Benjamin, come again to Joseph, and he gives them the corn, but places in the sack of Benjamin a silver cup. They start back again into the land where their father dwelt, and they have not gone very far when the messengers of the king overtake them and they find the silver cup in Benjamin's sack. They make him a prisoner, and take him back into the presence of Joseph, and when the eldest son realizes that Benjamin may be kept a captive, he makes his appeal in the text, which is really a searching Scripture. "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

### As a Man Soweth

What are the lessons that we may learn from this text? First, that what we sow we reap. Jacob deceived his father, and his sons deceived him. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Then there is another lesson. I wish we might have as great a responsibility for those around us as this brother had for Benjamin. I wish that every father would say, "How can I go up to God, and my boy be left behind?" If that were true, fathers would spend sleepless nights. If that were true, they would turn away even from their business; they would not cease to pray and work until their boys came to Jesus. You cannot escape responsibility. You are bound to answer for it. You may sit before your fire, and pile great blocks of wood upon it, then watch the flames until the coals become red, and then gradually whiten until they turn to ashes, and the fire is dead, and the room becomes cold; but listen! Science tells us that the heat is never lost; it goes out, and out, and out, in ever widening circles. And the same thing is true of your influence. There is not a father but his influence is counting for or against his boy, for or against his household; there is not a business man but his influence is counting for or against his employees. It will be a great thing when every business man realizes his responsibility for those who are employed by him. You have not fulfilled your obligation when you have won your family to Christ. You are responsible for others as well. A friend of mine in the city of Boston told me of a great New York business man who, in one of his services, came suddenly to a realization of his responsibility, and who went the next morning to his place of business and called one man after another into his private office, saying to each, "I have for years been a Christian, but I have been untrue to my profession." The last man to come was his private secretary. Taking him by the hand, the business man said, "Edward, have I not always kept my promises to you?" "Certainly,

sir." "And fulfilled every obligation?" "Most surely, sir." "Have I failed in anything?" "Not a thing, sir." But there was something in the man's face that made the secretary think there was a crisis ahead, and he said, "I hope we are not going to part; you are surely not going to dismiss me, sir?" Then, putting his arm around the younger man's shoulder, the business man said, "I am certainly not going to dismiss you, but you and I have been together fifteen years, and all that time I have never asked you to be a Christian, and I want to ask you to be a Christian this morning." Not another word was spoken; tears were rolling down the secretary's cheeks, their hands came together and he went out of the room. What was the result? That man's minister came into that great manufacturing concern and won thirteen men to Christ within a week, and one of the neighboring pastors came and won sixteen more: twenty-nine men won for Jesus Christ, simply because one man felt his responsibility. What we need in America to-day is such a baptism of the Spirit to come upon the Church that every man in the Church will begin to feel his responsibility for others and become a soul-winner; and when we have that spirit, then we shall have the spirit of the text, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

### The Responsibility of Parents

I cannot understand some parents. Some of you seem to think that the minister ought to bring your boy to Christ; some of you act as if you thought that the Sunday School teacher should win your girl to Christ; some of you seem to think that a meeting such as this should bring your children to Christ. Now, the ministers will try to do it, and the Sunday School teachers will attempt it, but I would like to say that I should feel eternally disgraced as a father if I thought that anybody had more influence over my boys than their father, if I thought that any minister in the world could influence them more than I.

I was standing in Tiffany's great store in New York, the greatest jewelry store in the world, and I heard the salesman say to a lady who had asked him about some pearls, "Madam, this pearl is worth \$17,000." I was interested at once. I said, "Let me see the pearl that is worth \$17,000. The salesman put it on a piece of black cloth, and I studied it carefully. I said, "I suppose Tiffany's stock is very valuable?" And as I looked around that beautiful store I imagined them bringing all their stock up to my house, and saying, "We want you to take care of this to-night." What do you think I would do? I would go as quickly as I could to the telephone and call up the chief of police, and say, "I have all Tiffany's stock in my house, and it is too great a responsibility. Will you send me some of your most trusted officers to help me?" You would do the same, wouldn't you? But I have a little boy in my home, and for him I am responsible. I have had him for nine years, and some of you may have just such another little boy. I turn to this old book, and I read this word: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It is as if he had all the diamonds and rubies and pearls in the world, and all the art and music and power of the world, and held them in one hand, and just put his little boy in the other, and the boy would be worth more than all the jewels. If you would tremble because you had seventeen million dollars' worth of jewels in your house one night, how shall you go up to your Father, and the lad be not with you?

I am pleading for responsibility. A short time ago in a meeting there was handed to me this request for prayer: "Please pray for my daughter eighteen years of age; her heart is like a stone. When she was a little girl she wanted to be a Christian and to join the Church, but I put her off. Since then I have urged her and wept over her, and prayed for her, but her heart is like a stone. Please read out this request, so that no other mother may make this awful mistake." You might have St. Paul in your pulpit, but he could not win souls if the mothers and fathers were careless.

### Our Children's Danger

How may we possess the spirit of the text? First, when we realize our children's danger. I am rather old-fashioned as regards doctrine, and I know this is

true, and if it is not true, then the Bible is not true: that a man without Jesus Christ is lost. You will never feel the burden of responsibility for your children until you realize that they are in danger. I was passing through the streets of the city of Philadelphia when I suddenly saw the door of one of the finest homes thrown open, and a woman sprang out upon the steps. She began to wring her hands and cry, and in less than ten minutes there was a crowd around her. A police officer coming up to her, she said, "The nurse took my little girl into the park this morning, and her attention was diverted, and she lost sight of the child for the moment, and when she turned back she was gone." I shall not soon forget that mother wringing her hands, and saying over and over again, "She is lost, she is lost!" I am sure we shall never feel our responsibility for the souls of our children until we realize their peril. But that is not all. I must bring the subject closer to you than that. We were crossing the China Sea recently, and I heard of one of the ship's doctors who had brought his wife and children on board with him. The children were playing around the deck, and the doctor was sitting talking to one of my friends. Just after the vessel had got out from port, one of the sailors came up, and saluting him said, "Doctor, just as we were about to leave port a boy fell overboard. We rescued him, and we have done everything we can to resuscitate him." "What have you done?" asked the doctor. "We have done this and that and the other," answered the sailor, mentioning various methods used on such occasions, "but he is still unconscious. Is there anything else we can do?" The doctor remained seated, and looking up in a careless, professional sort of way, said, "I think not." Then my friends said, "Doctor, would it not be a good plan for you to go and see the boy?" So they sauntered down the deck until they came to the little crowd surrounding the boy lying on the deck. The doctor bent over him, and turned the little fellow's face around so that he could look at him. Suddenly his indifference was gone. "My God, it is my boy!" he said. He put his ear to the boy's heart, and began to chafe his limp hands. He exerted all his strength, using every method to resuscitate him, crying all the time, "Help me! Help me!" That makes all the difference.

### Now Is the Accepted Time

There are times that are especially opportune for our work. There is a time in every boy's life when a father may speak to him. There is a time in every girl's experience when a mother may speak to her on this subject. You cannot drive people into the kingdom, and you cannot scold them in, but there are times when you may win them easily. I once asked my church officers how many of them had won a soul for Christ, and while seven said they had, five stood up to say they had not. One of them, a bank president, said: "That is a sharp question; will you excuse me if I go home?" He went off to his beautiful house, found that his boys were asleep, made his way up to their room, and bending over put his hand on the face of one of them, and as he roused the boy from his sleep, he said, "My son, your father has come home to ask you to be a Christian." I received those boys into my church a month later. There is an opportune time, and youth is generally the time. I sometimes think we may take people into the Church when they are too old, but I do not think we can take them in when they are too young. Polycarp came when he was a child of nine, Matthew Henry at eleven, Jonathan Edwards at seven, and the immortal Watts at nine. When did you come to Christ? Remember that if you put a barrier in the way of a child of seven who wants to come to Christ you may be putting a barrier in the way of one who might become a Watts or an Edwards, or a missionary who might stir the world for Christ.

How are you going to win your loved ones? First, just live Christ. It is not possible for every father to be rich, and in our country, when a man is rich and leaves a fortune to his boy, the chances are sometimes against the boy, but I am sure of one thing: It is possible for every one of us to be good. If you are going to win your children to Christ, you must live Christ in your homes.

Continued on next page

\* Dr. Chapman (Presbyterian) is America's leading evangelist.



## A Solemn Question

Continued from preceding page

Secondly, you have got to pray for them. Dr. Talmage was my personal friend, and he told me of a youth who went one day to his mother, and said, "Mother, I want to go to-night to Somerville, N. J., and spend the night." She knew the place he was going to was not exactly as it should be, so she said, "My boy, you cannot go." Finally, because he was self-willed, he said, "I will go!" "Very well," she said, "you may go; but every moment you are out of the house I will be in prayer for you." Dr. Talmage went on to tell me that the boy went, but he could not enjoy himself, and at three o'clock in the morning he tramped back to his home in the country, and when he got near the house he saw a light in his mother's window. He slipped up and looked through the old-fashioned blind, and saw his mother on her knees. He put his ear against the glass, and heard these words: "O Jesus! O Jesus! Keep my boy!" Dr. Talmage told me that the boy stole around the house, got in by the back door, slipped into his mother's room, dropped on his knees, and said, "Mother, I have come back." And that night he was converted. As a result of his conversion fifty country boys in the neighborhood were converted, and a revival swept over the entire neighborhood.

I have only one thing to say in conclusion. Do not be too late. Sin is terrific in these days. I should be afraid to let my boys live without Christ to-day. Sin gets in by eye-gate, and ear-gate, and by a thousand different ways that it did not get in when I was a boy. Do not be too late. One of these days the heart will be so hard that you cannot soften it, the will will be so stubborn that you cannot yield it, the life will be so steeped in sin that you cannot win it. Some time ago Mr. Alexander and I were holding a meeting, and we were asked to go to a suburban church for an afternoon meeting. We found the church crowded to overflowing, and I used this text for the first time for years, and just as I came to close and said, "Do not be too late," I saw a lady rise in the crowd, and with some difficulty make her way to the door. She seemed a woman of culture and refinement, and I thought she was angry at something I had said. When the evangelist who was in charge of that district came down to our hotel the next day, he said, "Did you notice the woman who went out as you were closing your sermon?" Then he went on to tell me the story. She had one boy, who was in the high school, and while I was pleading she remembered that while she was a Christian herself, she had never spoken to him, and suddenly it occurred to her that she might never see her boy again. She rose and pushed her way out, went along to the high school, where she waited until the boys came out. When her eighteen-year-old boy came along, she linked her arm in his and said, "My precious boy, your mother has never yet spoken to you about Jesus, and this may be her last chance." And right there, on the street, with a hundred other boys moving past, she led him to Christ. Do you want to pray for your boy, your girl, your class or school? Then do it now, and you may win them for Jesus.

## A Cathedral Inscription

IN THE Cathedral of Lubek, Germany, is the following inscription:  
 "Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:  
 Ye call me Master, and obey me not;  
 Ye call me Light, and seek me not;  
 Ye call me Way, and walk me not;  
 Ye call me Life, and desire me not;  
 Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;  
 Ye call me Fair, and love me not;  
 Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;  
 Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;  
 Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;  
 Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;  
 Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;  
 Ye call me Just, and fear me not;  
 If I condemn you, blame me not."

## White Carnations

THE world is full of mysteries; but we may be certain that amidst them all Some One guides our steps.

It was just a year ago when in the afternoon Mrs. N., who through her assignments to charitable work calls a hundred cities home, was walking along an obscure cross-street of Boston. A voice from behind caused her to turn. A boy was hurrying after her. She waited.

"Oh, lady! won't you buy some flowers?" he panted.

Mrs. N. smilingly shook her head. Flowers were farthest from her thoughts just then.

"No, thank you," she said. "I don't want any flowers now. I have no place for them."

"But I'm selling them cheap. Please do."

The appeal had been made to exactly the right person, even if at apparently the wrong time. Mrs. N. is a flower-lover. She weakened.

"Well—where are they? I might look at them."

"In that shop yonder." And he led her back.

They were splendid flowers—carnations; and only twenty-five cents the dozen.

"Dear me, but these are white," expostulated Mrs. N. "I don't like the white. Haven't you any pink, or red? I care for the white least of all."

No; the boy had no other color in stock. And, although she "cared for the white least of all," she surrendered her last coin, save carfare, and bore away with her the dozen. She had no idea what to do with them. She must go a considerable distance yet, the day was sultry, and they would wilt. So she determined to give them to some child, or to lay them upon some bare door-step.

HER route unexpectedly took her past one of the largest churches of Boston, which she was accustomed to attend, and where she felt more or less acquainted. Sudden rain was beginning to fall, the doors of the church were wide open, and she entered for a moment of devotion and for a respite until perhaps the shower would cease.

As she lingered an instant, having crossed the threshold into the vestibule, the sexton advanced and accosted her. He was attired in his black gown.

"Oh, Mrs. N.," he said (for he knew her), "won't you come in? We are to have a funeral. The services will commence very soon now."

"Who is it?"

"A woman, found dead in bed only this morning."

"But won't I be intruding?"

"Bless you, no," assured the sexton. "So far as we can discover she has not a relative, nor even a friend. You'll be the only person present, except the officials."

"Not a relative, nor a friend, nor even a flower for her," spoke, half bitterly, he who evidently was the undertaker, sitting near upon a stool.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. N., deeply moved.

"You see," explained the sexton, "it happened in a cheap boarding-house. The landlady found her dead in the bed, and hustled her body out, and there is nothing to delay interment for."

"A beautiful old lady," vouchsafed the undertaker. "Somebody's mother, maybe. She has on a wedding-ring, worn thin. But there she lies, without sign or token of any human interest."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. N. again. She hesitated no longer. "Come," she bade.

Interpreting, the undertaker preceded her; the sexton followed. Leaving the rain-darkened vestibule, up the long sombre aisle they went, to where beneath the chary lights was resting the cheap casket—singularly lonely and isolated, within that high, wide vault. Not a word was uttered. Only the undertaker gently removed the head of the casket lid; with the sexton standing by Mrs. N. gently placed her dozen white carnations inside; the cover was gently adjusted; and the three of them as gently withdrew to the vestibule.

MRS. N. now did not stay. 'Twas needless. The mission to which she had been appointed was accomplished. She understood. The rain had slackened; and with heart brimming out of her great thankfulness to God for his gracious mercy in leading her, she felt impelled to hasten forth and seek the boy, His instrument. She must share her gratitude. But vainly she searched. She was able to find the boy not again, not the shop, not even that obscure little street wherein those white carnations had virtually been thrust upon her.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

## The Sunshine Land

IN FAITH'S bright vision I ofttimes see  
 A beautiful City as clear as the sun—  
 Many loved ones are there who are calling for me.  
 They are calling me onward; I haste and run;  
 As closer I get to that City fair,  
 I see its palaces, glorious and grand;  
 There is one for me, for my Saviour has said—  
 He will come and bring me to the The Sun-  
 shine Land.

I'll be with my Lord in that City fair,  
 And drink from the wonderful Fountain of  
 Life;  
 With my King I will walk on the streets of  
 Gold,  
 And my soul find its rest after years of  
 strife.  
 With my loved ones there, I will sit me down,  
 And list to the songs of the angel band  
 Who are singing the praises of Him who was  
 slain,  
 And has brought me home to the Sun-  
 shine  
 Land.

Forever I'll be in that City fair,  
 "No more to go out" from the side of my  
 King.  
 I "shall see His face," and bear His dear  
 Name,  
 As the "Bride of the Lamb" I joyously sing.  
 Then I'll know the love that brought me there,  
 And in all its rich sweetness I'll understand;  
 And 'He'll wipe every tear away from my  
 eyes."  
 For sorrow ne'er enters the Sunshine Land.

I'm longing that soon He'll come for me,  
 As upward I look with eyes that grow dim  
 And misty with tears, as I watch and wait  
 For the Bridegroom to come and take me to  
 Him.  
 "Sorrow and sighing will all flee away,"  
 And we'll evermore be with that glorious  
 band  
 Of ransomed, redeemed ones—earth's sorrows  
 forgot;  
 Forever with Christ in the Sunshine Land,  
 Praise, N. J. Rev. J. R. MORRIS.

## It Must Be So

IT MUST be so—the flowers must bloom to die,  
 And clouds must gather in the brightest sky;  
 It must be so, that Youth, with footsteps fleet,  
 Will haste till Age comes on, with weary feet.

It must be so—Life's twilight must displace  
 Youth's garland, which lent sunshine to the  
 face;

It must be so, though years may bring renown,  
 Regret attends, for the lost vernal crown.

It must be so—the loved ones of to-day,  
 To-morrow from our lives afar must stray;  
 It must be so, and yet 'tis hard to think  
 Love's golden chain must sever link by link.

It must be so—there must go on, within,  
 The needful work—God's loving discipline;  
 And as it must be so, let's try to bear,  
 With cheerful hearts, God's love-sent sorrow  
 and care!

VENI McDONALD FORGES.

## The Faith of a Scientist

DR. WM. THOMSON, better known to the world as Lord Kelvin, who passed away in December, 1907, was one of the most distinguished scientists of the last half century. His body now rests in Westminster Abbey, beside that of Sir Isaac Newton. Honors were showered upon him for his remarkable discoveries and inventions in the realm of electricity and magnetism. He was a principal figure in the laying of the Atlantic cables. He devised the modern form of the compass and he was the leader among a brilliant body of investigators into the nature of matter. He was, however, one of the most modest of men and never puffed up by his remarkable talents.

"Lord Kelvin's faith," writes a recent biographer, "was simple and immovable; it was confirmed and not weakened by his unequalled mastery of scientific law and of scientific truth. He is perhaps the most brilliant example we have had in our time of the great principle that Bacon expressed: 'It is the little knowledge that leads to atheism; it is the deeper knowledge which leads you back to God.' The reason why many scientific men are not believers is that they are not scientific enough; they can see only a part of the thing and not the whole; but wherever a mind of the first order is discovered at work in science, that mind is always reverent and essentially believing. Kelvin declared that science positively affirms a Creative Power; the fact of a Creator, of a Creative Power, was proved, he maintained, by two points in the inorganic world, to mention only two. First, Fourier's equation for the flow of heat requires a beginning, an initiation; and, secondly, the permanence of the atoms as a vortex of motion could not be produced by any known animate or inanimate agency. And therefore Kelvin distinctly asserted the atom of matter proves God. As life proceeds only from life, the necessity of believing in an Author, an Origin of life, becomes manifest. 'The mystery and the miracle of the creation of living creatures,' to use his own phrase, were a proof of God, confirmed by the demonstrated daily miracle of human free will.

"Kelvin, therefore, had no difficulty in holding religious faith amid all his scientific work. A scientific career, in its selfishness and lofty devotion, is essentially Christian. For Christianity is a method of securing the greatest good and blessing for mankind, the best conditions of living, and the highest use of human faculties. No man is a Christian who does not make the world happier and better.

"Lord Kelvin has shown us perhaps better than any man who ever lived that if you would be particular to understand even the portion of matter that is under your eyes, the matter that is in your own body, you would well find yourself in the presence of God."



# SUMMER JOYS AT OCEAN GROVE



Tali Esen Morgan  
Musical Director at Ocean Grove

Miss Helen Gertrude Rumsey  
Leader of the Twilight Services

Rev. W. H. Morgan, D.D.  
Leader of the Young People's Work

Mrs. Farraday  
Pres. of the Sunday School Assembly

Rev. C. L. Mead, D.D.  
General Leader for June and July

THE season at Ocean Grove has opened with a most attractive programme. It is interesting and gratifying to note the continued popularity of this famous seaside religious resort. Here the people come for rest and to enjoy the religious advantages and simple life by the shores of old ocean, where one may look out and have visions of the Great Beyond. Ocean Grove stands as a symbol of holy living, and the ideal of a past generation, who knew the meaning of "the faith once delivered to the saints." The Association has ever been mindful to fulfil the wishes of the originators, and to keep the question of salvation before the people.

Many improvements have been made during the past year. The North End Pavilion was completed in 1910. It is at the end of the Board Walk, and at the foot of Wesley Lake. The old Ross Pavilion was very useful in the early days, but never a thing of beauty. The North End Pavilion is a stately two-story structure, beautifully finished in white, and open on all sides. On the second floor is a broad expanse with an unobstructed view of the ocean, and provided with comfortable chairs. Here, by the payment of five cents, one may sit and watch the vessels passing on the eternal deep, read, or dream in undisturbed quiet. Needless to say, it is a Mecca for the great hosts who visit this resort. There is also a new building, for hot and cold seawater baths, which is one of the most attractive of anything of its kind on the Jersey coast. The Ocean Grove Association will replace the old Pavilion at the south end of the Board Walk with a similar building. Wesley Lake has been improved by a new wall and walk. Rebuilt bridges and a new power plant are the features of this season. The middle of June found Ocean Grove ready for the opening Sabbath services, which were held in the Auditorium, June 18. The first Young People's meeting this summer was held June 20, under the leadership of the Rev. C. L. Mead, D.D. This meeting has a history. It was organized July 31, 1876, and then addressed by George G. Cookman, Mr. Joseph Thornley and E. S. Ferre. They marched to Centennial Park, where a vase was dedicated to the young people of Ocean Grove. In 1878, the inspired Margaret Bottomo assisted the young men through the summer. The first Young People's Temple was built and dedicated in 1879, and meetings were held under the general direction of Mrs. E. C. Brooks, of Baltimore. The leader during 1882 was the Rev. William Wilberforce Cookman, now of Southern California. The summer of 1884 opened with another new leader of the young people, the Rev. C. H. Yatman, who was destined to lead the hosts to victory for a quarter of a century. The present Temple, seating 1,500 people, was completed July 2, 1887, and filled with a thousand enthusiastic young people. In 1896 the twenty-fifth anniversary of the leadership of Rev. C. H. Yatman was celebrated in the Auditorium. His report reads thus: "To-day closes my twenty-fifth year of work at Ocean Grove—years of hard work and harvest—blessed years of growth for me. The hundredfold

return has been mine multiplied." God's providence took Rev. C. H. Yatman across the sea to lead more souls to Christ. He fell at his post, and was obliged to rest from his arduous labors. He returned last year to America, and will be at Ocean Grove this summer, not as a leader in the Master's work, but to be a living witness of Christ's power by his patient and deeply spiritual life. In 1906, the closing year of Bishop Fitzgerald, president of Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, he was leader of the Young People's Meeting. None will ever forget the stately figure in the speaker's chair. The Rev. C. L. Mead, D.D., and Rev. W. H. Morgan, D.D., were placed in charge in 1908, with the best results following. This year Rev. C. L. Mead will have the services until August, when the Rev.

North End Pavilion, and Rev. Dr. I. H. Alday's Holiness Meeting in the Tabernacle every morning at 9 o'clock. The Twilight Services every day at 6 o'clock in the Tabernacle, under the efficient leadership of Miss Helen Gertrude Rumsey, are a great attraction to the young people. She is an evangelist in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a fine representative of a consecrated Christian woman—young, bright, pleasing. She possesses rare gifts of gentleness, intuition and faith—a woman of strong personality and in her exhortations, Biblical, clear and magnetic. She is a popular leader of young people, and draws around her a charmed circle of assistants. The Musical Department is under the wise direction of Tali Esen Morgan, who is indefatigable in training the children for the Festival Chorus. The rehearsals are held every morning at 10.30 from July 5. Children of every age can join. The chorus is divided into companies, according to age. No fee is charged, and the training in vocal production must surely be of great value. The Children's Fairy Land Festival is made up from this chorus. The Ocean Grove Boy Rough Riders are doing wonders in military discipline and training. Camping out is one of its features. Independence Day was celebrated by an oration from Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey. Much enthusiasm and patriotic spirit were manifested. Great crowds gathered at the Auditorium to greet him.

On July 26 Clarence Eddy, America's greatest organist, is to give a recital, and each afternoon there will be a concert in which Clarence Reynolds will feature certain well-known semi-classical selections. The National Convention of Organists is to be held at Ocean Grove during the first weeks of August. A number of attractions of a musical nature are scheduled for these weeks; among them being a production of Handel's Messiah with a chorus of six hundred voices. On August 14 the United States Marine Band will render concerts in the afternoon and evening.

The distinguished preachers this year will be Bishop Anderson, Bishop Hamilton, and Bishop Samuel Spreng of Cleveland, O.; Revs. F. Stockdale, F. Wilson, H. N. Condon, Chaplain of the House of Representatives; Rev. Robert F. G. Pierce, D.D., Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., Tremont Temple, Boston; Rev. Dr. Goodell of New York.

The Camp-Meeting proper will begin August 25, with the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and close September 4. There is something exquisitely beautiful in the thought that the Ladies' Union Aid Society of Ocean Grove is caring for a Preacher's

Rest. Rev. Dr. Stokes suggested that "Grove Cottage," the gift of the Association, should be called "Elim," and hither the ministers and other workers are welcomed for recuperation at the mere cost of living. Since it was first opened in 1876, about nine thousand workers have been helped to a vacation and a Christian Home. The very atmosphere makes home and love features of this circle of consecrated men and women. MARY B. COOKMAN.



"North End Pavilion," on the Board Walk at the Foot of Wesley Lake

W. H. Morgan will assume charge. On Sunday, June 25, the several departments of the Sunday School were organized. Joseph A. Hudson of Philadelphia leading the Intermediate and Mrs. W. H. Skirm of Trenton, N. J., the Primary Department. A Chinese Sunday School is held in Thornley Chapel.

Rev. Dr. A. H. Ballard, now ninety years of age, still continues as president of the Ocean Grove Association, but the Rev. Frank Wilson, D.D., of Yonkers, will in future assist him in this arduous position. However, Dr. Ballard takes charge of the Beach Meeting at 6 o'clock on Sunday evenings. This year's plans include a Sunday afternoon service at 4 o'clock, led by Rev. C. L. Mead in the new



The Beach and Board Walk at Asbury Park, Looking Toward Ocean Grove



# The Greatest Coronation in History



KING GEORGE

QUEEN MARY

Photo Copyright, 1911, by The American Press Association

## THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT THE MOMENT WHEN KING GEORGE V. WAS CROWNED

This is one of the photographs made at the King's command by Sir Benjamin Stone. Prints of this picture, together with all the other official photographs of the ceremony, will be placed in the archives of the British Museum.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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## Bishop Williams' Arraignment

IT IS well for the Church and for the cause of Christianity that some of our religious leaders in these days have the courage to cultivate the habit of plain speech in dealing with vital questions. Bishop Charles David Williams of Michigan is one of the few who in discussing the needs of the Church to-day do not employ the veiled language of ecclesiastical diplomacy, but speak and write straight to the point. In a recent magazine contribution he gives a new aspect to the discussion of the Church's loss of numbers and influence—a topic worn almost threadbare by numerous disputants, who have but faintly illuminated its intricacies. Bishop Williams holds that the change has resulted in

a conflict between a religion which is a fresh inspiration from the Spirit of God brooding over the living, present world, and a Church which is largely a crystallization out of the experience and the mind of a dead past. The Church has carried down the ages the teachings and spirit of the prophets and apostles of old, and, above all, of her Divine Master, the Christ. To-day those teachings and that spirit are finding issue and expression in mighty impulses and movements of scientific and philosophical research, of political righteousness, social service, economic justice, commercial honesty and industrial equity. The Church does not recognize these movements as essentially religious.

Proceeding from this basis, the Bishop makes a plea for "untrammeled freedom for investigation and discovery," as a part of "the glorious liberty wherewith Christ doth make men free." This freedom he thinks the Church does not allow: "she has put limitations upon investigation; . . . she has made her creeds into paddocks" to confine her children. This, of course, is the usual stereotyped accusation, which carries little conviction among thinking people, since a clear rule of faith or belief is essential to any religion, and Christians to-day know of no reason why they should not continue to uphold such a rule, which is simply the concrete expression of their conscientious belief. Creed-smashing has never succeeded, nor will it succeed, so long as it is the nature of man to yearn after God.

But it is on another line of argument that the Bishop's indictment of present-day Christianity possesses the strongest appeal. He charges that the Church confines its work to the respectable classes and is dependent upon wealth; that it takes the "tainted" money of the rich and pays it back in glorification; that the lips of preachers are closed in deference to the rich and influential; that there is one standard of morals for the wealthy and another for the poor; that the Church is timid on all points vital to religion, narrowing its usefulness and putting it out of touch with great moral, social, industrial, political and other movements for the betterment of human society. There is much more to the same point.

Only in part can we approve the Bishop's well-meant and timely philippic. There is neither point nor logic in his assault on creeds and denominations; but the Church to-day certainly does need to arouse itself and to get out of the dull rut of formalism. It must shake off its indifference to the living issues of our time, and gird itself to take a leader's part in the battle. It is just beginning to realize this and the good Bishop's reminder may jog it into a more energetic attitude. When Jesus walked on earth, the Gospel he taught was applicable to the needs of all men; it is even more universally applicable to-day. There are crying public sins to be rebuked, far-reaching abuses to be redressed, a thousand problems that involve the welfare of multitudes, to be grappled with and solved. In this war the Church's place is at the front. In a word, it must come out of its exclusiveness and not only do its full share, but it must take a leader's place in all that relates to public betterment and individual, community and national righteousness. It must get its forces together to translate the Gospel of Jesus into practical work for the glory of God and the uplift and happiness of humanity.

## Our Peace Circles

ON ANOTHER page of this issue may be seen the record of the noble response which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have made to our call for Peace Circle organizations. This splendid showing must inspire many others to enlist for the

promotion of peace. It would seem that the ink was scarcely dry on the page before Ohio responded to the summons. New York and the nearby States were preparing at the same time to organize. The subject is one to especially appeal to the great philanthropic and humanitarian element in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. They have learned from long experience to weigh correctly the importance of a cause, and they have gauged properly the significance of the Peace Movement, of which Andrew Carnegie has recently said, "It is the greatest step forward that humanity has ever taken. All progress, all inventions, are petty and inconsequential in comparison."

Let the work of founding CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles go forward. We have few readers who are not keenly in sympathy with the Peace Movement. They may not have known heretofore how to express that sympathy. Here is a way to do it. Join or found a Peace Circle.

## Rash Aeronautics

SO MANY excellent things have been accomplished by our brave and cool-headed airmen that it is a pity that there should be any need of adverse comment on any of the work of these high-flying pioneers of the blue. Many terrifying accidents have resulted from taking wholly unnecessary risks in the air and one would naturally conclude that the lesson of caution had been sufficiently enforced. But this is far from being the case. Only a few days ago, one of the boldest of the airmen skimmed across the awful torrent of Niagara in his machine, swept through the mist of the falls and, at the momentary risk of his life, in the presence of 150,000 thrilled spectators, performed certain evolutions before alighting in safety on the Canadian side. Of course, it was all very brilliant and exciting; but we fail to see that any good results can come from such an achievement, which is on a par with the perilous leap of the parachutist from a balloon in mid-air, or the dizzy walk of a man who crosses a raging river on a tight rope, only more difficult than either. Courage of this sort is sheer recklessness. Doubtless many in that gaping crowd that gathered to witness the Niagara flight expected a tragedy. The real triumphs of aerial navigation are not to be won by such exhibitions. There was practical purpose in the feat of Curtiss, who flew down the long Hudson Valley, in the brilliant work of Sopwith, who dropped an aerial post-bag from his machine squarely on the deck of the giant liner *Olympic*, and in the flight of the airman who demonstrated the practicability of alighting upon and starting from a battleship's deck. There is none, however, in the Niagara feat, which stands alone as an exhibition of brilliant but useless daring in which the operator was lucky to escape with his life.

## The Mythical Mr. Lin

SEVERAL weeks ago, our attention was called to a new book purporting to be written by one Lin Shao Yang, a Chinese, in which missions and missionary methods were most unjustly criticised and misrepresented. Within the past week we have received letters from several missionaries in China in which the writers state that the opinion generally accepted there is that Lin Shao Yang is not a Chinese, but a foreigner masquerading under an assumed name, and that well-informed people in China, native and foreign, declare that the writer's narrow prejudices and wild malicious statements have rendered his attacks harmless. In the columns of the *Shanghai Times* and *North China Daily News*, the mythical Mr. Lin is discredited as a rationalist in disguise, at whose blunders the more intelligent Chinese as well as the missionaries are commenting with amusement, since in his furious tirade against the proposed establishment of a Christian university at Hankow, he has disclosed such gross ignorance on many things that his whole book misses the vital point. Dr. I. C. Garrett, of the Union Theological Seminary, Nanking, China, writes: "There can be no doubt, I think, that Lin is not Chinese. Further, his very vehemence appears to indicate that the spread of Christianity in China is assuming proportions which mean that it has come to stay." It is recalled that an enterprising foreign author not

long ago wrote *The Letters of a Mandarin*, and for some time he paraded successfully as a Chinese until his disguise was penetrated. Possibly the same "mandarin" may be the author of this new diatribe.

## Summer Dangers

ALREADY reports of fatalities on river, lake and ocean are beginning to fill the columns of the daily newspapers. Yet the season when the water—just to be by it, or in it, or on it—is most attractive has only begun. The love of the open sky, the winds, the woods and the water is inherent in our natures. God's great good out-doors is ours to enjoy to the fullest extent, and we should go to that enjoyment prudently, yet unharassed by any inward fear. To meet the pleasures of summer with carefree hearts, we should be influenced by that caution which is not timidity but the application to our sports and pleasures of the same sound judgment and good sense which animate the daily routine of our lives. The dangers which may beset us from our own unsteady nerves or those of our companions are always with us—possibilities that we must simply accept and safeguard ourselves against as best we may. Those dangers which arise from pure exuberance of youthful spirits or the misconceived notion of fun which possesses some people are by far the greatest we have to combat. For the first there may be no cure save the caution of wiser heads and admonition to self-control. For him who endangers others by his persistence in ill-timed horseplay, hardly any treatment is too drastic. He who refuses to "trim ship" when the sailboat tacks, or who rocks the rowboat or insists upon changing seats in the canoe, should be brought to his senses by any means at the command of the rest of the party. Not long since, one of those clever persons whose keenest enjoyment seems to be to cause fear or annoyance to others, rocked a boat in which there were two girls and a second man. When the dock was finally reached in safety, he was punished with a blow that sent him off the pier, to be ignominiously pulled out of the water with a boat-hook. He rashly took the matter before a magistrate, who, on learning the story, said he needed only a complaint from the occupants of the boat to send the practical joker to jail. Though this may be an extreme case, its occurrence at the opening of the vacation and outing season may well enforce the lesson to any who may be tempted to make ignoble fun by endangering the comfort and even imperiling the lives of others.

## General Notes

—A RECENT DISPATCH from Sedan, France, announces that Lieutenant de Malherbe, a French military aviator, flew from Paris to that town a few days ago, covering the distance, 286 kilometers (177.8 miles), in 1 hour, 44 minutes and 35 seconds. This is one of the fastest flights yet recorded.

—LEFT HAND, FOR YEARS chief of the Arapahoes, died at his home near Darlington, Okla., several days ago. He was 83 years old, and one of the most famous warriors of the early days of the West. One of his important exploits was the massacre of Major Joel H. Elliott and nineteen men the day of General Custer's battle of Washita.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## China's New Cabinet

**A**MONG the momentous movements of the century is that of China toward a constitutional government. In selecting Prince Ching as the Premier of the new Cabinet the Prince Regent says: "The throne is in earnest in its determination to make adequate preparation for a constitutional government, and the creation of the Cabinet is of great importance. We ordered Prince Ching to fill the post of Premier in the hope that he would endeavor to effect a successful government. As the Prince is in advanced years the throne has no intention of compelling him to remain in active service for a long time, but the throne has to depend upon his services in the present emergency." Prince Ching has been in office continuously since 1884 and was the right hand of the Empress Dowager. His retirement in the near future will break the last link between the administration of the Empress Dowager and the present régime. Na-Tung is the Manchu Vice-Premier, and Hsu Shih-Chang is the Chinese Vice-Premier, both men of experience and ability. Liang Tun-Yen has been placed at the head of foreign affairs in the Cabinet, where he will have a free hand. He is a graduate of Yale and highly honored in his own nation. The Minister of Finance is Duke Tsai-Tse, a man of intellectual force and sterling character, who will likely succeed Prince Ching as Premier. Tang Ching-chung is Minister for Education, Yin-Chang Minister for the Army, Shao Chang, Minister for Laws, and Prince Su, Minister for the Interior. Sheng Hsuan-huai, Minister for Communications, is said to be about the ablest man in service in Peking. He has official tact, business ability, a strong will and sterling moral courage. Shou-chi is Minister for Dependencies. Absolute despotism is dead in the world. There is no crown or throne in the Western Hemisphere; there are some royal dependencies that are as free as our government. Russia and Turkey as absolute monarchies have vanished from the map of Europe, and despotism is being driven out of the Far East. Language cannot describe the blessing which will come to her people and the world by the gift of a constitution and parliament to China. The action of the Prince Regent is unlike that of Rehoboam as he was inducted into the office of ruler of Israel. The Chinese ruler listened to the counsels of the wise, who advised the granting of more liberties to the people under the new dynasty than under the old. The king of Israel took the advice of the rash young men in making the government more despotic, and suffered the consequences of the same.

And now whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke. My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions. (I. Kings 12:11.)

### Lord Mayor's Son Stranded

Sidney M. Bell, who says he is the eldest son of Sir John Charles Bell, Lord Mayor of London in 1907, is penniless in a cheap lodging house in South Boston. Mr. Bell, who is only twenty-six years old, said to a reporter: "I owe my so-called failure in life to the 'wanderlust.' Four years ago I took my A.B. degree at Cambridge and left London with \$5,000 to see the world. My father, who was at that time Lord Mayor of London, wanted me to stay at home, but I was restless and went out over the sea. My father sent me a remittance to Canada, and at the end of the year I was \$3,700 behind. The creditors sent the bills to my father, who also wrote this letter to me: 'Young man, I have brought you up, given you an education, and supported you extravagantly. Now don't you think it is about time you did something for yourself?' I cabled back just one word: 'Yes.' And that ended my relationship with home." It is the old story of the wreckage of the indolence and prodigality which curse so many sons of the rich. Young Bell may have gone to pieces like thousands of other such sons of fortune have done, by counting themselves above work. It is more than likely, however, that wealth bred the extravagance and vice. Some rich young men have brains and industry enough to retain and add to an inherited fortune, but they are the exception. Most

of those who go to the front in the various callings in this country are the children of poverty who begin at the foot of the ladder and work their way to the top. It is to be hoped that this young man will turn to the One who is mighty to save and will enter upon a life of toil and duty. Christ gives a very good picture of the idle prodigal son of wealth.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. (Luke 15:13.)

### Wheat from Egyptian Mummy

Ten grains of wheat which had lain for thousands of years in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy were sent to a farmer at Greeley, Colo., and planted by him. Eight stalks of the wheat grew to maturity, promising a variety of grain superior to any growing in that locality, and may yet become the stand-

bacon gravy, butter and syrup, two glasses of buttermilk and two cups of coffee. Between breakfast and dinner he requires another meal. The dinner is bountiful. He eats again a few hours after dinner and closes up the day's eating with a hearty supper. This abnormal growth is likely to be a handicap to the child and man. Should it continue he could hire himself out to a museum and gain his livelihood by curiosity, which would be a very unsatisfactory kind of life. It is to be hoped that time will reveal a normal mental, moral and religious development which will provide a useful and happy support. Physical strength has much to do with success in life, but physical bigness very little. A few giants have been masters in the world, but those who have succeeded best in the various callings of life have been those of medium size or even undersize physically. The little Davids have often slain the mighty giants, and the small Napoleons lead the great armies of the world. The stature of a person depends not upon physical size, but upon intellectual ability, moral vigor, and spiritual power. True greatness consists in the growth of the soul.

Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (II. Peter 3:18.)

### Pulled Off Shutters

A woman in New York City the other day tore off the shutters from the windows near her house. She first pulled down those that she could get at easily, and then got a step-ladder to reach those that were higher up. She was so violent in her devastations that a policeman arrested her and took her to headquarters. The reason she gave for her conduct was that God's sun was shining and that the people were shutting it out from their homes and hearts. She claimed that they could not see so well in the

house and could not view the things without. Instead of being shut up in jail she was taken before a commission and declared insane. The value of sunshine to the health and happiness of the family which the crazy woman felt was true, but it was not her business to take the remedy into her own hands. The sunshine of God's truth and life are barred

out from many homes and hearts. The shutters must be unfastened from the inside. Christ has described those that put up the shutters of the soul and bar out the heavenly light and love in these words:

For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. (Matt. 13:15.)

### Coronation Naval Pageant

King George V., in his royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, in the uniform of a full admiral, reviewed his combined Atlantic and home fleets at Spithead. There were 187 warships stretching a distance of twenty-four miles, from the heavy dreadnought *Neptune* to the small torpedo boat, making the greatest fleet, perhaps, in all the ages. The Spanish Armada that went against England nearly 400 years ago, which came nearest to it, contained only 129 large ships, different kinds of vessels, too, from those the new king commanded. The United States battleship *Delaware* was the heaviest warship at the coronation review and commanded the attention and favor of all. A comparison between the *Neptune* and the *Indefatigable* of the British navy and the German cruiser *Von der Tann* and our battleship *Delaware* would show them to be pretty nearly equal. The fleet reviewed cost half a billion dollars. How many institutions of education, beneficence and piety that amount would establish! This murderous tribute of money and men for war which has been going on for thousands of years, must cease, is ceasing, and such spectacular naval pageants only emphasize the gigantic sin and folly of such armaments and the necessity of a new adjustment to the spirit of the times, to the spirit of Christ, which is peace on earth and good will to men. The prayer of the universal civilized world is that the peace God promised to Israel may prevail in England and all nations.

Upon David and upon his seed and upon his house and upon his throne shall there be peace forever from the Lord. (I. Kings 2:33.)



DUKE TSAI-TSE

LIANG TUN-YEN

PRINCE TSAI-HSUN

PRINCE PU-LUN

PRINCE SU

PRINCE CHING

HSU SHIH-CHANG

NA-TUNG

ard grade of American wheat. The persistency of life in the seed and the harvest after the death of the grains from the ancient tomb remind us of our immortality and resurrection. Paul uses this phenomenon in nature as a type of the resurrection.

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. (I. Cor. 15:38.)

### Biggest Baby on Earth

James Adolf Cody of Mount Airy, Ga., is said to be the largest baby in the world. He is two years and three months old and weighs 122 pounds. The child's measurements are: Height, 29 inches; around head, 24 inches; neck, 14 inches; breast, 33 inches; waist, 36 inches; arm above elbow, 12 inches; wrist, 8 inches; limb above knee, 16 inches; below knee, 13 inches; ankle, 9 inches; length of foot, 6½ inches; across shoulders, 15 inches. With the first indication of abnormal growth, the parents consulted a physician, who did everything in his power by diet and otherwise to keep down his unusual growth, but all in vain. The baby sleeps well, is healthy and strong, his appetite is omnivorous. For breakfast he will eat three and four biscuits with



# BAPTISTS FROM THIRTY NATIONS



SOME OF THE DELEGATES TO THE WORLD'S BAPTIST ALLIANCE, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18 TO 25

**A**T THE great meetings of the World's Baptist Alliance in Philadelphia, June 13 to 25, visible evidence was given of the international unity of the various divisions of the Baptist denomination. "It is not that we have made any new discovery or surrendered any long-cherished truths, or forsaken any primary aims, or found any new basis of agreement—not at all," declared the venerable and honored presiding officer and Christian scholar, Dr. John Clifford, of England, in his opening address. "Although the World's Alliance is a new creation, it is really the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that has been working within us with special energy and vitality during the past fifteen years."

Representatives from thirty countries responded to the roll call of nations, including a noteworthy group of forty Russian Christians, some of whom have been persecuted for their faith. They were led by Rev. William Fetler, of St. Petersburg, for whom a bond of \$2,500 was demanded by the Russian Government before he was permitted to leave Russia.

The work in Russia, facilitated by the granting of religious liberty to the people, has been the most important the World's Baptist Alliance has met since its foundation in 1905. The Baptist movement in Russia, which is now rapidly spreading, was begun by German and Swedish missionaries, aided by the converted British officer, Lord Radstock. The latest estimate gives at least 100,000 Russian Baptist Christians, who are organizing churches modeled on the English and American bodies.

A large group of German delegates held rallies led by Rev. J. G. Lehmann, of Cassel, and others. Special national meetings were also held by the French, the Swedes, the Poles, the Italians, and by the Welsh, who made plans to bring about closer action among the churches of Wales. The foreign workers present included Rev. A. N. Kamanguchi, of Japan; Paul Vincent, France; L. Ten Evans, Hayti; J. G. Chastain, Guadalajara, Mexico; Hugo Gutsche,

King Williamstown, South Africa; G. H. Cargreep, Perth, West Australia; R. S. Gray, Christchurch, New Zealand; P. Olsen, Copenhagen, Denmark; E. Jansson, Wasa, Finland; Domenico Scallera, Rome, Italy; J. A. Ohen, Christiania, Norway; J. Uhr, Valencia, Spain; C. E. Benander, Stockholm, Sweden; M. N. McCall, Havana, Cuba, and L. M. Lowell, Buenos Aires, and others working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

One of the impressive gatherings was that of the women which filled the great Baptist Temple where all the Alliance meetings were held. Mrs. Russell James spoke for the new independent body of English Baptist Missionary workers. Mme. Ysaka-

nousky of Odessa and Miss Fetler of St. Petersburg gave stirring incidents of training and conversion. Among the other speakers were Mrs. Foster of Canada, sister of Isabella Thoburn, the pioneer missionary, and Mrs. Burroughs of the Southern Baptist group, who urged the evangelization of women in heathen lands.

Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, was elected president, and Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, of London, secretary. Rev. J. N. Prestridge, of Louisville, was elected American secretary. A vice-president was named for each contributing union in each land, and an executive committee of twenty-one members, representing the various countries affiliating with the Alliance, was formed. In plans for world evangelization Russia was considered the primary point of advance.

Seventy-nine thousand of the one hundred thousand dollars desired for the theological seminary in St. Petersburg was raised, the stories of persecution told by the Russian delegates arousing sympathy, although their sufferings were caused by local petty persecutions which were not authorized by the imperial government.

The Convention was marked by the active participation of the young people and the first World's Union of Baptist Young People was launched. Many practical plans were made for the round-the-world work, including the establishment of a training school for ministers and missionaries in central Europe; and also for permanent universal peace. A message of appreciation was sent to President Taft for his attitude on peace and arbitration.

J. A. S.

The second photograph is a very unconventional convention picture which was snapped at the reception to the World Baptist Alliance at the University of Pennsylvania. The energetic gentleman on the right is the retiring president of the Alliance, Rev. Dr. John Clifford, of the Westbourne Park Baptist Church of London, England, while the other who faces him, smiling, is Dr. MacArthur, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York.



When the Retiring President Met the Incoming President

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

**AFTER A CONFERENCE** between President Taft and Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain, announcement was made at the White House on June 28 that the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain was practically complete. It was added that with the exception of a few comparatively unimportant details the terms of the treaty had been agreed upon.

**THE FIRST Chinese warship** to visit America will make her way into New York Harbor during July. This will be the cruiser *Hai Chi*, now in British waters to take part in the Spithead naval review. Only once before has any Chinese vessel visited an American port, and that was in 1880, when a small merchant vessel called at San Francisco. The *Hai Chi* is the largest vessel in the Chinese navy,

having a displacement of 4,300 tons and a speed of 24 knots. She is armed with two 8-inch and ten 4.1-inch guns. The Navy Department is making arrangements to welcome the Chinese sailors.

**THE DIGNIFIED BALLOON PARSEVAL V.**, while it was undergoing repairs on June 26 at Hannover-Muenden in Prussia, caught fire and was destroyed. No one was injured. The Parseval V. had recently been making passenger trips out of Berlin. Last April 2 the airship made a perilous descent at Halberstadt in a storm. The crew were compelled to rip the envelope, and made a rough landing. The Parseval V. was owned by the Aerial Traffic Company of Berlin, which purchased it from the builders, the Parseval Company. The Parseval dirigibles have been more fortunate than those designed by

Count Zeppelin, though they have figured in serious accidents. They were designed primarily for military uses and are non-rigid, the chief characteristic being their portability. The cars are smaller than those of the Zeppelin, providing accommodations for about twenty passengers and crew.

**ADVICES FROM MANILA**, dated June 28, state that four Americans have been murdered by Moros in Mindanao, one of the largest of the Philippine Islands. Prospectors named Oyler and Vexebos were murdered near Camp Overton. A plantation owner named McGill was killed by robbers at Pantar, while Private Michaels of the Twenty-first Infantry was killed at Parang. He was stabbed seven times in sight of his companions.



# THE STORY OF JOSEPH

By WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of "The March of Any Man," "The Lincoln Calendar," etc.

## THE PRISON SLAVE BECOMES THE PRIME MINISTER

JOSEPH, young man of God, forgotten by shallow ingratitude, thou art remembered on the clanking about in thy chains, lying in the dungeon; doing all the good thou canst in thy gloomy son—thou hast been faithful in a few things, thou shalt be ruler over Egypt. Thou hast conquered thine own cry, thou shalt rule over many cities, enslaved by envious brethren, and imprisoned by a jealous woman because of thy virtues, thy day is dawning. Thou openest not thy lips to speak even truth of her who lied against thy pure soul. The stars in their courses have fought for thee, and thy star is rising. The king himself dreaming dreams that thou alone canst interpret in words of the world, steps are approaching to free thee. Thou hast been tried in the fire and art coming out pure gold. Ennobled by thy adversity, canst thou bear prosperity unsullied?

After two full years from the reuse of the royal cupbearer, it was again the king's birthday, and the court of Egypt assembled to celebrate the happy event. But the king was not happy. He had had a double dream the night before—a dream he was unable to drive out of his mind. Haunted and worried him. They had sent to the college of the priests, but none of them could agree as to its real meaning. This added to his distress, and matters had come to a desperate crisis.

Then the cupbearer remembered the prisoner who had told him the meaning of his own dream. Prostrating himself before the maddened monarch, he confessed:

"I do remember my faults this day: When Pharaoh was angry and put me in prison in the palace of the captain of the guard, with the chief baker, we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. There was with us a young man, a Hebrew, slave to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted our dreams to us. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it turned out. I was restored to my office, and he was hanged."

Then Pharaoh turned quickly to Potiphar, captain of the guard, saying: "I hear you have a slave in your household, a young Hebrew, who can interpret dreams."

The chief executioner bowed. "Then send for him," commanded the king.

Several of the royal guard were detailed to go at once, bring Joseph in all haste, and report in the throne room of the palace. They were gone, it seemed a long time, because of the intense anxiety of the king and the court. It was a strange birthday celebration.

Joseph received the king's soldiers with a quiet smile. He requested them to wait outside where it was light and pleasant, while he shaved himself and changed his clothes. He soon considered himself presentable at the high court of Egypt.

When the king's guardsmen escorted Potiphar's slave and prisoner into the royal presence, the court made way for him. All were curious to see this servant who could reveal the will of the great gods even to the deity who sat on the throne of Egypt; for the Pharaohs claimed to possess godlike powers. Some of those present recognized Joseph as the former major-domo in the palace of the Potiphar. The captain's wife, also, was in attendance upon the king on that festive day. She felt ill. What if the man she had so grievously wronged should speak out now and tell the whole truth before her husband, the king and all the court!

But Joseph's mind, unconscious of

her, was fixed upon the Pharaoh. He drew near to the throne and made a grave obeisance. The distracted monarch gazed at the tall young man before him, started up, came down, took him by the hand, and leading him gently up the steps, motioned him to be seated. With a gesture of thanks the noble slave declined the signal honor, and stood beside the king, who remained standing. Joseph was now thirty years old. His prison life had made him paler and thinner, but his face had not lost its freshness and still revealed the sweetness of his spirit. He was taller and nobler looking than the young king. His form

"I have dreamed a dream and there is no one that can interpret it; and I have heard say of thee, that when thou hearest a dream thou canst interpret it."

And Joseph answered the Pharaoh, "It is not in me, but Jehovah will give thee the king an answer of peace."

Joseph had the simple modesty that goes with soul grandeur. He felt that he was in partnership with God himself. He had told the Potiphar woman about Jehovah. When about to reveal the hidden meaning of their dreams to the butler and baker, he gave all the honor to God—and now, in the presence of the court of Egypt—wor-



"See, I now appoint thee over all the land of Egypt"

seemed to glow with the grandeur of his soul. His bearing was both kingly and kindly. No wonder the Pharaoh started with amazement, for he had expected a cowering slave to come groveling before him.

Joseph had come to the king as an ambassador of a Power higher than the mightiest monarch on earth. The two men stood and gazed into each other's eyes, the slave looking down upon the Pharaoh from "the glorious height of manhood clean and whole," while the court looked on in breathless astonishment. The youthful Pharaoh had met his superior. Strangely enough, he himself realized this. The Egyptian court merely saw the slave standing before the king. History sees only a Pharaoh, whose name is not known for a certainty, standing there in the presence of Joseph, whose story is a household word throughout the civilized world to-day, nearly four thousand years after this meeting of slave with king, as man to man.

At last the king's lips moved. He began to speak in a tone of apology, explaining to the slave why he had sent for him.

shippers of Osiris, Isis, and many minor deities, with kindly condescension, to the king who claimed divine attributes for himself:

"The one true God, with whom I commune, will grant to the Pharaoh an answer which shall give sweet peace to his anxious soul."

Then the king went on earnestly:

"In my dream I stood on the bank of the river Nile, and there came up out of the river seven cattle, fat and well built, and they fed in the reed-grass; and then seven other cattle came up after them, poor, very badly formed and such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness; and the lean and poor cattle ate up the first seven fat cattle; and when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still as poor as before. Then I awoke.

"And I saw in my dream, seven heads of grain came up on one stalk, full and good, and, behold, seven other heads, withered, thin and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them. And the thin heads swallowed up the seven good heads. And I told this to

the magicians, but there was no one who could explain it to me."

Then Joseph said to the king:

"What Jehovah is about to do he has declared. The seven good cattle are seven years; and the seven good heads of grain are seven years; the dream is one. And the seven lean and ill-formed cattle that came up after them are seven years, and also the seven empty heads blasted with the east wind; they shall be seven years of famine. There are seven years of great plenty coming throughout all the land of Egypt; and there shall come after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land because of the famine which shall follow, for it shall be very grievous. On that account the dream was repeated."

"Now, therefore, the king should look for a man discreet and wise, and put him in charge of the whole land. Do this at once and let him appoint overseers in all parts of the country, gather all the food of these good years that are coming, and lay up grain for food in the cities, and let them store it up for the seven years of famine which shall come in the land of Egypt; that the people may not perish during the famine."

The Egyptian court stood, transfixed with amazement, to hear a slave calmly dictating to the king. The Pharaoh, however, was pleased to accept the counsel of this modest Hebrew, who claimed no credit for it himself, for he said:

"Since God hath shown thee all this, there is no one so discreet and wise as thou; thou shalt be in command over my palace and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled—only in the throne will I be greater than thou."

Then the king took the great seal off his own right hand—the ring with which he signed and sealed all his decrees—and placed it on the right hand of Joseph, saying as he did so:

"See, I now appoint thee over all the land of Egypt."

All present knew, by this act, that Joseph had been made acting king, and that all the power of the Pharaoh stood behind whatever his new premier saw fit to do. Only a moment before he had stood there a slave, but now he was lord and master of them all.

The Pharaoh did not do this in a half-hearted way. He gave the command and the newly appointed grand vizier was invested at once with all the sacred authority of the priestly order, being arrayed in white vestures of fine linen.

Yet this was not enough. The Pharaoh put the heavy gold chain, the badge of the highest rank, about the neck of the new prime minister. As Joseph stood there with all the emblems of authority and privilege upon his sacred person, he looked down for the first time upon the assembled court. In the foreground, by virtue of his office, stood Potiphar, solemn and unmoved by the sudden elevation of his manslave.

The king had not yet finished the heaping of high honors upon his prime minister, for he further announced that Joseph should ride in the exclusive chariot, reserved for the king only; that he should have regal escort (commanded by Potiphar, as captain of the guard) and make royal progresses through the streets and over the highways of Egypt. So far as the people, who never entered the palace, were concerned, this act of Pharaoh was equal to placing Joseph on the throne of Egypt.

Then, as the viceroy of Egypt ought not to bear the name of a foreign slave, the king announced Joseph's new name and title, as Zaphnath-paaneah—"The Saver of the World."

Continued on page 12



# Making New Citizens in Canada

**A**BOUT 150,000 Ruthenians have emigrated from central Europe to Canada and have settled mostly on free farms in the West. They are proving very good farmers, but it is harder for them to become citizens.



A Ruthenian Thatched Building

The way how is being shown them by the churches and schools. Dr. George Arthur, a medical missionary working among these people in Alberta, has met the problem of making citizens of aliens in two ways. His mission at Vegreville, in the heart of a Ruthenian settlement, began with a hospital. The Ruthenians were at first suspicious; but their fears have now been largely overcome by the relief and cures that have come to them through the hospital. Dr. Arthur declares that, given an equal opportunity, the Ruthenian youth will hold his own, in ability and readiness to learn, with the average Canadian or American. He is now making trial of a new plan—a boarding-home for Ruthenian boys. One of these homes, in which are twelve bright lads, is now under trial, and thus far with much success. The difference between the native boy and the boy alien is being gradually lessened, and future citizens are in the making. Dr. Arthur hopes soon to add more cottage-homes. The twelve lads are housed together in a cottage, with a matron in charge. They go daily to public school, where they quickly learn.

A class of young men and women whom Dr. Arthur has been teaching are bright, intelligent, adaptative, and already show a great development toward citizenship. The Ruthenians in central Europe were oppressed, poor, and unprogressive, yet they have always kept the ideas of national existence, history and language before them. In the freedom of the new Northwest, where for the first time they may all have land-holdings of their own,

these qualities are finding room for expression. The problem is how best to guide that expression, for these people have much both to learn and to unlearn before they can fully enter into the spirit of a new life. Old and new are side by side in their homes, and tradition lingers; but the new is grad-



Newly Arrived Ruthenian Settlers

ually gaining, under the influences of school, church, and neighbors.

In Europe, they were Greek Catholics. In Canada some retain connection with the Orthodox Church; some are ministered to by the Catholic Church; there is also a strong, independent movement, giving opportunity for Protestant missionary effort. Arthur's mission at Vegreville is under the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Similar work is being done elsewhere in the three prairie provinces by the other churches. Ruthenian ministers in Ruthenian congregations have been found to be most effective means of giving the Christian message, and several have already taken courses in Western colleges and are now at work as missionaries among their own countrymen.

AUBREY FULLERTON

## Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

..BROKEN confidence is a natural crop from seeds of broken promises.

..INDECISION does not lead a man into incompetency, but rather leaves him there.

..It is a good business rule to beware of transactions that can only be defended with the maxim "business is business."

..WHAT a pitiful and unprovided-for orphan this world would be with the brotherhood of man yet without the fatherhood of God.

..WHERE the Spirit and the letter are in harmony, there is no excuse for those who declare they are led by the Spirit yet who disregard the letter.

..COLLECTING as a rule is hard work, and the man who claims that the world owes him a living, may find it even harder to collect the debt than to earn living himself.

..YOU are complaining about a number of things not being right, forgetting that every one of them waiting for a reformer like yourself to make them so. Your complaints only show that your own work is not done.

## THE BATTLES OF "ROUND TOP"

Continued from page 699

whose quiet, helpful talks and books on Christian experience have helped hundreds of thousands to a larger and clearer view of the Christian life, was converted in the great revival conducted by Mr. Moody in Philadelphia in the seventies. On the other hand, we have the world-wide work of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, with his score of helpers in the "publicity" campaigns, who also felt the power of the Spirit working through Mr. Moody. Then there was Professor Drummond, with his thoughtful and deeply spiritual work among students, and Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, with his active ministry among the deep-sea fisher-folk. And we have Dr. J. Campbell Morgan and Dr. R. A. Torrey, the latter a student in Yale when he heard the call of God through Mr. Moody.

What was the secret of all this power in Mr. Moody's life? Simply that in the early part of his Christian experience he heard a speaker say once in a meeting that the world had yet to see what God could do through a thoroughly consecrated man, and one who was completely yielded to His will. Mr. Moody then and there decided to try and be such a man. This was coupled also with a most marvelous natural tact in dealing with people, "in being all things to all men," and with an absorbing desire to do good to everybody.

Then we should also mention among the younger men, Mr. John R. Mott and Mr. Robert Speer, and the whole movement for young men in our colleges. For another outgrowth of those early Conferences at Northfield was the beginning of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions and what has come to be the Student Christian Federation of the World. Both of these movements have been, and are yet destined to be in the future, of great strategic importance in the extension of Christ's kingdom. In the summer of 1886, the first Student Conference met at the invitation of Mr. Moody, in

one of the buildings at Mount Hermon. Some two hundred and forty-nine students from different colleges responded to that first invitation. This summer, seven different Conferences, arising out of that first gathering, will meet in different parts of the United States, with an attendance of between two and three thousand delegates, representing practically all the colleges and professional schools, as well as preparatory schools in this country and Canada. Mr. Mott was one of the young men who were present as delegates from Cornell at that first Conference, twenty-five years ago.

At the sunset meetings on Round Top each evening, many decisions for life-work have been made. Literally thousands of students have wrestled with God in prayer on these hills around the Conference buildings. Perhaps some have seen the vision and turned back, but all over our country, as well as all over the world, are scattered men leading lives of undoubted real success, who owe their inspiration to the influence of these summer Conferences. The Student Conference will celebrate this summer its twenty-fifth anniversary. It will be presided over

again by Mr. John R. Mott; the delegates will have the opportunity of hearing directly from his lips the facts of the progress of the world-wide Christian movement among students.

Mr. Moody saw clearly the needs of the young men and women for whom he planned the Northfield schools. He had learned through his own efforts, secure an education just what is the true foundation of all knowledge: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He saw clearly the need of the Church and also of the world in the time of strife and ambition, of material prosperity and progress; that it needs, and Christ needs, men and women who can see clearly what God has taught in his own Word and who will learn how to teach this simply and clearly. Young men and women have gone forth from Northfield who are working in all parts of the world. Mount Hermon graduates are helping forward the cause of Christianity and righteousness in all the walks of life. It was great loss to Mount Hermon when Crossley Hall burned to the ground last January, but even before the ruins were cold contributions began to come for rebuilding the hall.

The great hope of the schools is to be enabled to carry on the work planned by Mr. Moody, according to the first plan of furnishing education to worthy young men and women who would not otherwise be able to secure an education. That was Mr. Moody's great desire. The moral and spiritual worth of Northfield is not to be gauged by ordinary methods, although it merits the noblest endowment. It is the hope of those who are trying to carry on the work on the foundation laid down by the divine guided man who prayed it into being, that the Church of Christ may continue to receive in mission lands and on the home fields hundreds of those whom the "mantle of Elijah" may continue to fall for the glory of our Redeemer's kingdom.



Group of Speakers and Bible Class Leaders at Northfield



# The Cozy Corner—Short-Story Hour



"AFTERNOON TEA"  
A friend is a treasure worth more than a stone.

## A BRITANNY HERO TALE

THE evening of the 31st of May, 1911, Matelot, the plucky light-keeper on the lonely headland of Ile-en-Mer in the Bay of Biscay, filling his light, found his way the winding stairs, and at the fell dead of heart failure. In despair and excitement that followed, Carl and Marie Matelot were by their mother that their was very ill and that she stay by him to pray. At first, watch you here, "said Mother of, "while I climb and the light." But she could manage the machinery would set the lamp in motion it was beyond her strength, and in quiet despair returned to tell the child. "We can make it move," said. "You stay here, and mind father and baby." And this is exactly those two children did. But a word of fussing, not even for their supper, they instantly to the lighthouse tower, and because they could not reach the lever, they knew would start the great revolving, they decided between themselves to keep the enormous globe by pushing it back and forth with their hands; and this they uningly did from half past seven at night until four in the morn-

ing knew we must do what father and the weights would not work so we took turns and pushed it times apiece to keep ourselves by counting," said Carl, aged "And when the morning began to creep down to ask mother if we stop, and mother said, 'Yes, the will be safe now,'" explained e, who was just seven. Either the brave boy nor the little nor even the mother in her deep and surely not the sailors twenty out at sea, measured the loyalty, fine unconscious heroism that d the red flashes from the Belle ght on that dreadful night that passed down into the local history e night of the worst storm ever n on the Bay of Biscay.

## "ORCHARD HOUSE"

Where Little Women Live

E Woman's Club of Concord, Mass., has set on foot a plan by a fund will be raised to buy the "Orchard House," which will be kept forever in memory of Louisa M. Alcott. For twenty-five years, "Apple

Slump," as Miss Alcott waggishly called it when the family fortunes dwindled to nothing, was the home of the Alcotts. There it was that adorable tomboy Joe, full of the pent-up energy and unselfishness that we have grown to think of as the essence of Miss Alcott's nature, dreamed and wrote the stories which she so earnestly peddled among Boston publishers. It was down the gravelled pathway from Orchard House that Louisa Alcott "waved farewell to Marmee with her worn, patient face, and to Amy's blue eyes and yellow hair in the window, and started off to war, my heart ever turning and returning to my home."—(*Diary of Louisa M. Alcott, 1857*.)

Later, when Marmee and Beth and Amy and dreamy impracticable Mr. Alcott were sleeping in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Miss Alcott could no longer endure life at Orchard House, so she sold it and went away to make a home for Meg's two boys and to bring up a baby girl that Amy had left to her care.

This reclaiming of Orchard House is a particularly fitting tribute to the memory of the author of *Little Women*, *Little Men* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, stories that for fifty years have held their own in popularity. They have been translated into many languages, and the readers of these lovely old-fashioned tales are still counted by millions.

When she died, Miss Alcott left directions that she wanted to be taken to Sleepy Hollow, beyond Orchard House, to rest, not beside those for whom she had always cared, but at their feet, so that she could take care of them still.



"The Katydids' Song"  
"Katydids—Katydids!—  
She did—she didn't."

A Katydid sat on a stone  
And sang in her merriest tone.  
Said a frog that was nigh,  
"Why, bless me if I  
Shall let that young thing sing alone!"

So he joined in with such a large croak  
That the world all about him awoke.  
Although it was night,  
The meadow was light,  
And misty as wind-blown smoke.

The butterflies stretched out their wings,  
The bees began sharpening their stings,  
And the birds with a cheep  
Wakened up from their sleep  
And got dressed in their everyday things.

Not morning, but darkness came by,  
So the bees and each pied butterfly  
All into bed sprang,  
While the tiny voice sang,  
"Katydids—Katydids!" again.

RENA CARY SHEPHERD.

## LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER



For best verses, subject "Little Bo-Peep," we will send twenty delightful Cozy Corner Prizes in order of merit.

## INVESTING THE PRINCE

ON THE 13th of July, the little Prince of Wales will be formally invested with the robes and symbols of his rank. The Prince, a boy of twelve, and oldest son of King George V. of England, will be met at Hollyhead by an army of ten thousand soldiers, and a vast conclave of peers and court officers will accompany him.

The elaborate ceremonial of investiture consists of placing upon the shoulders of the heir to the Principedom of Wales the royal robes of state, girding on the sword of justice, placing upon his head the cap of office, upon his finger the ring pledging fidelity to his subjects, and in his hand the golden staff of justice. Each separate ceremonial is accompanied with devout petitions for the welfare of the nation, and prayers that strength to loyally execute to the fullest extent the rights for which the symbols stand shall be abundantly given to him whom faithful and loving subjects shall serve.

## "KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS"

ONCE upon a time—about thirty-five years ago—General Custier, riding at the head of a column of cavalrymen, happened to look down upon the ground, where just below him was the nest of a meadow lark with birdlings in it. With ready wit, that was worthy the high-hearted general, he guided his horse around it, and then resumed the straight course, saying no word and giving no direction to his men. As the entire command of many hundred cavalrymen followed closely the general's lead, each soldier, coming up to the place where the soldier just ahead of him had turned out, looked curiously down into the nest to find the reason for the unusual departure from the straight line of march.

## Our Good-Night Verse

Whoever restores a young bird to the  
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures  
In need,  
Is one of Christ's helpers, whatever his  
creed.

## Some June Prize Winners in The Cozy Corner and Their Ages

Wentworth Lawson, 15; Rosemary Ladner, 14; Donald Hill, 13; Betty Carter; 14; Elmor Bay, 13; Dorothy Bangs, 10.

## Some Cozy Corner Boys and Girls Whose Work in June Deserves Special Honorable Mention

Gladys Harned, 11; Hope Kirkpatrick, 12; Herman Little, 11; Halbert Pollock, 5; Katherine Tobias, 16; Kate Hueter, 13; Elsworth Hayes, 8; Nora A. Mahon, 13; Willie Dodd, 11; Victor E. Reimer, 11; Edwin Mills, 13; Mary B. Trexler, 15; Gust Henriksen, 14; James Sainsbury, 14; Emma Hurner, 15; Garnett Michaux, 16; Hilda Morse, 15; Beatrice Detling, 13; Annie L. Wilson, 13; John C. Mann, 13; Hazel Wetherby, 12; Jean S. DeYoung, 8; Roland Harrison, 12; William E. Thomas, 10; Hunton Selman, 11; Robert Cathcart, 11; Mary Dufendack, 11; Ruth Pomeroy, 10; Lyndall C. Powell, 10; Helen Holt, 10; Sterling Tolby, 7; Jeanette S. Richardson, 14; Margaret Johnson, 11; George W. Barnett, Jr., 15; Violet Lippincott, 11; Walter Beare, 14; Craig Tedford, 12; Della Zumbro, 15; Vida Rowsam; Paul Boehm, 13; John H. Vondell, 13; Beulah M. Atkins, 11; Bessie Kelly, 14; Willis W. Clark, 11; Lawrence B. June, 12; Robertson Jones, 9; Lois Pirie, 12; Hattie Robson, 11.

## Honor Roll

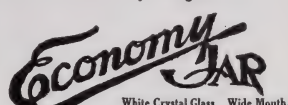
Earl E. Smith, 14; Helen F. Gleason, 14; Fannie McCormick, 16; George Hilton Butler, 12; Ruth Downing, 15; Marjorie Gunn, 12; Gertrude Mather, 10; Frances M. Hollingshead, 11; Harry Hanson, 16; Galen B. Harrison, 11; Milledge Galphin, 14; Edward Durant, 12; Lucy Ulman, 13; Mabel Borgerson, 13; Otha Phillips, 13; Beula Gill, 14; Eldridge Dean.

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Secret in  
The Cozy Corner

# Did You Ever Can Corn on the Cob?

Or Peas? Or String and Lima Beans? Or Tomatoes? These and every other vegetable—Berries and all other fruits—fish and meat—you can put up and keep perfectly—forever in the Sanitary Airtight



White Crystal Glass. Wide Mouth.

And you positively cannot in any rubber ring jar on earth!

The public has decreed that rubber rings are unsanitary. They decay and let in air, which causes contents to mold and spoil. Pure food commissioners have denounced zinc caps as unhealthy and dangerous to use for home canning.

The Economy Jar is the only jar in the world that uses no rubber ring. All rubber ring jars are a thing of the past.

The Economy Jar uses no zinc cap, no uneven, leaky glass top, no rubber ring. It seals airtight, as no other jar has ever been sealed by means of a gold enameled cap, which has a patent airtight sanitary composition gasket. It seals itself by air pressure and is strongly endorsed by all health authorities.

No Leaky Rubber Ring. No Glass Top to Leak in Air. No Poisonous Zinc Cap.

But, instead, a Patent Sanitary Airtight, Gold Enameled Cap.

Light or Heat Does Not Affect Contents, as Air is Excluded



## Read This Letter:

"I have in use over four dozen Economy Jars for the past three years, and never had one jar spoiled. Have just finished canning direct from our garden—beans, squash, carrots, beets, tomatoes, onions, radishes, red cabbage. My corn on cob is delicious; also several varieties of fruits."—Mrs. Jack Scully, Vallejo, Cal., June 28, 1910.

## And This One:

"I have used the Economy Jar for three years. Have canned everything that can be put in cans from fruits to soups, fish, meats, fruit, in fact everything that can be bought in grocery stores in the cans. Wouldn't keep house without them."—Mrs. H. C. Large, Seattle, Wash.

## Jar Trademark

To Advertise the AIRTIGHT ECONOMY JAR we will give

Free To Buyers of Economy Jars

King's Hall Silver, 1066

Sectional Plate Silver Teaspoons (Solid Silver the Only Better)

Three Full Size Teaspoons with every dozen Economy Jars

One Full Size Teaspoon with every dozen extra Economy Caps

You want a half-dozen or dozen of these spoons—FREE!

How to Secure Silverware. There are two large Hand-in-Jar trademarks printed on the ends of each case of Economy Jars and one small trade-mark printed on each carton of Economy Caps contained in each case, also one small trade-mark printed on each carton of extra caps. (A few cases of Economy Jars are in the market without the Jar trade-mark. If you do not find printed on the end of each case the Jar trade-mark, cut out the firm name "Kerr Glass" on cases and send it to us, and it will be just as good a coupon as the Jar trade-mark.)

Cut out one Jar trade-mark, from each case or carton and mail to us with 14¢ in stamps for postage, packing, and we will present to you one teaspoon. Two trade-marks and 28¢ stamps for two teaspoons. Three trade-marks and 42¢ stamps for three teaspoons. These teaspoons are the genuine Kerr Glass Flat Silver Teaspoons.

Each size flat silver spoon is worth \$4.00 a dozen; \$1.00 for three, or eight flat silver spoons for \$8.00 a dozen. You save 58¢. Every time you buy one dozen Economy Jars. Buy two dozen Economy Jars and you receive a set of six beautiful flat silver spoons. Buy four dozen Economy Jars and get a complete set of one-dozen teaspoons. Buy the Economy Jar now while this free offer is still in effect.

Buy Economy Jars today from your dealer and start your set of free spoons. If your dealer is out of Economy Jars be sure to write us. We will refer you to a dealer who has a stock on hand and send you a booklet of valuable recipes free.

Kerr Glass Mfg. Co. Home Office: 113 Hoyt Street, Portland, Oregon. Eastern Office: 1846 West Washington St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



## Peace Circles Begin Work

IN RESPONSE to the call for the organization of Peace Circles which appeared in these columns recently, many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have sent in their names and expressed readiness to perform the preliminary work as organizers. To all of these, instructions have been forwarded, and we are glad to be able to announce that many Circles are now fairly on the way toward organization, while some are already fully organized.

The first Peace Circle to be fully organized and in working order was the Robertson Heights Circle of Lyndon, O., as the following letter from the Historian of the Circle announces:

Dear Christian Herald Peace League: Obeying to the call which came to us through the printed matter you so kindly mailed to our address, we have organized a home Peace Circle, and given it the name of our summer home, "Robertson Heights," which is located in beautiful and picturesque Southern Ohio, in the shadow of our little Alps. The writer, having been made Leader and Historian of the Circle, will briefly acquaint the National Circle with the "mountain top" where we have planted our Peace Banner; and from whence, it is said, the light extends ten miles around.

The senior member of our Circle, Mrs. Martha Robertson (whose name has long been on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD list), was ever the patron and friend of Dr. Klopsch in all of his missionary, charitable and literary enterprises—an extraordinary prestige to our home Circle. It will be our pleasure, at all times, to affiliate with local as well as national organizations. As a member of the School League for International Understanding and a member of the American Peace Society, it also gives me great pleasure to thus have the privilege of being identified with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's greatest of all movements—that of bringing the peace sentiment to the masses of intelligent people everywhere, without respect to persons.

MARGARITE ANDERSON,  
Robertson Heights Peace Circle.

The following are the officers and comrades: Leader, Mrs. Delano W. Butler. Secretary and Historian, Margaret Anderson. Standard Bearer, Phileman Erskine Butler. Orator, Mr. Delano W. Butler. Members and Comrades, Mrs. Martha W. Robertson, Marion Butler, Wilgas Anderson Butler, Edith Newell, Mrs. Mary C. Lorentz, Mrs. Sarah Alvis, Mr. and Mrs. Cabel Alvis, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Prier, son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kello, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kello, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mason.

The following are the organizers who have taken the lead in the Peace Circle movement in the various States. Many Circles are already in working order:

Colorado—Mrs. J. F. Coffman, Mrs. E. M. Tanner, Mr. H. A. Griffith.  
Pennsylvania—Rev. B. B. Loomis, Mr. James N. Wilson, Mr. Joseph Pounds, Mrs. Johnston C. McClain, Rev. Joseph K. Freed, N. W. Kuffel, Mr. Albert Frank, Mrs. Amelia P. King, Mrs. Fannie Wood, Mrs. J. H. Davis, Miss C. Callet.

Iowa—Mrs. Luther Phipps, Mrs. J. M. Knowles, Mrs. E. W. Pfeiffer, Mrs. W. F. Belau, Mrs. G. H. Melloe, Rev. J. W. Neyman.

Nebraska—Mrs. J. R. Nichol, A. T. Hoffert, T. J. Meryman.  
West Virginia—E. W. Webster, Mr. V. B. Greene.

Oklahoma—J. S. Smith, Mrs. Nelia Evins, Mrs. J. P. Wilhite, Mr. Alvin Cafok.  
Washington—Miss Harriet E. Wright, F. F. Tuttle.

Maine—B. Mangar, Mrs. L. S. Smith.  
New York—John B. Lacey, Mrs. O. St. Marie, Anna Surm, Miss Anna Brownell, P. E. Miller, J. J. Carpenter, Robert L. Palmer, R. W. Allen, Rev. H. P. Scharflier, Mr. H. L. Oldfield, Mr. H. H. Hill, Dr. A. H. McKinney, Mr. C. E. Butt, Mr. F. A. Huch, Miss S. K. Payne.  
Michigan—J. H. Keeler, Rev. H. W. Chamberlin, F. M. Bush, Mr. C. N. Dickinson.  
Mississippi—A. G. Barton, D. W. Westrope, Jr.

Montana—Mrs. D. Shedd.  
Rhode Island—Mr. Frank Salsbury.  
Oregon—Mrs. Jennie L. Thorp, Mr. Henry Sheak.

Texas—Mr. H. C. Fallon, Mrs. M. A. Goodnight, H. F. Palmer, Miss Jennie May Kerby, Mr. E. W. Doolan.

Alabama—Mrs. C. E. Blue, T. W. Paine.  
Ohio—J. R. Sherry, Margaret Anderson, Delano W. Butler, F. H. Daily, Rev. William C. Detling, Margaret Anderson, Mr. O. B. Huffman, Susan M. Sturges.

Illinois—Rev. W. Gardner Thrall, Miss Carrie B. Leonard, H. A. Tempel, Rev. Herman H. Thoren, Mrs. J. R. Graham, Miss Ellen M. Builes.

Indiana—Rev. F. G. Kenny, Anna Hutton, Mrs. Mary M. Clapham, Mr. William H. Smith.  
Virginia—Mrs. Laura E. Johnson, Mrs. D. O. Knight, Mr. Benjamin C. Moomaw, Mr. R. A. Finnell, William Hope Carrington.

Massachusetts—E. G. Frothingham, Mrs. Julia R. Leaman.

Minnesota—A. J. Sundahl.

Florida—Mrs. N. N. Swain, Rev. George H. Northrop, John E. Ennis, Mrs. Isaac Story.

Kansas—J. L. Heisey, E. F. Gillette.  
New Jersey—Miss Ada Baldwin, Mrs. P. A. M. Spear, Mrs. M. Post, Rev. Paul S. Meinert, Mrs. M. Post, Mr. Orie Compton, Miss Fannie J. McCalliard.

Georgia—Mrs. J. T. Blulock, Mrs. Louise T. Hodges.

Idaho—R. Forrest Allen, L. D. Farmin, M. L. Handley.

Missouri—Mrs. E. Kothe, Mr. Adam Kern, Mrs. Juliet W. Hill, M. M. Anthony, Ella V. Russell.

Connecticut—Mrs. Sophonia P. Perry, Mrs. E. J. Hill, Miss Cornelia Baird, Miss Cornelia Raymond, Mrs. Walter Atkins, Mrs. M. J. Anderson, Dr. A. H. Baldwin, Mrs. Dexter Hitchcock, Mrs. Denny Hull, Mrs. H. J. Hypson, Mrs. Eugene Faunterley, Mr. M. W. Sillman, F. D. Torrey, Mrs. Frederick Thompson, Miss M. A. Olmsted, Miss H. F. Holburn, Mr. George M. Benedict, Mr. William P. Beers, Mrs. Sophia A. Weed, Rev. F. T. Bastel, Miss Annetta E. Bailey.

California—Miss Addie Marsh, L. Chamberlin, Mrs. W. A. Cleland, Mr. A. G. Lentz.  
North Carolina—Mr. C. A. Hege.

### Circles Abroad

Hawaiian Islands—Mary S. Whiting, President, W. C. T. U., Honolulu.  
England—Mr. F. G. W. Spriggs.

Canada—Mr. Jas. Fotheringham, Dr. James A. Gillespie, Mrs. Hamilton Conn.

### Programme for First Peace Circle Meeting After Organization

1. Roll Call.
2. Singing of the following Peace Hymn:

#### A Hymn for Peace

Air "Speed Away"

Give us peace! Give us peace! like an angel of light,

To heal human sorrow and scatter its night.

We will cherish her ever, and crown her with bays,

And clothe her with beautiful garments of praise.

Bid the warships lie idle, the armies decrease!

Give us peace! Give us peace! Give us peace!

Give us peace, that our brethren far over the sea,

May know that the men of this land of the free,

Though strong as the strongest, and bravest of soul,

Will have no more war while the ages shall roll,

And will strive that the spirit of love shall increase.

Give us peace! etc.

Give us peace, that the world may behold the glad reign

Of reason and justice from mountain and plain,

From ocean to ocean, o'er peasant and king.

And the Bethlehem song through the nations shall ring—

"Glad tidings! Be joyful! All battles shall cease!"

Welcome, Peace! Lovely Peace! Everywhere, Peace!"

Of reason and justice from mountain and plain,

From ocean to ocean, o'er peasant and king.

And the Bethlehem song through the nations shall ring—

"Glad tidings! Be joyful! All battles shall cease!"

Welcome, Peace! Lovely Peace! Everywhere, Peace!"

O God of our fathers! we bend low to thee,

And lay on thine altar our sacrifice free;

Our fortunes, our lives and our honor we give, That the Gospel Christ taught us may spread and may live,

And that brotherhood's star in our skies may increase.

Give us peace! etc.

3. Initiation Pledge: "I pledge myself as a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League to urge the cause of Universal and International Peace and Arbitration; to attend the meetings of this Circle so far as it is possible; to help extend its influence and increase its membership, and to do my individual share toward making the meetings of this Circle a success."

4. Brief address by the Leader, in which the object of the Circle's meetings should be set forth.

5. Reading of Peace Pamphlet (supplied to each Secretary by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.) Main topic for the fortnight ending July 26, 1911, "The Mission of the United States in the Cause of Peace," by Justice David J. Brewer.

If thought best, a ten-minute digest of this address may be prepared in advance by some member, or it may be demanded to read the contents of the pamphlet.

6. Discussion of points in Justice Brewer's address, speakers limited to three minutes. Subjects for Discussion: Main points. The angels' song at Bethlehem and Christ's words on peace. Equality of nations and The Forced Peace. Reasons why America should lead. Arguments for Limitation of Armament. The three great interests opposed to war. These subjects are more or less amplified in the pamphlet, which we are sending to CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles.

7. Summing up of the situation by Leader or chosen spokesman.

8. Music, recitations, refreshments.

9. Rally; announcement of next place of meeting and subjects for discussion. Adjournment.

All who propose to be identified with the Peace Circle Movement, and who desire to aid in organizing Circles, are requested to communicate with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York. All necessary literature and instructions will be forwarded.

## Among the Workers

—JAMES STOKES OF NEW YORK, who founded the Miyak, the Russian Young Men's Christian Association, and Franklin A. Gaylord, also of the New York association, were recently presented to the Emperor by Senator Mestchansoff, the President of the Miyak.

Rev. Dr. Wm. MERRILL, formerly pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, had accepted a call to the historic Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, succeeding the late Rev. Dr. W. H. Richards, who succeeded Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

—THEY HAVE RELIGIOUS meetings in the Wall Street district often, but on June 14 the Old Tent Evangel Committee established its temporary service and pulpit directly in front of the New York Stock Exchange on Broad Street. The service was held from an automobile. There was a big crowd on hand. Professor William Houghton of Brooklyn played hymns on a cornet, the Rev. William Wallace of the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, preached a annual sermon, weaving in Flag Day, and asking for a junction of patriotism with religion in bringing about a broader life.

—THE VETERAN Christian seaman, Captain G. W. Schroeder, who established the first Baptist missionary work in Sweden (he is now a patriarch of four-score and ten) was honored on April 10 by the Baptist Ministers' Confer-

ence in New York with a special fellowship meeting and the gift of a purse of \$300. He was born in Gothenburg, April 9, 1821, entered the navy at eight years of age, and at seventeen commenced a career in merchant vessels in America. He was converted in 1844, and united with the Baptists in New York. As president of the Religious Liberty Union, he has done much to secure religious toleration in Sweden.

—THE SHANGHAI MISSIONARY Conference of 1907 recommended co-operation in theological teaching "for the sake of economy, to increase the efficiency of the teaching staff, and to draw the educated young men of the church into a closer mutual fellowship." This hope is rapidly being realized. At Nanking, three theological seminaries, representing four denominations (Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian North and Presbyterian South) beginning next fall, are to do the work of all these institutions, except that which is technically denominational, in a single Union Bible School. It will have its own board of managers, separate from the seminaries, and will be modeled after the New York school, in which the students will be housed and taught with the exception of denominational elective courses where required. This Union Bible School at Nanking is the first of a proposed series of "mergers" in religious education for China.

# \$1,000 Given Away

for the Best Hundred Letters on The Advantages of

## Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a Blotter"

We want opinions from every housewife, every factory and office employee, every one who uses towel at home, in office or factory, a school or in public places on the advantages of the Scot Tissue Paper Towels.

For the best hundred letters we will give \$1,000 in prizes divided as follows:

|            |       |         |
|------------|-------|---------|
| 1 of \$100 | ..... | \$100   |
| 2 "        | 75    | 150     |
| 3 "        | 50    | 150     |
| 4 "        | 25    | 100     |
| 5 "        | 20    | 100     |
| 8 "        | 15    | 120     |
| 10 "       | 10    | 100     |
| 14 "       | 5     | 70      |
| 15 "       | 3     | 45      |
| 18 "       | 2.50  | 45      |
| 20 "       | 1     | 20      |
| 100        |       | \$1,000 |

In entering this fascinating contest you obligate yourself to nothing—it is open to all. You will find discussion of the subject with your friends helpful to you in writing your letter. You will be surprised at the newspaper reports published about the fabric towel dangers.

### What to Write About

- 1st The Sanitary features of Paper Towels.
- 2d The fewest number necessary to properly dry your hands.
- 3rd The condition of hands after using.
- 4th The advantages to the complexion due to lack of roughening of the skin by friction.
- 5th The comfort of using Scot Tissue Towels to dry the face after shaving. (Ask your men friends to tell you.)
- 6th The absorbent qualities as compared with fabric towels.
- 7th The cost in comparison with Fabric towels.

Your letter must not exceed 200 words, and should be written in numbered paragraphs (see suggestions "What to write about").

### Not Necessary to Buy

While it is not a condition of this contest that you should buy Scot Tissue Towels, if you desire to try them before writing your letter they may be obtained from your dealer at a cost of 35 cents for roll of 150 towels and 25 cents extra for fixture.

If your dealer hasn't Scot Tissue Towels in stock, send us \$2.00 (\$2.50 if West of Mississippi River) and we'll send you by express prepaid a carton containing 5 rolls and a fixture.

Scot Tissue Towels are of the heaviest, whitest absorbent paper made from clean wood pulp. Every towel carries the Scot Tissue water mark.

### Contest Closes

Your letter must be received at this office on or before September 15th 1911, when contest closes.

For any further information ask your dealer or write

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Philadelphia



## OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### THE STAY-AT-HOME

JUST abide beside the stuff,  
Just care for little homely things,  
Let others rove to distant lands,  
And cross the main as if with wings.  
Busy hands are seldom still,  
Keep the house for those who come;  
Just because it is God's will,  
Am a quiet stay-at-home.

An evening falls you would not know  
That I had wept and barked and brewed;  
In the hearth the blessing falls  
Of most untroubled solitude.  
Beds for weary heads are made,  
And daintily the board is spread;  
Mine own dear ones there I wait  
To break with love their daily bread.

Well may hap some coming day  
That looking back, my kin shall bless  
My eyes grown dim, my watchful thought,  
My ceaseless brooding gentleness.  
I now I reap as I have sown,  
No longer my darlings come,  
Arms of tender love are thrown  
Round their little stay-at-home.

### Co-operative Housekeeping

HE time is undoubtedly coming  
when a portion of our most  
strenuous housework shall be  
lified by co-operation. There is  
no reason, for example, why a  
families should not have their  
ing and ironing taken every week  
undry where this hardest house-  
task might be performed at small  
ce to the great relief of the mis-  
s. In many of our cities a dozen  
s are now heated in winter by a  
al plant, relieving each of the  
of the furnace and as well min-  
g the cost of fuel to the individual  
holder. We are accustomed to  
ighting of our homes by outside  
anies, and there is no reason why  
e many of our other domestic  
should not be met in the same  
mical manner.

may, of course, be objected to by  
rivate people who fancy that a  
in individual flavor would be ban-  
from the cooking, and a certain  
site daintiness be lost from the  
try, if baking and washing were  
outside in a co-operative way.  
against this objection should be  
e health and strength of mothers  
wives, and the increase of light-  
edness on the part of women who  
most of the time too utterly  
ied by daily labor to be cheerful.  
at do our readers think about

e contributions of our depart-  
of Women in Council take a  
d range in the summer season.  
first letter to appear this week  
rns the delicate and all-important  
et of the marriage of two persons  
are some stations beyond their  
st youth. They have accordingly  
ed over the enchanted ground of  
nce and sentiment into a sort of  
plain where practical issues have  
ight of way. This is the situa-

### What Shall She Do?

WOMAN of forty-three, who  
possesses a moderate fortune and  
spinsters, is courted by a man of  
own age who is a widower and  
has buried five children. He is a  
titan gentleman, active in the  
h and Sunday School and highly  
cted in the community, but sick-  
and death in his family have kept  
poor and he has never been able  
rn more than a medium salary.  
not very strong, although he can-  
e called an invalid. He is greatly  
ed by the lady and she thinks  
one. He is happy in his companion-  
and he has the ground that  
ommes money, and he has saved  
ng. What shall she do?"

The editor of this page has her own  
opinon, but reserves it for the pres-  
ent. The readers are asked to send  
brief, pertinent replies, not more than  
one hundred and fifty words in length.

### Concerning Folklore

THE folklore of all nations is an  
interesting study. A thread of  
similarity runs through it from the  
ancient days down to this morning.  
East and West, under an Indian sun  
or amid Iceland snows, the old su-  
perstitions bear a family resemblance.  
They are very hard to define. Few of  
us are entirely free from some vestige  
of fear which we disclaim, and yet  
which halts us when there are thirteen  
at table, or makes us walk around a  
ladder instead of under it, and inclines  
us not to accept as a gift a knife or  
other cutting utensil.

We can hardly tell whence came to  
us this traditional bondage; possibly it  
is in our blood. Perhaps a nurse or  
old retainer of our home in childish  
days sowed the first seeds. There are  
any number of lucky and unlucky  
proverbs in folklore about marriage.  
For instance, it is lucky to marry at  
the full of the moon or with the flowing  
tide. It is lucky to see a flight of birds  
on the way to church, or to have the  
sun shining on the wedding day. It  
is not considered a good omen for a  
lover to go courting on a Friday, which  
of all days is undesirable for most en-  
terprises. The old rhyme on the rela-  
tive merits of the days of the week for  
birthdays is familiar, but will bear  
repetition.

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for a living,  
And the child that is born on the Sabbath Day  
Is great and good and fair and gay.

The folklore of dreams has its fasci-  
nation. To dream of the teeth fall-  
ing out is said to indicate death or the  
loss of a law suit. Some persons dis-  
like to dream of horses; others have a  
prejudice against dreaming of snow.

Friday night's dream on the Saturday told  
Is sure to come true be it never so old.

To dream of a wedding signifies a  
funeral, for dreams go by contrary.  
Superstitious people do not tell a  
dream until they have broken their  
fast.

The Jews believe that the sun always  
shines on some part of every Wednes-  
day because the sun was created on the  
fourth day of the week. Thursday has  
one lucky hour, the hour before sun-  
rise. Saturday was considered by the  
ancient Egyptians an unfortunate day  
to begin a journey, to shave or cut  
nails. To change one's residence on  
the Saturday is thought to betoken a  
short term of residence in the new  
place. Many eminent personages  
have died on Saturday; among them in  
English history were William III.,  
Queen Anne, each of the four Georges,  
the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert,  
and Princess Alice of Hesse. Among  
other signs that have to do with mar-  
riage, it is said to be unlucky to try  
on the wedding ring until it is put on  
the bride's finger at the altar. The  
bride must not look at herself in the  
glass after she is dressed, or look be-  
hind her in going to church. To com-  
plete a patchwork quilt without assis-  
tance means for a maiden a single life.  
A bride should never be addressed  
after her marriage by her maiden  
name.

These bits of folklore have been  
taken at random from a book entitled  
*Leans' Collections*.

## To Make Tea Biscuit Light and Flaky.

USE Kingsford's Corn Starch mixed with your flour  
—but be sure it is Kingsford's and not an inferior  
substitute delivered at your kitchen door when  
you plainly ordered *Kingsford's*.

A low grade corn starch is very expensive—it costs you just  
as much per package to say nothing of the food it spoils and  
disappointment of every one at table.

For over 60 years Kingsford's has meant corn starch purity.  
Ask for Kingsford's and see that you get it.

## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Tea Biscuit.—Sift well together two and  
one-half cups flour, one-half cup King-  
sford's Corn Starch, three-fourths tea-  
spoon salt and two well-rounded  
teaspoons baking powder. Rub in  
thoroughly two large tablespoons lard.  
Moisten with milk until consistency  
is rolled out. Make about three-quarter  
inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter.  
Bake at once a good brown.

Send for Cook Book O—169 of the best  
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the life and death of our Lord.

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# THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Continued from page 707

And the Pharaoh said to Joseph: "I am the king, and no man shall lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt, unless thou dost allow it." Then the king gave the last command in the ceremony of installation, saying, "Abrech!" (the word still used by Egyptian drivers when they order their camels to kneel)—"Abrech!" "Bow the knee!" Then all the court of Egypt, among whom were his former master and mistress, came and knelt before the throne to acknowledge their allegiance to Joseph.

## II "THE SAVER OF THE WORLD"

THE Egyptian College of the Priestly Orders elected Joseph an honorary member in recognition of his high gifts as a seer, and revealer of the secrets of the gods. The king was then able to marry his minister to Asenath, the daughter of the High Priest of On, of the noblest and proudest caste of Egyptian society. Even the king himself could not have married the daughter of the High Priest. The Egyptian kings, in the times of the patriarchs, were Assyrians, who had conquered Egypt several hundred years before. These Pharaohs are known in history as the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, and the old Egyptian nobility regarded them with haughty scorn, because, for religious and caste reasons, the Egyptians despised shepherds. The Pharaoh never tired of honoring Joseph—it seemed as though he could not do enough for his premier, and never was a royal favorite so worthy of confidence.

The pleasure-loving people of Egypt could not be made to believe that a famine was coming. As the years of abundance followed one another they led their happy, care-free lives, singing and laughing: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

To Joseph, who had gone about doing all the good he could in the narrow sphere of the prison, it was a great joy to be able to do good to all Egypt, and even to the world outside, which included his father and all their family. He must have rejoiced in his new name, "the Saver of the World." But he felt the crushing responsibility of it all. He could not rest day or night, for the constant thought that the lives of all Egypt, and perhaps of the whole world, were dependent upon his own energy and endurance. The thoughtless Egyptians made his task very hard indeed. They laughed at the reigning favorite for not enjoying life and taking his pleasure while he had everything in his power, instead of being driven from city to city in his well-known chariot, day after day, without rest, as if he were a galley-slave instead of the royal minister, superintending the erection of granaries and great storehouses, like modern grain elevators, in all parts of the empire, so that they could be reached easily by all the people when the years of famine should come. The thought ever present in the heart of Joseph was: "What if the people should starve after all, through my neglect, and what if my own father and his loved ones should be starving!"

During the thirteen years since he had kissed his father good-by in the Vale of Hebron, Joseph had thought much upon the causes of his brothers' violence toward him. He had concluded that, as his father had given him up for dead, it would be best to remain dead to them all until, in God's good time, his dreams should come true, and he should have the unspeakable joy of embracing his father once more. He had learned why he had been made to suffer so much, and he fervently believed that he would, somehow, somewhere, meet his father and all his brothers again.

Joseph's failure to send word to his father was in no way due to neglect. He had to deny himself heroically the greatest happiness of his life while waiting, year after year, for the family to present themselves.

During the seven years of plenty two sons were born to him and Asenath, his wife. The first of these he named "Manasseh—forgetting," "for," said he, "God has made me forget all my toil and all my father's family," as if the child had come to him in Egypt to relieve him of a little of his terrible longing for home. The second son he named Ephraim, because God had made him prosperous in the land of his affliction. All Egypt was an "affliction" to the grand vizier with the great yearning to behold his father's face.

As the years of plenty followed each other, the Egyptians began to jeer at Joseph as a creator and prophet of calamity, just as the men before the flood had made fun of Noah.

And he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities. And Joseph laid up grain as the sand of the sea, very much, for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenty came to an end, just as Joseph had said. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to the Pharaoh for bread, and Pharaoh said to them, "Go to Joseph; and whatever he says, do."

And the famine was over all the face of the earth, and Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold grain to the Egyptians; and the famine in Egypt was terrible. And all countries came to Egypt to Joseph for to buy grain; because there was famine in all the earth.

The crops and pastures in Canaan failed the first year of the famine. The second year they failed again. The cattle and sheep wandered in search of grazing, but found only parched ground and dust. It was sad for Jacob and his sons to see their stock, wandering and weak, lying down to die. But they could do nothing for the helpless animals. They began to think their own fate must soon be the same as their cattle's. Starvation, gaunt and terrible, stared them in the face. The sons came and gathered about their aged father, and sat on the ground in silence, gazing at one another, and at their father, like shipwrecked sailors starving on a raft. Jacob querulously demanded of his sons:

"Why do you look at one another like that? I have heard that there is grain in Egypt. Go down and buy some for us, that we may not die but live."

The ten men glanced furtively from one to another. Their guilty secret and the hideous part they had been acting for twenty years made Egypt the country most to be dreaded of all the earth. Was their brother still living, wan and bleeding, under the lash of some cruel taskmaster? Or was his blood crying to heaven, like Abel's, against them from the ground somewhere down there? The thought of going to Egypt filled them with horror. At last they consented to go down, only to save the lives of their wives and little ones. If one went they must all go—all but Benjamin, who had no part in their guilty secret.

They all started off, leaving Benjamin behind with their father. They were a dismal cavalcade, they and their donkeys. On their way to the Egyptian capital every slave they saw had a horrible fascination for them, though no one spoke of it. Long ago, soon after their first hollow attempts to comfort their father, they had ceased to talk about the sickening lie they were living.

To be continued

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## GOOD WORK FOR BOYS\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

JOSIAH was eight years old when he began to reign." Only two years intervened between his son and that of his grandfather, Manasseh. During those two years the throne had been occupied by Amon, son of Manasseh, and father of Josiah. Amon was one of the worst kings, for "he walked not in the way of the Lord," but served idols. He was derided by the servants of his own household.

He did that which was right in the sight of Jehovah." It was the highest commendation that could be given to a boy Josiah—or to any one. "Even a child is known by his doings whether his work be pure and whether it be evil" (Prov. 20: 11). It might have been said of Josiah as it was afterward of the boy Jesus: "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with men and women" (Luke 2: 52).

### Preparing the Boy King

He walked in the ways of David his father and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." Josiah, like some other kings of Judah, is traced immediately, as it were, to David. Josiah was the son of Josiah his father—the larger father, deeper root, the elect of God."—Joseph Farber. In that he turned her to the right hand or to the left showed that even as a boy he had a balanced mind. He was not wildly irresponsible as some boys are, but a good boy, sometimes.

In the eighth year of his reign, when he was yet young, he began to inquire after the God of David his father." He was then sixteen years old. A modern psychologist would say, "He reached the time for the 'personalizing of religion.'" "Boyhood is the time for forming habits, as adolescence is the time for shaping ideals."—Byron Forbush. We must believe that Josiah began in a new way to know his illustrious ancestor: as to how God had been with him when surrounded by enemies, and in battles, and in the affairs of state. No doubt he had many times the victory of David over Goliath, which occurred when he was about his own age; and also that the friendship which existed between the two young men, David and Josiah. And best of all, he loved to read the Psalms which had been written by David, and to study the circumstances which gave them their richness, as the third and fourth books written during the rebellion of Shalmaneser.

### The Young Reformer

In the twelfth year he began to inquire after the God of David his father. His mind had been formed, and he had been inspired to do deeds of valor himself. The reformer had been born in him during the age of adolescence.

At the age of twenty, in the twelfth year of his reign, Josiah entered upon his work of a reformer. It was his duty to make a clean sweep of idolatry, to order the graven images and the golden images (idols) were pulled down, first in Jerusalem, then throughout his kingdom, and in the regions beyond the Jordan where Israel had been before captivity. He had the graven images ground into powder, and scattered upon the graves of those who worshipped them. He had the bones of those who had been the promoters of idolatry, and he directed them to be burned upon the altars used for idol worship, not in revenge, but as a lesson to the people. Afterward personally superintended the tearing down of the altars and the high

places (most prominent because they were on hill tops).

"Now in the eighteenth year of his reign he sent . . . to repair the house of Jehovah his God." It had taken almost six years to purge the land of idols, and then he moved to repair and reënt the temple. The work of repairing he wisely trusted to three prominent officers who appointed workmen and overseers. It was a time of great rejoicing, and the Levites played upon their instruments of music, harps and lyres, etc., while the workmen were busy, in order to cheer those who worked, and thus help them to work all the faster. When the city of Thebes was built it is said that the stones and timbers danced to the music which Orpheus made upon his lyre, and took their places in the wall. This is a fable, but it illustrates the good cheer which music gives.

With Jerusalem and Judah purged of idols and the temple repaired for the worship of God, let us not think that King Josiah had no more reforming to do. It was far harder to cleanse the hearts and the lives of his people from idolatry, and he entered upon that task, and continued it during his reign of thirty-one years.

### Other Youthful Reformers

They should be those of our own household. It has been said that "patriotism bears its most abundant harvest, not when it animates a few great souls, but when it is widely diffused among the masses of the people; not when it is confined to the senate chamber and the battlefield, but when it pervades the family, the church, and the school like an atmosphere, carrying health, vigor and happiness to all, and stimulating all to good works."—Thomas J. Morgan, LL.D.

Every home should be a school of civics for teaching the fundamentals of law and liberty.

The American home is not all it should be, but it has done and is doing a good work in rearing boys and girls to make this a better world for their having lived in it. The aged and revered statesman of Japan, Count Okuma, once said to an American gentleman who was commending the noble generosity of Japan in receiving the fifteen thousand Chinese students who wanted the Western education: "Oh, but," said Count Okuma, "we were not able to do for them what you in the United States did for the Japanese students. You took them into your homes, and gave them noble ideas of home life. We were not ready to do that."

The public school is a grand place in which to develop reformers. In a certain school that we know of street cleaning brigades were formed, not that the children were to go out to do the work of scavengers, but they were pledged not to throw paper or fruit peelings into the street, and to report the wrong use of streets or alleys by others in depositing ashes or garbage. One boy, not over fourteen years of age, wore a star, having been regularly commissioned a street officer because he had reported one hundred and thirty-nine genuine cases. The organization of "patria clubs" and short talks on current events would do much to help the civic spirit in our boys and girls and develop in them wise thoughts about being useful citizens. We must teach our children to think high thoughts through the performance of useful acts. Children can be interested in making the towns where they live more beautiful by growing flowers and trees in their own door-yards, or by being given a share in some public gardening.

What shall we say of the Sunday

Continued on next page



## A Welcome Sight This Royal Food

Four-fifths of all people—by actual test—when given the choice of all ready-cooked cereals, select either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

We have proven this by lunch room tests—month after month—with many thousands of people.

Four chances in five, nothing else would be so welcome to the folks at your morning table.

Some like Puffed Rice the better—some Puffed Wheat. Some like the two grains blended.

Some serve with cream and sugar. Some mix the grains with fruit. And all folks like them served, like crackers, in a bowl of milk.

### Toasted at 550 Degrees Then Exploded

We take whole grains of Durum wheat or selected rice and seal them up in guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That's twice hot-oven heat.

The moisture in the grains turns to steam. When the guns are unsealed every grain is exploded. All the millions of food granules are blasted to pieces. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

Yet they are still whole grains, as shown in the picture, made porous and crisp and digestible.

### Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in  
Extreme  
West

These enticing grains are like fairy wafers, with the flavor of toasted nuts. Yet they are scientific foods, made instantly digestible, invented by Prof. Anderson.

They are the favorite foods of millions. Twenty million dishes are consumed each month. The demand at present keeps our factories running night and day.

But there are millions yet to enjoy them. If you are one, please look at this dish. Think what it would mean—to-morrow—if the folks should find it on your breakfast table. Telephone your grocer that you want it. Don't forget.

The Quaker Oats Company—Sole Makers

Chicago

(191)

\* International Sunday School Lesson for  
23, 1911. Josiah's Devotion to God, II.  
34:1-19. Golden Text: "Remember now  
restoration in the days of thy youth." Eccles. 12:1.



## Called Higher

Miss Maria Louise Hann died recently at the home of her brother in Denton, Texas.

Mrs. Susan Gordon Waddell, aged eighty-six, of Richmond, Va., entered into everlasting rest October 25, 1910.

Mrs. Martha Sexton died a short time ago, aged 89. "She always enjoyed reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Mrs. E. P. High (66) died March 20, 1911. For the past fifteen years she has been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Amanda Clark of Los Angeles, Calif., formerly of Wheatland, Ia., "entered into life" October 6, 1910, in her eighty-fifth year.

Mrs. Sarah M. Watson died recently at the home of her son at Dexter City, O. She was for many years a faithful reader of this paper.

Mrs. William Kennett, aged 74 years, six months, was called home on November 12, 1910. She had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over fifteen years.

Frank C. Kelly, aged 56, died at his home in Lancaster Township, Butler County, Pa., February 16, 1911. He was a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty years.

Mrs. Louisa E. Cummings (88), of Sunbury, Pa., has been called to well-earned repose. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years and took an active interest in church work.

Mrs. Isabelle Freeman died at her home at Aurelius, Mich., February 6, aged 71 years. She was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. "A faithful Christian has gone to her reward."

Mrs. Annie M. Hunter (42) has been called to the life beyond. She spent her life ministering to others. She loved children and remembered them at her death by a generous bequest to the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn.

Miss Anna M. Rinker was called to her reward on January 27 from her home in Norris-town, Pa. "Her Christian faith was most sublime, and her conversation pure, complete, and she was beloved by every one."

The death of Madame L. F. Auziere, a well-known teacher of the French language, took place very suddenly at Lexington, Ky., not long since. Madame Auziere had given instruction in her native language in many parts of the United States and was loved and honored by thousands who had been her friends and pupils.

## WRONG SORT

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May Be Against You for a Time

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Weldon, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried about every kind."

"I had become completely discouraged, and given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, until one day my husband, trying to find something I could retain, brought home some Grape-Nuts."

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once. My flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight."

"I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet."

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living."

"Grape-Nuts food has been a God-send to my family; it surely saved my life; and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Does Your Granola Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak? **MEKETS** Need all leaks instantly in granola, hot water bags, etc., or repair, etc. See our list of agents. Write for sample. Send stamp for particulars. **MEKETS** Collectors Mfg. Co., Box 122, Amsterdam, N.Y.

**Wanted** a man or woman to act as our information reporter. All of spare time. No experience necessary. Opportunity to earn big money. Write to us. Send stamp for particulars. **SALES ASSOCIATION**, 661 Association Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

School as a place for developing young reformers? We will quote from a letter written by the great statesman Daniel Webster in June, 1852. "The Sabbath School is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the paths of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction, it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered, and preserved to the end of time."

## Inspiration for the Boys

Such a course of lessons as we are having this year, upon the Kings of Israel and Judah, is especially fitted for the development of practical civic righteousness, and particularly this lesson upon the youthful reformer should fire the hearts of the boys to make theirs a better country here and now. The idea of the Junior Republic inaugurated at Freeville, N. Y., and carried on in other places, is one of the best possible plans for the development of young reformers. We do not forget that these republics were designed for boys who needed correction, largely street boys, but the idea of a boy president, a boy congress, boy policemen, boy storekeepers, boy bankers, boy lawyers, all learning civic betterment, can be made just as attractive to boys of a higher class, and such influences are needed to make men out of them. Boys were not made to be coddled, but to be encouraged and inspired.

Tell the following story to boys and see if it will not develop the reformer in them: A very plain man was seen making his way to the platform to speak at the recent Presbyterian General Assembly. He had raised his hand to get the attention of the moderator, and had been invited by him to come to the platform so that all might hear. Such are the rules in that gathering. The man began his speech by saying that he had been born in a saloon, and that he was the son of a saloonkeeper. He grew up in the saloon, and when he was twelve years of age, his father called him to the business by placing him behind the bar to sell liquor. In less than two years his father died, and then his mother. After that he was sent to the country to live with a good Christian man, and he himself became a Christian, and remembering the perils of his youth in the saloon, he became an ardent temperance worker. "But alas!" said he with a pathos that is almost indescribable, "Alas! my oldest son is a drunkard. The saloon captured him. We believe that every boy who hears this story will want to rid his city and his land of saloons just as young King Josiah rid Judah and Jerusalem of idols. They may not take Josiah's

way of doing it, but they may be just as determined as he was to stop evil doing."

## A Hint for Primary Teachers

Tell the children what Colonel Roosevelt said when he was President: that there are only two kinds of boys, good boys and bad boys; then tell the story of the good boy Josiah, who was not spoiled by being made a king. Instead of telling them what "good boys" can do now, get them to tell what good boys can do, and enlarge upon what they say. Tell the story of the saloon and the boy who was born in it.

## TRUE WHEN TRIED

DO THY friends reproach and grieve thee? Do disasters swiftly fall? Cherished hopes and blessings leave thee? Christ is left—and He is all.

"When thou passest through the waters"—He hath said, "I am with thee; Trust me, O my sons and daughters; Ye shall safely stay with me."

On the Rock thy feet are planted, If thy trust in God abide; Great deliverance shall be granted, If thy heart be true when tried.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

## Answered Prayers

Mrs. M. C. Haslett, Mich., acknowledges answers to prayers.

Reader, Myerstown, Penn., thanks God for answer to prayer.

L. O. Walsenburg, Col., acknowledges God's answer to prayer.

F. A. Atlanta, Ga., thanks God for direct answer to prayer.

J. H. T. Carrollton, Pa. "I know that God has answered my prayers."

Mrs. C. M. Tidoute, Pa. "God in his goodness has answered my prayer."

M. B. Pomona, Kan. "I acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

E. T. Camden, N. J. "I thank God for restoration to health through prayer."

L. H. Lizabeth, Miss. "I acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers."

C. F. L., Ohio. "God has answered my prayer when I was in deep sorrow."

Mrs. A. M. Tiskilwa, Ill., acknowledges God's goodness in answering prayer.

Reader, Topeka, Ind. "I thank God for the restoration of a loved one to health."

C. B. E., Port Chester, N. Y. "I am very grateful for many answers to prayer."

Mrs. A. M. G., Omaha, Neb., thanks God for restoration to health through prayer.

N. L. S., Arlington, Calif., thanks God for restoration to health through prayer.

A. M. B., Van Wert, O. "God has answered my prayers in a family trouble."

M. A., Callaway, Neb. "I know God answers prayer for he has answered mine."

Mrs. M. S., Pittsburg, Pa. "I thank God for restoration to health in answer to prayer."

C. H. S., Elkhart, Ind. "Am satisfied that God has answered my prayers many times."

Mrs. G. S., Friendship, N. Y. "God has answered my prayer in improving my health."

D. H. C., New Milford, Pa. "My heavenly father has heard and answered my prayers."

R. K. L., Yorkville, S. C. "I called upon God in time of trouble and he delivered me."

Mrs. A. S., Williamsport, Pa. "I thank God for sudden and wonderful restoration to health in answer to prayer."

Don't Take a Bath Without



**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

WHEN you have once used this pure and wholesome antiseptic toilet soap with your bath and shampoo, you will enjoy the double delight and assurance of perfect cleanliness and refreshment, with protection from infections, to which all are more or less exposed. THEN you will enjoy using *Lifebuy* for all toilet purposes, at home or when traveling. Its use is fatal to disease germs.

Makes you "feel good all over."

**5c.** at All Druggists and Grocers. If not at your dealer's, send 5c. (stamps or coin) for full size sample. **LEVER BROS. CO.** Dept. 5 Cambridge, Mass.

Let Your Idle Money Safely Earn **5%**

ASSETS of \$2,300,000, conservative management. Judicious investment of our funds, following the stringent regulations of the New York State Banking Laws, assure more than ordinary protection to our patrons, upon whose deposits we are paying 5% per annum. This is compounded semi-annually or remitted by check quarterly or semi-annually, as preferred. Deposits are received personally or by mail, and funds may be withdrawn whenever desired, upon short notice. We have been established eighteen years and have patrons in every quarter of the world.

Write for particulars. Probably we can refer you to some one in your locality. **Industrial Savings & Loan Co.** 2 Times Bldg., B'way & 42d St., New York

I Was Deaf 25 Years NOW I HEAR PLAINLY

with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them. They fit perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear. **Medicated Ear Drum** 1st July 15, 1908

**ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY** 2 ADELAIDE STREET DETROIT, MICH

AGENTS! 100% PROFIT

Can be Retained at \$2. Fully Guaranteed. New patented Automatic Razor Stripper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style. Big seller. Every man wants. Write quick for terms, prices and terms. C. Brand Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N.Y.

**UNLESS IT'S Duplex** RICHMOND, VA. IT'S AN IMITATION. Specify "Duplex-Richmond" We have made many permanent customers for the Duplex Envelope System of Church Collections by the excellence of our service as by the excellence of our system. **DUPLEX - Richmond, Va.**

**Mend the Leak** in your Granite, Tin, Aluminum and Ice Drains, Kettles, Pans, etc., with **PECK'S PATENT RIVE**. Anyone can do it. Quick and easy. No solder, cement or bolt. Fit any tube. Send for sample box of 25 assorted sizes. Postpaid. Regular package 50c. **PECK & CO., 258 Main St., Buxton, N.C.**

**MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS** Once Only, for trial A 25c box for 10c **A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.**

**BE AN ILLUSTRATOR**—Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to do the School of Illustration, Chicago, Ill. Send for Catalogue.

## Give the Advertiser a Chance

WE HAVE just received a letter from one of our advertisers, complaining that on several occasions our subscribers have not given him a chance to adjust some trifling misunderstanding, before complaining to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In other words, subscribers complained to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the same mail in which they complained to the advertiser.

This hardly seems fair to the advertiser who is doing his level best to satisfy his customers. At least give him a chance to make good by writing to him first, explaining the difficulty, whatever it may be, and waiting a reasonable time for a reply, so that he may, upon his own showing, prove his intention to deal fairly and justly with his customers.

Our advertisers are as anxious as our subscribers could possibly be to have their mutual business transactions go smoothly. A pleased customer is a steady customer, and no one knows this so surely as the advertiser, whose future prosperity depends on the good will of the subscriber.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.



\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday.  
July 21. TEXTS: II. Cor. 4:17; Mark 10:29-31; II.  
Tim. 2:11, 12; I. Cor. 2:9; Rom. 8:18.





"All the music of all the world" is at your command,  
whenever you please or your friends suggest, if you own a

## Columbia Graphophone or Grafonola



**T**HE very first selection listed in the new catalog of Columbia Double-Disc Records is "Abide With Me," a baritone solo by George Alexander, with orchestra accompaniment, coupled on the reverse side with "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" as a tenor solo.

Beginning right there, the entire 184 pages of the Columbia catalog are dotted with illuminating reminders of the unique qualifications of the Columbia Graphophone as "the one incomparable musical instrument."

The rapid growth of a general appreciation of the highest grades of music, both vocal and instrumental, together with the recent advances in the art of recording, has given peculiar prominence to the almost unlimited musical capacity of the Columbia Graphophone. But the mainstay of the entire industry seems likely,



The Columbia Grafonola  
"Favorite," \$50. All Mahogany

nevertheless, to remain not so much in the endorsements of the instrument by the great musicians and prominent critics as in the more and more rapid increase of its popularity among those every-day citizens who care for good music and clean amusement.

If you don't do another thing in this matter, prove that you are not too sure of your opinions to be convinced by proof: Go to the nearest Columbia dealer (whose name we shall be very glad to give you) and ask him to play for you our "Demonstration" Double-Disc Record. Hearing is believing—and if you have not kept in touch with recent developments in this branch of the noble art of music, you really do owe it to yourself and your family to discover whether you are all missing something that theoretically *should* and actually *does* make the home circle complete.

# Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l

Box 221, Tribune Building, New York

LONDON: EARLSFIELD, S.W.  
Creators of the Talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders of the Talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-machines in the world.  
Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



# Christian Herald

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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

W. H. W., Hamsville, Md. 1. What is an *ad valorem* duty as levied by the Customs Department? 2. If all the families of the earth are of one blood, what is the explanation of "royal blood"?

1. The words *ad valorem* are Latin and mean "by value." In the Customs Department this means that the duty is assessed as a percentage of the value of the imported article. 2. There is, in the expression "royal blood," no inference of any physiological difference between it and any other human blood. The expression merely implies, in a figurative way, the distinction which was admitted to ruling families in those ancient times when most of the race believed in the divine ordination of kings.

G. T. B., Unionville, Mich. Please inform me how it is possible to obtain the B.A. or D.D. degree. Can they be obtained apart from a college? Are they not sometimes purchased?

The B.A. degree is awarded only by colleges and universities upon the successful completion of a prescribed course of study. The D.D. degree is similarly awarded, but is also sometimes granted as an honor to men who have distinguished themselves by their scholarship. These are usually men who have received their Bachelor's or Master's degree in the regular way. No degree can be honorably obtained apart from a regular college or university. The sale of a degree is an offense against the moral code that no reputable educational institution or person would be guilty of.

Constant Reader, Monson, Mass. It troubles me that I have no greater power in prayer. I do not seem to be used of God; yet the kingdom of God lies very near my heart. I grow in importance and grandeur. I have a yearning for the salvation of souls, but the indifference and ungodliness of my own neighborhood pains me. These two conditions of mind don't seem consistent. The church machinery runs, but no conversion results. Why is it if you are zealous yourself, yet cannot influence any one else to become a Christian?

You may be sure that your work, your prayers, your seed-sowing, will not be in vain. You should not forget, however, that it is not our part to command results; the harvest is ours, but the harvest is God's. He alone giveth the increase (see I Cor. 3:6). There are many results that may not be apparent to one who is engaged in Christian work, but which will yet come to convince him that God hears and answers our prayers and honors our work, when it is done for him in truth and sincerity. One of the leading missionaries to China was greatly disappointed to find his ministry unwarded with a single conversion, and was about to withdraw from the field at the end of the sixteenth year, when there came a flood-tide of spiritual awakening and conversion. Several weeks of cumulative work with regard to the efficacy of our petitions, we would say that it is a distinct gift where one possesses the power of eloquent and prevailing prayer. Let your prayers be earnest, and no matter how simple your language, they will be acceptable. Be faithful in God. If our prayers are in the right spirit, we have the assurance that whatsoever we shall ask in Jesus' name, it will be granted. Hold fast to this belief. Our Father is wiser than we, who are but as children in a spiritual sense. He knows best what is good for us. Hence, the answer to prayer often comes in a form that we may have least expected, and "after many days," but always in the form that is best for us.

Clara M., New York. The question is asked—apropos of the suffrage movement—"Why does a woman strive so hard to make an inferior man of herself?" My rhyming comment would, I am sure, find thousands of sympathizers among your readers:

#### THAT NO-ACCOUNT MAN

He gazed in despair at the furrows  
That queerly and crookedly ran;  
As a plowman he was a flat failure,  
The poor little no-account man.

He started to join a procession,  
But dropped out when marching began,  
Going home with a violent headache,  
That poor little no-account man.

He shot at his foe but to miss him,  
Then fung down his pistol and ran;  
He's, perhaps, the best shot in the country,  
That poor little no-account man.

Yet I love him—none e'er loved more madly  
Since wooing and winning began,  
For you see he's a glorious woman,  
That poor little no-account man.

As a bit of good-humored banter, hardly serious enough for satire, Miss M.'s verses may stir up some reply from "the other side." Let us hear what the suffrage advocates think of her portraiture of the "no-account man."

Rev. A. E. R., Medford, N. J. 1. Controversy is not the purpose of the MAIL-BAG, and religious questions that are purely controversial are not discussed, as in the absence of any new authoritative revelation, discussion of such topics could lead to little profit. Your first question relative to original sin is of the controversial kind. 2. A man may be alive in the flesh yet spiritually dead, while on the other hand, we can speak truly of those who, though dead as to the body, are yet alive in the spirit, having begun even in this life to live forever. 3. The most explicit and comprehensive

Continued on last column

## Our Palestine Pilgrimage

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS TO MAKE THE JOURNEY TO THE HOLY LAND

FROM almost every State in the Union letters have come from readers who earnestly desire information concerning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Pilgrimage to Palestine. These communications come from people in many different walks of life; some from merchants, bankers, business men generally, and others from doctors, lawyers, college professors and pastors, and a number from ladies. Many of the applicants write for themselves and their wives. To all of these we have sent a booklet which has been prepared especially for that purpose, and which contains full information regarding the Pilgrimage.

#### Some of the Letters

From a few of the hundreds of letters received, we make these extracts which are fairly characteristic of the whole:

"I shall be delighted beyond utterance to be with you on that trip, if possible. I am rushing things to make it possible."

"I have long been thinking of taking such a trip."

"I would like, above everything, to take this trip, for it would contain so much of interest to me, vividly portraying the actual scenes of which I have heard and read from my youth up, in connection with our Saviour's life upon earth."

"I have long desired to take such a trip. I realize that the modernizing of the Holy Land makes unwise any unnecessary delay in such a visit."

"There is nothing in this world that could give me greater pleasure than just such a trip. It is a chance not commonly or frequently offered."

"I would enjoy a trip to Palestine more than anything in the world, as I have always desired, above an earthly pleasure, to visit the Holy Land and see with my own eyes some of the things that my Lord saw, and walk on some of the ground that he walked on."

"How I have longed for such a trip! You will have a great throng, I am thinking."

"I ask of you all information necessary to plan for this life-cherished desire of every clergyman."

"A study of the Bible will, or should, make one anxious to visit the scenes and places portrayed there."

"I have just been there, but was hurried through and did not get to see as much as I wanted to, so I wish to go again."

"I am a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago and a Bible student, and such a trip would be a great profit to me, intending to do Gospel work."

"I always had a desire to see the holy Bible lands, and as I see that there is an opportunity I would be glad to accept it if nothing prevents my doing so when the time arrives to go. I think it should help a Christian as much as attending a Bible school for a full year. As my Christian work is Sunday School superintendent, I expect great help out of this trip."

"Have been a superintendent of a rural Sunday School for the past four years, and believe a tour of this kind would be of much help to me."

"It has been the dream and hope of my life to make a trip to the Holy Land, and now that you are offering such cheap rates, I shall yearn to arrange my finances with a view to making this trip with you."

"I have visited Palestine once and would like to go again."

#### Points About the Pilgrimage

Our pilgrims will sail from New York on September 20 in the splendid White Star liner *Cretic* (13,517 tons). All the equipment will be of the best and the comfort of our travelers during the Atlantic voyage will be assured. It is the purpose of the Editor of this paper to accompany the pilgrims personally. All necessary arrangements have been made to assure the maximum of comfort and convenience both by land and water during the entire trip.

Our first calling place will be Ponta Delgada in the beautiful Azore Islands, September 27. Then a short run will bring us to Gibraltar on September 30. Through "the Pillars of Hercules" we enter the blue Mediterranean. Naples comes next (October 3), where we land and transfer to the Hotel Santa Lucia. Then a drive through the famous

city, a visit to the Grotto of Posilipo, the Palace, the Cathedral and National Museum and then next morning by train—for Rome! Wespensdevral days in sightseeing in the "Eternal City." We shall visit St. Peter's, the grandest religious structure in the world—the Vatican, the Capitol, the ancient Forum, the Coliseum, the Catacombs, the Appian Way, the Arch of Titus, and many other notable places. In Rome our headquarters will be at the Grand Hotel Michel. This Roman visit alone would be of itself a crown to the Pilgrimage; but there is something far better to follow.

#### To Visit Constantinople

Resuming our journey, we proceed down the Mediterranean, passing within sight of many historic places until we make our next stop at Piræus, the port of Athens (October 9). The Grecian capital city is second only to Rome as a point of supreme interest in southern Europe. The famous Acropolis, the Stadion, the Temple of Zeus, the Museum, and the beautiful Public Gardens, will be visited, with many other points of sacred and secular interest. October 10 we are due at Smyrna, where our party will take a side trip to Ephesus and revive its memories of Paul and the Ephesians. Next we reach Constantinople (October 12). This will be another noteworthy occasion. Carriages will take the entire party for a sightseeing trip through the city of the Sultans. The famous Mosque of St. Sofia will be visited, also the tombs and palaces of the Caliphs, the renowned bazaars and a score of points of historic interest. Pera and the Galata side of the "Golden Horn" will both be visited. On October 13 our steamer will proceed to cross the sea of Marmora and through the Hellespont, passing in plain view of Mount Ida and the plains of ancient Troy.

Our pilgrims resuming their journey will now pass down through the Grecian Archipelago southwards. In plain view there will be many points of sacred interest, including the Isle of Patmos, on which John was supposed to have written the book of Revelation.

#### At the Gateway of Palestine

On October 16, God willing, we shall arrive at Beyrout, our first stopping-point on the Syrian coast, and on the following day we shall be in Jaffa, where our pilgrims will be disposed of in the three leading hotels: Hotel Du Parc, Jerusalem Hotel, and Kaminitz Hotel. From this time on until October 31, every waking hour will be devoted to the real object of the Pilgrimage, which is to visit the sacred places of Palestine. This great and delightful experience which lies before us of two entire weeks in the Holy Land, we shall discuss in a second article, as it cannot be disposed of within the limits of our present space.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who desire to join our Pilgrimage, and who have not yet sent in their applications, should lose no time in forwarding them to us. It will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to have the entire party registered and provided with accommodations in ample time, and this we shall be able to do in the best manner possible if our friends co-operate with us now. All who write to us regarding the Pilgrimage will receive the promptest attention.

Address: Christian Herald Pilgrimage Bureau, BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

explanation of the meaning of "in Christ" is to be found in Romans, 8th chapter. In the preceding chapter Paul had written concerning the law and the impossibility of perfect human compliance. Now he asserts in chapter 8, that to be in Christ is to have within us the law of the Spirit of God which makes us free from the law of sin and death. Being in Christ, Paul explains, is walking in his footsteps and taking his Spirit and teaching into our hearts and letting him govern and guide our lives—walking, "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." It is a union between the believer and his Saviour, a personal spiritual union in which the believer has one life with his through the indwelling of his Spirit. This who chapter treats of this subject. See also John 1:23; Eph. 3:16, 17, 19, and other passages.

T. T. S., Jersey City, N. J. Gen. 6:15 says God told Noah to make the height of the ark three cubits. Gen. 7:20 says: "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered." Question: If fifteen cubits of water covered the mountains, and Noah made the ark thirty cubits high, as God commanded, must it not have been twice as high as the mountains?

You have misinterpreted the meaning of Gen. 7:20, which is that, estimating the cubit at 18 inches (the sacred cubit was 21 inches), the water was 27 feet above the peaks of the mountains. The mountains were the Ararat chain on the Armenian plateau. Kurdistan (as commentators assume), then the water about them must have been several thousand feet in depth, the peak alone being submerged 15 cubits.

F. M., Petersburg, Ohio. What became of the prophet Isaiah?

Little is known respecting the circumstances of Isaiah's life. His father's name was Amoz (no prophet Amos). Isaiah resided in Jerusalem not far from the temple. He was married and had two sons, whose names are given in Scripture, and he called his wife a prophetess, thus showing that she was in active sympathy with and had shared in his spiritual vocation. There is a tradition that he suffered martyrdom under the wicked king Manasseh, by being sawn in two, and the scene of his martyrdom is even pointed out under an old mulberry tree, near the tomb of St. Joseph (in *Antiquities* 10:3, 1) mentions the massacre of the Hebrew prophets by Manasseh, although Isaiah is not named among them. It has been maintained, however, by several good authorities that Isaiah lived to a great age and died from natural causes. He prophesied some twenty years in his twentieth year and was continuous until his eightieth year.

#### Miscellaneous

F. E. S., Portland, Me. Rev. Stephen Merritt is still alive and active in Christian work.

J. L. H., Conway Springs, Kan. Crucifixion was practised among many nations, Egyptian, Assyrians, Persians, Assyrians and Romans included. It was abolished by Constantine. It cannot be stated positively that it was ever a Jewish mode of punishment, but some writers have so asserted. They may have borrowed it from the Romans. The process was either nailing or binding or both. Josephus writes that the soldiers of Titus nailed so many Jews to crosses that there was no room for the multitude of the crosses.

Emma S., Rahway, N. J. There are over 200 different species of mosquito, over fifty species having been identified in New York State alone. The mosquito known as *Anopheles* carries fever and malaria. Stagnant pools should be filled up or treated with kerosene at frequent intervals, as they are the best breeding places of mosquitoes. Wet marshes and irrigation ditches also breed them, and if you live near such places your best protection is screening. Thorough drainage is the best thing to fight the mosquito. Don't leave any standing water about in pails or dishes. The insect breeds rapidly in slops and rain-water. Crude oil will kill the mosquito larvae in cesspools.

G. E. T., Shelburne, Mass. 1. In a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG we discussed the meaning of God creating man "in his own image." 2. Paul, in his quotation in 1st Pet. 1:28, was quoting from Aratus, one of the Greek poets who lived three hundred years before Paul's time and who gave form to the expression "for we also are the offspring of God." Paul was speaking to a Greek audience, by which such classical allusions would be appreciated. Aratus, however, meant to convey a pantheistic idea, whereas Paul turned the phrase to his own purpose to teach a purely personal, spiritual theism. His meaning was that man in his original, unfallen state, bore a divine resemblance in his character, dispositions, temperament and love of purity and righteousness, but that he had fallen from that high position and the image of God had been marred by sin. 3. The Scripture teaching is that Christ will personally come and set up his kingdom on the earth. 4. There are many senses in which the world may be said to be growing better. We take the optimistic view, although we know there are many who take the reverse, and hold that the race will grow worse and worse as the end of the age approaches.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Seeking Coolness at the Edge of the Docks



Spending the Torrid Nights on the Sands at Coney Island



## JULY'S GREAT FATAL HEAT WAVE

THE first days of July brought with them one of the most widespread and highly fatal heat-waves that has ever been recorded in this country. From the Rocky Mountain States east to the Atlantic seaboard and from Northern Canada south to Texas and the Gulf of Mexico the country fairly sweltered under the broiling sun of five cloudless days. Starting with Sunday, July 2, the thermometer began to register such temperatures as the official weather men have seldom had to record. On Sunday the mercury hovered about the lower nineties. On Monday the official temperature was given as between 96 and 99 degrees. Then, in the larger cities where the stone or asphalt pavement and the high buildings retain the heat from day to day, the real suffering began. Tuesday reports were truly startling; from some twenty odd cities they announced temperatures ranging from 100 to 116 degrees. In New York City the maximum for the day was 103 degrees. This brought intense suffering to the entire city. Hundreds of persons were prostrated and all day the ambulances clanged through the streets, carrying the unfortunate victims to the hospitals. In the more congested districts every roof became an impromptu camp and even in the more favored residence districts thousands slept on the roofs. Nearly half a million people went to the beaches at Coney Island and Brighton, and a vast army of them spent most of the day in the surf. When night came the police made no attempt to clear the sands; extra patrols were added, and they spent the night in guarding the crowd of nearly one hundred thousand people who slept in the open. Over twice as many deaths were reported on Tuesday as on either Sunday or Monday. The first two days showed respectively 10 and 14, while on July 4 there were 35. The toll taken by the heat in other places brought the number of deaths up to 105.

The thermometer at Rocklesse, Ont., registered 108 degrees; Marquette, Mich., 104; St. Joseph, Kansas City, Des Moines, Omaha and Charles City, reported 102 degrees; Fort Smith, Louisville, Keokuk, Alpena and Sioux City, 100 degrees; Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Harrisburg, Cairo, and Toledo, 98 degrees.

On Wednesday the cumulative effect of the continued heat commenced to make itself apparent. Forty-three succumbed in New York and 64 in Chicago. From New England came reports of 40 deaths, and other places reported till the total for the day was well up to 250. In New York the street temperature reached 106 degrees, though the weather man from his tower reported only 92 degrees.

On Thursday, though many of the Eastern cities were still tortured by the heat, the temperatures lowered quite perceptibly, specially in the Mississippi Valley and some sections of Canada. More than welcome rain came to many places and greatly relieved the suffering. New York still perspired in temperatures ranging on the street from 88 degrees at early morning to 103 degrees at the middle of the day, though again the official temperature was 92 degrees. With evening came a short, tempestuous shower which hardly more than wet the pavements and reduced the temperature only one degree. Friday dawned with a promise of coolness in the air, and before the day was over a brisk wind was fanning all the Eastern States and the hot wave was officially declared over.

In New York these trying days presented many pitiful as well as some very comic scenes. Every-

ing after a few minutes in the building found a group of children, who had deposited their clothes on a nearby doorstep, huddled amongst his seasonable merchandise. That same evening in a horse-trough in the better residential district a number of small boys and girls having reduced their clothing to the lowest limit disported themselves with a great deal of noise and splashing while a policeman stood, entirely oblivious to the misdemeanor, at the neighboring corner.

While these little folk splashed in the fountain some thermometers in the lower part of the city registered 100 degrees. A careful comparison of the registrations of a street thermometer with those of the weather bureau show just how poor an index the latter's figures are of the temperatures in which men and horses toil in the great cities. At 3 o'clock the street thermometer registered 104 degrees, when the official record on the Whitehall Building in New York was 92 degrees, and one hour later, when the official thermometer showed that the temperature was slowly lowering, it then being at 90 degrees, Park Row registered 106 degrees. There is a vast difference between thirty-three stories in the air and the level of an asphalt street that is radiating heat like a blast furnace.

After the fourth day of such heat any analysis of the sensations of the sufferers is impossible. Even those who enjoy all the advantages of airy rooms in the best sections of the city are worn and irritable. One may observe the East Side mite on the first day as he visibly wilts under the burning sun. On the first night it may interest the sociologist to see him rolling on his pillow in some park. But when the fourth day comes and another is still to be endured all other questions but that of how to give some relief vanish.

This recent five-day heat spell, although intense, has not broken the record for duration. In 1876 there was a twenty-eight-day heat spell, June 24 to July 21, during which the thermometer stood at 90 degrees or over for ten of the twenty-eight days. In 1901 the period was from June 25 to July 5, ten days. The maximum temperature for these days averaged 93, while the highest record was 99. In 1908, from June 20 to July 7, eighteen days, a maximum average of 86.3 degrees was reached.

In general, the length of the hot periods, according to the records, has run from ten to twenty-two days, and the hot periods have always come at the last of June or the first of August. This does not apply, of course, to single days when the temperature has been exceptionally high.



Sleeping on a Tenement Roof During the Killing Heat of Early July

where night found the people sleeping in the parks or on the docks and making every possible attempt to get cool. The children of the tenement districts suffered most severely, dozens of deaths being reported amongst them.

On Tuesday a photographer caught a snap of a small boy walking unconcernedly through a downtown street with every article of his scanty wearing apparel tucked under his arm. Hundreds were to be seen arrayed in a single garment sitting or lying on shaded spots of the street pavements.

Wednesday morning an iceman who was delivering to a wholesale ice cream manufacturer had placed his great cakes of ice on the curb and return-



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Bishop Wm. Alfred Quayle\*

TEXT: Joshua 6:27—"And they brought out Rahab."

## REDEMPTION OF RAHAB

**R**AHAB was an ancestress of Christ. Nobody can be related to Jesus without getting dignity and a sort of solitary sublimity and supremacy from it. I think you must have noticed that nobody ever touched the life of Jesus that he didn't immediately pass into immortality. Nobody forgets Pilate. Pilate dealt unfairly with Jesus, and he has gone out into an immortality of bad repute. Nobody forgets Judas. Judas burned a kiss on Jesus' lips that the world never will forget nor forgive; and this man has sunk into the hell of the world's execration, as well as into the hell of punishment. Everybody related to Christ, in however remote a way, comes to be of consequence.

Now, to the best of my ability, I always tell the truth; I don't affect always to make the best out of it, but I get on quite as well as the average. I never cared to prevaricate about sacred characters any more than I would about current political characters. I never care to exonerate whom God has condemned; I never care to condemn whom God has exonerated; I never care to cast blemishes on the character of anybody that God hath given forgiveness to. I am not here to glorify Rahab; I am here to condemn her wherein she needed condemnation and deserved it, and I am here to exonerate her in so far as exoneration is legitimate.

### The Translucent and the Obscure

Now, there are two classes of character in biography, as you have all noticed: one class is like the limpid pool in the depth of which you can see the rocks and the pebbles that lie there—and the little fish running to and fro, and playing hide-and-seek in the sunny pools. Some people's characters are like that. They are as transparent as a limpid pool on a limpid morning; you look into them, and you look through them; they have no seclusions in them to conceal; they have nothing to evade; they avoid nothing; they are like people who go directly on a journey, who make no detours, who do no dodging, but openly, plainly, in the light of a clear holy day, they walk to their destination. It is a pleasure to study a character like that. I think Charles Dickens' career is perfectly open. Everybody that knows him knows this, by this time: that Charles Dickens held, or thought he held, and now we know he held, the apostolate of democracy. I think John Wamaker's career is perfectly crystal-clear. Here was a man that engaged in business, and somehow he had the strange idea that he ought to do business for God as well as for himself. He was poverty-stricken, and he understood that if he ever had anything, he would have to earn it. That is a good understanding to possess. So he went into business with God for a partner, and God was the only man that trusted him—and so far as I am concerned, I never have any word of unkindness for anybody that doesn't trust the young man or the new man. I am of those who believe that everybody has a right to serve an apprenticeship. I think every fellow that is worth while ought to work a little to show what he is worth.

There was Fletcher of Madely. He was one of the men who conspired in the early days to make Methodism electrical. In those days, when we had no electric battery that anybody could see, this man set himself with John Wesley and with God, for the purpose of disseminating a conception of religion that by and by was to girdle the earth. There is nothing hidden about Fletcher's life; it was open to the eyes of angels, and angels read it in its fairness; goodness looked at it and had nothing but laughter mixed with tears.

There are folks like that. Rahab's history belongs not to this class. I grieve me I must say it as truth compels me. Her life was not clear like that.

There are other lives that are intricate, like tangled strings that a boy carries in his pocket. Why a boy carries strings in his pocket, no living person can guess. He accumulates them, and there they are. He never can get them unknotted in this life. Some people's lives are like that—you cannot get at the beginning; or if you think you have found a clue, you get to be, by and by, like you used to be when you studied botany. Did you ever study botany? Now, botany ought to be the most beautiful study anybody ever looked into outside of religion. It is a study about how God grows the things

he grows—how he grows the flowers and the trees and the grain; and I always will insist that it is a burning shame that botany is taught so as practically to set everybody against plants. I used to be in favor of plants until I studied botany, and then I got so set against them, I would hardly look at a corn field. I have outgrown that now. Botany ought to have ingratiated me so with every green thing, I ought to have loved it. But did you ever study botany? Did you ever have the professor give you a plant and say, "Young fellow, hunt that up and classify it?" And when you got it hunted up and classified, then you thought you would hunt it up some more, and you got as many different classifications as the time held out for; and every time you got it classified, you began to surmise that your classification was incorrect. Well, now, some people's history is like that: when you think you are sure of yourself, that moment great gloom and doubt come over you, and you begin to try to find out the truth once more.

Mirabeau called himself "the friend of man"; and like a good many people, he was a "friend of men" a long way off, and not to his near by. Some men are marvelous in their philanthropies to people that are exceedingly far off, but when they are right near, when they nudge right up against their notice, when a poor fellow comes and wants help, they don't know him; they don't see him; they are blind.

Now, as we look at Mirabeau he looks like some old burnt fortress; and for our life we cannot tell what we ought to think about him. A man pock-marked and scarred with infamy, with debauchery and lust; a man with a hundred nameless vices; a man whose dread glance was his supreme attraction; a man who had the superb power of so ingratiating himself that every woman seemed to be in love with him; a man who, when the torchlight of the French Revolution set on fire magazines, and the thunder of exploding cannon and the bursting of shells rent the air—this man sounded his voice above the din of the thunder of the conflagration and the firing of the guns: there he is, afar off yonder, as if himself were the conflagration of some great citadel whose flames never die, and whose hearth never gets back to ashes. We do not understand him, even after Carlyle has told about him. It is a tangled life, mixed with good and bad, and superb morality and republican instincts and possibilities and aspirations; and mixed with diabolisms that would make hell ashamed of him.

### Tangled Characters

There was Bishop Burnet, whose memoirs of William III. are the best that have ever been written, and from which Macaulay has drawn so lavishly in compiling his history. Bishop Burnet wrote perhaps the best history of the Reformation written in his own day, and the best that has ever been written. He wrote tracts almost innumerable. He was a man of untiring industry and perseverance. His life was beautiful, and yet he was a man whose career nobody, even to this hour, can understand, because of the contradictions in him.

This woman Rahab belongs not to the class of characters whose limpidness is their beauty and adornment of glory, but she belonged to the class of people whose careers must be studied; and the more we study them, the more they alarm us betimes, and the more they amaze us other times, and we never understand them. She was a woman of ill repute. Rahab, the woman who was traitress to her country; Rahab, who lied as glibly as ever man or woman lied—when you heard her lying you observed that she was not a novice in the business.

On the other hand, you might name many virtues in her character: she was loyal to her family; she cared for their safety; she loved her father and mother and brethren. People are not altogether bad when they can love their own. When people do not love their own, then they are bankrupt, and I wonder what God himself could do with them. But she parleyed for the safety of her father and mother and brethren; she was loyal to them.

In the second case, she kept her word with the spies that lodged with her. She lied to her ruler, but kept her word with them, which shows that she had a sense of faith in them, and, therein, faith in God.

Now, I shall insist that nobody's career is ever to be understood by the steelyard process. A good

many people suppose that you can weigh character like you weigh flesh in steelyards. You weigh the good they do, and all the bad they do, and then you know what sort of people they are. I think those people who suppose that God is carrying on that sort of character-weighing process—I think they depreciate God in their estimate. He is not a crude a bookkeeper as all that. He does not keep his accounts after that poor foolish fashion. He understands better than that how to compute character, and understands the specific gravity of goodness and of badness. This woman Rahab had her badness enough, God knows, and badness too much by long odds; but she had faith, and when her attention was directed to God she believed in him. When her face was turned toward God and she saw him, then she fell in love with him; and every good thing is possible to anybody that falls in love with God. Here was a woman whose repute was too bad to name; yet who, in the providence of God, came to be something or other worth while. Faith in God—that is a consideration worthy your attention and esteem. Have you that possibility in you? Have you ever fructified the possibility in you of a sort of free-will faith in God? If God were talked about would you listen?

### God's Judgment

Now, that character does good or ill, I don't deny; but I do deny that you can measure it out in your hands or weigh it in the balance. God has got a good deal better way than that. He asks this: how was that character governed? It is the governing principle in the soul that counts. He is not asking how many good things did you do, or how many bad things. He is not keeping a sort of record, and every time you do a good thing, put it down, and every time you do a bad thing, put it down. God is not doing that sort of thing. He is counting this: what sort of a life did you try to live? That is God's big question, and I insist it is mighty big. It is a great big question, because it includes character. Find out how a man is governed; what is his prevailing instinct; whether he tried to go right.

Here is the dominating and dominative force of faith. God puts lots of stress on faith. If you have the instinct of faith which you hazard and use, God can make something out of you. This woman Rahab, when she heard about the doings of God, had sense enough to know that anybody that did that was God. Lots of people haven't that sort of sense. Some people see God storming his way through the centuries, and making himself prevail in society; they see God mastering the exigencies of human history; they see God bridling the snarling whelps of the lions of infamy, and then they look around blankly, and say "Where is God? Show him to me." I allow this as the initial word of glory in Rahab's character, that when she heard of the doings of God, she knew that anybody that did that thing was God; and she knew in her heart that she wanted to be at one with God.

My honest suggestion would be this: Rahab belonged to a doomed race. She belonged to the Canaanites. It is not so very long ago since a man made a pretty good living going around and deploring the way the Canaanites had been treated. A little sense will go a long way if you will just use it. The Canaanites had behaved so abominably and their morals were so infamously polluted, that they did like any other race like them will do—they rotted. Nations rot. You don't have to die to rot, the more's the pity. The trouble with nationalities is they die of evil. That is all that ever kills a race—it dies of evil. Its sin slays it.

Rome died because she didn't have enough holy vitality to live. Some modern nations are very apt to die of the same disease that killed Rome. If the United States should come into like torpor of faith, and like stagnation of blood, and like lack of possibility for healing, it will die too. The one thing that can hinder the United States of America from living till the day when governments shall cease, and all nationalities are merged into the eternal nationality of the kingdom of God, is that its blood remains pure, and its morals are held high. Let every patriot see that he stands for cleanness, for Sabbath observance, for absolute honesty in public and private life, and for purity in domesticity and publicity.

Continued on next page

\*Bishop Quayle, of Oklahoma City, Okla., is one of the most eloquent leaders of American Methodism.



## Redemption of Rahab

Continued from preceding page

This woman Rahab belonged to the Canaanites. I suppose you know that there is such a thing as public atmosphere. It is one of the most dangerous or helpful things in the world. There isn't anything more singularly despicable and ennobling than a good public atmosphere. There is nothing more damnable and shameful than a debauched public atmosphere. When people don't blush, that is where the danger is. When people do blush, there is good hope for them. This woman belonged to an infamous atmosphere. She belonged in a region where philanthropies were unknown; she belonged in a region where conscience was dormant or dead. God is going to ask us, "Where did you live?" and I tell you, honor bright, that people that lived in this town; people that lived here in sound of the church bell, and in sight of the church house; people that lived here where every child that a child might have a Bible for the asking; people that lived here with every sort of moral and religious voices calling them to God, are going to have a pretty hard time to front God and not be, unless they behave themselves pretty well. There is the question of where you were? If Rahab had been asked, "Where did you live?" and she said, "I came from Jericho," and Jericho got killed because it was not fit to live. Don't you blame Rahab simply and solely on the question of her character; ask her where she lived.

My last word is this: Here was a bad woman—the worst type of a woman. Yet Rahab reformed. I bring a message of reform to everybody. I don't care where you come from, nor do I care what was your ancestry; I don't care, moreover, what was your occupation—if you will look God's way, and let him come your way, if you will all in love with him, and let him reshape your life, you can become clean, so that your life shall be as white as snow-clouds that drift across the summer sky.

Don't you think it is worth while to study this character—not as if she were a far-off buried personality? It is worth while to study her because she is the voice coming out of the dim past and saying, "Hope, hope." Rahab heard of Israel's God, and believed he was to be loved and adored; and when he began to love and adore that God, he began to be beautiful in his life.

One thing is clear—when people come honestly to God, he won't talk about their sins. You come and say, "I haven't done this, or this, or this," and he will put his hand across your mouth and say, "Never mind." You say, "I have debauched my own soul a thousand times!" "Never mind," and he puts his hand—and, mark you, that hand is a pierced hand—he puts his hand across your lips to make you keep still, and says, "Never mind." You say, "I have broken every law you ever made, and crucified the Son of God afresh," and he will put a pierced hand across your lips and say, "Never mind." He won't recall histories; he won't read chapters out of your old biography; he will give you a chance, and make you somebody.

O men, let's all take hope; O women, let's all take courage; let us remember that so far as we become confederate with God, we become writers of new history, and inspirers of a new biography, and *dramatis personae* in a new and engaging drama that God is concerned in: and he is challenged to our assistance, and he will answer to our call and he will give us help; and our names, some time, somewhere, here or there, now or hereafter, it matters not at all when or where—he will have it that our names shall be written in some noble roll-call and in some history of the saints of God; and in some roll of faith, some time to be read before the assembled universe, our names shall be there, and God's Christ shall write it there, and we shall be glad forever. Amen.

## What's at the Other End?

By EUGENE THWING

WE ARE standing in a line, you and I, crowded so closely with our neighbors that we cannot stir hand or foot without touching them. Every movement we make jostles the person next to us, he jostles the one next to him, and the motion passes on to many others.

When we were children we stood blocks up in a line, one behind another at little intervals. Then we tipped over one block at the end and watched it fall against its nearest neighbor, and instantly one after another pushed down the other in front of it until the impulse ran through the whole line and not a block was left standing. It made no difference whether the line was straight or curved like the letter S, or even in the form of a circle; the movement of the first block was communicated to all.

Stretching away from us, now, are long lines of other lives standing closely enough to touch one another. We touch the one nearest us, and then we cannot stop the motion we have imparted to the whole line. It runs on to the other end. *What's at the other end?* Would our act at this end be just the same if we could see its effect at the other end? One of the most imperative needs of our day in every department of life is men and women who can see to the other end of the line.

AT THE end of one line is a wholesale baker turning out thousands of loaves of bread every day. He uses a poor grade of flour and puts in alum to make a good looking loaf. At the other end of the line is a little child, pale and delicate, the tender lining of whose stomach is shriveled by the astringent alum and the secretion of digestive fluids is checked. The little one droops and dies, and no one knows why, and no one in the line of bakers, and grocers, and salesmen, and clerks, and parents feels any responsibility for the real cause. If the man who put the alum in the bread could have seen a vision of a pale little face at the end of the line, would he have stayed his hand?

At one end of a long line is a manufacturing chemist. He makes up a compound containing a powerful drug required in critical illness, but he puts in the wrong quantity. At the other end of the line a father lies fighting bravely for his life. The crisis has come; the physician waits and watches intently, eagerly, every breath. In a little while there will be a word of joy and thanksgiving for wife and little ones—or a word of desolation. The physician counts the minutes on his watch and looks closely for the sick man to respond to the powerful medicine. The time comes and goes. Something is wrong. Suddenly a life flickers and goes out; a home is darkened, and bitter sorrow takes up its abode there. Who's to blame? Perhaps each one in the long line of wholesale and retail druggists, prescription clerks, physicians, and nurses may point to the others. But if the manufacturing chemist could have seen to the end of the line, would he have done differently?

At one end is a manufacturer of life preservers using poor material to save cost and increase profit. At the other end of the line are drowning men and women, clutched in vain at belts of sawdust instead of good sound blocks of cork.

At one end is a bright, festive birthday party of children in a Fifth Avenue mansion, and indulgent parents serving them wine and leading in the toasts. At the other end of the line—years later—is a patrol wagon backed up to the sidewalk of Madison Square early in the morning, while the police gather in the poor derelicts who have slept on the park benches. One wretched creature, disheveled, and still wild from debauch, shrieks, and curses, and struggles as she is forced into the dark wagon. She was one of the belles at the children's party and tasted there her first glass of wine. Ah, nobody saw to the end of the line!

WHAT have we to do with all this? Certainly it is unthinkable that any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could do such dreadful things. Why, then, must we take the warning to ourselves? Surely it does concern us. As Christian business men, parents, young men or young women, are we not even more concerned in the result of our acts than before we answered "yes" to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We sing, comfortably, "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me," and we read, not always with clear understanding, the words, "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Trustfulness for the future is a very different thing from carelessness for the future. We may well pray, for a change, "Help me to see the distant scene, that the step I take to-day may lead toward a bright to-morrow—that the act I do to-day may make for the well-being of my brother at the end of the line."

Every act, small or great, every word, every thought, even, changes the life and the destiny of some one who feels its effect. We cannot live otherwise. We are joined inseparably, though by invisible bonds, to countless other lives, and we cannot avoid, for a single moment, the transmission of force, nor can we stop it on its way down through the line.

THE rule works both ways with equal truth. We can send out acts of blessing, the force of which often will meet and overcome the opposite forces. How many acts of carelessness and sin have brought wretchedness to children of the city tenements whose misfortune it is to be at "the end of the line!" CHRISTIAN HERALD readers at the end of another line could not prevent the starting of these forces of injury, but they could set in motion other forces, and they did so. As a result, the tenement waifs find themselves at the end of another line, also, made up of the readers and publishers of a paper that loves them, and the "Children's Paradise" at beautiful Mont-Lawn is given them in exchange for the fetid slums.

So many long lines are started by the makers of sorrow throughout the world, that the makers of joy must always be very busy sending out the corrective and healing forces, and seeking to reach the "end of the line" before it is too late. Sometimes they can reach the starving Chinese with the shipload of bread; sometimes they can have the kind hand of the slum worker ready to lift up the unfortunate who has fallen in the gutter.

I shot an act, a word, a thought  
Into the busy world of men.  
If I could see the work it wrought  
Where or its influence was caught,  
Would I send out like this again?

## Do You Know Your Bible?

"Christian Herald" Readers Answer the Third List of Difficult Scripture Questions

LIKE the first two lists, the third list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Series of Bible Questions has brought answers from hundreds of our readers. Many of these letters express appreciation of this most interesting form of Bible study and hope that it may be continued. It has evidently been a real pleasure for a majority of these letter-writers to take up this work. We can picture them busy at it in the Home Circle, with the younger members of the family giving inspiration and suggestion, while their elders work out the problems with Reference Bible and Word-Book. It is an enjoyable and instructive task in which all may share with profit. The great Volunteer Bible Class whose members in many States are simultaneously studying these questions will find the interest growing as they advance, and the result will be an astonishing increase in the knowledge of the grand old Book of books itself.

Our third list of Bible questions with the answers is given below:

1. Who made the first draft of men for war? Moses. (Num. 31:3, 4, 5.)
2. Where were we told of the first man who shaved himself? Joseph. (Gen. 41:14.)
3. Where is the first mention of a tithe or tenth? Gen. 14:20.
4. Who was the writer of the first recorded letters? David. (II Sam. 11:14, 15.)
5. By whom and when was a monument used for a dining table? Jacob. (Gen. 31:46.)
6. Whose daughter was Noah? Zephephad's. (Num. 27:1.)
7. Where was a fourteen days' great revival held, and by whom conducted? II Chron. 30:13-26.
8. Where is the record of a blessing on the wholesale and retail departments of business? Deut. 28:3, 4, 5.
9. What is the longest word in the Bible? Mahershalalhashbaz. (Isa. 8:1.)
10. Where is the first instance of church letters being used? Acts 15:22, 23.
11. What scripture proves it to be a duty for a church to support its minister? Gal. 6:5, 6; Luke 10:7.
12. What one word in scripture is said to contain the whole law? Love. (Rom. 13:10.)
13. Who called Jesus the "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls"? I Peter 2:25.
14. Name three persons whose afflictions were their enjoyment. Rom. 5:3; II Cor. 12:9; 10; James 1:2; I Pet. 4:13.
15. What New Testament preacher at his first sermon had many conversions? Acts 2:41.

Only 1 answered the 15 questions correctly—Miss M. E. Miller.

Two answered 14 questions correctly—Miss Flora W. Leonard and Nellie Lovell.

Thirteen answered 13 questions correctly—Clarence R. Houck, Mrs. C. K. Sawyer, P. E. E. Albee, Mrs. Anna M. Furman, Georgiana Alexander, Alonzo N. Smith, Ida Shields, Mrs. C. V. Snyder, Anna M. Hutton, Ruth K. Gaylord, Abby M. Batson, Winifred P. Cairns and Charles A. Porter.

Four answered 12½ questions correctly—Ella M. Nebelert, A. G. Brown, J. H. Hanstine and Anna B. Tipton.

Twenty answered 12 questions correctly—Mrs. L. M. Culver, Mrs. Chase Filer, Miss Emma L. Davis, Mrs. W. H. Bartholomew, Jennie Shields, Mrs. H. L. Abel, Mrs. G. A. Walker, Mrs. W. H. Gage, J. L. Perham, Mrs. Alex. Smith, Sallie Davidson, Mrs. William E. Camp, Mrs. H. N. Park, Eliza J. Fuller, Mrs. J. A. Turhill, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. George Livermore, Leonora L. Reese, A. A. Williams, and Mrs. Louise E. Goss.

Of the remainder, 11 persons answered 11½ questions correctly, 12 answered 11 correctly, 12 answered 10½, 15 answered 10, 13 answered 9½, 15 answered 9, 7 answered 8½, 4 answered 8, 5 answered 7½, 5 answered 7, 1 answered 6½, 4 answered 6, 4 answered 5½, 2 answered 4½, 3 answered 4, 1 answered 3½, 1 answered 2, and 1 answered 1.

## Anvil Sparks

..OVER-CAUTION is cowardice.

..RESTING on the promises is not making a bed of ease out of them.

..THE atmosphere of prayer invigorates for toil.

..THE hour of worship should be a time of refreshing to the soul, not a siesta.

..MANY a tongue that seems to be well bridled balks when it should speak out for God.

..AS you meet with others in traveling upon the highway of life, always turn to the right.



# Keeping the Historic "Fourth"

A GREAT reduction of the numbers of those killed and injured throughout the country and a considerable cutting down of the fire loss marked the progress of the "safe and sane" Fourth of July idea this year. In comparison with 32 killed and 1,951 wounded in 1909 and 24 killed and 1,294 wounded in 1910 this year's record shows 20 killed and about 800 wounded. Last year the fire loss was reduced about \$200,000, and it is believed that a similar curtailment will be disclosed when the completed records for this year come to hand. It was remarked far and wide that there seemed an astonishing falling off in the amount of gunpowder let off in the streets of the larger towns and cities. In many places where pandemonium has formerly reigned from midnight of July 3 till well into the following night the day passed with welcome quietude.

In a large number of places there was a return to the old-fashioned and truly patriotic way of celebrating "the Fourth." From dozens of the cities of the West and Middle West come reports of noiseless celebrations, historic pageants and patriotic programmes. Some of these included novel and interesting features. In Denver, Col., upon the booming of a great bell as a signal, every one stopped and sang "America"; so that the song was heard from about 100,000 people all over the city at once. No better example presents itself to us of the return to the village idea of celebration than that of our country's greatest city, New York. There the celebration was started at dawn by an official flag raising and military salute at old Fort Washington. Later official exercises took place at the five borough halls of the city.

The greatest gathering was at the old City Hall. As that building was first used in August, 1811, it was decided to incorporate the celebration of its birthday with that of the republic. At 9 o'clock the Mayor's reception room was crowded to the doors, among the throng being as many descendants of the city fathers of a hundred years ago as could be gathered together. When the meeting had been called to order Rev. Rudolph Grossmann uttered an eloquent invocation and Mayor Gaynor was called upon to speak. He said in part:

This commemoration is the end of one hundred years since the opening of the Common Council of this city, I think, in this very room. One hundred years in the life of a city and in the life of a nation and in God's great time is a trifle. We think that we are now a settled nation because we are now over a hundred years old, but as a matter of fact that is a very short time.

In looking over this programme I see that the names of the Mayor and the Common Council are given, and in reading it I find only

Anglo-Saxon and Dutch names, which shows what the population of the city was at that time. De Witt Clinton was Mayor, and all through the list we find names of that kind, except I see here the name of John Moran, which seems to show that there were a few Irishmen around at that time. But since then all the peoples of the earth have come here in great numbers, this being the gateway to the Nation, and they have distributed themselves all over the country; but many lingered here.

Later the minutes of an aldermanic meeting of August 13, 1811, were read. It seems that after some deliberation that meeting authorized Mayor DeWitt Clinton to issue warrants to the extent of \$4,881.82 and adjourned, comfortable in the knowledge that there was still \$23.25 in the city treasury.

Then a commemorative resolution was passed urging the preservation of New York's City Hall Park from the further encroachment on its confines which is threatened by the erection of a building for

The parade of nations was led off by a party of North American Indians. Braves marched along in all the finery of feathered headpieces and buffa robes, and they were attended by squaws and papposes with beaded moccasins and painted faces. To them succeeded the Sons of the Revolution to the sound of the fife and drum. Santo Domingo was represented by a group of men and women in ordinary attire, but the Norwegians had donned the old day dress of their land. The girls marched bareheaded, some with hair streaming down their backs. Tight-fitting scarlet bodices and white aprons set off their trim figures, and their black skirts cleared the ground by a good six inches. The Finlander and the Irish followed, but were content with every day apparel, and then came the Tyroleans, who wore

the short velvet jacket, the tight-fitting knee breeches, and the feathered felt hats so familiar in the pictures of these mountaineers. The Italian in part marched in the garb of gondoliers in the brightest of colors, while their women folk wore white linen, folded flat of their heads and hanging down their backs. The rear of this detachment was brought up by a squad of Garibaldi veterans, who marched proudly in their red shirts. General Joseph Garibaldi, their hero's nephew, was with them.

When the Greeks appeared a murmur of applause went along the stands. They represented both the Greeks of classical and of modern times. Athens passed in shining helmet with spear and target, and she was attended by men in the flowing white robes of antiquity, their arms laden with flowers.

Then came a stalwart chieftain, his white dress half hidden by a red velvet cloak heavily embroidered with gold, who led the modern Greeks, each in the curious white kilts that still linger in the mountains of the Peloponnese.

The Swiss were the next in line, one wearing the dress of a burgher of the Middle Ages, and then came the largest and most spectacular company of all the parade, the Chinese. Every color of the rainbow appeared in their costumes, but they preferred the less gaudy shades. They marched to the sound of the tom tom, and bore amid them great triangular flags with marvelous dragons embroidered on them. To add special honor to the occasion the Merchants' Association of Chinatown had imported a dragon. The morning celebration closed after a programme of patriotic songs and speeches. There was no official celebration in the afternoon, but when evening came great crowds gathered at the various parks to witness the municipal fireworks displays.



The Indian Contingent Leading the Procession of Nations Past City Hall, New York

the law courts. When tributes had been paid in verse and speech to the beauties and historic importance of the old building the Mayor and the official party led the crowd to the front of the building. On the green at the west of the Hall a brilliant assemblage had been collecting. The Sons of the Revolution in buff and blue and white were entirely eclipsed by the gorgeous hues of the costumes of the Chinese, Greeks, Swiss, Hungarians, and others who were to show in parade the diverse elements from which the nation of to-day has been constructed.

Mayor Gaynor and other special guests were escorted from the City Hall to their places on the reviewing stand by members of patriotic societies, garbed in the uniforms of the Continental Army, which had come down to them from their ancestors. On their right hand side were stationed the German singing societies, which later rendered a hymn to Liberty and America to an air suggested as a substitute for that of the British National anthem.

up, and of course had no opportunity to view the machine from the standpoint of a spectator."

Lieutenant Ellyson, who has been at Hammonds-

port for the past month working with Mr. Curtiss on the hydro-aeroplanes which are being built for the navy, will continue practising flying from the water until the machines are ready for delivery.

MR. GLENN H. CURTISS, one of America's pioneer aviators, has been engaged for a number of months on the final touches which would perfect a new type of aeroplane—one which could both start from and come to rest upon water. The new machine is called a hydro-aeroplane. Mr. Curtiss saw one of the recently completed models in flight for the first time only a week or so ago. Heretofore he has been the only aviator who has ever operated this new development of the flying machine, but recently at Lake Keuka at Hammondsport, New York, he watched from the banks while Lieutenant T. G. Ellyson of the United States Navy made a flight from the water and a landing upon the water. Mr. Curtiss viewed the machine in flight with a great deal of interest, remarking when it was over: "That's the first time I ever saw a flight from the water. Before, I have always sat in the aviator's seat when the hydro-aeroplane went



Lieutenant Ellyson and Mr. G. H. Curtiss in the New Hydro-Aeroplane

On the same day upon which Lieutenant Ellyson made his flight on Lake Keuka, Mr. Curtiss carried several passengers in the hydro-aeroplane. For the convenience of taking passengers into this machine a dock has been built out into the lake, and the hydro-aeroplane is driven on the water up to the dock, much as a motor boat would come alongside, and the passenger steps into the machine as easily as getting into a boat. In taking aboard and letting off passengers, Mr. Curtiss did not find it necessary to stop the motor, but simply throttled it down until the passenger was aboard and then putting on full power was away on his flight. The new type of machine has, so far, been attended by signal success.

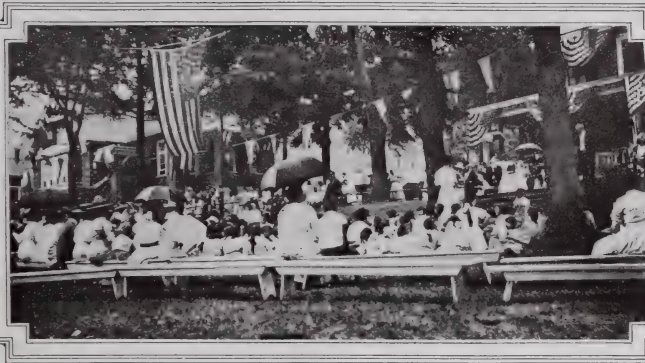


# HOW MONT-LAWN CELEBRATED

Many Visitors at the Christian Herald Children's Home on the Patriotic "Fourth"



ear-Admiral Sigbee Speaking on the Lawn



Hon. Charles M. Pepper Addressing the Afternoon Gathering



Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D. Introducing the Speakers

NEVER was Independence Day more enthusiastically observed at Mont-Lawn than this year. Many visitors came from distant states to Nyack to share in the celebration, arriving by trains on the New York Central and Erie Railroads. Home stages and coaches met them at the depot and the Nyack ferry, and bore them through the village and along the beautiful country roads to "the Children's Paradise."

At the Home itself, the activities of the day began early. All the cottages, the Children's Temple, the Homestead and "Fort Plenty" were prettily decorated with flags and bunting. Old Glory floated to the breeze on the tall flag-staff and at 10 o'clock the children surrounded and saluted the flag in honor of the day and to the strains of patriotic airs by the Pickaninny Band of Charleston, S. C. This band of youthful colored musicians has been at the Home on many previous celebrations of the day. During the forenoon, arriving guests were welcomed by

Matron Goering and a committee of ladies. At 12:30 over three hundred children marched to dinner in "Fort Plenty." While the children were at dinner, the visitors inspected the dormitories and Temple and strolled about the spacious grounds. There were many who had come for the first time to Mont-Lawn and they were delighted with the general arrangements and especially with the large, airy dormitories with their rows upon rows of snowy cots, each cot bearing at its head a placard with the name of the patron who supports it for the season. The outdoor gymnasium and the swimming pool were also visited. Groups of the visitors entered Fort Plenty while the children were dining. It was a novel and interesting sight to see these three hundred little ones of the tenements sitting in such perfect order and behaving so splendidly. They sang their grace with clear, bell-like voices in unison, and then their sharp appetites made quick work with the substantial holiday meal.

At 1:15 the guests, to the number of several hundred, were entertained at luncheon in the Fort. At 2:30 the Memorial Endowment Tablet, erected in memory of the late Dr. Klopsch, and bearing the names of over one hundred and fifty patrons of the Home who had contributed to its endowment, was unveiled. The tablet was placed upon the walls of the Temple entrance, and was covered with the American flag, which was drawn aside by one of the children at the proper moment during the unveiling address. Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff, was the speaker on this occasion and made an eloquent and touching presentation of his topic. He referred to the life-work of Dr. Klopsch among the children of the poor and spoke warmly of the generosity of those who had co-operated with the founder in making Mont-Lawn the model institution of its kind, and who are now engaged in an effort to

assure its permanency by endowment. His address was applauded by the hundreds of visitors. At its conclusion, Mrs. Stephen Merritt, Jr., a relative of the late Dr. Klopsch, sang very sweetly, "Hark, 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear," the children themselves singing the chorus in subdued voices:

Bring them in! bring them in!  
Bring them in from the fields of sin.  
Bring them in! bring them in!  
Bring the little ones to Jesus.

Miss Ida Sidoli sang a solo in a remarkably clear and musical voice and was loudly applauded. Professor Noll presided at the organ.

Visitors and children then proceeded to the lawn in front of the Homestead building, where seats had been arranged in the form of a great semi-circle fronting the speakers' stand. Dr. Sandison, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and President of the Home, introduced Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., who kindly took charge of the rest of the programme.

Brief speeches were made by several others, including Rev. John McMurray, D.D., of Nyack, and Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, D.D., of Brooklyn. At the conclusion of the speeches, the Pickaninny Band played the national anthem, the entire audience singing the words. At 5 o'clock, the south lawn was given up to games and evolutions by the children under their instructors, and the skill and grace with which they went through their movements won much approval. "Twilight tea" with cake and ice cream was served by the children to the guests, after which many visitors took carriages to return to their homes. At dusk there was an excellent display of fireworks on the south lawn, to the intense enjoyment of the little folks, and long before 9 P.M. the last of the visitors had gone, the children had been tucked away in their snowy cots in the dormitories, and the hush of sleep had fallen upon Mont-Lawn.

Among the friends and patrons of the Home who shared in the celebration were: Mrs. Louis Klopsch, Mrs. Stephen Merritt, Mr. Otto Koenig, Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, Mrs. A. R. Baxter, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Waters, Mr. Edward R. Johnstone, Miss C. E. Weis, of Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. G. M. Gillespie, New York City; Mrs. Susan Reeder, of Big Flats, N. Y.; Miss Esther B. Lozier, of Haverstraw, N. Y.; Miss Mattie C. Lange, of New York City; Mrs. L. R. Cleaver, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and friends; Rev. Dr. F. Shannon, wife and son, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. James McGee, of Brooklyn; Rev. W. H. Foulks, of New York; Stephen S. Haight and daughters, of New York City; Rev. R. J. Gates and wife, of Staten Island, N. Y.; Miss Annie E. Oldrey, New York, and many others. There was a large representation of friends of the Home who had contributed to the Endowment Fund.

The Memorial Tablet, which is a handsome plate 6 x 3 feet and beautifully framed, bears in sunken letters the names of over 150 contributors to the Endowment of the Home. It is the first of a series of such tablets which will adorn the walls of the Temple and testify to the generosity of the many good friends of Mont-Lawn and its work.

## THE MOUNTAINS

O MOUNTAINS distant from my view, O mountains that I love!  
Your rugged peaks they draw my soul to regions pure above.  
They make me think of Him who sits on Zion's holy hill,  
Whose love, like mountains round about, protects His people still.

Of Jesus, who, when here below, spent the long nights in prayer  
Alone upon the mountains drear, with no intruder there;  
Whom the disciples saw arrayed in raiment glistening white;  
Transfigured on a mountain top, reflecting heavenly light.  
Who from Mount Olivet went up to His fair home on high,  
Though we in valley or on mount yet feel His presence nigh;  
Upon Mount Zion He will wait for those He died to save,  
Until with Him they gather there, and palms of victory wave.  
I. H. B. H.



Marching to the Children's Temple for the Unveiling of the Klopsch Memorial Tablet

The patriotic addresses were preceded by a stirring solo, "Unfurl the Glorious Banner," sung by Miss Grace Hildebrand, "the Gospel Nightingale," which awoke deserved applause. Dr. Mead then addressed the children and visitors and caused much merriment by his humorous talk and his anecdotes. He then introduced Hon. C. H. Pepper of Washington, D. C., chairman of the United States Board of Arbitration on Canadian reciprocity. Mr. Pepper gave a short and inspiring patriotic address, eminently suited to the occasion. After the applause had died away and when the Pickaninny Band had concluded its instrumental salvo, Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee appeared and got a rousing welcome from all present. The Admiral is an old friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home and has spoken at many a Fourth of July celebration to the enjoyment of large audiences. He never spoke better than on the present occasion and was repeatedly applauded.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Maeterlinck's Philosophy

IT IS but a little while ago since the reading public were discussing the views of Mr. Edison concerning the soul. In his researches the practical scientist had been unable to find the proof of the soul's existence. He might have said the same thing of the mind itself, for his most delicate apparatus could not have detected the origin or traced the flight of a single thought. Now we have another illustration of the result of an exploration into infinitude, but this time the investigator is not a scientist but a dramatic writer with the heart of a poet and philosopher. Any one who has read Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* can remember how his vivid imagination idealized the existence of a single insect—a literary product which, while it delighted the average reader, astonished and amused the trained naturalist by attributing so much wisdom and intelligence to the bee. Now Maeterlinck, like Edison, has ventured into a field wherein he is a stranger—the realm of the future world. Here, too, his inferences and conclusions are essentially those of the imaginative writer. Death, not life, he thinks is the one thing that counts; it is the climax of the human tragedy. He would divest death of its pain and the grave of its horrors, not through science or religion, but by a species of stoical fortitude and by the application of a philosophy which leaves God and religion out altogether. Holding annihilation to be impossible, he thinks that "the stranger within us," or the soul of man, will survive, but whether with or without its present consciousness he is uncertain. Then will begin what he styles "the glorious adventure," with a new ego to be developed in infinity. What will be the fate of mortals in infinity he considers undecided and it is probably as well to leave it undiscussed. Maeterlinck's essay on death is clearly an excursion into a field where, being without spiritual vision, he is not calculated to add to the world's stock of knowledge on the subject. In his own field of philosophy he is supreme; but there, beyond the ken of things material, he is simply lost in the immensity and takes refuge in an ocean of words that are but meaningless jargon to the spiritually minded.

## The Poet and the Washerwoman

IF EVER there was a man who was bound down by official duties against his will and in rude violation of all his dearest desires and predilections, that man was Eugene F. Ware, late Commissioner of Pensions. Ware was a loyal soldier and saw a good deal of service; then he became a legislator and a practising lawyer, but he was perhaps more of a poet than anything else and his fanciful pen-name of *Ironquill* meant more to him than lawsuits and roll-calls. He wrote many pamphlets, legal essays, translations, etc., but the production by which he will be best remembered is a little poem, "The Washerwoman's Song," in which he tells of a poor working woman—

In the suds and in the soap  
Worked a woman full of hope;  
Working, singing all alone,  
In a sort of undertone:  
"With a Saviour for a Friend,  
He will keep me to the end."

But the poet, whose vision did not take the same upward direction as that of the poor washerwoman, smiled incredulously at her song. He couldn't understand it; he simply couldn't conceive of a Friend who would permit a woman to work so hard and yet be so poor. So the poet, whose shorter vision could not see beyond the flowers and the fields and mere material things, tossed his cap in the air in mild derision of this Friend of the poor worker. He could not believe in the reality of such friendship; so he set down the washerwoman as simply a deluded being, and he wrote:

It's a song I do not sing,  
For I scarce believe a thing  
Of the stories that are told  
Of the miracles of old;  
But I know that her belief  
Is the anodyne of grief,  
And will always be a friend  
That will keep her to the end.

The poor worker kept her faith and the poet doubtless clung to his agnosticism to the last; yet he had

the wisdom and the justice to admit that the aged woman had a secret source of happiness and consolation from which he could not draw. She believed in that Friend and sang of him because she had taken him into her heart and life; and all the railery and derision of genius could not shake her faith nor rob her of her happiness. As it was with Ironquill, so it is to-day with many whom the world regards as learned and distinguished. They look, as the poet looked on the washerwoman, from their height of intellectual superiority down upon the poor, whose simple faith holds like a sure anchor amid the storms and trials of life. They cannot understand it, because it belongs to an experience upon which they probably have never entered. Faith's highway is not luminous from end to end, like "the great White Way"; it is only visible step by step; but those who have once made trial of it know well its sure foundation and where it leads. It is not always lined with material blessings, such as the world gives in reward to those who serve it, but it sweetens life now, gives peace and assurance on the way, and joy unspeakable at the end of the journey. This was the theme of the washerwoman's song, which the poet, failing to comprehend, set down as sheer superstition; yet he was fain to admit that, whatever it was, it brought real happiness to the humble worker.

I would not wish to strip  
From that washerwoman's lip  
Any song that she can sing,  
Any hope that song can bring;  
For the woman has a Friend  
Who will keep her to the end.

One of the happiest Christians we have ever known was a poor, uneducated woman of over ninety. She had been bedridden for nearly a third of her life and had no income; yet her needs were all supplied and her heart was a flowing fountain of genuine happiness, while grace and blessing poured from her lips. She had the same Friend as the washerwoman. So, too, had Bella Cooke, poor and bedridden, yet whose little tenement room became a sacred shrine, where earnest souls might always find spiritual refreshing. She, too, knew that Friend whose presence cheered the washerwoman and who is the Friend of all who put their trust in him. Like Madame Guyon, she could sing: "I find my Saviour everywhere."

I tell Him all my sorrows,  
I tell him all my joys;  
I tell him all that pleases me,  
I tell him what annoys.  
He leads me in the path of life  
Beneath a sunny sky;  
And so we walk together—  
My Lord and I.

## First Aid to the Baby

THAT wise fool, Louis XIV., used to say that if everybody knew the probable causes and probable consequences of every act, there would be no sickness and no sin; that it is the dense ignorance of the human race which is at the root of most of our errors and misfortunes.

This is, of course, merely a picturesque and exaggerated way, characteristically French, of putting a vital truth. We are most of us ignorant; and, equally, most of us are conceitedly unaware of our condition, and all too likely to decline enlightenment. Mr. Carnegie recognized keenly these common human traits, when he planted libraries thickly all over our land. Each library is a centre of life and light, and must help to scatter the shadows of ignorance.

But though we may refuse to be told a good many things that we ought to know and suffer from not knowing, there is one class among us which is usually ready to hear of new and good methods. This class is composed of the mothers of infants. Not so very long ago, it was computed that half of the human race die before reaching the age of five. The chief cause of this appalling mortality is alleged to be the ignorance of the mothers.

When infants are fed by the natural method, it is estimated that they are many times more likely to live than if they are artificially nourished. But since this is necessary in many cases, it is of great importance that the mothers should know the best ways of doing it. The most trying season for in-

fancy is now upon us. The New York Board of Health has spent enormous sums in order to arrive at the best methods of caring for infants in the hot weather. The highest authorities have prescribed for them. Even the most cultivated mothers among our readers can learn something from these instructions. To the inexperienced mother, they will prove a priceless boon. We will forward a card containing a consensus of these instructions, to any one who will send address and postage.

## The Camera as a Historian

UNINTENTIONAL historians have thrown the brightest light upon the side of history which is now most absorbingly interesting to us—the life of the people. The "Domesday Book" was compiled so that William the Conqueror might tax his nobles and lords. Neither Chaucer, when he wrote the immortal *Canterbury Tales*, nor Samuel Pepys as he kept his delightful diary of the doings of his London, realized that they were writing history for future generations. The recording of the life and manners of the masses has now become as careful a study as the chronicling of the acts of a nation's leaders or of the intricate course of international diplomacy. The written word, and occasionally in more modern times the pictorial record made by some master of the brush and palette, have stood unsupported by any evidence from which the personality of the recorder could be eliminated. This is no longer. King George V. of Great Britain took the final step in the recognition of the camera as a recorder of history when he commanded Sir Benjamin Stone to take photographs of the recent coronation, to be placed in the archives of Great Britain's history. This great historical photograph was printed in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. The glories of the court of Solomon are to us but a picture conjured by the imagination. All the pomp of Nineveh and Tyre is now but a shadow. It is an index of the wide development of our modern life that the recent coronation, which was probably the most gorgeous spectacle ever enacted in modern times, should be historically preserved by the camera for the generations of the future.

## "Old Glory" in Missouri

Dear Christian Herald: We received through the U. S. mail, July 3, a beautiful American Flag, 4 x 6 feet, and besides it are to have an eight months' subscription for the dear old CHRISTIAN HERALD, and are looking for a copy of the Declaration of Independence to frame and hang up in our parlor. We mounted our Flag on a twelve-foot staff, and on the morning of the Fourth at the roar of the first cannon at five o'clock, we shoved Old Glory out to the Missouri breezes, and let her wave all day and up until midnight. It was the admiration of all passersby. It stands for Freedom, Truth, Right and Justice. It stands for one flag, one language, one free schools and open Bible. My wife says she would not part with our Flag. Success to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the American Flag both! Long may they continue to wave!

JAMES EDWARD RUTLEDGE,  
Cameron, Mo., July 5, 1911. A great-grand-son of  
Edward Rutledge, a Signer.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Locomotive Ran Away

**A** PHILADELPHIA AND READING locomotive driven by Charles Rhoades got on a spree in Philadelphia the other day and caused considerable damage. It was docile under the care of a faithful engineer and faithful in pulling its cars of freight. It seems that the engineer had left it on the track and that some switch had been left open and that in some unexplained manner it concluded to make a trip by itself and across its. So Big Pete, as the engine is called, left the rails and started on the ground, ran through a fence, across the street and jammed itself into a garage store, cracking the building and pushing it and the one next to it out of plumb, injuring itself, however, very little. Is there anything more grand and inspiring than a magnificent engine on the track under proper control, sweeping along at a mile a minute with passenger cars, or dragging a long line of cars with its heavily laden freight up the mountain? And is there any sight much more fearful than to see that engine leave the track, lurch the earth, plunge itself and everything attached to it into a wreck? We have here a very good illustration of human endowments, propensities and character, which when on the right track and under proper control, accomplish their mission and bring prosperity and happiness; but which, off the track and out from under the proper control, make a wreck of themselves and that which is related to them. The Psalmist refers to his keeping of the life on the right path when he says:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. (Ps. 23:3.)

## Sea Elephants Captured

Dr. Charles H. Townsend is in charge of the expedition sent to California by the Museum of Natural History and the New York Zoological Society. One of the results of the expedition was the capture of six young sea elephants on Guadalupe Island, off the coast of Southern California, the largest weighing 300 and the smallest 67 pounds. They were put in crates and sent by express from San Diego, Calif. During their six days of transportation they did not see a drop of water nor have a bite to eat, yet they arrived at the Aquarium in New York apparently as fat and healthy as when they started. The sea elephants or elephant seals get their name from the elongated proboscis of the adult male. They are the largest of the seal family, and the adult male reaches a length exceeding twenty feet. They are similar to sea lions, but have rounder heads and larger and more human-looking eyes. These creatures taken out of the great ocean sported in their tank like playful children and rising out of the water they looked with apparent interest and pleasure at the people who had gathered about them to see the curiosities. The rapid manner in which they become domesticated illustrates the truth of the Scripture:

Every kind of beast, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind. (James 3: 7.)

## Fortune in Onions

Mr. Edward C. Dodd, a lawyer of Laredo, Texas, on dying left to his widow a tract of chaparral-covered land which he had earned as a fee. The ground was thought to be worthless, and there was pity for the poor widow. She rode out one day to see the ground, which was situated a little distance from Laredo, and she made up her mind that it would raise a good crop of onions. She made a contract with a farmer to clear seventy acres and plant them in big Bermuda onions, he to have for his pay a share in the crop. The first year Mrs. Dodd cleared \$32,000; the next year she planted more extensively, but the heavy rains left her \$1,000 loss for the year. She took a part of her \$32,000 and built warehouses for storing the onions and saving them from softness and ruin by the rain. The next year's crop was a failure from want of rain. The year following she installed an irrigating plant driven by electricity, and the profit on her crop two years ago was \$50,000. Last year it amounted to the princely sum of \$100,000. Mrs.

Dodd was formerly a school teacher. She possesses great intellectual force and determination. The mixing of her brains with the soil made a handsome fortune for her. Her agricultural success reminds us of the model farming of olden times as mentioned by the prophet:

Give ye ear, and hear my voice; hearken, and hear my speech. Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat and the appointed barley and the rye in their place? (Isa. 28: 23-25.)

## Buried Pies and Cakes

This story is told of a Pennsylvania preacher. The pastor, being an able and exceedingly popular young man, was the recipient of numberless favors, among them pies and cakes made by the women of his congregation and especially by the young ladies, who were very proud of their ability to make such things. The pies, cakes, tarts, muffins, etc., accumulated in the pantry, and the young pastor could scarcely do more than take a taste of each and then tell how delicious the articles were. Deluged by these gifts, he turned in desperation to his housekeeper. She and her husband, who was the sexton, suggested that he should dig a hole in the far end of the garden and bury the stuff. The minister agreed to this novel idea, swearing the sexton

value of the soul. Such a foolish barter suggests the question of the Saviour:

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 10: 28.)

## State Should Support Toth

Mr. H. E. Simmons, of Hartford, Conn., by a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has asked a question which is of widespread importance: "In 'The Bible and Newspaper' in a recent issue, reference is made to the case of Andrew Toth, who has just been pardoned for being innocent of the murder for which he was serving a life sentence; having been convicted, upon false and lying evidence, of the murder of a fellow workman. If this were the only case of the kind, it might be passed over as an unusual thing; but there seems to be an epidemic of these things just about this time, and I am unable to see why the State that has wrongfully convicted any person, should not pay exemplary damages for the crime that has been committed. Within two years there have been half a dozen cases, not all for life sentences, but all unjustly imprisoned and proved to have been so, in various States, and yet nothing has been done in any case to compensate the victims of the blunder of the agents of the State for the years of agony; they have been simply kicked out of prison, pardoned for being innocent, and left to take up the burden of life after being robbed of from five to twenty years of their life, and all because the prosecuting officers feel that a conviction is what they must have regardless of what justice may demand! Why should not the State compensate such men, giving them enough to live upon during the rest of their lives, as long as by the blunder of the State or its agents they have been deprived of an opportunity to secure a decent living for themselves? It is not very long ago that in England the Home Secretary compensated a man who had suffered seven years' penal servitude, when he was proved to have been wrongly condemned, by the payment of 5,000 pounds sterling; and if Pennsylvania would imitate this example in the case of Toth, it would be more decent than to beg Mr. Carnegie to repay the damage they had inflicted upon one who had committed no wrong; and the fact that he is poor ought to make the redress the more complete." This important question Mr. Simmons has answered correctly. The treatment of Toth by the State of Pennsylvania was a shame little short of a crime. The State should make a prompt provision for the poor old miner's support and set a good example for the other States to follow. Common honesty is obligatory upon society as well as upon individual men. If Toth had lost an eye, an arm or limb by the negligence of the State he could have collected damage by suit. The injury the State did inflict upon him was far greater than any physical loss he could have sustained, and justice requires that there should be an attempt to atone for the mistake, although complete reparation for the damage would be impossible. The command of the great lawgiver suggests itself just here:

Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of thy poor in his cause (Ex. 23: 6.)

Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of thy poor in his cause (Ex. 23: 6.)

## Negro Girl Wins Prize

The fly-fighting committee of the American Civic Association offered a prize for the best essay on the house-fly as a carrier of disease, the competition being limited to the school children of New York City. Willie Henderson, a little negro girl, thirteen years old, won the prize—a ten-dollar gold piece—for the best essay on the subject. Among other things she writes in a legible round hand: "If we only believed that the filthy fly was the germ-carrier we would not spend so much time disinfecting ourselves and avoiding the houses or streets in which disease may be found. Instead we would clean our rooms, make our homes sanitary and inspect the shops from which we buy our food." The prize that came to the little girl in her efforts to preserve the health and lives of others, suggests the rewards that through grace divine follow valuable deeds in this life and in that which is to come.

And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. (Rev. 22: 12.)



"Big Pete," the Railway Engine that Ran Amuck in Philadelphia

to eternal secrecy. Each evening they wrapped the picnic provender in heavy paper and buried it at the dead of night. This work had been going on for a long time until, the other day, some telephone men, who had been digging up an old pole, discovered the pie graveyard. The pastor was on a visit to Philadelphia at the time of the discovery, and there was great wonder in the community as to what the dear sisters in the congregation would say to their beloved pastor. The newspaper report may have exaggerated the facts, but whatever they were, the young man would have had less trouble if he had frankly told them that they were killing him with kindness, and the frankness would have been appreciated as it always is everywhere. If he had said, "Send in your sweetmeats and I will sample them and take them to the poor with your and my compliments," it would have increased their love for him. The resurrections in the pie graveyard remind us of the words of Christ when he ordained the first ministers of the Gospel:

There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. (Matt. 10: 26.)

## Won Fifty Cents; Lost Life

A friend but Foster Anderson of New York 50 cents that he could not climb to the top of a forty-foot flag-pole at the corner of a street. The man reached the top of the pole without any difficulty, and then to make sure of winning his prize he stood on top of it, lost his balance and fell head first, killing himself instantly. He leaves a wife and three small children in loneliness and helplessness. This young man's folly is matched by many who imperil limb and life for a paltry prize, and is more than matched by those who throw themselves down to spiritual destruction for earthly treasures, which are worth but a few cents in comparison with the



# The House-fly a Disease-Carrier\*

**I**F ONLY one female house-fly should survive the winter and on April 15 lay only one batch of 120 eggs, the number of flies born from the succeeding generations would be in five months over five and a half trillions.

This in effect is the finding of Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief Entomologist of the United States Government, who has written a book on the house-fly, and who is earnestly striving to convey to the people at large the menace which the fly is to public health.

Dr. Howard urges a general change in the name from House-Fly to Typhoid Fly, because it has been definitely proved that the insect is a ready carrier of the dread disease. He says:

"The sense of smell of the typhoid fly must be very keen, although its selection of attractive odors undoubtedly differs from our own. It is very catholic in its choice of food—the milk jug and the freshly baked custard pie are apparently equally in favor with the slop bucket, the garbage pan, and all sorts of unmentionable filth. It knows the odor of cooking, and it flies unerringly towards the nearest kitchen, although the temperature of the kitchen stove may attract it almost as much as the possibility of something good to eat. Its food must be liquid, and when it lights upon a solid, a plentiful flow of a salivary fluid enables it to make some slight impression, and to gain sustenance. Everyone who reads this knows how in the old days, and even now in some places, the typhoid fly swarmed, or swarms in a certain class of public restaurants, and in poorly-cared-for eating places. The story of the man who entered a dimly lighted railway restaurant and asked for 'a piece of that huckleberry pie,' and was informed that it was not huckleberry, but custard, is literally true."

After pointing out the manner in which flies may carry germs of disease about on their feet, Dr. Howard states that:

"Certain authors believe that the danger from the disease germs that pass through the fly's body is greater than those which are supposed to be carried from foul substances on its feet. With the abundance of flies in the late summer, the number of fly specks becomes almost unlimited. Dr. Cobb states that he possesses actual counts made by the use of a little counter of his own invention, but that

he does not publish these records for fear that he would be accused of sensationalism. He says that window panes with from 1,000 to 10,000 fly specks per square foot are not at all uncommon, and that from 10 to 50 per square foot is a common number in what are considered well kept homes. He states that on neutral tinted objects which are not cleaned so frequently, fly specks occur in millions, while on wall paper, chandeliers, outside veranda posts, on cornices, ceilings and window blinds the numbers are almost past computation."

Speaking of the general propensity

on unchecked. He says that among other diseases the fly is capable of transmitting cholera, dysentery, tuberculosis, anthrax, ophthalmia, diphtheria, small-pox, plague, parasitic worms, infantile diarrhea, etc., etc. But the most instructive part of the volume, which will be most appreciated by our readers, is that which refers to remedies and preventive measures against the fly. He says:

"To avoid only the danger from flies, you must destroy or protect from them all substances containing disease germs. This is done in large part, so far as intestinal diseases are concerned, by

thorough work with the breeding places.

"In cities and in towns, however, where the requisite co-operation cannot be obtained, and where boards of health are still indifferent, careful consideration must be given to the second method, namely, keeping flies out of killing them after they enter.

"Three years ago I made an attempt to estimate the amount of money spent annually in screening houses in the United States. As close an estimate as could conscientiously be made seemed to indicate that more than \$10,000,000 are spent every year for

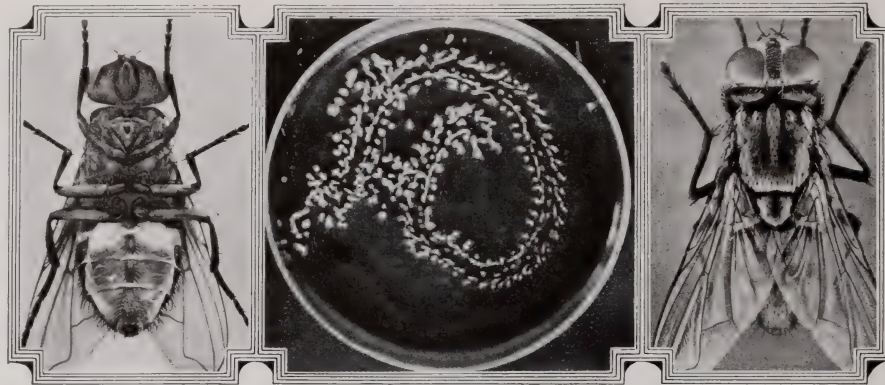
this kind of protection against flies and mosquitoes. In fly-ridden localities the expense is undoubtedly justified since the majority of the flies are kept out by careful screening. No system of screening, however, seems to be so perfect as to keep them all out.

"The whole expense of screening, however, should be an unnecessary one, just as efforts to destroy flies in houses should be unnecessary. Their breeding should be stopped to such an extent that all these things would be useless."

The most thorough sanitary precautions are necessary in order to get rid of the fly. Manure piles must not be allowed near human residences. Screens, until we have learned to destroy the breeding-places of the insects, must be freely used. Fly-traps and fly-poisons are effective helps in the process of extermination. Most of those upon the market are good, and sticky fly-paper is especially recommended. Dr. Howard describes in detail several of the modern fly-traps and gives directions for their home manufacture. Formalin or formaldehyde, diluted six to one with water and placed in a shallow dish, is a good exterminator. Pyrethrum, carbolic acid, laurel oil, and other deterrents, used frequently and with care, will kill or keep out flies.

The treatment of their breeding-places with chemicals such as carbolic acid, chloride of lime, kerosene, etc., is strongly urged by Dr. Howard. The adult fly must be eliminated, not only in our houses, but as Professor Hodge says, "the war must be carried into Africa," and he must be chased away from the entire "out-of-doors."

Other harmful flies are fully described by Dr. Howard. His lucid and comprehensive book should awaken us all to the crying need of a general movement against this tiny but deadly enemy.



Copyright, National Geographic Magazine

Male House-fly Resting on Glass and Seen from Below

Courtesy F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y.

Colonies of Bacteria on a Sterilized Plate Rising from Fly Tracks

Copyright, National Geographic Magazine

Female House-fly Resting on Glass and Seen from Above

which flies have for transmitting disease, Dr. Howard quotes many writers, among others, Simmons, who isolated cholera germs from flies which were captured in a post-mortem room, in which the bodies of persons dead of cholera were lying; Tissoni and Cattani, who obtained cultures from flies caught in cholera wards; Hamilton and Ficker, who found typhoid germs in flies caught in houses in which persons were lying ill of typhoid fever, etc., etc. He quotes Esten and Mason, who wrote as follows:

"The number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from 550 to 6,660,000. Early in the fly season the numbers of bacteria on flies are comparatively small, while later the numbers are comparatively very large. The places where flies live also determine largely the numbers that they carry. The average for 414 flies was about 1,250,000 bacteria on each. It hardly seems possible for so small a bit of life to carry so large a number of organisms."

Dr. Howard reviews the history of experiments made through many years, which prove conclusively that the fly is a determined carrier of typhoid infection, and enters into an exposition of the dire results in the nature of disease which may come from allowing the house-fly evil to go

the water-closet system in cities, and it may be done by sanitary privies in villages and country houses and in mining and construction camps; and also by properly-cared-for trenches or latrines at temporary army posts. To avoid danger from flies in the case of lung troubles, the proper care of the sputa is essential.

"To avoid the nuisance of flies it becomes necessary practically to get rid of them, and in doing this of course we get rid of the danger at the same time. It has always seemed to the writer that the truest and simplest way of attacking the fly problem is to prevent them from breeding, by the treatment or abolition of all places in which they can breed. To permit them to breed undisturbed and in countless numbers, and to devote all our energy to the problem of keeping them out of our dwellings or to destroying them after they have once entered in spite of all obstacles, seems the wrong way to go about it.

"To the individual who has full control of the grounds for some distance about his abiding place, the former method is undoubtedly the best, and it would also undoubtedly be the best in any event, if, by co-operation of the residents or by the active efforts of a central body, like the boards of health in cities, it were possible to do

\* *The House-fly, Disease-Carrier.* By L. O. Howard, Ph.D. Fred'k A. Stokes Company, New York.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION dead flies in one heap, being a pile three feet high and five feet wide, represents the slaughter wrought by the small boys of San Antonio, Texas, as the result of a fly-killing contest which closed there on July 4. Robert Bae carried off first prize of \$10 with a record of 484,320 flies slain.

—A JOINT NOTE, signed by the diplomatic representatives of France, Great Britain, Germany, the United States and Italy, was handed to the Haytian government on July 4, requesting settlement of pending claims diplomatically within three months from that date, after which, if they are not settled, the ruling of the claims commission will be enforced. Pressure has been brought to bear on the Haytian government several times in the last ten years by the various Powers interested, especially Germany and France, with a view to obtaining a settlement of large claims of banking houses against the treasury of the so-called Black Republic.

—A RECENT despatch from Philippopolis, Bulgaria, reports that the damage done by the recent floods there is enormous. The monetary loss is estimated at \$20,000,000. Many buildings were washed away by the rain-swollen streams, and crops and market gardens were ruined in wide areas. Now a water famine threatens the city, as the mains have been uncovered and so torn apart that a month will be needed to repair them. The inhabitants of many villages in the south of Bulgaria have sought refuge in the mountains.

—JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES contemplate an exchange of university professors as the most effective method of dispelling war rumors and promoting a closer acquaintance. The idea meets with an enthusiastic response from wealthy Japanese, who are willing to defray the entire cost of the undertaking. It is expected Japan will inaugurate the plan this year by sending representatives to the Eastern universities.

—ON SATURDAY, JULY 1, California was shaken by a series of earthquake shocks, the heaviest since the disaster of 1906. Although the damage reported was trivial, there was a momentary panic in stores, office building, court rooms, etc. The shock was felt in San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Santa Rosa and Fresno, and as far eastward as Carson and Reno, Nev.

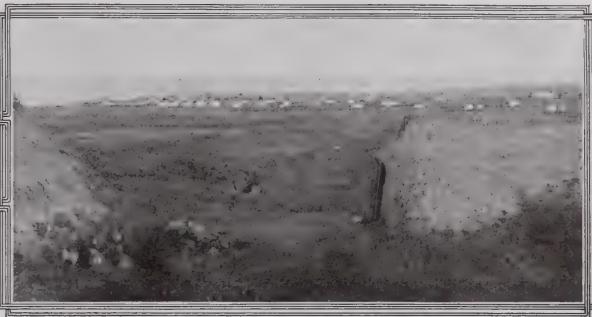
—HOT WATER is being thrown high in the air by the pools south of Reno, Nev., known as Steamboat Springs. Their activity and the velocity of the water have greatly increased since the earthquake. For five years, since the earthquake in April, 1906, in San Francisco, the springs had been quiet. When that shock occurred they showed activity, which later ceased. The earthquake also did considerable damage at Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton. The 36-inch telescope was moved three-quarters of an inch out of place on its concrete pier, but was restored without trouble.



# AMONG THE LEPERS OF HAWAII



A Native Hawaiian Family at Home



The Home of Eleven Hundred Lepers on Molokai

**R**ECENTLY the newspapers told of the troubles of the health authorities in various cities in providing for one of those of whom it was written in the time of Moses that they should dwell alone.

Happily there are not many cases of leprosy in the United States, and usually when such are discovered it is possible to have some regard to the dictates of humanity. There are, however, countries where those who dwell alone are so many that, after all, they do not dwell alone, but in communities of their own. This is the case in the Hawaiian Islands. The newspaper paragraph recalled to me a visit that I had made several years ago to that tropical paradise, one of the incidents of which was a trip from Honolulu to the Island of Molokai, where the leper settlement is located. It seems horrid that in the midst of so much that is beautiful in nature, in the luxuriance of palms and all the wonderful vegetable growths of the torrid zone, there should be maladies which are so destructive of the human image. But this is one of the disagreeable facts of the tropics. There are few tropical paradises without their drawbacks and deformities.

The native Hawaiian race, as is well known, has been dwindling for the last half century, due to its contact with the vices of civilization, but I do not know that these vices, destructive as they have been in other ways, were responsible for the introduction of the blood-sapping malady of leprosy. It had existed in the Hawaiian Islands and spread

By **CHARLES M. PEPPER**

among the people during a quarter of a century before the Mosaic policy of segregation was adopted and the Levitical law was put into effect, humanely and with proper regard for the sufferers and their families. Thus it came that the leper settlement was established on the prong or peninsula of the Island of Molokai. My own visit was made in company with some physicians from American warships which happened to be lying in the harbor of Honolulu. This was before the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The authorities provided us with a sturdy little steam craft which made the voyage across the stormy channel between the islands of Oahu, on which Honolulu is located, and Molokai. It was a night of very great discomfort, and we all lay on the cabin floor in common misery. When morning came we crawled out on deck and saw the lofty cliffs which marked the peninsula and the village of Kalaupapa, which was the landing-place. It hardly could be called a port. We were landed in the small boats and were welcomed by the Superintendent, who was quickly satisfied that our permission was regular. In fact, some of the minor officials had come with us.

It was with a strange feeling of isolation that we noticed the two or three hundred natives who watched our arrival but stood at a respectful distance as we were led to the strangers' house, a comfortable bungalow set off by itself in the garden. It was here that the few visitors who were permitted to come to Molokai were lodged, and usually the authorities when they came over from Honolulu. It was Sunday morning and after an hour or so we saw the people thronging to the churches, both Protestant and Catholic. Kalaupapa itself was not unlike other Hawaiian villages, very picturesque, lying as it did at the foot of the cliffs and with native huts scattered along the winding streets. There were, however, other buildings not usually found in a Hawaiian village, and these were the hospitals. We all noticed the number of those who

came in from the country on horseback. There were no buggies, but save for this, everything reminded me of a Sunday morning service in a New England or an Ohio village. There were Sunday Schools, and the singing of these Hawaiian children and their elders floated out in the atmosphere softly and melodiously. At the church we attended there was a very good sermon in the native language and some remarks in English. In all, there was nothing to remind one—except the appearance of some of the victims of the malady—that life was in any way different in Kalaupapa from what it was in any other Hawaiian village. We knew, however, that everything was regulated more strictly, for the sake of sanitation and for the welfare of the whole community.

In the afternoon we got horses and rode along the beautiful Waihanau Valley to the village of Kala-wao, which was the scene of Father Damien's labors. All along the way were comfortable grass-thatched cottages. Kala-wao itself was hardly as picturesque a village as Kalaupapa, yet it was attractive.

Some phases of the leper life which we saw that day in the hospitals and in some of the cottages were not good to look upon, yet everywhere there was cheerfulness and content, and everywhere was the evidence of the Christian charity and the heroic devotion of those who were voluntarily passing their existence among the lepers in order to minister to their wants. It was the twentieth-century interpretation of the Mosaic decree of segregation. There was no cry of "Unclean!" "Unclean!" No one fled from the approach of the afflicted, but instead the wants of the whole community were ministered to, and the isolation, instead of being that of outcasts, was simply that of one great group whose everyday life was made bearable by this humane intercourse.

We left Kalaupapa at night, and as our boat pulled away, the leper band came down to the landing and serenaded us. There was nothing of melancholy in the music, nothing of vain regrets, but good, robust notes on the instruments. Yet, as we looked back and saw some of those scarred faces, the pathos of it all was too much for several of us.

## LITTLE STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN

### A Christian Nobleman

**A** CHRISTIAN nobleman was the Earl of Carlisle, who recently passed away in the prime of life. He had served for twenty years—ever since his accession to the earldom—as a member of the House of Lords. A Conservative in politics, he was nevertheless very democratic in his views. He heartily seconded the public work of his able wife, the Countess of Carlisle, who is president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, founder and first president of the Women's Liberal League, and a power in the field of philanthropy.

The Earl has long been an active and consistent Christian temperance worker. He was associated in the United Kingdom Alliance with the late Sir Wilfred Lawson, his Cumberland neighbor, and like the latter, cleared his estates of all public houses. This was done as soon as he entered upon his



George James Howard, J.P.,  
Earl of Carlisle

inheritance in 1889. All the Earl's family (he and the Countess have had nine children) have been equally active in reforms and politics, including the Viscount Morpeth, who now becomes the tenth Earl; Lady Mary Murray, who married a commoner; and Lady Dorothy Howard, who is an honorary secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

J. A. S.

"Now, Then—!"

**DR. JOWETT**, the famous English preacher, who is now a New York pastor, is fond of anecdotal illustration in his sermons. He was preaching lately on the necessity of active obedience to the Lord's will, whatever the cost, whether it called us to labor in foreign lands or to work at home. "The crew of a coaling steamer," he said, "landed at Messina shortly after the terrible earthquake.

"The captain saw two little children crouched on the top balcony of a building eighty feet high, which had been wrenched from its support and threatened to collapse any moment. He got the children to fasten a string to the balcony, and he fixed a ladder to it, and then turned to one of his seamen with the words, 'Now then, Smith.' The sailor ran up the ladder, hoisted a rope by the string, induced the children or probably one of the older inmates to fasten it to the top balcony, climbed up the face of the tottering building, and shouted when he reached it that 'there was a ton of them on the building,' and that he could not get them all down by himself. The captain turned to his second mate, 'Now then, Read,' and in a few minutes Read stood by Smith's side, and together the men lowered twelve cowering creatures by the rope. And the Lord is speaking to you and me to-day, and with reference to this great heroic work of saving the world—'Now then—!'"



# IN THE HOME QUEEN'S REALM



## Summer Entertainments

ENTERTAINING in summer means open-air freedom as contrasted with the indoor coziness of hospitality in winter. If one has a country home and a bit of lawn or garden an afternoon tea may be delightfully carried on. Spread rugs upon the grass, set small tables here and there and invite friends to come from four to six. Refreshments at this time of the year should consist of iced beverages in preference to hot tea and coffee, with dainty sandwiches and small cakes. Lemonade to which either grape juice or orange juice is added is easily prepared and is generally enjoyed. Iced tea and coffee are both palatable and ginger ale is to be recommended. No one should make a labor of an afternoon garden or lawn party.

If there are young people and they may play croquet or tennis, the hostess need think no more about them. As a rule, when friends come together for an hour or two in the afternoon, they have plenty to talk about and require no diversion beyond that of agreeable neighborly gossip. It is a compliment to a friend staying with one for a few days to invite pleasant people to meet her, and if cards are sent the only necessity is to write in the upper left-hand corner of the card "Tea at four" mentioning the day and date, with the words added, "To meet Miss Mary Blank." A house-party of young people or older ones requires more antecedent thought and a little more elaboration in getting ready than a party gathered for an afternoon.

The daughter at home for the summer vacation, the son returned from college, each naturally wishes to assemble a few congenial friends in the home for several days or perhaps for a week. There may be a good deal of doubling up as to sleeping quarters and some crowding at the table, but when a group of boys and girls come together under pleasant auspices they have a taste of paradise. When invitations for such a party are sent, minute directions should be given as to the arrival of trains or boats and the time limit of the visit should be distinctly mentioned. No guest should presume to overstay the time set by the hostess for the termination of the visit. When this particular formality came into vogue certain old-fashioned people rebelled against it as an infringement of true hospitality. It is, however, a safeguard to convenience and it sets both hostess and guests free to accept or decline other engagements.

A certain youth of whom I have heard once boldly invited himself to join a house-party in a country home on which he had only the slenderest claim. He barely knew the son of the house. Nevertheless, he wrote to the mother of the man whom he knew slightly saying that he had received and thanked her for her invitation, and that he would arrive on a specified day. No invitation had been sent him, but the lady, convinced that he had made a mistake, refused to embarrass him by declining his visit. He came accordingly and remained at his pleasure for a number of days after every one else had gone, having, as it seemed, an endless supply of changes of raiment which he had brought in a trunk that

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

looked like a Noah's ark. This incident was unusual and its secret motive has yet to be unraveled.

A house-party of young people should not be undertaken if the hostess is an invalid, or if any one in the family is likely to be disturbed by the insistent merriment of the juniors. If there are opportunities for fishing, golf, tramping or outdoor sports of any kind, the youthful guests will take care of themselves and the hostess

called a feast of lanterns. If a missionary society or a Ladies' Aid Auxiliary wishes to raise money for a hospital in India or a new carpet for the home church, an entertainment of this particular kind will prove convenient and profitable. The Japanese lanterns may be bought in whatever quantity is needed and they should be strung across the veranda or suspended from trees. When lighted the glimmer of the candle through the colored shade makes a soft illumination. Rugs should



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## Peasants of Normandy

THIS picture of a French peasant household was taken near the old city of Caen, in Normandy. These people are as typical of the hardy farmer-folk of Northern France as their city is of the ancient days of the Normans. They are very little changed from the type of their forefathers, who tilled the soil when William the Conqueror built the great castle which to-day, though in slightly altered form, serves as a barracks for the city garrison.

need trouble herself only in the direction of the commissariat. They will not be sufficiently fed on manna. They will need abundant supplies of wholesome food, and their appetites may be relied upon to consume it.

Summer camps are becoming popular with parents who wish to send either sons or daughters under proper chaperonage into the woods. A few weeks out of doors in camp life send the children to school in the fall with rosy cheeks and new zest in study.

A VERY pretty and inexpensive way of entertaining an evening party in summer, provided one has a porch and a strip of lawn, is to give what is

spread on the lawn, chairs and tables set about at intervals, and the refreshments served are preferably ices and cake. A charge for admission will be in order if the entertainment is for benevolence. The hostess who invites her guests simply for a pleasant evening may depend upon them to entertain one another, but she should, if possible, have a little music. So many young people are performers on mandolin, guitar or banjo, and so many can sing, that the music may be arranged for without difficulty. If, among one's friends, there happens to be a person who can give a monologue or some other amusing recitation, this, too, will be appropriate.

## Women and Temperance

A CORRESPONDENT has recently written a strong indictment against a Woman's Club of Boston which has taken out a liquor license in order that it may be able to use wines and other stimulants at its social gatherings, and offer this doubtful form of hospitality to its guests of both sexes. The step is a retrograde one and should be condemned by public opinion and by the sentiment of good women all over the land. When we remember that our prisons are filled with those who have become criminals through intemperance, that the presence in the home of a confirmed inebriate, whether man or woman, means heart-break and continual distress to every one in the household circle, and that ruin follows in the trail of drink, we cannot but feel that women should combine against the liquor traffic. More than this, they should frown upon social drinking. It is far too common in these days to see apparently elegant women, women who at least bear the hall-mark of respectability, openly drinking beer and wine in restaurants. This form of degenerate indulgence ought to come under the ban. Women who practise a custom in such doubtful taste and of such low morality ought to lose social caste. The attempt made by members of the smart set to introduce cigarette smoking among refined women has not succeeded on American soil. Social dram drinking should equally be condemned, nor should the action of the Chilton Club of Boston be condoned by the press, the pulpit or the consensus of opinion among the mothers and daughters of our country. A great deal of criticism was hurled at the late Mrs. Carrie Nation, and her methods were not those which most of us approved, yet she was a pioneer and a reformer, and by her vehemence and indomitable courage roused the indifferent from their torpor and compelled the public to look a ghastly situation in the face. We need not imitate or emulate Carrie Nation, but it is the duty of women everywhere to show their colors, maintain the fight for total abstinence except when stimulants are prescribed by a physician, and to educate the children and young people so that they may understand that alcohol is never a food, and is frequently a poison.

## Auto-Suggestion

"WHAT is meant by auto-suggestion?" writes a correspondent. The phrase simply signifies self-suggestion to good ends. For instance, if one particularly dislikes to do something one ought, one may conquer the disinclination by resolutely saying over words expressing the necessity of doing the thing at once and with pleasure. The person who is afraid to go upstairs in the dark may, it is said, overcome this fear by saying, "I am not afraid, darkness is friendly, nothing can hurt me." The underlying idea is that the mind is the real ruler of the body, and that by allowing the mind to take command of a situation from the higher and not the lower point of view, ill may be vanquished and good accomplished.



# Our Boys and Girls

## "Our Little Sisters the Birds"

**C**OZY CORNER boys and girls have done so charmingly with pen drawings of birds, and our page looks so especially pretty this week, that it reminds me to tell a very old and beautiful story about birds—a story that was so much loved in Italy that many years afterward the great artists liked to paint it on the walls of their churches. You may see those

Jay Halliday, age 14  
wallow: "Vicki—only a summer Kate and me while on the way."

paintings still in many of the old cathedrals there: The good man Francis, who earned the title of "God's Troubadour," standing among a great company of birds, talking to them so simply, so beautifully, that it seems as if each tiny feathered piper might be understanding.

### Birds Without Number

**[T**was on a sweet summer day, when he Good Man Francis of Assisi, who by his great works and gentle ways had won or himself the offy name of "God's Troubadour," stood up n speak to a multitude of people gathered ut of doors and beneath the rees to hear him preach. He had not spoken long when parrows and swallows and obins and wrens in great numbers came wheeling bout, twittering and calling while they hunted their supper on the wing. Little by little they flew so low, were n such great numbers and so oisy, that Francis could no onger make himself heard or the din. Then suddenly, urning from his audience and speaking nto the air, the good man said: "Be quiet and listen, little bird sisters, until I have finished here. Then shall it be ny turn to talk to you." And the fine ld legend says the birds flew all into he tree-tops, and remained very quiet.

### Many Blessings

**A**ND this is the sermon the good Francis preached to the birds: "My little sisters the birds, you are much beloved by God, your Master, and always you ought to praise him, because he hath given you liberty to fly everywhere; and he hath given you also clothing, double and triple. You are loved by the air which he hath given to you, and moreover, ye sow not, neither do ye reap, and God feedeth you and giveth you the streams and fountains to drink from; he gives you the mountains and the valleys for your refuge and the tall trees whereon to make your nests; God clothech you and your children, wherefore God must love you very much since he gives you so many blessings. Because of all this and much more, oh, my little sisters, be careful of the sin of ingratitude and always seek to praise God." And all of the birds began to open their beaks and stretch their necks and spread their wings, and by many signs and glad songs showed that the gracious man had given them great joy. And Francis rejoiced

with them and wondered at their vast number, their sweet friendliness, and thanked God for them, and he blessed the birds one and all. With glad singing they rose up into the air and flew to the north, the south, the east and the west.

One reads in the life of the good man Francis many stories that reveal his great love for birds and animals. Once in the market place of Sienna, he bought a pair of pigeons, saying, "Little sister doves, you are simple and good and pure. I will save you from death. Fly away and make your nests for your little ones."



Kate Williams, age 10  
Speckled English Song Sparrow: "Migrates from Central America to Newfoundland twice every year and back again."

### The Little Unseen Singer

**O**NE night, Francis, alone in the woods, heard a nightingale sing out in the clear sweet stillness. To Francis the song was a burst of radiant joy. His heart filled with the gladness of the high summer and his voice leaped up into the darkness, and all night long the man and the bird sang beautiful songs of praise and love; but even the Troubadour could not sing so long, so blithely as the little unseen singer, so at last the light-hearted man of God called out: "Little Brother Nightingale, thou art victor in this strange singing contest."

Almost the last we know of the gentle Francis of Assisi is that one morning, after he had been very ill for a long time, his friends heard the sweet voice of the tired Troubadour singing this song, that he was pleased to call "The Song of the Sun."

O Lord, we praise thee for our Brother Sun,  
Who brings us day, who brings us golden light,

He tells us of thy beauty, Holy One.

We praise thee, too, when falls the quiet night,  
For Sister Moon, and every silver star  
That thou hast set in heaven, clear and far.



Wayne Hedges, age 11  
Robin: "He likes to make his home near our home and to have a breakfast of crumbs when the weather is cold."



Gertrude Fraser, age 12

Yellow Throated Vireo: "He is shy and builds in the bushes of almost every American forest."

For clouds and stormy skies, for gentle air,  
And for our Sister Water, cool and fair,  
Who does us service in sweet, humble ways;  
But when the winter darkness, bitter cold,

We praise thee every night and all day long  
For our good friend, so merry and so bold,  
Dear Brother Fire, beautiful and strong.  
For our good Mother Earth, we praise thee, Lord;  
For the bright flowers she scatters everywhere;  
For all the fruit and grain her fields afford;  
For her great beauty, and her tireless care.

Should you ever go into the sweet Umbrian Valley in Italy, where he lived and worked, be sure to take with you the story of Francis, "The Little Good Man of Assisi."

### Birds in Midsummer

**M**ANY people think the spring is the time to make friends with the birds, but I have found the bird-people more friendly in midsummer, when the little ones are big enough to take their first journeys into the tree-tops. Unless they have been frightened, nearly all birds are trustful at this season. The best time to observe birds and make friends with them, is in the early morning and again at twilight. Orchards and gardens and lawns are better places for observing them than the woods. In



Charles Wilson, age 10  
Lark: "He sings as he rises up and he, back to he drops down and down."

Drop a cake of Ivory Soap in bathtub or washbowl and up, up it comes to the surface of the water.

That is one of Ivory's advantages over other bath and toilet soaps—it floats.

Other advantages are: Ivory Soap is pure—purer by far than many soaps that sell at five times its price; it contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali; it lathers freely; it rinses easily.

## Ivory Soap . . . It Floats



Japan, where people especially love the birds, robins and pigeons are so tame that you can take them into your hand from the branches of the trees; and in Norway and Sweden, the birds fly in and out of the houses and are the playmates of little children.

### A Prize Book

**F**OR the best true story of a bird in less than five hundred words, we will send a beautiful and appropriate story book, and publish the prizewinner in the Cozy Corner. Story to be sent on or before July 26.

For our Good-Night to each other in the Cozy Corner, I am going to suggest to you that this week every one shall read (or ask to have read aloud) the beautiful 148th Psalm, and then choose for yourselves a verse from it to learn by heart. I have chosen the 7th, 8th and 9th verses, and I believe these verses that we are learning by heart in the Cozy Corner together will stay by us always.



Nettie E. Boynton, age 13  
Starling: "He is a noisy fellow and chatters in the cherry trees when the fruit is ripe."

### The Tin Soldier

His chum was his little tin soldier,  
With blue suit and musket of red,  
His gun held so straight on the shoulder,  
And the tall little hat on his head.

When Tommy went fishing for crawfish,  
With a line and a funny bent pin,  
He took his tin captain for comp'ny,  
And forgot he was nothing but tin.

ELIZABETH BOWLES, age 14.

### Market

On my way to market,  
One big bright April day,  
I took my littles doll along  
And tried to make it say:

"Mama, mama, do hurry up;  
It is going to rain I fear,  
For when great clouds go rolling by  
The thunder must be near."

LUCY MEIKLE, age 12.

These little verses were crowded out of our last month's page of your own nice work. If you have not already done so, be sure to write and introduce yourself to me. I want to know everybody in the homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes.

With glad and hearty greetings to you, each and every one, my Cozy Corner boys and girls, believe me, faithfully and lovingly,

*The Auntie The Cozy Corner*



# THE STORY OF JOSEPH

II—Continued

By WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of "The March of Any Man," "The Lincoln Calendar," etc.

WHEN they reached the nearest city, where a grain storehouse had been built, they were referred to the first of the Egyptian officials, who had charge of selling the grain. Joseph had been looking for them, for he knew there was famine in his home country and had often whispered to himself, "Is my father hungry? Are my own family starving while I am feeding these Egyptians?"

His heart gave a great leap, and all the questions he had been asking himself came crowding into his mind when he saw his brothers come and prostrate themselves before him. "Are they kind to father? He must be alive. Grandfather Isaac must have died—but not father, no, not father! Do they hate Benjamin? No, the lad is not with them." His quick eye noted without counting that they are only the ten. He must not let them know him. How could he find out all the things he longed to know without their suspecting who he was? These thoughts thronged in upon him while they were approaching and bowing before him. He remembered the pit now, and the dreams that had enraged them so. The dream of the sheaves was nearly fulfilled. He had time to think out a plan while they were prostrating themselves talking through his interpreter. "They called me a dreamer and a spy. Now, I have it! I will call them spies. I will be very severe with them and test them until I find out all about them."

And Joseph said to them, "You are spies; and have come to see the barrenness of the land."

And they said unto him, "No, my lord, but we have come to buy food. We are all one man's sons; we are not spies."

"No, but you have come to see the barrenness of the land."

And they said, "We, thy servants, are twelve brothers, the sons of one man in all the land of Canaan; and the youngest is this day with our father—and one has passed away."

Joseph's heart burned at this. But he was relieved. "Father and Benjamin are both alive," he thought. In a stern tone he talked to them through his Hebrew interpreter:

"That is just what I said, 'You are spies'; by this you shall be put to the test: You shall not go away from here unless your youngest brother comes down. Send one of your number and let him bring your brother back, and you shall be bound, that your words may be proved, whether there you are telling the truth, or else, by the life of the Pharaoh, you are surely spies." And he put them all together into prison for three days.

The third day he ordered them to be taken from the prison where he had been confined for three years at least. He made a show of relenting and said to them:

"Do this and live; for I fear God. If you are true men let one of your brothers be kept in prison here; but you go, carry grain to your home and bring your youngest brother to me; so shall your words be verified, and you shall not die."

Joseph seems to have developed his little play to draw them out, as time went on. And the plan proved a success. He lingered near and overheard

them saying among themselves in the dear language of his boyhood:

"We are, indeed, guilty about our brother, for we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear. Therefore this distress has come upon us."

And Reuben answered them, "Didn't I tell you, 'Do not sin against the child; and you would not hear? Now, you see, his blood is required of us all.'"

Reuben had said, "I told you so!" so long that he had made himself believe that he had struggled harder to save Joseph that day long ago than he ever did.

And Joseph turned away from them and wept, and he returned to them and spoke to them, and took Simeon from

of money, they were afraid. And their father said to them:

"You have bereaved me of my children; Joseph is gone and Simeon is not here, and now you want to take Benjamin, too; everything is going against me."

Then Reuben said to his father, "Kill my two sons if I do not bring him back to thee; put him in my care, and I will bring him back."

And he said: "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he only is left; if anything should happen to him by the way in which you go, you would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Still Israel would not let the "son of his right hand" go away. He clung

And Israel said: "Why did you treat me so badly as to tell the man that you had another brother?"

And they said: "The man questioned us strictly about ourselves, and all the family, saying: 'Is your father yet alive?' 'Have you another brother?' and we told him. How could we know he would say, 'Bring your brother down?'"

And Judah said to his father: "Send the lad with me, and we will get ready and go; that we may live and not die, both we, and thou, and our little ones also. I will be responsible for him; if I do not bring him back to thee, then let me bear the blame forever, for if we had not delayed so long we might now have returned home a second time."

And their father said: "If it be so now, do this; take of the choice fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spicery and myrrh, pistachio nuts and almonds, and take double money in your hands, and the money that was returned in the top of your sacks, carry again in your hands; perhaps it was overlooked; take your brother, also, get ready and go again to the man; and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may release to you your other brother and Benjamin. And if I should be bereaved of my children, I should be bereaved indeed!"

And the men took the present, and double money, and Benjamin, and went down to Egypt.

## III THE MAN OF EGYPT

WHEN Joseph saw Benjamin with the ten he could scarcely refrain from falling on the young man's neck, then and there, and telling the whole story. But the time for revealing himself had not yet come, so he restrained the hot impulse of his heart, and made no sign of knowing his own brothers. Turning to his steward he gave his orders:

"Invite all these men to dinner at my house to-day," he said, "and we will entertain them right royally. Let the man out of prison, and bring him in to dinner with the rest."

Then Joseph gave minute directions what to have, how to cook and serve the different dishes, in what order the men should be seated, and so on. If the steward were not already in his master's secret, he must have been astonished to have a gang of uncouth, bearded shepherds brought into his palace to dine in the same hall with these haughty Egyptians, to whom the very sight of whiskered shepherds was more disgusting than any eleven dirty, evil-smelling immigrants would be to-day in the house of the most fastidious family. Aside from the disgust the Egyptians felt at the sight of the shepherds, their occupation was offensive in the extreme and their practice of killing and eating certain animals held sacred in Egypt was an abomination, about as cannibalism is considered by civilized nations to-day.

Besides, the brothers had never eaten or slept in a house of any kind in their lives, and would be as awkward and embarrassed as a gang of tramps dining with a royal family. If

Continued on page 733



"And he put them all together into prison for three days"

among them, and bound him before their eyes. Then Joseph commanded that their bags should be filled with grain, to put every man's money back into his grain sack, and to give them provisions for the long journey home. And all this was done.

On their way home one of the brothers found his money in the top of his bag of grain.

And he said to his brothers, "My money is restored, look, it is now in my sack." And their hearts failed them, and they turned trembling to one another, saying, "What is this that God has done to us?"

And they came home to their father and told him all that had befallen them, saying:

"The man, the lord of the land, talked roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country." He said to us: "Leave one of your brothers here with me and bring your youngest brother to me."

And it came to pass as they emptied their bags of grain that every man found his bundle of money, and when they and their father saw the bundles

to the lad with the grip of despair. Reuben's appeal did not move him in the least, for Reuben was ever unstable—"boiling over like water," with bad impulses as well as good. Besides, what father's heart could have been moved to slay his own grandsons, as Reuben had offered! But time went on and the hideous spectre of death haunted them all. At last the doting father was made to see that Benjamin and all the rest would starve to death if he did not yield. They all gathered around with their wives and little ones, in one last attempt to induce him to relent.

Judah, the sordid and calculating, had been chastened by the experiences of the past twenty years, and was now the leader among the brothers. Stepping forward, he addressed his aged father in these words:

"The man did solemnly protest to us, saying, 'You shall not see my face unless your brother comes with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food; but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down."



# Finding Hidden Treasure\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

## A Hidden Bible Found

**K**ING JOSIAH for the first time saw a Bible when he was twenty-six years old. It was a musty looking object, for it was found in a dark corner of the temple when the men were cleaning out the idols by the command of the king. It had not been thrown aside, but it was found carefully concealed. No one knows how long it had been hidden. We must believe that some lover of the Bible had put it there to keep it from being destroyed by an idol-worshipping king. In appearance it was very different from any Bible we have ever seen. It had neither pages nor cover, but was written on a long strip of prepared leather, called "parchment," and it was rolled up, being fastened at either end to rods or rollers. Let us open our Bibles at the very beginning, and turn the leaves until we come to the end of the book of Deuteronomy. The old Bible certainly had no more than that in it. It may have had only parts of the book of Deuteronomy, chapters 5 to 26, and also chapter 28. Even in that long ago time, B.C. 621, it was a very old Bible, for it had been written by the hand of Moses more than eight hundred years before. It had without doubt been one of the chief treasures of the temple, and had been kept in the Ark of the Covenant. We are not told whose faithful hand had hidden it away to keep it from being destroyed. But we are told who found it: Hilkiah the high priest, whom King Josiah had appointed to take care of the money which the people brought to pay for having God's temple cleansed of the idol filth and made ready for the worship of God. We are told the name of the man to whom Hilkiah first showed the old Bible: to Shaphan the scribe. Hilkiah now saw that Shaphan would know more about the old Bible than any one else, because it was his business to copy the words of God, for there was then no printing. Then it was arranged that Shaphan should take the old Bible to King Josiah. Of course, King Josiah wanted to hear it read, and Shaphan read it all, or in part, to him, all about the ways God expected his people to obey him, and what sorrowful punishment they should have for not obeying him. King Josiah now knew, as he never knew before, how evil he and his people were in God's sight, and he was so filled with sorrow that he tore his beautiful cloak from the neck down the front (a usual sign of grief). Though the book was so old, it was all so new to King Josiah that he wanted to know more about it, so he sent the high priest Hilkiah and Shaphan, and others with them, to a very wise woman named Huldah, who was a prophetess of God. Now God had already told Huldah what to say, that they might tell the king. It was this: that because the people had turned from the worship of the true God, and had worshipped idols, they should be punished as Shaphan had read in the old Bible, even that they should be conquered by an army and taken away to a strange land. God said to Huldah: "Tell King Josiah that because his heart is right in God's sight, and because he has shown so much sorrow for all of the wrongdoing, the punishment of the people shall not come while he is king, but after he is dead. Then Josiah, good king that he was, had his people come together, and he stood upon a high place between the pillars of the temple, and read out of the old Bible to them, hoping to make them stop their wrongdoing, so that God would forgive them. Perhaps some of them did stop, but not many.

As long as he lived—thirteen years longer—King Josiah tried to teach his people out of the old Bible that they must serve God and him only.

## A Bible for King George V.

Let us put in contrast with this sad story a recent event in the life of King George V. of Great Britain. To commemorate the tercentenary of the Authorized Version—King James Version—a large deputation waited upon His Majesty and presented him with a specially bound Bible. It was bound in purple velvet, with silver clasps, corner-pieces, and two oval centre-pieces; on one of these centre-pieces appear the coat-of-arms of King George V. and the coat-of-arms of James I. The binding has been copied from an old book, which once belonged to King James, and is now in the British Museum. The king in receiving the Bible, said: "It has given me sincere pleasure to receive this deputation, and to learn that it represents the joint celebration by the English-speaking peoples of the issue in 1611 of that world-famous translation of the Bible in our tongue, which has ever since been known as the Authorized Version. The happily chosen words of the address which Your Grace has read bring home to us all the profound importance of that event. The labors of the translators, and of my ancestor, King James I., who directed and watched over their undertaking, deserve to be held in lasting honor. This glorious and memorable achievement, coming like a broad light in darkness, gave freely to the whole English people the right and power to search for themselves for the truths and consolations of our faith; and during three hundred years, the multiplying millions of the English-speaking races, spreading ever more widely over the surface of the globe, have turned in their need to the grand simplicity of the Authorized Version, and have drawn upon its inexhaustible springs of wisdom, courage and joy. It is my confident hope that my subjects may never cease to cherish their noble inheritance of the English Bible, which in a secular aspect is the first of national treasures, and is, as you truly say, in its spiritual significance, the most valuable thing which this world affords."

## Another King's Bible

Emperor William expressed himself thus about the Bible: "I like reading the Bible often, the Bible which lies on the table at my bedside, and in which I have underscored the most beautiful thoughts. I cannot understand why so many people occupy themselves so little with the Word of God. Who, on reading the Gospels and other passages, is not impressed by the simple, living, proven and attested truth? How could Christ have otherwise set his stamp upon the world? In all my thoughts and actions I ask myself what the Bible says about the matter. For me it is a fountain from which I draw strength and light. In the hours of uncertainty and anxiety I turn to this great source of consolation."

## The Soul's Guide-post

"I only buy useful things; what is that book for?" said a French peasant to whom a colporteur sought to sell a copy of the New Testament. "What is a sign-post good for?" queried the man. "To tell the way." "Quite so. That is the use of the New Testament. The first directs the body, the second directs the soul." The peasant purchased a copy at once. It does not kill a Bible to bury it. Very much alive was the Bible which Hilkiah uncovered in the temple at

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for July 30, 1911. The Finding of the Book of the Law. II. Chron. 34: 14-33. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119: 11.



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

# You Can Now Buy the Famous Chalmers "30" Fully Equipped—\$1500

This 1912 car, at its new price, including full equipment and all the 1912 improvements, sets a new standard of motor car values.

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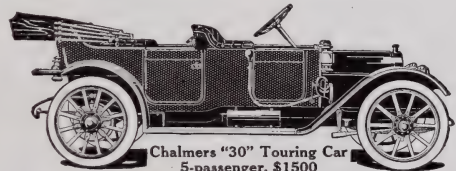
Please remember that this is the sturdy car that was driven 208 miles a day for 100 days in succession; that made the trip from Denver to Mexico City; that has never been defeated in any sort of contest by a car of its own price and power; that holds the world's light car speed record; that won the hardest Glidden Tour ever held.

Remember that this car has given satisfactory service to 15,000 owners; that it is backed by an absolute guarantee for a year.

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Chalmers "30" Touring Car 5-passenger, \$1500

Including magneto, gas and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, top, windshield, fore-doors, horn, tools. Made also as a passenger Torpedo, and Pony Tonneau and Torpedo Roadster.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid (add \$1.00) to HAROLD SOMERS 150 DeKalb Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 300 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.

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YOU CAN PLAY IT WITHOUT LEARNING. The famous Zobo does not require any musical knowledge. For Home, Church and Sunday School Entertainment. Full information FREE on request. STRAUSS MFG. CO., 355 Broadway, Dept. 19, New York

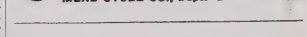
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without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade toys model bicycles.

FACTORY PRICES. Do not buy a bicycle or a set of wheels from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonder/half proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers a Music Simplifier which will enable you to play the piano or organ without a teacher, and

Without Any Outlay of Money It is a series of simple lessons in the form of twenty-four charts bound in a book, showing a complete set of chords in all keys, both major and minor.

So Simple Anybody May Learn You may not know one note from another, but you soon wonder how it all came to you so easily. Highest authorities approve this method.

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Get one of your friends who is not now a reader of the CHRISTIAN HERALD to subscribe for the CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months for one dollar. Send us the subscription, together with the dollar, and we will send you by mail, postpaid, the twelve lessons contained in the Music Simplifier, without cost to you. If you have no desire to learn music, you can probably think of some friend who would be glad to have twelve lessons, and you will therefore be doing that friend a good turn by bringing our offer to his or her attention.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible House, New York



## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

Jerusalem. Read publicly by King Josiah, it produced a great arousalment, so that the Passover which followed was more largely attended than any ever held. The Bible can not be buried. God will always bring it to light.

In Madagascar seventy Bibles were buried at one time, strange to say, by the missionaries. This is the way it came about: In 1820 missionaries from England went to the Island of Madagascar. They were kindly received by the king, and some converts were made. Two of the missionaries began to translate the Bible into the Malagasy language. The New Testament was finished in 1825, and the Old Testament in 1828. The king died, and Queen Ranavalona I. became his successor. She was unfriendly to the missionaries, and in 1835 issued an edict against Christianity, and making the possession of Christian books punishable by death. The missionaries had to leave, but before they left, they buried seventy copies of the Bible, and stored in several places boxes of New Testaments, the Psalms, and other portions. The Malagasy Christians possessed themselves of all these in great risk of their lives, and passed them from hand to hand, and the result was that after the persecution was ended, and the missionaries returned to the island, the little band of Malagasy Christians had increased from 200 to over 2,000. The Malagasy Bible had been its own missionary! One of those old Bibles is now to be seen in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

### Hidden Bibles in Our Own Land

Where? In the hearts of those who love God—hidden there that they may grow unto all good works. The more of the Bible we have in our hearts, the better Christians we shall be. Bible Christians are sure to wear well. In order to be a Bible Christian you must:

Buy a Bible—own one.  
Investigate the Bible—read and study it daily.

Believe the Bible—trust its every word.

Love the Bible—love it as a friend.  
Exemplify the Bible—live according to its teaching.

### Hints for Teachers of Young Children

Show Bibles of different sizes, from a very small one to the large family Bible. Let the children tell which size they have in their homes. Tell them that, whether large or small, all Bibles have the same words of God in them;

the very small Bible has as many words as the very large one. Ask them to tell, if they can, what makes the difference in size, and they will probably say that some have larger letters than others. Possibly some of the children may have Bibles of their very own; if so, let them tell who gave the Bibles to them. Perhaps the teacher may know of some story like the following to tell: A grandmother with beautiful white hair was going away to another city to live. She went to her room, and got a very large Bible, full of beautiful pictures, one she had read many years. She called her little granddaughter, only three years and a half old, and gave the Bible to her to keep and it made the little girl very happy. Get the children to tell what they think such a little girl could do with a big Bible. Then let the story be told of how the young King Josiah became possessed of the old, old Bible, the Bible which had been one of the treasures of God's house.

ANY READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having correspondence and other biographical material of interest and value concerning the late Rev. Arthur T. Pierson are requested to communicate with his son, Rev. D. L. Pierson, 44-60 East Twenty-third Street, New York, who is now engaged in the preparation of his father's biography.

### Answered Prayers

W. R., Gridley, Ill. "God has answered my prayer."

Mrs. O. H., Saegerstown, Pa., thanks God for answers to prayers.

Reader, North Dakota. "God heard my prayer and answered it."

L. M. G. F., Milwaukee, Wis. "I thank God for restoring me to health."

C. R., Pennsylvania, acknowledges God's goodness in answering prayer.

Mrs. W. P. A., Old Fort, N. C. "God has answered many prayers for me."

M. H., Coatesville, Pa. "God has lately answered several prayers for me."

A. G., Courtland, Kan. "I thank God for a recent direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. M. K., Grayson, Va. "I prayed when in great distress and God delivered me."

L. J. W., Superior, Wis. "I give God the praise for my answered prayers."

Mrs. Z. W. S., Trumbull, Neb. "I thank God for granting a special request."

Reader, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. "I have been restored to health through prayer."

Mrs. S. Z. J., Mexhoma, Okla. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to many prayers."

P. J. L., Halifax, Va. "I thank God for what he has done for me in answer to prayer."

Mrs. K. T. M., Toms Brook, Va. "I return thanks to my Saviour for an answered prayer."

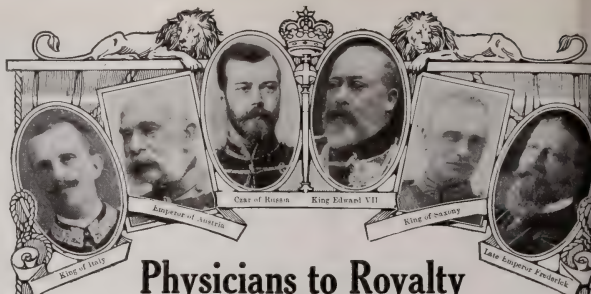
## Six Extra Christian Heralds

IT IS a long time since we have received a communication from any of our subscribers on account of the amount of advertising which appears in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Time was when our friends thought it necessary to remonstrate with us for carrying advertising in our columns; but when we explained just what benefit our readers received from this advertising, the comments ceased.

As a matter of fact there never has been a time when the character of the advertising in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was on so high a plane as it is today. This is of course the result of the constant scrutiny which is given each advertisement before it is accepted for insertion in our columns.

But more interesting than this is the direct benefit which the advertising has been even to those among our readers who haven't patronized our advertisers. As we have stated many times, the amount of reading matter which we are enabled to print in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD depends to a large extent upon the amount of advertising. For instance, whereas during the year ending with June, 1909, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contained 3,278 columns of reading matter, yet during the year ending June 1, 1911, we printed 3,594 columns of reading matter—an increase in our reading matter of 316 columns or 79 pages. Now think what this means. We were enabled to give our readers during the last twelve months the equivalent of six extra CHRISTIAN HERALDS as far as reading matter is concerned, equal in number of words to two volumes as large as the *Life-Work of Dr. Klopsch*. This we were enabled to do because of the increased amount of advertising.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.



## Physicians to Royalty Endorse the Sovereign Food-Tonic

### King Edward's Physician

Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad: "I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

### The Czar of Russia's Private Physician

Dr. Ferchmin: "My daughter, who was very nervous and anemic, has been greatly benefited by the prolonged use of Sanatogen. Her appetite improved, her weight increased, and the color of her skin became healthier."

### The King of Italy's Physician

Dr. G. Quirico: "I have used Sanatogen with marked benefit in the case of weakly children, and in convalescence after long illnesses. I consider Sanatogen a most excellent tonic food."

HEALTH of the monarch is of national—even universal—importance. His care is one of the nation's heaviest responsibilities. His medical adviser is always a man of highest scientific attainments and strictest integrity, who endorses only those preparations which beyond a shadow of doubt are safe and beneficial.

Here is the written opinion of the physicians to six of Europe's most influential rulers upon that wonderful brain and body revitalizer—

**Sanatogen**  
THE FOOD-TONIC

These eminent authorities endorse Sanatogen because their investigations have satisfied them that it is the scientific and worthy preparation for tired, worn-out nerves and debilitated, over-worked bodies—a wonderful source of strength and endurance. And their endorsement but voices the sentiments of more than 12,000 practising physicians the world over. Such proof must be conclusive that Sanatogen is the logical food-tonic for you.

### The King of Saxony's Private Physician

Surgeon General Prof. Dr. Tillmanns: "I am, and shall always be, a great admirer of Sanatogen."

### The Late Emperor Frederick's Private Physician

Professor Tobold, M.D.: "My experience points to the fact that patients suffering from nervous exhaustion after influenza, a common occurrence, and who present the troublesome symptoms of neurasthenia, by using Sanatogen, in a comparatively short time regain strength and vitality."

### Emperor of Austria's Private Physician

Surgeon General Dr. Kerd, of Vienna: "I have been using Sanatogen with splendid results and recommend it continually and everywhere because I am thoroughly convinced that it is an excellent food-tonic."

### Write for a free copy of "Our Nerves of To-morrow"

Written by a prominent physician-author—brimful of real information interestingly given regarding your nervous system. It bears a message of hope to those threatened with nervous breakdown and wise counsel to men and women who, because of their vocation, are compelled to overwork. Write for a free copy to-day.

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It is the Best Toilet Paper because it is Soothing and Healing.

It is composed of long vegetable fibre which gives it a cloth-like texture and its treatment with Canada balsam and other emollients makes it the only strictly sanitary, hygienic and soft paper.

Each roll is carefully wrapped in parchment excluding germs and gritty dust.

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at your Dealer's, or if he does not have it, send us his name, and we will send you a sample pocket packet FREE.

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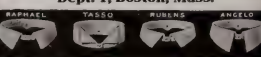


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Linene collars are invaluable. They may be thrown away when soiled. Both sides being finished alike they may be first reversed and two wearings secured for the price of a single collar. Try them the next time you travel.

10 collars for 25 cents at the stores, or by mail 30 cents in U. S. stamps. Sample by mail for 6 cents.

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PATENTS SECURED FOR FREE  
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.  
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# THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Continued from page 730

ver a man in altered circumstances ad a right to be ashamed of his fam- y, or an excuse for not introducing hem among his new acquaintances, hat man was Joseph, Viceroy of gypt. In spite of his brothers' icked treatment of him, his heart ways turned toward his humble ome.

When Joseph's steward, who must e have had a shrewd idea of the men's elationship to his master, gave them he invitation to dinner they were lled with fear, and asked one another hat this strange turn of affairs could ean. They were afraid the viceroy's alace would become their prison. Yet hey dared not refuse. They looked t one another in dismay and came nd prostrated themselves before theeward, protesting: "Oh, my lord, we uly came down at the first time to uyd food. We know not who put our oney back in our sacks."

But the good steward laughed at heir fears and said, reassuringly:

"Do not worry about that—do not e afraid. Your God and the God of ur father gave you the treasure in ur sacks. I received your money."

And he brought Simeon out to them, nd showed the men into Joseph's ouse, and gave them water, and they ashed their feet. And he gave their onkeys fodder. And they got the esent ready for Joseph's coming at oon.

The eleven brothers had quite a amily reunion while waiting the arival of "the Man," as they had called im so many times in speaking of him t home, with their father's gift of istachio nuts and almonds, spices and intments, which the home country ood produce even in a time of famine. f course, they told Simeon the story f their money so strangely returned; f the delay caused by their father's efusal to let them bring Benjamin lown with them, and of Judah's pledg- ing himself as a surety for the young nan's safe return, before their father ave his consent. And Simeon had a ood opportunity to tell them that his ear or more in prison had not been earily so hard as he expected, for "the Man" had given orders that he hould be treated kindly.

Al! this time their wondering eyes oamed about the spacious hall. The alace was built of huge blocks of one; the massive pillars were fluted nd carved with lotus leaves and blos- oms; the walls were frescoed with enes from Egyptian mythology, done eep, rich colors, and much over- aying of gold; the stone floors were overed with thick Oriental rugs, much ke those in use at the present day. The heavy, carved tables were loaded ith dishes of silver, gold and crystal. One of these tables was set for them, nd another for the Egyptians of Joseph's court. A special place was eserved on a raised floor or dais, com- manding a view of the long dining hall. This table was for the Grand vizier himself, as became his rank and igh official station. Those eleven- aires of Hebrew eyes had never be- held such splendor. Their taste and experience were too limited to appre- ciate it all.

At last there was a great commo- ion in the street. Official runners in ight uniforms stopped in front of he palace, shouting, "Abrech!"—"Abrech!" "Kneel!"—"Kneel!"—and a splendid chariot, drawn by many ichly harnessed horses, came dashing p and stopped for the Viceroy of gypt to descend before his own resi- dence among the kneeling populace. This magnificent arrival disconcerted he simple shepherds so much that hey trembled and could scarcely arti- culate when they came clumsily for- ward to offer their father's modest esent, and bowed down to the ground before him.

"Here are the whole eleven," ob- served Joseph to himself; "now the dream of the sheaves is fulfilled."

And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well—the old man of whom you spoke? Is he still living?"

And they said, "Our father is well—he is still alive." And they bowed the head and made obeisance.

And he raised his eyes and saw Ben- jamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your youngest brother, of whom you told me?"

He seemed to understand their as- sent without the aid of the interpreter. After a little hesitancy, for he ap- parently found it difficult to express himself, the viceroy looked kindly to- ward Benjamin and said:

"God be gracious to thee, my son."

Then with a strange abruptness, he turned his back to them. And Joseph made haste; for his heart yearned over his brother. And he found a place to weep; and he went into his chamber and wept there. Prostrating himself, face downward, upon the bed in his own room, the viceroy shook with sobs, giving vent to his pent-up emotions; after a while he calmed him- self, arose, and washed his face, red and swollen with weeping. As soon as he thought he had removed all the traces of his tears, he came out into the dining hall again and gave the signal to serve the dinner. And they set a table for him by himself, and another for them by themselves, and others for the Egyptians that did eat with him, by themselves; because the Egyptians would not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomina- tion to the Egyptians.

When Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, and all the eleven saw that they were assigned to seats at their table in the exact order of their births they mar- veled greatly, for they were now mid- dle-aged and even older, and the dif- ference of a year or two in their ages could not be told by their appearance. They concluded that their entertainer, or some one in his service, must be able to divine. They had heard that some Egyptian magicians could read the past and future in a divining cup. Perhaps that was a divining cup now before him on his table. That, then, must have been what the viceroy was doing when he stayed so long in his private room, after he left them so abruptly.

During the dinner their host showed his Hebrew guests many personal at- tentions, sending them specially pre- pared dishes from his own table. To their surprise many of them received their favorite portions of this meat or that dish. This was even more won- derful than the order in which they were seated at table. But to Ben- jamin, he sent the best of everything—and five times as much as each of the others had, to show him greater courtesy. From his place above them he could see their faces. If they were envious of Benjamin, as they had been of him, they would have shown it.

So far as he could observe, they were all kindly disposed toward Benjamin. They seemed to have profited by their bitter lesson.

As he sat there alone he asked him- self, "Have I been acting this part long enough? Shall I tell them to-day before they go home? No, they are here under strange and favorable cir- cumstances; their excitement and the novelty of the experience may keep them from expressing that which might have displeased them if it had happened at home. I must still find out, if I can, how they would treat Benjamin if he were shown in an un- pleasant light, as I was, before them all."

So he decided to add still another act to the little drama he had con- ceived. To be continued

## COMFORT and EASE FOR TENDER FEET

For every woman who will wear WHITCOMB'S "FLEXSOLE" SHOES. The most comfortable shoe for women ever made. Soft, flexible, perfect-fitting and handsome. Very durable. No tacks. No lacing to wrinkle and hold moisture. No seams.

An Iowa woman writes: "First leather shoe I have been able to wear in 20 years."

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Send outline of foot and give size usually worn. Eastern Shoe Co., 55 Broadway, Beverly, Mass. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Special Inducements.



ALL FOR 20¢

Three beautiful 12-inch LINEN Con- tainpieces, Holly, Eyelet and Daisy de- signs. 4 styles and our catalog show- ing over 600 designs of art embroidery goods and 70 different EMBROIDERY STITCHES. All delivered for 20 cts. P. W. SELLER CO., Waterloo, Iowa.

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It is possible to earn 5, 6, 8, and 10% in unusual enter- prises. But it is better to be sure of a liberal percentage, without risking your capital. This com- pany has paid 5% per annum, compounded semi- annually for eighteen years, and deposits can be withdrawn upon short notice at any time.

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## Thrift's Retired Pensions

IT IS difficult to impress on the child the importance of knowledge, or at least the reason, the necessity for a study that is always difficult and usually meaningless. It is quite as difficult to impress on the young the necessity for accumulating through self-denial, and this difficulty is increased rather than lessened with increasing years.

What is the good of all this education? is a question often asked in one form or another by the young. Why should I deny myself by saving? is a question often asked, even by advanced scholars in thrift's school. This question is usually followed by another: "As I have only once to live, why shouldn't I enjoy life while it lasts?" Why not, indeed? But it is to point out, as best we may, the sanest way of enjoying life at its best that these articles are being thought out and published.

### The Purpose of Thrift

Conceding that one has advanced, through training in thrift, to what we shall regard as the first high school class, without appreciating the value of this training to himself, it may be well to point out just here the two purposes of all such acquisition. There is first the saving and accumulation of money for its own sake, which implies the meanness and the methods of the miser, and which we do not propose to discuss at this or at any other time. The second, and only legitimate, purpose of this training is personal independence, and the fulfillment of our duty to those to whom we are bound by natural ties.

The man who is in debt cannot be independent, and therefore cannot enjoy life in the present; but there is more than the life of to-day to give thought to if this personal independence is to continue. Next to meeting the obligations of the present, which are forever knocking at our doors, there are the equally important, if not equally pressing, demands of the future to consider.

One of the most important lessons taught in the schools of thrift is the absolute necessity of providing for the unproductive days of old age, and this lesson should be repeated oftener and with more and more emphasis as the education proceeds. On every hand we see admirable illustrations of saving through a wholesome self-denial, which means that the effort costs no sacrifice of honest needs, or a proper enjoyment of the present. It is when we come to examine the ways in which so much of this saving is invested, and see the disappointments and wrecks that follow, that we realize how impractical has been the training and how useless has been the self-denial.

We pointed out in a former article that hundreds of millions, some authorities place the sum at billions, have been lost in the last ten years through an insane credulity in the representations of banded criminals who have used the newspaper, and still more the post office, for the exploitation of their schemes for plundering the unwary. Fortunately the post office authorities are warring on these criminals, and still more fortunately the masses with savings to invest are getting their eyes open.

### Looking to the Future

"But," it may very properly be asked, "how is the average man or woman, unacquainted with the tricks of schemers, or even with the methods of honest financiers, to provide for old age through a safe and at the same time remunerative investment of savings?" To this we answer: There are many ways. To these we shall refer in turn from time to time, but one comes to mind as we write that is sufficiently worth while to warrant our giving the rest of this article to its consideration. It is Life Insurance.

At mention of life insurance, I can imagine some reader exclaiming: "That's a game where one has to die to win, and then he wins for his heirs. What provision does such a plan offer for the unproductive days of old age, of which you have been speaking?" If there were no choice in this, and one had to take the old, straight life policy or nothing, this objection would hold good. But life insurance has developed into a great science, and while the straight life is still resorted to as a wise provision for the dependent family, the old methods have been so modified for the better that to-day it presents provisions as a protection against old age that are well worth considering. This insurance may provide a fixed yearly income at a certain age and after a prescribed number of payments; the income to continue during life, or if death should come before the period for drawing the income, there is a prearranged sum that is paid by the company to the estate of the deceased, or the income may be continued to them for some time.

One advantage of this form of investment is that it can be so arranged that the payments may cease, and the returns come in while the productive powers of the insured are still unweakened. While these annuities are reckoned by the companies at so much a year, arrangements can be made for monthly payments, no matter how far the payee may be from the home office. So, too, during the period of payment by the insured, the policies can be kept alive by monthly payments, instead of yearly as formerly, and this has been found a great help to wage-earners, as well as to the many on small salaries who receive their pay monthly.

In some countries old age pensions exist in some form, but in a few, notably England, the old age pension is another and more acceptable form of poor-house or parish relief. In New Zealand this form of assistance is administered not as a charity, but as a right of the recipient.

### Pension Yourself

Independence and self-respect must go hand in hand. It is eminently proper that the State, if it need be, should care for the honest aged who have given their productive years to its upbuilding, but it is far better for the self-respecting to become their own pensioners, and to demand as a right what they have contracted for, instead of receiving what, in any other form, they must regard as a charity.

There is a form of policy, known as the "Endowment," whereby the insured after paying for ten, twenty or any number of years agreed on, is paid the full sum at the end of the period, or if he should die before the time agreed on his heirs get the full value of the policy. In many cases the endowment policy has great advantages, but where the money is looked forward to as a provision for old age, it may defeat the purpose intended.

If a man of sixty gets a payment of two thousand dollars on an expired endowment, what should he do with it? It will pay him, if deposited in a savings bank, eighty dollars a year. He cannot live on that sum, and, unless he has other resources, he must draw on his principal; and this, if four hundred dollars a year be required for the living, will be gone before the owner is sixty-five, the very period when his decreasing power for work will become as manifest to himself as it has been for some time to his friends.

However, life insurance as an investment is growing in popularity, as shown by the fact that \$381,440,000 worth of death claims were paid in the United States and Canada during 1910. The beneficiaries were among the rich and poor alike and the policies ranged from less than one hundred dollars to more than \$500,000.

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# Young People's Societies

## An Upward Way\*

FREQUENT self-examination used to be advised by our preachers and religious writers, but in these latter days much more stress has been laid upon altruism. To forget one's self in labor for others, seems to be the watchword of this generation.

And yet we must sometimes "tumble up and down our chests, and see what we have there," as George Herbert says. Suddenly we may find that we are far afield from the right path, unless we watch ourselves closely.

Thus an excellent woman was one day ill and her doctor prescribed for her a spoonful of an intoxicating beverage. Some months later she told a friend that she had found this medicine so efficacious that she was using it for everything.

"Why," said the horrified friend, "you will become a drunkard if you do not look out."

"How absurd!" laughed the lady. "I use it only as medicine."

"Many drunkards begin their downward career that way," said her friend seriously.

The thoughtless woman confessed later that these words so impressed her that she stopped using the "medicine," and was amazed to find that she had already acquired such a taste for it that she missed it and had to use much strength of will in order to refrain from it. Unless we examine ourselves sometimes our feet may get so far started down the path to destruction that we cannot turn back.

The faith which we often see in mature Christians is seldom so strong in youth. The higher Christian graces increase and become a habit only by long and earnest practice. We do not need to worry over them nor search far and near for ways to acquire them. By the simple doing of duty every day, by humble prayer, by gratitude to God, and dependence on him, the virtues develop within us and we move upward.

Phillips Brooks wrote: "Be sure that God has so much more for the soul as it goes on, becoming richer and richer; that each new relationship of the soul with God is not merely a sign of thankfulness for that which is past, but a new opening of our nature, into which God shall pour more and more of himself. In each new consecration some new gift becomes possible, and for that new gift some new consecration becomes necessary, and in that new consecration comes some new gift. So the soul goes on entering into God, and receiving God unto himself."

This is one of the greatest compensations for the losses and trials which form our heaven-sent discipline here below. Every grief, if taken in a proper spirit—the spirit of patience—truly begets godliness, as the apostle tells us. Then from this loving spirit of godliness, the fruit usually of suffering, arises the capacity for sympathy, which the apostle calls "brotherly kindness." The man who has not felt the pangs of loss cannot enter fully into his neighbor's mourning. We should never know the full measure of sweet sympathy if it were not for this, and yet some of our newer sects deny the existence of sorrow and will not give way to it, though otherwise the greatest Christian graces can hardly be born in our hearts.

And as they come, one by one, noiselessly and imperceptibly, they furnish us, as it were, with wings which carry us near to the Source of all good. A great poet has voiced it in these words:

What is left us save, in growth  
Of soul, to rise up far past both—  
From the gift looking to the Giver,  
And from the listening to the river,  
And from the finite to Infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity?

## Burma and India\*

"I CAN still hear," said the sainted Mrs. Baldwin, a short time before her death in this country, "the wails and the anguish of the child-wives of India and the miserable sobs of her widows. One who has not seen them can appreciate how pitiable and deplorable is their condition and what an outrage it is upon modern civilization."

Every one of us should be doing something to alleviate the sufferings of these unfortunate creatures. If we cannot go ourselves to give them personal service, we can at least contribute our mite to the support of a missionary who does give that service.

Perhaps a single story may throw more light on the sort of work our missionaries are doing than would any mass of statistics. Here is a true incident, taken from the account of Mr. E. A. Powell:

It was during the cholera epidemic of 1909 that Miss Annie Budden, a girl missionary among the Himalayan foothills, found to her dismay that the dread disease had invaded her mountain station. The instant it was discovered, the European residents and all the native officials fled in terror. They begged her to go, too, but her sense of duty would not let her.

"The only way to save my people," she said, "is to move them up to that higher mountain."

It was twelve miles away. There were several scores to be moved, most of them women and children, but she managed to move them all, to provide canvas coverings for them, to establish proper sanitary conditions, and to minister to the sick; for the village doctor had run away and had "left his job" with her.

Suddenly she was sent for to treat a very sick woman twenty miles away. The coolies had all fled, but she found an Indian pony and rode six hours alone through the torrid heat till she reached the woman's home. It was too late. She was dead. There were no women to be found, but a few Christian women lived in the neighborhood, and they helped Miss Budden to carry the body to the outskirts of the village and dig a grave. At noon, the brave young missionary read the burial service there; then she started for her own camp.

She had gone but eight miles when a snake frightened her horse and she was thrown off. He ran away and she walked the remaining twelve miles. At nightfall she was with her own people again, but only to find that one of her women had died during her absence. Immediately another burying squad had to be organized, and with her own hands she helped to lay her poor friend in the grave. But this was the only death that occurred among her people, and she was able to conduct them all back to their homes when the danger had passed.

In southern India, the average duration of life is twenty-four years, against nearly forty-four in England. The great mass of the natives are passive, submissive, fatalistic.

"We are a subject race," said Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. "We are uneducated. We are incapable."

Imagine the difficulties of working among such people—and yet, when asked in America what were the "discouragements" in the missionary work, Dr. John Scudder, (founder of the Ascot mission, where eight of his sons and many of his grandchildren have done a noble work) replied, "I do not know the word. I long ago erased it from my vocabulary."

That was the spirit which animated the saintly Carey, Judson, Boardman, Vinton, Thoburn, and others. Read their lives and you will be inspired as you never were before.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, July 30. Texts: Acts 17: 16-31.

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"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood."

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see."

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\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, July 30. Texts: II, Peter 1: 5-8; Heb. 6: 1.



Dolly—"I know you're there!"  
Jimmy—"How can you tell?"  
Dolly—"Because I smell the nice, fresh,  
green mint leaves."



The fragrance  
comes from the pure  
juice of fresh crushed  
mint leaves.

If you insist on this beneficial  
tid-bit and persist in chewing it,  
your teeth will be white and  
your breath will be right.

Look for the spear!  
The flavor lasts!



# Christian Herald

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## Questions and Answers

J. E. G. Okemah, Okla. I notice in an article with reference to Dr. John Clifford that the writer speaks of proofs of the life to come, as advanced by Sir Oliver Lodge. What is his theory? In talking with a learned man not long since, he stated that there was a stage of psychic development in which much of the life beyond is revealed to man. Is this Sir Oliver Lodge's theory?

Sir Oliver J. Lodge has long been an inquirer in the field of psychic research. He has written interestingly on the subject and believes that spiritual communication with the other world will yet be proved to be a possibility. We are not familiar with his theories, but believe they have been set forth in the *Hibbert Journal*.

Mrs. E. G. D., Yarmouth, Me. 1. What is the meaning of Rom. 9: 13? 2. In Ps. 23: 4 why is the rod necessary when anyone is nearing the shadow of death? 3. If a young person is trying to seek religion, and if he should not find assurance and be taken away by death, would he be saved?

1. It means that when God's Holy Spirit is withdrawn from an unrepentant sinner, the latter is judicially abandoned to the hardening influence of sin itself; also that God's mercy comes as a free gift and not as the result of any human merit (see Heb. 3: 8-15). It is a warning to those who, resisting the influence of the Spirit, at last may be left to their own deserts. 2. This does not refer to the rod of affliction, but of assurance, guidance and support. 3. God's mercy is boundless. If a sinner forsakes his sins and strives, ever so feebly, to win the Divine forgiveness, he will be met half-way (see Neh. 9: 17; II. Pet. 3: 9 and other passages).

J. M. O'D., Paterson, N. J. Who was the author of the poem entitled "The Place to Die"—Thomas Barry or Barry Cornwall?

Neither. It was written by Michael J. Barry. The last lines of the poem have made it immortal:

"But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man!"

R. S., Chicago, Ill. By a firm and reasonable effort on your part, an ineradicable church custom could be established everywhere, that an invitation to join God's army should be extended at every church service and never omitted. If a preacher is anything, he is a recruiting officer. If he withholds the invitation, he is dishonoring his office. Sinners know that God wants them to be invited, and when they go to church and listen to the preacher's eloquence and oratory and see that he does not offer a simple, courteous invitation even, they do not want to hear that preacher again.

It is the duty of a preacher of the Gospel to hold up Christ and to give the Gospel invitation. Our correspondent is right in his statement that a failure to do this—and more especially a frequently repeated failure—is a serious defect and one not to be overlooked. We ourselves confess to a liking for the old-fashioned Gospel appeal or invitation, which should issue from the pulpit with the utmost freedom and cordiality and which should never be omitted from any regular service. The words are unto me if I preach not the Gospel" (I. Cor. 9: 16).

W. H. S. T., Pipestone, Man., Canada. 1. I have been reading a history of Christianity which gives a general outline of what the Christian life has been since Christ was here. The information has been drawn from various authors who wrote of the times in which they lived, as Josephus, Justin Martyr, and many others; and other names are mentioned, such as Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, Aristotile, etc., and I am so much interested in these things that I am anxious to know what books can be bought which throw light on times contemporaneous with the Bible. 2. Can I buy a Bible with the four or five books in it which are omitted from our Bible, *Maccabees*, etc.? What was the reason for discarding them? I am one of those who have been called, but who has not yet filled the conditions, but who believes that, through prayer, he will yet accomplish more than he could otherwise have done. I know that I am in touch with the fount of good things, and draw liberally every day from it.

1. Josephus gives a good deal of history that is contemporary with Christ's sojourn. Tacitus, Pliny (the younger), Lucian, Suetonius, and several other secular writers also contain references to Christ and the times in which he lived and taught. The Jewish Talmud (the Gemara) up to a date as late



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Wrecking Crews at Work Immediately After the Great Train Wreck at Bridgeport, Conn. (See Page 745)

as 1631, contained the history of Jesus, his life, mission, and death, treated from the Jewish standpoint, but it is now omitted, although there are very old copies of the book in existence that still contain it. All of our great modern Bible scholars—Lightfoot, Lardner, Muench, Wunsche, Poffer, and others—know of this. 2. You can procure a Bible with the Apocrypha through any bookseller. The apocryphal (or doubtful) writings were excluded by the church councils as being unauthorized. To your other question we would reply by referring you to Matt. 24: 36.

T. S. B., Elmhurst, N. Y. What is the meaning of the passages in Matt. 25: 46 and Rev. 20: 12-15? The passage in Matthew means that the de-

cisions of that day will be final and enduring. It teaches, also, that negative wickedness—the sin of doing nothing for Christ or our fellow-man—will be punished. The passage in Revelation describes the last and general resurrection in which both righteous and wicked have their portion; when the books of "God's remembrance" will be opened and all will be judged. Verse 14, in which death and hell are personified, is held to mean that those who are Christ's will never more die. The second death is interpreted to mean "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Many volumes have been written giving different views on this group of verses, with marked differences in the interpretation of the same, though nearly all agree on what is given above.

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Mrs. C. M. B., Millwood, Ga. Please explain I. Cor. 14: 34, 35.

Paul evidently considered that for women to speak in churches would have been an act of independence, as though they were not subject to their husbands. It evidently was not the custom for women to take a speaking part in the services in the early Christian Church. See also I. Tim. 2: 11, 12. The ancient attitude toward women has undergone great modification.

S. J. W., Harris, S. D. What was the belief of the Antinomians?

The Antinomians rejected the moral law as not binding upon Christians. Wesley defined it as "the doctrine which makes void the law through faith," and declared its error to be that Christ repealed the moral law. It may be called briefly the doctrine of faith without works.

G. C., Portland, Ore. Was Joseph's wife converted from the heathenism of Egypt to the worship of the true God before he married her?

Presumably not. She was the daughter of the priest of On, and was no doubt a believer in the religion of her fathers. She was even named after one of the Egyptian deities, *Netti*. It is fair to presume, however, that after marriage she took the religion of her husband. She became the mother of Ephraim and Manasseh. For your second question see John 19: 39, 40. Doubtless Joseph, and possibly Nicodemus, also had assistants at hand, either friends or servants.

Apropos of a recent paragraph in **THE MAIL-BAG** concerning the "Haystack Meeting," F. W. P., Brooklyn, N. Y., sends this additional note: "The Haystack prayer meetings were held at Williams-town, Mass., where the famous Haystack Monument now is in Mission Park. The four students who started the meetings, Mills, Richards, Rice and Hall, afterward entered Andover Seminary."

## Miscellaneous

D. D., Leechburg, Pa., writes that the denomination of the Cove Conventurers has 120,000 adherents in this country.

A reader who is conversant with the Arabic language draws attention to the fact that in a recent issue the name of the town of Deir el-Bahri was incorrectly printed, as it appeared Deir el-Bahri.

F. B. H., Hampton, Ia. See the genealogies in Matt. 1 and Luke 3, the one on the maternal, the other on the paternal side. See also the prophecies that the Messiah would be of the line of David. The statement you mention is a mere quibble.

A. H., Andover, O. Rev. 16: 13, 14. The three unclean spirits have been thought by some commentators to be infidelity, lawlessness (or anarchy) and false spiritualism, "working miracles" (or producing "signs"), and preparing to strike at Christianity. The "gift of tongues" has already been discussed in **THE MAIL-BAG**.

Mrs. M. E., Grantham, Pa. There is no comparison between the two. The sin of Peter in denying Christ was committed impulsively in a moment of panic, and was immediately repented of. The crime of Judas in betraying his Master was a deliberate one, duly planned and carried out. It has been called the "blackest sin of all the ages."

J. S. B., Lexington, Ky. The contention of certain critics that several of the incidents in the Gospels had historic parallel has been very definitely settled in the negative. Professor Gunkel of Giessen, an eminent scholar and authority, has refuted the recent claim of Professor Steinmetz, alleging a Babylonian mythological origin of the divine birth and also of the massacre of children in Bethlehem. Professor Gunkel declares that neither of these events, nor the incident of the boy Jesus disputing with the doctors in the temple, has a parallel in Babylonian, Egyptian or Greek literature.

In further reply to the inquiry of Mrs. S. H. D., Tyler, Texas, as to the commission form of government for cities the following facts might be added to those already published: The commission form of government for cities and towns is not a system of commissions to regulate public utilities entirely. Under it city councils and boards of aldermen are eliminated, the city government being vested in five or six men, each of whom is responsible for some one department. It is the application of modern business methods to city government. The five or six men, without regard to party, who receive the highest number of votes, are elected. If a man does not administer his office properly he may be recalled at a special election; that is, the voters may discharge him and select another man.



## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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## A SUMMER VISIT TO HAVANA

THE raising of the battleship *Maine* has drawn many Americans to Havana this year. It is a port of much interest to the traveler. When a steamer anchors in Havana Harbor, it is immediately surrounded by curious little craft called bumboats, whose owners offer to row you ashore for a dollar, but as passengers can—and must—go on the boat sent by the Customs, the business of the bumboat folks would not seem to be a very lucrative one. The usual crowd of hotel representatives, who have come out on the Customs lighter, call out the merits of their respective hotels, and there is a good deal of bustle and confusion, which, added to the unaccustomed sounds of a foreign language, are apt to make the traveler feel rather stranded if it is his first experience of the sort. Light hand-baggage is taken ashore on the Customs boat, but trunks and heavier baggage come on later, and, consequently, it is necessary to go through the Customs twice, or wait anywhere from one to two hours for your trunk to come to land.

I was unfortunate enough to make my second visit to the Customs wharf after every one else had come and gone. The inspector who was assigned to me, apparently feeling that he had all the rest of the day before him, dug into the depths of my trunk and opened every single package, wrapping them up loosely and laying them here, there and everywhere after he had satisfied himself as to their contents. I have been through the Customs many times elsewhere, but never had such an experience as this before, and hope never to again.

After passing the Customs the visitor is driven to his hotel in a light four-wheeled rig or *coche*. Many of the streets are so narrow that there is only just room for the carriage to pass comfortably between the sidewalks. These in turn are narrow in proportion, and when a street car

comes along, which it does very frequently and very rapidly, the motorman yanking a bell above his head the while, pedestrians stand still and crowd themselves against the walls of the buildings to let the car pass.

Havana shops usually have no windows, but open right out on the street, and are frequently situated under the cool *portales* of buildings which overlap the sidewalk. The goods are arranged on shelves reaching from floor to ceiling around the three walls of the store. At night, the large open space is protected by sliding screens, padlocked at the bottom.

Cuban hotels are not quite like hotels in America, nor anywhere else. The bedrooms are very large, with ceilings fully fifteen feet high, and a great big bed covered with a snowy white canopy is pretty sure to form part of the equipment. There are no windows, but folding screen doors open out on a small veranda. The entrance to the room is closed by what we call Dutch doors. The panels reach but half way up the doorway, however, which extends nearly to the ceiling.

The Cubans have but two meals a day, breakfast at eleven o'clock in the morning and dinner at five to seven in the evening. It is the custom of the well-to-do to rise about ten, dress leisurely, partake of a still more leisurely breakfast, and then attend to the business of the day with a minimum of hurry and worry, for it is warm in Havana. Between ten and four o'clock the heat is intense and the streets are more or less deserted. All who possibly can, get under cover, except perhaps a few colored folk, who take *siestas* on the benches in the parks under the full glare of a tropical sun. There is no time limit, and these *siestas* have been known to last all day. Those who go to Cuba will find that a little knowledge of Spanish is not only very

Continued on page 746



An Avenue of Palms, Colon Park, Havana



Flower Sellers under the Portales of Tacon Market



Bringing Chickens to Market



Carromatos, or Cuban Country Carts, at Tacon Market



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.\*



# The Church in the House

TEXT: Rom. 16:3-5—"Salute Prisca and Aquila . . . and salute the church that is in their house" (R.V.)

THE Church is a fact, an obvious and potential fact, a fact that must be reckoned with by any who would comprehend the logic of events. It was because David Hume was unwilling to recognize the Church in its relation to progress that his *History of England* is like a labyrinth without a clue. He might as well have undertaken to prepare an exhaustive treatise on Light without a reference to the sun.

The franchise of the Church is given in the Scriptures. On reading the record we cannot but be struck by its close adherence to the lines of domestic life.

At the outset we have the Church in the house of Adam and Eve. An altar stands in the midst of the family circle, the religious life of which is centered in the prophecy of the Seed of Woman who is expected to come in the fulness of time to bruise the serpent's head. As we follow the history of the Church along the centuries we shall find a continuance of this seminal idea, which found expression in the blood stained altar and the hope of the coming Christ.

## The Church Before Christ

In the reconstruction of things after the Deluge we find the Church in the house of Noah. On the summit of Ararat "he builded an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt-offerings upon it." The altar was spanned by a rainbow, which was the token of a covenant between God and his people for the transmission of the Messianic hope along the succeeding ages.

And then came the Church in the house of Abraham. He heard the Voice and as he journeyed along, he built an altar at every resting place to perpetuate the rudimental thought of blood atonement, and receiving ever and anon a renewal of the prophecy of Christ as "his Seed, in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed." He saw Christ afar off and was glad. John 8:56.

As time passed, the simplicity of the primitive Church was succeeded by an elaborate ceremonial code. At its centre stood the Temple, around which was formulated the most magnificent system of rites and ceremonies that the world ever saw. This, however, was merely temporary; its purpose being to carry on the Messianic hope until the advent of Christ. At his appearing these provisional expedients were destined to vanish as shadows disappear at the break of day.

The first Church of the Christian era was the Church in the house of Joseph of Nazareth. The great promise was now fulfilled. Behold the manger in the midst of the household and over it the shadow of the Cross!

A little later we have the Church in the house of Mary of Jerusalem. In an upper room sits Christ himself in the midst of his disciples. Not far away is the Temple, the "house magnificent"; but over its doorway is written, "The glory is departed." The Church is not there. The Church is in this upper room with its informal welcome and loving salutations.

## A Comparison

A little further on we come upon the apostolic group of Churches, like this in the house of Aquila and Prisca. Our first acquaintance with these itinerant tent-makers is at Corinth (Acts 18:1-3). A year later they were at Ephesus, where there was not only a Church but a modest Theological Seminary in their house (Acts 18:24-26). After this they drifted to Philippi, where mention is again made of the Church in their house (I Cor. 16:19). And still later they were settled at Rome, where our text mentions the Church in their house. Other examples of like character are "the Church in the house of Philemon" at Corinth (Philemon 2), and "the Church in the house of Nymphas" at Laodicea (Col. 4:15).

As the centuries pass we note a departure from the admirable simplicity of the Churches. We have pomp and pageantry, cloisters and cathedrals and tinsel canonicals; but have we anything to show that outvies the unpretentious beauty of holiness which marked the beginnings of Christian progress? It is worth considering whether it would not be wise to surrender somewhat of our elaborate display in ex-

change for the sweet simplicity and rare fellowship of those early days.

I believe there is something significantly important in this original idea of "the Church in the house." Let us see.

To begin with, observe the emphasis which it puts on the simplicity of an acceptable approach to God.

Our word "Church," by the way, is not found in the Scriptures. It is a pagan word, *kuriakon*, used by the Greeks with reference to the altars of their false gods. The Scriptural word for the Church is *ecclesia*, which means simply a company of people called out of the world for divine service. It contains no suggestion of elaborate form, but rather of plainness and informality. The God whom we worship is a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

There is also in this phrase, "the Church in the house," a suggestion of the oneness of the historic Church.

As there is only one God, there can be only one religion; and as there is but one religion there can be but one Church. It is a mistake to speak of the Jewish Church and the Christian Church as if they were essentially different, or as if one had supplanted the other because they were somehow at odds. There never has been, and there never will be, but one Church in this world of ours.

The Church in the house of Adam and Eve gathered about an altar that was eloquent of the Lamb of God; and the same is true of every assembly of true worshippers at this day. It is an error to speak of the Day of Pentecost as "the birthday of the Christian Church." On that occasion the Church, which had been from the beginning, received a baptism of fire and power, by the descent of the Spirit, for the carrying on of the great work of the kingdom of God.

We have, also, a side light here into the normal diversity which prevails in the Church of these days.

I have a friend who built for himself, years ago, a home on the upper Hudson. As his children grew older and were married, one by one, he declined to receive them under the paternal roof but, instead, built for each happy pair a separate home near by. And therein he showed himself a wise man. For it is a true proverb, "Fences make good neighbors." A man of less discernment might have insisted that his children and grandchildren should abide under the same roof with him; just as there are people who clamor for ecclesiastical uniformity, and mourn because the denominations are called by different names. But this was not the thought of our Father when he "set the solitary in families."

## Agreeing to Differ

We are made, like sheep, to segregate. Like seeks like. "Birds of a feather flock together." We never shall all agree; but in the good time coming we shall agree to differ. There is room for a difference of opinion in matters of doctrine; not as to the great fundamentals, indeed—such as the virgin birth of Jesus on which rests his Messianic claim, or the vicarious atonement on which rests the world's hope of salvation, or the miracle of Christ's resurrection by which life and immortality are brought to light—but on minor points which are in no wise essential to the integrity of our faith.

And there is room also for a difference of opinion in matters of polity. There must be law and order in the Church, of course; but Scripture has little to say of forms of government; these are most largely left to us. Some believe in prelatical, others in presbyterial and still others in independent forms of government. Why not let them suit themselves? It is the secular of the world. Do we lament the fact that some secular States are monarchical and others republican and still others democratic? Are we foolish enough to urge that this interferes with the solidarity of the race? Why, then, should we be troubled on account of minor divisions in the Church or endeavor by mechanical compression to bring about abnormal uniformity instead of falling in with the sensible view of the household of God?

We are, furthermore, reminded here of the true fellowship which should prevail in the Church. And with this bond of fellowship goes the thought of equality.

There are no "holy orders" in the true Church.

The word "laity" is not found in the Scriptures. There is indeed a distinct call to the ministry; but it permits no pride of station, as if men in canonicals were appointed to "lord it over God's heritage." The true idea of the ministry was set forth in the Master's words, "The Son of man is come not to be ministered unto but to minister"; and it was exemplified in the upper room where he girded himself with a towel and washed his disciples' feet, saying, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." The supercilious affectation of greatness and pontifical precedence on the part of certain functionaries of the Church is at an infinite remove from the conception of their office which was in the mind of Christ when he said, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all."

## The Church, the Household of God

As there is no distinction between clergy and laity in point of superiority, so there is no room in this atmosphere for the adventitious distinctions of social life. This is the one place on earth where rich and poor should meet together and acknowledge the Lord as Maker of them all. For the Church is a family circle; it is the household of God. The recognition of that fact is not always easy, in view of certain conditions which prevail among us; but it is always wise, because it prepares us for the fellowship of our Father's house. We are fond of speaking of the recognition of friends in heaven; whereupon it is remarked that there might profitably be more of such recognitions here and now.

Still further, in this domestic conception of Church life we best realize the thought of co-operation.

The ultimate purpose aimed at is the conquest of the world. To that end we are trying to persuade the world to come and worship with us. This is one of our great problems; how to get the people everywhere to honor the ringing of the church bell. But suppose we return to the thought of Christ himself, which was not to get the house to the Church, but to get the Church to the house.

His great word was, "Go." He was constantly urging his disciples to go out as fishers of men. He had little or nothing to say about "the regeneration of society" or of the community, but much to say about the rescue of one. Welcome the day when the people shall no longer stand in their church doors with words of welcome, but venture forth to the capture of prisoners of hope!

A Church operating from one great centre or from a few splendid centres of radiating power is not calculated to bring the world to God. I remember when it was thought that the best illumination for our cities was furnished by a great arc-light shining from a steel tower in some central square; but we have learned that the best street-lighting is by lamps at frequent intervals, or by lights shining from many windows and open doorways. It is not the great temples and cathedrals of the world that are controlling the enterprises of Christ's kingdom. The saving factor of Christian progress is in "the back districts," where congregations gather in humble places of worship, often in schoolhouses at the crossroads. Here descends the promise, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there will I be."

So here is our coign of vantage in the work of the kingdom. Let us realize that the Church is the family of God. Let it be understood that he cares little for elaborate form and ceremony, but much for the simple beauty of holiness. The man who issues from the Church in the house with a sickle in hand and his face toward the harvest-field is greater in God's sight than a procession of hierophants in purple canonicals. I believe that a truer conception of the Church along the lines originally marked out for it would mean a mighty impulse in universal evangelization.

We are looking forward to the millennium when Christ is to reign from the river unto the ends of the earth. Its coming will be heralded by the descent of the tabernacle of God. The dreamer in Patmos saw no Temple in heaven; and he saw no Temple on earth in the latter day; but he heard a voice prophesying that the Tabernacle, the old "tent of meeting," should descend upon the earth; and that the God of glory would abide therein, saying, "The tabernacle of God shall be with men and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

\* Minister Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York.



## THE GIFTS

LOVE halted at my door—  
"My burden's great, and I'm footsore,"  
Said he.  
"Then come thou in!"  
I cried.  
"Whatever's mine,  
Is also thine!"  
Love put his burden down,  
And stepped inside,  
And parting gave a gift to me—  
The magic gift that none can see.

Life halted at my door—  
"My burden's great, and I'm footsore,"  
Said he.  
"Then come thou in!"  
I cried.  
"The fire's alight  
To cheer the night,"  
Life put his burden down,  
And stepped inside,  
And parting gave me he went,  
The rarest gift of his—Content.

Grief halted at my door—  
"My burden's great, and I'm footsore,"  
Said he.  
"Then come thou in!"  
I cried.  
"The supper's spread,  
The sweet rye-bread,"  
Grief put his burden down,  
And stepped inside,  
And parting, left a gift with me—  
The world-wide gift of Sympathy.

Death halted at my door—  
"My burden's great, and I'm footsore,"  
Said he.  
"Then come thou in!"  
I cried.  
"The night is nigh,  
And lonely I—"  
Death put his burden down  
And stepped inside,  
And parting gave a gift to me,  
The gift of Immortality!"

RENA CARY SHEFFIELD.

New London, Conn.

## Thirty-six Missionary Brides

IN THE old days, the missionaries went forth with wives, it is true; but the wife was then supposed to go chiefly for the purpose of taking care of the missionary himself. She was only an annex, as it were, as an ordinary minister's wife is at home. We have changed all that. Our girls are now prepared to do aggressive work in the mission field as well as their husbands. They are quite as bright, as well educated and as highly trained for special service.

This fact was plainly visible to the large annual conference of the Board of Presbyterian Foreign Missions the other day, as they gazed upon the earnest faces of the 101 young people whom they are sending forth into the foreign field. These brave young folks posed in a big group in front of the old First Presbyterian Church on lower Fifth Avenue. The girls looked fresh and dainty in their simple summer costumes. The men wore ordinary street suits. There was nothing especially ministerial in their appearance.

An interesting feature of this notable gathering was, so to speak, its honeymoon character. Thirty-six of these young missionaries go forth as brides and grooms, and one, Miss Ruby Clare Cook, just graduated from Park College, Mo., will marry, as soon as she reaches the Philippines, the Rev. James P. Eskridge, already stationed there.

The Rev. D. Coe Love and his wife, both recent graduates of great institutions, go to Africa. The Rev. and Mrs. Paul J. Allison and Rev. and Mrs. Roy M. Allison go to China. To India are assigned the Rev. and Mrs. C. Hezlep, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Eldredge. Korea is to receive Mr. and Mrs. Roy K. Smith and Dr. and Mrs. James H. McClanahan. The Rev. and Mrs. Raymond R. Gregory have chosen Mexico as their field; Guatemala claims the Rev. and Mrs. Linn P. Sulienberger; while the Rev. and Mrs. Charles A. Carriel will work in Brazil.

Many are not yet assigned. They are ready to go wherever the wise directors see fit to send them. With trained minds and courageous hearts, and filled with a high enthusiasm, they venture forth in God's strength to help in winning the world for him.

## Like a Tree by the Waters

By EUGENE THWING

ALL the world loves a tree, and even by heaven itself trees are highly regarded; so much so that the four angels, holding the four winds of the earth, were commanded to hurt not the trees; and when the powers of the bottomless pit were released upon the earth, they, too, were commanded not to hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree.

It would seem, however, that some of these hostile powers had ceased to obey the command, because enemies almost without number are now making a war of destruction against the trees. Men are spending millions of dollars in the battle to save the trees from insect pests and disease, though not so much to save them from the ruthless destruction of the pulp and paper mills and the lumber men.

A HEALTHY, well-rooted tree has a very strong hold on life, stronger in some cases than any other living thing. In California there are redwood trees more than three thousand years old, that were standing there in full vigor of life while Moses was wandering with the children of Israel through the wilderness on the other side of the globe. In Africa, the baobab tree is said by Dr. Adanson to live to be five thousand years old; and the explorer De Candolle tells of a tree, the *taxodium distichum*, which lives to even a greater age.

Just think of the wonderful volumes of world history, what stories of the rise and fall of the countless nations and races of the earth, are stored away in the trunks of these ancient monarchs of the forest who have lived, serene and unmoved, with heads proudly lifted to heaven, through every age of man! What shall we think of the two-legged animal, only two or three score years old, who with a few blows of an ax destroys the majestic patriarch for the sake of a few dollars' worth of lumber? None of the mighty convulsions of nature, and none of the changing affairs of nations, have disturbed these wonderful living beings through scores of centuries.

AS WE venerate the age of trees, and admire their strength, their durability, and their beauty; as we realize that the earth would indeed be stripped of its loveliness if the trees were removed, we may for a moment give ourselves up to the finer emotions which they inspire, and take some of the lessons they whisper as we rest in their cool shade.

Just beyond the door-sill is a great, spreading tree. It was not brought to the house—the house was brought to it and built there under its branches. The little child who first played around the door is now the grandfather who sits close to the old tree for companionship. His little grandchild may one day take his place, and the tree may whisper of the changes, but the tree stands ever in its own place, never desiring to go away, always content with its own work.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Some lives must be lived out in one place while others roam the world. The stationary life need never be a restricted life. It may be rich in blessing to all who come to it and feel its quiet, inspiring influence. When restlessness provokes a desire for wider and more active participation in the work which seems to win results in the world, it is necessary sometimes to consider the trees, how they stand, every one in his own place, yet fulfilling a living mission of blessing to mankind far more important than they could do if taken away and, as lumber, made to do a little more varied and active work for a few years in trade and commerce.

A TREE which is to live long, with strength and endurance throughout its giant frame, must be deeply rooted; it must be able to hold on to firm ground; it must reach the deep, unfailing water courses, as the tree of which Jeremiah spoke, that "spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

In the pine forests of Michigan there were wide stretches of country where the rich top-soil lay in a shallow covering over the hardpan. The trees, standing thickly crowded together, grew tall and straight. Their roots spread out in the thin soil where moisture was plentiful. There was nothing to compel them to strike down deeper into the hardpan. When the great forest fires came and licked up the carpet of needles over their roots, and dried up the moisture, and denuded the branches, they were left bare and defenseless. The tornado, following the fire, swept down thousands. They could not withstand the first hard blow of an adverse wind.

Out on some bleak hillside is a sturdy oak standing exposed to every gale that blows. No pounding nor tugging of the storm can throw it down. It is established. Its roots spread wide, but they also strike deep; they twine themselves around a rock, they pierce the hardpan. All this didn't happen at once. It has been a process of years. Every time the tree has felt the storm tugging, it has sent its roots a little deeper into the subsoil, or has gripped a little tighter upon the rock. The limbs are mighty and full of rugged strength, because they have been through many hard battles. The strength to withstand and conquer has grown with the very act of withstanding and fighting. It is the need itself which has produced the strength to meet it; and nothing but the need could have forced the tree to do that which would find supply for the need.

IN EVERY particular this is a picture of the Christian's life. There is no strength, no safety against sudden stress and trial, in a life which is all ease, and which never feels the storm—which is all self-sufficient and never is driven to a deeper source of supply. When we feel the storm tugging and buffeting it is good to feel that we are rooted and grounded in the love that never fails in the extremest need. When the fierce foes of our soul try to tear us away from our foundation, it is good to let the deep roots of our faith twin themselves yet more firmly around the Rock of Ages which cannot be moved.

When all the little springs of pleasure and profit which trickle from the world in times of plenty seem to dry up, and we can gather from them no refreshment, it is good to know that our supply is deeper, and fuller, and never failing; that, indeed, we are "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

## ONE SUMMER DAY

THE rising sun glids bad and dower,  
And makes the old world new and gay;  
He fills with joy the passing hour,  
And takes my borrowed cares away.

The little birds sing in the trees,  
Or flit from bough to shady bough;  
The softly blowing southern breeze  
Smooths all the wrinkles from my brow.

The sparkling rill runs dancing by,  
And sings its tender as it goes;  
I change to mirth my long-drawn sigh,  
And live my life in sweet repose.

The meadow yields its varied sweets,  
And swings aloft its lily bells;  
And busy bee seeks these retreats,  
To fill with nectar waxen cells.

The meadow-lark with haste upsprings,  
With limpid notes pours forth her song;  
The quails, in flocks, with sounding wings,  
Their sudden flight not far prolong.

The skies above are heaven's own blue;  
The air below is heaven's own breath;  
'Tis all of God, and therefore true,  
For without Him it all were death.

The apple-blossoms fall like snow,  
And cover all the earth with white;  
The children frolic to and fro,  
Intoxicated with delight.

The farmhand drives his team afield,  
And with his plow breaks up the soil;  
The fertile furrows quickly yield  
A rich reward for all his toil.

## Led by Moody's Sermons

REV. H. ELLIS LININGER, a Nebraska pastor, relates this incident which took place a few summers ago: One day, while waiting at a little junction in Minnesota, I saw through the window the agent searching through a pile of cheap paper-covered books. At once I knew he was hunting a book that he had not read. I took the opportunity to ask if I had guessed it, and found that I had. I told him that I had a few for sale and that that was part of my business, as a colporteur of the Bible Institute of Chicago. I produced from my bag several books, including *Moody's Sermons*. I told him that the price was forty cents, but I would give them to him for thirty cents, if he would promise to give the volume a reading. He promised by saying that he would read it because it was Moody's. Soon I left on my train, saying to him: "Don't forget about the books."

It was my lot to be at that place again about three months later. The first thing I noticed was a big black-covered book on the table. After the rush was over I said to him: "I see some one else has been selling you books, too."

"Are you the man who sold me those 'Moody' books?" he asked.

"I am," I replied.

"That book of sermons led me to Christ," he said. I requested that he tell me about it.

"It was this way," he began. "I started in on it as soon as the train pulled out and got so interested in it that I read it twice before going to bed. I re-read it the next day, and finally said to myself: 'Why not settle with Jesus now?' Then and there I did the greatest deed I have ever done. Have you any more of them?"

I had and he bought them all. I have never seen him since, but I am sure that I will meet him in the kingdom after a while.

## Anvil Sparks

..EVEN arguments for a good cause should be honest.

..It is no trouble to find excuses for the sins we cherish.

..Don't embalm your failures; let them perish as quickly as possible.

..It is all right to change your mind, but not to have a changeable mind.

..Stop bemoaning your ill fate, and try being thankful for the misfortunes you have escaped.



# THE INDIAN WHO "MADE GOOD"

THE recent death of this famous "White Comanche Chief" has brought to my mind the story of his life as heard during the passing years from friends in the Southwest who knew him well. About 1834, a band of eight hundred Comanche warriors, led by their chief, Nocona, left their camping ground upon the Elk River and moved southward into Texas, for the purpose of attacking a white settlement. This was conducted according to their usual methods, the tomahawk and firebrand being freely used, and a number of captives were taken away. One, a little girl of seven years, named Cynthia Parker, won the affection of her captors by her gentle ways, and was adopted into the tribe. She became an Indian in language and habits, and grew to womanhood idolized by them; later she married the chief Nocona, and was the mother of two boys—one named Quannah.

When Quannah was six or eight years old, while the Comanches were away on a hunt, General Ross of Texas, with a company of United States soldiers, visited the camp, recognized Cynthia as a white woman, and carried her to the nearest military post. Although she was not known in that locality, and could not talk English, she had not forgotten her father's name and her own, and she was soon restored to her parents after twenty-five years or more of separation. When asked if she wished again to live with the Indians, her reply was always: "No; want children."

Many efforts were made to find the children, but in vain, and the poor mother lost hope and died broken-hearted.

Nocona deeply mourned for his lost wife. When

he felt his strength failing, he called Quannah, his son, to his side and told him his mother's story, and admonished him to be brave in battle, excel all others, and thus be happy. Then he passed away.

Quannah was about sixteen years of age when he first saw white men. It was at a council held on the North Fork of the Red River, between the United States Government and the Comanches. He was called to the conference, and designated as one of the missing boys, sons of the white woman, the other not then living. His hair was light and complexion fairer than an Indian's, and he was more fully identified by a scar on his arm. The officers offered to take him to his mother's people; but he told them that the other wives of his father were as mothers to him, the Indian boys were his brothers, and he wished to stay with his Comanche friends. Quannah in a short time succeeded his father as chief of the Comanches. For years he fought battles with United States soldiers, Mexicans, Texans and unfriendly Indians, until the name of Quannah Parker became a terror in the Southwest. Many times peace propositions were made to him, but declined until about twenty-five years ago, when a message reached him asking that he come with his Indians to Fort Sill, where they would receive government aid and live in peace. Quannah replied: "All right; I come; I give up war." An important treaty was signed by the Indian tribes. At that time, Quannah was a blanket Indian. "I no wear clothes; no eat at table; no

ride in wagon," he said. He now strove earnestly to change his ways and habits of life, and the result was a wonderful transformation. He proved a capable business man, and became a large landowner. He built his home near the base of one of the Wichita mountains—a large two-and-one-half-story house, with wing; the red roofs dotted with large white stars, visible for miles. Here in this well furnished home, with his three wives and sixteen children, Quannah hospitably received his numerous white visitors. His Indian guests frequently brought their camp equipment and pitched their tents within his fields. He was ambitious for the education of his people. His own children went to the Indian school at Carlisle. Several became teachers, others were employed successfully in banks, offices and stores.

Quannah made frequent visits to Washington, and broadcloth and linen were not too good for his wear when interviewing the "Great White Father" in the interests of his people. He made his last journey to Washington last June, on a three-fold mission, one of his objects being to secure the passage of a bill for the removal of the bodies of his mother and brother from Texas to a burial-ground near his home. His loyalty to the memory of the mother, whom he dimly remembered, was a beautiful feature in his character.

It was Quannah's pride that he had been obedient to every order of the government since coming under their charge. The white settlers near him respected and esteemed him, while his sovereignty over the Comanches was absolute. He was to

them as a father; his home was the spot towards which each Comanche set his face when he needed advice; they knew him as honest and just in all his dealings, therefore his word was their law. Now that he has gone, it must be admitted that one at least of the too often despised race "made good," and deserves the tardy commendation, "well done."

E. M. BUCKHOUT.



Quannah Parker, Chief of the Comanches



A Typical Indian Encampment at Cantonment, Oklahoma

## THE FIRST MOSLEM CONGRESS IN EGYPT

THE unrest in Egypt, caused by the assassination of the Coptic Prime Minister fifteen months ago, broke out afresh last February when the Copts—the members of the native Christian church—called a Congress at Assiut to consider the wrongs they were enduring at the hands of the Mohammedans. This Congress met, deliberated and passed a set of resolutions. Among these resolutions were two which attracted general attention and met with spirited opposition on the part of the Moslems. The first asked that the Christians in government employ be allowed to observe Sunday as a day of rest, and the second requested the government to give the Copts their share of government positions.

In order to counteract the influence of this Coptic gathering the Mohammedans resolved to call a Congress of their own to discuss national problems. Although the delegates were all Moslems, the assembly was known as the National Egyptian, rather than as the Islamic Congress. From April 27 to May 3 the Congress met in the immense hall of Luna Park at Heliopolis, the fashionable residential suburb of Cairo. At each session the hall was crowded with delegates and spectators. The President of the Congress was Riaz Pasha, ex-Premier, a notable figure in Egyptian politics. One of the most prominent speakers was the notorious Sheikh Abdul Aziz Shawish, the leader of the Nationalist Party—a man who has had to suffer imprisonment for political crimes more than once. Another leading debater was Sheikh Aly Yusef, the leader of the less radical Islamic movement. He is the editor of the *Moniyad*, a daily paper which is known as the *Times* of the Moslem world. The excitement at the Congress grew greater at each

sitting. Each day the president had difficulty in keeping order, but the climax was reached in the final session. While the minutes were being read, the clerk was interrupted by applause every time he came to the names of Sheikh Aly Yusef or Sheikh Shawish. Disorder reigned supreme almost through the entire sitting. Whenever a vote was taken, the members stood on chairs, and shouted their arguments in the direction of the president. Everybody spoke at the same time, and no one was heard. Even when a speaker, with great throat effort, succeeded in obtaining permission to speak, he was cut short

by a yell from the audience. President Riaz Pasha looked disgusted. At one time he arose and declared that unless the confusion came to an end he would leave the hall. Later, he threatened to close the Congress unless order was restored. The greatest confusion occurred when the following resolution was offered:

"That the Congress urge the government to stop men from marrying more than one wife unnecessarily, and to prevent divorce as far as possible."

Opposition to this measure was practically unanimous. The uproar was indescribable. Pandemonium seemed to have broken loose among the delegates; the members were evidently determined that there should be no restrictions upon their polygamous privileges and divorce facilities. The resolution was immediately withdrawn.

The resolutions finally approved by the Congress were absolutely antagonistic to the Coptic claims. Voting was by acclamation, the only method possible in the midst of such wild disorder. The following are some of the more important resolutions:

Does the Congress deem it possible to divide political rights in Egypt into two divisions according to religious creeds? The answer was unanimously in the negative.

Does the Congress think that it is within the rights of any community to demand Sunday rest, or rest on any other day? Answer, No.

Or that the Congress deems one day for rest sufficient, and that day Friday? Answer, Yes.

Does not the Congress think that the Copts have already more than their share of the government posts? Answer, Yes.

Does the Congress not deem it necessary to draw the government's attention to the fact that most of her posts are occupied by Copts, when there are capable Moslems to fill them? Answer, Yes.

Before its adjournment the Congress appointed a permanent committee to carry on its work.

CHARLES HADDON NABERS.



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A View of Cairo, Egypt, Looking Southwest Across the City



# A Record Sunday School Conference



A Flashlight Picture of One of the Foreign Groups at the International Sunday School Convention at San Francisco

THE most impressive feature of the International Sunday School Convention, which was held in San Francisco during the last week of June, was a great parade of Sunday School workers who marched from the St. Francis Hotel, which formed the headquarters of the visiting delegations, to the Colosseum, where the meetings of the Convention were held. Five thousand men, of whom three thousand were from San Francisco and vicinity, gathered in Union Square, San Francisco, on the evening of June 23, for the parade. The line of march was lined by other thousands who cheered this greatest religious demonstration which has ever been witnessed on the Pacific coast. Representatives from twelve different countries and of all the various shades of yellow, brown, black and white appeared among the marchers. Each man in the procession carried a Bible, either held loosely in his hand or high above his head. Banners and transparencies announcing the mottoes of the various organizations and countries, added color to the great demonstration. On the Monday following the parade, the Gideons distributed the Bibles which were carried to the various hotels in the city to be placed in the guest rooms, as they did not long since in Chicago.

"The Open Bible and the Uplifted Cross" was made the keynote of all the sessions of the Convention. The fact that this is the tercentenary year of the King James Version of the Bible, was used largely by the various speakers at all the sessions. The many speakers and leaders whose presence had been promised and whose names appeared in the forecast of the Convention published a few weeks ago, made the doings of the Convention extremely brilliant and unflagging in their interest.

On Saturday morning the Convention broke all records for the rapid subscription of the necessary funds for the carrying on of the work of the Association during the next three years. One speaker after another had emphasized the idea that "money is the cutting edge of the Gospel." The response to the call for funds was immediate and enthusiastic. Within forty minutes pledges aggregating \$42,000 per annum until the next Convention in 1914 were collected. Besides the large donations from individual members of the Sunday School organization, contributions ranging all the way from a few dollars a year to more than \$1,000 were made by every State and Territory of the Union, every Province of Canada, and most of the foreign countries which were represented. W. H. Hartshorn, the newly elected president of the Association, was the largest donor to this fund. His pledge was for \$15,000 for the three years.

The session of Thursday afternoon at the First Congregational Church, was devoted to the discussion of the graded lessons and the qualifications of

teachers for Sunday School classes. The entire assembly united in praising the graded lessons, even though they agreed that they had not as yet entirely passed the experimental stage, having been out only about two years, and just now coming into more universal use. That teachers that are bad—bad in the sense that they are not properly prepared to teach a Sunday School class—are not wanted, was the general verdict of the Conference. Some very pertinent questions were asked during an hour's "round table," which was conducted by Mrs. J. W. Barnes, of New Jersey, as to how the untrained teacher and the careless teacher should be awakened to his or her responsibility.

During the Conference session proper on this subject, the training of teachers, as well as the best type of instruction for them, was discussed before an audience that overflowed the church building. Such subjects as "The Necessity of Grading Religious Instruction," and "Training of Teachers for Graded Schools," were taken up. The first was spoken on by Dr. Henry F. Cope of Chicago, General Secretary of the Religious Education Association, while Professor George Albert Coe of Union Theological Seminary, New York, read an interesting paper on the latter subject. "We must have some non-Biblical material for use in Sunday School instruction," said Professor Coe. "The only question is how we should use it wisely. Much material not taken from the Bible is splendid food for children. Talks on everyday life, applying Bible quotations to it, make interesting, helpful talks to scholars."

The purpose of graded lessons was described by Rev. B. S. Winchester, of Boston. "The first aim of graded lessons," he said, "is to meet the needs of the children as fully as possible. A child under six years old needs the interpretation of religion in home terms. That is about all we can do. But over six the child starts to school and there enter into his life the complex relations with teachers and strangers. Our object must then be to extend the home instruction so the child may experience an understanding of religion in the larger sense. The intellectual stage begins at twelve years. What we need to give the child then is that which will make strong character. We need to teach him of the men of history and instill into him a great personal ideal. At eighteen begins the final adjustment, and now we must introduce him gradually toward the adult training, teaching him of the great possibilities and responsibilities which very soon must settle upon him."

The Association appointed as chairman of the International Executive Committee for the period from 1911 to 1914, Mr. Fred A. Wells, of Chicago, who has been for the past five years treasurer of the committee. Mr. William Hamilton of Toronto,

Ontario, was re-elected first vice-president, and the second vice-president will be C. C. Chapman, of Los Angeles. Rev. Dr. George R. Merrill, of Minneapolis, will continue to serve as secretary of the committee.

Although a great deal of splendid, enthusiastic and serious work was gotten through by the Convention, it was not without its lighter side, and times devoted to social enjoyment. The members of the Presbyterian Ministers' Union of the bay cities tendered a luncheon at the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. to the clergymen of their denomination, who were attending the Convention. Many receptions were given by private individuals and by various denominational organizations to their visiting brethren. On Wednesday, June 28, a special train carried hundreds of the visitors from San Francisco to Santa Cruz Grove, where a "big tree" was dedicated in honor of the International Association. The tree is one of California's giant evergreen Sequoias, and stands beside the great Cathedral Group, which was once dedicated to the late Colonel Ingersoll. Dr. G. A. Bangs, one of the leading Sunday School workers of Santa Cruz, said of the tree, "I selected it because of this location, believing that the International Sunday School Association is the greatest channel through which infidelity will be wiped off the earth and supplanted with the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

## General Notes

—VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, who is regarded by some as the foremost player of Chopin's music, of which he makes a specialty, arrived recently in New York on the *Mauritania* for a concert tour, which will begin some time next fall. When De Pachmann was over here last, several years ago, he said he would never return, as his fear of an ocean trip is great. He was prevailed upon to change his mind only on condition that he should sail in the summer, when the sea is likely to be calm. He will pass the hot season at some summer resort.

—TRUSTWORTHY ADVICES have been received in Vienna from Albania stating that the situation there is extremely critical. Turkey has amassed 50,000 troops within a day's march of the Montenegrin frontier. Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, who has just arrived at Vienna from Cetinje, after traversing Albania, describes the conditions as absolutely intolerable. The Turks, he says, are devastating whole districts, killing prisoners, refugee women and children, burning houses and crops, and blowing up churches. Numbers of Albanian women and children, he says, have been caught between two wings of the Turkish army and escape is impossible. Falk Bey Konitz, representative in the United States of the Albanian revolutionary party, recently said: "We must keep up the revolution, at all costs, until we are helpless, or Albania is free from the Turkish yoke. I wish it to be understood that Montenegro has helped us, from a charitable point of view, as human beings in distress, and not as insurgents against Turkish rule. The loss of Albania to Turkey means the ending of that empire, as it always depended on the Albanians in the hour of need, when all other nations were against Turkey. That is why the stubborn fight has gone on for three years."





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## Pressing Forward

THERE is probably no movement of modern times that can be contrasted in far-reaching scope and concentrated devotion, under wise and practical direction, with the Student Volunteer Movement. Its growth has been phenomenal and is only explainable on the ground that the hand of God is in it. Beginning at Mount Hermon, Mass., in 1886 with a little group of earnest workers under the leadership of a few able consecrated men, it has now attained the proportions of a great army of trained and educated men and women who are carrying into the work of world-evangelization the best talent, the noblest influences and the wisest methods that have ever been applied on a large scale to such a task. In reviewing the foreign missionary work of the Movement for the last twelve months, we find these striking statistics:

|                                                                         |          |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Student Volunteer missionaries sent out in 1910.....                    | 368      |
| Student Volunteer workers now in mission field in twenty countries..... | 4,784    |
| Mission study classes organized in 1910.....                            | 2,379    |
| Institutions where classes are conducted.....                           | 696      |
| Total enrolment of students.....                                        | 29,382   |
| Increase over last year's enrolment.....                                | 6,082    |
| Gifts to Home Missions in 1910.....                                     | \$37,708 |
| Gifts to Foreign Missions in 1910.....                                  | \$96,603 |
| Institutions represented in these gifts.....                            | 447      |

This, however, represents only a fraction of their operations, which now include almost every missionary field in the world. In Africa they have 503 workers, in China 1,389, Japan 400, Korea 219, India, Burma and Ceylon 924, Mexico 150, Oceania 58, Philippines 145, South America 288, Turkish Empire 175, West Indies 146. They also have workers in all the Latin and Greek countries of Europe, in Central America, and Arabia. These are not poorly equipped, but splendidly qualified men and women, capable of carrying on large enterprises, directing industrial schools, teaching, preaching and practising medicine, dentistry and a variety of other useful callings. The Movement wisely recognizes not only the need of spiritual uplift, but of introducing in mission lands the benefits of Western civilization and of such improvements as go to make life fuller and better for all with whom they come in contact.

But it is in the spiritual work that they have produced the best results. The movement is a dynamic one, both for applied Christianity and the dissemination of civilized blessings. It appeals in the most direct manner to men and women of culture and gives a "splendid challenge to every Christian man and woman for testing their devotion to Christ." It calls out not only the highest intellectual qualities, but the best type of religious life. God has already blessed it mightily, and will bless it more and more to the enlightenment and inbringing of the unevangelized millions. We hail the Student Volunteer Movement as one of the greatest modern accessories Christianity has yet known and as destined to make a yet more glorious record in the years to come.

## The July Hot Wave

NO SUCH protracted period of intense heat has visited this country for many years, as July has given us. In New York City, the official temperature ranged among the nineties for many days and nights. The nearby beaches and the piers along the rivers offered the only comfortable sleeping-places for the crowded millions of the metropolis. One observer complained that he could see neither sand nor water at Coney Island. One black mass of humanity covered the beach and the water, as far as the life-boats. The parks were opened for the relief of the suffering poor, and thousands spent the night there. Ambulances were busy carrying to the hospitals men, women and children prostrated by the heat, while almost every mile which one might travel in any direction throughout the city, held its quota of dead or dying horses. In extreme and dangerous weather, it is wise to take unusual precautions against prostration. Eat sparingly and of the plainest food. Dress as lightly as possible.

Especially let us guard our tempers. The "family jar," even in the best regulated homes, is more likely to be developed during July and August, than during the other ten months of the year put together. There are unfortunately many to whom the heated term affords no avenue of escape. They suffer and sulk and succumb in the close, densely packed, airless tenements. Would that it were possible to transfer the multitudes of underfed and overworked tenement dwellers to the open country through these weeks of overpowering heat; but since that is out of the question, the next best thing we can do is to help save the little children by taking them from the super-heated, oven-like cities and sending them out into the fresh air of the country. Mont-Lawn, with its happy family of little waifs, is a striking contrast to the scenes of child-suffering in our densely-populated cities. We only wish we might be able to take not 3,000, but ten times that number of these tiny charges and make life pleasant and healthful for them while the torrid heat endures and while the sun counts his victims by the hundreds in the big cities, especially among the poor.

## The World Expects Maine to Do Her Duty

THE Maine legislators who voted to resubmit constitutional prohibition to the people on September 11 did not know that the International Lesson Committee had long before appointed the day previous as temperance Sunday in the Sunday Schools of many denominations in many nations. That ought to spell victory, bringing in the heavy artillery of world-wide prayer. But God will not do the citizens' part, which includes right now, persuading the doubtful ones to stand by prohibition by voting "No" on the proposal to repeal it. The chief reason why some of those who a few years ago put prohibition in the Maine constitution are now half persuaded to repeal it is that so many drug stores and hotels have been allowed by perjured officials and cowardly politicians to break the law. But are there any sober voters so dull that they expect these lawbreakers to become suddenly obedient, and these cowardly officials suddenly faithful if their law-breaking is condoned and their crime is made a legitimate business? Ex-Congressman Jas. M. Miller of Kansas, in a speech in Congress, March 4, 1911, showed there were more speak-easies in the high license State of New Jersey than in Maine and Kansas, both prohibition States. And the legalized saloons are also lawbreakers, as even the Model License League has admitted in a vain effort to save the saloons by making them law-abiding. Why doesn't some one ask for repeal of the laws against smuggling which have been violated by otherwise respectable people? Let Maine find a Loeb to make its law respected, when it has been once more reaffirmed that Maine will not admit to the ranks of legitimate business those whose object day after day is to induce others to drink. Many who have no strong convictions against drinking will vote against repeal, that by keeping the question in the constitution they may save the State from the necessity of fighting the liquor question over every year whenever the Legislature is neglected, with the saloons seeking by every mean device to dominate politics. Maine is known everywhere because of its moral leadership. To turn about would wreck its reputation. It will rather fire a "No" heard round the world.

## The Case of Dr. Wiley

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, the government pure food expert, who has rendered the country valuable service from the standpoint of the Pure Food Law, is accused of exceeding the limits of his official powers in the employment of experts for chemical laboratory work. Three dollars a day is the regular allowance for such work; but Dr. Wiley, who seems not to have been able to secure efficient help at that price, incurred an expenditure of \$20 per day. This expenditure, while not of such magnitude as to deplete the government treasury, was still

a violation of a recently passed law, and has been declared unpardonable. Attorney-General Wickham and the Department of Agriculture have united in recommending to the President that Dr. Wiley be requested to resign. Were this the whole of the matter, it would be of little importance; but there is something more in it than merely the violent twist which Dr. Wiley has given to the sensibilities of the retape officialdom. Remembering the recent sacrifice of Pinchot and the astonishing results it produced on the public mind, it is to be hoped that President Taft, in whose hands Dr. Wiley's fate may be said to rest, will not permit a good and faithful public servant to be degraded and dismissed for what seems at most a technical indiscretion. Public interests should receive paramount consideration and a failure on the part of the President to uphold the opinions of any cabinet officer would be of less consequence to the whole country than a failure to do justice to one who has served the people faithfully as Dr. Wiley has done. While it is doubtless true that there may have been technical insubordination, and that Dr. Wiley, as a leading chemist in America and a man of fearless honesty may have been untactful in expressing opinion that differed with those of his superiors, the case is surely one that calls for something less than a sacrifice so sweeping as official decapitation.

## Emblems

THE superb gown worn by Queen Mary at her coronation a few weeks ago was embroidered with the rose, the shamrock and the thistle, while the star of India was blazoned on the front of its shimmering breadths. The rose seems very appropriate to England, because it is the queen of all the flowers that bloom and because English girlhood so often has the rare tinting of the rose in the beautiful complexions that testify to outdoor living and the proximity of the sea. However large an island may be, however extensive a group of islands, the ocean that surrounds them sends its influence in the air currents and the atmosphere near and far. The rose of England is sweet and gracious. The thistle of Scotland well typifies the sturdy strength and tendency to argument and contention that belong to Highlanders and Lowlanders alike. And as for the shamrock of green Erin, who that has ever loved the old country and left it, who that has ever watched an Irish procession on St. Patrick's Day fails to admire the dainty leaf, though he may not have a drop of Irish blood? Queen Mary, it is said will accompany her royal husband on a tour to India, and the princes of that empire in the East may have the pleasure of seeing her Majesty arrayed in the gorgeous coronation robe which is a marvel of needle-craft as well as a triumph of artistic skill.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Ship Given to Dr. Grenfell

MISS BEATRICE CLUETT of New York had the honor, a few days ago, of christening the new schooner rigged vessel which is her father's gift to the work of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador. As the trim little ship slipped from the ways at the yard of her builders, A. C. Brown & Sons, at Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y., a bottle of sparkling water was broken over her bows and she was given the name of her donor—*George B. Cluett*. The new vessel is constructed to meet every requirement of Dr. Grenfell and his associates as a deep sea raft. She is designed to carry not only the mission workers on their trips from one settlement to another or the sick and injured they may wish to take to one of the hospitals, but is fully able to transport a good-sized cargo as a freight boat. Though in the exigencies of the strenuous work on the Labrador coast she will find herself used for many purposes, it was primarily as a freight and working schooner that she was needed. Despite the large carrying capacity which Bowes & Mower, the naval architects of Philadelphia, have planned for in the boat, the lines of her hull are such as will make her unusually fast under sail and very easily driven by her auxiliary power. She thus combines the elements of a working schooner with the seaworthiness of a modern fisherman, and has at the same time the graceful sheer and well proportioned overhangs of a sea-going pleasure yacht. Special provision has been made in her construction for strength in case of stranding or contact with the ice packs of spring and early summer in the northern latitudes. The *George B. Cluett* is 135 feet over all, 115 feet on the waterline, 26 feet in beam moulder and 12 feet in depth moulder. She is rigged with three masts and has as auxiliary power a 75-horsepower Wolverine kerosene engine which will drive her at about six miles per hour. The owner's and officers' quarters are aft under a raised deck and consist of a cabin and a messroom, a pantry, a bathroom and six staterooms. The completed ship was delivered to Dr. Grenfell during the present week. One of the most fascinating stories of modern mission life is that of Dr. Grenfell's life and labors for the bodies, minds and souls of the people of the nearer North. It is because godly men and women at home stand behind such men and projects as his with their sympathy and gifts that they are enabled to do their work at all, and in the last day of accounts those that carry the Bibles and preach out of them and the medicines for the sick and administer them will have no greater reward than the faithful ones who furnished the transportation and the means of support. The record of the heroic missionary in the North and the friends that support him remind us of the words of Scripture:

I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth: every one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him: yea, I have made him. (Isa. 43: 6, 7.)

## Bad Boy Apprenticed

George Cohan, fifteen years old, is counted by the authorities and recorded by the newspapers as being the worst schoolboy in New York City. He has been on probation time and again, always breaking his vows. He lies, steals, runs away and fights, and Dr. M. G. Schlopp, the alienist of the Children's Court, says that he is morally insane, and that there is no hope for him. The boy's father, who is a machinist and inventor, is going to try the old-fashioned remedy for juvenile wickedness by apprenticing George to the machinist's trade. Dr. Schlopp, in referring to the Cohan case, declared that there were 12,000 morally insane children in New York. It is quite the thing now to minimize sin by calling it a hereditary tendency or the expression of intellectual irresponsibility. There is more or less of insanity in all sin, to be sure, and the boy's badness can be traced much to the evil tuition of the city street with its vile attendants as well as to the wicked impulses within. It is more than likely that the good influences that might have been employed for the boy's salvation were lacking, and those that were offered may have been spurned by the boy's determination to do wrong. The father is right in the idea that steady hard work is likely to take some

of the "moral insanity" out of the boy; but the only real cure for George or any other sinner, little or big, is Jesus Christ and his salvation. What a fearful responsibility there is on some one to take Christ to George and upon society to furnish an environment friendly to virtue! With an open Bible and a living Christ let the church never admit that there are 12,000 children in one city who are morally insane and for whom there is no hope.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. (Heb. 7:25.)

## All-World Steel Combination

There was a memorable gathering of steel men at Brussels recently composed of 160 delegates representing the steel interests of America, Canada, England, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria and Spain. They formed an international association which is the most colossal business enterprise ever conceived or carried into effect in the history of the world. Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States was chairman of the convention that formed the association and was made chairman of the permanent executive committee of that association. The latest available statistics on the iron and steel industry in the United States are as follows: number of mills, 14,239; capital employed, \$2,331,498,157; average number of wage-earners, 857,298; total wages paid, \$482,357,503; value of products, \$2,176,739,726; exports in 1910, \$179,133,186. It is stated that the Steel Trust controls 80 per cent. of the entire raw



The "George B. Cluett" as She Left the Ways at Staten Island

products of the United States, 50 per cent. of the manufactured products, 70 per cent. of the manufacture of steel rails, 90 per cent. of the making of steel tubes, 80 per cent. of the steel, iron and tin plate business; that it controls the transportation, steamship and rail, from all points where there are blast furnaces, and that it dominates the coke and cement business of the country. And yet this is only one of the great steel corporations from the various countries that made the memorable business combination in Brussels. Congress through its investigating committee is still scuffling with the United Steel Trust, but it is generally understood that this all-world combination will enable the United States Steel Corporation to provide for any damage that a reduction or removal of the tariff might make. Now that the forests are being exhausted man has made use of steel for building houses, ships, cars and almost every instrument of industry. The earliest history records the use of iron, brass and the baser as well as the more precious metals, silver and gold. Their use is recorded in the Scriptures as early as in the fourth chapter of Genesis. The prophet to illustrate a moral lesson thus refers to the manufacture of metals:

As they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it. (Ezek. 22: 20.)

## Terrible Railroad Accident

The Pennsylvania Express from Washington to Boston over the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, jumped the track and plunged down a thirty-foot viaduct into the street below within the city limits one and one-half miles west of the station

of Bridgeport, Conn., on July 11. The locomotive and six cars fell to the pavement, killing twelve persons and injuring forty-seven more. The locomotive was thrown 200 feet beyond the first of the cars, while the mail car, baggage car, day coaches and Pullmans were piled up in a tangled mass. Local physicians and ambulances were soon on the ground, and the dead were removed to the morgues and the wounded to the hospitals. A much greater loss of life was prevented by the quick action of the chemical engine which extinguished the fire caused by a burning car. The Cardinal ball players, who were on their way to play with the Boston team that afternoon, were in the last two Pullman cars which were the only cars that did not leave the track; and though all were badly shaken none was injured. This is one of the most appalling accidents the New York, New Haven and Hartford road has ever had, but it and other such casualties remind us of life's uncertainty, as expressed in these words:

There is but a step between me and death. (I. Sam. 20: 3.)

## War Threatens Venezuela

In December, 1908, Juan Vicente Gomez, then vice-president of Venezuela, turned traitor, to his friend and business partner, General Cipriano Castro, and seized the presidency with which Castro had temporarily entrusted him while he went to Europe for medical treatment. Since then Gomez has acted as executive and Castro has been counted an exile. General Castro is reported to have reached his native land with the intention of assuming the presidency from which he had been deposed, and the world is looking for warm times and fierce contests between the leaders. It is generally thought that if Gomez, after deposing his former friend and benefactor, had measured up to the demands of the hour Castro would have fared badly; but it is claimed that Gomez fell into the same unpopular ways that made Castro feared and hated, and that he has even done worse. It is said that Gomez has outdone Castro in giving his friends a monopoly on most of the country's leading industries. Only a few weeks ago he granted concession for the greatest monopoly Venezuela has ever known, including in its scope the navigation of important streams and development of rich mineral resources. The rights were sold to an English syndicate, which provoked widespread popular revolt. It is thought that Castro's return at this time was because a better opportunity was afforded him and because he claimed some personal interest in the properties involved. Some of the friends of the deposed president are very influential, and it is likely that a revolution of some proportions will be undertaken against the present administration of the government. It is pretty generally claimed that both Gomez and Castro have been selfish and despotic in their administration, and that the revolt against both of them is not unjust. It would be well for the rulers of Venezuela and all other nations to heed the advice of the prophet:

Thus saith the Lord God, Let it suffice you, O princes of Israel: remove violence and spoil, and execute judgment and justice: take away your exactions from my people, saith the Lord God. (Ezek. 45: 9.)

## Sang Sweetly Before Dying

John P. Jones, a Welsh composer and singer, died the other day in Chicago at the age of four score and ten. His four maiden daughters, all teachers in the public schools of Chicago, and several relatives and friends surrounded his dying bed. At his suggestion his seventeen-year-old granddaughter went to the piano to play a number of tunes of his own composition, while the children and relatives sang to the accompaniment. When they came to "Congress Street," Mr. Jones' favorite, he took up the words and sang louder than the rest. "Play again, child," the old gentleman would say, until one after another of his favorites had been sung. After having sung "Eva," named after one of his daughters, in which the aged composer joined, he almost instantly fell into his long sleep. It is a beautiful thing to go through the gateway of death with songs on the lips and with melody in the heart. Those who pass through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb, go into a world of melody and song.

I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne. (Rev. 14: 2, 3.)



# Some Insects that Impersonate Flowers

SOME years ago, the children attending a school in the city of Rochester, in the State of New York, discovered a number of pretty light-brown objects formed of many bands of scales overlapping each other like the bands of a fish.

They appealed to their teacher to tell them what they were, but she was as much at a loss to know their nature as were her pupils. A small paper bag of the curious growths came into the hands of a nature student who sent it to the Cornell Experiment Station for examination, where the objects were identified as the egg cases of an insect, the praying mantis, as it is usually called, of the common European species. No one was able to guess how they came to be in and about Rochester. We have an American species of this insect, but it never goes as far north as any point within several hundred miles of Rochester.

Unlike almost every other emigrant of the insect tribes from the old world that finds its way to America, any species of mantis that can live and winter in the North must be a very valuable importation, for all members of the genus are rapacious destroyers of insects, killing far more than they can completely devour, and not restricting themselves to any particular kind. They prey indiscriminately upon grasshoppers, flies of every sort and description, mosquitoes, caterpillars, and in short every living and creeping thing that comes within reach, and that is not too large for them to tackle.

Hermann Burmeister, the German naturalist, who traveled in South America from 1856 to 1860, describes a species, *Mantis Argentina*, of Buenos Ayres, which seizes and eats small birds.

Some of these insects are green and some brown, and it is often quite difficult, however large and showy they appear when separated from their usual surroundings, to distinguish them from the leaves or bushes where they lie in ambush for their prey—remaining in one position for hours together, waiting for some unwary insect to come within reach. Sometimes, however, they stealthily and with almost imperceptible movements approach their victim, which when within reach, with a motion too rapid for the eye to follow, they seize firmly with

their strong spine-armed fore limbs and devour at their leisure.

Even the ordinary mantis, with the preposterously long, necklike section of its body, which it lifts at a sharp angle with that part which is furnished with its wings and its legs—with its triangular head and prominent eyes and its two front limbs held up exactly as if the creature were saying its prayers, is without doubt a sufficiently queer looking object, but imagination's very self cannot conceive shapes stranger than those exhibited by some particu-

lar orchid, especially one exhibiting peculiarities of color and form as the one before him, meant both pecuniary profit and distinction. Delighted, he hastened to examine the flower, which to his great astonishment and no doubt equal disappointment, he found to be no flower at all but an insect—a mantis masquerading as an orchid—a mantis of the genus *Gonygylus*, of which several species, it seems, exist in India.

"These curious creatures do not exhibit any very striking peculiarities when looked at from above except the leaf-like dilation of the prothorax and

fore which its fore legs, banded with violet and black, extend like petals, mimicking the corolla of a papilionaceous flower so perfectly as to deceive even the practised eyes of this expert botanist.

An account is given in the *Proceedings of the Asiatic Society* (Bengal, 1877, p. 193) of a number of specimens of a mantis similar to this though probably of a different species, *Gonygylus gonygylodes*, which is also a native of Southern India. This species is reported to select rose bushes on which to light, and is called by the natives by a name meaning "rose bush insects." In fact they exhibit, as far as their upper sides are concerned, little that is peculiar except the small leaf-like expansions of the prothorax just behind the head and those of the legs and the rear part of the body. The whole upper surface of the insect is green, but presents an entirely different aspect when the under surface is brought to view.

The leaf-like dilation of the prothorax seen from this side assumes a light lavender blue tint with a pale pink bloom along the margin so that this portion of the creature presents a perfect appearance of the corolla of a blossom, a floral simulation that is wonderfully enhanced by a dark, dusky brown spot in just the proper place, in the centre over the prothorax, to be mistaken for the opening to the tube of the corolla. Upon alighting upon a plant, the insect, turning its underside to view, hangs upside down nearly motionless but at intervals sways gently back and forward like a blossom touched by a gentle breeze.



The Insect-Orchid Discovered by Professor Kurz in Pegu

This insect, in impersonating the flower, hangs head downward, the long body representing the stem and the forelegs the petals.

lar species of the Mantids in tropical countries. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable, curious and interesting group is that in which the insects comprising it can, at a moment's notice, transform themselves into the quaintest and loveliest of orchids.

Professor Kurz, the eminent botanist, the author of *The Forest Flora of British Burmah*, while at Pegu, a division of British Burma, chanced upon what appeared to him to be a new orchid of a very distinctive character, of great beauty, and of a species unknown to him. The discovery of a new

the foliaceous appendages to the legs, all of which together with the rest of the upper parts of the insect are green." Their form and color are both protective, and as they rest upon and among the leaves of a growing plant give them the power of invisibility.

On turning the insect over and looking at its underside one is amazed to see how completely its appearance is changed. It is no longer an insect, but a flower—an orchid. The species seen by Professor Kurz has a bright violet blue dilation of the thorax be-

## Navy Solicitor Killed by Lightning

TRISTAM B. JOHNSON, Solicitor of the Navy Department, was killed by lightning on Sunday afternoon, June 16, while playing golf on the Chevy Chase links, six miles outside Washington, D. C. He had gone about half way over the course with Francis B. Poe, of Washington, and two caddies, when a terrific bolt stunned the entire party and prevented the others from rendering immediate aid to Mr. Johnson, which might have saved his life.

When they started over the course the sun was bright. Soon after they were out a storm broke. The two men with their caddies were seeking what meagre shelter could be found when the bolt came. Mr. Johnson and his party were hidden from view, and the first intimation others of the links received was from one of the caddies, who came rushing across the field crying for help and calling out that some one had been killed.

## A SUMMER VISIT TO HAVANA

Continued from page 739

desirable, but almost necessary. The Cubans are extremely kind and courteous, however, and a limited knowledge of Spanish—just enough to make yourself understood—goes far. On one occasion a boy walked fully a mile out of his way to put me straight. I could make him understand where I wanted to go, but could not understand his replies. The traveler, however, who cannot speak Spanish, may always extricate himself from his difficulty by hailing a *coche* (he is sure to stumble across one before long) and presenting to the driver a slip of paper with his hotel written thereon. It costs but twenty cents to be driven to any part of the city.

Havana policemen look as if they were made to order. They are all about five feet seven inches in height and of slender build. Each rejoices in a blue cotton uniform, and carries a club and a revolver conspicuously displayed. To disperse a crowd they simply rap on the curb with their clubs, and the signal is at once understood and obeyed.

There is a good deal of horseback riding in the city. The horses have a peculiar hobble-like lope and take very short steps. Like the Deacon's horse in *David Harum*, the Cuban horses "stand without hitching." A man will jump off his horse and leave it standing, while he transacts his business some distance away, perhaps, or enjoys a chat with a group of friends at the corner café. The horse never attempts to take advantage of his freedom, and will remain almost motionless for a whole hour, undisturbed by the passing traffic.

Oxen are used for hauling, and not infrequently one meets in the quaint old streets of Havana a

team of oxen attached to a wagon loaded with timber. Down at the docks, a whole row of these primitive ox-teams may sometimes be seen backed up against a ship which is discharging her cargo. Oxen are often harnessed to the old-fashioned Spanish country carts, called *carromatos*, which come to the great Tacón Market. This market, by the way, is well worth a visit. Early in the morning it is thronged with the colored servants of the better class, come to purchase the day's supply of fruit, meat and vegetables. These commodities are placed more or less indiscriminately in large round wicker baskets, and are finally carried home on the dusky heads of their respective owners. All kinds of tropical fruit are for sale here, and there are cartloads of goats, pigs and chickens, the latter especially finding a ready market. Flowers are sold under the cool *portales* of the market, also lottery tickets.

The street cries of Havana are very musical. There is the milkman, who goes his rounds on horseback and dispenses the milk from tiny tin cans carried in bags on either side of the saddle; the bread man, whose long rolls of bread tower from the top of the basket which he supports on his head; the mango-seller, with his little cart thatched over with palm leaves; the man with the portable dry-goods store, his goods displayed in lavish profusion inside and on the top of a large glass case; the notion merchant, who carries his wares on his shoulder, and patrols the island from one end to the other; the flower sellers with huge trays of potted flowers on their heads; the sponge merchant, and

the dealer in bananas. They all have their different cries, some resembling snatches of song, some sad and mournful, some mellow and sonorous, but all harmonious and pleasing to the ear.

Havana windows have no panes, but are protected by vertical and horizontal iron bars, that reach from the level of the sidewalk to a height of eight or ten feet. In the evenings whole families gather at their windows, where they sit and talk by the hour, while the children roll on the floor or climb up the horizontal bars of the window. Friends come and chat through the bars on the outside. The inevitable first impression is that everybody is in prison and it is "visitors' day."

After dark the really gay life of Havana begins. In the cool evening the city bands play, the cafés and restaurants are filled to overflowing, the benches in the small parks are all occupied, newsboys rush around crying out the evening papers, *caballeros* on horseback clatter along the stone-flagged streets, and carriages with bells on the harness move in a steady stream down the Prado in the direction of the Malecon. Here is situated the principal bandstand and the best restaurant in town, the latter commanding a magnificent view of Morro Castle and the harbor. The Malecon is the great social centre of outdoor life. Rich and poor alike come here every evening, enjoying the ocean breezes and each other's company until far into the night. Everybody is out for a good time. Incidentally this involves quite a little noise, but it is a very fascinating until one comes to go to bed with some doubt in his mind as to the propriety of some of the things they do in Havana.

A. W. CUTLER.



# THE STORY OF JOSEPH

III—Continued

By WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of "The March of Any Man," "The Lincoln Calendar," etc.

JOSEPH'S object in applying these tests was to "catch the conscience" of his brothers, to learn whether they were truly repentant of their conduct toward him and for their years of enmity toward their father. He no longer cared on his own account, but for his father's sake, and Benjamin's—yes, and for their own souls' sakes most of all—he would make one more test.

So Joseph commanded the steward of his palace, saying: "Fill the men's bags with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in the top of his sack. And put my cup, he silver cup, in the bag of the youngest, and his grain money," which the steward did as directed.

The brothers were all up early the next morning and Joseph's servants helped them, so that they started off about daybreak on their way home. No misfortune had happened to them this time and Simeon was with them, so they were happy. On the way they talked about "the Man"—how kind he had been. They wondered why a man in his position should care to invite them to his house. They spoke of the order in which they were seated at the banquet and of their receiving, some of them, their favorite dishes. They had even noticed that he sometimes seemed to know what they were saying before the interpreter began to translate for him. One of the brothers thought "the Man's" questions about their father were rather strange, and he repeated now as the interpreter had done, but in "the Man's" tones: "Is your father well?—the old man of whom you spoke? Is he yet alive?" "If he is 'well,' of course he is 'yet alive.' He would not be well if he were dead!" They all laughed at this sally, for they were happy in going home to their wives and little ones without mishap, with plenty of food and a good story to tell their father. Best of all, Simeon and Benjamin were with them. While they were jogging along beside their donkeys, chatting in this cheerful strain, suddenly they heard a noise of hoofs behind them. With their habitual expression of terror they glanced over their shoulders and saw men on horseback galloping at a mad pace, in a cloud of dust, and shouting after them. They stopped beside their beasts and waited for the cavalcade to come up.

It was the friendly steward with a posse of Egyptian police. With a stern countenance he accused them of stealing his master's silver cup.

"Why," he asked, "have you paid back evil for good by taking that in which my lord drinketh, even his divining cup? You have done very wrong."

The brothers, dumbfounded, looked from one to another. They felt that some terrible blunder had been committed. One of them, probably impulsive, passionate Reuben, answered him:

"Why doth my lord speak like this? Far be it from us, thy servants, that we should do this thing! See, the money, which we found in the tops of our sacks, we brought again to thee out of the land of Canaan. Why then should we steal out of my lord's house silver or gold? If the cup is found upon any of us, let that man die, and we will all be my lord's slaves."

In Egypt it was against the law to put a man to death for stealing, but the thief might be made the slave of the man from whom he had stolen. So the steward replied:

"Very well, let it be as you say; he with whom it is found shall be my slave, but you shall not all be held guilty."

Then they hastened and took down every man his grain sack to the ground, every one of them opened his sack. The steward made a search, be-

ginning with the eldest, and left off at the youngest; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack! Then they rent their clothes and every one put the load back on his donkey and returned to the city.

It was a crestfallen company. Their poor old father's worst fears had been realized after all! Benjamin would now be kept in Egypt and his father would die of a broken heart.

Judah and his brothers came into Joseph's palace; "the Man" was still there. They fell before him on the ground. Joseph said to them:

"What deed is this that you have

pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant; for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying:

"Have you a father or a brother?"

"And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his age, a little one; and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst to thy servants, 'Bring him down to me that I may set mine eyes upon him.'"

"And we said to my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father, for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy



"Joseph fell at his father's feet, throwing his arms around him"

servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.'

"And it came to pass when we came up to thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said:

"Go again and buy us a little food."

"And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother go with us, then will we go down; for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.'"

"And thy servant my father said to us: 'You know that my wife bore me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, 'Surely he is torn in pieces,' and if you take this one also from me, and mischief befall him, you shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'"

"Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant, my father, and the lad is not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with

us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad to my father, saying:

"If I bring him not to thee, then shall I bear the blame to my father forever."

"Now, therefore, let thy servant, I pray thee, remain as thy slave instead of the lad, and let the lad go up with his brothers. For how shall I go up to my father, when the lad is not with me?—lest I see the evil that shall come on my father?"

IV

"I AM JOSEPH YOUR BROTHER"

FROM the beginning of Judah's heart-broken plea the viceroy manifested the keenest sympathy, forgetting his own role in the drama they were acting, for he showed at once that he could understand their words without the interpreter, and by nodding assent to the opening references to himself and his desire to see their youngest brother. When Judah, choking with emotion, spoke of his aged father's grief over his lost son, the Man of Egypt covered his face with his hands, and from that moment to the end of the recital, betrayed as much feeling as Judah himself. Before the touching appeal was ended the Egyptian official turned his back upon them as he had done before dinner on the previous day, and with tears streaming down his face, began to signal to all the Egyptians to leave the hall. Judah's voice had scarcely ceased before he commanded in Egyptian:

"Make every man go out from me."

The order was instantly obeyed, including the interpreter and all the slaves. He was no sooner alone with his brothers than he was overcome by a storm of weeping. The brothers, forgetting their own troubles for the moment, stared at him until he had controlled himself enough to speak to them for the first time in the beloved tongue of his childhood:

"I am—Joseph—your brother!"

As if stunned by a thunderbolt, the ten brothers reeled and fell back. Ghastly fear was in all their faces. This man who had accused them of being spies, who had put them in prison, who had forced them to bring Benjamin down to prove that they were the sons of one father—his father!—this terrible being who held the power of life and death over all Egypt and over them—with whom they were even now pleading to accept them as slaves—this monster—Joseph? In a sudden accession of horror their dry lips whispered the name "Joseph!"

Twenty years of guilt and remorse were crowded into that one little word. They saw it all now. For more than a year he had been playing with them, as a cat does with a doomed mouse it is about to devour. Their consciences told them they deserved everything—torture and a lingering death. At last they were in the toils, and retribution would be sure, if not swift. They shrank from him with increasing dread as they thought of the anguish of his soul when, more than a score of years before, they had no mercy in their hearts for him!

Joseph could not understand their terror. He thought they did not believe him, the change in him was so great.

"Come near me," he pleaded, "I am Joseph—see!"

With a few quick movements he threw off his Egyptian mantle, and the garment which covered the upper part of his body, which, as a member of the priestly caste, had just been shaved. He looked as white and boyish as when they had torn off his coat of many colors twenty-two years before.

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# IN MY VERANDA EASY CHAIR



## Women in Council

ONCE in a while a reminder comes that this is a big country, and that we cannot write in terms of description at any season and be sure of meeting every situation. In Northern New Jersey, for example, the June of this year was so beautiful, the rain was so abundant and the markets were so plentifully supplied with fruit and vegetables, that summer smiled upon the people with her most benignant and beatific expression. One who wrote of summer sitting by a window and looking forth on fields of green grass, on children gathering daisies, or trees waving with verdure, could not gauge the feeling with which the enthusiasm thus invoked would be received in Connecticut, for example, where gardens were perishing in the drought, or in Missouri, from which our first correspondent sent the letter of protest which leads our columns this week.

### The Seamy Side of Summer

"MAYBE you will not be pleased to have me butt in at your Women in Council, inasmuch as I am a mere man. This effort is inspired by your opening paragraph in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, where you are contemplating summer with 'its affluent splendor.' Your characterization of summer is quite ideal, and I do not wish to find fault with it. My object in writing this is to describe the real thing as we are having it here right now. We are in the midst of a terrific dry spell, and corn should be beginning to tassel, but instead is but from six to twelve inches high, and a hill will frequently be found entirely dead; dried up. Our early potatoes have failed to make for lack of moisture. We have practically lost our gardens and you say, 'Everywhere grass is green upon hillside and meadows.' I think it would make you feel sick to see the meadows here. My raspberries, of which we would have had a plentiful supply, are but little dried up knots. I have a family of a wife and five children, and no income except what I raise on my little farm. How would you like to face the coming year with us? You say, 'to-day we meet on the veranda, . . . and nature whispering to us her everlasting secret of joy and blessing.' I also discern a harsher note occasionally, yet we do not yield ourselves to gloomy thoughts over the prospect, but are ever optimistic, doing what we can and simply trusting for the rest.

"W. M. T."

One thing I acknowledge with admiration, and that is the strain of courage in this realistic letter. It takes a lot of downright grit to be cheerful and hopeful when conditions are so disheartening as those on this farm and many like it.

### Again the Family Income

"IF HUSBAND and wife are really to one why must the money question forever crop up for discussion? If the two are one why should a wife say, as so many do, 'My husband is generous with me. He allows me five dollars a

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

week'? Why should a wife speak of 'My husband's money' at all? It should be as much hers as his. When did one ever hear a man say, 'My wife is so good to me; she cooked my dinner to-day and didn't wait for me to ask her to'? Suppose the situations were reversed, or that just as hundreds of wives are beggars, hundreds of husbands should be the same. The wife has to ask for every penny. Let us imagine the husband lying awake half the night wondering in what terms he could persuade his wife to prepare breakfast, or coming home after a hard day's work knowing that he would have to humble himself deeply before she would consent to let him

hard day, prepare his own evening meal and hers, and put the children to bed. He did not actually do the family sewing, but he cut out the little frocks and aprons. Whatever was done in the house or out, this model husband did. After a while the little child wife, for though she was a mother, she never got far beyond the dependence of childhood, faded out of existence. In due time the widower remarried. His second wife was a marvel of capability. There was nothing she could not do. She relieved him of every possible care. She was like the woman in the Proverbs who is the pattern of discretion for the women of every age. The children



An East Side Ice-Peddler in New York City

DURING the summer, and specially through such periods of violent heat as that of early July, the tenement districts know no more popular person than the ice peddler. The necessity of the people of these poorer sections of buying in small quantities is the reason of his existence, and it is very largely through just such dealers as the one here photographed that the great East Side population is supplied with ice.

have supper. I am not overstating the troubles some women are forced to bear. One wife of my acquaintance does all the sewing for a large family and is often at her wits' end to get five cents with which to buy a spool of thread. L. F."

In justice to men, it must be said that most of them would welcome a different way of managing than the common one, if they could be sure that it would work well in the end. No doubt there are miserly men, but they are in the minority. No doubt there are extravagant women. They, too, are in the minority. As for the relation of husband and wife, it implies sacrifice on both sides. I once knew a man who was an eminent educator and the superintendent of a large school. He had a pretty wife whom he idolized, a wife of the Dora Copperfield type. He would come home at the close of a

now had plenty of clothing, and the husband's shirts were never frayed at the wrists, nor did he find holes in his stockings. Here, however, is the peculiar contradiction in the whole affair. To the end of his days this good man idealized his departed baby-wife, often tactlessly referred to her when he might better have been silent, and he worshiped her memory. He was a faithful husband, but by no means a lover, to the practical woman who surrounded him with material comfort.

### A Mother's Problem

"I HAVE taken board for the summer at a pleasant house in the country. With my four children I have spent two previous summers in this particular house. When the landlord met me at the station we all

crowded into the stage and presently we started off on a six-mile drive. He informed me that among the boarders this year there was a family from the city with children whose ages corresponded with mine. 'You will not like the mother very much,' he said, 'she is a little rough and brusque, but they are good people and she makes her children mind her the instant she speaks.' I pondered this description in my mind. My children are obedient and well-bred, but I have never aired my discipline in the presence of outsiders, and I felt certain that I would not find this mother agreeable. Here I am, and here she is, and here are our respective children. Hers are rude, ill-mannered and furtive. She herself is of the termagant type, and her loud, noisy speech and continual scolding are making the inn veranda a place to shun. If I keep my children away from hers, there will be trouble. Already my Mary is imitating the bad English of her Katie, and my Jimmy is not improved by intercourse with her Tom. I cannot now seek other quarters, and I am not a little bothered and perplexed. Suppose it were your case? M. D."

Turn yourself into a home missionary. Meet this woman of the rough tongue and uncultivated speech with friendly but not patronizing kindness and try if you cannot influence her in the direction of gentleness. Twice a day gather your children in your room read with them, talk to them and pray with them. Hold up your own ideals. They will not be very much injured by the children who are less refined than themselves. In choosing a place to board one cannot be entirely sure that everything will be ideally perfect. Can our friends throw light on this mother's perplexity?

### The Teacher's Vacation

NOT one of the entire host of working people who are beginning their vacations in these midsummer days deserves so complete a holiday as the teacher. The work of the teacher all the way from the kindergarten to the professor's chair in the university exacts conscientious thought, continual outgiving of vitality and ever repeated intellectual effort. The teacher's part in the building up of the Republic is as important and essential as that of the preacher. Morning after morning when the children assemble in the classrooms the teachers meet them with bright cheery faces and encouraging words. If there are those who imagine that the teacher's work is done when the children go home in the afternoon they are in error. Few teachers drop their work before five or six in the afternoon. There are exercises to correct, work to be arranged for another day and faculty meetings to attend, and the teacher is emphatically one of those who have a long and not a short day of labor. Individual cases weigh heavily on the teacher's mind, and much home visitation is done without a thought of payment in dollars and cents. The summer holiday of the teacher should be one in which brain and heart may be refreshed, in which care shall be forgotten and health stored up for the work of another year.



# THE COZY CORNER

## LITTLE THINGS

SUPPOSE the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up"—

Suppose the little breeze,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way—

Who would not miss the lightest breeze,  
The dew and flowers that blow,  
And think it was a great mistake  
To have been talking so?

For how many deeds of kindness  
A little thing can do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too!

*Adapted from Emma C. Van Alstyne.*

Daffodils

Flag-Lilies

## Once Upon a Time—With Boy Heroes

JUST at this time of the year, nearly seven hundred years ago, one of the most thrilling and dramatic events in all the long history of the world, happened, and the strange part of it is that almost no little people and comparatively few "olders" ever heard very much about it.

Every one, big and little, should certainly know the story of Stephen of Cloyes and Nicholas of Cologne, the principal boy leaders of the army of children over one hundred thousand strong, that in the burning heat of the summer of 1212, made its way from southern France and Germany, over the Alps and Apennines to Genoa, at which point they believed the waters of the Mediterranean would, at the command of God, separate and build up into great walls in order that a God-commanded army of little children might pass over on dry land into the Orient on the march to Palestine, where the bravest kings, knights, warriors and soldiers of the world had fought in holy wars.

### Minstrel Songs and Hero Tales

NEVER has there been so strange, so heroic a decision followed so sincerely. Think of it! Barely twelve years old, Stephen of Cloyes, like Joan of Arc, tending his father's sheep on the hills near his native village in France, listened to songs and wonder-tales of the heroes who had fallen in battle in the Holy Land; stories told and sung by minstrels wandering in the nearby hills. The bounding hopeful heart of the shepherd boy was set on fire with determination to be a hero in the Holy Land too. So, never realizing the vastness of his undertaking, and like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, he came among neighboring hamlets and villages, and with strange, almost uncanny eloquence, he gathered crowds about him in the market places, where he retold the stories the minstrels had recounted to him.

### Nicholas of Cologne

IT WAS the age of superstition and of deep ignorance among the peasant classes, to be sure. They listened with bewildered interest, and were stirred by the power of the boy's earnestness, which acted upon them like a miracle. New boy leaders sprang up, and the movement spread like wildfire. First and foremost among the boy leaders of Germany was Nicholas of Cologne, the fourteen-year-old son of a watchmaker, who in his earnestness and enthusiasm was a match for the French boy Stephen. The country soon echoed with the story of the boy leaders. "Follow us into the Holy Land! Miracles will happen there!" was the war-cry. The strange undertaking grew so amazingly that in many places business was suspended and the inhabitants crowded in curiosity to watch the children irresistibly led on by the ear-

nest boy leaders. The kings and many nobles, parents, priests and ministers openly and actively took sides against the children, but all in vain. Nothing could be done, because too many of the people believed the children were following some divine command.

### All Along the Way

SO LONG as the summer lasted the children were joyously happy, and if any of them were persuaded by anxious parents or guardians to leave the ranks, they would steal back again or grow very ill at the thought of being detained. This was surely some mid-summer madness that possessed those boys and girls. People along the way opened their houses and cared bountifully for them, just as "olders" will always look out for "youngsters," whether or no.

Altars made of stones were built in

every stopping place. Heaping them with wild flowers, together with song services and story hours, were a part of each day's programme, and at many a ruined tower, stronghold or castle in the Alps, these children lived over again the hero tales that had started them off on their strange, inconsequent errand. The story of the Children's Crusade is a long one. You must surely read it some time. Unlike fairy tales, it ends very sadly.

The summertime passed and in its wake came the cruel winter. Of the army of the hundred thousand boys and girls who left their homes to follow the banners of the pitiful, misguided Boy Crusaders, ninety-five thousand died along the streams and roadways of the Alps. Barely five thousand sturdy, determined little souls reached the seashore, and when the water did not heap itself up into high walls in order that they might pass over it as they expected, disappointed and broken-spirited, they were beguiled into embarking on Italian merchant ships bound for the Orient.

They were shipwrecked or sold into slavery, poor brave dears, and not one ever reached the Holy Land. Of all the children's stories of history or fiction, this one seems to me the strangest, the saddest, and one of the most beautiful. It is all historic fact, and perhaps the reason I have told it here is this: That we may all learn together, right here in the Cozy Corner, the foolishness of pitting boy and girl opinions against the experience and wisdom of those who are older, and by whose advice we should be guided.

### Postscript

I want to remind you once again, for the benefit of newcomers into the Cozy Corner, that if you have not already received them, you may send for our Friendship Post Cards. And, if you will send me the names and addresses of your friends, I will gladly sign your name and send a beautiful souvenir Post Card to each one. There is never any price put on the souvenirs and other nice things that are planned and gotten up for you in the Cozy Corner. I am sure that you agree with me, however, that it is only courtesy to enclose a stamp to cover postage. For next week we have a delightful treat in store for you—an exceptionally interesting puzzle.

### Our Good-Night Verse

To our bountiful Father above,  
We will offer our tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of his wondrous love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

If you have not already done so, be sure to write this week and introduce yourself to yours very

Lovingly and faithfully,

*The Auntie in the Cozy Corner*



### A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;  
There to trace the homeward bee—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow lies the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little maidens from their play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play  
Through the meadow and among the hay,  
Up the water and o'er the lea—  
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

## FALSE HUNGER

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected  
By Good Food.

There is with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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## THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Continued from page 347

He stepped to the edge of the dais, on which he had stood as their judge, and knelt, throwing wide his arms toward them in mute appeal, just as he had done at Dathan that evening long ago. Transfixed, as if in a nightmare, and hoarse with horror, they gasped:

"Joseph!—the pit!"

"Behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that is speaking to you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that you have seen. And you shall hasten and bring down my father hither." Then Joseph put his arms about his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck.

Then, with one arm around Benjamin, and the other extended in the direction of the ten, he pleaded with them, and slowly convinced them of his good-will toward them, so that, one after another, they came to him, Simeon last of all.

Joseph kissed all his brothers and still weeping embraced them, and after that his brothers talked with him.

The first thing now was to plan for the future in which he, they, and their father should be near together in Egypt. He went on to explain:

"For these two years there has been famine in the land; and there are yet five years in which there shall be neither plowing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me here, but God; and he has made me like a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and ruler over all the land of Egypt.

"Hasten and go up to my father, and say to him, 'Thus saith thy son, Joseph: Come down to me, tarri not; and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near to me, thou, and thy children; and there will I nourish thee; for there will yet be five years of the famine.'

Joseph's loud weeping was overheard by the Egyptians who had been ordered out of the audience chamber in such haste. Of course, every one wondered what business the viceroy could have with a band of Canaanitish shepherds—talking with them in their own language. After making himself known to them, Joseph lost no time in acknowledging them as his brothers.

When the king heard the story of the eleven brothers, and how Joseph had received them, he was mightily pleased and insisted on sending a royal invitation to the viceroy's aged father to come down and live in Egypt with all his children and grandchildren. He added, "I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and you shall eat the best of the land." He also ordered wagons, which were a new invention, never before seen in Canaan, to be sent for the aged father and the women and children instead of having to walk or ride their poor, starving camels and donkeys.

So Joseph equipped his brothers for their return journey, giving them ample provisions, changes of raiment and to Benjamin an extra present, three hundred pieces of silver—the price of ten men-servants. He charged them to make haste and to come back as soon as possible, for now, after all the long years of separation, he could hardly possess his soul in patience only a few weeks longer before embracing his dear old father. As they were starting off he gave them a parting injunction:

"See that you do not fall out by the way!"

Although Joseph had fully forgiven his brothers, he well knew they could never forgive themselves. He remembered what a quarrelsome set they had always been, and that this sudden prosperity might be the cause of much

discord among them. Moreover, they had a very painful duty to perform, in confessing their cruelty toward their young brother, so long ago, and their hideous hypocrisy toward their father for all those years. When they arrived at their home in Canaan they told their father:

"Joseph is yet alive and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt." Jacob's heart fainted, for he did not believe them.

They told him, again and again, the story of Joseph's test, why he wanted to see Benjamin, and how he had asked them always, and over and over, if their father were yet alive and well. Different sons rehearsed the whole story at different times, and it was always the same story. They could not have agreed so well if they had made it up just to please him. His shattered mind slowly received the dazzling truth. At last, the sight of the wagons seemed to strengthen his faith and he exclaimed:

"It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

Then all was hurry and bustle in the quiet Vale of Hebron. Their families numbered seventy souls. Poor old Israel was afraid every day that death would overtake him, so terrible was the longing to embrace his son. "If I could only look into Joseph's face once more," he quavered, "I would be content to die in his arms."

At last the queer caravan of donkeys and camels and the strange looking wagons, surrounded by the reduced and bony herds, got under way, and the journey was made as fast as was consistent with the old man's comfort. When they came to the borders of Egypt, Judah was sent ahead to tell Joseph that his father was near, and the viceroy ordered his chariot, and set out with a royal retinue, to meet Israel with as great pomp as if he were going to welcome the king of Assyria. When the cavalcade came and stood before Jacob's camp the old man rose and gazed at the august personage in the chariot, who, he thought, must be the king himself. He cared nothing then for his son's glory, he wanted only to hold his Joseph, his boy, in his arms—to lay his hand upon his curly head and gaze into that sweet, open face as he used to do in the long ago.

There was an awkward pause, but the grand vizier understood. His loving heart had foreseen and prepared for even this. Descending from his chariot, he, with the aid of two attendants, removed his Egyptian headgear, mantle and tunic, and, bounding across the space between, Joseph knelt at his father's feet, throwing his arms around the old man, and burying his face in his lap. During the intervening weeks, he had let his hair grow, and his father's hands, falling upon his son's head, felt the same curls as of yore, and his failing eyes were able to discern the brightness of "the coat of many colors" for Joseph had ordered a duplicate made of the princely tunic of his boyhood, which he had put on under his official regalia.

The recognition was complete. The happy father clasped his boy to his heart again and whispered in ecstasy: "Joseph! it is Joseph my son that was dead and is alive again!"

And the two wept on each other's neck a good while. Then the patriarch, with his eyes streaming with joy, lifted the viceroy's tear-stained face and said, in broken accents:

"Now let me die, since I have seen thy face and thou art yet alive."

"Nay, nay, dear father," exclaimed the Man of Egypt, joyously. "Thou must live many years yet, for my sake, to be near me—as many years as we have suffered in this cruel separation."

When the viceroy told the king that

Continued on page 754

### The Perfect Soda Cracker

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## ORGANIZE FOR PEACE

IT IS with feelings of pardonable pride and an honest confidence in the solidarity of our constituency that we take this earliest moment to thank our readers for the enthusiasm with which the plans for a Peace Campaign have been received. Already many CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles have been organized and are accomplishing excellent work in many States and countries. We are now thoroughly confident of the ultimate power of our united efforts. This spontaneous co-operation of great numbers of our readers has made of our determination to take up arms of Peace against the arms of deadly warfare and bloodshed, a sacred obligation. Peace is not a policy, it is a principle. It shall henceforward be our untiring purpose to present through the pages of this magazine the latest reports of progress of the Peace Movement, and to blaze a direct and practical Peace Trail in the hearts and minds of the business men, legislators, sociologists, economists, diplomats, ministers of the Gospel and women and children who are our loyal supporters.

The most recent organizers of CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles are: Mrs. T. A. Allen, Oklahoma; William Russell, Arkansas; Rev. James F. Goodman, Michigan; Mrs. Martha Mertz, Indiana; Rev. W. F. Porter, North Carolina; Mrs. James M. Knowles, Iowa; Dr. T. J. Merriman, Nebraska; Dr. John E. Evans, Florida; Rev. H. H. Thoren, Illinois; Rev. C. Detling, Ohio; Rev. E. F. Gillette, Kansas.

### Suggested Programme for Second Meeting After Organization

After Roll-Call, Initiation Pledge, Officers' Reports, Reading of Minutes, Unfinished Business, Announcements (business and social), Reading of Matter from Headquarters (by the Secretary) and a brief current exposition of the Main Topic by the Leader, the following subjects may be presented for discussion:

### The Mission of the United States in the Cause of Peace

Salient points: The President of the United States and many foremost statesmen and leaders are actively engaged in promoting the cause of Peace.

The great producing classes of the United States are almost to a man in favor of International Arbitration.

Vast sums of money have been subscribed to the cause in this country. The placing of these funds to best advantage is an especially interesting and important point of discussion.

The American Peace Society, numbering thousands of members, is at present leading in the proposed plan to co-operate with other nations for the purpose of celebrating the Centenary of Peace between Great Britain and America in 1914.

There are three great forces in our American civilization, each one of which is more potent as a Peace factor in this country than elsewhere.

First, the business interests. Nowhere are there more varied and larger business enterprises carried on than in the United States. American business men representing these interests dread the prospect of war and the destruction of business alliances and general unsettling of conditions. When Mr. Andrew Carnegie said that if any controversy arose between Great Britain and the United States it could be entrusted to the merchants of London and New York, who would settle it peacefully and with honor to both nations, he expressed the longing and faith of all business interests.

Second, the laborers. The great mass of American people are toilers, and their votes determine the policy of government. The workingman realizes that the cost of armies and war is enormous and knows that that cost is

met by taxes of which he pays a large proportion. Nowhere else in the world is the working man such a power, such an intelligent force, so fully understanding the curse and cost of war.

Third, woman. Whether voting or not, woman has become an active and vigorous force in our national life. Nowhere is she a more potent factor in public life than in this country, and we may be sure that her forces will be ere long concentrated on a steadfast opposition to war.

For those who wish to follow this subject further we will gladly supply, in pamphlet form free of charge, the address of Hon. David J. Brewer, former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the New Jersey State Bar Association at Atlantic City on June 12.

### Further Suggestions for Discussion

What is the next great step in the forwarding of the Peace Movement?

The International duty of the United States and Great Britain.

Notes. There is little or no opposition in this country to the Peace Movement.

All present information points to the conclusion that American diplomacy will, before the end of the present presidential term, frame a Peace Policy that will win the plaudits of the world.

Summing up of the situation by the Leader or chosen spokesman.

Music, recitations, refreshments. Some suggested hymns and recitations and The Peace Hymn herewith published may be used in this part of the programme.

Announcement of next place of meeting.

Announcement. Pamphlet for the third meeting of the Peace League Circles will be "Union for World Peace," from the speech of Sir Edward Grey in the British House of Commons on March 13, 1911. This pamphlet contains, too, the interesting report of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant on "The Limitation of Armaments," also Hon. Elihu Root's speech at the recent New York Peace Congress and the famous speech of President Taft in New York City on March 22, 1910. This pamphlet will be forwarded on application free of charge to the Secretaries of all CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles.

All who propose to be identified with the Peace Circle Movement and who desire to organize Peace Circles in their communities are asked to communicate with the Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York City.

A new hymn of international peace was sung recently in some of the New York churches. It was written by George Huntington and is sung to the tune of "America" or the British national anthem. The words are:

Two empires by the sea,  
Two nations great and free,  
One anthem raise,  
One race of ancient fame,  
One tongue, one faith, we claim  
One God, whose glorious name  
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,  
What battles we have fought,  
Let fame record.  
Now vengeful passion cease;  
Come victories of peace;  
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,  
Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide,  
Twixt realm and realm, its tide  
Binds strand to strand.  
So be the gulf between  
Gray coasts and islands green,  
With bonds of peace serene  
And friendship spanned.

Now may the God above  
Guard the dear lands we love,  
Both east and west,  
Let love more fervent glow,  
As peaceful ages go,  
And strength yet stronger grow,  
Blessing and blest.

## There Is a Church In Which No Wedding Or Funeral Can Be Held

In which a sermon is never preached: which has no minister: no organ: no altar. Yet people from all over the world come to the church and love it and speak of it with gratitude. It was all the idea of one woman.

No one can read of this church but feels that there is a tremendous thought here.

Oddly enough, the church has hardly been written of. That is why the story, by the man who knows it better than any one else, strikes one with such a fresh interest.

It is in the August LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

**For 15 Cents You Have It**

## A Woman Refused to Marry a Man

Yet she loved him: she loves him today. And it was all because she found she couldn't sit in a room with him except on a sofa beside him. But she believes she avoided the Divorce Court. And she sees there are scores of folks, some engaged and some married, who should do or should have done what she did.

She feels now she has found an "insurance against divorce:" she even calls it "my cure for divorce." It is a point of view on marriage that is unusual but marvelously true.

It is worth reading: this woman's story. She tells it herself. It is called "Why I Did Not Marry: and Why I Think Some Other Folks Shouldn't, Either."

It is in the August LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

**For 15 Cents You Have It**



## HOW TO BE A HERO\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

### Two Kinds of Courage

**T**HERE is physical courage, and there is moral courage. The first is shown by effort to save life, regardless of personal danger; the second by unflinching bravery in standing for the right when opposition makes it difficult to do so. Both kinds have their heroes. If we should compare them, we would say that the moral hero is the greater, because his courage is formed through the discipline of judging between right and wrong in the light of God's truth, thus confirming him in every good thought, word and work. The hero of physical courage is largely made by the circumstances which suddenly confront him. He actually rushed into danger, and afterwards has been heard saying: "I don't see what else I could have done." Dr. Richard S. Storrs, in an address to the students of Union College, described moral heroism as "strength of heart; strength to endure as well as to resist; to pursue and achieve as well as to attempt; to sacrifice self altogether, if need be, on behalf of any justified conviction; a thorough consent of judgment, conscience, imagination, affection, all vitalized and active; and a certain invincible firmness of will as the effect of such a consent—this is implied in a really abounding and masterful courage. It is not impatient. It is not injurious. It is not the creature of fractious and vehement will-power in man. It is associated with great convictions, has its roots in profound moral experiences, is nourished by thoughts of God and the hereafter. It is as sensitive, kindly, gentle in spirit as it is persistent and highly resolved. A chivalric manner is natural to it, especially toward such as are weak or alarmed; as natural as is his carol to the song bird, or its interplay of colors to the flowering tulip."

The hero of physical courage is often dashing, spectacular. He may endure only for one occasion, but the praise of men will be his for all time. The world does not always love the moral hero; it has scoffed at him, it has imprisoned him, it has put him to death.

### Jeremiah a Moral Hero

Jeremiah was a born hero, for even before his birth that was God's purpose (Jer. 1: 4, 5). Like Samuel, he began his work as a prophet of the Lord in his boyhood. When God first laid a prophet's duties upon him, he replied: "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child." And the Lord answered him: "Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee" (Jer. 1: 7, 8). Jeremiah began to prophesy in the thirteenth year of the reign of the youthful Josiah, and he continued to speak for the Lord through forty-two years. We must know he had no easy task, for his field was the same nation, the kingdom of Judah, to whom Isaiah and Micah and other prophets had pleaded time and again to leave their idolatry and turn to the living God. After King Josiah died, Jeremiah lived through the reigns of three weak and wicked kings, three sons of the good king Josiah. One day the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah that he should go and stand in the court of the temple and tell the people again that if they would stop their wrongdoing, God would freely forgive them, and would not punish them by letting them be taken away to a far-away land as prisoners. But if they would not love

and serve him, their beautiful city, Jerusalem, should become a place of ruins, broken like Shiloh, which had once been their holy city when they first entered Canaan.

These words made the people very angry, and they even proposed to kill Jeremiah, probably by stoning him. If Jeremiah had been a moral coward, instead of a moral hero, he would have been frightened, and perhaps would have said: "I did not mean just what I said." But he did nothing of that kind. When the great men, the priests and the princes, all came together, Jeremiah was brought in as a prisoner before them, and still he was not afraid. He answered them that he had spoken the words which God gave him to speak, and they might do with him as they pleased, either kill him, or save him alive—that he would not change his words. Jeremiah was so brave, doing just what God told him to do, that the priests and the princes themselves became afraid to do any harm to Jeremiah and so they told the people: "This man is not worthy of death." And they let Jeremiah go free.

### Another Moral Hero

John Kant, a minister of God, was riding through a gloomy forest when night was coming on. It was very still, for even the little birds had gone to sleep. John Kant was an old man with white flowing hair and beard. As he rode along alone, he suddenly heard the noise of many feet, and presently fierce and wicked-looking men stood in front of him. "Give us your money! Everything, now!" The old man got down from his horse, saying: "I am at your mercy. Here is my purse, my gold chain, my ring, my prayer-book. See, I give them all; but I pray you spare my life." Perhaps you think I am telling you a story of a coward instead of a hero. "Is it true that this is all? Have you no more money?" asked the leader fiercely. "It is indeed all I possess," answered the minister. "Then you may go." And the robbers made way for the old man, and he started away on foot, for they had taken his horse.

As he walked along, something hard struck against his arm, and he opened his cloak. "My gold!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Oh, I had forgotten the gold which I had stitched in the lining of my robe. It will buy food and shelter for me." But in the next breath he said: "I have told a lie. I must go back and confess." Then he went back and found the robbers, and holding out the gold he said: "I have told you a lie, but not intentionally. Fear and anxiety confused me, therefore pardon me." The robbers looked in amazement at the white-haired, defenseless old man; then one man stepped forward, and put back the purse which they had taken away, and into which they put the gold he had brought; another robber put his gold chain around his neck; another put the gold ring on his finger; another gave him back his prayer-book; and then they told him to go safely on his journey. But first Dr. Kant stood among the robber band and prayed to God for them all; then he left them. We must believe that it was not so easy for the robbers to steal from any one else after that, and perhaps they gave up stealing altogether.

It might be thought in the beginning of the story that the old minister was a coward; but in the end we saw he was indeed a hero, a moral hero.

### An Indian Moral Hero

His name was Walla Tonika, and he belonged to the Navajo tribe. He had been guilty of some offense for which the Indians said he should be put to



## The Good Road For Universal Service

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with cross-roads so that a man can go where he chooses easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy cross-road, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first-class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and by-ways of personal communication are 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talking the way to every man's home, a single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication and confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone line is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell system.

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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for August 6, 1911. Jeremiah Tried and Acquitted. Jer. 26: 7-19. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Ps. 27: 1.

Continued on next page



## Successful Woman Pastor

THE Friends' Church of Mount Airy, N. C., is distinguished by the fact that it has a woman pastor, Rev. Leannah Henderson Hobson, who has the largest congregation in the city. She has been a minister for seventeen years, and during that time has trav-

qualities render her preaching extremely popular with both young and old of all classes.

In the pastoral work of her church Mrs. Hobson has met with unique success. The deep interest of a woman who is pastor, wife and mother in one is a new experience for her congregation, and this, coupled with a charming personality, is winning her a very warm place in the hearts of the people.

I. B. MARSHALL.

### Sallie's First Victory

IN THE foothills of Kentucky there is a great deal of interest in Presidential elections, and numerous queer bets and promises are made in connection with them.

One old man, Mr. H., said that if a certain candidate was elected, he never would take off his shirt. The candidate was elected, and the old gentleman kept his vow in letter as well as in spirit for several years, until his oldest daughter, Sallie, went up into Ohio, and had some experience in ways of doing things there.

She was a strapping girl, as big as her father, and as filled with determination. After her return, when she realized for the first time the condition of her father and her home, she went to work to clean things up, and began with her father.

She went to the poles which hung across the room to hold the clothes, and got a clean shirt, then taking the shotgun, she went in search of her victim, and insisted that he put on the clean garment she presented him. Still intent on his vow, he refused to do so, until realizing that she was able and apparently willing to use the gun, he reluctantly donned the clean shirt, saying as he did so, "Wall, Sallie, I reckon you beat me that time; but the next time you won't get the gun."



Rev. Leannah Henderson Hobson

led in twenty-eight States and from sea to sea as an evangelist. She has made hundreds of converts, married over fifty couples, conducted more than a hundred funerals, and has been pastor of several churches in Indiana and Illinois. She has many calls to evangelistic work in other churches, as she is considered safe and sound in doctrine.

Her messages of repentance, faith in Christ, consecration and divine guidance are strong, simple and practical. Mrs. Hobson speaks in a strong, clear and sweetly intoned voice. She is master of a splendid vocabulary and illustrates with great aptness. These

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

death, according to the Indians' rule. He begged leave first to go and fulfil a promise he had made to some far-away friends. The Navajos had such confidence in him that they permitted him to go hundreds of miles without a guard to bring him back. He simply gave them his promise that he would return to be shot at the set time. And he was there, the tribe was in waiting, and at the very hour set Tonaki appeared and quietly faced them ready for death.—(Condensed from the *Youth's Companion*.)

All military men know about the two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. It is claimed that at that hour vitality is at the lowest ebb, and if soldiers are found to be brave in battle, or in case of attack, at that hour, they should be counted among the bravest of the brave, safe to be trusted at any time. True courage knows no times for weakness.

### A Small Moral Hero

Boys do not need to wait to grow up before they can become moral heroes. The probability is if they do not start out on that line early they will never be heroes at all.

Fred was missing one night about sunset. His mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Fred was with them. "No," said the mother, "he promised me he would not go there without my leave, and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Fred's step; but it was half past eight before his shout and whistle were heard when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir; I promised my mother that I would never go there without her leave, and do you think I'd lie about it? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed into the woods, and did not think I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you with that boy. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

He was a moral hero before he was grown to be a man, and it is almost certain that he will be a moral hero as long as he lives.

### A Hint for Teachers of Children

It would be well to begin the lesson with the last story—that of the boy who was true to his mother. Then tell the story of the Indian boy, Walla Tonaki. Afterward tell the story of Jeremiah as an example of the kind of man brave and true boys grow up to be, or would have been in the case of Tonaki if he had been allowed to live. Let the Golden Text be taught as a reason why no one should fear to say and do the right anywhere he may be, or however dangerous the circumstances seem to be: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" It would be well for the teacher to make a simple banner, with these words cut out of paper and pasted on, to hang in the class-room. Call it the "Never-be-afraid motto," and have the children repeat it every Sabbath for several weeks, perhaps for a whole quarter.

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with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them—they are perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear.

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## The Story of Joseph

Continued from page 750

the whole family had arrived the Pharaoh gave the province of Goshen to the clan of Israel, and asked Joseph to pick out any of his brothers fitted for the position to be appointed shepherds of the royal flocks and herds. It was a proud day in the life of the grand vizier when he took his venerable father to call on the young king of Egypt. After complimenting Jacob on his great age, the greatest monarch of his time bowed before Israel, the "prince of Jehovah," and received his blessing.

Jacob lived in Egypt seventeen years. The grand vizier visited him many times in his home in the land of Goshen, bringing his sons Manasseh and Ephraim to receive their grandfather's parting blessing, before the grand old man died, at the age of one hundred and forty-seven years, after bestowing his prophetic blessing on all his sons. Joseph had his father's body embalmed and placed in a coffin like those of the royal Egyptians, and the Pharaoh ordered the court to go into mourning as if Israel had been his own father. When the burial occurred in the burying ground of Abraham and Isaac, the natives in Canaan named the place where the longest ceremonies were held Abel-mizraim, or "Mourning of the Egyptians."

When the brothers had returned from their father's funeral they began to think Joseph had been kind to them only because of his love for his father. They talked the matter over

among themselves. Never having forgiven themselves, they could not comprehend the forgiveness of the brother who had suffered so much at their hands. They saw how completely they were in his power, as he had once been in theirs, and now the father, the family intercessor, was gone. So they said to one another, "It may be that Joseph will hate us now and pay us back for the great wrong we did him." So they sent this word to him, as if it were their father's dying message: "Thy father commanded us, before he died, to say to Joseph: 'Forgive, I pray thee now, the sin of thy brothers, for they did thee a great wrong.' So now we pray thee to pardon the transgression of the servants of the God of thy father."

Joseph sent for his brothers once more and they grieved his great heart by falling upon their faces before him like criminals begging for their lives. He talked to them again in soothing words as he had talked on that memorable day when the Man of Egypt knelt before them as their long-lost brother.

And Joseph said to them: "Do not be afraid, for I am not God to pardon and give life. Though you tried to do me a wrong, God meant it for good, to bring to pass what has really happened, that I might save the lives of many people. There now, do not feel sorry any more. I will go on taking care of you and your little ones."

THE END

## A Friend to the Down and Out

IN 1894 a mechanical engineer was introduced to the Bowery Mission when Superintendent Childs was in charge at 105 Bowery. This engineer, Mr. Charles W. Knight, there met "Mother" Bird and was inspired by the beautiful work of this woman of culture, who was devoting her life to uplift men. He assisted her in Sunday services and became a worker among the men at the Mission. He has since served in various churches without salary in uplifting the fallen. He continued as a volunteer worker, doing

given. No appeals are made to the public, the workers, who serve without salary, seeking in a quiet way to relieve distress.

About a year ago Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, pastor of the North Baptist Church, New York, who had known Mr. Knight several years, became interested in the work. He had already had much experience in dealing with the problem of the poor and needy. Dr. Sanford was soon deeply interested in the work of the mission. Mr. Knight is an Episcopalian, and other denominations are represented in the corps of workers, all of whom, even the housekeeper, give their services gratuitously and willingly. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, turkey dinners were served to cheer friendless men. Last year about 300 free meals were served per month, and 100 homeless were supplied with beds and with respectable clothing to make them presentable for employment.

Mr. Knight understands the needs of men who have been separated from God, and knows how to deal with their troubles. In his younger days he was separated from his own friends and passed through an experience which qualified him to understand and to sympathize with the sufferings of others. A few good friends are helping him in this work. Any reader who desires to know more about the West Side Aid and its benevolent work can do so by addressing Mr. Knight at 243 West Eleventh Street, New York City.

## Called Higher

Mrs. Clara U. Hart, of Lyons, Ia., passed to her reward on March 14. She was a constant reader of this paper for many years.

Abby P. Hastings (84), Lunenburg, Mass., a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, entered into rest March 4, after a life of loving service.

Mrs. Susan L. Martin was called to a better world December 8, 1910, aged 87 years, 6 months. She was a life-long Christian.

Huntington Powell was called to the heavenly home March 8, 1911. He was a reader for fifteen or more years of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Sophia Keek (85) passed on to the great beyond from her homestead at Oakwood, O., on March 18. "She was beloved of the entire countryside."



Mr. Charles W. Knight

what he could alone until he met Mrs. A. J. Fox and her sister, Miss M. L. Stebbins, who encouraged him to open the "Knight Home" on West Fourth Street, New York City. This name was afterward changed to the "West Side Aid for Friendless Men." In the Knight Home no attempt had been made to lodge the men, its founder seeking rather to feed the hungry, get them properly clothed, and help them to get work, using the lodging houses when necessary.

At the West Side Aid, a similar Samaritan work is done, but on a much wider scale. Men whom the churches cannot reach are inspired to take courage and begin a new life. Multitudes have been helped spiritually and physically. No applicant is turned away, and relief and advice are cheerfully



## Don't Worry— There Are Beans That Do Digest

Much is said nowadays about beans not digesting. But remember the reference is to *home-baked* beans.

They are hard to digest—that fact is notorious. They simply ferment.

But, shall we go without beans—Nature's choicest food? Shall we forfeit this national dish?

Beans are 84 per cent. nutriment—richer than beef. They are cheap and delicious—everyone likes them. Why not get beans that *do digest*?

That's why we bake in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. That's why we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through.

Your home-baked beans, below the top, rarely get heated above 100 degrees. That's why they don't digest.

Beans call for fierce heat, applied for hours. To apply without crisping, without bursting the beans, one must use ovens cased in superheated steam.

With this dish, factory baking is an utter necessity. But think what else it means.

The beans come ready to serve. And they come to your table as fresh and savory as the moment they came from the oven.

The beans are all of one size—all baked alike. All are nut-like, mealy and whole.

The sauce is made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. And the sauce, like the pork, is baked with the beans. The delicious zest goes all through.

We have spent many years in perfecting this dish, and nobody has ever approached it. Don't you think it worth while, with this premier food, to serve the best that's baked?

Do you think that it pays to bake beans in hot weather when our cooks, with steam ovens, are at your disposal?

Tell your grocer, before you answer these questions, to send you a few Van Camp's.

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(155)



# Young People's Societies

## The Divine Purpose\*

SOMETIMES it must have seemed to Paul's congregations, if we may judge from his letters, as though he pressed almost too forcibly the matter of good works; but this was simply because he knew it was necessary to emphasize that point. Most of them knew how to be good, just as most of us know how to be good; but it is the practice of these fine theories which is the hard part of our religion. "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

Thus spoke one of the wisest of the characters of our greatest poet, and it is just as true to-day as ever.

The result of a religion which produces merely a flow of fine feelings and a glow of virtuous excitement within; and which does not manifest itself in active efforts to make the world better and help the unfortunate, simply brings discredit upon the whole cause of religion.

"A man may be very active," says Horace Bushnell, in *The New Life*, "in warnings, exhortations, public prayers, plans of beneficence, contributions of time and money; but suppose him to be a stranger to the patient virtues of Christ—railing at adversaries, blowing blasts of scorn upon those whom he wishes to reform, impetuous, wilful, irritable—how much good is that man going to do by all his activity? What can he do but irritate and vex, and, as far as he is concerned, render the very name of religion odious?"

The great sins are quickly recognized. A man knows that if he breaks any one of the Ten Commandments outright he is failing to practise his religion; but there are a thousand subtle forms of irreligion and of inconsistency to which pretty good Christians allow themselves to become victims, often half unconsciously. Professor H. B. Wright names (in his book, *The Will of God*) some of these "minor sins." Are you in danger of committing any of them?

"Do you brood over your sorrows, thus throwing a cloud over all around you? Are you personally untidy? Are you discourteous to those who, you think, are beneath you? Do you give way to anxiety and nervousness, as no Christian should? Are you fond of show and display? Do you indulge in suspicion, prejudice, conceit, envy, pride? Do you overeat or overdrink? Are you boisterous and rough in manner? Are you impatient with physical pain?"

There are none of us who do not at some time or other err in these ways. In so far as we do, we show ourselves not "redeemed from iniquity," not "zealous of good works." Let us watch and "purify" ourselves.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, August 6. TEXTS: Eph. 2:10; Titus 2:14; Heb. 6:10-12.

## Great Lives: Job\*

MARTIN LUTHER, in his introduction to his translation of the book of Job, says that the author proves in it the righteousness of God. In another work he says: "I look upon the book of Job as a true history, yet I do not believe that all took place just as it is written, but that an ingenious, pious and learned man brought it into its present form."

The best modern critics believe also that the story rests on facts, but that its form and the reasoning and characterizations in it are the product of creative genius. It is impossible for any one to determine where fact ends in the book and the embellishments of tradition begin. We must simply accept its wonderful poetry and its ethical lessons as inspired for the especial help of God's people, and be thankful that we possess them.

Many theories have been advanced regarding the authorship of the book. The best authorities are inclined to attribute it to Moses, who during his long sojourn in Midian had time to do it, while his education and natural genius fitted him for it. It may have been revised later by Solomon or by some scholar of his time.

Philosophically, it may be said that the chief lesson taught in it is one that was needed not only in Job's day, but long after, if indeed it is not needed still: the lesson that afflictions in this world are not sent as punishments for sin.

To all of the accusations and confident explanations of his false comforters Job replies with dignity, that though he cannot understand why such miseries have been allotted to him, since he has honestly tried to serve his God, yet he will not accuse his Maker of injustice.

"With him is wisdom and strength. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

But he bitterly pleads with God that he would show to him wherein he has erred, if indeed, which he clearly doubts, sorrow like his is inflicted solely as a punishment for sin. The wrath of his friends that he should question the long-received theory to that effect, knows no bounds. They call him conceited, even blasphemous, yet still Job reiterates that, in spite of the destruction that has come upon him, he knows that his Redeemer liveth. He adds, "Wherefore do the wicked become mighty in power and the tabernacles of robbers prosper?"

How do you account for it? No doubt Job's friends were right in insisting that he had sinned. No doubt he was wrong in asserting so vehemently his perfect integrity; but God assures him in the end that his good intentions are accredited to him as virtue and implies that the theory which Job has tried to impress upon his friends is true—that sin is not always punished nor virtue rewarded in this world, but that in infinite wisdom our lot, whatever it may be, is meted out to us in the way that is best.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 6. TEXTS: Job 6:1-11; 42:1-6.

## The War in the Heart

TAKE the war from out our hearts,  
Take the flame from out our eyes,  
Hear the hatred of our souls  
With the sunlight of the skies.  
Take the swords from out our tongues,  
Take the bitterness of speech,  
That the world may walk in love  
Sea to sea and hench to hench.

What's the congress, what's the cry  
Of the eloquent, the great,  
For the peace, if in the eye  
And the heart abideth hate!  
Take the lightning from our thought,  
Take the thunder from our word,  
That the voice of love may hide  
In our bosoms like a bird.

Take the anger from our breasts  
And the envy from our creed,  
Take the lightning from our thought,  
Till the hearts around us bleed.  
Take the selfish, foolish pride  
From our bosoms, and the sin—  
For there cannot be a peace  
Where the mortal passions grin.

All the while, at times, we go  
With a smooth and smiling tongue,  
But the furnace fires below  
With the smoke of war are hung.  
Take the shard and take the shell  
From our bosoms—not till then  
Can we take the flag of white  
To the parliaments of men!

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## Questions and Answers

W. K. C., Wilson, La. Please explain the origin of the word "Jew."

The word "Jew" was a name formed from that of the patriarch Judah, and applied in its first use to one belonging to the tribe or country of Judah, or rather, perhaps, to a subject of the separate kingdom of Judah. During the Captivity the term seems to have been extended to all the people of the Hebrew language and country, without distinction; and this loose application of the name was preserved after the restoration to Palestine, when it came to denote, not only every descendant of Abraham in the largest possible sense, but even proselytes who had no blood relation to the Hebrews.

A. C. H., Lancaster, Pa. Please explain the connection of verses 21 and 22 with verse 18 in Mark, chapter 2.

The discourse on fasting ends with verse 20. The discourse is recorded by the three first evangelists immediately after the feast which Matthew made to his Lord, and it was probably delivered on that occasion. See the division of topics in Luke 5: 36, showing that it was not a continuation of the previous subject but a slight digression, the one subject leading naturally to the other.

B. B., Denver, Colo. What Scripture is there forbidding one to take his own life—to commit suicide?

The passages bearing most directly on the subject are Job 14: 14 and Acts 16: 28. Murder, according to the divine Word, is a crime against which all nature revolts, and self-murder, though not separately specified, is included in this characterization. In the early Christian church suicides were regarded as criminals, denied Christian burial and deprived of all memorial honors. It is now considered a form of insanity. Certainly there is no other way of explaining the act of one who rashly casts off the burdens and responsibilities of life and rushes unprepared and unbidden before his Maker.

A. D. B., Adrian, Mich. Please define "baby incubator."

This is an apparatus containing a padded and ventilated chamber, usually having a transparent glass top, which is provided with heating arrangements that preserve a uniform temperature and humidity. The lives of prematurely born children are often saved by the use of these machines.

S. T. R., Middletown, N. Y. 1. In your answer to E. F. C., Ellenville, N. Y., you say, "Of course, the worship of the first fruits, which should be invariably observed, is to worship in the temple." In the country, some of us live several miles from any place of worship. To do the necessary or permissible work, and walk several miles to worship, would be as laborious as to follow the plow all day. We are also commanded not to work the horse. Would it not be unmerciful to compel him to draw us to church, and thus deprive him of his needed rest? 2. Are saloons permitted to resist their places of business from outside view with curtains, in every State in the Union?

1. Where the distance between home and church is so great as to make attendance difficult, and in bad weather impracticable, an excellent plan adopted by many thousands is to have the church in the home. There can be no happiness nor blessing in a home where God is neglected and religious duties forgotten. A gathering of the home circle, with possibly a few neighbors added; an earnest, simple service, including Bible reading; a hymn or two, and a prayer, no matter how lame and simple the language, constitutes a real worship. You must be the judge as to whether you are justified in considering the obstacles sufficient to prevent church attendance. There are many who think nothing of a ten-mile walk or drive to

church, but this is a matter for the individual conscience, as there may be reasons that make it impracticable. 2. The saloons to which you refer are probably acting in violation of the law. You should refer the matter to the local district attorney.

W. L. K., Mercer, S. D. I hold that the truest patriot is he who will uphold every point and principle in our Constitution; and similarly we can also claim that the most loyal to God are those who contend for all the truths in Scripture. All kinds of reform work are going on in our country to-day. The end sought for is better social and political conditions.

Our correspondent contends that he who is truest to God and his laws is the best patriot. While this is doubtless true, we would not slight those whose patriotism and good citizenship lead them to do battle for better social and political conditions. Jesus himself took note of the social conditions of his time, and he did not hesitate to rebuke those who were guilty of abuses, who impoverished the poor and oppressed the weak. His sympathies were always with the suffering. It is therefore no mark of

questions in dispute or debate. (See Josh. 18: 11; Acts 1: 25; Lev. 16: 8; Num. 26: 55, etc.) There are many things which, though not specifically mentioned in Scripture, are condemned by the Church and held as sinful by all right-thinking people. Gambling is one of these. It has brought multitudes to ruin.

W. J., St. Cloud, Fla. What are the results and effects of putting alum in bread?

The effect on the bread itself is to preserve its whiteness and render it lighter by causing a greater expansion of the gas generated by the yeast. As alum is a powerful astringent, its effect upon the human stomach is to close the capillaries of the lining and thus prevent the secretion of the gastric juices. Indigestion is sure to follow its continued use or its use in large quantities. It will in time cause atrophy of the glands of the stomach.

Mrs. B. H., Triadelphia, O. Please explain Isa. 27: 1.

The chapter is a continuation of the three preceding ones. "Leviathan" is a name applied to potentates hostile to Israel, and also to the spiritual forces of evil, anti-typically to Satan, the "old serpent," the last of the ene-

power and in this respect was emblematic of good or bad moral influence. Our Saviour adopted it as illustrating the growth of the kingdom in the individual heart and in the world at large. The ordinary leaven of the East is dough, kept until sour. It was also the type of corruption and of evil desire. The Jews were especially prohibited from its use during the seven days of the Passover, and even from having it in their houses. The sacred cakes of the meat offering were also required to be unleavened. On the other hand, the loaves used at the Pentecost Feast were leavened, as they represented the usual food of man.

W. K. Q., Spencer, N. C. Why do the great Powers, including the United States, allow Turkey to slaughter women and children? Is it legitimate warfare?

Our correspondent's question is prompted by the critical situation in Albania, where outrages by the Turks are reported. If the Powers were in accord, such outbreaks could easily be prevented; but they rarely are in accord, and the slaughter-loving Moslem continues to abuse and slay his weaker Christian neighbors and his own Christian subjects. It has long been a disgrace to our so-called civilization that

Turkey should have a free hand when any one of the three leading European governments could check it, were it not for the jealousies and the selfish interests of international politics.

## Miscellaneous

S. G. A., South Boston, Va. There is no such passage in the Bible, but you may possibly find its equivalent in the Apocrypha.

X. Y. Z., Westfield, N. J. The question is one for the individual conscience. It is very easy to cross the line where Sunday necessity ends and pleasure-making begins, but whatever is essential to health is not forbidden.

If Mrs. N. W. H., Soder-ville, Ore., will write to Dr. Sylvanus Stall, care of the Vir Publishing Company, 260 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., to whom we referred her letter, she will receive a full reply. Dr. Stall is the author of *What a Young Boy Ought to Know*, and other excellent works in the same line.

L. M., Highland, Ill. Of the two great doctrines, justification by faith and justification by works, the former preponderates in both the Old Testament and the New Testament. Yet we are repeatedly told that our faith must be known by our works (see Rom. 4: 2, 3, 4, 5, and other passages). Faith is the instrumental cause of justification, and even the atonement of Jesus is not accepted for us, to our individual justification, until we individually believe, nor is it operative if our faith should cease.

Mrs. M. E. S., Perrydale, Ore. Repentance, if it be sincere, should lead to the work of restitution, one of which is restitution. There are cases, however, in which restitution may be impossible, on account of the lapse of years. We are not to judge others harshly. The repentant one may be passing through a struggle of which we know nothing. Besides, judgment belongs to God alone. According to human standards, the repentant thief on the cross would have died unforgiven. He certainly had no time for restitution; yet he was forgiven freely.

A. J. H., Phoenix, Ariz. Peter, it is believed, was a man of middle age when called as a disciple. From the first, he must have been impressed with the genuineness of Jesus' mission, although it was not until his second calling, which took place on the Sea of Galilee near Capernaum—that he became a "fisher of men" and left all to follow the Master. There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of Peter's conversion, although his denial of Jesus was a sad incident, yet one quickly repented and fully atoned for by Peter's later life. Had he not been a thorough believer, he could not have held his Lord's confidence and the first place among the apostles.



A Scene at an Opium-Pipe Burning Celebration in China

CHINA is making valiant efforts to free herself from the curse of the opium habit. Whereas hundreds of thousands from all ranks of society formerly became addicted to the use of the drug without let or hindrance, now the government exercises as stringent control over the trade as it can bring to bear. Opium is no longer sold as an ordinary commodity, and its use is decreasing remarkably. Shortly after the ratification of the agreement by which Great Britain guarantees to gradually curtail the growth of the opium poppy in her Indian Empire, until its culture is entirely stopped, a great reform wave swept over parts of China and the Chinese colonies in other lands. Thousands in the early stages of the habit forswore the use of opium forever. Thousands of pipes were burned and the occasions of such burnings were generally made the excuse for a celebration, such as that shown in our photograph.

an inferior Christianity that a man should be an advocate of purer politics and social betterment; nor need it detract from his spiritual interest and usefulness. It is quite a different thing, however, where a preacher becomes a partisan in politics and uses his influence as such. He should rise above partisanship and speak and act for the general good. Thoughtful people naturally feel that partisanship is sadly out of place in the Christian pulpit. Although a minister should do his share at all times in denouncing public abuses, he should stand clear of and rise above entanglements. A preacher who does not hesitate to plunge recklessly into party politics is almost certain to narrow his spiritual influence and lose the confidence of a large number of his congregation.

W. V., Texas. Does the Bible condemn gambling? If not, why is it sinful?

The Jews do not seem to have known games of chance until they learned them from the Greeks. The soldiers who cast lots (perhaps with dice) for Jesus' garments were Roman soldiers. The "casting of the lot," which is frequently mentioned in the Bible, was in a sense a kind of gambling, but its use was restricted to balloting and for deciding

mies to be destroyed. Some commentators interpret this as referring to the element of evil in the sea of political and social agitation; others hold that it refers to the great enemy of the Church of Christ, the spirit of unbelief, which will be destroyed at the time of Israel's final deliverance.

H. J. E., Atlantic Mine, Mich. 1. Please explain Ps. 88: 18. 2. Also Prov. 17: 17.

1. You will find the parallel passage in Job 19: 13. It refers to brethren and acquaintances who have been estranged from him. The last clause of the 18th verse of the Psalm, like the passage in Job, is a poetic form of expressing the fact of his desertion and solitude. 2. Prov. 17: 17 implies that a true friend does not change his allegiance, and in a crisis, when adversity comes, he becomes as a brother and makes any sacrifice for your sake. See last clause of Prov. 18: 24 for an illustration of the idea.

J. L. C., Great Falls, Mont. What did leaven, which was forbidden at the Passover and required at Pentecost, typically represent?

Leaven is the ferment of yeast, applied to either liquids or solids. It has a penetrative and diffusive



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Sultan Muley Hafid Ali and His Bodyguard

The Sultan Going to the Mosque

A Moroccan Sheik Leading His Command Toward Fez



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## RATTLING THE SABRE IN MOROCCO

WHILE the world in general has been aroused to the deepest indignation by the treatment which the Sultan of Morocco, after the relief of Fez by the French column, accorded to a neighboring tribe which had always remained loyal to him, the diplomats of Europe were engrossed in a consideration of the possibilities of international complications in North Africa, resulting in open hostilities. So keen was the fear of immediate trouble in Morocco, that the transactions upon the London Stock Exchange were practically suspended for a whole day.

As, according to the Algieras agreement, France and Spain were to divide the supervision of the Moroccan Sultanate with equal responsibility, the other European countries had not felt any great personal responsibility or danger from the fact that France and Spain seemed to be playing at cross purposes there. While the Sultan was attempting by public manifestoes to quiet the indignation aroused among his people by his calling in foreign aid in the shape of French troops to aid him in ousting the Berbers, who had besieged his capital city for ninety days, the French and Spanish troops were advancing to different points in the country where their respective governments felt that their national positions needed strengthening. Though quite threatening enough, those developments had not disturbed the general calm to such an extent that the balance of affairs was destroyed, when Germany, to the intense surprise of all Europe, dispatched a gunboat, the *Panther*, to Agadir, a "closed" port on the Atlantic coast of Morocco. Germany announced to the world that this was only for the protection of her national interests in that locality. The importance of Agadir rests in the fact that, though a small town of not more than 400 inhabitants, it has the best roadstead on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, and with development, would form an ideal naval station. This move was immediately the occasion of communication between the French and German Governments. The

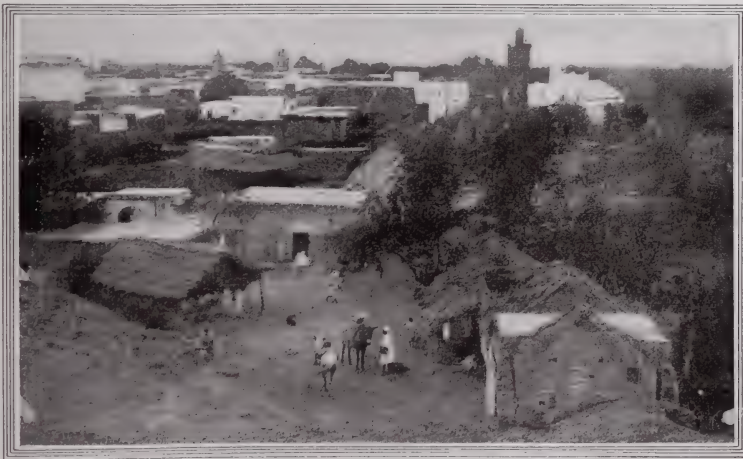
indignation of France was raised to white heat when Germany, recalling the gunboat, replaced it by a much larger vessel, the cruiser *Berlin*. The entire country immediately transferred its attention from the possibilities of trouble with Spain to a consideration of this aggression on the part of its ancient enemy, Germany. For a few days it seemed as if all Europe was likely to be embroiled. Great Britain has made public no statement of her position, but it is generally understood that she would fulfil her treaty obligations to France if necessity should arise. This opinion is given added plausibility by the fact that there can be little doubt that Britain would regard the establishment of a naval base by any foreign country so close to Gibraltar, as a serious menace. Russia has also signified quite plainly her intention of preserving her treaty relations with France. The details of Germany's reasons for her disposition of a war vessel on the Moroccan coast just when its presence would be sure to cause great excitement in European diplomatic circles have not yet been explained.

A few days before the official conference between France and Germany was held in Paris, the atten-

tion of the French public and press was recalled to Spain by what they chose to term "provocations" from that country. The extension of Spanish military operations in Morocco was the first of these, and although that was considered sufficiently serious to rouse a storm in the French papers, it could not vie with the excitement caused by the dispatches which announced the capture and mistreatment of two Frenchmen by Spanish troops. A further dispatch from Tangier, which stated that the French consular agent at Alcazar, Morocco, had been temporarily arrested by a Spanish patrol, roused the Parisian papers almost to a frenzy. The French Government immediately instructed its chargé d'affaires at Madrid to furnish explanations not only of the mistreatment of the two citizens, but of the arrest of the consul. Spain upon its side is attempting to pass over and minimize the incident. One of the most widely circulated newspapers of the Spanish capital said in this connection: "France is trying to charge a mine, the explosion of which is apt to be followed by serious consequences." The entire situation is at the present time in a very badly mixed state. All the great Powers of Europe

are watching the developments with the keenest interest, and all seem ready to resent any infringement of their territorial or protective rights. An attempt was made to involve the United States in the situation by calling Germany's move a trespass upon our interests; but these reports from France and England were met with an unqualified denial of any participation at Washington.

Official information has been kept secret to a great extent, and the resultant unrest in Europe is of itself likely to stir up a great deal of ill feeling. The present strained diplomatic relations are the most serious which have presented themselves in Europe since the Russo-Japanese War. The consultations between the representatives of France and Germany are still in progress, but there is little doubt that a peaceable settlement of the difficulties will be reached through the usual diplomatic channels.



A View Near Fez, Morocco, the Scene of the Greatest Disturbance in the Recent Revolt



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Richard W. Jungfer\*

# FAITH IN CHRIST

TEXT: John 14:1—"Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

THE sermons of Christ always made a deep impression upon all who heard them. Never was this more the case than when he preached his last discourses. His disciples were deeply moved when the Master spoke of his sufferings and death. They showed it plainly in their faces. The Lord is not one who can look at their grief with indifference. He is one who feels with them and who shares their troubles. Like a true friend he comforts them. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Yes, they were lacking in faith. That this was the case with them they well knew. As they once asked the Master, "Lord, teach us how to pray," they also petitioned him, "Increase our faith." They were in need of this increase, for the Lord asked them when he calmed the angry sea, "Where is your faith?" Jesus said to Peter when he warned him to take care, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Our faith is not what it should be. This is clear when Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." Again he says, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

If the works do not occur to-day as they did at that time, it is for the same reason that none occurred in Nazareth; for it is written, "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." When the Lord healed the lunatic, his disciples asked him, "Why could not we cast the devil out?" Jesus answered them, "Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." He called those who brought the sick man to him, "O faithless and perverse nation." Therefore we should pray with the man in the multitude, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." The enemy is always ready to take our faith away from us. He tried to do this even with our Master in the desert when he tempted him the first time.

## "Let not your heart be troubled"

I. If you believe in Christ your heart will not be troubled. When the Lord said to his disciples that he would go from them and that they could not follow him, when they heard that Peter would deny the Master, they were troubled. Jesus said to them, "Let not your heart be troubled." If we believe in him our hearts will be quiet, come what may. One day Jesus went across the Sea of Galilee. Being tired he lay down to sleep. Suddenly a storm arose, throwing the boat violently about. They never thought of the Master, and even if they did, what did he know about the managing of a boat? He was a good preacher and a great physician, but surely they knew more about their old trade than he. Therefore let him sleep. But the storm raged more and more. Wave after wave washed into the small vessel. All their skill was in vain to keep the boat afloat. It was sinking. In this moment of greatest despair they called, "Lord, save us, we perish." The Lord arose and with one motion of his hand and with one word of his mouth he calmed the tempest and the sea. As long as they only believed in themselves their hearts were troubled, but as soon as they believed that help could only come from him, their trouble ceased. Life is like a sea. Our life's boat is often thrown about very violently; our troubles are great.

But if we believe in Jesus and call upon him peace will come into our hearts. There are cares and troubles which cause us worry. But Jesus speaks so beautifully of the fowl of the air which sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather in barns. How beautifully he speaks of the flowers in the field! They toil not neither do they spin, but God feeds and clothes them all. Should he not do this to us, as we are worth more than these? I know it is agonizing when a father must send his children hungry from the table. I know that it pains a mother when she cannot give her child sufficient clothing. I know it is hard when there is no money in the house. One

is almost despaired, but I do know that a sublime peace will take possession of our hearts when we bring our troubles in prayer to Jesus and believe that he alone can help. The multitude had been with Jesus three long days. They had followed him a long distance from all human habitation. They were all nearly famished and were without food. The Lord could not dismiss them lest they should faint by the roadside. The multitude felt no anxiety; they had faith in Christ that he would help.

And oh, how beautifully was their faith rewarded! He helped them in a wonderful way. All received more food than they needed. The Master can help us in the same miraculous manner. A brother of mine in the ministry, speaking of his experience, had this to say: "My first charge was small and so was my salary, and I received it very irregularly. Once we sat down to dinner of black coffee and bread with preserves. I had not a cent of money. O God, help us! Towards evening I heard a rap at the back door. A man was standing there having a bag of potatoes at his feet and a ham in his hand. 'It was always my intention to come,' he said, 'but I have been putting it off and off. To-day I felt that I simply must come, and here I am.' The tears stood in my eyes, and also in my friend's, when I explained to him the situation." Beloved, have faith in Christ and your heart will not be troubled. We are distressed if death approaches us. This was the case in our text. The Lord had announced his death to his disciples. They were troubled. But he said, "Believe in me."

It is terrible when death threatens a member of a family. It seems impossible to give up the beloved. What is to become of those left behind when death takes away father or mother, or brother or sister or friend? Oh, how dark the future does seem! But do not despair. Believe in Christ. He has promised to be with us all the days, even to the end of the world. He provided a supporter for his mother when hanging on the cross in great agony. He will take care of you, mother. He had compassion for the widow of Nain who had lost her son. He helped Martha and Mary who had lost their brother. Christ said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" Believest thou this, my dear Christian? Oh, would to God you could say with Martha, with your whole heart, "Yea, Lord, I believe." Then peace will come into your heart. Even if God's ways are sometimes unintelligible, a sincere Christian will always say from his whole heart, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Blessed is he who believes in Jesus and who heeds his words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Godly people are always at peace.

Several years ago there was a collision on Long Island Sound at midnight. The night was cold and dark and a fierce wind was blowing. Many were drowned in the sinking vessel, others escaped upon a raft. All of these were despondent save a few Salvation Army girls. They sang and prayed and encouraged the others, saying, "We are not afraid to die." Believe in Christ and your heart will not be troubled, come what may.

## Faith's Answers

II. Believe in Christ and you will have your questions answered. The Lord says in the fourth verse, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest, how can we know the way? Jesus saith to him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one cometh to the Father but by me." Every one has questions to ask, why is this and why is that? We would like to have an explanation for everything. It is for this reason that man investigates. Men search the uttermost regions of the heavens with their telescopes, with the microscope they study the secrets of nature. There is nothing too far, nothing too difficult; no fear is shown; health and life are sacrificed to satisfy the thirst for truth. In philosophic thought we find the same thing. "What is truth?" was the question Pilate asked Jesus when the Master said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear

witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Philosophers sought the truth. But where did they arrive? They came to that point where they doubted everything. But still man wants the truth.

Yes, and we may have it only if we believe in Christ and in the Bible which testifies of him. In the Scriptures you will find the answers to the questions which have occupied man since his creation, such as, Whence is life? Whence is sin? Why so much misery, poverty and illness? We shall never fathom all, but we shall be satisfied with the knowledge received, and exclaim with Paul, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God: how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." One who does not believe in Jesus goes through life in darkness. Without faith in Christ, Scripture is to us but foolishness. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

## The Reward Which Fadeth Not Away

III. Those who believe wander heavenwards. In the sixth verse we read, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." One day Jesus was walking on the water. The disciples thought it was a spirit, and screamed for fright. Jesus spoke to them. Peter asked Jesus to allow him to come to him. Jesus consented. As long as Peter looked up to Jesus he remained on the surface, but as soon as he took his eyes from him he sank. Only those wander heavenwards who keep their thoughts fixed upon him. As long as the Jews followed God through the desert they were on the right road to the promised land. Jesus is the way that leads up to heaven. He is the strait gate; no one can enter by any other. He is the Good Shepherd. He will lead them to good pastures and to the fountains of living water. He will protect them from every harm. Let us only follow Jesus, the Good Shepherd. Let us only heed his voice. Let us close our ears to the world. Jesus says, "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

IV. Believe and you will have a sure inheritance. In the second verse we read: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Our Lord says very clearly that we have an inheritance. But only those have this promise who believe in him. Man is not for this world. He is not born only to live a certain length of time and then to die and disappear; no, his chief office is to save his soul. Christ says, "Many, I say unto you, will ask to enter in and shall not be able." And what is our inheritance? Oh, it is indescribable, beautiful. We read of it in Revelation, where it goes under the name of the heavenly Jerusalem. This city has wonderful avenues and streets lined with magnificent houses and palaces and temples, where the jewels and most precious things of earth are used for the building material. But such a beautiful place need not be a pleasant one! There can be just as much misery in a palace as in a shanty. Stay, here are the words of true beauty: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Oh, how much is there of pain in our lives! How all should rejoice to know that there is a land where this will be no more! Still one may not be happy even in such a place. One may die of ennui; life may be unbearable for its monotony. But such will not be the case up yonder. The Lamb of God will lead those who have kept their faith from one day to another. It will lead them to the fountains of living water. There they will serve God and sing his praise with the angels and archangels.

This is the inheritance. It cannot be gained by good works, but only by grace through faith. Peter says, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved." Let us believe in Christ. I pray that we may all be able to say with Paul, when the hour of death arrives, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." May God grant it. Amen.

\* Rev. Richard W. Jungfer is pastor of the Lutheran Church at Sharpsburg, Pa.



## Why Maine Should Vote "No"

By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D.

THE first reason why every good citizen of Maine should vote "No" September 11 is that constitutional prohibition is in harmony with the best and largest wave of world progress, the movement for real popular government, which expresses itself in a wish to curtail the power of the House of Lords in Great Britain, in the establishment of a new parliament in China, and in the insurgent revolt against vested interests in the United States.

The second reason for voting "No" is given to the writer by a Maine congressman as one that would be devoid with many a man who had only secondary interest in temperance, namely, that to keep the liquor law in the constitution is the best way to keep it out of politics; for if the state's attitude to prohibition could be changed by the election of the legislature, the liquor dealers of Boston could tamper with every legislature they won both before and after the election.

A third reason why Maine will vote "No" was given the writer by a New England statesman at Washington, namely, that "to repeal prohibition after approving it for sixty years would be to confess to the world that the people of the State have been all at time a lot of fools." The sons of Maine sometimes boast that some of their pine trees are "so tall that it takes two men and a boy to see the top." Prohibition has been approved by two and a half generations of people who have known something of how license is worked in other States, including Maine, and how State prohibition is worked at home, both imperfectly, and all things human, but they have concluded that it is better to have prohibition with violations of the law, than to have as much or more law-breaking plus the licensed and attractive saloon. Congressman Miller of Kansas showed in a speech in Congress that there were more speakeasies in high license New Jersey under one of the best governors than in both Maine and Kansas.

And that calls up the fourth reason for voting "No," namely, that the nation at large, a traveled people who now prohibitory laws are not fully carried out, and who know that license laws come short yet more of their former standard, after half a century of experimenting with both systems and trying government ownership mainly in South Carolina, and dogology aloons in New York, have settled down to the conviction that prohibition in any of its various forms is better than license in any form.

Another reason for voting "No" is that if prohibition was changed to license in Maine it would be the habitual lawbreakers of the present speakeasies who would be rewarded by the equalizing of their crimes. Does any one suppose they would obey a new law better than the old one? The proposal to eliminate lawlessness by making the crime legal is as foolish as the course of the mother who said, "Tom, come in, I won't." "Then stay out, I'm bound you shall mind your mother."

Another reason for voting "No" is that an evil shut into alleys and attics and cellars cannot draw young men into its toils as it could if it should by getting legal standing capture from better trades the best locations on the principal streets.

It should be borne in mind that no prohibition ever yet enacted forbids men to drink. It only refuses legal standing on its streets to men whose living is made by inducing others to drink. We forbid men to sell in our town or State; we persuade men not to drink.

## The Medicine of Generosity

By EUGENE THWING

THE strenuous, self-seeking business life of the present day is claiming victims more rapidly than the summer heat or the great white plague. Millions are swept away by the contagion without realizing that the fever of money-making and power, is rapidly burning out in them their natural traits of kindness and consideration of others. The disease of selfishness, if neglected, soon becomes chronic, and very hard to cure; but if its approach is ward off by definite daily doses of the medicine of generosity there is little chance for it to gain a foothold.

ONE of the busiest, shrewdest men in New York, prominent in the trade, as hard as nails in driving a business bargain for his house, strict in the enforcement of rules, successful in making money, has the following habits, known only to a very few of his most intimate associates: At Christmas time, with a pocket full of small bills, he goes through some of the most wretched tenement districts, hunting out sick and tired mothers, speaking a few words of cheer and encouragement, giving a friendly hand-shake, and leaving a little money to provide comforts and Christmas joys. Then he goes home to celebrate the season with his own family.

During the year he is a friend to be counted on by any employee who is sick or in trouble, often supplying emergency funds to meet sudden needs, or making loans without any conditions of repayment. His help is given, usually unasked, at the very moment when it will do the most good. Often it comes anonymously. Sometimes a hardworking clerk will find on his desk, unexpectedly, a pleasant little note with a check enclosed; sometimes, when money seems not to be needed, a gift for the home will take its place—a set of china, a silver service, or a clock, and the recipient will be left to guess who has watched him and given such a token of appreciation.

GENEROSITY has wonderful power in curing trouble which by any other means would seem incurable. The story is told of a poor blind woman in Paris who put twenty-seven francs into the plate at a missionary meeting. A friend remonstrated: "You cannot afford so much out of your small earnings." "Oh, yes, I can," she answered; "I've figured it out and know just what I can afford to give." When asked to explain, she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers: 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at nights?' They replied: 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I saved so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp; and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."

SOMEWHERE I read of a crowd of little street Arabs who were gathered at the door of Clark Street Mission, Chicago, one afternoon, waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty; many of them doubtless were hungry; all of them were familiar with hardships. In the crowd were swarthy, black-eyed girls with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of ragged shoes. Presently another boy appeared, leading by the hand two children a little more forlorn looking than the others.

"Hey, fellers," the leader exclaimed, "dese kids ain't got nobody to take care of 'em. Dey sleeps in a box, an' ain't had nuthin' to eat to-day. Can't we do sump'n fer 'em?"

The crowd stared at the newcomers; then one boy suggested, "Le's take up a c'lection," and there was a chorus of assent.

Grimy hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies and the collector announced the result, "seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought which were thrust into the hands of the children, and they were told to eat. When the teacher arrived she found the "two orphans" the centre of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.

THE medicine of generosity is not always taken voluntarily. Sometimes it is administered, unthinkingly, by one who has no idea of the good it will do to others.

You may have heard of the effort a minister was making one Sunday night to raise money for a mission church away off in the mountains. He appealed earnestly to his rich congregation, but no interest seemed to be aroused, and the contributions were few and small. In his great desire to raise the needed money he went down personally among his people in the pews, only to find refusal after refusal, or gifts entirely inadequate to the requirements.

In almost the last pew near the door sat poor little crippled Katie. She loved Jesus and had given him her heart. Now she was eager to give him more. It seemed that he was asking her to respond to the appeal of the minister for money to help carry the story of her blessed Jesus to the boys and girls far away in the mountains that had never heard of him. She had no money. What could she do?

Suddenly a happy thought flashed across her little mind. She had promised Jesus that all she had she would give him. She had nothing she could give but her little crutches by her side. She looked at them for a moment and then she said: "I'll give my crutches." The minister took them forward, and laid them on the table in front of the people. He was deeply stirred with emotion. Tears were in the eyes of many. After a little, he said: "Who will help me buy these little crutches back for little Katie?" Katie in her earnestness had forgotten all about how she would get home, or how she would move about without her crutches. One man spoke up and said: "I'll give a hundred dollars," and thus they kept on giving, one after another, till the little crutches were covered with money and promises, and that night the preacher raised over \$500 for his mission church in the mountains, all because little Katie had been ready in the emergency with the medicine of generosity.

## "NEVER MIND"

WHAT'S the use of always fretting  
O'er the trials we shall find  
Ever strewn along our pathway?  
Travel on, and "never mind."

Travel onward; working, hoping,  
Cast no lingering glance behind  
After trials once encountered,  
Look ahead, and "never mind."

What is past is past forever;  
Let all fretting be resigned;  
It will never help the matter—  
Do your best, and "never mind."

And if those who might befriend you,  
Whom the ties of nature bind,  
Should refuse to do their duty,  
Look to Heaven, and "never mind."

Friendly words are often spoken  
When the feelings are unkind;  
Take them for their real value,  
Pass them by, and "never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,  
Enemies may be combined;  
If your trust in God is steadfast,  
He will help you, "never mind."

## Lincoln's Faith in Prayer

THE faith and power in prayer of Abraham Lincoln were illustrated by a personal reminiscence which General Daniel E. Sickles gave in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, recently. President Lincoln visited General Sickles in the military hospital in Washington to which the General had been carried with one chance in five hundred to live, after a bullet at Gettysburg had shattered his right leg. "Sickles, I couldn't help coming to see you as soon as I heard of your arrival," President Lincoln said. "I never prayed so fervently for anything in my life as for success for our arms at Gettysburg. As I prayed, a feeling of peace came over me and I rose sure of victory, for I knew that God had answered 'Yes' to me and would be with us on the field. Now, I am in prophetic mood. The doctors say you have one chance in five hundred to recover. I say you will get over this trouble, that you will outlive the war and will be able to serve your country in years to come."

## Anvil Sparks

..HEAVEN never rates a man above nor below his true value.

..PRACTICE also what you praise of the other man's preaching.

..MEN who attempt to drown their sorrow are sure to go under.

..A CHURCH leader should do more than merely lead people to church.

..THE young man who moves in church circles will come around all right.

..FLATTERY is one kind of falsehood some people are always ready to accept as truth.

..SPEAK not of your enemies, but be sure to speak to your enemies when you meet them.

..THE man who doesn't mean more than half he says is mean, whether he says anything or not.

..DON'T believe all you hear—or better still, don't hear much of that which you do not believe.

..GOD is not only a present help in the time of trouble, but a great help in keeping out of trouble.

## A Traveler's Appreciation

How I have learned to love you, dear CHRISTIAN HERALD! Nearly five years ago I left the United States to go to America for a trip to Australia. Some of my friends brought on board the liner a large bundle of papers for me to read, among them was THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After a few days I packed up all my papers for my next trip to Liverpool, and how gladly they were read, you may imagine the lead. I remember reading about a gold mine in Bendigo, the Needle Mine, 6,000 feet deep, and the Alexandria, 3,400 feet deep. I visited them, but could not be persuaded to go down into either one of them. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in all its workings, and also all its workers.  
Brooklyn, N. Y. E. W.



# Many Help Our Mont-Lawn Waifs

OUR Children's Home at Mont-Lawn has become, in the largest sense, a national benevolence. In every State it has found friends and supporters who take a warm interest in the physical and spiritual welfare of the three thousand poor little tenement boys and girls who are sheltered and folded at our "Children's Paradise" every summer. Contact with the work gives both to the patron and the protégé a genuine pleasure and a satisfaction which cannot be found in any other form of benevolence, for it recalls the approving words of the Master who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones ye have done it unto me." Our missionary and church workers who seek out the poorest children in the tenements to send them to Mont-Lawn, have had many trying experiences during the prolonged "hot wave" this summer. Hundreds have applied where only a few—the very neediest—could be taken from any one locality. From the very first day of opening, the Home has been full, and hundreds of others have been registered and are awaiting their turn to get away from the hot, sweltering city to our beautiful Fresh-Air Home on the Hudson.

If those good friends who have helped Mont-Lawn with their gifts could spend an hour or two there, in these bright midsummer days, and see our crowds of happy little folk romping at their games on the great lawn, or witness their march into the big dining hall of "Fort Plenty," where they sing their simple grace before doing justice to the good, nourishing food, they would understand the charm which the Children's Paradise holds for every one who has ever been there. And, listening to the songs of the little folks in the beautiful Children's Temple where the sweet, clear voices swell out in

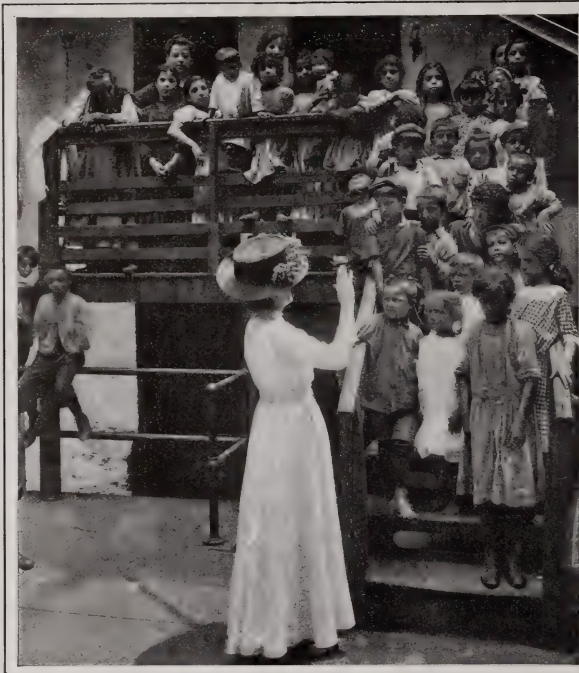
Summertime has come with joy at last,

they would feel something of the joy that comes to the heart of those waifs to whom the gates have swung open to give them ten long, golden days of delirious happiness, such as they had never dreamed of before. We wish it were possible for every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be represented by one little protégé at the Home this year.

Letters have been received this season from many friends of Mont-Lawn, containing contributions for the support of the work and expressing the kindest wishes for its continued success. "A Friend of the Children" writes from Bethel, Conn., sending \$10, "so that some poor child may have an opportunity to enjoy it in that beautiful Home. There is no other object in which I am more interested than this Home for the children." A "Friend" in Washington sends \$3 for "an outing for some worthy child," and adds: "I hope to enjoy my own vacation even better by thinking that even one other has the same privilege." The Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters, Flatbush, N. Y., sends \$6 through Mrs. A. L. Burke, who writes: "May God bless you in this mighty work." A little country Sunday School at Scales Mound, Ill., sends, through E. S. Bray, Superintendent, \$1.80, being "an offering from country children to help others who have not the country privileges. May God bless Mont-Lawn!" The Girl's Guild of the Old Dutch Church, Brooklyn, sends, through Miss Bessie Underhill, President, \$21 to endow a cot for the summer. "For the benefit of two poor waifs, and

a prayer goes with it that it may be an inspiration toward a purer life and helpfulness to others," is the beautiful sentiment which comes with a letter from Mrs. J. C. B. and daughter, of Northeast, Pa. (\$6). A Sunday School class of New Brunswick, N. J., sends, through Miss Katherine Bucklew, President of the Sunday School, \$12, the result of a social, with the injunction that it is to be used for the most needy. This generous gift will make four little waifs happy. The Union Sunday School, a little company of homesteaders at Karinen, S. D., sends, through Miss L. H., \$1.75 to help send some little tenement waif to Mont-Lawn. This is a specially precious gift, as it represents much self-

every moment of the time." The Neighborhood Sewing Society, Morristown, N. J., sends \$21 to endow a cot for the season—thus providing for seven little waifs. "I trust this (\$42) will make a few little people happy and may God bless all your efforts for good," writes W. L., San Francisco, Calif. The Sunshine Society of Summit Hill, Pa., an organization of eleven little boys, sends \$12, the result of a house social, to give four little ones a ten days outing. These young Sunshiners certainly make their light shine. The Bethel Club of Walla Walla, Wash., through Miss Nellie Stuck, Secretary, send \$6 "to give two children a summer vacation at Mont-Lawn." Miss Leola Perry's class of young girls, East Liverpool, O., sends \$3. These earnest young people are giving a tenth of their spending money to Mont-Lawn. The Riverside Sunday School at Mason City, Ia., send \$3.76, the offering of Children's Day to give a vacation to some poor child. Mr. G. M., Stony Creek, N. Y., send a contribution of \$41.40 to Mont-Lawn in memory of a dear one gone. Four little girls in Miss Burnett's Sunday School class, Montgomery N. Y., brought their pennies from week to week until \$3 were gathered, which they have now sent to Mont-Lawn. Their kind hearts deserve a rich reward. The Glenia Presbyterian Sunday School of Calvin, N. D., sends its annual gift of \$21. This is the third year that they have done so. Mrs. D. J. Porter, the Secretary of the Sunday School, writes: "We use the money out of our birthday box for this cause." The Little Girls of the Agoman class of the First Baptist Church, Syracuse, N. Y., have sent for the second year \$21 to endow a cot at Mont-Lawn. They earned this money by making and selling home-made candy. They are a band of true little home missionaries. The Minnie Laird Circle, Washingtonville, N. Y., sends \$3 to enable "some child to enjoy life at Mont-Lawn this summer." An old lady of eighty, Mrs. H. W., of Cavendish, Vt., sends \$1 through her pastor. She is an earnest Christian and a member of the Baptist Church, and says: "I want to do something to help, for I won't be here long." Miss M. E. A., of Pomona, Calif., sent \$6 as a memorial to her mother, now passed over, "who loved to help the children." A little struggling Presbyterian Sunday School in Princeton, Kans., sends \$7.25 through B. D. Davis, as an Easter offering to make some little boy and girl happy at Mont-Lawn. "I hope some little one will have a chance to see God's beautiful country and be benefited by it," writes Mrs. M. E. P., of Rochester, N. H., who sends \$3, the gift of the Sunday School class at Stratford Corner. "This is sent in loving memory of my precious son, who lost his life in that horrible disaster in the Los Angeles Times building. He was an intense lover of little children. No one ever passed him without receiving a kind word. May God's blessing go with the mite" (\$21), writes Mrs. S. D. S., Los Angeles, Calif. "This money was given to my dear mother, who passed away last October, as a Christmas gift the year before. She was always deeply interested in your work for the children, and I know she would be happy to have the money used this way," writes Elizabeth M., New York City (\$21). M. M. F., North Woburn, Mass. (\$21), writes: "May this bring a section of heaven into the heart of some poor little waif," and we believe it certainly will.



"Can't we go to Mont-Lawn, too, please?"

An East Side Missionary in New York Talking to Little Applicants in a Tenement Courtyard

denial, and is greatly appreciated. Mrs. Hulley's class, First Congregational Church, Allegan, Mich., sends a second gift for the Home (\$3) "to give some needy little girl a vacation." There are fifteen willing workers in this class. The pupils of the Rose Music Studio, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., cleared \$10 at a lawn party, which they have sent through Mrs. S. M. Rose-Bogert, director. This will more than pay for three little waifs. A Children's Day offering from the Odell Union Sunday School, Hood River, Ore., of \$6 is sent with the request to give some poor child an outing at Mont-Lawn. It will provide outings for two little protégés of our Oregon friends. The "Busy Bee Club," of Tillson, Ulster County, N. Y., sends \$3 to support a protégé at the Children's Home. And C. C., of Calais, Me., (\$2) writes "to give a little mother" and her babe a few days at Mont-Lawn. We hope they will enjoy

tiful country and be benefited by it," writes Mrs. M. E. P., of Rochester, N. H., who sends \$3, the gift of the Sunday School class at Stratford Corner. "This is sent in loving memory of my precious son, who lost his life in that horrible disaster in the Los Angeles Times building. He was an intense lover of little children. No one ever passed him without receiving a kind word. May God's blessing go with the mite" (\$21), writes Mrs. S. D. S., Los Angeles, Calif. "This money was given to my dear mother, who passed away last October, as a Christmas gift the year before. She was always deeply interested in your work for the children, and I know she would be happy to have the money used this way," writes Elizabeth M., New York City (\$21). M. M. F., North Woburn, Mass. (\$21), writes: "May this bring a section of heaven into the heart of some poor little waif," and we believe it certainly will.

## CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

|                              |                             |                               |                             |                                 |                             |                                 |                             |                            |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Allen, Mrs. H. A. . . . 6.00 | Boyd, Mrs. V. E. . . . 3.00 | Brooks, Mrs. M. A. . . . 1.00 | Buckingham, Mrs. . . . 1.00 | Butterfield, Mrs. E. . . . 1.00 | Cecil, Mrs. May. . . . 6.00 | Christie, Mrs. J. P. . . . 2.00 | Cook, Miss B. C. . . . 2.00 | Croswell, L. G. . . . 3.00 |
| Bain, Charles E. . . . 3.00  | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00     | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00  |
| Barnes, W. E. . . . 3.00     | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00     | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00  |
| Barnes, W. E. . . . 3.00     | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00     | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00       | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00   | Brown, Mrs. M. . . . 1.00  |
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# THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST ARK

By NAJIB K. JAMAL, Jerusalem

A CAPTAIN of the Coldstream Guards and former aide-de-camp to the late King Edward had, with a few intimate associates, been excavating for the last two or three years on the eastern slopes of Mount Moriah, or more correctly speaking Mount Ophel, overlooking the village of Ploam. The excavations consisted of several perpendicular shafts. One shaft ended in the old rock-wound conduit along which water flows underground from the Virgin's Fountain to the Pool of Siloam. The excavated shafts communicated with each other by means of burrows and tunnels, so that the section of mountain was simply one big chamber with underground openings and passages.

A cloud of mystery hung over these excavations, which extended over a period of nearly three years. The strictest secrecy was kept by the captain about his movements, and a strong Turkish military guard was posted night and day to keep the curious away from the field of operations. Finally the captain decided to alter his tactics. He was no less than the bold venture of carrying the excavation work in the temple area itself. With the connivance of certain officials, it is said, he began the work of excavation some time about the beginning of last April. For twelve nights, under cover of darkness, large gangs of workmen dug away with astonishing rapidity. The excavating was begun beneath the dome of the rock and down into the hollow rock-hewn chamber known by the Moslems as the "Wall of Souls," so-called because of the belief that the spirits of departed saints hover there to await the judgment day. It then branched off in different directions underground.

On the thirteenth day some one betrayed the whole secret to the civil government, whereupon the alarm spread like wildfire. There was tremendous excitement and indignation on the part of the Moslems not only against the Englishmen, but also against the officials who so craftily allowed them to desecrate the mosque grounds unchecked.

This list of articles supposed to have been stolen included the following: The crown of King David, King Solomon's jeweled sword of state, the Ark of the Covenant, the Urim and Thummim, the two tables of the Mosaic law and even relics of the

prophet Mohammed. For a time the situation assumed a serious and menacing aspect. On the first alarm being given, the explorers took their departure to England. The civil governor and chief of police were deposed and recalled to Constantinople, while several other officials were sent to jail for examination.

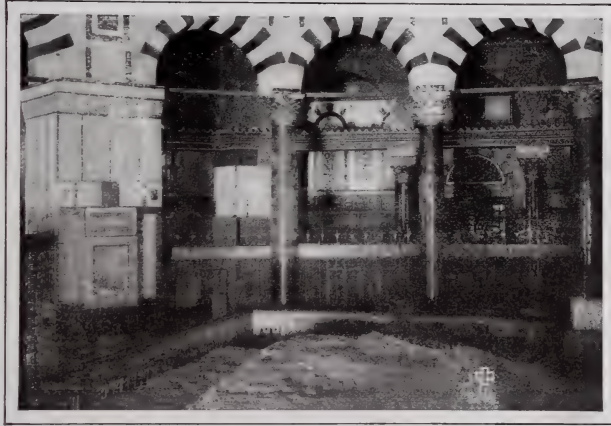
A court of inquiry appointed by Constantinople,

worth his while. Consequently, one principal query became the centre of dispute and uncertainty: Did the captain reach that goal or did he not?

The expedition's search, it is said, was based on a cipher which purported to show the spot on Mount Ophel (or Mount Moriah) where lie buried treasures in the tombs of David and Solomon, as well as other kings of Judah. The cipher was furnished by documents said to have been recently unearthed in Ireland. These documents are ancient Hebrew records in Samaritan characters. It is conjectured that when Zedekiah and the children of Judah were carried away into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, 588 B.C., some princely fugitives may have turned their eyes westward and eventually found themselves in Ireland. The unearthed Irish records were supposedly left by some of those Hebrew refugees. It was intimated by them that although the majority of the sacred utensils and vessels of brass and other precious articles were taken to Babylon, still a goodly number, including the Ark of the Covenant and its contents, escaped the general pillage through having been secretly concealed in some underground tunnel or chamber below the temple on the eve of the city's surrender to the Babylonian king. It is argued that the secret of this concealment must have died with the passing of the first generation of Hebrews in the Babylonian captivity.

That the Ark ever left Jerusalem since the day of King Zedekiah is improbable, for there is no record, sacred or secular, indicating such an occurrence. There is no reason to suppose that it has been destroyed.

It is said that the English explorer, on reopening a shaft first discovered by Sir Charles Warren forty years ago, had not driven tunnels far under Ophel before he struck natural caves and human remains on natural shelves of rock. These were believed to be the remains of Jebusites buried before David took Jerusalem, and probably date about 3,000 years back. The English explorer absolutely refused to give any more particulars; but it is said he positively denied that he had unearthed any valuable treasures or any finds of historical importance. It is now even said that he intends to revisit the scene of his late activities with a view towards resuming his investigations.



The Rock in the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem. Removable Slab Marked ✕

composed of six Turkish high officials, sat for several days in Jerusalem investigating the affair. Its findings affirmed that nothing of any importance whatever had been taken away from the mosque. This, however, did not allay the suspicion of the populace, which kept firm to its first belief that the captain did actually take away many valuable articles of antiquity.

It is estimated that not less than \$500,000 were expended in the undertaking. Knowing this, the people believed that the captain must have deemed the goal for which he strove so strenuously, well

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—TO HONOR HIM AS A Britisher, because of his birth under the British flag, and as an American because of his services in leading the first American armies and in founding the Republic, a movement has been started by the Peace Centenary Celebration Committee to purchase and preserve Sulgrave Manor, the home of George Washington's ancestors in England. The home is to be purchased, according to the project, by a joint subscription of American and British funds. The purchase is to be made as the principal permanent accomplishment of the proposed celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples.

—THE ESTABLISHMENT of a great medical school in China which will aim to train the Chinese to the necessity of adopting Western systems of medicine and hygiene is about to become a reality, and next February the doors of the big college will be thrown open in Shanghai. The project is one which has as sponsors physicians connected with the Harvard Medical School, one of whom, Dr. Martin Russ Edwards, will head the new school. He will have a corps of fifteen Harvard assistants. Among those interested in the project are President Taft and President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard. Dr. Edwards believes that the establishment of the school will be the beginning of the end of the dread bubonic plague, of cholera, and leprosy.

—BY THE TERMS of the seal treaty signed at Washington, July 7, pelagic sealing is prohibited in the seas of Behring, Okhotsk, Kamchatka, and Japan. The convention arranges for the appointment among the signatory Powers of the annual

proceeds of the several seal herds in which they are interested, as follows: Thirty per cent. of the skins annually taken from the American and the Russian herds, respectively, is divided equally between Great Britain and Japan; thirty per cent. from the Japanese herds, divided equally among the United States, Great Britain, and Russia, and thirty per cent. from any herds which may hereafter resort to the breeding grounds under

British jurisdiction in the North Pacific Ocean is to be divided equally among the United States, Russia and Japan. In connection with this apportionment the United States will make an advance payment of \$200,000 to Great Britain and Japan each. These payments are to be refunded to this country out of the proceeds of the British and Japanese share of skins taken from the American herds. The convention also prohibits the hunting of sea otters on the high seas. The treaty will extend for fifteen years and thereafter, until terminated by one year's notice by any of the Powers concerned. It will now be submitted to the governments whose representatives have signed it, for ratification. Aside from ratification by the Senate, it will also be necessary for Congress to pass some legislation to carry its provisions into effect.

—WOMEN'S FEET are bigger than they used to be, and still growing, say the shoe manufacturers of America, who held their fifth annual fair in Boston not long since. A canvass of opinions among the dealers revealed that the average size of shoes that women wear to-day is from four to five, whereas twenty years ago the average was from three to five. The No. 2 size in women's shoes has practically disappeared. Only one in twenty retailers handles them. It was also said that many firms are sending their products out with a code number in place of the actual size number. Women refused to wear the number that fitted them. Now, whatever size they ask for, whether it be two, four, or six, the dealer gives them the shoe that fits them, and he alone knows what size they wear.



The Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence

THIS group gathered in Philadelphia from all over the country, to meet in Independence Hall on July 4. The officers of the society who are seen standing in the front row are from left to right: Miss Watson, Mrs. Mary May, Mrs. Warren Fisher, Major Moses Veale, Dr. Henry Morris (president), J. S. Hooper, Dr. George Washington Dame (chaplain), Mrs. Amos D. Draper, Henry W. Baehre, John S. Braxton, H. Morris Husband.





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## Wanted, a Peacemaker

HAITI, the "Black Republic," continues to supply the dramatic background to the course of events in the West Indies. It is now in the throes of the latest revolution, but disturbances of this sort are so frequent in Haiti that the outer world fails to keep count of them. Dark, silent tragedies; guerrilla street fighting that is rather massacre or assassination than war; valuable property pillaged or swept away for the sheer love of destruction—these are the features of the ever-recurring revolutions that sweep over the island. Haiti, lying midway between Cuba and our island possession of Porto Rico, is clearly within the zone of our pacifying influence. There are American citizens and American interests there requiring protection. In a broad sense, we are as responsible for the preservation of order and the protection of foreign interests there as in any other part of this continent. Yet at the crisis, these interests have as sole protection a private American yacht. And all this is happening at our doors while our magnificent battleships and cruisers are playing a marine "war game" off the Atlantic coast. It is only a little while ago since a large section of the army was lined up along the Mexican frontier, and a squadron of our warships lay in the Gulf in readiness for service. The presence in Haitian waters of a single American cruiser, which could easily have been spared from the summer tactics, might have meant much for peace and order in the neglected negro republic. But better late than never.

## A Familiar Contrast

IN THE course of discussion both here and abroad concerning the question of full and entire churches, many very brilliant minds and pens have taken part. One of the ablest of these writers, himself a consecrated and successful pastor, has conceived a little allegory in which the principal characters are two ministers diverse both in temperament and method. One of these he calls "Mr. Fritterday," and the other "Mr. Fullday"; and as the pair are typical of the same two classes the world over, they are worth knowing. Pastor Fritterday reads but little and that desultorily, while Pastor Fullday enriches his mind and his discourses with the best books obtainable. Pastor Fritterday piles up his desk with note-books, scraps, clippings, envelopes for the storing of sermonic material without method or stint, and with the inevitable result that it is chaotic and unavailable when required. Preacher Fullday, on the other hand, uses his head rather than his scissors, and considers it more important to have his heart full than to have a lot of miscellaneous clippings hidden out of sight in drawers. He finds the writers that appeal to him and who give him inspiration and enthusiasm.

But it is less in books than in pastoral work that the two differ. Preacher Fritterday, when he visits, calls only at the houses among the pleasantest people and his visits seldom have a religious purpose, being almost wholly social. Pastor Fullday is a real shepherd to his flock. Every call he makes is a helpful ministration. He does not neglect the poor nor the sick nor the lonely; he loves his people and shows it by his care and solicitude for them, and they love and respect him in return.

The sermonic efforts of Mr. Fritterday are usually ornate and frequently dazzling, catching the ear but leaving little to be remembered, and his people usually go home from church without any spiritual impression. Conscious that their minister is clever, many of them ask themselves whether it really was a Gospel sermon after all. They miss "the corn and wine" of the old Gospel, and naturally many of them drift to other churches where their hearts' longings will be better satisfied. Thus in time, Pastor Fritterday finds himself speaking to almost empty pews.

If you look in at Pastor Fullday's church, you see the "rich and the poor met together," probably mostly the poor. He has not only chosen his subject prayerfully, but he has wrestled with the spirit in his devotions and pleaded that he might be made

a vessel of light and helpfulness in setting forth the truth to these people. He is not afraid to reprimand and rebuke sin; he thinks his duty as a faithful minister should make him, though at all other times gentle and considerate, inflexible in his characterization of everything that is wrong and wicked. Yet withal he holds up the Cross of Christ in such a winning and persuasive way that even the sinners rejoice and listen. He is of the type of preacher for whom the whole world is longing, and whether his field is cast in village, city or metropolis, he will always have an audience, because his Gospel is a Gospel of divine and human helpfulness—just such a Gospel as the world needs. There are many ministers, but these two types include practically them all. A faithful, consecrated pulpit makes a full and appreciative pew, and this is the lesson of the allegory.

## Cholera Carriers

WARNED by the appearance of cholera at Naples and other Mediterranean ports, our health authorities in New York and elsewhere are taking every precaution to prevent the disease from obtaining a foothold here. Investigation of quarantine methods at the port of New York has disclosed defects and abuses which, had they remained undiscovered, might have produced serious results; but these are now being remedied and with the co-operation of federal, State and civic authorities, rigid safeguards are now in operation which give assurance of protection from any outbreak. The few cases that have already appeared, being brought here from Naples, have been isolated, and even the "cholera carriers" or suspects are secluded and guarded. These "carriers" are persons who, though immune themselves, yet have in their bodies the germs of the disease, which they are capable of communicating to others even after the lapse of weeks. There is not the slightest ground for anticipating any danger of a more serious nature than that which has confronted our quarantine authorities every summer since the great influx of immigration from southern Europe began. If necessary as an additional precaution, all passenger traffic from infected ports may temporarily be discontinued. One gratifying outcome of the present situation will probably be a sweeping improvement in the New York quarantine system, which has been shown to be crude, costly, ineffective and unbusinesslike. It is a good time for a thorough cleaning up of that important branch of the public service.

## Preventable Accidents

PROBABLY half the accidents in life are really preventable. It is hard to repress an expression of resentment and exasperation when one reads the story of accidents here and there that need never have happened, yet each of which results in a train of sorrow and wretchedness wholly without excuse. The motor-car has added a new pleasure to those who can afford its luxury and speed as a means of recreation, but its reckless abuse fills many an obituary column, and makes it a formidable peril to unwary pedestrians. How often in our daily newspaper do we read of the expert motorist taking the street and the highroad, whirling along as fast as he chooses to send his machine and colliding with something else on the road, dashing into a ravine, turning a somersault, hurling his victims into the air or crushing them under the car's weight. A little care, a moment's reflection would have saved the lives that are swept out in an instant by an ill-considered dash across some grade crossing. It is the same with other casualties. A large percentage of calamitous fires may be directly attributed to heedlessness and lack of thought on the part of those who use matches. A match is supposed to have burned itself out and is thrown recklessly down into a heap of shavings, a waste basket or an oil lamp. In a recent conflagration resulting in deplorable loss of life, a pail of turpentine left standing on the floor of a boat-house was supposed to be water and was thrown upon the flames by some one with the good intention of putting them out.

Many of the gruesome accidents that attend the

operation of the wheels of our country's great industries are undoubtedly within the category of preventable calamities. Unguarded machinery at that familiarity of the operative which is so apt to breed contempt for the dangers of whirling wheels and flying belts are here the chief sources of peril and there is little doubt that one is responsible for as many maimings and fatalities as the other. The reckless use of boats in the holiday season and guns or rifles in the hunting months are outstanding examples of carelessness where caution should pervade every action. Though cupidity and heartlessness must take a large share of blame, lack of forethought and common sense is responsible for many sad happenings which we mistakenly lay at the door of Providence.

## Ministers by Mail

EVEN in this age of extraordinary educational development, when almost everything, from engineering to equestrianism, is "taught by mail," one cannot repress a feeling of natural surprise to find theology now included among the accomplishments or professions to be learned through the post office. This announcement will be greeted with an incredulous smile by those who know the value of a systematic training in a well-equipped theological institute. Since the days of the ancient schools of philosophy (the forerunners of our modern university), personal contact between teacher and disciple has been regarded as essential to intellectual training. This necessity is emphasized in theological education. While one at a distance may get a superficial smattering of things and may even follow a prescribed reading course in the text-books, all the real work, the spiritual inspiration, the joy and enthusiasm and zeal that are kindled by personal contact with noble, spiritual minds and that are a valuable part of the preparatory equipment of a minister, are wholly lost. As well try to raise flowers without the sunlight, as to train the mind and heart in spiritual paths without personal contact with godly, spirit-filled preceptors. Next we may expect to hear of schools for conducting revivals by mail, and for converting the heathen. Could absurdity go further?

## General Notes

—THE RACE TRACK BILL, known as the Gittins bill, to absolve directors of race tracks from personal liability for violations of anti-gambling laws, met defeat in the New York Assembly, July 20. This is a signal victory for the anti-gambling element and, for the present at least, puts an end to the hopes of the betting fraternity of re-establishing race track gambling in the Empire State.

—THE POLITICAL GAME of shuttlecock and battledore goes on actively between the British Lords and Commons. On July 20, the Lords passed the Veto bill on a third reading, but so transformed by amendments as to be almost unrecognizable. It now comes up in the Commons, where all the amendments will probably be stricken out. Should the Lords insist on their amendments, the government may proceed to create enough new peers to force the bill through the House of Lords.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## President Gave Atwood Medal

HARRY N. ATWOOD, the Boston aviator, who started on June 30 from that city to fly to Washington, reached College Park, eight miles from the nation's capital, the morning of July 1, covering the 568 miles by aeroplane. He thought the Government Aviation Field at College Park was in the District of Columbia, and that his trophy, offered by a newspaper, had been secured. Before he was able to reach the capital, however, his own aeroplane was wrecked on the government field, but he showed great pluck and by the purchase for three thousand dollars or more of an aeroplane, which he had been unable to borrow, he went triumphantly to Washington. He flew around the Capitol building like a bird, and was seen and cheered by the members of the Senate and House of Representatives. He sailed around the Government buildings, over the residences and around Washington Monument, as by magic, and went back to College Park. The next day he flew to the White House, where he was received by the President, and in the presence of members of the Aero Club and others, was presented with a beautiful gold medal by President Taft. After his call, with the eyes of the world upon him, he flew back to his starting-place at the government field. The overcoming of the law of gravity and skill in navigating the sea of air by the bird-men of our time, is a symbol of the manner in which the Christian overcomes the gravitation of earth and sin and masters the currents of temptation, and with wings of faith, propelled by the motor of love, sails the high seas of duty, happiness and life. This mastery of the leaden weights and fickle winds of time by the participation of the divine life, is thus beautifully expressed by the prophet:

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isa. 40:31.)

## An Outside Explosion

The process of removing the water from the wreck of the *Maine* is practically finished, and now begins the unexpected difficulty of removing the mud in which the battleship is embedded. The remains of the ship are fastened in mud from a minimum depth of thirty-seven feet to a maximum that can only be guessed. The engineers now propose to erect foundations for cranes and derricks with which to extricate the heaviest parts of the wreck, after which the tremendous task of removing the mud will be begun. These extensive excavations may consume several months. It looks as though the mystery enshrouding the destruction of the battleship has been solved. The structure of the bow, as far aft as frame 18, is now exposed, permitting an analysis of the plates, beams and ribs, and it has been shown conclusively that they originally belonged to the structure of the double bottom, which is now elevated to a height forty feet above normal position, confirming the evidence of a tremendous exterior explosion. There is great disappointment in the failure thus far to find the remains of the brave men who were carried down that February night in 1898. Most of the crew were asleep, and all but four of the thirty officers were aboard. Father Chadwick, the chaplain, in a graphic description of the catastrophe, says: "Captain Sigsbee was on the poop deck. He was giving orders calmly, and a handful of men who had escaped the explosion were obeying them." A court of inquiry convened on the United States ship *Iowa*, rendered an opinion March 29, 1898, that the *Maine* had been destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines. Experts think that the discovery of the second bottom, forty feet above its normal position, substantiates the opinion of the court of inquiry thirteen years ago. The unveiling of the mysteries of the *Maine* attests the judgment of Admiral Sigsbee as expressed in an article contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD February 16,

1910. In that article the writer regarded the disaster to the *Maine* as similar to that to the Russian flagship *Petropaulovsk*, which ran against a Japanese mine off Port Arthur, the explosion of which communicated with the magazines of the ship. Who was responsible for the exterior explosion which destroyed the *Maine* may never be clearly shown until the day of final reckoning.

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it. (Rev. 20:13.)

## Helpless Without God

A mechanic came from a Western city to New York in search of employment. He tramped the streets and pleaded in vain for work. In a moment of deepest depression he sent a bullet through his brain, which killed him instantly. On the table of the room where his body lay was found a letter which said: "My dear Wife and Children: This letter you expected would bring joy and hope to you containing the information that I had found work and could take care of you all, whom I love better than I do my life. But the letter will bring disappointment and sorrow, as it will carry you the news of my last act. I confess that I am a coward to do this awful thing, but God is not with me and I shiver." The account of the tragedy did not indicate whether the man had been addicted to bad habits and on that account had gotten down and out and had weakened the force of his will or dulled his conscience, nor did it suggest that his overwhelming

which we put in the ground is her body, only the house in which she lived. She is beyond the clouds and stars. I had a great battle in my mind yesterday to make certain that she was still alive, and just as they put her in the casket in the front room at home I felt sure that the coffin contained only mama's body, and that she had gone on to heaven; and a great load went off my heart, and a joy filled it." And the daughter still younger had the same living faith in the crucified and risen Saviour and of immortality through him.

And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life. (1 John 2:25.)

## Teaching Regard for Law

At the first session of the National Council of Education, held recently in San Francisco, an important committee reported on the widespread disregard of law in all departments of life, and the necessity of a more careful instruction in the public schools with reference to obedience to law. Among other things "the pernicious practice of giving rebates and discriminating against shippers; the prevalence of graft, hoodling, and bribery; the white slave traffic, mobs, riots and lynchings," are cited as instances of lawlessness. To meet this situation, the report says, "certain elemental virtues must be inculcated in childhood and youth," and a tentative course of instruction to this end is offered. This

course begins with the teaching in kindergarten of tidiness, obedience, and self-sacrifice; in the grammar grades the inculcating of individual virtues like patriotism, courage and determination; and concludes with a high school course covering the relations of the individual to society, to a vocation and to the State, and the study of the family as the foundation of society. Fortunately, the teaching in the public schools against the use of alcohol and the saloon, the most lawless institution in American society, is good for the public morals of those who are soon to rule the State. The National Educational Association, in the report of its committee, is good as far as it goes, but it stops short of the most important thing, and that is, the necessity of a knowledge of and obedience to God's revealed law as a basis of regard for human law.

Those who do not obey the laws that men will make. The jurisprudence of the ruling empires of the world to-day is based upon the Bible, and the education of no child or older person can be complete without a knowledge of and an obedience to the Holy Scripture.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. (Ps. 119:105.)

## Mosquitoes Nearly Kill Him

Aaron Kennedy of Clinton, N. J., was out black-berrying the other day. In leaping from one bog to another he sprained his ankle fearfully, so that he could not walk. He undertook to crawl on his hands and knees, but the pools of water made progress impossible. Swarms of mosquitoes set upon him and tortured him so that he screamed with the pain and for help. Thursday night came on, and finding a dry place he lighted a fire in the hope of driving the pests away with the smoke. But they did not mind the smoke, and continued to feast on him. Friday, Saturday and Sunday he passed in that wretched condition, without a bite to eat and nothing but polluted swamp water to moisten his lips. Two boys in search of blackberries found him on Monday in an unconscious condition, stung almost to death by mosquitoes. He could only have lasted a few hours longer. This young man's condition reminds us of the soul lost in the bogs of evil, stung by the poison of sin, and of the relief that is furnished by divine grace. A prayer for delivery from this moral condition is expressed by the Psalmist:

Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink. (Ps. 69:14.)



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Harry N. Atwood Leaving the White House After a Call Upon the President

disappointment at his inability to care for his family had driven reason from his throne and caused his suicide; but his letter indicates that God was not with him with wisdom to guide him in his plans or with strength to execute them, and hence the tragedy is pitiable beyond all description. What a world of disappointment and sorrow we would have if it were not for a personal, present Christ, who helps the tempted soul to battle with evil habit; who gives wisdom and energy in the pursuit of earthly employments; who assists the husband in caring for wife and little ones, and who holds one up amidst the disappointments and misfortunes that are incident to this life. Those who lack this present Christ are thus described by the apostle:

Ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. (Eph. 2:12.)

## Grave Held Only Body

Among the thousands of victims of the recent heat wave was that of the wife of a leading citizen. Exhausted with ceaseless watching over a four-months-old baby that had never had a day of health, and racked by a chronic malady of her own, she was overcome by the heat and in a fit of insanity destroyed herself. The husband took his beloved wife to a Western city to put her away to sleep in the beautiful city of the dead among the graves of her people. The father said to his thirteen-year-old son, "My boy, we have put mother under this beautiful oak tree, which she loved so well, so that she may look out on the coming morn." The boy answered quickly, "Papa, mama is not here. That



# Gospel Work in the Open Air

**O**PEN air meetings are the conspicuous feature of religious activity in New York this summer. Noon services and evening meetings are being held in numbers nearly every day of the week at many locations throughout the city. The Sunday evening outdoor services are attracting especial attention because of the fact that some of the oldest and most conservative churches of the metropolis have allied themselves with the movement.

Seven years ago, Mr. Orin C. Baker, assistant superintendent of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, in conference with Mr. William F. Rea and Mr. C. I. Allison, respectively president of the City Union and president of the fourth district of the Christian Endeavor Union, agreed upon a plan by which the Evangelistic Committee and the various young peoples' societies should co-operate in the holding of outdoor meetings. The experiment proved successful, and from year to year there has been an increase in the number and effectiveness of these "auxiliary meetings" held in New York City. This year the number of such centres of this co-operative work has grown to fifty. Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, and young people's societies of various other denominations have united with brotherhoods from many churches and are doing a splendid work in this direction. In many cases the meetings are held in front of a church, in the church yard perhaps, or on the front steps. The Evangelistic Committee furnishes a cornet and a chorus of voices to lead the music, sends speakers, and generally aids and stimulates the efforts of the young people to bring the crowds from the street to the church. One of the newest features of this outdoor campaign is a series of meetings which is being held in various sections of the city by Bradford Williams, the "auto-evangelist." Mr. Williams has inaugurated automobile services in many States, including Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York. He is making it his special mission to show Christian owners of autos how they may put their machines into God's service.

As from the beginning of its work, the Evangelistic Committee holds noon meetings on week-days throughout the summer on Wall Street. For several years the speaker here was the Rev. William Wilkinson, who earned for himself the sobriquet of "Bishop of Wall Street." When Dr. Wilkinson became associated with an important mission of Trinity Church, the Rev. Nelson Page Dame took the Wall Street work. His eloquence and personal charm as well as his sound exposition of fundamental Scripture doctrine, have secured for him a cordial support from his down town hearers. Hundreds of men in the busy financial centre attend reverently these noon services, which are conducted with the utmost simplicity and straightforwardness.

One of the greatest opportunities in the city for preaching the Gospel to the unchurched is offered at Fort George, where services are held on Saturdays

and Sundays each summer. It is difficult for those unfamiliar with the place to imagine just what Fort George offers on a Sunday afternoon. It is an amusement resort similar in character to the popular recreation centres found in the vicinity of all large cities, but characterized by the peculiar atmosphere attending New York pleasure resorts, which cater to the foreign elements of the population. It is frequented by such motley thousands as can be found in few other places on earth. The East Side empties itself; all those who can raise ten cents for carfare there and back—Russian, Jew, Italian, German, Irish and American, flock to the place by the thousands. At the end of the line of cheap amusements, the crowds find a green hillside where free entertainment may be had. A cornet, a baby organ, a woman's voice in song, a man's voice presenting a message seldom if ever heard before cause the crowds to pause and listen. Some pass on, others linger, many sit down in the grass and remain to hear it all. Good news, indeed, it is. The message of deliverance from sin, power to resist temptation, of divine guidance and gracious forgiveness, of a loving Saviour and a heavenly Father.

This is the message, "the old, old story of Jesus and his love," which for the seventh season the Evangelistic Committee is presenting to the people in tents, shops, and open air all over the city, with special leaders for Russian, Spanish, Italian, German and Norwegian, as well as English services.

Converts frequently attend the Monday morning conferences at the headquarters, and in broken English give heartfelt testimony to their new found happiness and expressions of appreciation and gratitude for the Committee's work. All sorts and conditions of men and women from foreign lands express anxiety to know more about Jesus and the Christian life. The drunkard, the gambler, the ex-convict are found among the inquirers. The lad of tender years, the youth at the turning point of life, the man or woman burdened with years of sadness and sin, all these are among the many varying types to whom the Committee aims to carry the Gospel.

The photographs reproduced are those of some of the men who are most actively engaged in this summer's programme. Mr. Stephen Baker, who is President of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, has succeeded the late John S. Huyler as treasurer of the organization. The number of foreign names amongst the workers shows the polyglot nature of the work. Rev. S. F. Gordiano, who is pastor of the Spanish branch of Calvary Baptist Church, is in charge of the Spanish shop work, which largely takes the form of noon meetings in cigar factories. Rev. Julius F. Hecker, who is a Russian by birth, is in charge of the Russian and German work. Rev. Peter Di Nardo, who is specially fitted for the direction of shop work by years of experience in contact with Italian shop hands, is general director of that branch of the work. Rev. F. E. Smiley, D.D., evangelist, assists in the general outdoor preaching.

W. FLETCHER DAUM

STEPHEN BAKER

REV. NELSON PAGE DAME

REV. S. F. GORDIANO

REV. FRANCIS EDWARD SMILEY  
D.D.

REV. PETER DI NARDO

JULIUS F. HECKER

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS

## THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD

**T**HE largest egg in the world has recently been on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History, New York. It is the egg of the gigantic extinct bird called Epyornis, which formerly lived in considerable numbers on the island of Madagascar. This was a huge wingless creature, the largest and most formidable bird that ever trod the earth. In life it has been variously estimated to have stood from seven to twelve feet in height, possessing massive and powerful limbs. This great bird surpassed the ostrich, the king of modern birds, both in size and herculean strength, though it closely resembled in build all the members of the family of which the ostrich is a type, such as the emu of Australia, the extinct moa, etc.

The enormous size of the epyornis egg may be imagined from the accompanying photograph. By way of realistic comparison, on the right is seen an ordinary hen egg, on the left the egg of an ostrich. The epyornis egg is six times larger than that of the ostrich, having a capacity of two gallons, or the capacity of 150 hen eggs. Here are some of the astonishing dimensions of the big egg: The shell is about one-eighth of an inch thick, the lengthwise circumference is two feet eight inches, and two feet two inches round the middle. Though termed a fossil egg, it is not petrified or turned to hard stone as in the case of dinosaur bones. It is in a surprisingly perfect condition, unbroken, and has a yellow color, although finely pitted in places. The contents have not been removed, as they have turned to a fine dust

which comes out when the egg is handled through a small natural perforation on one side.

The epyornis that laid this colossal egg has not been seen in the life of the present generation of the inhabitants of Madagascar. In former times, several centuries ago, they were quite abundant; several incomplete fossil remains of the bird have



The Egg of the Extinct Epyornis in Comparison with an Ostrich's Egg or a Hen's Egg

been discovered, but no complete skeleton has yet been found. These show that the bird was not only of massive proportions, but short-winged; and it has been classed as a distant relative of the moa and the apteryx, fossil birds of New Zealand. The natives of Madagascar have for many years used the great egg-shell for various domestic purposes, for carrying water and jars for storing and holding

food. Only two or three of these huge eggs have been obtained by Europeans, and most of those yet discovered have been in fragments. They were usually found in the sand-beds of torrents where they have been washed from the surrounding soft soil in which the bird is supposed to have laid them. The present egg is said to be one of the largest and most perfect ever brought into civilization.

LILLIAN E. ZEH.

## Reciprocity Bill Passed

**T**HE United States Senate on July 22 passed the Canadian Reciprocity bill by a vote of 53 to 27. The measure did not go through without strong antagonism, but the majority stood steadfast in its favor. An analysis of the vote shows that the bill was supported by 18 regular Republicans, 3 insurgent Republicans, and 32 Democrats. President Taft has expressed his deep gratification at the passing of the bill, and says: "I should be wanting in straightforward speaking, if I did not freely acknowledge the credit that belongs to the Democratic minority in the Senate for their consistent support of the measure." He also expressed the belief that similar action would now be taken by the Dominion Parliament. That body has not yet acted on the agreement, and the bill, as passed by Congress, will not become effective until the President announces Canada's ratification.



# Hundreds Killed in Forest Fires

FROM many widely separated parts of the country have come reports of the most fatal and devastating forest fires which have been reported for many years. On July 11 the town of Escoda, Mich., was completely wiped out by fire. The town of Au Sable, just across the Au Sable river, was also practically destroyed. The 1,800 inhabitants of these two towns were taken on board a steamer which arrived at Au Sable, and a train which was made up of freight cars from the railroad yards of both towns and rushed to a place of safety. The bridge between the two towns was entirely destroyed; thus preventing the people of Escoda from making their escape as readily as they might otherwise have done. The life was lost when the burning bridge fell into the stream, while two other deaths were caused by the fire. Spreading from these centres the fires have destroyed thousands of acres of splendid timber. The towns of Lewiston, Ger, and Turner all escaped the fire by the narrow margin, and it was only after a day and a half of hard fighting that the fires near those towns were brought under control, so that no further damage was feared. The thousands or more homeless survivors from Escoda and Au Sable were promptly supplied with food, and tents were provided for shelter as soon as arrangements could be made.

The same date brought reports from the Cobalt and Porcupine mining districts of Northern Ontario telling of terrible destruction of timber and property and great loss of life in that section. When a final accounting is possible the loss of life will undoubtedly reach well up into the hundreds, while millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed. The advance of the flames through the tinder-dry forests was phenomenal in its speed. In less than four hours it had destroyed the towns of South Porcupine, Pottsville, and part of Golden City, as well as all the small buildings along the lake front. While part of the loss of life occurred in the vicinity of Porcupine Lake, the greatest havoc was wrought about the main mines, West Dome and Big Dome. Here the entrapped miners, cut off from escape by the flames, were forced to take to the shafts for safety, and, being

hemmed in, perished. The scenes described as having taken place in the streets of some of the smaller towns are positively appalling. Along the highway between West Dome and South Porcupine were found six charred bodies, while in the streets of South Porcupine there lay the bodies of horses, dogs and cattle, as well as of the unfortunate human beings who had been unable to escape.

Many of the American companies which were engaged in mining in this district have lost very heavily from the fire. Only a few days after the conflagration, when the damage was but roughly estimated, five of these companies stated that their losses would range anywhere from \$25,000 to \$100,000.

600 miles north of Montreal. He describes how, while getting his evening meal, he was surprised to find himself practically surrounded by the flames. Stopping only to secure his knapsack, containing an axe, a knife and a blanket, he ran for a lake which was about two miles distant. Upon reaching it his clothes were burned in many places where the sparks had settled upon them. He plunged into the water, and wetting his blanket, placed it over his head. Presently a man he had never seen before ran from the forest and, plunging into the lake, swam out and silently placed himself under the corner of the New Yorker's protecting blanket. It was not long before the two discovered looking down upon them from

the shore, a big black bear which, though apparently frightened at the sight of humanity, was not to be stayed from saving his life. Entirely disregarding the human occupants of the lake, he plunged in and remained floating with only his eyes and nose above water, about a hundred yards from the two men. While they were in the water a moose and a large number of small deer swam across the lake within a short distance of them.

The exact number of those who have perished in the fires in Wisconsin, Michigan, and Ontario will never be known, as a number of prospectors and hunters may have been in the forests unknown to any but themselves.

From the Province of Quebec comes a report that the village of St. Jerome was entirely wiped out by fire on July 12. The forest fires in the Maine wilderness and New Hampshire mountains have consumed

great stretches of valuable timber lands. The village of South Waterford, Me., was practically destroyed by fire on July 12. Thirty families, nearly half the population of the town, were driven from their homes and are being cared for by their more fortunate neighbors. A hurried estimate of the loss of property, exclusive of timber lands, places it upwards of \$100,000.

The Canadian Government, the railway companies which operate lines through the fire-swept districts, as well as the State Governments of Wisconsin and Michigan, are taking steps to relieve the suffering of those who have been left homeless by the fires.



The Ruins of the Burned Bridge Connecting Au Sable and Escoda

As soon as the dispatches bearing the news of the crisis in the fire-swept country reached the railway centres, trains were rushed in to bring out as many as possible of the inhabitants. One train brought out 600 women and children from the town of Cochrane, which was entirely destroyed by the flames. The laborers employed on the Ontario Government's new railway line from Golden City west, reached a place of safety only after a desperate fight with the flames, in which many were badly burned.

A young man from New York who was prospecting for one of the gold mining companies of Porcupine, had his tent pitched in the wilderness about

## THE CREEDS OF THE CUMBERLANDS

ALTHOUGH there is a diversity of beliefs in the Appalachian region of America, the Baptists possess the mountains to a remarkable degree. The old-fashioned "Hardshell" or Primitive Baptist is slowly being replaced by the "Missionary Baptist," whose ideas of predestination are not so absolutely fixed. Denominationalism is strong in the mountains, and a sectarian school rarely has pupils whose parents belong to another church. Even small communities are strongly separated in belief. Sometimes a settlement of less than two dozen families have alternate services at the rude, poorly equipped schoolhouse.

Mormonism is making headway in the mountains, for the Mormon missionary is ever alert in communities where there is least knowledge and intelligence. To combat this growing evil, a minister in the Christian Church who has traveled over the Cumberlandlands establishing Sunday Schools and building

churches, edits the *Sword of Laban*, the only paper in the world devoted to the suppression of Mormonism. The loneliness of the mountain silences im-

presses the "furriner" more and more as he follows the creek beds or crosses the ranges meeting only a solitary horseman or an ox-team with a bark wagon. The cabins are full of shy children, perhaps kin to the one who said pathetically: "Nobody never comes in here and nobody never goes out. My paw jest growed up an' never knowed nothin', an' so did his paw afore him. Sometimes when I be hoeing corn on the mountain side, I look up the creek an' down the creek, an' wonder ef thar ain't nobody never comin' to learn me nothin'."

Christianity and education hand in hand must possess the Cumberlandlands. They are the home of three million loyal citizens, and from them have come men of genius and ability who are a credit to their nation.

FLORENCE LILIAN BUSH.



Baptizing an Eighty-four-Year-Old Convert in "Hell-for-Sartan" Creek



# VACATION JOYS AND PROBLEMS



## The Long Vacation

**W**HEN the heat of midsummer is abroad in the land teachers and pupils feel that they have earned a right to a long vacation. The work of the school year is strenuous and exacting, and when school closes for the summer every one concerned draws a free breath. To the city children and especially to those from whose ranks are chosen the boys and girls who have a happy recess at Mont-Lawn, the summer vacation is not all that it might be under better conditions. Where, for instance, shall the Little Mothers and Little Fathers of the thickly populated tenement regions go to play? In truth they do not know much about play. One who visits in the homes of the very poor in such a city as New York finds children of six and seven years who are already bent under the burdens of life. Some of them help their weary mothers in the everlasting struggle to get enough bread to eat.

If they can do nothing else the small claw-like fingers can pull out basting threads. Wherever there is a baby an older child must take care of it, and I who write have seen at a neighborhood settlement in New York a little girl of ten break into a perfect storm of tears when told that her mother whom she had left in the morning had twin babies to show her when she went home. The Settlement friends had cared for the little girl that summer day, and had helped her and children like her to know something of the meaning of play. The arrival of the twins brought no satisfaction to this forlorn Little Mother.

**S**OMETHING is done in our town life for the children of the very poor, in furnishing them with places where they may play and in providing them at times with a half-way sort of school where they may spend part of the day under the care of a teacher who shows them most of all how they may be happy.

Many high school boys spend a portion of their long vacation in outdoor work in the country. A boy who is fortunate enough to secure occupation on a farm may return to his school work greatly invigorated and may have to his credit a little sum in the savings bank, the beginning perhaps of a fund that later may be to his advantage when he shall go to college.

**T**HE tendency among the comfortable and well-to-do families of the community is just now to establish both girls and boys in summer camps. A well equipped camp in charge of a responsible and competent instructor with a corps of faithful assistants is an ideal place for a growing boy and has much to recommend it for the young girl. A daily schedule is arranged to which the young people gladly conform. They learn wood-craft, if they are in the forest, get near to Nature's heart, tramp, picnic and explore to their content, and if they are near a lake, swimming and boating are added to their pleasures. Accidents are almost unknown in well organized camps, and the young people return from this charming vacation-life ready to attack books and study with renewed zest.

Summer schools attract advanced pupils and am-

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

bitious teachers in the bright days of August, and much may be said in their favor. A portion of the day is always devoted to recreation. The social aspect of a summer school is peculiarly agreeable. A teacher who cannot afford to drop work for a year in order to sharpen tools that have grown rusty, or make preparation for a different kind of work may profitably spend from four to six weeks of summer weather at one of the numerous schools that offer courses under distinguished professors. For the tired teacher as for every other fagged and exhausted brain worker, it may be a mistake to do anything except rest in the long vacation.

**W**HAT about the mothers, sisters and grandmothers who must feed the hungry, if not clothe the naked, during vacation? One such



A Life-Saving Dip in the Surf

**A**MONG the efforts of the various charitable organizations of the great cities to relieve the suffering of the children of the poor during the summer months the "fresh air" work is one of the most important and by all odds the most interesting. In addition to that form of the benevolence typified by Mont-Lawn, there is in New York what one might call the "Day's Outing" work. The object of this is to give the little tenement dwellers and sometimes their mothers a day's trip on a steamer or a day on the sands at the seaside. The above photograph shows such a group at Coney Island.

mother told me last September that she had spent the entire vacation in cooking three meals a day for a family of half-starved young people who could never, it seemed to her, be quite filled up with appetizing food. Her boys and girls at home from college raved over "mother's cooking." Her little men and women were always tearing their clothes and needing to be patched up and made presentable. When the long vacation is over, mothers and caretakers ought to have their turn and take a holiday of their own.

### Cold Desserts for Summer

**T**HE most fastidious epicure must pay a compliment to a berry pie or a pie made with fresh sliced apples, if it is served as a dessert in summer. It should be cold, but is in perfection only on the day when it is made. Fruit ices, blanc mange and soft custards are better than hot puddings in mid-summer. Meat should be eaten sparingly and only once a day, and if the children ask a second helping of ice-cream or floating island do not refuse it.

## What Not to Talk About

**A**T THIS season do not talk about the heat. Comment on the height which the mercury reaches, on the percentage of humidity at the general discomfort of the situation will aggravate your inconvenience, but not make you more comfortable. Do not dwell upon your ailments, tell the history of a present or past malady or discuss this or the other position. Recommend neither allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy or any other department of healing to your neighbors. Permit them to choose for themselves the medical science they prefer. Eliminate references to surgical operations from your daily conversation.

Do not talk about the impossibility of securing good help in the kitchen, nor entertain a caller by description of the ill temper, incapability and unfaithfulness of your maid. No doubt the temptation to compare notes with other employers on the commonplace topic assails most of us, but it is an indiscretion and an invasion of good form to a such trials in the hearing of friends.

Do not talk about the children, nor take pains to bring forward their clever sayings and doings for the admiration of indifferent strangers. Little children are original because they are in a new world, and they are charming because they have no self-consciousness. Parents usually make haste to rob them of spontaneity and make their forward by continual repetition of their bright sayings. "When are you going to talk about me?" a little girl said irritably after waiting in vain to hear mother and auntie relate the last story about her to the minister who was politely listening to all that they said.

If you leave out of ordinary conversation queries and criticisms about the neighbors, chat about the servants, complaints of the weather and descriptions of illness what shall remain to be said? You will be surprised to discover that there are numbers of interesting and useful subjects left. A cultivated woman ought to rise above the trifling felicities of the hour and to think about affairs more

important than the superficial details that too often force themselves to the front. One of the best things done for women by a woman's club is the uplift they receive when in their usual meetings they resume old studies, glance at current events and remember that though they are housekeepers and homemakers they are also human beings with the privilege of expressing opinions on whatever is important to the wide world.

### Table Furniture; A Definition

**T**HE term table furniture is inclusive of the flat silver used on the ordinary table, of forks, spoons, knives of various sizes, small salt and pepper cellars and everything else that goes to the setting of a dainty table. Bread and butter plates are supplied with small knives of their own. As nearly every article of food is at present eaten with a fork, there are forks of several sizes and shapes which are convenient for the purposes designed. A well-equipped establishment prides itself on having an abundance of table furniture.



# THE COZY CORNER



Verda Widger



A Bevy of Cozy Corner Girls  
Mildred Boyd, age 13



Dorothy Bangs

## ALL-DAY-CAMPING

ONE of the most delightful ways of spending August, "least loved month of all the year," is in all-day-camping. I am sure of this, because only last summer we tried it out, our lively schoolboys, three stalwart t-of-door girls, and I. It was in a mountain village in the White Hills of New Hampshire. The exquisite little lake near by, where we fished and thered water lilies, the woodsy walks d mountain climbs, the deep streams mbling through a sweet green intere along which we paddled in birch canoes, the meadow where the isies and closed gentians grew, the aint New England village homes, ade of this rare section an ideal ace for an outing with a family of arty girls and boys; but it was the

and we calculated on three apiece. We filled them variously with lettuce nicely seasoned, peanut butter, thin sliced cucumber with green peppers cut very fine, or hard boiled eggs rubbed to a paste and seasoned with red pepper or with a dash of curry. Fruit we always found in plenty. Blueberries, raspberries, blackberries grew in abundance on the mountain sides, and one of the best parts of the all-day-camping was gathering them in the tin pail and serving them in large grape leaves for saucers.

### The Campfire

DIRECTLY on arriving at our selected spot, we made the fire. From a book called *Two Little Sav-*



"Pussy and I"  
Edna Schofield, age 16



"Picnic on the Lawn"—Juliette Cove, age 11



"Jane Is So Motherly"—M. Gill, age 13



"Our Baby"  
Valerie Turpin, age 13

ages, we learned instructions for laying a campfire.

First a curl of birch-bark as dry as it can be; Then some twigs and soft wood, dead from off the trees;

Last of all some pine knots, to make the kettle foam,

And there's a fire to make you think you're sitting right at home.

Remember to always make a campfire to leeward or down-wind of your picnic table or rock, so that the smoke from the fire will not blow into the food. The great thing for a cooking-fire is plenty of red-hot wood ashes. If you get three medium-sized logs, and place them on the ground in the shape of a star, with the ends centred in the fire, you will always have plenty of red-hot ashes. If, as the logs burn away, you will keep pushing them toward the centre of the fire, red-hot ashes will constantly form, and the meeting-place of the three logs is the point upon which to balance your cooking-kettle.

In the afternoon, away the boys went, swimming or spooning. After supper, which was a pail of baked beans that we served cold with plenty of gingerbread and coffee, we sat around and told campfire yarns, as the boys loved to call them. Then the boys would dig a small pit about eighteen inches deep, bury the scraps, and clean up the camp. And at last, good and tired out with the splendid day of

all-day-camping made this summer attractive, so unforgettable.

Our Camping Outfit REGULARLY, once or twice a

week, we turned the key, early in the day, on the little cottage that we had rented for the month of August, hitched Bonny-Belle to the road wagon and the horse and wagon were "thrown along with the rent", and started off on all-day-camping. We never went very much trouble about our camping outfit—we just put a few nice things into a picnic pail and two chip baskets, and ambled off quite simply to spend the entire day in some bosky single or woodsy dell, some clearing by the lake or in the brown-green depths of the pine woods. Our dinner almost invariably consisted of

### A Camper's Stew

CUT fresh beef, lamb, or mutton into pieces about two inches square, rub well each piece in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, quarter potatoes, carrots and onions enough, and pack it all into a few tin buckets with lid. When the time comes, fill the bucket with clear cold water, set it on your campfire, and let the stew simmer for one hour, or until the potatoes are done. Our butter and butter we always took in the form of sandwiches,



"You Splash Me and I'll Splash You"  
L. Allison, age 13



A bath tub, half filled with warm water, a sponge, a bath rug, one or more towels, a cake of Ivory Soap—these are the essentials.

If, in addition, you provide a light heart and a smiling countenance the equipment will be complete.

All ready? Moisten the sponge, and with it apply Ivory Soap first, to the face and neck, then to the arms, next to the body and last, to the legs and feet.

Fill the sponge with water, and squeeze it over the face, arms, body and legs, repeating this until all dirt and soap are removed. Finish with a dash of cool water. Dry by "patting" or rubbing with the towels.

Ivory Soap has one advantage over most bath soaps—it floats. But the best reason for using it is that it is pure—it cleans, but it does not injure.

## Ivory Soap... It Floats

open-air life and exercise, we trundled home in the old road wagon with Bonny-Belle, whose picnic of oats and hay we had not forgotten, to enjoy a

sleep that only the camper-out knows. If once you get a taste of it, you will want to all-day-camp, off and on, as long as the summer lasts.

## Special August Prize Offers

### A Good Puzzle

MR. S. has four children—Jane, the oldest, and Mary, George and Billy. The sum of their ages is 22. The ages of the three younger children added together may be written in a number composed of three figures, the sum of which is 12. The sum of the first and second numbers equals the third number. The sum of the first and third number equals the age of Jane. What are the respective ages of the children?

Answers to this puzzle must be in before August 15. All who guess it correctly will receive the new Cozy Corner Souvenir Booklet for August. The answer to the puzzle will be published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 30.

### For Little People Under Twelve

#### REBUS

My first is a word—a small part of speech; In my second most goodies are made; My third speaks in minutes and seconds and hours,

And stands in the kitchen of your home and ours, And can send you to school or to bed.

For the best original drawing of the answer to this rebus we will send a copy of one of the most beautiful and popular books of the year, with many stories and upwards of 120 beautiful pictures, many of which are in color.

All answers up to the standard of Cozy Corner work done by boys and girls under twelve, will receive a Supplementary prize or the Special Cozy Corner Souvenir for August.

A Prayer for Dumb Animals. O thou who hast taught us that not a sparrow falleth without the knowledge of our Father in heaven, help us to deal mercifully with thy dumb creatures, and bless us to thy service. Amen.

Put your name, address and age clearly on letters, stories, verses, pictures, answers to puzzle, and send to

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Author of The Cozy Corner

Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.



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We own and offer at a price to net 4.80% a first mortgage underlying 4½% bond of a prosperous public utility company operating in one of the largest Cities in the United States. These bonds mature August 1st, 1921, more than twenty years before the company's franchises expire; and the proportionate earnings of the property covered by this issue are about five times the interest requirements. We will be glad to furnish upon request detailed information concerning this investment.

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To be amply secured at all times from possibility of loss—

And to be where you can get it on demand any time you may need it?

You can open an account with this Company with any amount from \$25 to \$5000. You can add to it at your convenience or withdraw as you wish.

It will earn 5 per cent. for every day that it is in our hands.

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put you exactly on a par with the wealthiest investor. You have the same security and the same certain returns—5 per cent. or 5½ per cent. You have the same opportunity to withdraw your capital if you should need it.

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## OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

IN THESE days of mighty undertakings in transportation by land and water, of gigantic mining and manufacturing enterprises, of colossal structures that dwarf the pigmy pyramids, of interoceanic canals and vast schemes of irrigation, enormous sums of money are needed; but whether the work be done by the nation or carried out by corporate enterprise, the capital comes from the pockets of other people, and curiously enough, the other people are glad to part with it. But who are the other people? the student in Thrift's first high school year may ask. Why, that student is one of the other people, provided he has deposited in a savings or other bank, or has placed in some other available deposit, money enough to buy a bond, or even a part of a bond, in any of the great profit-producing undertakings just hinted at.

### Co-operation

Philosophers have speculated and the poets of humanity have sung of a day "when man to man, the world o'er, should brothers be for a' that," as Burns, the poet of the common people, has it; but while neither the speculations of the philosopher, nor the dreams of the poets, are as yet near to realization, we are gradually approaching an era when the conditions hoped and prayed for may be assured facts. The tendency of never-ceasing progress and ever-advancing conceptions of right is to give all men a unity of interest, a practical co-operation that will redound to the betterment of the humbled.

In an article, a few weeks ago, we told of how the French toiler saved the credit and so the honor of his country, by giving his savings to the new republic of France to meet the war indemnity of the conqueror, Germany, for \$1,000,000,000. Now, it should be understood that this enormous sum was not a donation, though the patriotic toilers of France would gladly have made it such if the occasion required; it was a loan to the government, and the government, without losing sight of the splendid patriotism, so regarded it, and, agreeing to treat it as a business transaction, paid an interest on the loan. A great financier has estimated that of the \$700,000,000 of that loan, contributed by French toilers, fully \$400,000,000 had, up to that time, been kept in hiding, and so paid not one cent of interest to the holders.

The crushing of France by Germany, while crippling for a time the former country, proved, in the end, its upbuilding, its salvation. As soon as the French toiler and saver, already in the essential elementary school of thrift, had learned that money breeds money, with even more certainty than like produces like in the world of animated nature, his future safety and prosperity became assured. If his own country could afford to pay for his savings, other countries and other enterprises could do the same, and so he has saved and made other countries and other enterprises contributory to his own thrift.

### Our Own Case

We need not to have gone to France for an illustration of the case under consideration, that is, the accomplishment of great things through the same and honest use of other people's money. Some of the readers of this article will remember the trying days of our Civil War, when the question of money stringency was urgent on both sides of the conflict. To build up the Southern Confederacy, the seceded States gave all they had of life and property, and their bitterest opponent must honor the honesty of their motives and the heroism with which they struggled to have them realized. But, while admiring the

valor and the sacrifices of the defeated side, we should not lose sight of the valor, sacrifices, and foresight of the victors.

To preserve the Union, fighting men were needed, and 2,700,000 responded to the many calls of Lincoln as the war went on. Now, an army must be equipped, fed, cared for, and paid, and all this takes money. The European monarchies hoped for the dissolution of our Union, and so were not willing to give us of their money, of which at that time there was an abundance lying idle in their banks. But the thrifty people, whose dear ones had gone out to battle for the Union, did not hesitate when Secretary of the Treasury Chase told them in effect: "We must have money as well as men." The money was forthcoming, and was poured lavishly into the lap of the motherland, and without first thought as to the seven per cent. interest which was at that time paid.

### The War Lesson

Our Civil War worked wonders for our finance. The "wild cat" banks of the old days, with all their fraud, gave way to a system of national banks, based on national credit, which has resulted in making a national bank note as available in Australia as it is in St. Louis. And the habit of loaning to the Republic has resulted in the education of our people up to a point where they can look beyond the government and to the great corporate enterprises existing in harmony with its laws, and invest in them with as much assurance of returns and safety, as if their money was in the keeping of the government, which, indirectly, means themselves.

Other people's money means your money, the money that is doing the great things of the world to-day—doing it through government, or other means—and the question is for the greatest of capitalists, the mass of toilers, to say how they can invest their savings to the best advantage to themselves.

## A Lady Member of Parliament

EVERY woman who honors her sex must feel a sense of gratification as she looks at the bright, intelligent and eminently kind and sensible face of this first woman member of a parliament in the world. As Anna Rogstad modestly took her place in the Nor-



Miss Anna Rogstad

wegian Storthing, she was hailed with loud and united acclamations on the part of the masculine members, for she has been a successful and beloved teacher and is universally respected throughout Norway. Miss Rogstad is a secondary or substitute member, sitting only in case of the absence from illness or other cause of the first member; but to have become even a substitute member is a great honor for a woman in this age of the world, and all true women rejoice that it has come to so fine an example of womanhood as Miss Rogstad.

## If I Have Tried

IF I have tried to do my best,  
And fail for lack of strength or skill,  
If I have brought unto the test  
All that I have of worth and will,  
And then go down unto defeat,  
I need not fear God's judgment when  
I kneel before His mercy seat;  
For that is all he asks of men.

God does not say that we must win,  
Nor are the souls of failures lost;  
The weakest of us shall get in,  
If, when our barks were tempest-tossed,  
We tried to steer our course aright,  
And gave our best to every task;  
An honest effort in the fight  
Is all that God himself will ask.

And so I say, if I have tried  
To do my best, I need not fear  
What that dark veil is torn aside,  
And I behold Death's angel near:  
If I have lived up to the right,  
As I could see it, all is well;  
Although on earth I lost the fight,  
I'll have a place in heaven to dwell."

EDGAR A. GUEST in the *Detroit Free Press*

## A Bit of Timely Heroism

MISS GENELLE WOODSON, daughter of Mrs. N. C. Woodson, president of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union and one of our subscribers, recently saved the life of the twelve-year-old daughter of M. A. Leach, of Altus, Okla. The accident occurred while the Methodist Sunday School held its picnic on the banks of Turkey Creek in Fullerton Grove. A number of children were wading in the shallow bed of the creek when suddenly little Miss Leach, venturing a bit farther than the other stepped on the edge of a deep depression and slipping, sank out of sight. The spectators stood horror-struck at helpless while the little girl sank to the second time. Not one of them could swim. As the child came to the surface again Miss Woodson dashed in the water and directing the large girls to join hands, they formed a human chain. Grasping with her left hand this line, she plunged into the deep water, and groping with her right hand, caught hold of the dress of the drowning child who was sinking for the third time. The human chain pulled both of them to safety on the banks. The child was soon resuscitated, and owes her life to the resourcefulness and heroism of Genelle Woodson.

## The Organists' Convention

THE National Association of Organists, which holds its fourth annual convention at Ocean Grove during the first ten days of August, represents the democracy of the organists' profession, and aims eventually to embrace the whole of the one hundred and seventy thousand organists in the United States. A special feature of this year's convention will be a conference with ministers and church officials on common problems of special significance, and a special invitation is extended to clergymen to be present and participate in the discussions.

The organists hope to be drawn into closer touch with the ministry and to devise means for rendering more effective their joint efforts in the service of the church. It has been suggested that the ministers might in their local meetings during the winter make some study of the organists' viewpoint and occasionally invite some prominent organist to share their fellowship and if possible present some new phases of the old problems. The Organists' Association is trying to encourage the members to more thoroughly equip themselves for their calling, and the church has need for specialists in all branches of its activity. Requests for programmes of the Convention on August 11 to 10 in the Ocean Grove Auditorium may be addressed to Tali Esen Morgan, Ocean Grove, N. J., or Nicholas de Vore, 41 Madison Street, Brooklyn.



# The Indestructible Book\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THIS story gives us a vivid example of how the Bible was made, and how men whose sins it condemned have tried in vain to destroy it. "This word came unto Isaiah from Jehovah, saying, Take the roll of a book and write therein the words that I have spoken unto thee." Sometimes God told a prophet to speak for him—indeed, that is what a prophet means—and the report of his given sermon became a part of the Bible. In this case, however, Jeremiah was in some way "shut up," either by sickness or, more likely, by the command of the wicked king Jehoiakim, so he dictated God's message to his scribe, Baruch, and sent him to read it to the people from a balcony outside the gate of the temple. There its denunciations of the sins of king and people, and its prophecy of a judgment of captivity at hand, caused great repentment, and aroused in the people a tendency to repent and turn to themselves and the nation from sinning down.

## God's Word Slashed and Burned

He cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire." When the message had been heard quietly by the people and the king, in a conference of anxious princes he brought it to the king, who would tear it through, but so soon as he read its condemnation of his own sins, he snatched the penknife of the king who was reading, and slashed it all right and left again and again, then threw it in the open fire, in token of the protest of his princely address, as if he could revoke God's written judgments by destroying the written warning. The story is so wonderfully true to human nature, that we should not forget that the Bible is not only a revelation of divine truth, but of human nature. This is why it is a mental mirror in which every man should see the stain on his heart that needs to be washed away by divine grace. Again and again, in all sections of the world, has the human imitation of the hunted fox hiding his head in the sand told a history that repeats itself.

There is a like case that occurred in London, which is delightfully told, with a moral appropriate to this lesson, by Travers Evered Poole in *Our Own Magazine*, of London, that translates the Gospel for the Children's Special Service Mission:

A missionary stood in his bungalow with a microscope in hand. He was showing its wonders to a young Brahman, whose religion forbids him to destroy animal life. Presently the missionary, at a stagnant drop of water, focused the lens and asked the Brahman to look. The delight faded from the Brahman's excessive face; horror, disgust, and he was pictured there! "Give me a vessel," he said, and he took up the glass for careful examination of the water within. It was water from a jar, which in these days no one would drink, but at that time was commonly used; indeed, the water that the people in the station had used for years, and would use. Oh! the horror of it! The Brahman, who drank it, had performed his sacred ablutions in it, too, and agast. Why, it was full of queer little squirming creatures. He looked at the glass, the missionary, with a microscope. "Does it speak truth?" he asked, earnestly. "As God speaks, it speaks this," answered the missionary solemnly. "And I destroy life?" cried the Brahman in horror. "I break the law of caste; I, a good Brahman, a man!" Away he went, but only to return next day. He held a bag of gold. "Missionary, sell me your microscope," he begged, his face showing intense misery. "I will not sell it," replied the missionary. Again and again the offer was made; again and again it was refused. But the Brahman was like the unfortunate widow of Scripture; he would not be refused. He came so often, and the missionary was so wearied by his continual coming, that at last, knowing he could get another microscope from England, he assented.

The joy of the Brahman knew no bounds. The money was hastily paid, the coveted instrument seized, and taken out of its box, and with eyes glittering with excitement the Brahman rushed out into the compound. The missionary followed, marveling much at his movements, as he had no idea what was passing in the man's mind. Outside, the Brahman paused, raised the microscope high in his right hand, and, with all his might, dashed it to the ground. Then he stamped upon the broken fragments, like some madman, shouting with pleasure as he ground the pieces into the dust.

The missionary stood dumbfounded. Had the man gone suddenly mad? What possessed him to do such a strange thing? But presently it all came out. Sobered, yet glad, the Brahman owned to it. "It was all that drop of water," he said. "I could not eat, or drink, or sleep, since I saw revealed those living creatures. I told myself, it was not true. I would not let it be true. I would destroy the wicked glass that opened my eyes. No one should see what I saw."

There are many foolish people besides this Brahman. We remember King Ahab, hundreds of years before, who, when he heard unpleasant things about his sins, threatened to imprison the prophet Micah. The prophet was God's microscope, revealing a nation's sins. God's Word, like a glass, shows us ourselves, and the wickedness of our hearts and lives. Some men try to destroy the Bible because they hate its revelation of their hearts. But sin remains; sin needs a remedy. We cannot shut our eyes to it, do what we will.

## Torn, But Not Destroyed

In the same paper, of another date, we find other parallels to the folly of Jehoiakim, written by Fannie E. Turner:

It seemed quite wasted—that French Gospel given to a lady at the Paris Exposition. She had accepted it gladly, looked into it, then angrily torn up its sacred pages, and scattered them about the street. But there is more to be told. A poor woman was going along a Paris street near the Exhibition. She was restless and sorrowful, though she knew not why. Suddenly a little heap of torn bits of paper by a doorstep attracted her attention. She picked them up, and read two or three. Her whole mind was arrested. "I must get more of this," she exclaimed, half aloud; "whenever I can such words be found?" She took the fragments to a policeman opposite, and asked him if he could tell her to what book they had belonged. He directed her to the Bible Society's depot close by. Timidly she went in, and asked for "the Book" containing words similar to those in her hand. Willing hands supplied it. Her hungry soul literally fed on God's Word, and before long she "found her Saviour there."

For nineteen centuries not only individuals, but great organizations and mighty governments, have tried in vain to destroy the Bible. When in London, in the days of Tyndale, all the English Bibles that could be found by the priests were gathered and publicly burned, the bonfire proved an advertisement that made the people more



# The Howard Watch

When the U. S. Battleship "Maine" was sunk in Havana Harbor, Admiral Sigsbee's HOWARD Watch went down with it.

It lay in sea water for five days—was recovered by a navy diver—and today it varies less than ten seconds a month, which is a ratio of one second in 260,000. Admiral Sigsbee has carried his HOWARD Watch since 1868. It has cruised in eighteen vessels of the U. S. Navy—over a distance of Two Hundred and Eighty-eight Thousand miles.

It has set the standard time in taking observations for navigating—where a few seconds' error may spell disaster to the ship. A service so exacting that even the ship's chronometers have to be checked up in every port.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel in a 14K solid gold case at \$150.

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Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," relating to the history of his own HOWARD. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. W. and we'll send you a copy.

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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for August 13, 1911. Jehoiakim Burns the Prophet's Book. Jer. 36. GOLDEN TEXT: "The word of our God shall stand forever." Isa. 40:8.

Continued on next page



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## The Sagamore Conference



The Delegates to the Sagamore Conference

ONE of the annual gatherings that is steadily growing in size and influence is the Sagamore Beach Sociological Conference on Cape Cod, Mass. The fifth conference was held from the 28th of June to the 30th and was attended by two hundred and fifty social workers, who discussed many of the problems pertaining to the home, civic affairs and the general welfare of society. These conferences were instituted by one of Boston's most active young laymen, Mr. George W. Cole-

man, and until the present year, the members of the conference were the personal guests of Mr. Coleman. This year, twelve men and women assisted Mr. Coleman as hosts and shared the expense and the duties of entertaining the guests. The address of Professor Shailer Mathews on "Efficiency and the Church" was one of the most notable addresses of the gathering. The Sagamore Beach Conference has become a permanent institution and is recognized as a power in adding to the growing good of the world. J. L. H.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

eager to read the book that a corrupt priesthood hated so intensely. In later days the attacks of infidels, first on the New Testament, and then on the Old, have left the Bible in the twentieth century the "best seller" of all books in the world.

Jeremiah wrote again the warning words of God that Jehoiaikim had burned, and added further judgments against the wicked king, and we have those words in our hands to-day in spite of many other efforts to burn up all the Bibles.

Now the practical lesson in this story is that the tendency of the general public and even of the men in the churches to avoid in the Bible or leave out of sermons and lessons God's words about future punishment will not change the fact, but the neglect to proclaim God's loving warnings will increase the number of those that will go to the reward of the ungodly. The lesson story should afford proof enough that it does not disprove a Bible doctrine that it is disagreeable to bad men. That is rather a confirmation.

There are many in the churches to-day who can not even understand how an ancient inspired poet could write the longest chapter of the Bible (Ps. 119) in expressing his enthusiastic love for law. Law is really but an expression of divine love pointing out to his children the happiest way.

It is a pretty sure indication of an unsymmetrical character, as of a cake not turned, or of a bird with one wing broken, when a man or woman does not hold justice in as great regard as mercy. One reason why our President is constrained to say that the maladministration of our criminal courts is "the greatest scandal in American life" is that even the so-called good citizens are usually ready to sign a petition for almost any rascal's pardon, whose wife or child will touch them with a few tears, forgetting that justice is "the greatest good of the greatest number." A universe without an assurance of punishment and reward would be a universe without justice, and therefore a universe without God. Justice is the central sun.

It is useless to deny the value of the argument of fear. No city could get on a day without it. The man who talks most of love, and declares that

"no one can be scared into heaven," would not tolerate for a minute the proposal that the penalties of the law should be abolished, even for the most intelligent and religious people. It is just this group for which our legislators and courts are busiest at this time. We should have a carnival of vice, no doubt, if young people, tempted by strong passions, had no fear of the consequences, physical, legal and social. Hell and heaven are but two sides of one truth, and the one is as plainly promised as the other.

## Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS H. W. BROMLEY and W. H. MYERS recently closed their season's labors with a successful series of meetings at Mitchell, S. D., and returned to their homes for a well earned rest. They will open next season's work early in September.

—MISS EVA W. LAKE, M.D., Arlington, N. J., associate superintendent of the W. C. T. U. for Italian work, received contributions through readers of this paper amounting to \$214.86, exclusive of \$48 from personal friends, in aid of the work carried on by Signor Amato, the converted priest of Naples, an account of whose work appeared in this paper some time ago.

—ON A HIGH HILL outside of Aibonito, Porto Rico, 3,000 feet above the sea, there has lately been opened a Rest Home for missionaries. It has been named the "Mary Collins Rest Home" in honor of Mrs. Truman D. Collins, of Nebraska, Pa., who contributed \$3,000 toward the \$12,000 required. The remaining sum was raised through the efforts of Bishop Earl Cranston and Mrs. Cranston of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—REV. W. H. THOMPSON, Mayville, Utah, writes: "Can you help us in our work among the Mormons? We are the only Christian missionaries in Davis County, Utah. There are twelve towns and hamlets in our district and in only two of these there is a Christian chapel. Scattered throughout the county there are probably five hundred non-Mormon people who have not heard the Gospel for years. There are thousands of Mormons."

—THE PICKANNINY BAND, composed of orphan boys of the Jenkins Negro Orphanage of Charleston, S. C., is a wonderfully interesting organization. Rev. Mr. Jenkins is now taking his band and his Jubilee Concert Companies through the Northern States giving concerts to raise money to pay off the indebtedness of the Orphanage. For several years past the Pickanniny Band has played on July 4 at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, where their music has been one of the features of the occasion.

## RICH AND POOR

I WAS rich when I was born,  
I'll be rich again when I die;  
So there still is cheer in this famine-year,  
So long in the passing by!

So long in the passing by—  
So foreign-faced and lone;  
Where not one I meet, in the door or street,  
Is ever one of my own!

I was born to the wealth of a home,  
To the heart-boards Love doth send;  
I shall yet lay hold of that buried gold,  
At the tear-tint rainbow's end!

I am miser of memories now  
The gold with a grief alloy;  
But some heaven-day shall my want repay  
With the spendthrift hand of Joy!



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White Star Liner *Cretic* leaves New York September 20, stopping en route in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, etc., returns Nov. 21.

For further information regarding this opportunity to visit scenes of events described in the Bible, address at once,

**Christian Herald Pilgrimage Bureau**  
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# JOHN SHERWOOD'S PLEDGE

By LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE

GROGAN'S GAP lies at the foot of the beautiful, well-wooded mountains of North Georgia. It is a place in which to dream and to live the simple life. None of the modern inventions that have come to disturb the peace of the city and its vicinity, has entered the quiet shelter of the charm of the Gap. The people there are, for the most part, self-reliant, honest and sincere. They are of good seed, gather abundant harvests and attend divine services in the meeting-house at the end of the narrow street which starts suddenly in the shadow of a primeval forest and trails leisurely over the mountain to dip abruptly into the valley beyond. Midway between the meeting-house and the foot of the mountain stands the unpretentious home of Susan Asken. Beyond, on a ledge of the mountain where the trail wanders into the valley, the cabin of John Sherwood winds whitely through a tangle of wild vines and sweet-scented trees. In their earlier life, Susan Asken and John Sherwood were engaged to be married according to the promptings of their hearts, but fate—or destiny, whatever the force that governs the fates of young and trusting hearts—interfered in a fulfillment of happiness between these two lovers by sending into the valley a pretty Miriam Gray, a village girl from a nearby town. With her smart and practiced blandishments, she won the heart of John Sherwood, and in less than a week from the day he met, John Sherwood drove over to the county seat, and the two were married.

How deep this blow struck into the heart and pride of Susan Asken no one ever knew, for she went about her duties with a smiling face and steady hands, and, save for the settled gloom of sorrow that would not go out of her eyes, she hid her grief from the world which revolved around her.

And a year later, when Miriam Gray was genuinely sorry, and immediately following the death of her wife, the ways of John Sherwood seemed a shame and grief to the community in which he had lived so long and so proudly. He drank, and he neglected the child that had been left to him. He permitted his crops to go unthru, and when he went to the field intoxicated and asked her to follow him and take him back, she promptly refused. In this way things went on for five years.

One afternoon toward twilight, John Sherwood was steering his way up the foot of the mountain, none too sure of his footing to the trail. If the devil had got into his heart to live evilly, God would be good to him in giving him a fog, a clean body and a clear, open path that was but faintly showing the traces of dissipation. He was the primeval man, with a shock of yellow hair and a pair of hazel eyes that were dark and unwavering. The pale light of the mountains was veiling him in, when suddenly, from the shadows of the wood, came a man, who stood before him, barring his way.

"Howdy, John," said she, pushing her sun-bonnet and looking him steadily in the face.

"Howdy, Susan," answered John, only, as he attempted to pass.

"Wait a minute, John," urged the woman, gently. "I've got somethin' to say to you."

"I ain't nothin' I care to hear, I reckon," laughed the man, bitterly, as he again attempted to go forward.

"Is somethin' you ought to hear," Susan insisted, firmly. "You've been drinkin' again, an' I wanted to talk to you. There was a weariness in the man's voice she could not disguise."

"An' what if I have been drinkin'?" sneered John Sherwood. "Is it any of your business, or anybody's, for that matter?"

"Yes, it's my business, an' yours, an' everybody's that loves you an' has your welfare at heart. An', so help me heaven, I'm goin' to speak." And Susan pulled nervously at her bonnet strings.

"You had better get out of my way," said John, roughly, pushing the woman to one side.

"Oh, don't, John!" cried Susan, gathering strength. "Can't you see how much it means to you—an' to me? Can't you see? Are you blind? You have said over and over again that you loved me an' was sorry you threw me over."

"An' don't you believe I meant it, Susan? I do love you an'—"

"An' you asked me to marry you," continued Susan, as she drew back and looked straight into Sherwood's eyes.

"Huh! Have you come up here to have me ask you again? Well, I ain't goin' to do it; you can just bet I ain't goin' to get bit again."

"John," continued Susan, ignoring the brutal sting in the words he threw at her, "you need somebody over at the cabin to look after the child."

"You had a chance at the job an' you refused. Let's say 'amen' an' end the meetin'," was the sneering reply. But something in the woman's attitude struck home to the heart of the man and he turned upon her passionately, crying:

"Susan Asken, it ain't for you to come here to tangle with me with your beauty an' them big, steady eyes of yours. Hit ain't safe, I tell you. Do you think I was happy with that doll-baby? Do you think she kept me from thinkin' of you all the time? No; she didn't! I was a fool to marry her; a fool to throw you over. I loved you then an' I love you now. If you ain't goin' to marry me, you had better go back down the trail. . . . I ain't safe company, that's all."

"I ain't afraid of you, John," answered Susan, calmly, "an' I want to say that you can't care much for me or you wouldn't drink as you are doin'. I want to say, too, that I love you still; I'll always love you, I know. An' you'll never know how much you have hurt me. No one but God will ever know how I cried an' cried when I knew that I had lost you. An' I have cried a heap more since you have been throwin' yourself away an' killin' yourself, body and soul. Can't you understand that I need you just as you need me? Just as the child needs a mother? An'—oh, John, I want to come to the cabin and make it a home for you. I want the arms of little children around my neck, an'—I want you. Are you blind? Can't you see, John? But how can I trust you! I just can't trust my happiness to you, yet God knows I want to."

Susan's voice trailed off into a sob. Something stirred in the man that made him seem godlike for an instant; something that died as swiftly as it was born; and, with a sullen shifting glance, he turned away from Susan and muttered, fiercely:

"Come, you ain't totin' fair; you love or you don't. You ought to marry me or you oughtn't. It's up to you; what you goin' to do?"

Susan laid her fingers gently upon the arm of her companion.

"You can't see it as I do, John, or you would not put it to the cabin—to the child—but how can I when you are drinkin' as you are? What I want is for the people of Grogan's Gap to respect you. I want you to walk among folks as you used to—clean, upright. I wanted to talk plainly to you, an' I wanted to ask you—to—promise—to—

come to meetin' to-morrow mornin'. There's goin' to be a revival started, an' I will help you, if you will come. Everybody in the Gap will help you, John, if you will only try an' reform. Will you promise? Say yes, John, say yes!"

Susan's fingers tightened on the man's arm. She stood tense and pale before him. The night was closing in on the two. The faint whirr of insect life thrilled the air. The song-notes of a drowsy bird came softly from a chestnut tree.

"Will you promise, John?" The woman's hand slipped into that of John Sherwood, and rested there.

"To be laughed at by all the Gap?" sneered John.

"No, no—not that, John, I will—"

"Well! I won't!" cried Sherwood, and, with a sudden wrench from the light bondage of the hand that clung to him, he strode uncertainly into the gathering darkness.

Was it the weary sigh that was borne to him upon the breeze that caused him to turn for a last look at the dim figure of the woman going slowly down the trail? For a moment he gazed back over the path he had trod, then wheeled and made off down the mountain, his head hung low between his shoulders.

No sooner had he entered the gate that led to his little cabin, than he was conscious that something was wrong.

"Hit's yo' baby, John," said Mrs. Joiner, the woman in charge of the house, as she came out to meet him. "She was tuck all of a sudden soon after yo' lef this mornin'. Hit's her brain; she's plumb outen her head."

John was vaguely aware that Mrs. Joiner was eyeing him questioningly. Somehow, her eyes made him restless. Could it be true that he was the cause of the child's illness? Suddenly, the clouds were swept from his dull, befogged brain. He remembered that that morning he had struck her when she ran out to the gate to kiss him good-by. Could that lick on the head be responsible for her condition? He had seen her stagger into the yard, and, with a curse, he had gone down the trail into the Gap.

In a moment he was sobered. Crossing the intervening space, he went into the house and straight to the little bed where the child was lying. Her face was whiter than the flowers in the meadow, her brow was wrinkled by pain and her hands were clenched in an agony of suffering. As he bent over her, he was paler than the child. Where a short time before his blood had run like a river of flame, it now ran colder than the waters of the River of Death.

"Hit's pisen," whispered one of the women, who was sitting by the fireplace with an althea brush in the corner of her mouth, from which she spat copious brown streams. "Pisen; she's et afen berries. I've seed cases like hit afen." And she wagged her head sagely.

"To my min', hit's a fall," exclaimed Mrs. Joiner, sharply, "or maybe," she added, "a lick on the head. I've seed cases like hit myself."

John Sherwood heard the women gossiping, but he did not comprehend. He knew his child was ill—sick unto death; and that, too, because of his own brutality. Dully, he ran his hand over the little white nightgown at the throat of the child. His fingers caressed the soft white skin. He could scarcely feel the throbbing of the throat.

After a while he asked Mrs. Joiner, in a whisper:

"Do you think she's goin' to die?"

"Well, now," began the old woman, "she ain't dead yet, but yo' never can tell. I knowed a woman onc—"

Continued on next page



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## John Sherwood's Pledge

Continued from preceding page

John did not wait for the end of the sentence. Leaning down, he snatched the child up from the pillow, and, without a word, strode out into the night with the little one pressed close to his breast.

"Well! I say hit!" ejaculated one of the old cronies at the fireplace as she stared at the empty bed and the open doorway, through which Sherwood had just vanished.

"Hit's jest like John Sherwood," cried Mrs. Joiner, "an' the Lord only knows where he's a-goin' to take her."

"Yes, the Lord only knows," put in one of the others, "I know we'd better pray for the little un."

Meantime, Susan Askem had returned to her home in the Gap with her eyes filled with unshed tears and her soul full of sadness. She had failed in her effort to touch the heart of John Sherwood. And to do that was the thing she most desired in all the world; to awaken in him his manhood; to bring him back to his own. She had failed. But repining was not her habit, and putting her disappointment away she hastened on to fulfill her simple household duties, for it was Saturday night, and the day following the revival was to begin. Hope still lingered with her. She knew she would succeed some day. She had this faith so strong that when she reached the cottage in which she had lived alone since her father's death two years before, she went about her preparations for the following day, with the end in view of John returning as he used to do on Sunday morning to eat dinner with her, and take her out on the mountain for the afternoon walk.

But, somehow, as she busied herself, Susan felt nervous. Never before had she been afraid, but every time the wind blew she started and looked fearfully at the window or door.

Suddenly, she dropped the biscuit pan with its contents on the floor. There was reason to be frightened now. Some one was fumbling with the door knob.

"Who's that?" she called.  
"Hit's me, Susan," and John Sherwood pushed the door open and strode in. He was white as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf in the wind. By the dim light of the kerosene lamp, Susan could see that he held something fiercely to him. Something that was white and small.

"Why, John, you scared me," cried Susan, "an' what in the world's the matter?"

"The little un's sick. She was took all of a suddint, an', Susan Askem, I want you to bring her round, if hit's in your power. Her life, your happiness an' the salvation of my soul's at stake!" exclaimed Sherwood. "Do somethin', woman, do somethin'—for if she don't get well, then—I'm a murderer! Do you understand? A murderer! I am—a murderer!"

Susan held out her arms tenderly and took the light burden.

"Tell me about it," she said, soothingly, as she examined the child.

"I hit her with my fist this mornin' as she run out to kiss me good-by," said Sherwood, simply. "I hit the poor, helpless little thing that looked to me for love an' happiness, an' now the hand of God is laid on me. I've killed my own child, just as I have murdered the youth an' hope in your heart, an' as I have murdered my own manhood. Oh, Susan . . . if little Miriam dies, then I am—"

John could not go on. He could only fall on his knees at the feet of his companion and sob like a child.

"It warn't you, John," said Susan, "it was your master: it was the demon in you. Men don't do such things."

"It was my master, Susan, that made me do it; that I know. A master that has made me hurt your kind heart a thousand ways, an' made me a slave for five long years. When I left

you this evenin' as I did, I wanted to run after you an' tell you that I wanted to be a better man; but, somehow, I was ashamed to do it. I was afraid to!"

Susan looked pityingly down upon the great, strong creature at her feet. Everything in his attitude expressed contrition and remorse. From his haunted eyes, she looked on the face of the child she held in her arms. The soft yellow curls—so like her father's—were damp with the moisture of suffering and fell apart from the blue-veined lids that hid the big, round, hazel eyes.

"John," and Susan leaned nearer to her companion, "do you want to be free?"

"If only I could be!" cried John, wistfully.

"Don't you know, dear, that Christ has said, 'Let the wicked forsake his ways, an' the unjust man his thoughts, an' let him return to the Lord, an' he will have mercy upon him, an' to our God, for he is bountiful to forgive?' Now, I want you to promise to forsake your wickedness an' go to the Lord to be forgiven."

"If the child lives, Susan, I'll return to the fold; that I promise," answered Sherwood.

"Promise that you will return whether or not the child lives," urged Susan. "If she dies, it is all the more reason why you need His love an' help."

"Oh, Susan, if I could only believe that God would forgive me!"

"But you have his promise already. I believe that you are hearin' his word now."

"In this hour of misery I have heard it."

"An' you will keep it for my sake? For Christ's sake?"

"I will keep it for the sake of right," answered John, fervently.

"Whether the child lives or dies?" persisted Susan.

"Whether the child lives or dies," responded Sherwood, earnestly.

"Then look, John, the child is openin' her eyes. She's lookin' at you; she's smilin'!"

There is something primitive in church gatherings at small mountain towns remote from the bustling whirl of the business world. Grogan's Gap was not an exception, and, long before the appointed hour, the clearing and woods around the meeting-house were thronged with men, women, children, mules, horses, all sorts and conditions of vehicles, lunch baskets and other paraphernalia that go to make up the appurtenances of a revival in such a rural community.

Visitors from the nearby towns brushed elbows with the inhabitants of the coves along the river beds above, while hickory shirts and moccasin dresses exchanged the odors of lye soap and cinnamon extract.

People in north Georgia "go their broad," and there were many from the heart of the mountain regions who had come to the revival.

On the morning following the promise of John Sherwood to Susan Askem, old women gathered together, whispered the scandal of the illness of Miriam, together with the conduct of her father. The story had gotten wings and was a real sensation by the time service was to begin.

"Now, what I'm wonderin' is what will Susan Askem do, an' her a-lovin' him as she does. Anybody what ain't a fool can see she's a hankerin' after him yit," said the woman with the snuff swab in her mouth.

"I can tell yo'," replied another woman, "she will go down to the Cove an' hunt 'em up, an' if anything is wrong, she'll straighten hit out. I know Susan Askem. Hit's in her blood to keep faith."

Continued on next page



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## Young People's Societies

### Busy Service\*

IT IS a notable fact, often lost sight of by well-meaning but lazy Christians, that the great Fourth Commandment says not only that we should keep the seventh day holy, but also, "Six days shalt thou labor." Therefore no one has any right to the holy rest, unless he has fulfilled the other part of the law.

Perhaps there is no surer door to popularity than the willingness to work. Fine words of affection are all right, but the thing that goes to the heart is the deed, and the greater the labor that is put into the deed, the greater, usually, is the love which is awakened.

In a party of young people gathered for a summer outing in a country village, one young man was always ready to go back for a forgotten parasol; to hunt for a lost penknife; to give up his bed and sleep on the floor when an unexpected guest came. The others were well bred and they would do whatever they were asked to do, but this young "every-day hero" was so eager to perform disagreeable services, so glad to make others happy, that he was beloved by all. The example will never be forgotten by those young people.

The father and mother who train up their children to habits of patient, steady industry, are fitting them to excel in whatever department they may enter. It is seldom that children not so trained, ever make their mark in the world. The capacity for hard and sustained work is worth more to a man than a heritage of millions without it.

The opinion seems to pervade society that if one works in the outside world, that is enough, and he will not need to work in the church—that he can rest there. But no church and no society can live, without hard work, specifically for them, on the part of their members. Work to make your friends Christians. Work to bring into your church or your society individuals and families, who do not belong to any other, work to make your church strong and prosperous and respected in the community.

A company of Yale students once came to Mr. Moody and asked him for instruction in the personal work of saving souls. He replied, "The way to the personal work is to do it."

But let us not be among those "fussy" and blatant ones who sound a trumpet before them wherever they go and boast continually of their industry.

One lesson. Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept in one,  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity:  
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
Of labor that in lasting fruit outflows  
For noisier schemes accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, August 13. TEXTS: Rom. 12:11; 1 Cor. 15:58; John 9:4; Eccl. 11:4, 6.

### Beginnings of Intemperance\*

A MAN once remarked, as he looked at a miserable drunkard reeling through the street, "I don't understand why that man is permitted to be seen. He ought to be locked out of sight at once."

"No," commented a listener, "he is an object lesson. All of the shabby, sodden-faced wretches that pass by are object-lessons to warn the young against intemperance."

Statistics tell us that the saloons of our country turn out about 600,000 new drunkards every year, and that of this number one-sixth are boys of from sixteen to twenty years of age.

How do these boys start on the downward path?

Sometimes it is in the home. The boy is sent by his parents for beer. He sips it from the pail and acquires a taste for it. As soon as he can, he slips in and buys some beer for himself. Once initiated into the mysteries of the saloon, he tries other drinks.

Or the family has wine always on the table. The boy is taught that it is proper and elegant to drink a glass of wine with his dinner. He may confine himself to a single glass there, but when he begins to go out with his gay companions he takes more. If he is depressed and discouraged, he begins to take wine or whisky to raise his spirits. The end can be easily foreseen.

Women, both old and young, have a great responsibility in this matter. No girl, if she is a total abstainer, should promise to marry a man unless he is the same. It is true that pledges are sometimes broken; but a man of any sort of character will keep his word.

The banishment of the saloon is a great step forward in the temperance cause. It is too much to claim that to stop the saloon stops drinking; but it does remove the stamp of legality and respectability from the traffic; it does keep our streets free from the glitter and attraction of those bright windows and the usually cool and clean interior, with its "free lunch" bribe.

It is necessary to watch the legislators closely. The Anti-Saloon League men say that over fifty bad excise bills have been introduced into the New York State legislature this past season, and that, owing largely to the remissness of watchers, many of these have been passed. Each one of these opens a fresh loophole to the evil business which is the bane of our civilization. Every legislature needs oversight. Its progress should be noted and its bills read carefully by chosen representatives of our temperance societies. Then the limelight of publicity should be turned upon them through the newspapers, and all good citizens should join to defeat them.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 13. TEXT: Prov. 23:29-35.

### John Sherwood's Pledge Continued from page 774

"Why, the land's sake!" interrupted Mrs. Joiner, whose intimate confidences with the old women of the settlement had set the ball of scandal in motion; "if yonder ain't her an' him a-comin' to meetin'! Like as not she's been down to the Cove an' brought 'im back. I'll bet you, too, that in less'n six months Susan will be a-takin' hold over at the cabin."

Sure enough, Susan Asken was bringing John Sherwood back to church and to respectability; for when the preacher began to exhort repentant sinners to come to the altar and be prayed for, John arose, and said:

"Sisters and brothers: I want to ask you to pray for me, a poor wanderer from the Lord. I want to get back in his fold an' be as a little lamb in the tender Shepherd's care."

Before the surprise had passed from

the congregation, there was a hearty chorus of "Amen!" from the members who grasped the situation, and instantly, several enthusiastic old men and women were clapping him by the hand and patting him on the shoulders.

"We've prayed for yo' a'ready," said one, fervently, "an' we're ready to help yo', God be praised!"

John Sherwood's eyes filled with tears, and his lips trembled. He was overcome with the tenseness of his feelings, and the murmur of weeping, praying and "Amen's" that confused the air.

That was a memorable Sabbath day in Grogan's Gap, but a brighter and more beautiful one dawned six months later when Susan Asken and John Sherwood went hand in hand, husband and wife, over the trail to the little cabin in the valley.



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# Christian Herald

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*Ethel Pennewill Brown*

A SHADY NOOK AT THE SEASHORE





## Questions and Answers

L. E. Cereulan, Ky. 1. Of what denomination was Dwight L. Moody? 2. Can it be proved there is no God?

1. In 1856 he united with the Congregational Church in Chicago. He was, however, in the broadest sense, an evangelical and in his work and religious associations he literally included all denominations, and was honored and loved by them all alike. 2. No; it has been many times attempted, but found impossible. Even in the natural world about us, everything leads the intelligent mind to the conviction that the universe is the work of and is governed by a supreme and omnipotent Intelligence. Only "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

F. A. M., Lynn, Mass. In your paper of June 21, 1911, in an article, entitled, "Anti-Semitism Rebuked," you speak of a Jew, Santangel—as the one who found Columbus' first trip to America. Who was he?

Dr. Kayserling, in a recent work which has been translated into English by Professor Gross (Harvard), claims to have established the fact that it was a Castilian Jew, Luis de Santangel, Counselor and Controller of Aragon, who, with his brother-in-law, Gabriel Sanchez, supplied the funds to Columbus.

W. H., New Florence, Pa. Who was the father of Elijah?

All that is known of his parentage and birth is contained in I. Kings 1: 1. He is introduced in Scripture almost like a second Melchizedek, of whom (possibly because his earthly origin was obscure) it was metaphorically written that he had neither father nor mother. There is a Jewish legend which identifies Elijah with Phinehas, the son of Eleazar the high priest. Arab tradition gives his birthplace at Gilhad and his tomb at Damascus.

A. Van A., Manchester, N. Y. Please tell me the author of the poem containing the lines:

Who sweeps a room as for God's laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

Mrs. L. P. V., Fortness Monroe, Va. 1. In II. Kings 3: 27, who was the prince who was offered as a burnt offering? 2. Is Zacharias the son of Barachias, Matt. 23: 35, supposed to be identical with "Zecharias the son of Jehoiada," II. Chron. 24: 20, 21?

1. He was the son of the king of Moab, Josephus, the historian of the Jews, gives the occurrence in greater detail in *Antiquities*, Book 5, chapter 3, section 2, but the name of the prince is not mentioned. 2. The allusion in Matthew is doubtless to the same incident.

Rev. G. F. Assiter, Collingwood, Ont., writes: It has been stated in your paper that the Rt. Hon. Henry Lloyd George, the British Chancellor, is a Baptist. Official facts compiled by Mr. William Lloyd-George, and published by *The British Weekly* concerning the little church at Criceth, Wales, show that the members are known as Disciples of Christ. The organization is known as "the Criceth Church of Christ."

L. E. C., Arena, N. Y. Please explain the following passages, comparing them together: I. Cor. 15: 50, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," and Job 19: 26, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God."

The passage in Job, which has long been a stumbling-block in the form in which it appears in the King James or Authorized Version, is corrected in the Revised Version. It was the result of a mistranslation, the real rendering being that given by the revisers, viz.: "Then without my flesh shall I see God."

T. H. A., Los Angeles, Calif. Explain the meaning of I. Cor. 5: 5; also I. Peter 3: 19.

1. Besides the authority to rule persistent offenders out of the church, Paul here delegated to the Corinthian Church the special apostolic power of inflicting suffering as a punishment for sin. (For instance of this see Acts 5: 1; Acts 13: 11; I. Tim. 1: 20.) In cases where the divine Spirit is withdrawn, Satan has power to try the ungodly; hence the phrase "to deliver such a one unto Satan." Such a deliverance is not necessarily final, but for affliction and discipline. 2. This has already been explained in the MAIL-BAG. The "spirits in prison" represent the antediluvians doomed to destruction by the flood, and who, even though Noah delivered his message, may have had no opportunity of hearing it. Commentators differ greatly on this passage, some holding that

Christ was, in a figurative or representative sense, present at the place in question. Others interpret it to mean that the same opportunity of mercy through Christ has prevailed in all dispensations, and as the world in Noah's time found rescue in the ark, so now it is to find rescue and salvation in the preaching of the Gospel.

C. S. H., Schuylerville, N. Y. Please explain what is meant by Isa. 21: 11, 12. I have read it many times, but am still unable to determine in my own mind what was intended to be understood. Could it be construed to have any connection with the advent of the Messiah?

It was a prophecy to the Idumeans who had taunted the Jews in the Babylonian captivity. There was a call to the prophet from the mountain region of Seir, for even the wicked consult God's ministers in times of calamity. The watchman (prophet) is asked "What of the night?" "Night" means calamity. He replies: "The morning (prosperity) cometh," but night (adversity) will soon follow again. He meant to tell the Idumeans that inasmuch as they had exulted in the fall of Jerusalem and had seized part of the land during the

R. M. S., Shawville, Pa. Please name several scientists who do not believe in evolution.

So many scientists, as well as others, have taken refuge behind the different definitions of the word evolution that the question as to what they do or do not believe is extremely difficult to answer. When its simple meaning is taken, that of growth or development to cope with or take advantage of changing surrounding conditions nearly all willingly admit belief. This meaning is exemplified in such phrases as "the evolution of civilization from savagery," or "the evolution of a chicken from an egg." In its more complex meaning, the doctrine of the development of all forms of life by gradual modification from earlier and simpler forms or from one rudimentary form, the word is more difficult to pin down. St. George Mivart, Professor Beale, the late Dr. Shaler and Professor Haeckel are among the best known scientists who have made positive their denial of belief in evolution.

Several readers have written asking us whether there is any foundation for the claim, widely cir-

M. S. McN., Corpus Christi, Tex. Explain Jam. 5: 13, 14, 15, 16. One minister I asked said referred to Apostolic times. Another said had never been able to fully satisfy his mind as to its meaning.

This was a usage which Christ committed to the apostles and which was afterward continued, the laying on of hands, as a token of the high faculty of healing in the church (see I. Cor. 6: 1). It has been generally held by religious writers and by the church also (with a few notable exceptions, however), that the power of faith-healing has been withdrawn, and that consequently to use the signs without the reality, would be meaningless. On the other hand, we have evidence of the Emmanuel Movement, and of various Christian sects even to-day, in substantiation of the belief that the apostolic power still exists and is made apparent to those who have sufficient faith.

## Miscellaneous

E. A. L., Laddonia, Mo. Explained in THE MAIL-BAG, June 21st issue.

R. A., Ontario, Calif. 1. No king of the name appears in history. 2. Write to Herald College, London, for all information about coats-of-arms.

Francis B., Hopkins, Minn. There is nothing to be gained by threshing such question over and over. They have already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently.

H. G. A., Gibson City, Ill. 1. See I. Cor. 15: 35 to 54, which fully describe in language nowhere equalled the natural and the spiritual body. 2. When Jesus came to earth, he assumed the body of flesh and was "in all things as we are," save that he was "without sin."

Reader, Allisoria, Va. Answers to prayer quite as remarkable as the one your letter mentions, are familiar to very many Christians. We ourselves have known many instances in which the prayer of faith has been heard. In all such cases, it should be a sacred duty as well as a pleasure, to acknowledge before the world God's goodness in answering our petitions.

J. K. N., Florida, writes: "Reading in your last issue of the terrible effects of the 'heat wave,' it occurred to me that many of you readers might be interested to know that here in Florida we have had no such experience, and that there is no death record from heat so far as known. Sun-stroke never occurs here. In fact, we not only have the warmest (so called) winters (about like the Northern September or October) but also the most enjoyable summers of any part of our great country. From the middle of June it is sure for a week-day to pass without one or more bright show-ers, which cool and wash the air. The mercury rises to the nineties quite often, but with the sea breeze and the showers, it is not oppressive. I have lived in all the Northeast State (except Maine) and in nearly every one of the Northern States east of the Rockies; and I give the preference, as to a cool summer, to Florida where I have been now for more than six years."

W. T. C., Newell, W. Va. As explained recently in THE MAIL-BAG, in the ancient church the term "elect" was sometimes applied (1) to the whole body of baptized Christians; (2) to those elected to baptism; (3) to the newly baptized; (4) to the saints or those who live purely and whose memories are venerated on account of their sanctity. The prophecy of Matthew 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21 referred to the impending destruction of Jerusalem and includes the warnings suggested by it to prepare for Christ's second coming. Luke 18: 7 is the application of the parable to show how God pleases to carry out his purposes. Those who have been persecuted for his sake and who are dear to him. In a general way, the "elect" are the sanctified—those chosen to salvation through sanctification of the spirit as explained in Peter 1: 2 and similar passages. They are the special vessels of the Spirit chosen in God's good pleasure to carry out his purposes. This election is of grace and not of works (see Rom. 9: 18, 22, 23). In all ages such men have been evidently chosen by the Lord as his witnesses. This choice is at once an expression of his sovereignty and his grace. Paul himself was so chosen. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that salvation is by grace. The whole subject of election has been one of acute controversy for ages and has given rise to many differences of opinion. The attitude of Christians with regard to the Second Coming should be one of prayer, expectancy and constant preparation.

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Jewish captivity, they could not escape punishment for their wickedness. The passage has no reference to the Messiah.

Ethel James, St. Louis, Mo. I am a little girl, eight years old, my grandpa takes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and I read it about the poor at Mont-Lawn. Feeling sorry for them, I went to all my little cousins and asked them all to help me to make up a dollar to send a poor little girl to Mont-Lawn. I want THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know about my little Cousin Ethel; he came to us on the 6th of June, and he is named after THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for we all love it so much, and that is the reason we named the baby "Ethel."

Little Miss Ethel's letter is welcome, and this journal feels duty honored. We pray that Cousin Ethel may grow up to be a noble man and a thorough Christian. We are sending a souvenir to be kept for him until he is big enough to read it. He is a fortunate baby in having such a fine lot of cousins. Here is list of those who joined Ethel in providing for her tenement waif at Mont-Lawn: Jennie Lewis, David Lincoln James, Hannah Thomas, David John Thomas; and of course Cousin Ethel, too. "Jesus loves the little children."

cultured by certain seed-vendors, that wheat seed (which they advertise as being of a rare and prolific kind, taken from ancient Egyptian tombs), is worth the planting. We referred the matter to the Agricultural Department in Washington and now take pleasure in printing the reply of Acting-Secretary Hays for the general information of those interested:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24.

Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

SIR: Answering your letter of July 18 in which you ask the facts about wheat seed alleged to have been taken from the ancient Egyptian tombs and claimed to be yet of good quality, will say that these mummy-wheat stories have come to our attention dozens of times in the same way as the story of the change of wheat to chess, etc., and there is no truth in the matter whatever. Wheat kernels, indeed, appear to have been taken from the tombs in the pyramids, usually of the kind known accurately as "mummy" and "spelt," but not a single kernel will germinate. The ordinary life of wheat seed, to make even a fair crop, is about three years, while an extreme period of ten years suffices to practically destroy the germinating power entirely in most cases that are known. W. M. HAYS.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Guard of Infantry at the President's Palace

A Parade of Haitian Troops at Port-au-Prince



## HAITI AGAIN FACES A REVOLT

**H**AITI, the little Black Republic of the West Indies, is once more in the throes of rebellion.

There have been periodical uprisings in Haiti many times within the memory of those now living, but the latest revolt against the government of President Simon seems to have been planned on a larger scale than usual. The revolt began on July 9, when the revolutionists took possession of Cape Haitien and Fort Liberté, which were evacuated by the government troops. The United States gunboat *Petrel* had sailed from Cape Haitien only a few hours before the trouble began, so there seemed no protection for the foreigners, but just at the opportune moment the cruising yacht of Mr. Evans R. Dick of New York steamed into the harbor. When it was reported that Haiti's warship was about to bombard the rebels in the town, Mr. Dick informed the officials that he would not permit any such thing to take place, and that he would protect the foreigners.

At eight o'clock that night fighting broke out in the streets. The searchlight of the yacht was kept playing on the house in which the Americans and other foreigners who were brought in from work on the railway had collected with their families. At daybreak, however, the government was completely overthrown, and the revolutionists occupied the town. As great disorder prevailed in the town, all the American women were taken aboard the yacht for safety. Our navy department immediately took the matter in hand, and dispatched the scout cruiser *Chester* from Long Island Sound, the *Des Moines* from Boston, and the *Peoria* from Porto Rico to Haitian waters. These ships, with the *Petrel* already there, will give thorough protection to foreign interests on the island. According to the latest reports, the Haitian Government had decided to declare a blockade of the ports of Fort Liberté, Gonaives, and St. Marc, which are in the hands of the revolutionists. The rebel forces on July 24 were within ten miles of Port-au-

Prince, the capital, and it was expected that President Simon might have to flee.

A gentleman in New York, long officially connected with Haitian affairs, gives this explanation of the situation antecedent to the present uprising:

"When General Antoine Simon became President of Haiti, he had a fairly clear situation left by President Alexis Nord. The finances of the country were not brilliant, but far better than for years; the credit of the government was satisfactory and the efforts of Alexis Nord to rid the country of grafters had succeeded to a certain degree. President Simon's hands were strengthened by the eager-

ness, by the way, in the hands of this same loaning syndicate) it is common knowledge in Haiti that every member of the government has been approached and influenced. The exiled politicians of the little republic who could not participate, would not look on without envy and protest; and the efforts to start a revolution were the result.

"The revolutionary movement was accelerated by some political mistakes made by Simon, who favored his nearest countrymen from the south of the island in preference to the men from the north. This revived an old feeling of antagonism between the north and south. On account of important rail-

road concessions given to citizens of the United States and to Europeans, the political disturbance in Haiti now attracts more attention from foreign governments than formerly. Practically, it is really immaterial who is at the helm of affairs in Haiti. There will be uprisings and revolutions until the real cause is taken away, and the control of the finances by some strong and responsible power is assured. Once the means of 'grafting' through the control of the custom houses is taken away, the principal, if not the sole, reason for political disturbances will be removed.

"If Antoine Simon falls, the two principal candidates would be Antoine Fernin and General Lecomte. Fernin is at heart anti-foreign; but in course of years he may have

changed. It is also possible that a combination has already been made between Lecomte and Fernin in case of success for the revolutionary arms."

On July 27, the rebel troops in considerable force were menacing the capital. A strong rebel army was within a short march and President Simon's departure was hourly expected. The United States cruiser *Des Moines* arrived at Port-au-Prince on July 27 and three American ships (the gunboats *Peoria* and *Petrel* and the cruiser *Chester*) were on duty at Haitian ports, forming a sufficient force for the protection of American and foreign interests.



President Simon and His Bodyguard Leaving the Palace

ness of capitalists in the United States and Europe to invest money in Haiti for railroads, harbor improvements and accessories to cut and export hardwoods, etc. Unfortunately, however, he did not administer his office wisely in the interest of the republic. The credit of the country was used to make a loan of \$15,000,000, of which about \$12,000,000 were paid over in March of this year to the Haitian Government; the balance remained in the pockets of the loaning syndicate. Of the paid-in money, not a dollar is left. To pass this loan and a new concession for a so-called national bank (which



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. H. Ainsworth\*

## THE ART OF APPRECIATION

TEXT: Rom. 13:7—"Honor to whom honor is due."

**I**N MODERN life there is far too much cynicism and disparagement, and far too little appreciation and encouragement. One of the greatest needs of the world to-day is the spirit of the Master when he said: "She hath done what she could." John Ruskin says: "The question is not what a man can scorn, but what he can love." That is a very great truth. The question is not what a man can scorn and disparage and find fault with, but what he can love and value and appreciate. If we wish to discover a man's character we must find out that which he appreciates, and then we have a key to his inner life.

Tom Hood sang of "the rarity of Christian charity under the sun," and there is another thing equally scarce, and that is encouragement, cheer, praise. When an irksome duty has been bravely done, when some strenuous effort has been manfully shouldered, or a difficult cross has been manfully shouldered, we do not waste many words in generous appreciation, lest (we say) the praised should become proud and conceited. The great business in life of far too many nowadays seems to be to keep other people humble! So we are slow to speak in kindly and generous terms even when conscience and duty cry aloud to us, saying: "Speak that kindly word, express that appreciation of yours, cheer that brother for a deed so brave."

Alas! we are niggardly of our words of praise, but if there is fault to be found how eloquent we can be, how the words leap to our lips! We are always more ready to take up a tale of blame than a tale of praise. Is it not one of the saddest things conceivable that bitter words come so glibly, and kindly words have to be dragged so slowly from the unwilling heart? When we cannot commend it is generally well to hold our peace; but when we can give the word of cheer, it is a crime of the baser sort to withhold it. If we see anything that is worthy of praise let us speak of it. Even if we cannot do a worthy deed ourselves, let us not fail to commend one who does. Praise is a power for good; both God and man prize it. No true prayer is complete without praise.

### The Sunshine of Praise

Mrs. Stowe states the truth effectively when she says: "Praise is sunshine; it warms, it inspires, it promotes growth; blame and rebuke are rain and hail; they beat down and bedraggle, even though they may at times be necessary."

John Ruskin in his book *Sesame and Lilies* says: "The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise." "We live by admiration," says another writer, but I prefer to say: "We live not by admiration but by appreciation." For lack of appreciation many a fine spirit has fainted by the way, many a loving heart has shut itself up in loneliness, many an aspiring soul has fallen short of success. A man does a piece of work in the home, or the church, or the community, and he does it with all the earnestness and skill of which he is capable, and he feels he has done it well, and yet not one word of encouragement comes to him. His enthusiasm is chilled, and he says: "What's the use of excelling if nobody cares?" "There is nothing more pathetic in life than to see men, women, and children every day hungering and thirsting with the deepest, direst longing, while all around are those who could satisfy the yearning, if only they would let fall a few gracious, kindly words. Alas! these words are never spoken, and hearts pine that might have been inspired to do magnificent deeds, and lives that might have made immortal mass pass into the dark and hopeless silence."

And it is a remarkable fact that we all need appreciation—the strong as well as the weak, the rich as well as the poor, the hopeful as well as the despairing. The people most in need of praise are often those whom we least suspect, and therefore life is crowded with opportunities to hearten, stimulate and encourage others. The mother needs it. Household duties and household cares are her portion day by day, and when the members of the family return in the evening they should not forget that though they have been out in life's conflict, the mother too has had her struggle, and she needs a word of cheer to keep the heart fresh and strong.

The teacher needs it. Many teachers at the close of the day feel like saying: "I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught." Teachers both in week-day school and Sunday School after having given their best often feel as if it had gone for nothing. Therefore say a kindly word to the teacher. The old people need it—the men and women who once were the very centre of the circle in which they moved. Nothing went on without them, and now they sit at the corner of the fireside and feel sometimes as if they were cast aside and useless. Let us give them our appreciation now and not wait till they are gone before we wake up to their real worth.

### The Preacher's Need

The preacher needs it, yes, even the preacher! Ministers are very human, and very susceptible to the encouragement which an appreciative people offer them.

The Rev. R. W. Dale, the great Congregational preacher of Birmingham, England, at one time went to Australia for a three months' vacation. When he returned his people gave him a welcome home. The church was decorated and amongst other things was a banner bearing these words: "We love you, and we tell you so." No wonder Dr. Dale was such a great preacher. A congregation to a large extent makes or mars the preacher and his work. The mere negative attitude, the critical and the repressive, has blighted many a man's life. Dr. Jowett, now of New York, tells the story that when Ian MacLaren was in his first pastorate in Edinburgh he was assistant to a man who chilled his young colleague with negative counsels and with the cold and blighting atmosphere of constant criticism. The young preacher began to feel that the ministry was not his appointed sphere, and he almost decided to abandon it. Then came a call to the secluded ministry of Glenalmond and here he passed out of negations into affirmatives. The atmosphere became genial and inviting. The young minister still stumbled in his speech and was often awkward in his delivery. But mark how an old Highlander spoke to him after a more than usually difficult morning: "If you are a-getting fast for a word or a thought, just give out a psalm and we'll sing it, for we are all a-loving you and praying for you." And that atmosphere made John Watson a preacher. Years and years ago a Methodist lay preacher was returning home to the city after a hard day's work in the country. He was discouraged and resolved on his homeward journey to give up preaching. He was trudging along in the dark, and passed through a village, when a door opened, and a woman called out: "Robert Brierley, is that you?" "Yes," he said, "poor old Robert is going home once more." She replied: "God bless you, for under a sermon you preached I was converted. I shall always bless the Lord for you, Robert." It was just the word he needed, and he went on his way singing and rejoicing in God. All his thoughts of giving up preaching had fled like mist before the rising sun. The preacher needs a word of cheer; indeed he does. And of course there are many others, men in public life—honest politicians, righteous judges, conscientious editors, faithful doctors and nurses, the earnest artisans—these and a host of others could serve God and humanity all the better if they received their due meed of praise.

### The World's Failure

Is it not pathetic to remember how the world has failed to appreciate its great ones, till long after they had been in the grave? Columbus was denied civil treatment at the hands of his countrymen, and placed in irons; but how we honor him to-day! Galileo was threatened with the dungeon of darkness. Yet a century or more after his death neither money nor genius were spared in erecting monuments to his greatness. Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, was burned at the stake in 1431. Four hundred and eighty years later the world is engaged in erecting monuments to her memory. Turner, that master artist, was not appreciated while he lived. The world of his day called his paintings "color blotches." To-day the rich pay fabulous prices for his works, and the highest fame has come to him—seventy years too late. Millet painted in Paris his masterpiece, "The Gleaners." When finished it was exhibited in the Salon of that city in 1857. By

a very few it was hailed as one of the masterpieces of modern art; by many it was shamefully criticized. With difficulty a purchaser was found at two thousand francs. Twenty-two years later it was bought for three hundred thousand francs and presented to the Louvre. But then the great painter had been sleeping for many years in the little cemetery Chailly.

The lesson for us is to appreciate the living who they are living. Try and see the best in people. Look for instances of honor, purity, industry, alty, family devotion, self-sacrifice, and you find them among your friends. Do not wait until your friends are dead or dying before you begin to appreciate them. Do it now.

We sometimes appreciate when it is too late. Bereavement is most bitter when we feel that we do not do all we could for the dear one who has gone from us, when

We think with vain regret of some fond word  
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

We love our own; of course we do; but alas! we often fail to say so until the loved one has gone. A lady was dying. "George, my dear," she breathed out, "I am a poor silly girl, but I always loved you." Then she was gone. Her husband tried to prevent her saying more, and he was going to tell her all she had been to him, but it was too late. Death prevented him, and how he mourned afterwards, to think she had gone without knowing how precious she had been to him! We crown departed with laurels, and with quivering lips speak of their worth, but what a difference it would have made if, like Mary, we had broken our alabaster box while they had been in the heat of the conflict! How much better to praise the living than to eulogize the dead. Show kindness now. Appreciate their worth now. Encourage them now. A dear little girl approached the lifeless form of her grandfather, and taking his cold hand exclaimed: "Dear grandpa, you know I was always good to you while you lived." It is worth more than a word to be able to say that to our departed friends. The fulsome praise of the dead can bring such comfort as that.

### Do We Appreciate?

Where do we stand this morning in relation to the theme? Are we cultivating this art of appreciation?

Do we appreciate God's gifts to us? Do we appreciate the joy of living? Do we appreciate our spiritual heritage? Do we appreciate the gift of Jesus—God's unspeakable gift to all the children of men? Does your heart well up with joy as you think of the "sweetest name on mortal tongue," his winsome words, his beautiful deeds, his pure and perfect life, and his all-atoning death? Is the any one of us here this morning who really appreciates the death of Jesus on the cross? Try to think of it—"Redeemed not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with the precious blood of the Son of God," the pure and spotless One dying for the damned and guilty sinners. "Glory be to God, died for me," said a poor woman in a testimonial meeting. Do we realize that truth—"He died for me?" Alone he trod the winepress—for you and for me. Alone he bore the pain—for you and for me. Behold him, the Perfect One dying, the Sufferer suffering for you and for me. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away your sin and mine. "Who his own self bare our sin in his body on the tree." "He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon him, and by his stripes we are healed."

The peace of God is in our hearts. Do we appreciate that? If so, why do we not sing for joy, a tell it all around? Thousands upon thousands would give almost all they possess for peace, for rest of heart and conscience. And this runs through our spiritual possessions—saving grace, prayer, communion with God, reading of the Word, public worship, preaching, godly lives—do we appreciate these? Let us get right with God. "There must needs be in the soul grandeur to perceive grandeur, courage to appreciate courage, beauty to appreciate beauty, a noble soul to appreciate a noble soul, Christlike man to appreciate Christlike things. Get very near to God, and you shall learn the secret of appreciation."

\* Pastor, Congregational Church, Cloverdale, Calif.



## PEACE

SOUND it out o'er many waters,  
Voice it o'er the land to-day  
To old Eden's sons and daughters  
Whence'er they dwell or stray;  
Paint it on a banner golden,  
Fling it wide to every breeze,  
Tell it to the cities olden,  
Tropic isles and frozen seas.

Blazon it with trumpet voices  
Where they build the men-o'-war,  
Where brisk industry rejoices,  
Ever planning on before;  
Where the mighty armies drilling  
With the rifle, gun, and drum—  
All a nation's ardor filling—  
That the Day of Peace must come.

Keenest swords to plowshares beaten,  
And to pruning hooks their spears,  
Where the waving acres sweeten,  
And the vine in plenty bears.  
Youth no more to train for battles,  
Men no more to fight and die,  
Where the cannon's thunder rattles  
And the bullets "ping" is nigh.

Sown the earth with tumults deadly,  
Strewed the air with groans and cries,  
While grim Passion's cruel melody  
Darkens horror to the skies—  
Sweeping to us grand and stately,  
Nears a day we all may see,  
When we shall, rejoicing greatly,  
From the lust of war be free.

MARIE BATTERHAM LINDSEAY.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

## Wouldn't Lie to Keep His Job

AN incident is related of the rise in life of Frederick T. Gates, the confidential adviser, almoner and private business manager of John D. Rockefeller. Gates' first employment was that of letter writer or secretary for a local banker at Highland, Kan. One day the banker dictated a letter to him in which he sought to evade a certain responsibility by making his communication appear to have been written some days previous. He instructed the boy to antedate the letter, and the latter respectfully requested that he do it himself. The banker bade him do as he was told, declaring that he (the banker) was responsible for the letter and for its date as well. But young Gates refused, although he felt that it would cost him his position. "I can't make my hand perform a lie just because you are responsible, sir," he said. "As well ask me to steal from a safe for the same reason." To his surprise he was not discharged. Instead, on the first of the month following, his wages were doubled and the banker ever after trusted him as he had never before trusted any one in a matter of business. Thus truthfulness was the foundation stone of what has turned out to be a successful business career.

## Men Who Cry on the Street

"I WAS standing on the street corner to-day waiting for a car," said a caller at the Deaconess Home in Chicago, "and I saw a man walking along with bowed head, crying! No, he had not been drinking. He looked like a respectable working man of middle age. I wanted to speak to him, but—I didn't. What do you suppose was the matter?"

The deaconess whom he was addressing said nothing; but she knew why some "respectable middle-aged men" walk the city streets crying. Visions rose before her: A man who had just visited his boy, in jail for stealing—a man who had been hunting work for three weeks and "lost out" every time, till the dearly loved wife and baby at home were literally starving—a man who had just had a flashlight of his own degradation and was comparing it with the innocence of the clean-hearted lad that used to cuddle into his mother's lap. The men go weeping along the streets sometimes; but oftener far, they go too dead at heart to weep.

# Businessman's Luck

By EUGENE THWING

ONE of the fascinations of business lies in its uncertainty. As Dr. Van Dyke said of angling, so many a man has said of business, "This an affair of luck," and the great majority get on the wrong side of the luck.

For every fisherman who brings back his basket full of shining fish, there are hundreds who catch nothing, but somehow they've enjoyed it, and they always go again. Some mercantile agencies claim that of every hundred concerns starting in business, ninety fail. Not long ago a mercantile agency published a list of failures in the United States, showing 51,460 failures during the preceding four years, an average of nearly 13,000 a year.

Of course the unimaginative critic declares solemnly that the failures are due, in nine-tenths of the cases, to "mismanagement." You can't make the men who have failed believe that. You can't make the men who are starting new enterprises to-day believe that success or failure rests wholly with them and is not very largely dependent upon conditions over which they have no control.

WITH the fate of a business enterprise, as with fishing, they say, like Dr. Van Dyke:

No amount of preparation in the matter of rods and lines and hooks and nets and creels can change its essential character. No excellence of skill in casting the delusive fly or adjusting the tempting bait upon the hook can make the result secure. You may reduce the chances, but you can not eliminate them. There are a thousand points at which fortune may intervene. The state of the weather, the height of the water, the appetite of the fish, the presence or absence of other anglers—all these interminable elements enter into the reckoning of your success. There is no combination of stars in the firmament by which you can forecast the piscatorial future. When you go a-fishing, you just take your chances; you offer yourself as a candidate for anything that may be going; you try your luck.

It would be very easy to make the businessman's parallel, step by step, with this description of the fisherman's luck; every reader can do it for himself. We are accustomed to hearing Jones spoken of as "the luckiest fellow; everything he touches turns into money." On the other hand, "Smith was all right, a squarer man never lived, and he has real ability; but luck was against him."

NOT much can be accomplished by preaching against "luck" as an element to be reckoned with in business. Every man will believe in it, or in his own cleverness—and that isn't much better—until he has something better to believe in. Even the hard-headed, well-seasoned business man is apt to be looking for a lucky strike, or to anathematize his luck when things go wrong. The lucky pocket piece, the good or bad omen, the mascot, all are regarded with some degree of respect by men who certainly are old enough to know better.

NOT long ago, a well-known business man in New York was passing through a period of great stress. The life of his concern was hanging in the balance. Great interests, involving many persons, were at stake. He was fighting a determined battle against odds. Every step was taken only after the most careful thought and planning.

One day a large note was due at the bank. It represented part of the account of one of his principal creditors. Already the note had been renewed twice. The creditor was angry, and had served positive notice that under no circumstances would the note be renewed again. It must be paid now, or the work on existing contracts would stop. That meant disaster. No matter, the creditor had fully weighed the matter and had decided to stop, and get what he could out of the wreck rather than go on and increase the account.

It was the day before the note was due. For several days the man had tried to see the creditor and adjust the matter. No interview would be granted. He had written, but the reply was only a curt ultimatum that no adjustment except payment would be considered. Telephone communications met the same result. If disaster must come let it come; the creditor had already made up his mind to accept it; there was nothing more to be said.

ON THE afternoon of the day before the note would be due, the business man decided to make one last effort to see his creditor in a personal interview. He learned that the man he wanted was at his office. Before starting, and even on the way, the business man, as his habit was, had prayed earnestly for help; he had prayed that the heart of the man he was to see might be softened toward him, and that his own temper might be kept under control, so that no hard words should be spoken. Yet his heart was very anxious.

About three o'clock he came out of the subway and turned down a side street. The sun was hot. Just a few hundred feet beyond was his destination. Suddenly he glanced down, and at his feet lay a bright new pin shining in the sunlight. How much can happen in an instant of time! This business man was not superstitious, yet instinctively he stooped to pick up the pin, saying to himself the childish rhyme, "See a pin and pick it up; all that day you'll have good luck." Surely he wanted good luck that day, and here almost at the threshold of his most desperate need was a good omen.

THEN, instantly, before his fingers touched the little omen, came another thought, flashing into his brain. Clear and decisive as the voice of one who would snatch him back from the act of foolishness, came the words, "My help is in the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The man straightened up and a thrill ran through him. "What a fool! grasping at a pin, when I can lean upon the Lord which made heaven and earth!"

His shoulders went back and his head was lifted to the skies; his feet trod the pavement like a conqueror; his jaw squared, and his eyes sparkled. In such fashion he entered the office of his creditor. The interview was one of the friendliest and most successful he ever had. Not only was the note renewed, but the creditor actually promised financial assistance outside of the note.

I have the facts from the man himself. He believes the Lord spoke to him just as truly as he did to Saul on the road to Damascus. You may be sure what his idea is regarding "business man's luck."

## CHARITY

CHARITY, sweet Charity!  
May we follow after thee!  
May our thought and word ever be,  
Charity, sweet Charity!

Charity, sweet Charity!  
Let us covet earnestly  
All that may pertain to thee!  
Charity, sweet Charity!

Charity, sweet Charity!  
Suffering long and patiently,  
Loving all unselfishly,  
Charity, sweet Charity!

Charity, sweet Charity!  
No thought of ill, but trustfully  
Rejoicing in all purity,  
Charity, sweet Charity!

Charity, sweet Charity!  
Believing, hoping still in thee,  
E'er unfaithful thou shalt be,  
Charity, sweet Charity!

Perry, Ia. MRS. MARY E. STEPHENS.

## Maine's Coming Battle

By Hon. Henry W. Blair, ex-U. S. Senator

IT IS unthinkable that the people of Maine will repeal State Constitutional Prohibition at the coming September election—or at any other time whatever. It would be like removing a landmark on the highway to the millennium. That great State will not herself destroy one of the chief glories of her own history by advertising to the world that the vaunted "Maine Law," her most distinguishing contribution to the advancement and happiness of the world, has been proven by her own experience for sixty years a sorry failure, and still worse, a miserable humbug and fraud.

I was with Neal Dow in the battle of Port Hudson and made the certificate upon which his pension was granted for the wound then received which closed his active military career although he suffered later as a prisoner of war. He was as staunch for Prohibition in war as in peace, and I know that, with other men, he would, if living, feel that the final failure of Prohibition would be a greater calamity to our country and our world, than the dissolution of the Union of these States.

Thousands of our greatest and best men and women who for three generations gave their lives and prayers to the great cause of temperance will turn over in their graves, in shame and grief, if the sons and daughters of the Pine Tree State should not vindicate the memory of their ancestors in the historic struggle now pending on the soil where prohibition of the liquor traffic was born. On a like occasion Patrick Henry, exclaimed, "Forbid it, almighty God!" I have no fear of the result. Prohibition will win—now in Maine, soon in the nation, and then for the world. Let the battle be set for them all at once—and now.

Washington, D. C.

## Anvil Sparks

..SLEEP is good for all, but all are not good when asleep.

..THE Word of God is a lamp only to him who wants light.

..IN GOING through life take and give—take time to give your best.

..LET men practise as they preach, and Satan will stay out of reach.

..THE minister who is long on short sermons may not be short of long pastorates.

..WHAT some women need more than a hobble to bridle their feet is some sort of a hobble to bridle their tongues.

..BE LIBERAL with your advice only when you know it is good; that it is needed, and when you have some assurance that it will be heeded.

..DANIEL knelt upon his knees three times a day and prayed. Many of his admirers to-day do not even kneel during the Sunday prayers at church.



# CHILD-LABOR AND ITS VICTIMS



Holding-Mould Boy in a Glass Factory

"Doffer" Boys in a Southern Mill

SINCE the middle of July, and until the first of September, an interesting exhibition of facts and pictures illustrating the evils of child labor has been displayed in a vacant store on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street in New York City. It is under the charge of the National Child Labor Committee.

For seven years this Committee has been striving to abolish the employment in business of all children under fourteen years of age; and night work for all under sixteen; and to secure a uniform eight-hour day. The exhibition, which is under the charge of Miss Elizabeth McMurtree Dinwiddie, travels from city to city and should convince every beholder of the wrong and cruelty of child labor.

A Six-Year-Old Cincinnati Newsboy



An Eleven-Year-Old Shrimp-Picker

In an interview printed in the New York World, Miss Dinwiddie describes some of the children whose pictures, and the stories of whose lives, figure in the exhibition.

"Little Grace shucks oysters on the Gulf Coast. She gets five cents a day—beginning at four in the morning, sometimes three, when the catch is good—and working till four in the afternoon. The only lunch she has is snatched while she works.

"Bill's mother says, 'He is lazy. He could earn 15 cents a day if he would.'

"Eight-year-old Mary can earn more. She says proudly, 'I shucks two pots a day when I got de baby wid me, and six pots when I don't got him.'

"Mary and Grace and Bill and hundreds like them, who shuck oysters and pick shrimps for the canneries on the Gulf Coast in the winter, travel to Maryland for the berry season, and later go to Delaware to help in tomato canning."

Here is Leo, eight years old. He spends a long day in the lint-laden air of the cotton mill, and receives 15 cents for his work of picking up bobbins. He is very proud because he has a "steady job," and does not merely go to the mill to help a mother or sister, as many of the children do. Lonnie is also a steady worker in the same mill. He has to swear that he is twelve years old, for that is the legal age for workers in his State, but he looks to be about eight.

In the same way, a certain little Willie of nine years was sworn by his father to be three years older, in order that he might get an "underground job" in a coal mine.

One of the worst features of the cranberry industry, in which many children are engaged, is the fashion which the proprietors have of calling a peck ten quarts when measuring the children's "pick," and eight quarts when selling it to customers. Another is the constant stooping necessary. The soft bones of the child sometimes become permanently curved or displaced. The pictures of the workers remind one of Millet's celebrated "Gleaners," for they occupy precisely the same attitude. In many other occupations also, children become permanently deformed, and among the most painful pictures in the exposition are several of these poor, bent little ones. Some of them are so small that they have to stand on stools in order to reach their machines, and even then have to stretch their arms cruelly.

Many of the pictures are taken outside of the mills. Photographers are prohibited from entering the buildings. It is easy to see why.

A large number of children are employed in the glass industry. Tobacco has impressed into service 5,090 boys under twelve and 6,372 girls. The artificial-flower industry employs many little girls.

The newsboys and the night vendors are among the most recklessly overworked of these unfortunate little ones. They cannot bear to go home until they have "sold out" their stock. Sometimes they do not dare to, for harsh parents await them there, who are merciless if the expected coins are not forthcoming.

But the messenger boys have, perhaps, been most

brutally sacrificed of all classes of child-laborer. A certain Chinese restaurant has for years advertised to supply boys for doing any sort of errand a night long. These bright little fellows have been sent in the small hours of the morning to purchase cocaine, opium, "knockout drops" and worse things. The boys learn every vice at shockingly tender age. One messenger boy said, "Not many of us ever go anywhere. We get drunk and lose our jobs, and then we go down hill quick and fast." A triumph of legislation in New York State has been the passage of a law making it a crime to employ for night messages any boy under twenty-one.

The exhibition contains encouraging pictures of factories in which no child-labor is employed and which yet pay large dividends, showing the groundlessness of the plea made by the manufacturers, that they would lose money and have to close their mills unless they could use child-labor.

By displaying these pictures, the committee hopes to quicken public interest in this vital question until child-labor is utterly banished from our nation. Here is something for our women's clubs to attack. Many of them have already done noble work in the cause. Let them only unite their efforts and they can surely win it.

We are conserving our water and our forests. Let us conserve the far more important child-life for which they are to be used.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

A Baby "Doffer," About Eight Years Old



A Child Spinner in a Cotton Mill

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—DURING FESTIVITIES on the afternoon of July 23 in celebration of the anniversary of the granting of the new constitution, fire broke out in Stamboul, Turkey. A violent north wind fanned the blaze which swept over a residential district of about two square miles, leveling several thousand houses, chiefly in the Turkish quarter, in the vicinity of the Suleimaniyeh Mosque. Several persons were injured, including the former Minister of War, Mahmoud Shekhet Pasha. Stamboul covers the whole area inclosed by the Theodosian walls of Constantinople. It is the Mohammedan part of the city. Within its walls are the seraglio, the principal mosques, the mausoleums of the Sultans, the baths, the bazaars, the public offices of the Government, and the existing remains of ancient Constantinople. Separate quarters are allotted to the Armenians, the Turks, the Greeks, and the Jews. It is believed that these fires were the work of political incendiaries.

—SIR ELTON GORST, British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt since 1907, died in London, England, on July 12. Sir Elton Gorst followed Lord Cromer as British Agent and Consul-General to Egypt. He took office in 1907, and it was upon his policy with regard to the natives of that part of the empire

that ex-President Roosevelt cast reflections in his Guildhall speech which set the whole world a-flutter a little more than a year ago. Sir Elton was not without his own misgivings as to the wisdom of the recent British governmental attitude in Egypt. He took the office of Consul-General after twenty years of familiar intercourse with the Egyptians, and he felt qualified to deal with them sympathetically. He tried to develop self-government, but only recently he had been obliged to realize that the Legislative Council and the General Assembly were obstreperous with foolish nationalist agitations. As a long illness had rendered it impossible for him to attend to his duties it had been whispered about that he would be retired and Lord Kitchener would be appointed to succeed him. This appointment is now almost certain. Many points in Sir Elton's career parallel that absorbing story of Sir Gilbert Parker, *The Weavers*.

—MONTHS OF PLANNING and replanning of the proposed new subways for New York City culminated in a gathering at the old City Hall on July 25 which signed, sealed and delivered some of the largest and most important contracts that the city has ever awarded. Earlier in the day the second vote on the resolution to accept the offer of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit

Company was taken and its adoption made final. Under the extended plan which this offer puts into force the Transit Company is to build and operate 37.3 miles of new subway, 41.1 miles of new elevated railway and 9.3 miles of third track upon existing elevated structures. When the new portions are completed New York will have approximately 165 miles of tunnel subway and elevated lines. Twenty-seven million eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of subway is already under construction. The City of New York will put \$135,400,000 into the new project, while the company will put \$71,400,000 into construction and equipment. This makes the total investment in new rapid transit facilities \$234,600,000. As every one in the greater city is anxious to see "the dirt begin to fly" no time was lost in making the preparations for actual digging. The president of the Bradley Construction Company, which secured four of the five contracts, announces that he has depots established and everything in readiness to begin work as soon as the Public Service Commission instructs him to do so. The contracts for the five sections to be started immediately involve a total of \$16,139,428.95, and upward of six thousand men and one thousand carts will be employed.



# THE MOUNTAIN FARMERS OF CEBU

IT IS now a little over ten years since the Gospel began to be taught in Cebu Island in the Philippines. The two pioneer missionaries who went there found a strange condition of things. Cholera was raging in Cebu at the time; but the chief effort made by the people to arrest its spread was to send out hot air balloons, as they believed that by doing this they sent the evil spirits of cholera into the clouds. Fires on the mountains (which circle the city) nightly signaled messages to the revolutionary leaders in Cebu. Many of the Cebuan leaders were friendly to the Americans. Some hundred of the remotest Filipino gentlemen of the city sent one of their number to request the missionaries to organize Bible lectures at their clubhouse. But as the evident desire of these gentlemen was to strengthen themselves to fight against Romanism and its priests, the missionaries confined themselves to the giving of the Gospel to the poorer people, even going through the mountains to give it to the outlaws who desired to have the "good news" taught them.

During the ten years of Gospel work in Cebu, the older native Christians have been toiling faithfully and there are now thousands of Cebuan Christians who pray to God that he will long give them the protection of America's flag, since a people have brought to them the knowledge of the Saviour.

Meanwhile the younger generation is learning to do its part. In the instance four young girls have even up their career as school teachers in order to teach the Gospel to the women and children among their own people. One of these young women was receiving twice the salary which she can hope to receive as a Bible woman! These girls are now at a training school for Christian girls in Manila. Many of the young men also are eager to make known the good news to their people. Some are in training at the Silliman Missionary School. They give proof of their sincerity of purpose in many ways. After the work of one of these young men during the summer vacation of last year, one hundred of the villagers where he had labored as evangelist asked for baptism a short time

after he returned to school. This young Christian's few months' effort in the village—where at one time the bolo was the only power recognized—has shown the marvelous power of the Gospel, when believed and obeyed.

The transformation which the Gospel has brought

to the mountain farmers of Cebu is almost incredible. In spite of the apparently hopeless obstacle of not having plow animals, these Christian mountain farmers are struggling in the direction of progress. Our soldiers, after the relief of the foreign embassies at Peking, went to the Philippines, taking with

their horses the deadly Chinese plague of *surra*, which has swept away thousands of the carabao (the Philippine plow animal). Today in Cebu a carabao would cost thirty dollars, which is an immense sum to a poor Filipino farmer. So the great fertile valleys, lying between the mountain chains through Cebu Island, must go to waste, for nothing but plowing could uproot the gigantic grass. The Christian farmers, however, scrape out a living on the rocky mountain sides. But poverty and unfruitful toil cannot crush the ambition the Gospel has awakened in the hearts of these people for their children's future, and they make many sacrifices for their children's education. Yet with all these striking changes wrought in Cebu, it is still the most anti-American island of the Philippines. The missionary work there has been marked by self-denial and privation. As an illustration of this, one of the Cebu missionaries has given up going home on furlough this year in order that his traveling money might be used to purchase needed nourishment for sick evangelistic students and workers, and to help in sending some of the young people for training at the missionary school. Still, even this fades into an ordinary phase of sacrifice when viewed beside the long years of patient service of the native evangelists. Through wearing persecution and hardship, sometimes in company with their missionary and oftentimes alone, these faithful native Christians unwearingly persevere in spreading the knowledge of the Lord Jesus among their people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Launch, which has done such excellent service the last year or two, is making much evangelistic work possible which could not be reached without it, in our great ocean parish of a hundred islands. The launch has been specially serviceable this year in our mission work on the island of Bohol.

ELIZABETH W. JANSEN.

Sons of Village and Mountain Farmers Studying for the Christian Ministry



Cebuan Farmers as They Were Before the Gospel Reached Them

## SUNDAY JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

THERE have been many visitors at our Children's Paradise this summer. On Sundays they come to the service in our beautiful Children's Temple and listen with evident interest not only to the short evangelical platform addresses—which being especially intended for the children are usually simple and made attractive with anecdote and object lesson—but join heartily in the hymns. It is a pleasant sight to see the rear aisle and the wide ambulatory (or open passageway) filled with these adult friends of the Home. Some come from the nearby villages, and frequently there are little groups of visitors from New York, all of whom are warmly welcomed.

In a long column—the girls first—our little folk march down the maple-fringed path from the Homestead to the Temple and take their seats. They sing with fine spirit the hymns they have practised during the week with Professor Noll at the organ—including "Jesus Loves the Little Children," "The Glory Song," "I Think When I Read the Sweet Story of Old," "It Never Pays to Be Bad," "Water Bright," "Can We See the Flowers Grow?" "Bring Them In," etc. They dearly love a story, as all little folks do, and whenever the pastor or missionary who is the speaker of the afternoon relates some bright anecdote, they show their appreciation in the

liveliest manner. Never is a Sunday afternoon service dull at Mont-Lawn.

Matron Goering and her staff of teachers, all of whom love the children, have them under splendid discipline, and their training is such as would do credit to any group of little folks in the world. They are happy, obedient and responsive because love is over all at the Children's Paradise. No child is neglected there and even the poorest, most forlorn little waif becomes transformed into a bright and happy creature, among such inspiring influences and surrounded by happy playmates.

Scattered over the shady green lawn on Sunday are groups of eager little folks, with bright eyes intently fastened on "Teacher" in the centre, who is telling the story of "David and Goliath," or perhaps of "Noah and the Ark," ably assisted by such interpolations as "Yesman, Teacher; it rained awful long an' then—" or "Teacher, Noah lived in a house that could swim." Suddenly one group becomes tense with excitement, eyes fairly popping out of a dozen heads, while each child strives valiantly to suppress feelings almost beyond control.

"Oh, teacher, look! look!" at last came in an explosive whisper from one small but always prominent personage, with beguiling eyes and a smile that was the reflection of his own sunny Italy.

"Teacher" hardly dared look or move; for, perched saucily on her shoulder, was a small chippy (sparrow) gaily chattering at the delighted children. Taking the intruder in her hand, "Teacher" allowed a closer inspection. Curious but trembling forefingers were put forth to touch the little bird, which

seemed quite contented—in fact very much flattered by so much attention—judging from the way he piped a tiny and not unmusical song, to the great glee of his audience.

"Teacher! Teacher! you must be awful nice," came from the irrepressible one.

"Why, boy?"

"Cause, teacher, yesman—anybody chippy likes must be nice," was the philosophical answer, accompanied by a dazzling smile.

"Why do you think the chippy came to visit us?"

"Cause he likes us; yesman. We don't throw stones and kill him."

"Who else likes him?"

"God, teacher. He likes chippy an' me an' you an'—everybody!" with an all-embracing wave of short arms.

Just then the dinner bell rang and as this group joined others on the way to Fort Plenty, the irrepressible one was heard to make the impressive statement to a passing friend: "If youse don't throw stones and kill him, chippies will come and sit on your shoulder—some days—yes!"

In the midst of its seventeenth season, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home welcomes the aid of its readers in the tenement waifs an outing. A gift of \$3 will send some poor child to Mont-Lawn for ten happy days. There are no sectarian lines at the Children's Paradise. All sing the same dear old Gospel hymns and join in the same simple evangelical Christian prayers. Let every reader do his or her share towards making some poor little waif healthier and happier, and thus add to the pleasure of your own holiday. Address all contributions to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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## Texas "Wet"

ONE year ago, the popular election in Texas indicated a desire that the next session of the legislature should submit to a popular vote an amendment to the Constitution substituting State-wide prohibition for local option by counties as a unit, which has existed for a long number of years. It was voted upon on Saturday, July 22. One of the hottest moral contests ever fought in this country was waged, and prohibition was defeated by the small majority of 5,000 in a popular vote of nearly 500,000. Governor Colquitt, champion of the anti-prohibitionists, predicted 100,000 majority for the "wets." The Houston Post had looked for a landslide of 200,000 majority against prohibition. Chairman Ball of the allied anti-saloon forces charges fraud, alleging ballot-box stuffing, bribery, and "doctoring" of the returns, and steps may be taken for a legislative investigation of the election. Very much of Texas has been dry through local option by counties as a unit, and by that same law the people will go on eliminating the saloons. In the report of the Department of Agriculture, it is seen that Texas has outstripped Illinois in its farm products and is now the first agricultural State in the Union. Its immense cotton crop put it ahead. It has a superb civilization, is opposed to gambling, and is at heart dissatisfied with the saloon. Notwithstanding the present temporary reverse, it is still a clear contest in that State between the church and the saloon. Defeat will nerve the friends of temperance to renewed efforts and more determined warfare against the drink evil. When the reaction comes, it may be shown that the immense popular vote against the liquor traffic will mark the passing from political leadership of some of those who took a prominent part in the latest campaign against prohibition, and the substitution of men who would protect the State from the influence of the saloon. Texas can wisely learn the lesson of ultimate victory through present defeat.

## Faith Versus Science

AFTER hammering away at the old Bible for several years and cunningly drilling into the Rock of Scripture, in an effort, by the application of scientific methods, to undermine faith in the miracles, in the authenticity of the historical and prophetic books, and even in the Gospel itself, the "new theology" advocates, who bulletin the results of their theological explorations in the *Biblical World* of Chicago University, seem to have come to a sudden halt. They have struck an impassable barrier. This fact is announced in a recent issue of that journal in these words:

We may consent to the multiple authorship of the prophecies ascribed to Isaiah; we may come to admit the existence of unhistorical elements in the Gospels and of doctrinal misapprehensions in Paul. But we shall also have to face the question of the immortality of the soul, the nature of the soul itself, and even of the basis and security of our belief in God. . . . It is most important to remember that in every realm of life there is and must probably always remain a broad penumbra land surrounding the area of scientifically ascertained fact. There are immense tracts which science has not entered; perhaps they can never be entered.

So frank an admission proves that the purpose of their investigation was at least an honest one. We have never doubted their sincerity, even while we deplored their methods and their magnified exploitation of results which, dealing as they did largely with the non-essentials, left the main problems unsolved and untouched. They have only now found that it is impossible to eliminate the supernatural in dealing with God's Word and that to test the Bible by the scientific formulae of the schools is simply to court failure at every vital point. They omitted the only solvent that could be successfully applied—faith. Faith is the basis of all spiritual knowledge and the beginning and foundation of all spiritual life. There is nothing in the whole field of human research which points to a substitute for faith, in dealing with the Scriptures, and this fact is known to every believer who has already entered upon the spiritual life. Faith in God himself as he is revealed in his inspired Word; faith in his promises, in his readiness to hear our petitions and to help and strengthen us; faith in his revelation of himself to us through his Son and in his power to keep us through this life and the next.

Those difficulties which now beset the investiga-

tors are the uniform experience of all who have gone along the same road, and who have endeavored to "search out God" through the intellect rather than through the heart. Faith constitutes the only common ground upon which the wise and simple may meet in their religious belief. Here the man of learning, who has taken the first step in the spiritual life, finds the reason why his science, his culture, his wisdom were unequal to the task he had set to accomplish. He finds that he must humbly lay them all down and, taking up faith alone, must go forward step by step, as a little child. On this common ground he is no more than the equal of the simplest soul; for in the spiritual life, all are equally unlearned and inexperienced until taught by the Holy Spirit—the Divine interpreter. That this has become partially evident to some of these investigators is now made clear. They have grown weary of their ill success in the scientific battle—which is always a lost battle when directed against the things of the Spirit. Let us hope that they may follow the light that now beckons them and concerning which they write:

What ought to follow is the conscious, deliberate, joyous adventure of faith, the appropriation to oneself from out of the realm where science has not gone, and perhaps never can go, of that conception of things, and of that faith in the God of the human soul and of human life, which brings courage to the soul and inspiration into life. Such faith science neither contradicts nor forbids.

They are not at the end of their adventure, by any means. Let them press forward and they will discover to their joy and satisfaction, that in the realm of faith there is solid ground upon which the earnest, inquiring soul may go forward to greater and better things than science ever dreamed of.

## As to Letters

OUR MAIL-BAG is a feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to which thousands of our readers contribute every year. Ordinarily, it is impossible to give more than a small proportion of this voluminous correspondence, but our friends understand our space limitations and are tolerant accordingly. While it is our endeavor to exclude no letter that will conduce to general interest or information, we find that some of our friends overlook or forget the repeated admonition that THE MAIL-BAG is not open for profitless controversy, scientific, theological, social or political. There are many topics, to discuss which is to walk around in a circle, ending where you began, and if the ablest minds have wrestled with these unavailingly, we may very well let them alone. The mission of THE MAIL-BAG is to diffuse light where real light is to be had; to give sound, helpful advice; to straighten out entanglements and lift folks over the rocks of difficulty; to interpret difficult Biblical problems in a simple way with the aid of the best scholarship available. Mere partisanship and sectarianism are there out of place. If our friends would keep these suggestions in view when they write us in the future, they would lighten our task amazingly and make us correspondingly happy.

## Where the Farmer Stands

ONE of the most interesting statements that has emanated from the Census Bureau in a long time is that which was recently made public regarding the farm values of the United States. It shows that, during the last decade, the farms of our land have doubled in value, though they have only increased one-tenth in number and one-twentieth in acreage. In 1900 they were valued at \$13,051,023,000, while the returns for the census of 1910 value them at \$28,383,821,000. The average value per acre has risen in ten years from \$15.60 to \$32.50, an increase of 108 per cent. The farm buildings of the country, valued at \$3,556,614,000 in 1900, were reported to be worth \$6,294,025,000 in 1910. These figures tell the tale of an increasing efficiency, of which any modern industry might well be proud. And the best of it is that it is an efficiency and improvement that goes all the way down the line, from the farmer who owns and manages a great estate to his colleague who tills a humble acre. Both have come to realize the value of intensive cultivation and the advice of those laboratory farmers, the scientists. Then, too, the carrying into the country districts of modern inventions and improvements,

which so greatly tend to sweeten life, has had its influence. Increased and improved transit facilities the telephone and telegraph, modern methods of heating and lighting, sanitary plumbing and water supplies, have all played their important parts in making a reality the much discussed "back-to-the-land" movement. A wholesome change is visible in our national attitude toward agriculture. In contradistinction to his English cousin, the American who has accumulated a competence has moved toward the centres of population, the cities. The Englishman's ambition has always been to own a place in the country and this is becoming more and more the case with us. A new era of agriculture has come, and is bringing in its train a new conception of education for the farmer and his enviable place in the economy of the nation, that makes the words "country life" almost a phrase to conjure with.

## Canada and Ourselves

IN GIVING credit to those Senators who voted for reciprocity, irrespective of party lines, President Taft showed not only good diplomacy but broad American common-sense. Although the success of the measure has been to a very large extent due to the President himself, he magnanimously gave most of the credit to the public spirit of the Democrats, whose votes carried it through in the Senate. There is little doubt that the Dominion Parliament will now pass the measure, and with its ratification, the two countries will soon have a practical experience of the benefits of reciprocity. But it is not in the commercial aspect alone that it is to be regarded. It will bring the two peoples into closer and friendlier relations and each will benefit by the change. The tariff wall has not only been a barrier against international trade; it has been a blockade to mutual acquaintance and appreciation. Henceforth there can be a mutual interchange of social as well as business amenities. There is much that is admirable in the Canadian character. It is loyal, straightforward, broadly enterprising and has a profound respect for law and authority. It is not a country of millionaires, nor has it a labor question as acute and troublesome as ours. Its people, while they do not seem to make so serious a business of money-making, take more leisure and get a good deal of solid enjoyment out of life. Reciprocally, Canadians will be in a position to benefit by closer contact with America—enterprise and with our characteristic knack of "making things come to pass," which in some respects is probably more highly developed here than across the border. Moreover, closer relations will bring the two countries into still more harmonious accord in all that relates to international peace and goodwill. Let us hope it will prove the best of all panaceas for international jealousy and that, when we know each other better, we shall realize more and more the advantages of an understanding that should forever preclude all serious disputes between the two great peoples of the Western Continent.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## President at Bull Run

THE Bull Run Reunion was a memorable one. The Jubilee Reunion at Manassas was planned by committees of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans. The reissues were continued for about five days. The reissues closed July 21 with sessions of the national organization of the Blue and the Gray and their

At four o'clock in the afternoon President Taft made an address on the battlefield of Bull Run. He and a hundred and fifty ex-Confederates formed in a line facing north, while a dozen yards away a hundred and fifty Union veterans facing south. At a signal the veterans advanced with outstretched hands. Above the Southern line waved a Virginia flag. As the veterans of the South and North met they clasped hands, and stood for five minutes grouped about a little blue flag, vowing friendship and recounting incidents of fifty years ago. President Taft in his address referred to the deep feeling to the loss of life and suffering during the Civil War, and declared that he deplored armed conflict and wished that it could be abolished, saying that men have been to war knowing it is, and want no more of it. Continuing he said, "There I look to you, veterans of the Civil War, to aid in the movement for peace. I am glad to announce here to-day that England has agreed to enter an arbitration treaty with the United States, France has affirmed her willingness to enter the same treaty. Both treaties will be signed within a few days, and I expect to be able to announce within a few days that three other nations have entered into the agreement. This news I bring to you, veterans of a real war because I know they will most appreciate permanent peace." President concluded with a salute to the sentiment which inspired the reunion. It is a long nation that can produce an historic event as the reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Manassas. The nation cannot be other than better and stronger by such an event. The veterans of the Union Army which at the first battle of Bull Run made such quick time

Washington, and the veterans of the Confederate Army which, exhausted, surrendered under the apple tree at Appomattox, are the fragments of the grandest armies that ever marched across the fields of battle. Their spirit of magnanimity, fraternity, and loyalty manifested at the reunion at Bull Run was an illustration of the highest manhood, and of a spirit truly divine. The message of peace to be given by the head of the nation promising international fraternity is in harmony with Christ's mission, and the message of the angels to his birth:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (Luke 2:14.)

## Young Desperado

It would be hard to match the criminality and recklessness of Jimmie Sloggett, only nine years old, of Broken Bow, Neb. He took a revolver to school and attempted to kill his teacher with it for having reprimanded him the day before. Fortunately the shot missed its mark. Two days later he tried to blow up the schoolhouse with a stick of dynamite. He hid in the warehouse of a grocery store, and when the clerk ordered him out, he drew a sharp knife and attempted to stab him. Among the lighter offenses he broke into a confectionery store and robbed it of tobacco and candy. This young bandit, the son of a laboring man in Broken Bow, has been committed to the reform school, where he will be held many years to come, and where it is hoped he will be taught the lessons of truth, honor, virtue, benevolence, and piety. Stranger things have happened than for Jimmie

Sloggett under the proper educational and religious advantages to become the good man, the honored citizen, and the faithful Christian. His terrible record thus far reveals so early in life the natural condition of the human heart of which the prophet speaks when he says:

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. (Jer. 17:9.)

## Wreck Haunted Him

Leon C. Barclift was the engineer on the Lackawanna Express that ran into a street car at a crossing at Newark, N. J., and killed nine bright and beautiful children on their way to school. He himself after the collision was taken to the hospital with a fracture of the skull, and to save his own life they kept him in ignorance of the terrible fatality to others. Months afterward, taking up an old newspaper, he read the facts, and from that time in 1903 till his death the other day he brooded over the disaster and never could get out from under the awful shadow of it which haunted him. Though

## President Taft Speaking at Manassas Court House



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## The Second Meeting on the Battlefield of Bull Run

his death was attributed by the doctor to a trouble of the lungs and arteries, the wife insists that the memory of the awful disaster gradually destroyed his life. The trolley track that fatal morning was slippery and the car broke through the gates intended to bar it and the engineer could not stop his train quickly enough to avoid the collision. If sorrow for the things that we cannot help will cause such agony, what must be the torture of a remorse occasioned by damage which we could prevent? Memory with its delights or regrets will be an important record in the last day. This fearful fact is suggested by Christ in the parable where Abraham is made to say to the rich man:

Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. (Luke 16:25.)

## German Duelist Punished

Baron Oswald von Richthofen and Wilhelm von Gaffron, two German army officers, had a quarrel over money matters and fought a duel recently, in which Gaffron was killed. The Baron was tried the other day and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress. We note with satisfaction the im-

provement in the public sentiment of the world on dueling, and commend the action of the German Government in shutting this gentleman-duelist behind the bars. The commandment is to the duelist as well as to other manslayers:

Thou shalt not kill. (Deut. 5:17.)

## Woman's Wastefulness

The Department of Home Economics at the University of Wisconsin issued a bulletin the other day which astonished the whole nation. Among other things it said more than ten billions of dollars is spent in the United States annually for food, shelter and clothing, and 90 per cent. of this vast sum is spent by women who have no adequate knowledge of money values. As an aid in checking the waste the University of Wisconsin has organized a new department connected with the College of Agriculture where specific instruction will be given in home economics in Lathrop Hall, the central building of the 800 women students. A summer course with sixty women students enrolled has already been begun, Miss Alice May Loomis being in charge of the summer work, while Miss Abby Marlett will be in charge of the new department during the regular session. The bulletin is pretty severe in charging so large a percentage of the wastefulness on the women. That there is manifest business incompetency and reckless extravagance by vast numbers of women in spending money for the support of the household must be admitted, but it is a question whether men with their business sense and providence would make much better economists in marketing and shopping than women do. When we look at the fine clothing the men wear, at the expensive lunch and dinner checks, at the yachts on bay and river, at their horses and cars on the road—when we think of the colossal fortunes thrown away in gambling, the hundreds of millions spent on tobacco, and the more than a billion thrown away on drink, we doubt whether the home exchequer would be any fuller if the domestic expenditure were entrusted to men. Whatever may be the comparative economic instinct of women or men, it must be admitted that there is widespread cruel and wicked extravagance upon the part of multitudes of both men and women in the United States, and the course in economics in the University of Wisconsin is a splendid thing, which will not only train the women of the country to be prudent spenders, but will set a wholesome example of wise economy to the men of the nation as well. The professor in this new department of economics will no doubt call the

attention of the students to the ideal wife as described in the Proverbs, of whom among other things it is said:

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. (Prov. 31:27.)

## Fly Kills Child

Thomas Halloran, a boy five years old, of Union Hill, N. J., had a swelling in his left ear which became so serious that it caused his death. An autopsy revealed the remains of a large house-fly within the cavity of the ear. The insect had penetrated beyond the drum and died, causing blood poison, which resulted in the child's death. German children are told to be very careful when they sit under the linden trees for fear that a flying insect called the *ohrenkrieger* will crawl into the ear and produce death. On the heavenward side there is brightness; even the tragedies of earth are the unfastening of the gateways of everlasting life. When we look at the earthly side, at such a strange removal as that of the little Halloran boy, we are reminded of these words:

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. (Job 14:2.)



# Korea Sends a Call for Workers



A Korean Funeral Procession



Water-Carriers Outside the South Gate of Seoul



Ta Toddy, an Orphan Barber

**A**LTHOUGH it is only a little over a quarter of a century since the first Protestant missions began work in Korea, the spiritual results since that time have been amazing. In probably no other missionary field in the world has the Gospel met a more generous welcome. Korea is to-day open to the religion of Christ; churches and schools are scattered throughout the land, and in the last ten years a general spiritual ingathering has been reported by the missions and native Christian churches which has exceeded all the hopes and expectations of the workers.

Now, a new emergency confronts the missionaries in Cho-sen (the ancient name of Korea). They find that in order to secure continued progress in the field, reinforcements are necessary. There are now represented in Korea the American Presbyterian Board, the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the same church, beside several independent missions, medical missions, and missions for the blind. All the leading missions are in need of workers. The Southern Presbyterian Mission with head of workers at Kwang-ju, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a stirring call for reinforcements. It needs nine laymen, four single women teachers and evangelists, two doctors, three trained nurses, a builder, and an industrial teacher. The call adds: "We believe that if these reinforcements are sent not later than the fall of 1911, the numerical force of men and women then on the field should be, if maintained, sufficient to evangelize our share of Korea in this generation."

A few far-sighted laymen, appreciating the influence that one field thoroughly evangelized would exert in the movement for world-wide evangelization, have offered a fund of \$75,000 for material equipment of this field, on condition that the mission itself provide a sufficient force of workers. The managers have just designed fifteen new buildings, some of which are in process of erection. The execution of these plans is bound up with the presence of new workers, without whom actual advance is impossible. "Money without men is useless," continues the call. "Not only so, but unless the young men and women of our church accept this challenge of our laymen, and offer themselves for Korea, it will have a discouraging effect upon the Laymen's Movement, and

their plans for other missions. For the first time in the history of our church, there is a prospect of having the equipment and buildings in advance of the volunteers. Let there be at this time as splendid an offering of life as of means."

The Southern Presbyterian Mission has the only workers in a territory with a population of 2,243,000. Assuming that one missionary with native helpers might evangelize 25,000 natives in a generation, it would require 89 men and single women workers on the field. The call is for a force of only 32 men and 18 single women, which would give each worker, clerical and lay, 44,860 population. The maximum number of churches that an ordained

Let it not be thought for an instant that the work is almost done, or that our task is growing easier.

"This spring, in a remote section of our field, a bright young man, superintendent of a school with 125 students, met the presentation of the Gospel with the emphatic reiteration, *Hananim Upso! Hananim Upso!* (There is no God! There is no God!); and the missionary was refused a hearing in the school. Such a thing was formerly unknown in Korea. With changing conditions, new and grosser forms of temptation to licentiousness, intemperance and unbelief are sweeping the country like a flood. We cannot, therefore, expect that the former conditions so favorable to the Gospel will continue, or that anything short of an immediate improvement of our opportunity will achieve its evangelization. We mean the carrying of the Gospel to every creature and the planting of a native church here which, without the presence of the foreign missionary, shall be self-sustaining, self-governing, and self-propagating. We are not calling for the year 1912 or 1913, but the year 1911. There are, of course, other calls, urgent and immediate; but in the light of facts, are they as urgent as this call from Korea?"

This is a case where the fields are "white with the harvest and laborers are few." R. M. Wilson, M.D., a medical missionary at Kwang-ju, sends this interesting description of a heathen funeral in Korea: "The Christian funeral service is in marked contrast to the heathen service, which consists of a red, fancily decorated sort of hearse, which is carried on the backs of a lot of drunken men, dancing and singing as they go along. An old rooster is placed on the coffin to entertain the good spirits. A few of the relatives and hired mourners follow the procession, and boys bearing fancy flags lead the way to the grave. A good part of a day is spent at the grave drinking, eating and having a good time generally.

"Walking along a beautiful grove near the city yesterday, one of my assistants said: 'This grove, just a few years ago or before the church was organized, was a fearful place, for almost every tree had from one to five or six babies' bodies tied in its branches. No such sights are seen there now. There are thousands of these strange and heathen customs which are done away with by the influence of the Gospel.'



A Few of the Nine Hundred Idols in a Korean Temple

foreign missionary in Korea can properly supervise and train, is twenty. The present average is 34 churches, and 249,222 population for each ordained worker.

There are wonderful Gospel opportunities in Korea. "The manifest approval and presence of the Holy Spirit, the open mind of the people and their favorable reception of the Gospel message" (the call declares) "the marvelous ingathering of converts—these are all well known. While we are calling for our total force now, we are asking for these men for work in this generation—a life-work.



# One Million Subscribers

**F**EW papers are read and re-read as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none affords greater pleasure and delight, or makes warmer or more lasting friends. It is indisputable that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a larger percentage of renewals than any other paper, and that, from its very beginning, it has retained a larger percentage of permanent subscriptions than any other publication; and its subscription list is constantly increasing. What has been done in the past is only an indication of what may be done in the future, provided we all work heartily together with a view to securing the object upon which we have now set our hearts.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the faith to believe that there are a million families in this country who would be glad to subscribe for it were they acquainted with its surpassing worth. We further believe that all of our present subscribers are so thoroughly pleased with the paper that they would be glad to see our faith fully realized. They know the blessed influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts, for they themselves have felt it. Week after week they have scanned its beautiful pages, have read its inspiring messages, have reveled in its literary and artistic wealth, have been deeply interested, edified and instructed, and, after having read it from beginning to end, have sent it to some distant friends that they also might enjoy its perennial riches.

## Almoner of Nations

The achievements of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have never been equaled by any other publication. It has collected and distributed *nearly four million dollars in charity*. The farmers of Finland, Sweden, Norway and Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the famine sufferers in China, the rescued men of the Bowery, the thousands of waifs from the tenements happy in The Christian Herald Children's Home, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may he graciously continue to pour out his blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editors and proprietors and readers, and make us increasingly useful in his service.

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself, which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will accomplish in years to come.

We know that we are making a good paper and we are glad of it. Started for the sole purpose of disseminating spiritual truth, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been true and loyal to its mission, and tens of thousands have been led by its means into the clearer, fuller light that now irradiates their lives and makes the world through them brighter, better and happier. And what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done for these tens of thousands it can and will and must do for other hundreds of thousands—perhaps even—and may God grant that it be so—for millions.

To bring this about we have determined to enlist the cordial co-operation of our friends, and ourselves to make such a financial sacrifice as will demonstrate our

own sincerity in the matter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less than its regular subscription price, which is \$1.50 per annum. But to interest those who cannot appreciate its beauties, simply because they do not see the paper, we have decided to accept an unlimited number of one-third year trial subscriptions at twenty-five cents each, subject to the easy conditions set forth in the annexed coupons, and in addition we intend to distribute a number of handsome gifts in token of our appreciation of the efforts of all those friends who will help us in the work.

## Our Generous Offer

We could not make this sacrifice but for the experience of the past, that a very large percentage of our subscribers renew, and when they renew, they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

Let us begin this work by doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an

easy one, for it means *just one* new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe *you* will do *your* share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

## Read the Directions on Following Pages

Read the following pages carefully. You will find there a number of coupons and directions for helping along the work, also a list of the gifts we intend to distribute among those who assist us on our way to the million mark. You, dear friend, can earn any or all of these gifts in return for almost no effort on your part, and you will have the additional satisfaction of knowing you have helped make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the most influential paper in the world.

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## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

August 9, 1911.

Dear Friend:

These four pages of The Christian Herald contain a message which has a personal application to you. We would ask you therefore to read every word of this insert carefully and to give the plan your very special consideration.

We want the approval of our friends, every one, for only with their co-operation can we accomplish the work which it is in our hearts to do.

So, dear friend, read what follows carefully and let us have your co-operation in any event.

Very cordially yours,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE greater the circulation of any publication, the greater must be its influence.

The greater the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the greater will be its power for doing good in the world.

Do you realize what it would mean if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had one million subscribers? It would mean that the paper would enter one million homes fifty-two times a year, and be read regularly by five million souls. Five million souls banded together by one thought—the welfare, the godspeed of humanity, of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be the instrument.

You, dear reader, are one of the already large army of souls who believe in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Surely you will be willing to help us make that army more powerful for good than ever before. We need your personal influence, just as we need the collective influence of all our friends.

## Can We Reach the Million Mark?

If we can bring THE CHRISTIAN HERALD up to the million mark, the abiding result will accrue to the direct benefit of every one of our readers. We can give you a better and a bigger paper. We can enter into campaigns for the common good, with the assurance of wider success than ever before. We can extend the charitable work of our friends who contribute, through the publication, to the succor of the poor. We can extend these enterprises, your

enterprises, as we have never been able to extend them before. And, with the help of our friends, God willing, we mean to do it.

## This is Our Plan

Our plan is as follows: On these two pages you will find six coupons. Please tear them apart at the dotted lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial.

Tell them that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a great national home newspaper, which will keep them up to date on matters of interest; that it describes every event of national interest, whether it happens at home or abroad; that it is illustrated on nearly every page with graphic pictures of men, women, places and events of interest; that in addition to news matter it publishes magazine features of interest to every one in the family—special articles on live topics, short stories, serial stories, a children's department, etc.; that it offers them annually one and a half times the quantity of reading matter offered by the popular magazines; that its large corps of correspondents live in every country on earth; that its readers constitute a great influential family to which it will benefit them to belong.

Tell them of the wonderful offer we are

making, and how each coupon which you show them saves them one quarter of a dollar on this one-third year subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered.

If six coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us, and we will send you as many more as you may require, absolutely free of all charge. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until August 31, and cannot be mailed after that date.

## Your Reward

In return for your trouble in doing this, and quite aside from the satisfaction you will feel in helping to bring THE CHRISTIAN HERALD up to the million mark, we offer you any one or more of sixteen different rewards.

Among these rewards you will be sure to find some which you will be eager to possess for so little trouble. These rewards are for you, remember, not for those whom you will induce to subscribe, and you should take advantage of the opportunity to possess them. For instance:

**FOR 2 COUPONS:** Suppose you have but two friends who are lucky enough to be invited to subscribe, and who will sign only two of the coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each. In return for your service in forwarding these coupons, you may have your choice of any one volume of the now famous *Christian Herald Home Library*, which contains a volume of interest for every one in the family. The titles of these books are as follows: *Entertainments for Home, Church and School—Handy Man's Manual of Facts and Figures—Business*

# A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD

**52  
Times  
A Year**

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**

**BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY**

**\$1.50  
per  
Year**

25 Cents

IN ACCORDANCE with your offer to accept this Coupon and Twenty-Five Cents for a Four-Months' Subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD beginning August 1, 1911, I send herewith 25 Cents, and I hereby certify that I am not now a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that this subscription is not intended to take the place of any subscription now on your books.

**Good Only until August 31, 1911**

Name.....

Name of person influencing this subscription:.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

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**Good Only until August 31, 1911**

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## Read the Coupons Carefully

Each Coupon attached hereto will be accepted in lieu of **ONE QUARTER DOLLAR** if accompanied by **25 Cents for a FOUR MONTHS' Subscription to The Christian Herald.** But no subscription induced through this offer will be permitted to take the place of one now on our books. Each subscription must be **NEW.**



Copyrighted, 1896, by Braun & Co.  
**THE FAMOUS DREAMLAND PICTURE IN COLORS**  
**18 x 13 Inches, ready for framing. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE**

**SPECIAL NOTICE!** Remember, this offer will hold good only until August 31, and we reserve the right to return any coupons and money sent us after that date. All subscriptions **must** date from the first issue in August.

**Address: Special Coupon Offer,**



# MID-SUMMER OFFER!

**Hints for Men and Women—Helpful Talks With Girls—Healthful Sports for Boys—How to Speak and Write Correctly—Marvels of Modern Science—and Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife.** If this does not attract you, you may have one volume of the set, *Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature*. Or you may have a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, that priceless document which should hang framed on the wall of every American home, and with this we will give you a copy of *The Story of the Flag*.

**FOR 3 COUPONS:** If you have **three** friends who will sign coupons, and you will send them to us, accompanied by 25 cents each, we will send you a copy of *The Life of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage*, or we will send you one volume of his celebrated sermons, although we have but a limited number of the latter, and in case they run out before your order arrives we will reserve the right to have you substitute some other reward.

**FOR 4 COUPONS:** If you induce **four** of your friends to subscribe, we will send you as a reward a new volume of sermons by the late Rev. Dwight L. Moody, which have never before been published. Or we will send you a Music Simplifier whereby you may learn to play the piano at home without a teacher. Or we will send you a volume which will teach you how to write shorthand without an instructor. The practical utility of these three rewards will be appreciated.

**For 5 Coupons:** Have you read *The Life Work of Louis Klopsch*? Although many thousands of our readers are the fortunate possessors of this volume, there are probably some who would like to possess this account of the achievements of the greatest "Captain of Philanthropy" the world has seen. You may have this splendidly illustrated volume in return for inducing **five** of your friends to sign coupons, and send them to us accompanied by 25 cents each.

**FOR 6 COUPONS:** We are sure that a majority of our friends will send us **six** signed coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each. For all who do, we offer splendid induc-

ments. For sending us **six** coupons you may have as a reward a complete set of *The Christian Herald Home Library* of eight volumes, the titles of which have already been mentioned. Or you may have a beautiful American flag, 4x6 feet in dimension, worthy to float proudly over any home in the Nation. Or we will send you a Red Letter New Testament, beautifully bound in leather, soft and flexible, with overlapping edges, red under gold, and with every word recorded as having been spoken by our Lord, printed in red. Or we will send you a copy of that fascinating volume entitled *The Great Hereafter*, by Rev. Madison C. Peters. Or we will send you a copy of *Hero Tales*, that interesting volume containing accounts of glowing deeds of American citizens. Or we will send you that useful book entitled *Before the Doctor Comes*, containing information which will tell you just what to do in case of an accident or sickness, before the arrival of a physician. Or we will send you a copy of the volume entitled *The True Life of Christ*, from the testimony of the apostles.

## Extra Reward for Six Coupons

Think of being able to secure for *nothing but a little effort* any one or more of the above rewards! We are sure you will try to induce **SIX** friends to sign coupons. But now comes the most enjoyable surprise of all!

Do you remember "Dreamland," that beautiful photogravure of a little child asleep? "Dreamland" evoked the praise and admiration of hundreds of thousands of our readers who now have the picture framed upon their walls. It was, indeed, so popular with our readers that we felt that many of them would like to have the picture in colors. We inquired if this could not be done, and we have succeeded in procuring a

number of copies of "Dreamland," in *water colors* applied by hand.

You know how beautiful was the photogravure, but you can hardly have a conception of how much *more* beautiful is the picture since it has been rendered into colors. If the child seemed to be a living, breathing specimen of human beauty before, it now seems as much more so as day is more beautiful than night.

## You May Have this Picture, Too

We have secured One Thousand of these beautiful pictures, and we will present a copy Free to all friends sending us Six Coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each, *as long as the pictures last*. Send in your coupons **AT ONCE**, so you will receive one of the thousand copies of "Dreamland."

## Now for Victory!

Whichever rewards you select, may success attend your efforts. We feel sure that the most active friends in this aggressive campaign will be our present subscribers, who know and appreciate the good **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** is doing, and will be glad of this opportunity to encourage the efforts of its editors and proprietors to maintain its high standard as the brightest and best family paper in the wide, wide world. On the following page you will find a description of these rewards and a list from which to select those which please you.

# AWAITS YOUR CO-OPERATION!

## Resolve to Act at Once!

Do not feel hampered by lack of material. If you have more friends who want to subscribe than you have coupons let us know, and we will send you more free of charge. Do not forget that no name will be accepted for a subscription which is now on our books.

### DREAMLAND—In Colors

The miniature reproduction in black and white on the opposite page cannot give more than a vague idea of the beauty of the hand-colored reproduction of Dreamland, the picture which proved such a favorite with our readers. This was the picture of which Mrs. Sangster wrote:

"There is not a mother, or for that matter a grandmother, in this wide land, from coast to coast, who will not want a Dreamland picture for her own as soon as she sees it. The artist has chosen an ecstatic moment in home life when the household darling, weary with play, has been caught in the toils of slumber. Here she lies, every muscle relaxed, the dimpled hand and the dancing feet quiet in repose. It is all one can do to keep from dropping a kiss on the rosy cheek. But we must not do that, for we might waken the baby and call her back from dreamland. The Christian Herald has offered its readers many beautiful pictures, but this one surpasses all former productions."

### FURTHER INDUCEMENT

We have secured just One Thousand of this beautiful hand water-colored picture "Dreamland." To all friends sending us **Six Coupons**, together with 25 cents for each one-third year subscription to **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**, we will present a copy Free, *as long as the Thousand last*. Send in your coupons at once, so you will receive one of the thousand copies of "Dreamland."

**Christian Herald,** BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

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## PAGE 790



EVERAL years ago Bolton Hall wrote a book entitled *A Little Land and a Living*, telling of the results secured by mixing brains with inquiry, and growing vegetables on city lots and on small tracts of land. Among the readers of the book was Hon. William E. Smythe, of San Diego, Calif., widely known as the "Father of the National Irrigation Congress," because it was he who secured the organization of that body, which was instrumental in securing the passage of the National Reclamation

There are now forty families of Little Landers at San Ysidro, with a total membership of one hundred and forty. Each family owns from one-quarter of an acre up to seven acres of land. The average size of the "farms" is two and a quarter acres. Most of the colonists think that that is too large. The ideal is just as much land as each family can bring under the highest cultivation without hiring help. Some of the settlers have been established for two full years, and others for shorter periods, ranging down to a family that has just arrived. All of those established for six months or more say they are making a living, and nearly all are accumulating a surplus. It is unfortunate that no one in the colony has kept an exact account of receipts and expenditures. "We have made a living, paid for our improvements, and have money in the bank," is the usual reply to a request for a statement of the profits on a year's labor. That is



**Hon. William E. Smythe**  
Founder of the Little Landers



### A Bungalow Home, Market Garden and Chicken Yards on the Little Lands

The Littlelanders take particular pride in their park. In view of the fact that the village itself is only two years old, the park is a marvel of floral wealth and beauty, although the trees, which may constitute its greatest charm, are in their infancy. In the park is the club house and assembly hall, with library, reading room and general loafing place. Every Monday evening there is a meeting for entertainment and the discussion of matters of interest. Questions are asked and answered, experiences with crops and poultry are related, and reports are rendered by officers and committees. Then there are songs and stories, a discussion of current events, and a lecture upon some educational theme. The secretary and general manager of the corporation is Rev. Josiah Poeten, a Congregational minister, driven from his flock in Vermont by a nervous breakdown. On Sundays he preaches a non-sectarian

If the success or failure of the colonists at San Ysidro were all that is involved in this experiment with the "Little Lands," it would not be a matter of very general concern. But it is the hope of those interested in the colony that it may develop into a movement that will help in the solution of grave economic questions. There is no reason why such colonies may not be multiplied indefinitely, provided only that they are established within easy reach of large cities, where a practically unlimited market is at hand for fresh fruits and vegetables, poultry products and other food supplies that can be profitably grown by hand labor upon small tracts of land.

Whether a genial climate like that of Southern California is better adapted to secure the success of the Little Landers than a colder climate, such as that of the Eastern and New England States, is open to question. Possibly the Little Landers of the future, in the environs of Chicago, New York, and other large cities, will grow their winter vegetables under glass, as is done to a large extent in France. There are some who think that the colder climate of the East and North mean simply great opportunities for men with the courage and skill to combat climatic conditions with the resources of modern science.

Perhaps the aims and objects of the experiment being conducted at San Ysidro are best epitomized in the following from the pen of Mr. Smythe:

### "The Hope of the Little Lands"

"That theirs shall be the life in the open—the open day and the open heart—fragrant with the breath of flowers, more fragrant with the spirit of fellowship, that makes the good of one the concern of all, and lifts the individual by lifting the mass."

## Various Good Causes Helped by Christian Herald Readers

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266 | 267 | 268 | 269 | 270 | 271 | 272 | 273 | 274 | 275 | 276 | 277 | 278 | 279 | 280 | 281 | 282 | 283 | 284 | 285 | 286 | 287 | 288 | 289 | 290 | 291 | 292 | 293 | 294 | 295 | 296 | 297 | 298 | 299 | 300 | 301 | 302 | 303 | 304 | 305 | 306 | 307 | 308 | 309 | 310 | 311 | 312 | 313 | 314 | 315 | 316 | 317 | 318 | 319 | 320 | 321 | 322 | 323 | 324 | 325 | 326 | 327 | 328 | 329 | 330 | 331 | 332 | 333 | 334 | 335 | 336 | 337 | 338 | 339 | 340 | 341 | 342 | 343 | 344 | 345 | 346 | 347 | 348 | 349 | 350 | 351 | 352 | 353 | 354 | 355 | 356 | 357 | 358 | 359 | 360 | 361 | 362 | 363 | 364 | 365 | 366 | 367 | 368 | 369 | 370 | 371 | 372 | 373 | 374 | 375 | 376 | 377 | 378 | 379 | 380 | 381 | 382 | 383 | 384 | 385 | 386 | 387 | 388 | 389 | 390 | 391 | 392 | 393 | 394 | 395 | 396 | 397 | 398 | 399 | 400 | 401 | 402 | 403 | 404 | 405 | 406 | 407 | 408 | 409 | 410 | 411 | 412 | 413 | 414 | 415 | 416 | 417 | 418 | 419 | 420 | 421 | 422 | 423 | 424 | 425 | 426 | 427 | 428 | 429 | 430 | 431 | 432 | 433 | 434 | 435 | 436 | 437 | 438 | 439 | 440 | 441 | 442 | 443 | 444 | 445 | 446 | 447 | 448 | 449 | 450 | 451 | 452 | 453 | 454 | 455 | 456 | 457 | 458 | 459 | 460 | 461 | 462 | 463 | 464 | 465 | 466 | 467 | 468 | 469 | 470 | 471 | 472 | 473 | 474 | 475 | 476 | 477 | 478 | 479 | 480 | 481 | 482 | 483 | 484 | 485 | 486 | 487 | 488 | 489 | 490 | 491 | 492 | 493 | 494 | 495 | 496 | 497 | 498 | 499 | 500 | 501 | 502 | 503 | 504 | 505 | 506 | 507 | 508 | 509 | 510 | 511 | 512 | 513 | 514 | 515 | 516 | 517 | 518 | 519 | 520 | 521 | 522 | 523 | 524 | 525 | 526 | 527 | 528 | 529 | 530 | 531 | 532 | 533 | 534 | 535 | 536 | 537 | 538 | 539 | 540 | 541 | 542 | 543 | 544 | 545 | 546 | 547 | 548 | 549 | 550 | 551 | 552 | 553 | 554 | 555 | 556 | 557 | 558 | 559 | 560 | 561 | 562 | 563 | 564 | 565 | 566 | 567 | 568 | 569 | 570 | 571 | 572 | 573 | 574 | 575 | 576 | 577 | 578 | 579 | 580 | 581 | 582 | 583 | 584 | 585 | 586 | 587 | 588 | 589 | 590 | 591 | 592 | 593 | 594 | 595 | 596 | 597 | 598 | 599 | 600 | 601 | 602 | 603 | 604 | 605 | 606 | 607 | 608 | 609 | 610 | 611 | 612 | 613 | 614 | 615 | 616 | 617 | 618 | 619 | 620 | 621 | 622 | 623 | 624 | 625 | 626 | 627 | 628 | 629 | 630 | 631 | 632 | 633 | 634 | 635 | 636 | 637 | 638 | 639 | 640 | 641 | 642 | 643 | 644 | 645 | 646 | 647 | 648 | 649 | 650 | 651 | 652 | 653 | 654 | 655 | 656 | 657 | 658 | 659 | 660 | 661 | 662 | 663 | 664 | 665 | 666 | 667 | 668 | 669 | 670 | 671 | 672 | 673 | 674 | 675 | 676 | 677 | 678 | 679 | 680 | 681 | 682 | 683 | 684 | 685 | 686 | 687 | 688 | 689 | 690 | 691 | 692 | 693 | 694 | 695 | 696 | 697 | 698 | 699 | 700 | 701 | 702 | 703 | 704 | 705 | 706 | 707 | 708 | 709 | 710 | 711 | 712 | 713 | 714 | 715 | 716 | 717 | 718 | 719 | 720 | 721 | 722 | 723 | 724 | 725 | 726 | 727 | 728 | 729 | 730 | 731 | 732 | 733 | 734 | 735 | 736 | 737 | 738 | 739 | 740 | 741 | 742 | 743 | 744 | 745 | 746 | 747 | 748 | 749 | 750 | 751 | 752 | 753 | 754 | 755 | 756 | 757 | 758 | 759 | 760 | 761 | 762 | 763 | 764 | 765 | 766 | 767 | 768 | 769 | 770 | 771 | 772 | 773 | 774 | 775 | 776 | 777 | 778 | 779 | 780 | 781 | 782 | 783 | 784 | 785 | 786 | 787 | 788 | 789 | 790 | 791 | 792 | 793 | 794 | 795 | 796 | 797 | 798 | 799 | 800 | 801 | 802 | 803 | 804 | 805 | 806 | 807 | 808 | 809 | 810 | 811 | 812 | 813 | 814 | 815 | 816 | 817 | 818 | 819 | 820 | 821 | 822 | 823 | 824 | 825 | 826 | 827 | 828 | 829 | 830 | 831 | 832 | 833 | 834 | 835 | 836 | 837 | 838 | 839 | 840 | 841 | 842 | 843 | 844 | 845 | 846 | 847 | 848 | 849 | 850 | 851 | 852 | 853 | 854 | 855 | 856 | 857 | 858 | 859 | 860 | 861 | 862 | 863 | 864 | 865 | 866 | 867 | 868 | 869 | 870 | 871 | 872 | 873 | 874 | 875 | 876 | 877 | 878 | 879 | 880 | 881 | 882 | 883 | 884 | 885 | 886 | 887 | 888 | 889 | 890 | 891 | 892 | 893 | 894 | 895 | 896 | 897 | 898 | 899 | 900 | 901 | 902 | 903 | 904 | 905 | 906 | 907 | 908 | 909 | 910 | 911 | 912 | 913 | 914 | 915 | 916 | 917 | 918 | 919 | 920 | 921 | 922 | 923 | 924 | 925 | 926 | 927 | 928 | 929 | 930 | 931 | 932 | 933 | 934 | 935 | 936 | 937 | 938 | 939 | 940 | 941 | 942 | 943 | 944 | 945 | 946 | 947 | 948 | 949 | 950 | 951 | 952 | 953 | 954 | 955 | 956 | 957 | 958 | 959 | 960 | 961 | 962 | 963 | 964 | 965 | 966 | 967 | 968 | 969 | 970 | 971 | 972 | 973 | 974 | 975 | 976 | 977 | 978 | 979 | 980 | 981 | 982 | 983 | 984 | 985 | 986 | 987 | 988 | 989 | 990 | 991 | 992 | 993 | 994 | 995 | 996 | 997 | 998 | 999 | 1000 |
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266 | 267 | 268 | 269 | 270 | 271 | 272 | 273 | 274 | 275 | 276 | 277 | 278 | 279 | 280 | 281 | 282 | 283 | 284 | 285 | 286 | 287 | 288 | 289 | 290 | 291 | 292 | 293 | 294 | 295 | 296 | 297 | 298 | 299 | 300 | 301 | 302 | 303 | 304 | 305 | 306 | 307 | 308 | 309 | 310 | 311 | 312 | 313 | 314 | 315 | 316 | 317 | 318 | 319 | 320 | 321 | 322 | 323 | 324 | 325 | 326 | 327 | 328 | 329 | 330 | 331 | 332 | 333 | 334 | 335 | 336 | 337 | 338 | 339 | 340 | 341 | 342 | 343 | 344 | 345 | 346 | 347 | 348 | 349 | 350 | 351 | 352 | 353 | 354 | 355 | 356 | 357 | 358 | 359 | 360 | 361 | 362 | 363 | 364 | 365 | 366 | 367 | 368 | 369 | 370 | 371 | 372 | 373 | 374 | 375 | 376 | 377 | 378 | 379 | 380 | 381 | 382 | 383 | 384 | 385 | 386 | 387 | 388 | 389 | 390 | 391 | 392 | 393 | 394 | 395 | 396 | 397 | 398 | 399 | 400 | 401 | 402 | 403 | 404 | 405 | 406 | 407 | 408 | 409 | 410 | 411 | 412 | 413 | 414 | 415 | 416 | 417 | 418 | 419 | 420 | 421 | 422 | 423 | 424 | 425 | 426 | 427 | 428 | 429 | 430 | 431 | 432 | 433 | 434 | 435 | 436 | 437 | 438 | 439 | 440 | 441 | 442 | 443 | 444 | 445 | 446 | 447 | 448 | 449 | 450 | 451 | 452 | 453 | 454 | 455 | 456 | 457 | 458 | 459 | 460 | 461 | 462 | 463 | 464 | 465 | 466 | 467 | 468 | 469 | 470 | 471 | 472 | 473 | 474 | 475 | 476 | 477 | 478 | 479 | 480 | 481 | 482 | 483 | 484 | 485 | 486 | 487 | 488 | 489 | 490 | 491 | 492 | 493 | 494 | 495 | 496 | 497 | 498 | 499 | 500 | 501 | 502 | 503 | 504 | 505 | 506 | 507 | 508 | 509 | 510 | 511 | 512 | 513 | 514 | 515 | 516 | 517 | 518 | 519 | 520 | 521 | 522 | 523 | 524 | 525 | 526 | 527 | 528 | 529 | 530 | 531 | 532 | 533 | 534 | 535 | 536 | 537 | 538 | 539 | 540 | 541 | 542 | 543 | 544 | 545 | 546 | 547 | 548 | 549 | 550 | 551 | 552 | 553 | 554 | 555 | 556 | 557 | 558 | 559 | 560 | 561 | 562 | 563 | 564 | 565 | 566 | 567 | 568 | 569 | 570 | 571 | 572 | 573 | 574 | 575 | 576 | 577 | 578 | 579 | 580 | 581 | 582 | 583 | 584 | 585 | 586 | 587 | 588 | 589 | 590 | 591 | 592 | 593 | 594 | 595 | 596 | 597 | 598 | 599 | 600 | 601 | 602 | 603 | 604 | 605 | 606 | 607 | 608 | 609 | 610 | 611 | 612 | 613 | 614 | 615 | 616 | 617 | 618 | 619 | 620 | 621 | 622 | 623 | 624 | 625 | 626 | 627 | 628 | 629 | 630 | 631 | 632 | 633 | 634 | 635 | 636 | 637 | 638 | 639 | 640 | 641 | 642 | 643 | 644 | 645 | 646 | 647 | 648 | 649 | 650 | 651 | 652 | 653 | 654 | 655 | 656 | 657 | 658 | 659 | 660 | 661 | 662 | 663 | 664 | 665 | 666 | 667 | 668 | 669 | 670 | 671 | 672 | 673 | 674 | 675 | 676 | 677 | 678 | 679 | 680 | 681 | 682 | 683 | 684 | 685 | 686 | 687 | 688 | 689 | 690 | 691 | 692 | 693 | 694 | 695 | 696 | 697 | 698 | 699 | 700 | 701 | 702 | 703 | 704 | 705 | 706 | 707 | 708 | 709 | 710 | 711 | 712 | 713 | 714 | 715 | 716 | 717 | 718 | 719 | 720 | 721 | 722 | 723 | 724 | 725 | 726 | 727 | 728 | 729 | 730 | 731 | 732 | 733 | 734 | 735 | 736 | 737 | 738 | 739 | 740 | 741 | 742 | 743 | 744 | 745 |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     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# IN MY VERANDA EASY CHAIR



## In the Invalid's Room

THE ideal condition to which we more and more are tending in this period is that of perfect health. If ever the time shall come when children, as a rule, shall be well born in the sense of receiving a good inheritance from parents who have no record of physical weakness, the world will enter upon a new era of joy in living. To be immune from disease is to walk the earth with freedom, to attack life's daily duties with courage and to go and come on life's errands without the bearing of too heavy a burden. This being admitted, the wonder rises in the mind whether we might not all lose something very precious, something that takes away the dross and refines the gold of the soul, if we were never ill ourselves and if we never had the privilege of ministry to invalids. Think of the heroic efforts of physicians and the almost miraculous skill of surgeons, and the development of medical science; think of the hospitals springing up to-day in foreign lands and of the army of trained nurses alike useful in war and peace, and are we quite ready to dismiss all these and with them forego our opportunity of showing sympathy to the afflicted?

The presence in a home of a gentle and patient invalid is always a blessing. A difficult and inconsiderate invalid, for this variety, too, exists, may be likewise a blessing in that those who surround the sufferer are forced to bear with petulance, and deal tenderly with moods of depression following in the wake of exhausted nerves.

Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Arnold of Rugby, in a letter to a friend, drew the portrait of an invalid with a touch so sure and in language so affectionate that it is worth our reading. Some of us have known invalids as saintly as Miss Arnold. Most of us might imitate her in the resolution never to talk about our ailments or our pains.

"I must conclude with a more delightful subject, my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved, through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work."

### Naming a Son for His Father

HERE is another ball tossed into the arena with a view to discussion. Who will first catch and toss it back? A wife writes, "Is it well to name a son for his father, providing

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

the father be a man of integrity and discretion?" As a rule, a father's name should be a good inheritance for a son, and there are families in which there has been a brave succession of Johns, Peters, Georges, and Harrys down to the fifth or sixth generation. If there is any reason for preferring not to give

names to the boy, if the father's name be Shadrack, Meshach or Abednego, for instance, ought not he to have the first choice in naming the lad? What do our readers think about this?



DURING the week following the coronation celebration in London, the King and Queen gave a garden party at Crystal Palace, to which thousands of London children of the poorer classes were invited. One of the features of the occasion was the presentation to each little guest of a souvenir mug bearing their Majesties' pictures. King George had ordered thirty thousand of these made specially for this purpose. The accompanying photograph shows Queen Mary entering the palace.

father's name to the boy, if the father's name be Shadrack, Meshach or Abednego, for instance, ought not he to have the first choice in naming the lad? What do our readers think about this?

### A Beautiful Vision

"ARE you a believer in dreams? If so, dear editor, will you tell me the meaning of one that I had a few

weeks ago? I had been working hard all day and when my head touched the pillow it was throbbing with pain. I did not fall asleep for an hour or more, but I slept profoundly, and in my dream I was not a worn-out homely woman, but a beautiful young girl walking gaily through a field where flowers grew on every side. There

were daisies, roses, lilies and many flowers the names of which I did not know. When I awakened the house was full of fragrance, or so it seemed to me. Do you think God sent me that dream?"

Dreams come to us, we are told, immediately before we waken. A portion of the brain is sufficiently wakeful to paint pictures for us and tell us stories while we are in fact asleep. Dreams

are curiously made up of past experience and future hopes. You probably love flowers, and would like to live where you could gather them when you chose and have gardens to walk in and woods to rest in and all lovely green things and blooming things near your hand. I think that in old times the Lord often spoke to people in dreams. The Bible gives us many instances of the soul's communing thus with God. Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar had dreams which they forgot, yet which they were determined to have interpreted to them. Joseph revealed the meaning of Pharaoh's dream to him, and Daniel in a later age acted as interpreter of a dream to Nebuchadnezzar. In this period of the world we have fuller light than the ancients had, and our access to Jehovah, it would appear, may be so swift and sure in our waking hour that we do not need to cherish much belief in dreams. Your dream was a very lovely one, and it must have made a deep impression since you can recall it so vividly.

### Useful Hints

Thanks are due to a contributor who furnishes us with a number of useful practical hints. Suggestions of this kind are always welcome.

#### To Remove Scorch from Cloth

Moisten the cloth with peroxide and press with a moderately hot iron. If the first trial is not entirely successful repeat the process.

#### To Free Cake from the Pan

To make cake leave the pan, loosen the edges with a knife, turn upside down. Lay a cloth wet with cold water on the pan, and the cake will drop.

#### An Improved Dusting Cloth

A few drops of kerosene sprinkled on a duster will remove dust with magical effect, and the odor soon vanishes.

#### For Indigestion or Colic

Relieve colic by taking a half teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in hot water. To this a half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint may be added. For a baby a little baking soda the size of a pea is recommended.

### TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

THE Lord my shepherd is,  
My wants He will supply;  
For He is mine, and I am His,  
My shepherd ever nigh.  
In pastures green He leadeth me,  
Beside those waters still;  
In paths of peace He still will be  
My guide through every ill.

The Lord my shepherd is,  
My soul He will restore;  
And in the paths of righteousness  
I'll walk for ever more.  
Yes, though I walk through valley drear,  
No evil will I fear,  
His rod and staff they comfort me,  
My shepherd still is near.

The Lord my shepherd is,  
A feast He will prepare  
In midst of all my enemies  
For me with tenderest care;  
My cup o'erflows with happiness,  
His goodness I can see;  
His love and mercy will provide  
All coming days for me.

The Lord my shepherd is,  
Oh, sweet these words to me,  
That thou, dear Lord, wilt be my guide,  
E'en through eternity;  
That in Thy courts I may abide,  
With Thee, my Lord, I'll dwell,  
Through endless ages I may dwell  
With those I love, and Thee.

ELIZABETH ESTES KENDRICK



# FROM MOHAMMED TO CHRIST



T. F. Hallowell and a Group of Native Christians



West African Porters



Mr. Hallowell in Mohammedan Garb



The Church at Ronietta, Sierra Leone

THE highest barriers to Christianity have been overcome in many lands and the most reluctant hearts have come at last to hear the word of salvation, but perhaps nowhere has there been a greater barrier of inertia than in Sierra Leone, West Africa, which is now being reached with the rays of dawning enlightenment. Probably no story from a foreign field is more interesting than that of a Mohammedan youth who turned from his false religion to the faith of loyal Christian service. This Thomas Franklin Hallowell, was born in Quailand, in the interior of Sierra Leone, in 1860. His grandfather had fought for Masimera, a noted African warrior, and had secured power over a portion of the country. When he was twenty-one years of age, the town where he was living came under the influence of missionary itineration, and two years later he began to attend a night school maintained by the mission. That which impressed the claims of Christianity most strongly upon him was a magic lantern lecture given by Henry Weeks and Rev. D. F. Terforce, representatives of the United Brethren Church. He was

much struck with the Bible pictures shown and with the plan of redemption proclaimed by the missionaries.

It was while making a perilous boat trip that he turned entirely from Mohammed to Christ. His mother had sent him to the markets of Freetown with various farm products and the main part of the journey had to be made by water through a very large bay and around the rocky peninsula of Sierra Leone. At first everything went well, but when the most dangerous part of the sea was reached a heavy storm arose. The captain and boatmen became terrified and refused to try to control the boat. Mr. Hallowell was literally compelled to take the helm himself in order to save his life. As the boat was dashed about by the tempest, he began to pray for help. He first uttered the old Arabic prayers which he had learned from the Koran. These proving useless, he threw his Mohammedanism to the winds and waves and commenced imploring God

in the name of Jesus. A few years afterward, while a tribal war was raging, Mr. Hallowell was hired as a boatman by the United Brethren Mission at Rotifunk. It was not long until he told the missionary in charge that he wanted to attend the mission school. He was then already twenty-four years old, but such was his determination to obtain a Christian education

that he persevered for eight years, finally completing the sixth standard. He was then appointed a teacher and itinerant preacher of the mission among the Timne people of the Yonnie country.

Eight years ago he was placed in charge of the United Brethren mission work at Ronietta, an extensive and important town of the Timne tribe. At that time heathenism prevailed in Ronietta unchecked, while Mohammedanism was seeking to gain a stronger foothold. Mr. Hallowell as a member of the tribe and a converted Mohammedan was peculiarly fitted for the

work entrusted to him, and he has labored with commendable success. A mission house and church have been erected largely from money given by the people. The church was dedicated in 1908, and there have been gathered a communicant membership of thirty-three and a seeker membership of sixty-one. A very good day school is maintained in connection with the religious work. Besides holding the regular services in Ronietta, Mr. Hallowell travels throughout a territory one hundred square miles in area, visiting eighteen preaching places at least once a quarter. As I went about with Mr. Hallowell and enjoyed the hospitality of his home, I learned much concerning the struggles of his life. He informed me that the right to the chieftaincy had recently come to him and that many of his friends had urged him to accept the position. However, he prefers to remain true to his high calling though it costs him worldly wealth and power. In January, 1910, he was ordained as a minister of the Gospel in the United Brethren Church, and he regards this spiritual commission as greater than any other which could be bestowed upon him. RAYMOND P. DOUGHERTY.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

### Mountain Scenes\*

IS most interesting to note how many of the great Scripture events took place among the mountains, even in their very summits. The Holy Land is a mountainous region. Its inhabitants naturally spoke of the hills in their proverbs and their poems. Go through the book of Psalms and see how many figures there are drawn from them.

One of the most beautiful of these similitudes is that in which heaven is likened to the hills. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Truly, if we lift up our eyes, we ever find help.

It is said that two men, some years after the Civil War, met on an ocean steamer. They fell into conversation and each discovered that the other had been a soldier in the war, but that they had fought on opposite sides. As they talked on, they found that they had participated in the same battle. With deep interest, they shared their reminiscences of the great conflict, and a thrilling incident was uncovered as they went on.

It seems that one night the Northern soldier was on sentry duty on one side of a little river, when the Southern soldier was hidden as a sharpshooter on the other side, watching his chance to pick off such of the enemy as ventured within his range. The Northern soldier was singing softly, "Jesus, lover of my soul," as he paced his beat. He came out into the moonlight, and the sharpshooter fixed his unerring aim on him; but on the instant the words uttered across the stream:

Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

The Southerner dropped his rifle. He dared not shoot a man who was praying that prayer.

"I would as soon have shot my own mother," he said.

The sentinel had "lifted his eyes up to the hills," and God had sent help.

A story is told of a poor, crippled shoemaker, who could never go out anywhere. His little shop was in the heart of a great city, and from his small window no beautiful sight was visible. But one day he discovered that from a certain point in the shop he could catch a glimpse of the sky, and he moved his bench up to that point, so that he could refresh himself with that bit of beauty.

In the same way we may find some point in every hard experience of our lives from which heaven can be seen.

"We should never," says Dr. J. R. Miller, in his very helpful book, *The Gate Beautiful*, "allow anybody, any circumstance, or anything that happens, to spoil our lives. We ought to resolve to keep sweet, whatever the circumstances may be. That is what being a Christian means. That is what it is to lift up our eyes unto the hills. If we truly lift up our eyes unto God, we shall get something of God's beauty into our souls, and shall get grace enough to enable us to live the Christian life."

Truly, as Dr. Miller reminds us in another place, the mountains are places of strength and of peace. In an old legend we are told that every morning at sunrise a handful of dew fell from Mount Hermon upon the church of St. Mary, where at once it was gathered by the Christian physicians and proved a sovereign remedy for many diseases.

This was only a symbol of the love of Christ which comes down to us from the heavenly hills to revive and heal us.

### Sympathetic Service\*

AFTER a visitor had departed, her hostess remarked to a member of her family, "I wanted to tell her of the prize that Henry had taken, but I decided that I had better not, because she would probably be vexed because her son had not distinguished himself in some way."

The words implied a belief in the lack of generous sympathy on the part of the visitor, and also a serious lack in the speaker herself. We judge others largely by ourselves. An ancient proverb says, "If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none," and the converse is equally true.

The writer of our interesting "Notes" seems to feel that sympathy is less than it used to be between man and man. Let us hope that he is taking a view which is too gloomy. The great socialistic and religious movements of the age seem to argue that way; and surely there was never a time when great hospitals and asylums, great libraries and charities of all kinds were so freely thrown open to the public as now. The world-wide movement in favor of peace and arbitration is another token that fraternity and neighbor-love are gradually asserting their sway over humanity. It is not that so many men go around shouting out their desire to help their kind, but that "plain clothes philanthropists" are so often found ready to help in time of need. Richard Burton, in the *Independent*, described this sort of man as "The Modern Saint," saying:

He looks not holy - simple his belief;  
His creed for mystic visions do not scan;  
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,  
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.  
Nor self nor self-salvation is his care.

He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime  
To live in; and his mission everywhere  
Is strangely like the Christ's of olden time.

Among our noble ministers and acknowledged "settlement workers," these thousands of lay-helpers, unlabeled and unknown save to the All-Seeing, are doing the loving works of the Christian. As one of our philanthropists has said, "Friendship is with us the master-passion."

So highly did Thoreau rate the power of loving sympathy from friends that he wrote, "Think of the importance of friendship in the education of men. It will make a man honest; it will make him a hero; it will make him a saint."

What must have been the effect upon Timothy's character of the love and friendship of Paul! That powerful teaching must have had its effect, and the contemplation of that wonderful example, also; but it was the fatherly sympathy which, probably, most of all spurred up to his highest development the great Bishop of Ephesus.

Dr. Parsons Nichols refers, in his great sermon on "The Things that Remain," to the poem of Mrs. Hemans, in which a boy mourns for his brother, saying, "Oh, while my brother with me played, would I had loved him more!"

"The truest word to have spoken to that child," says Dr. Nichols, "would have been, 'Remember that you have other brothers, sisters, too, still left on earth for whom you will feel the same regret when they are gone. Try to love them more now.' And the truest word to speak to us men and women who are ready to sink in despair at the memory of our shortcomings toward those we can no longer help, is that there are others who may still be helped."

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, August 20. TEXTS: Rom. 12:15; Heb. 13:1-3; I Pet. 3:8.



# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE PRINCE'S COMING

BECAUSE it is a really truly fairy tale that for all its barbaric splendor and pomp, might have slipped out of a golden volume of the Arabian Night's Tales, and, for its good king and queen, its magic castle, its enchanted dragon, its fairy prince, you might at any time find in the familiar old worn volume of Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, or among the matchless stories of Hans Christian Andersen, we are going to give up the Cozy Corner this week to the story of the

**Crowning of the Boy Prince of Wales**  
ONCE upon a time, and just a little while ago, on the 14th day of July, 1911, in the reign of good King George, there came to Carnarvon Castle, oldest and splendor of ancient Welsh strongholds, a boy. Just a boy, like almost any other boy. He likes to play and romp and jump, to take a turn at marbles and hockey, and to fly a paper aeroplane, like you, and you, who shall be reading this story.

But on this day everything was different, for within the walls of the great palace 20,000 courtiers, lords and ladies and high masters of the realm, in the gayest regalia, were gathered in his honor, while, out beyond the turreted old castle walls, on the green plains that stretched to the river Avon, along which myriads of gaily decked boats danced for his pleasure, and as far as the eye could reach, over the encircling slopes of the gray Welsh hills, the loyal populace awaited his coming—for he was to be crowned that day their liege and prince.

### The Multitude at Prayer

IT WAS toward evening; the long sloping shadows gleamed with the tawny golden light of the setting sun, when suddenly three prolonged blasts from the golden horns of the scarlet-clad trumpeters on the parapets, heralded the arrival of the royal family at the castle. In the hush that followed, the venerable Archbishop of Wales stepped out upon the platform

which had been raised over Queen Eleanor's high gateway, which is the main entrance to the castle, and led the multitude in a simple prayer.

### The Ceremony

EVEN as every head was bowed in prayer for him, he came, that gentle kingly boy, clad in purple and



"Just a Boy—Like Any Other Boy"

gold and ermine, and knelt between his father and his mother to receive the Archbishop's blessing. Then presently the king arose and with a few words of simple ceremony placed the coronet of Wales upon his son's head, handed to him the sword of his lofty office, and the boy repeated the old oath of fealty. Then the king raised him from his knees and kissed him just as any other proud father would have done, and the multitude catching the first glimpse of their new-made Prince as he stood there boyish and brave in

his royal robes and crown, sent such a cheering into the air as no one who heard it had ever heard before. They lost their heads with delight in him. But who could have helped cheering? He was such a boy and his calling was so high.

### The Enchanted Dragon

NERVOUS and half afraid for a moment, he glanced first at his mother, as though most of all he wanted to go to her, then at the king, who stepped forward and took him by the hand to give him courage. After that a look of boyish earnestness crossed his face and he stepped resolutely forward, looking out over the faces of his loyal subjects. In his quick boyish way he raised his right hand to stop the cheering. As he put it down again it rested on the mane of the great red dragon that is the ornament of the ancient gateway, and in a clear voice he leaned forward and said:

"I thank you with all my heart, my people, for your warm welcome. Your loyalty reminds me of my Tudor descent and of the great title that I bear. I assure you that I shall never forget this day. I am very young, but I have great examples before me and I have my dear father, the king, and my dear mother, the queen, and many good friends, to help me. And so, bearing in mind our ancient and beautiful saying, 'Without God is without anything; God is enough,' I hope to do my duty to my king, to Wales and to you my people."

It was a wonderful moment. As the echo of his boyish voice died away, and the Archbishop from the highest turret pronounced a benediction, cannons boomed, royal salutes were fired and bands played, while the royal pageant, led by the boy prince, threaded its way among the people.

In this splendid Republic of ours, where we look upon every boy as a possible prince and every girl as a queen, I love to fancy that after all the old dragon above the gate was an enchanted dragon, and had something to do with that great day in the English lad's life; for after all, was he not a prince? And dragons will stand by princes and queens, as everybody knows.

## Little People's Corner and an August Prize Contest

### This Letter Won the Prize

MY dear Aunt in the Cozy Corner: I love the Cozy Corner because there are so many surprises all the time. You will laugh when I tell you that it makes me think of the delicious smell of goodies from the pantry. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is like a great fireplace too, and there is one special lovely nook just a little cozier than all the rest, and that is where the Aunt in the Cozy Corner sits with all her boys and girls around her. There is a surprise box there too, with lovely stories and poetry, puzzling questions and prize contests, and there we all sit in the long winter evenings very happy.

In the summer time, our Cozy Corner is like a great green lawn, where the children are running and playing games. The generous Aunt is at the head of them all directing and planning surprises. Such a good time as everybody has! There are many more reasons why I like the Cozy Corner, for the stories are best and the games are best, the pictures are best, and the prizes and contests are better than are found anywhere else.

With love to all the Cozy Corner boys and girls,

GLADYS ZEMLUCKA, age 10.

**The Drummer Boy and the Shepherdess**  
Drummer boy, drummer boy, where is your drum?

And why do you weep, sir, and hold your thumb?

The soldiers are out and the fights we can hear,

But where is the drum of my brave Grenadier?

"My dear little drum, it was stolen away

Whilst I was asleep on a sunshiny day;

'Twas because of the drone of the big bumble bee

And some sheep and shepherdess under a tree."

Shepherdess, Shepherdess, where is your crook?

And why is your little lamb over the brook?

It bleats for its dam and dog Tray is not by,

So why do you stand with a tear in your eye?

"My dear little crook it was stolen away

Whilst I dreamed a dream on a bright sunny day;

'Twas because of the drone of a big bumble-bee,

And a drum and a drummer-boy under a tree."

'Sh! 'Sh!

The girls and the boys

They made such a noise

At play with their toys,

That Dolly she fled,

And went to bed,

The German bricks,

The candlesticks,

The elephant,

And the cormorant,

The ass and the horse,

And the rest, of course,

Were frightened, like

All the rest of

The toys,

And hid themselves

From the dreadful noise:

So, if I were you, next

time I played,

I would not be so loud

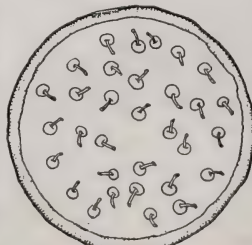
in the noise that

I made!

### Good-Night Verse

Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem. Peace be within thy walls, and righteousness within thy palaces.

Divide this cherry pie into halves, each containing the same number of whole cherries, and you shall receive promptly the charming new Cozy Corner Souvenir if you will enclose a one cent stamp for postage. Be sure to enter this contest, for the August souvenir booklet is the loveliest surprise of all. Send all answers and letters to



The Cherry Pie

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*  
Bible House, New York.

## MURMUR NOT

They shall perish; but Thou remainest.

—Heb. 1: 1  
YOU murmur that your lot is cast Where doubt rough-handles holy things, And plucks away the timid hand. That constant to God's altar clings. Yet murmur not—neath every change God's truth and kindness still abide; Rest thou on Him; no mortal force Can thrust you forth from His dear side.

You murmur that your lot is cast. 'Mid rival creeds that scorn all doubt, And think to settle—shallow, sure—The truth by numbers' noisy shout; Yet heed not their discordant notes; Be Christ your life; be Christ your end He who survives the smoking fad Breathes music through the bruised reed.

You murmur that your lot is cast Where wealth is counted more than you Fear not; these perish in the use With all that hath not heavenly birth. But every deed of simple love, And every step of duty road, Are songs to cheer the pilgrim's feet, That go through sorrow unto God.

H. P. LYMAN-WHEATON, D. D.  
Ridgefield, N. J.

## The Soul and the Body

### A DIALOGUE

"THE soul said to the body, 'I must surely part, and now let reckon together.' 'Let us reckon, sister,' said the body. 'You,' said the soul, 'have been active in labor a toil, early and late, and gathered much gold. Will you keep it with you shall I take it with me? Who is going to take it? Take it down to your grave, and some thief will dig it out before the snow falls.'

"'Alas!' said the body, 'how can take it among the darkness and death and corruption of death? What will it profit me there? 'No,' said the soul, 'but how can I carry it where ear and earthly things are not suffered enter? And after all it is but yellow earth.' 'And, shortly, it will be neither mine nor thine,' said the body, sorrowfully.

"'Our reckoning is not over,' said the soul. 'How are we to meet again if we must meet again? Will it be sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but robbed me of my freedom and used my powers to help you to get gold.'

"'Alas!' said the body, 'you tempt me, and now you reproach me. 'What and if we should meet, as fellow-mentors, bound together for eternal misery?' said the soul. 'I am defiled as you are, and you have never cared for our cleansing. I am without right to heaven, as you are, and you have never cared for entrance into it. So, then, this gold will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and I shall reproach you forever for having destroyed me in getting it.'

\* In the wonderful book of hitherto unpublished sermons by the late Evangelist Dwight L. Moody shortly to be published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the foregoing dramatic dialogue between soul and body at the hour of death. The sermon in which this dialogue occurs, and which gives the title to the volume—"Thou Fool"—is a tremendous attack on the love of worldly power, riches and pleasures. See page 790 of this issue.

### A Fearless Temperance Worker

—MRS. CARRIE NATION, long prominent as temperance worker and drenched by saloon keepers on account of her use of the axe in demolishing bars, passed away on June 9. She began her temperance work in 1900. Many times she was arrested and once her wrist was broken by a policeman's club. She was fearless in her methods and sincere and honest in her convictions. She was sixty-four years of age. Mrs. Nation did her first saloon smash act on June 6, 1899, when she demolished a dive in Kiowa, Kan. From that date to twelve years, she traveled all over the United States, made several trips to Canada, one to Mexico, and one to England and Scotland. She was in jail thirty-three times.



# A HEART OF STONE

By MABEL L. STUART

HARLEYVILLE lay bathed in a sea of crimson light, its three tall spires and weather-beaten gables painted vividly upon a background of flaming sunset. Down on the wide white highroad with its arching elms twilight was falling of purple mist, while in the high tops of the hilltops the dusty green had taken on a tinge of faded gold.

The man who lounged on the piazza at Maplevue saw none of these things. The sunset and the autumn landscape had no commercial value, consequently they interested him not one whit. Indeed, it had informed at the Sewing Circle every afternoon that if Hugh could lay hands on his own soul he could sell it for what it would fetch.

The object of this unchristian man sprawled in his low-swung wicker, blissfully unconscious, he was drinking in the delectable odors that came to him from the kitchen where the housekeeper was preparing the day's Thanksgiving dinner. But far from the scent of browning turkey and delicious pastry was the scent of the great stroke of business that he was about to execute—the execution of his carefully planned scheme of revenge.

He pondered on this delightful sight he experienced an unpleasant vision—unseen eyes were watching him. Quickly raising his head he looked around. For a moment he could see no one; then his eye was caught by a flash of red through a gap in the door.

"That youngest Morton again," he said. "I'll settle him once for all. You young villain! What do you mean by trespassing on my property? He roared, making a dive for a bunch of fiery hair that surprised the mischievous face of his next-door neighbor.

"Go to my hair, and I'll tell you," roared the youngest imperturbable Rogers did as requested.

"All, Mr. Reid said you was the villain I came to see if you really did mean. But I guess they ain't no more."

Impetively Rogers raised his hand to his forehead; it was smooth and clear. As he stood in amazed silence during this strange occurrence, his faithful enemy made good his escape, leaving at a safe distance to indulge in various contortions of countenance. Rogers were, to say the least, disrespectful to the owner of Maplevue. Rogers had not noticed the silent visitor. A new idea had entered his wandering brain. This was what he thought of him in Harleyville—no in his earlier years had been the most popular man in the village, but after, winned and dined. And Rogers what it had come to!

He tried to turn his thoughts into pleasing channels, but the past would not obtrude itself. Anxiously he recalled the scenes of other days in his callousness. He only he had every excuse. Morton had wronged him beyond all hope of forgiveness. Had he not robbed the woman he had loved, she in the folly of youth had mistaken brass for gold? She had bitterly repented, it was true, but that had healed the breach between them and herself, nor turned his hate to pity.

Love all, had not Morton, glibly told that he was, swindled him out of a cool five thousand in that worthless mine? What if the villain had died these five years? There remained his wife and family, and the sins of the father"—he would see

that they were visited and that right thoroughly!

Ever since the bitter disappointment of his early youth, he had been planning to get Morton into his power. The flashy, suave-tongued adventurer had unconsciously stepped into the net. His grand establishment had dwindled away; little by little his money disappeared. Then quick consumption had developed and after his death the care-worn wife and four young children had been compelled to live on a tiny farm on which Rogers held a substantial mortgage.

Through five years of their desperate struggle against overwhelming poverty he had extracted the last cent of interest, carefully compounding it when the widow was unable to pay. Now the worst had come to the worst. On the morrow he was going to send them notice that he could wait no longer. They were to be turned out. Where would they go? Who would keep them from starvation—what was that to him?

Evening closed in; the crimson west, the glowing church spires faded into gray, and still he sat conning over his anticipated triumph. Somehow the glamour had dulled a trifle. The keen edge of his enjoyment was gone. He could not account for the feeling and put it from him abruptly.

Voices of passersby came to him through the hedge, thin musical notes ringing clearly through the scented dusk. It was "those women," as he was wont to call them, returning from the Sewing Circle.

"And yet," Miss Thorne was saying in an acid tone, "Mr. Thorpe says there is good in that man if only one could touch the right chord."

Derisive laughter greeted this remark. "Poor Mr. Thorpe," cried one, "he is too angelic for this sinful world. Why, he sees good in everybody! If your sins were mountains high he would dig and delve until he had unearthed one small virtue; then he would parade it as proudly as if he had unearthed a gold mine."

"He might dig in vain till Doomsday," affirmed a third as the voices trailed away into the night. "Hugh Rogers' virtues are buried beyond hope of resurrection."

"Cats!" muttered Rogers, "they have the impudence to refer to me!"

So annoying was this thought that he rose from the hammock and strode away through the strip of evergreens, not knowing whither he went. The moon was shedding its ghostly light over the great gabled house standing so grim and aloof, a type of its uncompromising master. Rogers avoided the kitchen garden and struck off through the pasture-land and across the little rustic bridge.

Not until a strip of light from an open door fell across his pathway did he realize how far he had come. He was standing before the home of his arch enemies—the miserable cottage where Ralph Morton's widow had fought her losing battle with poverty.

Through the wide-flung door he could see the mother and her four sturdy boys seated around the dining-room table. How pale and delicate she had grown, this woman he had loved in days gone by! Life had surely gone hard with her, for she was but a young woman still.

Rogers stood as though fascinated, unable to withdraw his gaze. The sound of her clear familiar voice came to him across the little grass plot; she was having family worship. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee"—the clear-cut tones rose sweetly in the evening stillness.

Rogers started. Everyone seemed against him to-day. Even the finger

Continued on page 799



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# A LIFE ON CHRIST'S LEVEL\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE prophet Jeremiah was persecuted. The people who heard him repeat in the temple the messages which God gave him reported him to the princes, the rulers, with the demand that he should be put to death, because his words presaged doom for Jerusalem. Jeremiah was persecuted by Irijah, the captain of the watch, who seized him as he was passing through the gate of the city; and, on the false charge of being a traitor—"Thou art falling away to the Chaldeans"—he was brought before the rulers for condemnation.

Jeremiah was persecuted by the princes, for, on the charge brought by Irijah, they sent him to a vile prison, which was a deep cistern, corresponding to a cesspool. And Jeremiah was there "many days." He himself tells us what he did there: "I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon" (Lam. 3: 55). It was only the body of Jeremiah that could be held by the pit. God might have sent an earthquake to open the dungeon, but he did not. God might have sent an angel to lift Jeremiah out of the noisome place, but he did not. Still Jeremiah's prayer went up to heaven, and God heard him, and determined to deliver him.

## How God Answered the Prayer

Jeremiah's liberator was Ebed-melech, one of the chief officials in the king's household. He had a black skin, for he was an Ethiopian, a man who has been compared with the treasurer of Candace, the queen of Ethiopia. God caused some unknown person to go and tell Ebed-melech that Jeremiah was starving to death in the horrible pit of miry clay, and being suffocated by the noxious gases there. God knew just how to touch the right man. Ebed-melech had often seen Jeremiah in the king's palace and heard his wonderful words, and he knew that he was "God's man," and he moved quickly to deliver him, just as God knew he would. Ebed-melech did not himself have authority to command that Jeremiah should be lifted out of the prison-pit, but his position in the king's household did allow him to bring the matter before the king, who at that time was Zedekiah. Ebed-melech found the king sitting at the gate of the city, where he had gone that the people might come to tell him their troubles and ask his help. That was just the right time and place for Ebed-melech to bring Jeremiah's troubles to the king, and let us not forget that it was in answer to Jeremiah's prayer that Ebed-melech was doing it. King Zedekiah listened with attention and interest, just as God meant he should, and then he gave orders that Ebed-melech should get thirty guards, soldiers, and take up Jeremiah out of the pit, and bring him to the prison in the king's own house, where he could have plenty of food, and be quite free to talk with the soldiers and others in the king's palace.

How lovingly, how tenderly Ebed-melech carried out his commission! The whole world should honor him for it. There was a place in the palace for cast-off clothes, probably those which had been worn by the servants. Ebed-melech secured some of these to let down into the pit that Jeremiah might use them as cushions under his arms to keep his flesh from being torn as they were drawing him up by the strong ropes. What a sight to look upon must have been the old prophet, weak from want of food, and covered with the filthy slime of the pit! What

a contrast he was to the richly dressed Ethiopian, fat and well fed! We do not need to be told that Ebed-melech provided a bath and comfortable clothing and food out of the king's storehouse, for we know that in the kindness of his heart he must have done everything possible for the comfort of Jeremiah.

## Jeremiah Not Cowed by Persecution

Shortly after his restoration, Jeremiah was sent for by King Zedekiah to meet him in the temple, God's house, that he might tell him if he had any message from God. Then and there Jeremiah told it to the king—terrible as it was for the king to hear. And so frightened was the king that he asked Jeremiah to keep it secret lest his people should rise up against him.

## Persecution a Blessing

Not many persons in making a list of their blessings would put in "persecutions." Yet we can not do otherwise if we consider the heavenly reward promised by Jesus himself. Then, too, we are promised in God's Word that "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." (II. Tim. 2: 12). Christ's life on earth was a ministry of suffering, largely because of persecution; if he performed miracles of healing it was said he did it by the power of Beelzebub; if he tried to lift up sinners by eating with them, the finger of scorn was pointed at him; if he tried to do good on the Sabbath day by healing, he was called a lawbreaker; if he said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," he was called a blasphemer. Nothing half so hard has ever been said about us as was said about our Christ. Yet when his persecution ended in crucifixion, he could pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

## Poise of Character

Some people go all to pieces before the slightest criticism, to say nothing of persecution, while others grow divinely beautiful under it. A story is told of a soldier in the East Indies, a stout, lion-hearted man, who had been a noted prizefighter, and a terror to those who knew him. He sauntered into a mission chapel, heard the Gospel, and was converted. The change in his character was most marked and decided. The lion was changed into a lamb. Two months afterward in the mess-room, some of those who had been afraid of him before began to ridicule him. One of them said, "I'll put it to the test whether he is a Christian or not," and taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting that the lion would start up and murder him on the spot. But after he had torn open his waistcoat and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned round and said: "This is what I must expect if I become a Christian. I must suffer persecution." His comrades were filled with astonishment.

One may visit the Grotto of Jeremiah, located a few yards north of the Damascus Gate. It is in the midst of a barren, rocky wilderness, and it is identified with the true Calvary. There Jeremiah probably dwelt for some months after the fall of Jerusalem. He was at that time among the prisoners taken by the Chaldeans, but was permitted by them to choose whether he would return to his homeland or go with the other captives to Babylon. He chose his own land, and the "Grotto" became his dwelling place—simply a cave in the wilderness. There he wrote that marvelous series of poems called "Lamentations." They should be read in connection with this lesson, and it can be done in less than half an hour.

But the persecutions of Jeremiah were not ended. The governor ap-

pointed over Jerusalem by King Nebuchadnezzar was murdered, and those who did the deed fled to Egypt, and they compelled Jeremiah to go with them, in reality made him their prisoner and carried him off. Why did they do it? Let them tell us: "That the Lord thy God may show us the way wherein we may walk, and the thing that we may do." But we must believe that they were not honest in this, for they rejected Jeremiah's counsel as a message from the Lord that they should not go down to Egypt. It is likely that they looked upon Jeremiah as a sort of mascot. So it was that persecution of another form entered into the life of Jeremiah. We may read about it in Jeremiah, chapters 40 to 46, which contain the story of his life in Egypt. He continued his faithful warnings until his death. There is a tradition that he was stoned to death by the unbelieving people. We may not know the manner of his taking off, but this we surely know: "He sank in God's darkness grandly, from out the infinite littleness of men."

He lived and died on Christ's level.

## A Solomonic Judge

JUDGE WILLIAM JEFFERSON POLLARD, who has just been appointed by President Taft as one of the United States delegates to the Thirteenth International Congress against Alcoholism at The Hague, Holland (which meets in September), is a temperance reformer of an original type. It was Judge Pollard who originated the Pollard "pledge plan" for reforming drunkards—releasing the accused on signing the total abstinence pledge for one year. The pledge system has been widely copied and is now



Judge William Jefferson Pollard

a law in Victoria, Australia, and in Great Britain, where Judge Pollard explained the plan during his visit in 1906.

Judge Pollard, not long ago, had a driver brought before him, charged with cruelty to a galled mule. The defense was supported by a veterinarian witness who declared that the sore on the animal's back did not cause it any pain. Learning that the mule was on the street in front of the police court, the judge ordered court to adjourn for five minutes, took his cane and went out to investigate personally. With the end of his stick he gently touched the sore spot, at which the mule kicked every time.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony, I will fine you \$50," said Judge Pollard to the accused. "I asked the mule if the sore hurt him, and he said it did."

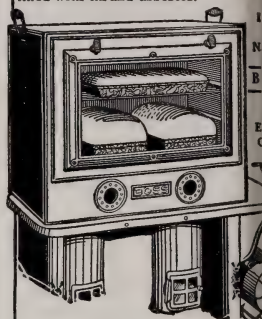
J. A. S.

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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for August 20, 1911 Jeremiah Cast into Prison. Jer. 37. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Matt. 5: 11.



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"So enthusiastic am I about the ADJUSTO that I recommend it to all my friends. It has performed wonders in transforming my figure from the unshapely to one of grace and symmetry."

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## Many New Peace Circles Forming

**P**ROMINENT among those who have taken up the task of forming Local Circles of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League during the last two weeks are:

Mrs. T. A. Allen, Oklahoma; Mrs. Martha Mertz, Indiana; Mr. William Russell, Kansas; Miss Orpha Skinner, Ohio; Mrs. Ella Sawyer, Missouri; Mrs. P. A. M. Speer, New Jersey; Mr. George P. Hall, California; W. H. Carrington, Virginia; Miss Hattie L. Myers, Maryland; Miss Anna R. Davis, Missouri; Mr. M. A. Taplin, Minnesota; Mr. Henry C. Everts, Florida; Mr. W. L. Knight, Illinois; Miss E. Moffett, Minnesota; James N. Wilson, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Eugene S. Adams, New York; Mrs. G. L. Conant, Kansas; Mr. Roy Butler, Washington.

The following are the organizers of Peace Circles which have been formed since our last publication:

Rev. Henry S. Thompson, Maryland; Miss Catharine Case, Washington; Mrs. J. M. Knowles, Iowa; Rev. J. E. Edwards, Kansas; W. F. Wall, Texas; W. W. Gordon, Kansas; Rev. W. F. Porter, North Carolina; Mrs. Sue V. Gillis, Florida; Rev. and Mrs. Dwight L. Chapman, Ohio; Rev. and Mrs. Kaye, Ohio; Mr. George Care, Ohio; Rev. James F. Goodman, Michigan; Mr. John Wallace, California; Mrs. Mary H. Johnson, Washington; Mrs. Dorcas S. Cushman, New York; Mrs. Elizabeth Cole, Tennessee; E. Calvert, Washington; Mrs. M. J. Moss, Washington; Mr. C. A. Godding, Kansas; Professor Shull, Kansas; Mrs. (Dr.) McIntosh, Kansas; Mrs. O. Scotts, Kansas; Mrs. Emma J. Gillilan, Kansas; Mrs. Luella Cushman, New York.

### The Arbitration Agreement

The problem of substituting reason and justice for war, and the victories of Peace and Righteousness for those of force and manslaughter, continue day by day to occupy prominently the mind of humanity. In one way or other, nation after nation is declaring allegiance to the Peace propaganda that is steadily gathering into a worldwide force, and the arbitration agreement between the United States and Great Britain, shortly to be signed, is one of the momentous documents of the history of the world.

It is a matter of deep significance that the first comprehensive agreement for arbitrating practically all disputes that can arise between two sovereign nations—including even the much mooted one of the national honor—should be drawn up between the United States and Great Britain. The draft of the treaty, which is merely intended as a working basis for negotiations, provides in general for arbitration by the Hague Court of all questions, without reservation, that are regarded by the contracting parties as proper for arbitration. From an authoritative statement issued by Secretary Knox to explain the scope of this treaty, we learn that its general features are as follows:

(1) It expands the scope of our existing general arbitration agreements by eliminating the exceptions contained in existing ones of questions of vital interest and national honor; (2) It is proposed that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be submitted to the Hague tribunal unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected; (3) It provides that differences that either country thinks are not internationally justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement; (4) This commission is to be made up of representatives of the two Governments whose members of The Hague Court; (5) Should the commission decide that the differences should be arbitrated this decision is to be binding; (6) Arbitrations are to be conducted under terms of submission subject to the advice and consent of the Senate; (7) Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is one susceptible of arbitration decision, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the necessity of arbitration. The action of this commission is not to have the effect of an arbitral award; (8) The commission at the request of either Government shall delay its findings one year to give opportunity for diplomatic settlement; (9) The other features of the draft deal mainly with the machinery of the commission and other essential details.

This draft is already regarded by our State Department, Congress, the President, and thousands of our fore-

most citizens, as a basis-formula upon which the United States Government is now willing to enter into negotiations with any country that so desires.

The conditions set forth in this treaty make an excellent topic for discussion in CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles for the fortnight ending August 23, 1911.

### Suggested Programme for Third Meeting of Local Circles After Organization

After Roll Call, Initiation Pledge, which is:

I, as a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, pledge myself to urge the cause of Universal International Peace and Arbitration; to attend the meeting of this Circle so far as it is possible; to extend its influence and to increase its membership; and to do my individual share toward making the meetings of this Circle a success.

Officers' Reports, Reading of the Minutes, Unfinished Business, Reading of matter from Headquarters, a brief current exposition of the Main Topic, which for this week is the Arbitration Treaty.

Three and five minute speeches on these suggested subjects:

"The Peace Propaganda."  
"The Treaty of the United States versus the Magna Charta."  
"The Important Arbitration Treaties of the past fifteen years."

Note: The data of 125 important arbitration treaties which have been put into operation during the past 15 years, have been gathered together (each subject fully annotated). A pamphlet containing a list of these treaties will be forwarded to Secretaries of CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles on application.

Refreshments.  
Rally and song.  
Announce the next place of meeting and disband.

### Organization

Again we extend cordial invitation to all who desire to co-operate with us in this inspiring work. Peace has come to stay, but there is a vast and important work to be done—the work of individuals. If you are really interested in the greatest question concerning the welfare of the world to-day, organize a Peace Circle in your town, your village, or your church, and by your co-operation and leadership do your share, no matter how humble it may seem. As a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circle, you will be helping to formulate public opinion into the definite laws that shall relegate warfare into the limbo of savagery and idols. The Peace spirit is the still small voice of conscience and progress righting the wrongs of a world armed against itself.

"Where two or three are gathered together in His name, there also is the

Prince of Peace in the midst of them." Let us unite in creating and maintaining in every community, wherever THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes, bands of noble men and women who shall take their place with us among the nation's Peacemakers, and so help and encourage THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to fulfil its exalted mission.

### Two Powerful Peace Pamphlets

*The Mission of the United States in the Cause of Peace*, an address by Justice David J. Brewer, setting forth convincing reasons why the United States should lead in the Peace Movement, with arguments for limitation of armament; an able discussion of the three great interests opposed to war; also

Sir Edward Grey on *Union for World Peace*, in which are set forth inspiring and practical ideas concerning the Peace Movement. This pamphlet also contains the interesting report of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant on *The Limitation of Armaments*, also the Hon. Elihu Root's speech at the recent New York Peace Conference, and the famous speech of President Taft in New York City, March 22, 1910. Either or both of these pamphlets will be forwarded on application free of charge to those of our readers who are planning to organize local Peace Circles, together with our Organization Leaflet, in which are definitely set forth appropriate and full instructions for organization. These instructions contain all necessary information regarding the organization of local Peace Circles, adoption of Constitution and By-laws, the duties of the various officers, the order of business for the conduct of semi-monthly meetings, special suggestions for musical programmes, appropriate historic tableaux, entertainments, monologues, etc.

### Bunyan and the Leaflet

IT MAY not be generally known, but a little leaflet first touched the heart of John Bunyan, and to-day how much the world owes to that matchless book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*! Tracts and booklets have often been the pioneers in religious revivals. Mr. D. L. Moody had half a million tracts distributed at the World's Fair at Chicago. A tract falling from the hand of Samuel Cornelius led to the formation of one of the largest societies in the world for reaching millions with the Gospel. The Rev. Prebendary Webb Peepoe was led to Christ through a tract and became a blessing to multitudes. Those who will distribute tracts will have many joyful surprises.

ARTHUR MEACHEN.

### Advertising is Universal

**M**ORE than 90 per cent. of all you eat, drink, wear, see and do, is made possible by advertising.

About the only thing you drink that has not been brought to your attention through advertising is your local drinking water, and in many cases that is too bad to justify publicity; hence pure spring water is now being largely advertised.

Not a particle of your wearing apparel but is advertised in some form or other.

All the wonders of the world are made possible to your vision mainly through advertising. Advertising did not develop Niagara Falls, but it did develop three splendid railroads, so that thousands are able to visit them quickly, cheaply, and comfortably; and, by reason of the crowds these railroads carry, men have been able to develop the comforts and attractions at the Falls.

You will find most of the things that interest you mentioned in the advertising columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

You ought to enjoy patronizing these friends of yours. Do so whenever you can. There is much fine instructive reading to be found in advertisements, and many a suggestion there will add to your comfort, while saving a dollar.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.

## STRONGER THAN MEAT

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired judicial turn of mind from experience the bench out in the Sunflower S. writes a carefully considered opinion to the value of Grape-Nuts as food, says:

"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts have been a prominent feature in our bill fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious nutty flavour has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful, beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from table, for the children prefer Grape-N and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keep us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by lad who are troubled with face blemishes, eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resistance, while its use involves none of disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Na given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mi.

Read the little book, "The Road Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason

Ever read the above letter? A man appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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You can buy a Gold Coin Stove from us at \$20 less than dealer's prices. We pay freight, safe delivery insured, polished and all ready to set up.



"Satisfaction or your money back any time within 3 years." is our written guaranty.

Free Catalog—illustrates all our Stoves, gives Price List and tells our Plan, how to Order, Send for it.

Gold Coin Stove Co. 11 Oak St., Troy, N. Y.

### CHRISTIAN HERALD Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

including points in Palestine, Syria, Egypt, Dead Sea, The Jordan, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jaffa and other places connected with the life and death of our Lord.

White Star Liner *Cretic* leaves New York September 20, stopping en route in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, etc., returns Nov. 21.

For further information regarding this opportunity to visit scenes of events described in the Bible, address at once,

Christian Herald Pilgrimage Bureau  
Bible House, New York City

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with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them. As perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear.

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WANTED by young man of culture and refinement position as private teacher, teacher of

BAXTER GENOISE, Bakersburg, Va.



# A HEART OF STONE

Continued from page 795

Holy Writ was pointed menacingly his direction.

"That might mean Hugh Rogers, eh, other?" The listener recognized the vice of his red-haired tormentor, that youngest Morton.

"Don't try to fit Scripture to your neighbors, John," warned his mother. "It is a risky business."

"But look how he has used us, father," put in the eldest boy. "You don't mean us to forgive him, I hope, sleeping on coals of fire wouldn't melt Hugh Rogers. There's nothing hot enough on this earth to soften that heart."

Rogers waited breathlessly for her reply.

"We are told to forgive until seventy times seven," was the gentle answer.

"Then, Mother, you are easier than I thought," exclaimed the irrepressible John.

At that instant Rogers was startled by the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching on the beaten path. Hastily leaving his conspicuous position, he sprang behind a wide-branched shrub and awaited the intruder. His muscles stiffened and his hands clenched involuntarily. He might need to protect the inmates of the cottage from some dangerous intruder.

Silently from between the trees came the stooping figure of an old man. His white hair shone silvery in the moonlight, and on his deeply-lined face was an expression of unearthly sweetness.

"Mr. Thorpe!" muttered Rogers, and, unseen, he raised his hat and bent his head as though to a prince of the royal blood. "His very presence is a benediction," he murmured as the bowed figure of the old minister passed by.

Pausing beside the open door, the old man waited his opportunity; then, as the family knelt for worship he laid a large white envelope on the step, and raised his hands in prayer.

"The dear Lord will provide for his servant in his declining years," Rogers heard him mutter as he turned and glided noiselessly down the path.

When he had passed into the distance Rogers still stood staring dumbly at the white envelope. The full significance of the act had dawned upon him. This was a costly sacrifice that he had witnessed. The aged minister had given to the widow in her hour of need the money that was to have kept him in comfort through his closing years, while Rogers, with his riches, was about to seize the last of her poor possessions.

Acting on a compelling impulse, he stepped quietly to the door and picked up the white square, thrusting it into his pocket. Then turning into the maple grove he paced back and forth with nervous haste.

The bitterness of years dies hard, and Hugh Rogers was not a shallow-feeling man. The minister's act had made a deep impression on him; his own conduct stood revealed in an ugly light by contrast. Slowly, desperately, he battled with himself. The iron will and heart of stone were hard to break, and when at length his slumbering better nature conquered, his brow was damp and his face drawn with the fierceness of the struggle.

No sooner was his decision reached than carried out. He hastened through the maple grove toward home and returned stealthily, bearing a legal looking document. From the commotion within the cottage as he approached, he concluded that the Morton boys were indulging in a pillow fight or some such exciting entertainment, and as no one was visible, he slipped his package inside the door, and turned toward the village.

When he halted at the manse gate his courage well nigh failed him. He was already meditating flight, when a gentle voice accosted him and a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Well, Hugh, my boy, you are a rare visitor! Come away in—that's right."

And before he realized it he was seated before the study fire, pouring into Mr. Thorpe's sympathetic ears the story of his cruelty, his remorse, the amends he was going to make. "I can't hope for her forgiveness now," he concluded, "but I intend to leave no stone unturned to gain it."

It was late when he rose to go. The old minister's counsel and encouragement had brought a new light to his eyes and buoyancy to his step. He seemed a different man.

"Ah, Mr. Thorpe," he said as he took his leave, "here is the envelope you left on Mrs. Morton's step. It will not be necessary now in view of what I have done." Then to Mr. Thorpe's astonishment he beat a hurried retreat.

Carefully the minister opened the envelope and drew out its contents. There was surely more in it than he had put there. A piece of pink paper fell to the desk, and the old man gazed at it in blank amazement. "Five thousand dollars! It can't be true!" he murmured feebly, picking up the note that lay beside it.

"In token of gratitude from one to whom you have shown the light," he read.

"Well, well, practical gratitude that, and not the post mortem species either. His thanksgiving is wholehearted. And yet they say there is no good in that man!"

In the cottage by the maple grove a white-gowned group was gathered around Mrs. Morton as she opened the mysterious packet that she had just picked up from the doorway. Large torn pieces of parchment fell to the table before the astonished gazers.

"Why, Mother," exclaimed the eldest boy, fitting the pieces together. "It's the mortgage! He has cancelled it—torn it up; that's what he's done. Here is something written in lead pencil."

"A happy Thanksgiving to you all." "I say," cried John with a whoop of joy, "what is hotter than coals of fire? Something has melted Hugh Rogers!"

## Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST WILLIAM SUNDAY recently concluded a series of revival services at Erie, Pa., which stirred the entire community. A tabernacle calculated to hold 8,000 people was built, and it was filled to overflowing every evening during the mission. The results of the services were most gratifying, as many hundreds professed conversion.

—MISS IDA L. REED, the well known hymn writer and composer, is living in a humble little cottage in Philippi, W. Va., in great poverty. During the last four years she has been an invalid. Her songs, "I Belong to the King," "Somebody's Praying For You," and many others are sung all over the world. Anyone desiring to help her can write to her pastor, Rev. Eugene Weaver, or the Mayor or Postmaster of Philippi.

—WHEN DR. L. L. HENSON became pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 1 last, he found a debt on it of about \$36,000, incurred in 1910 for a new organ, heating plant, and the remodeling and refurbishing of the building. The church's apportionment for the missionary budgets of the Northern Baptist Convention also was unpaid. A committee was appointed to plan for the work. On the morning of April 23, after preaching on "Repairing the Temple," the pastor called for pledges. The result was that within thirty minutes \$37,000 was pledged, more than the amount of the debt. Since Dr. Henson became pastor thirty-seven new members have been received. On Easter Sunday Dr. Henson baptized his own son.

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## Signing the Arbitration Treaties with England and France at the White House, August 3.

ONE of the greatest events in the world's history, and the first decisive step toward Universal Peace, was the conclusion of the Arbitration Treaties between the United States and the governments of France and Great Britain. They were signed in the President's study. Seated at the table are Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain and the Hon. P. C. Knox, our Secretary of State. Standing around the table, from left to right, are Hon. Esmond Ovey, Secretary British Embassy; President Taft; Viscount St. Phalle, representing France, and Hon. Chandler Anderson, Counselor of the State Department, Washington. The picture will be historic, as showing the splendid triumph of America as the leader for World Peace.





## Questions and Answers

L. O. S., Hamilton, Mont. How can you reconcile the sixteenth verse of the ninth chapter of Romans and the thirteenth verse of the following chapter?

The first passage means that while the "willing" and the "running" are indispensable to our salvation, yet that salvation is not owing to these things, but is the free mercy of God alone—the act of his sovereign generosity, as when a monarch exercises his prerogative of granting pardon to a repentant rebel as an act of grace alone. The passage in Rom. 10: 13 does not conflict with this. He assures us of his readiness to pardon and save, if we come to him, but it still remains his own free gift, granted to those who comply with the requirements, not because of their individual merit but as his own good pleasure to be gracious. We must do our share. He is always ready to fulfil his promise. A ruler grants amnesty to rebels if they return and give him their allegiance, but it is granted as his prerogative and not as their right.

O. S. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. Who wrote the *Story of the Willow Wreath*?

It is an old Chinese legend, dating back hundreds of years, and the name of the author, so far as we know, has never been given.

Mrs. W. K., Milton, N. S. Referring to the elder brother and the prodigal son, was the elder brother in the Kingdom or not?

The elder son misapprehended the father's purpose in celebrating the return of the prodigal. It was not an entertainment for the prodigal's gratification, but an expression of the joy in the father's heart. This joy over returning sinners is not the portion of those who have spent their whole lives in the Father's service. Their lifelong fidelity assures them of an abiding place in his trust and confidence. The elder brother is a type of the man in whom the true spirit of brotherly love and affection has not been fully developed. Correct in conduct and having the form of righteousness, he may still be selfish and jealous, although he could not but know that he himself was loved and trusted by his Father. He is a Christian, but a stranger to warm impulses. So to-day, even in the church, we may find elder brothers who resent the love that is poured out upon the repentant sinner and who would appropriate to themselves all the benefit that comes from formal obedience, granting but little to those to whom "much had been forgiven."

J. R. R., Seattle, Wash. 1. In what does Texas' relation to the Union differ from that of the other States? 2. What kind of a government had Mexico before Juarez was made President? 3. Was the District of Columbia made a territory some years ago? 4. Is the word "fad" a proper term?

1. The relation of Texas to the Federal Government differs from that of the created States in that all the land in it belongs to the State and not to the United States. The United States Homestead Law does not apply to Texas. 2. Too complex a subject to treat in *THE MAIL-BAG*. See an encyclopedia. 3. In 1871, the District of Columbia was placed upon a territorial basis. Prior to that time its affairs were administered by Congress. 4. The word "fad" is a legitimate word. Its definition in the *Oxford Dictionary* is "a passing fancy or fashion; hobby."

B. M. C., New York City. 1. If your husband has been continuously absent from the State and the country seven years or more, and not heard from, he is presumed, legally, to be dead. You would be entitled in that event, to your dower right or a life-interest in one-third of all lands owned by him during the marriage, and may, if you wish, himself, proceeding to have the land sold and your dower apportioned. 2. In New Jersey an inheritance tax of five per cent. is payable on estates having a value of \$500 or more, but only where the persons inheriting are not lineal descendants.

Constant Reader, Santa Monica, Calif. Will not the sudden supplanting of the Korean native currency by that of Japan, in such large amounts, tend greatly to impoverish and distress the people of Korea?

At this distance, it is difficult to judge of the effect of the financial reforms which Japan has instituted in Korea. It would seem, however, that while the substitution of Japanese for the antique Korean currency may be a present hardship, it will ultimately prove a public benefit. We have no reason to conclude that it is

Japan's purpose to impoverish the subjugated territory. The currency called in has no doubt been redeemed with a Japanese equivalent. We have written to missionaries on the subject and hope to learn actual conditions later.

A. L. B. Please explain Isa. 65: 21, 22; also Zech. 8: 5. Do both of these passages describe heaven? Are they to be taken literally?

These passages in Isaiah refer primarily to Jerusalem, secondarily, to all the redeemed in heaven (see Isa. 45: 17). It is a prophecy which, while it will be partially fulfilled on earth in the millennial period, will receive its completest fulfillment in the regenerated world hereafter. It is clear that the first interpretation applies to verses 21, 22. The passage in Zech. 8: 5 refers more especially to the restoration of Jerusalem. It pictures a period of tranquility and prosperity, with the promise of long life and temporal blessings.

Scripture to the Israelites except when the speaker is a foreigner (see Gen. 39: 14, 17 and 41: 12, etc.). The word is a derivative from Eber, the ancestor of Abraham (Gen. 10: 21). Israelites were the men of Israel, the "chosen nation," descendants of Jacob. All the tribes being descendants of Jacob were so called until the name "Israelite" began to be applied to the northern tribes in David's time, and "Judah" to the southern tribes. At one time they formed two separate kingdoms. After the exile, they became once more blended and gradually the appellation "Jews" became general. 2. Mussulman is the proper name for a Mohammedan. Moslem or Muslim (the equivalent of Mussulman) is the name used by these religionists themselves. Mohammedan simply means a follower of the prophet Mohammed, and is rarely used, except by foreigners. 3. The two are variants or different interpretative translations of the same passage. Either may be used.

arus seem to have taken up their abode with Martha. At the same time I believe the Gospel bears out the fact that Mary of Bethan was the woman who wiped the Lord's feet with her hair she broke the alabaster vase and anointed his feet with their contents and was forgiven by him of her many sins. John 11: states in reference to the home at Bethany, "I was that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair whose brother Lazarus was sick." In connection with the pardoning of the woman Dec. Farrar says: "In the popular consciousness she will till the end of time be identified with the Magdalene whose very name has passed into all civilized languages as a synonym for acceptance, penitence and pardoned sin." This view would emphasize the fact that Mary of Bethany and Mary Magdalene were one and the same person."

L. M., Stafford, Kan. God's mercy is boundless. It extends to all who come to him in sincere repentance, and seeking pardon through Jesus Christ, our appointed mediator. He is more willing to grant mercy than we are to ask it, for it is not his desire that any should perish. Thus, while no unrepentant sinner can inherit eternal life, we have the divine assurance that "whosoever will may come" and be forgiven and accepted. See Isa. 55: 7; Isa. 1: 18; 1. John 1: 9; Psa. 103: 8. John 6: 37 and other passages.

## A Personal Letter

Dear Friend:

Did you carefully read every word of the colored insert which appeared in *The Christian Herald* of last week? If you have not already done so, you should do so now, otherwise you will be neglecting one of the greatest opportunities to help extend the blessed influence of religion that may ever come your way.

*The Christian Herald* has labored mightily to extend that influence, but what it has already done is not nearly enough. The membership of *The Christian Herald* Family can be doubled, trebled, if that Family as a whole desire it and work shoulder to shoulder for the common cause. Secular publications have achieved the million mark, and so can we.

Think what it would mean! Think of being one of this great Army for the glory of God! Of course you want to be, and of course you will help by getting your friends to sign the coupons for a four months' trial subscription. If you get your friends to take *The Christian Herald* for four months, we know they will want to become permanent members of *The Christian Herald* Family. Be sure to read the insert and use the coupons.

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.**

Mrs. B. C., Baltimore, Md. See answer to Mrs. M. B. L., Canada, about Job in this page. There are other Bible books which contain poetry, imagery, metaphor and allegory. The Old Testament has books of history, of poetic praise, of prophecy, of revelation, and of parable, besides sections of chronology and biography. The New Testament has the Gospels, the Epistles and the Apocalypse. The fact that the language of symbol and metaphor is employed does not affect the dignity or authority of the book in the slightest degree.

M. P. W., Castleton, N. Y. 1. When and how did the race separate into Jews, Hebrews and Israelites? 2. What makes the difference between Mohammedans and Moslems? 3. Why are the two versions used—"Forgive us our trespasses" and "Forgive us our debts"?

1. Hebrew was simply a designation of the people of Israel, used first of Abraham (see Gen. 14: 13). The name is never applied in

A. B., Andes, New York. A husband having a wife and child could will his property to other relatives and cut off the wife and child, except so far as his interest in real estate was concerned. He could not defeat the wife's dower interest. If he attempted by will to give everything he had to charity, to the exclusion of his wife and child, the devise or bequest to charity would only be valid to the extent of one-half of the estate and no more.

Mrs. S. Z., Edmonds, Wash., writes: "In your issue of May 17 I notice a letter by S. M., Victoria, Texas, regarding the identity of Mary of Bethany and Mary Magdalene. I think your correspondent is mistaken when he asserts that 'There is no mention ever afterwards of the outcast whom Jesus pardoned at a dinner early in his ministry.' Matthew tells us in verse 6 of chapter 26 that this dinner was at the home of Simon the leper, who is generally supposed to have been the husband of Martha, Mary of Bethany's sister, and that Simon died shortly afterwards. From this time, Mary and Laz-

## Miscellaneous

If "Constant Reader," Woodville, Miss., will send her address, her question will be answered by mail.

Mrs. A. M. F., Lake City, Col. We know nothing about the movement in question and therefore cannot express an opinion.

Miss M. J., Bristol, Conn. 1. Don't know. 2. The woman suffragists might undoubtedly nominate a candidate for the presidency; but to nominate is one thing, to elect another.

Referring to a question in *THE MAIL-BAG* of July 19, J. P. S., Columbia, Tenn., writes: "No friend James and Peter rejoiced as much in their affliction as did Paul, but Paul is the only one who specially asserts it. In the Scripture references given James and Peter are only exhorting their people to rejoice in trial."

Mrs. G. W. S., Greentown, Ind. Paul's prohibition against women speaking and teaching in the churches is believed to have been called out by social conditions in Corinth at that time. If this supposition be correct, it had only a local application, suited to the period and the place. It is not to be regarded as of universal application.

Several readers have written asking if the Children's Home has been endowed. To these and to all others interested we would state that the effort looking to endowment has only been begun and it may require several years to reach that point where it could become effective. Meanwhile, the current expenses of the Home and the support of 3,000 poor children yearly have to be met from general contributions. Such sums as are specifically sent for endowment, are placed to the credit of the endowment fund.

Mrs. H. C. McC., Thamesford, Ont. The first Mosque of Omar was built by the order of the Khalif Omar, subsequent to A.D. 637. It was of wood. It was rebuilt by Abdel-Melek 691 A.D., and restored by Khalif el-Mamun in 813-833 A.D. It was injured by earthquakes in the ninth and tenth centuries and was repaired by several Khalifs. Sultan Suleiman added the tiling and mosaic work about 1520-1529. We find nothing of an inscription concerning Abdel-Hassan in any books on the subject.

Mrs. M. B. L., Montague, P. E. I., Can. According to the best commentators Job was a personage of distinction, wealth and influence who lived in the north of Arabia Deserta, near the Euphrates, some 1800 B.C. His life was patriarchal, his language the Hebrew of that early day, when it was interspersed with Syriac and Arabic. He lived before Moses. His book is probably the oldest book in the world. It is now interpreted as a public debate in poetic form, dealing with the Divine government. It abounds in figurative language. The "days" mentioned in Job 2: 1 was one appointed for the angels to give an account of their ministry to God. Evil is personified in Satan, who also comes to make report. The question to Satan and his response are simply a dramatic or poetic form of opening the great controversy which follows.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



In the Agricultural Districts throughout the Mikado's Empire the Old and Primitive Way of Harvesting by Hand Still Prevails



## RURAL LIFE IN OLD JAPAN

By MATTHIAS KLEIN, Sumoto

**D**ESPITE the fact that the enormous increase of factories in Japan draws many sons of the soil to the cities, about 60 per cent. of the population is still engaged in agriculture. Japanese farm life affords an unusual amount of interest to the newcomer. Though yet so primitive in their ways when compared with American or European methods, these peasants' primeval trend to industry at once differentiates them from Eastern races of a more sluggish type. The farmer here as well as in any other country needs his own independent life, though from statistics obtainable, most of this class are among the poor who are forced annually to struggle for a meagre livelihood. For instance, the total income of a village community of some eight hundred persons amounts annually to about \$6,500, or about \$8 per head.

But the most astonishing point here is that out of his total income these villagers pay no less than 1,500, or about 23 per cent., direct taxes. Then when we add the indirect taxation, the total easily reaches 35 per cent. If history can be relied on, his crushing burden has not been his merely the last few years, but even in the days of feudalism it was said of him that what the farmer dreaded was not so much war, as famine, plague, and above all the tax-gatherer, who exacted something like 30 per cent. of the produce of his fields.

These industrious hard-working farmers, as a family of, say five, live on an average of \$9 per month. Their life is thus extremely simplified—the luxury of salted fish, which otherwise is considered a low-priced article in Japan, is indulged in about once a week. Many eat as their staple food a poor kind of rice, and many more barley and rice mixed. Beans and sweet potatoes are by-products and add a flavor to their diet. They are very fond of greens, young prouts or the tops of Japanese radish. These are cooked and eaten with a kind of briny bean sauce. But the last resort of the most destitute is gen-

erally the enormous white radish, which, though scantily nutritious, affords them a meal. This is not so much from choice as of somewhat painful necessity. Japan affords the beholder no fertile, American-like farms, nor the broad, rolling fields of grain of England or the Continent, for here the soil is naturally quite unfertile, and fields very small, irregular and running from the so-called paddy fields in well-kept terraces to almost half way up the mountain side. Then also it must ever be borne in mind that an immense tract of this mountainous country is totally unfit for agriculture; hence that which is available for tillage and cultivation is utilized to the last square yard.

But it is this which adds unique picturesqueness to Japan's rural scenery. The serpentine, trail-like paths and narrow roads, often barely allowing a little cart to move along, and forcing the occasional cyclist, coming from an opposite direction, to dismount and with wheel on his shoulder crawl down the embankment; the thatched or heavily tiled farm houses, ordinarily pasted, as it were, in little village groups on the steep hillsides, since more suitable soil must be reserved for tillage; here and there artificial ponds constructed for the purpose of irrigating; the little evergreen groves, which with a shady dome overhang the many wayside shrines, or else in some little nook of the road a few clusters of slender, polished bamboos; the old graveyards, thickly set with moss-covered, rustic tombstones, appearing from a distance like a battalion of sturdy little Japanese soldiers guarding the silent dead; the banks of every little streamlet meandering through the

paddy fields, lined with pines and other small growth which commonly form the central support of slender and unique-shaped stacks, composed of neatly fixed-up bunches of rice or barley straw, reaching as high as thirty feet to the limbs—this often in the place of a barnyard, the whole country being made up of striking, miniature valleys and mountains, with the variety of climate found between Canada and Florida, where through the entire year the carefully fertilized fields, with almost magical rapidity, give birth to a harvest of barley and again are turned

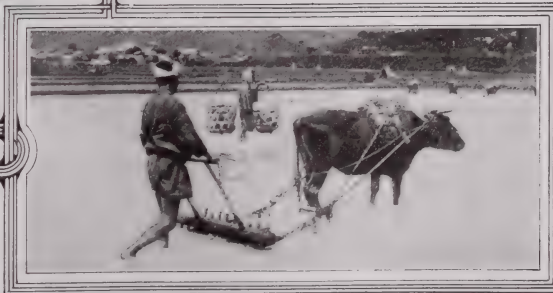
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The Farmer's Burden



Going to the Field



Preparing the Flooded Rice-Fields



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D.\*

# The Shunammite's Faith

TEXT: II. Kings 4:8—"And it fell on a day."

THERE was a wedding in Palestine, the wedding of a rich man's daughter to a working-man. A wedding at Shunem at the foot of Little Hermon, the richest farming country in all the East. No flowers so bright or so large, no lilies so wonderfully transparent as those that grow in the valley at Shunem. Here was a daughter. Great translators claim she was an only daughter, but of that we can only surmise. At all events, she inherited a great estate under the laws of that country, and presumably had no brothers. She was wealthy. The Bible does not always tell us the stories of the poor. It does not always bring us down to those that are actually in want, although none ever knows the goodness or providence of God until he has been in actual want. But here was a young woman married with all the pomp and ceremony of wealth. Many musicians went with her husband to her home to take her to his house, and she left the mansion of the wealthy with its luxuries and went down to the laboring man's home. In that country, although she had everything and he had nothing, if she became the workingman's wife she went to his home by an unchangeable custom of the country. She did this, although she brought him back again to her own residence, and although he was to inherit her property. Perhaps some men would marry such a girl for her money, but in this case he did not. This was one of the true marriages made in heaven of the highest form in which the poor man, although he had integrity, industry and intelligence, married the daughter of the rich. Musicians played their best and everything was disbursed for the good of the guests and the great wedding feast set out for all those who were invited. There was a wedding that day with all that goes with it that is inspiring and lovely in life. In that wedding there was a real union of hearts and souls—one of those unions that are made where God sees and where God directs. "And it fell on a day" that there was a wedding, and after the wedding the bride took her husband home to her own house and he took charge of the estate which she inherited. He seems not to have felt himself humiliated at all by it. She had been brought up in wealth, to direct servants, was used to be waited upon at the right hand and left all her life, indulged, and yet a woman of excellent judgment, a woman of plain, straightforward character, using everyday common sense in what she did.

## The Prophet's Chamber

It is a fascinating story. "It fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great [wealthy] woman." Elisha was a prophet, a teacher and preacher, and a good man. He went about telling people what they should do in order to live right, in order to be holy and to obey God. "And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread." He is passing at the noon hour, and the woman of God, hospitable, kind and motherly, invites him to come in and eat. Now she said to her husband, "Behold, now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually." She had that feminine intuitive sense to read character or foretell events and she felt satisfied that Elisha was really a holy man of God, that he was not asking any gratification of his own desires. She had probably seen a great many unreal and pretended men of God. Oh, the rich people! you must sympathize with them. The frauds that come to their door, the continual stream of begging letters from people who want to get a living without earning it! It is enough to disgust them with humanity. Probably this woman's husband had said, "These teachers and preachers are all alike." But she, with her superior power as chief person in the home, said, "I perceive that this one is a sincere man. Now, let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed and a table." She said "Let us." "Let us talk this matter over. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall"—that expression means "the very best place"—where the man could get pure air and an excellent view. "Let us put up a temporary shelter on the top of the flat roof and build a little

chamber there. He is a good man, and we ought to serve God by doing that for his servant, and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." She felt that the good man deserved it. "It fell on a day." In heaven the day was marked. In heaven it had been decreed that on that day certain important things should happen. They were humble things, but they were very important, or we would not be reading of them here to-day. So it fell on a day that Elisha the prophet came thither and he turned into the chamber and rested there. Oh, yes, if the curse of that sinful nation were on his heart, if the wickedness of the king troubled him, if the poor were growing poorer, and the rich were growing richer, if on every hand injustice seemed to be rearing itself in triumph, and his words had but little effect, then it was indeed a place of rest.

## Elisha's Gratitude

Oh, the delightful rest of going into that little place where none would trouble him! Then he said to his servant Gehazi, "Call this Shunammite." Gehazi seems to have been about the equal of his master, but he took the place of a servant, evidently a believer accompanying the prophet to learn his ways, and perhaps with the intention of preaching the Gospel after the prophet had gone. So Elisha said to his servant, "Call that Shunammite. Call her up here." And when the servant had called the Shunammite, she stood before him. She did not enter the room, she stood at the door. Then he said unto his servant—and he must have said this aside—"Behold, this woman has been very careful and kind to us with all this anxiety. Ask her what we can do for her, ask what we are to pay—what return are we to make for this hospitality and these accommodations that we are accepting." Ask her if she would have us speak about her to the king. Tell her, Gehazi, that I have political influence with the king, and if I were to mention her family and her wealth and her disposition to the king, the king would give her some high position in the royal family. Ask her if she would like to go into society and appear before the king. If she declines that, ask her if she would like to have me speak to the captain of the hosts, that he appoint her husband to some profitable position in the army. Does she for herself desire society and display, or does her husband desire to be a leader in the nation? I have it in my power, because the king will do what I ask him to do." Gehazi goes to the door and asks her if she would like to enter society and be taken up by the king's family. She shakes her head. "Would you like to have a high social position as well as your position of wealth?" She shakes her head and bows her head and she answers, "No, I am satisfied with my present life. My husband and I are completely happy; there is no more happiness for us than we have now. We never can be happier than we are, and all we can hope to do is to maintain our happiness. I will stay among my own people. I have no desire to go into society. My home is enough for me and my husband, and we are perfectly harmonious. He has no disposition or ambition to go away from me or his home. I will stay here with my own people." Then said Elisha the prophet to his servant Gehazi, "What then is it to be done for her? If we cannot do anything like that, how can we repay her for this hospitality?"

## A Mother's Joy and Sorrow

Gehazi answered, "She has no child, and her husband is aged." So Gehazi called her and again she stood at the door. Elisha said to her, "About this season next year you shall embrace a son." And she said, "No, my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine handmaidens. I do not want children; I am satisfied with my present position in life. I do not seek the cares of a family."

But it came to pass as the prophet had said. A child had come—not a welcome one, but an unwelcome one—not because they are evil or selfish, but because in their rank and position in life they felt they had not the time to take care of children. But how mistaken is that woman or husband who estimates that anything else on God's earth can compare with the wealth of a child's love! And when that child did

come you could not have bought it with all the wealth of the kingdom. She had not realized how selfish and narrow had been the training that had taught her to believe that a woman could be anything greater than a mother. And when the child was grown to five years of age he went out to his father to the reapers on the farm, and he said unto his father, "Oh, my head! my head!"

So the little fellow ran in the hot sun in that hot country, after the reapers as they were going out to the fields. The heat of the sun was great upon him and he threw off his turban and came to his father and said, "My head, my head!" The father said to a lad who was working in the field, "Take the boy and carry him to his mother. He has a headache." Nothing like a mother's bosom or the touch of a mother's hand, and nothing like the sound of a mother's voice. "His mother will kiss it well. It is only a little headache." So they carried the boy to his mother, and he sat on her knee until noon, and then died. The gift of God taken away! "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." It is better to have been married and be a widow than never to have been married at all. It is better to have God's gifts for a little while if we cannot have them for all the time. But human nature finds it difficult so to reason.

That mother's feelings then were your feelings, and the lesson behind it is that God gave and God took away. She went up with the body of her child and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and went out and shut the door behind her. That chamber was sacred and so in building for the prophet she had been building for herself and her husband, unconsciously. That is always the case when you undertake to do good for others, it always results in doing good for yourself. Think of this woman's self-possession; think of the purpose and the will-power of this woman as she goes out on the rock there and calls to her husband down in the fields and says, "Send to me, I pray thee, one of the young men and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God and get back again before night." The husband said, "Wherefore wilt thou go to the prophet to-day? It is neither new moon nor Sabbath. This is no day for worship." But she said, "It is all right." That is enough for the wife to say or for the husband to say when they understand each other. He loved her so much and had seen so much of her good sense that he trusted her fully. She saddled the ass, and she said to her servant, "Drive; do not slack in thy driving for me," and she rode speedily the fifteen miles and came unto the man of God at Mount Carmel.

## The Shunammite's Faith in God

And when the man of God saw her afar off he said to Gehazi his servant, "Behold, look; yonder is that Shunammite; run and ask her if it is well with her husband, and is it well with the child." Gehazi, running down the mountainside into the valley, meets the hastening woman, stops her, and says, "The prophet saw you coming and the prophet wants to know if your husband is well, and if you are well, and if the child is well." She answered, "It is well." Not my will, but thine be done! It is the only answer she gave, and the servant could not understand. When she came to the man of God she caught him by the feet and she said, "Did I ask a son of the Lord? I did not; I wanted no children. I did not ask for a son. I did not appreciate his awful value then. Yet did I say to you, 'Do not deceive me.' Do you remember?"

Then the prophet said to Gehazi, "Gird up thy loins, take my staff in thine hand and go thy way to that home, and lay my staff upon the face of the child." But the mother said, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee unless thou go with him." Then the prophet must follow. And Gehazi passed on before them and laid the staff upon the face of the child, but there was neither voice nor hearing, and when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and lay upon the bed.

A funeral; dead; gone! Elisha went in thither and shut the door upon himself and the boy and prayed unto the Lord! He put his mouth upon the child's mouth and his eyes upon the child's eyes and

Continued on page 816

\* Pastor, Baptist Temple, Philadelphia.



## CHAIRS

By AMOS R. WELLS

UP-BACKED and straight-backed, with  
tidy gay—  
Movers love it in just that way;  
And low down, not to interfere  
The sewing and knitting that Mothers hold  
dear.

Boys that swing to a gentle tune,  
Fully sweet as a brook in June—  
A Chair, and Somebody in it!

Curly curled, with a dainty air,  
Fed of its burden young and fair,  
For a maiden dear as she  
Ties in and smile as she pours the tea—  
Too for one and too small for two,  
Alas the gallants are envying you—  
A Chair, and Somebody in it!

Meted on rollers, and heavy and strong,  
Lays absurdly but usefully long,  
Has back and a high-timmed tray,  
As a bib that is soiled in a shocking way,  
Be clatter with bowl and spoon,  
As baby chatter and baby croom—  
A Chair, and Somebody in it!

For Mother has gone to the Home Above,  
Left us alone with a sacred love;  
As the Maiden—ah, happily busy is she,  
We no more time for afternoon tea;  
As the Baby's in college! Ah, memories fair,  
What sadder sight than a memory chair—  
A Chair, and Nobody in it!

## Moody and the Ark

T WAS preaching in Manchester,  
England, some years ago. One Sab-  
bath afternoon I was short of workers,  
so there were a good many inquiring  
the way of Life. I took some into the  
art gallery, and after I had spoken  
for ten minutes, a gentleman came  
to a business man, and stood on the  
skirts of the company. I thought  
was sceptical. I noticed that I had  
judged and that he was interested.  
I did:

"My friend, are you not a Chris-  
tian?"  
"No. I wish I was," he replied.  
"Then," I said, "I'll speak to you  
to try to make the way plain to you,  
if you can see it, perhaps the oth-  
er may see it."

I addressed my remarks to him.  
After I had used one or two illustra-  
tions, I said, "Now, do you see it?"

"No. It is not clear. It doesn't  
help my case."

I gave a number of other passages.  
"Does that make it plain?"

"No. That doesn't help my case."  
I was like most people who think  
of a case a peculiar one.

I gave another and another illustra-  
tion. Then he said, "The fact is that  
I can't feel that I'm saved."

I said, "Was it Noah's feelings that  
saved him, or the ark?"

"Good evening, Mr. Moody. It's all  
settled." And away he went.

I believe in quick work, but that was  
too quick for me. I wondered if he  
could really see it. The next day  
I was looking for my "ark man." He  
wasn't around. One afternoon I was  
going down the back stairs of the Free  
Trade Hall of Manchester, and there  
saw not much light. A man tapped me  
on the shoulder, and asked:

"Do you remember me?"  
"I remember that voice, but I can't  
say it," I said.

"Do you remember the man in the  
ark?"

I answered, "I've been looking for  
you."

He said, "That settled it all at once.  
I've been trying to save myself by my  
splings, and trying to make an ark of  
feelings, but the moment you spoke  
the ark, that settled it." He con-  
tinued: "Moody, always tell of the  
ark."

From that wonderful book, "Thou Fool" and  
other Sermons, by the late evangelist  
Wm. L. Moody, now being published by THE  
CHRISTIAN HERALD. Any friend desiring to pro-  
cure a copy of this book without spending one  
cent, may do so by sending us four of the coupons  
which appeared in last week's paper, properly  
filled by a new subscriber and accompanied by  
twenty-five cents each.

## The Mystery of Fragrance

By EUGENE THWING

NOTHING in the physical world is more mysterious than fragrance. It has baffled all attempt to define its causes, its substance, or its action. Science has tried in vain to discover whether fragrance is a vapor, or a gas, or some other substance present in the atmosphere in a state of fine subdivision. Any such explanation fails before the fact that air conveying an odor can be filtered through a tube packed with cotton wool, and still the smell is discernible. Fishes, even those whose organs of smell are entirely separate from the organs of taste, can detect odoriferous matter through the water without touch, vision, or hearing.

Electricity is the favorite mystery of the age. No one knows what it is. Yet electricity can be measured exactly, and divided into units. Fragrance is more mysterious even than electricity. Of what does it consist? How is it propelled instantly through the atmosphere, even in a closed room where the air seems perfectly still? Science is unable to tell.

DR. RAMSAY, of University College, Bristol, England, has suggested that smell may be "excited by vibrations of a lower period than those which give rise to the sense of light or heat." Sound is the result of "a lower period" of vibrations—that is, less rapid vibrations—than those of heat and light, therefore Dr. Ramsay's theory supports to some extent the suggestion of another scientist, whose name I cannot recall, that fragrance is the result of harmonious vibrations, like music, while wrongly related vibrations of odor produce a discord—in other words, an unpleasant smell.

One writer, baffled in his attempt to give a physical explanation of fragrance, declared that it belonged largely in the mental realm. There is something strangely psychological, so to say, in the wonderful acuteness and discernment which accompanies the sense of smell, especially when it is persistently exercised, as in the case of a person who lacks other senses.

One time, a boy, James Mitchell, was born blind, deaf, and dumb. All the ordinary avenues of communication with the world were closed to the poor little human fragment. He developed his one sense of smell to a remarkable degree, and based his acquaintanceship with family and friends on this one mysterious faculty. He readily observed the presence of a stranger in the room, and formed opinions of all persons from their characteristic smells. Some brought harmony and fragrance into his poor restricted life. They were his friends. Others conveyed the atmosphere of discord, and as he sensed their personality by his strange power of psychological smell, he rejected them as hurtful to his happiness.

WHEN you think of it, you will find that every person has a distinctive individual atmosphere. Some lives constantly give forth a delicious fragrance. Others, alas! offend our spiritual olfactories with an odor like that of the skunk cabbage. I have a friend whose mere presence in a room brightens and beautifies it more than a great jar full of American Beauty roses, fresh and covered with cool moisture, could do. His cheery voice and smile call forth smiles on faces that were downcast and weary. His ever ready sympathy in trouble and sorrow brings comfort; his hearty words of encouragement and confidence in the good that is sure to come make the anxious heart grow strong, and rouse fresh hopes; his enthusiasm and unfeigned joy at his friend's success bring new songs from the heart and fresh radiance into the life he has gladdened. Probably he isn't aware of it, but the fragrance of his life is recognized and sought wherever he goes. It's good to have such a friend. Just think of being a friend like that!

Fragrance in a flower or in a life is more precious than the beauty which ravishes the eye. Imagine a rose without its odor, or with the smell of the burdock or skunk cabbage exhalant from its delicate petals! A beautiful young girl sat gracefully posed in the window seat reading a book. The sunlight played on her wavy hair, making it glisten like spun gold. The rosy curves of cheek and mouth and neck were sweet to look upon, and suggested, indeed, a perfect rose. Mother opened the door and called, "Come, dear, it's time to set the table for dinner."

Down went the book with a slam. Scowls twisted the pretty face into a very different look. "Oh dear! Why can't Edith set the table? I want to finish this story."

FRAGRANCE is worth more than money sometimes. The best perfumes are very costly, so much so that nearly all the natural perfumes are imitated by artificial compounds in order to supply the market at low prices. The delicate fragrance of a human life, however, is above price, and no counterfeit substitute can take its place. A life that gives out fragrance could no more understand an attempt to put a money value upon it than the rose could understand the market price of an ounce of attar-of-rose produced by the death of three thousand or more roses.

An Italian writer, Dora Melegari, tells of a physician in Rome who with a friend one day visited the poorest quarter of the city. Suddenly, in a lane leading to this crowded district, a poorly clad woman emerged from behind a tree where she had been hiding, pressed into the doctor's hand a little bunch of fresh violets and then fled away. The doctor accepted the flowers and without a word fastened them into his buttonhole, offering the woman nothing in return. His friend, astonished at the doctor's lack of generosity, wanted to follow the poor woman and recompense her with money, but the doctor forbade it.

"You would only offend her," he said, and then, explaining, he told how, during an epidemic of diphtheria, he had the happiness of saving the life of the poor woman's child. Great was the rejoicing in her miserable family, but there was no money to pay the physician, so, wishing to show her gratitude, the grateful mother rose every day at dawn to gather the first violets. Then she waited until the doctor came that she might slip the bouquet into the hands that had saved the life of her child. At first the doctor wished to pay for the flowers, but at her look of reproach he replaced the money in his pocket, and never again offered it.

"I would not dare," he murmured with emotion, tenderly rearranging the violets in his buttonhole.

"They give you real pleasure?" asked his friend.

"Indeed, yes; they fill my busy, weary day with a wonderful fragrance; they are like little rays of sunshine that warm me; they mean more to me than any of the fees my wealthy patients pay me; they bring me into sympathy and fellowship with a beautiful soul."

## THE ROAD TO TOPERSVILLE

To read this may not help you, but can not do you harm. If you are one of those who pay the taxes on a farm.

By ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS

FROM Tipton to Topersville the road is never long. And they who take it often start with careless laugh and song: For youth is love, and love is life, and life with all is free

To choose their path and walk in it, though far they may not see; And on the luring way they go, wherever it may lead.

Uncertain of the end, at first, but eager to proceed, Till, tempted forward, all too far they find their feet have passed

With but a grave in Topersville to greet them at the last.

Along the Road from Tipton to Topersville are farms that never pay. Where live the farmers lax and poor who journey on that way.

Their fields are never fertile, and their crops are never fine. And of the Road to Topersville they stand a shameful sign.

Their barns are never painted, and their roofs forever leak. And of their cruel shiftlessness their stock forever speak.

The chiefest things they know that grow for lack of sober hands. Are mortgages that are not met, which overspread the lands.

Along the Road to Topersville the poorhouse opens wide. Its doors for men whose meager wants must somehow be supplied:

For men who found the village bars too frequent by the way. Who left their farms too often and too long were led to stay;

For men who should be patrons of the farmer at his best. And live in homes of luxury and comforts well possessed;

For men who lost their manhood on the wretched road they trod. And could not see the finger-signs that pointed off to God.

And always at the county seats are jails along the Road. And these abound with men who take their ease in such aloof:

The farmers pay the piper, when the prison-walls they build. And pay for cost of keeping when the prison-cells are filled:

For taxes are a mortgage that you can not hide or waive. Its yearly payments must be made, no matter how you slave;

The poorest crop a farm can grow, however poor the soil. Is men to fill the prisons which are taxing sober toil.

There is no place for Topersville or Tipton to-day. On any map of any State where men the laws obey;

There is no reason why the farm should heavy burdens bear. Because of lust and greed that breed their costly evils there:

And farmers have the right of way along the roads they take; They have the right to close the bars along the roads they make;

And at the State's own capital they have the power to kill The Curse that keeps the toll-gates on the Road to Topersville.

New York, June 24, 1911.

## Anvil Sparks

.. TEMPTATION loves to be debated.

.. A FINE Sabbath day is the kind many folks like to break.

.. PENURIOUS Christians would reduce the church to penury.

.. THE ashes of extinct spiritual fires fertilize the roots of sin.

.. THE sacrifice is no longer felt when you realize the gain it brings.

.. THE faults of others are not rungs in the ladder you are trying to climb.

.. EN ROUTE on the Christian pilgrimage, fill your grip with the Scriptures.

.. THE man who asks, "What is there in it for me?" is not the one who is getting the most out of life.

.. THE melody of a righteous life is as sweet music in the ears of angels, as the songs of angels would be to the ears of men.



# When the "Hospital Angel" Plays

"WHEN you have the blues and are all tired out and depressed, what do you do with yourself?" queried a friend of Madame Kitty Berger recently.

"I never allow myself that luxury," replied Madame Berger promptly. "I just say to myself, when I feel the first symptoms, 'Kitty, you know your remedy.' There is just one cure for the blues."

"And that?" interrogated the friend eagerly, as Madame Berger paused and swept the keys of her beloved harp-zither.

"Ignore them, and proceed to do something for some one else. If you indulge them, ten chances to one you will be downright ill. Try it! The true secret of happiness is not in possession, but in self-forgetfulness. According to the great law of compensation, when we do most for others, we do most for ourselves. When we stop seeking, we find happiness."

Such is the philosophy of Madame Kitty Berger, who is known on both sides of the Atlantic as the most famous harp-zitherist in the world, and who to-day is known in New York as "The Hospital Angel."

Many years ago, when Fraulein Berger made her debut in London, she captivated the hearts of all who heard her play, among others that of Sir John Everett Millais. Straightway the celebrated painter christened her "The Divine Kitty," afterwards referring to her thus in his *Memoirs*, for, said he, "It was she, who, through her music, inspired my best work." Madame Berger was at that time the zither instructor of the daughters of Millais, and on more than one occasion was she called from a lesson to play for the great painter as he worked on the portrait of some distinguished personage.

Madame Kitty Berger the woman has quite as charming and interesting a personality as in her role of hospital angel. Her life has been brimful of romantic incidents and remarkable associations which a volume alone could detail, all of which makes her beautiful work for the suffering even more interesting. It was shortly after a great bereavement that Madame Berger commenced to visit the hospitals in Manhattan. She had found so much solace in her zither that she was sure others, too, must feel

the power of its sympathetic vibrations. Nor was she mistaken, as the patients always begged for more music. Meantime, they heard of her work at the other hospitals, and she was invited to visit their wards. To-day she plays in ten hospitals, with regular visiting days, the year round, rarely permitting any professional engagement to interfere with her hospital schedule.

"I'm too selfish," says she naively, "for it is my greatest pleasure and recreation."

On certain days, therefore, she visits St. Luke's Hospital and plays in the general and surgical wards. On another day each week she goes to the

a refreshing shower, and rising slowly to a sitting posture, eagerly drinks in every breath of melody. "Many have illnesses of heart and brain that medicine and surgery cannot reach," says Madame Berger. "The doctors are aware of this, too, but they never discuss such symptoms. They can splint and bandage broken bones, use the knife skillfully when needed; they can diagnose every disease under the shining canopy except one—the sorrow of human heart."

"And isn't that dis-ease?" she continued gently. "That is why I play to the sick. My zither speaks to their souls. It lifts them up mentally and spiritually."

"Quite true!" exclaimed our great surgeon recently. "We could easier dispense with the physicians than with our Hospital Angel."

Over in the insane and prison wards at Bellevue Madame Berger's playing was considered an experiment at first. From the beginning, however, it was a success. Patients who were led by nurses to the outer corridor when Madame Berger was seated—even those who had been violent prior to her coming—were perfectly docile, and appeared as normal as any one under the spell of the music. Now the doctors and nurses count on Madame Berger's visits, as her music has such a wonderful effect upon their patients, who forget their woes and troubles temporarily, at least. They talk eagerly forward to her visits in the prison wards. The hardened faces of both men and women soften and become more expressive as their masks are laid aside. Only those who are apparently hardened beyond redemption resent her visits, and happily they are few indeed.

Madame Berger always plays soft memory-haunting airs for them—the sort they will stay with them for many days and nights.

"My zither is a conscience-awakener," says she convincingly. "But then it's half human, half divine, and no one can resist its power." So seems, for tears often course down hardened, furrowed faces, dull eyes light with new hope, and spirit of peace seems to brood over the ward long after the music ceases. Truly, "music hath charms." "Silver and gold have I none," said she of the magic fingers, "but such as I have give I unto thee." LOUISE E. DEW.



Madame Berger Playing to the Convalescents in a New York Hospital

Presbyterian Hospital, where the ward patients count the moments until her arrival. Wheel-chair patients and convalescents crowd the doorway to listen as the magic fingers sweep the strings of the marvelous little instrument. Those on crutches hobble into the circle, and judging by the expressions on their faces, they forget that their pedal members are temporarily useless, or possibly maimed for life. Many sufferers whose tired eyes have long refused to close in sleep, fall into a gentle slumber, and awaken refreshed. Frequently some lean invalid lifts her head, like a drooping flower in

## RURAL LIFE IN OLD JAPAN

Continued from page 803

into a paddy field, where shoots of transplanted rice go to make the other main harvest of the second half year; all this combines to create in the beholder a longing to put the scene on canvas.

But there are also numerous by-products, such as a great variety of beans, sweet potatoes, and especially radishes. Farmers haul these radishes in an almost interminable procession of cart-loads to the sea-coast towns, where they are either sold to residents there or shipped on to the cities.

There is such a very great demand for them that the fields are cleared of thousands of tons within a week or two. Rich and poor pickle them with salt in casks, after which, though not of the most pleasant odor, they serve as a table delicacy.

Thrashing is still done with the flail, or else the grain is drawn through a long, sharp-pronged instrument. In many sections the land is all cultivated by hand, or otherwise there is nothing used but the old-fashioned, one-handled plow, which the farmer may be seen lugging on his back along the narrow path to his little farm—a treasured heritage through many generations—driving before him a big-horned ox or a wiry, mischievous and unreliable little horse, which carries loads on his back, plods along in the mud of the paddy fields, and can thrive

on food and treatment which no other horse in the world could. For after 50,000,000 people are fed from 35,000 square miles of tillable land none remains for meadows, and this little pony simply has to submit to a diet of coarse beans, barley and rice straw.

Imagine a lot of men and women up to their knees in the cold mud of the rice fields, or out sowing barley on an area of twenty acres of land, with here and there a toiling ox adding more vivacity to the beehive. The whole would look like so many employees of one little plantation, rather than twenty or thirty different masters with their wives, sons and daughters, following agriculture in the twentieth century!

But Western customs have begun to penetrate even into the rural districts. Here ox-carts and bicycles are equally in use, also now and then can be found a little gasoline engine, which may in time crowd out these enchanting water-wheels, plied by rippling streamlets and miniature waterfalls, and displace the many old-fashioned foot mortars used to hull rice and barley, as well as the typical Oriental "upper and nether millstone," which may yet be found in nearly every dwelling.

Again, in their apparel the new and the old are strikingly exhibited. When coming to town in his best, the farmer may be adorned with a second-hand felt hat, Japanese kimono with the

lower ends turned up and fastened under his sash, probably intended to make more conspicuous a suit of Western underwear and a pair of Congress shoes. But still more curious the scene when these agriculturists take advantage of a rainy day, and in whole companies, while engaged in animated conversation, come marching tandem into town to do their trading. All smoke tiny pipes—looking like ordinary pencils at a distance. Their headgear is usually but a piece of thin toweling twisted like a turban around their heads. They either have a blanket over their shoulders, Indian fashion, or else a large sheet of yellow oilpaper.

Some of them may come in various out-of-style overcoats, but all of them carry the picturesque umbrella—made of bamboo and paper, rendered waterproof by saturating it with a preparation of unripe persimmon juice.

But these peasants, whose natural surroundings, not much unlike those of the Alpine dweller or the orange-grower of sunny Sicily, tend to produce a more serene and kindly character than the daring and restless coast settlers, are very hospitable. Enter their dwelling, though ever so humble, and they will invariably place near you a square cushion to sit upon and offer a tiny cup of hot tea as a token of friendship. Let a stranger meet a little crowd of youngsters en route to

school, or at play with their little brothers or sisters on their backs—unlike the children of the town, the will make pleasing, respectable boys and otherwise offer the traveler the assistance.

On the whole, these country folk, though rather slow and reticent, are on account of time-worn customs clinging more tenaciously to them, are so ready to embrace Christianity, but when they really do they make more staunch supporters of the same.

### Among the Workers

—THE NEWARK, N. J., Evangelistic Band has played at religious gatherings in most of the churches in and around Newark West Hudson and the Oranges for several years past, at the men's meetings in Millie Park, Newark, every summer and at Sand School parades, etc. The band confines its exclusively to church work.

—THE REV. GEORGE H. DOWKONTT has been appointed superintendent at the old historic Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting, which he continued every week-day without an omission since 1857. Dr. Dowkontt is pastor of the Sixteenth Baptist Church of New York, a the understanding with the committee that he shall retain his pastorate in connection with his new work. Dr. Dowkontt for over twenty years was a medical missionary in Anglo West Central Africa. On his return he was associated with Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in the work of the Madison Square Church House as manager for nearly two years.



# Bowery Mission's Labor Settlement



In a Corner of the Wood-Yard



The Mission Settlement Garden

By J. M. CONWAY

God has blessed the Bowery Mission in a wonderful manner in its many-sided efforts to help men, and the establishment of a Labor Settlement as another branch is but another evidence of Divine favor. On the 15th of May, 1911, suitable house and grounds were acquired at 13 Bronx Boulevard, New York City, near Mount Vernon, and arrangements immediately made for reception of men who were desirous of being helped to help themselves. The house was thoroughly renovated and fitted up plainly and comfortably, and the ground was broken for the making of a truck garden. Two horses and wagons were secured, and circulars were freely distributed advertising the sale of building wood, and asking for contributions of clothing, furniture, papers, magazines, etc. The response during the ten weeks has been very generous.

At the Mission and in the Free Labor Bureau, as men were found who were out of work, needing shelter, food and clothing, and who indicated a desire for better things and a chance to "make good," they are told of an opportunity to get it into the country, where they could be fed, clothed, surrounded by the very best Christian influences, and enjoy the benefits of a real home, work being provided them in the cutting and chopping of building wood, baling paper, garning, and soliciting orders. The work has been a success. God's hand has been in it from the beginning, and the men have been earnest in their endeavor to show their appreciation of the chance to build up their health and fit themselves for positions which are being found for them by the Free Labor Bureau. Every one of the men has taken hold of the "better hope," and with perfect childlike confidence and implicit faith in Christ as their helper, they are enjoying a happiness they never knew before. One of the men in the Settlement is a college graduate, who on account of strong drink had sacrificed home, loved ones and position. He has been completely restored, and writes as follows regarding the Settlement:

The spirit which pervades the government of the Settlement is noticeably a spirit of liberality and liberty—true liberty which grants to every one entire freedom, limited only by the obligation to regard the interests of the community and the rights of each fellow-member. Here we find no restrictions on our beliefs save that we believe in Christ in whose name the work is done; no suspicion of surveillance, and none of the unbrotherly fusing about immaterial things usually to be found in institutions.

Mental labor, manual labor, and mental labor, are all of value to the Settlement, and there is just so much distinction

and no more between the various laborers as the parable makes between him with the five talents and him with the two. Here is a spirit of fraternity and something much more than mere fraternity of spirit, for it is the spirit of Christian charity, of Christ himself. It is in constant evidence, whether it is concerning itself with the sick, the worried, the erring, or the needy. The exercise of Christian charity is displayed in surprisingly frequent and unlooked-for instances among a crowd of men who, in the immediate past at least, have been "roughing it" and looking out perforce for "number one." It is evidence that some great change has been wrought in them!



The Bowery Mission's New Labor Settlement in the Bronx, New York

No one who saw these men as they first came to the Mission, broken in body, in purse, in spirit—perhaps in all three—and sees them now, after a few days or even a few hours at the Settlement, can fail to realize the strengthening effect of a home, of companionship, of the interest displayed in them, and of the spirit of brotherhood in Christ, which inspires and governs the Settlement. No one who may have seen some of these men, sitting out the day or night on park benches, and sees them now at their work, can refuse to believe that these men really want work and not idleness—that they like

labor and not loafing. Their eagerness for clean bodies, clean inside and outside clothes, proves that they are self-respecting and wish to show it. Remembering their rough associations in past months one can listen now to their language, and note a change which evidences an inward transformation. This work is one well worth while to the State and the community.

The men are not here very long before they identify themselves with the Settlement. In scarce two months they have transformed an ill-favored tenement house and a woe-begone yard into a clean, well-kept, attractive home. If work is to be done, there

is no question as to whether signal has been given to begin or to cease. You find them in the garden before breakfast, or in the woodyard still in the evening. They work as conscientiously as ever they did for wages. The quality of wood brought in, the quantity sent out, the progress of the garden, the appearance of the house and yard, the news of a sale, the receipt of stuff which may produce a profit, interest them keenly. Anything in conduct, in the appearance of the place, hurtful to the good name of the Settlement, any damage to its property, is a concern of theirs and theirs to find a remedy.

The work of the Settlement is being carried on in a broad Christian spirit under one who understands men, who can sympathize with them and who can see things from the point of view of the men themselves. It needs one who can put heart into those who need to be heartened, and who can govern without either petty restrictions or too rigid discipline. The work is being encouraged by the goodwill and interest of the neighborhood and by its readiness to help. Without any abasement of character or self-respect, a man comes to the Labor Settlement, stays content and happy until ready to go, and leaves to take a place in the world again as a man, relying on himself and on the One who showed him the way out of his slough of despond.

He is once more a self-respecting citizen, and no longer the despondent, hopeless occupant of a park bench—a sober, decent, honest man, earning his living and eating his bread by the labor of his own hands; no longer the miserable wretch that he was, incapable of self-help and happiness. The inmate of the Bowery Mission Labor Settlement is transformed from a wreck, a derelict, pilotless, off the course, and leaves the Settlement to steer straight and steadily towards a better manhood, with the Saviour as his guide through life and heaven as his destination.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE PLANS FOR THE steamship Aquitania, which the Cunard company is building at Clydebank, England, have been modified in order to make the vessel the largest in the world. Her length will be 900 feet, or ten feet greater than the length of the 50,000-ton liner Imperator, which the Hamburg-American line will put into service in the spring of 1913.

—Our government closed the fiscal year on June 30 with a credit balance of \$33,000,000. Its receipts during the twelve-month from all sources were \$689,000,000 and its expenditures

\$666,000,000. The receipts were \$13,000,000 in excess of those of the preceding year. Uncle Sam now holds in the treasury vaults \$1,500,000,000 in cash, the largest sum they ever contained.

—MRS. MARY STARK, the well-known missionary of Callao, Peru, writes asking that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers having old Testament scrolls no longer needed, or good-sized colored New Testament scrolls for Sunday School use, might send them to her for the use of the mission's colporteurs in Bible distribution. Mrs. Stark's address is: Colon 107, Casilla 58, Callao, Peru.

—POPE PIUS X. is endeavoring to reduce the number of church holidays, which in certain countries are so popularly observed as to seriously interfere with business. Many of the "saints' days," the Pope holds, should be celebrated on the following Sunday, instead of, as now, on week days. In the Greek Church, the multitude of holy days observed in Russia amazes a Western traveler. The same is true among the Catholics in Spain, Italy and the South American republics. These days frequently come two or three times in a week, involving a complete cessation of business.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## A Great Day for World Peace!

AMONG the famous days in our nation's history, Thursday, August 3, 1911, must hereafter be ranked as one of the greatest of them all. On that day, we took as a nation the most important step that has ever been taken in the direction of world peace since time began.

On that day, a trinity of great nations—France, Great Britain and the United States—signed through their representatives in the President's study in the White House, Washington, Arbitration treaties providing for the peaceful settlement of all disputes that may hereafter arise among the three signatory Powers. Our Secretary of State, Hon. Philander C. Knox, signed the treaty with Great Britain in the afternoon and the Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, signed in behalf of his government. As the two signers rose and before even laying down their pens, each grasped the other's right hand and exchanged congratulations. President Taft shared in the felicitations of the moment. Back of the President, on the study wall, hung a painting of the signing of the protocol of peace between Spain and the United States.

Secretary Knox next signed the Arbitration treaty with France and Viscount St. Phalle, of the French embassy, witnessed the signature for his government. President Taft and several members of his Cabinet witnessed these ceremonies, which were marked by a dignified simplicity. Every one present realized the tremendous import of the act that was taking place, which marked the first great forward step looking toward universal peace. At 2 o'clock in Paris on the afternoon of the same historic day, M. Jean Jules Jusserand, Ambassador of France to this country, signed the convention between France and ourselves. Allowing for the difference in time, M. Jusserand's signature was affixed at 9 A.M., Washington time.

It is only a little over two months since negotiations were opened by our State Department looking to these arbitration treaties. President Taft first put forth the suggestion in his public speeches, and, England and France being both favorably disposed, the seed sown quickly bore fruit. Three other nations (Germany, Italy and Holland) are now considering similar treaties with the United States. Should they come into the Arbitration Circle, Russia, Austria and the Scandinavian countries may reasonably be expected to follow soon.

All Europe is a-thrill with the news of the completion of this great arbitration compact by the three Powers who have taken the lead in the epochal movement for world peace—a movement which in a single day has advanced the human race more than a full century nearer to universal peace. The arbitration treaties just completed do not abolish war, nor do they create any "entangling alliances." They do, however, make war an improbability by opening the way for its avoidance through the submission of all questions to a judicial tribunal or to arbitration. All disputes, even though they concern the most vital interests of the signatory Powers, not excepting "national honor"—may be peacefully adjusted under the provisions of the treaties. Their general features may be thus summarized:

All differences internationally justiciable shall be submitted to The Hague, unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected.

Differences that either country thinks are not justiciable shall be referred to a Commission of Inquiry, composed of nationals of the two governments, empowered to make recommendations for their settlement. Should the Commission decide that the dispute should be arbitrated, such decision will be binding.

Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is susceptible of arbitration, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the dispute with a view of recommending a settlement without arbitration.

The Commission, at request of either government, will delay its findings one year to give an opportunity for diplomatic settlement.

The Senate will ratify the terms of submission of each dispute to arbitration.

No great reform is ever realized except through long, arduous struggle. Moving at first slowly, at the last it progresses by leaps and bounds. It has always been so. Looking backward over the progress of the Peace Movement, we can now clearly see the divine guiding Hand in the long work of preparation which the last few years have brought to such marvelous development. It is beyond all doubt

that the nations are moving toward world-peace. To-day it is the overshadowing theme among statesmen and thinkers. The conviction has taken deep root that war is an evil in any form and that to provoke war is a crime; that the resort to physical violence settles no principle but leaves untouched the great questions at stake; that religion, civilization and common sense demand the adjustment of international quarrels by the same judicial methods that apply to States and communities.

No achievement of American statesmanship has reached higher than this which, through our government's wise and courageous initiative, has given to the Peace Movement a vitality and substance it never yet possessed. It is no longer a dream; the "desire of the nations" is transformed into reality. By these new treaties of Washington, the whole movement is taken out of the realm of distant and intangible things. It is stepping across the border line that divides the methods of barbarism from those of calm, judicial reason. We have established a precedent for the whole civilized world to follow, and under Divine guidance, we believe it will be followed.

God's people everywhere will rejoice in this great triumph of arbitration. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers—peace-lovers, all of them—have especial cause for gratitude. Let us lift up our hearts and voices in praise and "thank God and take courage," looking forward confidently to that day when all nations will be as brothers and when war shall be forever a thing of the past.

## A Timely Protest

IT WAS a courageous and timely step which the Federation of Catholic Societies in convention in Colorado took a few days ago, when it issued a protest against the production of plays "which mock sacred things and moral principles which Christians hold in the highest respect." It instanced nine plays now running in American theatres, and denounced them as calculated to debauch the hearts and minds of theatre-goers, and especially the young, by setting up a perverted standard of morals, gilding licentiousness and familiarizing the public with the grossest indecencies. We should have liked to see such a course adopted by our Protestant bodies. Only here and there has there been a protest from some vigorous Protestant pulpit, and this neglect must be laid at the door either of indifference to actual conditions or an indisposition to begin a controversy which gave promise of becoming a sharp and personal one. It will now be interesting to note how the offending managers take the new protest from the Catholics. There are enough managers of influence and public spirit to reform the theatre and drive out the indecent drama, if they choose to unite forces for that purpose. A censorship of the theatres may be an un-American suggestion; but if sensibly administered it would at least conduce to decency and in that sense would be a substantial public benefit. As matters stand, many of the theatres can no longer lay claim to being houses of amusement, pure and simple, for they have overshot the mark and wandered far into the lurid domain of untrammeled license.

## The Nation's Guest

TO US now comes as a distinguished visitor, with the avowal of friendship and admiration on his lips, that silent little sailor-man, Admiral Count Heihachiro Togo, hero of the Battle of the Sea of Japan, whose great exploit, almost single-handed, lifted the Mikado's empire up to a high place among the world-powers. What our own Grant was by land Togo was and is by sea—grave, preoccupied, always thoughtful and purposeful; a man slow to think, quick to act; with a face that is a strange blending of kindness and determination and a heart at once brave and gentle. As the nation's guest, he will go through the prescribed round of official formalities and sightseeing. From a dinner at the White House with President Taft to a banquet, with innumerable "banzais," at the Nippon Club, his days will be filled with engagements and functions. He will have an opportunity too, let us hope, of coming in contact with not a few representative Americans outside of politics, who will give

him a truer impression of our country and its people, and of their long and hearty friendship for his own land, than he can derive from laudatory after-dinner speeches. Greatest of living sailors, the modest little Admiral is almost worshiped at home and would have been lionized in Europe and here had he not discouraged all such demonstration. His distaste for vulgar public display wins him greater respect than if he came with a brilliant entourage. May he enjoy his visit and carry with him when he goes the kindest recollections of the nation which he himself has called the preceptor in the national development of his own land and its people.

## The Art of Walking

WHAT with our constantly increasing transportation facilities and proneness to physical inaction, there is real danger that the "fine art of walking" for exercise or pleasure may ultimately die out. Yet there is no form of motion that is so strengthening and developing to the body and exhilarating to the mind. President Taft is a devotee of golf, but he loves to walk, and so also with Theodore Roosevelt, who is fond of every form of physical activity, riding or afoot. Mayor Gaynor, New York's aged but rugged executive, does his thinking while he walks the three-mile stretch to and from his office, and he tells us that he looks with pity upon the "poor anemic creatures" who ride past him on the crowded trolley, while he is taking his morning stroll across the bridge. Walking is conducive to philosophic reflection; it energizes and purifies the blood, brings the sparkle to the eye and color to the cheek. A good daily walk does more to make one "fit" for the struggle of business than any tonic. It stimulates our powers of observation and reflection, and in good weather and amid congenial scenes, brings into play the best qualities of the mind. Our forefathers fought off many of the infirmities of old age by walking and in those earlier days the "old fellows" were brisk and active, with blood well oxygenated. It is a pity that our later civilization should permit the good old art of walking to be neglected.

## A Word About Coupons

All friends who are desirous of enlarging THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family should immediately cut out the six coupons which appeared in last week's issue and send them to us promptly signed, so that we may number among the thousand who will receive a copy of that beautiful hand water-colored picture "Dreamland." As we stated last week, we have but a limited number of these pictures, and first come will be first served. And do not forget, there are other rewards which you may receive in addition to "Dreamland." Read the offers carefully cut out the coupons, get your friends and neighbors to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for four months, send the coupons properly signed and accompanied with 25 cents each, and the rewards will be sent you at once. Remember, you have but a limited time in which to work, so begin at once.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## New Subway Started

NEW YORK began the mammoth extension of its subway system by breaking ground for the Lexington Avenue Line on the last day of July. Ceremonies took place at Sixty-seventh street and Lexington Avenue, the centre of one of the four sections of the new subway which the Bradley Contracting Company is going to build. A grandstand had been constructed against the wall of the Seventh Regiment Armory, and a thousand persons, including members of the Public Service Commission and the Board of Estimate, were crowded on it. Laborers had cut from the road a two-foot square of asphalt. Alfred Craven, the acting chief engineer of the Public Service Commission, stepped up to Mr. Bradley, the contractor, and informed him that he had been authorized to issue the necessary permits for the work of subway construction in Lexington Avenue. Mr. Bradley took the silver spade from Mr. Craven and handed it to Mr. William R. Wilcox, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, who promptly forced it into the ground and brought it out again full of earth, intending to put it in a large glass jar to be preserved as a souvenir; but the great crowd, anxious to get a memorial of the occasion, rushed upon Mr. Wilcox with such force that he had to empty his spade into a man's soft hat, where it was protected and afterwards placed in the jar for safe keeping. A similar incident occurred at the breaking of dirt for the present subway system, when Mayor Van Wyck emptied the first spadeful of earth into his own silk hat. Mr. Wilcox then made an address, which was followed by addresses by George McAneny, Borough President, and Comptroller Prendergast. Mr. Wilcox in his speech spoke of the vast numbers of people requiring transportation in New York City and the necessity for the new subway routes that have been laid out and ordered to be constructed. The contract for the old subway in New York City north of the City Hall was awarded January 5, 1900, and completed October 27, 1904. The subway now in use is 25 miles long, with 81 miles of track. The new Triborough Subway System will add more than 40 miles, and will cost some \$300,000,000 or more, a portion of which is to be furnished by the city and the rest by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, which has secured the contract for the new extensions. There is a great distance between the subway express dashing along at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour and the ox-cart of olden times. The transportation of the ancients is referred to by Joseph in this instruction to his brethren:

Take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. (Gen. 45:19.)

## Guns for Destroying Airships

Since it has been practically demonstrated that airships can be used in war, dropping explosives upon armies and cities, most of the governments of the world have secured them, and educated officers to navigate them. To discover a gun that would destroy these airships has been the eager search of the war departments of almost all the great nations in the world. The Bureau of Ordnance of the War Department of the United States has just invented a gun which the world has been seeking. It has an instantaneously acting sight, it will scatter projectiles that in turn will explode and scatter more projectiles—fanwise—at a speeding aeroplane and destroy it. The shot will be like the well-known shower of stars in pyrotechnic displays. The space covered, however, will be very much larger. The whole outfit is based on a series of secrets, one of the most important being the projectile itself, which secret, if undiscovered, will make imitation by other nations impossible. The strange paradox appears of the whole world moving toward peace, and yet the whole world organizing itself into a standing army, and building the most gigantic engines of destruction on water and land that the ages have ever seen or dreamed of. The human brain is racked for

devices to invent ships, guns and explosives large enough, swift enough, and strong enough to destroy the destroyer. The most improved battleship will hurl a shell fifteen miles, and a few such volleys, it is said, would destroy such a city as New York. It is very possible that this insane waste in the construction of these colossal instruments for the wholesale destruction of human life may tend to the abolition of war, and thus God would make the wrath of man to praise him. All these instruments, however, are at right angles to the highest economic and moral standards, to the progressive spirit of our time, and to the Nazarene, the real ruler of the world, whose kingdom is being so rapidly ushered in, and who was thus described by the prophet:

And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. (Isa. 9:6.)

## Drilled Down; Saved Miner

Joseph Clary and two other miners were working in the White Oak lead and zinc mine at Joplin, Mo., when the walls of the shaft began to slide. The two companions made their escape before the cave-in, but Clary was imprisoned. There being no other way to get at him, his friends commenced boring toward him with a drill, first with a smaller one to give him air if alive, and locate him certainly; and then a larger shaft was sunk, through which he was

those thus imprisoned; and the man's rescue is a symbol of Christ, who commands his followers to the work of soul-saving, and who is himself the arm with which the rescue is made.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. (Matt. 18:11.)

## Children Killed by Alligator

The fish and game officers of Arkansas were in search of fish that live on game fish in Lake Chico. Just at sundown they hauled in from the middle of the lake an immense net which was full and very heavy. As they dragged the net on the shore, they pulled out a huge alligator, which swished his tail and threatened destruction. Two negro children of Amos Smith, a fisherman, were watching the hauling of the net, and before any one could realize what was happening, the alligator killed both of them and went back into the water. This terrible tragedy shocks multitudes, and yet many thousands of children are left unprotected from the evil influences that beset and destroy, and the world, and even many members of the church, seem unconcerned. Satan, which word means "adversary," is ceaseless in his plans to ruin the young and the old. Christ, in his terrific arraignment of the children of the devil, makes this reference to their father, who will violate any tie and commit any crime:

He was a murderer from the beginning. (John 8:44.)

## Death of a Great Painter

Edwin A. Abbey, the celebrated American painter, died in London, August 1. Mr. Abbey had for many years been a resident of England, but he was a Philadelphia boy and a genuine American, of whom his nation and the world were proud. He was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and at the age of twenty entered the Art Department of Harper Brothers, New York. He became perhaps the most celebrated modern painter of mediæval characters. Mr. Abbey was so successful with his official picture of the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra that he was invited by King George to paint his coronation picture, but the artist declined. Mr. Abbey's decorative work for the Boston Public Library illustrating the theme of the Quest of the Holy Grail is one of the most important works of the time, and is well known throughout the United States by photographic reproduction. Few men have had more recognition than had Abbey. He

had decorations from the leading art societies of France, Germany, Great Britain and America. Yale University made him a Master of Arts and the University of Pennsylvania gave him the degree of L.L.D. He was a man of fine personal qualities, of splendid integrity and of Christian devotion. The brush has dropped from the numb fingers of the painter, but his works of art will remain to gratify and ennoble multitudes in the years that are to come, and the wholesome truths he expressed in form and color will be like

Apples of gold in pictures of silver. (Prov. 25:11.)

## Napoleon's Sword on View

A sword of steel and brass encased in a leather scabbard, which it is claimed the Emperor Napoleon carried in all his campaigns, is now the property of George C. Boldt of the Waldorf Astoria, New York City, and is on exhibition in the Turkish Room at that hotel. Thousands have inspected the keen-bladed weapon and pulled it from its scabbard. Large sums of money have been offered for it, but have been declined. No more beautiful description of Christ's influence and fame has been left to us than that given by Napoleon in a comparison between himself and Jesus Christ. Napoleon's sword was one of force and destruction, and is idle. Christ's sword of love is cutting down the influences of moral evil, and conquering the world. This instrument of warfare the apostle instructs the soldiers of the Cross to use.

And take the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. (Eph. 6:17.)



Copyright by American Photo-Association  
The "Speakers' Stand" at the Breaking of Ground for New York's New Subways, July 31

rescued. When the rescuers announced that the drill hole five inches in diameter had penetrated the drift, a shout went up from the thousands about the mouth of the mine. Then there was the stillness of death, as a man shouted down the narrow tube, "Hello there! Hello!" Several seconds elapsed, and there came back the feeble answer, "Hello!" The crowd was wild with joy that Clary was still alive. Milk and a bottle of whisky were sent down to him in a can. It is reported that he drank the milk and sent back the bottle unopened with the answer, "This is no place for whisky." After the lapse of a few minutes Clary cried out of the tube, "Water about three feet deep in some places in the drift. I am on a high place and it may not reach me if you hurry." The water was then up to his armpits. He continued, "The air is getting bad. I feel much better now. I heard the hitting of the drill on the hard ground and I felt glad you were hunting for me." A thin rope was lowered and attached to his waist, so that he could be pulled out of the water and saved from drowning. An electric light was sent to him wrapped in copies of newspapers, containing accounts of his imprisonment. Clary carried on a pathetic conversation with his mother over the phone. When the rescuers reached him, he fell into their arms and wept like a child, while the cheers of the spectators echoed from the mouth of the shaft. This tragical incident suggests the mine of sin with caving walls and rising waters and the air laden with death-damp, and the heroic efforts of Clary's friends to rescue him are a type of the celerity and vigor with which the Christian should undertake the salvation of



# The New Reformation in Russia

AT THE recent meeting of the Baptist World Alliance in Philadelphia a momentous step was taken for the future of that great denomination in Europe. When the Russian delegation, numbering about forty, filed into the convention, there was tremendous enthusiasm. When the story was told of their persecutions and sufferings for Christ's cause, it did not require much time to secure money and pledges of \$75,000 towards the building of a Baptist University in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Two commissioners will start at once for Russia to secure, if possible, the permission of the Czar to found a theological seminary in his empire for the training of Baptist students for the ministry. These commissioners will be Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of the Grace Temple of Philadelphia, and Dr. F. B. Meyer, of Regent's Park Baptist Church of London. The English Baptists have already raised the money to buy the site for the buildings, and the denomination in the United States and Canada will contribute about \$125,000 to erect the new buildings.

There is a pressing demand for such an institution of learning; for there is in progress at this moment in Russia and Southeastern Europe one of the most wonderful religious movements of modern times. Many believe that this new reformation will change the map of Europe. This religious awakening is spreading rapidly among the Cossacks and Slavs of Russia, the Czechs of Moravia and the immense Carpathian Range, the Slovaks, Magyars, and Ruthenians of Hungary, the Letts and Estonians of the Baltic Provinces, and the different races of the Balkan States. During the last fifty years Baptist churches have been established in all these countries. The German Baptist Union has shown wonderful enthusiasm in planting churches in these countries and in circulating the Scriptures. The movement has had phenomenal success. These new churches have a remarkable spirit of prayer, a wonderful loyalty to the Bible, a supreme dependence upon the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and a quenchless passion to preach the Gospel to all men. The church members themselves have the evangelistic spirit. Each church has this motto, "Every member a missionary." Many of these new congregations put to shame the American churches in respect to growth and increase of membership. There are churches which were founded

only five years ago, and which to-day have from 700 to 800 members. One, established only five years ago, now has 1,200 members. In the Nagy Szalonta District there have been as many as 250 persons baptized in a month. One pastor, Norbert Capek, in Moravia, has established 21 stations, with 1,200 members in the short space of seven years. Rev. Mr. Fetler in St. Petersburg has built up a church of 300 members in three years, and has in addition established in the same time twelve mission stations.



M. Levine

Theodor Balichin

John Kolesnikoff

This phenomenal revival has attracted the attention of St. Petersburg to the wonderful work of the new reformation and it is hoped to secure still further concessions from the Czar. These new churches and missions, springing up like magic in Russia and Southeastern Europe, need most of all a trained and well equipped ministry. So the World's Baptist Alliance has decided to establish at once a great Central European Baptist Theological Seminary. The proposed college will have facilities to teach and train 250 young men preparing for the ministry. The institution will be vested in American and British trustees and controlled by an American and British committee.

The photograph with this article contains the pictures of three of the Russians who attended the recent World's Baptist Alliance in Philadelphia. The central figure is Rev. Theodor Balichin, who is

fifty-eight years of age. He was formerly a member of the Greek Catholic Church of Russia, but thirty-five years ago was converted to Protestantism, and has been a Baptist minister for thirty-four years. Once he owned a rich farm, but he has given to the poor and persecuted until he has little left. He is pastor of a church in the Crimea, and his house of worship will seat 800. Before 1908, when there was no religious liberty in Russia, he was arrested four times for preaching the Gospel. He was once confined in jail for preaching, and a few years ago he had to baptize all his converts in the middle of the night in the forests in order to escape prison for himself and his converts. The police watched him and his followers so closely that the baptism of new members had to be postponed many times.

The man in the right of the picture is Rev. John Kolesnikoff, who was sent to jail for six weeks for preaching the Gospel a few years ago. After his release he escaped to America, and now has a mission for Russians in Toronto, Canada. In the left of the picture is Rev. M. Levine.

Mr. Levine has been arrested four times in Russia and was once imprisoned for preaching the Gospel. He too escaped to America and is now conducting a mission for Russians in Pittsburg.

I saw the Russians in Philadelphia, and talked with some of them of their persecutions for Christ's sake. Here is a typical case. It is that of Rev. Mr. Ivanoff, a native of the Caucasus, sixty-three years old. He has been twice an exile in Siberia, because he has preached the Gospel as a Baptist. During these experiences he was chained in the criminal gang. He has been thirty-one times imprisoned, and once worked on the treadmill as a result of his fearless preaching. But this hero could not be silenced as a minister of Christ by exile in Siberia, or by prisons and persecutions. He keeps on preaching since securing his liberty. He has led 1,500 persons to Christ and received them as members of the church.

In meeting these Russians one seemed to see the martyrs of ancient times, men who bore in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus. In spite of exile, flogging, jails, and persecution the work of the Baptists has grown until there are over 100,000 Baptists in Russia.

WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

## The Centenary of Charles Dickens

WHEN the centenary occurs of the birth of a great man, he is re-estimated with something like finality. Several famous characters have been so gauged since the twentieth century came in; and though we are often told by the cynical that authorship and literature are little regarded in these days, the ardent interest shown in the centenaries of great writers has been no less than in those of heroes in other fields. This extraordinary notice has been taken of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thackeray on July 18; and even more, since Dickens was pre-eminently the novelist of the people, is already manifested in his centenary, to be celebrated on February 7, 1912.

In Andrew Lang's charming *Letters to Dead Authors*, his letter to Dickens is one of the most just and discriminating; and one of the most touching parts of it is the paragraph in which he speaks of the comfort afforded by *David Copperfield* to one lying hopelessly ill. "It brought," he says, "oblivion of winter, of sorrow, of sickness." To many and many an invalid has the same relief come. Surely such "splendid high spirits and unhesitating mirth" exist nowhere else as in his pages.

It is entirely true that, as John Forster says in his *Life*, Dickens gives us "characters that nobody ever saw but that everybody recognizes." They are grotesque cartoons and caricatures, for the most part, but like every other good cartoon and caricature they bear the unmistakable stamp of the original. "Children of dreams though they are," says Andrew Lang, "they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood." And the sudden change in nearly every one of Dickens' books, from tragedy and melodrama to broad comedy, has also its counterpart of reality in many a life, and especially in his own. No pathos that he ever infused into the sad little children which he often portrayed, exceeded that of his

own gloomy childhood; no change of fortune in *Little Dorrit* or in *Copperfield* more than matched that which he experienced; and no sport was merrier than that which he enjoyed with his chosen companions.

Outside of the small circle of his intimate friends, these companions, as everybody knows, were drawn largely from social circles somewhat lower than his own. One is reminded of the shyness of Keats, who could not, in spite of all the efforts of Shelley and others who loved and admired him, ever feel quite at ease with those whose social position, as the sensitive poet felt, was higher than that to which he himself was born. Patronage and condescension were constantly suspected where none existed. Even genius sometimes cannot, it seems, shake off the consciousness of these trivial inequalities of station, gradually, as we all hope, disappearing under the leveling power of Christian democracy.

Like the great critic Taine, there are still many serious souls, usually lacking in the sense of humor, to whom the reverence rendered to Dickens remains a mystery. They dwell upon the often overstrained plots of the long series, and find them impossible; upon their sometimes brutal and unnecessarily harrowing accounts of ruffians and knaves, which make them shudder to little or no purpose; to the pathos which sometimes sinks to bathos; to the unnecessary prominence given to eating and drinking; and to the redundancy of style and the multiplication of characters, which confuse and perplex the reader; and these critics say that they find nothing else. It is incredible to those of us who love Charles Dickens that even the duller reader should not discern and feel shining behind and through all these faults (which must be admitted) the high and endearing qualities which have given him his commanding place in English literature, and which Dean Stanley in his funeral eulogy in Westminster Abbey thus

described: "He was the friend of mankind; the enemy of every form of meanness and oppression. We can hardly exaggerate the debt of gratitude due to a writer who has led us to sympathize with these good, true, sincere, honest English characters of ordinary life, and to laugh at egotism and hypocrisy. To another great humorist the words have been applied that his death 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations.' Of Charles Dickens I would rather say that no one was ever so much beloved or so much mourned."

In addition, the opinion of many of our greatest critics may be added that among all the famous portrayals of the comic, from Aristophanes and Plautus down to our own time, not one excels Charles Dickens.

His power of awakening our sympathy for the weak and erring, shown so notably in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, in the case of poor Dick Swiveller, with his flowery language and his tender heart; his appreciation of loyalty and goodness, perhaps most keenly portrayed in the career of Tom Pinch; his high conception of womanly virtue, as embodied in Lizzie Hexam, honest Peggoty, and not least of all in good Betsey Trotwood, whom Forster calls "the soul of magnanimity and rectitude"; and his desire to reform abuses—such as poor schools, in *Nicholas Nickleby*; foul and mismanaged prisons, as in *Little Dorrit*; labor troubles, as in *Hard Times*, and so on—all these were as marked as were his spontaneous humor and his fertile invention of character.

It has been said that Dickens was not a religious man. No doubt he expressed his spiritual life, as he expressed everything else, in a way peculiar to himself; but his heart was essentially religious. Twelve months before his death he wrote: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God, and I exhort my dear children humbly to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament."

KATE UPSON CLARK.



# Scenes Immortalized by Dickens



Riverside Inn on the Lower Thames, Near Where Lizzie Hexam and Her Father Lived and Where Rogue Riderhood Plotted



The Temple, Where Tom Pinch Found a Mysterious Employer and Where Mr. Pecksniff Met His Deserts



Charles Dickens



The Shabby Street Where Dick Swiveller Lodged and Made Acquaintance With the Marchioness



Old Shop in Portsmouth St., Where "Little Nell" Lived With Her Grandfather

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.



House in Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone, Where Dickens Lived During Many Prosperous Years



Old Dick Whittington Inn, Clothfair, Which Figures in "Great Expectations"



# NEW HONORS TO WILLIAM PENN

By Rev. WILLIAM DURBAN

**A**N INTERESTING episode has just occurred in London which will be remembered with pleasure by religious minds. It was the demonstration under Anglo-American auspices in honor of the chief of historic Quaker leaders. On July 12 the president of the Pennsylvania Society, Colonel Robert M. Thompson, delivered an eloquent address at the unveiling of a tablet. The inscription on this memorial to William Penn explains its purpose, and justifies the participation of Englishmen and Americans in the graceful ceremony. It was composed by Archdeacon Nelson of New York, and is placed in the ancient and beautiful church close to the Tower of London, called All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower.

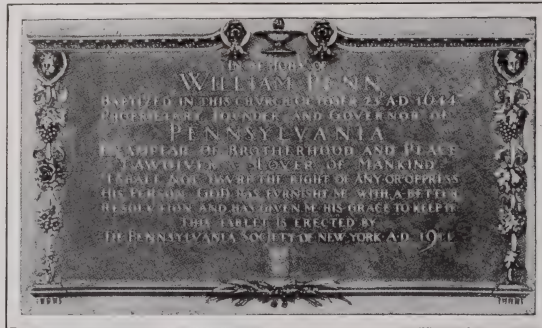
In the venerable church, Americans and Englishmen formed the congregation assembled for the occasion. To right and left of the bronze tablet hung the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, while the banner of Pennsylvania covered the tablet till the unveiling. The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress attended in state, together with Sir Henry Buckingham, Sheriff of London, and Sir J. C. Dimsdale, Chamberlain of London, who is a direct descendant of Penn. Other distinguished Americans present included the ex-president of the society, Hon. James Beck; a former vice-president, Mr. R. T. Davies; the Hon. Barr Ferree, secretary; Mr. W. Guggenheim, treasurer, and others.

Many of Penn's descendants were present, including Lord Ranfurly, Lady Eileen Knox, and Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell; while amongst other notable persons who gathered to honor Penn's memory were Lord Charles Beresford, Professor Silvanus Thompson, and Mr. Clement Shorter.

Some of the assembly trace their pedigree back to the family to which belonged the charitable and lovely Guilietta, the first wife of Penn. The Church of All Hallows is notable as being a mediæval fane,

which survived the appalling great fire of London by which, in 1666, fifty-five churches were burned. This sanctuary escaped with the loss of its porch and sundial.

Colonel Thompson, in his address, reminded his



The Memorial Tablet to William Penn

hearers that in 1644 William Penn was baptized in that sanctuary. At a moment when the preordained revolution of the centuries had brought them near to a covenant of peace and amity, binding together England and the kindred nation of which Penn was one of the founders and heroes, it was fitting that the sons of the State he founded should assemble to celebrate the erection of a memorial to him in the church in which he was christened.

After the unveiling, the service concluded with

the singing of "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then most of the congregation proceeded to the exhibition of Penn relics at Devonshire House.

Penn was not brought up as a Quaker, and the first member of the new sect that he met was an unlettered man in Oxford, named Thomas Lo Penn was then studying at Christchurch College, Oxford University, and he was so taken with the new doctrine that he closed his college career and flung himself into Nonconformity. His father, Sir William Penn, was furious, and the youth was packed off to Paris, brought back to London, and finally sent to Ireland. In six months he found himself in prison in Cork. Then he was taken to London and committed to the Tower.

Nothing daunted Penn nor the Friends with whom he associated. When he was not in prison he was constantly speaking in their little assemblies which were sternly forbidden by the Conventicle Act. On Sunday, August 14, 1670, soldiers surrounded the meeting house in Gracechurch Street, London, and so prevented the worshippers from entering. But the congregation gathered in the street, and Penn, taking off his hat and beginning to preach, was at once arrested. With Captain William Mead, an old Cromwellian soldier he was committed for trial at the Old Bailey. They were taken down to a loathsome dungeon at the bottom of the building, called the Hole. On September 1 began the trial, which is memorable in English history as ending in the most significant triumph of the cause of liberty of conscience or record.

The judge, to his amazement, found himself face to face with a jury who refused to return a verdict of guilty against the two preachers. The baffle court as a last resort challenged each of the jurors separately, but each man responded "Not guilty." So ended a trial which was one of the turning points in English history.

## SANG THEIR SWEETEST SONGS FOR HER

**O**UR little tenement lads and lasses—some three hundred of them—had a gala day on Saturday, July 29. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, known and beloved to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD all over the land, was an honored visitor at "the Children's Paradise." News of her coming had preceded her, and when she drove up to the entrance lodge, the little waifs, ranged on both sides of the roadway, gave her a rousing welcome. She witnessed their sports on the spacious grassy lawn in front of the Homestead; saw them running races up and down "Sunshine Alley"; reviewed them in the march past to "Fort Plenty"; and heard them sing their "grace"—which she herself had penned for them a dozen or more years ago. Then she met them all in the beautiful Children's Temple and addressed them amid the wildest juvenile enthusiasm. She entered into the happy spirit of the occasion and soon was on such excellent terms with her audience that the little people were answering her questions from all parts of the house. Her talk was a practical one, suited to the needs of her young hearers, who listened eagerly to every word that fell from the lips of the gentle, sweet-faced, motherly lady who told them of the qualities which, cultivated in childhood, would make them grow up to be noble, lovable men and women.

Then they sang for her their sweetest songs, every little singer eager to give pleasure to the guest, who complimented them warmly on their excellent performance. They cheered her speech to the echo.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark also made a short and very interesting talk to the children, which was greatly appreciated. A number of visitors were present at the Temple gathering and enjoyed the fine singing and the speeches.

A novel feature of the children's service in the

Temple on Sunday, July 30, was an address by Rev. Frank Lane, of the New York Evangelistic Committee. The speaker took for his subject the force of habit. He showed, by a practical living object lesson, how evil habit binds us as with strong cords which are instantly loosed when the heart is given to Christ. It was a talk which the children will long remember, and made a deep impression upon them.

During the present heated term, the appeals that come from the poor mothers of the city tenements to have their little ones sent to Mont-Law are greatly increased. Three dollars provides a ten day's outing for a little tenement waif. Contributions for this purpose from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends will be cordially welcomed. It is hoped that sufficient funds will be contributed to make the present summer the record season for our Children's Paradise. If you have not already done so, send your mite. Every gift, however small, will be acknowledged, and every patron of the work will make his own summer holiday the better in the knowledge that he has given ten long golden days of pure health-building enjoyment to a little waif far away from the hot and sickly tenements. Address all contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



Singing in Front of the Children's Temple

## HAITI'S REVOLT SUCCESSFUL

**T**HE revolution in Haiti has triumphed. On August 2, President Antoine Simon fled from the capital, Port-au-Prince, and took refuge on the American coal schooner *Bradford C. French*, being refused admission on the Haitian cruiser, *Decembre XVII*, which was in the harbor.

General Firmin, the revolutionary leader, was in command of all the approaches to the capital. A Committee of Safety had been appointed and no disorder was reported. Foreign interests were not believed to be in danger and none of the foreign warships had landed bluejackets up to that date. President Simon's departure was arranged quietly.

He left his palace at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, his last request for three days' delay having been refused by the revolutionary leaders. He carried his rifle over his shoulder as he marched down to the wharf, with head erect, and by his side walked his daughter, Clementina. The other members of his family had already

gone on board the vessel. At the wharf there was a rush and some shots were fired. A deputy named Prin felt mortally wounded, and Mlle. Clementina was slightly injured. Five other persons were killed and six wounded. The trouble soon quieted down, and the aged President embarked without further opposition.



# IN MY VERANDA EASY CHAIR



## A Typical American Family

THE letter which follows was sent as a contribution to our department of Women in Council. It tells the plain story of one happy American home, where the founders were not afraid of the way of small things. It tells, too, between the lines, something about the love that never wears out and that is strong enough and deep enough to carry its possessors safely over the road of life, be it rough or smooth. In the conclusion of the letter there is a timely word of suggestion to young people who are in love, but are hesitating to marry because their means are small.

"We have been married more than eight years, and have lived a part of the time on a farm and part of the time in a town of about two thousand inhabitants. My husband never has had robust health, and so has not been able always to do the work he would like best but has had to follow different occupations, as his strength would permit. For several years prior to our marriage we had each been self-supporting, even during our school days, so we had earned the value of money.

"We began our married life with a total capital of four-hundred dollars, of which we each had earned an equal amount. We had discussed the advisability of waiting a few years until our capital might be greater, but mutually agreed that we would rather join forces, and also that we could better afford to do so, as we could thus reduce many of our expenses. At first we rented a place in town, and then a farm, but soon decided it would be much more profitable to pay interest than rent, especially in town, so as we were anxious to own our own home we bought a nice little place of five acres and a four-room cottage on the outskirts of the town, paying two hundred dollars in cash and giving a mortgage on the place for the balance. This property needed some improvements and repairs, but on this account we were able to purchase it at what we considered a bargain. We lived there for three years, during which time we added many improvements, then sold, at a net profit over the total cost, besides having saved the price of rent for three years. We reinvested in a similar manner and again sold, after four years, at a good profit. We are now living on a farm, for we both love the country, and there are so many advantages in a country home, especially when there are children in the family. Four years ago a brother of eleven years, being left an orphan, came to live with us, and three dear babies have come to bless our home. They are a real blessing, too, and I count it a great privilege to teach and train them. So now our family circle numbers six, and though our income has increased very slowly, we have never known want, nor felt that we had reason to regret our decision not to wait for Fortune's smile. Of course we have had to deny ourselves many things we should have enjoyed, but the denial has not hurt us, and most of the things can still be enjoyed if we continue to prosper. And we have had to practise economy, and expect to always, but there is real pleasure in that—not the kind of economy that causes one to do without any needed thing, or to use articles of inferior grade, but rather the

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

art of making the best possible use of everything. We have always had an abundance of plain wholesome food. Our house is simply, but comfortably, furnished. In dress, it is needless to say, we do not pretend to follow all of Fashion's foibles, but we do like to appear well, and to this end we buy good material, and try to adapt the prevailing style to our own needs. Books, papers, some good magazines, music, and the entertainment of our friends have all been essential parts of our home life, and lectures and concerts are occasionally enjoyed. Of course the church and charitable needs are also included. We have never kept a systematic record of our accounts, though there is certainly much to be said in favor of such a plan. I think it would be

especially helped where one has a fixed salary to work with. Our income has never been that of nature. My husband has no bad habits to waste his money, and we try always to spend our money wisely and to keep free from debt, that is, for our living expenses. I suppose the cost of living varies in different localities and under different circumstances, as, for instance, in city or country, and what would appear as an abundant income in one place might be considered very meager in another. Yet, from my observation, I believe, on an average throughout our State—Nebraska—far more young people lay the foundation of their home, and save money, too, on a yearly income of three hundred than on one of five hundred dollars. I wonder if the young men whose pride restrains them from marrying on a small income, do not misunderstand and misjudge our young women? F. L. D."

## A Good Memory

WHEN people complain of an unretentive memory the trouble more than half the time is that they have failed to be attentive. Memory depends largely on concentration, attention, and association. There are various degrees and kinds of memory. Some of us have good memories for dates, others for names, others still for faces. To have a good memory for both faces and names is to be popular with friends and acquaintances.

The late King Edward the Seventh was remarkably endowed in this particular. It is indeed a royal gift. General Grant was also extraordinary in his ability to recollect the faces and personalities of people whom he encountered either casually or frequently. Those who have occasion to use the telephone in their talks with friends or orders to tradesmen find a memory for the telephone numbers a great convenience. A woman not otherwise distinguished for intimacy with figures recollects without difficulty a great many telephone numbers, and has said that the streets and numbers and the post office boxes of different friends seem to be photographed on her brain.

In old age the hardening of the arteries and the cessation on the part of the brain to receive and retain new impressions weaken memory. This is the reason why old people apparently live so much in the past, and it may in a measure account for the habit of telling the same story over and over to the same listeners, to their manifest weariness. Memory is a good servant, but must not be allowed to indulge in laziness.

## Recipes Wanted

GOOD recipes are welcome in this conclave of women. Can one of the daughters tell us how to make nut cookies or nice maple fudge? Both these dainties are asked for by a novice in housekeeping. Will somebody speak in meeting and explain why it is that while doughnuts served on one table are delicious, on another they are either tough or soaked with grease? Has any one her mother's or grandmother's recipe for black fruit cake? Address all correspondence on this subject to the editor of this page in person.



Queen Victoria of Spain

THE beautiful Queen of Spain is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England and a cousin of King George V. She is said to be unpopular in Spain because of her English birth, and in the event of Alfonso's death her life in that country would probably be unhappy. The King is in extremely delicate health, but notwithstanding this may be spared for many years. The picture represents the queen engaged in knitting something dainty and filmy for Madrid charity in which she and the ladies of her court were interested. Her sweet face is appealing in its gentle and womanly expression. She is no coward, having shown herself possessed of great courage on more than one occasion.



# NUMBER FORTY-THREE

By LADD PLUMLEY

"WE'LL rebuild at once; we'll rent for the time being.

Days are dividends with us—big dividends. As to the building, it's covered, and the machinery; all but the new silk in the warehouse."

Hartley attempted to listen to his chief, but his thoughts were on other things. Were all the operatives out? that seemed to him more important than insurance, rebuilding, and dividends.

The eastern end of the great building at the side of the culm hill roared as if fire had turned it into an angry monster. It was nine of a winter's evening—they had been running overtime—and the glow reddened the massed faces gazing at the flames as if the faces themselves were on fire. It lighted up the factory yards, bringing out details, from the thin, clinging dresses of the factory girls standing in groups to the coal-blackened features of the miners attracted here by the excitement.

The shouts of the firemen and the hubbub of the watchers mingled with the chugging of the fire engines and the snapping of flames.

The mill stood on the side of the mountain far above the mining city and the water was low in the reservoirs. The firemen played a slender stream on the western end, but it was evident to Hartley that they did it as a matter of form; he believed that the entire structure was doomed.

A fireman pushed to where the manager and his assistant stood, the crowd opening a narrow lane for him.

"There's only one way to save the storehouse," he said. "We want permission to use blasting powder on the western end of the mill."

The manager gave the order, but before the fireman turned to repeat it to his men, a little girl elbowed her way through the crowd and gained a place at Hartley's side.

"Please, sir, Number Forty-three; she's in there," and she pointed toward the burning building.

"You're new here, Hartley," broke in the manager. "These girls aren't to be trusted." He turned to the girl, who shrank from him as if he had threatened to strike her. "Here, you," he asked, "who's in there?"

"Number Forty-three; she's a little thing. She ties Canton next to me in upper five. It's easy to get lost if the lights go out. I've asked lots of the girls and they haven't seen her."

"How do you know she didn't get out?"

"'Cause, 'cause," replied the timid voice, "I seen her at her machine when I run, and the man what she works for says she ain't come home. He's drunk and waiting for her—says he'll beat her if she don't come soon. He's done it lots of times; she told me so."

Hartley gave an exclamation of anger; he had been employed here but a few months and already his heart had been wrenched time and time again with the wretchedness of the girls employed in this and the other mills of the valley.

The manager had turned away from the girl. "What are you waiting for?" he asked of the foreman, and added with a quick snap to the words, "Get busy on that wall before the fire breaks through toward the west."

"You mustn't do it!" exclaimed the assistant.

"May I ask who's giving orders here?" queried his chief. "I'm responsible for the silk, and I cannot let an idle tale stand in the way of saving good dollars." He turned again toward the fireman. "Get your men on the job; tell them to get a move on."

"And I say you dare not!" exclaimed Hartley.

The fireman hesitated, looking first at the manager, then at the assistant.

"Who owns that silk?" asked the now incensed manager. "Foreman, I'll give you just two minutes to order your men to blow out that wall. If, sir, you don't give the order, I will."

"If you destroy the building without making a search for operatives I will report the matter to the grand jury of the county," said Hartley, quite beside himself with disgust.

"Grand jury!" exclaimed the manager. "You don't know this town yet; as I said before, you are new here." He leaned toward his assistant and said in a low voice in his ear, "We mill owners fixed all that long ago."

"Then you can make up your mind to just one thing," replied Hartley in a voice yet lower than his chief's but distinct as if the words were shouted, "if you use powder on that wall, you'll kill me with Forty-three, for I'm going in."

There was not a second to lose and he knew it. He ran toward the mill shouting as he ran that a girl was in danger. He knew where room five was—on the third floor above the packing department.

Two firemen joined him at the edge of the crowd and urged him to let them attempt the rescue. But Hartley's blood was boiling.

The western end of the mill had a side door which Hartley and the firemen found open. Within the blackness was like ink, for the lights had gone out with the destruction of the dynamo at the other end of the building.

"I'll search the third floor," shouted Hartley. "You go through the first."

He thought he knew the mill pretty thoroughly, but he had not realized the difficulty of finding his way without a light.

The smoke choked him, and fumes from the burning silk filled his eyes so that the water trickled over his face. "God help the girl!" he exclaimed.

He felt his way through the maze of boxes. It seemed to him that they were never ending, and twice he missed his way and brought up against a darkened window, from which came a gleam through a crevice of the metal shutters.

At length he stumbled against the rail of the next stairway and hurried up until he pushed open the door at the top. The windows of the great work room had their shutters open and the dancing reflections glinted on the polished machinery. At the door he shouted again at the top of his voice, and an answering little cry came from the farther end of the room.

In a corner behind a maze of looms and framework, he found a child on the floor, terrified and helpless. He stooped over her, and between her sobs she managed to explain that her foot was fast, and he found that it was caught between the rods supporting the loom.

It proved difficult to release, and he had to remove the shoe by slitting the upper with his knife. In broken English the little girl explained that she had lost her way and her foot had slipped between the rods, which held it as if in a trap.

He lifted her and her arms fell around his neck, she nestling against him, her head resting on his shoulder.

"You poor little kid!" he said, and she murmured something into his ear that he did not understand and patted him with her hands.

He put her down at the doorway, and wrapped his handkerchief around her face; for he knew what they must pass through on the next floor. He

could never afterwards recall all that terrible journey through the blind passages among the boxes. It was inferno of choking, gripping, smothering smoke; of blind stumbling in the obscurity; of struggling with darkness and vapors as if they were enemies leagued against him.

At the lower stairway he ran again, the firemen in the darkness who were trying to find him. They supported him to the open air, but blinded as he was he could not let them take the girl.

He staggered into the crowd, a wrapped the child in a shawl some offered for her protection against the cold. As he removed the handkerchief from her face he was not surprised to find that she was pretty, with dark eyes and a tangled mass of brown hair.

The crowd pressed around them, a few moments later Hartley's was pushed through and took his arm hers.

"Oh, John, it's been terrible! I'm here just after you went in—it seemed like an eternity."

It was just as they started for the home that a drunken man staggered forward and attempted to take the girl.

"Do not let him have her!" exclaimed Hartley's wife. "They've told me all about him; he has no shadow a right to her, and both her parents are dead. Let us take her; we will look after her for poor Gertrude's sake."

It was late that night that Hartley sat in his living room; his heart full with thankfulness that he had saved the child and that his own life had been spared. As he listened to the voices of his wife and the girl in the room above he thought of the little daughter who had died two years before.

"I've put her to bed," said his wife coming into the room. "Dear John, providence must have sent her; she's dear little thing. I've been crying my eyes out over her and my relief that you were not burned in that awful fire. And think of a child like that worked ten hours a day and way into the night when the mill is working overtime."

"I see my work is cut out for me," replied her husband. "This is the opportunity. We will keep the girl and that will be a joy; it will help bear the loss of dear Gertrude. I rest is going to be hard work with the cold brute of a manager against me, but God helping, I will make things little better in the mill for those poor girls."

J. L. H.

## AN AMERICAN HEROINE IN INDIA

THE leper booth of the recent World-in-Boston exhibition was a booth that had many visitors, and most of them went from this booth to see the daily exhibitions of scenes in leperland given by means of moving pictures. Of the instances of personal devotion to this most sorely afflicted class of people, none is more touching than that of Mary Reed, the American woman who is now a leper herself, and whose spirit of devotion to her fellow unfortunates is as great as was that of Father Damien.

Mary Reed is a native of Ohio. With her conversion came the immediate determination to devote herself to Christian work. As a teacher in the public schools she was noted for her efforts to create Christian character among her pupils. Then she became a missionary, and was sent to India in the year 1884. She was assigned to Cawnpore for special work in the zenanas. Her health failed and she returned to America. While here she became aware of the fact that she was the victim of leprosy, but she kept the fact a secret from all of the members of her family excepting one sister. Having been assured by eminent physicians both here and in England that



Mary Reed

she had become a leper, Miss Reed determined to devote the rest of her life to the lepers. This she has done with

a degree of steadfastness of purpose and high courage that have won for her the admiration of all who know about her and her work. When appraising her family of the fact that she was a leper and of her purpose in regard to her future Miss Reed wrote:

"I shall have the joy of ministering to a class of people who, but for the preparation which has been mine for this special work, would have no helper at all; and while I am called apart among these needy creatures, who hunger and thirst for salvation, and for comfort and cheer, He who has called and prepared me promises that he will be to me as a little sanctuary where I am to abide, and abiding in him, I shall have supply of all my need."

For nearly twenty years, Miss Reed has lived in a little bungalow among the lepers in the Himalayan Mountains. She has succeeded in having a little chapel built and a hospital, and there is no kind of personal service that she has not rendered to the lepers around her. In her own case the disease has not been of the malignant type, and she has succeeded in keeping it in check. Miss Reed cannot be moved from her conviction that God

has stayed the progress of the disease, that she might be his servant among the stricken ones of the leper colony. Her letters overflow with cheerfulness, and she declares that she is grateful to God for even the affliction that has come to her, because of the way in which it has led her to the life of usefulness she is able to live among the lepers.

### Great Floods in China

The following cablegram was received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Z. Charles Beals, an American missionary at Wuhu, China:

Shanghai, July 31, 1911

The Christian Herald, New York: All Yangtze Valley flooded. Awful destruction and death. Terrible famine inevitable. BEALS

This news, coming at a time when that particular section of China and the surrounding country has just emerged from the grasp of the recent famine, will excite sympathy and regret among the friends of Chinese missions. Wuhu, where the Christian Herald is stationed, is at a bend of the Yangtze, some 300 miles west of Shanghai. In the great valley of the Yellow River in period of floods becomes an inland sea. Several times in recent years the valley has been swept by inundations that have carried off crops, houses and stock, and have also been terribly destructive to human life.



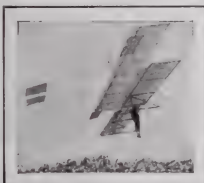
# Our Boys and Girls The Cozy Corner

## Aeroplane Gliding—Latest Sport for Boys

NO up-to-date American boys aeroplane gliding is the thing. It is all the good fun it cracks up, as the boys say, one meets almost everywhere now-a-days. Boys who have learned the art of gliding successfully in trigle, frail little gliders which they have modeled and built themselves. Almost any level-headed boy (or girl for matter of that), if has a mechanical mind and an eye for a good time, will try his chums and between them they will, hook or by crook, build an aeroplane glider with which to have fun, gliding off the steepest slope of a hill, as I have seen boys and girls on a good rainy day, rising eight ten feet from the level, and with all ease, glide 150 or 200 yards across a grassy common. This was a pretty sight, I can tell you.



A Very Elaborate and Extraordinary Well Made Glider



Glider Made by Roy Smith, Age 14, President of the Boys' Aero Club, San Francisco

### A Good Box-Kite

THE aeroplane glider is little more or less than a good box-kite which gets its lifting power from being towed rapidly. One or more boys catch hold of a long light rope tied to the glider and run rapidly along the ground with as the glider rises.

Glides and towed flights are always made against the wind and balance is acquired by swinging the legs. The higher the starting point, the longer the flight is apt to be. A well balanced, well put together glider rises easily, and your weight will keep it from turning over or flying too high.

Gliding has grown so popular among American boys that the Y. M. C. A. all over the country have organized Aeroplane Glider Clubs among the younger boys, and in every district of the city of San Francisco there are cliques and clubs of boys and girls where each member brings his own model glider, and gliding contests happen every day.

The real trick of gliding is to rig up a glider on a very simple model, so you will not be so disappointed if it breaks all to bits in a moment, and start from the top of a grassy knoll with the wind dead against you. There seems to be really no danger of accident and almost any boy can work out a satisfactory glider for short flights. The boys who are making series of successful low, even flights, in home-made gliders, that are scarcely more than toys, are beyond a doubt the daring aviators of to-morrow.

## The Prince Who Was a Spendthrift

By Bristow Adams, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



In the Hollow of the Old Buckeye

MY friends, let me tell you a true story of a Prince who was a spendthrift and wasted his heritage. The King, his father, banished the youth from the royal palace, and forbade him the use of the crops of the field, the wealth of the mines, and the products of the sea and of the streams that flowed down to it. But the King did not think to bar the use of the forest, and was surprised one day when he rode beyond the palace grounds and found a stately mansion, framed with the massive oak and paneled in fragrant cedar. That night a feast was spread there for the King. Tables were piled high with tree fruits, and lighted by the oil of tropic nuts. Musicians played soft-sounding wooden instruments—the clarinet, and oboe, and bassoon. And for his skill in making this answer to the angry King's decree, the Prince was received back into his father's house. Whereat he mended his ways, took upon himself the grateful task of caring for the forests, and lived to advocate the mighty use of trees, which the King had forgotten to interdict. But since then there was a time when the lesson that the Prince learned was forgotten. The people were profli-

gate and wasted Nature's bounty of the forests.

When the Judean hills were forest-clad, when the cedars of Lebanon grew to be builded into Solomon's Temple, Palestine was in the height of its glory. To-day it is a desert place, bearing the stamp of poverty and despair. For the forests of a country, and the care which that country bestows upon them, measure

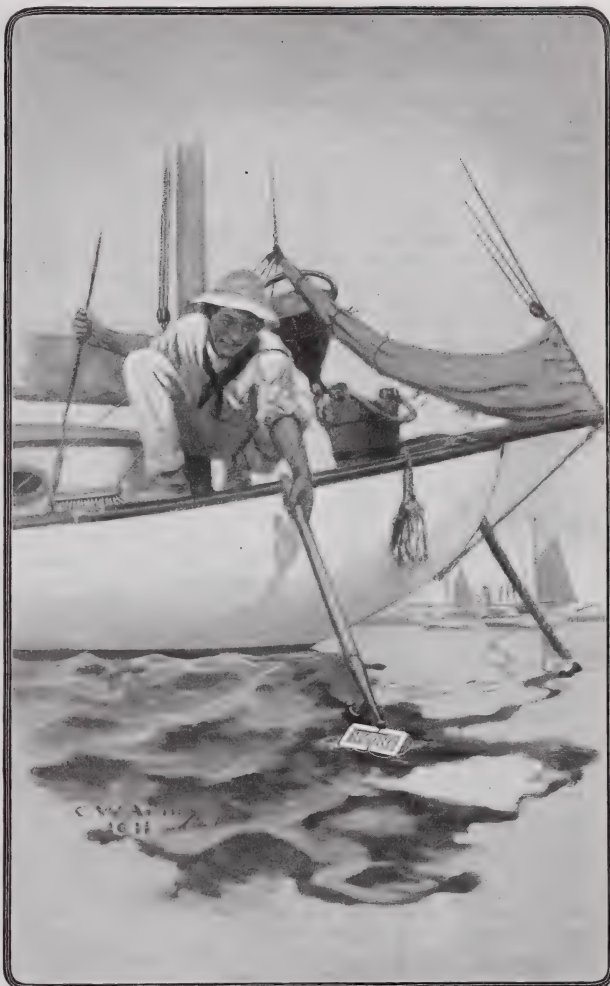
that country's progressiveness. The land that was ancient Palestine is under the dominion of Turkey; and Turkey, like China, has no care for its trees.

The forests must be saved if we are to have wood for home-building; they must be saved if our rivers are to be a source of help and not of harm. Without the forest soil to store up the rain, the rivers range from turbid floods to dry channels. When they flow as torrents they wash good soil from fertile fields, and with it choke up commercial waterways. If the nation is to prosper the great resources of the forests must not be wasted, but must be used wisely and made to renew themselves year after year, to promote the comfort and wealth of the people. The generations that destroy the forest will be false to a

### The City Mouse and Garden Mouse

The city mouse lives in a house.  
The garden mouse lives in a bowser.  
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,  
And sees the pretty plants in flower.  
The city mouse eats bread and cheese;  
The garden mouse eats what he can;  
We will not ride him seeds and stocks,  
Poor little timid furry man.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



"Thank Goodness—it floats!"

sacred trust, and will have robbed of their heritage the generations to come.

Then let us all unite in a campaign to save the trees—to plant trees, and to care for them. Here is a crusade,

worthy of our highest efforts, in which all may join in a common cause—the protection of our forests, that they may maintain their usefulness and beautify our land forever.

## More August Prizes—Topsy-Turvy Verse

FOR best animal stories in less than 300 words—subject, The picture on this page entitled, "In the Hollow of the Old Buckeye"—we will give a first prize of a best Brownie Kodak, a second prize of a box of best Japanese water-color paints, and a third prize of a standard, Naval, Blue-Hill Box-Kite, an airship in itself and a wonderful flyer.

### Topsy-Turvy Verse

These topsy-turvy verses are always such fun to puzzle out. Every boy and girl who straightens this one out correctly shall receive the charming Cozy Corner Booklet No. 3.

Be sure to enter this

prize contest. We are preparing a delightful surprise for every girl and boy in the homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes, and this is why I especially want to hear from you all, for no one must be overlooked. If you have not already written, or entered these Cozy Corner Prize Contests, do write to-day.

Good-Night Verse  
O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Author  
C. G. Brown



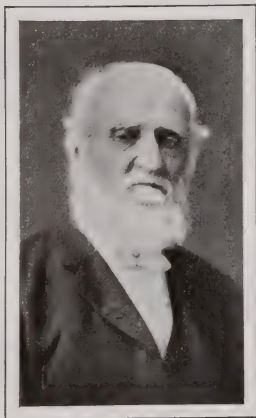
### Topsy-Turvy Verse

And turnip tops the morning  
For tea in carrots with,  
I'm sure be happy bunny,  
If a can be to be ought.



## A VETERAN WORKER DEAD

A VETERAN American missionary, Dr. Caleb Cook Baldwin, passed away July 19. He was born in 1820, graduated from Princeton in 1846, and in 1848 went to Foochow, China, as a missionary under the A. B. C. F. M. Only one Protestant missionary, Mr. Stephen Johnson, preceded Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin in this foreign field. Besides his regular missionary labors, Dr. Baldwin made a number of valuable contributions to the literature of



Dr. Caleb C. Baldwin

the mission field. He is the author of *The Catechism of Christian Doctrine* (1855), a Chinese-English dictionary (on which he labored jointly with Dr. Maclay) and a complete translation of the Bible into Chinese. A significant tribute to the worth of Dr. Baldwin's literary efforts was the erection of the Baldwin Bible and Tract Depot, from which many thousands of Scriptures, leaflets and tracts have been issued.

Dr. Baldwin's wife was Miss Harriet Fairchild of Bloomfield, N. J. She was his faithful helpmeet in all his work. He was a forceful preacher and was credited with having started the first campaign against the use of opium in China. Dr. Baldwin is survived by one son and three daughters: Albert B. Baldwin of 32 Chelsea Place, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Whitman Robbins of Durban, Africa; Mrs. William S. Fairchild of Glen Ridge, N. J., and Mrs. H. Gertrude Gerry of 84 Sussex Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

## Working for a Better City

LOS ANGELES has advanced to a city of the first class with a rapidity unknown among large municipalities. Yet in this city of 319,000 people there is no slum! Much as nature favors the city, equal credit must be awarded its public-spirited leaders. Notable among the workers in social service is Dana Bartlett. About fifteen years ago he became pastor of the Bethlehem Church. Into its neighborhood came foreign elements which have now entirely eliminated the American born.

With earnest devotion Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, studying the situation, learned to master it; learned a way of increasing service to the new neighbors. Their devotion has attracted other picked social workers—a choice group with varied talents, teachers, nurses, visitors, preachers, administrators to the social settlement work at 510 Vigues Street, Los Angeles. An institutional work of vast interest and

far-reaching influence has grown up. The polyglot peoples complicate the situation—Italians, Jews, Greeks, Spaniards, Russians—but all respond to the means of help for body, mind, spirit, offered there. In this space it is hardly possible even to name the multifarious lines of activity. Visitors, with pentecostal tongues, enter the homes as accepted friends. There are free dispensaries and community nurses. Night schools disseminate knowledge in various languages. There are hotels for stranded men, their past life not interrogated, with the cheer of music, reading, sociability of a large family life, encouraged to start upward again. Children are taken from cheerless streets out to the flower-laden country in summer.

Here was established the first public bath and swimming pool, its privileges obtainable for a nickel, patronized by 30,000 annually; a splendid enforcement to morals and health. Coffee clubs with cheap but wholesome meals, music, lectures, reading, are eagerly utilized by hundreds of men from nearby factories. Encouraged by first success, like the banyan tree, the institution has been given root in three other localities. In a few years, their importance will equal that of Bethlehem.

## A Word About Coupons

All friends who are desirous of enlarging THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family should immediately cut out the six coupons which appeared in last week's issue and send them to us properly signed, so as to be numbered among the thousand who will receive a copy of that beautiful hand-colored picture, "Dreamland." As we stated last week, we have a limited number of these pictures, and first come will be first served. And do not forget, there are other rewards which you may receive in addition to "Dreamland." Read the offer carefully, cut out the coupons, get your friends and neighbors to try THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for four months, send the coupons to us properly signed and accompanied with 25 cents each, and the rewards will be sent you at once. Remember, you have but a limited time in which to work, so begin at once.

## The Shunammite's Faith

Continued from page 804

his hands upon the child's hands, and he warmed the child's body with his own. Then he went out and walked up and down in the house and prayed to God. The wife must have seen him walking to and fro, and wondered. Then he went up again and stretched himself once more upon the child, and the child sneezed seven times. And the child opened his eyes and looked into the face of the prophet. And Elisha called Gehazi and said, "Go and call the mother." Gehazi, perhaps, led her tenderly up to the door of that little chamber; and when she had come in, Elisha said, "Take up thy boy; he is risen from the dead; he has come back to live with you again; he is not dead. He is risen again." She fell at the feet of the prophet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her boy, and went out to her husband, into the fields at the evening time.

What an experience as a woman and a mother she had gone through between the time her husband called to her and the time she took the boy out to him and told him the story! Not one of our loved ones but was given of God, and one was taken away, but was taken away for some good purpose by his will. It was true in Elisha's time, true in Christ's time, and is true in our time, that he that believeth shall have his prayers answered. None who believe are lost, but all shall rise again.

## A Trophy for Corn Growers

A SILVER prize cup has been donated by the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, and is to be given to the farmer growing the best thirty ears of corn exhibited at the Exposition. The cup, which is beautifully designed, is 24 inches in height, is pure silver, and weighs 200 ounces. The Exposition is to be held in New York next November.

## AT THE PARSONAGE

Coffee Runs Riot No Longer

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching, and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic and my old tremulous nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

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# THE MEANING OF SIN\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE siege of Jerusalem began in the year B.C. 588, when Nebuchadnezzar, the great king of Babylon, brought his army and surrounded the city, determined to capture it. Huge battering rams to smash the walls, and firebrands thrown on the walls to set fire to the city, were the principal implements of war used by Nebuchadnezzar's army, while the men of Jerusalem defended the city by mounting catapults for throwing heavy stones down upon the besiegers, and made valiant use of bows and arrows. Nebuchadnezzar employed such "sharpshooters." The men of Jerusalem pulled down many of their homes that they might use the material to reinforce the walls in places where the rams were battering. The gates of the city were closed, so there was no possibility of getting food from the country round about. The siege continued eighteen months, and there was no bread left in the city, and starvation came as Nebuchadnezzar's ally. The brave defenders became weak, and the Chaldeans broke into the city on the north. Then King Nebuchadnezzar and his officers held a council of war, and King Zedekiah took that time to get out of Jerusalem with his princes and his army. They sneaked out by night through a secret gate, but they had not gone far when they were overtaken by King Nebuchadnezzar's army, and made prisoners. Cruel was the fate of King Zedekiah; while he was looking on, they put out his son's eyes, and then they put out Zedekiah's eyes, and bound him with heavy chains, and took him to their far-away city of Babylon. They also brought away all the people of Jerusalem—the good prophet Jeremiah with the rest; only the very old people and the lame and weak were left behind. King Nebuchadnezzar, when the journey was nearly made, at Riblah, gave Jeremiah his choice whether he would be released, and return free to Jerusalem, or go back to Babylon. Jeremiah chose to go back to Jerusalem. This offer was

made to Jeremiah, because he had many times told King Zedekiah and his people that they should not try to defend their city, but that they should yield to Nebuchadnezzar to save their lives, for God was no longer their helper because of their sins.

What a sad-looking place was Jerusalem when Jeremiah returned to it! The walls were broken down; God's beautiful temple was burned and stripped of all its golden treasures by the soldiers of Nebuchadnezzar. The beautiful palaces of the princes were burned down, and the whole city was in ruins.

## Why God Disciplined Judah

For more than four hundred years God had been pleading through his prophets with the people of Judah to give up their idolatry, Sabbath breaking and drunkenness. He had placed a new covenant before them. He had even allowed some punishment to come upon them as a warning when, ten years before, King Nebuchadnezzar had fought against Jerusalem, and carried away a large number of prisoners (possibly ten thousand). But alas! they were too steeped in wrongdoing to be rescued from its folly and the dire consequences.

## Sin a Boomerang

A boomerang is a weapon peculiar to the aboriginal people of Australia. It is a flat curved piece of wood, not over two feet in length, which when thrown by a practiced hand flies in a curve, and returns to the thrower. Sin is to be compared with a boomerang, because the sinner is bound to feel the evil consequences of his sinning, as did the people of Judah, when they grasped the idea of worshipping idols instead of the true God; in the end it cut them off from all they possessed. In Australia we saw "Boomerang Whisky" advertised on large posters. Possibly it was a native drink, but certainly never was whisky more appropriately named, because those who indulge in strong drink are sure to be injured by it, morally, physically, socially and eternally. All forms of sin have the boomerang quality. The liar is sure to find himself involved in uncomfortable conditions. The dishonest person loses his standing among his fellows, even if he does not come to prison, which he is likely to do. Sin and suffering go together always!

## The Deceitfulness of Sin

It is illustrated by the "tsetse fly," which produces the sleeping sickness, or lethargy, of Central Africa. Scientists have carefully studied the process, and they tell us that a species of flies called *Glossina palpalis* is the instrument of infection. These flies feed on diseased animals in the jungles, and afterward they fly away and light upon human beings and bite them; but very little is usually thought of a fly-bite. The bite of the tsetse fly, however, introduces a poison into the system which leads to the obstruction of the blood vessels of the brain, so that the brain is no longer nourished, and the fatal sleeping sickness ensues, which caused the death of more than one hundred thousand persons alone in Uganda from 1901 to 1904.

The indifference of sinners to their lost condition is to be compared with the sleeping sickness. Those who are not aroused go down to eternal death. The church and the Sunday School are the agencies appointed to awaken those asleep in sin, who are either dreaming that they are all right, or that there is no punishment for sin. How full of meaning to all such is the story of the downfall of Judah!

No remedy has been found for the fatal bite of the tsetse fly, but it is different with those infected by sin, for

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16).

## Whereunto Sin May Grow

A boy walked into a painter's shop one day and saw a keg containing fifty pounds of white lead. Just beside it was a smaller keg filled with red paint. In each was a wooden paddle for stirring up the paint. The boy picked up the paddle in the smaller keg, and watched the thin red stream flowing from it. He heard a noise, and turned to see what it was, and a single drop of the red paint fell into the white lead. There it lay, one little red spot in the white mass. The boy was frightened and did not know what to do. If he had taken a stick, or the point of his pocket knife, he might have taken out the drop of red paint, but instead he tried to stir it in. At first a little red streak followed the paddle, and soon it disappeared, but some of the lead was stained a light pink. The boy kept on stirring until he could see no pink. It seemed to him as clean and pure as ever. But presently the painter came in, and the first thing he said was, "That keg of lead isn't very white. I wonder what is the matter with it." Then the boy tremblingly confessed what he had done. It is altogether a mistake to talk about "a small sin." We can never stir a lie or any wrong thing into our characters and be as pure as we were before. The only way to do is to get it out by confessing it to our Lord, and asking his forgiveness. It is not enough to tell some loved friend that we are sorry; that is only stirring it in. There was a first time when the people of Judah turned from the worship of the true God to the worship of idols. If they had only turned from it then, how different would have been all their history after that! We should not to-day be studying about the downfall of Jerusalem, and the sorrowful song of the captives in Babylon.

How crooked have been the paths of Judah as we have been studying about them for the last few weeks! Only once in a while, when they had a good king like Hezekiah and Josiah, did they make straight paths. And at last how crooked was the path that brought them to Babylon! There at last God had them where they were convinced that they must keep to the straight path, for they never again were guilty of worshipping idols. The Good Shepherd had broken their nation only to heal it again through his loving kindness.

## Called Higher

SETH BROWN, long a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was called very suddenly to the Master's vineyard on March 7, 1911, at Largo, Fla.

Mrs. Mary C. Strickland, Strickland Hill, Pa., aged 89 years, was called home March 3, 1911. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Margaret Perie Anderson, aged 78 years, of Enterprise, Ontario, Can., passed peacefully away January 3, 1911. For many years a subscriber of this paper.

Mrs. Margaret Miller Hyson (83), many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed away at her home near Stewartstown, Pa., November 25, 1910.

Mrs. S. J. Carpenter, of Erie, Pa., who has been a regular subscriber to this paper for many years, died last November at the age of nearly eighty-four years.

Mr. Thomas Keoun, of Springhill, La., was called to his reward January 16, 1911, aged 79. He had been a member of the Methodist Church for fifty years and a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over thirty years.

Mrs. Harriet H. Parks, of Round Lake, N. Y., for many years a reader and subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed to her home above November 10, 1910, in her seventy-fifth year. She was a faithful Christian all her life.



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## Co-operative Capital

THERE may have been men who started out to accumulate money in order that they might be the better able to help their fellows in a philanthropic way; but as a rule the man who is out to win money for its own sake is never an altruist, and is apt to become indifferent to the injury he may inflict on others, so long as he succeeds, within his own limitations and without placing himself within the grip of the law. But even the selfish man, though he may be indifferent to ethics, or to the effect of his methods on others, cannot win in a safe way without doing good, though the latter may be the thing furthest from his thoughts.

### The Benefit of Co-operation

If a man lived all alone, like Robinson Crusoe, his acts, good or bad, would react only on himself. When man Friday came into Robinson Crusoe's life, even though Friday was the slave and so took on himself most of the hard work, there were two to think of, and so two to benefit or to suffer by the acts of both or either. If we multiply the toiler and the employer indefinitely, adding to them the responsibilities of the wives and children that keep the community in perpetuity, we get a fair idea of society, as it exists at this time and as it must always exist, unless human nature changes beyond all our conceptions; and this, reasoning, as Patrick Henry has it, "from the past," we have no reason to expect.

Co-operation has long been the dream of the idealist, and of not a few hard-headed, practical men, who, in a limited way, have demonstrated its feasibility; but these good people have gone on striving without, as it appears, realizing that all governments, all great business enterprises, all education, all religious effort, indeed, are gradually crystallizing into a practical form of co-operation. What the philanthropists dream of and work for is gradually being brought about through the inevitable operation of natural laws.

Not only are the citizens of every State being brought into closer relationship by this premeditated or unpremeditated co-operation, but, with the spread of intelligence and the broadening of human interests, we find it bringing into closer business sympathy nations that formerly kept jealously aloof, and so increasing the feeling of brotherhood that is destined to eliminate war from the future of civilized nations.

It is not a missionary or a philanthropic purpose that urges communities and nations more and more to realize their interdependence on each other, for the motive is stronger than a generous impulse; it is a law of trade as irresistible and as inevitable as the rise and fall of the tide. This interdependence, that compels organization and trade co-operation, is the first great factor in modern business enterprise. The second factor, which is akin to the first, is Credit; that is, faith in the other fellow's promise to pay.

### Your Part in the Work

The average man, engaged, and, it may be, absorbed, in his own particular life work, who takes time to look about him, and to consider the mighty enterprises being undertaken near by and afar off, will be apt to ask: "Where does all the money to do this work come from?" Realizing his own small deposit in savings or other kind of bank, and feeling that he is quite as well off as most of his hard-working neighbors, he may recall the great city whom he has read, and reason that the money for railroad, telegraph, foundry,

factory, mine, steamship, and every other great work, comes from the capitalist. To a certain extent the average man is right. The capitalists, whether they be banks or individuals, as a rule supply the money for every important undertaking, but—and this is the nubbin, as they say out West, of the whole question—they do not go down into their own pockets for the essential cash; they use other people's money; your money, perhaps, if it is in a bank.

No; this is not taking advantage of a man who is not skilled in finance, who has not qualified in the high school of Thrift. It is helping him; it is bringing him into that great co-operative brotherhood—not meant to be philanthropic, mark you—that, as has just been said, is bringing communities and nations closer together.

Let us suppose that you are living in a community in which there is a savings bank and that you have, by dint of hard work and self-denial, saved \$3,000, which may be the limit that your bank will take from one depositor, and on which you are getting as interest 4 per cent. per annum, or \$120, a sum worth the consideration of a much richer man. There are people who think that in some mysterious way money grows in the vaults of a bank as chickens grow in an incubator; but even these good people could not be satisfied with such a conclusion if they stopped to think. The savings bank pays 4 per cent., but that is not the limit of its obligations. It must have a building, usually an expensive, fireproof one, with vaults and other appliances for the safety of money and securities. It must have a staff of salaried officials, all responsible, experienced, and, as a rule, worth much more than they get. To all this must be added insurance, stationery, and all other incidentals of a great business, a business conducted in accordance with law and under the careful supervision of skilful law officers; and the only income to meet all this expense is money that it stands ready to return on a proper demand, and on which, meanwhile, it is paying 4 per cent. per annum.

### Another Phase of the Problem

Money is as much the blood necessity of trade, as the red current is of our own bodies. Stagnation means disease or death. The very word "currency," as applied to money, means something that runs or flows, like a courier or a river. Under law, the investments of the savings banks are limited to securities that are at once safe and convertible.

A good mortgage is always convertible; that is, you can always raise money on it, at a bank of loan and discount. A good railroad bond is equally safe and convertible, and so with other forms of desirable securities. We can see then that if the savings banks, and this will apply to other legitimate depositories, would have the cash to pay the interest pledged to depositors, and to meet the other obligations, they must take the money, other people's money, from their vaults and loan it out, under the conditions sanctioned by law, to other people with work to be paid for, and who are willing to pay for the secured loan a percentage that will meet all the savings bank's obligations and leave a small margin of profit, certainly no margin of loss.

This is a very interesting question, and at first it may seem a bit confused and complicated; but it will become clearer as we go on. Meanwhile, if you have some money in a savings or other bank, and you stand wondering at the great undertakings going on near at hand and far away, it may flash on you: "My money, and the money of men like me, is carrying on these great undertakings."



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## Young People's Societies

### The Debt of the Strong\*

THE two greatest temptations which menace the Christian youth of today, are, perhaps, the temptation to drink and the temptation to smoke. If everybody could be sure that he would never exceed the bounds of moderation, there would, perhaps, be little need of counseling resistance to these temptations. As matters stand, we find that moderation is exceptional and that the results of excess, especially in drinking, usually involve the most heart-sickening and revolting degradation and suffering.

This is so clearly shown in the case of intemperance that scarcely a word of demonstration is required. Will-power, self-respect, intellect, soul—all these fall before King Alcohol. He can turn a manly man into a cowering brute, and a loving husband and father into a wife-beater and murderer. In fact, the associations connected with beer, wine and whisky are so painful and so horrifying that one wonders how any sane man or woman can ever derive any pleasure whatever from tasting them.

But the vice of smoking is not so patent. Everybody admits that the habit is filthy, and that it is so expensive that few young men can afford to smoke; but a comparatively small number realize the insidious way in which nicotine poisons blood and tissue, making a man far less able than he otherwise would be, to resist disease; so that many a death attributed to typhoid fever or appendicitis is really due to tobacco. Still fewer realize that the children of smokers are much more liable to disease and likely to be defective than those of others.

Therefore, the upright and moral course for the strong Christian who wishes to "set a pace," which, and only which, can be safely followed by the weaker brother, is to refrain entirely from the use of alcoholic drinks and of tobacco.

As Mary Lyon used to say, "It is just as wrong to murder by degrees as to murder all at once." Anything which harms the health, especially anything which tends to hand down a strain of permanent deterioration for our race, is "murder by degrees," and it is just as wicked as any other kind of murder.

It must be, the Scriptures tell us, that we shall be tempted. It is only by resisting temptation that strength of character is gained, but one of earth's lofty spirits has encouraged us in our battle, in these words: "The Lord in the world, by means of combats and temptations, glorified our humanity—that is, made it divine; in like manner now, with a man individually, while he is in temptations, the Lord fights for him and conquers the evil spirits that are infesting him."

A few hours after the awful Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago some years ago, a young girl was observed in a street car to be greatly agitated. A lady ventured to ask the cause of her unusual excitement. The girl said that she had escaped unhurt from the disaster, "but, oh," she cried, "I didn't save anybody else. I didn't even try to." She recognized to the full the opportunity which, in her panic and fear, she had lost.

The poet has reminded us of the great reward and influence of the man who does not meekly follow when brilliant leaders beckon downward, but who ventures to hold to the right at whatever cost. It is in the noble line,

He serves all that dares be true.

### Persia and Turkey\*

THE enormous strength of the Mohammedan Church makes any effective missionary work among its adherents especially difficult. They are earnest and faithful in their religion, and are fully persuaded that it is the best in the world. Only by seeing the fruits of Christian living, its education, its order and cleanliness, and the beauty of the model Christian home, can their confidence in Islam be shaken.

The revolution in Turkey, largely due to the advantages which the Young Turks have enjoyed in Christian schools, has certainly helped along the progress of Protestantism. President Merrill of Aintab, Turkey, says that one very encouraging fact for our missionaries is the division going on among the Mohammedans. In one city, 500 Mohammedan men are said to be carefully studying the Scriptures. The education which has been disseminated throughout the land has stirred their minds and hearts. They want to know. They do not come out boldly for the new faith, but that they are inquiring into it is an encouraging sign.

It was especially a great question among the Turks, when our missionaries went over there eighty years ago, whether girls had the ability to learn so difficult an art as reading. Few men there knew how to read. They did not believe girls could ever do it; but in 1836 a school for girls was actually opened in Smyrna. Now there are 400 schools for girls and boys scattered over Asia Minor alone, and the thirst for knowledge there is pathetic. New schools are constantly being started, and the leaven they spread shows in the politics and the whole civilization of the country.

Dr. Talcott Williams, in an address at Brooklyn in 1908, said: "Many causes have combined to turn the hearts of the men of Turkey; but if we ask ourselves what is the governing factor which has brought about the first of the world's bloodless revolutions, we do ill if we forget that for eighty years the American missionaries have been laying the foundations and preaching the doctrines which make free government possible."

"Every student leaving these American schools," says W. E. Curtis, "has carried the germ of progress to his sleeping town."

But the greatest improvement visible from the missionaries' work in both Turkey and Persia is in the uplift of woman. Mrs. Labaree says that at a recent exhibition at the close of the school year at Fiske Seminary at Oromiaha, many mothers were present to hear their daughters recite and sing. These mothers were overheard saying to each other: "We are like animals, but just think what our daughters are going to be!"

The position of girls in Persia is still almost as low as in China and India, in spite of these few exceptions. Mothers weep when girls are born to them. Knowing how cruelly wives are treated, these mothers begin early to accustom their daughters to hard work and beating. "For trifling mistakes and misdemeanors which would never be noticed in a boy, a girl is scolded and whipped," says Annie Van Sommer. "At meal-times she takes the last place, and eats what is left after the rest are through. When on holidays the boys get presents, the girls go away empty-handed. Even for a boy's dress more is spent than for a girl's."

The crowning insult to women in all Mohammedan countries is the ease with which their husbands may divorce them, and their utter helplessness under such brutality.

Surely Christ's Gospel is sorely needed among the Moslem nations.

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\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, August 27. TEXTS: Rom. 15:1-1; 1 Cor. 8:13; 10:31-33.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, August 27. TEXT: Acts 4:13-31.



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# Christian Herald

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## Questions and Answers

W. J. T., Farris, Wash. Paul speaks of the "third heaven," thus implying a first and second. What in your opinion are we to understand by this?

The term "third" here marked a stage or degree in the apostle's spiritual raptures and in his revelations. "Caught up" in the original implies a trance or ecstasy. He is, of course, relating his own experience. According to the commentators, the first heaven or stage of spiritual exaltation is that of the clouds, the air; the second, that of the stars, the sky; the third, above both, where God's glory continually shines (see Eph. 4: 10).

J. A. D., Beaver Falls, Pa. In answering the question asked by Mrs. E. G. D., Yarmouth, Me., about the necessity of the rod for any one in nearing the shadow of death (Ps. 23: 4) you accept the common interpretation, viz.: That "walking" means the death of the one who is walking. Walking in the valley and shadow of death rather means living in it. I myself have been walking in this valley for almost eighty years, and I find all that is said in the subsequent verse to the end is literally true, as far as I have gone. Thy rod (*shebet*, a sceptre) and thy staff (*misheneth*, a support) they comfort me, as I travel on in the valley. Verse 5: God covers a table with food for me among the enemies I meet in this life. He makes me a king, anointing my head with oil, and my cup of blessings runs over. Verse 6, he says, "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." He was not dead yet, and did not meet death until he came to the end of the walk, and then "I will dwell in the house of Jehovah forever." And this is true of every real Christian.

M. G. D., Brooklyn (referring to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG on Job 19: 26), writes: "I think that, in this one passage at least, the King James translation is better. Job says (in verse 25), 'My Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.' I think that the meaning is very clear, viz.: that, under divine inspiration, he referred to resurrection, when he should meet Christ. The words 'my Redeemer,' 'latter day,' and 'upon the earth,' I think make this clear enough. Ps. 17: 15 conveys the same idea: 'I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' See also Isa. 26: 19: 'Thy dead shall live,' 'my dead bodies shall rise.' I. Cor. 15: 52: 'The dead shall be raised.' I submit this with no spirit of controversy, but only with a desire for truth, regardless of theology, theory and tradition.

As we regard the matter, it is not a question of preference, but of accurate translation. The revisers in correcting the passage in question, have the support of the best modern theological scholarship. Besides, it harmonizes with I. Cor. 15: 44, 50, etc.

F. C., Greenup, Ill. 1. Where does Emerson use the quotation: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door"? 2. I am a young man extremely hard of hearing. I have tried specialists and the very latest electrical devices. I have prayed fervently and am asked for a restoration of my hearing.

1. The quotation is not to be found in Emerson. 2. There are appliances which are recommended as being very serviceable for improving defective hearing. Why not try these and pray that the trial may succeed?

J. P., Taft, Fla. As regards Turkey's treatment of Christians, is it not founded upon our faith in what God said to Abraham and Hagar: "He shall dwell in the presence of his brethren"? Can we prevent that, after trying so often and always having failed?

We do not regard the quotation as applicable in the least. Turkey's present persecution of her Christian subjects has been rendered possible solely by the indifference of the so-called Christian Powers, each of which, for its own political purposes, has chosen to protect Turkey rather than control it or visit its in-famies with proper punishment. Turkey has at different times enjoyed such protection from almost every important Power in Europe and it has always been the Turkish policy to "play off" one Christian Power against another, and

thus secure immunity for itself. The real union of Christian Europe would mean the political disruption of the Mohammedan power on that continent.

B. S., Dayton, O. Have missionary contributions to the various denominational societies fallen off during the past year, or have they reached the usual standard?

There is every year an attempt made to create the impression of a falling off; but the statistics do not bear this out. In the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, United Brethren, Baptist, Reformed Church, Dutch Reformed and Protestant Episcopal churches increases are reported varying from 20 to 25 and even 30 per cent. over the preceding year. The Methodist increase in foreign missionary offerings was \$48,800; Congregational, \$57,000; Dutch Reformed, \$20,000; P. E., \$30,000. The greatest increase of all was reported by the Layman's Missionary Movement, being \$219,000.

Rome in the fifth century A.D.; but the Gog of Revelation is probably most widely accepted as symbolizing Antichrist or some future barbarian power that is to arise against Christianity. 2. It would require more space than we have at command to review even briefly the opinions of the commentators concerning the probable identity of "the beast and the false prophet." One of the ablest writers, "I think it not unlikely that the false prophet will be the successor of the spiritual pretensions of the Papacy and the beast in its last form will be fully revealed Antichrist."

Mrs. E. McC., Hooperstown, Ill. Please reconcile the account of Herod's death in Matt. 3, and of Herod's beheading John in Mark 9.

Herod was the name of several royal persons mentioned in Scripture. It was a family name. The one mentioned in Matt. 2: 1-22 was known as Herod the Great and was the son of Antipa-

each three months; but being then unable to make the payments, a paid-up policy was taken for half the amount. At the expiration of the fifteen years a check for more than \$1,700 was given to the wife; but instead of being used for the benefit of the family as contemplated, it was all used for her own benefit in less than a year. When one child was one year old, a twenty-year endowment policy for \$1,900 was taken for the benefit of each; and when they reached the age of twenty-one a little less than \$1,100 was given to one, and a little more to the other. To make such payments, the father was obliged to deprive himself of many needed comforts, and to use economy in household expenses. The money that each had when becoming of age, is believed to have been an injury to them, enabling them to acquire extravagant habits, and preventing them from being thrifty and saving. A wise man will keep the control of his property in his own power.

Our correspondent recites a case which turned out unsatisfactorily, as even the most careful plans sometimes do. We publish his letter as it may furnish a useful hint to other parents who are providing for the future welfare of their families. It is generally admitted that money received without any needed effort on the part of the recipient, is not valued as would have been the case if it had been duly earned. This is equally true of both young and old.

A reader sends this beautiful verse to THE MAIL-BAG, which some may love to memorize: "Uncomplaining, though with care grown hoary,  
I desire to wear no crown of glory,  
Where my Saviour wore a crown of thorn,  
Not in paths of roses would I dally.  
Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,  
When He suffered bitter pain and scorn."

Amelia F., Syracuse, N. Y. If theatrical reform is desired, I believe it is, why do not the press (daily and weekly) unite in compelling such a reform?

We believe the press, if so minded, could accomplish this. Those who have any doubt concerning the need of a moral purification among the theatres would do well to read the illuminating report on the subject issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, which shows that the 497 theatres in greater New York alone have an average weekly attendance of 1,700,000 persons of whom 1,000,000 go to theatres of the cheapest class. Of the burlesque and vaudeville places, it is declared in the report that only five per cent. are meritorious, the rest being classed as stupid, crude, vulgar, objectionable. Yet it is not so much against these as against the pretentious, high-priced theatres that the heaviest indictment of immorality lies.

## Miscellaneous

Reader, Madelia, Minn. It is a punishable offense to remove another person's letters from the post of 2c, or to open a letter belonging to another.

G. P. M., Martinsburg, W. Va. Your figures are clear: wrong. The total estimated population of the globe is only 1,473,192,192. According to the best estimates, there are at the present time 477,080,108 Christians.

Old Subscriber, Seattle, Wash. The Mormons are pledged to obey the law which forbids polygamy. There is no prohibition possible of Mormon doctrine under our Constitution, which guarantees religious liberty and freedom of worship.

Mrs. M. A. C., Austin, Tex. If we nurse sin in our hearts, knowingly we grieve the Holy Spirit, which cannot dwell in the same temple (or body) that is given over to the world. "If any one have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

L. P. L., Elizabeth, N. J. There is no law which compels you to formally adopt the name of your stepfather. The fact that you have never been known by any other name than the one you have used for so long a time, is sufficient to entitle you to continue to use it as your own.

R. W. 1. The passage in Job 38: 6 has no reference to the shape of the earth. The whole chapter is replete with imagery and metaphor, to interpret which literally would be misleading. See also Job 22: 14; Isa. 40: 22, etc. These are not intended to be taken as literal descriptions, but as the language of poetry and metaphor. 2. The other passage to which you refer is not in the Bible.

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## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

B. B. H. How did the throwing of old shoes, etc., at weddings originate?

In Scripture, the receiving of a shoe was symbolic of dominion or authority over the receiver, and giving it back was an indication that such authority was denied or rejected (see Ruth 4: 7, 8). Throwing old shoes after wedded couples is an ancient superstitious custom, which was believed to propitiate success. It is used nowadays simply to indicate good wishes. Rice is the emblem of fertility.

E. S., Rock Glen, Pa. 1. What is the meaning of Rev. 20: 8? 2. Also Rev. 20: 10.

1. Although there have been various interpretations of Gog and Magog, the words are generally understood to be symbolical expressions for the heathen nations of Asia and probably for the Scythians particularly. Some ancient writers tell how some of the Caucasian people call their mountains Gog and their highest peaks Mazog. Another interpretation is that Gog meant the heathen Goths who invaded

ter. Herod Antipas, his son, succeeded him as tetrarch of Galilee. It was this Herod by whose order John was beheaded.

Veritas, New York City. The writer was much interested in the article on "Thrifty" in *The Christian Herald* of July 19, and fully indorses the advice given as to life insurance. In one of the daily papers of the past week the statement was made that "A father's sacrifice makes children selfish." Having known of one with such experience, the advice is earnestly given to all who contemplate insuring the lives by the endowment plan, to have the amount of the insurance made payable to their estates, or to themselves if living when the policy matures. A loving husband and father, when the elder of his two living children was an infant, insured his life by an endowment policy for three thousand dollars, payable to his wife in fifteen years. For seven and a half years, more than fifty-three dollars was paid as premium



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

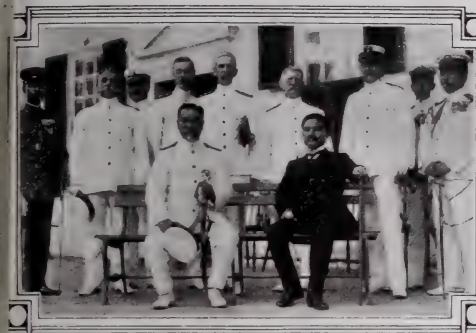
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Admiral and His Escort at Mount Vernon

Togo on the Mayflower

Inspecting the Naval Cadets at Annapolis



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## ADMIRAL TOGO'S AMERICAN HOLIDAY

ADMIRAL COUNT TOGO has more admirers in America than any other Japanese who ever lived. A few years ago nearly every pet dog was immediately named either Teddy or Togo, perhaps that isn't the highest possible honor which could be conferred, but it is a sure sign of popularity. Few the mighty little man from the land of cherry blossoms and warriors is enjoying a holiday. He is taking a trip round the world. Last month he was in England, where he saw the splendors of the coronation. During the past two weeks he has been here as the invited guest of the United States Government. Late Thursday night, August 3, the *Lusitania* arrived at quarantine with Uncle Sam's distinguished guest. The reception committee, on a government boat, met the *Lusitania* and took Admiral Count Togo at once to a special suite of rooms reserved for him by the government at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Then the tables were turned on the favorite war god of Japan. When the American battleship fleet visited Tokio on its cruise around the world, Admiral Togo acted as host, and he entertained right royally. As soon as he reached New York on his own cruise around the world, he found himself in the hands of a hearty and generous host, ready to return his hospitality in good measure, pressed down and running over. When Admiral Togo received a visit of welcome from the Mayor of New York at his hotel and then visited him at the City Hall, thousands of enthusiastic citizens crowded the streets and cheered him. His eyes gleamed with pleasure as he lifted his white naval cap repeatedly and bowed his thanks. There was, perhaps, in his mind a remembrance of the tumultuous ovations of his own countrymen when he returned to Japan in triumph after his great naval battle with the ill-fated Russian fleet. It was then, during an out-

pouring of popular enthusiasm such as the island empire had never before witnessed, that Togo was made a Count and head of the naval staff by imperial decree. The greeting he has now received from Americans bore quite a different significance for the famous warrior and his country. It is asserted that his reception has been one of the most brilliant ever given to a foreign visitor and that it is an indication of the friendship of the United States for Japan. So strongly has the Japanese Government been impressed with the cordiality of Togo's reception that the Emperor Mutsuhito, him-

affairs. He visited the navy yards, the military academy at West Point, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Niagara Falls, and many other places of note in Washington, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and Buffalo.

Perhaps the feature of his round of sight-seeing most to be dwelt upon was his visit to the home and the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. Many illustrious foreigners have thus paid tribute to the memory of the Father of Our Country. Never before had one of the greatest fighters of Japan entered this sacred place to meet, in spirit, the great

Washington. Reverently and with a brief invocation in Japanese, Admiral Count Togo placed a wreath of roses on the tomb of Washington. In the mansion where the nation's first President lived and died, Admiral Togo wrote his autograph in the guest book, bowed and saluted the bed where the great man died, paused with sudden interest before his sword and carefully read the inscription, then went silently out.

No doubt the Japanese Admiral saw with his mind as well as with his eyes all the wonders of the great metropolis and the great nation which came within his view. No doubt he studied the things and the people of America with eager interest. Let us look at him personally for

a moment and see what kind of a man he is. He has met their broadside good naturedly. The photographs all show a picture of a dapper little man, not much more than five feet tall, kindly and modest looking, dressed in plain black suit, derby hat, and patent leather shoes. He is politeness itself, but very retiring and reticent. Above all else, in the old code after which his boyhood schooling was conducted, he was taught absolute self

Continued on page 826



Admiral Count Togo Visits Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon

self, sent a cablegram of thanks and appreciation to President Taft after Admiral Togo had been here only a week.

The details of all the banquets, receptions, entertainments, sight-seeing trips, flowers and other attentions given Admiral Togo do not make up the most interesting features of this interesting visit of a very interesting visitor. He dined with the President in the White House, and with the Japanese Ambassador at the New Willard Hotel in Washington. He was the lion of the hour at numerous stag



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Henry N. Coudon, D.D.\*

## A PEOPLE WITHOUT VISION

TEXT: Prov. 29:18—"Where there is no vision the people perish."

WE ARE living in the midst of the most profound mysteries. The universe which surrounds us is a mystery. Life is a mystery. Death is shrouded in mystery, and back of all these is the most profound mystery—the Being whom we call God. But let us not be dismayed, for in the very nature of the case these things must needs be. Our eyes are holden; it needs the divine touch of heaven to open them to the glory round about us. We owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to the great men, the pure men, the noble men who have climbed the heights, dreamed dreams, seen visions and given them to the world. The visions of the past illumine the present for our benefit, and the visions of the now will throw their light far out into the future to guide coming generations.

### Our Debt to Science

We owe a debt therefore of gratitude to the patient men, the toiling men of science for what they have thrown upon the great world of matter about us. Through the laws of chemistry they have dissolved, as it were, the earth; separated it into its component parts; discovered the properties of which it is made. Through the study of geology they have gone down into the very bowels of the earth, counted them as the forester goes out in the forest and counts the rings on yonder mighty oak and tells us how long it has been in knitting those fibres of oak which stand the storms of the winter. So they have told us how little by little this great old earth of ours has been unfolded, and approximately they have told us its age. And so the men who keep the midnight vigil, sweeping the heavens with the telescope; gazing out upon star after star they have told us what it is; the invisible forces that hold this star or that star on its course. And the point I wish to call your attention to here is this, That the star you behold that sweeps on its course unfaithfully is not the substance, it is only the form of those stupendous laws which are ever going out from God that keep them to their courses.

But what of man? Man! Oh, what a wonderful being! All the stars of yonder heaven are not comparable to one man. But what is life? We say the tree is known by its fruits. That is true; but those silent, invisible, mysterious forces working in and through the tree to produce the result are infinitely greater than the fruit itself. So we are taught to judge man by his achievements; but that silent, invisible, mysterious something working in and through man is infinitely greater than anything that any man ever thinks or does. Says Emerson: "The philosophy of 6,000 years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul in its experiments. There has always been in the last analysis a residuum it could not dissolve." So there is something infinitely greater in man than anything he says or does; something final; something akin to the eternal Father. Says Emerson again: "A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide." What we commonly call man—the eating, drinking, planning, counting man—does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself; him we do not respect, but the soul whose organ he is, would he let it appear in his acts, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect it is genius; when it breathes through his will it is virtue; when it flows through his affections it is love.

### Seeing God in His Works

Can we know God? Just as we know the human soul so we may know God. What I have said of the soul is equally applicable to God. But, first—this soul that we have been speaking of—can it die? Nature is full of tricks; nature is wonderfully deceptive. When the body grows cold, the limbs become rigid; when the eyes which looked out love upon you are closed; when the lips which spoke

music to your soul are hushed; when the hand that grasped yours with warm sympathy, tenderness, love, is cold, you say, "That is death; that is death." Here we stand, my friends, upon the summit of a lofty mountain. All around us is darkness. We look out toward the east and by and by we see a faint motion, a faint glimmering, as it were, of light. By and by a shaft of light shoots up, and then another, until the whole horizon is painted with beauty and grandeur; and by and by, as we stand there, the sun appears in all its regal splendor, filling the earth with glory, and we say, "Oh what a magnificent sunrise!" That is a mistake; the sun did not rise. That is a delusion of nature; we have all the time been going round and round on this dear old earth until we have been brought within the influence of the sun. Again, we stand here and we say, "Oh what a magnificent red rose! Look at it. How beautiful is the red rose!"

The fact is, my friends, the rose is anything else but red. By a trick of nature all the colors are absorbed in that rose but the red, and that is thrown back upon the retina of the eye and paints red upon the brain. That is a delusion. So when you look down upon your prostrate friend and the eyes open no more, the lips speak no more—the will, the light, the love, the sympathy—you say, "All gone; he is dead." Not a bit of it. Man was born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow will never fade; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where bright forms of human beauty, which here passed before us like visions, shall live, shall stay in our presence forever. So, as I said a moment ago, as we know the soul so we know God, for he is a perpetual revelation. Not that we can comprehend God—that were impossible, for God is infinite, we are finite; God is absolute, we relative; God is all-inclusive, we integral parts of a stupendous whole. But we know God as we know man, through his works. You go out on a starry night and look up into the glorious heavens; how much beauty, how much grandeur, how much glory is displayed there. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language: their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

### How God Speaks to His Children

It is a great thing to have the vision of the truth. It was great gain to Paul when he saw the Christ, for whom he had suffered "the loss of all things." It is the man who in this world can point to the pierced hand and to the wounded side that is going to be the magnet for him. If you only let your hearts lean on him how he will comfort you! how he will strengthen you! It is one thing to be orthodox in the head; it is another thing to be orthodox in the heart. It is one thing to accept the truth through the intellect, but it is another thing to let it percolate through the heart.

A short time ago, I sat in the great Symphony Hall in Boston, and a magnificent orchestra was giving to the public those pastoral symphonies of Beethoven. As I sat there and looked out upon the audience, through others' eyes, I found that every nation on earth was represented there, and I found the Frenchman, the German, the Jew, the Italian, whatever he might be, was receiving into his heart those magnificent tones. That great, swelling harmony which touched the soul and spoke to every human being was the heavens declaring "the glory of God," not only to you and me, but to all his children all over the earth; for, since music is the universal language through which God speaks to his children, so is the beauty, so is the magnificence that we see around us but the universal language of God.

Then we know God in all his fulness and sweetness in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the revelation

of God's heart. What was the burden of his Gospel? What, after all, is he, that all things else that Christ spake cluster about? It is this—Fatherhood Brotherhood. In this twentieth century, thank God it is Brotherhood that is sweeping the world—Fatherhood; Brotherhood. And so Christ brought to the world a Father—a loving, tender Father "Oh, yes," you say, "God is a King." Yes, but he is a Father-King. You say, God is a Judge; yes, but he is a Father-Judge, and he loves us with all the love that you can think of.

Now I want to recite you a poem which expresses all I have tried to tell you:

Sweet the exultance of song,  
But the strain that precedes it is sweeter  
And never was poem yet writ  
But the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows  
But a mystery guideth the growing;  
Never a river that flows  
But a majesty scepters the flowing.

Great are the symbols of being,  
But that which is symbolized is greater;  
Vast the Creation, and boundless,  
But vaster the mighty Creator.

Back of the song broods the silence,  
Back of the gift stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives  
Is the sensitive nerve of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit;  
The deed is outdone by the doing;  
Warm is the heart of the woer,  
But warmer the heart of the wooing.

### God's Infinite Plan

This is the vision I leave with you: The whole human family is involved in a stupendous and in finite plan, and each member of the family is potent factor in its consummation. We may haste or we may retard its progress. We are free moral agents—a stupendous responsibility, but one which cannot be shirked; we must receive it; how can we help it? What Tennyson says will perhaps bring your minds the thought which I desire to impress upon your hearts:

God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

How sweet to be thus *en rapport* with God; to be permitted to work together with him! No matter what our calling is in this life; no matter what our circumstances; we are all the children of his care and included in his great plan of salvation.

Oh, my friends, it is not what we get out of the world but what we put into the world that count in this life. The man that digs a ditch by the grace of God is doing more toward helping the cause of humanity than the man who amasses millions in respect of who goes down to defeat because of his plan. Let us then give our minds, our hearts, our souls to God. We have a magnificent republic, and I want to warn you here in my parting word that the truth of our text has been illustrated over and over again—"Where there is no vision the people perish." God grant that this magnificent country of ours may not be overwhelmed by luxury and greed, but may the minds and hearts of men be fixed upon the living God who thus far has guided through all its vicissitudes and made it strong an great.

But let me tell you right here: We are probably the wealthiest nation on all the face of the earth but that does not constitute our greatness; we perhaps are as educated a people as there is on the face of this earth, but that does not constitute our greatness. Lord Wellington once said: "Education without religion and you do but make the clever devils." Education is not our greatness. We have a splendid past, a splendid literature, but that does not constitute our greatness. What does constitute our greatness? An overwhelming faith in God our Father, and in Jesus Christ his only Son—that we may give our minds and hearts and souls to him, and be led on and on to glory.

\* Chaplain, House of Representatives. This sermon was preached at the Ocean Grove Auditorium, Sunday, July 9, 1911.



## THE DOVE OF PROMISE

The Chantry of the Air-Ship

I

OD hath sent the peaceful pruninghook and  
banished every sword;  
hath said and he will do it—he will keep his  
kingly word.  
ar the songs of mighty armies in melodious  
accord.

As they go marching on.

II

e soldiers on the battlefield gaze upward with  
a shout,  
then they see the white-winged vision that shall  
turn the world about.  
ne the bloodshed and the fighting; gone the  
agony and rout.  
As it goes flying on.

III

ow the ships upon the ocean fear no longer  
any foe,  
ar above them sails a helper, where the shore-  
less currents flow.  
shall lead the nations closer in God's brother-  
hood below.  
While Peace comes marching on.

IV

ow shall he who plants a vineyard pluck the  
harvest with delight,  
nd the fig-tree wave its banners, and the  
almond blossom white.  
ow no longer battle's horrors; now no longer  
war's afflict,  
For Love is marching on.

V

nd the snowy lilies glimmer where the blood-  
red waters whirled;  
nd the singing reapers gather where war's  
thunderbolts were hurled;  
nd God sends the doves of healing to his torn  
and bleeding world.  
As He goes marching on.

SARAH E. E. EVANS.

## Anecdotes from Northfield

—MR. JACOBY at Round Top was tell-  
ing of the changed life. Visiting an  
Armenian family in a poor district of  
Chicago, he found two little children  
who wished to sing for him. They be-  
gan and sang sweetly "At the Cross,  
t the Cross," and sang in their own  
way, "and my burden and my heart  
olled away." Mr. Jacoby said it ex-  
pressed his own experience, for his  
heavy burden and his stony old heart  
olled away and God gave him, at  
orty-five, a new heart of love when  
he found Jesus.

—AT THE farewell given to the late  
Dr. A. T. Pierson, he spoke of the  
danger of modern travel and told the  
following story: "Michael advised  
Patrick most solemnly not to enter the  
car at the rear of the train." Pat said,  
"Why should I avoid the last car?"  
"Because," said Mike, "the last car  
atches all the rear-end collisions; it  
is not safe. And besides the last car  
never gets to the station till after all  
the rest." Pat said, "Indeed! Then  
why don't they leave off the last car?"

—MRS. FRALPAT watched the regim-  
ent pass and said to a neighbor,  
"Minding my boy?" "Why?" asked  
the neighbor. "Because," said Mrs.  
Fralpat, "he is the only boy in the  
entire parade who keeps in step."  
How hard it is to keep in step in the  
spiritual march!

—CHRISTIAN constancy was illus-  
trated at Camp Concho by the story of  
two frogs and a milk can. The farmer  
put the tall can full of creamery  
milk in a cool spring at the edge  
of the meadow. When it was  
dark, a foolish frog hopped into the  
milk, gave a few spasmodic jumps and  
jerks, turned on his back and sank to  
the bottom—dead. The other frog,  
coming to find him, jumped into the  
same can. He was an earnest and  
strenuous swimmer and tried all night  
to jump out. When the farmer came  
in the morning, he found a dead frog  
at the bottom of the can. He also  
found nearly a pound of good butter,  
and on top of it, blinking over the yel-  
low butter, the persevering frog, alive  
and hearty!

Moral—Don't give up but keep on  
kicking.

## Scared to Life

By EUGENE THWING

THE title of the first chapter of a very charming book is borrowed to make a heading for this article. A stock broker tells how one day he was coming out of the Stock Exchange "when that maelstrom was in full race and I was in a sort of concentrated paroxysm of suspense." Without premonition or explanation, like a stroke of lightning, he "got a warning." In other words, he had a sudden attack of heart failure from which in a few minutes he recovered, but which so thoroughly frightened him that he hurried home, consulted his physician, and acting on his advice gave up business entirely for a year. He took his eight-year-old boy, whom he hardly knew, out of a boarding school and carried him off to the country. He stopped living for a year that he might live. He exiled himself to forget himself and found himself. The story that follows tells of a wonderful new birth for the man and the boy—a rich, beautiful experience for both, which never would have been possible if the man had not been forced by his illness out of the tempest and agony of a life which was death into the dead calm of another existence which proved to be the very fullness of life and joy.

SOMETIMES repeated warnings are needed to scare a man to life. The head of a mercantile house in New York felt that he could not spare the time to bother with the pains and aches which came upon him now and again.

"Take a vacation; see a doctor," urged his wife.

"No, I must look after these big contracts—I must attend these board meetings—I must manage the business, or my competitors will get my trade."

At length, upon a day, the pain assailed him so violently that its demands could not be denied. "Confound the pain! Give me an opiate. I've got to catch the midnight train to Boston."

A hurried consultation with the doctor resulted in a trip full speed to the hospital instead. "Don't curse the pain; thank God for it," said the doctor. "Without the pain you might have been a dead man to-morrow. The operation has been delayed to the very last minute. Now we must be very careful to prevent blood poisoning."

SO IT is that among the best blessings of life are the ones we try to avoid or take with a frown when they are bestowed. Pain, so often regarded as the curse of our earthly existence, is in reality a necessity, and its abolishment would be a calamity while other things remain as they are. Pain is the warning signal, the alarm bell, the safety device as disease invades the body. We need it to startle us and rouse us to combat the enemy that would destroy us if we remained ignorant of its approach. Disease without pain is like a man asleep on the track as the train rushes toward him.

The devil, also, would have his way unchallenged in the world if it were not for the pain which follows him. The devil brought sin among men. God immediately placed upon it the saving blessing of pain and sorrow. Man by sin brings sickness, and God puts on it the blessing of pain to compel man to find the way to cure the sickness.

Pain is the bond which unites the human race. It is, said Dr. George Matheson, "the longest line of human sympathy—the line by which the heart can travel farther than by any other route. The sympathy with pain is the widest sympathy in the world." Bitter foes have fought like tigers in battle, and then, lying wounded and in mortal agony on the field, have reached out with trembling hands to share the last drops of water in the canteen with each other before they died. Man and wife, grown cold and hostile, have embraced in complete reconciliation at the coffin of a little child where their mutual pain has made them one again.

PAIN is the greatest opportunity to lives that are eager for service. The heart that is full of love must find something upon which to lavish its passion, and if the love is a Christ love it seeks out the need and the pain of other hearts and lavishes itself on them, because in no other way can the Christ love be satisfied.

A minister of a city church had in his parish a family of twelve who were living in wretchedness and strife. The father and mother quarreled; the sons fought and cursed; even the girls swore, and it passes all description when the girls in a home swear. Time and again these girls were heard to blaspheme at their mother.

The minister wanted to win the family to the Saviour, and he tried hard to find something in that home to love, but he could not. He received nothing but insult. Then he tried to love them for what they ought to be, since he could not love them for what they were. It was hard work.

One day the mother was taken sick. No one seemed to know what to do. For the first time the minister discovered that those boys and girls, in a sort of brutish way, loved their mother; and eagerly he began to love them for that. The disease was typhoid fever; it lingered long. The suffering of the mother and the helplessness of the family gave the minister his opportunity. He went every day, and he went to act, not to talk.

One Sunday night, after preaching, he went to the house. The sick woman asked him to raise her head on the pillow. As he did so she fell back dead. Again it was the time to act. In the morning he went with the boys to buy a coffin. It was a poor, cheap thing, but the best they could afford. He was asked to conduct the funeral. The boys and girls had become very courteous to him. They hadn't many friends, and only a few were at the funeral. No one outside the family seemed to care.

On the way to the house the minister stopped at the florist's and bought a bunch of roses. There were no other flowers at the house. When he entered the room, the boys and girls were standing around, dazed and lonesome, taking that last sad look at the mother. The minister stepped quietly to the coffin and laid the roses on the mother's folded hands. Then something happened. A husband and ten boys and girls looked at the mother, and at the roses, and at the minister. Eleven hearts broke, and through pain, and death, and love that minister had the joy of leading every one of the family, from the father to the youngest child, to Jesus and a new and blessed life.

## THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

FRIEND, I would find the road to Yesterday:  
For I have lost my way in wandering far;  
And now along that path my feet would stray,  
If it be marked by any chart or star.

It matters not by what drear mountain height  
The path may lead, or by what desert sands;  
Or that I, blind and groping in the night,  
Be bruised in my feet, and pierced of hands.

Lead me along the road to Yesterday—  
I who of men have sinned and sorrowed  
most—  
That I may find by some pure Childhood Way,  
That Faith my soul once knew and loved and  
lost!  
ELIZABETH MAY MONTAGUE.

## The Battle in Maine

By Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, M.C.

THERE are three comprehensive, major reasons why constitutional prohibition should win in Maine on September 11.

First. The manufacture and sale of beverages containing alcohol is at the foundation of the widespread use of such beverages and their use has been pronounced by science as "destructive and degenerating" to the human organism, undermining the health and character of the individual, blighting progeny, disrupting the family, striking at the vitality and the institutions of the State, threatening the life of the nation and future of the race.

Second. Constitutional prohibition is the true form of prohibition under which ultimately the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages can best be uprooted, for the disease is an organic one that has been running for thousands of years, gripping the political, social, and business life of the nation, and therefore the treatment must be organic; that is, it must reach down to the people themselves, who constitute the organs and tissues of the body social, and in the realm of law must be placed in the organic law, the people's law, the constitution of the several States and of the United States.

Third. Maine is looked upon the world over as the citadel of prohibition. The liquor forces of the United States, of Canada, of Europe, and of the whole world are assembled and concentrated in the assault upon this citadel. The outcome will have a nation-wide and world-wide influence upon the cause of prohibition, affecting the welfare of the State of Maine, of the people of the United States and of the world at large. The prohibition and temperance forces, the moral and reform forces of the nation and of the world should gather around the forces of Maine and make this one of the great decisive battles of history.

## Paid Too High a Price

A MAN once said to Sam Jones, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high." Jones asked, "How much did you pay?" "Five dollars a year," was the reply. "Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?" "About four years," was the answer. "Well, what did you do before you were converted?" "I was a drunkard."

"How much did you spend for drink?" "About two hundred and fifty dollars a year." "How much were you worth?" "I rented land and plowed a steer." "What have you got now?" "I have a good plantation and a pair of horses."

"Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of plowing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give the Lord who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing horses on your own plantation! You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet!"



# MAINE AFLAME FOR PROHIBITION



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS  
National President W. C. T. U.



MISS ANNA A. GORDON  
District Young Campaigner



MRS. MARY HARRIS ARMOR  
President Young Campaigners

CHRISTIAN temperance forces in Maine are rallying in a united effort this season to prevent the threatened repeal of the prohibitory law. The campaign is of national importance. For sixty years Maine has been a beacon light to other States in its plan of abolition of the liquor traffic.

Church workers, educators, public men and thoughtful people generally are standing together for the retention of the prohibitory amendment secured by General Neal Dow, the famous "Father of Prohibition," and which has stood four-square to the numerous attacks made against it. Women and even children, as well as men, are taking a foremost part in the campaign, the W. C. T. U. being well in the van. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Portland, National and State President, is spending the summer in the home field; and she is supported by a corps of able speakers, including Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, of Georgia; Miss Flora Strout, of Maryland; Mrs. Cora Seberry, of New York; Miss Edna Rowan, of Kansas; Mrs. W. A. Loyne, of New Hampshire; Mrs. Ella H. Thatcher, of New Jersey; and others.

In addition, National W. C. T. U. Vice-President-at-large Miss Anna A. Gordon, of Portland, is serving as general director of the "Young Campaigners for Prohibition," whose motto is "Maine Must Keep Prohibition." As a result some 30,000 children have been enlisted. This has been done through the "Muster Roll" which has been circulated and signed in Sunday Schools of all denominations. Sunday, September 10, the day before election day, is to be observed in most of the Maine Sunday Schools by special exercises to aid the campaign. In schools throughout the State campaign recitations and songs, interspersed with rousing rally cries, and concert exercises, with flags and pennants, out-of-door rallies, picnics and lawn parties, etc., are reaching many of the older people and the voters with the appeal of the Young Campaigners to uphold Maine's prohibitory law. Prize essay contests on the theme, "Why should saloons stay out of Maine?" are being held, and emulated by the license forces, who offer prizes for the best articles on the other side.

Many superintendents of schools have taken the leadership of the Young Campaigners, drilling the boys and girls with drum corps and band, for effective parades. The local Granges are endorsing prohibition, together with labor leagues, religious and patriotic bodies and civic orders of all kinds.

Flag posters with figures of children and the words, "Protect Us—Vote No," are seen in the store and home windows everywhere. Children's parades with music and mottoes and "Vote No" pennants are scheduled for election day, September 11. Prayer meetings will be held in the churches and the church bells will ring every hour to awaken conscience and moral responsibility. That they have nothing to fear if the temperance men get to the polls, is the opinion of the active workers who are urging the "Vote No" men to "let nothing keep them from their sacred duty." J. A. S.

## A Filipino Convert's Faith

PEDRO BAGNIO, a young Filipino convert, has died. His brother, Evaristo, who helped so much in the translation of the New Testament, was very broken-hearted, but it was a most triumphant death. Pedro was unconscious the morning of his death, and Evaristo knew that it was only a matter of hours. I was able to comfort him a good deal, but while talking with Evaristo I saw Pedro stirring, and going to his bedside I said, "Do you know me, Pedro?" He said, "Yes, I know you, Mr. Jansen." So I called Evaristo, and when Pedro saw his brother crying he said, "Why do you cry? We ought to be glad and happy." I said, "Do you know, Pedro, that you will soon go to meet Jesus?" He replied, "I did not know, but I am glad." Then I got a Cebu Testament and asked Evaristo to read the first part of John 14 to his brother. Coming to the sixth verse he broke down with sobs and could read no further, and Pedro then finished the verse from memory: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "Do you understand all that means, Pedro?" I asked, and he answered, "Indeed I do, and it is good to know." Turning to his brother, he spoke tenderly his last words: "We ought to be happy."

In the school with its five hundred boys, who had come from all parts of the islands, and mostly from homes where the Lord Jesus was not known, this lad had served his Saviour faithfully. Rarely with enough pocket money to meet his scant needs, he had, with his fellow Christian students, been looking forward to telling his people the message of the Saviour. Every one of his five hundred school-fellows followed the body of their companion to the cemetery, besides teachers and friends.

Cebu, P. I.

F. JANSEN.



MRS. W. A. LOYNE  
Superintendent Work Among Seamen



MRS. ELLA HOOVER THATCHER  
Wife and National W. C. T. U.



MRS. W. A. TOMLINSON  
National Superintendent W. C. T. U.

## Admiral Togo's American Holiday

Continued from page 823

effacement, the control of all passions, and the ability to maintain silence. If only he could stay here long enough to introduce such a course into our American schools!

This visit to America has been one of the long-cherished desires of his life, says Admiral Togo, and its realization has made him happy. The first news he heard on his arrival was of the signing of the arbitration treaties between the United States and Great Britain, and the United States and France. When his opinion was asked, he said, "That is good. I am a lover of peace, and I think the treaties will be good for the people of all the world. That is about all that I can say about them at this time." Some one suggested that it might be just as good a thing if such a treaty were negotiated between Japan and the United States. "Yes, it would be a good thing," he answered. Then he begged to be excused from discussing political questions. He was on a holiday.

Shall we welcome the greatest warrior of Japan as an ally in the cause of world peace? It would be pleasant to take his words at their face value and write Admiral Count Togo on the list of illustrious champions of peace. But we mustn't go too fast; we mustn't take the courteous words of acquiescence of a guest in the hands of his entertainers as meaning all we would like to have them mean.

Togo said, "I am a lover of peace," but he didn't say it with any great emphasis or enthusiasm, and he quickly changed the subject. When he visited the navy yard he displayed the keenest interest in the big 14-inch guns. When he told of his visit to the United States battleship *Delaware*, the largest dreadnought at the British coronation, he expressed great admiration of the big engine of war. He said he admired particularly her fighting tops of the wire screen type and her powerful armament.

Admiral Togo is not a man who can be made over easily into a lover of peace. He was born of a long line of warriors. He was trained from infancy as a warrior. His whole life has been devoted to war,

and his greatest triumph in maturity came to him as a warrior. Of all Japan's great men Admiral Togo is said by those who know him intimately to be the most thoroughly Japanese at heart. His father was a Samurai, a retainer of the Lord of Satsuma, a province in the southernmost island of the Japan group, the island which, from the age of fable, has been known as the land of fighters. His mother was a daughter of a Samurai. A few days after her boy was born she took him to the shrine of the guardian god of the clan and laid him on the altar and, after the old custom, dedicated the infant to "the defense of the Land of the Gods and to the service of the prince." As a boy he received all the training of youths in the fighting clan of Kagoshima, including archery, the use of gun and sword and rigorous training of the body. At sixteen he was a sailor on the single warship owned by the Lord of Satsuma. At twenty-one he was a petty officer on the cruiser *Kasuga* of the imperial navy just forming. When he was twenty-four he was sent by the government to England to learn the craft of modern warfare, and spent seven years at a military school near Portsmouth. He returned home on a new Japanese warship. Later, during a Satsuma rebellion, Togo fought against the government with his old clans. Afterward he returned to his allegiance to the Emperor. In the war between Japan and China he sprang into world notice as commander of the Japanese cruiser *Nami*, which sank a Chinese transport in the Yellow Sea, with 1,100 Chinese soldiers and commanded by British officers. The Chinese overpowered the British and would not permit them to yield up the transport to the Japanese commander.

Admiral Togo's brilliant service to his country in the war between Japan and Russia needs no retelling. One incident is characteristic: On the eve of the departure of the Japanese fleet under his command for Port Arthur and the beginning of the great struggle with Russia, this Admiral of a modern fleet of steel called his officers to the *Mikasa*, and there under the shadow of an eight-inch gun breech in his cabin he addressed them. On the table before

him lay the "three and a half inches of honor"—the short dagger of *kara-kiri*, which in the code of the Samurai is the last recourse of a warrior in defeat. Togo made no allusion to the unsheathed dagger. "To-night we sail to attack the enemy," he said. "From that voyaging there is no return."

Now this same Admiral, who is honored and loved passionately in his own country as the embodiment of their fighting power and their assurance of victory, has been visiting America. He says, "I am a lover of peace. . . . The signing of an arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan would be a good thing."

Hail to the valiant Admiral Count Togo! We admire him ourselves. We appreciate his courtesy. We wish him and his beautiful land of cherry blossoms and brave people the most complete happiness. We hope to count him among the apostles of peace when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. In the meantime we join heartily with Rear-Admiral Wainwright, who laughingly remarked to Togo as he saw him confronting a battery of cameras: "That's the only way we'll ever shoot at you, guess." EUGENE THWING.

## Among the Workers

—CHAPLAIN JOHN T. AXTON writes from Maneuver Division Camp, Fort Sam Houston, Texas: "Our Enlisted Men's Ch is conducted in an unfinished chapel on the edge of the reservation, where 12,000 soldiers have been camped for the past four months. This club is directed by the army chaplain. Every night for one hundred nights crowds have attended the services and entertainments arranged especially for soldiers."

—THE PATERNON, N. J., HEBREW Christian Mission has completed its first year of work. Its rooms are on Temple Street in the heart of the Jewish quarter. Rev. Morris Frank, converted Jew, is the head worker. The Mission is supported by several of the city churches and has been marked by steady growth. Rev. J. M. Martin, of the Broadway Reformatory, the secretary of the Mission, reports that it now has eighty members, and although at first it encountered much opposition from the Jewish leaders in the city, has made wonderful spiritual progress.



# Saved from Starving by America's Gifts



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BENEFICIARIES OF A SINGLE DAY IN OUR RELIEF WORK AT PO-CHOW, CHINA

THIS remarkable photograph, taken especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been received from Rev. W. D. Bostick, an American missionary at Po-chow, in the heart of the territory affected by the recent famine. Mr. Bostick writes: "This picture shows all the people who got grain from our station on one day! They are, however, only about one-tenth of the whole number we have helped at Po-chow. Many of those in the photograph are holding up their relief tickets which have been their life. In the rear are the officials and others engaged in the distribution." This photograph was taken about May 24, when the famine relief work was nearing a

close. There were only two days more of kaoliang distribution and then the applicants would receive beans. Concerning the work at Po-chow, Mr. Bostick reported to the Shanghai Committee: "It has been done almost to complete satisfaction." With the food and fund still on hand it would be possible, he reckoned, to go on feeding at least 3,000 for another twenty days, and this would be done only in the case of the homeless and starving. A very pathetic feature of the situation is mentioned by the missionary. Two hundred homeless and parentless boys had sought shelter at the Po-chow Orphanage. They had been fed and kept, but now they could only

be provided for fifteen days longer, when they would have to go their way. "I have been feeling," adds the missionary, "that it would be a pity to turn away such as have no one to go or to look to—out to beg again and to die." There are several other orphanages now facing similar distressing conditions.

Po-chow is but one of many stations at which CHRISTIAN HERALD famine relief was distributed. It is beyond dispute that the number of lives saved in China during the famine, through the gifts of readers of this journal, will reach an astonishing figure, when the final reports of the two Relief Committees are received.

## New York's Historic Memorial Statue to Henry Hudson

HENRY HUDSON will stand soon upon a great fluted column, one hundred feet in height, just erected on top of Spuyten Duyvil Hill, New York City, and view the great stream which bears his name and the scene of his encounter with the first inhabitants of Manhattan. Karl Bitter, the sculptor, has completed the model of the colossal figure of the English navigator who under Dutch auspices came exploring to the New World.



The Model for the Statue of Henry Hudson

Mr. Bitter has been two years in preparing this model and in making the necessary

researches. He familiarized himself with Hakluyt's *Voyages*, that entertaining work in which a companion of the voyage of Hudson related some of the experiences in these waters. He also studied the types of weapons and armor and costumes in the Koenigliches Zeughaus in Berlin, the museum at Hamburg and in other cities of Europe, so as to get the best idea possible of the equipment which mariners setting out to explore strange lands at that period would be likely to have obtained.

The sculptor has represented Hudson in morion and leather jerkin, worn for protection against Indians; full, baggy knee breeches of the period, and high boots, such as he might have used for protection in landing and tramping in swamps or among brambles. The mariner wears a sword with ornately wrought hilt that a captain of that age might have fancied. The figure bears a short Spanish cloak, for at that time Spain was dominating the fashions of the world as has France in later periods. On account of its altitude, for including the hill the figure will stand 315 feet above the level of the river, the outlines have been made clear and strong. The bearded face of the mariner is entirely ideal, as there is, so far as is known, no contemporary por-

trait of Hudson. The expression of the face is strong and conveys an air of anxiety and thoughtfulness.

### TWO NOTABLE AMERICANS

—IN THE DEATH of Hon. William Pierce Frye, of Maine, the United States Senate loses one of its foremost personalities. He was the senior member in point of service in both houses of Congress. He was born in Lewiston, Me., in 1831, graduated from Bowdoin College, studied law in the office of William Pitt Fessenden, was elected to Congress as Representative in 1871, and served in the House ten years, afterward being chosen to the Senate, where he served on important committees and took an active part in much important legislation, notably in connection with the Canadian fisheries dispute. He was a member of the Peace Commission which brought the Spanish War to a close in 1898.

—JOHN WARNE GATES, for many years one of the leading figures in the financial world, died in Paris on August 9, after a long and painful illness. He was largely interested in iron and steel, and was known as one of the most daring and successful speculators in this country. He was born on a farm in Illinois in 1855, and began his career in a little hardware store. Soon he became interested in barbed wire, first as a salesman and later as the biggest barbed wire magnate the world has ever known, owning great factories and practically controlling the business. In recent years he was interested in various railroads, iron and steel companies, salt companies, steamship lines, banks and other big corporations.





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## How You Can Help World Peace

ON THAT memorable third of August when the Peace and Arbitration Treaties between this government and France and England were signed in the White House library, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the name of its readers, who are all advocates and supporters of world-peace, sent a message of congratulation to the President. To this message the following replay was received:

The White House, Washington, August 5, 1911.

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of the telegram tendering the congratulations of The Christian Herald on the signing of the Arbitration Treaties with Great Britain and France. He greatly appreciates your kind expressions and thanks you warmly.

The successful negotiation of these Treaties is a great satisfaction to him and he is very earnest in the hope that prompt ratification will be had in the Senate.

(Signed) CHARLES D. HILLES,  
Secretary to the President.

Let us hope that the President's anticipation of prompt ratification will be realized. If there should be delay and if, when this issue reaches our subscribers, senatorial action has not been taken, write to the Senators from your State urging speedy and unanimous ratification. The eyes of Europe and the world are turned toward us at this important crisis, and the first great step toward universal arbitration should not be jeopardized by delay. It may be that the treaties will be ratified ere you read this, and in that event every Senator who has voted for ratification will deserve your congratulations and ought to receive them without fail. Thus, either way, you can personally help along the world's peace by a brief and hearty expression of your sentiments at this time when no sincere peace-lover can afford to be silent. Remember, Germany and other European governments are actively interested and Japan has informally conveyed the intimation that if we took the initiative, she would be glad to negotiate. These are history-making days. Your individual influence, multiplied many times, would be a powerful incentive to our national legislators and might even become a factor in bringing about world-peace in the present generation.

## Is There a Revolutionary Zone?

NOW that the Haitian revolution is ended and President Simon gone, we may reasonably look forward to a period of comparative peace in the little republic. But it will not be an enduring peace. There, as in the turbulent Central American republics, rebellions are not founded on high motives of patriotism or to reform great abuses. They are mainly armed dashes for graft by rival factions—the "outs" against the "ins." It is just beginning to be understood by the more intelligent classes in Central America that revolutions do not conduce to national progress. This aspect of the question is very clearly set forth in a recent article by ex-United States Consul McClintock, who was stationed for several years in Honduras. He shows that the little republics of Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Colombia have all suffered materially from periodical disturbances originating in the rivalry of opposing political factions. In most cases, these endless strifes for power and place are aided by natural conditions in countries where the soil is so lavish of its products that the struggle for food and shelter presses very lightly on the people. Then another cause must be sought for in the hot blood and high temper of the Latin races. Add to this the farcical elections, the universal weakness for graft in all its forms and the strong personal ambitions of the leaders of the clashing factions, and you have a highly inflammable combination. The physical standards of the people are greatly lowered; the armies in some cases are made up of ragged, shoeless, half-grown boys; yet such material in the hands of a bold military adventurer makes or mars a country's history. What is the lesson of all this? Mr. McClintock thinks it points largely to intervention as the open gate of humanity and civilization; but this is probably too radical. Uncle Sam, it is true, is filling the role of peace-maker pretty well; but recent events have

shown that what is really needed in Central America is a union of the best forces in these republics in their own behalf and for the preservation of peace and the clearing of obstacles from the path of national progress. A Central American Federation, with sensible leaders, would do more towards bringing in an era of peace and prosperity and would give greater popular satisfaction than if a strong power were to take these peoples under its wing and make them peaceful and orderly by force.

## The Backdown of the English Lords

AFTER a long and resolute struggle to maintain their traditional prerogatives, the British House of Lords has gracefully accepted the inevitable. Rather than have the government carry out its avowed purpose of creating enough new peers to pass the "Veto" bill—which strips the Lords of the power they have exercised in Parliament—they decided to allow the measure to pass and this was done on August 10 by a vote of 131 to 114. Narrow as is the margin, it is enough to satisfy the Liberals, and to emphasize the popular will. It marks the most notable constitutional change in Britain in half a century. Toward the close of the long, two years' struggle, the peers saw the handwriting on the wall. Even their ablest leaders had become convinced that the bill must pass and that the time had come when the Lords could no longer hope to retain their ancient veto power, or imperil budgets and indefinitely obstruct the business of the government whenever they happened to have a dispute with the Commons. They "died hard," as the final vote shows, and some of the stoutest fighters among them, of the old conservative type, either left the Chamber or abstained from voting; but the government had been quietly developing strength, and a group of some seventy members, who till now had stood aloof, controlled the balance of power in the last rally.

Without doubt, the threat to create 500 new peers to assure a government triumph in the House, had much to do in bringing about the backdown. The proud, stately nobles could not bear to be made a laughing-stock before the country, as the Archbishop of Canterbury hinted. That peers were held so cheaply that they could be created in bunches for sudden emergencies was an intolerable suggestion to those men who can read their progenitors' names and titles in the Domesday Book. Rather than have the old House crowded with a new "mushroom nobility," they emulated Colonel Crockett's coon and came down from their tree with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances.

## A Stormy Marriage Discussion

SELDO has such a social tempest been let loose as that which was evoked recently when an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, of Philadelphia, startled the country by his severe strictures on the approaching Astor marriage. Claiming to represent the attitude of his church on the questions involved, this clergyman has not hesitated to denounce the proposed marriage in the strongest language, as an offense against public morals and ecclesiastical law. Ministers of various denominations have taken up the matter in earnest, and while a few have deprecated the sensational methods of the Philadelphia pastor, the majority approve his strictures in the main.

This particular case in question is important chiefly because it is symptomatic. There are, unfortunately, many others like it. It is an index of underlying conditions that exist among a certain class of "idle rich," some of whose members in recent years have gone to extraordinary excesses. In their marriages and their almost periodical divorces, they have shown a disregard not only of ecclesiastical law but of common decency. Of some at least it may be truthfully said that they seem to have no ambition beyond vanity and indulgence, no creed beyond the gratification of the love of pleasure, no care for the good opinion of their fellow-men, no respect for the sanctity of marriage or for moral law, and apparently no apprehension of the real purpose of this life or of that which is to follow. It was inevitable that, under such conditions, the attack should come, and while it is an unusual and extreme measure to denounce by name from the

pulpit, such conduct as we have referred to invites the strong and swift rebuke. We cannot approve the method employed, yet we doubt whether an right-thinking man or woman will say that the attack was undeserved.

One of the most painful aspects of the case is the Pastor Richmond's bold characterization of an unworthy and degenerate class is liable to be interpreted as applying indiscriminately to all who have wealth and social position. This would be both unfortunate and unjust. There are many who hold their means and influence as a stewardship, and who both for the advancement of the noblest purposes. They have nothing in common with the comparatively small group of social and moral offenders complained of, nor do they sympathize with the in the least.

It is beyond dispute that there has been a growing tendency among the class to which Pastor Richmond referred, to degrade marriage to the level of marketable commodity and an easy convenience. To such an extent has this fact impressed itself upon the respectable portion of American society that it regarded as a national disgrace. We must leave to others, however, the detailed discussion of the particular case in point, which formed the basis of the attack. Not alone the Episcopal Church but all the churches have the unquestioned right to declare absolutely invalid, from their point of view, an marriage performed in defiance of ecclesiastical law. There is little doubt—and we regret to say it—that some preacher with ideas more "liberal" than the church can sanction or decept society approve, will be found to tie the knot for a good round fee. Though forbidden by statute law in New York, such a union would be legally permissible in other States. And it is this easy evasion of law, resulting from conflicting State statutes, that makes it possible for any rich divorced degenerate, seeking to purchase a wife, to successfully mock at law and common decency, set an evil example for other moral weaklings, and make us ashamed of our civilization, which a criminally neglects the vital safeguards that protect the dignity of American womanhood, the sacredness of the marriage tie and the integrity of the American home.

## General Notes

—GENERAL CINCINNATUS LECONE has been proclaimed Provisional Executive of Haiti by the victorious rebel army. Since the deposed President, has sought a refuge at Kingston, Jamaica.

—THE BIG MARBLE and granite structure, known as the "Old Mutual Life Building on the southeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, is being demolished by house wreckers to make way for the new home of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. The old building was erected during the Civil War in 1864, and is one of the few remaining landmarks on lower Broadway. It is but a stone's throw from Trinity and diagonally across the corner from the lofty Singer Tower. At the time of its erection it was one of the handsomest and costliest buildings in New York. The Mutual Life Insurance Company occupied it until 1884 when their present building on Nassau Street was erected. The property was purchased a few weeks ago by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York and the purchase price is said to have been nearly \$2,000,000. This is at the rate of about \$175 a square foot.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Steamer Hits Iceberg

THE steamer *Columbia* of the Anchor Line reached her dock in New York August 6, badly damaged by a fearful collision with an iceberg in mid-ocean. The Wednesday before the ship under the command of Captain George Mitchell, an experienced Scotch mariner, was 100 miles north of Cape Race and 57 miles east of it, and encountered fog, the chilling sort that suggests icebergs. The captain, knowing that he was near ice, slowed down the vessel, sounding his fog signal constantly. Thomas Murray, the lookout on the fore-castle head, and also the man in the crow's nest, reported that a steamship was almost likely dead ahead. The captain gave a long blast of the whistle and heard what he thought was the reply of a steamship off his starboard bow. He sounded again and she replied again. The veteran was deceived. It was only the echo of his own whistle from the iceberg ahead. The iceberg was drifting in the direction for which the *Columbia* was heading, and the collision was inevitable. The captain reversed his engines, but it was too late. He hit the great wall of ice a terrific blow, driving the bow of the ship twelve feet into its green sides. Everything on board that could move was plunged forward. Six persons were injured in the collision, two of them seriously. The *Columbia's* stem post was twisted and gored above the water line and the plates below were badly torn. The ice drove the steel plates inward about seven feet. The starboard anchor was jammed into the hawse tight and could not be moved. The port anchor was torn clean from the pipe and was left hanging on the edge of the ice mountain. The flood from the sea poured rapidly into the hole torn in the bow. The first collision bulkhead was punched in, but the second one kept back the water until temporary repairs could be made. Although the pumps were kept busy, the *Columbia* brought into port 90 tons of water in her forward hold. Captain Mitchell displayed the greatest ability, tact and courage in the catastrophe, or the ship would almost certainly have gone down. The crew behaved beautifully, and the passengers showed great presence of mind. In the midst of the greatest danger a passenger sang some witty songs, which provoked much laughter, and did much to quell any possible tumult. The singer had been on the *City of Rome* when she struck an iceberg in 1899. Nothing has been heard from the ship the men were certain they saw in front of them, and the gravest fears are entertained that it struck the mountain of ice and sank with all on board. In navigating the sea of life there are rocks and storms and mountains of ice and other perils, and it is a fortunate thing to escape them and anchor safely in the harbor. The nose of the *Columbia* ran into the ice; the ship on which the apostle Paul sailed was run into the ground. The *Columbia* extricated herself and was saved; Paul's ship stuck fast and was wrecked.

And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the fore part stuck fast, and remained unmovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. (Acts 27:41.)

## Navy Must Observe Sunday

Secretary Meyer just before his departure for a tour of inspection of the English navy and shipyards issued Special Order 1105, limiting Sunday work done in the navy to a minimum. Acting Secretary of the Navy Winthrop has just sent specific instructions on the subject to the naval service. The order calls attention to the articles of the navy regulations and to an order of September 15, 1909, relating to the proper observance of the Sabbath day in the naval service. It is stated that they shall be construed as of general application throughout the

naval service as far as practicable and not as being confined exclusively to shipboard. The Department notices a tendency in the service not to comply strictly with the provisions of these regulations, coaling ships and doing other work which could be done just as well on other days, and directs that a strict observance of the same shall hereafter obtain. Ship and crew inspections are to be discontinued on Sunday, and no work is to be done that does not appear to be necessary for the efficiency of the service. In this day of such widespread disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's day, we commend the good example the Federal Government has thus set in the recent order of the Navy Department. The prophet makes reference to the divine requirement of cessation from labor in these words:

Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem, neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers. (Jer. 17:21, 22.)

## Theft, Arson and Manslaughter

Samuel Brown, cashier for the Long Dock Mailing Company, Jersey City, who had been a trusted employee of the company for eleven years, turned defaulter to the amount of \$2,500, and sought to hide his wrongdoing by the destruction of the company's

for having been so bad a man himself, and for hiring a degenerate to hide his crime, and having directly caused the disgraceful death of that man. As we think of the crime of these three men and of the penalty that has fallen and those that are likely to fall we are reminded of the words of the psalmist:

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealings shall come down upon his own pate. (Ps. 7:16.)

## New York's Postal Bank

The new postal savings bank was opened in the New York City post office building the other day. Postmaster Morgan was present, with Superintendent Joseph Elliott of the money order department, under whose care the banking system in this city has been placed. When Clerk Philip Knobloch opened the window he found a little ten-year-old girl. "Ah," said the clerk, "you captured the prize of being depositor No. 1." "Yes, sir," replied the little girl, who then gave her name as Sophie Frankel. "Where do you live?" asked the clerk. "In Brooklyn." "Oh, then you are not the first depositor, Sophie, because we do not take Brooklyn accounts." The smile faded from her little face and tears filled her eyes as she went away. Clarence A. Parkes was the first depositor, with \$2 to his account. A long line of depositors then left their small savings. The majority of the depositors consisted of foreigners, mostly from the East Side of the city. Superintendent Elliott does not think that the postal savings banks will interfere with the business of the savings banks to any extent. The government pays 2 per cent. on the deposits, and the absolute security of the United States Government makes the timid, and especially the foreigners, prefer the postal savings banks to any other. The system has passed beyond the experimental stage, and gradually all the post offices of any importance in the United States will have postal savings departments. The practice of making money yield money by its interest is thus referred to by the Saviour:

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. (Matt. 25:27.)



The Steamship "Columbia," after its Collision with the Iceberg, Showing Crumpled Bow

office and books. He hired Frank Walsh, a degenerate of Newark, N. J., known to the police of that city as "Lightning," to burn the office and the books. He was aided in his crime by Patrick J. Timmons, a public accountant in Newark who for years had been a friend of Brown and had abetted the cashier's crime by false reports of the books. It seems that Brown and Timmons spent considerable time in the lawless saloons of Jersey City concocting the devilry which had been arranged for that night. The crime was arranged to represent burglary, followed by arson to conceal the tracks. Brown, Timmons and Walsh went to the office that night and Walsh used the gasoline and the match, but the gasoline exploded and burned poor Walsh so badly that he died in the hospital the next day. The police immediately suspected Brown, and he made a full confession. It was a mean thing for Brown to steal money from his employers. It was meaner still to cause the burning of the office with the danger to property and life which it might involve, but it was a still meaner thing to hire the poor vagabond Walsh to do the burning. It does not appear that Brown lost his money in speculation or gambling, but it does appear that he had been wasting his time and his money in the saloons, which were largely accountable for his financial and moral wreckage. It was a shocking and pitiful crime, with its swift penalties, sending poor Walsh to the cemetery and most likely Brown and Timmons to the penitentiary on the charge of theft, arson, and possibly manslaughter. If Brown has any spark of manhood left he will suffer the torments of a guilty conscience

prepared a chart which indicates that nearly 15,000 miles of transcontinental, interstate and local roads are contemplated in various sections of the country. Should the gigantic plan be carried out it would be possible to drive wagons and automobiles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Vancouver, B. C., to Tijuana, Mexico, and from Montreal to Miami, Fla. One road is to go from Yellowstone Park to Glacier National Park, through Fort Yellowstone, the Big Hole Battlefield, and other interesting points in the Rocky Mountains, a total distance of 450 miles. The highway from Vancouver to Tijuana will be 2,000 miles long. The road from Sherman, Texas, to Galveston will be 150 miles; the Memphis to Bristol highway, going through Knoxville, Nashville and Jackson, will be 450 miles long. The Lincoln Memorial Road will go from Washington to Gettysburg. Almost all the States of the Union are interested in this great scheme and it is likely to be carried into successful execution. The automobile era has made natural this demand for an improved and national highway system. There were better roads among some of the ancients than any we have in our time. There were periods in Jewish history when the greatest care and largest expense were employed in building and maintaining public roads. The prophet uses one of them, well graded and smooth, as the symbol of the roadway over which Christ and his followers might pass on their way to the beautiful city.

Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones. (Isa. 62:10.)



# Little Hearts Gladdened at Mont-Lawn

SATURDAY, August 5, was a red-letter day at Mont-Lawn, for then Mrs. Sangster went up there to visit and talk to the children. It was a beautiful day. The shady lawns and fine buildings of the "Children's Paradise" never looked more inviting. Surely there is no fairer spot than Mont-Lawn, and none better suited to the health and happiness of childhood.

The excellent head-cook "William," who has presided over the culinary destinies of Mont-Lawn from its beginning, had prepared a simple but savory luncheon for the distinguished visitor, and soon after it was over, the children were summoned to the cool and spacious "Children's Temple," where, after prayer and singing, they were to hear brief addresses from Dr. Sanford, the well known pastor of the North Baptist Church of New York City, Mrs. Sangster and others.

You ought to have heard that singing. It was worth going many miles to hear the "Glory Song," the "Flower Song," the "Peace Song" and many others, all of them rendered with a zest which shook the very walls and windows.

Then Dr. Sanford spoke a few words of wise and patriotic counsel, and showed the children a bottle of water and a piece of a rock which he had brought from the Holy Land, telling them several interesting stories of his experiences there.

Mrs. Sangster asked the children various questions to which they responded with great promptness, but at last she propounded one which puzzled them.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "my mother sent me on an errand. I had to go a long way, and I was glad to arrive at my destination; but imagine my dismay to find, just in front of the door there, something of which I was very much afraid. What do you suppose it was?"

Various guesses were made—"a dog," "a bear," "an Indian," "a snake," "a spider," but it was not surprising that nobody guessed right, for the object of the poor little girl's fear was nothing less than the honest and dignified family cat, which was reposing on the front door-step! It seems that Mrs. Sangster is one of that small class that are constitutionally afraid of cats.

She ran quite home again in her terrible fright, and somebody else had to be sent to do her errand. She closed with an impressive little homily upon the foolishness of fear, and the need and duty of courage, which held the close attention of her three hundred little auditors.



Merry Waifs in the Swings

Then a few words were spoken by another visitor, and a rousing song or two were given; the children were dismissed to play, and after watching the for a while at their happy games the guests departed, their hearts full of thankfulness that such a delightful place had been devised for the help and pleasure of the unfortunate waifs of the city.

Under the very able and thorough management of Miss Goering, the order and cleanliness of the home are kept at the highest point. Gentle and refined caretakers guard the groups of children at the play, so that they are always under surveillance from their six o'clock breakfast until their early bed-time. Scores of them learn here their first lessons in cleanly and orderly living, and try to introduce it into their often untidy homes upon the return.

And how they love Mont-Lawn and weep when they become too old to take their annual ten day there!

One little girl was crying in a hall in the Bib House, where the children are examined for entrance to Mont-Lawn, and upon being asked the cause of her tears, replied, "The doctor says my eyes are sick, and so I can't go."

Her older sister tried to comfort her by saying, "Oh, you've been there three summers already, and maybe you can go next year."

But the little one replied with a fresh burst of tears, "Oh, but I want to go every summer, long as I live!"

August 5 was a notable day at the Home also because then a series of most interesting moving pictures were taken there by Mr. Isador Bernstein the manager of the Yankee Film Company. These pictures will be shown during the coming season at several of our metropolitan churches.

This noble and beneficent charity must appeal strongly to every one who will visit it. Its perfect organization impresses those especially who have engaged in similar work. Its permanent establishment, with a good management, is the memorial of all others which do most prefer, for it was his philanthropy. Into it he poured his very heart's blood, and upon its organization an equipment he expended the best powers of his extraordinary mind. KATE UPSON CLARK.

## CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

|                               |                              |                                |                             |                                |                              |                             |                           |                           |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Clark, Harry H. .... 5.00     | Emerson, Mrs Ida ..... 1.50  | Gelger, Rev G H. .... 3.00     | Harris, Joseph P. .... 5.00 | Hunter, Elizabeth ..... 2.00   | Kidwell, Mrs A. .... 2.00    | Lippincott, L. A. .... 3.00 | Messenger, E. .... 3.00   | Oakes, Mrs G C. .... 5.00 |
| Clark, Mrs Anna M. .... 1.00  | Emerson, Mrs K E. .... 1.00  | Harris, Mrs E. .... 3.00       | Letitia. .... 1.00          | Hunt, Rebecca ..... 1.00       | Knibb, Russell ..... 6.00    | Meyer, Adam ..... 2.00      | Ober, H A. .... 3.00      | Odell, James F. .... 5.00 |
| Crebbin, William ..... 3.00   | Emerson, Mrs W H. .... 3.00  | Gerber, Fred ..... 2.00        | Hart, S E. .... 1.00        | Hutchinsberger, J W. .... 6.00 | Kimbale, Miss E. .... 2.00   | Michael, Cathie. .... 1.00  | Offert, Mrs B. .... 5.00  | Odette, Mrs J. .... 5.00  |
| Fair, Sadie N. .... 2.00      | Emmel, Mrs M. .... 2.00      | Gerhart, Thos W. .... 3.00     | Hart, Sadie L. .... 3.00    | Huston, Mr & Mrs ..... 3.00    | King, Geo. .... 1.00         | Mickel, Mr & Mrs ..... 3.00 | Orford, Mrs C. .... 3.00  | Orford, Mrs C. .... 3.00  |
| Delano, Caroline W. .... 2.00 | Emmel, Mrs J. .... 1.00      | Heckman, Mrs E. .... 3.00      | Hartest, Mrs J B. .... 3.00 | Hutchinson, Mrs J. .... 3.00   | Knapp, Geo S. .... 1.00      | Miller, Almira ..... 1.00   | Olcott, Sylvia ..... 3.00 | Orford, Mrs C. .... 3.00  |
| Dobbs, Wm H. .... 1.00        | Erb, Mrs Wm N. .... 1.00     | Gibbons, Mrs W H. .... 5.00    | Hatch, Mr & Mrs ..... 3.00  | Hutchinson, Mrs J. .... 3.00   | Knapp, Geo S. .... 1.00      | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
| Eaton, Helen M. .... 1.00     | Erickson, Mrs F. .... 3.00   | Gibson, Mrs C M. .... 3.00     | H B. .... 3.00              | Hutchinson, Mrs J. .... 3.00   | Knapp, Geo S. .... 1.00      | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
| Emmerick, Ruth W. .... 2.00   | Emmett, Mrs E B. .... 3.00   | Gilman, E M. .... 5.00         | Hawkins, Chas L. .... 3.00  | Hyde, Harriet O. .... 1.00     | Kirk, Mrs C F. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
| Evans, Mrs E L. .... 5.00     | Evans, Florence C. .... 3.00 | Gilbert, H F. .... 3.00        | Hays, Mary ..... 3.00       | Ingold, Mrs E L. .... 1.00     | Kirkland, Mrs A J. .... 3.00 | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
| Fairley, Grace E. .... 6.00   | Everard, Master ..... 1.00   | Gillman, Mrs M. .... 3.00      | Hays, Mrs E J. .... 3.00    | Irish, Mrs M. .... 3.00        | Kline, Mrs E. .... 3.00      | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
| Davidson, A M. .... 1.00      | Chaucey, ..... 1.00          | Gillespie, Mr & Mrs ..... 3.00 | Hayward, Mrs M ..... 3.00   | Irish, Mrs M. .... 3.00        | Kline, Mrs E. .... 3.00      | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00     | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   | Olson, Mrs E. .... 3.00   |
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| Davies, Mrs D D. .... 3.00    | Everton, Mrs L. .... 1.00    |                                |                             |                                |                              |                             |                           |                           |



# IN MY VERANDA EASY CHAIR



## Paying Guests

WHAT would become of the city cousins if at certain seasons of the year the country cousins did open their doors for the admission of paying guests? A boarder is received into a family on a business basis, and yet a boarder is in a sense a guest of the home. The home atmosphere and the home influences surround those who enter the home portals. Friendly relations are established and friendly acquaintance is cemented when paying guests year after year come with pleasure to the household in which they have been entertained and the village that has given them of its best. The children remember the freedom of the fields, the rides the farmer gave them on the hay, the hours spent in boating and fishing and the evening games and songs in the ample living room. Wholesome fun and recreation were the portion of the guests who paid stipulated sum in money for their rooms, their seats at the table and their liberty to feel at home. If they did nothing more than money they did not do all that they ought to have done, and must remain deeply in the debt of the country home where they stayed for weeks or months.

THE paying guest who permits her children wantonly to destroy articles of use or adornment in the house of her hostess, who sits quietly while her rollicking boys break the crock, utters no protest when they lose the oars, and is heedless if they scatter the properties of the croquet grounds to the four winds, is neither quite honest nor quite honorable. Between honesty and honor there is the distance between the comparative and superlative in excellence. Honor is higher than honesty.

The paying guest who permits her children to waste the food on the table, who is herself tardy in coming to meals, and who adds to the work that presses on the time and strength of the household people, is not fair, just or thoughtful. She who is a paying guest should never forget her obligation to be a lady. The beautiful world of fashion, but the day is at hand when the pendulum will swing back again and the lady and the gentleman as of old shall take their places among us. It will be a welcome day.

IN THE part of those who receive paying guests there is often disappointment when they count gain and loss at the end of a season. They are not sure to have made enough actual profit to reimburse them for all that they have expended in currency, in labor and in health. There are exceptions, and the annual balance sheet is satisfactory when the management has been careful and every detail pervaded with discretion. The farmer's wife who wishes to have guests come to her repeatedly may be sure at what city women prize most of all substantial comfort. They ask for clean rooms and good beds. By the latter, they particularly mean beds supplied with a spring that is not worn out, and a mattress in which there are no lumps and hollows. A comfortable mattress, one that is almost luxurious, is not of necessity extremely costly.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The country house in which there is sanitary plumbing and a bath-room supplied with running water, hot and cold, is more desirable than one in which these appliances are wanting.

AS FOR the table, it goes without saying that the pies and cake will be delicious. The poultry is often killed too short a time before being cooked, and in some otherwise delectable places guests are much annoyed by being made partners, so to speak, in the process of catching and killing

panionship when people are off-guard. A summer spent in any home brings together in sympathy those who were previously strangers, and the paying guests of this year may become the firm friends of their entertainers in all the years to come.

### Of Interest to Women

WOMEN are everywhere forging to the front in business and professional lines. That a woman should be in actual charge of the United

becoming second in authority in the Bureau. The actual head of the Bureau being absent, Miss Kelly is temporarily in his place. Her salary is three thousand a year.

### Some Curious Epitaphs

WHILE excavating recently in the Bronx in order to construct a sewer the necessary blasting disturbed an old graveyard. Old, that is, for this hurrying country of ours, for the sleepers here were laid to rest only fifty or sixty years ago in what must then have been a rural cemetery. No doubt all these rudely disturbed graves were supposed to have been opened and their tenants removed years ago when the city crept up to them. Whatever may be the explanation of the neglect, the result of the blasting was to strew the roadside with broken headstones on some of which curious epitaphs were legible.

Here are some of them:

This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
This aged immovable breast  
Is heaved and afflicted no more.  
This heart no longer will feel  
Of trouble and torture and pain,  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

Our daughter and sister we will meet  
With joy around the great white throne,  
Where Death's dark shadow ne'er intrudes  
And Sorrow's voice is never known.

Read old and young this truth,  
The thoughtless and the sage;  
The worm is in the bed of youth  
And at the root of age.

Two of the names on these stones, Jennings and Kelly, are the names of streets in the immediate vicinity. This indicates that at one time the families of the dead had homes and property in the neighborhood where they are now forgotten.

### Saving Steps

WE WOMEN, busy about the house, seldom take thought on the important matter of saving steps. When we begin to grow conscious of being often weary and of the sensation known as "giving out" the doctor tells us not to go up and down stairs so many times a day. He says with an air of authority, "Go down as often as you choose, but think twice before you go up. It is the upward climb that gives you the most fatigue." Not long ago a woman counted the number of times she had gone upstairs in a single day, and found to her surprise that it was thirty times. She might easily by a little thought and planning have changed the thirty to five. The number of steps a woman takes between her kitchen table and her pantry, the exertions she needlessly makes in performing her household tasks, her refusal to let others help her and her foolish errands to and fro contribute to lessen her vitality and shorten her life. Why carry one cup and saucer at a time to the closet shelf when a single journey would enable you to carry a dozen cups and saucers safely? Why not make a business of saving steps?

Several times a day the woman who does her own work should conscientiously drop everything and for fifteen minutes take a level rest. She can do this best by lying down on a couch with a low pillow and hands folded.



The Sewing Lesson

frightened creatures that run madly here and there uttering shrieks of terror before the eyes and in the ears of those to whom they will be long be served. Somehow one is almost compelled to be a vegetarian when the cold-blooded details of killing poultry, lambs and calves are thrust upon her. Ice and pure water are essentials, while cream, milk, fresh eggs and vegetables in perfection furnish forth a table agreeable to an epicure.

If we would understand one another thoroughly we must live a while under the same roof. The best tests of character are those afforded by com-

States Mint and responsible at the head of affairs for the coinage of the country is an item rather startling when we consider that there are still benighted persons who hesitate to permit women to vote. The fact is in these days that women cannot be confined to the sphere which is preeminently their own. They will never desert the realm of home nor cease to administer home affairs, but the world's work cannot at present proceed without them in wider fields.

Miss Margaret Kelly, who has long been connected with the Mint Bureau, was on August 1 appointed examiner,



# THE LITTLE MEXICANS

By MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

FRICO and Cuca were a desolate-looking pair when they reached New York. It was a day of rain and sleet, and they had just come from beautiful, sunny Mexico. Frico was seven, Cuca was five. Six months before, their mama had been brought to the States. When she had told them good-by she had cried—though she was trying to smile—and had said:

"I will come back to you soon—or you shall come to me, *corazoncitos*" (children of my heart!).

She had come back no more. Their old Indian nurse had told them that their mama was dead. They had never seen death, and they did not know what it was. When the nurse explained that their mama had gone to New York for the doctors to make her well, and that they could not make her well, the children could not understand. From the time they heard they were going to New York, they did nothing but talk of seeing their papa and their mama there. All the way on the voyage, they had babbled away about this, and as they neared the city, they were full of joyous flutterings. The friend of their papa's, in whose charge they had come, tried to chill their hope, but he could not strike a blow brutal enough to kill it. New York did. There was snow, slush, and sleet for a week, and the little Mexicans, who had been free as butterflies among the flowers, were cooped up in the narrow confines of a flat.

They could speak no word of English. Only "Tia Anita" (Aunt Annie) could understand them, and talk to them; and Tia Anita, being a stenographer, was away at her work most of the time. Tia Maria did her best, but Tia Maria had never lived in "Met-se-co," as had Tia Anita.

The good *tias* thought that the little Mexicans would freeze to death, or that they would die of homesickness and longing for their warm, sunny "Met-se-co" of freedom, blossom and fruit; and of the disappointment at not seeing their parents, a disappointment that even in the hopeful heart of childhood was deepening into despair.

Business had held their papa in Chicago, and he had not been able to meet them as he had planned.

As they stared out of the windows into the dismal court below, they made Maria think of birds beating themselves to death against a cage.

"No flowers here; no trees," said the *niños* (children) indignantly, when Tia Anita sought to convince them that they should at least try to be content. "Nowhere to play. No mama—no papa." And then tears!

Tia Maria, who kept house, tried so hard to understand them and to make them understand her, that success began to crown her efforts. She picked up a few words of Spanish, and they a few words of English.

Tia Maria had not many pennies, but one day she spent the whole of five cents to bring a flower from market. The children were radiantly happy over it, and began to think better things of the United States—though they straightway babbled to her of "Met-se-co," where great trees were covered with bloom, and where there were orange and lemon groves—and one could pick up all the oranges one wanted off the ground—and they told of fragrant coffee-fields with glossy green leaves and star-white flowers, and of wonderful vines, and of roses, and roses, and roses.

Tia Maria understood a little as she watched them hanging over their one rose, and her eyes grew misty—as they often did when watching the little Mexicans.

They showed their rose to the canary and told him about it in words as liquid and musical as his own notes.

They had early come to an understanding with the bird, for a whistle is the same in Spanish as in English.

One day, Tia Anita brought home a doll—a nice doll that could open and shut its eyes—to be Cuca's own; and for Frico, she brought a toy engine. (She went without a new hat to buy them.) They had never had such fine toys before, and clung about her neck and kissed her, and poured a compensating flood of rippling Spanish into her ears.

"Poor little things!" thought Maria; she let her work slide and sat on the floor and listened patiently while they explained for the hundredth time, in the most beautiful but incomprehensible jumble of words imaginable, what these things meant in "Met-se-co."

It was bed-time, and as Maria was helping them put their things away, there was a ring at the bell, and then a step came up the stairway. The children listened—and ran out as if they were crazy; and then the aunts heard a man's voice say:

"*Caramba!* Will you eat me up?"  
"Papa! donde esta Mama?" (Papa! where is Mama?)

After that, they were happier, even when he had gone away—"to come back and see them again." They went to kindergarten, played with other children and puzzled teachers and playmates with their Spanish. Everybody loved to hear their talk. Their Spanish was the sweetest thing in the world.

As they became domesticated Maria and Anita's cares increased in new directions. The real nature of the little Southerners began to assert itself. They were sweetness itself, but full of fickle changes, quick mischief and insatiable curiosity about the new world they were in—the great, strange town.

"They make me think of humming-birds," Anita wrote Señor Hernandez, "they are such busy, bright, flitting things—here, there, everywhere, sticking their noses into everything; fluttering about and away from me, clinging to my hand or dress and getting under my feet one minute, and the next, out of my sight—whenever I attempt to take them airing. They are afraid of nothing on earth. Their English is improving."

"I thank you and Maria a thousand times," wrote Señor Hernandez, "for kindness to my motherless ones. I am glad they are learning to speak English, but—do not let them forget their mother's tongue! Write me of all their pretty ways and bright sayings."

"It would take a book, *amigo mio* [my friend]," she answered. "And I fear their performances may have a disquieting influence upon you. They have upon us. Last night after dinner, Maria and I took them for an airing in Union Square. We were turning east from Lincoln's statue, to come home, with the children at her heels as we thought. Suddenly, we heard Frico:

"*Por aquí, Tia Anita! Por aquí!*" (this way); and we turned to see him and Cuca fly across the track at Dead Man's Curve just in front of a car. The motorman and policeman both shouted at them, but they didn't hear. They went up Fourteenth Street west, running with all their might to Sixth Avenue, and up Sixth Avenue to a window near Twenty-third Street, in which they had seen a monkey and some small dogs on exhibition the day before. Imagine Maria and myself tearing along Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue after them! They stopped in front of the window, stamped their feet several times in great impatience, and then came back to us, making the air thick with '*carambas!*'—the dogs and monkey

had been removed! They received our reproaches with the most inconsequent and *insouciant* grace imaginable, hardly permitting it to interrupt their complaints about the removal of the dogs and monkey.

"Have you mosquitos in Mexico? Cuca saw her first American mosquito on a ferry-boat. It was too funny the way she behaved. On the way back, she began to dance up and down before the flag-pole, to gesticulate violently, and almost dislocate her neck while shouting to the person nearest her—who happened to be a very elegant and stiff-looking old gentleman: "*Animadito!*"

"He looked bewildered, and Cuca struggled out in desperate English: "*Lit-lit an-i-mul.*"

"Whereupon the dignified gentleman discovered by close inspection of the flag-pole that a mosquito was clinging to it. Frico, too, was a perfect little monkey on the boat (he always is), running around, doing all sorts of tricks and making everybody fall in love with him. They are very bonny, *amigo*; so small and shapely and lithe and round; so brown-skinned, dark-haired, and bright-eyed; so very rapid and musical of speech; so affectionate and mischievous. We could not live without them now, *amigo*. You will not be marrying again and taking them from us? I have heard rumors."

"I shall not take them from you, *amigo*. But you—suppose a lover should take you from them? I have heard rumors. *Pobrecitos!* But you should not sacrifice yourself, *cara mia* [my dear]," was the answer.

When next the sisters heard the tumult of childish voices in the hall, dominated by masculine "*carambas!*" the Spanish was interlarded with quite new English; and the third time dreadful English was interlarded with Spanish, and Señor Hernandez burst forth passionately in the presence of the sisters:

"*Caramba!* You are forgetting your mother's tongue!"

After that, Anita wrote:

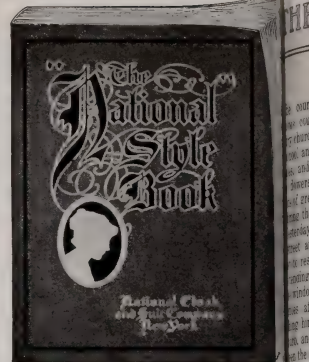
"I talk Spanish with them altogether, and Maria is very faithful to use her small stock of Spanish for their benefit. But, *amigo*, they will pick up a lot of East-side English. I am sorry you disapprove, for it is awfully cute. My conscience has been fearfully smitten, of late, to discover how defective has been their religious instruction since their mother died. You know, Maria and I have little verbal piety. We say our prayers and do our best, but we have to work so hard! A good Sunday School lady who has taken them in charge is scandalized at their ignorance. So am I, since she has opened my eyes. I am sending them regularly to Sunday School and showing my interest in their lessons by questioning them afterwards.

"*Chico*, I have just asked, 'what did Miss Wright tell you about today?'"

"*Oh*," said he, glibly, 'about that time they had a picnic and there wasn't 'nough to eat to go round.'

"Do not smile, *amigo*, at this seemingly irreverent way of telling of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. It was not irreverence; it was poor Frico's 'ill-fitting' English; 'picnic' means 'religious festival' to him. Miss Wright does not understand the sweet, reverent, loving spirit underlying this awful English, and I would not be surprised if she conceives it her duty to write you a note, warning you to remove the children from my influence. I would not be surprised if the Gerry Society came and got them! Oh, *amigo!* I wish we had a little home

Continued on next page



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## Your New "NATIONAL" Style Book is Now Ready

This column in your copy of *The Christian Herald* is given up to tell you of your *National Style Book*—to tell you to be sure to write your free copy.

THE "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book is ready. Finished. All the beautiful new fashions have gathered—all are now ready for your interest and delight. The book is ready—in waiting for you, in fact—waiting for you to send us your name and address for your free copy. What question would you ask about the greatly changed Fall Styles? Your "NATIONAL" Style Book answers. "What new suit would become me best?" It is picked there for you. "What are the newest and prettiest waists?" What are really the most becoming skirts? How can I economize, get the best Fall clothes for the least money? The answer is there. Every fashion problem from proper to the greatest beauty and becomingness, finds its solution in the "NATIONAL" Style Book. It shows you:

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits Made to Measure \$15 to \$40  
Samples of Materials Sent FREE

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Styles step backward eighty years—backward in the denial of detail—forward in beauty and gracefulness. We need and improve the elegant, the effective, the comfortable, and present fashions continue the lines and styles of Louis XVI, the Empire Period; but all is made new with improvement. Suits and dresses in straight lines, smooth fitting, even clinging effects, are shown, giving both grace and youthfulness to the wearer; skirts are new and beautiful; coats and dresses and waists, and even petticoats are charmingly softly veiled with chiffon.

But we are using valuable space to tell you what we have already told you complete in your "National" Style Book. Just send us your name and address and we will send you your "National" Style Book the full story of the new fall styles.

The "NATIONAL" Policy We prepay postage and express charges on all our goods to any part of the world. You may return, at our expense, any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you, and we will refund your money.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.  
218 West 24th Street, New York City



# THE LITTLE MEXICANS

Continued from preceding page

country—where *los pobres* could go to a clean little church and a clean little school and be free from street ings, and where they could have flowers—*pobrecitos!* they pick of green things from the street ings them in.

Yesterday, I saw Chico run across street and dive under a florist's to rescue a sprig of green that ending carefully in a tomato can window sill. One of my first ex- ings after he came here was ings him one day put his cap on rh, and then make several trips on the curb and the gutter; when e upon him I discovered that the re he was so carefully depositing cap was a handful of faded vio- ad had dropped from some pass- and or breast and which he was ings up one by one from the t. He looked up smiling and said: *ama en Mexico.* And I remem- how his mother loved violets!

ca did not puzzle us when she of eating 'hair-rings' because mispronounced syllable is much the correct form of herring, but she wondered 'why they had so hair in them,' we supposed that ad not been referring to the fish ings, until several days later when ings were served as a breakfast ings, and she pulled out some bones ings them up, said: 'No wonder all 'em hair-rings!' A Spanish has been christened on the block, Cuca attended with her chum quita, and Mariquita stood god- ings. Cuca returned full of heart- ings envy. 'O Tia Anita!' she d, 'Mariquita held the baby! t she to have held the candle too? t didn't give me to hold even a piece of candle. Tia Anita, you get somebody to let me be a other?'

They are becoming quite useful to e. Cuca helps with the dishes Frico runs errands and is most erful as a market-man, keeping e open for bargains in such things e likes.

'Tia Maria, I don't know why you me,' he remonstrated, 'down squares for sirloin tea, when it's ame price right rovin' the corner.' urse, you know, he meant Ceylon. e can buy little cabbages [Brus- prouts] cheaper 'an you can,' he ed us.

e astonished the butcher by or- g 'poorhouse steak,' but the right

cut came all the same, for Frico showed the butcher just where to take it from, and our breakfast porterhouse was better than usual.'

These letters, together with other circumstances, brought a result bet- ter than sisters and children had ever hoped for.

The summer came, and with it a memorable week in New York when hundreds died every day from the effect of the heat, and people stumbled over dead horses at almost every corner. That week nearly killed Anita and the little Mexicans. The doctor ordered the trio out of town—an order that it was impossible for Anita to obey, but she wrote to the father, laying the children's case before him; and then drooped all the more because of the parting that must come. Mr. Hernandez, though blind as men usually are, could not fail when he came to see how matters stood; and took the trio back with him to Niagara, where he was attending to some electrical work. When the four returned to New York, Anita and the children's father were betrothed. That winter, they were quietly married just on the eve of a business journey to Mexico which Mr. Hernandez had to make, and on which he arranged to be accompanied by his bride, leaving the children with Maria. But the children ordered matters otherwise. They saw preparations for Anita's departure going forward; they saw her standing by their father, both dressed for traveling. They wept; they were to be left. Their father promised to bring her back soon. An- other picture, another parting under similar circumstances, recalled itself to their troubled little hearts. They looked up to Anita, to their father with swimming eyes.

'Ah, papa,' they said, 'you told us that when you took mama away.'

'They go with us!' said Anita.

'They go!' said Maria.

Their 'grip' was got ready in short order. In their beloved Mexico they spent three beautiful months. When the time came to return to the States, they did not want to go.

But they went back—and to a glad surprise—as did their new mama. Their papa had prospered, and an evidence of it was the pretty suburban home in Long Island to which he took them. Tia Maria had got it all ready and was standing on the porch in the midst of a wealth of flowers to welcome them.

## The Christian Herald Bigger Than Ever

NE of our readers writes as follows: 'I should not want to give up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; it seems like an old friend and has been a constant visitor in our home for many years. But it seems to me that we are get- a paper smaller and with more advertising than under the management of Klopsch.'

ow, as a matter of fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was never so large, all ings of the year considered, as it is at the present time. In our issue of 19, we called attention to the fact that 'Whereas during the year ending June, 1909, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contained 3,278 columns of reading er, yet during the year ending June 1, 1911, we printed 3,594 columns of ing matter, an increase in our reading matter of 316 columns, or 79 pages.' e, we were enabled to give our readers during the twelve months ending 1, 1911, the equivalent of six extra CHRISTIAN HERALDS, as far as reading er is concerned, and this we were enabled to do because of the increased nt of advertising.

ow, compare the figures for the present summer months, when the amount ertising is always smaller—compare this season with the figures of the e season last year. In the twelve issues from that of June 7 to that of ut 23, there were 785 columns of reading matter, whereas last year, during ilar period, there were 682, or 103 columns less than we are furnishing y.

t was formerly the custom of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to publish sixteen- papers in the summer time, whereas our rule to-day is never to publish less twenty pages, no matter how small may be the amount of advertising.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE ISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the ublisher, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the ate appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to stment advertisements.

# "Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE bathroom should be beautiful as well as sanitary. A lavatory which permits of decorative construction will add greatly to the appearance of the room.

Eliminate all doubt as to the sanitary excellence of your bathroom equipment by specifying, *not verbally, but in writing, "Standard"* guaranteed fixtures, and making certain that they, *and no others*, are installed.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with the exception of baths bearing the Red and

Black Label which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures with care will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.*

Send for a copy of our beautiful catalog, "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from \$78 to \$600. This valuable book is sent for 6 cents postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 56 PITTSBURGH, PA.

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| Nashville.....315 Tenth Ave. S.      | New Orleans.....Baronne and St. Josephite  | Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.        | Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.          | Louisville.....219-23 West Main St. | Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.          |
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## The Supreme Motive Power\*

WHERE our treasure is, there will our heart be also. Is your Saviour your treasure? Is his cause the dearest object of your life?

You remember that the lover in the old song said:

I could not love you, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

So you cannot love your earthly friends so much, if you do not love Christ and his cause supremely. If we do not dwell on them in our thoughts and love to think of the glory and goodness of our God, by day and in the night-watches, there is indeed something sadly lacking in our lives.

For when we really and truly love, we shall not need to strain to interest ourselves in our church, our society, our work, our meetings. We shall await them eagerly, enter into them heartily, be sorry to have them close.

Have you never noticed how a single enthusiastic player in a game of croquet or tennis can stir the interest of his fellow-players, who may, perhaps, begin in a lukewarm and perfunctory spirit? Many a hostess who

has planned an evening of games, some of which may be new to her guests, has blessed the enthusiastic ones, who enter into them with all their hearts, and make them successful. Thus a few truly loving and interested Christians can wake up a whole meeting, though it may have begun coldly enough.

And this overmastering love leads to the squaring of the whole life in accordance with it. If you truly love anybody, you long to please him and to meet all his wishes. Therefore the true Christian studies the Scriptures to find his Lord's will, and orders not only his words but his whole life accordingly.

In one of the great Welsh revivals, an infidel physician said to a friend, "I believe in this revival. It's a fine thing for me."

"How's that? Lots of lunatics to treat?" was the laughing rejoinder.

"No, not that. I've had £22 in outlawed debts paid me by people who have been touched by the revival. That's the kind of a revival I believe in."

And yet, in the face of a Gospel like this, the physician remained obstinately unmoved regarding his own soul. A religion which stirs deadened consciences to make restitution after long delay, has so plainly the right motive power behind it, that one feels that only the perverse and dull can possibly resist it.

Mr. Gilbert relates that Charles M. Alexander once found a church which was trying to create special interest in religion, but which remained cold until one evening he started the congregation to singing a hymn, one verse of which runs:

Make me love everybody  
And it's good enough for me.

As they sang this over and over, the "fire began to burn," and Mr. Alexander relates it as an actual fact that before the song ended seventeen members of the church, who were not on speaking terms with one another, had confessed their sins and had renewed cordial relations, and the result was a great and beneficent revival.

"The whole nature," said Dr. Munger, "follows love. Where the heart is, there are all the treasures of mind and will. Let this love be planted in Christ, and, using this love as if it were some broad stream, the truth, the strength, the very righteousness of Christ float down into us and become our own."

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 3. TEXTS: II. Cor. 5: 13, 14; John 13: 34; I. John 3: 16.

### Anvil Sparks

Two going aheads are better than one.

THERE are men who can stand and lie at the same time.

Good service is payable in advance—also in advancement.

BETTER to smile without meaning it than to be mean without a smile.

WHEN the muckraker can't say something good about a man, he writes it.

THE way of the transgressor is hard on those against whom he transgresses.

AFTER a man has bought a lot of experience, the advice he offers to give gratis ought to be worth listening to.

### Notable Speakers at Northfield

—AMONG THE speakers at the Northfield Conference this year are two celebrated English divines, Dr. W. H. Griffith-Thomas and Dr. J. Stuart Holden. Dr. Griffith-Thomas is Welsh both in name and appearance. He excels rather in solid careful teaching than in brilliant oratory. Dr. Holden, another Church of England lecturer, has been one of the most prominent speakers at the Conference for several years. His manner is gentle and retiring, but he excels in clearness of analysis and presentation.



## Fire Fighting and Telephoning

Both Need Team Work, Modern Tools and an Ever Ready Plant, Everywhere

Twenty men with twenty buckets can put out a small fire if each man works by himself.

If twenty men form a line and pass the buckets from hand to hand, they can put out a larger fire. But the same twenty men on the brakes of a "hand tub" can force a continuous stream of water through a pipe so fast that the bucket brigade seems futile by comparison.

The modern firefighter has gone away beyond the "hand tub." Mechanics build a steam fire engine, miners dig coal to feed it, workmen build reservoirs and lay pipes so that each nozzle-man and engineer is worth a score of the old-fashioned firefighters.

The big tasks of today require not team work but also modern tools and a vast system of supply and distribution.

The Bell telephone system is an example of co-operation between 1,000 stockholders, 120,000 employees and six million subscribers.

But to team work is added an up-to-date plant. Years of time and hundreds of millions of money have been poured into the tools of the trade; into the building of a nation-wide network of lines; into the training of men and the working out of methods. The result is the Bell System of today—a unit of men, money and machinery, to provide universal telephone service for every million people.

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# Our Boys and Girls

## Bunny Rabbit's New Coat

By GEORGE H. SHOREY

BUNNY RABBIT'S mama had made for her little son a fine new coat. Oh, really, it was a very fine coat. Pockets? Yes, indeed; four of them; and each one large enough to hold a tiny turnip or a very little head of lettuce; and, dear oh me, if you could have seen the buttons! Great big fancy ones made of ss, and so bright that the Bunny Rabbit could look in each of them and see the reflection of own tiny whiskers!

If course he was proud of his coat, and proudly proud, and strutted about like the Chipmunk and the Squirrel, the Porcupine and the Weasel, and all other animals, as though he would ever have done strutting by.

The Frog, I am sorry to say, grew matured about Bunny's stickupitis, and took up a handful of mud, which he surely would have thrown at bunny had he not happened to see a in it, and by the time he had eaten fly, Bunny was out of reach. All little field folk grew so tired of seeing Bunny strutting proudly around in fine new coat that the raccoon, whom they all called Coony, declared would stand for it no longer, and away with the coat that night while Bunny was fast asleep.

Poor Bun! How he searched the woods and the fields for his new little, a little coat! But no trace of it could he find. The Frog, the Turtle, the Chipmunk, the Mouse, the Squirrel, the Porcupine, even the Fox and the Mooley-Cow, he asked them all.

They shook their heads and said, "No." They had not seen it which was quite true. "Hey, Bunny!" called the Frog one morning. "I have you seen Coony's new coat?"

"No, I have not seen it," said the Bunny Rabbit sadly, shaking his head and winking his nose, and brushing away a tear with the back of his foot. "It's a great beauty," said the Frog. "Is it any prettier than mine was?" asked Bunny, quite forlornly.

"Oh, much, much prettier, I think," friend. Come, we will go and see together." So the two hopped across the field till they came to the gate in the old like-and-rider fence, and there they and a noise of some one snoring very idly. Peeking over curiously, they spied old Coony fast asleep, all snug and warm in his beautiful new coat. It was very short and pepper on him, to be sure, but no one would deny he looked a prince in it. Bunny shed a shower of tears and remembered his own great coat, so nice and woolly.

Then Bob Crow, whose waggish lips Bunny had never quite grasped, whispered something in his ear, and in the dullest would have known by their nudges that a plot had that moment been concocted between them.

Pretty soon Bunny dashed across the field, and in a few moments back he came with tiny rabbit-armsful of rags wrapped up in velvety rock leaves. One by one stealthily dropped the tickly ripe pods on Coony and on his own beautiful

coat, but he did not know that. Then, quick as wink, he made off again across the field for more.

Meanwhile Coony slyly opened one eye, looked up at Bob Crow standing solemnly on the post nearby, and both fairly shouted with laughter. When Bunny got back with another armful of burrs, Coony pretended to snore again, and Bunny was tickled to death to see the Crow and all the animals grouped around and chuckling.

"Good joke on Coony!" laughed the Rabbit, throwing on the burrs thick and fast. Then the animals chuckled and winked and chuckled some more, but Bunny was oblivious.

Suddenly Coony yawned, stretched himself, stood up straight on his hind paws and "played surprise" to catch a sight of such a lot of burrs.

Bunny squeaked in funny bunny delight; his cotton tail bobbing up and down as he jumped about. Bob Crow lost his balance and fell from the post down among the animals that were leaning against each other to laugh it out.

"Good joke! Good joke!" squeaked Bunny some more, and all the animals winked and blinked together like the funny silly things that they were.

"Now, my friends, who is going to pick these burrs from off my nice new coat?" piped Coony, strutting by.

"You! you! you! who else?" said Bunny, holding his sides to laugh.

"It is you, you, you, my friend Bunny Rabbit. You shall take off the burrs," cried Coony.

Boy, as angry as a Coony-Boy can be. Then turning the coat to other side about, the joke soon turned on Bunny. "That is what you get, Mr. Bun, Bun, Bun, for being so proud and haughty." And

all the animals fled, leaving Bunny to pick off the burrs; but happy enough, after all, because he had found at last his beautiful new fur coat.

### NEXT WEEK'S COZY CORNER

THE Cozy Corner will be given over next week to work done by boys and girls. It will also contain answers to the August puzzles, and the names of our young people whose work during July and August has shown special merit.

### More Prize Offers

I SHOULD especially like to have you send me this week, nice headings for the Cozy Corner pages during the month of September. (Pen and ink, water colors, or wash.)

Photographs entitled: "Lessons," or "Me Too."

Verses: "Polly and I," or "Bunny Rabbit's New Coat" (from the story on this page).

For best work under any of these headings will be given an A No. 1 Brownie Kodak. Second and third prizes are Naval Blue Hill Box Kite for the boys, and a beautiful box of Japanese water-color paints for the girls; and all work beyond the average will receive a Cozy Corner prize.



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## Many Peace Circles Organizing

**N**O EVENT in the vast affairs of the world to-day is more manifestly important than the final signing of Arbitration Treaties between the United States and the Governments of Great Britain and France. On the third day of August, 1911, the Peace Movement that has been smouldering in the hearts of the people for years was lifted out of the dusky dreamland of the impracticable into the atmosphere of every-day affairs, and the welfare of nations advanced centuries at a single bound. The three most civilized nations of the earth have outgrown warfare. It is safe to prophesy that in the near future probably Japan, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the nations of the Scandinavian peninsula will have joined the ranks of Peace.

President Taft and his Cabinet deserve national approval for the part they have taken in this great work. Every member of every Peace Circle, every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in fact may become a personal factor in the Peace Movement now.

### Please Answer

Send us your names, your own signatures written in ink that we may attach them to a letter of approval which we will forward to the President to let him know how the Peace Circles and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regard the splendid achievements of our present administration in the Arbitration Treaties. Send your name at once.

### In the Cause of Universal Peace

**W**E REGARD this opportunity in the light of great responsibility. Countless thousands of men and women may come forward and speak to other countless thousands in favor of Universal Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man. The opportunity seems almost a sacred one. May we not hear from every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? From every loyal citizen who shall read this plea?

### New Peace Circles Organized

**R**ECENT enlistments among CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League workers are:

July 27, 1911.—Mrs. M. V. Beene, Tennessee; Mrs. C. W. Harter, Missouri; Rev. Pavel L. Mishkoff, Bulgaria.

August 2, 1911.—Mr. J. R. Townsend, California; Mrs. Eliza S. Frame, Oregon; Miss Ellen P. Doolittle, Minnesota; Mr. H. J. Willis, Ohio.

August 7, 1911.—Mr. Adam Kern, Missouri; Mr. Harry Mason, Ohio; Mrs. Mary C. Lorents, Virginia; Mr. Elwin E. Gray, Iowa; Miss Juliet W. Hill, Missouri.

August 8, 1911.—Mrs. E. P. Rollman, Ohio.

### The Immediate Task

**T**HE major theme for debate in CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles for the fortnight ending September 6 is: "The Immediate Responsibility at the Hands of the People."

### Suggested Topics for Three-Minute Speeches and Debates

New Social Theories and New Idealisms.

A Democracy Based on Justice, not on Gunpowder.

Brotherhood Based on Law and Love, not on Armies and Navies.

Recognition of Common Rights, Based on the Good Will of Men toward One Another.

### Other Suggested Themes for Discussion

No. 1.—War Expenditure versus Peace Expenditure, or better ways of spending \$12,000,000 (the cost of one battleship) and \$1,072,000,000, or what eight years' increase in army and navy has cost the American people.

No. 2.—The Moroccan War Cloud. A war cloud has arisen upon the political horizon of Europe, as if at this precise psychological moment to make plain the dire consequences that its bursting would mean to civilization. It is unthinkable that statesmen can be found in this immediate day, who can seriously contemplate plunging their countries into a conflict so terrible that a century of recuperation would not efface the effects.

No expansion of territory, no commercial supremacy would justify such a war. This is an age of reason, not of bloodshed.

### Local Peace Circles

**A**PPROPRIATE plans for organizing and conducting local Peace Circles, in the city, the village, the church, the school, the home, together with programmes and delightful suggestions for social evenings, will be forwarded to any one writing and asking for them.

To the Secretaries of the Circles already formed, we will forward our Peace Pamphlet, No. 3—*The Grange of Peace*—a most interesting report of the Committee on International Peace.

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## "LEST WE FORGET"\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

### A Panoramic View

HOSE about whom we have been studying for the last three months will now pass by us one

er comes Isaiah, the prophet of Lord. Read Isa. 6: 1-8 concerning his divine call and commission. work was along two lines: First, prove God's chosen people for apostasy, and second, to proclaim coming Christ as the suffering our for the world. It is said of ur: "In him we see prophetic au- ship reaching its culminating . In the sentiment he expresses, e topics of his discourses and in manner, Isaiah uniformly reveals self as the king-prophet."—Ewald. prophesied during the reigns of e kings—Jotham, Ahaz and Heze- —a period of sixty-one years. ng all those years Isaiah was ing, not growing old, but renew- his strength in the Lord to do the 's work. Henry Ward Beecher said: "There are some men who like the horse-chestnut tree that es all its growth in about four s and stands the rest of the sum- without swelling a bud or develop- a leaf. That is not an evil in a because it is a tree; but it is an in a man, who is not a tree, and ought to grow from the very ing to the very autumn, and never the month in which he is not ating, budding, blossoming, and ing forth fruit. Our types should be orange tree, that is never without n leaves, never without white blos- , never without fruit that is set- and never without ripening . A man may have had the high- onors of his time; he may have engaged in all the enterprises of ay; but there is no reason for his option from activity."

### The Character of Hezekiah

cond, King Hezekiah, noble son of e and ungodly father, the apostate az. He overcame his bad heredity, is ranked with his ancestor, King id, as being among the greatest s of Judah. He was brave and e, because he dared to destroy the en serpent which was made by es, and had been a miraculous or under God in saving the lives of sands of people. Hezekiah de- ved it because it had become an

He was brave and bold in de- wing all idols. He was broad- ed and generous in that he invited en tribes who had fallen away n God to the worship of the calves, ome to the great Passover in Jeru- an and worship the true God. He e untrusting in his kingly duties, nding for longer life, when it was o him he must die. God answered r prayer, giving him fifteen years e of life. "A good old age is an age conscious of its privileges and es. Old age is a lofty height reached steps cut out of the rock of ever- ing time, which steps we call years, ight for discovery of truth, and for er visions of God. The rough ex- periences of life have not taken away telescope of truth if the soul ever ly loved the truth. The rare calm hat lofty summit is favorable to a and which has learned to respect it- e and has dared to be still that it ight listen to God."—Dr. Gunsaulus.

third, Sennacherib. He was the trest pagan of the ages. Two of e most wonderful cities the world e ever known were his capitals— Babylon, and then Nineveh. The tary victories of Sennacherib and raits of himself engraved upon e stones, together with the rem- ts of his palaces, form a large and

interesting part of the archæological treasures of present-day museums. But great as was his military powers, King Hezekiah conquered his great army of one hundred and eighty-five thousand in one night through prayer, so that in the morning they were all dead corpses (II. Kings 19: 20, 35). Sennacherib raised another army, and time and again came to fight against Jerusalem; after Hezekiah had died, and other kings ruled in his place, he conquered, because the kings did not have God for their helper. Sennach- rib was at last killed by his own sons when he was worshiping his idol gods. In death Sennacherib met a conqueror greater than himself.

### King and Arch-Traitor

Third, Manasseh, king of Judah and arch-traitor to the Living God. It is said that during his reign the only kind of worship not allowed in Judah was that of Jehovah. This is true particularly of the first part of his reign. That condition seems all the more terrible, because for twenty-nine years previous Judah had been under the godly rule of King Hezekiah, Manasseh's father. We saw Manasseh first as a boy king, only twelve years of age, and it may be supposed that his evil rule was largely determined by those who were acting as regents during his minority. But he grew up as a leader in idolatry, for when he himself was a father he sacrificed some of his own children to the idol god Moloch. He set up idols in the very temple of God, and worshipped all the host of heaven, the sun, moon and chief stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. But God punished him by letting the king of Assyria come and take him as a prisoner to Babylon. Then Manasseh began to be sorry for all that he had done against God, and he prayed to be forgiven, and to be allowed to go back to his own land and break down the idols, and teach the people to worship the true God. God put it into the heart of the king of Assyria to send him back. It is said that "after Manasseh's restoration, he lived like a penitent and a patriot," but better still, it might be said, he followed the example of his godly father Hezekiah and restored the services of true religion. Manasseh reigned as king fifty-five years, three years longer than any other king in Judah. God was gracious to him in giving such an opportunity to undo the wickedness he had led the people into.

### A King Who Sought God

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" asked a teacher of his deaf and dumb pupils after teaching them the names of various feelings. The pupils turned to their slates; one wrote "joy," another "hope," another "gratitude," another "love." One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate the word "repentance." He asked her why she thought it was the most delightful emotion. "Oh," she said in the expressive language of looks and gesture, "it is so delightful to be humble before God." Possibly we get a little touch of that feeling when we have been "at outs" with a friend and then make up!

Fourth, King Josiah now appears before us, first as a boy eight years of age, and we observe him until he dies at the age of thirty-nine years. He was one of Judah's most godly kings, and the secret of it was that while he was yet young, he began to seek God. Then as now the kind of a boy determines the kind of a man. Under King Josiah's rule, God's temple was cleared of idol trash and refitted for the worship of the true God. In the cleaning up a wonderful old book was found, even the Bible that had been used in

Continued on next page

## How a Mother Brought Her Daughter To Disgrace

She was a careful mother, too, or believed she was: of good family and social position, and the girl was what we call "a nice girl." Yet, the mother awoke one morning amazed to find "her girl" in jail and disgraced. The girl was as astonished as was the mother.

And the author says, who tells the story:

"Thousands of mothers are doing exactly for their girls what this mother did, only they don't know it." But they should know it, and it will surprise many a mother to read how she is doing it.

It is a graphic story, true to life, forcibly told, and with a ring in it that strikes no uncertain sound.

Read it in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

## How Can I Make a Cat Stretch Itself On the Stage Every Night?

That is what puzzled David Belasco. He wanted to give a domestic touch to a play: If he could only get a cat to come on the stage at a particular point in the play, stretch itself and lap a saucer of milk. But how to make a cat stretch every night at a given time? He puzzled over it for days. Then an ingenious idea struck him, and every night for 400 nights he made a cat stretch. It made the success of the play. Read how he did it. You never would have thought it possible.

"Little things like that have made my plays successful," says Mr. Belasco. Then he tells of the "little things," all in an article, "Why I Believe in the Little Things." It is a picture "behind the scenes"—but it is more.

It is in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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## EAT WITH YOUR BRAINS

Dietetic Intelligence Means Better Living  
at Lower Cost—The Best Foods  
are the Least Expensive

It is a common error to judge of the nutritive value of a food by its cost. As a matter of fact, food values do not run parallel with prices. This has been proven by dietetic authorities over and over again and has recently found confirmation in the results of an investigation carried on for years by the Department of Agriculture in the interest of economy and good living among the laboring classes. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that very many of the most expensive foods are almost entirely lacking in tissue-building and bone making material.

This fact is very tersely stated in the following paragraph which appeared in a recent bulletin of the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction:

"The cost of an article of food is not a true guide as to its real nutritive value. For example, a glass of pure milk, with bread and butter, an egg, and a dish of fruit, costing, all told, twenty-five cents, is a much better meal for the average person than a big sirloin steak which with 'trimmings' will cost five times as much. The trouble with many people is they are willing to pay high prices for food that, while it tickles or pleases their palates, is yet of no more value than that costing much less."

The so-called "palate-foods" which please the sense of taste are generally lacking in digestible, body-building material. Sirloin steak, eggs, sweetmeats and pastries, for instance, cost a good deal more money than shredded wheat biscuit and yet are not nearly so easily digested, and do not contain as much real nutrition for the human body. Recent dietetic investigations have shown that the public has been laboring under a delusion regarding the nutritive value of eggs. As a matter of fact, they are not nearly as nutritious as peas, beans or lentils, and these in turn are far below shredded wheat biscuit in nutritive value. It is probably a fact that there is no more perfectly balanced or more nutritious food on earth than a shredded wheat biscuit with milk or cream, while the addition of a little fresh fruit makes it a more wholesome ration for the average person, especially the person who leads a somewhat sedentary life.

Shredded wheat with milk or cream not only supplies all the tissue-building material needed by the perfect human body, but the outer coats of the wheat grain which it contains have the property of stimulating peristalsis (bowel exercise) which keeps the alimentary tract in a clean and healthy condition.

## I Was Deaf 25 Years NOW I HEAR PLAINLY



With this artificial  
EARDRUM in my  
ear, I never find  
them they are  
perfectly comfort-  
able, and no one  
sees them. I will  
tell you the true  
story, how I got  
made myself hear.  
ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY  
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any room. Light, lasts years.  
Write for low introductory offer.  
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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

the time of Moses. How eagerly the young king listened to the reading of it, and then how sorrowful he became when he found that God had a great punishment in store for his wicked people! Then he took the old Bible and read it aloud to the people, hoping to turn them from their wicked ways to be true followers of God.

An old Scotch drill-sergeant was training the young men of his village in sword exercises. He kept them thrusting until they thought they had enough of that particular exercise, and they said to their instructor: "Now teach us to parry." "Oh," said the old swordsman, "you must do the thrust, and let the enemy do the parry." The Bible is the sword of the Spirit, and we must learn how to thrust evil with it. We must learn how to parry with it, too, so that when Satan or any of his co-workers try to make us do wrong we shall have Scripture words to drive them away, just as Jesus did when Satan tempted him in the wilderness.

### The Bible-Burner

Fifth, King Jehoiakim now passes before us. His face looks as though he has been sitting too near a fire! And that is true. There has been a Bible-burning carried on by Jehoiakim's own hand. The whole Bible was not then written, and the part which Jehoiakim burned was fresh from God, given by the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. It had too much in it about God's punishments to please King Jehoiakim—the punishments which God would give to him and to his people. But after the book was burned, God told Jeremiah to write the words over again, and he did so.

Many Bibles have been burned since then, whole piles of them at once, as at St. Paul's Cross in London; but there are more Bibles in the world to-day than there ever were before, and the printing of Bibles is being done on a grander scale, and it is useless for enemies of the Bible to try to burn it up. Among books, the Bible is acknowledged to be "the best seller" in all the world.

Sixth. Now the prophet Jeremiah with his sorrowful but resolute face comes before us, and with him is Baruch, his faithful scribe and fellow-prisoner; and Ebed-melech with his kind black face, the king's officer, who delivered Jeremiah from the cesspool prison. Jeremiah never feared to stand before kings, and deliver to them the whole message of God, even though it showed to them their downfall.

### Jeremiah's Mission

We see Jeremiah dwelling in a cave near the ruined city of Jerusalem. He was taken captive when Nebuchadnezzar's army entered Jerusalem, but was afterward given permission to return, which he did that he might speak the Lord's words to the aged and the feeble who had been left behind. We see Jeremiah again down in Egypt where he has been forced to go by those who thought they desired his counsel. He was still the brave and true prophet. God has need of Jeremiahs to-day to make this a better world here and now.

Seventh. A throng of people is passing before us as in a moving picture. If we should count them, they would number nearly twenty thousand. They are captives in chains; among them is their king Zedekiah, a weak and wicked man, who worshiped idols instead of the true God. The captives are leaving their home city of Jerusalem, and are being taken to Babylon, the city of their captors. They remembered Zion as they dwelt in Babylon, and their hearts turned toward their God, and they obeyed thereafter at least the first two commandments: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

## Look Inside the Watch

Case for the  
Name

"Crescent"

or

"Jas. Boss"



The cheapening process that has crept into the watch-case business has hurt the legitimate jewelry store.

Too often the jeweler himself has been blinded by the "guarantee" stamped inside a low-grade case.

You are partly to blame because you inquire about the movement of a watch and pay little attention to the case.

Thousands of filled cases are sold every day with the

layers of gold so thin that the engraving or engine-turning can not be done with a diamond-pointed tool. It is merely burrished on. Such a case may be stamped "guaranteed for 20 years" when it will not wear twenty weeks.

You can be sure of legitimate value if you will insist on a "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" gold-filled case and look for our trademarks. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

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## EVERY MEAL CALLS FOR MAPLEINE

The "Flavor de Luxe"

**Begin with Breakfast**—Add a few drops of Mapleine to sugar syrup and you have an irresistibly delicious home-made syrup to pour over the hot cakes or corn muffins.

**Then at Lunch**—For flavoring icings and fillings for cakes, for flavoring ice-cream and milk puddings, in baked beans and other things, you will find that Mapleine adds a rich, mild mellowness of flavor.

**And at Dinner**—Every course, from soup to custard, may be improved with it and improved upon by adding a few drops of Mapleine as a flavoring or a sauce.

Mapleine is a delightful flavoring every housewife should have on hand. Grocers sell Mapleine—35c 2-oz. bottle (in Canada 50c). If not, send to Dept. F.

Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Washington  
"Mapleine Delicacies,"—our recipe book—sent free.



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will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, Bruises, Soft Bunches, Cure Halls, Poll Evil, Quiltor, Fistula or any unhealthy sore quickly; pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, & per bottle delivered. Book 7 E free. ABSORBINE, JR., liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Gout, Wens, Strains, Bruises, stops Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 5 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

## STOP DRUGGING

Don't work yourself to death cleaning and polishing furniture in the old-fashioned way, with soap and water or varnish. 3-In-One Oil removes spots, scratches and scars from piano cases, fine furniture and all varnished surfaces easier, quicker and better than any furniture polish. It brings back the original lustre, dries quickly and gives a bright, lasting finish. Write for generous sample bottle and "The new way" to polish furniture, both free.

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## GET POWER

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## The Christian Herald Bond Book

WE have received so many requests for copies of the financial articles which have been appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that we thought it wise to preserve them in pamphlet form. Any reader may secure a copy of this useful booklet without charge, by forwarding 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dept. 96, Bible House, New York.

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on your stove or range, either oil, gasoline, acetylene, alcohol or gas. No more spoiled bakings or worry—No more wasted heat—No more jarring or chilling of oven. Housewives can see their bakings without opening door. Economy and convenience both guaranteed in the BOSS—a polished blued steel oven lined with tin and asbestos.

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## Great Lives: Daniel\*

THE book of Daniel is divided into two distinct parts. The first treats of the history of Daniel and other prominent Hebrew captives at the court of Babylon. The second is composed of prophecies upon the meaning of which the wisdom and ingenuity of many great commentators have been expended for hundreds of years, but which are not yet fully understood, and probably never will be. Consequently, they do not greatly concern us; while the wonderful story of the prophet himself with its keen practical lessons, is replete with interest to every Christian.

It is particularly appropriate at this season, when intemperate indulgence of the appetite is more than usually dangerous, to note the plain diet preferred by the Hebrew captives to "the portion of the king's meat."

"Let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink," pleaded Daniel; "and at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

It is not unfair to presume also, since God usually employs logical means to work out his ends, that the wisdom and knowledge with which these Hebrew youths were endowed came from their simple habits and sound health—the sane mind which generally accompanies the normal, healthy body.

It is supposed that Daniel was descended from one of the highest families of Judah—that he was even of royal blood. Some students have traced his descent from Zedekiah, but they have no sure data. He was probably attractive in face and manner, and it is impossible to imagine him without dignity. Throughout his narrative, he bears himself truly like a prince of the blood, though without claiming undue distinction. It is supposed that he wrote the story with his own hand, as the Hebrew and Chaldean languages are blended in it, as a captive, knowing both well, might be supposed to use them.

Perhaps the chief impression of Daniel's character which would be received by one who should read his story for the first time would be of courage. He shows it first in asking for the pulse and water; again in daring to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's second dream aright, although he knew that it might cost him his head—since Oriental monarchs dislike to hear unpleasant truths; again, in interpreting Belshazzar's dream; and still again in his persistence in praying to his God in the way his conscience bade him, though he knew that he might be killed for it.

"Dare to be a Daniel," has become a proverb.

The second impression that such a reader would get, might well be that of loyalty. See how true he was to his God through everything. He was equally true to his friends and his people. As soon as he himself was received into the royal favor, he insisted that his friends should be equally honored (see chapter 3, verse 30). Note how painfully he felt the affliction which he was forced to predict for his friend, the king, in every instance.

He had at last the joy of seeing his most cherished longing fulfilled—that his people should return to their own land. He was too old to go with them, but he ever kept their welfare upon his heart and prayed and worked for them.

Many of the prophecies of Daniel were wonderfully fulfilled, and we can trace their course in history. Others the world may never know, but his splendid character spreads its noble lessons plainly before us all.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 3. TEXT: Dan. 6:10-23.



## Just Before Dinner When the Housewife Serves Van Camp's

Think what it means in hot weather to have a stock of Van Camp's in the pantry.

Each can means a hearty, delicious meal waiting to be served. Ready cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. Just as fresh and savory as the moment it came from our ovens.

A hearty meal—84 per cent nutriment. Richer than beef, or eggs, or cheese.

An inviting meal, with every bean nut-like, mealy and whole. None crisped, none broken.

A delicious meal, with the tomato sauce baked into the beans—sauce made of vine-ripened tomatoes.

Never has a dish of baked beans been created which can compare with Van Camp's.

So much for convenience and taste.

But the main fact is that Van Camp's are digestible, and home-baked beans never are.

We bake in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. We bake in small parcels so that full heat goes through. Yet we bake without crisping, without bursting a bean, because we don't use dry heat.

Home-baked beans, below the top, rarely get heated above 100 degrees. As a result, the beans ferment—tax the stomach—go to waste. Factory baking is utterly essential to make beans fit to eat.

Let our cooks bake them for you while you rest. They have had decades of experience. They have the finest materials, all modern facilities.

They do the baking for a million homes. Even in cost you can't begin to compete with them.

Ask your grocer to send a few cans, and judge the facts for yourself. But don't get the wrong brand, for you'll be disappointed. Get Van Camp's.

**VanCamp's**  
"The National Dish" BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS** "The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15, and 20 cents per can

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Get a home in this Land of Plenty. Make a comfortable living—and a good profit—as thousands are, raising fruits, vegetables, grains, grasses, alfalfa, cattle (or dairying), hogs, poultry, bees.

A healthful, growing climate—land marvelously productive, in irrigated and non-irrigated sections. Free Government land in choice localities. New extensions of the Northern Pacific Railway and its allied lines are opening up rich fields to the Homeseeker. Come now, while you can buy land cheap.

**Low One-way Colonist Fares** effective daily September 15 to October 15, 1911. Only \$25 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City or Omaha to any point on Northern Pacific lines west of Springdale, Mont., through to the Coast, and many other points in the fertile Northwest. Similar reduction from Eastern Territory.

**Low Round-trip Homeseekers Fares** first and third Tuesdays of each month. To Montana points Homeseekers' Tickets will be sold every Tuesday in August, September and October.

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**7 a. m.** Puffed Wheat or Rice Mixed with Berries—a Delicious Blend.



**10 a. m.** To Boys at Play the Puffed Grains —Dry—Taste Like Toasted Nuts.



**12 m.** The Finest Chefs Use Puffed Rice as a Nut-Like Garnish for Ice Cream.

## The Myriad Uses for Foods Shot from Guns

How a Hundred Million Dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice Are Being Enjoyed This Summer

**Prof. A. P. Anderson**—the famous inventor of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—started out to make foods for dyspeptics.

But healthy, red-cheeked children found them out. They found them crisp and enticing, with a flavor like toasted nuts. And they discovered a different way to serve them for every hour of the day.

Now we run our factories night and day to supply those children's needs.

**This is the fortunate result:** The most digestible cereals ever created have become the children's choice.

Whole-grain foods, made wholly digestible, are supplanting half-grain foods, made half-way digestible.

For Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are prepared in this way: Whole, plump grains of wheat or rice are put into bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Think of that—550 degrees. Do you know another cereal which gets half that heat?

The moisture in the grain turns to steam in that heat, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Suddenly the gun is unsealed, and the steam explodes. Every food granule is blasted to pieces. The

grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the whole grains porous, toasted and crisp.

No other process breaks up half of the food granules. This breaks them all, so digestion can act.

**These enticing grains**, like other cereals, are served with cream and sugar. But they are just as good in a dozen other ways. Note the pictures.

Perhaps the favorite way in summer is to serve in bowls of milk. The grains are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread. And they are whole-grain foods which terrific heat has given the flavor of toasted nuts.

Digestion begins before the grains reach the stomach. That makes them good bedtime foods.

**Go telephone your grocer** that you want these foods. Do it for the children's sake. For there is nothing else like them in ready-cooked cereals—nothing so good for children, nothing they like so well.

Then let them eat them any hour, in any way they want.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**

Except  
in Extreme  
West

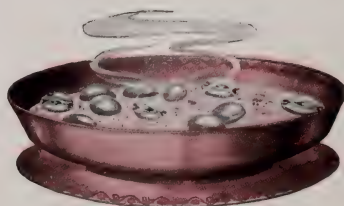
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

**The Quaker Oats Company—Sole Makers—Chicago**

(196)



**4 p. m.** Girls Use These Puffed Grains in Home Candy Making.



**6 p. m.** Puffed Wheat in Soup. The Grains are Crisper than Crackers.



**10 p. m.** Puffed Grains in Milk. They are Four Times as Porous as Bread.



# Christian Herald

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"The Mussel Fisher's Wife." From a painting by Hans von Bartels.





## Questions and Answers

J. P., New York City. In common with a great majority of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, I am glad to see that you are standing by the President on the controversy with the Senate over the Arbitration treaties. We believe that disputes between civilized countries should be settled by arbitration or by an impartial international tribunal.

Many readers are writing us expressing the same views. We are asking all who wish to advance the cause of Peace on earth to unite with us in the rapidly extending Peace Circle movement and to send us a list of at least ten people, ministers, school teachers, neighbors, any villager or good type of citizen whom you would like to see actively interested. To these we will gladly forward our series of Peace Pamphlets, together with our attractive Organization Leaflet, which should be in the hands of every true believer in the Peace Movement.

C. C. G., Harrisburg, Pa. What did Christ mean when he said to a disciple: "Let the dead bury their dead and follow me?"

It was meant to convey that the proclaiming of the Kingdom of God was more important even than to bury the dead—an office which could be performed by those spiritually dead as well as by one who had been called to the Master's service. It is not intended to belittle the office of burial, but simply to put it in contrast with the more imperative duty of preaching the Gospel.

Mrs. W. H. M., Redbank, N. J. 1. Was Ralph Waldo Emerson a Unitarian? 2. Why did he resign from the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston? 3. What is Transcendentalism? 4. What are the names of Homer's books?

1. Yes. 2. He resigned because of conscientious scruples against administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. 3. As a technical term of Kantian philosophy, it is applied to doctrines which profess to give us a knowledge of things quite beyond the boundaries of experience. In American literature, it represents the Emersonian type of thinking. 4. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* (though their authorship by many scholars is considered to be doubtful) are generally attributed to Homer.

Dr. J. L., Cadillac, Mich. 1. How many Protestant denominations use the so-called Apostles' Creed in their general or special services? 2. How many use the clause, "The Holy Catholic Church?"

1. Used by the majority. 2. Impossible to say; some use "universal" instead of "Catholic." Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, of Kansas City (the author of *In His Steps*), answers the foregoing letter as follows: "I believe Christendom is slowly but certainly simplifying its creeds, and will in time reduce them all to the creed of Christ. His creed covered all the essentials: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I have never felt the importance of any attempt to unify denominations around a theological or doctrinal set of statements. It will never succeed. The one thing for all Christians to emphasize is Christlikeness, character, God-loving, man-loving lives. The emphasis should not be placed on this or that phrase or sentence, or doctrinal setting of faith. It should centre about Jesus and his example."

L. A. C., Narvon, Pa. Please explain: Did Jephthah actually devote his daughter to God as a sacrifice in consequence of his rash vow?

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we explained that commentators are divided on the question whether Jephthah did really sacrifice his daughter, or whether his vow was kept by immuring her in some retreat during the remainder of her lifetime. The Bible says: "He did with her according to his vow." See Judges 11: 39, which seems to point to the other conclusion.

L. C. C., Sparta, Ga. In foot-note 21, chapter 23, of Gibbon's *Rome*, I find these words: "Julian believed in the Platonic Trinity, and only blames the Christians for preferring a mortal to an immortal Logos." Please furnish me, through the columns of your paper, the constituent parts of the above-named Trinity, and oblige.

The three principles of Plato were (a) the supreme God; (b) the divine understanding, and (c) the soul of the world. According to Plato's system, God first produced the *ideal* world, i. e., his infinite understanding conceived of the existence of the world and formed the

plan of creation. The *real* world was then formed after this ideal world as its model; and this was done by uniting the soul of the world with matter, by which the world became an animated, sensitive, rational creature—guided, pervaded, and held together by this rational soul.

Mrs. S. A. B., Bannock, Ky., and William B., Little Compton, R. I. Please tell something of the life of George Matheson. Is there a biography of him published?

He was born at Glasgow, Scotland, March 27, 1842; died at North Berwick, August 28, 1906; was buried at Glasgow. His eyesight was always defective, and he became nearly blind during early manhood. He graduated from the College of Glasgow, and in 1867 became the minister of Innelman. In 1886 he became the pastor of St. Bernard's Presbyterian

Church, Edinburgh, but resigned in 1899 to devote himself to writing. His list of books is very long. His best known hymn is "O Love that will not let me go." A biography of him can be found in almost any good library.

S. T. H., Whitehall, Md. In the Bible class last Sunday, the teacher said God did not intend us to know or to understand all that was in the Bible. A scholar made answer, "If we could understand all in the Bible, it would be only a drop in the ocean, compared with what God knows," which was right. Are there things in the Bible our heavenly Father does not wish us to understand?

The Bible was given to man, by inspiration, for his enlightenment and guidance. It is a Book much of which can only be understood by the light given to us through the Holy Spirit;

hence to the unspiritual and worldly, it is apparently a Book of mysteries. There are some parts, especially those that relate to prophecies not yet fulfilled, that are hard problems, even to the spiritually minded. In the main, however, it can be truthfully said that to the earnest, prayerful, diligent student the Bible will yield up many of its treasures. You should procure a good Commentary which will assist you greatly in understanding the Word and will clear away many of your difficulties. There is no warrant whatever for saying that God did not intend us to understand his Word. We should study it with all the assistance at hand from the ripe experience of consecrated scholarship, and though we may not conquer all, we will be sure to learn very much that will prove to us that it was never meant to be a sealed volume, but that it is an open message to those who would know God's will and who are willing to be taught by the Holy Spirit.

S. B. H., Ipswich, Mass. What is the system of shorthand used most commonly in business? Where can I get a self-instructor in the most commonly used system?

The best of all systems is the Pitman-Graham, which has already been taught to several thousand young readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Manual gives full instruction and is equivalent to a regular business course. This system is now used almost universally. We know in nothing about the other systems mentioned in your letter, but can confidently recommend that taught in our Manual. You can procure free a Manual for studying this system without a teacher, by sending to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD four of the coupons which appear in this week's issue, each properly signed by a new subscriber and accompanied by 25 cents each.

J. R., Granite, Okla. If a person has done wrong but to himself alone, must he tell it to the world before God will forgive him?

Not necessarily, by any means. Although confession of our sins to one another is good, there are sins we should confess to God alone and the publishing of which to the world would be of very doubtful value. We refer, of course, to the details. We have heard confessions or "testimonies" in meetings which were clearly unprofitable. The publican's cry was simply "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" He did not describe his sin in detail; it was not necessary. His self-abasement and contrition were sincere and sufficient.

M. B., Cawker, Kan. 1. How do you pronounce the name of the poet Shelley? 2. What is a lych-gate? 3. Does "lych" rhyme with "with" or with "pike"? 4. Please tell something of Mary Johnston, author of *The Long Roll*. 5. How is "Dieppe" pronounced?

1. Exactly as spelled; say "shell" and then add the syllable "y." 2. A churchyard gate with a covered porch or small chapel, in which a bier may stand—a corpse-gate. 3. With "wich." 4. She was born at Buchanan, Botetourt County, Va., and was educated at home. Her first book, *Prisoners of Hope*, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1898. Her other books have been *To Have and to Hold*, *Audrey and Sir Mortimer*. She is a strong woman suffragist. 5. Dee-ep.

## Miscellaneous

If D. W. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., will send her address, her questions will be answered by mail. W. A. T., Elmer, N. J. 1. Yes, so we have heard. 2. We believe not. 3. A number of physicians have abandoned the use of alcohol in treating patients.

B. C. F., Willard, N. Y. Thanks for your letter, which we keep by us. The difference you note is one of terms only. Father, Son and Holy Spirit—"these three are one God," but the three offices are diverse.

Reader, Youngstown, O. Sewing is somewhat precarious as an occupation. While skilled seamstresses earn a fair living, and a few a very good one, the great majority are hard-worked and underpaid. There are many other occupations which offer better advantages.

## Twice as Good as Expected

We have received your Dictionary by express to-night, and beg to say that we are more than pleased. It is twice what we expected and the best premium we ever got with any paper for the small sum of \$1. It would cost at least \$2.50 here, so you see, I got my paper free.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Minnewaukan, N. D.

## CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

# CHINA FAMINE FUND

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK CITY  
For the period from December 27, 1910, to June 30, 1911

### RECEIPTS

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| December 1910..... | \$ 80.65            |
| January 1911.....  | 12,575.65           |
| February 1911..... | 33,344.18           |
| March 1911.....    | 48,703.96           |
| April 1911.....    | 22,002.53           |
| May 1911.....      | 9,379.75            |
| June 1911.....     | 958.25              |
|                    | <b>\$127,044.97</b> |

### DISBURSEMENTS

Distributed in China Through  
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| December 1910..... | \$ 1,000.00         |
| January 1911.....  | 5,000.00            |
| February 1911..... | 20,000.00           |
| March 1911.....    | 35,000.00           |
| April 1911.....    | 35,000.00           |
| May 1911.....      | 4,000.00            |
|                    | <b>\$100,000.00</b> |

### Paid for Flour Shipped to China

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| February 1911..... | \$19,000.00      |
| March 1911.....    | 875.00           |
|                    | <b>19,875.00</b> |

### Paid for Freight on Flour From Minneapolis to Seattle

|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| February 1911..... | 1,225.00 |
|--------------------|----------|

### Paid American Red Cross Society

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| March 1911..... | \$45.50       |
| April 1911..... | 79.25         |
|                 | <b>124.75</b> |

### Expenses

|                                                                          |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Acknowledgments, printing, postage, etc., at actual cost.....            | \$9,859.84      |
| Less: Portion borne by The Christian Herald and donated to the fund..... | 4,039.62        |
|                                                                          | <b>5,820.22</b> |

**\$127,044.97**

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have audited the China Famine Fund of The Christian Herald, and it is our opinion that the above is a true statement of the cash receipts and disbursements and that all cash received has been fully accounted for.



*Ernst & Ernst*

Certified Public Accountants.

## Interesting Facts About Our China Relief Fund

There were 33,554 separate contributions in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The largest individual contribution was \$500. The next largest was \$400. There were 31 contributions of \$100 each, and 46 of \$50 each. The largest collection was \$5,181.52, received through the Sabbath School Bode of Paterson, N. J., from Sunday School Societies and Congregations of the Christian Reformed Church. The next largest collection was \$747.07, received through Foster Copeland, from citizens of Columbus, O.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

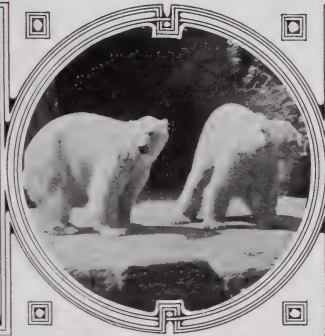
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



An American Bison



The Polar Bears



A Himalayan Tiger



Photos Copyright by New York Zoological Society

## MANAGING A GREAT ZOO

By HARVEY MIDDLETON

THE Zoological Park in the Bronx, New York, was designed and created on lines of the most far-reaching humanity toward wild animals that the skill of man could devise. Nothing has been left undone and no expense has been spared to render the wild animal population not only comfortable but happy from day to day. As a general proposition, the animals of the Bronx Zoo are not pining behind prison bars." The vast majority of them are happier, are better fed and watered than they would be by their own efforts in a state of nature, wherein life is one continuous struggle against hunger and sudden death.

Fifteen years ago Father Knickerbocker awoke to the fact that the Zoological Garden in Central Park was not worthy of the Greater New York then in contemplation. Accordingly, the New York Zoological Society was chartered for the preservation of our native animals and the promotion of zoology in general. The extraordinary combination of hill and lake, forest, meadow, rock ledge and water of the Bronx Park offered to the society an absolutely unique opportunity, and arrangements were made by which the city provided a beautiful park land of 261 acres, the water supply, and police protection, and an annual maintenance fund of \$135,000, while the society agreed to provide all the animals.

It is probable that no spot in America is so well fitted as the Bronx for an animal sanctuary. You walk about a spacious domain of native woodland, guarding a variety of beautiful trees. Where the trees cease, the natural rock rises in abrupt mounds and ridges, and against these defenses the cages—if the word is allowable—are built.

This vast municipal playground, where eight hundred animals, three thousand birds, and two thousand reptiles are housed as nearly as possible in their own environment, is under the management of Professor William T. Hornaday, the protagonist of bird and beast protection throughout the world, ably assisted by Ray-

mond L. Ditmars, the curator of reptiles. The two principal tasks of the management are the provision of a bewildering variety of diets—eighty-two different kinds of food must be served daily—and the nursing of the sick. Five thousand eight hundred living creatures to feed daily! Problem enough, if they were all of a kind; but complicated beyond

are the hardest of all to cater for. That hooded terror, the king cobra, for instance, will eat nothing but snakes, preferably alive. Last year the Zoo's farm yielded 2,400 tons of green food, besides 1,000 chickens, 700 pigeons, 400 rats, 650 mice, 550 guinea-pigs, and 128 rabbits. In addition 8,500 eggs were produced and used.

Chickens, rodents, rabbits and guinea-pigs are killed and fed to the reptiles whole, the boa-constrictors crushing their rabbits or rats, although dead, before swallowing them.

The large snakes occasionally cause their keepers considerable anxiety by refusing to eat. There was, for instance, the large regal python, captured on the Malay Peninsula. For fourteen months the snake was fed at intervals of about ten days apart with two freshly-killed Belgian hares, sewed together with heavy twine, then pushed ten feet down her throat with a bamboo pole while the snake was held by twelve keepers. Between times she was offered everything known on the menu of a python, but stubbornly refused the food. Then one day a

Feeding a Stubborn Python by Force

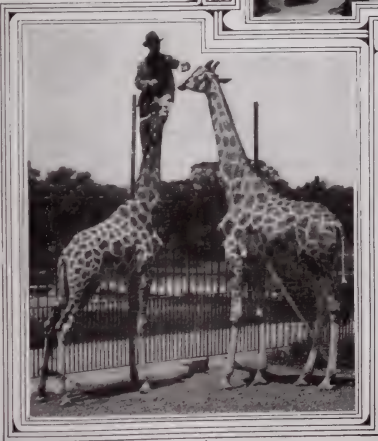
freshly killed pig, weighing thirty-five pounds, was offered to her, and she quickly absorbed it. Since then the python's appetite has been faultless.

The hippo insists on lettuce, the polar bear has a fondness for tomatoes, the angora goat likes tender tree bark, the buffalo must have chopped clover hay sprinkled with corn meal. The monkeys love onions and strawberries in and out of season, the tiger prefers horse, the camel a mash of oatmeal and oil, while the rhinoceros has a distinct partiality for carrots.

Every ounce of food is prepared and carefully weighed in a modern hygienic kitchen equipped with all the appliances of a modern hotel, under the superintendence of a skilled chef, who prepares and sends out daily 650 pounds of beef, 200 pounds of fish, 250 loaves of bread, and 100 heads of lettuce. A considerable quantity of meat is fed raw—especially to the lions and tigers, bears and wolves. Potatoes are usually boiled without peeling and served whole to the animals—about a bushel a day. On Tuesday the monkeys are given an extra treat in the way of peanuts and popcorn, the squirrels being similarly

Continued on page 861

Photos Copyright by N. Y. Zoological Soc.



The \$10,000 Nubian Giraffe and His Mate





# THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Rev. J B Shaw, D.D., LL.D.\*

# LETHARGY OR TREACHERY?

TEXT: Matt. 26:40-47—"Lo, Judas, one of the twelve."

PETER asleep in the garden; Judas much awake leading an attack at the gate. Two pictures that should always be hung together. I name the first *Lethargy*; the second, *Treachery*. Is there any doubt what the feeling of us all is when in front of the latter of these? No act of man is more widely detested or more commonly denounced than treachery. Everybody despises the traitor and refuses to give him the least quarter. Judas has come to his own place in man's muster as well as in God's reckoning. Nothing in all the Passion Play last summer was more pleasing to me than its interpretation of the character and course of the betrayer. His deed is represented as plotted not from any high motive, as some would contend, but from a motive the basest. The thirty pieces of silver are to him an irresistible temptation. He is piqued at the Master's rebuke. His lot is thrown in with the opposition because he foresees, or thinks he foresees, Christ's downfall, and would save himself. "Paint me warts and all," was an ancient monarch's order to his artist. Biography needed no such instructions from this man. It has given us his true portrait, and before it our souls experience only the strongest revulsion of feeling. This is the sensation awakened by the second picture.

## The Effect of the Pictures

But how does the first affect us? Are you inclined to pity Peter and his two companions on "that sad and dreadful night"? Do you find yourself trying to excuse them on the ground of their physical exhaustion, saying that their sleep, instead of being due to weakness of will and therefore wicked, was the imperative demand of nature? That is the way many before you have talked. For that matter, Jesus himself was tender with them. But, tender as was his treatment of them, he was plainly surprised when he came and found them asleep, and gave them to understand this. He dealt Peter a blow that he could never have forgotten—"What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" intimating that his sleep had been a yielding to temptation and enjoining him to watch and pray lest the temptation might be fallen into again. The words, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," were not spoken as an excuse for the disciple's sleepiness, as so many have construed them, but, uttered in connection with the command to watch and pray and immediately following it, was Jesus' reason for that command. Moreover, his last word to them had in it the sting of irony, and conveyed no uncertain meaning. I can read nothing but blame in this, can you?—"Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

The anxious mother may be exhausted with her long unbroken vigil at the bedside of her sick babe, but her suspense and eagerness will not allow her eyelids to draw even slightly together. Nature makes imperious demand; but her heart is more than a match for nature. The watcher up yonder in the cage is cold and weary from his long-contingent and tempestuous outlook; but he knows it would be regarded a crime for him to yield to his physical feelings, and reason overmasters the flesh. The engineer up ahead in the cab is numb from exposure and faint from the strain; but he would as soon think of committing suicide as of going to sleep at his post. His will asserts itself and the body obeys.

## Modern Peters and Judases

And yet Peter, at the moment when Jesus needed him as never before and as he would never need him again, and after Jesus had expressly bidden him tarry and watch, allowed the demand of nature to make louder appeal than the charge of his Master, let his own bodily comfort take precedence of the safety of his Lord, and, despite Christ's evident anxiety and confessed sorrowfulness, went to sleep and slept so soundly that the noise of the advancing mob and the flare of their torches failed to awaken him. You must see this picture hung next the other to get the right impression. The sight of Peter asleep in the garden when Judas is wickedly awake betraying Jesus at the gate, is enough to pain and sadden the most flintlike heart.

Both these pictures have been numerous reproduced. You can find copies of them to-day almost everywhere. Legion are the modern Judases—men, yes, and women, too, in whose estimate the honor and security of Jesus in this age is of secondary importance, and whose ruin begins just where the arch-betrayer's did—in the setting up of self against the method, mission and even motive of the Master. His policy is a mistaken one; theirs would work better. His is an entirely unpractical programme; they will take the liberty of modernizing it. He is too severe on existing customs and conventions, too ruthless with traditions, too independent of the temporal, too indifferent to the material. All this must be corrected. So off they go and plot some scheme of reform, ending up where Judas did with an alliance with Christ's foes and a complete forfeiture of their personal loyalty to him. Far easier is it, I verily believe, to bargain away the Christ in the twentieth century than Judas found it in the first.

And the Peters of our time are not less plentiful than the modern Judases, followers of Jesus who are asleep at their posts when events most crucial to him and his kingdom are transpiring. We condemn Peter's denial in the courtyard, and rightly so, but much more seriously resultant was his unfaithfulness in Gethsemane. And why? Because it gave Judas the advantage and made the enemy's attack successful. The betrayer might have come with a band ten times as large and failed utterly had Peter been on his feet instead of on his back.

Is it not ever so? Indifference, self-ease, love of personal comfort, selfishness, surrender to the physical are always harder for Christianity to contend with than open outward attack. Jesus can at any time summon ten legions of angels to repulse the latter; but all the inhabitants of the celestial world together would not be a force sufficient to hold back the former and counterbalance their influence. Now as then it is the sleeping Peters in the garden that give power to the plotting Judases at the gate. Because I want you to see this clearly and feel it keenly, because I would hang these modern pictures together before you as I have done in the case of their ancient prototypes, I ask you to walk back with me into the Gethsemane where Christ is now engaged in his scarcely less mysterious and awful passion and let me point out to you several Peters asleep there.

## Our Betrayal and Our Sleep

I. We stumble at once over a whole bevy of them. One of the greatest perils Christ has ever had to meet is his now threatened betrayal into the hands of the coming generation. Mark well the evidence. Has not the Bible been expelled from our public schools? Has not religious training been largely abandoned in our American homes? Are not children generally excused from attendance upon the services of the church? Has not the religious instruction of the youth been reduced to a single half-hour's study under a not always competent Sunday School teacher? What does all this indicate but an attack upon Christ and his kingdom more crucial than Judas' betrayal ever began to be? Is it not pre-eminently a time when all who love the Master's honor and desire his increasing sway should be alert and vigilant, guarding his interest with jealous devotion and giving themselves with unflinching valor to the resistance of so great a peril?

Instead of this, what do we find? Great tiers of our Lord's avowed followers who refuse to stand against this assault in front of some Sunday School class of growing boys and girls, or about their own hearthstones, and before their private family altars, and, instead, are studying their personal comfort, insisting upon leisure and ease, or selfishly seeking their own pleasure. Is there any question which is doing the greater harm to-day—a betraying Judas or a sleeping Peter?

II. But come along a few steps farther. The Peters multiply. Here is another group lying in the path fast asleep like so many stones of stumbling. Behold the onslaught which the Adversary is leading against the church just now, so inflaming the masses that the laboring man, the poor, the unemployed and the criminal are all arrayed against it, impugning its motives, resisting its appeals and even

resenting its approaches! If there ever was a time when the followers of Jesus needed to be aw and on their feet, it is now. But alas! what stu has fallen upon the Church! Many, as if they forgotten these conditions or were unconcern about them, are engaged in drawing social li through the church and actually exhibiting a des for their fellow-members who are socially infer Nothing could widen the chasm between the chu and the world like this. Still a larger number ercise their charity or benevolence through n church agencies, thereby obliging the church stretch out an empty hand to those knocking at doors for either relief or philanthropic aid and he ing to create the impression that it is not interes in the unfortunate or struggling but cares only the affluent and strong; while not a few by th luxurious living and cold commercialism are leadi the world to believe that the church is the frie and champion of sordid wealth and heartl monopoly.

## The Church's Danger

Not until these sleeping Peters, realizing the da ger which menaces Christianity from this quart, arouse themselves from their indifference, live si pler lives, denying themselves all extravagance a luxury, and better manifesting the spirit of the Master, who, though he was rich, became poor f the sake of unworthy humanity, will the honor cause of Jesus Christ be secure in our age a country.

It was written in one of the constitutions of t early church: "The poor shall be esteemed an alt of God." Would that the principle beneath the words were written within the hearts of our twieth century Christians everywhere.

III. Come yet farther back into the garden ar you will find another group locked as in the arm of unawakeable sleep. To me the most ominou religious sign of the times is the drift away fro the Church. In some sections it is more than drift—it is like an irresistible tide. Unless it b overcome, the Church has its greatest struggle y ahead of it.

The greatness of this peril, so evident to all, enough to take sleep from every Christian's eye and rob all church members completely of their res Is this what we find? No, it is the very opposit which prevails. Some of our people, even leader are themselves as careless of their church habits a if there were to-day no need at this point of exampl or influence. The least excuse, and people join th great majority, as little embarrassed by their no attendance at church as their Jewish neighbors o an outside scoffer might be. In the matter of observing the Sabbath, there is little, if any, differenc between them and the most worldly people of th community; neither do they draw a closer line i their amusements or social engagements than th gayest people in town or the most pronounced non sympathizers with the church.

Surely, this gross inconsistency, this negatio of the Christian life and profession, this complet erasure of the line of demarcation between th Church and mammon is as great an obstacle to the advance of Jesus Christ in our age as could exist Queen Victoria down at the close of her reign re marked to Archbishop Benson: "As I get older, I cannot understand the world. I look at people's frivolities and littlenesses, and it seems as if they were all a little mad." How much harder to under stand the people of the Church of to-day!

## The Need that Is Near

IV. One more group I want you to see before we quit the garden. It is made up of those whose indifference to the salvation of lost men all about them is so great that it is as if a deadly sleep had fallen upon them. Two-thirds of the men of this Christian America are outside the Church. Do you get that? At least twenty millions of our fellow-citizens. We speak of it as an appalling fact, but how much does it really appall us? Hundreds of millions of our brother-men are living in the darkness of heathendom. How much does it trouble us? So indifferent is the Church to all that it would seem stupefied as with some drug.

Continued on page 861

\* Pastor, Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago.



## Ma's Tools

HOME it seems to be the rule  
Pa never has "the proper tool"  
knack to fix things. For the stunt  
at stumps ma, though, you'll have to hunt.

e easter in the table leg  
out. Pa said a wooden peg  
bould fix it up. But Ma kep' mum  
fixed it with a wad of gum.

could scarce open our front door  
stuck so tight. An' Pa, he swore  
d "buy a plane" as big as life—  
fixed it with a carving knife.

e bureau drawer got stuck one day,  
push or pull 'twas there to stay.  
ys Pa, "Some day 'twill shrink, I hope."  
fixed it with a piece of soap.

e window shade got out of whack,  
would not pull down nor yet roll back.  
says, "No one can fix that."  
fixed it with a piece of string.

roke the stove door hinge one day  
'twas cracked before, though, anyway.  
said we'd put a new door in.  
a grabbed her hair an' got a pin.

ne bathtub drain got all clogged up.  
bailed the tub out with a cup;  
e had a dreadful helpless look.  
a cleaned it with a crochet hook.

when my things get out of fix  
I ask Pa to mend 'em? Nix!  
ut Ma just grabs what's near at hand  
n' tugs things up to beat the band.

SELECTED.

## They Needed Rain

NEW YORKER, recently return-  
ed from a long jaunt through the  
iddle West, was telling of his trip  
when some one broached the subject of  
weather in that part of the coun-

"Dry!" said the traveler; "why, one  
orning I was finishing up some busi-  
ness with about six feet two inches of  
Missouri farmer when a little shower  
came up. He looked up and saw one  
of his hired men puttering around in  
the nearby garden, and immediately  
he went up and went to the door.  
"Here, you Tom!" he called, 'come  
outen that.'

"Tom slowly unlimbered his rounded  
back and straightened up to shout,  
't's a'right, boss, Ah don' min' work-  
in de rain.'

"'Workin' in the rain!' shouted the  
farmer. 'D'you 'spose I care 'bout  
ur hide gettin' wet? Come in outen  
at an' let that rain fall on the  
ground. It needs it.'"

## Anvil Sparks

...MANY foibles are also sins.  
...VANITY leads to vain regrets.  
...FEELING gives better tone to  
prayer than rhetoric.

...A SORE heart is never healed with  
the balm of self-love.

...SEEKING to amend the Scriptures  
never amends one's life.

...THE wrong way grows less beau-  
tiful the further you travel it.

...SOME folks remember their faults  
of to mend them, but to excuse.

...WE NEVER know how good the  
world is until we practise goodness.

...THE open doors of opportunity are  
never discovered by looking backward.

...THE forces against you are always  
weak when compared with those for  
you.

...EACH new day is a resurrection  
day, and a new chance for loyalty to  
be right.

...A PREACHER cannot preach strong  
doctrine against little vanities, when it  
ickles him to be called "doctor."

...THE curve may be the "line of  
beauty" in the fine arts, but the  
straight line adorns character.

...You must not backbite your neigh-  
bors because they refuse to enthu-  
siasize over your efforts to teach the far-away  
heathen not to eat one another.

...If you lose treasure, it may some  
time be returned to you, and if not, it  
may at least enrich the finder; but if  
you lose time, it is gone forever.

## The Battle Line in Maine

THE liquor forces must not be permitted to take Prohibition out of the  
Constitution of Maine. It was placed there in 1858 by a popular  
vote of 28,000 for Prohibition and 5,000 against it. The question  
was re-submitted in 1884, the vote standing 70,000 to 23,000. The vote on  
the question of sustaining the Constitutional amendment is now on.

Prohibition should be retained in Maine because its effect on the State  
for fifty years has been eminently beneficial to the material interests.  
Sixty-nine per cent. of the farmer families in Maine own their own farms,  
without mortgages. There are twenty thousand more savings bank de-  
positors than there are voters in the State; the amount deposited being  
\$120,000,000, or an average of \$181 for every man, woman and child in the  
State. One of Maine's greatest merchants, with a nation-wide reputation,  
bears this tribute to the material advantage of Prohibition: "Maine is  
rated as a wealthy State, not so much because the people have any advan-  
tages in agricultural lines and opportunities for other business, but be-  
cause the earnings of our men are not spent in the saloon." Ex-Congress-  
man Littlefield gives the facts and figures showing the untold business  
advantage which Prohibition has secured. Honorable John D. Long, ex-  
Secretary of the Navy, says: "I have never changed my opinion that the  
Prohibitory law should be retained in Maine."

PROHIBITION should be retained on account of its intellectual advan-  
tage to the people. There are more schools in proportion to the popu-  
lation, and teachers in proportion to the number of pupils, in Maine than  
in any other State. The stomachs of the people have not been poisoned  
nor their brains befuddled with rum. The tall pine trees that laugh at  
the snow and storm are symbols of the mental and moral stature of the  
citizens of Maine uncursed by the saloon.

The people of the State, we trust, will have economic sense enough to  
retain Prohibition for their own sakes; but the contest in Maine has a  
wider significance; it is related most vitally to the nation-wide warfare  
against rum. Maine was the pioneer; for almost a generation it stood  
alone in its moral courage in the veto of the liquor traffic. For fifty years  
the liquor forces of the nation have turned their guns upon Prohibition in  
Maine, and have sought, by every kind of misrepresentation and false-  
hood, to destroy this provision of the Constitution. Meanwhile, other  
States, seeing the positive advantage to the material, mental and moral  
interests of the people in Maine, have been greatly encouraged to copy her  
example, and at this time there are seven other States where statutory or  
constitutional Prohibition obtains, and the records show that the saloon  
has been driven from forty-five millions of the population of this country  
and from two-thirds of its geographical area. It would be a very poor  
time for Maine to march downward toward the ignorance, wretchedness  
and crime of license, when the whole nation seems to be marching toward  
the heights of abstinence and prohibition, toward the altitude which the  
Pine Tree State has occupied so long, with her white banner of Prohibition.  
Should Maine slip out of the Prohibition column, the successful warfare  
against the liquor traffic would not end, but might be delayed. The true  
men of Maine must see to it at the polls that there be no halting in the  
general victories.

THE friends of Prohibition do not claim that the law has been perfectly  
enforced. Prohibition against crime has never prohibited crime in  
the six thousand years of the world's history. It only tends to prohibit;  
and to claim that the Prohibitory Law is in any way responsible for the  
illicit sale of drink in Maine is folly in the extreme. There is more illicit  
selling under license than under Prohibition. There are to-day five thou-  
sand "blind tigers" in New York City, where they license ten thousand  
saloons. That is, one drinking place out of every three is a "blind tiger."

The liquor men are pouring their speakers and literature into Maine  
to try to convince the people that Prohibition is a failure, and their main  
claim is that the more liquor is prohibited the more it is sold. The silly  
hypocrisy of the position is manifest, and yet many good people are de-  
ceived by this claim. It is the sale of more liquor that the dealers desire,  
and that is why it is they are fighting against Prohibition and desperately  
crying for license. It is much safer for the voter to pay attention to  
what the ministers and best citizens say, than to what the liquor dealers,  
who represent the causes of vice and crime for money, say. It is because  
Prohibition does have a large measure of Prohibition in it that the liquor  
dealers are massing their energies from the whole nation for its overthrow  
in Maine. Fortunately, the enemies of the saloon are also coming from all  
parts of the country to aid in the contest.

PROHIBITION in Maine must win. The pulpit is almost a unit for it,  
and the members of the churches and vast numbers of the citizens of  
all political affiliations and the women, wielding the arm of God, are for it.  
Fortunately the press is standing by the right in this contest. A journal  
in Chicago wrote a large number of the editors of the leading papers in  
the various cities of Maine. The answers revealed the encouraging fact  
that 49 stood unequivocally for Prohibition; 12 for license; 16 uncertain,  
with 10 others probably Prohibition, and 4 probably for license.

It is to be hoped that God will use the pulpit, the pew, the press, the  
mart, the home to beat back the army of vice led by the liquor dealers. It  
cannot be that the pulpit of Maine has so lost its eloquence, or the pen its  
power; it cannot be that womanhood has so lost her conscience, or child-  
hood its innocence; it cannot be that the voters have so lost their chivalry  
or heroism as to permit by law the dram shop, the vice of all vices, the  
crime of all crimes, the hypocrite of all hypocrites, the greatest enemy of  
the Home, the Church and the State. The saloon has to go. God, through  
his Church, has been smiting the great evils that have confronted his  
Kingdom and degraded his children. It looks as though he intended to  
destroy the liquor traffic, and it will be well for the good people of Maine  
to look upward for Divine help as they go forward to the ballot box, to  
destroy the saloon.

FERDINAND C. IGLEHART.

## International Peace

"PEACE on earth," the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang.  
When the Babe of Bethlehem came,  
Prince of Peace they called His name.

Since that time so long ago,  
Sabres clash and trumpets blow;  
War's wild clarion notes are pealed;  
Earth is one great battlefield.

Greed, and jealous fear, and hate,  
Keep the nations separate.  
Rifles, cannon, swords, and fleets—  
Enemies to friendly peace.

But the Golden Age draws near.  
Hope, to every Christian dear!  
Angels sang the Peace song then;  
Earth will soon respond, Amen.

Honest, sympathetic, just,  
Nations will each other trust;  
Put their useless arms away,  
Till the final Judgment Day.

Law and justice shall prevail;  
Plots, intrigues, and cabals fail;  
Homes be safe; lawmakers wise;  
Earth become a Paradise.

Let the angels sing again;  
Earth take up the loud Amen;  
Reign of War forever cease;  
Welcome to the Prince of Peace.

New Windsor, Ill. REV. E. C. CHEVIE.

## On Equal Terms

For the Colonel's lady and July O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skins.

DOWN on Blue Lick in the Cumber-  
land Mountains lives Mrs. Skin-  
ner. It seems as if she has had more  
than her share of trouble, and is old  
before her time. Although not much  
over forty, her cheeks are sunken, and  
her hair and teeth are disappearing  
very rapidly. She rides into the col-  
lege town quite often to sell her "gar-  
den truck," and it is very seldom that  
she has the opportunity to use the  
money as she wishes, for her husband  
beats her, and takes the money when-  
ever he knows she has any.

She used to go as often as she could  
to the Manual Training teacher's  
house, for although a very busy  
woman, Mrs. Manual Training Teacher  
always found time some way or an-  
other to talk to all the poor and un-  
fortunate that came to her door. One  
day their baby died, a very quiet and  
peaceful death, and their home was so  
quiet and lonely it seemed almost too  
much to bear.

Poor Mrs. Skinner heard of it, and  
her heart sorrowing over her own  
baby, lost the same way, came once  
more to see her friend. The two  
women sat for some time, talking over  
their trouble, and weeping a little to-  
gether. When she turned to go, she  
said, with a heartbreak showing in her  
face and voice, "It ain't quite so hard  
to bear when you know that rich folks  
has to suffer, too." E. W. K.

## An Emperor's Kiss

ONE day an aide-de-camp of the  
Emperor Nicholas of Russia threw  
himself at his sovereign's feet and  
begged as an extraordinary favor per-  
mission to fight a duel. The Emperor  
immediately and emphatically refused.  
"But, sire, I am dishonored; I must  
fight!" cried the disconsolate aide.  
The Czar frowned, and asked what he  
meant. "I have been struck in the  
face," was the reply. "Well," said the  
Emperor, "for all that, thou shalt not  
fight; but come—come with me," and  
taking him by the arm, the Emperor  
led him into the presence of the Court,  
which was assembled in an adjoining  
salon. Then, in view of the flower of  
his realm, the Emperor kissed the  
cheek of the aide-de-camp which had  
received the blow. "Go now," he ex-  
claimed, "and be at peace; the affront  
has been effaced." The thought of  
God's infinite love towards us should  
help us to bear and forbear.



# Germany's Spiritual Reawakening



His Excellency Admiral Buechsel  
President of the German Evangelical Press  
Association

His Excellency Rev. Dr. Dryander  
Chaplain to the Emperor and Member of the  
Com. of the German Evan. Press Association

Rev. Julius Richter, D.D.  
Secretary of the Press Committee of the German  
Evangelical Missions

Rev. Dr. Wolf  
Secretary of the Press Association for Westphalia

Director Wilhelm Spiecker  
General Secretary of the German Evangelical  
Press Association

THE materialism of Marx and the monism of Haeckel, widely disseminated through the press of the country, introduced entanglements in German spiritual life which threatened for a time to convert Germany, once the cradle of the Reformation, into the wrestling-place of a desolate atheism. The Church, entrenched in its traditions, seemed to feel so sure of its ground that for a time it paid little attention to this modern philosophy. When it finally realized the astonishing growth of the power of these hostile elements, it also came to see that it had an enemy of herculean strength to combat.

Then began a mighty struggle, such as Germany had not witnessed since the days of Luther. As soon as the Evangelicals realized that public belief in the truth of the Bible, and indeed in the existence of the Saviour himself, was in danger, not only among the so-called cultured classes, but also among the masses, they marshaled their forces for the struggle. As a result of this effort, the materialistic flood, which had reached its highest point, is now receding; the monism of Haeckel has been unmasked as false, morally, and it is proscribed by exact science. A new and deeper religious life is beginning everywhere throughout the land. The glory of the Gospel is coming to be valued in many places.

Germany, which once through the Reformation diffused a holy light through all the world, stands again before the dawning of a new day in its religious life. Materialism, which gained such strength in the last decade of the nineteenth century, with its proud overrating of human acquisition in the field of science, and with its tendency to pleasure-seeking and power, is shattered at its very foundations, and a general longing for spiritual liberation from the darkness of its godlessness is awakened. It is the return of the old Christian idealism that once made Germany great and strong. But still the struggle of light and darkness continues. Still do we stand in the throes of the change, and the timid are appalled, as they hear the confusion of voices that

arises day by day from the German press, arguing the deepest problem of humanity, the question of religion.

The great decisive war between belief and unbelief will not be fought out in the pulpits of the clergy, or from the rostrums of the universities, but in the public press. The most extreme views, including everything from the old-time orthodoxy to avowed atheism, still combat each other, and as in the days of the Reformation the question of salvation was discussed in the factories and in the markets, so to-day the daily press is handling religious problems with a vehemence and ambiguity possible only in Germany.

It was a realization of the importance of the present crisis, and the imminent need of a remedy, that called together all the most prominent men in the Evangelical Churches of Germany for the formation of the Evangelical Press Association.

"Now or never" is the watchword which must be sounded, if the Gospel in Germany is to be helped to a new and decisive victory. If, as was largely the case, the press was to blame for the dissemination of the evil power of unbelief, it is equally true that through this same press that great wrong must be righted. Through that powerful influence of the press, which Rosegger called "a mighty pulpit orator," the true spirit of German Evangelism has called into being the Evangelical Press Association for Germany. To this new organization the gigantic work of the renewal of Germany's religious life, through wide publicity, is entrusted. Supported by the beneficent organization of the Home Mission, which was founded in memory of Johann Heinrich Wichern, already forty press associations and clubs throughout Germany have allied themselves with the central organization. Outside of the central committee, these associations are mostly country and provincial in their nature. At the head of the Evangelical Press Association stands a man whose

name is widely known throughout Germany, Excellency Buechsel, Admiral of the Staff of Naval Officers' Corps. At his side as mans stands Wilhelm Spiecker, known as a theologian and in the commercial field as a former director of one of Germany's greatest industrial works. One of the organization may be found the ablest mind and scientific talent of Germany. All are inspired with the deepest enthusiasm over the greatness and importance of their task. Over 1,500 newspapers are already being served through trustworthy men with syndicate matter from the Evangelical Press Association. There is no province, State or city in the entire country in which it has no representative.

Because of the enormous demand upon the German Evangelical citizens, rich as well as poor, the support of the Church, for the carrying on of social work, and for both home and foreign missions, their financial powers are already taxed to the limit. Moreover, in Germany the influence of press in this connection is underrated, so that efforts on behalf of this particular branch of Christian work have not met with the response it deserves. Americans, who owe Germany a debt of gratitude as the motherland of the Reformation, will readily understand that the conquest of the German press for the kingdom of God would immediately exert a wide influence over a large part of Europe. This conquest cannot be accomplished with small means. The German Evangelical Press Association, to carry on a successful work through the press of the whole country, needs from the beginning between eight and ten thousand dollars a year, and these needs will grow with the expansion of the work.

It is for this reason that the leaders of this movement call for assistance from across the sea. Gifts of any amount, however large or small they may be, may be transmitted to the headquarters of the Association through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or Director Wilhelm Spiecker, Berlin-Steglitz, Hohenzollernstrasse 7, Germany.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—"THE SALOON," says an observant writer, "is a bank in which you deposit your money—and lose it; your time—and lose it; your character—and lose it; your manly independence—and lose it; your home comfort—and lose it; your self-control—and lose it; your children's happiness—and lose it; your own soul—and lose it!"

—"THERE IS WAR between Peru and Colombia over the boundary question. Some time ago, Colombia moved her boundary line a considerable distance into Ecuador. Peru protested that the occupied territory was Peruvian by right, and a battle, resulting disastrously to Colombia, has been fought in Caqueta, the territory in question.

—"THE CONDITION of M. Edmond Rostand, the great French poet, who was severely injured in an automobile accident near Biarritz, France, on August 16, continues serious. The dramatist was for some time held beneath the wreckage of the overturned machine, receiving painful injuries on the head and body, as well as being, it is feared, injured internally. He was removed to his villa at Cambo-les-Bains.

—"THE MOST RECENT advices from Rome report considerable improvement in the condition of Pope Pius, who has been so seriously ill that his death was expected at any time. The doctors who are attending the pontiff report that the swelling has diminished in the affected knee and the other alarming symptoms are rapidly disappearing. On August 16 the Pope was permitted to take a few steps about his bedroom, and seemed to be none the worse for the effort.

—"THE EASTERN HEAVENS presented on the nights of August 16 and 17 the unusual spectacle of the apparent conjunction of two planets, Mars and Saturn, near the moon. The planets, although appearing to the naked eye and to telescopes of average strength as a brilliant double star, were, in fact, about two-thirds the apparent width of the moon apart. The spectacle was so unusual that Professor E. C. Pickering, director of the Harvard College Observatory, came from his summer home to

the observatory to supervise observations of the phenomena. Good photographs of the conjunction were secured.

—"ALL EFFORTS TO SECURE modification of the present Sunday observance law at this session of the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut ended when the House refused to reconsider its action in rejecting a bill which sought to give a more liberal Sunday, especially in respect to amateur sports. The Senate has previously passed such a bill, but the House had rejected it. The failure to secure reconsideration effectually killed the project.

—"A RENEWED PATROL of the California frontier by United States troops, abolished only a short time ago, was ordered on August 16 by the War Department because of the threatening situation just south of the border in Lower California, Mexico. A company of coast artillery at San Diego was instructed to take the field for patrol duty from San Diego to Yuma, Arizona. Mexican rurales are now proceeding to Tijuana, traveling over American territory with the consent of the United States Government, for the purpose of suppressing the trouble in Lower California.

—"WILLIAM R. BADGER, of Pittsburgh, and St. Croix Johnstone, of Chicago, among the youngest of the aviators taking part in the international aviation meet at Chicago, lost their lives there on August 16. Death in both cases was due to unexplained accidents, and there was in no way caused by carelessness or lack of responsibility of the drivers. Badger careened to his death in a pit in the aviation field. There had been a flaw in one of the wings of the propeller of the Baldwin machine he drove. Centrifugal force broke the propeller, upset the delicate equilibrium of the machine and Badger dashed 100 feet to the bottom of the pit, his neck being broken. Johnstone fell 500 feet under his engine and was drowned as the result of an equally unsuspected defect. Caught under the heavy engine in the Moisant monoplane, he was hurled into Lake Michigan and his body was not brought to the surface until an hour later.

—"THE HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE is to build a mammoth steamer to carry 6,000 passengers. It will be named the *Washington Irving*, and its maiden trip is expected in May, 1911. The new craft will equal the fastest passenger vessel in the world, as her engines will be built to develop an actual speed of twenty-four miles an hour. The new vessel will be 420 feet long, twenty feet longer than the *Hendrick Hudson*, and eight feet wide. A feature will be an extension of the hurricane deck to the extreme stern of the craft. She will have funnels instead of two, as on the other vessels of the line. *The Washington Irving* will be fireproof, as steel, asbestos and non-burnable materials will be used even for decorative purposes.

—"MORE THAN FIVE hundred lives were lost and great devastation was caused by a typhoon and tidal wave which swept on Japan, July 29, according to advices brought by the steam *Empress of Japan* to Vancouver, B. C. Fishing fleets from Shizuoka suffered severely, more than 200 fishermen being drowned. At Tokio a tidal wave swept away many houses including a large tea house, with thirty-three people. The sands of houses collapsed, the number in Tokio and vicinity being over 12,000, according to official statistics. Warehouse and factory districts of Tokio suffered severely, eight warehouses containing goods worth \$16,000,000 being demolished. The loss there was more than \$4,000,000. The noted Sherrin inlay work factory collapsed and fifteen employees were killed those who escaped swimming to roofs of neighboring houses. A torpedo boat was swept in shore at Tokio and several steamers foundered, while big liners dragged anchors. Eight men on the *Asomori Maru* survived when she went down off Kuno, and 100 fishermen were drowned off there. The Japanese naval training squadron was cruising off Tosa at two seamen were killed on the *Hashidate* and seven injured three mortally. At Chiba sixty-four men who went to save fishing depot, were caught in a tidal wave and fifty-three were drowned.



# Young People Pledge \$1,000,000



A Group of Delegates to the Convention of the "Young People's Christian Union," Photographed on the Capitol Steps at Washington, D. C., After the Close of the Convention

ON SUNDAY, August 6, the Annual General Convention of the Young People's Union of the United Presbyterian Church was brought close at Lyric Hall in Baltimore. Enthusiasm and the excellent showing of the organization for the past year and determination to increase the missionary spirit in the various units of the society marked every session of the convention. At the business meeting, which was held on Saturday, August 5, a resolution was passed pledging the members to raise \$1,000,000 for missions during the coming year, and to work continually for the adding of 100 new members to their denominational organizations during the same period. Although the task of raising such a sum and at the same time enlisting the active support of such a large number of people in a society whose present membership is 150,000 seems a gigantic undertaking, the young people are encouraged by the successful culmination of their projects which seemed equally quixotic. One of the features of the resolution which incorporated this movement was a hearty endorsement of

all the advances of Christian activity among all the Protestant denominations.

The status of the Young People's Christian Union in relation to the Christian Endeavor Society received careful consideration, and, following the presentation and appeal of Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the Christian Endeavor Society, that the Union unite with that body, the General Committee presented a resolution stating that as more than one-fourth of the United Presbyterian societies already belonged to the Christian Endeavor, and as the church constitution allowed each society to join the older organization if it wished, it did not think it advisable that the union as a body be merged into the Christian Endeavor, but that each society could use its own preference.

Two important changes were made in the constitution. With the election of the four members to the General Committee as provided in the proposed plan to reduce the committee from 13 to 9, provision was made that the first-named member be the president of the convention for the following year in-

stead of being elected at each convention. Also a committee, consisting of the chairman of the General Committee, Rev. Dr. H. A. Kelsey, and one other member to be selected by him, confer with a committee from the woman's organization regarding the union taking over the junior work, which has been under the control of women.

The members of the General Committee elected by the convention were Messrs. C. McNary, Steubenville, O.; P. H. Yourd, Marina, Ill.; W. M. Jackson, Beaver, Pa., and Dr. J. French Kerr, Connellsville, Pa.

At the Sunday evening session, the feature of which was an address by Rev. J. G. Hunt, D.D., of Cairo, Egypt, the incoming General Committee chairmen were introduced. The new officers of the Union for the ensuing year were elected by the Convention and are: Mr. H. A. Caldwell, of Schenectady, N. Y., president; Rev. E. N. Orr, of St. Louis, general secretary; Mr. A. M. Dickson, of East Liverpool, O., treasurer; Miss Sara M. Starr, of New Jersey, recording secretary, and Mr. Frank D. Getty, of Philadelphia, press secretary.

## A New Gospel "Find" in Egypt

WHAT may prove to be a very important addition to early Gospel literature was announced as having come to light in Egypt during recent investigations by an Egyptian Excavation Fund party. Fragments have been found of Professor Grenfell and Hunt which are believed to be portions of an uncanonical Gospel. In great part the fragments are devoted to a conversation between Jesus and his disciples, in which he warns them to avoid certain wrongdoers. The following is given as a translation:

"Before he does wrong he makes all manner of subtle excuses. He gives heed lest ye also suffer the same things as they: for the evidences among men receive their reward not among the men only, but also await punishment and much torment. And he took them and brought them into the very place of purification, and was walking in the temple. And a certain Pharisee, a chief priest, whose name was Levi, came to them and said to the Saviour, 'Who gave thee leave to walk in this place of purification and to see these holy vessels, O Lord? But defiled thou hast walked in this temple, which is a pure place, wherein no other man walks except he has washed himself and changed his garments, neither does he venture to see these holy vessels.' And the Saviour straightway stood still with his disciples and answered him, 'Art thou then, being here in this temple, saying unto him, 'I am clean; for I washed in the pool of Siloam, and having descended by one staircase I ascended by another, and I put on white and clean garments, and then I came and looked upon these holy vessels.'"

see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast night and day, and hast cleansed and wiped the outside stain, which also the flute girls anoint and wash; but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of eternal life; but woe unto thee."

In recent years, many similar fragments have been found in North Africa which, though disconnected and incomplete, bear evidence of having belonged to what is known as the Egyptian version of the Gospel. Clement of Alexandria mentions (about A.D. 200) a Gospel according to the Egyptians. Origen also refers to the same Gospel and so does Jerome, the latter adding that it contained various heresies. Epiphanius took the same view and wrote concerning the "corrupt and preposterous sentiments" of certain parts of the Gospel. In some immaterial points, it contradicted the canonical writings.

It is known that the Church in Egypt was founded in the second century, but this Gospel (assuming it to be identical with that just discovered by Hunt and Grenfell) is believed to have antedated the actual foundation of the church and to have been written very early in that century, before the formal introduction of Christianity into North Africa. Up to the present time, nothing has come to light among the fragmentary relics to show the attitude of this long-forgotten and repudiated Gospel on the miracles and the resurrection. The first seeds of

Christianity were sown in Egypt in apostolic times and it is recorded by some ancient historians that Peter founded the Church of Alexandria and several other churches. Tradition says that Mark went to Egypt on a Gospel mission. Long before the time of Christ that country was a seat of philosophy, and when the new religion appeared, it quickly supplanted the old.

Although the reports concerning the newly found "Gospel" do not state the language in which it was written, it was probably the Coptic—a compound of old Egyptian and Greek.

## A Fatal Eruption in Japan

A TERRIFIC ERUPTION of Mount Asama, on the Island of Hondo in the Japanese Archipelago, occurred about 5 o'clock on the morning of July 15. Three persons, one the Rev. J. E. Hail, an American Presbyterian missionary, and the others Japanese students, were killed. A party of seventeen foreigners and another group of seventeen young Japanese were near the crater, and it was reported that all had perished. The majority of the climbers were descending by way of the eastern path at the time of the eruption, which, because of the ashes and stones, is rarely used. Rev. J. E. Hail headed the party of foreigners. Both his legs were broken by the shower of flying rock and he succumbed to his injuries while only half way down the mountain. Among other foreigners injured were the Rev. A. Lloyd, the Rev. Haejke and the Rev. Detweiler, all of whom are suffering from severe contusions, but will recover.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## A Pleasure Deferred

TO THOSE good friends who had joined with us in making up our proposed Palestine pilgrimage party, and in whose company we had anticipated spending two and a half delightful and instructive months in Southern Europe and the Holy Land, we have this week been compelled most reluctantly to announce a postponement. This was rendered unavoidable, in view of the continued and increasing prevalence of cholera in all the Mediterranean ports included in our itinerary, from Gibraltar to Constantinople. We have taken this step only after the fullest inquiry, and are advised that, as there can be no immunity from quarantine delays, our programme in all likelihood would be seriously disarranged. Hence, out of regard for the welfare of our friends—for whose every comfort we feel a personal responsibility—we have yielded to the inevitable. Postponement, however, does not imply abandonment. When conditions improve and quarantines are lifted, we hope to make the proposed Holy Land tour under the same auspices and with pleasanter prospects. And we should rejoice to find no member of our present pilgrimage band absent when we next announce the project.

## Multiplied Gifts

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a financial statement of the Chinese Famine Fund, and also letters from missionaries in China which contain some remarkable statistics concerning the cargo of the ship *Buford*. It is a new illustration of the fact that God always blesses a work that is done in his name and with the sole purpose of helping humanity. The *Buford* carried, besides other gifts, 21,000 sacks of flour contributed by readers of this journal. These sacks were apportioned on an average of one sack to a family of four persons. Missionaries who are familiar with the situation write that one sack of that good, sound American flour will keep a family of four alive until the famine time is wholly past. Thus the gifts of our readers on the *Buford* alone have been instrumental in supporting life in 21,000 homes, aggregating 84,000 souls. Missionary Vinson asks, "Who can estimate the number of lives which that good ship's cargo has saved?" If we add to the cargo the \$100,000 sent to the committees in cash through our State Department, the most of it before the *Buford* arrived, we may be justified in estimating that 480,000 sufferers—men, women and children—have been fed by the bounty of our generous readers and their friends. A great blessing has rested on the work which has now closed. We have reason to be profoundly thankful that American generosity has been once more productive of such excellent and unexpected results.

## Blocking Arbitration

IT IS not the altogether unexpected that has happened in the United States Senate, with relation to the arbitration treaties. Still, it is certainly unfortunate that, through the "holding up" of these treaties and the refusal to ratify them unless amended so as to satisfy the demands of senatorial dignity and treaty-making prerogative, the country at large should receive the impression that the Senate was not in sympathy with the peace movement. In the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts characterized the third clause of Article 3 of the treaties as a "breeder of war and not of peace." This clause, which proved a stumbling-block and an offense to senatorial privilege, authorizes the arbitration commission to determine the justiciable character of any question submitted for arbitration but has no reference to the Senate's power of ratification. And the Senate declines to abdicate any of its powers, although Secretary Knox has clearly pointed out that its prerogatives are fully recognized in the text of the treaties, and their legitimate exercise provided for.

These treaties have been openly before the whole country for many months and have received the

nation's unequivocal approval. On a matter so plain as to admit of no possible misconception, the President and Cabinet were justified in believing that the Senate would be in the fullest sympathy with the national desire. Its present attitude exposes it to criticism both at home and abroad. To mar the treaties by amendments which would make them of doubtful value is something the country would not approve, no matter how much it might gratify the senatorial dignity. The people are the source of power and Congress is the people's servant. As the matter stands, it is the opinion of the Senate against the overwhelming sentiment of the whole country, which stands back of the President.

We have no doubt, however, that after a period of dignified oratory calculated to soothe their wounded feelings, the Senators will ultimately ratify the treaties. It is not the first time that the Senate has acted in this fashion. The arbitration treaties of 1895 were subjected to a "hold-up," and six years later the Panama Canal Treaty met a similar experience, the opposition melting away in due time, as it will no doubt do in the present case. Meanwhile, we renew our advice to our readers to write to their respective Senators, urging ratification without further delay. By doing so, you will be letting the Senators know just how our good citizens feel on the question and what decision might be expected if, in the last resort, the whole matter were referred back to the people.

## The Real Issues in Maine

LET us sweep our glasses along our enemy's lines and our own, and see exactly the status of the Maine battle at this hour.

Those who seek the repeal of prohibition see clearly that they cannot win with those voters who wish to license rather than prohibit the saloon. That all the arguments for local option and statutory prohibition are tricks to capture gullible near-Prohibitionists, ought to be evident to every one.

Arguments for total abstinence should wait until after election, for the question of personal drinking, to which the enemy would like to turn aside the debate, is not now involved. No prohibition ever yet attempted or even possible by State law, under present Federal acts and decisions, can prevent any man who will take the trouble, from importing liquors for his own private use.

The purpose of prohibition, for which Maine is fighting, is to keep out of the ranks of legitimate business and, so far as possible, out of business altogether, those persons who make their living, day after day, by inducing other people to drink. By thus reducing the facilities to drink, by making it harder to buy it, and easier to abstain, we greatly reduce the evil, and if moral forces strongly co-operate—the schools, the pulpit, the press—as infantry and cavalry and sharpshooters should co-operate with artillery, we shall steadily reduce the drinking, and so make easier all the while the task of law enforcement.

Law is a sword, and if at times there are not brave, strong hands to wield it, still let us keep the sword and seek to develop the strength and the courage to use it more effectively.

The liquor traffic of the whole world desires the overthrow of the citadel of prohibition—the Maine Law. Why should any one who is really against that traffic, aid them by removing prohibition from the constitutional citadel to the less defended outer breastworks of the legislature?

The people of Maine have held for sixty years the steadfast opinion that the liquor traffic is not a legitimate business. If there are any conclusions ripe enough to be kept in the State constitution, surely this is one of them. One of the foremost statesmen that New England has ever produced, said recently: "The people of Maine will not repeal prohibition, for they will see it would be a confession to the whole world that for sixty years they have been fools."

If all in Maine who hate and would destroy the saloon, refuse to be divided at this time about secondary questions of how it shall be done, they will on September 11 meet the enemy's proposal to surrender constitutional prohibition with a triumphant "No!"

## Pennsylvania Savages

IN THE whole range of heathen warfare or Inoutrage it would be difficult to find anything more inexpressibly revolting and cruel than the scene that accompanied the lynching of a wretched negro by a mob at Coatesville, Pa., on August 12. He was a murderer and a desperado was undisputed. He had killed a policeman and committed other crimes; but he had fallen into the hands of the law and would doubtless have suffered for his misdeeds in due course. But a sudden frenzy had seized the ordinarily quiet community. Its anger at the criminal gave way to madness and it became a bloodthirsty mob. Reason and respect for law and order were alike forgotten in the blinding desire for revenge. Attacking and overpowering the guard this riotous mob took the wretched negro from hospital where he was chained to his cot and by man and cot together half a mile out of town, where they literally roasted him to death on a pile of blazing fence rails. It is impossible to read without a shudder of his frantic struggles for freedom, his unavailing appeals for mercy, his cries of agony, and his shrieking prayers, as he was thrown back again and again on the burning pyre by the merciless mob, while fresh fuel was added, sending long tongues of flames to illuminate the darkness. Not even Dante's *Inferno* could a more horrible picture of cruelty and suffering be found. It is so revolting that one hesitates to believe it could have occurred in any part of our country. Pennsylvania has suffered a disgrace which can only be partially mitigated by the prompt punishment of the ringleaders in this frightful tragedy. The event shows that lynching and outrage are not confined to any particular section of the country. Human nature, unfortunately, is pretty much the same everywhere and when once a mob has let its evil passions loose, God, religion, law, order, humanity are all forgotten, the old savage nature comes to the surface and any hideous excess may follow. It is only just to add, however, that we have no recollection of any lynching so horribly diabolically cruel as that at Coatesville, Pa. Such occurrences should carry a tremendous lesson of duty of self-restraint and of the importance of respecting law and order, more especially in times of unusual excitement. Had there been a single courageous remonstrant in the Coatesville crowd the awful tragedy might have been averted.

## General Notes

—REPRESENTATIVE NORRIS of Nebraska has introduced in the House of Representatives a resolution requesting the President to ask the various State Governors to appoint delegates to authorized meeting to be held in the hall of the House of Representatives for the purpose of formulating a uniform law marriage and divorce, the reports and findings to be submitted to the President, who shall forward them to the Governors. They are then to be laid before the State Legislatures.

—UNDER the PROVISIONS of the Insecticide Act of 1910, the Department of Agriculture is charged with examining specimens of insecticides, Paris greens, lead arsenates and fungicides, determining whether such articles are adulterated or misbranded. Inquiries may be addressed to the Insecticide and Fungicide Board, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., to whom application may be made for copies of the law and rules and regulations for its enforcement.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Admiral Togo in America

ADMIRAL COUNT HEIHACHIRO TOGO, after having represented the Mikado at the coronation in London, where he was a distinguished figure, passed through America on his return to his native land. He was accorded a round of receptions in the great cities and the capital of the country such as few men have ever had. The President, ex-President, senators and congressmen, the cabinet members, the navy, the army, his own people and brave Americans vied with each other in giving him a royal welcome. On August 12 he visited the Military Academy at West Point. He made the trip up the Hudson and back in the President's yacht *Mayflower*, which Mr. Taft had placed at his disposal. The Admiral and his party were met at West Point by Major-General Thomas H. Barry, Superintendent of the Academy, and entertained at luncheon at the officers' club. There was then an extensive inspection of the principal buildings. The Fleet Corps gave a dress parade and were reviewed by General Barry and Admiral Togo. The Admiral expressed himself as greatly delighted with the Academy, the personnel and proficiency of the cadets. The Admiral visited Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay and presented to the ex-President a two-foot statuette of a Samurai in armor. This unique souvenir was done in glistening metal with exquisite workmanship, and encased in a mahogany box adorned with the Japanese colors. Admiral Togo had kept the prospective gift a secret and had carefully preserved it from the time he left Japan several months ago. Admiral Togo, like Grant, is a man of action rather than words, and yet the short addresses he made on different occasions were timely and sensible. Perhaps the most significant address he made during his stay was that at the reception given to him by the Japan Society of New York in conjunction with the Board of International Hospitality of the New York Peace Society at the Hotel Astor. The Admiral's address, which is worthy of a place in the permanent literature of the world, is as follows: "Thank you very sincerely for this magnificent entertainment. The truth is that I am at a loss for words with which to express my appreciation of the warm and hearty reception which has been accorded me ever since my arrival in this hospitable country. My name, Heihachiro Togo, possesses particular significance at this time. Heihachiro signifies 'peaceful son' and Togo means 'eastern country,' the peaceful man of the East. I consider therefore that the name by which I am christened entitles me to address you on the terms of timidity. It gives me much pleasure to learn that his function has been given by the Japan Society in conjunction with the Peace Society. I cannot conceive of a happier combination since the relationship between Japan and the United States must ever be one of peace and neighborly good will. In this belief I take advantage of the occasion to declare myself among the foremost advocates in favor of the maintenance of that relationship, in order that our two countries, which have so long lived in harmony and cordial friendship, may continue to do so forever." The Emperor of Japan, who is one of the most remarkable rulers of modern times, has shown great wisdom in the selection of his cabinet and the leaders of his army and navy, taking into account the ruth contained in these words:

For by wise counsel thou shalt make thy war; and in multitude of counselors there is safety. (Prov. 24:6.)

## Never Made a Mistake

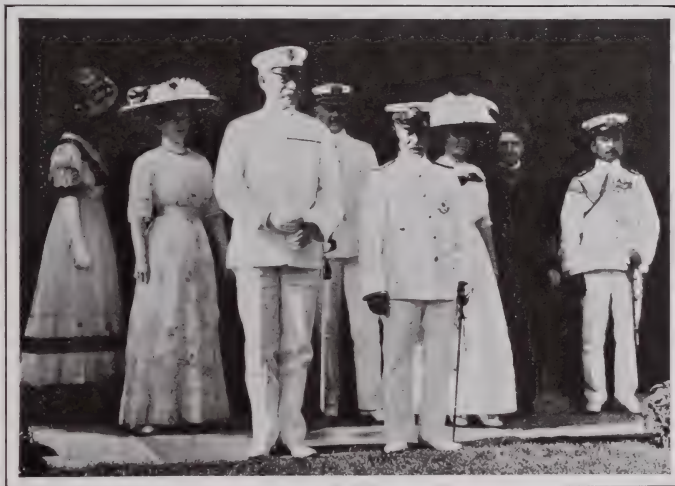
Mrs. Willa A. Leonard, who is 71 years of age, has just resigned the position of Chief of Counterfeit Detectors in the United States Treasury Department at Washington. For forty-seven years she has held that position, during which time there has never been an official mistake recorded against her. The money passed first through the hands of subordinate examiners and came for final judgment to

Mrs. Leonard, whose opinion was the last word. In her long lifetime she never made a mistake in judging between counterfeit and good money. Millions upon millions of dollars passed through her hands, and the miracle of her sagacity was manifested until her resignation the other day. What a splendid example of ability, constancy, energy and integrity is set by this public servant of threescore years and ten! To her the nation's voice of commendation should be that given to the faithful steward:

Well done, thou good and faithful servant. (Matt. 25:21.)

## George Heber Jones Injured

Missionary progress in Korea in recent years has been greater, perhaps, than that of any country on the globe, and one of the most potent factors in the religious revolution of Korea has been the Rev. Dr. George Heber Jones, who has represented the missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On returning to New York City from a long trip in the West, he hastened to an apartment house to greet his family. The hallway was dark. When he got to the end of the corridor he saw the elevator door open, and thinking the car was there stepped forward, but the car was at the top of the



Copyright by George Grantham Bain

Admiral Count Togo with General and Mrs. Barry and Their Party at West Point

building, and Mr. Jones fell twenty feet to the basement. He had a heavy valise in either hand which held him feet downward. It was at first thought that his injuries were fatal and so the city papers reported; but it is a matter of congratulation and gratitude not only to his family and friends but to the universal civilized world that the physicians say he will recover. He was carried to the Harlem Hospital, where every attention possible was paid him. He will have a long period of convalescence, but will be spared to heroic leadership in the great battlefield where he has been so victorious. To a friend visiting him at the hospital he had not a word of complaint or regret, but expressed his gratitude to God, who in such a peril had preserved his life. The intimate communion of this afflicted child of God with his heavenly Father and gratitude at his escape from death are expressed in these words:

For I have seen God (face to face, and my life is preserved. (Gen. 32:30.)

## Lilies in Lake Pepin

In Lake Pepin on the upper Mississippi there have appeared vast beds of beautiful flowers of the lily species. People are wondering where they came from, as there is nothing exactly like them anywhere in this country. Those who have visited Egypt say that these flowers are none other than the lotus of the Nile. In color, size, shape and fragrance they are said to be identical with the sacred flower of Egypt. If this be true, their appearance on the Mississippi is a mystery. Whether they shall prove hardy enough to stand our cold

winters or not is to be seen. Palestine was exquisitely beautiful in its flowers and delicious in their fragrance. The lily was the symbol of purity. Christ, who came out from the heart of absolute beauty, himself the perfection of all beauty, has been symbolized by the flowers of the Holy Land.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. (Song of Solomon 2:1.)

## Tadpoles Generated by Electricity

By a telegram from Paris, Professor Betailon, a biologist of Dijon, claims that he has been enabled to bring tadpoles from frogs' eggs by electricity. In his experiment he pricked frogs' eggs with a fine platinum needle. Then he subjected the pricked eggs to electrical discharges and produced his tadpoles. He has attempted the same process of generation with fish eggs, but without success. Some misguided scientists have been desperate in their attempts to read God out of the universe and prove the theory of spontaneous generation. The claims of Professor Delage of the Sorbonne that he can develop life by chemical processes and such experiments as those of Professor Betailon give encouragement to those who believe that animals and men can be made by artificial processes as soon as science shall have discovered the proper elements combined

in their proper proportions. Such expectations and claims are utterly unscientific. Dr. William Hanna Thomson in a current magazine, refuting the follies of pantheism in modern thought and literature and the theory of spontaneous generation, says: "No living thing ever comes except from a living thing. It is nothing but life which generates life. This dictum of Pasteur has never been shaken. There is no such thing as the production of life from that which is not living." Men's arts have made incubators which hatch the chickens without the hen, but science has never discovered any chemistry that can make an egg out of which a chicken can be hatched. Professor Betailon can prick frogs' eggs with a needle and treat them to electrical explosions in manufacturing tadpoles, but he will never find any chemistry which will enable him to make a frog's egg without the living frog. The Bible story of the creation of man is true, and science rightfully interpreted confirms and will ever continue to confirm its statements. Spontaneous generation in the spiritual is as impossible as it is in the natural

world. Spiritual life cannot be produced by an exercise of the will, however strong, or by environments, however friendly. God's life must come and touch the human soul before it can be made alive. The God-life must be brought to it by the crucified Christ. The necessity of this divine regeneration Christ thus declares:

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. (John 3:7.)

## Discolored by Nitrate of Silver

Miss Elizabeth Jones has written a letter to one of the New York papers pleading with some one to find a cure for chronic nitrate of silver poisoning, which has discolored her, which she suffered two years ago. In the letter of inquiry she says: "The physicians who have treated me pronounce my case incurable, but I have faith that there is somewhere in the world a known remedy, and I ask you to help me find it. I am only twenty-seven years of age, and dread the thought of a lifetime of this terrible affliction, put upon me by an accident, or a joint mistake of a physician and myself. I will go to any part of the world to be treated if I can have a hope of cure by a reputable practitioner." This discolored of the body is dreadful, but that of the soul by sin is worse, and though it may be difficult or impossible to find a remedy which will restore the color to the skin, Christ can take away the blackness of a sinful heart and make it whiter than snow. The psalmist prays for this spiritual purification.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. (Ps. 51:7.)



# ECHOES OF THE GREAT FAMINE



Taking Flour on Wheelbarrows to Siuning



Carrying the "Buford's" Cargo Up the Grand Canal



Setting Out from Chin-kiang for Their Homes

LETTERS received lately by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD convey the news that the work of the relief committees in Shanghai and Chin-kiang has practically closed. At the same time, the relief which has been already distributed to hundreds of thousands throughout the famine districts will go on doing its work for many weeks to come. Some highly instructive figures are furnished by the missionary correspondents regarding the good that has been accomplished through the *Buford's* cargo. Rev. John W. Vinson of the American Mission at Haichow writes that the 4,800 bags of flour apportioned to Yaowan alone went into four thousand homes and will keep twenty thousand people alive until harvest. Assuming that the same ratio prevails in other districts, the 21,000 bags of CHRISTIAN HERALD flour sent out on the *Buford* would keep alive 21,000 families aggregating 84,000 souls, a very large number of whom would doubtless have perished had not the good ship brought the gifts of God's people of America to feed them. These figures, it should be remembered, refer to the cargo only. The results accomplished with the food provided by the \$100,000 cabled through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be reported on by the Committees later. It will then be known how greatly the gifts sent from America were multiplied by divine blessing in the saving of hundreds of thousands of lives in China.

According to the following letter from Chairman John C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Relief Committee, the contributions from America enabled the relief workers to reach a much wider field and accomplish more than was originally contemplated. This must be regarded as a reason for sincere thankfulness. Mr. Ferguson writes as follows:

"All of the flour sent on the *Buford* has been distributed, and you will be glad to know that reports from every quarter say that the flour reached them in the best condition and that it was greatly appreciated. Through the contributions which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the American Red Cross and the Seattle Commercial Club have been responsible for, we have been able to send large quantities of foodstuff into the famine districts since the *Buford* cargo was sent. The contributions have come in so liberally that, instead of confining ourselves to the places which we originally selected, we have been able to add Lingpi, Nan Hsueh, Wuh, Szechow and Fengtai, in Northern Anhui, and Hsuechowfu, Tao-yuen and Tsingkiangpu, in Northern Kiangsu, besides sending small amounts of relief to several other places. One of the most important places which we have added is Yungchen, in Honan Province. You will see from the map where a bit of Honan Province dips into the northern boundary of Anhui Province. This is the district of Yungchen, and though it was at first denied that there was any famine in this district, later investigations made by Bishop White showed that

the famine there was as bad as in any district we were helping. We therefore decided to send relief and have sent about 5,000 bags of kaoliang to them.

"We have now practically reached the end of our work. A full, detailed report will shortly be published."

Rev. John W. Vinson of the North Kiangsu Mission (American Presbyterian) writes from Haichow as follows:

"Our portion of the *Buford's* cargo is now being distributed at Yaowan. The 4,800 bags of flour reached us in first-class condition. We hailed its coming with thanksgiving and tears of joy, knowing that here was food and relief for some of the countless multitude of the weak and sick, the hungering and starving of the Pichow district. We figure that one bag of flour will nourish a family of four until

interest to the psychologist. There are some faces in which one can read only greed and covousness; the little we can give them is not enough, but the gratitude and thankfulness of the majority are detected in their eyes. One can see the stolid look of dumb despair changing to joy of life and hope. Some express their joy in a bright smile of gratitude; others only by a hysterical

"We have undertaken a new departure in famine relief at Yaowan. Through the generosity of Chinese merchant, five or six buildings have been put at our disposal. In these buildings we now have 430 boys and girls, selected from the needy homes. We are taking in new ones every day. Our limit is 700. These we will feed and take care of every day until harvest in June. We provide for their food 500 bags of flour from the *Buford's* cargo have been set aside. This, we

rice and bean cake, makes porridge which is both wholesome and nourishing. Empty flour sacks will be used to make clothes for our little waifs.

"It is a sight worth seeing to watch our 430 children when a meal is served. No attempt is made to seat them at tables. They simply squat around in large circles on the ground. Each child is provided with an earthenware bowl of about the capacity of a pint, and a pair of chopsticks. The bowls are filled from large wooden buckets by means of wooden dippers; the children do the rest. The physiologist would have to change his estimate of the amount of food a small boy's stomach can hold. We used to hear that the capacity of the stomach was three pints; but some of our boys eat eight or nine bowls—not from a gallon! The explanation is this: For the past several months they have been living on a diet the chief ingredient of which was water supplemented with a handful of grain and sweet potato leaves. It was necessary to consume large quantities of this diet in order to obtain sufficient nourishment to support life. The stomach gradually expanded in order to accommodate itself to the increase in the volume of food. The average Chinese boy only knows he has had enough when he can no longer swallow. So it is not surprising that our boys eat three or four quarts. We hope for smaller capacities."

All the missionaries agree that the famine will result in largely increasing the number of orphan charges who will have to be supported or cared for. This is an aspect of the situation that was unforeseen. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will unquestionably do their share in aiding these little people, who have been deprived by the famine of their natural protectors, and who are helpless and friendless. Any readers who wish to give a mite to the orphanage work can do so by forwarding the offering through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



Children at the Suchien Orphanage

harvest. So relief is going out to something like 4,000 homes. Just our portion of the *Buford's* cargo means life for nearly 20,000 people. When one remembers that Yaowan is only one of the seven or eight distributing points, who can estimate the number of lives which that good ship's cargo has saved?

"Americans, accustomed to plenty, can form no conception of the pitiful scenes which we have been forced to witness daily. The most callous hearts would have been filled with compassion to see men and women, once vigorous of body and strong of frame, staggering under the weight of a single bag of flour. Some are actually too weak to carry it!

"Are the people grateful? To study the faces of those who receive relief would be of the deepest



# One Million Subscribers

**F**EW papers are read and re-read as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none affords greater pleasure and delight, or makes warmer or more lasting friends. It is indisputable that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a larger percentage of renewals than any other paper, and that, from its very beginning, it has retained a larger percentage of permanent subscriptions than any other publication; and its subscription list is constantly increasing. What has been done in the past is only an indication of what may be done in the future, provided we all work heartily together with a view to securing the object upon which we have now set our hearts.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the faith to believe that there are a million families in this country who would be glad to subscribe for it were they acquainted with its surpassing worth. We further believe that all of our present subscribers are so thoroughly pleased with the paper that they would be glad to see our faith fully realized. They know the blessed influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts, for they themselves have felt it. Week after week they have scanned its beautiful pages, have read its inspiring messages, have reveled in its literary and artistic wealth, have been deeply interested, edified and instructed, and, after having read it from beginning to end, have sent it to some distant friends that they also might enjoy its perennial riches.

## Almoner of Nations

The achievements of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have never been equaled by any other publication. It has collected and distributed *nearly four million dollars in charity*. The farmers of Finland, Sweden, Norway and Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the famine sufferers in China, the rescued men of the Bowery, the thousands of waifs from the tenements happy in The Christian Herald Children's Home, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may he graciously continue to pour out his blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editors and proprietors and readers, and make us increasingly useful in his service.

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself, which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will accomplish in years to come.

We know that we are making a good paper and we are glad of it. Started for the sole purpose of disseminating spiritual truth, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been true and loyal to its mission, and tens of thousands have been led by its means into the clearer, fuller light that now irradiates their lives and makes the world through them brighter, better and happier. And what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done for these tens of thousands it can and will and must do for other hundreds of thousands—perhaps even—and may God grant that it be so—for millions.

To bring this about we have determined to enlist the cordial co-operation of our friends, and ourselves to make such a financial sacrifice as will demonstrate our own sincerity in the matter.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less than its regular subscription price, which is \$1.50 per annum. But to interest those who cannot appreciate its beauties, simply because they do not see the paper, we have decided to accept an unlimited number of one-third year trial subscriptions at twenty-five cents each, subject to the easy conditions set forth in the annexed coupons, and in addition we intend to distribute a number of handsome gifts in token of our appreciation of the efforts of all those friends who will help us in the work.

## Our Generous Offer

We could not make this sacrifice but for the experience of the past, that a very large percentage of our subscribers renew, and when they renew, they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

Let us begin this work by doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an

easy one, for it means *just one* new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe *you* will do your share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

## Read the Directions on Following Page

Read the following pages carefully. You will find there a number of coupons and directions for helping along the work, also a list of the gifts we intend to distribute among those who assist us on our way to the million mark. You, dear friend, can earn any or all of these gifts in return for almost no effort on your part, and you will have the additional satisfaction of knowing you have helped make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the most influential paper in the world.

## Four Months at Half Price

**Time Limit Extended to September 15**

**O**UR Special Mid-Summer Subscription Offer has proven so popular, and we have received so many requests from friends who desire to help us achieve our goal—One Million Subscribers for The Christian Herald—that we have determined to extend the period during which coupons may be forwarded.

We now desire to announce that we will accept coupons, good for four-months New subscriptions, if mailed

**NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 15, 1911**

But friends desiring to receive a copy of our new hand water-colored picture "Dreamland," as a reward for their efforts in our behalf, should send in their six signed coupons as soon as possible, as we have but a *limited number* of "Dreamland" pictures, and we can send them out *only as long as they last*.

Every friend added to our list makes The Christian Herald that much stronger, and this offer enables your friends to try The Christian Herald for four months at half price, in addition to which you will receive the rewards offered you on the following pages. Help us to add your friends to our influence by getting them to sign the coupons on pages 852-853.

## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

**T**HE greater the circulation of any publication, the greater must be its influence. The greater the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the greater will be its power for doing good in the world.

Do you realize what it would mean if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had one million subscribers? It would mean that the paper would enter one million homes fifty-two times a year, and be read regularly by five million souls. Five million souls banded together by one thought—the welfare, the godspeed of humanity, of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be the instrument.

You, dear reader, are one of the already large army of souls who believe in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Surely you will be willing to help us make that army more powerful for good than ever before. We need *your* personal influence, just as we need the collective influence of all our friends.

## Can We Reach the Million Mark?

If we can bring THE CHRISTIAN HERALD up to the million mark, the abiding result will accrue to the direct benefit of every one of our readers. We can give you a better and a bigger paper. We can enter into campaigns for the common good, with the assurance of wider success than ever before. We can extend the charitable work of our friends who contribute, through the publication, to the succor of the poor. We can extend these enterprises, your

enterprises, as we have never been able to extend them before. And, with the help of our friends, God willing, we mean to do it.

## This is Our Plan

Our plan is as follows: On these two pages you will find six coupons. Please tear them apart at the dotted lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial.

Tell them that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a great national home newspaper, which will keep them up to date on matters of interest; that it describes every event of national interest, whether it happens at home or abroad; that it is illustrated on nearly every page with graphic pictures of men, women, places and events of interest; that in addition to news matter it publishes magazine features of interest to every one in the family—special articles on live topics, short stories, serial stories, a children's department, etc.; that it offers them annually one and a half times the quantity of reading matter offered by the popular magazines; that its large corps of correspondents live in every country on earth; that its readers constitute a great influential family to which it will benefit them to belong.

Tell them of the wonderful offer we are

making, and how each coupon which you show them saves them one quarter of a dollar on this one-third year subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered.

If six coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us, and we will send you as many more as you may require, absolutely free of all charge. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until Sept. 15th, and cannot be mailed after that date.

## Your Reward

In return for your trouble in doing this, and quite aside from the satisfaction you will feel in helping to bring THE CHRISTIAN HERALD up to the million mark, we offer you any one or more of sixteen different rewards.

Among these rewards you will be sure to find some which you will be eager to possess for so little trouble. These rewards are for *you*, remember, not for those whom you will induce to subscribe, and you should take advantage of the opportunity to possess them. For instance:

**FOR 2 COUPONS:** Suppose you have but *two* friends who are lucky enough to be invited to subscribe, and who will sign only two of the coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each. In return for your service in forwarding us these coupons, you may have your choice of any one volume of the now famous *Christian Herald Home Library*, which contains a volume of interest for every one in the family. The titles of these books are as follows: *Entertainments for Home, Church and School—Handy Man's Manual of Facts and Figures—Business*

# A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD

**52 Times A Year** **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** **\$1.50 per Year**  
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

**25 CENTS**  
IN ACCORDANCE with your offer to accept this Coupon and twenty-five Cents for a Four-Months' Subscription to *The Christian Herald*, beginning Sept. 15, 1911, I send herewith 25 Cents, and I hereby certify that I am not now a subscriber to *The Christian Herald*, and that this subscription is not intended to take the place of any subscription now on your books.

**Good Only Until Sept. 15, 1911** Name.....

Name of person influencing this subscription: Street.....

Town..... State.....

**52 Times A Year** **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** **\$1.50 per Year**  
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**Good Only Until Sept. 15, 1911** Name.....

Name of person influencing this subscription: Street.....

Town..... State.....

## Read the Coupons Carefully

Each Coupon attached hereto will be accepted in lieu of **ONE QUARTER DOLLAR** if accompanied by **25 Cents for a FOUR MONTHS' Subscription to The Christian Herald**. But no subscription induced through this offer will be permitted to take the place of one now on our books. Each subscription must be **NEW**.



Copyrighted, 1896, by Braun & Co.  
**THE FAMOUS DREAMLAND PICTURE IN COLORS**  
18 x 13 Inches, ready for framing. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

**SPECIAL NOTICE!** Remember, this offer will hold good only until September 15, and we reserve the right to return any coupons and money sent us after that date. All subscriptions *must* date from the first issue in September:

**Address: Special Coupon Offer,**



# MID-SUMMER OFFER!

*hints for Men and Women—Helpful Talks With Girls—Healthful Sports for Boys—How to Speak and Write—Correctly—Marvels of Modern Science—and Practical suggestions for Mother and Housewife.* If this does of attract you, you may have one volume of the set, *Interpieces of the World's Best Literature.* Or you may have a life-size fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, that priceless document which should hang framed on the wall of every American home, and with this we will give you a copy of *The Story of the Flag.*

**FOR 3 COUPONS:** If you have *three* friends who will sign coupons, and you will send them to us, accompanied by 25 cents each, we will send you a copy of *The Life of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage*, or we will send you one volume of his celebrated sermons, although we have at a limited number of the latter, and in case they run out before your order arrives we will reserve the right to have you substitute some other reward.

**FOR 4 COUPONS:** If you induce *four* of your friends to subscribe, we will send you as a reward a new volume of sermons by the late Rev. Dwight L. Moody, which have never before been published. Or we will send you a Music Simplifier whereby you may learn to play the piano at home without a teacher. Or we will send you a volume which will teach you how to write shorthand without an instructor. The practical utility of these three rewards will be appreciated.

**For 5 Coupons:** Have you read *The Life Work of Louis Klopsch*? Although many thousands of our readers are the fortunate possessors of this volume, there are probably some who would like to possess this account of the achievements of the greatest "Captain of Philanthropy" the world has seen. You may have this splendidly illustrated volume in return for inducing *five* of your friends to sign coupons, and send them to us accompanied by 25 cents each.

**FOR 6 COUPONS:** We are sure that a majority of our friends will send us *six* signed coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each. For all who do, we offer splendid induc-

ments. For sending us *six* coupons you may have as a reward a complete set of *The Christian Herald Home Library* of eight volumes, the titles of which have already been mentioned. Or you may have a beautiful American flag, 4 x 6 feet in dimension, worthy to float proudly over any home in the Nation. Or we will send you a Red Letter New Testament, beautifully bound in leather, soft and flexible, with overlapping edges, red under gold, and with every word recorded as having been spoken by our Lord, printed in red. Or we will send you a copy of that fascinating volume entitled *The Great Hereafter*, by Rev. Madison C. Peters. Or we will send you a copy of *Hero Tales*, that interesting volume containing accounts of glowing deeds of American citizens. Or we will send you that useful book entitled *Before the Doctor Comes*, containing information which will tell you just what to do in case of an accident or sickness, before the arrival of a physician. Or we will send you a copy of the volume entitled *The True Life of Christ*, from the testimony of the apostles.

## Extra Reward for Six Coupons

Think of being able to secure for *nothing* but a *little effort* any one or more of the above rewards! We are sure you will try to induce *SIX* friends to sign coupons. But now comes the most enjoyable surprise of all!

Do you remember "Dreamland," that beautiful photogravure of a little child asleep? "Dreamland" evoked the praise and admiration of hundreds of thousands of our readers who now have the picture framed upon their walls. It was, indeed, so popular with our readers that we felt that many of them would like to have the picture in colors. We inquired if this could not be done, and we have succeeded in procuring a

number of copies of "Dreamland," in *water colors applied by hand.*

You know how beautiful was the photogravure, but you can hardly have a conception of how much *more* beautiful is the picture since it has been rendered into colors. If the child seemed to be a living, breathing specimen of human beauty before, it now seems as much more so as day is more beautiful than night.

## You May Have this Picture, Too

We have secured One Thousand of these beautiful pictures, and we will present a copy Free to all friends sending us *Six Coupons*, accompanied by 25 cents each, *as long as the pictures last.* Send in your coupons *AT ONCE*, so you will receive one of the thousand copies of "Dreamland."

## Now for Victory!

Whichever rewards you select, may success attend your efforts. We feel sure that the most active friends in this aggressive campaign will be our present subscribers, who know and appreciate the good *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* is doing, and will be glad of this opportunity to encourage the efforts of its editors and proprietors to maintain its high standard as the brightest and best family paper in the wide, wide world. On the following page you will find a description of these rewards and a list from which to select those which please you.

# AWAITS YOUR CO-OPERATION!

## Resolve to Act at Once!

Do not feel hampered by lack of material. If you have more friends who want to subscribe than you have coupons let us know, and we will send you more free of charge. Do not forget that no name will be accepted for a subscription which is now on our books.

### DREAMLAND—In Colors

The miniature reproduction in black and white on the opposite page cannot give more than a vague idea of the beauty of the hand-colored reproduction of Dreamland, the picture which proved such a favorite with our readers. This was the picture of which Mrs. Sangster wrote:

"There is not a mother, or for that matter a grandmother, in this wide land, from coast to coast, who will not want a Dreamland picture for her own as soon as she sees it. The artist has chosen an ecstatic moment in home life when the household darling, weary with play, has been caught in the toils of slumber. Here she lies, every muscle relaxed, the dimpled hand and the dancing feet quiet in repose. It is all one can do to keep from dropping a kiss on the rosy cheek. But we must not do that, for we might waken the baby and call her back from dreamland. The Christian Herald has offered its readers many beautiful pictures, but this one surpasses all former productions."

### FURTHER INDUCEMENT

We have secured just One Thousand of this beautiful hand water-colored picture "Dreamland." To all friends sending us *Six Coupons*, together with 25 cents for each one-third year subscription to *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, we will present a copy Free, *as long as the Thousand last.* Send in your coupons at once, so you will receive one of the thousand copies of "Dreamland."

**Christian Herald, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY**

52  
Times  
A Year

**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD**  
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

\$1.50  
per  
Year

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Good Only Until Sept. 15, 1911

Name.....

Name of person influencing this subscription:

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Good Only Until Sept. 15, 1911

Name.....

Name of person influencing this subscription:

Street.....

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# These Rewards Are for You

## One Volume Christian Herald Library

Given for Only Two Coupons

This reward consists of one volume from our celebrated **Christian Herald Library**, which consists of eight volumes, entitled as follows: *Entertainments for Home, Church and School*, *Handy Man's Manual of Facts and Figures*, *Business Hints for Men and Women*, *Helpful Talks with Girls*, *Healthful Sports for Boys*, *How to Speak and Write Correctly*, *Martels of Modern Science*, *Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife*. Note that there is a volume for every one in the household: the man, the woman, the boy, and the girl. Whichever volume you may select, you will find it very useful indeed and well worth the little effort which will expend in getting only two friends to sign each a coupon. Add 3c. for actual postage when sending for this reward.

## One Volume Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature

Given for Only Two Coupons

We have a number of odd volumes of this set on hand, and will be glad to send any one of them as a reward to a subscriber who will send us 2 coupons properly signed and accompanied by 25 cents each for new four months' subscribers. In case the supply of odd volumes becomes exhausted, the subscriber should send in a second choice of 2 coupons, accompanied by 25 cents each and the necessary postage. Add 4 cents actual postage for any one of the *Masterpieces*.

## The Declaration of Independence and Story of the Flag

Given for Only Two Coupons

This is an exact life-size facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, that priceless document which was signed by our fathers of the nation, and which is preserved in the State House, Philadelphia. It should hang framed on the wall of every American household. Accompanying the Declaration will be sent a *Story of the Flag*, which is a vivid and stirring story of our National Emblem. In sending for these rewards, add 3 cents for actual postage.

## One Volume Talmage's Sermons

Given for Only Three Coupons

We have a number of odd volumes of sermons by the late Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, which we will be glad to send to any of our friends who will send us 3 coupons properly signed, accompanied by 25 cents each. Our stock of these is limited, and if exhausted some other reward will be substituted. In sending for one of these volumes add 14 cents for actual postage.

## Life of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage

Given for Only Three Coupons

This Life of the celebrated preacher is an illuminating account of his achievements on the oratorical platform and his travels in the Holy Land. If you have not read it, you should do so. In sending for this reward, add 23 cents for actual postage.

## Shorthand Without a Teacher

Given for Only Four Coupons

This volume is a complete manual of shorthand. It has been thoroughly tested and thousands have learned shorthand from its pages. It will impart to you the principles of shorthand very readily, after which your proficiency will depend upon the practice you give the subject. Many people are earning a living to-day who first studied the rudiments of their calling in this little book. If you select this reward, send 4 cents for actual postage.

## Life Work of Louis Klopsch

Given for Only Five Coupons

Although a great many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have already secured a copy of *The Life Work* of this great captain of philanthropy, there are still some who would like to secure a copy of this fascinating work if they could easily do so. Simply get five of your friends to sign coupons, and send them to us accompanied by 25 cents each, and we will send you this beautifully illustrated volume, which contains the story of the *Life Work* of your late friend, Dr. Louis Klopsch. You must have contributed to many of the charities mentioned in this book, and it will interest you to see how they were dispensed. If you select the *Life Work* of Dr. Klopsch as a reward, add 19 cents for actual postage.

## "Thou Fool" and Other Sermons by Moody

Given for Only Four Coupons

This is a volume of twelve sermons which were delivered by the late Mr. Moody, but which were never before published. They are in Mr. Moody's best vein, and contain an inspirational message which will be appreciated by our readers. Every subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should own a copy of these sermons. If you select this reward, add 6 cents for actual postage.

## The Music Simplifier

Given for Only Four Coupons

This is a really good method for learning to play the piano or organ without a teacher. It is practical, and has been endorsed by some of the world's best musicians. We believe it to be the best system for teaching music without a teacher on the market.

## The Christian Herald Home Library, 8 Vols.

Given for Only Six Coupons

This is the celebrated **Christian Herald Home Library** of eight volumes, containing books for every member of the family. Their titles are as follows: *Entertainments for Home, Church and School*, *Handy Man's Manual of Facts and Figures*, *Business Hints for Men and Women*, *Helpful Talks with Girls*, *Healthful Sports for Boys*, *How to Speak and Write Correctly*, *Martels of Modern Science*, *Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife*. You will find this is one of the most useful sets of books ever published, and whether you are head of the family, the housewife, the son or the daughter, you will not regret earning one of these useful sets by having six of your friends sign coupons and sending them to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, accompanied by 25 cents. If you select the *Home Library*, add 30 cents for actual postage. Send the 6 Coupons immediately, so you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of "Dreamland," water-colored by hand.

## Red Letter Testament

Given for Only Six Coupons

This is our regular *Red Letter Testament*, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, overlapping Red under Gold Edges, and a book-mark. Every word recorded as having been spoken by our Lord is printed in red. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should own one of these Testaments, and here is your opportunity to procure one for the simple effort of getting six of your friends to sign coupons. Send them to us accompanied by 25 cents each, and not only the Testament will be sent but you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture "Dreamland," water-colored by hand. If you desire the Testament, add 3 cents for postage.

## The Great Hereafter. By Rev. M. C. Peters

Given for Only Six Coupons

The title of this volume gives one an inkling of the subject which Dr. Peters selected to discourse upon. It is a philosophical treatise on life after death, and it cannot fail to awaken the most profound reflection in the mind of its readers. It is a large book, and if you select it as a reward, you must add 45 cents for actual postage. Given for only 6 coupons. Send the 6 coupons immediately, so you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture, "Dreamland," water-colored by hand.

## Hero Tales. By Francis Trevelyan Miller

Given for Only Six Coupons

Some of you may have read *Hero Tales*, but if you have not, there awaits you a real treat in this account of the heroic deeds of men, women and children. The book inspires one to self-sacrifice and patriotism, and will help to pass many an evening spent around the winter lamp. If you succeed in having 6 coupons signed and send them to us accompanied by 25 cents, we will send you *Hero Tales*, and you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture "Dreamland," water-colored by hand. Add 15 cents for actual postage if you elect *Hero Tales* as a reward.

## The True Life of Christ

Given for Only Six Coupons

Here is an inspiring work which is based on the writings of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In vivid, forcible manner it portrays the life of the Saviour as perhaps no child has ever been portrayed, except in the Bible itself. If you desire this great book and send us 6 coupons, properly signed and accompanied by 25 cents each, add 9 cents for actual postage and we will send it to you at once. Send the 6 coupons immediately, so you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture, "Dreamland," water-colored by hand.

## Before the Doctor Comes

Given for Only Six Coupons

Here is a book which should be in every household. It tells you exactly what to do in case of accident or in case of sickness, while waiting for the appearance of the family physician. Master such circumstances the knowledge which you may obtain from this book may mean the difference between life and death. It is a volume full of real utility, and should be in the hands of every one of our readers. Get six of your friends to sign coupons, and send them to us, accompanied by 25 cents each, so that you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture "Dreamland," water-colored by hand. If you select *Before the Doctor Comes*, add 14 cents for actual postage.

## Carefully Read Every Word

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is ever ready to give generous recognition to each and every effort kindly put forth by its subscribers, with a view to the enlargement of its sphere of usefulness. So to-day we again come before our subscribers with an opportunity for service in the one hand, and with generous recognition in the other.

We are planning to double our circulation, and to this end we are making a great financial sacrifice to attract new people by offering them a four months' subscription at a great bargain, in the hope of winning them ultimately as permanent subscribers. But it requires the efforts of tens of thousands of people to accomplish what we are seeking to attain, and it is but right and proper that those who co-operate with us in this matter should be duly recognized and properly rewarded: hence we have arranged the following list of

## Unusually Liberal Rewards

| No. of Subscribers                                                              | Rewards                             | Add for Actual Postage |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| For 2 Coupons--Your choice 1 Vol. Christian Herald Library                      |                                     | .03                    |
| For 2 Coupons--1 Vol. Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature               | (Odd volumes as long as they last.) | .04                    |
| For 2 Coupons--Story of the Flag and Declaration of Independence                | (Life size ready for framing.)      | .03                    |
| For 3 Coupons--1 Vol. Talmage's Sermons.                                        | (Odd volumes as long as they last.) | .14                    |
| For 3 Coupons--Life of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage                                  |                                     | .23                    |
| For 4 Coupons--1 Vol. Shorthand Without a Teacher                               |                                     | .04                    |
| For 4 Coupons--"Thou Fool" and Other Sermons. By Dwight L. Moody                | (Never before published.)           | .06                    |
| For 4 Coupons--The Music Simplifier. (A really good method without a teacher.)  |                                     | .04                    |
| For 5 Coupons--Life Work of Louis Klopsch                                       |                                     | .19                    |
| For 6 Coupons--1 Set, 8 Vols. Christian Herald Home Library                     | (See description elsewhere.)        | .20                    |
| For 6 Coupons--American Flag (4 x 6 feet). (Will not fade or shrink.)           |                                     | .09                    |
| For 6 Coupons--Red Letter Testament. (Flexible Leather, Red under Gold.)        |                                     | .05                    |
| For 6 Coupons--The Great Hereafter. By Rev. Madison C. Peters                   |                                     | .43                    |
| For 6 Coupons--Hero Tales. By Francis Trevelyan Miller                          |                                     | .15                    |
| For 6 Coupons--The True Life of Christ. (From the writings of the Evangelists.) |                                     | .09                    |
| For 6 Coupons--Before the Doctor Comes. (Should be in every house.)             |                                     | .14                    |

## SPECIAL INDUCEMENT

We have secured One Thousand copies of the beautiful hand water-colored picture "Dreamland." To all friends sending us Six Signed Coupons accompanied by 25 cents each for Six New Four Months' Subscriptions, we will present not only the rewards which they select from the above list, but in addition we will send Free a copy of "Dreamland" as long as the thousand copies last. So send in your coupons at once.

WHEN SELECTING REWARDS, You Must Send the Postage Marked Opposite the Reward of Your Choice

Many a young person who cannot afford the expense of a regular music teacher, might well try this simplifier. If you select this reward, add 4 cents for actual postage.

## The American Flag (4 x 6 Feet)

Given for Only Six Coupons

This large American Flag is one of the best rewards we have to offer. It is worthy of being flown from any home or public institution in the land. It will not fade nor shrink, and you will find constant use for it on all of the holidays throughout the year. Six feet long by four feet wide, bigger than the top of your dining room table, and given in return for a little effort on your part in having six of your friends sign coupons. Send them accompanied by 25 cents each, and we will send you the flag without cost, except 9 cents for actual postage. Send the 6 Coupons immediately, so you may be among the thousand friends who will receive a copy of the beautiful picture, "Dreamland," water-colored by hand.

REMEMBER: September 15th is positively the last mailing date!

# Address SPECIAL COUPON OFFER THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



# REFUSING THE KING'S WINE\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT WILL be the teacher's own fault if this lesson is not one of thrilling interest in every Sunday School class. It appeals to boys especially as a story of heroic youth who helped rather than the "gang spirit" in a by-product. And hardly less it appeals to girls, for it is heroic boys that are worth having most admire. And when boys and girls should be interested in this story of school life about a stiff examination of boys from a foreign land by their king. That brings home to the ambitious boys and girls the foreign parentage, especially those of Daniel's own race, some of whom are proving in our schools "better" than some of our American boys and girls who do not equally appreciate the blessing of our free public schools. The boys of athletic proclivities the story is pertinent as showing what a diet and physical habits will help them to win. To men and women at home from foreign travel, and the greater number who expect to go, this story is timely, of boys who were loyal to their national ideals in a strange land, when it was not only difficult but most dangerous to be so. To many British people, and to some of our students, the story will recall the recent war when, tempted to drink the health of King George in wine, they did or did not have courage to avail themselves of his permission to drink it in the future.

This lesson of loyalty to national institutions and customs makes the story, in men's classes, a good opening for the autumn elections, especially those in which "No license" and prohibition are the issues, and most of all in Maine, where a battle to retain institutional prohibition occurs the year after this lesson is taught with the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the hands of every teacher. Whether the Maine battle, which is of world-wide interest, is won or lost, it should be followed by a great campaign everywhere of such pledging and organizing and experimentation as Daniel's story suggests.

## Why Daniel Was in Babylon

When Daniel was born, a majority of his people in Palestine were so much given to idolatry, Sabbath-breaking and intemperance that God allowed the Assyrians to carry them captive—first the tribes beyond Jordan, then those of all Israel and Samaria, and, last of all, Judah—in order that they might be urged of these three besetting sins. While arrangements were being made to transport the people of Judah, some youths of "the king's seed" were taken to Babylon as hostages, of whom were Daniel and his three companions, members of the true nobility, for they were also from families God had marked for mercy when the Assyrian destroyer had gone through the land. While they perished, these were safeguarded against death, though carried captive. In Babylon these four talented youths encountered the perils of prosperity, for they were put in the king's civil service academy to be trained for places near the throne. Choicest meat and wine, that had first been honored as an offering to the national idols and then had been sent to the king, were by him sent to these foreign youths as a great honor and favor. The king supposed this food and drink would minister both to health and joy. But these boys had been told by their religious teachers and their national rulers not to eat or drink what had been offered to idols, and they banded themselves together under a "purpose" or pledge that they would not eat or drink these idol sacrifices, even at the risk of displeasing the king, and of

being unpopular with all their schoolmates.

It is instructive to note that they carried out their purpose as inoffensively and politely as possible. They recognized the sincere wish of the king to do them a favor, and asked permission of the king's steward that for ten days their preferred diet of vegetables and water should be tried. The sequel was that they were "fairer and fatter" in body, and keener of mind than other pupils who ate the king's meat and drank his wine. It is not probable that they saw as clearly as intelligent boys of to-day that this result was largely hygienic, under natural law. They may have thought it was chiefly due to supernatural interposition. Nor

Boys and girls to-day who have good parents and wise teachers have one more reason than "Daniel's Band" for abstaining from wine, namely, that they have themselves been taught in public school and Sunday School good reasons for abstaining such as Daniel never knew.

In Germany boys and girls who drink have been tested more thoroughly than were Daniel and his schoolmates. Dr. Paul Bergman (*Die Enthaltensamkeit*, March, 1907), principal of a school in Germany, obtained the consent of parents of some of his pupils to make a test of a small quantity of light wine upon the mental working ability of a class of girls thirteen to fifteen years of age. Shortly



MODEST STEIN

"Then said Daniel, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink"

is it to be supposed that they refused the meat because of any such views of vegetarianism as are held by many to-day; or that they refused the wine chiefly because they had learned from Solomon that it is bad for body and brain.

## American Boys Have More Reasons to Refuse Wine

THEY REFUSED THE MEAT AND WINE IN ORDER TO BE LOYAL TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CHURCH AND THEIR COUNTRY. And when to-day parents and Church and government all bid boys and girls to do some things, and warn them not to do others, obedience is loyalty and wisdom, even if they do not yet understand all the reasons for doing and not doing these things.

This principle goes beyond youth and beyond wine. When American Protestant Christians go to Sunday horse-races in Paris and Sunday bull-fights in Madrid, and to gambling casinos at Monte Carlo, they are disloyal to their parents, to their church and to their country.

after taking one half a wineglass of light wine (eight per cent. alcohol), the girls were given a dictation exercise. They made from one to seven more errors than they did before; it took them longer to think, and the writing, spelling and punctuation were considerably worse. There were more erasures. Parallel experiments were tried upon the boys, giving them beer instead of wine, with similar results. The boys agreed that the beer made thinking more difficult. Among the results obtained by Professor Kraepelin at Heidelberg University, in testing the effects of alcohol upon mental work, was one which showed that under the influence of alcohol a man memorized sixty figures after sixty repetitions, while before taking the alcohol he memorized one hundred with only forty repetitions. The exercises requiring the highest powers of the mind were most seriously affected by alcohol. Benjamin Franklin, when his fellow-printers were all given to drink, and it was commonly supposed to be essential to health, abstained and

made note that he could therefore set more type and in better quality—the very thing that Dr. Aschaffenberg has proved by careful tests, that even Germans accustomed to daily use of beer do a tenth more work on the average on days when they drink nothing than on days when they drink even one ounce of pure mild wine or beer, contained in less than one bottle of wine or less than three glasses of beer.

As to the effect of wine and other alcoholic drinks on health, the best experiments are those of British life insurance companies that insure moderate drinkers and total abstainers separately and give to each class whatever that class falls short of the average expected number of deaths. For sixty years the abstainers have been getting from 26 to 27 per cent. more rebates than the moderate drinkers. Of those who pass the strict medical examination for insurance at sixty years of age, those who are very moderate drinkers live on the average only to sixty-eight. The abstainers average twice as long—to seventy-five years.

We should not forget that in Babylon the boys who let wine alone were "fairer as well as fatter." Brandy blossoms do not add to the beauty of either boys or girls, nor do "the wounds without cause" and "redness of eyes" that were observed in drinking men by Solomon three thousand years ago.

## The People that Excel in Abstinence

As this is an international lesson, it is appropriate to compare the per capita consumption of liquors. Great Britain consumed in 1909 an average of about twenty-five gallons for every man, woman and child. Germany drank about the same per capita as Great Britain, and France most of all. The United States drinks about twenty-three gallons per capita, a little less than Great Britain, but much more than Canada. There might well be an international contest as to which nation shall drink least, for the Emperor of Germany and the manufacturers of Great Britain are beginning to see that in the supreme battle of the ages between Britain, Germany and the United States for the world's markets, the nation drinking the least alcohol will win. In that view the temperance movement should be raised from the personal and the economic aspects that we emphasize to the patriotic plane. Abstinence and prohibition should be promoted for our country's sake, as well as for our own sakes and for Christ's sake.

## Courage to Refuse Wine in Society

In the temperance work of to-day too large a share of the effort is directed against drinking in barrooms because of the bad environment. The boys in our church Sunday Schools are much more in danger from the wine offered them at dinners and banquets and social parties by the hand of some fair woman or famous man—some social queen or king.

It will strengthen us to put with the story of Daniel's great refusal other great refusals in later ages. Dr. Samuel Johnson, of London, at a time when drinking was the almost universal habit even of kings and bishops and scholars, had the sense and courage to stand almost alone as an abstainer.

A young mechanic who worked well, talked well, read books on great civic problems and attended public meetings thoughtfully, being urged to engage in the discussions, said, "How can I ever be anything when my father is a drinking man?" He solemnly signed the pledge of total abstinence and began to make short speeches. The young men said, "Let us send him to the legislature." At every step he did his best. Finally Massachusetts sent him with a petition to Congress. John Quincy

Continued on next page

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for September 10, 1911. Daniel and His Companions. Jan. 1:8-20. GOLDEN TEXT: "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." Rom. 14:21.



# REFUSING THE KING'S WINE

CONTINUED FROM  
PRECEDING PAGE

Adams invited him to dinner. While at dinner Mr. Adams filled his glass, and turning to the young mechanic, said, "Will you drink a glass of wine with me?" He hated to refuse. There was an ex-President of the United States. There was a great company of men. All eyes were upon him. And so he hesitated and grew red in the face, but finally stammered out, "Excuse me, sir, I never drink wine." The next day this anecdote was published in a Washington paper. It was copied all over Massachusetts, and the people said, "Here is a man that stands by his principles. He can be trusted; let us promote him." And so he went up higher. He was made a Congressman, then a Senator, and finally Vice-President of the United States. That boy was Henry Wilson.

## International S. S. Association TEMPERANCE PLEDGE

That I may give my best service to  
God and to my Fellow-men

*I Promise God and Pledge Myself*  
never to use Intoxicating Liquors as  
a drink and to do all I can to end the  
Drink Habit and the Liquor Traffic.

[Signed] .....

General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., told the writer that he drank no intoxicants in a tour of the world, though daily the chief guest in companies of famous men where almost everybody drank as a matter of course. When Hon. William J. Bryan, one of the candidates for the United States Presidency, was in Japan, and the health of Admiral Togo, who was present at the banquet, was proposed, Mr. Bryan drank the toast in water. "You will drink my health in champagne, Mr. Bryan," said the Admiral. "Admiral," was the reply, "all your victories have been won on water; when you win on champagne, I will drink them in champagne."

Speaker Champ Clark said to the writer: "When I drank with anybody, I had to drink with everybody, or give offense. Now that I refuse everybody, I offend nobody."

In the long and growing list of famous men of all nations who now refuse wine, we must include President Taft, who said before

he was President, "I have turned my glass down to stay."

Now, let me tell of a young man who

was "ready" in an hour of great temptation that came suddenly and unexpectedly upon him. He was the son

of an American college president, and just turned twenty-one. He had gone to Paris for a special course in surgery. At the depot of his native town many comrades had gathered when he departed, among them his sweetheart. She knew how severely his Christian principles would be tried in such a city as Paris, and springing to his side, after good-bys had been spoken, she whispered "Charley, dare to be a Daniel! With a look of disappointment he said, "Only that old saw! But she cheerily answered, "Only that, Charley; but it may mean much to you." He bore a letter of introduction to a distinguished Frenchman, who, soon after his arrival, gave a small banquet in his honor. He was not so sure that his table etiquette was up to the French standard, and was not a little disturbed by that misgiving as he sat, the cynosure of all eyes. He noted also with dismay that before each plate were glasses, ruby, purple, amber and white, the first three for wines of corresponding color, the last for water. During the dinner the host filled his ruby glass, an example followed by the guests generally, and proposed the toast, "To the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of America!" Following the custom of such occasions the world over the American guest was expected to respond to this compliment, not only to the women of his native land but to himself.

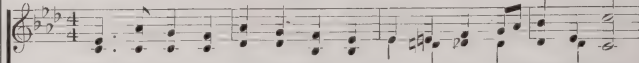
A servant at the direction of the host had filled the young man's ruby glass. What followed can best be told in the words he wrote home: "Mother, for a moment I was in an agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen and in the hand of each was the wine I had pledged from childhood not to taste. My head swam. Suddenly I remembered the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel! Touching my white glass, a servant filled it with water. Rising I said: 'I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter and sweetheart of America the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear name.' The host substituted quickly his white glass, followed by all the others and the toast to American womanhood was fitly drunk in water."

## TO THE RESCUE

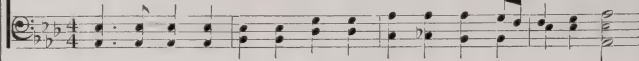
Written especially for the Evangelistic Committee of New York City

Fanny J. Crosby.

I. Allan Sankey.



1. While the Spring, in ver-dure bloom-ing, O - pens wide her boundless land;
2. From the crowded streets be-fore us, From the drear a - bodes of sin,
3. Sound a - loud the trump of Zi - on, Let its tones di - vine - ly fall
4. Chris-tian friends, we need your counsel, And your aid as in the past;



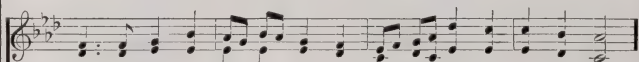
In our tents no lon-ger si-lent, At our post a - gain we stand.  
To the fold of love and mer-cy, Bring them in, oh, bring them in.  
At the feet of our Re-deem-er, Praise His name, there's room for all.  
Let us pray and work to - geth-er, While the lamp of love shall last.



REFRAIN.



To the res-cue! bring the lost ones Out of dark-ness in - to day;



To the res-cue! hast-en quick-ly, God is call-ing, do not stay.



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## CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSANDS

By LUCY RIDER MEYER

"WHY hast thou forsaken me?" a woman moaned in a last desperate appeal to God. She had come to the place where she realized with terrifying clearness that her whole life was yielding only blight and shame.

She was a much-to-be-pitied victim of morphine, and no slave in shackles was more helpless than she. Thirty-five years ago she had resorted to the drug during an illness, finding in it, as she thought, a happy way of escape from pain and a short cut to that peculiar state of mind so often mistaken for happiness. But the horrible habit had fastened its cruel fangs into the very fibre of her being. She knew the meaning of her bondage, sometimes and quivered helplessly under its terrible power. She had come to loathe her weakness, but she was powerless.

One evening she drifted into a mission opened in the neighborhood. Her breath came quickly and her heart pounded in her body as she heard the testimonies. "I drank like a fish for twenty-three years," said one man. "I was drunk solid the last ten years; had lost job after job and I got to where I

would have sold my soul for whisky, and was cleaning spittoons in the saloons for drinks. But now—I'm free! The Lord has set me free, bless his name!"

Mrs. Stevenson went home determined to find freedom for herself also. But it was when she began the struggle that she became conscious of how the quicksands were closing about her.

A rap at the door, and she dragged herself wearily from her knees. A deaconess stood before her extending a cordial invitation to the evening revival services.

"It's strange, it's very strange, sister. I wonder if God has not sent you to me at this moment when I am groping for help." The woman's lip quivered sensitively. "I have been one of those negative Christians," she went on. "I have believed in God after a fashion, but much of the talk I've heard about his being an ever-present help, and all that, has sounded like pious twaddle. But surely there is something strange about your coming in here just now." The haggard woman told her story.

"We'll fight this out together, and I'll stay with you till you win," promised the deaconess, taking her hands and looking courage into her eyes.

Mrs. Stevenson went down on her knees again, but this time a friend was at her side. And a prayer—oh, such a fervent prayer!—went up for strength that she might put the serpent-like thing under her feet. "We ask it in Jesus' name," implored Sister Bertha solemnly. Then they rose calmly, but it was to face a fight more awful than either could dream.

That first awful day! During the brief absence of the deaconess in the afternoon there was a moment of torturing temptation, when the poor drug fiend stole like a thief from room to room, hoping wildly that she might find in some overlooked place enough of the drug to still the torment that racked her. She searched with desperate eagerness, praying all the while that she might find none, but disappointed that her prayer was answered.

There came a time when the physicians had to be called. They remonstrated, begging her to make the fight

along different lines. "You'll die," they said.

"But I'd rather die than touch it again. I must fight it out now or never. I'm going to do my part, and if God is God I shall not be without help."

"She cannot live through it," was the verdict of the older physician.

"She may live, but I'm not sure but that she will be left insane," said the younger man.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things," was the promise that kept ringing through the sufferer's mind and upheld her through the awful struggle. The crucial night came when she writhed in convulsions. The deaconess and another friend held her sustaining her in her perilous passage through the black waters of her trial. But when morning dawned came the miracle of a recovered and almost normal woman, conscious of triumph.

During the following months, the completeness of this victory was manifest and puzzled physicians were forced to admit that indeed "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."



# England's Tempestuous Railway Strike



An Open-Air Meeting of Strikers in Prince Regent Lane, London, England



Newly Opened Office of the Federal Employment Exchange, New York City

ON AUGUST 15 the government and press of Great Britain were aroused by a threat of the amalgamated Society of Railway servants and the allied railway unions declare a general strike, tying up the railroads of the United Kingdom. There was a great deal of disorder in Liverpool that evening, and though no strike order had been given by the leaders the streets were full of idle men. Toward evening the ruffian element of the docks and railroad yards carried disorder to such a height that the borists, to a great extent, withdrew on the demonstrations. Troops were immediately rushed into the city by the government to protect property and facilitate the conduct of business,

which had been almost entirely suspended. All the great liners which ply from the Mersey were held up by the strike. Efforts at conciliation were carried on for a day and a half with absolutely no success. On August 17 the various unions of railway employees voted to strike. Thirty thousand government troops were immediately held in readiness to guard trains and see that they were moved in safety. The most serious aspects of the strike came in the cities of Liverpool and Manchester. Here the transit facilities were badly crippled. Sympathetic strikes were declared by many other unions, and the result was that the food supply was running perilously low, while for three days there had been no removal

of refuse. The infant mortality in poorer districts increased 40 per cent. during these first two days. It was largely due to the persuasive abilities of Mr. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the government plan which was first set forth by Premier Asquith was reformed in such a way as to appeal to the unionists, whom he finally induced to call off the strike and submit all the difficulties to an arbitral board. This board consists of two representatives of the labor party, two representatives of the employers' interests, and a non-partisan chairman. Under an agreement which was reached during the night of the 18th, the labor leaders agreed to terminate the strike, lend all assistance possible to conciliation

boards, and abide by the decisions of these boards on the condition that the employers reinstate all the men who have been out without penalization. There were many strange scenes in different parts of the country due to the strike. In Liverpool the electric service was maintained for two days by barristers, clergymen, and college undergraduates, who volunteered to fill all the positions from stoker to head electrician. Now that a settlement has been reached, the grievances of the men will undoubtedly be remedied, and the hope was confidently expressed in London on August 20 that within two days the railway systems would be operating upon their regular schedules, and the steamship lines would be handling traffic in the regular way.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

### My Denomination\*

THE lack of a knowledge of history is at the bottom of many of the worst blunders of nations and of men. The wisest statesmen have realized this, and the biographies of the greatest nearly always indicate that they are close students of history. One of the most valuable features of the historical pageant now so popular, is not only that we may thus become more familiar with the history of nations, but that the idea of the pageant has been enlarged to meet as well State and county and town history. In the same way, it is a good thing that a lesson has been given us which calls for research into the origin and growth of our various denominations. It is true that the characteristic features of each are getting to be less and less conspicuous; and that the great idea is gaining ground everywhere, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Yet till the noble men who worked out the early creeds, and who separated themselves from some main theological tenet, often at great pain and sacrifice, in order to cling to some tenet which seemed to them fundamental—these tenets and the schemes which they devised should be known to their every descendant, and to those of their followers. Let every Methodist thrill anew with the story of the Wesleys; let the Baptists rejoice over the achievements of Roger Williams and George Whitefield and Adoniram Judson; let the Congregationalists re-read the story of the pilgrims and the pro-

tests of the Roundheads; let the Presbyterians turn again to the fiery words of Lasky and Melville and John Knox; and let us all join with the Lutherans and the noble "Dutch Reformers," in reverence to the memory of Luther and Melancthon and Huss and Calvin and the other "saints of whom the world was not worthy." Among the numerous offshoots from these great main denominations are many small but interesting bodies of Christians, who, for conscience' sake, laying stress on some particular doctrine, have taken new names and have built up churches as monuments to their faith. Let those of you who belong to them, study well, each of you, the reasons which brought your special branch into being. You will learn of some heroism of which you had not previously known; and you may be nerved by the knowledge to perform better work for your church. A good grandmother, upon visiting the home of her married daughter, found that her children had not been taught in the Scriptures. She at once began to remedy the deficiency. They were greatly interested in the Bible stories, as all children are, and one little boy of six was especially struck with that of Moses. Just after he had learned it, he attended church with the grandmother and heard the minister say something about "Moses." "Grandmother," he whispered excitedly, "is that our Moses?" He was overjoyed to find that it was. So whatever our denomination, we share together the glory of the Scripture heroes, and especially that of our great Leader. Essentially, we are one.

We are not divided.  
All one body we;  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

### Christian Athletics\*

HUMANITY has always been interested in athletics. The man who could shoot the straightest, run the fastest, leap the highest, has been admired by his fellows quite as much as the man who has excelled in intellectual or moral strength. In ancient Greece and Rome, the beauty and perfection of the body were chief objects to all. Their statues show to what an extent they succeeded in developing it. No nation has ever surpassed Greece in this respect. The Jews cared little for athletic games, but as Paul traveled abroad and came in contact with the Greeks and their exercises, he was evidently greatly impressed by them. Especially was their likeness to the exertions necessary in the spiritual life brought to his mind. We all know how effective are the figures which he borrowed from those exercises. We all know also how necessary it is that one who would excel in any sort of exercises should keep in practice. Keep the watch wound or the dark rust assailed; Play the sweet keys, would you keep them in tune. It is in this leading thought which governs our sports, that we find perhaps our most important spiritual lesson from them. Mr. Moody, in one of his greatest sermons, drew a similar moral from the story of the manna, which was to be gathered freshly every day. "If we would be strong and vigorous," said Mr. Moody, "we must go to God daily. A man can no more take in a supply of grace for the future than he can eat enough to-day to last

him for the next six months; or take sufficient air into his lungs at once to sustain life for a week to come. We must draw upon God's boundless stores of grace from day to day, as we need it." Dr. Farrar relates that John L. Clem, the famous "drummer-boy of Shiloh," at the close of the war went to see General, then President Grant, and asked him for an order of admission to West Point. "But why do you not take the examination?" "I did, Mr. President, but I failed to pass." "How was that?" "Why, Mr. President, I lost four years from my schooling, while I was in the war." The President led him on to tell of his experience, the long and honorable story of those four hard years. Then he gave the youth a sealed note and said, "Take this to the Secretary of War. I guess it will fix you up." As young Clem handed it to the Secretary, he said, "I hope that is an order to admit me to West Point." "Well, it isn't," returned the Secretary. "It's a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army." When the President was asked why he gave young Clem such a position without a West Point diploma, he said, "I know." He well understood the boy's faithful service and valuable experience, and his opinion was well justified, for the youth "made good," and has steadily risen in the service. So our great Leader is estimating our efficiency, and if we faithfully run our race every day, a reward will come to us; and as it was with the young drummer boy, it may be better than we had dared to hope for.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 10. TEXT: Acts 20: 17-18.

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 10. TEXTS: 1. Tim. 4:7; 1. Cor. 9:24-27.



# CHATS IN OUR "COMFORT CORNER"



## Vain Regrets

THERE is a homely proverb to the effect that "there is no use in crying over spilt milk." A good deal of wisdom of a pithy sort is condensed into the familiar adages that have come to us from our ancestors. Our grandmothers and theirs knew that "a miss was as good as a mile," that "it's a long lane which has no turning," and "that all's well that ends well." A still higher and more beautiful axiom lives for us on the pages of God's word, where we are told that "all things shall work together for good to them that love him." Most of us, although we know better, are very much in the habit of crying over our spilt milk. In other words, we lament our past errors. Looking back over the landscape of life we see a milestone in the past where we made a mistake. Two ways met there. We hesitated which to take and we made the wrong turning. Looking back over the manner in which we have trained our children, used our opportunities or spent our incomes, we see very plainly that everything might have been different, and perhaps everything would have reached a higher level of success, if only we ourselves had been of keener vision, of wise judgment and of firmer will.

Mr. Beecher once said that if our foresight were but equal to our hindsight we should all be a thousand times more complacent. Vain regrets strew our paths with withered flowers. They make us melancholy, and worse still, rob us of strength to go forward.

Of one thing we may be certain. We are fallible human beings. We cannot avoid a misstep now and then. With the best intentions we say the thing which we repent or do the thing which we cannot undo. Each of us day by day has reason to acknowledge "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and left undone the things we ought to have done, and there is no health in us."

Once having taken our penitence in prayer to the feet of the Lord and humbly asked his forgiveness, why should we pick the burden up again and insist on carrying it on with bowed shoulders and drooping heads?

There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a crook in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer,  
But a lowly heart that leans on God  
Is happy anywhere.

If we commit our way unto the Lord let us take the comfort of believing that he directs our steps. If at any moment we act according to the light we have, let us not shed tears later because we fancy another course would have been wiser. Away with the folly that sits down and broods over yesterday when the word for today is "Up and doing with a heart for any fate." As our poet Longfellow tells us, we should be "still achieving, still pursuing," while we "learn to labor and to wait."

## Relief from Anxiety

ONE of the most delightful physical sensations of which we are aware is that of relief from pain. Every function of the physical life should be automatic. Breathing, for example, if accompanied by the slightest pain, indicates trouble that must be taken in

hand at once. Pain in any part of the body is a danger signal that cannot be ignored if one would preserve health. Most of us know by experience the blessedness of being lifted out of an abyss of pain to the level land of normal health. On the day when a convalescent is sure that the tides of wholesome life are pouring in at flood, when again there is an impulse to begin work or at least to supervise it, happiness returns and makes her abode where previously there was lack of ease or acute distress.

In a similar way, in the mental life, relief from anxiety brings ease and freedom and imparts new vitality to thought and new vigor to action. Mental worry is a fruitful cause of physical illness. The chronic worrier need never anticipate health, strength

and joy in living. We worry over a great many things concerning which we should be at ease. It may be too much to demand of poor human nature that it shall never be anxious over the future, and yet the most futile fact in the realm of human experience is needless anxiety about to-morrow. To-day is all we have. We are not sure of an hour in the future, but the present has gold in its mouth.

Most of us are equal to the situation if we limit our endeavors to it precisely as it confronts us. We are not equal to the accumulation of possible disasters that loom up in the middle of the night when we lie awake listening to the ticking of the clock and watching the tedious hours as they creep along.

Frequently our worries are unselfish. We are anxious in behalf of our loved

ones. We see this or the other of one overborne by care and break under a too heavy load. We note the difficulties in the path of the young, weary ourselves in making plans for other people. They may or may be conscious of our extreme solicitude. Whatever effect it has upon them, tendency in our own lives is distinct toward weakness and failure.

Where is the remedy? How are we to get relief from the pernicious habit of anxiety? Is there a way out? Suppose we go confidently to the Book books. As we turn its pages we everywhere promises that should give us new courage and fortify us against the demon of fear. Away back Deuteronomy we are told that "The loved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him." Again, there is that beautiful word, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Still again, "The Lord is a strong tower, the righteous run into it and is safe." Yet again, "God our refuge and our strength, a present help in time of trouble. The Lord will we not fear though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea." Always we trust Jehovah, "underneath us the everlasting arms." Our Lord himself assured us that "our Father knows the things we have need of before we ask him." And he said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The little sparrow that was worth half a farthing was not too small to be seen and noted by the Father above. Let us take this consideration into the core of our being for our comfort and help, and let us send our worries, great and small, into the rubbish heaps of life. Prayer in faith is the best prescription for relief from anxiety.

## Paper-Bag Cookery

WHEN the phrase "Paper-bag cookery" was first mentioned in my hearing I imagined it to be a new variety of picnic convenience. Paper bags are among the commonplace articles with which we are familiar, and they are devoted to numerous uses. For utilizing them as cooking implements, the notion seemed absurd. Now transpires that paper-bag cookery has been introduced into English homes by a noted London chef, and its popularity has literally swept across the United Kingdom. Our British cousins have been completely carried away by its charming novelty. On this side the Atlantic the idea will probably meet with immediate approval and acceptance, the fact being that almost everything on the table may be prepared to excellent advantage if inserted in a paper bag. The bags are made of specially adapted paper, and are of different sizes. The article to be cooked, whether roasted meat, chicken or vegetable, is placed in the bag which completely envelops it, and is folded in such a way that none of the juices escape in the cooking process. The bag is placed upon a gridiron and the gridiron set in an oven. Full directions for paper-bag cookery will be given in a book soon to be published in New York. Among others who endorse it as likely to be a relief to the housewife and addition to the comfort of daily life, Marion Harland and Christine Treharne Herrick have been mentioned.



Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, for the Illustrated London News

## A Sultan's Household in Camp

DURING the journeys which the recent troubles in Morocco made necessary for the Sultan, he was accompanied by a considerable part of his extensive household. As the Sultan is a polygamist this retinue usually consisted of a number of his wives, their attendant slaves and other servants, and a corps of guards. This household camp of the Sultan was always pitched in the centre of the main camp and surrounded by a high wall of canvas, an open space and a cordon of guards. The tents used are fourteen feet high and about twenty feet in diameter. They are richly lined with silks and velvets and embroidery, and furnished with rugs and divans like rooms in the home palace.



# GOOD WORK DONE BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE GROUND-SPARROWS A Prize Winner by Harriet Yates

THERE was once a pair of ground-sparrows that built their nest under a white thistle. The nest was shaped something like an egg. Soon there were four pinkish tiny eggs in the nest, I would watch carefully every I passed by to see if they had ned, but I was careful not to

I noticed a leaf ing over the nest, every time the er left the nest eaf was moved to r it from view. day I saw four y little baby spar- instead of the pink eggs! The e newcomers look- all yellow beaks heads, and when one would come they would open mouths wide, ex- ing to be fed. For days I missed see- the mother, and our bird dog killed her, so I l to feed the little with corn meal, I thought there a chance of the er coming back, left them in the e, and she did re- In about two weeks they were g about from thistle to thistle. I looked so darling! I watched y by the hour, day after day, until grew quite big and fat and flew

In The Hollow Tree Snared in Story Book  
bert Bigelow Paine.

Going for the Doctor  
JACK  
Wait a bit, my little miss.  
What makes you walk so fast?  
You have the day before you,  
And the sky is not o'ercast.

BESS  
Going to the doctor's,  
sir,  
my doll's very ill:  
a raging fever.  
I'll b'lieve she has a  
chill.

JACK  
Bandage round her  
head.  
I mustard to her feet;  
her cambric tea to  
drink.  
I nothing much to eat.

BESS  
I those things an hour  
ago,  
I never won't abate;  
all this sad trouble,  
sir,  
the pudding that she ate.

JACK  
If the doctor is not in,  
I does not care to  
come?  
I charges—as he often  
does—  
most outrageous  
sum?

BESS  
I's not in, than I shall  
wait.  
I what if his charge  
be high?  
I think because of  
a thing like that,  
ould let my dollie  
die?

JACK  
HARR BOGART,  
Jersey, age 11.  
I see WILSON,  
a fine Eastman Kin-  
dred film.



Margery Mettler  
Prize Contributor



Prize Photograph, Alexander Boyer, age 12

## AN ADVENTURE—A True Story By Mary Little, Ohio, age 13

"I DARE you to fling an oar overboard," said Louise, a bit tired perhaps of handling the tiller ropes of the small boat in which she and her chum were taking an afternoon row on the lake. "That will be great fun," said Gertrude; and over went the oar, quick as wink.



Julia Stewart  
A Cozy Corner Girl

Then what promised to be fun began. Round and round they went in a circle, vainly trying to reach the discarded oar, which only bobbed farther and farther away from them, for the wind was rising and the lake grew rougher by the minute.

"Oh, Louise, if you only had not dared me to do it!" Gertrude cried, fairly wringing her hands in despair. "And look! Quick, quick! The steamer is coming! The steamer! Why, it is here!" And hoping to escape the huge hulk, the two thoroughly terrified girls made one last and desperate effort to paddle straight with their single oar and regain the one they had so foolishly lost.

It floated teasingly out of reach, however, and the huge night-boat bore down upon them. Only in the nick of time, by sheerest luck, a dreadful accident was averted, for the lookout on the deck spied them, and the big boat swerved from its course just enough to leave them untouched. As the fool-hardy girls sat speechless in their little cockleshell, bumping about in the troughs of great waves that followed in the wake of the steamer, some one on shore spied them and put out to the rescue, but once more safe and sound on dry land they felt outlandish and foolish enough about their stupid dare.

This story in the June  
number of Brownie  
Eastman Kodak.

Upon the Way  
Baby Blue went out to play,  
And met Rob Roy upon the way.  
"Good morning, sir, how do you do?  
Are you a-walking this way, too?"  
Rob Roy he smiled and bow-  
ing said,  
"Pleased to go, Miss Curly Head."

"Wont you take my dolly, sir,  
If you don't mind to carry her?  
Isn't she a picture fair?  
Such rosy cheeks and golden hair?"

"Dollies! pooh!" Rob Roy gazed.  
"I'm no sissy boy," he cried.  
"Let's play horses, Oh, I say,  
Over the brook by the old wood-way."  
Baby Blue raised high her head.  
"I am no tomboy, sir," she said.  
"I love my dolly, sweet and true,  
Good morning, Robin Roy, to you."  
MILDRED BROODING,  
age 10.  
Prize, a very beautiful box of Japanese water color paints.



## "Ivory Soap, Water and a Few Grains of Common Sense."

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## Prize Winners and Honor Roll

### First Prize Winners

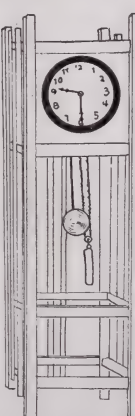
Pearl Woodgera, 11; Wesley Toby, 12; Fay B. Mock, 13; Gladys Zemicka, 10; John H. Gray; Gladys Barr Bogart, 11; Mary Little, 13; Harriet E. Yates, 10; Kate Williams, 16; Carl Harris, 11.

### Twenty Supplementary Prize Winners

Edna Gorman, 14; Esther Kalin, 12; Grace Litchfield, 10; Elsie Veld, 11; Courtney K. Meade, 15; Howard James, 14; Courtland Casey, 8; Frank J. Williams, 9; Lucy Hubbard, 13; Ura Griffin, 16; Edith Bishop, 16; Freeman Hubbard, 17; Cathryn Yoder, 16; Ruth M. Gottschalk, 13; Helen Brown, 9; Alma E. Hilton, 12; Nelle McClurkin, 16; Martha R. Dawson, 15; Donald Hill, 14; Elmore Bray, 15; Rosemary Lader, 14; Valerie L. Elder, 12; Dorothy Bangs, 11; Ethel M. Williams, 10; Elizabeth Hodgson, 14; Lucile King, 16; Walter Eichelberger, 9.

### Honor Roll

Alice Chapman, 13; Tressie King, 12; Frances Day, 12; Nellie Heath, 12; Mattie Beck, 15; Gertrude E. Mather, 10; Kathleen Carmen, 12; Elsie Guyton, 11; Mathilda Nowack, 14; Gladys Clare; Ruth



"The Kitchen Clock"  
Prize answer to the "Little People's" Rebus—Carl Hansen, age 11.

Lester: Mildred H. Bobb, 12; Mearle Eidson, 7; Mable Palmer; Violet M. Holly, 10; Gladys Gehard; Zenda Ford; Veta Gordon, 12; Lester Palmer, 12; Nina Johnson, 10; Ada Woolley, 12; Esther Bryant, 16; Helen Holl, 10; Evelyn Andersen, 12; Georgia Warren; Herbert Durand, 9; Ada L. von Wolffradt; Ottillie Meiner; Ruth Alvera Stafford; Ruby Ridenour, 12; Helen Hudson, 14; Glenna Leary, 11; Edna Meyer; Virgil Vanstane; Mary Little, 13; Ellen LaRue, 15; Jacob Stam; Margaret Edington, 14; Marion B. Warren, 13; Florence Beavis, 9; Georgiana Frazee, 10; Lillian Blair, 11; Ernest St. Clair Jeans, 13; Edward C. Annis, 15; Mildred J. McCrae, 15; Ruth S. Ayers, 10; Purney D. Kempton, 6; Alice Bauer; Frances Reckmyer, 12; Katie May Eagleton, 11; Richard Walker, 13; Frieda Faeco, 12; Beanie M. Day, 13; John H. Vondell, 13.

Good-Night Verse  
"No good thing will He withhold."  
Longing and Faithfully,  
The Author the  
CzyBauer



"A Good Time"—Wentworth Lawson, age 12



# The Substitute Wedding Journey

By J. S. ELLIS

IF TOM had not been so young, and Ellen both inexperienced and young, the calamity would not have seemed so grave.

Ellen had had her heart set on a visit home all the year. It was to be their wedding journey, for in the year that they had been married they had not had one. She had come bravely out alone to the little Western town, where Tom had met her at the station. Then they had walked to the parsonage and were married. This may do for the prosaic, but for the poetically minded it is not enough. Ellen wanted a real wedding journey with the groom along. Tom wanted what Ellen wanted, if he could get it.

It is so easy to plan a vacation on paper. All expenses are met promptly, and without difficulty. Trains arrive on time. Hotel clerks are obliging. They would spend two days in Chicago, a day at Niagara, and reach home in time for their wedding anniversary.

Housekeeping for two is such fun! Ellen could do all the work in sight, get dinner ready for the kindling of the fire, and have time left in the forenoon for an hour's ride with Tom on the gang-plow around the big field. The afternoons were simply without bound or limit. Of course one did not need to do dishes while one's husband was resting. Besides, doing dishes was such a diminutive affair. Two plates, two cups, a salt-shaker, and a vegetable dish; then the butter tucked away in a keg under the drip of the flowing well, and you were done. After that it was two o'clock, with five hours ahead before Tom drove the wet-flanked horses from the field, his face and clothing gray with dust. There was time on these afternoons to walk a half mile across the field to talk with Mrs. O'Brien about the crops and the weather; time to go through the rooms in a very housewifely way, with thimble and canonic needle, looking for mending. But all of her clothes were so ridiculously new that there was positively nothing to mend. Tom's overalls were a source of comfort. They broke out in the most unexpected places, and kept developing unforeseen weaknesses. Sewing for one's husband might be prosaic for some, but it was not to Ellen, who was poetically minded.

Both agreed on the trip home. Ellen was enthusiastic, and, of course, Tom wanted it. The rich rains had fallen on the fertile, upturned land. The wheat had sprung up in a night. The dainty lines of green that shot like an arrow across the fields thickened and fattened until they covered the ground. Then the wheat grew in a wise that astonished the pioneers of '81. June gave the cool, moist weather that the wheat needed. July threw in an extra measure of moisture, then applied the heat. Ellen—not tall, remember—was struck at the arm pits by the wheat, when, in July, she was carrying Tom a lunch. She stretched her arms straight from the shoulders and the wheat stalks touched the palms of her hands with their graceful heads.

"Oh, you beauties!" she cried, clasping some of the long heads and putting them to her lips.

The wheat-felds stretched over the vast plain were undulating in the breeze like waves of the sea. The deep green tints were giving way to a gray, which would, in a fortnight's time, be exchanged for gold.

The land which they were farming was owned by a non-resident, a man who spent his winters in California and his summers in the North. The business on his dozen or more farms was largely transacted through an agent. Neither Tom nor Ellen had seen him, but Ellen, following Hawthorne, had named him Old Gathergold.

"How soon do you think we can go?" asked Ellen as they sat in the long Northern twilight looking out over the fields of blowing grain.

"Right after harvest and threshing. The way it looks now it ought not to take another month."

"Will Old Gathergold come for his share?"

"Not likely. Vail looks after that." "How much wheat do you suppose we will have, Tom?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Tom. "We can't count our duck-eggs until we find them all—not in this country. Something might happen."

"Now?" cried Ellen. "Why, it is almost ripe. I looked at some kernels this morning and they were like little soft bags of milk."

Tom agreed. He had to. "It sure could not go wrong now. We are counting so much on it."

A week later he was at the back of the farm, examining the wheat. Some unusually ripe strips had attracted his attention from the house. He found Pete O'Brien out on a similar errand. The farmer's face was haggard, and he was beating his hands nervously.

"Tom, man, this is bad," he said, when Tom came up.

"What's bad? What do you mean?" Tom asked anxiously.

"It's black rust. We had it seven years gone, but that's the last till now."

Tom's courage oozed away as he listened. He had had no experience with this foe of the wheat men, but he had heard enough to stand appalled. He looked out over the wheat-fields, apparently so full of promise.

"It will not take it all, will it?" His voice was thick as he spoke.

"If it is as bad as it was seven years ago we will not get flour enough for a biscuit."

Tom turned quickly away to hide the tears which he could not control. But when he looked around again the Irishman was looking out over the wheat-fields with the sadness of years of struggle written on his face.

"It's a hard wur-d to take the wife and childer," he said.

Tom choked up again. "That's it. If it was only myself I wouldn't care. I could lose the year's work. But how can I tell Ellen?"

That Ellen would soon have to be told was evident. The heads of wheat instead of being heavy with plump grains were light and empty. The straw crinkled down to a sickly yellow. Yet still Tom hesitated to disillusion Ellen, who was laying gorgeous plans for their wedding trip. It was not only the loss of the outing that was troubling Tom. With a total loss of the crop he wondered how they were to live through the winter, and how another crop was to be raised.

They were sitting on the kitchen stoop, watching the sun go down with brilliant sky-coloring. Ellen had been talking of what was now uppermost in her mind, day and night—their wedding trip; the mother waiting to see them.

The time had come when she must be told. Tom did it as gently as he could, each word like a little stab at his own heart. She listened with a frightened look on her face, from which the color had fled. Then she ran into the house. Tom paced the bare ground between the wheat-field and the house until the clock struck twelve, then went in. Ellen was lying in the dark on a rough lounge which he had made. He tried to find her hand, but she drew away.

"Let me alone, now," she said drearily. "It will be all right."

He was little more than a boy in years, and it passed the limit of his short experience to know what to say. So, making now—as was his way—her wish his, he left her.

Tom may, or may not, have slept soundly after retiring. The night had been so troubled he could not have told

himself. But presently into his dreams floated the aroma of cakes and coffee. "Hello, old sleepy head!" called a bright voice.

Tom sat up in the sunlight that was flooding in at the window, and rubbed his eyes. He was profoundly grateful for the sunshine that he saw on a face in the door.

"Well, Ellen," he said, "you look capital! How did I sleep so long?"

She had put on a dainty gingham that he liked best of all her house dresses, over this a white apron tied in a bewitching bow at the back. With her brown hair brushed back and a bit of lace at her throat she made a pleasing picture.

"I have not given up our wedding journey," she volunteered, smiling across the breakfast table. "But it is to be a 'black rust' wedding journey. Why can't we hitch up Pete and Dick to the wagon and go somewhere—anywhere, just so it is going?"

Tom fell promptly in with the plan. "We can, by cracker!"

"Could we get a tent anywhere—borrow it—do you suppose?"

"I'll get a tent if I have to hook two of Mother O'Brien's sheets from the line to make it," vowed Tom.

For this Ellen awarded him the largest and most delicately browned cake on the platter.

"We will drive to the Old Missouri," said Tom. "Go fishing. If there isn't any harvesting to do we will have more time than money, anyway."

It did not take long to arrange their simple affairs. The extra horses were turned out in the pasture. The cow was taken to a neighbor's. Then with tent, camp-stove, dishes and provisions loaded into the wagon the wedding journey was begun.

If the pace was not so swift as it had been taken in a Pullman, each mile meant more, had more of deep pleasure in it, than the miles that snap by the car window. If the way was rougher, it was a happy wife and happier husband who received the jolts, and they laughed over them. The wagon was often stopped for the wild roses that banked the wayside. There were wonderful mirages to look at of grain elevators as tall and stately as castles, of sparkling lakes that reflected in their bosoms the trees that lined their shores.

After three days of slow-going they drove over the bluffs into the valley of the Missouri. They pitched the tent in the shelter of a plum grove, and carried in bedding and provisions. The camp-stove was set up under the shelter of a friendly elm. Tom drove into the bark of the tree trails for hanging their pots and pans.

The camp in order, Tom walked down the river to the little village, where they had ordered mail to be sent. He came back whistling.

"Ellen, you'll have to give our legal friend, 'Old Gathergold,' a new name. Listen to what Harry Vaile says:

"Mr. Markham, your former lawyer, writes me to this effect: 'Tell the boys not to get scared. If the crop is gone I will see that they get backing until another crop is raised.'"

"How is that for Old Gathergold?" "He shall be Prince Splendid," said Ellen, musing, with hands clasped about her knees.

The first night in the timber was a revelation of forest sounds and forest music. An hour before dawn a catbird—sweet mockingbird of Northern skies—began to pour out its music. Ellen could not rest for the joy that filled the morning. Sitting on the ground before the tent she was combing her brown hair when the words of an old, old love idyl came to her:

Whither thou goest, I will go;  
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.

It was a real wedding journey this time, for the groom was with her.

John Wanamaker

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# Managing a Great Zoo

Continued from page 843

ated on Wednesday, while the elephants get six quarts of peanuts every day.

The Zoo's hospital is in charge of W. Reid Blair, who must be preceded at any moment to treat a wide variety of complaints, from the broken of a dainty gazelle to the toothache of a tiger. Every kind of bird, beast, and reptile has the advantage of the medical treatment and nursing in the event of illness, and there is an operating theatre where even the poor monkey may be operated on for appendicitis or a hastily swallowed apple!

"You can take it from me that it's a joke having to handle a sick boar—stricator or python," said a keeper. These are far more dangerous to a doctor than the smaller poisonous snakes, for the latter can be held down by means of a forked stick; but a forty-foot serpent wants a dozen or more men. The great art is to keep the reptile quite taut, so that he has no chance of getting you in his deadly

far as is known, there are no more than six or seven of these animals in captivity, and in India the range of the species has been reduced to a small area. The specimen in New York was captured in Assam by the soldiers of the Maharajah of Nepal in the winter of 1907, and was furnished to the Society at a cost of \$6,000 by Carl Hagenbeck, the famous wild-beast importer of Hamburg. He is now worth nearly \$10,000, and could not be duplicated.

The herd of American bison, or buffalo, figure at \$400 apiece. These massive, unwieldy brutes are the pride of the Bronx Zoo, for it is this herd that the Federal Government mainly relies upon for the stocking of the Western plains, where buffaloes once roamed by the hundreds of thousands.

In the monkey house the chimpanzees and orang-outangs are the prizes. There is one chimpanzee there who has resided in the monkey house for fifteen years and could not be duplicated for \$1,500. A baby orang-outang brings

the game seems to be to keep it submerged. Whenever it pops up they both whack at it at once; then as likely as not they forget the ball and clinch, and both disappear beneath the surface. Presently one of them comes up and occupies himself by cheerfully pawing down the other until it seems as if the under bear must be on the verge of drowning. All that one sees of him is an occasional pinkish paw waving signals of distress, and the curve of his back through a swirl of water. Then up comes the great white creature, and one is almost disappointed to see that he is not even gasping.

## Lethargy or Treachery

Continued from page 844

Yet this is not half so amazing as our seeming unconcern toward the religious life of our own kith and kin. Our unsaved children give us, apparently, but little anxiety. Our sons and daughters are growing up outside the Church, in some cases with practically no religious instruction whatever, and we are as gay and lighthearted as if they were all safely gathered into the fold. Of most of us, I fear, our children could remark what Gladstone said of two of his university professors: "I knew and respected them both, but neither of them attempted to exercise the smallest influence over my religious life."

I asked a returning missionary, "Why do you go back so soon when you have been ill through most of your furlough?" Her eyes watered as she replied: "I cannot sleep from thinking of those benighted men and women about our station. I must hurry back to them." Contrast that, sleeper in the garden, with your feeling. How much do you lie awake thinking of your unsaved boy, to say nothing of your unconverted neighbor or the heathen?

You are afflicted with sleepy sickness of the soul, and it is as certain a sign of disease as is unnatural physical drowsiness. You need radical treatment. God press the need in upon you!

What shall the treatment be? A specialist recently said that he knew of forty-nine different recipes for insomnia; but that, while sometimes one would work and sometimes another, there were times when none of them was effective. There is one cure and only one for spiritual sleepy-sickness, and it never fails to work. It is called Peter, and it will cure you. What is the cure? The old-fashioned remedy of repentance—genuine and profound repentance. Repentance is a change of mind, and nothing but that will give us a different thought of discipleship, a different feeling about it and a different attitude toward it. He who truly repents will receive the reviving, renewing, restoring grace of God, without which the same deep stupor will continue to hold us bound, but with which we shall become alert and active, brave and unwavering, splendidly loyal and vigilant down to the end.

Awake thy Church ere yet the day departs,

For while she sleeps swift works the reaper,

Death.

O God, forgive, and into torpid hearts

Send, like a mighty wind, thy quickening breath.



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Copyright New York Zoological Society

Four O'clock Tea in the Orang-outang House of the Bronx Zoo

ids; for, should he succeed, he would very soon crush the life out of you. I myself was nearly badly damaged by a python last year when we were holding him for the doctor to examine. Was the tail end man, when the brute suddenly managed to get a coil around my arm. Luckily, two extra keepers were near, and they came to my assistance, but I thought the bone would have been crushed before they freed me. "Snakes frequently suffer from othache, while those of the poisonous variety contract abscesses in their heads. These have to be lanced, and then the virulent nature of some of the poisons is taken into consideration, and are exercised that mishaps are practically unknown when dealing with these reptiles.

"Elephants, in spite of their bulk, are somewhat delicate, and suffer from the skin when first coming from the tropics. Huge mustard plasters and thick blankets have to be roped on to the sufferers, and large doses of gin and ginger are also administered. Very often, however, an elephant will require a distinct taste for the latter treatment, and will feign illness at every opportunity in order to obtain his 'dope'."

The increase of the animal collection at the Bronx is going on steadily at the rate of about \$50,000 worth annually. The most valuable animal in the park at present is the big male giraffe, whose value is set at \$10,000, though he is really priceless. If he should die he could not be replaced, for nobody in possession of a full-grown male would sell him. This giraffe has been in the park six years, and has grown five feet since he arrived. The male, a smaller animal, is worth \$8,000. Next to the giraffe the most valuable captive is the Indian rhinoceros—one of the rarest and also most wonderful animals in existence. So

from \$300 to \$400, but the Zoo now has one that is worth a thousand dollars.

By far the most interesting part of the exhibit are the bears, of which the society boasts no less than 17 distinct species, represented by 37 specimens. "If properly established," says Dr. Hornaday, "no captive wild animals more fully repay their cost and keep than a collection of wild bears that have been judiciously founded. It is true that they are very troublesome, and that every bear is a storm centre, but we like them for all that. When comfortably installed in large, clean yards, with plenty of sunlight, fresh water, rocks to climb upon, and a good variety of food, they are full of action, and constitute a great attraction to visitors."

Certainly it would be difficult to imagine any more playful creatures than the Bronx bears. The grizzlies in the centre pit are the delight of the visitors. They are big, clean-furred, hard-muscled fellows, and their growth has been as rapid and satisfactory in every way as if they had been in their own native wilds. In the centre of their pit is a deep pool, in which floats a large knotted log. Two of the bears are at that log nearly all the time playing water polo with it. One will give it a vigorous thump with a powerful paw and send it rolling across the pool, where it will be met with a swinging blow from the other. Sudden that rolls it back again. Suddenly both bears will make a dive at it, and the next instant the air will be full of waving paws and water will be splashed for yards until after the mix-up, when two great shaggy faces will reappear above the surface, and one could almost be sure that they were a grin.

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## How Capital Accumulates

THE total population of the United States for 1910, inclusive of Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, was 93,402,266, and the per capita of United States money in circulation was \$35.01, as compared with \$26.94 in 1900, when the population was 76,295,220. This per capita circulation seems very small compared with the amount of business we see being done about us. If we take the present population with this per capita, we find that it amounts to \$3,270,013,332.66. To this should be added \$724,874,308 of outstanding national bank notes, the total giving us a fair idea of the actual money available for circulation.

Enormous as are these sums, they are small compared with the amount of business done in the whole country in 1910, and absolutely insignificant as compared with the estimated wealth of the United States in personal and real property, viz., \$139,500,000,000.

We should not attempt to estimate the business done in this or any other country by the amount of money in circulation. In 1910 the bank transactions alone amounted to \$9,826,141,452, or more than three times the total of all the Government money in circulation.

### The Savers

Not counting money deposited in banks to be checked against in a business way, and for which interest is not usually allowed, there were in our 7,178 national banks in 1910, deposits classed as "savings," amounting to \$576,607,824.23. This money was kept in the national banks, not for greater safety, but because of the interest allowed, which averaged 4 per cent.

Now, the national banks, like the savings banks, must set these deposits to earning a higher percentage than they pay their clients, else they would have to go out of business, so they look about for legal investments that pay five or six per cent.; in some States, particularly in the West, the permissible rate is higher. In this, and other legitimate ways that may be considered hereafter, the banks meet their obligations and pay dividends to their stockholders. These earnings, which will be seen come through the judicious investment of other people's money.

In addition to the money kept as an investment in national banks, we must consider the money deposited for the same purpose in savings banks, private banks, and loan and trust companies that act as depositories. In 1910 these banks had in all 9,142,700 depositors, to whom was paid an average of 4 per cent. on a total of \$4,070,246,000. It will be seen that about one in every ten of our population is a depositor in a savings bank, or some kindred institution. But this by no means exhausts the receptacles for the people's savings, though the remaining holdings are seldom so available that they could be classed as "other people's money" by the capitalist anxious for a loan and ready to give good security for the same.

### Unproductive Savings

We have no means of estimating, even approximately, the amount of money that is hidden away in old jars, the mattress, or the more dignified strong box, but without doubt it runs into the tens of millions. Much of this money is held on to through the miser's love of tangible possession; still more through ignorance, and perhaps the larger part because there is not available a safe place of general deposit. No matter what the reason for the withholding of this money from circulation, it is very certain that in the aggregate the owners are losing annually large sums in the way of possible interest.

The postal savings banks, which we

should have had a generation ago, but which are now in successful operation, promise to release from hiding innumerable small sums that will total a great deal; these banks will carry into the remotest corner of the country those lessons of thrift which we have been considering, and which are bound to have an educational value that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

The Government, as we have seen, pays two per cent. to its postal savings depositors, and each depositor, after his credits have reached \$20, can exchange them for a gold bond bearing two and a half per cent. We expect great things from these postal banks, particularly in the districts remote from savings or other banks of deposit; but another interesting question arises here. We can see how the savings banks and the other banks earn the money to meet interest and other obligations, but where does the Government get the cash to pay interest and the unavoidable expenses without loss?

### Government Banking

The Government will conduct this banking business in offices in which the rent, light, and janitors, with much of the clerical work and safes or vaults, are already provided for under the regular postal regulations. The long delay in starting this essential work had the advantage of showing our authorities the merits and disadvantages of the systems adopted in other lands, and so enabled them to select the best, and to add innovations of their own that increase the safety and labor-saving effectiveness of the work. Speaking on the subject a few days ago, a gentleman connected with this branch of the general post office in Washington said: "The postal savings banks of our country are conducted quietly and economically, and under the excellent system provided and our greater facilities, it will not cost the Government, counting dollar for dollar, one tenth as much to manage its postal savings banks as it does the private concerns."

"But," it may be asked, "won't the expense for interest be vastly greater than the operating expense, and if so, mustn't it be paid by the United States Treasury?" Surely through the Treasury in the last analysis, but it will not be met through a Congressional appropriation, like other post office expenses and deficiencies.

The Government meets its routine departmental expenses from the money collected through the customs and internal revenue; but other extraordinary expenditures have been assumed, such as the building of the Panama Canal and the vast schemes for irrigation of arid lands; and, to provide the necessary cash, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to sell from time to time gold bonds at two and a half per cent.

The Government, let us suppose, needs \$100,000,000 to meet the current expenses of the enterprises named. Ordinarily bonds for this amount would be sold on the open market, but there will be the required money in the postal savings banks already bearing two per cent. interest, without any trouble or complication.

This is another illustration of the use of other people's money—the small savers' money—for their advantage and the good of the people at large.

### An Appreciative Reader

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is welcomed in our home. "Questions Answered" are eagerly read. Moody's sermons don't come often enough. Please give us another serial story. Dr. Lieghart's "Bible and Newspaper" can't be excelled. Other timely articles are all above the standard of excellency.

J. E. E. Skelly, Pa.

## The New Inheritance Tax Law Of New York State

Non-residents may now carry bank balances or deposit their securities in New York City, either temporarily or permanently, with the assurance that they will not be subject to the Inheritance Tax.

The new law, now in force, provides that **intangible property**, defined by the law as "incorporeal property, including money, deposits in bank, shares of stock, bonds, notes, credits, evidences of an interest in property and evidences of debt," held in New York by bona fide non-resident decedents, is not taxable in that state.

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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## THE DAWN OF THE WORLD'S PEACE

Great National Symposium on the Rising Tide of Arbitration and Its Future

IN this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents the first instalment of a most remarkable symposium of public opinion on the great question of International Peace and Arbitration, which is now being discussed throughout the country. We have received letters on the subject from the President, State Governors, United States Senators and Representatives, admirals and generals, presidents of universities, leading ministers of the various denominations and men prominent in finance and business. These letters are in response to a series of inquiries submitted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which invited a free expression of opinion on the following points:

Whether the era of World Peace is ripe or at hand.  
Is the martial spirit essential to a nation's existence?  
Is a reduction of forces practical or advisable?  
How to make the judgments of the International Arbitral Court binding.  
Whether all international differences are capable of arbitration.  
How can the Church best aid the Peace movement?

The result is seen in the letters below, which constitute a presentation of public sentiment that is especially timely view of the recent conclusion of the International Arbitration Treaties with France and Great Britain. These treaties have not yet been ratified by the Senate, although the honor of good name of the country depends on their support.

### VIEWS OF GOVERNORS

World Peace a Natural Incident of Human Evolution, Writes Governor Baldwin of Connecticut

CONSIDER the present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace be a natural incident of the evolutionary process by which the "ascent of man" has gradually advanced to its present stage.



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

I yield to no one in my love of peace, in my hatred of war, and in my earnest desire to avoid war. I believe that we have made great strides toward peace within the last decade. No one that I know of goes further in favor of settling international controversies by arbitration than I do, and if I have my way and am able to secure the assent of other powers, I shall submit to the Senate arbitration treaties broader in their terms than any that body has heretofore ratified, and broader than any that now exist between the nations. In laying down my office, I could leave no greater claim to the gratitude of my countrymen than to have secured such treaties.

(Photographed by Harbeck Photo.)

### Photographic Reproduction of the President's Letter

It was sent August 21, as a contribution to The Christian Herald's Peace and Arbitration Symposium, the first instalment of which is printed in this issue. In this letter Mr. Taft reiterates the sentiments expressed in his recent addresses.

I think there is no need of further modes of organization to produce practical results: those now in use are sufficient, if properly directed. Among private organizations, I should especially commend the usefulness of the Carnegie and the Ginn Peace Foundations, and of the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. I think it a fair question whether the judgments

of an international court, when one is set up, should be made enforceable through methods of preventing commercial intercourse, or by seizures of territory, or left to the effect of public opinion. I should incline to favor trying the latter plan first. Public opinion will be largely governed by the feelings and views of religious men. These questions are large enough to engage the attention and interest of adherents of all the great world religions, but address themselves with special force to believers in Christianity.

The true basis of patriotism, to state it in a word, is loyalty. Loyalty flows from intelligent and loving devotion to the principles of the government prevailing in one's country, attachment to its ideals, and reverence for its great historical figures. It cannot exist without the spirit of self-sacrifice: it can exist without the martial spirit. The martial spirit belongs to the things that are temporal; and the spirit of self-sacrifice belongs to the things that are eternal.

James E. Duff  
Hartford, Conn. Governor.

Peace the Universal Desire, Writes Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey

I NEED not say in reply to the questions contained in your letter that I consider the  
*Continued on next page*



# State Governors Give Their Views

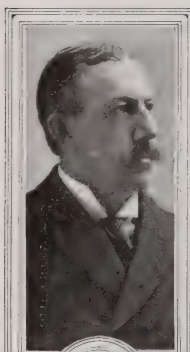
present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace a deep-seated and permanent thing, representing the fixed and universal desire of the human heart, but I do not feel that I have given the matter as yet the sort of consideration which would make my suggestion as to the best means of advancing the great cause particularly serviceable to those who are bearing the chief part in it. Like all men who are thoughtful of public affairs, my views are slowly forming in the matter, and are not a little guided by the great things that have already been accomplished.

*Woodrow Wilson*

**Wars Between the Great Nations Avoidable by Arbitration, Writes Governor Carey of Wyoming**

I believe that there is a fixed and universal desire of the human heart that wars should pass away, and yet I cannot hope that the time is in the near future. The right of revolution will always

bring war; but I do believe that wars between the great nations of the world can be avoided if disputes are referred to a court of arbitration. It will take time to accomplish this, but since the close of our Civil War, the world has made wonderful advances in this direction.



Rear-Admiral Wainwright  
U. S. Navy

The most practical organization of such a movement toward international peace would be for two or three of the greater nations of the world to agree on a fixed line of policy between themselves; as for instance, if the United States and four other of the nations in good standing could agree definitely among themselves on a line of action, that if a difference arose between two of these nations, the other three should arbitrate the difference. If an international court should be established with power to enforce its judgments, backed by the guarantee of those nations which signed the international arbitration treaty, I believe the question of International Arbitration would become a settled fact.

I scarcely think that we are now in the beginning of the era of world peace, but I do believe that we are in the beginning of an era when wars will be less frequent than they have been heretofore.

The true basis of patriotism I believe is the love of country and its institutions. It seems to be absolutely necessary that the martial spirit should be cultivated among the people, and until we have approached nearer the world's peace, this spirit should be kept alive and should not be permitted to fail. The Christian world would abolish war, and yet not at the expense of honor. I believe you will find most Christian nations in favor of war whenever it is necessary to maintain national honor. But I can see no reason why honor cannot be maintained through an international court, backed by the strength of the great nations.

*Joseph M. Carey*

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Governor.

**Nearing Peace in the Christian World, Is the View of Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan**

I consider the present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace entirely reasonable, so

far as Christian nations are concerned. It represents the new heart tendency. Such a movement if agitated would lead to a growth of sentiment, out of which organization would naturally grow.

If an International Court were able to enforce its judgments by the guarantee of the signatory powers to an International Arbitration Treaty, the effect would be of great practical good. We are possibly nearing peace in the Christian world.

True patriotism is true love of country. True love of country comprehends love of all the people. A state of mind wherein war is abhorrent and deplored and wherein all reasonable steps to avoid it would be taken, but wherein there would be no cringing fear of war, is the ideal condition.

(Communicated by Governor Osborn's Secretary.)  
Lansing, Mich.

**Empower the International Court to Carry Out Its Decrees, Writes Governor Mills of New Mexico**

I am heartily in favor of arbitration to settle disputes between nations. I believe that the people of the world are rapidly coming to the conclusion that all disputes can be settled by arbitration, rather than by a resort to arms. Of late years, the cost has become so great that nations hesitate to enter into war if it can possibly be avoided. In my opinion, the International Court at The Hague will in a very few years be the tribunal in which all disputes between countries will be settled; but we must also bear in mind that in order to make the decisions of that court obeyed by the nations, there must be a power somewhere to see that they are carried out. This condition prevails in the local courts of our country, and I can see no reason why it will not also prevail in the international courts.

*William J. Mills*

Santa Fe, N. M.

Governor.

**A Nation Should be Martial—When Occasion Demands, Writes Governor Willson of Kentucky**

The present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace is deep-seated, fixed and permanent, but not universal. The creation of an International Court would be the greatest achievement for peace in all the history of man. I think it is already the greatest achievement for man.

I do not consider that we are now in the beginning of the era of World Peace. I think we have made a good start. I cannot undertake to fix the stage of the movement.

I believe firmly in a spirit that is martial—when occasion demands. I believe in organization, discipline and learning the lesson of obedience and co-operation. I believe that it would be dangerous to have the true soldierly spirit lowered. I believe the Christian soldier is a model Christian.

*Augustus E. Willson*

Frankfort, Ky.

Governor of Kentucky.

**War May Soon Be a Memory of the Past, Writes Governor Hadley of Missouri**

The time will come, possibly in the lifetime of those now living, when it will seem inexplicable that nations should go to war over questions that could be settled with honor by submitting the same for settlement to an International Court of Arbitration. There is, in my judgment, the same reason why civilized nations should provide for such a court to arbitrate international differences, as there is that the people of any nation should provide courts for the settlement of controversies between its citizens.

HERBERT S. HADLEY,  
Governor.

**We Shall Have Wars Until the Millennium, Writes Governor Gilchrist of Florida**

Some people have advocated "peace, peace," long before and ever since the advent of the Great Prince of Peace in this world. Many men advocate "peace, peace" among individuals. The laws of each State recognize the importance of peace by providing certain punishments for the violation of such. The bickerings and the violations of peace between men arise from petty jealousy, injustice from one to the other, vanity, conceit, envy, covetousness and all other uncharitableness. The nation is but an aggregation of men. In my opinion, we are going to have wars and rumors of wars until the day of the millennium. This day will not come during our

lifetime. In my opinion, universal peace is a very lovely dream. The establishment of the International Court of Arbitration to which you would do much towards the maintenance of peace. Without power to enforce its decrees, judgment the same would simply produce a moral effect. With power to enforce the same, they could establish peace by waging war, if necessary.

As to your question: "What is the true basis of patriotism in the highest sense?"—it is to do your duty, "heart within and God o'erhead."

*Albert W. Gilchrist*

Tallahassee, Fla.

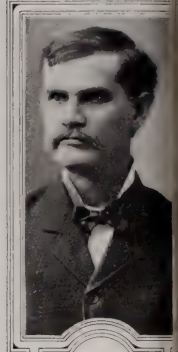
Governor

**An Agreement to Disarm Not Visionary, Writes Governor Shafroth of Colorado**

I consider the present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace as deep seated, representing a universal desire for peace, and which, if kept up, will be as certain to produce International Arbitration upon almost all questions as that progress is being made in our civilization. I believe this end is to be obtained among most of the nations of the world within the next decade or two. There is as much reason for arbitration of national disputes as there is for the existence of the right of a trial by jury.

An agreement of disarmament is not visionary. There is an illustration of the actual effectiveness of such an agreement. At the close of the War of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, there was a treaty formed which provided that there should be kept upon Lake Ontario, Lake Champlain and the Great Lakes, by each of the parties, an armament not exceeding upon each of those lakes of one vessel of one hundred tons capacity, with not to exceed twenty sailors upon the same, and with an armament of not exceeding one twelve-pound gun upon each vessel. That treaty between the United States and Great Britain has been in existence for nearly a century and it has never been violated. If such a treaty can be carried out, after the belligerent feeling which always exists after a war between nations, an agreement made between nations at peace with each other would be religiously observed.

Senator John Sharp Willis  
of Mississippi



Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D.  
Governor of New Jersey

after a war between nations, an agreement made between nations at peace with each other would be religiously observed.

*John F. Shafroth*

Denver, Col.

Governor.

**Make a General Peace Treaty Open to all Nations Writes Governor Mann of Virginia**

I consider the present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace deep-seated and permanent, representing an almost universal desire and prompted by a strong, growing sentiment in the minds and hearts of the best and wisest of men, who prefer tribunals of reason and equity to the arbitrament of force, which decides nothing except the superiority in brute force, military skill and the sources of one nation over another. That this sentiment is growing is evidenced by the willingness

Continued on next page



# U. S. Senators Write on Arbitration

vers like Great Britain, and I might add France and Japan, to consider the treaty proposed by President Taft.

President Taft, representing a country which does not desire acquisition of territory, should follow up his proposed treaty with Great Britain by proposing a general treaty so worded that all the nations of the world desiring to come in could make themselves parties to it, the weak and strong alike, on terms of perfect equality. The President should have power given him by Congress to appoint special envoys, men of character and standing fully committed to the movement, who should be charged with the duty of bringing the attention of the powers to the treaty and urging their acceptance of it. The treaty, to be effectual, should embrace every possible difference between the powers, thus affording to the weak the same rights possessed by the

Cases have arisen between nations, just as they sometimes arise between individuals, in which no judgment or decree of a court can furnish adequate remedy. Wanton and deliberate insult, which arouses all the fire and patriotism of a race; butchery of the innocent and helpless; attempts to partition territory or destroy national existence, might arise and be of such a character that nothing but a resort to arms would satisfy the people outraged, and a failure to fight would be sure evidence of abject meanness and cowardice. Happily such cases are now so rare as to be almost inconceivable. Nevertheless, they might arise, and should they do so, no self-respecting nation would agree to refer them to an Arbitral Court. At least nine-tenths of the disputes between the civilized nations of the world could with perfect honor be referred to such a court, and be determined according to simple rules of justice and equity.

I have an abiding faith that in the not remote future we shall see an International Arbitral Court in which the great majority of differences between nations will be amicably settled, and that such a court will greatly reduce the number of wars and cause a practical disarmament of the great military establishments that are impoverishing the people of the world. But we shall not entirely abolish war.

*Co. J. Crawford*

Washington, D. C.

**The International Court Should Be Clothed with Ample Power, Writes U. S. Senator Charles Curtis, Kansas**

I note what you say in regard to International Arbitration. This is a question that I have taken great interest in for years, and the promoters have my best wishes in the movement. They will also have my assistance in every possible way to bring about the desired result.

I think the international court, if established, should be empowered to make its judgment effective and binding, and the nations entering into the agreements should agree to stand by its findings. I do not think there is any question but what all differences and disputes arising between nations could be settled by arbitration, especially if they were taken in time. I hope and believe we are now in the beginning of an era of world-wide peace, and feel sure if the friends of this movement keep up the good work that eventually their efforts will be crowned with success.

*Charles Curtis*

Washington, D. C.

**Great Armaments May Produce Universal Bankruptcy, Writes Senator John Sharp Williams, Mississippi**

No greater folly have ever indulged in than "the tremendous armaments of the leading nations." It would be better for the mass of mankind to have a general war and be done with it and find out who is the strongest and let the strongest power exert its tremendous power by disarming everybody else. Quick death in a universal war would be preferable

versal bankruptcy of the nations, after having ground down producers on the farms and in the workshops for generations. Somebody has to set the example—to set the pace would be a better phrase. Nobody is so fortunately situated, geographically, historically and institutionally, as we ourselves are to do it. The proposed Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty ought to be followed up by an identical Anglo-German and Anglo-French Arbitration Treaty, and then, in course of time, the people joining in these arbitration treaties ought to give notice to the balance of the world that any nation that tries to go to war without arbitration shall meet in battle, not only the armies and navies of the nation with which it goes to war, but the armies and navies of those who have said: "Let us have peace."

I do not believe that there is "any difference,



John Burroughs

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Representative Sulzer  
New York



Senator Coe I. Crawford  
South Dakota

Senator Charles Curtis  
Kansas

strong, and manifesting to the world the willingness to be more powerful to be magnanimous and brave in justice and right.

In addition to the permanent court of arbitration, which I hope will be established, there should be a great International Court of Appeals, composed of representatives from the highest tribunals of all the powers not interested in the case appealed, or in such other way as may be agreed, and to this court there should be an appeal of right upon all questions involving the honor or territory of any of the powers. By the terms of the treaty of arbitration the judgments of the permanent court, which would have exclusive original jurisdiction in all cases, and of the High Court of Appeals, with appellate jurisdiction only as stated above, should be enforced by the signatory powers, other than the litigants, in such way as the treaty should provide, as the International Court dealing with the case should order.

In conclusion, let me say that in my judgment the man or men instrumental in bringing about a treaty between the nations of the world for settlement of all questions by arbitration, will be entitled to, and I think will receive, the gratitude of all mankind, the highest honors the world can bestow, and the blessing which God has set apart for peacemakers.

*W. H. Hays*

Richmond, Va.

## U. S. SENATORS ON PEACE

**An International Police Needed to Enforce the Arbitration Court's Findings, Writes U. S. Senator Coe I. Crawford, South Dakota**

THE Arbitral Court should have power to declare and enter a final and binding judgment. In most cases, public opinion will suffice to make such judgment binding and to enforce it. For extreme cases, however, where force may be necessary to execute the final judgment of the court, an international police, maintained by the joint contribution of the nations establishing the court, could be employed, just as other courts employ sheriffs and marshals to enforce their decrees. The establishment of an International Arbitral Court must come, if it come at all, as the result of a broad and enlightened public opinion extending throughout the leading nations of the world. The court should serve the interests of peace among nations just as local courts of justice promote peace between individuals, by administering justice according to principles of equity which an enlightened people have learned to uphold and sustain.



Representative M. Sheppard  
Texas

Representative R. P. Hobson  
Alabama

to slow death by universal taxation. There is no way out of the present armament situation, if it keeps on increasing on land and on sea, except uni-

quarrel or dispute that could arise between nations that is incapable of adjustment by arbitration, according to the principles of law," unless it be a question involving the independence of a nation. All this talk about exempting questions of "national honor" is foolishness. I know what personal honor is, but I never have understood what is meant by national honor. When it is analyzed, it becomes a question of national interest of some sort. A nation cannot be insulted, and even when one considers personal honor as a rule, it merely means to each man the thing that that particular man will fight about.

I believe if any question of national existence were at stake, all treaties would be swept aside, just as an individual, if his life were at stake, would sweep aside all contracts and all laws in order to defend it.

So far as "a country's honor" is concerned, I again fail to comprehend precisely what it is. So far as "its territorial integrity" is concerned, that's only a high-sounding phrase to cover the plebeian question of dispute about boundaries.

God alone does know whether we are now "in the beginning of world peace." I feel certain, however, that that era is not as remote as it was a generation ago, and that after another generation, it will not be as remote as it is now. If this conclusion be not true, then all we have been taught about the evolution of man through civilization into enlightenment under the guidance of a just God is false.

*John Sharp Williams*

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

## WHAT NATIONAL EDUCATORS SAY

**The Era of World-Peace Already Begun, Writes President Jordan of Leland Stanford University**

IN MY judgment the present movement against war and in favor of orderly determination of disputes, international or personal, is a permanent one, a natural outgrowth of the spread of civilization, the natural outcome of the spread of religion, science, and of the spirit of democracy. The civilized world is more and more interested in human development, less and less in the pomp and display of militarism; while, on the other hand, it is coming to realize its crushing expense, which in the past was considered among the unavoidable ills of life.

The practical side of the movement must take  
Continued on next page



# World-Peace Begun, Write Educators



Hon. Albert W. Gilchrist  
Governor of Florida

Hon. Joseph M. Carey  
Governor of Wyoming

Henry Clews  
The Great American Banker

Hon. Simeon Baldwin  
Governor of Connecticut

Hon. Augustus E. Willson  
Governor of Kentucky

three forms. These are indicated in the threefold division of the work of the Carnegie Endowment. 1. The development and extension of recognized international law, in checking the possibilities of international war, and in minimizing its evils. With the development of international law goes the extension of the scope of The Hague Conferences, and the work of making The Hague Courts more permanent, more powerful and more distinctly of a judicial character. 2. The study of the nature, origin and effects of war, as shown in history. This involves the investigation of the motives behind the growth of the terrible war debt of Europe (about \$26,000,000,000), the methods of the "unseen empire" of finance by which this war debt is controlled and promoted. It involves the study of the growth of military and naval armament, which has for a century constituted the chief item of expense of almost every nation, and the operations of the gigantic armament lobbies, conscious and unconscious, by which these expenditures in the name of patriotism are continued and extended. It involves the unprejudiced investigation of what this nation really needs in the way of armament. It involves the study of the use of foreign wars and war scares to induce armament expenditures, and especially as a weapon against democracy, and to prevent internal reform. As laws are silent in war, so also are the voice of justice and the call of reform. The effect of war in causing the deterioration of the national stock through the slaughter of the strong, leaving to the weak and lame the duty of parentage, should be fully investigated. There is no question that the downfall of nations in the past is due to this cause, and that the same influence is potent to-day in every militant nation. The relation of militarism to the spread of infectious diseases needs also fuller investigation.

The third element is the establishment of an efficient propaganda to make the facts known to the people. This must be done by lectures, books, published essays, and by the organized co-operation of various groups of men. The clergymen of the world should be counted on as missionaries of peace. Courses of instruction on the history of war and peace should be given in all colleges and universities, as they are now given in several. The movement from war to arbitration is the most important political struggle of our time, and our schools of higher learning cannot ignore it. The American School Peace League is bringing the teachers of the lower schools in line with this work. The World Peace Foundation is devoting its strength to the various forms of propaganda in this and other countries, and its work meets everywhere with a warm response. With the work of propaganda goes the effort to secure the interest of business men, of representatives of labor, and in general of all men who have in mind the welfare of the nation.

The establishment of an International Court guarantees the acceptance of its decrees. It is not conceivable that a decree once issued should among civilized nations require arms for its enforcement. The establishment of the International Court is, next to the signing of *unrestricted treaties of arbitration*, the most important matter now ahead of us.

So far as civilized nations are concerned, we are now in the midst of an era of world-peace. It is not, however, the kind of peace we ask for, the peace of mutual trust and the orderly settlement of difficulties. It is the peace of bankruptcy armed to the teeth, the peace of which Gambetta said that its end is "a beggar crouching by the barrack-door." The nations are at peace because their credit is not adequate for war, because war would bring universal ruin, because war can no longer bring wealth or strength or plunder, because the leaders of finance will no longer lend money to be used in wasting the wealth of those who to an equal degree are also their creditors.

The only real peace comes through the stoppage

of waste, through the release of the common folk from crushing debt, through the elimination of costly pomp and murderous armament from the relations of nations. The ideal of peace between nations is found in the four thousand miles of our Canadian boundary, artificial most of the way, disputed most of the way at one time or another "with all the brutal frankness of blood relations," and yet for a century without a soldier on either side to defend it, without a warship, without a gun. When all frontiers are like this, Europe will be at peace. Only the vanity of rulers and the secret work of the relentless armament syndicates now stand in the way. But these are no small opponents, and as the advocates of peace become efficient and respected, the "strong, silent men" who deal in armament will join them and vitiate their efforts.

The influences which make for "arbitration and a great navy," to enforce peace by a show of power, are the most dangerous enemies of the Peace Movement to-day. With them there can be no compromise. By peace, we mean mutual trust, not mutual fear. True patriotism has nothing to do with the martial spirit. To respond to the drum is not patriotism. The patriot is not the soldier of fortune. The patriot is the man who loves his country, who believes in what his nation stands for, and who will give his life, if necessary, that his nation may stand for righteousness. The martial spirit belongs to the mediæval world, when fighting was the chief business of men, and when plunder was the chief motive for fighting.

The growth of science, the development of invention, the spread of religion are all bound up in the maintenance of peace. Virility depends on struggle, the struggle against the evils of the world and the conditions of life. It is in no way dependent on drums and flags, nor on the killing of men either individually or collectively. War was once universal. We have driven it to the boundaries of nations. We have made it illegal everywhere else. We have made it so costly that its continuance means national ruin. The whole world is still paying the bills incurred by Napoleon, Bismarck and the grafting counselors of the Czar. Just as baronial wars, religious wars, feudal wars, inquisitions, crusades and coats of mail, vanished when people saw them with clear vision, so international wars will come to an end, all of a sudden, when people see them as they are. That time has now come, and only the money that is in it to builders and promoters keeps alive the standing armies and the navies of to-day.

*Samuel Lewis Jordan*

Stanford University, Calif.

## The Rising Tide of World-Peace as Viewed by President MacLean, University of Iowa

A few years since I believed the present agitation for International Arbitration and World Peace to be ephemeral and visionary. Now I believe just the contrary. The peace advocates have become practical. They recognize that civilization is only partially evolved, and that armies and navies for police purposes are necessities. The rise and progress of industrialism and the unified world-wide commercial interests made possible by rapid transportation make for a new internationalism and peace. The propagation of socialism is a symptom of oncoming peace. The reaction of taxpayers against the burdens of increased armaments are beginning to influence the governments. Leaders in education are bringing the agitation for peace into the schools and colleges, so that within a generation the life of the nations will be affected.

The peace movement, therefore, promises to be

organized so as to produce practical results. Wh responsible government leaders with statesmanlike views, such as President Taft in this country and Asquith and Balfour in England, urge treaties that will submit all differences to arbitration, practical results will soon be assured. The creation of an international court as the next development from The Hague Conference, with a guarantee by the signatory powers to an international arbitration treaty, would mean the inauguration practically of an era of world peace.

True patriotism is based upon love—love of the Fatherland. When the ethical sentiments and relationships that are central in Christianity permeate civilization, moral restraint and discipline will take the place of fighting among nations, as it has done in the tribe. What is known as martial spirit will find opportunity for its exercise in the game of life and especially in the development of a healthy, athletic and out-of-door life in place of the artificial conventional life of fashion of the present day. We must preserve the martial spirit if it be under the paradox, "We will have peace if we have to fight for it."

*George C. MacLean*

Iowa City, Ia.

## The Age Is Changed and We Are Nearing World-Peace—Writes President Emeritus Northrop, University of Minnesota

A great change has come over the world within a year. The people have come to a realization of the fact that wars are generally unnecessary, and that the keeping up of tremendous armaments in preparation for possible wars is an intolerable burden, and a largely unnecessary waste. I believe that the maintenance of peace is a fixed desire of a great majority of our people, and is likely to become almost "universal desire of the human heart."

I regard the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain as the greatest step yet made in the interest of peace. If such treaty is ratified, other nations will undoubtedly be ready to join in the movement by making similar treaties and when that is done, we shall have gone a long way in the direction of universal peace.

I believe we are drawing very near to an era of World Peace. I did not think so two years ago but I think so now. People are thinking. Women are all for peace. Men are realizing as never before what it means to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in yearly preparation for killing human beings, when suffering humanity needs every dollar of it for its own relief. And men are concluding everywhere that nations, like men, would best settle their differences by law and not by force. Hence arbitration commends itself to all unbiased thinkers, and specially to the common people.

The "Christian attitude" in common life among men is to "love your neighbor as yourself," and there is no better rule for the guidance of nations. Love worketh no evil. The age is changed. Christianity has done real work. Men are as ready today to fight for a real principle or right as they ever were, if they must, but they feel, as men in the past never have felt, that there is always a better way, and that differences among nations can be settled by law just as well as differences among men.

*Cyrus Northrop*

Minneapolis, Minn.

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# Is an Era of Arbitration Coming?



Hon. Wm. J. Mills  
Governor of New Mexico

Hon. Chase S. Osborn  
Governor of Michigan

Hon. Herbert S. Hadley  
Governor of Missouri

Hon. John F. Shafroth  
Governor of Colorado

Hon. William H. Mann  
Governor of Virginia

## REPRESENTATIVES DISCUSS PEACE

Is and Obstacles to World-Peace Discussed by Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, Alabama

THE Arbitral Court can best serve the cause of peace—

- (1) By its membership being most carefully selected, so as to demand international confidence, and then by its decisions in the end being really judicial, not diplomatic or semi-judicial;
- (2) By having the court reinforced by a great international commission, elastic in membership, to take the part of the grand jury and States' attorneys, in investigating and determining the facts in each case when there is a difference.
- (3) By receiving the hearty co-operation not only of governments but of the public of all nations, evoking a compelling and public opinion, before which individual nations would yield.
- (4) By allowing its course to be evolutionary, a growth, evolutive in its process, as its activities naturally increase, carefully avoiding forcing it upon the nations, to the premature attainment of the individual sovereignty of each.
- (5) By developing and maintaining the sea-power of the nations in favor of arbitration, so that at least an equilibrium, the best preponderance on the high seas is in their favor.

I believe that all questions should be submitted to arbitration, but as long as there is no judicial approval from the decisions of the Arbitral Court, and as long as human nature remains fallible, cases may arise when the acceptance of the decision may or even should be withheld. A nation's higher allegiance to nature and nature's God might be properly invoked in certain cases.

Permanent World Peace can only come after the full development of an effective world organization, legislative, judicial, and executive machinery, tested and proven effective. Such an organization must be a growth, like similar organizations within civilized nations. With the experience of the civilized nations for guides, and with the new conditions of intercommunication, evolutionary processes will be more rapid than in the past. But, nevertheless, international organization is in its infancy. The world has scarcely passed the common law period. International law has not even been authoritatively defined. There isn't yet even the embryo of an international executive power. The growing world opinion is a nebulous forecast. Nations usually from birth are sovereign, and it will take long period to bring about even a partial surrender of that sovereignty to a higher agent made up of many nations.

In the last analysis, the peace of the world will express only in proportion to the moral progress of mankind. A condition of peace is but the reflection of a stage of moral evolution; it rests absolutely upon the average standard of character and moral development of the myriads who make up mankind.

The dawn of peace took place in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago. Justice, liberty, charity, otherhood, the forerunners of peace, will advance directly with the spread of the Gospel and progress toward the full light of noonday will come in direct proportion as the masses of men the world over come to shape their lives according to the teachings of the Master.

*Richmond P. Hobson*

Washington, D. C.

Fasten the Dawn of the Day of the Lasting Peace of God, Writes Representative D. J. Foster, Vermont

What we are seeking to accomplish is the development of a system of international jurisprudence analogous to the systems that maintain to-day in the progressive nations of Christendom. The development of international law has lagged far behind the development of law within the nation. With such a system of international jurisprudence, with

its international court of arbitral justice with its doors always open, thereby inviting the nations to send to it their differences for adjudication, the interests of world-peace would necessarily be strongly advanced.

The difficulty in the past has been, not that nations were keen to go to war for the settlement of their international differences, but that there was no other method than war known. The rapid development of arbitration as a method of settling international differences, under the leadership of the United States and Great Britain, in the nineteenth century, plainly indicates how gladly peaceful methods for the settlement of such differences are resorted to in the great majority of instances. Such an international court, recognized by the nations as their instrumentality for the settlement of international difficulties, having for judges men known the world over for their learning and wisdom and probity, would give a tremendous impetus to the present tendency toward the peaceful settlement of international differences.

In the modern nation, no difference, quarrel or disturbance could arise between its citizens that is incapable of adjudication by the proper court. I believe it can be truthfully asserted on general principles that no difference, quarrel or dispute could arise between nations that is incapable of adjudication according to the principles of law. There is no essential difference between national honor and individual honor, between national boundaries and private boundaries, between international differences of every sort and private differences of every sort. And as the private citizen throughout the civilized world has learned to submit to the adjudication of the courts all his claims and differences—albeit they involve his honor, his good name and all that he holds most dear, so I believe that the civilized nations are plainly seeing that they could with all propriety submit to a proper court all their differences for adjudication.

In the United States, as well as in other modern progressive nations, mob rule is occasionally substituted for law. And with the establishment and development of such a system of international jurisprudence as I have just referred to, with its international court of arbitral justice, it is undoubtedly true that a crisis might arise where a country's honor or territorial integrity or its national existence was at stake, when international mob rule would be substituted for international law and the judgment of the international court. But I submit that the likelihood of such crises would become less and less with the passing decades.

I believe that by the development of this new method of dealing with international differences the sphere of war will be tremendously circumscribed. It must be remembered, however, that civil war as well as international war vexes the world, and that there are countries in which there has not yet been fully developed the idea of nationality, so essential to this international union. We are no longer dreamers. We are addressing ourselves to the task of devising a practical method of relief from conditions that have become intolerable. We are bound to succeed, and our success will hasten the dawn of the day of the lasting peace of God.

*D. J. Foster*

Washington, D. C.

The Era of Universal Arbitration at Hand, Writes Representative H. M. Towner, Iowa

More progress has been made toward securing universal peace and the determination of international issues by arbitration within the last ten

years than in any century before. It would be impossible to predict that an era of universal peace would be inaugurated at any particular date. Doubtless there will continue to be infractions of the international code after it is universally agreed to follow one, just as there continue to be infractions of any code notwithstanding the great body of people are supporting it. Nevertheless I believe that the era of a universal acceptance of common principles by which international questions may be determined in a peaceful code of arbitration is at hand. I believe that it may safely be said that we are entering upon an era of universal arbitration, even if it cannot be said that we are entering upon an era of universal peace.

The true basis of patriotism is the doctrine that one's country is deserving of the love of its citizens when it represents that which is highest and best in manhood and citizenship and in the service of a common humanity. Ideas may differ as to the best methods of promoting the highest interest of one's country, but certainly all can unite on the proposition that that country serves its own people best which places its code of law and of ethics and of citizenship upon the highest grounds of justice to all men before the law.

That law will of course be a reflex of the characteristics of the individual nation. While it may and must differ from that of other countries, there will gradually be an approximation to certain almost universally accepted canons of righteousness to which all people must eventually approach. It is not the highest duty of patriotism to cultivate the military spirit of a people, although a cultivation of that spirit may be necessary. Protection of life, liberty, and property is a necessary incident of every government, and implies a certain physical force back of the established principle. So it is with nations; back of the established and accepted code of international law there must exist a material force to support and enforce it. The police force of a city, State or nation must have its analogous police force in international affairs. This does not imply either the exaltation or depreciation of the military spirit. It implies only a recognition of facts which ought to be universally recognized.

In my judgment a nation may well educate and cultivate its people in the spirit of a national system of protection without cultivating unduly the military spirit, which is certainly not the highest type of Christian manhood. That nation is best protected which is best loved by its people, and that nation will be best able to maintain its honor and dignity among the nations of the world which raises among its citizens the highest standards of citizenship and insists upon a recognition of that justice which it is willing to concede to the humblest of nations and to demand from the greatest.

*Harvey M. Towner*

Washington, D. C.

The Time Ripe for the Adoption of International Arbitration, Writes Representative Claud U. Stone, Illinois

I am firm in the belief that all contentions between nations, even though they involve a country's honor or its territorial integrity, can be and should be submitted to arbitration.

The time is now here for the adoption of such a policy, and the enlightened sentiment of all the civilized world demands it.

*Claud U. Stone*

Washington, D. C.

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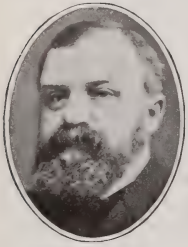
# The Heavenly Home

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, AMERICA'S GREATEST EVANGELIST\*

TEXTS—Rev. 13:8; 20:12; 21:27.

I WAS speaking about Heaven the other day, trying to show who would be there, and to bring out from Scripture how my Father has a dwelling-place there. His Son and the angels are there, and if we are true children of God, our names are all there in the Book of Life.

I want to read you some verses about our names being in the Book of Life. Phil. 4: 3—"I entreat



Dwight L. Moody

also, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the Book of Life." That's what Paul wrote about those who labored with him. Revelations 13:8—"And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation

of the world." All that are not written in the Book of Life shall worship the Antichrist. There's a line between those that are for Christ and those against him. Marked difference!

Rev. 20: 12—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

## God's Records

I was once asked in England to sit with a judge on the bench while he was trying some cases. A man came in, and the clerk of court asked if he had ever been arrested. He said, "No." A man opened a book, and read, and said, "Yes, sir, this man was arrested at such and such a time—four or five times." When that record met him, that man turned pale. There was the book! And you know, God has books, and every man must meet his own record. I believe God makes every man write his own record, and he must meet it.

Rev. 21: 27—"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

Let the man who is living a double life, a dishonest life, and loving personal gratification and pleasure, make light of that. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." I have never seen a man who lived a dishonorable life, a selfish life, an impure life, but that he is all the time making sport of those who are living pure and serving the God of heaven. I would rather trifle with everything else—with any of the Apostles—than to trifle with God, because every man must meet his own record. God keeps books. You can make all manner of sport you want to; but there is one thing of which you may be sure: be sure your sins will find you out.

Look at Dan. 12: 1—"And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one of them shall be found written in the book." Every one shall be delivered! You will give more to have your names there than in any other book you have ever seen.

## Where Do You Parents Stand?

I closed a sermon by entreating parents to be sure to have their children's names in the Book of Life. That's the aim of life. It's not to buy and sell and get gain, and leave millions of money, making the way of perdition easy for them. Look into the records all over this country where men have worked for years to leave property to their children, and it has been swift destruction to them. A mother dying in one of the Eastern cities, when she found she must go, and had all her faculties, requested the father to bring the children in separately that

The fifteenth of twenty remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, and the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

she might give them a dying blessing. The oldest of the seven was brought in first, and the mother talked as much as she could, and gave him her dying blessing, and a motto to take with him through life. Then she took the next child, and she kept on till the last; and the infant was brought in, and she kissed it and kissed it, and gave a message that the father was to keep until the child understood it. It was hard for the mother to part with the last; she seemed to be holding on to it to the last. They took the child from her, and she looked up into the husband's face and said, "I charge you bring all these children home with you." God charges you to bring every one home.

I suppose our cities are full of temptation, of whisky shops. Let's you and me make it our chief business to bring our children home with us. Perhaps there will never be a better time in your life than just now. Get your minister to pray with them. Why should there not be inquiry meetings all over the land? Men are talking about religion; talking about Jesus Christ. They can't find a fault in his character or his message, but they may find a good deal of fault with his messengers. This world can't get on very well without that message. It can't get on very well without the Son of God. God makes no mistakes. I don't care how you get your children to Christ, only get them.

Have you got your name there? Are you doing all you can to bring your children to the Book of Life? The next thing is, to lay up our treasure in heaven and not down here. That's what Christ taught in the Sermon on the Mount. It's an important sermon—about fifteen hundred sermons' worth condensed into that one.

## The Place for Treasure

Matt. 6: 19—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If our treasure is down here, of course our heart will be here. But if our treasure is up on high our hearts will be there. Talk about the things of time! If a man is living for the things of this world, his life will show it. If he is a true child of God, and you talk to him about eternal treasure, his face will light up. I believe that every man laying up treasures down here, and who is not right toward the kingdom of God, is doomed to disappointment. What shall it profit if we gain the whole world and lose our soul? What have you? You know you can't take the world away with you. You can't do it! Some one advised a man who had all his treasures down here to go to England and buy that precious jewel in the English crown, and try to carry it to heaven!

A friend of mine during the war went to see the owner of one of those great Western farms, to get him to give something to the Christian Commission and the wounded soldiers. The farmer took him up to the cupola of his house and said, "Do you see those great herds of horses and cattle? There's thirty miles of fence around that pasture! Do you see that farm? Well, that farm is all mine. Not a mortgage on any part of it. And in the city, those large buildings are mine too." After he had got through pointing out his earthly treasures (and he was living on borrowed time), my friend said, "What have you up yonder?" "What do you mean?" said the farmer. "What have you beyond this life? Have you any treasures beyond this life? You are already living on borrowed time. The threescore years and ten have long run out. Are you going to be rich for part of a thousand years, and be a bankrupt in eternity, entering the eternal world a pauper?" "It does look rather strange, if you look at it that way, doesn't it?" said the rich man. But he died as he lived, and the children went to quarreling about the property, and the lawyers got the most of it. Living for this brief life here! O man, woman, get your eyes open. Is it true that we are going to live forever? If so, let us live, let us pick up some things for the eternal world, and then our

heart will be there. If you see a man's goods coming along on a freight train, you know the owner or his agent is not far off. So He says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." Man, do you know that everything under the sun is going to be shaken? I believe these nations are going to be awfully shaken. I tell you these earthly things look pretty small to some men. Do you know that most of the world's great fortunes have been accumulated in the last thirty years? I have not a doubt that these great millionaires thought they would be perfectly satisfied if they had a million and there isn't any satisfaction with thirty million nor a hundred millions. They are not satisfied. Why? Because the heart is not satisfied here. Don't think of my abusing the rich. I don't know, but believe I would be ten times as dissatisfied as the rich if I had their millions. A man that is envious of these rich men, that wants to get it, is as bad as the man who has it. What's the difference? All the fault is this: That you should not set your heart and affections on anything down here. That's the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

## "Build Higher"

When I was in England, they told me about a bed-ridden saint. There came two birds and the fiew around the nearby tree, and by and by were off and got some hay and straw and began to build a nest. And the bed-ridden saint said, "Build higher." She was sure a cat would destroy the nest. She was tempted to send out a servant to tear it down. She kept saying, "Build higher." I am trying to get people to build higher. Wake up! You will be disappointed if you don't build higher. Be rich towards God, and you'll be rich forever. The nest was built, and one day she sent the servant out to see if there were any eggs, and the servant found them. By and by there were little birds, an every morning, the first thing done was to look and see if the birds were there. But one morning the feathers were scattered all around. The little bird had been torn to pieces by a cat, and the old bird was chirping her mourning for her lost ones. May we have a picture of life! What we want is to "build higher." Then it will be easier to live a higher life.

I remember hearing years ago of a rich man being stricken down, and he sent for a lawyer to make out his will, and he went on willing away his property, and his young child didn't understand what death was. She heard the father giving away the old home. He was willing that away. The little thing seemed troubled, as if he was going to give the home to mother, and said, "Where are you?" She went up to the bed, and said, "Have you a home in that land where you are going to?" Oh, how these questions do come home to us! and how a child may ask a question that no philosopher can answer! Father, mother, have you a home in the land—that land to which you are going? What a horrible thing it must be to be a houseless and homeless soul forever!

Now, come. Isn't it the height of madness for man or woman to spend all their time down here a many do, if they are going to live again? It seems to me that a man must get that thing settled; his death ends all, let us "eat, drink and be merry," and give up our churches and our Bible. But, if man is immortal, and going to live on, let us get ready. See what Paul says in his letter to the Colossians "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. When Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

## Where the Heart Is

Now people say, "How are you going to set your affections on things above, how control your thoughts, and how get them into a heavenly channel? Tell us." Listen. You can talk about country. You can get a book on France, and read up French history, and all about France, and get so full of France that you can talk about nothing else but France. What we want is to read about this heaven, talk about heaven, think about heaven and we'll begin to have our thoughts there. Isn't that the way to "set your affections on things above?"

I was going to New Orleans, and there was a lady in front of me who had got acquainted with another lady. One of them lived at Cairo, four or five hundred miles from Chicago. They got so attached to each other that one said, "I wish you'd stop over a day with me." The other said, "I like to, but my trunks are gone on." Listen! "tent and an altar" will do down here; let us pack

Continued on next page

\* This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 26, 1897.



## A CRY OF THE SOUL

LORD, and must it ever be  
That sin shall stand 'twixt man and Thee?  
Just all our days be spent in strife  
To drive the evil from our life?

O gracious God, our Lord and Father,  
show us the way, forsake not, rather  
Thou our keeper and our guide,  
an harm befall when at Thy side?

We love Thee, but in spite of all,  
We feel the power of that fall,  
Thence evil came into our life,  
Intailing never ceasing strife.

O thou Great Deliverer, lead the way  
through love unto the perfect day  
of glory, sinless purity,  
of heavenly sweet security.

We know we cannot win alone;  
We cannot for our sin atone;  
We would, O Lord, from sin be free;  
In faith we cast ourselves on Thee.

—CHARLES REMINGTON McNALLY.

## The Heavenly Home

Continued from preceding page

and get a check clear through.  
And our treasures up on high. Our  
ward is up there. I have people  
going to me and saying, "Mr. Moody,  
aren't looking for your reward  
down here?" No. The Almighty  
is high over all, is coming. The  
winning time is coming, and I want  
to get ready. No man who lives in  
Christ Jesus is going to get his re-  
ward here. I want to tell you some-  
thing. If the world hasn't something  
to say against your Christianity, I  
wouldn't cross the street for it. I pity  
man of whom when he dies they'll  
say, "No one had anything against  
him." Every mean and lying rascal  
will have something to say against  
you. Of course. Own up, now. What  
is John the Baptist's reward? Got  
his head cut off. But where is Herod  
today? Where is John to-day? Been  
in heaven nearly nineteen hundred  
years, and how his name shines out!  
I can hardly think of John but tears  
come to my eyes. "Great is your re-  
ward." People ask: "Shall we know  
each other in heaven?" Well, at the  
resurrection, when God came down,  
and Christ had gone up to the Father,  
and the three, Peter and James and  
John, were on the mountain peak, and  
the glory of God lit up that mountain,  
no appeared there but Moses and  
Elias. I don't read that Christ had  
introduce them. I expect to know  
Moses without any introduction, and  
know Elias and the prophets. Get  
acquainted with them down here, and  
you won't want any introduction when  
you get up there. "I shall be satisfied  
when I awake with his likeness." If  
I'm going to satisfy me, that's enough.  
I want to know my mother in  
heaven, do you think I shall not be  
satisfied? He gave me love for my  
other; he put it into my heart; will  
he not satisfy that? O my friend,  
you will know that child of yours when  
you get there. He will take better  
care of it than you. You don't know  
it it has been a million times better  
to be taken up into glory and be with  
the Master, and by and by you'll be  
with the child again. Let us get our  
heart's affections set on things above.  
We pray, O Lord, that thou wouldst  
lead our thoughts from this world to  
the heavenly; help us to set our heart  
affections on things above; help us  
that when we go, there shall be a  
 shout of victory on our lips. And now  
we want to ask that thy blessing may  
rest upon us. May there be victory  
for Christ to-day. Let our prayers  
be up to heaven. And we ask it that  
Christ may be glorified. Amen.

## The Rising Generation

By EUGENE THWING

TWO young women recently obtained licenses as qualified aviators. They met all the demands of the licensing board, flying high, remaining there as long as required, cutting the figure eight in the air, and alighting within a few feet of a specified mark. Miss Moisant did all this one month after taking her first lesson with an aeroplane.

Every day, now, some one is flying from Boston to New York, or from New York to Philadelphia, or from St. Louis to New York, or elsewhere. Atwood, the young aviator who made the flight through the air from St. Louis to New York, two weeks ago, going part of the time at the rate of ninety miles an hour, is planning to fly all the way across the continent from San Francisco to New York for a \$50,000 prize.

Who could have believed a few short years ago, that such an editorial comment as the following would be made in all seriousness by a paper like the New York Times?

Seemingly almost anybody, man or woman, after a week or two of instruction and practice, can fly, and while it is still true that though

The feathered tribe on pinions cleave the air—

Not so the mackerel and still less the bear,

plain ordinary humans are not deterred from cleaving it as much as they please if they will at a little more pains than it requires to learn to run an automobile.

It is remarkable that most of the dreams and hopes of both mythology and science have come true, every one—automobiles, telegraph and wireless messages, steam, railroad tunnels, steel vessels, and now the aeroplanes. One after the other man has conquered the land, the water, and the air. To what field of conquest shall he next rise?

A PROMINENT architect and a manager of one of the big insurance companies were conversing the other day on the subject of certain great business enterprises in which many wealthy and influential men were concerned. In a moment's lull in the conversation, one of the gentlemen exclaimed, "Do you know that every one of the men you have been naming began life as a poor boy?" Then they reviewed the list of powerful captains of industry and finance, and recalled the struggling experience of each at the beginning of his career. Through sheer energy and persistence he had risen step by step to his present eminence.

Dr. William Mathews, at one time professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, said: "It is remarkable how many of the world's great men have been little men." He mentioned such examples as Lord Nelson, of whom the people first exclaimed, "Why make that little fellow a captain?" And Napoleon, the "Little Corporal," and Aristotle, "a pygmy in person though a giant in intellect," and Tom Moore, the Irish poet, who was so small that George IV. once threatened to clap him into a wine-cooler. If Dr. Mathews had been writing to-day he would have pointed to Admiral Count Togo, one of the world's littlest and greatest of men.

Dr. Mathews referred to physical littleness when he said that "history is full of examples of pygmies, who, tormented by a mortifying consciousness of their physical inferiority, have been provoked thereby to show that their lack of flesh and blood has been more than made up to them in brains. Many a Liliputian in body has proved himself to be a Brobdingnagian in intellect." Equally true is it that many a Liliputian of to-day grows into the Brobdingnagian of to-morrow by increasing the very same powers and possessions which were so small at the beginning.

MAN is constantly rising. It is natural and inevitable that the right-minded man who has any conception of his possibilities and of his place in the universe should feel both the upward impulse of his own nature and the resistless attraction of the greater things above him.

As long as there are "more worlds to conquer," a Caesar, or an Alexander, or a Napoleon cannot rest in camp. As long as the realms of the air are unconquered, venturesome man cannot be content to remain on Mother Earth; he must "mount up on wings as eagles." As long as business power, and influence, and wealth beckon from the heights, ambitious man must rise to conquer.

Only the man who does not feel the inner impulse to rise, and who does not listen to the call, "Come up higher," which is constantly sounding above him, stays down in the valley of little things all his life and remains a pygmy till he dies. "The great are only great because we are on our knees. Let us rise up," said Prud'homme, long ago. We must never be satisfied with our attainments if we are to rise to greater ones, because the moment we reach the place of self-satisfaction we come to a halt and go no higher. There is no limit set for us which we do not set ourselves. Any good achievement requires earnest effort, and by the same pains which one achievement cost we may go on to others if we do not pitch our tents too soon.

THE earth and everything upon it have been brought under the dominion of man. The first command of the Creator in this respect has been obeyed. The sea has been unable to bar his progress. Now even the air is his domain. He has risen to almost unbelievable heights in science, in business, in power. What next? The impulse to rise is only increased by the flights already made. Still the call is sounding, "Come up higher."

Before reaching the greatest heights, it is necessary to touch the lowest depths. There is a proper starting-place for every flight. Long ago the would-be aviators took their flying machines to the tops of mountains or high buildings for the start. Invariably they fell with a crash. Now the "bird men" rise from the ground and ascend thousands of feet into the sky. There are heights immeasurable to which man and woman may rise. There are achievements yet to be gained more glorious than anything in the past. The starting point is in the deep places of human need and woe. Many whose ears have heard the call are even now accomplishing wonders in service, and are constantly rising to higher planes of helpfulness. Perhaps man's eagerness to win new victories will more and more find its satisfaction in conquering disease, stamping out filth and sin, curing poverty, alleviating pain, soothing sorrow.

## OUR GOLDEN HONEYMOON

HOW sweet the golden weddings are  
At end of fifty years!  
Our golden honeymoon, dear heart,  
The lengthening pathway cheers.  
Bright are the tints in the afterglow  
As soft the shadows fall,  
And many the joys that still shall come,  
For the dear Lord cares for all.

Love still is sweet in this honeymoon,  
More sweet than in years gone by;  
We shun the words that would cause a pain,  
Or bring a tear to the eye.  
And we know the love in the other heart  
Is tender, fond and true;  
And joys are sweet in the afterglow,  
Though days or years may be few.

—ELIZA ANN ESTES KENDRIE.

## Among the Bheels of India

INDIA has numerous railways whereby the work of the Gospel is greatly helped. The Tapti Valley branch of the Bombay-Baroda Railway runs through Khandesh, where a great number of Bheels dwell, and it is beside one of the flag stations of this railway that the new school of Bhaddhunja was opened on the 18th of May, 1911. The people themselves pointed out a spot just behind an old grogshop frequented by the Bheels as suitable for the purpose, and the government having granted the material a schoolhouse was built there at a cost of about \$75. Mr. Joshi, the native magistrate of Navapur, and two missionaries were present on the day of opening, and Mr. Joshi urged the Bheels to send their children to school. Thirty-five families enrolled each a boy. A magic lantern show, explaining the life of Christ, etc., and heartily enjoyed by the people, was given in the night. The Bheels belong to the wild tribes. Several mission bodies now carry on aggressive work to evangelize these people. They have been a problem to Indian governments, and at times wholesale destruction was thought to be the best way to solve it. Of recent years, however, the Bheels are treated well and induced to live a settled life as cultivators of the soil. Secular and primary education is all together in its infancy and all engaged in this department unite in admitting the difficulties encountered. The school at Bhaddhunja is the first of a series planned by the Scandinavian Alliance. Support for ten school teachers is hoped for to carry out the project successfully.

## A Preacher-Magician

AT the blast of the cornet the passerby in New York turns to see a man waving a handkerchief, in which there appears, in a mysterious manner, a knot. This is followed by two or three other magical effects. By this time we are a part of a company of two or three hundred men, who crowd around to see the street magician, who proves to be a preacher of the Gospel. Rev. Frank E. Lane, working under the direction of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, has chosen this unusual method of drawing his noon-day congregations. He uses the art of magic, paper tearing, and other objective illustrations to present the great truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He gets and holds the attention to the end of the service. Mr. Lane divides his time between the public parks and the tents of the Evangelistic Committee. In the latter he conducts a special work for boys and girls every night from seven until eight o'clock. It is no uncommon sight, after the evening lesson is finished, to find him surrounded by a company of eager, happy children, clamoring for more of this message. "Through the eye-gate to the heart" is an open pathway of approach, not only for the child, but the adult as well. That this teacher of truth is following closely in the footsteps of the Master in "Hear ye then the present-day parable" accounts for the ready response to his earnest appeals.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Nation's Voice on Peace

WITHIN a year, one of those wonderful transformations which constitute the real miracles of modern life, has taken place in the minds of the people of this country. What that transformation means is told in the remarkable series of letters which appears in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Here are men occupying the highest stations—statesmen, educators, admirals, legislators, and others—all uniting in the declaration that the wonderful thing has happened, and that not only our own land but the world is even now looking for the dawning of the era of universal peace, if indeed that era has not already begun!

Coming at a time when the whole country is discussing the Arbitration Treaties that have just been concluded with France and Great Britain, with a strong likelihood of similar treaties being shortly made with Germany and Japan, this presentation of enlightened public opinion on a great world-wide question is highly opportune. That THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should have been chosen as a medium for its publication was logical and natural, since its readers are more widely distributed than those of any other religious journal, and represent all shades and denominations of accepted Christian belief. These letters constitute a symposium which is unique and convincing, and should be universally read, reflecting as they do the soundest and most representative sentiment of the nation. Far above partisanship, their general tone is one of unrestrained approval of the course our government has followed in assuming the duty of leading the nations in the paths of peace.

This present generation and the next which shall follow it, will not accept the old view of war—that worst of evils which has so long filled the world with sorrow, suffering and injustice. Within the last few years we have enacted the role of peacemaker along our own borders and among the Latin republics. We have held out the hand of amity which France and England have grasped. We have made overtures to Germany and Japan, and both are even now considering them in the friendliest attitude. These powers once bound in mutual peace-pact and agreed to submit all their disputes to arbitration, who shall say where the peace movement may not next penetrate? There can be no step backward. The new treaties must be ratified. They belong to the history of progressive civilization and must stand. "Treaties have been made and broken before," some one will say. True; we know the sadness of it all; but history has also shown that in God's own good time there comes an end to every evil that afflicts his children, and who shall say that it may not be his will now to put an end to war? Let us pray that it may, and meanwhile let us work hopefully, bravely for it. It is alike the duty of the State, of the Church and of the individual to aid in bringing about international peace and friendship, and none should fail to do their part in this great effort to secure the world's future happiness.

## Life Not a "Gamble"

ONE of the many recent biographies of the late John W. Gates, the picturesque millionaire speculator, represents him as formulating his philosophy in these words:

Life is a gamble. Everything is a gamble. When the farmer plants his corn he is gambling. He bets that the weather conditions will enable him to raise a good crop. Sometimes he loses, sometimes he wins. Every man who goes into business gambles. Of course the element of judgment enters in, but the element of chance cannot be ruled out. Whenever a man starts out on a railroad journey, it's a gamble whether he ever reaches his destination. All life is a gamble.

That there are certain kinds of business which might truthfully be classed as "a gamble," is undeniable, but to apply such a term to life as a whole shows incapacity to look at things in the right perspective. If a reliable census could be made of all who make money by their wits, by trading on credulity, by bold though risky tactics much of the success of which depends on what is called chance, it would be a pretty good-sized volume. But Mr. Gates did not refer to the mere vulgar accumulator—to the man whose mind is a machine geared for acquisition and working overtime. He was evidently a believer in chance and held it as a fetish.

With all of his good qualities, he adopted a view of life which invested it with little of real meaning or purpose. Material success is frequently responsible for such wrong conclusions. To one who has given up all his energies and talents to the chase for wealth during many years, we can readily understand how it may seem to him like a gamble, a thing of chance, full of disappointments and startling surprises. Too often the spiritual eyes do not open to life's real purpose until too late. There are many who are so wedded to the world and so in love with what it has to offer, that they do not realize that real life means growth spiritual as well as material; that it means increasing attainment toward God and helpfulness toward our fellow-man. In order to get the best there is in life, we need far more than wealth; we need self-denial, sacrifice, suffering. To set it all down as a "gamble" is to misunderstand it wholly. He who goes deeper learns life's purpose and object and at last discovers that it is, in each individual case, a mission. All who look for the interpretation of the problem to Him who is the source of life and wisdom, find that life, far from being a gamble or a thing of chance, is rightly understood only as it enables us to do his will and to become like him. And this divine likeness comes to us as we follow him in faith and acknowledge his guiding hand in all our ways.

## The Tramp Question

GERMANY has a word, *wanderlust*, or travel-hunger, which aptly describes a condition of mind that seems to be innate and which some anthropologists regard as an inheritance from our nomad forefathers. Every tendency of our civilization is to a fixed home and a fixed occupation, yet with every effort of church and school this *wanderlust* unfortunately persists. Mr. James Forbes, director of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy, is authority for the statement that there are in the United States at this time two hundred and fifty thousand tramps or "hoboes." As a rule, the men composing this great army are able-bodied; many have been fairly well educated in our public schools, and are fully up to the average in mental endowments. We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Forbes in his estimate of the loss to the country of the wasted earning power of these men, nor in his calculations of loss suffered by the responsible members of society through their supplications and deprecations. Undoubtedly, many of these tramps are honest men out seeking employment, and the pity of their case is that they too, in their honest search for work, may contract the *wanderlust* habit. With a knowledge gained largely through many years of experience with the Bowery Mission, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never has and never will cast a stone at the unfortunate man who has lost his grip on home and, indeed, on all things that make life worth the living. We have seen the most unpromising of these cases develop, under proper influences, into the finest members of the working world. Before we condemn these men it behooves us to ask who is to blame. An examination will reveal defects in our home life, in the public training of our youth, and even in our laws, each of which must bear its share of the responsibility for the increase of human inefficiency leading to the present anomalous social conditions.

## A Last Word on Maine

ON THE eve of the battle in the Pine Tree State, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would speak a final word of cheer and encouragement to the rank and file of the Prohibition army. Theirs is a campaign which is in a very large sense a national one. Its influence will be felt in every State of the Union. Victory for Prohibition now would inspire the hosts of temperance everywhere. It is therefore of the highest importance that every one should be at his post when the battle opens. There should be no laggards. With every true son of Maine ready to cast his ballot for the honor and the welfare of the State, the white banner can be borne to certain triumph.

Maine, which sixty years ago said to the nation "Dirigo! I lead!" must not now surrender her proud and well won post of honor. Experience has vindicated

the wisdom of her experiment; the slander and misrepresentations of the liquor forces can change the unalterable facts. It is a tribute to moral and social virtues of Maine that she should be the central target of abuse for the energy of temperance. Prohibition was put into her constitution by a non-partisan vote. If taken out of the constitution now, the whole liquor question the State will become a party plaything and citizens will have to face conditions that will be found to be indescribably demoralizing and degenerating. It is not the thin edge, but the whole wedge which the liquor interests are now striving to drive in. They want to shatter State-wide prohibition and are using specious argument and cunning vice to "coerce" even the temperance voters. I well for the men of Maine to remember that there is no escape from the lawless saloon through a tender or retreat. All experience and observation prove that it is the mother of criminals, the multiplier of offenses of every sort against the law, the debaucher of legislatures, the maker of heavy burdens that tax and oppress every community where it has free sway. For every dollar secured through the taxation of the liquor traffic or through license fees, there is a ten-fold equivalent of sorrow, shame, of broken homes, blighted hopes and debauchery. All the arguments ever invented can wash that guilty traffic white nor endow it with single redeeming virtue. The only way to control it, or to render it impotent for evil, is to crush it out of existence!

This is true of the liquor traffic everywhere. To consider it a good rule, "to find out what the liquor dealers really want and then go the other way," this advice stands good for the people of Maine to-day. They know that the enemy wants constitutional prohibition repealed and they should be every energy to defeat this by voting to retain prohibition in the constitution. Make no compromise with the enemy, but meet the assault with a resolute "No!"

## General Notes

—AT THREE O'CLOCK on the afternoon of August 22, the extra session of Congress adjourned. There was a general sigh of relief for this release from what has been a very trying work during the hot weather of July and August. There was none of the hilarity so frequently in the past has marked the adjournment. The last meeting of the session transacted no important business. President Taft's veto of the cotton tariff revision bill was the only important matter considered. The record of measures introduced during the session is 14,038, and 484 resolutions in the House, 3,296 bills, and 58 resolutions in the Senate. Only a small proportion of these were passed.

—THE LAST DAYS of the extra session of Congress were marked by President Taft's veto of two bills which had engaged the attention of both the House and the Senate for considerable time. In his message to Congress, explaining his veto of the new warehouse bill, the President characterized it as political rather than scientific revision. The bill provided for a flat ad valorem duty of 29 per cent. on all raw wool, and proportionate rates on wool manufactures. The President is convinced that a ratification of this measure would be practically a repudiation of the tariff commission for whose creation he worked so enthusiastically. In his message on the cotton tariff revision bill, Mr. Taft characterized it in much the same way. He asked that action on both the matters be postponed until the reports of the investigating commissions become available.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## England's Strike Ended

**G**REAT BRITAIN and the civilized world rejoice at the end of the fierce railroad strike in the United Kingdom. Industrial paralysis fell upon the cities and villages as the men left their work and the cars were idle at the depots and the boats at the docks. In some of the cities the lights went out, the water was shut off, the food supply was reduced and even exhausted, and there were panics and mobs nearly everywhere. In some places the clash between the strikers and their friends and the government troops resulted in bloodshed. The board of arbitration composed of representatives of both sides has come to an agreement, and the men have gone back to their work, the cars are run on schedule time, the boats are plying the waters as usual, and food and other supplies and the traveling public are moving along their accustomed channels. The British Government is to be congratulated upon the ability and tact with which it confronted the grave situation, and the workmen have made many friends by the wise manner in which they managed their part of the conflict. The strike illustrated the tremendous power of labor in the activity and happiness of society and the enormous influence that the common people of day have in the settlement of momentous questions. It emphasizes the important fact which must be taken into consideration in every dispute between workmen and employer, and that is, that capital and labor are two halves of one whole, each depending upon the other for its life and thrift, each deserving of its proportion of responsibility, opportunity and reward. Human selfishness will always use friction. The disposition to get the largest amount of work for the smallest pay on one side, and to claim the highest wages for the least amount of work on the other is an instinct of our sinful humanity, which causes most of the conflict in the industrial world. As Christ's royal law of love is obeyed by both capital and labor, peace between employer and employee will prevail still more and more, and the gap between the conditions and the hearts of capital and labor will be more nearly closed. The settlement of labor in every other dispute in life can be effected by obedience to the Golden Rule.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye shall think that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (Matt. 7: 12.)

## Record Speed Round World

Andre Jaeger-Schmidt, a young French journalist, left New York for Paris, August 19, in the last lap of his journey around the world which he expects to complete in forty days. The globe-trotter is twenty-eight years old, with blue eyes, light hair and a light mustache. He wore a light brown suit, a coarse brown shirt and a red necktie; he carried a bag, which was his only luggage. He told the reporters that he had had an uneventful trip, that he suffered delays by a storm in the Japan Sea, and by missing train connections. The previous record of the world-excursion was made in 1908 by Henry Frederick, who made the trip in fifty-four days, seven hours and twenty minutes. He was the first globe-girdler to take advantage of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Nellie Bly in 1889 made a trip all around the world in a little over seventy days, but at that time the Trans-Siberian Railway was not in existence. Mr. Lafitte started the new magazine *Excelsior* recently in Paris. He elected Mr. Jaeger-Schmidt, a member of the staff, to attempt the circuit of the globe in record-breaking time, and it looks as though the young man will complete his journey a day ahead of time. We are all travelers on the roadways of this planet. Some are running and some walking, some are laughing and some crying, some are climbing the steps of preferment and others passing through the lowlier levels of humility; but we are all on a journey. We shall go on this round earth a little distance and for a short time, and then we shall sail across a sea for another land whither we are bound, which Christ has prepared for his followers. The journey and

the promised land are symbolized by the invitation and promise of Moses to Hobab.

And Moses said unto Hobab, Moses' father-in-law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: Come thou with us, and we will do thee good. (Num. 10: 29.)

## Anonymous Millions for Missions

Some unknown friend of foreign missions has just made a gift of \$1,000,000 to the Endowment Fund of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston. The name of the donor is not given, the only information being that "it is from a New York family which is affiliated with the church of another denomination than the controlling Board." The Board is under the authority of the Congregationalist denomination. The gift is a part of a \$2,000,000 endowment which the Board has been trying for several years to raise. It is the largest amount the Congregational Mission Board has received since Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave \$1,000,000 for its colleges in the Far East several years ago. We have often wondered why our multi-millionaires did not bestow a larger share of their benevolences on the foreign missionary cause. While we would not have a penny less of their money given to libraries, universities, hospitals and other great causes, we would suggest that God-fearing millionaires might create endowments of ten or twenty millions for the work of foreign missions, so powerful a factor in the best

the step taken by the Chief of Police. Some of the moving picture shows of America are a great menace to public morals, especially those of the young. One of the judges of New York the other day declared that he would visit the jail penalty upon those who permitted children under thirteen unaccompanied by parents to attend the public moving picture shows. Mr. Pinkerton, the detective chief, said in an interview the other day that he could trace very many of the murders and other crimes committed by youths to the demoralizing scenes of the baser moving picture shows. There is here emphasized the tremendous fact that we become like that which we look upon. If the pictures and books and people and scenes we look upon are bad, we become bad; and if good, we become good. If we become like Satan by looking at moral evil, by the same law we become like God in looking at Christ. The apostle refers to this great law when he says:

We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. (II Cor. 3: 18.)

## Preachers Stopped Bull Fight

A Sunday bull fight had been arranged and advertised at Helena, Ark. The good people protested against such brutality and such a desecration of the Lord's day. Those planning the fight paid no attention to the protests that were made.

The Helena Ministers' Association marched in a body to the West End Park and threatened to ask for the militia to enforce the laws of Arkansas against such an event, so the managers of the show abandoned the contest and gave the spectators back their money. The ministers of Helena were men of moral courage and deserved the commendation and congratulation of the churches and of the good citizens who are not church members who love law and order and they have set a splendid example to the ministers of the country, so many of whom now recognize that they are to be patient, humble preachers of the Gospel not only, but brave soldiers of the Cross, ready to confront and confound the powerful and brazen champions of moral evil to be found everywhere. The militant spirit of the Helena preachers is in obedience to the command:

Fight the good fight of faith. (I Tim. 6: 12.)

## Swordfish Kills Whale

It is claimed that Captain Fraser of the *Bermudian* was eye-witness to a desperate fight

between a baby sperm whale on the one side and a monster shark and swordfish on the other. On his arrival in New York the Captain is reported to have given the newspapers a description of the struggle. The fight took place 445 miles southeast of Sandy Hook. The thresher, a fish of the shark species, fifteen feet long, lifted himself out of the water and threw himself down hard on the whale, lacerating its sides with his tail. A swordfish, which is usually the companion of the thresher in attacking big game, dived under the whale and thrust his weapon into its stomach. The whale tried desperately to get away, but it bled and spouted from the wounds, and jumped out of the water in its agony and attempt to escape, and the swordfish kept up its steady stabs until in a few moments the whale turned over dead.

It is not likely that these murderers of the deep killed the whale because they were out of food and were in quest of flesh or blubber, but it illustrates that hatred which exists in animalism all the way from the bottom to the top and is the basis of the murders on the battlefield and in the ordinary paths of life. This hatred, which is the parent of murder, individual and general, is rebuked in the Scriptures. There are some Christian people who are otherwise exemplary who cherish hatreds and revenges and are charitable enough with themselves to believe that they are only expressions of righteous indignation against wrong, when in reality they are the vice that draws down such fearful prophecies and provokes the divine displeasure.

Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer. (I John 3: 15.)



Guarding London's Food Supply at Covent Garden Market During the Strike

education and civilization of the world. Some very rich men are setting a good example in this respect. The late John S. Kennedy left \$30,000,000 to the Christian Church and the institutions that are its legitimate offspring. It would not be a surprise to us if within a generation every aged needy minister of the Gospel would receive a pension from the Lord's money, and if the means of Christ's followers were poured out in sufficient amounts to send the Bible and a preacher to every person in the world. One of the prides and glories of our present time is the heroism of the men and women who have gone out into the foreign mission field, and the loyalty and generosity of the rich and poor in furnishing them with a support, in obedience to the command of the Master:

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. (Mark 16: 15.)

## Dangerous Moving Picture Shows

There are moving picture shows which are instructive and elevating, there are others that are corrupt and brutalizing in their nature. So many of this dangerous class are exhibited that the laws have been appealed to to prevent some and protect children especially against others. The Chief of Police of Berlin has issued an order that children under fourteen are forbidden from visiting moving picture shows after 9 P.M., even when accompanied by adults. The theatre managers undertook through the courts to prevent the execution of this order. The provincial authorities have followed



# The Coming of the Mission Ship



Capt. Jackson of S.S. "Harmony"



The Mission Ship Casts Anchor at Nain



An Eskimo Leaving for Home

THE Moravian Mission Society owns a ship called the *Harmony*. It is but a small vessel of only 400 tons, yet it has been enabled for many years past to furnish the missionaries and Eskimos on the Labrador coast with necessities both for body and soul. It is a ship with a history, and if all were known, the fact would stand out bright and clear that a number of earnest Christian friends in all parts of the world are the cause that this particular craft has been permitted for so many years to cross the Atlantic, to face the dangers of pack ice and icebergs, to navigate an uncharted coast with innumerable shoals and reefs, to encounter the gales and snowstorms in this arctic current successfully and without loss of life or vessel for more than one hundred years.

It is not of the ship but of her arrival on the coast of Labrador that I wish to tell you. This year the *Harmony* left the London docks on the 30th of June. While about two hundred miles from the coast she encountered heavy pack ice. A dense fog surrounded the ship, and during the night we were kept awake as the vessel frequently bumped against the pans, which made her timbers quiver from stem to stern. Happily the ice was not solid and the *Harmony* was able to force through, but we were glad when the fog lifted and showed us a clear passage ahead.

How beautiful the icebergs looked! But in spite of this our captain gave them a wide berth, as they are dangerous neighbors, especially in a dense fog. One night, one of these bergs loomed up high near the ship, and a collision was only avoided because the noise of the waters washing its sides could be heard long before the ice itself became visible.

After a journey of three weeks she reached Nain, safe and sound. The arrival of the mission vessel in the harbor is always an occasion of great rejoicing. The Eskimos run to the beach and shoot off their guns to salute the ship, and the whole

settlement commemorates its indebtedness to Almighty God in a special and unique way. After the anchor is cast the missionaries and Eskimos collect at the end of the wharf near to the ship, and sing with heart and voice a verse in Eskimo similar to our old Doxology: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

The boats are now gotten ready and every one goes off to visit the ship. The missionaries are anxious to receive the letters from their friends and relatives, but above all they wish to hear from

emotion?" "Do not our sailors leave their homes for months and think little of it?" Quite so, and we sympathize with all who must leave their loved ones for so long a time. But this little mission band on the lonely icebound coast of Labrador worse off than any sailor. Their children leave for Europe at the age of eight, and the parents probably do not see them again before they have grown into manhood or womanhood. The furlough of a missionary comes only once in ten or fifteen years, and all he receives from his children while in the field is this annual letter in midsummer.

Just think! If you are a parent, would you like to part with your child for ten long years and only hear from him once every summer? There is no doubt that this is the sacrifice that missionaries in various parts of the world are called upon to render.

The arrival of the mission ship is a red-letter day. The news from on source and another of the past nine months can hardly be pressed into one or two hours, and the recipients often lie awake the first night after the arrival of the ship full of excitement, thinking of all that has occurred and not finding a wink of sleep.

And the Eskimo, notwithstanding his phlegmatic temperament, joins in most heartily, for to him also the arrival of the ship means a new supply of many good things. So he marches off to the store to replenish his exhausted stock of necessities.

laughable picture he presents after he has made his purchases, for on looking closer we find he has used his boots for molasses, his cap for tea, his outer garments for flour and hard tack; but his face shows every satisfaction, as it wears a broad smile and soon he has deposited his treasures in his *kayak* and is off to his home on an outside island.

It has given me much pleasure to acknowledge your kind and generous gift of \$207 as mentioned in detail in a separate letter.

Nain, Labrador.

CHR. SCHMITT.



Eskimo Women at Nain

their children. Eight months of arctic winter have elapsed since they heard from them last, and they wonder what news the ship may bring them. Now they stand on the deck of the dear old vessel, shaking hands with the captain; but soon all retreat to the little cabin on deck to open the most important letters. The anxiety of the whole winter centres in the one question: "Are my children well?" and while good news is received we see tears of thankfulness trickling down the cheeks of these parents. An outsider might say: "Why this sentiment and

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—EVANGELIST HART AND MAGANN OF FAIRBURY, Ill., recently closed a Union Tabernacle meeting at Elkins, W. Va. All of the churches in the city united and built a large tabernacle which was well filled each night. There were over two hundred who accepted Christ during the closing day of the services.

—A NATIVE CHRISTIAN worker in Siam would greatly appreciate a copy of Matthew Henry's *Commentary on the Bible*, or any of F. B. Meyer's or Spurgeon's writings. Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD having one of these books to spare may write to Miss Stella Hartford, Arcola, Ill., for information.

—REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS has entered the evangelistic field and is doing excellent work in Ohio and other Western States. Dr. Banks is an eloquent speaker, and a man of deep spirituality, and his ministry both in the pulpit and elsewhere has been greatly blessed in past years. His home address is 499 North Sandusky Street, Delaware, O.

—JULIUS ROSENWALD, a wealthy Hebrew of Chicago, recently gave \$25,000 toward the construction of a Y. M. C. A. building for colored men. He has also given \$50,000 to aid in building a hotel for men to be conducted under Christian auspices. He lately wrote, "I do

not believe there is a better work done anywhere in the world than the work done by the Y. M. C. A."

—THE DISTINGUISHED scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, writing in *Hibbert's Journal* on a lofty theme, says: "No matter how complex and vast the reality must be, the Christian conception of God is humanly simple. It appeals to the man in the street; it appeals to the unlettered and the ignorant; it appeals to babes." It is to be noted that a majority of the more serious scientists of our day are disposed to the orthodox view of religion and have little in common with the higher critics.

—THE MOUNT HERMON Federate School of Missions in the Santa Cruz Mountains, California, recently dedicated its new mission building, which cost \$4,700. Rev. H. W. Gilchrist made a historical address at the dedication. Mrs. D. B. Wells, of Chicago, is teacher in the study classes. Among the missionaries present were Mrs. L. E. Troyer (Baptist); Miss C. I. Pierson, Methodist deaconess; Rev. Hett Douglas, Congregational minister at Little Shasta, Calif.; Rev. Hugh Taylor, Presbyterian; Mr. and Mrs. Wildman Murphy, Presbyterian, and Miss Florence Miller, field secretary of the Christian Women's Board of Missions in the United States.



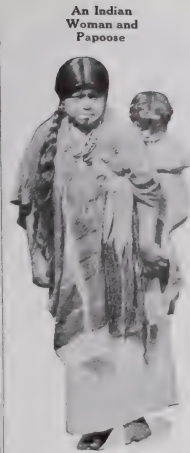
# WOMANHOOD IN FOREIGN LANDS



The Grecian Mother Carries Cradle and All



How the Chinese Mother Carries Her Son



An Indian Woman and Papoose



His Excellency the Baby Rides in Japan



The Zulu Woman's Unique Way of Carrying a Baby

CHINA is the paradise of the mother-in-law. A Chinese mother cannot visit her own married daughter (and she has no other kind after childhood) without the permission of the mother-in-law. The daughter plays a slavish part in her husband's home, and finds her chief moral support in the thought of the retribution which she will some day wreak upon the heads of her own daughters-in-law. This is one of the important reasons why sons are so much more desired than daughters by the mothers of China.

Jacob Speicher gives touching accounts of the peasant woman and the peasant home of South China. There is little hope or joy to be found there. We can understand famine and disease are so common among them when we read that the usual daily wage of a man is but ten or fifteen cents for the support of a whole family.

The French peasant is cleaner than that of most other countries, and the thrift of the typical Frenchwoman is proverbial. It is largely due to her knack of saving that France has had such a wonderful financial record. No one can long keep it in debt. Its indemnities are quickly paid. It can afford to buy anything it wishes, and the chief element in this "forehandedness" is the faculty for judicious spending, which marks the French housewife. She is a careful mother, but the decline of the population in France indicates that the maternal instinct is not so strong here as in most other countries. The French are the most artistic and polished among the nations of Europe, and their women are said to be the most fascinating and attractive in the world.

The pagan woman of Africa is said to be, on the whole, the most wretched of all on the sad roll of heathen womanhood. "Her lot," says Mrs. Singer of Rhodesia, "is unwritable, unspeakable," but the Zulu woman is probably the least degraded of them all. Surely in our picture she sparkles with happiness, and she seems to have a sense of the security of the baby on her head, which is incomprehensible to the rest of us. An encouraging feature for the African woman is that in Blantyre a man is counted worth only two yards of cloth, while a woman was worth six. The Gospel is banishing slavery now from that land, as well as from others. Syria is largely Mohammedan, but the Syrian mother loves her child as truly as the Christian loves hers. Happiness in the domestic relations is not common there, and a woman's husband may divorce her at will. There is no knowing how soon this poor woman may be parted from her husband, but in the meantime she must know something of the joy of motherhood. The work of Fidelia Fiske was a source of most of the spiritual uplift which has come to her sex in this benighted land.

The sweetness, gentleness and cleanliness of the Japanese woman



French Mother and Child  
Photos Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A Mother and Child from Syria

An Arabian Woman and Her Child

are all revealed in this tiny sketch. Long ages of training in courtesy have made good manners a habit with her. The little child whom she carries so easily on her back will grow up to be "soft-spoken," deferential, considerate. His mind will be bright. His code of morals will not be like ours, but we live so inadequately up to ours, and he may be so much better than his, that perhaps we may not be so far apart as might appear, in such matters.

Mrs. Lo, the poor Indian, looks somewhat neater in our picture than most travelers describe her. Contrary to the general belief, the American Indians are increasing in numbers. As they are also adjusting themselves constantly more and more nearly to the standards of civilization and intermarrying with the white settlers, they will soon become, it is predicted, an integral part of our population, industrious, clean and eager for education. The papoose gazing at us in such pretty shyness over his mother's shoulder, will probably distance her by many generations in culture.

If this beautiful Arabian baby is a girl (which, from the proud and affectionate way in which it is held, we fear it is not) she may arrive at a womanhood without a veil. This means that she can breathe freely, and with that power may come in more of that blessed freedom, "not used as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God," which womanhood enjoys under the dispensation of Christianity. The Arabian woman is now laboring in the dense darkness of selfish and sensual Islamism, under which women are merely the toys or slaves of men.

It is difficult to recognize in this Greek peasant a descendant of the most highly civilized people that the world had ever seen before the advent of our Lord. The traveler through what were once Achaia and Macedonia sees not only the ruins of once matchless temples and statues, but the mere remains, as it were, of the godlike race which built them. The modern inns of the Greeks are generally foul and ill-served; their schools poor or altogether lacking; but they are said to bear themselves proudly, as behooves the sons of such ancestors. Art and literature no longer flourish in the land of Praxiteles and Homer, and the problem set before the Danish king of Greece and his English queen, is indeed a hard one; but they are said to be meeting it bravely. The long, straight features of this Grecian mother suggest the classic type. Her child, under the reviving force of the new order in Greece, may inherit not only the physical likeness of his great ancestors, but also something of their spirit.

If the women in the backward countries can only be Christianized, the establishment of the good home there will be virtually secured; and in the good home lies ever the hope of the race.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



# Methodism's Fourth Ecumenical



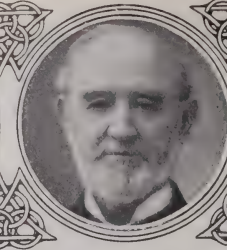
Bishop Edwin H. Hughes  
San Francisco, Calif.



Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell  
Funchal, Madeira Islands



Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson  
President Woman's Home Miss. Soc'y



Bishop Earl Cranston  
Washington, D. C.



Rev. H. K. Carroll, D.D.  
Sec'y Eastern Section Exec. Com.

THE Ecumenical Methodist Conference—the great timekeeper of Methodist progress the wide world around—which meets in Toronto, Canada, October 4 to 17, records a remarkable growth in Christian evangelical work all over the earth. It is just ten years since the previous gathering in London in 1901. Before that, there were two Ecumenical Methodist Conferences—in Washington, D. C., in 1891, and in London in 1881—when the workers of world-wide Methodism first met for mutual exchange of thought and methods and for the stimulating review of the advance of Christ's kingdom in all lands.

The decade just closed has been a wonderfully fruitful one. During this period the important Methodist Church of Japan has been formed; the mission in France begun; the North Andes and the Austro-Hungary Mission Conferences have been organized; the North Africa Mission has been established, etc. In addition, the development of the work has increased in Italy (which has doubled, there now being twenty-four churches as compared with twelve in 1900); in the Czar's dominions, Russia and Finland (where there are now over 7,000 evangelical members affiliated with the Methodist enterprises); in the Scandinavian peninsula; in North and South Germany, Switzerland, Bulgaria, the Philippines, India, Malaysia, China, Mexico, South America, and notably in Korea.

The decade has also been marked by the wonderful expansion of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. During the recent national campaign of the Movement under Chairman J. Edgar Leaycraft, Colonel Elijah Halford and Secretary S. Earl Tay-

lor, seventy-five conventions were held in all parts of the United States.

Other new features of the M. E. Church work during the decade are the "Commission on Evangelism" (which has now over 900 chapters in every conference of the United States) and the "Methodist Federation for Social Service."

Over a million members around the globe is the reported gain of the Methodist Church during the decade, the grand total for all countries and for all the branches of the denomination throughout the

branches in Great Britain, Ireland and Australia and all in the United States and Canada, including the new M. E. Church of Japan, which American in origin. A wide variety of topics listed on the ten days' programme. The business sessions will be held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and mass meetings in Massey Hall. Among the noted speakers and delegates are the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, a member of the British Cabinet whose topic is "International Responsibilities"; Arthur Henderson, M.P., of London, a British leader, who, with ex-President Fairbanks, discusses the labor question.

For the first time in twenty years' history the Ecumenical Methodist Conference, a number of representative Methodist laywomen will be delegates and take part. Among them are Jane Bancroft Robinson, Ph.D., of Detroit, the veteran Christian educator and pioneer of the women's movement in Methodist Church, president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society and Mrs. W. F. McDowell of Chicago, head of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Work.

The work of the Epworth League, which has developed along evangelistic lines, will be presented by its leader, Bishop Quayle, of Oklahoma. 2,000 senior chapters have been added during the past four years, and a forward movement has been made in foreign fields. The League, which has a 30,000 enrolled, has made special progress in Germany, where there are 3,000 members; in Germany, where there are 5,600 members; in Italy, about 4,000 members; in Norway, 4,000 members; in Sweden, 4,000; in Sweden, 6,000, in addition to membership in this country.



Bishop Wilson T. Hogue  
Easton, Ill.



Bishop W. A. Candler  
Atlanta, Ga.



Col. E. W. Halford  
of the Laymen's Miss'y Movement

globe being 18,000,000, and over 6,500,000 in the United States.

The Ecumenical Conference is an inclusive body, embracing the entire denominational family of Methodists, and including the four groups, which, though not Methodist in origin and history, are similar in doctrine, polity and practice—the United Evangelical Church, the Evangelical Association, and the two bodies of the United Brethren in Christ. The assembly brings together five hundred ministerial delegates and hundreds of representative laymen and laywomen from all the Methodist

## The World's Most Famous Picture Stolen

DISPATCHES from Paris report that, incredible and impossible as it may seem, it is a fact that Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the "Mona Lisa," was stolen on August 21 from the Louvre, where it had been exhibited in the famous Salon Carré for the last five years. A great crowd collected in the neighborhood of the museum, where, however, no information was given to the public. The museum had been closed, said the policemen at the main entrance, because of the bursting of a water pipe.

M. Bénédite, assistant curator of the Louvre, received a correspondent in his office immediately after the Chief Inspector of Police and sixty detectives, who had been searching every nook and corner of the many miles of exhibition rooms and corridors, had left the premises without having found the precious picture.

"La Gioconda" is gone. That is all I can say," said M. Bénédite. "So far we have not the slightest clue as to the perpetrator of the crime. The picture was last seen in its usual place yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, when two of the guardians stopped before it and exchanged remarks about the enigmatic smile of 'La Gioconda,' which for centuries has inspired so many eulogies. Yesterday being cleaning day, the museum was closed to the public, and no one noticed the absence of the picture.

This morning the guardian of the Salon Carré noticed its disappearance, but attributed it to the negligence of the official photographer, who often took it up to his own studio and returned it the next morning before the gates were open to the public. Toward midday, however, the man became uneasy and informed the Superintendent, who rushed to my office and told me nobody knew what had become of the picture."

Feeling about the affair is intense in Paris. An extraordinary number of absurd theories are advanced, while there is general criticism of the Louvre authorities, who have proved unable to guard what is considered the most precious work of art in the world.

"La Gioconda," also called "Mona Lisa," is a portrait of Madonna Lisa del Gioconda of Florence, third wife of Francesco del Gioconda. It was painted in the course of Leonardo's second Florentine period, 1503-6. The artist spent almost four years on the work, and even then pronounced it unfinished. Soon after the picture was painted it was purchased by King Francis I. of France, who was an ardent admirer of Leonardo's work, and afterward appointed him his Court painter. Leonardo died in France in 1519.

That "La Gioconda" is one of the first half dozen pictures in the world is a commonplace; that it is the finest picture in existence has been the opinion

of a number of those best competent to judge. It is said that \$5,000,000 was once offered to the French Government for the picture. This may not be true, though the story has frequently been repeated, but it serves as a criterion of the value that is set on this wonderful masterpiece.

According to legend, the painter kept the wonderful smile hovering round the mouth of Madonna Lisa while he was at work on the picture by having beautiful music continually played in the studio.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD distributed a great number of copies of the picture, "Mona Lisa," among its friends during last year's subscription period, and received many comments of approval on the wonderfully artistic character of the portrait.

Now, it may be that some of our readers desire to avail themselves of a chance to possess a copy of "Mona Lisa." We have still a limited number of copies of this picture in stock, ready for framing, and in order that all of our friends may have an equal chance to possess a copy we make the following offer:

To any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who will send us two of the coupons which appear in last week's (August 30) issue, each properly signed by a new subscriber, and each accompanied by twenty-five cents (four months' subscription, half price) we will send as a reward a copy of our famous picture, "Mona Lisa," done in sepia and ready for framing.



# CHATS IN MY VERANDA NOOK



## Women in Council

SOME weeks ago an interesting problem was presented for discussion by our thoughtful Women in Council. The following letter restates the problem, and several phases of opinion offered are published this week. The views of sensible women on decisions that touch the home from any point are worth reading and thinking about. What we want when we, who live at widely separated distances, meet and try to help one another is that each should say briefly and directly just what she would say if we were sitting on the veranda face to face exchanging our views.

### "What Shall She Do?"

"You ask us to send brief replies to the question 'What Shall She Do?' Possibly this woman of forty-three with a moderate fortune has never considered the years of future loneliness in store for her as a single woman. Her hesitation to accept a widower of suitable age on the ground that he has saved nothing is, of all things, the most unreasonable. Of course she has never stopped to consider the expense of so large a family. Household expenses are not light, and doctors' and undertakers' bills, as a rule, are enormous. If this woman could see in round numbers the amount earned and expended upon this family she would undoubtedly open her eyes wide with astonishment. The man is a hero and deserves praise, not blame. The love and companionship of a Christian gentleman, with the average amount of common sense and business ability, more than offsets a very moderate fortune. My reply to her is this: Name the happy day at once, and feel assured that you are getting the best of the bargain. K. C."

### "Let Her Marry Him"

Here is a man's contribution on the subject: "Let her marry him by all means, as she likes him. She has probably enough for both. She can keep her own pocketbook, and if he is a Christian man he will be satisfied with a good home and kind treatment. From a man who has raised five children and has twelve grandchildren."

Yet would it not be a trifle humiliating for a man to let his wife have the exclusive use of the pocketbook? Of course it would be her own, which would make a difference, but I have never found women the happier because husbands obliged them to ask for money, and were the shoe on the other foot it would certainly pinch. Would it not be better for the man to keep in harness and settle down to hard work for the support of his wife quite as if she had not an individual bank account?

### "Love Should Be Enough"

"In the case of the spinster and the widower, if they love one another there should be no difficulty. He has endured an awful loneliness and there is a great void in his life. If her love goes out to him and his to her so that this void is filled, other considerations should not stand in the way. S. R."

### A Voice from Over the Sea

An English friend steps in, makes a bow and contributes the following: "Neither age nor money matter. Does this woman love this man? Un-

less she can say and feel that compared with him all other men are as shadows she has no right to become his wife. Does her heart throb more quickly when he comes? Is life divinely sweet when she is with him? Is her favorite color his? Does he worship the ground she walks on? Does she ask God every day to bless him?

gle and in order to have an object in life adopt a healthy orphan boy and bring him up to a useful manhood. "COMMON SENSE."

This correspondent is not to be blinded by sentiment, but surely she goes too far in her conclusion that the children who died were necessarily victims of inherited weakness. An epi-

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Industrious and honest men are not too plenty in this world. E. H. S."

This is a little pessimistic, is it not? There are just as many pure honest and industrious men in the world now as there ever were in the past, and a woman can do no better than to give her heart to one of them. Of course, if she have no heart to give she is far better off in single blessedness.

### For the Next Meeting

ANOTHER problem is suggested for our next meeting: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bean are living in a suburb where most of their neighbors are well to do. The Beans have started their lives as husband and wife on a very small capital of income, but they have health, energy and culture. Mrs. Bean is asked by a friend to accept a position in the wholesale house of which he is the head. Before her marriage she was in business and was in receipt of a liberal salary as a confidential secretary. If she accepts the proposition held out to her she will earn nearly as much money as her husband does. They will go to town together daily and return about the same time at night. She must employ hired help in the home, and it goes without saying that the coming of a child in the circumstances would prove an unwelcome embarrassment. Shall she be a bread-winner or shall her husband be the sole support of the family while she does what she best can with the amount that he earns? This problem is submitted to Women in Council and also to men who read this page and are kind enough to tell us what they think.

### When Johnny Goes to School

THERE have been several important eras in Johnny's life, although it as yet has covered only six years. There was the day when he cut his first tooth. His proud parents felt that they had ascended in the social scale when they felt the sharpness of that first white toothlet and told their friends how fast the baby was getting on. After a while Johnny learned to walk and then to talk. Or the talking preceded the walking or both seemed to come on together with such amazing rapidity that from being as a little bundle of rudiments Johnny suddenly became a human entity. The day dawned when Johnny's mother, grieving at the sacrifice, cut off his golden curls, while his father, exulting, beheld in the little chap the future man. Most marked and most dreaded by everyone except Johnny is the day on which he first goes to school. That day removes him definitely from the exclusive jurisdiction of the home. It sends him out into the big bustling world. He is under the care of Teacher, and she, while not so sweet or so wonderful as Mother, is still very wonderful and very lovely. If she is pretty Johnny adores her. If she is plain he does not find it out, but other things being equal the teacher who is pretty is more popular with the small boys than she who lacks comeliness. When Johnny goes to school his mother and father should make up their minds to help him to what the school pledges to the pupil. They should praise the school, sympathize with the teacher and see that the little fellow is always on time and in his place.



ON GOOD TERMS

Old Don and young Donald are very good friends.

The horse will be happy to carry the boy.

He feeds from the basket the housekeeper sends,

And to share its provision gives Donald great joy.

Love is everything. Without it these two people should dismiss the idea of marriage. JOHN."

### "Why Be Encumbered?"

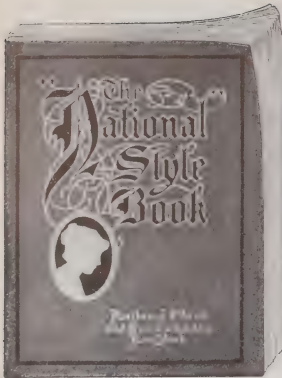
"The lady in question is still fancy-free, and I see no evidence that she is in love. Her suitor is of middle-age, a widower who has only a moderate salary and has lost five children. It looks to me as if he cannot have had much vitality or good health, as his children have been sickly and died. Why should she, being independent, encumber herself with the care of an invalid, whose chances of earning money will diminish as he grows older? She might better remain sin-

demic may have swept through the family. Accident may have caused a fatal termination in one or another child. There are vacant chairs in homes and empty cribs where parents are healthy and survive to a good old age.

### Another Bit of Counsel

"Why should a woman be afraid to continue a spinster? Why should she bother herself with the constant companionship of a husband simply that she may write 'Mrs. John Blank' on a visiting card? If she is in love, of course, the balance may tip the scale. She could easily buy or rent a house and carry on some agreeable business.





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## COURAGE TO SAY NO\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A GOLDEN image was made by order of King Nebuchadnezzar, and set up in the plain of Dura. Its dimensions were ninety feet in height and nine feet thick—the proportions of a pillar, or obelisk, which might be compared in height with many church steeples which we are accustomed to see. But the image at Dura was a monster in its day, and has been a puzzle ever since, for how could it have been possible to make a construction of its size of gold? In recent excavations at San (Tanis Zoan) a colossal statue of Rameses II. has been disinterred, which, including the pedestal, is one hundred and fifteen feet high; but it is of stone. The idea has been advanced that Nebuchadnezzar saw that statue of Rameses at the time of his Egyptian victories, and that it was the suggestion to him of the image which he afterward made. It is quite generally conceded that the image at Dura was an obelisk surmounted by the eagle-headed national divinity, representing the Babylonian kingdom as a great world power.

Another theory is that the image was suggested to King Nebuchadnezzar by the dream he had of the great image whose head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet, part of iron and part of clay (Dan. 2: 32, 33). When Daniel by the power of God interpreted the meaning of the dream, he said to King Nebuchadnezzar, "Thou art this head of gold." If this saying prompted Nebuchadnezzar to put up the image, he strangely forgot the sequel, for Daniel told him about the stone which came out of the mountain and smote the image, and crushed it into pieces until it became like chaff.

The amazing statement that the whole image set up by Nebuchadnezzar was of gold is not to be doubted when we consider that it was probably a wooden image gilded, or plated with gold. It was the custom then to speak of objects as "golden" thus treated.

Those present at the dedication formed a large company of the great men, such as rulers of provinces, generals of the army, judges, treasurers, etc.—in fact, all the great ones from Chaldea to Egypt, a truly national gathering representing the whole Babylonian kingdom. It has been said that Nebuchadnezzar would take any angel and yoke him to his chariot if he wanted to go in a certain direction; here he takes the angel of music (the harp, the psaltery, the dulcimer, the flute, etc.). If he had set up the image which we have gazed upon, that would have been bad enough, if he meant it to be an idol, and to elicit the service of adoration; but Nebuchadnezzar proceeds further, and makes music an ally of his evil work. A herald cried aloud, "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up."

And when the music sounded forth they all fell down and worshipped it. No, not all; three young men did not. There would have been four if Daniel had been there. Probably for some duty he was absent. The Chaldeans were quick to detect Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, three of the Jewish captives—the same noble ones who had taken the brave stand for abstinence in the king's school. At once their refusal was reported to the king. His anger was hot, and forthwith he ordered them into his presence, and he threatened if they did not bow down

and worship the image he would order them to be thrown into the fiery furnace. But they were not to be intimidated, and they replied: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of the burning fiery furnace. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Let us finish the story by reading it from the Bible—Dan. 3: 19-28.

### They Are Slaves Who Will Not Choose

Did Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego take the stand they did because they had no temptation to do otherwise? Let us set it down as a fact that it always costs a follower of God something to be true; right action comes out of determination to do the right thing, rather than because it is natural or easy to do it. Undoubtedly the tempter suggested to those three young men, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, that when they were in Babylon they should do as the Babylonians do; that it was a matter of foolish pride to set themselves up to be better than others; that it was perilous to them as captives in a strange land to defy the king; that it was ungrateful in them not to meet the wishes of a king who had been generous in his treatment of them, particularly of their religious scruples about food; that they would probably be obliged to relinquish their official appointments; that they would thus lose the opportunity to be of assistance to their fellow captives who were only havers of wood and drawers of water—slaves. Just a moment of bowing down, with a mental reservation that it does not mean anything, simply a concession.

But they were true followers of God, and they did not yield. So through long centuries they have been, and will continue to be, examples to make other young men strong to do the right.

There was a time in Scotland when some of her noblest witnesses for Christ were young men. Three young martyrs (one only seventeen years of age) wrote thus to their friends: "Our time is short; we have little to spare, having got our sentence at one o'clock, and we are to die at five this afternoon. Good news! Christ is no worse than he promised. Blessed be he that we were born to witness for him! Be valiant for God. Him that overcometh, he will make a pillar in his temple."

### To Stand Firm the Duty of the Hour

The celebrated John Randolph in one of his letters to a young friend said: "I know nothing I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying no. You must expect unreasonable requests to be referred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

The test will not come to us in the same way it came to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Let us consider in what form it will come. In the preceding lesson we were warned against the temptations of strong drink. Sabbath-breaking is an evil to be classed with it, in its colossal proportions, and, too, because nearly all Sabbath-breaking is connected with strong drink. Liquor and Sabbath-breaking are twin evils in our nation. We shall all need to take a stand against one just as much as the other. Sunday ball-playing has its lures for our young men. A Japanese baseball team of the Waseda University is now touring the United States. One match arranged for them was on Sunday. Much as they desired the meet, they firmly declined to play ball on Sunday. It is said that "after considerable discussion, the American team yielded, and thus was kept the

Continued on next page

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## New Commissioner of Education

**DR. PHILANDER PRIESTLEY CLAXTON**, of Knoxville, Tenn., newly created United States Commissioner of Education, has had a training which peculiarly fits him for his new post. Five expert educators have held the same post as head of the Federal Government's Bureau of Education since 1867, among them were three famous Christian educators: Henry Barnard, General John Eaton and Dr. William T. Harris. Dr. Claxton's educational work in the past quarter century has taken a wide range, including superintendencies of city schools, directorship of normal training, and university professorship. He has edited educational journals, conducted research



Dr. P. P. Claxton

work in Europe for the Southern Education Board, served on the Council of the National Education Association and on the board of directors of the Playground Association of America. He is also a leading official of the American School Peace League. It was under his auspices that the new department for training teachers for scientific temperance work was inaugurated at the University of Tennessee. A Methodist layman and a strong advocate of peace and total abstinence, Dr. Claxton's voice has been frequently heard on public platforms and in the pulpit. His ripe experience may be expected to do much in the promotion of Federal oversight of educational methods. J. A. S.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

fourth commandment." Mary H. Bowen, superintendent of Japanese work for the California W. C. T. U., says: "Whatever be the outcome of these games, it is certain that the young Japanese traveled seven thousand miles to teach unconsciously a great lesson." Let all ball-players stand up and take notice, and let all spectators at Sunday ball games also take notice. "You will lose your job if you refuse to work on Sunday," is the argument Satan presents to young men of the United States, and to young women as well.

Girard of Philadelphia one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf, and help unload a newly-arrived ship. One young man replied quietly, "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday." "You know our rules." "Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sunday." "Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you." For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Mr. Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. The discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. "But," said the banker, "you dismissed him." "Yes, because he would not work on Sunday. A man who would lose his place for conscience' sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.

A Christian Chinaman opened a rice store with a partner who was not a Christian, making the express stipulation that it should be closed on Sunday. It was a risk, because all of the other Chinese rice stores in that city kept open on Sunday. But it was soon discovered that their customers adapted themselves to the Christian rule, buying twice as much rice on Saturdays as on other days. And the closed door on the Sabbath was a silent sermon for Christianity and the Sabbath.

The social question and the Sabbath is coming to be more and more a stumbling-block in our nation. Dinners, receptions, whist parties, and even dances are given on Sundays by the so-called leaders of society, and less prominent people follow the pace. To decline such an invitation gives opportunity for the thrust, "Oh, so you think you are better than other folks." But what of that? One certainly will be "better" by not participating in such affairs on God's day.

Since the advent of the bicycle and the automobile and special Sunday excursions by steamer and by rail, the Sabbath has received fresh wounds, and it has become all the more necessary for Christians to take a decided stand against these things. Two years or more ago, when a Japanese commission was visiting the United States, a very elaborate Sunday excursion and dinner were arranged for them by the authorities of a certain city. The invitation was politely but firmly declined by the entire commission. It was afterward revealed that most of them were members of the Christian church in their home land.

### Sayings of Noted Men About the Sabbath

"The Sabbath is God's merciful appointment for the common benefit of all mankind. It is not a yoke, but a blessing."—*Bishop Ryle.*

"The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"Religion, teaching the sanctity of the workman's weekly day of rest, has proved itself a good, though strict keeper of his liberty."—*Rev. C. B. Smith, D.D.*

"Sabbath-breaking corporations are the worst enemies of the workmen and of the Republic."—*Bishop Mallalien.*

"There is abundant justification for our Sunday laws, regarding them as a mere civil institution, which they are, and he is no friend to the good order and welfare of society who would break them down, or who sets himself an example of disobedience to them."—*Justice Strong, United States Supreme Court.*

"The enemies of Sunday in a republic are the enemies of the poor man and of the political sanity of the community at large."—*Joseph Cook.*

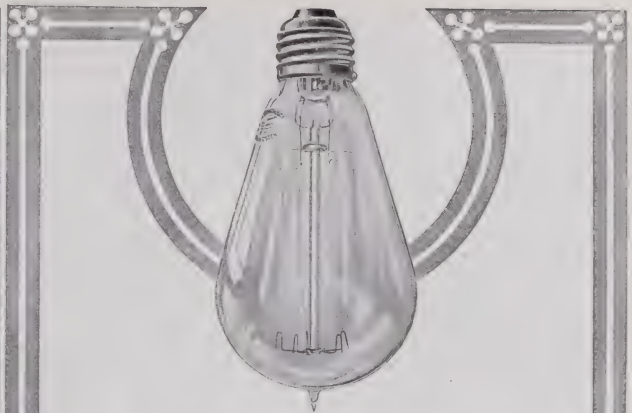
### Answered Prayers

C. V. G., Long Branch, N. J. "God has answered many prayers for me in the past year."

X. Y. Z., Oberlin, O. "God has answered my prayers through many trials and difficulties."

E. A. W., Dallas, Texas. "When in trouble I went to the Lord for help and I did not go in vain."

Mrs. J. P., Bluemont, Va. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers."



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## Our Boys and Girls

September in the Cozy Corner

ONCE read in an old Book of Days, half Latin, half French, and I have never been able to find the book, nor to forget the old-world lore of it, this quaint line: "September: the Month of Peace, the Month of Beauty, the Month of Dreams."

In Northern lands the folk-name for September is Summerend, and in old songs and runes sung or said before the peat-fires of Denmark and Norway and Sweden one is constantly reminded that it was in the month of September that God created Peace. I myself have heard, half sung and half said,

which one of them all he must choose to save, he stooped slowly and thoughtfully among them and in his strong protecting arms lifted September, saying, "Because thou art the month of fulfillment, and because thy secret name is Peace." When the little favorite sheep was safely folded at last, and the storm raged with greater and greater violence, the gentle Shepherd turned away from it and said half to himself: "You are lonely, little one, and I too am lonely without the others. And are we not all the children of my Father?" Then, between the angry gusts of snow and sleet, he made his

**"Piping Down the Valleys Wild, Piping Songs of Pleasant Glee"**

around a peat-fire, in the little legend-ridden town of Goteborg, this exquisite folk-tale of *Christ, represented as a Shepherd of the Months, that were straying like sheep upon the rough and rugged hills of Time.*

**"Thy Secret Name Is Peace"**

IT WAS winter. A great storm gathered in the northern heavens and so the good Shepherd went swiftly upon the hills to corral the sheep and bring them into the safety of the fold. One by one he gathered them about him, but before the fold could be reached the wind and the snow swept the hills with such violence and the flood arose so rapidly that the good Shepherd realized that he dared hope only to make his way along the perilous mountain pathway with one sheep in his arms, and even then scarcely thought to save its frail little life in the biting blasts. As he looked long and lovingly over the little flock, each one of which he treasured so dearly, deciding

way back, and safely brought to the fold June, saying: "Because thy secret name is Joy." One by one, slowly and with untold patience and love, each sheep was gathered in his arms and brought safely to shelter, and in this order he said to them: "May, because thy secret name is Love;" "April, because thou art made of tears and laughter;" "July, because thou art Beauty;" "August, thou quiet Mother;" "October, because thy name is Content;" "March, because thy name is Strife;" "February, because thy name is Silence;" "January, because thou art Life asleep;" and "December, whom I have left to the end, for neither tempest could overwhelm thee nor flood drown thee; for thy name is Resurrection and the Life."

And some one who was listening too asked: "But how then was September chosen first?" and the teller answered, "Because its secret name is Peace, and Peace is the secret name of Christ."

## Many Surprises for All

SEPTEMBER finds us busier than Sever in the Cozy Corner. I should like to have filled this entire page with our Autumn plans and the delightful things we have in store for you all. But there is not room. I can tell you this much, however: There are many surprises coming. Among them: We shall be going on a trip around the world in a magic airship. Isn't that just splendid!

Those of you who have followed our Boys' and Girls' Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the beginning have watched it grow constantly more interesting from week to week. Your work grows better, too, and it is your interest and enthusiasm that lead us on. We used to award five or six prizes, where now we send ten or twelve "regulars." And how many supplementaries do you think we sent CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls last month? One hundred and ninety in

all! This shows how much your work is improving.

Everybody who has ever written to the Cozy Corner Aunt will, I hope, enter this prize contest, and all those who have never written as well.

Our prizes this week are: An A No. 1 Brownie kodak, a beautiful box of Japanese water-color paints, a regulation Junior League best base-ball, and fifty Cozy Corner supplementary prizes for photographs, verses, drawings—subjects: "The Start," "The Rain," "The Little Schoolhouse on the Hill;" and for the best copy of the picture on this page, "Piping Down the Valleys Wild," in pen and ink, oils, water-color or crayon, we will send a special extra prize of a Brownie Eastman kodak, A No. 1.

**Good-Night Verse**

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord shall endure forever.

*Lovingly and faithfully,**The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*  
Bible House, New York.

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164 West 129th Street, NEW YORK CITY



# THE BEST CHAIR

By Anna Phillips See

I DON'T feel like going to club-meetings," said Marilla Holt gloomily. "Besides, I haven't anything to wear."

Mrs. Duncan consciously smoothed her princess dress that encased her tundity. She was a short, very portly woman whose three dimensions appeared nearly the same. Her large eyes met her neighbor's melancholy gaze with bovine placidity. For a moment she rocked luxuriously before remarking:

"You'd ought to go out more, Marilla. You look as blue as a whetstone. Why, you're getting to be a regular monk, living here all alone since your other died and Edith got married."

Her neighbor made no reply, but the unhappiness of her deeply-lined face was intensified. No gray locks softened her rugged features. Her hair, still brown at fifty, was drawn tightly back into an uncompromising twist.

Mrs. Duncan was urgent. "Do come along with me to the Ladies' Club. I had lecture on Antiques ought to interest you."

She glanced toward the highboy and the long mahogany sofa that graced Marilla Holt's sitting-room. It was a pleasant place. The warmth radiated from the Franklin stove was decidedly agreeable, though the almanac declared that the season was spring and the month May. By the fire on a cushioned chair, a large yellow cat lay asleep.

"Seems a pity to love old things and not know anything about them, but if I can't make up my mind to attend the rayer-meeting, I'm not going to any lubs."

"Well, Marilla, you're missing a lot," said Mrs. Duncan, rising ponderously to take her leave. "Sometimes our meetings are just culture, you know; but this one on old furniture is likely to be real interesting."

"Oh, speaking of antiques," she continued, with a glint of curiosity in her eye, "what did you send Edith? I heard that your mother wanted her to have some of the old things, being as she's the only grandchild."

Marilla Holt flushed as she replied, with a touch of defiance: "Yes, mother did say that in her last sickness, so I gave Edith some china and the blue-and-white bedspreads and the pig-pen chair."

"The pig-pen chair! What do you mean?" interrupted her hearer.

"Don't you remember that old rush-bottomed chair with the high back and the queer feet that stood against our pig-pen for so long? We children used to climb on it so we'd be tall enough to throw the food over the side of the pen. It stayed outdoors so many years the rush bottom dropped to pieces and the wood bleached a sort of gray. When Edith came here to live she thought the frame was pretty, and she brought it into the house. She painted the chair white and put a turkey-red seat in it and had it up in her room. She always liked the old thing so much I sent it to her."

"Um-m," was Mrs. Duncan's noncommittal rejoinder. "Well, I must hurry along. The men-folks will wonder if they're going to have anything to eat to-night."

It was when Edith and her young doctor-husband were furnishing their apartment in the city, that the girl had sent home for whatever heirlooms her aunt chose to give her. Then—how Marilla Holt despised herself for it!—she had sent Edith a tea-set that had come to her from relatives she disliked, and two blue-and-white bedspreads that were the happy hunting-ground of the moth, and the pig-pen chair. She knew very well that her mother had not meant that one when

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## Is World-Peace Dawning?

Continued from page 871

### All International Questions Solvable by Arbitration, Writes Representative Morris Sheppard of Texas

I will combine my answer to your four inquiries in the following statement: I believe that all questions arising between nations may be solved by arbitration according to the principles of law. What steps should be taken to bring about such a condition, I am not yet prepared to say. Whether the time of universal arbitration is remote or near I am equally unprepared to state. But let us never lose faith in the final advent of peace and in doing everything we possibly can to hasten it.

*M. Sheppard*

Washington, D. C.

### A World's Supreme Court Needed to Keep World Peace, Writes Representative William Sulzer of New York

I am a man of peace, and indulge the hope that the day is not far distant when there will be peace among the nations throughout the world. And the best way to bring this about is through the establishment of an International High Court of Justice that will have the same jurisdiction over international matters that our United States Supreme Court has over interstate matters.

I have advocated the creation of such a court for many years, and if the great powers of the earth would consent to such an establishment and agree to abide by its judgments, the problem of the elimination of war would be solved.

*W. Sulzer*

Washington, D. C.

### A NAVAL HERO'S VIEWS

International Peace will be the Gift of the Strong to the Weak, Admiral Wainwright Declares

THE martial spirit is only one of the forms by which patriotism may be manifested. Patriotism is love of country; and its true basis is love of liberty, life and property. It is devotion to home and family, which as civilization spreads, increases its boundaries, suppressing individual and local selfishness and inducing sacrifices for the general good. When this spreads to its ultimate boundary the result will be international peace.

Hitherto, patriotism would have availed little without the manifestation of martial spirit, and even at this day should there arise a country where this manifestation was absent, the true patriot could but look on and see his land and fellow-peoples a prey to the greed and selfishness of countries where a martial spirit is cultivated.

Even at the present time, China forms an object lesson. There are numerous true patriots among the followers of Confucius; but for many years the martial spirit has been kept down. Now the patriotic Chinaman is doing all possible to encourage the martial spirit and to give to military men their due importance in the body politic.

One of the laws by which this world is governed is that all good shall come by slow process of evolution. We may be one with the law and ride on the wave of progress; to be backward is to be overwhelmed; to be in advance is to be ineffective. At this period of the world's history, to reduce our army or navy would be in advance of its

present stage of evolution. The President is now showing the best course to take in the interest of furthering international peace. On the one hand, offering effective means to preserve peace; on the other, endeavoring to so strengthen the army and navy as to give due weight to the wishes of the country he leads.

We must take the world as it is and endeavor to aid in its improvement. When capitalist and laborer willingly arbitrate all differences; when few if any men are striving to take another's property, even by due process of law; when no man wishes another evil; then we shall have international peace. It will be a gift of the strong to the weak, as slowly but surely the peoples of this world progress toward better things.

*Richard Hainwright*

Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy.  
Washington, D. C.

### Arbitration Has Its Limitations, Writes General William Crozier, U. S. A.

Your letter of June 28 was received during my absence, and followed me in my travels, which extended to Texas, Mexico, and Havana. I am much interested in the subject of arbitration, and think that the questions enclosed with your letter are pertinent ones.

To be frank with you, I must say that anything which I would write upon the subject would be in the line of suggesting some limitations of the usefulness of arbitration as a means of settling properly all of the great questions which arise in the progress of civilization.

*William Crozier*

War Department, Washington, D. C.

### Let Financiers Withhold the Funds to be Used for Wars, Writes Henry Clews

I believe that the proposition of Mr. Speyer relative to the withholding of funds by nations, to be used for war loans, would be a good idea provided the nations so acting are banded together to prevent war and insure international peace.

I believe that we are on the threshold of the era of universal peace. The United States and Great Britain are a powerful team yoked together, and if the present movement organized by our great and wise President leads to an agreement between this country and England, as I believe it will, both France and Japan would be eager to join the combination. No one nation would wage war against a neighbor in the face of protests from the four mentioned, if the four act in unity, with no selfish ends to serve.

*Henry Clews*

New York City.

### Fast Approaching an Age of Universal Peace, Writes the Veteran John Burroughs

I am here in the mountains for rest and recreation. I certainly believe we are fast approaching an age of universal peace.

*John Burroughs*

Rosbury, N. Y.

## Boston Garter

*Velvet Grip*



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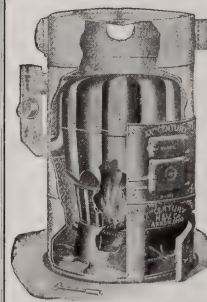
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# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

M. B., Germantown, Pa. What is the distinction between soul and spirit as they are referred to in Heb. 4: 12?

In the passage referred to, the soul represents the animal desires, the intellect, the emotions and passions, while the spirit represents the higher part of our nature which reaches beyond things visible. The soul of the man whose thoughts and desires do not

rise to higher perceptions than those that relate to this life is in sharp contrast to that of the man who seeks after God and the things of the Spirit. In Ecclesiastes the same idea is expressed in the reference to "the soul of the beast that goeth downward." The spiritual in man lifts him above the mere human nature and gives him the power to enter into relations with the Infinite.

C. G., LaSalle, Ill. Was Sherlock Holmes a real person or a character in fiction?

Sherlock Holmes is a character in fiction, the invention of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is said that a certain professor at Edinburgh University, who was gifted with very wonderful powers of deduction, was the inspiration and model of the creation.

Jessie B., New Haven, Conn. For the benefit of our Sunday School class, can you throw any light on the question (which came up lately) where did Cain's wife come from, in view of the fact that the population of the world at that time must have been extremely limited?

This question comes up periodically to trouble the student. Commentators can do little more than speculate on the subject. There is an ancient Arab tradition that she was his sister and that her name was Seme. Still another legend gives her the name of Azura. These traditions are referred to by Epiphanius, showing that the early church dealt with some of the same questions we meet to-day. The "land of Nod" simply means "land of exile." There is a suggestion in Gen. 4: 14, 15 that Adam's posterity had increased considerably in Cain's time.

Mrs. T. A. A., Garbes, Okla. What were the "high places" spoken of so often in the Bible?

They were natural or artificial eminences where worship was made either by sacrifice or offering upon altars. After the deluge, it was apparently the custom to build temples and altars on high ground. Noah built an altar upon Ararat; Abraham built one on a mountain near Bethel; Jacob and Laban offered their sacrifices on a mountain (Gen. 31: 64). In later times and with the spread of idolatry the high places and groves became the scenes of much wickedness. It was to check this and to put a stop to the nature-worship of gods and goddesses of the hills and woods that these places were forbidden to the Israelites and they were commanded to destroy them as monuments of idolatry. As a rule the grove was so planted as to surround the "high place." Some of the most ancient bas-reliefs from Egypt and Assyria show such temples on hills the approach to which is surrounded by trees.

M. B., Wellston, Mich. What is meant by the "angel" in Isa. 37: 36? Was it the Spirit of God?

We are not told what form God's messenger assumed, nor is it even certain that the language employed by Isaiah is meant to be literally interpreted. Sennacherib's repulse and the destruction of his army had been prophesied and this was followed by the miraculous fulfillment of the prophecy, which fulfillment is attributed to God, whatever the secondary agency. Some commentators have held that the messenger was the plague or some sudden and overwhelming storm, but these of course are simply conjectures. The historic fact remains of the terrible visitation which cut off 185,000 Assyrians in one night.

J. H. M., Harrisburg, Pa. Please explain, for the benefit of an old reader, the doctrine of foreordination.

Foreordination or predestination is set forth in Rom. 8: 29; 9: 11-18; Eph. 1: 5, and other passages. It is not emphasized to-day in any church we know of. It has been the subject of endless and, we might almost add, profitless controversy. A fixed, irreversible decree, deciding the fate of an individual beforehand, is incompatible with the character of God as revealed in his Son.

H. W. E., Carlton, Kan. Why are springs and wells often constant in their flow in spite of drought in the surrounding country?

There are several possible explanations. Geologists tell us that there are under ground rivers and streams as large as those which flow on the earth's surface. In most cases their sources and outlets are both unknown. It is not uncommon for springs and artesian wells to tap such sources of supply. In spite of the severest drought the earth, except in desert regions, contains a certain amount of moisture at a depth of from six or eight feet downward. This is attracted by gravity and passes downward till it encounters rock or clay through which it cannot pass. It is then carried along that stratum until it once more reaches the surface or comes so near that man may obtain it by boring or digging.



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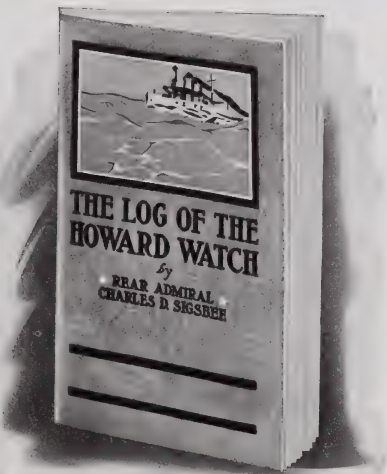
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### Christ in the Home\*

IN MANY parts of our land the custom of grace before meat, even in Christian families, is dying out. It is a beautiful ceremony, and let us hope that it may be restored to its old favor.

As for the even more significant and fundamental custom of daily family worship—what has become of it? In our cities, alas! it has been largely sacrificed to the terrible daily rush of practical life. Except in the families of clergymen and church officers (sometimes not even in them) the sweet and sacred morning or evening prayer of the united family is no longer known. In the smaller towns and the country districts it survives more generally, but nowhere is it so prevalent as it once was, and the life of the home is suffering for the lack of these quiet daily reminders to the family as a whole, of the reality and the watchfulness of the Most High.

But it is in the heart that the spirit of Christ must do its most vital work; and it is from the hearts of the members of the family that the influences must proceed which mark out the home as the abode of Christ. It is a common thing to place upon the mother the responsibility for the moral and spiritual tone of the home. Important as is her mission there, it is doubtful whether that of the father is not quite as great. Has not too much been placed upon the mother in this regard? Has not the father been somehow allowed to cherish the feeling that he has not really very much to do in establishing the spiritual status of the home?

There is little doubt that this mistake has been committed in the past, and that the wreck of many homes may have been due to it. Let it be understood by you young people that the part of the father is quite as important in the creating of a spiritual atmosphere in the home, as is the part of the mother. The father has his practical work to do in the earning of the family living. The mother has her practical work to do in promoting the cleanliness and order of the home, and in feeding and clothing the family. But both father and mother, by precept and by example, must unite to present to the children the highest mental and spiritual ideals.

We do not always remember that the young people in the home have also their share of the work to do in perfecting the home. Many of us have even known homes in which fathers and mothers were unequal to the task of making them what they ought to be, and a devoted son or a lovely daughter atoned for the lacks of their elders.

It is the work equally of every member of the family to build the perfect home, and according to the home you build on earth—according to the atmosphere which you diffuse around you here below—will be the home which you will enjoy hereafter.

This is illustrated by a quaint old story which tells of a wealthy society woman who died and went to heaven. She expected to find a grand mansion awaiting her there, but the angel who was set to conduct her showed her to a very humble and unfinished dwelling. She was much dissatisfied, and asked, "Why am I given such a rough and unsightly home? I am accustomed to living in a palace, and I expected to find a finer one awaiting me here."

The angel shook his head and explained, "We have to build our houses of the materials which are sent up here by the future owners for the purpose. We have done the best we could with the poor material which you sent us."

Let us see to it that our heavenly homes are provided with foundations of love, a frame of iron loyalty, and for the rest of the structure all that can possibly be needed of "joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance."

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 17. TEXT: Eph. 6:1-18.



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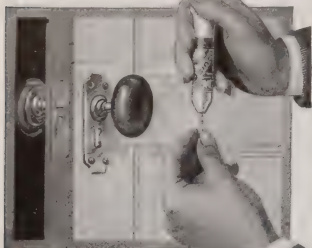




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## THE BEST CHAIR

Continued from preceding page

stiff and weary in the cozy sitting-room. She did not sew or read the village paper or even open her Bible. She was debating matters with her conscience.

At last she took up the hand-lamp and went into the parlor. The damp chill of the room but intensified the bleakness of her spirit. For a long time she stood before the mahogany chair. Suddenly, with an air of having reached a decision, she put the lamp on the floor and knelt down with her head on the plush seat.

When she rose from her knees her face bore a look of relief. She had shifted the responsibility. The whole matter was now in the hands of the Lord.

With July came Edith and her husband, Robert, to the bungalow they had rented in the summer colony on the hill. Edith was a fluffly little blonde, warm-hearted and impulsive, a vivid contrast to her big quiet doctor-husband. They had brought with them from the city a new nubby, and rode over to see Aunt Marilla the day after their arrival.

"You see, auntie," cried Edith gaily, "we couldn't afford an auto, that's why we bought one—just to fool the patients. They think Robert has a great practice now. Put on your bonnet and come out and try it. The sooner you get the craze the more time you'll have to enjoy it."

That first automobile ride was a revelation to Marilla Holt. Edith, sitting in the rumble, smiled to see her serious aunt, who at first had clutched the seat as if she expected to be hurled into space, finally settle back with a look of pleasure. The pleasure changed to delight when Robert increased the speed and the car raced over a level stretch. Aunt Marilla was oblivious to the fact that her bonnet was hanging over one ear and her tight front locks were floating in the breeze, though at the back her French twist nobly held its own. The blood of her father had asserted itself. Though a deacon, he would race horses even coming home from church.

On the way back they met a handsome touring-car, in which sat a prosperous-looking elderly man. Marilla caught a glimpse of a shrewd smooth-shaven face which was somehow vaguely familiar.

"That's our neighbor on the hill," said Edith. "We haven't met him yet, but they say he used to live here before he went West and made a fortune. His name is Ellis."

Marilla's decorous heart leaped as though she were but twenty instead of fifty. Could it be possible that Jared had come back? Yet how little did the stout elderly man resemble the boyish Jared with the adoring eyes!

The next day was one of suffocating heat. In the afternoon Marilla Holt sat by her "front room" window, for in summer she used the cool parlor which faced north. Occasionally she looked at the mahogany chair that stood opposite. In these days she never sat on it; she would as soon have used the family Bible for a foot-stool.

As she glanced out of the window, she noticed that the dust was beginning to swirl, and that black clouds were piling up in the sky. Soon she saw a woman with flapping skirts hurrying along the road toward the house.

"Why, there's Sarah Duncan!" she exclaimed out loud. "She must have been all alone, and she's scared to death in a thunderstorm."

"O Marilla!" Sarah cried, clutching her neighbor's arm; "you're so religious I thought I'd be safer with you."

Marilla began closing the windows as she said calmly: "You're just as safe here as anywhere, Sarah; but don't call me religious. I'm not deserving of it."

As the storm increased, Mrs. Duncan insisted on sitting in the middle

Continued on next page

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"Our physician's prescriptions failed to help me and then I dosed myself with patent medicines till I was thoroughly disgusted and hopeless.

"Finally I began to suspect that coffee was the cause of my troubles. I experimented by leaving it off, except for one small cup at breakfast. This helped some but did not altogether relieve my distress. It satisfied me, however, that I was on the right track.

"So I gave up coffee altogether and began to use Postum. In ten days I found myself greatly improved, my nerves steady, my head clear, my kidneys working better and better, my heart's action rapidly improving, my appetite improved and the ability to eat a hearty meal without subsequent suffering restored to me. And this condition remains.

"Leaving off coffee and using Postum did this, with no help from drugs, as I abandoned the use of medicines when I began to use the food drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 16 pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

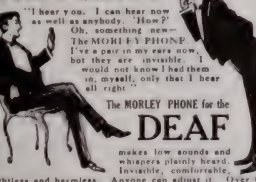
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**The Editor** A Journal of Information for Literary Workers, publicists, editors, and others. Send for free trial. THE EDITOR, Drawer H, Ridgewood, N.Y.

## THE BEST CHAIR

Continued from preceding page

of the room and holding her companion tightly by the hand. It became so dark that the two could not see the ancient elms writhing and bending in the gale except by the glare of the lightning. Within, the room was in deepest gloom.

Then there came a blinding glare of lightning simultaneous with an awful crash. A streak of fire zigzagged across the corner of the ceiling, flashed down the wall and disappeared, while the air was filled with smoke and a sulphurous smell. The women, stunned, fell to the floor. When after some moments they revived, Mrs. Duncan began to wail: "I'm killed! I'm killed!" though she was unharmed. Marilla, faint and trembling, felt that the bolt had fallen, and she was spared.

Her eyes fell on the mahogany chair. It lay overturned on the floor under the black streak on the wall. Twisted and broken, it alone had suffered from the lightning's stroke. Awestruck she gazed at the wreck.

As soon as the shower was over, Robert and Edith came flying down to the old house. Impulsive Edith threw her arms about her aunt, crying: "O auntie! suppose you had been killed!"

"Through God's mercy my life was spared," said Marilla Holt solemnly; "but look at your chair!"

"My chair!" exclaimed her niece. "Yes, yours. Sit down on the sofa, Edith. I've got something to tell you."

With her arm still about her aunt, Edith listened to her confession. Occasionally the girl patted Marilla Holt's hand affectionately, but she did not interrupt. When it was all told she smiled, though her eyes were wet.

"Now, auntie, that you've confessed what a dreadful sinner you are, I'll unburden myself. I hope I won't hurt your feelings, dear, if I tell you that the mahogany chair wasn't valuable or even very old. It was just a common parlor chair—late Empire. But the pig-pen chair! Why, my conscience has pricked me ever since I had it restored and found out its value. It ought to be right here where it came from. That chair, where it is a museum piece, a collector's article. It's the most perfect kind of a Queen Anne, and I've kept it and gloated over it when by rights it should be yours, for you didn't know its value when you gave it to me."

Long-absent happiness shone in Marilla Holt's face as she exclaimed: "O Edith! I'm glad—so glad that you got the best chair after all!"

Aunt and niece had been so much absorbed in their mutual confessions that they had not noticed that an automobile was stopping at the gate. The jangling of the old-fashioned doorbell startled them. Edith answered the summons and ushered in a middle-aged man. "Auntie," she said, "here's an old friend to see you."

Into Marilla Holt's cheeks surged the lovely color of youth; her eyes grew bright. For a moment the thirty years vanished as Jared Ellis took her hand and held it in his.

"Marilla," he said, "I always meant to come back; now I've come."

## Called Higher

Mrs. L. Deareley (74), of Los Angeles, has been called to the long home.

Rev. A. O. Owen (82), of Pottstown, was recently called to his heavenly home.

Mrs. A. E. Simmons, of Zion City, Ill., has been called to the Father's house.

George Anson Abell, of Madison, Wis., recently passed to join the great majority.

Mrs. C. G. Marshall (70), of Windsor, Vt., has passed to the reward of years.

D. F. Gerish (87), of McKinney, Texas, has been called to his reward. He served both his God and his country for many years.

Rev. Dr. P. B. Keskar, superintendent of the Leprosy Asylum at Vishrantipur, India, has been called to his reward after forty-four years of service as a native medical missionary.



## Farms for the "land hungry" on half-crop-payment plan.

Plenty of room in the San Joaquin Valley for ten times as many people as are there now. This wonderful valley is in the heart of rich and fertile California. It is 250 miles long and 100 miles wide. A farm is ten to forty acres of irrigated land. These "little farms" will produce the income for which you would need 80 or 160 acres "back East."

You can buy land cheap. You can live off it from the start. A few chickens, a cow or two, a little garden, pigs and alfalfa, make it a money getting proposition from the start.

It is a hospitable country. Every district welcomes the new settler. There are thousands of eastern people there now. Some of them are, doubtless, your old friends and neighbors.

The Santa Fe has no land to sell. Its only interest is to get more settlers into the territory along its lines. We are careful to sell only the careful, exact truth about our country. We do not want to get settlers there who will not be satisfied after they are located. We are glad to answer all inquiries and to put you in touch with the people who have land to sell.

Won't you fill out the coupon below and learn about the land in this new country? Our San Joaquin Valley book is illustrated. There are letters from farmers telling of the success they have made. Perhaps some of them you know. You can see what they have done. You can see what you can do or what your son can do if you send him out to this new country where it is summer all the year 'round.

The climate is delightful. In June, July and August, of course, the thermometer goes to 100 degrees in the middle of the day. It is a dry, not enervating heat. As summer fruit is getting ripe, thus making money for everybody, and the nights are cool, nobody minds. January is like our June, and so vegetation grows all the time.

Under this all the year 'round growing season you can have something for market every month. Prunes and apricots in June and July. Melons and figs come in July and last until November. Oranges, lemons and grape fruit begin to ripen in November and one fruit follows another until February or later. February is olive time. Small fruits ripen in early spring. Alfalfa cuts four to seven tons per acre and is worth \$8.00 to \$15.00 per ton.

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Choice, above bulbs, each 25c doz., \$2.50 prepaid.

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Better get this circular at once, as only a limited number of farms are as yet available and they will be snapped up quickly.

Tear out the coupon now before you forget it. Even if you cannot go for some time, begin to learn about this wonderful valley. Let us also send you, FREE, our monthly immigration journal, "The Earth." It tells of the opportunities afforded by the country along the Santa Fe, as well as the new developments being made every month in the San Joaquin Valley.

Now is a good time to go to see the land. From September 15 to October 15 the fare is only \$33 to California from Chicago, \$25 from Kansas City, with proportionate fares from other eastern points. Berths in Santa Fe tourist sleeping cars cost only about half the usual Pullman charge. A trip to California and through this wonderful San Joaquin Valley is well worth while.

Write now. Use this coupon. Ask us any questions you wish, too. We will be glad to answer and help you find just the location for which you are looking.

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General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry.,  
2250 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Please send me information about San Joaquin Valley and half-crop-payment plan.

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"No, Madam, we don't sell soda crackers by the pound any more. "No matter what precautions are taken, bulk soda crackers absorb dust and moisture. In a few days the crackers become musty and soggy, and taste like most anything except a good cracker. "If you want a light, dainty soda cracker—a cracker that tastes as if it just came from the oven, then take home a box of Uneeda Biscuit.

"These soda crackers are crisp and full flavored throughout.

"When you get them home, open the package and you'll see how fresh, firm and flaky the moisture-proof package keeps them."

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Direct from the Mill—Fresh Off the Loom at 1/3 Saving.

Tilton Weaves have been standard for over 60 years. Very likely you have used them and know how thoroughly satisfactory they are. Our line this year shows all the new, fashionable patterns and colors—some of them are the most attractive we have ever produced.

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### Spiritual Ignorance\*

ACCORDING as the Bible is open to their people, so are the nations graded. The leading ones are those in which the Bible may be read by any who will. The backward ones are those in which the Bible is not known, or in which its reading is discouraged or forbidden.

It is not by chance that this is so. Light comes in with the reading of God's word. A great deal is said in these days, even by skeptics, of the mental impetus to be gained from studying the Bible; but all this is as nothing to the spiritual uplift which it affords. It gives us wings upon which we can float far above the sordid sin of earth and the time—and yet the vast majority of mankind, even among the nations nominally Christian, prefer to remain in the darkness and filth of ignorance and depravity, rather than to search the Scriptures, and learn from them how to rise nearer to God and to partake of his likeness.

One of our witty preachers has said that our religion is a seven-day religion, and that it is like a seven-day clock, which runs down unless it is wound up once a week at the Sunday services.

"But," says Dr. Farrar, "the mind of the hearer must be prepared for the sermon as much as the sermon must be prepared for the hearer," and we cannot prepare for the sermon by reading a trashy newspaper, or by idle gossip about our neighbors. It is by prayer and Bible-reading that we can best fit ourselves for the minister's message.

Perhaps it would be a juster comparison to say that we are like one-day clocks or watches, which run down unless they are wound every day. Our spiritual natures need food quite as much as do our physical natures. We all recognize more readily the likeness between the physical and the mental than between the physical and the spiritual. We know that a man's mind will grow rusty unless he exercises it and feeds it. We are far slower to see that our spiritual graces and aspirations will faint and die in the same way unless they are constantly and regularly nourished.

It is easy to do this—because no man is so poor that he cannot own a Bible; and the task of spiritual support is constantly becoming easier through the beautiful editions of separate books of the Bible. A man can carry around with him one of the Gospels, bound by itself; or the Psalms, or the epistles of Paul. Thus he can read them whenever his business gives him leisure, and with every reading, no matter how small, comes some ray of light to him—some new strength—some uplift.

"I thank God," said Mr. Moody, "that there is a height in the Bible I do not know anything about, a depth I have never been able to fathom, and it makes the book all the more fascinating. If I could take up that book and read it as I can any other book, and understand it at one reading, I should have lost faith in it years ago. It is one of the strongest proofs that it must have come down from God, that the acutest men who have dug at it for fifty years have laid down their pens and said, 'There is a depth that we know nothing of.'"

"Read the Bible," said Mr. Moody again, "as if you were seeking for something of value. It is a good deal better to take a single chapter and spend a month on it than to read the Bible at random for a month."

Study the Book, and you cannot help but grow like the Christian pictured there. You remember that Tennyson describes certain soldiers as so admiring and striving to resemble their great leader, that when a crisis came, he says:

I beheld  
From eye to eye thro' all their order flash  
A momentary likeness of their King.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 17. TEXTS: Rom. 10:1-4; II. Peter 3:16.

### Touching Your Pocket

If you don't paint you are wasting money. The protection you get, is as necessary as fire insurance.

True, fire consumes quickly, while weather conditions destroy slowly; but weather is a certainty, an ever-present foe, while fire is only a possibility.

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Knit in the very latest fashionable stripe.  
Harvard Crimson — Yale Blue — Brown  
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Northwestern Purple—all these colors striped  
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Have a look at the smartly well-dressed feet  
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Get the effect in your mind's eye.

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We guarantee that this pair of  
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without mending—as your just and  
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If this pair of Shawknit Socks  
does not give you the satisfaction  
in fit style and wear that you de-  
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us at our factory, together with  
this Guarantee ticket. We will  
replace them with a new pair,  
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(Signed)

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The price is the same whether you buy  
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Shawknit Varsity Socks are "worth the  
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Show your colors during vacation and be ready for the  
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—“and just look  
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It saves time and makes work so much  
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*Contains no caustic or acid.*



# Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1911

VOL. 34—NO. 37. PRICE 5 CENTS  
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



GOLDEN GLOW

From the Painting by Charles C. Curran



## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

E. R. D., Sandusky, N. Y. 1. How can an appointment to West Point be secured? 2. What is the maximum age at which candidates are accepted? 3. Does the government support the cadets?

1. Through the congressional representative of the district in which you live. 2. Candidates for West Point must be between the ages of 17 and 22. 3. The cadets receive \$500 per year and their uniforms.

F. L. R. Why did Garibaldi so suddenly England after the enthusiastic tendered him there in 1864?

England was still then in alliance with "the man of evil" (Louis Napoleon), who was urging the claims of the papal see to the retaining of its temporal power. Garibaldi made a public speech in London in favor of Mazzini (who was against the Pope). Consequently, Garibaldi was at once notified that "his presence in England was an embarrassment to the government," and he left.

L. F. B., Emporia, Kan. 1. Was there ever a formal vote taken which decided the national language of this country? 2. Was tobacco used for smoking by the Indians previous to the coming of white men to America?

1. We know of no record of any such vote. Every man has always been free to use any language he wished, but as English was the native language of the vast majority of the

## Magazine Prices Advanced

PUBLISHERS of most of the general magazines have found it necessary to advance prices. We are unable to renew our contracts for the unusually low rates of last year. Next year's prices will be from 25 to 50% higher than those for the year. You have only until September 30 to renew your year's subscriptions on the magazines in our list. It does not matter if your subscription does not expire until after the first of next year. You should renew *NOW* and save the difference you will have to pay after September 30. We guarantee that the prices of those magazines marked X will be higher in combination with the *Christian Herald*. If they are not, we will refund you the difference paid. Some of these magazines we will not offer at all. Here are the season's best offers of popular magazines, at prices that cannot be duplicated anywhere. Each combination includes a year's subscription to the *Christian Herald*, new or renewal. Tell your friends about the *Christian Herald's* combinations. This is

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| xPearson's              | "               | 1.50   | ANY THREE MAGAZINES |  | <b>Christian Herald</b>                | SEND US ONLY  |
| World Evangel           | "               | 1.00   | IN THIS LIST, ONE   |                                                                                   | One Year—52 Issues—Regular Rate \$1.50 | <b>\$3.30</b> |
| xWorld To-Day           | "               | 1.50   | YEAR, AND THE       |                                                                                   |                                        | FOR THE FOUR  |
| xWoman's Home Companion | "               | 1.50   |                     |                                                                                   |                                        |               |

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**THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, NEW YORK**

## Our Mail-Bag

### Continued from first column

neighborhoods in every State. These Circles are increasing with great rapidity. A full working programme is supplied semi-monthly. The Circle movement promises to be a great national, social, moral and intellectual influence which will tell mightily for peace in the years to come.

J. M., Festus, O. Is there any person or company producing natural gas by other means than boring wells?

No. Natural gas is found in certain part of the world where the rock formations of the carboniferous era have contained vegetable matter from which it was distilled. Coal and oil are usually closely allied with this product.

L. L., Reynoldsville, Pa. 1. What is meant by watering stock? 2. Are doctrines taught in the Bible, or are they men's opinions for reading the Bible? 3. Is it right to agree to disagree with a Christian brother on doctrine?

1. It is where a corporation increases the value of its stock (for shares) without a proportionate increase of the paid-in capital. 2. The doctrine creeds and confessions of faith, as we know them were formulated by bodies of men at different times and represent the beliefs of each different body, sect, or denomination. The doctrines of the early Church were drawn direct from the Scriptures as the teachings of Jesus, and were gradually differentiated and added to as time advanced. The essential doctrines of man's primal innocence, his fall, the plan of redemption through Christ Saviour, the advent of Jesus, his teaching, his atoning death, and the promise of his return, were the basis; but these were largely added to afterward.

early settlers that became the national language. 2. Yes. The white man learned the habit from the Indian.

O. L. M., Lynchburg, Va. Where is the island which is identified with the story of Robinson Crusoe?

It is believed that Daniel Defoe founded his story of *Robinson Crusoe* on the adventure of Alexander Selkirk, who lived for four years on the island of Juan Fernandez, which is near the thirty-fourth parallel of South latitude and about 400 miles west of Valparaiso in the Pacific Ocean.

S. M. Bevin, New York City. This is the hour of destiny for all the nations. Many of us have long been praying that peace on earth might dawn. I worked for years with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her noble husband in the great cause. It is especially true for women. If they would be less worldly, they could accomplish wonders for peace. In this crisis it would seem that none of them could remain indifferent. They must take the stand that they will not bear children to fill armies for nations which place their confidence in armaments, and do not hesitate to fill the world with widows and orphans. The rulers of these nations seem to forget that the Prince of Peace has come. They are hindering the chariots of redemption, and postponing the day of the sublime conflict in which the soul of good is to overcome the soul of evil.

There is much that women can do to promote the cause of world-peace. Let them write to the Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League and organize Circles in their region.

Continued on last column

Now there are many conflicting points of doctrine held by the different sects, though nearly all the essentials in common. 3. There are many points on which it is difficult to agree, but when the great principles are held in common, Christians may well agree to differ on minor things.

J. J. C., Portland, Ore. Hundreds of books have been written concerning the Bible. Many of them have long since been forgotten. It is impossible to give any accurate estimate of the number.

J. D. J., Allenton, Mo. 1. What are the chief advantages in hearing and reading sermons which both are compared? 2. Why may not just courage, fortitude, humility, sincerity and other important virtues also have been mentioned to be added to faith in II. Pet. 1: 5-7?

1. In reading sermons one misses much in contrast that is gained in hearing them delivered by an able preacher. Emphasis, point, suggestion, all the various qualities that go to make a sermon effective, are largely lost in the reading. Some sermons that are tremendously effective if delivered, by reason of the earnestness and intense spiritual force of the speaker, may seem tame and ineffective when read in cold print. 2. These qualities might have been added, but the cardinal gifts of faith, which leads all the others, and may be said in a sense to embrace them. We consider the apostle's list a comprehensive one for all purposes.

M. B., Jersey City, N. J. Who wrote the psalm which has for its burden, "I will live by the side of the road?"

Sam. Walter Foss.

M. L. P., Hempstead, Tex. Who said, "O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name?"

Madame Roland, on the guillotine, in a letter. "Liberty" refers to it in his essay upon Mirabeau.

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Samoa Christians Building a Coral Church

A Group of Native Children

A Samoan House in Course of Construction



## IN A PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

IN MY London home one of my most valued privileges is the frequent opportunity of conversing with missionaries—some of these heroes and heroines being on furlough in England, others being for a brief interval resting in the British metropolis on their way to or from America. Seldom have I been more deeply interested than in my recent interview with the subject of this article, the Rev. Edward Hawker, an English missionary who has for several years been stationed under the American flag, in the romantic island of Tutuila, the largest member of the portion of the Samoan Archipelago under the rule of the great Republic.

As I requested from Mr. Hawker a little description of the island, he complied in these words:

"The Samoan Islands are all unspeakably lovely. This applies alike to those belonging to Germany and to the five dependent on America. They are for the most part made up of mountains covered with magnificent forest growths, excepting where the numerous and spacious clearings are planted with valuable cocoa-nut palms and other tropical productions. The coast lines are almost everywhere margined with coral reefs of brownish green and slimy rock built up by the marvelous little marine molluscs of which so much has been said and written. These reefs are fine places for fishing and are very profitable to the natives, as the tides leave immense quantities of crabs, shellfish and red and green fishes in great variety. The boys and girls bring home baskets well filled and rich feasts are constantly enjoyed.

"Those beautiful Samoan children when very young become most expert swimmers in the warm sea. The boys love surf swimming, and perform the most extraordinary antics under water. They go out on boards three feet long, and then by the tremendous rush of the Pacific waves are carried to shore over the reefs at a tremendous pace, steering with almost magical skill. Indeed, the juveniles have delightful times both on shore and in the plantations. The boys climb palms to the height of fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. There are no branches till the top, where the leaves, from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, form a graceful cluster. The girls never climb; but the boys simply walk up a tree at a great rate. The feat looks easy, but they have no shoes, and are not impeded by much clothing. When a lad reaches the top he tears off the great nuts, which drop with great thuds."

"At this point I asked Mr. Hawker if he would describe how the Samoan Islanders had responded to the Gospel.

"Less than two hundred years ago," replied the missionary, "Samoa was unknown. In 1727 the

*By Rev. WILLIAM DURBAN, D. D.*

French Government fitted out an expedition under the famous navigator La Perouse. He reached Tutuila and landed at that island for water, but not one of the eleven men whom he sent ashore in boats returned, for the fierce natives clubbed them all to death. The result of that tragedy was that no other ship touched at any Samoan island for many years, and no detailed information was further gained until John Williams, then laboring devotedly at Tahiti, visited the archipelago. He is known as the martyr of Erromanga. He was indeed a great man. In a period of three months he built at Rarotonga a ship for himself, sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, and in it he sailed to the Samoan group and touched first at Savaii, the largest of all, and then went from island to island. He landed at Savaii several of his native teachers.

Wonderful was the outcome of the visits of John Williams and of the first efforts of the native teachers. He went back two years later and called at Leone Bay in Tutuila. This is the fine harbor for the sake of which the American Government acquired what is now known as American Samoa—the five islands forming the eastern group. The natives of Tutuila came off in canoes to see the strange craft, the missionary ship. The chief rose in his canoe and cried, 'Are you the great white teacher who tells of the true God?' Williams replied that he was. 'Then we are waiting for you,' said the chief. It turned out that one of the Tutuilan islanders had been in Savaii, had heard of Jesus Christ, and had taken home the good news. The people were asking for more light.

"John Williams went to England, secured six fresh missionaries, and two of these were stationed at Tutuila, where a marvelous work commenced. I came across an old diary of a young man named Murray, who in those days went from England to Samoa for his health, and lived there. It is a most wonderful record. The services were crowded all the week. The people were overcome with emotion. Strong men and warlike chiefs fainted under conviction of sin. Till then they had never felt what sin meant. The Gospel was carried from island to island till all became Christian isles, and now there is no heathenism left. All the people can read and write, and a Christian church stands in every village."

I asked the missionary whether the enthusiasm of these Samoans was still sustained. He replied, "The people dearly love their religious services. We never find any of the young folk loitering about in any village during the time of worship. They of course have their faults. There are backsliders, some fall into gross sin, but these are only occasional instances. Their religion is on the whole sound and true. Every Samoan village builds its own church and supports its own teacher. In each plantation are some trees which are *tabu*, or dedicated to religious purposes. The people sacrifice a large proportion of their profits for both home and mission work. The mission in New Guinea is mainly carried on by Samoans, and we have about seventy of these native Samoans out in various islands, especially the Ellice and Gilbert Isles and New Guinea. They are very heroic, ready for exile for ten years, and even for death."

"The first Christian church in my own island of Tutuila was a truly wonderful one. It had only three members, and these three went off to preach to the cannibals of the South Seas. The churches at home need something of the glow and enthusiasm of these simple islanders."



A Native Belle of American Samoa



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.\*



## THE ONE WAY OF ESCAPE

TEXT: Heb. 2:3. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

THE plan of salvation is the wonder of wonders of all the ages. It is so marvelous that men with the greatest minds the world has known have never been able to think their way through it. They have set sail with their intellectual craft, and have gone east and west, north and south, but like the apostle of old they have turned back, saying, "It is past finding out." Concerning the plan of salvation wise men have always wondered. All the hosts of God's redeemed will sing of it throughout eternity. Yet, while it is so wonderful, it is so simple that the smallest child in your home, understanding the difference between right and wrong, may know enough about it to be a Christian.

The first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is a wonderful description of Jesus Christ. It is said by some Bible teachers to be the greatest description of him in the Word of God. He is preferred above the angels. His eternity is mentioned in the most striking figures of speech and his greatness wonderfully described, and when the author has reached the climax of his description, he says, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

### Losing the Truth

There are two ways of reading this text. The second reading is: "Therefore, we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest they should run away from us as water from a leaking vessel." And if ever you have lived in the country, as I have done, and have gone down to the spring for a drink of water, and the cup which you lifted to your lips has been leaky, you have found that the water has run away almost too rapidly for you to quench your thirst. Evidently the author has this in mind. Men lose the truth in that way.

There was a time in your experience when you believed absolutely in the integrity of the Scriptures, when you believed sincerely in the deity of Jesus; but, somehow, under the influence of the world, under the influence of men who have held contrary views, you have loosened your hold upon those beliefs. They have been slipping away from you. The apostle says you ought to give the more earnest heed. There is still another reading of this passage, which is as follows: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should drift away from them." Drifting is an unconscious process. You have been on the stream on a summer day. The oars of your boat have been lying by your side. You have drifted so slowly that you never realized that you were moving until you turn your eyes back and see the place where a little while before your boat was anchored. Men drift that way. They become blinded by sin, and sometimes, as they stop and think, they gaze back to the other days, when God was a reality, when Jesus Christ was a personal Saviour, when the Word of God seemed as if it had been written for their hearts alone. So the apostle says: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed."

### "Almost Persuaded"

After reading the description of Jesus, and after reading the warning which the apostle sounds out concerning our drifting, we find the text facing us: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" It is a possible thing for one to be very near to Christ and not be saved. A great Atlantic steamer was making her way across the Atlantic Ocean when the passengers were startled by the cry, "Man overboard!" There was a scene of great excitement. One man sprang to the rail and shouted out, "I will give £1,000 to the one who saves that man, for he is my brother!" The lifeboat was lowered and the sailors made their way to the sinking man. Presently a cheer sounded out. The sinking man had been reached. When the lifeboat came near to the great steamer, they fastened ropes round the man who had been rescued, and gave the signal to lift. They drew him higher and higher, and just as they were about to lift him over the side of the vessel, the rope slipped and the man bounded

away, struck the lifeboat, and sank into the stream. I have seen men as near to Christ as that; swayed by a mighty emotion, stirred by a holy memory, quickened by the minister's preaching, lifted by the power of a mother's love, they have come near to God. But that is not enough. We may be very near and yet be lost.

It will not be difficult to remember what I have to present in this message. It all centres round three words—"Great," "Neglect," "Escape." It is a great salvation because it discloses to us a great Saviour. He is able to save to the uttermost. Literally it reads "Able to save to the furthest throw." That means the man who is deepest in sin, the man who is furthest from God. The man who is most hopeless and helpless can lift his eyes toward Christ, and cry out, saying, "God be merciful to me," and grace can reach him.

Once in a church in New England a distinguished woman told me that she had often been the guest of royalty, and gave the names of kings and queens at whose courts she had been welcome. She told me the names of people in the city of New York to whose homes she had gone again and again as a guest, and I knew that these people represented the highest type of social life. But she told me that in all the round of pleasure she had had an aching heart. When I presented to her as simply as possible the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, she bowed her head, and I thought I detected traces of tears coursing down her cheeks. When I said, "Will you accept him as your Saviour?" she answered in a whisper, "Yes, I will." Some days after this I had the privilege of meeting her again, and she gave this testimony: She said that all the years which she had devoted simply to pleasure, when put over against the few days that had passed since she had given herself to Jesus Christ, were as nothing. She said, "Peace is mine, pardon is mine, forgiveness is mine."

### Unto the Uttermost

I think it is a great salvation that can reach to the lowest and at the same time climb to the highest. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" It is a great salvation not only because it discloses to us a great Saviour, but because it suggests a salvation from greatest sin. One of the most distinguished preachers in New York said one day as he stood in a great pulpit and looked down upon the face of a man lying in his casket at the foot of the pulpit, "Of all the men who have worked in our city I think this man was almost the greatest. I pay a tribute to his memory. He has influenced the city profoundly in his mission." When he had finished his tribute many came forward, and as they looked into the upturned face it was with real emotion. Then the poor of New York came to see their friend and they filed past for a considerable time, some of them bending over and baptizing his face with their tears. Finally, there came a great number of men, each with a white rose, which they placed in the casket until it was covered, and then the roses fell from the casket to the floor. It was a monument of flowers reared to the memory of a man who had served three terms in prison. He had been called in the early days a most violent criminal. He had been a man profane and ignorant. It is said that he was seated one night in gloom and misery in an alley-way of a city, when a missionary came along and handed him a little tract. The poor fellow tore it in pieces, and said with an oath, "If you want to help me, give me your coat. You must see that I am freezing." Then the missionary, who was himself thinly clad, took off his own coat, and gave it to him. This act of kindness almost broke the man's heart. Jerry McAuley, then one who was deepest in iniquity, and the farthest from God, was wonderfully saved. It took a great Saviour to save him. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

It is a great salvation in so many ways. Great in its pardon; great in its forgiveness. Can any of you tell me the difference between human pardon and divine pardon? I was once in one of the Southern States when the Governor of the State gave me the opportunity of visiting the prison. He said, "There is a pardon for one of the men. I will send it by your hands." Since that day, I have

often imagined that man, on being set free, making his way to his home, and spending the first night with his household. I have thought of him sleeping at home that first night, the first for many months I have imagined him waking suddenly in the night with a shout of fear and saying, "My sin! My sin!" His wife bends down to comfort him, and says "But, husband, you are a pardoned man." And just to make it sure she brings the Governor's pardon, and shows it to him. But he cries out again, "My sin! My sin!" Do you not see the difficulty? He is a pardoned man, but he is not a justified man. When the Governor pardons, he only pardons; but when God pardons, he justifies. I have many times tried to give a definition of justification. I could give a theological definition, but I am not giving a message to theologians. I have many times tried to imagine what justification really is. I have looked into the face of the baby of my household, unmarked with sin, and have wished that I might be as pure, and as free from sin, as he. And when I have thought of my many failures, I have been all but disheartened. But in the sight of God, my sin is put away, and in God's thought I am freed from its penalty and power, and it is marvelous to be thus justified in God's sight, freely and forever.

### Blotted Out Transgressions

It is great also in its forgiveness. And the difference between human forgiveness and divine forgiveness is this: you injure me very much and I forgive you, but every time I see you I remember the injury. God does not do this. I remember, when I was a lad, hurting my mother's feelings very much. She came again and again across the lava seeking me, but all through the day I eluded her. Then, just as the day was dying out of the sky, and when every boy feels the need of his mother, I felt the need of mine. I stole back to the house; and I can still feel her arms about me as she drew me up against her, and said, "My boy, your mother will forgive you." Then putting her face down close to mine, a thing which she did not realize meant so much, she said: "But it will be hard to forget." That is human forgiveness, but it is very far from being God's method of forgiveness. Some of you know that the sin of past years has been condemning you. In the quiet of the night, conscience has been speaking again and again, and you have said, as a man said to me in Philadelphia, "If God forgives, what about my sin?" It is plainly stated in the Bible that when he forgives he forgets.

A minister was one day preaching a sermon on redemption and forgiveness, when it occurred to him that he might tell his own story. He had been a wanderer. He had almost broken his mother's heart. "But," he said, "Jesus found me." He was preaching to a great crowd of people, and stretching out his arms over that great throng of men and women he said, "Men, a Saviour who can save one such as I, can save you." When the service was over the church officers gathered about him, and said, "You never preached before as you did to-night." When they had passed on, down the aisle there came an old woman. Her hair was gray, but it was like a halo of glory. Her brow was furrowed, but it was as if an angel's fingers had touched it. When she reached the minister, she put up her trembling hands, and clasped them behind his neck, and said, "O Jimmie, what made you tell it? Why did you tell it? You never were bad in all this world." And yet, years before, he had almost broken her heart with his sin, and she with a mother's love had forgotten. That is a suggestion as to God's way of treating us. He will remember your sin against you no more forever. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

### The Price

But I hear some of you say, "I know I should be better." Well, what will you do? You say, "I will reform." What does that mean? You say, "From this time on, I will not commit that sin again which has so harmed me. I will turn away from that transgression which has weakened me. From this time on I will be true." That does not meet the case. Let us suppose that I owe you \$1,000, and I go into your office to-morrow morning and

Continued on next page

\* Dr. Chapman (Presbyterian) is America's leading evangelist.



## THE ROCKS OF SAMARANG

TWAS the English cruiser *Bedford*,  
On Korea's Yellow Sea;  
Southwest coast of Quelpart Island,  
Where an awful doom must be.

'Twas, no doubt, the guilty speeding,  
With a mighty rush and clang;  
Headless of the sullen presence  
Of the Rocks of Samarang.

Princess of the British navy,  
Notable for speed and size;  
There's no chance to save the vessel;  
So, a hapless wreck, she lies!

Eighteen lives must pay the forfeit,  
Trapped within the stokehold there!  
But what of the guilty speeders?  
They will live, and never care!

They will not be brought to justice,  
Whatever tears be shed  
By their frightened, mourning loved ones  
At the story of the dead!

Bitter is the lot of mortals,  
By untoward fate coerced;  
E'er to labor for a pittance—  
Ever to endure the worst!

They cannot consult their safety,  
On the billows or the land;  
But where there's the greatest peril,  
It must fall on them to stand!

Blow, ye winds, where they are lying,  
Victims of a needless ill!  
Sigh a requiem above them;  
In that stokehold all so still!

Oh, let nevermore such folly,  
And such crime, enacted be,  
As upon the cruiser *Bedford*,  
On Korea's Yellow Sea!

Be no more such guilty speeding,  
With such mighty rush and clang;  
Headless of the sullen presence  
Of the Rocks of Samarang!

EDMAN REEDER LATTA.

## The One Way of Escape

Continued from preceding page

say, "Sir, I was in the church last night and decided to be better. I have made up my mind never again while I live to go in debt." Maybe you would take me by the hand, and say, "That's fine. I congratulate you." But you would not open your private drawer and take out my note for \$1,000 and hand it to me, saying, "That settles your account. That pays the note." No, you would say, "See here, sir; your reformation is for the future; your indebtedness is for the past." And you cannot ignore the sin of yesterday.

It is great in its sacrifice. Jesus died that we might live. He paid the debt we owe. I put the last two words together—"Neglect," "Escape." Some seem to have the idea that they are not in danger unless they commit great sin; that they are all right until they are guilty of some great transgression. Just fold your arms and stop sinning to-day, and reformation cannot touch yesterday, and resolution cannot avail for last year. One day, a man started out in a boat on the Niagara River a mile above the falls. He was weary and sought to rest on his oars; but he did not know the current. He sat there with arms folded, and men on the shore who knew the current shouted to him, "The falls are ahead of you!" But he did not move. People ran down the bank waving their hands at him, and shouting, "The falls are ahead of you," but he gave no heed. He just sat with folded arms, and the mighty current of Niagara swept him over. Neglect cost him his life.

I know only one way to be saved. Repent. Repent of that sin that has cursed you. Repent of that sin that has mocked you. Repent of that sin that has undermined your character. Secondly, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Third, confess him as your Saviour. Fourth, obey him in your living. Do it now! It is not as if you had to wait till the way grows easier. Come now! Ever since Jesus Christ died upon Calvary, God has been waiting, waiting, waiting, for you to take his forgiveness. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

## Caring for Number One

By EUGENE THWING

SELF-RELIANCE is a necessary part of every man's equipment, but if carried too far it will destroy his value as a member of society and shut against him the gate of heaven. The man who takes as his motto, "Look out for number one," not only has chosen a long ago discarded rule of selfishness; he has fixed his own doom. His life is like the wild ass' skin of Balzac's story, which shrunk every time a wish was made upon it. Every time such a life spends itself upon itself it grows littler and littler until it vanishes away, and nothing is left richer in heaven or earth because of its passing.

TAKING care of number one is a practice which does not bother itself with such activities as the Big Brother Association, the Rest Home for Working Girls, the Children's Paradise at Mont-Lawn, the Old Ladies' Home, the Junior Republic, the free hospitals, the slum settlements, and countless other beautiful enterprises where the Master's command, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," is being obeyed. "Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Inasmuch" are the mottoes under which the tears of the world are being wiped away, and the greatest achievements of Christian civilization are being recorded.

The world is quick to register its scorn of the man who thinks and acts only for number one. When the steamship *Elbe* sank in the North Sea there were men of that type on board. It was a dark night and stormy. There was a sudden shock and crash, a panic and wild confusion, a rush for the life-boats. The brave captain, who went down with his vessel, stood on the bridge and commanded the crew to save the helpless first, the women and the children. But the account says the crew were wholly concerned about their own safety. Women and children were left to perish. The captain's own son was dragged from a life-boat, and his place taken by a strong man. Only one woman was saved. The great ship lifted her bows high in the air and slowly but surely sank with her cargo of three hundred and fourteen lives, among them a multitude of helpless women and children. As she went down the men of the crew in the life-boat were moving off to a place of safety. A wave of indignation swept the civilized world as the telegraph announced the conduct of the crew who "looked out for number one."

THE real, tangible work that is being done by the followers of Him who "pleased not himself" is accomplishing far more in winning other followers than all the preaching by voice or pen.

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the battlefield when he saw a wounded soldier lying upon the ground. The chaplain had his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man, "Would you like me to read something from the Bible?" The wounded man said, "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said, "Could you lift my head and put something under it?" The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if only I had something over me! I am so cold!" There was only one thing that the chaplain could do, and that was to take off his coat and cover the man. As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face and said, "For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

AT ONE of the sessions of the Parliament of Religions Prince Serge Wolskonsky related a humorous Russian legend which well illustrates the effect of "looking after number one" at the cost of others.

An extremely wicked old woman had died and fallen into grievous torment. One day she saw an angel flying through the blue sky, and she called to the angel and bade him carry a message to God that her torment might be relieved, for she had suffered more than she could endure. Then the angel presented this petition, and God said: "Go and ask her if she has ever done any good to a fellow being." When the angel made this inquiry the old woman pondered and pondered, for she had been very wicked. Finally, she remembered that she had once given a carrot to a beggar. Then God said to the angel: "Find the carrot and stretch it out to the poor sinner." So the angel held the carrot out, and when the old woman grasped it, she began to rise out of the horrible depths. The angel lifted and the old woman felt herself rise higher and higher, but there was a great weight about her feet, and looking down, she saw that another sinner was clinging to her, and as they rose another and another followed, each sustained by the grasp upon the one above; and still the carrot held. In midair the old woman was seized by a horrible fear lest the carrot should break. So she began to remonstrate with the sinner directly below her. "Let go," she said, "you must not cling to me. I am going up higher."

"But," said the man, "I, too, wish to get out of torment." Then the old woman began to twist violently to rid herself of this incubus, and finally screamed, "You must let go; this is my carrot." Then the carrot broke.

### AUGUST THIRD, 1911

HAVE the nations awakened to-day?

Have they seen the vision afar?  
Have they seen, with a dire dismay,  
The terrible torments of war?

Have they seen with a vision more clear

The beautiful white-winged Peace?  
Have they read, in this auspicious year,  
The prophetic words—"Wars shall cease!"

Oh, long have the peaceful hearts yearned:

Oh, long have the yearning hearts prayed;  
That all lands may be freed from the curse—  
From the horrors of war be saved!

War, disgrace of all civilized lands;

War, the bane of a civilized race;  
Peace! the high benediction of God,  
God's smile on a blessed world's face!

J. D. M.

## YOUTH AND AGE

YOUTH hurries on with vision cast  
Far down the future's vista fair;  
Age sits and muses on the past,  
And lives again the days that were.

Youth talks of what new years contain,  
And longs their secrets sweet to know;  
Age tells it o'er and o'er again—  
Dear story of the long-ago.

Youth dreams of joy in coming years,  
And slights the sweetness of to-day;  
Age views the happy past through tears,  
And sighs for life's fair, early way.

How doubly blest the young who know  
The blessedness of living now,  
And still rejoice, when long years throw  
Their threads of silver o'er the brow!

Who early learn the priceless truth  
That narrow now is joy's sole range,  
And, scant in age or flush in youth,  
Rejoice in God through time and change!  
Blackstone, Va. B. R. MORSE.

## Echoes from Northfield

—MISS HELEN GOULD's gift to East Northfield Seminary—a new dormitory for girls—will be a noble pile and a fine addition to the plant. It is to accommodate three hundred students, and will cost a quarter of a million. It is to be ready for use during February or March next year.

—A DESPERATELY hard Denver boy, who had been touched by Judge Lindsey, was asked by his mother: "Why do you never obey me nor your father, but you always do whatever Mr. Lindsey tells you to?" He replied, "You see, it is this way; if I turned out bad, the judge would lose his job." A good illustration of the scope of influence.

—A SPEAKER urging a choice of high aims for young men, said that when in London he wished to visit the Crystal Palace. At the station he stepped up to what he supposed was the booking office and put down some English coin. The man inside said, "What will you take?" The tourist said, "I don't care to drink." "Never mind that. What 'level' will you have?" The traveler, thinking that the "level" was the name of some new London liquor, replied: "I don't drink. I am a prohibitionist." "Oh," said the ticket-seller, "I see you are an American, so I must explain: There are two ways of getting to the palace; one is by the high grade railroad that takes you right into the palace; the other is by the low grade metals, that leaves you down at the foot of the hill, and you climb a half-mile. Now what level will you take?" "I'll take the high level," was the quick rejoinder. High ideals should be chosen and clung to in the physical, mental and moral life of young men.

W. J. P.

## Anvil Sparks

.. MAKING up for lost time doesn't restore it.

.. THE best time to make amends is before the act.

.. ONE large element of meekness is teachableness.

.. THE good fight of faith never involves pugilism.

.. THE setting sun never tinges wrath with beauty.

.. THE pain of weariness is forgotten in the joy of achievement.

.. SOME men who are not usually shy, shy at the collection plate.

.. TO BE headstrong is a virtue, if you are headed in the right direction.

.. THE only use some folks have for a thoughtful sermon is as a soporific.

.. NO TASK is insignificant which furnishes exercise to the spiritual fibre.

.. IT is the habit of some folks to shut their eyes while waiting for blessings so as to overlook the opportunities.



# RARE TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE



The Broken Pitcher  
(Jean Baptiste Greuze)



The Immaculate Conception  
(Murillo)



La Gioconda or Mona Lisa  
(Leonardo da Vinci)



Madame Lebrun and Her Daughter  
(Madame Lebrun)

THE Louvre Museum, from which the famous "Mona Lisa" has recently been stolen, is one of the four great art treasures of the world. The Louvre is a world, forty-eight acres of inexhaustible treasure. All ages, all lands, all peoples here come together. The mere arranging of the objects has been the labor and the evolution of years. In the vast hall of sculpture, where one is likely to enter the huge building, everyday life vanishes, and the spirit of an endless antiquity rises up before us, and we feel the high silence of the stars. Here a great Egyptian sphinx bitterly guards the secrets of centuries; here, seated with style and papyrus, is the unique image of the great heathen goddess Sekhet, her panther's head upon a woman's body, rigid and cruel, with arms extended, perhaps to receive some human sacrifice. Here, too, are such endless rows of mummies and great stone sarcophagi. There is something terrible and oppressive about all, though we early learn from some of the less sinister images, that the Egyptians four thousand years ago had a wonderfully developed sense of beauty.

If the Egyptian quarter leaves us in some degree depressed, we will find the Chaldean and Assyrian halls in the vast museum almost suffocating. The bulls with human faces and bird-wings, grinning monsters and strange distorted creatures, brutal and immutable, make the deepest impression. Nowhere here is there an expression of peace or serenity. We delight in the long decorative friezes of soldiers armed with clubs and sticks, archers ambling along in archaic procession with lions and deer, which the Persians have left us, but the pure joy of sculpture we will not find until we enter the Greek Hall. One glance shows us why the world, with one accord, yields the palm for perfect sculpture to Greece. Here everywhere is physical and intellectual beauty for its own sake. We pass many wonderful works that tell of the grandeur that was Athens and the glory that was Greece. Mars, Apollo, Juno, and Polyhymnia leaning gracefully forward, her arm upon a rocky ledge, her delicate chin in her finely limned hand. She is Memory. Love, no less enchanting, leans back against a tree, his arms crossed over his head, a gentle, wistful boy. Fauns and Venuses we pass by innumerable along this gallery, and as we look before us, we see at the farther end "The loved lady of all the world." It is the incomparable Venus of Milo. We look long and silently and the fulness of her perfect beauty overwhelms us. We do not wonder that the world has made a shrine of this perfect fragment. We do not wonder the Parisians buried her beneath the waters of the Seine during the siege of Paris, to

prevent her loss to the city. Such joyous beauty, such perfection and grace of form and feature, have not met our eyes before.

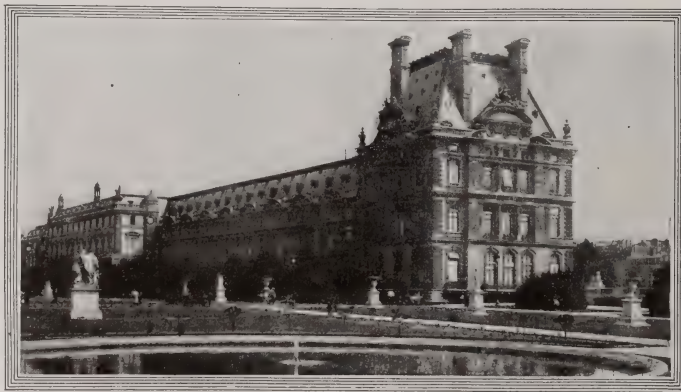
Loth to leave, we pass out of the Hall of Sculpture to the great staircase leading to the picture galleries, only to be met by another work of the most glorious period of Greek sculpture—the Winged Victory of Samothrace. If the Venus is the perfection of serene beauty, the Victory is the perfection of beauty in motion. The tremendous energy of her body and splendid activity caught in ponderous marble fairly lift us out of ourselves under the spell of the radiant presence. We too feel the thrill of the mighty victory that she commemorates.

In the Salon Carré for the past five years Leonardo da Vinci's great painting "Mona Lisa," also called "La Gioconda," has dominated the very choicest paintings in the world—wonderful Mona Lisa,

unforgettable, as is all of this master's work. Correggio, Raphael and Titian are all represented by examples of their best work. Van Dyck is immortalized in the Carré by a portrait of that ill-fated monarch, Charles I. Rubens at his very best is here in the portrait of Helen Fourment, his wife and two of their children. And the last picture before which we may stop before we leave this wonderful hall is Rembrandt's portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels, the great master's favorite of all his works and unquestionably one of the world's greatest paintings.

Entering the French room we recognize many popular favorites, "The Broken Pitcher" by Greuze, Watteau's "Pierrot Gilles." In the Hall of the Seven Fireplaces hangs "the picture that everybody loves," Madame Lebrun's charming portrait of herself and her daughter. The mother, dressed in white with a red sash and olive drapery, sits leaning

forward with her arms thrown about the waist of her young daughter. The daughter, who is dressed in light blue with a slight touch of gold embroidery, reaches her arms about her mother's neck. Without the slightest touch of sentimentality, how full is this picture of the sweet sentiment of motherhood! Yonder hangs "The Gleaners," by Millet, that leader of the French revolutionary school of painters, who saw the beauty of the common day and painted it into his peasant scenes. We would miss much if we did not stop for at least a moment to see the famous French furniture and interior decorations, tapestries, marqueteries, bronzes, porcelains, vases, onyx, jade, candelabra, works of rarest beauty, stained glass and terra cottas, musical instruments, the silver and gold ware, enamels, gems, laces, embroideries and alabaster; surely "the world is full of a



One Wing of the Louvre, as Seen from the Courtyard

whose expression charms and baffles us. Though volumes have been written about this picture, the age-old question is still unanswered. Has ever any one quite fully understood the mystery, the beauty, the marvelous ensemble of this matchless picture? In this gallery we may profitably spend more time than anywhere else in the Louvre, and student or amateur, Mona Lisa is the centre of it all. Then, see, here are "The Concert" by Giorgione, Titian's "Entombment," "The Man with the Glove," and "The Virgin of the Blue Diadem," "La Belle Jardinière"—which ranks after the Sistine Madonna—Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." Wonderful portraits by Velasquez, the inimitable Spaniard, are here, the most striking among them being that of the little Infanta Marguerite, who was afterward the wife of the German Emperor Leopold. The poor little girl's humanity sinks out of sight in the richness of the decorative effect, which is striking and

number of things." Louvre is among its most famous treasures. Specialists come from all over the world to study and to wonder at them. Here is the history of the world told in ivory. Images of rulers, mythological subjects, allegories, saints, medallions portraying the stories of the lives of the saints and the life of Christ, coffers, mirrors, busts, reliefs, tablets, sacred statuettes. It is fairly bewildering to pause even for a moment in front of these ivories. We can only hurry by the collections of sculptured wood, jade, chalcidony, brass, copper and iron, among which American antiquities are not neglected. We halt for a moment before strange figures and heathen images from Mexico, utensils, vases and musical instruments from ancient Peru; but the time is up, and we must leave the Louvre, but perhaps some day you shall return to spend another hour among its endless treasures.



# Charleston Swept by a Hurricane

THE old Southern city of Charleston, S. C., which is so often suffered from visitations of fire and storm, as again been swept by a terrific hurricane. On August 27 storm which lasted for nearly forty-eight hours raged along that section of the Atlantic coast, and expended the first of its fury upon Charleston. Warning of the coming storm was given by the steady falling of the barometer, and nipping men and others made haste to prepare for a bad time. By noon the wind was howling at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour. At ten o'clock that evening the wind gauge of the government weather observer registered ninety-four miles an hour. A few minutes after that the rain became so great that the gauge was put out of adjustment, so that it was impossible to tell the velocity of the wind while the storm was at its height. By the morning of the 28th all regular means of communication between the city and the outside world had been cut off. Telephone and telegraph wires were down, and railway communication made impossible by the flooding of the tracks to a depth of between three and four feet. A death list of fifteen, and a property loss of about a million dollars in the city alone, constitute the toll of the great storm. The entire Carolina coast has been storm swept, and a great deal of damage has been done to the rice and Sea Island cotton crops.



A View of the Central Part of Charleston, S.C.

All through the city trees were blown down, houses were unroofed, chimneys toppled over, and fences and shrubbery demolished. During the worst part of the storm the streets were unsafe on account of the flying tiles and slates from roofs, and the likelihood of signs and cornices being blown from the nearby buildings at any moment. At high tide, on the night of the heaviest wind, the water reached a level fully eight feet above its ordinary flood mark. Large extents of the lower part of the

city were flooded. People were driven from their homes or forced to take refuge in the upper stories. It was impossible, for a considerable time after the storm had abated, to secure any details or estimate of the damage done to the buildings of the city. Along the Battery, Charleston's most elaborate and exclusive residential section, the wind swept bare the gardens and beautiful shrubbery of the square and the private grounds. The old court-house of the city suffered damage from broken windows and demolished sections of the roof. The custom house, the post office, and the historic old St. Michael's Church were also damaged. The Wahoo Fertilizer Mills were practically ruined.

The death list of fifteen was made up from both the white and colored sections of the population. Five persons were killed in the destruction of the mills which were located just across the Ashley River from the city. Many others were crushed by the falling of objects which were carried before it by the gale. The loss suffered in connection with the shipping industry will undoubtedly be very large. About ten schooners and small steamboats were wrecked either by being sunk or pounded on the bulkheads. Scores of launches and small boats were broken from their moorings. The storm drove six torpedo boats ashore, and damaged the navy yard.

## Manchester's Fatal Railway Wreck

TWENTY-SIX persons killed and seventy-three injured and upwards of \$50,000 worth of property destroyed, form the results of the wreck of a Lehigh Valley train which occurred at Manchester, N. Y., on August 25. The accident took place just as the train was approaching a bridge over the Canan- laigua Outlet, and was due, it is claimed, to a defective rail which, though it had passed through all the necessary inspections, contained a flaw in its interior, which made it unable to withstand the pressure of an excessively heavy train. This train was known as the New York and Philadelphia Day Express, and consisted of two locomotives and fourteen cars. Though the break in the rail took place some twenty feet before the bridge was reached, the first five cars of the train went over in safety and stopped about 100 yards on the other side. Next came the dining car, which passed over the bridge in safety, but later swerved to the bank and went down the grade, turning completely over. Those who were at luncheon were thrown from their seats into the roof as the car turned over, and were showered with bits of glass and broken dishes. The car behind the diner went off the track just as the bridge was reached. It rolled from right to left, then dropped straight into the ditch below, landing on its side. The wreck of the car was complete, and it was here that the greatest loss of life took place. In its fall this car dragged after it the front end of the one following. The rear trucks of that, however, clung to the rails of the bridge, leaving the car standing almost upon its end. Almost all the people were thrown toward the forward end of the car and massed among broken seats and splintered glass, few escaping severe injury. The persons who had occupied the last three

cars, which had been fortunately stopped by the application of the emergency brake, went back to the little station at Manchester, where the women and children remained while the men returned to aid in the work of rescue. The many G. A. R. veterans who were on this train, returning from the encampment at Rochester, were traveling in the last two cars, and so escaped injury. In fact, the lives of the occupants of the last three cars were undoubtedly saved by the presence of mind of one of the veterans, who, as soon as he heard the crash, threw on the emergency brake.

Nurses and doctors were rushed to the scene of the wreck from all the surrounding towns, and first aid to the injured was tendered by all who were able to do so before the arrival of the physicians. Special trains were run by the railroad company to carry the injured to Rochester.

During the week of September 4 the formal dedication of the new Fernbank Dam at Cincinnati, O., took place. This dam presents the accomplishment of a long step in the agitation for deep waterways that is engaging the attention of the Middle West. One of the most interesting incidents of the ceremony of naming the dam was the breaking of six bottles of water which had been brought respectively from the Great Lakes, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Panama Canal, the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi River. This ceremony was designed to symbolize the merging of these great commercial waters with those of the Ohio River. The Fernbank Dam was constructed by the government at a cost of slightly more than \$1,000,000.

The New Fernbank Dam at Cincinnati, Ohio



The Scene of the Fatal Railway Wreck at Manchester, N. Y.

### Opening the New Deep Waterways Dam

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# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Churches and Peace

THAT the Church has an important part to play in the great movement for promoting international peace and arbitration is the main theme of the second instalment of our Peace Symposium, which appears in this issue. While opinions may differ as to whether the era of world-peace be at hand or still remote, it is clearly the duty of all good Christians to work for peace. To the Church, more than to any other agency, this question is a vital one. It should be a leader, not a follower. Even the most doubting Thomas must feel within him the growing conviction that the miracle has already happened—that the great transformation is already under way and that the civilized peoples are uniting for peace. Everywhere they are looking to the Church to use its largest influence, its utmost persuasion, to help in bringing to pass the desire of the nations. If the Church would retain its power with the people, it must seize the opportunity. Past forever is the day when bishops and prelates could bless the weapons of battle and send forth armies after invoking heaven's blessing on their mission of human slaughter. Our God is not a Moloch, delighting in blood and destruction. The Church henceforth must be more and more of an evangel of Christian brotherhood and peaceful relations among the nations of the earth. Even taking the view that universal peace cannot be achieved in this age, it still remains as the church's duty to prepare the way for His coming who is to give enduring peace to the world.

But the era of world-peace is no longer to be regarded as remote; some of our preacher contributors to this discussion boldly declare that it has already begun. All the signs of the times point to the conclusion that the day is hastening when the Prince of Peace will come as he has promised. This is a glorious hope for the Church and one which should be proclaimed from every Christian pulpit. Let our ministers set it before the people in language that cannot be mistaken, and they will do more to advance the cause of righteousness than could be accomplished by a thousand doctrinal sermons.

## Why Some Fail to "Make Good"

THERE is probably no big city without its gloomy budget of tragedies. Wherever multitudes huddle together there will be the apparently inevitable extremes of riches and poverty, comfort and suffering. In seaport cities it would seem that such conditions are intensified. A Chicago contemporary speaks of the docks of that city as "the port of missing men"—that dreary, hopelessly desolate whither drift many of those who have not "made good" in life, to drag out their remaining years in precarious occasional jobs, sleeping on the piers on "the soft side of a plank" and continually tormented by the recollection of other and happier days and of their misspent and undervalued opportunities. This illustration might be duplicated in a hundred other places, where the wrecks of society, the inefficient, the failures, the untrained, all come to their hour of hard realization. Many of these poor fellows were well educated, and had other advantages at the outset that should have helped rather than hindered them; but in the majority of cases, the real cause of their moral and material shipwreck may be found first in the lack of early home religious training to give fixed principles to the adult life, and second, in the neglect of the parents to have their boy taught some decent trade or calling by which he might become self-supporting.

That mistaken parental kindness which strives to make the early years of a young man's life easy by lightening his labor and carrying his burdens for him is the first step toward the downfall of many a promising career. Train your sons to some useful work, no matter how humble the occupation may be; teach them habits of industry and thrift; encourage them to do their share of burden-bearing duties; and teach them not to neglect their religious early; their Bible-reading and their prayers, and you need have little apprehension that they will ever drift to the ghastly "port of missing men" or the still ghastlier "bread-line." The hand of the

diligent is not an empty hand, and good principles and proper habits acquired in youth are strong guards for a vigorous, honorable and useful manhood.

## France's War on High Prices

FRANCE is undergoing an experience like that which happened here two years ago when foodstuffs of all kinds rose to famine prices, but the French consumer does not accept the situation as quietly as the American. Processions of thousands of women and girls are marching through the Northern French cities and towns, protesting against the rise in provisions. They are trampling down field crops and gardens and even wreaking their revenge upon dairies. Farmers are opposing the processionists with hayforks, but the ranks of the marauders are being constantly augmented and the police are apparently unable or unwilling to check them. It would not be surprising if this strange uprising led to serious results, if the farmers and truckers do not give way meanwhile. Some legislative or governmental action to compel the reduction of food prices may be expected. For over a year, the cost of living has been mounting higher and higher in France until it has now reached a point which makes the struggle an exceptionally hard one for the industrial classes.

## Romance by the Cable

NOT everything that we read in the cables to the daily press is "so." Precise accuracy or even moderation is an art so little cultivated that one naturally hesitates to accept any statement of a significant or serious nature without due investigation. That Japan was preparing for war, that the lost Ark had been found and mysteriously spirited away, that a new Gospel had been discovered in Egypt were instances of this class. Several times of late the imaginative correspondents have represented France, Germany and Great Britain as almost on the verge of war over the Moroccan question. And now comes the bald assertion by the cable that Emperor William, on some recent occasion—time and place not stated—gave utterance to the amazingly frank expression that Germany "needed a war to check the growth of Socialism" in his empire. We may set it down safely as the language of an imaginative correspondent, who was interpreting for himself the German situation. Up to the present time, even keeping in view his well known policy of pushing German interests to the front, the Kaiser's rule has been marked by continued peace with his European neighbors. If we except a few colonial skirmishes, he has never engaged his forces with an enemy. He is no doubt a keen diplomat and possibly even a "live wire" when that role suits the occasion; but to imply that he has a deliberate purpose to break down the growing spirit of freedom and democracy among his own subjects by forcing a war, is to picture him as a despot, and a foolish one, for making such a statement. With all due respect for the enterprise of the gentlemen who keep the cable hot with "important" news, we refuse to believe it.

## The Coming Air Liner

AVIATOR ATWOOD'S flight from St. Louis to New York, a distance, following the route he traveled via Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Syracuse and thence across New York and down the Hudson Valley, of 1,275 miles, not only gives America the world record in long distance flight, but brings measurably nearer man's complete triumph in aerial navigation. That triumph was definitely predicted as long ago as 1876 by Nietzsche, and to-day it may be said the prediction is realized. The problem of flight through the air has been solved and the future will be occupied chiefly in improving the new ships of the air, just as steamship navigation was improved in the hundred years that separate Fulton's tiny and now archaic *Clermont* from the majestic liner which can carry the population of a small city in comfort across the Atlantic in less than a week. The world-old dream of man—that of fitting to himself in some way the means of flight through the air—

having been at last accomplished the rest is comparatively easy. It is even probable that with the greater mechanical ingenuity and invention of to-day there will not be a very long interval between the monoplane or biplane carrying one or two persons, and the transatlantic air-liner which Grahame-White, the English aviator, predicted the other day—an airship that will be driven by electricity, and will be able to carry 4,000 passengers with all the comfort of a great ocean-going liner.

## General Notes

—OUR AMERICAN farmers, foreseeing a rise in food prices in the near future, are organizing with a view to opening direct markets to deal with the consumer direct, eliminating the middlemen altogether. This, it is estimated, will effect a saving of forty per cent. to the consumers. Over 600,000 farmers are enrolled in the new movement and \$4,000,000 capital is available to begin operations. At the outset, the movement would be chiefly confined to New York and Pennsylvania, but if successful, it may soon be expected to spread to other States.

—ALL EUROPE and a large part of the rest of the world is still speculating as to the whereabouts of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "Mona Lisa." The investigations of the French Government seem to indicate that the picture was taken to Bordeaux either for shipment to Spain or South America. It has also been stated that a well-known American art dealer, who is now in Paris, is being closely watched. Shipments for South America and the United States have been searched, but as yet without finding the stolen panel. Further interest has been added to the mystery by the disappearance from the Villa Carlotta on Lake Como of a fine copy of the painting which was executed during the lifetime of the painter of the original.

—THE RELATIONS between France and Germany, which have been brought about by the Moroccan entanglement, continue the focus of the diplomatic eyes of the world. The press of Germany is full of war talk and seems inclined to arouse the greatest possible amount of anti-British sentiment by blaming France's obdurate attitude on her assurance of British support. The negotiations for a settlement are to be resumed within a few days, and there is small doubt that France will deliver her ultimatum in the matter at the very outset. That Spain has not relinquished her hopes of aggrandizement is evinced by her recent movement of a large body of troops from the Canary Islands to a port on the Moroccan coast. Though there is every probability that a peaceful settlement will eventually be reached, the present state of European international politics is such that a comparatively small incident might precipitate a combat in which three great powers and probably two or three lesser ones would be embroiled.

AMONG the bills which became law in New York State on September 1, there was one, the Sullivan law, which promises to provide a lot of confusion before a satisfactory interpretation is reached. This law makes it a misdemeanor for any person to have in his possession a revolver or firearm of any sort which is small enough to be concealed in his wearing apparel. This calls into question the status of those who already own pistols which are kept in their residences for purposes of defense in emergency. Police Commissioner Waldo of New York City believes that any one who thus keeps a revolver without a permit is as guilty under the law as the man who "totes" a gun in his pocket. District-Attorney Whitman, though willing to admit that the wording of the law is confusing, is inclined to believe that a man has a right to protect his home as he sees fit. As the State Legislature will again be in session within a week, it is more than probable that amendments will be made in such fashion as to clear up these differences of interpretation.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Atwood Lands Near Mont-Lawn

HARRY N. ATWOOD, the twenty-seven-year-old Boston aviator, left St. Louis at 8.05 A.M., August 14, in his aeroplane, finishing his journey at Governor's Island, New York, at 3.38 P.M., August 25. The distance he covered in air line was 1,265 miles in a flying time of 28 ours and 31 minutes. This exceeds the previous world's record by 101 miles, not counting an extra hundred miles for detours. The last stop he made before reaching his destination was at Nyack, in the Hudson. An accident to his motor made it necessary for him to stop at Nyack. Three or four hundred children from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD children's Home were intensely excited to see Atwood in his aeroplane rounding the Hook Mountain from the northeast, and to their astonishment they noticed the aviator hesitate and drop to a landing between the Hook Mountain and the Children's Home, within easy reach of the latter. Matron Joering and her staff immediately formed the children into line, and after a twelve-minute walk brought them to the spot where Atwood had landed. A crowd had begun to gather from all directions on foot, in carriages and automobiles, and through the kindness of Mr. Atwood the children were permitted to march around between the crowd and the machine to inspect the aeroplane. One of the managers said to the little folks: "Walk around the aeroplane, but do not touch it. Look at it carefully, for it is one of the most wonderful things you ever saw." And so the children thought, for the eyes of the dear little ones flashed with the fires of satisfaction and enjoyment, and the scene will furnish food for endless talk for a year to come. To the many good things provided for the children of Mont-Lawn, there was added the special treat of seeing Atwood, the great record-breaker, and the machine that had carried him so beautifully on his journey. Atwood not only broke the world's record in a cross-country flight, but by his practical and sane methods he has set a splendid example of good common sense to the other aeronauts of the world. During his entire flight he has cut no capers in the air and performed no evolutions to make a gaping crowd hold its breath; he only set himself down in dogged persistence to fly to his goal. This man has made an important contribution to the commercial development of the aeroplane. He has hastened the day when the aeroplane will be regarded as an ordinary vehicle of transportation. His name will probably be recorded in the history of invention as one of the pioneers in the discovery and possession of the wilderness of the air. The beautiful imagery of the Old Testament Scriptures comes to mind as we think of our modern mastery of the upper air.

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind. (11 Sam. 22:11.)

## Minister and Editor Gone

The Rev. Dr. John Bancroft Devins, preacher, editor, poet, philanthropist and friend of children, was gathered to his fathers, and funeral services in memory of him were held on August 28 at the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn under the directions of Dr. John F. Carson, the pastor. Dr. Charles Augustus Stoddard, Rev. Charles Stelzle, and Rev. Dr. Calvin H. French assisted in the services. For many years Dr. Devins has been one of the most widely known and greatly beloved men as a pastor, editor and Christian gentleman. He had intellectual ability, was a man of splendid judgment, an enormous worker, Christlike in spirit, and loyalty itself to every interest committed to his care, to his friends, his fellow-men and to his God. He was a long-time friend and a frequent contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. At the time of his death he was the proprietor and managing editor of the New York Observer. He was sick only two days, and his sudden removal shocked the people of

the Presbyterian Church not only, but those of other denominations in the country. Dr. Devins in his beautiful spirit, his unflinching faith in the integrity of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, his deep patriotism, his broad philanthropy, his sweet ministry to the lowly and the children of God's poor, reminds us of the first deacon selected for leadership in the early church:

And they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. (Acts 6: 5, 8.)

## Wife's Devotion to Husband

Captain William Van Schaick, who was in charge of the unfortunate *General Slocum* when she burned, destroying more than a thousand precious lives, has just been pardoned after having spent three years in the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y. For the overloading and improper equipment of his boat and the fearful disaster following he was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, but for conspicuous good behavior he was pardoned after three years' incarceration. He is an old man of seventy-five, broken in health and in spirit by the tragedy and the disgrace, and against the dark background of his sorrow and wreckage is the beautiful picture of the love and devotion of his young wife for him. She said: "He comes back to me an old man. But he is my hus-

used as illustration of graces, virtues, and of Christian truth in the Scriptures. This remarkable find of pearls by Mr. Toms suggests spiritual treasures, and reminds us of one of Christ's parables, which says:

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. (Matt. 13: 45, 46.)

## Spade Uncovers Model Pastor

There have been many important things recently dug out of the rubbish heap of the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus, 160 miles south of Cairo, by the Egyptian Exploration Fund Society. Dr. Arthur S. Hunt has just edited an account of some of the singular and important discoveries. An account is given of a letter of dismissal of a Christian by a pastor to another congregation at a distance. The letter of dismissal commends the parishioner to the membership and affection of the congregation. This is the translation: "Leon the presbyter to the presbyters and deacons who aid in the local ministry, warm greeting. When our brother Ammonius reaches you, welcome him in peace; through whom I and those that are with me gladly salute you and those that are with you in the Lord. I wish you farewell in the Lord God. Emmanuel is witness. Amen." This pastor was not an educated man. His penmanship was poor, his spelling is bad, his papyrus

is disfigured by one blot and several corrections; and yet he was a true pastor and a wise one. That the soul of his church member might not be lost he sent by him a letter to the pastor of the congregation whither he was going, and the man felt it an honor to be thus introduced and recommended. The city churches get their best brain and warmest love from the country districts, and yet what multitudes of the people going to the cities lose their church membership and religion because the pastor dismissing them does not follow them with his affection and direction like the pastor of the fourth century did, and because the pastors of the cities, needing new members badly enough, have not this kind of help in the search for new sheep for their fold! How sweet this church letter is, with its closing words "Emmanuel is witness." God is with us! Leon did not feel that he was only interested in the little corner

of the pasture where his sheep fed, but that he was vitally interested in God's flock everywhere. There have been very many ideal shepherds like him since his day, and there are many now. Their number ought to be greatly multiplied. The beautiful pastor whom the spade has revealed caught the spirit and imitated the example of the Great Shepherd who said:

I am a good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. (John 10: 14.)

## White Doves Flew Out

The American Consul-General at Yokohama, Mr. Thomas Sammons, gave a farewell dinner to Mr. Thomas J. O'Brien, the American Ambassador to Japan, just before his departure to his new post at Rome. Among other guests was Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University. Dr. Jordan made this the occasion of his first address in Japan on the peace movement. He introduced his speech by lifting the cover from a special dish, whereupon six snow-white doves, emblematic of peace, flew out. The incident was eloquent beyond all description, and will thrill the heart of the civilized world, as it so fittingly describes the beautiful spirit of fraternity existing between the United States and Japan, and that universal peace toward which all good people are looking and for which they are praying. A long time ago the dove was selected to bear a message of good news and preach a sermon of love.

And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. (Gen. 8: 11.)



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Harry N. Atwood Leaving Nyack for the Last Flight of His Record-Breaking Air Journey

band. I will never leave him. He has nothing, but he has me. He is not able to work, and he shall not work. I can work, and he shall never suffer. I love him and will care for him." In these days, when there are so many separations and divorces and loose and false notions of matrimony, it is a refreshing thing to see this young wife, with the tide of life beating high, clinging to the man to whom she gave herself in marriage, and counting the marital contract a solemn engagement for life. In these days, when so many, including some of the leaders in society, by their actions count marriage as a cold business engagement for money, or a matter of economy, or a temporary alliance, or a fickle enchantment, this wife of the steamboat captain emphasizes the good old-fashioned idea of the undying devotion which husbands and wives should have for each other. The false notion of marriage claims a larger space in the newspapers and acts most brazenly before the footlights, but, fortunately for American institutions and for the church of Christ, the people of the country, rich and poor, high and low, believe in and are loyal to Christ's idea of the marital relation, when he said:

Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. (Matt. 19: 6.)

## Many Pearls

W. H. Toms, of Palmyra, Mich., was opening a Raisin River clam when he found in a single shell 912 pearls. He took his precious treasures to Adrian, and found that a hundred of the stones had an important market value, fifty of them were perfect specimens of river pearl. Precious stones were



# Patriotic Week at Ocean Grove



A PART OF PROFESSOR MORGAN'S CHORUS OF SIX HUNDRED CHILDREN AT OCEAN GROVE

THE great event of the Patriotic Week celebration at Ocean Grove was the visit of President Taft on August 15. Around this all the others of the special programme seemed to centre. In spite of a pouring rain on the evening of the President's visit, twelve thousand people filled the great Ocean Grove Auditorium by 6.30 o'clock. As Mr. Taft was not expected until 8.15 P.M., Professor Tali Esen Morgan had provided a musical programme to fill in the intervening time. The Aida Quartette of Trumpeters, each draped in an American flag, heralded the coming of the President, who was received by a great waving of handkerchiefs by the standing audience. Mr. Taft seemed astonished at the sight presented by this throng, gathered in the world's largest auditorium upon one of the stormiest nights of the season. The octogenarian president of the Ocean Grove Association, A. E. Ballard, D.D., and Governor Wilson of New Jersey sat upon either side of the President. Treasurer John E. Andrews of the Association made the opening address, welcoming the President, and alluding to the growth of Ocean Grove and the ideas of God and holiness for which it stands. The President, in his reply, made a grateful allusion to the presence of Governor Wilson, which brought a storm of applause. He spoke of the pressure of national affairs at Washington, and announced his regret that he had not had time to prepare his speech until late that afternoon; in fact, most of it was dictated to his secretary, Charles Dwight Hillis, on the train while coming from Washington, where, as the President facetiously said, they never wish to be misled; so he would read the address from his manuscript, and avoid errors of statement. He then spoke for twenty-five minutes in a clear, powerful voice, which could be heard in all parts of the auditorium. He made a strong plea for International Peace, and declared that the pending peace treaties should be passed by the Senate without amendment.

After the President had finished his address Mr. Donald Chalmers sang the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the President and Governor Wilson joined heartily with the vast audience in singing the chorus.

An amusing incident of the occasion took place when President Taft saw a photographer waiting in the distance to take his picture. He laughed,

and turning to the Governor, said: "Stand up, Wilson." "I will if you do," said the Governor. So Taft, Wilson, and Ballard, these three great leaders, made the group. As all were leaving the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and a great cross of electric lights burst forth on the platform, while a huge American flag was lowered from the ceiling just over the heads of the President and his party.

On the day previous to the President's visit the United States Marine Band from Washington drew immense audiences to the Auditorium to hear their splendid rendering of programmes of classical and operatic music. This band is one of the finest in the world, being composed entirely of picked musicians. For all the festivities of the week the Auditorium was decorated with white snowballs and American flags.

The Young People's Meeting of Tuesday morning under the leadership of Rev. W. H. Morgan, D.D., took the unique form of a meeting of the States. The crowd filled every available space in the Temple, and after the opening hymn, Dr. Morgan called for representatives from every State in the Union, and for one member from each State representation, to speak a few appropriate words. All this called forth much originality of expression and sentiment. Nothing has ever shown more plainly the cosmopolitan character and nation-wide recognition of Ocean Grove, for nearly every State had at least one representative. The programme of this meeting also contained a number of selections rendered by the Criterion Male Quartette of New York, and a demonstration by the Juniors.

The crowning point of this wonderful week was the Patriotic and Musical Festival given by the children, who have been under the training of Professor Morgan since the first of July. This entertainment was so popular that every seat was sold long in advance, and even standing room was at a premium. An audience of over ten thousand people crowded the auditorium. It is doubtful if a chorus similar to this one of six hundred children has ever been seen in America. The evidences of their response to even these few weeks of training were apparent to all, not only in their singing, but in the perfection of their marching and drill movements. At 8.15 o'clock the long columns made their way from the side doors. Some divisions were

dressed to represent gipsies, some fairies, some Japanese soldiers. All the girls carried American flags. The boys who formed the divisions of Indians and of Rough Riders, led by Captains McNair and Bromley, looked very fantastic in their brilliant dress, and very businesslike in their khaki uniforms.

After all but these last two divisions had taken their places in the choir-loft, the Rough Riders went through a drill, and fired a salute over the heads of the audience, while the Indians squatted on the floor before the stage. The children sang a number of selections, the most popular of which were "The Japanese Love Song," during which each of the singers held an outspread Japanese fan, and as they sang performed a series of beautiful evolutions in unison, and the old college song "Kentucky Babe." In the latter the effect of the banjo accompaniment carried by the voices was very effective. For this selection a series of bells had been fixed about the auditorium and connected with the organ, so that Clarence Reynolds, the organist, could manipulate them from the keyboard. Mrs. Hardin Burney, the impersonator of children, who has won such renown that her child songs have been adopted by Madame Lehmann, the famous European composer, gave a number of selections which were enthusiastically received. The programme was filled out by the Kahn Trio of instrumentalists—Edith Mae Connor, a ten-year-old harpist, Wilfred Morrison, the famous Canadian boy soprano, and Conrad Svasoner, a violinist. The final spectacle, which had been arranged by Professor Morgan, was the triumph of the evening. The auditorium was darkened to heighten the effect, and in the distance was heard the singing of the soldiers—"My Dream of the U. S. Army." Then slowly dawn came and the soldiers marched across the stage, accompanied by the music of their bugles blowing "reveille." Then Uncle Sam, with outstretched arms, received the crossed swords of the North and South, to be laid away forever. This tableau, above which shone a reproduction of the Statue of Liberty, was the patriotic tribute to Peace. The tableaux closed with one entitled, "The Stars and Stripes Forever"—Columbia surrounded by her maids in red, white and blue. The fullest credit is due to Professor Tali Esen Morgan, who has this year added to his laurels as a producer of children's choruses.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—GERMANY, TOO, LIKE Great Britain and America, recognizes the justice of suspending pastors who have adopted the "radical views of liberal theology." Pastor Jatho of Cologne, a pronounced exponent of the new theology, has by the *Spruchkollegium* of Prussia, the highest court in matters of faith, of which Harnack is a member—been deprived of his office, as his teachings are inconsistent with the confessions of the church.

—SOME TIME AGO, an English publication announced that among the scientists who had abandoned the belief in evolution were Professor Haeckel and St. George Mivart. That statement was reproduced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A reader of this journal in Pennsylvania informs us that Professor Haeckel lately wrote to him from Jena, absolutely denying that he had given up his belief in evolution. The same writer calls

attention to the fact that Mivart was excommunicated by Cardinal Vaughan on account of his evolutionary views, and affirms that he continued to hold these views while he lived. We give these statements equal publicity with those originally published in this paper, having had no opportunity for their personal verification either way.

—PRESIDENT TAFT SIGNED the joint resolution for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona into the Union on August 21. Senator Penrose, Representatives Weeks of Massachusetts and Barchfield of Pennsylvania, the Delegates of the two Territories, and citizens from New Mexico and Arizona witnessed the signing. There was only one resolution, but the President used three different pens in order that some of the relic hunters might be satisfied. "Well, gentlemen, it's done," he said as he put the last stroke on the parchment.

—MANOEL DE ARRIAGA, a lawyer and Procurator General in the Provisional Government, has been elected the first constitutional President of the Republic of Portugal. Arriaga was chosen by the Constituent Assembly which was elected by the people last May. The term of office is four years, and reelection is prohibited. The yearly salary is \$20,000, in addition to \$6,000 for official expenses. President Arriaga was for years a professor at Coimbra University. He was also for a considerable time instructor of English to the late King Carlos and the Duke of Oporto, eventually retiring from this position on account of his Republican opinions. A man of distinguished personality, he possesses great influence among all sections of the Republican party, but belongs to no special group. He was chosen by the Assembly in an endeavor to conciliate all parties.



# Is World-Peace Near at Hand?

The Second Instalment of the Christian Herald's National Symposium



Rev. Charles A. Eaton

Bishop J. H. Vincent

Mrs. Diana Belais

Bishop Henry W. Warren

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

IN LAST week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there was printed the first instalment of a series of letters from leading Americans on the great question of international peace and arbitration. Appearing at this time, when the subject is everywhere uppermost in the public mind, the importance of this frank expression of opinion from our very foremost citizens, including the President, governors, senators, representatives, army and navy officers, college presidents and other persons of influence, cannot be overestimated. To-day we present another instalment of letters, this time representing the leaders in religious circles, who show how the Church can co-operate with the State and other agencies in advancing the cause of world-peace. It is unnecessary to discuss the letters, as they speak eloquently for themselves.

**Physical War Is Heathenism, Writes Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Author of "In His Steps"**

Teach the children in the Sunday Schools of the horrors of war and the real meaning of brotherhood. Stop buying guns for our boys as Christmas gifts. Stop buying powder for Fourth of July. Refuse to let our boys enlist for the army and navy.

The public schools should be influenced to teach brotherhood. Parents should co-operate with peace organizations to teach their children real patriotism and protest against war histories in the schools.

I believe we are near a great change in the attitude of the nations towards the whole subject of war. The people are going to refuse to serve war interests. Armies and navies will soon be made obsolete because they cannot be recruited.

The true basis of patriotism is love of humanity. No one loves his own country fully until he loves all countries. The martial spirit for purposes of courage and heroism can be maintained by teaching our children service in hard places. Physical courage is not half so essential for a nation as moral courage. Physical war is heathenism.

*Charles M. Sheldon*

Topeka, Kan.

**No Real Christian Can Believe in War, Writes Rev. R. A. Torrey, the Famous Evangelist**

The churches may best use their influence in behalf of the Peace Movement by persistently teaching the truth that Jesus Christ taught, and by getting individuals to really accept Christ, and thus be born again by the power of the Holy Spirit. No real Christian can believe in war. Every true Christian will do whatever he can to promote peace. We shall have an abiding peace only when all men are born again and thus become true followers of Jesus Christ. The organizations allied with the churches can work to the best advantage for peace by standing absolutely on the teachings of Jesus Christ, and by putting forth every effort to get individuals to accept Christ. No merely outward organizations will ever secure permanent peace.

I do not believe that we are now in the beginning of an era of permanent world-peace. We may have a temporary world-peace, but there is to be an awful crash before we shall have permanent peace—the most awful crash in the world's history. Nevertheless, I do not regard the era of world-peace to be very remote. I think the time is fast hastening on when Jesus Christ shall come again and bring order and peace out of disorder and chaos.

The Christian attitude is diametrically opposed to a martial spirit. Those who, for political aggrandizement, are untiring in their efforts to create suspicions and jealousies among nations, are the worst enemies that the nation has. To be more specific, some of our Congressmen, by their mad attempts to make the people of this country feel that Japan is plotting against us, are sowing the seeds of a frightful harvest. Theoretically, I believe in universal disarmament, but I do not expect to live to see it unless the Lord comes again.

*R. A. Torrey*

Moutrose, Pa.



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Hon. John A. Dix  
Governor of the State of New York

**Arbitration Is the Righteousness of Peace, Writes Governor Dix of New York**

Arbitration is the righteousness of peace; peace is the haven of progress and human welfare.

Enlightenment and industrial development depend upon the stability which results only from peace.

*John A. Dix*

Lake George, N. Y.

**No Enduring Peace on Earth Until Jesus Comes, Writes Rev. Dr. Simpson, Founder of the Christian Alliance**

I have rejoiced along with so many others in Great Britain and America at the response which has been so widely expressed to the initiative of our President. At the same time I am one of those—perhaps a minority—Christian teachers and students of the Scriptures who do not believe that we are ever going to have any golden age of universal peace and righteousness in the present dispensation, or before the personal return and reign of our Lord

Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. He himself has told us that "There shall be wars and rumors of wars" preceding his second coming. The distinct check given to international arbitration recently by the greatest military power of Europe is but one of many evidences that human nature is not yet essentially changed, and so long as selfishness rules the hearts of men it will not be difficult for any ambitious and powerful State to find a pretext for laughing at Hague Tribunals and arbitration treaties, and making the law of right subordinate to the law of might.

A few of us are looking for something better than the golden age of the politician and the socialist, namely, that bright prophetic day when "A King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment," and "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever."

*D. Simpson*

New York City.

**We Are at the Beginning of World-Peace, Writes Mrs. Diana Belais, the Well-Known Humanitarian**

Unquestionably the peace idea is fixed. We realize the insane cost of war both in blood and treasure, and this practical thought coupled with the more broadly enlightened and humane views of our times makes world-peace a certainty.

The organization of this gigantic step forward would necessarily be entrusted to dispassionate statesmen and thinkers, who would conceive some working plan satisfactory to all. Its effect, on the whole, would be, by the moral pressure of peoples acting upon their governments, to hold the signatories in line. It is true, there might be instances of repudiation of arbitrations; but even so, and after that, concessions might still be made, thus averting war. Or, in case of the actual event, the pressure of unanimous, condemnatory public sentiment would necessarily limit its duration; and financiers would consciously and unconsciously act in accordance with the will of the world.

I think we are at the beginning of world-peace. It will now come slowly but steadily.

*Diana Belais*

New York City.

**The Christian Attitude Favors World-Peace, Writes President Mary Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College**

I consider the present agitation for international arbitration and world-peace deep-seated and permanent. International Congresses, arbitration treaties and courts are working to this end. An international court, with its judgments guaranteed by the signatory powers to an international arbitration treaty, would greatly aid the general status of the peace question.

I believe we are in the beginning of an era of world-peace. The Christian attitude is decidedly on the side of peace.

*Mary E. Woolley*

South Hadley, Mass.

Continued on page 910



## Contributions in Aid of Our Children's Home

[illegible]

(10) *And a number of others to be acknowl-*  
(11) *edged hereafter.*







# CHATS IN MY VERANDA NOOK



## Women in Council

THE letter which opens our Council this week narrates the experience of a mother in teaching her daughter the use of money. If more of us would adopt a method similar to that recommended here, the systematic benevolence of the church would be greatly increased.

### How We Trained Our Daughter

"When my daughter was old enough to dust and do various little things to help I paid her, beginning with five cents per week. She was taught to tithe her money, and kept that by itself for church. As she grew older and more helpful the amount was increased to fifty cents per week. Five was taken out for benevolences, twenty-five was placed in her little bank, and with the remaining twenty she had to purchase her pencils, pads, etc., and of course her small luxuries. To encourage her love to save, once in six months when her money was taken from the little bank to deposit in the savings bank, her father doubled what she had saved. This we kept up until she went in training to be a nurse. Then, although the amount she received was small, she always took out the tithe and enjoyed spending some of it for flowers for those who had none or for those who seemed to have few friends. She is now out in the work-a-day world, a trained nurse. When she comes off a case, her money is conscientiously tithed, a certain amount is placed in the savings bank, another amount is deposited in another bank to be checked out for clothing, etc., a little money is kept in her purse, and, if it is possible, more is added to the savings fund, for that will be left to accumulate. I think if I were to bring up a family again I would not pay the children for service. I would give them the same amount, but teach them to do what they could for father and mother because they ought in return for the love of their parents."

"B. M. M."

### An Inquiry

ONE of our correspondents is anxious to receive a copy of an amended version of the hymn we so dearly love, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The hymn in its original form is exquisite, but there are those who would like a fuller acknowledgment in it of Christ as the Atoning Saviour. While usually the editor of this page does not approve of making changes in hymns or adding to them or taking from them, she judges from the stanza sent that the hymn which is a variation on "Nearer, My God, to Thee" may be acceptable to many readers. If the complete copy can be sent it will be published on this page. This is the stanza referred to:

Nearer, O Comforter,  
Nearer to Thee,  
Who for my absent Lord  
Dwelt with me,  
Grant me thy fellowship,  
Help me each day to keep  
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

### Why Should Not the Boys Help?

AS AN introduction to the next letter a little incident rises in memory. A bright little fellow was much annoyed because he was required to make his own bed. He objected that it was woman's work and that he did not wish to be treated like a girl. He was told that the cadets at West Point and Uncle Sam's soldiers in camp made their own beds, that the boys at Annapolis did the same, and that the finest house-work in the world could be seen on a United States battleship. He was also told that the most highly paid cooks were men, that a chef in a hotel was as much an autocrat as, for instance, the principal of his own school, and that the finest sewing was often done not by dress-makers, but by tailors. The argument made its impression, and the small lad cheerfully assisted thereafter in the work of the house.

"I have a boy of fourteen years who helps me with all my housework when I have no outside help. He can do sweeping, dusting, and some of the finer

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

cooking, as he has had the advantage of a partial training in domestic science. Mothers who have only boys and no daughters to relieve them of home cares may perhaps profit by our experience, his and mine.

D. C. N."

### The Love That Lasts

AGAINST the background of faithful love so often shown us in the frequent records of golden weddings sent to this page we dare the pessimist to lift his voice. Whatever may be the regret we feel when we hear of wrecks in domestic life, every fair-



From the painting by Lady Stanley in the Tate Gallery, London

### THE FIRST OFFENSE

THERE is wistful appeal, regret, bewilderment, and entreaty for pardon in the sorrowful face of the young delinquent. Not through love of wrong-doing, but through inexperience and unhappy environment, the boy has blundered, until he is a culprit at the bar. Justice will blunder too, and blindly, if the lad is not given another chance and his feet set in the path of redemption. Judge Ben Lindsey has shown us that there is good stuff for the future in many a young offender. This picture appeals to every father and mother, for this is somebody's son, though not yours, dear friends.

mind person must acknowledge that these are few when compared with the sum total of happiness shown in millions of homes where love and faith abide from youth to age.

### The Ethics of Shopping

WHEN one hears women complain that they are treated discourteously in the shops, that they are compelled to wait a long time before being served and that mistakes are made in sending home their goods, one wonders whether the aggrieved contingent have ever thoroughly learned that shopping is a fine art. More than this, the everyday act of shopping affords an opportunity for the exercise of the higher morality. A woman who is invariably polite and considerate when she is making pur-

chases seldom receives any treatment from the saleswomen that is other than polite. Why should there be arrogance and incivility on the part of the buyer or, what is still worse, an air of patronage, as if socially the woman who buys were superior in rank to the woman who is waiting upon her? It is easy to say "good-morning" pleasantly to the young girl who shows one ribbons and laces, and to thank her when she has taken pains to please one.

Two years ago, a beautiful woman who had thrown her talents, wealth and charming personality into the service of Jesus Christ as one of old broke the alabaster box and poured its perfume over his weary feet, was suddenly called to the rest above. Her friends remembered many gentle deeds and words of hers, and none of these had made a more profound impression than the fact that whenever she entered a department store she had friends in every aisle, and was greeted with a smile as she passed along—messengers, floor-walkers and salespeople all in agreement and anxious to show her attention. When somebody once said to Janet McCook Whitman that she found rudeness and boorishness and ill-temper in women behind the counter, the reply was: "How strange! My experience has been the precise reverse." The explanation was that Mrs. Whitman carried into every business relation a spirit of justice and friendliness. This belongs to what may be called the ethical side of shopping.

Again, no one should expect to be waited upon out of her turn in a thronged store. Neither should one who can help herself postpone her errands to the noon-day hour when necessarily some of the attendants must be absent at luncheon, nor leave it to be done in the hurried moments before the shops close. So far as possible during the summer, it is well for all who are able to order their own time, to do no shopping on Saturday morning. The claims of the Saturday half-holiday, which we hope may become universal the year round, will be better conserved by the limitation of shopping to the other days of the week.

If definite addresses and directions are given and one is explicit and positive as to the article purchased, mistakes in the transmission of goods will seldom occur.

### I Wouldn't Be Cross

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;  
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.  
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,  
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

### The Good Listener

"IF I COULD only hold my own in conversation!" I exclaimed one of the tongue-tied sisterhood when she came home from an afternoon tea, where, as usual, she had been somewhat silent. "Although I have ideas," she went on, "they forsake me in company, and the thing I dread so that I have a creepy sensation all the way down my spine and do not know what to do with my hands and wish the floor would open and swallow me, is being introduced to a stranger and finding myself embarrassed because all I can manage to murmur is 'yes' or 'no.'"

The diffident and quiet woman who bewails the slowness of her utterance would be consoled if she knew that no one is so sure to be a wet blanket, socially, as the one of either sex who advances to the centre of the stage and monopolizes the talk. The bright and clever talker is always in peril of becoming unpopular, while the good listener is sure of being a welcome guest on every occasion. Lord Macaulay was much given to brilliant monologue, and in consequence his fellow guests were greatly delighted when now and then he gave them an opportunity to speak and himself had what Sidney Smith called "flashes of silence." In one of Anthony Trollope's novels there is a charming heroine, one Lady Glencora. She seldom condescends to express an opinion, but she looks sympathetically, listens as if there were no one in the world except the person addressing her, and has the effect of conversing delightfully. Cultivate the art of listening. It is a better social gift than the art of talking.



## Our Boys and Girls The Cozy Corner

### INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS, Try Them

**D**RAW a small circle, about the size of a half dollar, on some level surface, and place a marble in the centre. Now balance a cent on top of the ball, and roll a similar-sized ball against ball No. 1. No matter how hard you roll your second ball against the first, the coin will always and in the circle. You may find that you will have to try this experiment on a tablecloth, because the coin sometimes bounces up and out of the circle. The reason that the coin falls straight down to the table is that all things tend to stay where they are until some force acts on them, and in this case the ball rolled out from under the coin before it had time to overcome the inertia of the coin.

Very few of us know how keenly developed is our sense of touch. When we feel an object with one finger we get an idea of its shape, which is immediately confirmed by the next finger in order touching it.

But if the order of the fingers is changed from the normal one, what then? Let us see.

Blindfold one of your friends and then place his index or "pointer" finger on a small ball, such as a large marble or a billiard ball. He will say: "I feel one smooth ball." Now cross his fingers again, index under the second finger, and place them on the same ball. Roll the ball slightly, so that first one, then the other, and then both fingers touch. Ask, "What do you feel now?" "Two balls," will always be the answer.

II. Secure four big glass alleys of the same size and material, and quite smooth, or very large marbles. The harder the balls are the better.

Place three of these balls on some smooth level surface in such a way that each one touches the other two. Now stand a match up in the little tri-

angular space between them. The match may be made to stand nicely by slightly moistening the sulphur end.

See that the match is fairly in the middle of the space and be very sure the balls actually touch each other.

Now you may roll the fourth ball against the three from any angle, and you will find that the balls will all roll away, leaving the match standing alone.

The harder you roll the striking ball, so long as it is not bounced, the more marked will be the effect.

If you should fail you may be sure that it was because the balls were not touching each other, or the striking ball was bouncing.

The reason that the match remains untouched is that the whole force of the striking ball is divided up among all four, and they simply bounce away from each other.

#### Special Prize Notice

**T**O MY older boys and girls:

I want to publish very soon in the Cozy Corner some practical articles under the head "I Made It Myself." I am going to give you older boys and girls a chance to do them. I will pay for them at regular rates. The articles should not run longer than 400 words, and should be accompanied by at least one photograph or diagram.

Now I can easily order these articles, and have them done in a regular editorial way, but I would much rather give you boys and girls a chance of making some pin-money. This is an opportunity for those who will recognize it. Go into the competition to win, and remember it is the going in to win that counts. The boys and girls who try it are far ahead of the boys and girls who do not care to try. It is the trying that counts, and I shall expect to hear from you all.



## May We Send You a Book About the Care of Children?

It is called "*How to Bring Up a Baby.*"

It contains 40 pages of valuable information—just the kind of information every mother should have.

Among other things, it tells:

What kind of food a child should eat. How long it should sleep. When and how it should be bathed; and why Ivory Soap is best for bath and nursery use. How to care for baby's eyes, ears, nose, teeth, hair and nails. How to treat the minor ailments of childhood; and when to send for a physician.

The illustrations—which are in color—are charming.

The text is by Miss Elizabeth R. Scovil, graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, and the author of several books on the care of children.

"*How to Bring Up a Baby*" is so helpful, the information it contains is so sensible that many physicians have asked us to furnish them with copies of the book for the guidance of patients.

If you would like a copy, address a letter or postal card to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati; say that you want a copy of the "Baby Book," give your name, street number, town or city and state, and you will receive one in the course of a very few days.

## Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

### THE HIGHEST HILL IN HAPPYTOWN—By Miriam C. Potter

**T**HE highest hill in Happytown—I climbed it just to-day,

A little wind went with me, like a comrade, all the way.

I'd longed to journey to the place, and when the glad day came,

I told myself that Happytown should be the village name.

We chose the pleasant river-road that leads along the fields,

And what a wealth of clover sweet the wind across it yields!

We drove through little singing woods, we passed another place,

But all the time 'twas Happytown toward which I turned my face.

"O horses, hurry on," I sang, "and do not wait to drink,  
How glad you are to stop a while at shady River Brink!"

And when we reached the little town, I flew with glad swift feet,



"To what I knew was waiting me at end of Sunlight Street"

To what I knew was waiting me at end of Sunlight Street.

The little road is brown and steep, and wriggles up the hill,  
But all the way the drooping trees stand shady, cool and still;

I climbed and looked about me, and there before me lay

The great wide world I'd heard about, all shining in the day.

Close down below was Happytown, its red roofs painted new.

And all the little chimneys were filled with misty blue;

The children's voices rose to me; I watched the wagons go

Along the crooked streets, in sunshine there below.

And out upon the valley where the greenest meadows lay

I saw the tiny reaper folk go piling up the hay;

Then far, far out and wide I looked; and wonderful to me,  
On distant shores I'd never seen, spread out the wide blue sea.

I saw it shining in the light, all misty blue and gray,

The little soft-winged wander boats were resting on the bay;

I stood and looked and wondered, and wished some day to go

Far over there to hear its voice, and feel the salt wind blow.

And have you heard of Happytown? And do you know its hill?

Such wonders can it show you when the air is clear and still:

The highest in the countryside, for when you climb and look

The world is spread before you, like a wide and open book.

*Courtesy of Youth's Companion.*

#### Good-Night Verse

Father, who keepest

The stars in Thy care,

Me, too, Thy little one,

Childish in prayer,

Keep, as Thou keepest

The soft night through

Thy long, white lilies

Asleep in Thy dew.

P. S.—If you have not as yet written to the Cozy Corner, write to-day without fail. So many nice things are happening among us all the time, besides the charming souvenirs and we do not want any one to be missing anything. Lovingly and faithfully,

*The Author The Cozy Corner*  
Bible House, New York.







## A Plea for the Children

COME one has been unflattering enough to our national Congress to line it as "a body of highly paid public servants who yearly reject more bills than they pass of bad ones." While this may not be entirely true, it is undoubtedly true that Congress does reject some bills that would add much to the general good of our country. The body of men comprising our national Congress will surely reject an

amirable bill if it rejects the one pertaining to the welfare of our children presented by Congressman Peters and secured of the support of some of our other Congressmen. The purpose of this bill is "to establish the Department of Commerce and Labor a bureau to be known as the Children's Bureau." The duty of the bureau would be "to investigate and report upon matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child labor."

It is easy to see that this covers a wide range of investigation. It would require inquiry into the birth rate, infant mortality, juvenile courts, institutions for children, child labor, diseases of children, and many other things affecting the general welfare of our boys and girls. We have national bureaus of investigation of many kinds. Why not a Children's Bureau, a bureau of that kind could be made of so much value to the children of the country, the children upon whom the future weal or woe of the nation depends?

Congressman Peters is not the first to have the happy thought of a bureau child-investigation. As long ago as 1905 the National Child Labor Committee made an effort to have the Federal Children's Bill presented in Congress. It was presented and had the full endorsement of President Roosevelt, but it did not come to a vote. The bill appeared again in the Sixtieth Congress, and this time it was referred to the House Committee on Expenditures in the Department of the Interior, and also to the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. Both committees reported favorably on what was obviously an excellent bill. The president took the trouble to send a special message to Congress urging the passage of the bill, but again the bill did not come to a vote. The friends of the measure did not give up. They knew that persistency was back of the passage of many a bill in Congress,

and they determined to keep the bill, or one like it with some amendments, before Congress, and a great effort will be made to have the Peters bill passed.

When it was suggested that the Bureau of Labor might do the work the friends of the Children's Bureau want done the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor said: "We cannot deal properly with the large questions

of the education of children without a more detailed and accurate knowledge than we now possess as to the actual conditions surrounding the child life of the country, such conditions as are referred to in this bill."

Intelligent as the public has become regarding the general condition of childhood in our country, we are still in the dark regarding many very important facts having to do with the welfare of our children. Other nations are doing more along the line of national child welfare than is being done in our country. We are told that France has put "child culture" into the hands of experts. In England there is now a law "cover-

ing practically every incident in a child's life that might come within the concern of the government. Its ninety folio pages constitute a complete code, and reflect not only the wide range of the government's information, but cover every interesting phase of the development of this vital social and economic matter. A 'veritable children's charter' it has been called."

Germany has long been ahead of our country in its investigations and laws regarding the welfare of children, and we need to have a vast amount of work done that has never yet been done. The bill Congressman Peters and his friends are trying to get through Congress is one that should engage the attention and the support of the mothers of the land. They have clubs and other organizations that could do something to help along a bill like this.

When one knows the full import of the bill prepared by Congressman Peters one feels that if the bill is finally passed and all of its provisions are at last carried out the gain to our children and to our government will be so great that Congressman Andrew James Peters will be one of the public benefactors of his day.

J. L. HARBOUR.

## What Haiti Needs

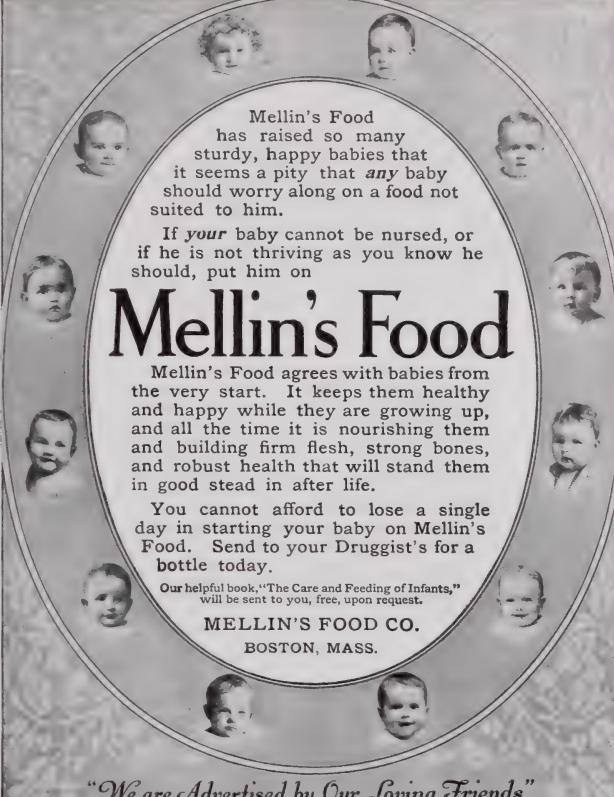
A HAITIAN reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writing before the downfall of the Simon government and the triumph of the revolution, discusses the needs of the "Black Republic" in these words: "First, the establishment of industrial schools, such as Rev. C. Jean Jacques is now trying to establish, that would teach the people in a systematic way the dignity of manual industry, and at the same time help to make them self-supporting. Gerard Ulhorn, in his *Planting of Christianity*, says, 'No nation can attain to any lasting prosperity where manual labor is not held in honor.' The question of 'bread and butter' is a

vital one in the life of any nation, and it can be properly settled in Haiti only by the establishment of such industrial training institutions as are proposed. Now, if ever, all true lovers of humanity should help in creating and maintaining such schools throughout the island. Haiti appeals to those whom God has appointed his stewards and cries for help to those whose hearts are capable of being touched by a nation's misfortunes.

"With this should be coupled the natural ally, i. e., religious training. When hand and heart shall be filled, there will be no place for revolutionary desire."



Representative Andrew Peters  
Of Massachusetts



Mellin's Food  
has raised so many  
sturdy, happy babies that  
it seems a pity that *any* baby  
should worry along on a food not  
suited to him.

If *your* baby cannot be nursed, or  
if he is not thriving as you know he  
should, put him on

# Mellin's Food

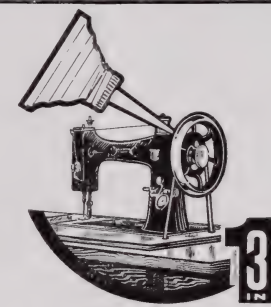
Mellin's Food agrees with babies from  
the very start. It keeps them healthy  
and happy while they are growing up,  
and all the time it is nourishing them  
and building firm flesh, strong bones,  
and robust health that will stand them  
in good stead in after life.

You cannot afford to lose a single  
day in starting your baby on Mellin's  
Food. Send to your Druggist's for a  
bottle today.

Our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants,"  
will be sent to you, free, upon request.

**MELLIN'S FOOD CO.**  
BOSTON, MASS.

*"We are Advertised by Our Living Friends"*



## Don't Abuse Your Sewing Machine or Yourself

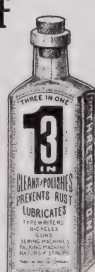
Be fair. A sewing machine is a very delicate mechanism. It can be abused by improper oiling or insufficient lubrication. It needs cleaning, too.

3 in One is the one great preventative of sewing machine troubles. The oil flows right down into every action point, making treadle, hand-wheel and shuttle work smoothly, surely and about 100 times easier. Those thick, greasy, "smelly" oils gum, clog and cause repair bills—shun them! 3 in One is so clear and light that the finest watchmakers use it.

To clean a sewing machine, oil all parts very liberally. Then run at high rate of speed. The oil cuts loose all dirt, gum, grease and clogging residues and works it all right out of the bearings. Then oil all parts again and any machine will run like magic. No back-breaking, leg-tiring "pumping." Be fair to yourself and try *this* sewing oil.

3 in One also absolutely prevents rust or tarnish on the metal parts of your machine. And a few drops of 3 in One on a soft cloth, rubbed with the grain of the wood, will make the wooden case shine like new.

Trial size, 10c. Household size, 50c (½ pint). Buy the Household size and get eight times as much oil.



**FREE 3 IN ONE FOR YOU**

A postal brings you a generous free sample. Also the 3 in One Dictionary which will show you scores of ways this good oil will help you keep house. Write today to the

**THREE IN ONE OIL CO.**  
53 Broadway :: New York

Special Note—Never mix 3 in One with other oil. Never put 3 in One in a dirty oil can.





## The Churches and World-Peace

Continued from page 903

### Appoint a Peace Day for Churches to Celebrate, Writes Bishop Warren

Our churches should present Christ as the Prince of Peace, and preach on the fundamental law of best life, viz.: Love God with every faculty of one's being and the neighbor as one's self. Gravitation was the only operative law when this world was only a cloud mass, and this law is equally fundamental to bring human chaos to perfect cosmos.

Appoint a Peace Day, when every subject in the land shall sing over again the song of Christ's coming, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

From the trend of history and my trust in the power of Christianity, I believe in the near approach of a well-nigh universal peace.

HENRY W. WARREN.

Denver, Colo.

### The Desire of War an Inheritance from Savage Days, Writes Chancellor Avery, University of Nebraska

I do not regard the present agitation for International Arbitration and World-Peace as either ephemeral or "a fixed and natural desire of the human heart." A desire for war for its own sake, or for conquest, is an inheritance of the race from its brute period. The race has at last progressed sufficiently so that the wisest and best of mankind are beginning to realize that the same ethical principles should govern nations as individuals.

The establishment of an International Court would work profoundly for the advancement of general peace.

I see no reason why wars should not gradually cease to recur, just as mutilation, antiscience, and slavery have largely ceased to exist in the civilized nations.

The truest patriots are those who have caught the world vision. There is no more reason for a nation to cultivate a martial attitude towards another nation, than for one family to cultivate a martial attitude towards another family. While I would not neglect a reasonable preparation for defense against unjust attacks, we should remember that in the case of nations, as of individuals, "they that draw the sword shall perish by the sword."

S. AVERY, Chancellor.

### The Duty of Church and School to Inculcate Peace, Urges Bishop Darlington

Pulpit and Sunday School should teach the benefits and obligations of peace, and circulate literature, giving reasons why war should cease. The organizations allied with the Church and springing from it can be made assistants in this work, to spread and teach everywhere, that Christ is the Prince of Peace and not the Prince of War.

We are at the dawning of the great day of World-Peace. To be patriotic is not to love your country and approve of her doings, whether right or wrong, but to be careful to see that she is always in the right, so that she can be supported with all our conscience as well as all our heart. The Church, the schools, the press, and our banks and boards of trade, must all be led to see and teach that a war is a moral, a mental, and a business mistake, and that the higher a nation takes its stand on this subject the more it will command respect at home and abroad.

DARLINGTON.

Harrisburg, Pa.

### War Has Become Abhorrent to Man's Conscience, Writes Dr. Charles A. Eaton (Bapt.), N. Y.

The churches can best use their influence in behalf of the peace movement by an intelligent and consistent emphasis upon the universal ideas of Jesus Christ. This emphasis can best be exemplified in the membership of our churches becoming more humane

in their sympathies, more Christlike in their spirit, and therefore more completely citizens of the universal kingdom.

The various organizations allied to the church can help the Peace Movement by the steady dissemination of peace literature; by allying themselves with peace societies; by advancing the interests of missionary enterprise; by recognizing that mankind, in its problems, redemption and destiny, is one.

I consider that we are now in the beginning of the era of world-peace. We may expect some wars; but the conscience of mankind has reached a sufficient illumination to render war increasingly difficult, and to bring universal peace within the realm of practical politics.

We are coming to see that it is far more patriotic to live gloriously than it is to die gloriously for one's country. When our Christian principles have penetrated far enough into our social conscience to affect our relationships, the best patriot will be the man who tries to make his country the servant of mankind. Instead of there being danger of nations losing their place who practise such a view, it will be as true of them as it is of the individual—"He who loses his life shall find it."

CHARLES A. EATON.

New York City.

### The International Peace Movement Is of God, Writes Rev. Dr. Shannon (Meth.), Brooklyn

To make the peace movement feel the power of their influence, the churches must take a firm and unequivocal stand on its behalf. That is, both ministers and church members must throw themselves enthusiastically into the movement, agitating and supporting it in every possible and legitimate way.

I believe this international peace movement is of God, that it was inaugurated twenty centuries ago by the Prince of Peace, and that nothing will be able to long retard its universal realization.

The true basis of patriotism, in the last analysis, is in the Golden Rule. The only patriotism worth while is a part of the everlasting reality of religion, involving both a national and individual righteousness toward God and humanity. Consequently, the higher patriotism does not require the cultivation of what is popularly called a martial spirit in a people.

FREDERICK F. SHANNON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### The Church Can Greatly Help Peace, Writes Rev. R. W. Jungfer (Luth.)

Our Master is a Prince of Peace. He would be in the front rank of those who are for international peace. Duelists are looked upon as ruffians. The days are past when princes went to war for personal revenge. Wars of succession are no more. A Napoleon has long ceased to exist. A Napoleon would be impossible to-day. All this is due to the Church. Let the good work go on. A treaty of arbitration exists between this country and England. One is pending with us and Germany. Other nations will follow. Sherman said: "War is hell." It is more than this to-day, with our modern machines of destruction. The so-called martial spirit is a remnant of barbarism. Instead of cultivating this spirit, let us do what Solomon says in Prov. 15: 1.

I do not believe, however, that war will be altogether abolished. Sin and passion have too strong a hold on man. Speaking of the end of the world Christ prophesies this (Matt. 24: 6-12). But the Church can and must use her influence to lessen the horrors, frequency and burdens of war. She has already done a wonderful work.

RICHARD W. JUNGFER.

Sharpsburg, Pa.



## Wealthy Women of Fashion Use Diamond Dyes—Why?

Certainly it isn't economy that prompts the use of Diamond Dyes in the homes of the wealthy—yet here they're as commonly used as in the most modest households, and for largely the same reason, viz.:

Aside from the saving they represent, Diamond Dyes make possible constant freshness and beauty of coloring—in the wardrobe as well as in the furnishings of the home.

With Diamond Dyes, the most expensive gown can be as easily and as profitably recolored as the simplest summer dress. And, similarly, can the most elaborate or the most inexpensive hangings and draperies be virtually made new again.

### A Clever Washington Woman Writes:

"Diamond Dyes are certainly good friends of mine. It would be impossible to tell how many times I have used them, and I have never had a failure. Everything, from dyeing lace to match a dress, to sweaters and stockings, has been done by Diamond Dyes, and with perfect satisfaction. I rarely do depend a great deal upon them, and do not hesitate to try them on the most expensive materials, as I know if I follow the directions they will always come out right."—Mrs. C. A. N., 118 Bryant St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

## Diamond Dyes

There are two kinds of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in Blue envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods are in White envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use:

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union," or "Mixed", goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods.

AND REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10¢ per package.

### Valuable Books and Samples FREE

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Parowax  
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Seal your preserves with Parowax. It keeps the air out, the flavor all in.

AFTER your jelly has cooled in glass—pour on a little more Parowax. No papers—no tin top—no bother.

For screw top jars—dip the cover in the Parowax after closing.

No spoiling from mold or air if you use Parowax.

Get a box of Parowax from your grocer today. It costs very little.

Send to 26 New Street, New York, for free book of receipts Nos. 25 and printed labels for a hundred jars of preserves.

## Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)







**"Oh, the half-forgot days of Crinoline frocks  
When Cupid oft hid in a gay bonnet box"**

Half-forgot days—yes, and half remembered. Forgotten the crinoline from our fashions of today, but carefully preserved, as in lavender, the exquisite conceits of various pretty periods and charmingly indeed they are wrought into our present day styles.

Forgotten the crinoline, because, and note it carefully, fashions steadily improve—become more artistic and more graceful. And of all seasons, this is the one most widely changed, improved and best. Styles for now, have drawn upon all periods. Suits and dresses have also the beauty of the past, and so you will find them wonderfully new and artistic and charming.

Of hats—if Cupid oft hid in a gay bonnet box, then today's pretty hats will have much to answer for. Because "NATIONAL" hat boxes will this season carry forth more beauty and becomingness, and delight, more of the very best work of Paris than ever before. "NATIONAL" Hats, this season, are beautiful. But Cupid's hiding place of the present day, fashion's own repository, the very home of style and beauty for you, is the "NATIONAL" Style Book—is your own "NATIONAL" Style Book we have reserved for you. To know Fashion's story complete, to see and know all the new styles in all kinds of apparel, you simply need fill in and return the coupon below.

## Dame Fashion is "Calling"—

*May We Send Her to Pay You a Visit?*

May we send Dame Fashion to pay you a visit?

Personally? No, w don't mean just that—but may we send her representative?

This representative, her very own, is the magnificent, new "NATIONAL" Style Book. It will be a visit of Dame Fashion indeed—a visit to you in your own home of the styles of New York and Paris—of every desirable new fashion in every kind of apparel.

### We Present a Card of Fashion

Dame Fashion presents you her own visiting card, printed below.

"May I send my representative?" she asks.

Your reply is but to be a return of the coupon filled in with your name and address, and by return mail the wonderful, new "NATIONAL" Style Book, Fashion's own representative, will go to you Free.

It will show you "NATIONAL" apparel and "NATIONAL" garments are the free and unsolicited choice of one million American women.

Let us repeat—One Million American Women wear "NATIONAL" apparel. And then let us inquire, if one million find here better style, greater beauty and becomingness, if they find here more stylish appearance and save money—isn't there room for one million and one? And reasonably, just as a matter of reason alone, we ask, *shouldn't that one be you?*

Will you be the next one? Will you respond to this call of Fashion? To this call of actual opportunity? Your part, remember, is only to cut out and return the card of fashion, the coupon printed below. Your "NATIONAL" Style Book will show you.

Waists, 98 cents to \$10  
Skirts, \$3.98 to \$15  
Dresses, \$10 to \$30  
Hats \$2.98 to \$15  
and all other kinds of Apparel

Underwear, 25 cents to \$5  
House Dresses, \$1.50 to \$3  
Furs, \$2.25 to \$42.50  
Fur Coats, \$27.50 to \$79.50

Ladies' Coats, \$10 to \$50  
Misses' Suits, \$10 to \$20  
Children's Coats, \$5 to \$10.98  
Children's Dresses, \$1.75 to \$7.98

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For twenty-three years we have been making garments to order—from simple measurements sent us by mail. So perfect is our method of tailoring, so perfect our system of making perfect-fitting suits, so complete our experience, that we say to you frankly that the superiority of "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Suits is positively, very positively, above all question or doubt.

Each Made-to-Measure Suit is actually cut and made to order, and we guarantee each suit to fit perfectly and be satisfactory in every way, or we will cheerfully refund your money. You will find, for the famous "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits alone, that your Style Book will be of unequaled interest and delight.

#### The "NATIONAL" Policy

We prepay postage and express charges on all our goods to any part of the world. Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag—our signed guarantee attached. This Tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" Garment not satisfactory to you, and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways.

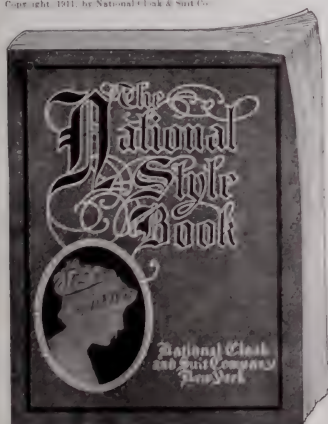
In writing for your Style Book, be sure to state whether you desire samples of materials used for "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for—and they are well worth asking for.

### NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.,

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#### COATS ARE VERY NEW

Newness changed styles, and beauty and becomingness—these are the features of the coats for Fall. And in "NATIONAL" Coats you will find the sterling value feature, the long service and proper fit and low price features as well.

Space is too short here to give you an inkling of the real superiority of "NATIONAL" Coats. But just write for your Style Book and see. It will mean a world of difference to you in style, in coat service and in money saved.

#### Dame Fashion

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If you wish Samples of the Beautiful New Materials for Tailored Suits, state here the colors you prefer;



**PHILLIPS BROS. & WEIL**  
"DIRECT-FROM-FACTORY-TO-YOU"  
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## The New Inheritance Tax Law Of New York State

Non-residents may now carry bank balances or deposit their securities in New York City, either temporarily or permanently, with the assurance that they will not be subject to the Inheritance Tax.

The new law, now in force, provides that *intangible property*, defined by the law as "incorporeal property, including money, deposits in bank, shares of stock, bonds, notes, credits, evidences of an interest in property and evidences of debt," held in New York by bona fide non-resident decedents, is not taxable in that state.

This Company has complete facilities for handling active and reserve accounts and for the safe keeping of securities, and cordially invites such business.

We have prepared a booklet containing the text of the new Inheritance Tax Law, together with explanatory notes, which we will be pleased to furnish upon request.

Ask for Booklet N 342

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Under Supervision of New York Banking Department

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**NEW YORK MORTGAGE CO.**  
Dept. of 1117 Broadway, New York City

## The Spread of Thrift

IT IS a fact well known to students of social conditions that poverty and thriftlessness are too often synonyms. In proportion to income and wages the untrained laborer spends much more on his living than does the well-to-do. If this mass of expenditure on the part of the toiler were for actual necessities, it might be encouraged on the plea of greater resultant efficiency, but, unfortunately for all concerned, it is wasted on things actually useless or positively injurious. A few may be benefited by the ostentatious expenditures of the vulgar rich, but the family of the wage-earner are sure to suffer from his or their ignorant extravagance, while no one is materially benefited.

In our last article on this subject we pointed out that there were 9,142,700 depositors in our savings banks in 1910, or about one for every ten of our population. As a great many depositors, particularly in our cities, have accounts in two or more savings banks this number would be reduced if we could get statistics of the persons with more than one bank book; still the great total would not be so much lessened as to weaken the general deduction just made.

### Thrift Is Growing Popular

It is interesting to note that in the days when great fortunes were unknown in the United States or were at least so rare as to make the millionaire a curiosity worth a day's journey to see, thrift was the exception among the masses. Perhaps in those early days, when hard toil was the lot of all and there was a nearly dead level of social and economic conditions, there was no sufficient stimulus to action; or it may be, though we doubt it, that a genuinely democratic spirit barred a man from excelling his neighbor in anything. Those were the days of cheap food, cheap labor and home-made clothes, and the spirit of progress, born of competition, had not yet come upon the people.

It was not till 1820 that savings banks became recognized institutions in this country, and for many years after their introduction they were confined to the cities north of the Potomac and along the Atlantic seaboard, principally in New England, in which section, through the introduction of steam, those great manufacturing enterprises, that were yet to enrich her, were being established. But great as has been the increase in factories and vast as has been the wealth derived therefrom, their effect on the masses for good is insignificant compared with that of the savings banks.

Fortunately we have the statistics of savings banks going back for ninety years. These show, as the following table demonstrates, what, in each decade, the savings of each person in the United States would have been had the money been equally distributed:

|           |       |
|-----------|-------|
| 1820..... | \$ 12 |
| 1830..... | 54    |
| 1840..... | 82    |
| 1850..... | 127   |
| 1860..... | 175   |
| 1870..... | 146   |
| 1880..... | 163   |
| 1890..... | 2435  |
| 1900..... | 3178  |
| 1910..... | 4505  |

### Territorial Distribution of Savings

Here it may be well, for the purpose of illustration, to repeat that the total per capita of United States money in circulation in 1910 was \$35.01, or a total for our population of \$3,402,266, of \$3,270,013,332.66. Adding to this the outstanding notes of our national banks at that date, we have \$3,994,887,640 as the amount of currency available for business. Taking the per capita savings deposits of the country for the year named, we have a total of \$4,207,782,083.30. This is

\$212,894,443 more than the total of all the money in circulation for 1910. The excess shows the amount that must have gone into the banks twice, without withdrawals and without lessening the bulk of currency in circulation. This would seem paradoxical did we not understand that money in business never lies idle, but, like the blood in the human body, or the streams that swell the rivers, is forever in movement, in circulation, and never resting in one place, though all the places through which the current passes feel its beneficent influence.

### Where Thrift Is Common

It is instructive to study the growth of thrift through the decades, and to note its spread throughout the land. The individual savings banks deposits in the far Western States are far larger than in the Eastern States; but when we consider the per capita average the reverse is the case. In Connecticut and Massachusetts the average per capita deposited is about \$250, and in none of the New England States is it less than \$100.

The six New England States with New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana furnish three-fourths of all the savings deposits of the country, and these savings are stored exclusively in the cities and larger towns. The magnitude of the cash held in savings banks in the States named, can be measured when we remember the vast total of all the deposits, and then consider that in more than half the States in the Union the per capita savings in institutions is only \$5. Up to the present the manufacturing and mining districts, in which wage-earners abound, and there is a weekly or monthly inflow of ready money, show a great preponderance of depositors and savers.

An attempt has been made to explain this disparity by showing that owners and cultivators of land find it more advantageous to invest all their savings in the improvement of their farms or in increasing their holdings. To a certain extent this is no doubt true, for with the spread of intelligence and the adoption of more scientific methods more money is needed for restoration and up-keep; but this could only check net income for a season or two at the furthest. The result must inevitably be increased revenue, which means greater savings.

### What the Farmers are Doing

The fact that prosperous farms are usually removed from large cities and saving banks is another reason why the denser communities have larger per capita savings. Again, until recently agriculture has not been the profitable business that city dwellers are apt to imagine. In proportion to labor and the capital invested no toiling class receives less for its efforts than the farming. Happily the conditions are changing. The pressing mortgages, assumed for purchase or improvement, are being paid off, and in increasing numbers the farmers are getting their heads above water, and more and more they are laying by money for investment.

We can readily estimate, from State reports, the total of deposits in the city savings banks, but we have no means of even approximating the amount which farmers have invested or are investing in promising enterprises near home or away from it. We have reason to know that the farmers of the country have been plundered of great sums of money by unscrupulous exploiters of worthless schemes, but happily that day is past, or it certainly should be. One thing is very certain, and that is that the men who have done and are doing so much for their country have reached a position in which they are to become larger sharers in the general prosperity.

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Quality materials and "Natural Shape" lasts produce perfect wear, perfect fit, and style that endures.

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This Company pays 5% interest on your savings. Interest checks reach you *always* on the first days of January and July. In over sixteen years there has never been a day's delay.

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**WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY**  
Established 1878. Capital and Surplus, \$700,000  
Security Bank Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



## A NEST-EGG

By ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN

MRS. FRANK TREVARTS paused as her husband unfashioned the garden gate, gazing at the house beyond; *their* house.

"Isn't it a dear, Frank?" she exclaimed with dancing eyes.

"It is pretty good," Frank Trevarts let his gaze run over the little two-story cottage. "Of course, Ruth, I know you'd rather be in Winton, where your mother is, but business won't let us live there yet a while, anyway. We waited some time for this, didn't we?"

Mrs. Trevarts glanced gratefully at her husband. "Just think, Frank," she murmured; "if it hadn't been for that raise in your salary we wouldn't be married—and here! It almost scares me to think of it."

"Well, you don't want to think of it!" remarked her husband, briskly. "I've got the raise, and I've got you, and you've got me"—but at this point the conversation ceased to be intellectually appreciable.

"Now, see here, Ruth," observed Frank, adjusting his necktie over a slightly rumpled shirt-collar, "I'm not going back on this house—not a bit. But I'm a practical man, and I don't propose to go into ecstasies over this house as it stands—not much! I am going to start a piazza along this side and run out a little ell in the southwest corner—two-story ell; dining-room on the first floor and sewing-room over it, leading out of our room. We don't want to eat in the parlor, and I'm not going to have my wife eating in the kitchen."

"Oh, Frank!" Mrs. Trevarts' eyes grew round. "Why, it'll be a perfect palace! But it will cost a lot! Do you think we can afford it?"

"Ruth," replied her husband impressively, "I've figured this thing out, and I see we can't afford to do anything else. That sewing-room alone will be worth five hundred dollars a year in pure comfort, and the dining-room will be worth as much more. Then, as for the piazza—why, if we have the average of moonlight nights, that piazza is going to be worth at least a thousand dollars to us this summer; there's two thousand dollars; and it certainly won't cost that, so there's a profit the very first year, and no expenses afterward worth mentioning. Why, it's a cinch—a lead-pipe cinch!"

Ruth laughed. "It would be nice," she deliberated, wistfully.

Frank drew her closer to him. "I'm going to do it, dear. I can take the money out of the savings bank, you know."

"Yes; but, Frank, that's our nest-egg," replied his wife, desirous but doubtful. "Do you think we ought to?"

Frank looked at her quizzically. "Ruth," he persisted, "that nest-egg, at present, attracts a very unprolific breed of hen. I think we'll try it somewhere else."

Ruth laughed contentedly. "It will be beautiful, won't it, Frank?" she cooed. "Oh, there's Aunt Hannah, coming up the street."

She was off like an arrow; Frank walked away, whistling.

"Good morning, my dear," Aunt Hannah greeted her. "Try to be a little less impetuous, now that you are a married woman. So this is the house." Aunt Hannah scrutinized it through her glasses. "Quite suitable, I should say, for your means," she went on, as Ruth ushered her into the pretty parlor. "Let me see, you have a dining-room?"

"We—we eat in the kitchen, just now," hesitated Ruth, vaguely uncomfortable.

"Ah, yes; while you are setting things to rights—that is well enough. But, as a rule, my dear, I would use the parlor for a dining-room rather

than eat in the kitchen. It would be an easy matter to clear the table after each meal and to set it aside out of the way. There are quite pretty folding tables to be had cheap—especially second-hand ones, and they are quite as good as new, for your purpose."

Ruth gave a little wriggle. "I guess we can afford a new table, if we need it, Aunt Hannah. We don't, though, we have a very nice dining-table, as it is. When we got our new dining-room—" she stopped, realizing that she had said more than was judicious, but Aunt Hannah caught her up:

"Your new dining-room? I do not quite understand. I thought you had no choice between the parlor and the kitchen."

"We—Frank thinks we need more room; he is going to add an ell—a dining-room and a sewing-room, and a little piazza."

Aunt Hannah looked disturbed. "Has there been—is there—any special sum which you can set apart for the expense?" she queried.

"We have some money put aside," faltered Ruth, uncomfortably.

Aunt Hannah considered. "Oh, if you—if Frank has been able to set aside a special sum—" she paused.

"It's in the savings bank," Ruth's voice sounded a little strained.

Aunt Hannah shook her head. "I cannot think that you are doing wisely, Ruth. Surely, my dear, you ought to regard your savings bank deposit as a trust to be reserved for a time of misfortune, or at least"—Aunt Hannah seemed to grope for a telling statement—"not to be wasted in foolish whims."

"We'll have the house, anyway, auntie," replied Ruth, with a touch of annoyance. "We're not exactly going to throw the money into the sea!"

"Ruth, my dear," returned her aunt, with agitated seriousness, "you are young, and so is Frank; and in your light-heartedness I fear that you forget how many untoward events the future may hold for you. A certain amount of ready money, my dear—"

"Aunt Hannah," interrupted Ruth, moved to self-defense by her aunt's insistence, "God has given me my husband and my health, and since all good things come from him, he has given me all good. I do not believe that he does out his blessings. For my part, I would rather trust than to fret myself because there is a little less money to meet some phantom of the future, which may never appear."

"Oh, very well, Ruth," retorted Aunt Hannah, rising in offended dignity. "I feel it my duty to say to you that the course you propose is simply tempting Providence." She took leave with the air of shaking the dust of the place from her feet, and Ruth found it difficult, for all her daring defense, to rid herself of a sense of discomfort; she had never braved Aunt Hannah before.

"Yes, I see, Ruth," remarked her husband reflectively, when she poured out the story to him on his reappearance. "I meant that we should keep our own counsel, as far as might be, in this affair. Your Aunt Hannah is a good woman, Ruth; she's an unselfish woman, too. She's quite capable of giving twenty-five dollars to foreign missions, and then spending a whole day in trying to decide if she can afford to buy a new shirt-waist."

Ruth smiled. "Well, we'll have the ell and the piazza; that is settled," she declared, with an air of finality.

The next two months were busy ones. There was a joint determination to have piazza and ell an accomplished fact as soon as possible, not to lose the pleasure of a piazza for a retreat during the summer; the ell itself seemed daily more desirable. Aunt Hannah

Continued on next page



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(81)



## A NEST-EGG

Continued from preceding page

appeared at rather lengthy intervals; for the most part with an air of tacit disapproval, diversified by an occasional word of adverse comment. It was with peculiar satisfaction that Ruth finally swept up the last stray shaving, and seating herself in her pretty willow rocking-chair where the long shadows of the afternoon made the piazza particularly attractive, awaited her husband's coming.

The shadows lengthened as Ruth rocked and sewed, until with a sudden start she became aware that it was growing too dark for further work, and yet her husband had not arrived. She strained her gaze down the street; some one was coming—Frank? No; Aunt Hannah, and no one else!

Ruth shrank back with a certain reluctance; then, struck with a sudden misgiving, sprang forward. "Aunt Hannah! Do you know where Frank is?"

Aunt Hannah came slowly up the garden path. "Ruth," she sighed, "I have something to tell you; please be patient, and let me tell it in my own way."

Ruth gave the rocking-chair to her guest, and sat down upon the edge of the piazza, clasping her hands tightly in her lap.

"As you know, Ruth," went on Aunt Hannah, impressively, "I have felt, from the first, that you and Frank were unwise—even reckless—in assuming the expense of this addition. I warned you that we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, and that it is a duty and a responsibility to prepare for the rainy day that comes to all. I regret that you rejected my advice."

"Frank?" interposed Ruth, with tense eagerness.

"Let me relieve you of unnecessary anxiety; the affair is serious enough as it stands. Your husband is well; but financially—" Aunt Hannah paused. "My dear, I am extremely sorry to tell you, but I have it on excellent authority—there has been a change of management at the office, and I have been given to understand—now, my dear, try to take it calmly—that Frank has lost his position."

Ruth sprang to her feet. "Is that all, Aunt Hannah?" she cried. "Frank and I are young; he has ability, he will be welcome anywhere!"

"Ah, child!" gloomed Aunt Hannah, "I admire your courage, but you have had little experience. Competition is keen, and a man discredited by the loss of his position—"

Ruth turned quickly upon her aunt. "Is it quite kind to say to me that Frank is 'discredited,' Aunt Hannah?" she queried; gently, indeed, but in so firm a tone that her aunt flushed slightly and with a deprecatory gesture began a stammering apology, when her voice was drowned by a deep, hearty bass.

"What's all this about being discredited? Hullo, Aunt Hannah! Come

to congratulate us? That's good. Didn't know you'd heard the news. Meant to be the first to tell Ruth, but no matter. Ruth! Sweetheart! Why—"

Aunt Hannah's face grew stern. "Frank Trevarts, if you choose to make a jest of misfortune, I suppose it is your privilege, but I must say—"

"One moment." Frank's tone held something that compelled attention. "Ruth, dear," he continued, turning to his wife, "I suppose what Aunt Hannah has gotten hold of is this: there has been a shake-up at the office; Meiston, a new man, is to take my place. The firm meant to establish an important branch office at Winton, and they offer me the managership."

"Winton!" cried Ruth, eagerly. "Why, that's where mother is, and where we both wanted to go!"

Aunt Hannah drew a quick breath, glancing with a wistful air at her niece.

"It will about double my salary," Frank went on, "and Meiston wants to take this house just as it stands, at a price that pays for all I've laid out on it, including the interest on the money. That nest-egg will have several good-sized eggs for company, Ruth!"

A little sob came from the rocking-chair; Ruth heard it, and turned with swift gentleness. "Dear auntie!" she cried, clasping her aunt's face in both hands and kissing it.

Aunt Hannah gulped once or twice, returning the caress. "Ruth," she ventured, "and Frank, I—I was mistaken. You trusted, and I didn't. I think, maybe, you understand his ways better than I do. I'm sorry I'm to lose you, Ruth, but it is natural that you should be glad that you're going to your mother."

Ruth drew her aunt's face close to hers. "You can never lose us, auntie dear," she whispered. "Frank," she continued, looking at her husband with shining eyes, "we'll have Aunt Hannah make us a good long visit when we get all settled; just whenever she wants to come."

"Oh, Ruth!" cried Aunt Hannah, in feeble protestation.

"Yes, indeed!" declared Frank heartily, stooping down and kissing Aunt Hannah squarely on the lips.

### CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. A. J. Potter (87), of Garrison, N. D., passed away at her home there on April 27.

Mrs. M. E. Drake (87), of Hamburg, N. Y., entered into rest on May 3.

Mrs. A. M. Goetsche, of West Newton, Pa., was called to her reward on May 12, 1911.

Mrs. Mary E. Siberts (76), of Fairbury, Neb., passed away at her home on May 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Cox, of Brooklyn, Ill., have been called to their reward. They were for many years subscribers to this magazine.

James Burton, of Sugar Creek, Mo., has been called to his long home. He was for thirty years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD both in America and in England.

## The Quality of Advertising

NOT long ago a well-known advertising man, who was on his way to New York City, remarked to his friend, anent a certain well-known advertisement which appeared above one of the windows of the railroad car: "Do you know that the trade-mark of that concern is worth over a million dollars?" "I shouldn't wonder," replied the other; "it is known to millions of persons." "Oh," said the first, "its publicity capacity is not the sum total of its value. It is what it stands for that counts—not only the article which it represents, but the widely known integrity of the concern. After years of associating the name of the concern with the goods they sell, the public has learned that this firm and these goods can be depended upon."

That is the keynote of modern advertising. Years of experience have shown that while mere money may purchase much publicity, the prosperity of a concern depends after all upon the quality of the goods advertised. One is as necessary as the other, and the prospective purchaser can make up his mind that the article which is consistently advertised for any length of time must have some sterling quality to recommend it.

Whenever any of our subscribers is defrauded by an advertiser in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we will make good the claim, provided that the subscriber, who must be of record, has mentioned THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement. This guarantee does not apply to investment advertisements.

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You will want to see all of the radical changes that the Fall season has ushered in. Every authentic style is brought by this messenger of Fashion to your very door. Through this **Bedell Style Book** you may examine them at your leisure, and have all the advantages of a shopping tour to New York. You can select from the greatest variety of prices, the same styles and enjoy the same low prices as the fashionable women who patronize Bedell's Famous New York Stores. It is a pleasure and a comfort to shop by mail through the Bedell Catalog. A post-card brings you this fashion authority.

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Finely Custom Tailored \$15

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\$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair.

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 25 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match.

If you find it, by hair, return \$2 in ten days, or send 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade combs, pompadour, wigs, puffs, etc. known wanted to sell out hair goods.

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## Young People's Societies

### The Exemplary Life\*

THIS title is well taken. We are to remember that we, as Christians, are setting an example. Many of us think that it is modest to say, both to ourselves and others, "I am of so little consequence that I have no influence." There was never a more mistaken idea.

Not long ago, an elderly woman visited, after years of absence, a town where she had spent many summers in her youth. There she met an old neighbor of about her own age.

"Do you remember that green satin riding-habit that you used to wear?" asked the old neighbor.

"Green satin! Yes; wasn't it absurd!" laughed the visitor. "I was a terribly spoiled child, and in some way I conceived the idea that green satin was a suitable material for a riding-habit. The family all laughed, but I was allowed to have it."

"In those days," the neighbor confided to her friend, "I tried to have everything exactly like yours: I thought that glistening green riding-habit, swinging along so heavily with its weighted border, the most beautiful object in the universe. Nothing would do but I must have one, too. We could ill afford it, and the household was upturn for weeks on account of it, but I got it in the end."

Later, in telling others this little story, the one who set this foolish example said, "Never for an instant did the thought enter my mind that anybody would be influenced by my example. I was in a little country place. It pleased my fancy to wear any silly thing that occurred to me. The thought that I had caused another to make such a spectacle of herself and to spend money which could be ill afforded, really depressed me for days, years past though the offense lay."

You never know who is watching you, and who may be measuring all religion by your conduct. The thought lends a dignity to our smallest action; and as we cannot explain doubtful circumstances to the general public, it is well to keep out of them so far as we can. You may go into a saloon merely for a glass of milk; but you cannot tell every observer that fact, and presently you will hear, or your friends will, that you are in the habit of "frequenting saloons." Then down goes your influence for good, and dishonor comes to your Master's cause.

This thought of ever and always representing the religion that you profess, should dominate your life, no matter what your inward state may be. Your sorrows may for a time overcome you, yet still the great banner must be upheld. You may be among strangers—unknown, lonely. All the more must you stand by your colors.

"If you have peace," says Dr. Abbott, in the *Great Companion*, "be glad of it. If you have no peace, go on just the same, resolved to show to the world and to your Master how loyal you can be to him."

Mr. Moody had a great sermon on Zachaeus. In it he called especial attention to Zachaeus' declaration that if he had defrauded any man he restored to him "fourfold."

"I am tired and sick," he said, "of mere sentimentalism, which does not straighten out a man's life. Nothing will give Christianity such a hold upon the world as to have God's believing people begin to act in this way. Zachaeus had probably more influence in Jericho after he had made restitution than any other man in it."

Let us ever remember that true line of the poet, "Merit lives from man to man"; and especially let us keep in mind that picture in the first Psalm of the model man who "doth meditate upon God's law both day and night."

### Missions in Africa\*

AFTER Dr. Dye at Bolenge finished his service one day last spring, a chief asked him, "We have no ladder to get up to God. How shall we ever get there?" And when he had once asked the way, it was easy to show it to him.

When Dr. Dye told to his people the story of the chrysalis and the butterfly, they listened with rapt attention, and eagerly learned the lesson that he drew from it.

"Yes, it is so! God has given us lessons," commented the old chief, "but we could not know their meanings. Why did you not come sooner?"

Our great missionary movement is working none too rapidly. Let us do our best to see that no other voice from the dark regions of the earth rings out a reproach like this.

The *Missionary Review* tells of a Methodist church in the village of Hombo where at daybreak every morning a horn is blown and the people assemble in the king's house for a service of praise and prayer. It is a good way to begin the day, and it is a good king that opens his "palace" for such a meeting. The great obstacle in the way of evangelical effort there, as in most heathen countries, is the firm belief of the people in witchcraft, ghosts and the evil eye; but the Methodist missionaries at Angola report that this darkness is fleeing before the pure white light of Christianity.

Another formidable adversary encountered in Africa is the Moslem missionary. Within the last half-century, from nothing at all the Mohammedans have increased to a vast army. The missionaries writing from that section beg that the young men coming to Africa may be especially instructed in the tenets of Mohammedanism and in ways of meeting its arguments. Islam degrades womanhood, knows nothing of a truly broad, free education, and promises merely a sensual heaven. The lands in which it flourishes are the most backward of all in which any civilization whatever has taken root. We must not yield to it the vast continent of Africa.

Many of you have read of the celebration last July to commemorate the seventy-fifth year of the coming of American Board missionaries to the Zulus. For four days on that occasion the various missionaries met together. On the following Sunday every city church had a "missionary day," closing with an evening mass-meeting. Many other gatherings, some of the nature of industrial exhibits, were held also. The last was a public meeting presided over by Lord Gladstone, the Governor-General. It was a great time for Zululand.

Bishop Walmesley sends most interesting accounts of the work in Sierra Leone. Think of conducting a service in three languages! Yet that is what has to be done when members of three different tribes are present at a meeting, as often happens in this quarter of the world. The Bishop pleads for more missionaries—more teachers—more doctors. The people need books and pamphlets. For these, accomplished linguists are required. Who will answer this urgent call?

The Africans themselves are helping wonderfully. On the Gold Coast there is a certain King Njaya, whom Missionary Schwartz of the Basle Society calls "the most influential missionary in all the interior." This converted king is building a great school for 500 pupils. He is not only constructing the house, but he teaches the school himself, "relates and dictates Bible stories to the children, composes Christian hymns and conducts their singing."

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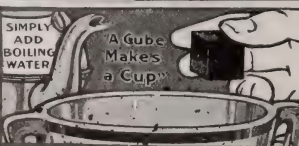
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\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, September 24. TEXTS: I. Tim. 4:12; Pr. 15.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, September 24. TEXT: Acts 8: 26-40.



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# THE HERO OF FAITH\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT IS the most familiar story in the Bible. It entranced us in childhood, and we asked to have it told to us oftener than any other story. It does not lose its wonder and charm as we grow older. We will give the story in outline to refresh memory.

Daniel as a youth was taken from Jerusalem to Babylon a captive, with thousands of other Jews, in B.C. 604. Great wisdom was given him by God, even from his youth. He so excelled all other wise men that the highest and choicest cabinet positions were awarded him by the successive kings, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and Darius. His position at court has been compared with that of Joseph at the court of Pharaoh. The prestige awarded Daniel angered the Babylonians, and they made a plot to destroy him. They made a tool of King Darius by proposing to him that he should proclaim himself a god for thirty days, commanding that all men should pray to him, and to him only, during that time, and that those who refused to do it should be cast into the den of lions. They were fully persuaded that Daniel would pray only to his God.

Daniel was true, and with open windows, while spies were lurking, he prayed to the true and living God as he had done aforesaid. The spies reported Daniel's case to the king. The king recognized the plot, but was unable to change his law, and so commanded that Daniel should be cast into the den of lions. Before sealing the den, the king with deep feeling and tenderness spoke to Daniel, saying, "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

Daniel was between eighty and ninety years of age at that time.

Anxiety for Daniel and remorse for his treatment of him murdered the sleep of King Darius, and he spent the night in wakefulness. He arose very early in the morning, and went in haste to the den of lions.

In cry of anguish the king called out: "Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

"O king, live forever. My God hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me."

Then the king commanded that Daniel be taken up out of the den. The king also commanded that those who had plotted against Daniel, and their families too, should be thrown into the den of lions. Then the lions' mouths were opened, and they at once destroyed the plotters. Daniel was restored to royal favor, and his God received honor throughout the Persian Empire by the decree of King Darius.

Daniel outlived King Darius, and was an honored counselor to his successor, King Cyrus.

## How the Story Helps Us

1. It interests us in God's animals; his control over them and their obedience to him should make us more sympathetic with them.

2. It is a warning to us to keep envy and jealousy out of our hearts, as they are the handmaids of intrigue and murder, shown by the action of the princes and presidents who conspired against Daniel in the high position he had been awarded by the king as first president.

3. It illustrates the folly and wickedness of self-conceit, as in the case of Darius the king.

4. It shows the influence of evil associates and unwise counselors.

\*The International Sunday School Lesson for September 24, 1911. Daniel in the Lions' Den. Den 6. GOLDEN TEXT: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

5. It shows how brave and true a man a statesman may be, as shown by Daniel.

6. It places before us an example of a ripe and useful old age, for Daniel was probably eighty years old at the time he was given the first place in the king's cabinet.

7. It teaches us how to pray: confidently, boldly, continually.

8. It encourages our faith in God.

9. It emphasizes the virtue of patience under trial.

10. It shows that it is possible to win those who are opposed to God, as King Darius, the aforesaid worshiper of the sun, sent forth a proclamation through his realm that "the God of Daniel is the living God and steadfast forever."

11. It illustrates the retributive force of evil doing, for those who had plotted against Daniel, themselves perished in the lion's den.

12. It proves true the promise of God: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; . . . with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." Ps. 91: 14, 16.

## A Voice from the Sea

On the far reef the breakers  
Recoil in shattered foam,  
Yet still the sea behind them  
Unceasingly forces home;  
Its chant of triumph surges  
Through all the thunderous din—  
The wave may break in failure,  
But the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea! thy message  
In clanging spray is cast;  
Within God's plan of progress  
It matters not at last  
How wide the shores of evil,  
How strong the reefs of sin—  
The waves may be defeated,  
But the tide is sure to win.

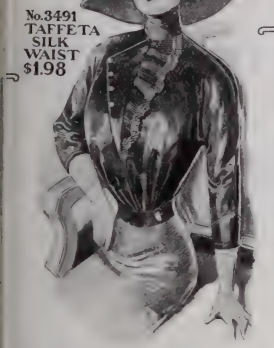
—Priscilla Leonard in the Outlook.

And so we will encourage ourselves in God when we find ourselves surrounded by adverse circumstances, which we can not change. We will endure as seeing him who is invisible (Heb. 11: 27). He is as the tide—sure to win.

Dens of lions are not in vogue in our land for capital punishment, but there are other places about as formidable, where mental and spiritual fibre are put to the test. One such place is described in the following story:

"I recently returned to my boyhood neighborhood. Full of gratitude, I rolled four decades from my shoulders, and stood up therein to praise the memory of a good man whose advice I accepted and whose dictum I obeyed with undeniable advantage to myself and others. In the pulpit of the church to which he belonged I stood and called his name, remembered by few—for he died years ago. I told the folk that he was a boss in a factory where I toiled as a boy—how he showed interest in his underlings and stirred them to join a society called the Cadets of Temperance. I recited the dim scene, where in the lodge room I took the vow of total abstinence with uplifted hand in solemn mood, how I signed the roster, drank the pledge of fealty in cold water, sang the ode, received the password and went out girded for the fray against King Alcohol. As I walked home alone that summer night, I paused at a stile to repeat my obligation, and renew my youthful resolve to abstain from all intoxicants. Half a lifetime after, in a State asylum for feeble-minded children, when I heard the matron say that three-fourths of the imbecile inmates were the progeny of drunken parents, I dug up my oath against rum, and deep in my soul registered once more my undying hatred of this fell destroyer.

"A short time after my adolescent  
Continued on next page



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## 300 Years and the Bible

Continued from page 908

really successful address which I have delivered."

But even more than being a permanent classic for English, the Bible has become increasingly the indispensable book for life. Its message is directed toward conduct, which Matthew Arnold claims composes three-fourths of life. It has to do not simply with a far-away heaven, but its messages are directed toward the practice of heavenly virtues to-day. No book, not even the Bible, could live three hundred years for its literary excellence alone. It is because the Bible has added to its knowledge power, that we celebrate its tercentenary with such world-wide gratitude.

Indeed, there is hardly any phase of successful life interest which the Bible does not affect. Its reading to-day, as in other days, brings the gift of peace in the midst of many duties. "In this Book," says the aged grandmother in Tennyson's poem—"In this Book, little Annie, the message is one of peace." If one wishes to be reverent for a moment, let him think of the myriad of souls who have brought order out of chaos in their lives through the reading of the Word of God. Many a life in this age needs to be stopped rather than to be incited. As Wordsworth says:

The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
And passing swarms, we by many waters.  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

The Bible has been universally associated with the prayer-life of the world. In essence it is the Word of God to man in answer to man's cry to God. It is the story of the prayer-life of the great pioneers of civilization. In its pages highest aspirations and deepest conflicts of the human heart are constantly reflected. The Bible restores men's souls in prayer. It gives glimpses of the prayer life of Jesus, who went out from being alone

with God to his largest considerations and activity, his soul saturated with power and insight.

The Bible has also become immortal through its particular practicality. It helps men to help themselves. It teaches man his ability to do the thing he ought to do when it ought to be done, regardless of his feeling about it or of the consequences. The Bible is relating itself in this age to the cause of good citizenship through its direct inducement of self-control and high considerations of character. The Bible is a distinct message to such present-day questions as poverty, immigration, crime, economic and international problems, and to the leadership of religion; but its message to these questions is always through its message to the individual. God speaks through His Word, not to corporations, but to single men; not to families, but to members of the family—to the father, to the mother, to the brother or to the sister; not to that vague and many-sided thing which we know as society, but to every individual who by his minutest act is helping to weave the fabric of our modern life. The word of the Psalmist is still the word of man to Jehovah in this tercentenary year of the Bible:

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.  
And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Thus with increasing power the Bible has breathed its message through the centuries, and the declaration of the King James revisers in 1611 was probably never more universally accepted than in this year of anniversary:

"If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. Tolle, lege; tolle, lege!" CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

initiation, I was sternly tested on this matter. I was apprenticed to the bricklayers' trade. My employer knew his business well, was a skillful craftsman, but much given to drink, as were all of his employees. At noon of my first day, he bade me pour the water from the pail, go to a nearby tavern, and get it filled with ale for the dinner. I brought it as ordered, took my place at the end of the line, seated like the rest in the shadow of the wall, and saw the bucket with the tin cup therein coming slowly toward me. I trembled inwardly as I saw that every bricklayer, every hod-carrier, every mortar-mixer, every apprentice, drank the beer. From my master down, each took a share, and I realized that I, a poor, weak lad, on my first day in a new crew, must offend the whole gang, censure their customs, stand their sneers, endure their scoffs, or surrender my principles.

"When the pail reached me, I whispered a refusal to the one who passed it, but the 'gaffer,' thinking I was merely timid in new company, cried out in hearty old-country style: 'Take it, Robert; don't be shy. I pay for it; you are one of us; have your sip of it.'

"I said with faltering voice, while all eyes turned on me: 'Excuse me, Mr. George, I never drank liquor, and cannot begin now.' He laughed uproariously, as did the others, and shouted: 'Ho, ho, lad, you'll never be a bricklayer till you learn to drink.' I put the untouched meal in my basket, arose slowly, shaking like an aspen tree, and, walking down the row of scornful men, I paused before the leader, and said: 'Mr. George, if that is true, I will go

home and tell my father I am discharged; for drink liquor I will not, now or never; I will not!' I think I had mysterious help that day, unseen of all. To my amazement the boss leaped up and said, 'God bless you, boy, stand fast and you will be a man some day.' Then to the wage-earners he said: 'If any man of you ever asks him to drink, you will suffer for it.'

There are "dens" similar to this in every part of our land, and of other sorts, where young men and women, and older ones too, are called upon to surrender their principles, their purity and their honesty. We repeat the familiar phrase as a helpful watchword: "Dare to be a Daniel."

#### A Hint for Teachers of Children

By all means have a picture to show while telling this story, and be sure that it is a good picture, and not such a one as is described in the following incident:

"A little boy, six years old, in the house where I was boarding, said to me: 'Mr. Mitchell, our Bible down in the parlor on the centre table does not tell the truth.' 'I wouldn't talk that way, Albert,' I said; 'the Bible always tells the truth.' 'Yes, but I mean its pictures do not tell the truth.' 'What is the matter with the pictures?' 'Well, there is a picture down there of Daniel in the lions' den, and Daniel stands with a lion on each side of him, and his hand on their heads, and their tongues are lolling out.' 'Well,' I said, 'what is the matter with that?' He replied: 'That ain't so, for the Bible says God sealed the mouths of the lions.'—Charles Bayard Mitchell.

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(199)





#### His Excellency

Prof. Dr. Von Leyden

Director, First Medical Clinic,  
Berlin University, writes:

"I have gladly and frequently prescribed Sanatogen in cases of delicate patients, in my clinical as well as my private practice, and am extremely satisfied with the results."

#### Prof. C. A. Ewald

of Berlin University, Director  
Humboldt School, Baltimore,  
writes:

"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neuroasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

#### Later King Edward's Physician

Dr. Ernest Hart, M.D., writes:

"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

#### The Late Emperor Frederick's Private Physician

Professor Toluid, M.D.:  
"My experience points to the fact that patients suffering from nervous exhaustion after influenza, and who present the troublesome symptoms of neurasthenia, by using Sanatogen, in a comparatively short time regain strength and vitality."

## Smoothing the Pathway to Health and Strength

THAT pathway sometimes looks gloomy—and long. The depressions of illness darken the way. Imperfect sleep increases the exhaustion of the nerves. Enfeebled appetite reduces resources of strength. Drugs that may have been used in a crisis leave their evil legacy in brain and blood.

The great army of physicians who prescribe Sanatogen know that it will smooth the path by steadying the steps, by nourishing the nervous system, by feeding the hungry cells of the body, by strengthening digestion and assimilation, by *building* up to its full, healthy height the structure that sustains individual power.

# Sanatogen

## THE FOOD-TONIC

is indeed, a *reconstructor*, working like nature herself—and with nature's own body elements—to restore that which has been taken away, to encourage the organism not by a momentary lift, but by revitalizing, by energizing—by helping to *make whole again* all that means *yourself*.

Fifteen thousand practising physicians have attested their faith in Sanatogen as a scientific food- tonic. Scores of famous men of many professions and of many nationalities enthusiastically bear witness to Sanatogen's splendid capacity to answer the call of the nerves, to fortify and rejuvenate the forces that make for perfect health and strength.

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," the work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen, which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

**Sanatogen is sold in three sizes: \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60**

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4th Ave., New York.

#### Prof. Thos. B. Stillman, M.S., Ph.D.

The well-known research chemist  
of Stevens' Institute, writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing Phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease."

#### John Burroughs

The distinguished Naturalist  
and author, writes:

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

#### Emerson Hough

The well-known author, writes:

"We had with us this spring as a guest a lady who was convalescent after a surgical operation and it occurred to me that she might be benefited by the use of Sanatogen. I am very glad to say that our surmise seemed well founded and that the patient steadily improved, so that she is well recovered from what bid fair to be a complete nervous breakdown."

#### Rev. H. N. Couden

Chaplain National House of  
Representatives, Washington,  
D.C., writes:

"Your Sanatogen is admirable. It has been taken with excellent results by a member of my family, who felt the need for a strengthening tonic. For overworked people especially Sanatogen should be a great boon."



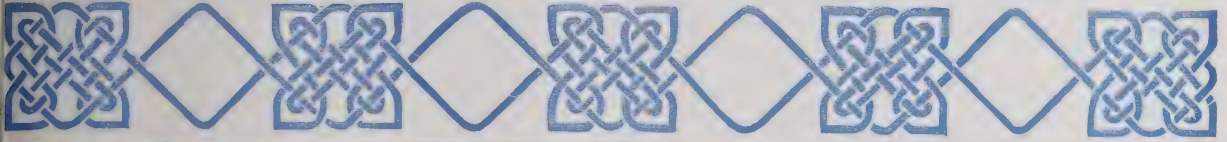
# Christian Herald

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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

W. M. Lexington, Ky. Where can teachers and business women find a protective lodge or order in case of illness or death? Men have them, why not women?

In several towns and cities women teachers and other special classes of women have formed protective unions, under various names; but we know of no national order of this kind.

M. R. H., Ware, Mass. In II. Kings 22 and II. Chron. 34, we have an account of the finding of the Book of the Law of the Lord. For how many years had it been lost to the people?

It was the Temple copy of the Book of the Law which had been laid beside the Ark in the most holy place (Deut. 31: 25, 26) and during the wicked reigns of Manasseh and Amon, the temple had been profaned by idols, the Ark removed from its site and placed where it had been forgotten for many years. The Jewish rabbinical writers believe that it had been safely hidden in a recess in the temple by some faithful priest. It had been hidden probably less than half a century (from B.C. 668 to 621).

N. N. R., Presque Isle, Me. Explain Rev. 5: 3. What is meant by "under the earth," and what "book" is referred to? Who was the "Lion of the tribe of Judah?" And what is meant by the seven seals?

According to commentators, the roll or book referred to is presumed to be the Book of Life, or the title deed of man's inheritance, redeemed by Christ, which sets forth the successive steps by which it is to be recovered. None was found worthy to open this book or scroll but the Lamb. The seven seals imply complete closure, seven being the number that symbolized completion. The Lion of the tribe of Judah is Jesus, so-called because of his being of the branch of David, David's son and David's Lord, and, having gained the victory over the powers, sin and darkness, he is entitled to open the Book of Life. Under the earth means in hades, the place of departed spirits.

Dr. and Mrs. A. W., Youngtown, Kan. What is the origin of surnames? Can any one explain the wide variety of names?

It may be stated, as a basis, that practically all names in ancient times, especially Oriental names, had a special significance. This might refer to the parents, the place of birth, or circumstances connected with that event, or it might relate to the bodily constitution of the child, its color of hair or eyes, or to some personal peculiarity. Sometimes the name represented a wish of the mother or father, a dedicatory vow, a promise, a prophecy, a term of endearment or any one of a thousand other things. Many Jewish surnames are simply the father's name slightly changed by the addition of a prefix, as in Ben-Ezra (son of Ezra). Profuse sources of both names and surnames were stature, complexion, habits, weakness, strength, employment, etc. The study of names is a very large one and many books have been written on the subject.

J. B., Waterbury, Conn. What is the attitude of the medical faculty relative to the use or discontinuance of alcohol in medical practice?

Every year increases the list of physicians who oppose its use, although many still employ it on occasion. The alcohol is a disintegrator, as conclusively shown in a recent article by Dr. Norman E. Ditman in *Harper's Weekly*, in which he demonstrates by statistics that within ten years the mortality from degenerative diseases has almost doubled, the chief causes being alcohol and an excessive meat diet. The present generation of Americans, he writes, are far heavier drinkers than their parents. Heart and kidney diseases increase in a ratio that is almost equivalent to the increased consumption of alcohol.

J. W. C., Roanoke, Va. Who was the King Lemuel spoken of in Prov. 31?

There can be no positive statement as to Lemuel's identity. Rabbinical writers hold it is a loving name which Solomon's mother gave him, and means "God-created" or "of God." They have a tradition that on the day the temple was dedicated he slept with the key under his pillow, and lying late was gently upbraided by his mother in the words of Prov. 31. Other authorities prefer to believe that Lemuel was some petty Arabian or Ethiopian prince.

J. McM., Georgetown, Tex. What percentage of all books published in the annual production of the Bible in all languages?

There are many great agencies constantly at work sending out the Word, and it is no exaggeration to say that the annual output far exceeds that of all the "best sellers" of any year combined. In Great Britain, Continental Europe, India and the United States the Bible societies are the largest producers in the world. The Bible is now printed (wholly or partly) in over 300 languages and dialects. When it is stated that in Europe, Canada, Australia and India there are over 7,000 Bible societies and auxiliaries all connected with the central organization (British and Foreign Bible Society), and that a single year's output of

Continued on last column

## GENERAL CHARITIES FUNDS

Of The Christian Herald From June 1, '10, to May 31, '11

|                                                   | RECEIPTS     | DISBURSEMENTS | BALANCE     |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------|---------------|-------------|
| African Child Redemption Pledges                  | \$386.00     | \$358.50      | \$27.50     |
| African Inland Mission                            | .....        | .....         | .....       |
| Allen, R. J., Carrollton, Mo.                     | 7.00         | 7.00          | .....       |
| American Advent Mission, Nanking, China           | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| American Bible Society                            | 117.00       | 117.00        | .....       |
| American Tract Society                            | 53.00        | 53.00         | .....       |
| Anti-Suicide League                               | 4.00         | 4.00          | .....       |
| Any Good Cause                                    | 319.45       | 155.00        | 164.45      |
| Arabian Mission                                   | 10.00        | 10.00         | 5.00        |
| Bach, Rev. T. J., Maracaibo, Venezuela            | 60.00        | 60.00         | .....       |
| Bailey, Rev. Thomas A.                            | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Bartel, H. C. and Nellie                          | 55.00        | 55.00         | .....       |
| Beals, Dr. C. Charles, Wuhu, China                | 135.27       | 135.00        | 110.27      |
| Bender, Rev. E. R.                                | 65.00        | 65.00         | .....       |
| Benn, Capt. George C.                             | 7.00         | 7.00          | .....       |
| Bethesda Leper Home, Dutch Guiana                 | 67.00        | 67.00         | .....       |
| Botwick, Attie T., Foo Chow, China                | 19.00        | 19.00         | .....       |
| Bowers Mission, Meserole Best, Treasurer          | 41,979.57    | 41,658.57     | 423.00      |
| Brewster, Mrs. W. N., Hinghua, China              | 102.00       | 102.00        | .....       |
| Bulgarian Mission                                 | 220.10       | 220.00        | 10          |
| Cantine, James, Muscat, Arabia                    | 18.50        | 18.50         | .....       |
| Canters, Miss E. M., Kesab, Syria                 | 18.50        | 18.50         | .....       |
| Charity Organization Society                      | 93.02        | 92.02         | .....       |
| China Inland Mission                              | 1.50         | 1.50          | .....       |
| China Famine Fund                                 | 126,067.47   | 121,145.50    | 4,921.97    |
| China Orphan                                      | 3,845.29     | 30.00         | 3,815.29    |
| China Presbyterian Mission, George F. Fitch       | 13.00        | 13.00         | 1.00        |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, M. Best, Treas. | 86,244.47    | 85,704.02     | 578.45      |
| Christian Mission to the Jews                     | 12.00        | 12.00         | 40.00       |
| De Schweinfelt, Rev. Dr. P.                       | 11.65        | 11.00         | 65          |
| Door of Hope                                      | 63.04        | 61.04         | 2.00        |
| East Central African Mission, E. H. Richards      | 4,247.10     | 4,247.10      | .....       |
| Endowment Mont-Lawn                               | 22.54        | 22.54         | .....       |
| Ellis, Eliza, Deswell, Va.                        | 400.00       | 400.00        | .....       |
| Elwood, Rev. Ellis P.                             | 25.00        | 25.00         | .....       |
| Fenwick, Rev. Malcolm                             | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Finey, Home for Cripples                          | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Five Points Mission                               | 100.00       | 100.00        | .....       |
| Florence Crittenton Mission                       | 451.31       | 408.36        | 42.95       |
| Foreign Missions                                  | 30.00        | 30.00         | .....       |
| Gausser, Rev. Otto                                | 14.00        | 14.00         | .....       |
| Greely, Rev. E. H.                                | 226.40       | 210.60        | 15.80       |
| Grenfell, Dr. Wilfred T.                          | 23.00        | 23.00         | .....       |
| Guerrant, Dr. E. O.; Society of Soul Winners      | 115.00       | 115.00        | .....       |
| Havens, Rev. W. W., Shenai, China                 | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Hall, Miss A. E.                                  | 11.00        | 11.00         | .....       |
| Harlem Mission and New York School for Boys       | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Harrow, Rev. J. M., Liberia, West Africa          | 138.00       | 138.00        | .....       |
| Hawwell, Susan E.                                 | 100.00       | 100.00        | .....       |
| Henderson, Rev. Robert                            | 305.45       | 297.25        | 6.20        |
| Home Missions                                     | 14.00        | 14.00         | .....       |
| Hoyer, Rev. N. F.                                 | 28.00        | 28.00         | .....       |
| Hoover, Mary M. E. Mission                        | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Howard, Rev. H. G.                                | 6,708.19     | 5,100.00      | 1,608.19    |
| Hume, Dr. R. A., Ahmadnagar, India                | 4.00         | 4.00          | .....       |
| India Orphan Pledges, Rev. W. H. Stephens         | 28.00        | 20.00         | 8.00        |
| Inner Mission, New York                           | 222.56       | 222.56        | 1.50        |
| Inland South American Missionary Union            | 159.30       | 154.30        | 5.00        |
| International Sunshine Society                    | 2,964.63     | 1,319.64      | 1,644.99    |
| Javan Orphans                                     | 65.50        | 65.50         | .....       |
| Jerusalem Leper Mission                           | 25.29        | 25.29         | .....       |
| Keswick Colony                                    | 19.06        | 19.06         | .....       |
| Kline, H. N., Foo Chow, China                     | 96.00        | 96.00         | .....       |
| Klein, Rev. Matthias, Sumoto, Japan               | 20.00        | 20.00         | .....       |
| Lampe, Rev. W. F.                                 | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Lawson, Missionary                                | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Lee, Blanche W.                                   | 80.50        | 80.50         | .....       |
| Lee, Rev. and Mrs. D. H.                          | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Loomis, Rev. H.                                   | 79.55        | 72.55         | 7.00        |
| McAuley Water Street Mission                      | 17.25        | 17.00         | .25         |
| McAuley Cromorne Mission                          | 151.30       | 151.05        | .25         |
| Mary Reed For Lepers                              | 58.50        | 58.50         | 2.00        |
| Mayeville Institute                               | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Meyer, Lucy R.                                    | 1,899.86     | 1,844.86      | 55.00       |
| Mission Among Sailors                             | 35.15        | 35.15         | .....       |
| Missionary Substitutes                            | 30.00        | 30.00         | .....       |
| Miscellaneous contributions of \$3 and under      | 11.00        | 11.00         | .....       |
| National Bible Institute                          | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Olsson, Emilio                                    | 60.00        | 60.00         | .....       |
| Owens, C. A.                                      | 25.00        | 25.00         | .....       |
| Pacific Garden Mission                            | 18.56        | 18.56         | .....       |
| Paton, Frank S.                                   | 22.00        | 22.50         | 7.50        |
| Perkins, Miss Sasha E.                            | 8.00         | 8.00          | .....       |
| Perkins, Rev., For Dora's Redemption              | 23.00        | 23.00         | .....       |
| Presbyterian Board                                | 80.00        | 80.00         | .....       |
| Prison Gate Mission                               | 309.00       | 309.00        | .....       |
| Pundita Ramalai                                   | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Pye, Rev. Watts O.                                | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer         | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Smith, Christian                                  | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Schreiber, Rev. C. H.                             | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Shewartz, Rev. H. W.                              | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Sieg, J. McC.                                     | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Springer, Rev. J. M.                              | 15.00        | 15.00         | .....       |
| Stark, Rev. A. R.                                 | 7.50         | 7.50          | .....       |
| Steele Orphanage                                  | 5.00         | 5.00          | .....       |
| Sunday Breakfast Association                      | 95.02        | 95.02         | .....       |
| Sundry Charities                                  | 75.00        | 60.00         | 15.00       |
| Stephens, Rev. W. H.                              | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Tennesseetown Mission                             | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Tenry, Wm. C.                                     | 50.00        | 50.00         | .....       |
| Thomson, George N.                                | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Thornwell Orphanage                               | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Union Gospel Mission                              | 478.09       | 478.09        | .....       |
| White Door Settlement                             | 11.00        | 11.00         | .....       |
| Wilcox, W. C.                                     | 6.00         | 6.00          | .....       |
| Wilson, R. M.                                     | 68.00        | 68.00         | .....       |
| Windsor, Mrs. M.                                  | 20.00        | 20.00         | .....       |
| Wodehouse, Rev. R. J.                             | 60.00        | 60.00         | .....       |
| Woodberry, Mrs. J.                                | 10.00        | 10.00         | .....       |
| Zamora, Rev. Nicholas                             | .....        | .....         | .....       |
| Zulu Christian Industrial School                  | .....        | .....         | .....       |
| Totals                                            | \$230,952.34 | \$213,154.85  | \$17,797.49 |

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we audited all of the General Charities Funds of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the year ended May 31, 1911. We made a thorough test of the cash received as indicated by published statements appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From the examination which we made, it is our opinion that all cash received has been deposited in bank and that all disbursements have been made for the purposes for which the money was received. We have observed that there was a balance on hand at June 1, 1911, of \$17,797.49. Of this amount, \$10,409.26 was disbursed during June and July, 1911, and the balance is held, we are informed, for future disbursement with the knowledge and consent of the donors.



Ernst & Ernst  
Certified Public Accountants

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

that society exceeded 120,000,000 volumes (who or partial Bibles), some idea may be gathered of the grand total when all other agencies are included. Taking a smaller illustration: up to 184 the Causton Bible Institute (founded to print and circulate the Word cheaply) had circulated 5,000,000 Bibles and 3,000,000 Testaments. Up 1889, the Prussian Bible Society had circulated 5,239,238 Bibles. There are many other Bible societies in Germany. In Russia, a single society has circulated nearly 900,000 Bibles. Our own American Bible Society has an output of from 3,000 to 4,000 volumes a day, and its annual issue have exceeded 700,000 to 800,000 Bibles in whole or in part. There are many other independent agencies engaged in Bible production. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD being one of the largest. There is no available data for determining the percentage suggested in our correspondent's letter.

W. M. A., Dayton, O. There is no reason—judging from your letter—why you should be disappointed with your outlook in life. The world is still before you, and with trust in God, good steady principles, industrious habits, thrift and a quiet appreciation of honorable opportunities as they arise, you can do well. Remember, the discontented man the "groucher"—is nowhere desired. This appropriate verse may give you an idea for motto:

Just where you stand in the conflict,

There is your place!

Just where you think, you are useless

Hide not your face.

God placed you there for a purpose,

Whatever it may be;

Think He has chosen you for it,

Then walk loyally.

A. E., Elizabethtown, N. C. Please explain John 3: 13.

It seems a paradox, and was doubtless intended to startle his hearers as well as to impress upon them the fact that he was at one both human and divine. Commentators hold that the sense of the passage (reading the context) is that no man by going up from earth to heaven can obtain a perfect knowledge of God; and none has so ascended but He whose proper habitation in his essential nature is heaven, and who taking the clothing of flesh has descended, and is alone able to disclose the Father (see John 1: 18).

A. H., Curwensville, Pa., and many others. Kindly tell me where the following line is found: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

This is the last verse of the English Puritan poet John Milton's, sonnet on his blindness.

## Miscellaneous

If "Old Subscriber," Carling, Ont., will send her address, her question will be answered by mail.

Any one knowing the address of Rev. Isaac S. Brundage, formerly of Connecticut, but now supposed to be resident in the State of Ohio will confer a favor by forwarding it to his nephew, C. E. Washburn, 80 Turner Street, Williamstown, Mass.

H. Harriman, Tenn. Such an assertion could only be proved or disproved by a full inquiry. It is probably true.

B. U., Overton, Neb. The passage in the Mosaic law to which you refer no doubt meant just what it said. It was intended to place an indelible stigma upon immorality.

C. D. L., Wilkes Barre, Pa. The passage we quoted is not in the Bible. It is from a modern poet, and expresses the idea that if we are in God's care, he will keep us as he has promised to keep those who trust in him. Further, we have the assurance that though we may fall, we will not be utterly cast down. Backsliding is indeed a terrible fact; but even the backslider finds a way open for his return and forgiveness, if he chooses to take it.

C. H. H., Freehold, N. J. The passage in Luke 14: 26 was explained recently. That portion of the text which reads "he that loves his father or mother more than me, he cannot be my disciple" emphasizes the paramount importance of the Gospel call. The verse in question (26) means that we must be prepared to make any sacrifice, even of that which is nearest and dearest to us, and even to sever ties of blood and kindred for His sake. This is the test of real discipleship (see the corresponding passage in Matt. 10: 37, in which it is presupposed that the relatives tried to entice one away from Jesus, which makes the matter clearer).

B. F. M., Hillman, Miss. The passage in I. Kings 22: 22 has its parallel in Job 2. In both cases, the evil spirit was permitted to do its evil work and both instances are recorded in accordance with the theological attitude of the Jewish priesthood and historians of those days. Up to the time of the Babylonian captivity their theology on many points was uncertain and fluctuating (observes a leading commentator), and it was not until the time of Zechariah that they recognized a decided opposition between the good and the evil spirits or angels. There is no basis for comparing these Old Testament passages with Acts 5: 4-8.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



A Hopi Pottery-Maker



Indian Women Grinding Corn by Hand



A Hopi Basket-Maker



## THE PASSING OF THE PUEBLOS

NOW that New Mexico and Arizona have become States their lawmakers will find themselves confronted with an "Indian problem" of more than ordinary difficulty. It will be necessary for them to define the status of the Pueblos, who are not "wards of the government," but American citizens, although the rights of citizenship have been denied them.

Under the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which terminated the war with Mexico, it was provided that all persons in the territory ceded to the United States who had been citizens of Mexico should become citizens of the northern republic. It has since been repeatedly decided by the Federal courts that the Pueblos were citizens of Mexico, and, hence, that they are now citizens of the United States, with the right to vote, hold office, and enjoy all other privileges of citizenship.

For six years after the signing of the treaty, the Pueblos were permitted to exercise these rights. Members of their communities were elected to office, served as petit and grand jurors, and voted at all elections. Then, in 1854, the territorial legislature of New Mexico (which then included Arizona) abrogated the solemn treaty obligations of the Federal Government, and deprived them of the franchise, except as to irrigation ditch elections and elections of their own community officials. In 1901, the New Mexico legislature even deprived the Pueblo of the right to vote at ditch elections.

So the Pueblo is a being apart from the white man's laws, except when he happens to transgress them. Then he is held strictly to account. In general, the people are left to their own devices as regards the administration of the affairs of their own communities, with no attempt at regulation, policing or other control on the part of county or territorial authorities. They live in accordance with their ancient customs, enforce their own laws and administer their own punishments. In the Pueblo villages, from the smallest to the largest, there is less vice and crime than can be found in any villages or towns of the same population in America inhabited by the superior white race.

Several years ago, the Supreme Court of New Mexico decided that the lands of the Pueblos could be taxed by the territory. A congress of Pueblos met at Santa Fe and petitioned the Congress of

A Hopi Girl Wearing a Characteristic Headdress



the United States to relieve them of this burden. Congress promptly acceded to this request, exempting their lands from taxation until such time as New Mexico became a State. The Pueblos have held their lands under Spanish, Mexican and American rule. In 1863, these lands were granted them in fee simple by patents of the United States Government. President Lincoln, accompanying the patent, gave to each pueblo an ebony cane with a silver head suitably inscribed. Each community prizes its cane as a sacred pledge or token, and it is passed from each governor to his successor as the badge of his office.

The title of the Pueblos to their lands, therefore, is unassailable. Nevertheless, those lands are coveted by the whites. The only way that now appears to be possible is to tax the lands so heavily that the Indians will be compelled to sell all that they do not actually need for farming purposes. This is the policy that is openly advocated by a large section of the local press. The Hopi of Arizona (who are also Pueblos) may fare better. No one but the frugal and industrious Hopi could extract a livelihood from the soil of the Painted Desert. The Hopi may be permitted to keep his lands, for the very good reason that no white man would accept them as a gift.

So the puzzle that demands solution on the part of the new State of New Mexico is this: Can the Pueblos be taxed to the point of compelling them to sell all of their lands that they do not actually need, and still be denied the rights of citizenship that were pledged them by the terms of the treaty with Mexico, without clashing with the Federal Government's authority?

Nominally, all of the Pueblos, except the Zuñi and Hopi, are outwardly Catholics, but in reality pagan to the core. They were converted to nominal Christianity at the time when the Inquisition was a power in the land. The Zuñi and Hopi dwelt far from the seat of authority, and they massacred the missionaries and forgot their teachings. The rest of the Pueblos killed missionaries, too, but in the end were subdued. They remain professed Catholics to this day merely from force of habit.

In all there are about 10,000 of the Pueblos, occupying eighteen permanent villages in New Mexico and seven or eight in Arizona. It is

Continued on page 939

A Zuñi Water-Carrier at Her Doorway



A Zuñi "Rebecca at the Well"







## THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Rev. W. MacMullen, D.D.\*

## A FOOL'S VERDICT

TEXT: Ps. 14: 1—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

THIS seems severe language, but we are to remember that the psalmist was looking out upon a world in which corruption was running riot. Wickedness seemed to be the established law of life. Good men were scorned and devoured like bread. And the cause of this carnival of foulness, the psalmist thought, was a denial of God. To the man with a vision and experience of God, human society, in such moral conditions, even though rich with material prosperity, was bedlam. And the madness which produced it was the denial of God.

We are coming back to the mood of the psalmist. The intense scientific activity of the past half century, its new formula of evolution, its new ability to interpret natural facts which were before dark and mysterious, all this has disturbed the faith of many souls, it has brought fear to the devout and jubilant joy to the skeptical. But the tide has turned. "The age of doubt" has passed into "a new epoch for faith." A great statesman has declared that "belief in God is the fundamental basis of the healthy life of any people." A famous scientist came back from his brilliant refutation of the Christian faith and died in the communion of the Christian Church, confessing, "It is reasonable to be a Christian believer."

### The Limitations of Science

Science is admitting the limitations of her territory, and has acknowledged that there are some problems more profound than those she deals with, that the discovery of method is not the same thing as the discovery of power. While she may be able to say how things are made and are being made, as to why they are being made and by whom, she must either believe or be silent. *The Great Companion is not dead.* To assert that he is, is to be guilty of monstrous folly. "It is absurd to say that a number of atoms falling together of their own accord could make a sprig of moss, a microbe or a living animal." So said Lord Kelvin, the acknowledged leader of British science.

One of our accepted truths is that we are under the rule of law. Nothing is accidental. The tides, the seasons, the rains and snows and dews, the harvests, the storms that sweep the earth, the diseases that kill us, the changing temperatures, the swinging planets and shining stars, and even the erratic comets, are all under law. The most turbulent forces that disturb the earth beneath us or career in the spaces about us, are under orders. Not only to the sea, but to every force that moves, has gone forth the fiat, "Thus far and no farther." If this were not true, we could have no science. Science is just a fuller knowledge of the laws that are prevailing in this universe of ours. To discover the forces by which the earth's crust is made and the laws of their working and write the history of their work, that is Geology. We ask how the stars move and shine, that is our Astronomy. We study plants, their structure and the laws of their growth, that is Botany. To know the air currents and cloud forces, that is Meteorology. Perhaps we shall know the mysteries of even the changing atmosphere so well some day that Kipling's brilliant imagination may come true and we shall have mail packets and freighters and hospital ships flying through the air, each at its appointed level in its well defined airy lane.

### The Universe Under Divine Law

In the ignorant days, instead of ordered worlds, men looking up into the heavens saw only strange signs and wonders; in a storm they saw the fury of an outraged god or goddess, in chemical wonders they saw magic. We have some credulous and superstitious people in the world to-day, who believe in the fatality of the mystic number thirteen, and find signs in trivial events, and shudder when they break a looking glass. But now it is perfectly plain that both our science and superstition proclaim our conviction that this universe is full of meaning—is crammed with meaning. "Nothing walks with aimless feet." It is an ordered whole. Its parts are related. The laws that rule us here are in force on the furthest star.

\* Pastor, Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York City.

Our attempts to understand the universe prove at least that we believe it can be understood. We could not perceive order if it were disorderly. And if order exists, it is absurd to think it accidental. Order is the outcome of intentional thought. Our sciences are our discoveries and descriptions of "knowledge too wonderful" for us, of thoughts higher than ours, which have been wrought into the texture of worlds. If the universe were not rationally constructed, it would be a sealed book to us. We cannot understand the movements of an insane mind, because that mind has slipped from the control of personal will. No more could we understand a chaotic universe. If the worlds rushed through the spaces as though in drunken frenzy, if the atoms rushed about aimlessly, the universe would be a bedlam, our civilization would fall into ruin and we should go mad. Now to perceive the laws of the universe and then to fancy that these are a substitute for God is to be absurd. Yet the assumption has sometimes been made that the establishment of law is the dethronement of God. It is a sort of socialistic principle applied to stupid atoms—law prevailing, but no government. This is the dream of an anarchist. The theory of some has been more law, less God; all law, no God. Whereas the truth is, the extension of the domain of law means the extension of the rule of God, and law universally operating is God universally present. "O God, I think thy thoughts over after thee," said the great Kepler, as he found the laws of planetary motion, which speech was not only reverent, but logical.

God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice:  
For if he thunder by law, the thunder is still his voice.

I think one of the pathetic things in Christian history is the terror which has come upon the defenders of the Christian faith more than once, because of changes in scientific thinking.

### How God Works in Nature

The Copernican system of the universe seemed to deny man's importance by making the earth an insignificant planet, and because it seemed to contradict Biblical statements, the Church defied it and its champions were persecuted and sometimes burned to death. The alarm was false and came out of a false Biblical literalism, which is now yet dead. And again, when science said that the universe as it is the result of progress; that it has had a gradual development; that forces, now working in it and upon it have been slowly shaping it through the ages, there was another cry of terror from the ranks of the faithful. It seemed like a denial of God's immediate action. And indeed scientists have sometimes assumed as an established fact that God has been outgrown and is no longer necessary to account for things. Such fear and such effrontery alike spring from a false idea of supernatural action. It is the confusion of method with cause. It is absurd folly to think that because we have discovered God's way of doing things, we have therefore made him unnecessary. The gradual method of producing the natural order demands God's presence constantly, the sudden method demands it only occasionally. A story of an Eastern king is related that while walking in his garden one day with his counselor, discussing the wonderful works of God, the skeptical king said, "Show me a sign, and I will believe." And the counselor said, "Here are four acorns; will your Majesty please take and plant them and then look into this clear pool of water?" And the king did so, and when he looked up he saw four mighty oak trees, and exclaimed, "Truly, this is a miracle, this is the work of God." "How long were you looking in the pool?" asked the counselor. "About a second," said the king. "Eighty years have passed as a second," said the other. And the king looked at his garments, and they were threadbare, and again he looked into the pool and saw reflected therein the face of an old man, and he cried angrily, "This is not a miracle, after all." The counselor replied, "It is the work of God, whether it is done in a second, or in eighty years."

We used to argue from design, and to be very fond some years ago of the argument from the watch. Evolution, we are told, destroyed the value of this argument. Because, suppose the watch was not made by anybody as it is, but came from a preceding watch less perfect than itself, and that from another

without dial or hands, and so on back until at the beginning there is nothing but a revolving barrel then your argument is gone. No, it is strengthened. For where did that original revolving barrel get power to evolve, where did it get power to improve itself and become a marvelous combination of wheels, springs, pinions, dial and hands, all of the working together with the purpose of indicating time? That is, if the universe is not a machine but a flower, it requires, not a smaller, but a larger and steadier exercise of infinite power. The proof of purpose in the world are not fewer with the new forms of thinking about it. They are more plentiful. World history is crammed with adjustments. An ordination council a few years ago has before it a young candidate whose mind was alive with the thinking of his time. He was asked by member of the council what he thought of Paley argument from design. "Oh, it was all very well for its day," he answered; "it called attention to some indications of purpose in the creation, but the proofs of purpose which have been shown us since by such writers as Darwin and Tyndal and Huxley throw all that exhibit into the shade." It was sprightly reply, perhaps a trifle flippant, but it was true. Adaptation is the constant necessity of the theory of the influence of environment upon life. And do such adjustments occur without a super and superintending mind? Absurd! "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The arguments for God's existence are mostly modern, because the doubt of his existence is a modern disease. It can never be epidemic, and has never been common.

### Religion Never Outgrown

Such a speech is not only intellectual folly, but vital folly. It brings hopeless confusion into human nature. At the top of the developing natural order stands man, and at the summit of man's being is his religious nature. It is the highest thing in him, the most characteristic, the most persistent. He was religious before he was highly intellectual. Some say that in that fact we have the proof that the religious impulse is not normal and not final. Man was religious before he knew better. His religion is a relic of his infancy, and should be laid aside with other nursery delusions. But it can be laid aside; it is vital. Delusions are outgrown—religion is never outgrown. No increase of rational power drives it out. Now nature never burdens us long with useless organs. If a faculty is useless, it withers away, and if it doesn't, we fin means to cut it away. If spiritual instincts wither, they would disappear. But they don't disappear. They persist, are inveterate, were never stronger than now. And how shall we account for them; these longings, prayers, faith, vision, peace. Have they no adequate cause? No true answer John Fiske said once, that if man's religious nature and experience had nothing objectively real to answer them, it would be something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation, an declared that "all the analogies of nature fairly shout" against such an assumption.

### The Supreme Folly

No God! Then who is responsible for the divin things in human life? No God! Then saintliness is but the moral flush of a diseased soul; then martyrs have burned in defense of a dream; then Jesus "Strong Son of God, immortal love," "holiest among the mighty and mightiest among the holy," was the saddest and most pitiable dupe of the ages. No God! Then our prayers are worth less than the air they disturb; then morality can get no logical grip on the soul. Are the lower things in man significant and true, and the higher things meaningless? Is the body fed with what it needs, and the spirit fed only by its own baseless dreams? No God! Then nature has devoted her ages and forces to the elaboration of a colossal lie.

In these days, religious life, like all other things is put under the dominion of law. We are assured that religious sentiments and experiences belong to certain ages in the life of the individual, and are the result of certain physical conditions. But even so; if it be true that the experiences of free souls

Continued on next page



## THE CRY OF THE WATCHMAN

Through nights of mist and darkness,  
Through days of fog and rain,  
With heart-throb strong and restless,  
The stately ship across the main.  
Divers lurk beneath, before her,  
Hidden rock or wandering barque;  
Her course she does not falter,  
With courage plunges in the dark;  
Above the deck's safe footing,  
On an aerie near the sky,  
Goes from out the darkness floating,  
The wakeful watchman's welcome cry,  
All's well,  
All's well."

Through ways of mist and darkness,  
Through days of doubt and pain,  
The soul with peace resistless,  
With weather mark and strain.  
Of error lie beneath her,  
In deep darkness veils the way,  
False's false lights seek to flatter,  
But her upward course would stay;  
Whirling winds of worthless passion  
Bearing faith's bright sunlit sky,  
With promise 'gainst destruction,  
Through sin's night there comes a cry,  
All's well,  
All's well."

Through life's misty ways and darkness,  
Through hot days of toil and pain,  
The wondrous soul of Jesus,  
Without blemish, without stain,  
Triumphs through all ways of error,  
At all subtly hidden foes,  
Without coward fear or terror,  
Triumphantly the Master goes.  
All men he marked the pathway,  
Cross life's tempestuous main.  
Then, and he will say  
To God I'll lead you safe again,  
All's well,  
All's well."

CHARLES REMINGTON McNALLY.

## A Fool's Verdict

Continued from preceding page

to be brought under law in our  
tion for order, law in religion no  
bars God out than law in nature.  
Orders the conditions and makes  
lections between them and man's  
constitution so that his needs are  
and his soul set to singing? God  
man have intercourse. We are in  
world and in his hands.  
The speech of the fool is true, then  
is folly. Dr. Watkinson refers to  
finds illustrations in an idiot boy  
used to whip his top on the pave-  
ment day after day, month after  
month, year after year. Top spin-  
ning was his life work. He doubtless  
days of victory, and hours of de-  
feat, and his performance was, to him,  
serious and important. Yet it was  
futile. And if there be no God, all  
is but a useless spinning of tops.  
Tops may differ. Some may be  
plain and some highly decorated;  
tops may spin quietly, and some hum  
loudly as to be heard across the  
street, but in any case, it is but mean-  
ingless, useless top spinning. And the  
character of the performance is not  
changed by giving it a dignified title  
or calling it the "propulsion of a  
gyroscope." And if the fool be right  
in his speech, life is chaos. Our moral  
instincts and moral habits might per-  
sist for a time, but not for long. An  
artist may be brave, but his courage  
either vanish when the storms  
come, or be a mere wooden stoicism.  
All life without God becomes un-  
bearably dreary. Romans said,  
"The universe had lost its soul of  
holiness with the denial of God, and  
there was a lonely mystery." When  
the heart sings with hope, throbs with  
ecstasy, breaks with grief, no God to  
support its springing powers or dry its  
weeping tears—it's a nightmare dream.  
And are we that the denial of God  
at the refuge of the wicked or the  
cry of the fool. This thought-woven  
universe, its universal order, our aspi-  
rations and prayers, all prove Him.  
All that we might not depend on con-  
ditions reached by logical argument,  
thus came to declare him and uncover  
him, and change our hopes into certain-  
ty, our rational convictions into  
religious experience. In Jesus, we see  
Him, and know him and become like

## The First Congress of Races

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

THE purpose was to come into  
touch with those who are trying  
to organize the world in the in-  
terests of justice and peace, to lend  
them a helping hand and to establish  
close and permanent relations with  
the somewhat feeble and scattered  
groups in Europe who are fighting  
race prejudice and chauvinism. The  
journey began at Dundee, on hills  
overlooking the broad Firth of Tay.  
Here a valiant and aggressive fighter  
for peace—Rev. Walter Walsh,  
author of *The Moral Damage of War*  
and well known in America—has  
been a dynamo who has given electric  
shocks to Scotsmen ever since the  
days of the Boer war.

SITTING in his cosy parlor at  
"The Hague," as his home is  
named, it was as good as hearing  
Scott's tales of border warfare to lis-  
ten to the story of the rescue of his  
friend, Crownright Schreiner, from  
South Africa. In the very church  
where we had that morning and  
evening preached an American gos-  
pel of world organization, a throng  
had met, some of them determined  
that this brave Englishman should  
never come out alive. When this was  
learned, in the pastor's study, pru-  
dence prevailed, an escape by cab  
from the rear of the church gave an  
hour's leeway before the stones of  
the pursuers were breaking windows  
and falling on the baby's crib at  
"The Hague." But the clever threat  
of the two forlorn police to order out  
upon the mob every policeman hidden  
in the darkness behind the garden  
wall finally prevented catastrophe.

The pilgrimage to Edinburgh and  
to various English towns must be  
passed over in order to speak of the  
summer's great event—"The First  
Universal Races Congress" held in  
London during the last week of July.  
Never was there such a gathering  
since time began. From every coun-  
try in Europe, from far India,  
China, Japan, South Africa, America  
and the islands of the South, came  
twelve hundred earnest men and wo-  
men of all races, each one paying a  
guinea for admission and faithfully  
keeping up the attendance until the  
close of the last session through days  
of excessive heat. German professors  
and highbred Englishwomen and  
Americans sat down to lunch with  
men and women of all degrees of  
color.

AT THE splendid reception and  
concert given at Claridge's Ho-  
tel by a New York lady in honor of  
the president, Lord Weardale, hum-  
ble, dark skinned folk whose fathers  
had been slaves found themselves  
welcomed in their plain attire just as  
much as those English dames who  
were rare jewels and rich gowns.  
Perhaps the most beautiful sight in  
this great world-group was that of a  
dainty Hindoo damsel clad in the  
graceful folds which put present  
Paris fashions to shame.

At the official reception one saw  
the young, keen-eyed Papal legate  
wearing a crimson silk robe, turbaned  
students from India, thoughtful Chi-  
nese officials, and our one American  
Indian, Dr. Eastman, a graduate of  
Dartmouth College, who, with Pro-  
fessor DuBois, smiling, tactful and  
agreeable, seemed to be the favorites  
among all the men of color. One of  
the tall, handsome men who spoke at  
the Congress took evident pride in  
his Maori blood. One of the most in-  
teresting was a black editor of a pa-  
per in South Africa, only one genera-  
tion from savagery, who spoke good  
English and was a gentleman.

THE Congress had its genesis in a  
suggestion of Dr. Felix Adler,  
and was chiefly arranged by Mr.  
Gustav Spiller, of London, with a  
council that numbered many of the  
most distinguished savants of the  
globe. It was planned with scientific  
purposes in view to discuss the an-  
thropological and economic problems  
as well as those of unreasoning ra-  
cial antipathies. German scholarship  
came to show the essential oneness of  
all races and the immense preponder-  
ance of likenesses over differences.  
Professor Reinsch of Madison—the  
Roosevelt professor this year at Ber-  
lin—discussed "Geographic, Political  
and Economic Conditions." Riza  
Tewfik, an admirable member of the  
minority in the Turkish Parliament,  
showed the complex racial conditions  
in Turkey. "Miscegenation," "Inter-  
national Law and Subject Races,"  
"Traffic in Intoxicants and Opium,"  
and the peace movement, presented  
by French and American specialists,  
were among the vital subjects which  
entrained the attention of eager lis-  
teners. A book of 450 pages, entitled  
*Intercultural Problems*, containing the  
papers of invited speakers, was given  
every member before the Congress  
opened. An American edition has just  
been published by the World Peace  
Foundation in Boston. The sessions  
were devoted to discussions of these  
papers, no outline of which is pos-  
sible in this brief survey.

This Congress will in due time be  
followed by a series of others. A plan  
of organization was adopted, em-  
bodying some of the principles sug-  
gested by Mr. Mead, who gave the  
closing address on "International Or-  
ganization for Intercultural Good-  
Will."

AT BRUSSELS, a pilgrimage was  
made to the "International Bib-  
liographical Institute," a monument  
of research supported partly by the  
government, and a treasure house of  
information stored in corridors of  
drawers of card catalogues, wherein  
the fast-increasing number of inter-  
national organizations are named  
and described. It is an astounding  
revelation to the average American,  
who in his appreciation of world re-  
lationships is often thirty years  
behind the times.

Berlin, August, 1911.

## NEARING PORT

THE noble river widens as we drift,  
And the deep waters more than brackish  
grow.  
We note the sea birds flying to and fro,  
And feel the ocean currents plainly float.  
Our bark, and yet our course we would not  
shift;  
These are but signs by which the boatmen  
know  
They're drawing near the port to which they go  
To land their cargo or to bring their gift.  
So may our lives reach out on either hand,  
Broader and broader, as the end draws near;  
So may we seek God's truths to understand,  
As the sea-birds shelter seek when storms  
appear.  
So may the currents from the heavenly sea  
Lift us and bear us to eternity.—Selected.

## SEPTEMBER

WITH waving wand of goldenrod,  
And asters in her hair,  
Adown the year's sweet path she comes  
With dreamy face and fair,  
Within a circled arm she holds,  
Filled over-brim, a tray  
Of luscious fruits to scatter wide  
Along her pleasant way.  
The months of summer came and went  
On dancing, flying feet:  
Oh, dear were they, and swift were they  
To hasten their retreat:  
But even while with saddened eyes  
We watch them disappear,  
September comes to win our love,  
And spread her bounties here.  
EMMA A. LUNTE in *Christian Endeavor World*.

## THE CROWNING JOY

TO WALK with God in His fair world below,  
Feeling His presence whereso'er we go,  
This is the joy of life, the bliss supreme,  
Not a mere fancy, not an idle dream.  
"Lo, I am with thee," those blest words He  
spoke,  
"I'll never leave thee, I will ne'er forsake."  
So, trusting fully the Almighty Friend,  
We will walk joyful with Him to the end.  
Mount Upton, N. Y. Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND.

## Are Our Children There?

By F. M. Barton

"AND God shall wipe away all tears  
from their eyes" is a text in  
Revelation that leads us to ask, Will  
there be tears in heaven? There is  
one thing that I think would cause me  
to weep in heaven, and that is, if my  
children should not join me there.

Let us imagine a scene in heaven.  
There is a father and a mother wait-  
ing not far from the gates, looking ex-  
pectantly, and the mother says:  
"He'll be coming the while." And the  
father says: "Don't be worrying."

Thank God for the hopeful, patient,  
worrying, self-sacrificing mothers.  
A young woman passes through the  
gates and as she comes near the father  
and mother they recognize her as  
John's Sunday School teacher. They  
greet one another, and the mother  
says:

"We are waiting for John."  
"Isn't he here yet?" said the  
teacher.

"Not yet, but he'll be sure to be com-  
ing, won't he?"

"Why—I hope so."  
"Why, aren't you sure John will be  
here?"

The teacher might have said "Yes,"  
but minds and hearts are transparent  
there. The mother put her arms  
around the teacher and said: "We  
sent John to Sunday School and to  
you, every Sunday, to be taught the  
way of life, and the way to heaven."

"I know; I know," said the teacher,  
"and I did the best I could; but I only  
had one hour each Sabbath, and there  
were seven others in the class, and  
they were restless, and I did not know  
the way myself, as I should have  
known it. I used to try to keep them  
quiet, and I didn't realize how impor-  
tant it was, and knowing you were  
both Christians, I thought that you  
would look after his salvation. Let us  
hope for the best."

And the teacher joins the parents in  
hoping—and if their hopes were futile,  
we can understand why there is need  
for God to wipe away tears in heaven.

Why is it we have time to feed and  
clothe the house in which John lives,  
but we thoughtlessly send him away  
once a week with a nickel in his little  
fist (or more often with a copper cent)  
to purchase food for John himself—the  
John which is to live forever—and  
often he has to buy from some one en-  
tirely unfitted for the preparation of it.

The Sunday School is the greatest  
power for good in the world; but there  
is one thing the Sunday School cannot  
do, and was never intended to do—to  
relieve Christian parents of the duty  
of so teaching and training their chil-  
dren that their footsteps shall be es-  
tablished in the way of eternal life.

How painful the uncertainties and  
anxieties of parents as they lie on beds  
from which other hands shall raise  
them!

"John, you'll meet me over there?"

"Mary, I'll be waiting for you."

The world may write us down as  
successful, but before God we shall be  
ashamed if we have not led those he  
gave us to him.

When the breath of God came into  
the tiny bodies of John and Mary  
there came with it the homing instinct  
that would take their spirits back to  
the God who gave them. But we de-  
voted our lives to conforming them to  
this world. One would imagine from  
our teaching and anxiety for worldly  
success for them that they were going  
to live here forever. They will live  
forever, 'tis true, but not here.



# Floods and Revolts in Troubled China

IN a recent issue THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a special cable dispatch from Missionary Z. Charles Beals, of Wuhu, China, announcing that terrible floods had visited the Yangtse Valley, doing great damage to property and causing heavy loss of life. Press cable dispatches from Hankow, dated September 4, bring the intelligence that the floods are even more serious than at first reported, and that there are rumors that 100,000 persons have been drowned by the sudden overflowing of the Yangtse and its tributaries. These dispatches add: "The floods are the worst that have been experienced in many years. The ill-fated province of Anhui is submerged to a greater depth than ever before. It is estimated that more than ninety-five per cent. of the crops have been destroyed." The report received by the American Mission at Wuhu, while lacking in details, is believed to refer to the devastation of the waters throughout the entire submerged district since the beginning of the floods in that part of China several months ago.

It is hoped that the loss of human life may prove to be not so heavy as these estimates state, but the worst is feared. In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Missionary Beals, just received from Wuhu, he writes:

"The future of Central China hangs like a great dark cloud. We are powerless to even save many of our church people. This district, just north of us, is the same one THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers helped save in 1901. It is ten times worse now. Those churches we organized by the help of your good readers seem to be all washed away. The members were farmers, and all they have is a bit of rice tied up in the tops of trees while they themselves are paddling around in tubs. Oh, the thousands of orphans there will be in our district! The Chinese officials are waking up, but they have little to meet the need."

The North China Daily News says that a gigantic scheme is on foot to employ modern engineering talent to make the low-lying areas flood-free, and the work has been entrusted to an American engineer, Mr. Charles Jameson. Large numbers of the natives will be employed in the work, but the vast majority will have to be removed from the unproductive areas for a time at least. The chief obstacle seems to be lack of funds available for the enterprise—which involves the reclamation of from 10,000 to 15,000 square miles—but this may be overcome. Meanwhile the loss by the latest flood in Anhui province alone will probably be in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 taels. In a single district—

Weichow—over 600,000 mow of rice fields were destroyed in one day by the breakdown of a water dike and in the neighboring district of Nanlinghsien, a few days later, 100,000 more were swept away. Luchowfu and Hochow rice crops have met a similar fate. Wuhu is being filled with refugees, who are coming down the river in thousands of boats from the north and squatting wherever they can find dry land.

The Chinese Government has other important

stationary stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and of the Methodist Church in Canada are located here.

The present troubles are mainly the result of the very bitter feeling against the railroad project of the Chinese Government, agitation being directed chiefly against the construction of the Szechuen-Hankow Railroad. It is to a great extent political and may not entail such grave danger to the missionaries as the first dispatches would indicate.

The American missionaries at the different stations at Chengtu are as follows:

Methodist Episcopal, No. 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Joseph Beech, Ph.B., D.D., Middletown, Conn., and Mrs. Beech, Dixon, Ill.; Claude W. Freeman, A.B., M.B., Burlington, Ont., and Mrs. Freeman, Hamilton, Ont.; George B. Neumann, A.B., B.D., New Britain, Conn., and Mrs. Neumann, New Britain, Conn.; Elrick Williams, A.B., A.M., Urbana, Ill., and Mrs. Williams, Fort Dodge, Ia.; James M. Yard, A.B., B.D., Nichols, Conn., and Mrs. Yard, Nichols, Conn. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Clara Collier, Chester, Vt.; Georgia E. Day, Keosauqua, Ia.; Ruth B. Smith, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Winnifred L. Stout, Hurley, S. D.; Anna L. Gollisch, Afton, Ia.

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Ford Building, Boston—The Rev. J. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

American Bible Society, Bible House, New York—Mr. and Mrs. Torrence. International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association—C. D. Hayes, R. R. Service and Mrs. Service, Dr. William Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

## An Illustrated Chinese Pamphlet

We have received from the Shanghai Relief Committee a consignment of pamphlets, in album form, each containing over fifty full-page photographic illustrations of the famine districts (a large part of which are now covered by destructive floods) and with explanatory reading matter in English and Chinese. There is in each pamphlet a large colored map (Chinese and English) of the famine region. These pamphlets will be specially useful to missionary and other church societies and Sunday Schools and to all who are interested in missionary work. They will be forwarded by mail by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to any address, postpaid at 20 cents each, or six for \$1, the proceeds to be devoted to the China Orphan Fund.



A View of the Yangtse Kiang River, Showing the Buddhist Temple at Wuhu

matters, as well as the floods of the Yangtse Kiang River, to engage its attention at the present time. Reports of serious rioting, which in some sections has assumed the proportions of a revolt, are contained in the latest dispatches from Peking. The most serious of these outbreaks has taken place in the province of Szechuen, which is one of the largest of the western part of the Chinese Empire. Some portions of the province, notably those about its capital city Chengtu, are among the most thickly populated sections of the globe. The population of the city itself is 400,000, while that of the entire province, whose area is 218,000 square miles, is about 70,000,000.

A dispatch from the representative of one of the great daily newspapers reads: "The situation in the province of Szechuen is extremely critical. The Viceroy has instructed all foreigners in Chengtu to assemble in the Canadian Methodist Mission compound, as this is the easiest defended from attack. Foreigners in the country districts of the province are fleeing to the cities for refuge. A British river gunboat is now proceeding to Kiatingfu, south of Chengtu. There are seventy Americans in Chengtu and its neighborhood." In addition to being the capital of the province of Szechuen, Chengtu is one of the four great centres of the Chinese Empire. It is also the focal point of missionary endeavor in the western part of the empire. The largest mis-

## PRESENT CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

MR. ALFRED C. WRIGHT, Secretary of the Mexico Mission at Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico, writing from an unbiased viewpoint of the conditions which have followed the recent revolution, says: It was thought that Mexico had made great progress under the Diaz régime, and as compared with what it was thirty years ago, that is true. The nation, however, was not content, and the recent revolution was the voice of the nation crying for greater progress—for the complete realization of all that Diaz had promised.

It was in no sense a retrograde movement, nor a return to principles rejected by the reforms of Juarez and Diaz, but rather a decided advance in so far as the principles for which the revolution stood are concerned. It was a popular movement calling for reform and the full exercise of their rights. They demanded, first of all, the establishment of a single term in all government offices, as experience had taught the difficulty in getting out those who had long continued in office. The second principle for which they fought was for a really effective popular election. For years the people have had no real voice in the elections.

Everybody was surprised by the rapidity with which the closing events of the revolution followed one another. The great mass of the people was in sympathy with the movement from one end to the

other of the whole republic. It is too soon to say what the final results will be, but those already most manifest are a general feeling of freedom



General Madero Addressing His Soldiers

from restraint and a desire to take active part in politics. The freedom is seen in almost numberless periodicals which have sprung up, in which writers express their opinions with perfect liberty on all political subjects. Such a thing was unknown before, and many writers were imprisoned and printing establishments closed or confiscated because of opposition to the government. It is seen in gatherings and societies without restraint of any kind. It is this spirit, in part, at least, which is causing the strikes in mines, smelters and factories.

The desire to participate in the government even by those who have little aptitude or preparation for it is seen in the multitude of candidates for all offices, from the presidency down to the pettiest municipal job, and the attendant personal and party strife engendered. The present condition in many respects is much worse than under the old government, but it seems probable that the principles for which the fight was made will be established eventually, and the revolution will be recognized as a necessary element in the true progress and development of the nation.

The accompanying photo shows General Madero addressing his soldiers at Juarez; the other prominent persons are General José de la Luz Blanco, Don Juan Dozal, who has been given a high position in educational work at Chihuahua, and General Pascual Orozco, Jr.



# Ocean Grove's Greatest Love-Feast

The Auditorium at Ocean Grove



The Trumpet Quartette

"in the straw at a camp meeting." Mrs. Judge Davis sang "Under His Wings," and the congregation joined in the chorus.

An Italian missionary from Rome and a Hebrew were also among those who testified. Three hundred witnesses spoke of Christ's power to save and keep from sin.

Dr. Morgan seemed at home and kept up the religious fervor by starting the singing of appropriate verses of familiar hymns, the congregation joining with him. These included "The sweet by and by," "Face to face with Christ, my Saviour," "What will it be?" "Peace, like a river," "O how I love Jesus," "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," etc., etc.

The Chicago Preachers' Quartette added much to the spirituality of the love-feast and the Aida Trumpet Quartette rendered some very sweet, uplifting music, while the great organ, under Mr. Reynolds' skilful fingers, made a sound like many waters. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow" was sung with an earnestness that belongs peculiarly to Ocean Grove. Rev. Dr. A. E. Ballard pronounced the benediction.

Every seat in the auditorium was filled and many were standing at the doors when Rev. Frank B. Wilson of Yonkers, N. Y. preached on "What it means to be a true Christian." Rev. I. G. Wilson, of Philadelphia, preached the evening sermon. The closing services of this most remarkable week which Ocean Grove has enjoyed in years were held on Monday morning, and after the baptism of children and the reports of the leaders, the "march around Zion" began. The ministers led, followed by an immense concourse of people, walking two by two, and singing "We are marching to Zion."

The camp meeting closed with singing "God be with you till we meet again." To many it has proved a mount of communion and fellowship. Earnest Christians will carry back to their homes and churches more of energy for the prosecution of the work of the kingdom during the strenuous months of the winter season and more consecration to the cause of the life and light of mankind.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

## Labor Day Joys at Our Children's Home

LABOR Day, the last public holiday of the summer, was made bright for the little waifs who were spending the closing weeks of the season at Mont-Lawn, by the carrying through of a special programme and the presence of a large number of guests. It is not unusual for our Children's Home visitors to represent a considerable area, but the presence there on Labor Day of guests from sixteen different States, one of whom was noted with great interest, Mr. W. S. Juengerich, Mr. J. Y. Roder, and a party which had made Mont-Lawn one of the objective points of a trip to the Atlantic Coast, were the representatives of that Middle Western State.

While the guests were arriving during the morning, the children interrupted their play in the different parts of the Home grounds to cheer each carriage as it drove up the long winding road. By noon most of the visitors had already gathered, and though many of them had seen the same things take place before, all were greatly interested in watching the children form in line and march to Fort Plenty for the special holiday dinner which had been prepared for them. After this noon-day meal was finished and lunch had been served to the visitors, all went to the Children's Temple, where the little ones spent an hour in showing the friends who had come to spend the day with them just how enthusiastically they could sing their favorite songs.

At the conclusion of the singing in the Children's Temple, both guests and children returned to the large lawn in front of the Homestead building. Here preparations had been made for an open-air production of the familiar story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. A market place to serve as the scene of the little play had been prepared and was replete with fishes and hams and Dutch

Piper playing his lilting tune, appearing in his costume of brilliant red and white stripes from the fields back of Fort Plenty. When the story had reached that point where both tradition and the poet Browning left it, at the place where the children have been taken away from the town by the Piper in revenge for the crusty old Burgomaster's refusal to pay the agreed sum for the removal of the rats, the never ending of the story, which has been invented by Josephine Preston Peabody, was followed out. In this the Piper, returning to the market place, is begged by all the townspeople to return to them the lost children. In reply to their entreaties he tells them that not for money but for their love and the love of their children he came to rid them of the plague of rats. Only their selfishness and dishonesty have compelled him to teach them this lesson.

Little children, Ah, I love them all;  
They are the biggest miracle I know.  
Wherever I go I search the eyes of men  
To find such clearness; and it is not there  
Lies, greed, cruelty and dreadful dark  
And all that makes me sad I find.



The Children at Mont-Lawn Making Merry About the Homestead

cheese and vegetables, to say nothing of the fearfully and wonderfully made rats which were to play such an important part in the story. Presently the portly, long-coated Burgomaster arrived, and was soon beset by the women of the town, who begged relief from the plague of rats. The familiar development of the story was enacted, the Pied

The Piper, refusing the Burgomaster's proffered gold, makes them promise that if he pipes the children back they shall be taught to be honest men and women. Then, softly at first but growing louder and louder, he pipes till the children come flocking back from their hiding-place for the joyous reunion in the market.





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites an expression of opinion from its readers on the remarkable Symposium on World Peace and Arbitration, the third instalment of which appears in this issue. All letters should be brief and each correspondent should state which of the contributions to the Symposium is regarded as the ablest and most convincing. Address all letters, "Peace Symposium," CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.

## The Home Evangelist

TO those who have already passed through some of the experiences of the Christian life, there are three things that bring to the heart a joy such as nothing else in the whole world can give. They are (1) the realization of acceptance with God and personal union with Christ; (2) the act of confessing Christ before men and (3) leading others from darkness into the light. "It is to me an inconceivable thing," said Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the greatest living American evangelist, at Chautauqua a few days ago in conducting the last service, "that we should be selfish in our possession of Jesus. If I know Jesus and seal my lips, I am more than hard-hearted. There ought to be on the part of every Christian such enthusiasm for Jesus, that we would seek out our friend and never be satisfied until we found him. To have your best influence in your own home is a great thing; and when you have won your brother for Christ, then it is well to go outside. When we come to that day in the Church when each man will seek out and find his own brother and bring him to Christ, each woman her own sister, then our pews will be filled and our pastors will rejoice. In these days we need a genuine wave of sane Christlike evangelism, which should find expression in each man seeking out his own brother. When you begin to win others to Christ you find that you have an endless chain. You win a boy to Christ and you may shake a continent. Only God himself knows where the work will end."

We have known timid Christians who from the moment they became personal workers and won one soul were transformed into the most courageous of men. Their eyes were suddenly opened to the tremendous spiritual possibilities before them. They realized the meaning of the words "He that winneth souls is wise," and why it is that, as Daniel wrote, "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." There is a great and abiding joy in this work which many Christians miss, either through self-consciousness or neglect of opportunities. Every true-hearted man and woman can be and should be an evangelist. However small the field, however meagre the opportunities, do not neglect them. You may never go abroad to heathen lands, nor even travel far from your own home, but there is personal work to be done right in your own circle which, if undertaken heartily, will never fail to bring you the richest of blessings.

## Promoting Peace on Earth

FOR three weeks past THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has opened its columns to the views of those who stand foremost in various fields of public activity, concerning the Peace Movement. Their letters, the last instalment of which appears in this issue, have taken a wide range. Our Symposium has truly included "many men of many minds"—men prominent in statesmanship, in education, in the pulpit and on the lecture platform. Differences in denomination or in political opinion have all been laid aside. Yet it is surprising to note the essential unanimity in all the views that have been expressed in these letters. With a few notable exceptions, the conviction is clearly general that we have already entered the era of world-peace, although as yet we may be only in the initial stage. Practically all hold that the Church can exert a commanding influence in advancing the Peace movement; but even the pastors themselves admit that the Church, to be consistent, must preach a whole Peace Gospel and make its acts agree with its profession.

This is the position taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. There can be no middle ground. And in

no better way can the Church hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Peace than by advocating the general extension of local Peace Circles, a beautiful and patriotic work begun by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and one which is now growing at a remarkable rate throughout the country. These Circles are the ideal agency for the propagation of Peace principles among the rising generation. We trust to see in the near future Peace Circles in active operation in every town, village and hamlet. There is no cause that should be more productive of enthusiasm than this. The Peace Circle teaches loyalty of the better sort, patriotism on the highest plane, cultivation of the qualities and virtues that make good, sound, earnest Christians and the very best kind of citizens. We strongly urge those readers who have not already taken steps to organize Circles in their neighborhoods to do so now and thus become factors in this great Christian crusade which has in it the richest promise of divine blessing and a glorious fruition. While the complete accomplishment of "Peace on earth and good will toward men" must come from a higher Power than ourselves, it is surely within our province to do what we can to prepare the way. While we pray: "Thy Kingdom come," let us labor to make plain the way for its coming, and so we shall be serving God's purposes and making the world better and happier.

## China's Sad Plight

NEWS cabled to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago by a missionary correspondent at Wuhu, conveying intelligence of terrible floods in the Yangtse River valley, has been fully confirmed by the press dispatches. Hundreds of square miles of rice and grain fields are submerged. Added to the widespread suffering from this vast inundation is the lamentable fact that nearly 100,000 persons have perished by drowning. As in former calamities of the same sort, the survivors are leaving the inundated sections and crowding the roads leading to the cities, clamoring for food. Our missionaries are already being besieged with appeals to take in more orphan children, whose parents have been victims of this latest disaster. China is making provisions from her own resources for the flood sufferers, but it is easy to foresee that the orphanages will have to bear an added burden for which they are totally unprepared. Any help rendered to them now would go further in lightening their load of care and responsibility than if given later. American engineering skill is now to be engaged in dealing with the gigantic problem of reconstructing the water system along the Yangtse Valley. If this can be done successfully it will be a great source of material blessing to the people of that ancient empire.

## The Greater Heroism

FROM time immemorial the world has lauded its heroes, though the types of heroism it has worshiped have been as diverse as their rewards. At the dawn of history man almost deified such conquerors as the Pharaohs and Alexander. Greece and Rome placed their laurels on the brows of the heroes of the stadium and the amphitheatre. Physical prowess and perfection became their shibboleths. To-day the most highly prized decoration of all the world is the simple little bronze Victoria Cross which is awarded in England for the saving of human life under fire on the battlefield. That heroism which forgets self in its effort for others is now our standard.

Yet it does not stand alone. That humanity's heart still warms to the hero of brawn and endurance has been made plain by the acclaim that has greeted William T. Burgess, the Yorkshireman who recently swam the English Channel. With unwavering determination to duplicate Captain Matthew Webb's feat of thirty-six years ago, Mr. Burgess has persisted through fifteen failures; but on the sixteenth trial, after twenty-two and a half hours of battling the uncertain tides and currents of the Channel, after distressing illness occasioned by the motion of the water, and acute suffering from the salt which entered his eyes, he landed on French soil. The world casts its hat in the air and cheers such ability, endurance and perseverance. This feat

gives the thrill of that physical power which has made and unmade nations.

While Mr. Burgess' success was still the absorbing topic of the street and the newspapers, a long unpretentious procession bore to a last resting place the remains of the heroine of the highest type, Margaret Carey, of Brooklyn. Less than a single column in the daily press told the story of how this woman, who had passed the years of middle life, reheroically to the call when from her doorstep in outlying section of the city she saw three children standing where in a moment they must be crushed under the wheels of an approaching railway train. Dashing from her own home to where the children stood she reached them when the locomotive was but a few feet away. She hurled the children to place of safety, but before she could jump aside, the great engine, in spite of its emergency brakes, hurled her to the rails and done its fatal work. This is the heroism before which the world stands in awed silence. This is the greater love which forgetful of the laurel for its own brow, lays down its life for its fellows.

## Will Canada Reject Reciprocity?

CANADA'S election, which will decide the fate of the reciprocity agreement with the United States, is close at hand, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is making the campaign of his career in its half. That he will succeed is the general belief of the party which he leads; but the foes of the measure are also extremely active and are making a vigorous campaign, one of their chief arguments being that reciprocity will pave the way for annexation. Apparently they are resting their hope upon the annexation bogey, thereby begging the argument for greater markets and freer relations with their southern neighbors. Premier Laurier startled his hearers in his recent speech at St. Jerome by declaring that if his fight for reciprocity is defeated he will retire at once forever from the political arena. "Rest to me," he said, "is very sweet, and if defeated not a word of reproach will pass my lips." It is not the no-confident candidates are wont to utter in the heat of a campaign; but Sir Wilfrid knows Canada as few other men know it, and instead of depressing his party on the eve of the battle, will probably have just the opposite effect and rouse their energies to new vigor.

## General Note

—DURING THE RECENTLY closed session Congress passed a law authorizing the use of a site on a government reservation New York Harbor for the erection of a bronze statue commemorating the American Indian. The statue is to be erected on a New York merchant at his own expense. The Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy are named as members of a committee to select the site.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Notable Labor Day Parade

IT WAS ideal weather on Labor Day in New York City, and the annual celebration was a memorable one. Between forty and fifty thousand people, including five hundred women, marched down Fifth Avenue from Central Park, where the procession started about ten o'clock, to Washington square, where it ended at two o'clock. Although half million of the inhabitants of Manhattan Borough had gone out of the city to celebrate, they were not missed, as hundreds of thousands of spectators lined the streets to see the procession and lined in enthusiastic applause as it passed. Matthew A. McConville was the Grand Marshal. At the head marched Chief Inspector Max Schmittberger of the Police Department with forty men. Every conceivable organization of workers was represented. In the first division were the members of the societies connected with the theatrical profession, the united house-smiths and tinsmiths, and inside ironworkers. The second division were the amblers, eccentric firemen, pattern-makers, and beer drivers. In the third division were the tunnel and subway constructors, the painters, the machinists and engineers. The fourth division included the seamen, the Riggers' Union, the typographical Union, the longshoremen, the electricians, the Women's Trade Union, and the journeymen tailors. In the fifth division was the Garment Makers' Union. The sixth division was a continuation of the Garment Workers' Union. The real feature of the parade was the women, most of whom marched with the Garment Workers' Union. The floats in which they rode attracted the greatest attention and elicited the warmest applause. In the place of a child-labor float there was a large platform holding two women, one representing life and the other labor, clasping hands with a group of young women below them, dressed in white, yellow and blue. The stars and stripes were borne all along the line. There were a few red flags which the Socialists carried. A number of banners friendly to the MacNamara brothers were seen, and collections were asked and received for the defense of J. MacNamara. Labor Day has been made a legal holiday in a number of States, and will no doubt be made such by the rest of the States of the Union before very long. There are five million artisans in his country who, with their families, represent twenty millions. The farmers and their families make twenty millions more. The labor problem is becoming more and more one of paramount importance. It is a matter of congratulation that there is so much general intelligence and virtue in the working people of this country, which is a prophecy of the largest measure of national thrift and happiness. The nation felt the shock of the feet of the hundreds of thousands of united workingmen who marched down the streets of the various cities on Labor Day. There are bad men who inflame the workingmen, there are adventurers who disturb them, there are unwise counselors who advise them, but there are also good and able leaders, and the great heart of labor in America beats in harmony with the highest mental and moral ideas; and it is to be hoped that the irritations and frictions between capital and labor will result in a better understanding of each by the other, and a juster distribution of the product of human industry. The greatest blessing man has been turned out of the severest curse:

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. (Gen. 3:19.)

## Danced Himself to Death

A. E. Scott and Mamie Webb of St. Paul, Minn., determined to test each other's endurance at a public dance. They started in with the first set at six o'clock in the evening and kept at it constantly until one o'clock, when Scott said he had had enough. He led Miss Webb to the refreshment stand, ordered

a glass of soda water for each, and as he was about to drink his, he fell dead. The excessive devotion to the amusements and vanities of life does for many people more slowly but as surely what it did for the foolish young man—it breaks down the body and in many instances also destroys the soul.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Prov. 14:13, 12)

## Removed Hell from Name

A man appeared before Judge Grant in the County Court of Brooklyn the other day asking to have his name changed. It was Otto H. Hell, a confectioner of Broadway, Brooklyn. Mr. Hell had carried his name for thirty-six years, but felt that its annoyance was so great to him that he would have it changed to Hill, which he did. He said his new name would sound better than the old one and

men who operated in parties of three or four. All of them are bad Italians. They would not stop at anything. Their business was to write threatening letters and extort money." This outlaw, who pretended to sell olive oil, would go into an Italian store pretending to sell oil, and taking the proprietor into the back of the store he would tell him that he must hand over ten, thirty, fifty dollars, and do it regularly, or his store would be blown up or he or some member of his family would be killed. Scores handed out the money immediately; a few refused, and the threats were speedily executed, with the fearful explosion of a bomb or the murder of a merchant. When the Black Hand chief was arrested he told the detective that his days were numbered, and he would see that he was killed as soon as he got out of prison. There has been almost universal terror among the Italian population of New York on account of the threats and murderous work done so constantly by the Black Handers. It

seems incredible that the city authorities should have allowed this terrorism and wholesale slaughter so long. The bomb-throwing and the killing of jewelers and others merchants for money has for a long time been a weekly and almost daily occurrence. It is hard to get evidence against these men, because the moment any one testifies against them, he is immediately marked for slaughter, which penalty usually follows within a few days. The failure to give proper police protection to the large defenseless Italian population in New York has been a burning shame, a scandal and a parody on the efficiency of a republican form of government. Fortunately the police authorities have awakened to the horrible and disgraceful situation, and have determined in earnest to put an end to this wholesale murder for money. We trust that the king of the Black Hand has truly been caught, and that the rest of his band will also be apprehended, and that the hand of authority which the citizens have a right to expect will prove itself able to successfully cope with this and every form of crime. Marriage of theft and murder, as is illustrated in the crimes of the Black Handers, was referred to by Christ when he said:

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. (John 10:10.)

## Toadstools' Deadly Work

Michael Loprete, a workman of West New Rochelle, N. Y., went with his son Michael, Jr., eight years old, to gather mushrooms. A basketful of the fungi was secured, and Mrs. Loprete cooked them for a Sunday supper. Instead of being mushrooms they proved to be one of the most poisonous kinds of toadstools. She and her son ate plentifully of the dish, and were so poisoned that two physicians were unable to save them. The husband and father was so shocked at the awful death of his loved ones that he became insane, and, failing in an attempt to commit suicide by leaping from a window, he killed himself with a pistol, and his family was almost wiped out. The field mushroom is found in abundance in pasture lots, and after a heavy rain it can be gathered by the basketful. It is, when properly cooked, a delicious food. Unfortunately, the deathcup amanita is a toadstool which is often mistaken for the edible mushroom of the fields. Good judges, of course, can distinguish the difference between them, but many make the mistake, and many deaths result. The Department of Agriculture has published a pamphlet on the subject, and distinguished naturalists have written upon it, and such books should be carefully consulted by those in search of mushrooms. Toadstool poisoning has been so common that many who greatly enjoy mushrooms will not eat them for fear there may be some fatal mistake made. This deadly food reminds us of the poison vine that was put into the pottage by mistake in olden time.

And it came to pass, as they were eating the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. (II. Kings 4:40.)

The Representatives of the Women's Trade Unions at Washington Arch



A Pause in the Labor Day Parade

look nicer on an electric light sign he was arranging to put in the front of his store. The word Hell in German means bright, which is the expression of that which is beautiful and honorable, the very opposite of the meaning of the word in English. Many men have taken hell out of their theology and out of their sermons and have undertaken in vain to banish it from God's universe. The practical thing is to get the hell of sin out of the individual heart, with the promise of future happiness and not of torment. Christ in his teachings removed all reason for debate over the question of future punishment.

These shall go away into everlasting punishment. (Matt. 25:46.)

## Caught Black Hand King

Giuseppe Costabile was arrested in New York City a few days ago with a bomb under his coat. "This fellow was king of the Black Hand," said Inspector Hughes. "His was the master mind," continued the inspector. "He was the leader of a dozen



# A Summer School in the Balkans

THE sixth Summer School for Christian Workers in that youngest kingdom of Europe, Bulgaria, was held in the city of Varna, on the Black Sea, between August 2 and August 13, this year, and was marked by the greatest success which has yet attended any of these educational gatherings. This Summer School is held once in three years, alternating between the fields of the American Missionary Board in Southern Bulgaria, and that of the Methodist Board in the North. The whole kingdom of Bulgaria may be said to be divided—as far as Protestant Christianity is concerned—between the Congregational and the Methodist denominations, though there are also a few Baptist missionaries at work. South of the Balkan Mountains the Congregationalists are the strongest body, while on the northern side of the mountains the Methodists practically control the field.

The Summer School is held in the interests of both bodies, and the few Baptist representatives also joined the movement this year. It is a connecting link between the denominations. It is believed that, in the course of time, it will be the means of obliterating all denominational lines. The writer spared no effort to make this season's session of the School a splendid success, and he feels that his efforts were not in vain. The main object was to secure as large an attendance as possible and to make the meetings spiritually quickening to all who attended. He was enabled to secure for the delegates traveling accommodations at half fare, and this did much to in-

crease the attendance. Over one hundred delegates, including all the pastors of Bulgaria, excepting two, were present, together with a number of missionaries, native Bible women, colporteurs, teachers, two pastors from Macedonia, and a num-

ber of laymen. The gathering was unprecedented in Bulgaria. Never before had so many Christian workers, representing three distinct denominations gathered from the entire kingdom. Among notable features of the programme were the dresses of Rev. S. W. G. Calkett of London, England, who is secretary of the Lands Missions Aid Society.

Mr. Gentle-Calkett came to Bulgaria especially to lend help in this Summer School. He gave us five morning lectures on the Bible, taking subjects as "Plans for Study," "Grounds of our Faith," "The Place of Prophecy." These lectures gave to all present a new impetus and interest for Bible study. The speaker gave us five evening talks of a more popular and inspirational character, which is hoped, have kindled a zeal for the work.

On the two Sundays during which the convention was in session, preaching services were held in a public garden by the seaside. There is no doubt that a large number of the people who attended the services had never before heard the sweet story of the Gospel.

The deep feeling which characterized all the services was well expressed in the well meeting, which was designed to be the starting-point of a great religious revival in Bulgaria. That is now the greatest need of Europe's infant kingdom, and our deepest sincere hope is that the kingdom of Bulgaria may become a kingdom for Christ.

M. N. POPPOV

Sofia, Bulgaria.



Preaching in a Public Garden by the Black Sea

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ANTHROPOLOGISTS of the University of California announce that they have found "the most uncontaminated aborigine in the known world." They have obtained from him, on phonographic records, over 300 words of his language, and expect to exhaust his scant vocabulary within a week or so. The tribal and folk lore obtained from him thus far is considered of great value. The man, driven from the mountains by forest fires, was caught near Oroville a few days ago while attempting to steal meat. "Ishi," as the anthropologists call him, means "man" in the tongue of the Southern Yahi Indians, his tribe. His theory of the origin of fire connects intimately with the mythology of other California tribes and tribes east of the Sierras, and with that of the Greeks and Romans. Professor Waterman offered him a bow and arrow. The old man—Ishi is over sixty—brightened up and walked outside. A hat was put on a post one hundred feet away, and Ishi sped his first arrow through the centre of its crown. His method of handling the bow is said to be different from that found among any other tribes.

—Two of the largest American concerns, the United States Steel and American Bridge Corporations, have issued orders forbidding the use of tobacco by their employees while at work, on the ground that it is an injury to health.

—A REPLICA of the statue at Washington of General Baron von Steuben, as a gift of the American Congress to the German Emperor and the German nation, was presented to Emperor William at Potsdam on September 2 by Representative Richard Bartholdy, and C. B. Wolffram, New York, the special American ambassadors appointed for the occasion. The unveiling of the statue was one of the central events of this year's celebration of the anniversary of the battle

of Sedan, one of the principal national holidays in Germany. Mr. Bartholdy, who was introduced to the Emperor by the American Ambassador, Dr. Hill, made the speech of presentation. His majesty in his reply expressed the cordial thanks of himself and the German people to President Taft and the American people for "this beautiful monument."

—MR. WILLIAM T. BURGESS, a Yorkshireman, succeeded on September 7 in duplicating the feat of Captain Matthew Webb swimming across the English Channel. He was twenty-two and a half hours in the water.

—DISPATCHES FROM Teheran, Persia, state that the force of the ex-Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza, suffered a crushing defeat on September 6 at Im-zadeh-Jafar. Arsch ed Dowlat, one of the leaders of the revolution, was wounded and taken prisoner. The ex-Shah lost eleven men killed, 400 wounded, and eleven captured.

—PLANS for the erection of a wireless station of sufficient power to allow steamers plying between Europe and America to keep in constant and direct communication with land, have been formulated by Mr. Marconi, who has recently been conducting experiments at St. Johns, Newfoundland. The erection of the station will, it is expected, be begun in a few weeks, and completion will make St. John the main distributing point for wireless messages between England and America. Mr. Marconi left for England on September 6 to make final arrangements.

—THE odd spectacle of the United States Government taking the role of second-hand junk dealer was presented on September 5 when eleven bidders competed for the scrap metal relics of the machinery used by the French Panama Canal Company in its attempt to dig a canal across the Isthmus, and which the Government wished to clear away before the waterway is completed. The scrap, scattered along the Canal line, consists of locomotives, dump trucks, tanks, barges, and miscellaneous junk, weighing from 45,000 to 120,000 tons. The successful bidder must remove it within three years. The highest bid was made by a Chicago firm at about \$700,000.



Settling Great Britain's Labor Troubles

THE negotiations between the union laborers of Great Britain and the railway companies, which were inaugurated at the suggestion of Hon. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, are receiving the heartiest support of the labor organizations. The accompanying photograph, taken at Unity House, London, shows the Joint Executive Committees representing the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, and the General Railway Workers' Union in session for the consideration of the various phases of the impending readjustment of the scales of wages and of working conditions. Mr. A. Bellamy, J. P., President of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, is the presiding officer of the meeting, and was one of the signatories of the settlement agreement, which was the outcome of the first meeting in British history of the railway directors and the union leaders.



# SOME MEMORIES OF THE "MAINE"



The "Maine" Making Her Last Entrance to Havana Harbor

Funeral of the "Maine's" Victims

The Wreck as It Appeared in February, 1898

THE news which has come from Havana day by day regarding the *Maine* stirs a thousand memories. It was my good fortune, or perhaps my ill fortune, to watch that proud battleship as she came into Havana Harbor, to see the wreck in the first days after the awful explosion, to follow some of the victims of the disaster to the beautiful Colon Cemetery, to know something of the investigations made to determine the cause of the explosion, to possess some mementoes from the ill-fated vessel, and to take part in many of the events that came after the calamity which was one of the causes that involved two nations in war.

My room in the Inglaterra Hotel adjoined that of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee. One afternoon we were standing on the balcony looking down the Prado and past Morro Castle out to sea. The *Maine* came in sight. She was on a friendly mission. General Lee and I watched her enter the narrow harbor, and wondered to each other how her presence would be taken by the Spanish population of Cuba, which was then much irritated toward the United States because of our efforts to improve the conditions which were caused by war.

Officially the *Maine* was welcome. On the part of the representatives of the Spanish Government there was no sign of displeasure and many of the Spanish residents of Havana expressed themselves as satisfied with the presence of the American warship in the harbor. The Cubans were, of course, delighted. On the part of some of the Spaniards there was sullenness, but no open mark of resentment.

The usual courtesies were exchanged between Captain Sigsbee and the officials who were trying to govern Cuba on behalf of Spain. There were also some informal and unofficial courtesies on the part of the Cubans not openly identified with the insurrection. I remember a breakfast at the Yacht Club in the beautiful suburb of Marianao. Captain Sigsbee and many of the officers were present, as was Consul-General Lee. It was a pleasant occasion.

A little later, I went for a trip to the interior with the purpose of going out among the insurgents and learning something of the actual conditions. At a little railway station in Santa Clara Province the station agent, who was also the secret representative of the insurgents, whispered to me that there had been a great calamity in Havana, that the *Maine* had been blown up. Telegrams had also been sent

me from Havana but they were not delivered. That night I spent at the station, where there was also a Spanish regiment quartered. The best sleeping accommodations I could get were in the barn. A troop of guerrillas, that is, half regular Spanish soldiers, formed part of the camp. The news was evidently in circulation among the Spanish troops, but I am bound to say that I only heard of one expression of satisfaction, which was when a minor officer called exultingly to a lady that the Yankee warship had been destroyed.

mast and the public buildings were draped. The coffins containing the bodies were borne to the Ayuntamiento, or Municipal Building. There was a tribute from the Spanish Navy in Spanish colors with the simple inscription "The Navy Department to the Victims of the *Maine*." From the Havana Council there was a crown of silk ribbons laid on the coffins with the inscription "The People of Havana to the Victims of the *Maine*." Other tributes were from Americans, Cubans and Spaniards. The cortege that followed the coffins to the Colon Cemetery was a most impressive one. The streets were lined and everywhere was manifest profound but restrained emotion. It was sunset when the bodies were committed to the earth.

Later came the recovery of more bodies and the work of the divers below the water. There was also the naval court of inquiry ordered by the United States, of which Admiral Sampson was president. The officers were quartered on the *Montgomery*, of which Captain Converse, the famous torpedo expert, was in command. Almost every day I had the privilege of visiting the *Montgomery* and talking over the developments. The report of the naval board is history and it can be read with special interest now in the light of what is disclosed in raising the *Maine*.

There came a day when the inquiry was ended, when the hulk had to be abandoned, and the Stars and Stripes withdrawn. A precious memento in my possession is a small piece cut from the last flag that floated over the *Maine*. It came from Captain Wainwright, who in the war that soon followed, in command of the *Gloucester*, showed how he and his fellow officers on the *Maine* thought her destruction should be avenged.

After the brief war between the United States and Spain the island of Cuba, by grace of the United States, was free, the *Maine* continued to be a sad memorial of the events which had been fore-runners of the war. It was the first sight that visitors to Havana looked for. It will be good for Cuba, for Spain, and for the United States when the work of our army engineers is completed and the wreck is removed. I am one of those who believe that no question of expense or utility should prevent the United States from exhausting every possible means to determine the real cause of the explosion. My own belief always has been that it was from without.



A Scene Near Colon Cemetery, Havana

I returned to Havana the next night. In the café of the hotel Captain Sigsbee and Consul-General Lee were seated together. I shall never forget Captain Sigsbee's greeting. "My ship has been blown up," was all he said as he grasped my hand.

The hull was there in the harbor, mournful evidence of the complete destruction of the *Maine*. The work of securing the bodies of such victims as had been blown into the water was already under way. February 17, 1898, two days after the explosion, the funeral was held. It was in the late afternoon.

The Spanish Navy, through Captain-General Blanco, officially mourned. The flags were at half-

## AMONG THE WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—REV. Z. CHARLES BEALS in writing from Wuhu, China, just before the present great floods took place in that district says: "We have just held a series of good meetings. At the close eleven of the academy young men and fourteen of the church congregation professed Christ by baptism. There are others at the out-stations waiting. The heathen are finding God. We are building a large building, a Bible school and academy, where we shall prepare students for evangelists and colporteurs. The money contributed by THE CHRISTIAN

HERALD friends last year, \$636, will be used for a wing to the building, and it will be called after the paper. We only wish it could be made up to \$1,000 so as to furnish it as well."

—CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, the founder and President of the International Sunshine Society, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Our blind baby Billiken was brought from Kansas to our Arthur Home in Summit, N. J., by one of our ladies who found him there. He had been deserted by his parents and is deaf, dumb and blind. As no one knew in what State he was

born, none of the States want to be responsible for his care. We have kept him as long as we can, so if there is any one who would like to help us keep the poor little waif right along, we would be very grateful and I would be glad to write to any reader who cares to know about poor blind little Billiken. Any gifts in aid of Billiken may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—THE SEASHORE DIVINITY SCHOOL of the M. E. Church South has just closed its summer session at Biloxi, Miss. About 150 ministers were present from the conferences of northern

and southern Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, who took work in Sociology, and in the Old and New Testaments under the Rev. H. F. Ward, Leonidas Robinson and James M. Gray, the latter the dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Dr. Gray's address, showing how the Word of God can be used expositively, as an evangelistic appeal addressed to the hearts of men through their understandings rather than merely playing on their emotions, made a strong impression on the ministers as a reaction against sensational evangelism.



# CHATS IN MY VERANDA NOOK



## Happy Sundays for Children

**I**N a recent visit to Mont-Lawn I was greatly impressed by the care that is taken to make the children happy on Sunday. The three hundred boys and girls who compose a Mont-Lawn family are as orderly and well conducted, as sweet and clean and wholesome looking as the children in your home. During the summer season three thousand children are your guests at Mont-Lawn, if you, as a member of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD household, are helping to sustain the splendid work that is carried on there. While Dr. Klopsch was living, Mont-Lawn was his peculiar pride and the joy of his heart. The spirit which he put into the undertaking is immortal. Every one of the Mont-Lawn staff treats the little children of the tenements, as they come and go, with individual interest and the kindest and gentlest speech and manner. No rough words are heard, no harsh commands are uttered, and the influence of the place is cheering, uplifting and educational. Ten summer days spent at Mont-Lawn by a child whose dwelling is in a crowded quarter of New York where there is little sunlight and no room to play, are remembered through the year and form a bright episode in child life.

I must tell you about the Sunday mornings at Mont-Lawn, where groups of children, gathered around affectionate teachers, listen to Bible stories, sing hymns and repeat verses. On Sunday afternoon there is a service in the Children's Temple, and again the children sing so sweetly and with so much expression that to hear them is a delight. They are addressed by ministers and other visiting friends, and as they march out by the different exits from their own pleasant service, their faces glow and their looks are tokens that they have found something blessed and precious in God's day.

Keep a thought of Mont-Lawn in mind, remember it in your prayers and give it what aid you can afford.

For our children at home, the Sabbath should be a day eagerly anticipated and fully enjoyed. The traditions of an austere past to some extent marred the Sabbath in some homes that were otherwise well ordered on that day. In the retrospect, the quietness, freedom from strain and even the undue strictness of such Sabbaths are in agreeable contrast to the reckless haste and waste of our present-day methods. A child should not be forbidden to play with her dolls on Sunday, her doll being to her what the baby is to its mother. No mother is forbidden to kiss her baby on Sunday and to smile at its prattle and hug it to her breast. Why then compel a little girl to forego her maternal care during the whole of a Sabbath day?

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

An active little boy may be permitted to amuse himself in a quiet way with a picture puzzle, if he cannot be engrossed in a book. Parents must use discretion, keeping in the foreground the idea that the sacred day means, first of all, rest to the soul, combined with worship of the Father in heaven and a tender rebinding of earthly affections. The children who are in the formative stage of life are being trained to keep hallowed our priceless American Sabbath.

### Women in Council

The first letter sent us for this week concerns the important question of

The next letter comes from the wife of a clergyman, one who is doing her best to be his helpmate.

"Two reasons account for empty pews. Church members are not invariably earnest Christians, and ministers are not always so faithful as they should be. In these days there is very little family prayer. Even in the homes of ministers family worship is not always observed. Ministers are too much in fear of giving offense to members of the congregation, so it comes to pass that they do not treat with enough plainness and they fail to give solemn warning in private to those who are negligent, blacksliding

vorites, though Ann and Catherin are considered commonplace. Little maidens are addressed by their statel names of Margaret, Elizabeth, Charlotte, Dorothy, or Jane, and the privacy of the family circle scarcely admits of Jennie, Maggie, an Lizzie as of old. Gladys, Beatrice, Priscilla, Mildred, Millicent and other pretty names are given to the babies nineteen eleven, while Helen, Eleanor, Emily and Janet, with Ruth, Rebekah and Rosamond, are greatly liked. Gertrude, Grace and Alice are favorite too. Hannah, Martha and Phoebe are somewhat out of date. Effie is seldom heard, but Euphemia, of which it is diminutive, is coming into notice once more. Florence and Jessie, Frances and Cecilia are names of which no little girl need be ashamed. Susan is never a common name, neither is Pauline, although both are pleasant titles for a girl to bear.

As for the laddies, the can do no better than to wear the good plain name of John, Richard, Thomas, Harold, Frederick, Felix, Charles, etc. A good idea in naming boys is to call them by a family surname. To give either girl or boy a name that later in life may be regretted because of its lack of euphony, or for any other reason, is a mistake the parents should avoid.

### To Sorrowing Mothers

There is always occasion to say a word of comfort to the mourner. The next letter should go straight to the hearts of any among us who are bereaved. Ought we not to be glad of that assurance of Scripture about our little ones here or there that "their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven?"

"May the mother whose darling lies in the cemetery not take thought that the highest order of angel has in charge the little

children who have gone to the heavenly home? They are not lost. Mothers, overcome your grief. The soul shall emerge strong through suffering. Think and act lovingly in behalf of the child still with you. Resolve that your home shall be cheerful and put your sorrow in the background. Give the little girl a bright dress, and no black one, let her doll have new clothes, encourage the boy to bring his friends into the house and in every way live as a Christian should, looking forward to blessedness by and by. For yourself carry sympathy to the sick, courage to the afflicted and light to those whose day is darkened. Forget yourself in ministering to others."

"F. M. D."

—E. G. T. It is not good form for a man to take hold of a woman's arm and pilot her through the street. He may offer his arm to an aged or infirm woman, and she may take it. Custom at present sanctions people in walking independently.



The Elks' Float, Winner of the Grand Prize in Asbury Park's Baby Parade

THE annual celebration of Labor Day at Asbury Park by the holding of a carnival and baby parade, has become an established custom. For the closing days of the beach season thousands gather at this popular Jersey resort and all join heartily in the celebration either as participants or spectators. In the parade children from all parts of the country appear in contest for the prizes which are awarded for the cleverest and most beautiful floats and costumes. "Carnival" has but few permanent homes in America, and the annual Children's Day at Asbury Park is one of its most distinctly unique forms.

gathering the whole family into the church. Our friend writes very sensibly on the subject.

"I feel that almost no subject is so important in America at this hour as the bringing of the whole family into the same church. All my children, for example, are church members, but they belong to different churches. When father is in one church, mother in another and grandparents somewhere else, the children naturally become scattered. The ministers are in the minority, but they can use their influence to promote unity.

"J. C. P."

I am afraid that we throw too heavy a burden on our pastors. Whole families will never be assembled under the same denominational banner or meet for worship in the same church edifice while one parent habitually attends one church and the other goes elsewhere. Father and mother should be in unity in this matter.

or living wrong lives. I am a minister's wife and am not strong, but I do all I can to help my husband in his work. If ever the dream of co-operative housekeeping shall come true in a practical way it will be a real boon to me.

A. T."

### Fashions in Names

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has bestowed on his winsome little heroine, the child of Blind Jim in *It Never Can Happen Again*, the homely name of Lizerann. One does not find this name popular or even common today, but many of us can remember when Eliza Ann, Mary Jane, Ann Elizabeth, Sarah Jane, and the like, were as thick as blackberries in summer in the groups of children on their way to school. These names in conjunction are not much appreciated by mothers in the twentieth century. Anne, note the final e, and Katherine, note the k, are at present great fa-



Our Boys and Girls and Their Books

SO MANY Cozy Corner boys and girls have asked for a Library article. Some of our girls want to start small home libraries of their own, and write for advice and suggestions; others are at sea in public libraries and among the Sunday school book shelves, and do not know at books to "take out." These write and ask for lists of books that they may choose from. Still others have already started collections of books, especially like. "Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you are," says an old Spanish proverb. Tell me the books you read and I will tell you what you are likely to become, the proverb might have said, so inseparable are one's taste in books and one's character.

**The Great Stone Face**  
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, whose *Tanglewood Tales* and *Wonder Books* every one could own, in his almost matchless story *The Great Stone Face*, is of a boy who grew up under a shadow of a noble granite cliff on a mountainside. Into the great nature-wrought image reads day after day all that is blest and best in human character. The Great Stone Face comes his highest ideal of a man, and loving it he grows to like it. Such is always the result of companionship with the great and the good. The story of *The Great Stone Face* with its vast underlying truth might well be the cornerstone of every home library. And do you know this, my girls and boys—it is during the first twelve or fourteen years of your life that you may best become acquainted with much that is grandest and noblest in literature.

**For Example**  
The stories of the Old and New Testaments, the great legends and folk tales of the world, and the so-called classics, that have stood the supreme test of being beloved of boys and girls and grown-ups alike, are the world's best books, and nowadays they can be had by almost any one. There was a time when books were owned only by the very rich, and longer ago still, when there was no printing, every book was made by hand and belonged to the church. All through Italy and Spain you are shown splendid handmade Bibles beautifully bound and decorated on every page; they were made by monks, who sometimes spent a whole lifetime copying and decorating one volume. You may be sure there were no children's libraries in those days. But to the business of lists and suggestions, which, I assure you, is no easy task. My advice to any one who cares

even the least bit for books, is this: Start right in by putting up a shelf or two in your own room. Planed pine boards can be bought for a few cents a foot, and wooden brackets are easily made; stain the shelf with walnut or rosewood, gather together what books you already own, put your name or initials clearly in each one, and stand them in a row on the shelf. You will be surprised at how charming the effect will be.



"How am I to sing your praise, Happy chimney-corner days?"

**"Favorites on the Shelf"**  
SINCE you asked my help, I am going to take a short cut, so to speak, and give you a peep at the special row of my own earliest books, and you may determine then for yourselves why I call it "Old favorites on the shelf."  
There is dear plump *Old Mother Goose*, her glory all undimmed and easily the queen of my nursery life. To this day I find myself in idle moments telling myself the tragedy of "Cock Robin," the adorable story of "Little Bo-Peep," or "Ding dong Bell, Pussy's in the Well," in French or German or English alike, for my mother believed in beginning early with languages. Nothing ever reaches the peculiar fascination that *Mother Goose* has always held over me.  
To this day, mounted on her fluffy goose and crossing the disc of the yellow moon, she is the fairy godmother of all my dreams. Then come plenty of strong linen, almost indestructible, picture-books, and a large red volume where *The Three Bears*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Hop-o-My-Thumb*, *Cinderella*, *The Frog Prince*, *Puss in Boots*, *Jack the Giant Killer* live. *Gulliver's Travels*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Aesop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Story of the Bible*, *Ruskin's King of the Golden River*, *Edward Lear's Nonsense Rhymes* and the *Red and Green*, the *Yellow*, the *Blue* fairy books compiled by Andrew Lang. *Rab and His Friends*—(was there ever such a dog story as that one, except perhaps *A Dog of Flanders*?) Then come the *Peterkin Papers*. I can remember this minute how we laughed over the funny Peterkins.

**On the Next Shelf**  
There are *Kingsley's Water Babies*, *Arabian Nights*, *Greek Heroes*, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, *The Princess and the Goblin*. But there are too many in that shelf to mention here, so we will go on a little farther, where I see *Little Women* and the whole company of Miss Alcott's boys and girls, *The Book of Golden Deeds*, *The Story of Roland*, *The Knights of the Round Table*, *Robin Hood*. Was there ever such a story of adventure and daring as the chronicles of Robin Hood and His Merry Men? I should love to play fairy godmother with her little gray cloak and come and live these tales of the history and romance of those long forgotten times over again with every one of you. But we must hurry on.

There are *Pride and Prejudice*, *Shirley*, *Zenoni*, *Don Quixote*, *The Lamp-Lighter* and *Robinson Crusoe* (easily the greatest story of adventure ever written). Then come *David Copperfield*, *Domby and Son*, *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. Ah, the appetite I had for Dickens in those old school-girl days! *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, *The Mill on the Floss*. For a long while I loved Maggie Tulliver in that story better than any one else. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Man Without a Country*, *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Alhambra*. How well I knew the wonderful stories of the battles of the Moors and the Christians before ever I went to Spain or visited their famous castle. There is hardly a girl among you older ones, who if you have not already read them, would not love, for a time at least, over and above almost all the others, *Lorna Doone* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Every one of you should read *Henry Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Light of Asia* and *The Light of the World*. But already my list is too long; I shall have to put off until another time other lists, and perhaps next week I shall be confiding to the Cozy Corner boys the titles of my books on a shelf, which I call "In My Tomboy Days."

Little People's Corner and a Prize Contest

**AUTUMN**  
The morns are meeker than they were,  
The nuts are getting brown;  
The berry's cheek is plumper,  
The rose is out of town.  
  
The maple wears a gayer scarf,  
The field a scarlet gown,  
Lest I should be old-fashioned  
I'll put a trinket on.  
  
EMILY DICKINSON.

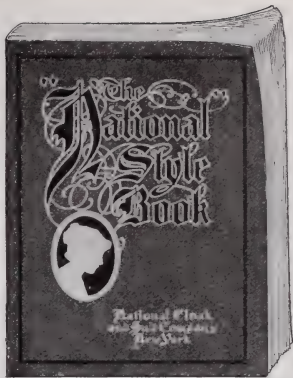
**THE REBUS**  
Guess the answer to this rebus and make a drawing of it and send to the unit in the Cozy Corner, Bible House, New York, before the 30th of September. The ten best answers will be awarded by delightful interesting oaks for boys and girls up to fifteen



"This way and that way with both little feet"

years of age, and there will be twenty charming Cozy Corner prizes awarded to the little people for the twenty best drawings in order of merit.

My first is as black as any coal;  
My second's a little girl's name;  
My third and my whole  
Is a princess fair,  
Who once had nothing  
But rags to wear.  
  
Good-Night Verse  
Let us love one another, for love is of God.  
He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is Love.  
Lovingly and faithfully,  
  
*The Author, The Cozy Corner*  
Bible House, New York.



Fall Fashions Are Very Beautiful

"The prettiest in years," "the most becoming fashions in a generation,"—this is the story of the fascinating, charming styles for Fall. Never have you seen more becoming garments than the new "NATIONAL" coats, never were designed more grace giving, fascinating dresses and waists than your "NATIONAL" Style Book Shows. And of hats, Paris has sent us designs of unusual beauty. Therefore, to know all these new styles, to see what is to be worn in New York, you should, right now, send for your own free copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book. But add to all this interest in the new and beautiful styles, the saving "NATIONAL" prices offer, and it becomes a matter of personal advantage that you send for your style book pictured above. Just say, Send me My "NATIONAL" Style Book, Free. It will be sent you gladly by return mail.  
  
**Your "NATIONAL" Style Book Shows**  
Waists, 98c. to \$10 Hats, \$2.98 to \$15  
Skirts, \$5.98 to \$15 Fur, \$2.25 to \$42.50  
Dresses, \$10 to \$30 Coats, \$10 to \$50  
Also a full line of Underwear: Hosiery, Scarfs, Vests, Rain-coats, Gloves, Sweaters, Leather Goods, Jewellery and of Mines' Boys' and children's wearing apparel.



**"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits**  
Made to Measure  
**\$15 to \$40**  
Each Made-to-Measure Suit is actually cut and made to order, and we guarantee each suit to fit perfectly and to be satisfactory in every way or we will cheerfully refund your money.  
  
**The "NATIONAL" Policy**  
We prepay postage and express charges on all our orders to any part of the world. You may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways.  
In writing for your Style Book. Be sure to state whether you desire samples of materials used for "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for—and they are well worth asking for.  
  
**NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.,**  
218 West 24th Street, New York City



## Preachers on World-Peace

### Notable Contributions to Our Symposium From Many Well-Known Ministers

**T**O-DAY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes the third instalment of its Symposium on World-Peace and Arbitration. The two earlier instalments were devoted to the personal views of leading statesmen, including President Taft, State governors, United States senators and representatives, leading educators, generals and admirals and financiers. The present instalment is devoted more especially to the views of well-known pastors of various denominations, college presidents and others. As in the former publications, we prefer to let the letters speak for themselves.

#### Rear-Admiral V. L. Cottman Says the Time for Reduction of Forces Has Not Yet Arrived

The time is not yet opportune for any reduction of army or navy by our own or other governments as a step in the direction of peace. We must have an adequate trained military force, maintaining especially an adequate navy, trained and prepared for immediate action.

A nation which stands for disarmament and general reduction of military and naval forces, and which has already taken steps to that end, could not exert the same influence for peace as a nation fully equipped for warlike emergencies. In some countries there is a danger, in zealously espousing the peace programme, of lowering the patriotic spirit of their people.

V. L. COTTMAN.  
Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Washington.

#### Bishop John H. Vincent (Meth.) Writes That the Church Should Be an Important Factor in Peace

The present agitation for international arbitration and world-peace is undoubtedly of the intelligent and earnest Christian heart. The Church should pronounce on the subject with such emphasis, sustained by such convincing reasons, as to make an impression on all statesmen. An international court, if able to enforce its judgments, would insure almost universal and enthusiastic approval.

I have the hope, and with increasing confidence in it, that we are now in the beginning of the era of world-peace. To be patriotic it is not essential that a nation should cultivate the martial spirit. There is not the slightest danger of that spirit being lowered. The Christian attitude on the subject is "Peace on earth and good will to men."

JOHN H. VINCENT.  
Chicago, Ill.

#### The Church Should Create Conscientious Peace Sentiment, Writes Rev. J. E. Davis (Christian Church)

In the present agitation for world-peace, the churches of Christ may perform a useful service. There is hardly a community, however remote, but has its church and some kind of public service during the year. These churches and their services have more to do with the formation of public sentiment than any other community function. Here then is the opportunity for the church to create conscientious sentiment that will serve to influence all legislation and public utterances arising either directly or indirectly from the life of that community. Such work as this cannot, but produce practical results in the public life of its community citizens at the ballot box, in the work of its public school teachers, and in the service of those who may become State legislators, congressmen, or other

officials. Peace organizations in conjunction with working churches could accomplish much by having public addresses on the subject at mass meetings of the church, or at brotherhood meetings. The circulation of tracts and peace literature at meetings of this kind would be a commendable activity on the part of every church peace organization.

The nations of the world are undoubtedly entering that world-peace period spoken of by Isaiah, when nations shall not learn war any more; that period of world-peace wherein the Bible declares the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the period, I believe, just preceding the "great falling away." It is the period of Gospel supremacy brought about by the faithful evangelists of the Cross.

The only national danger relative to the martial spirit of our country is that we should make the mistake of talking war, train standing armies for war, and go out to fight, when our cause could better be settled some other way. Our national danger is that in war we kill off our best, and degenerate our tribal stock by so doing, instead of conserving it.

Beatrice, Neb. J. E. DAVIS.

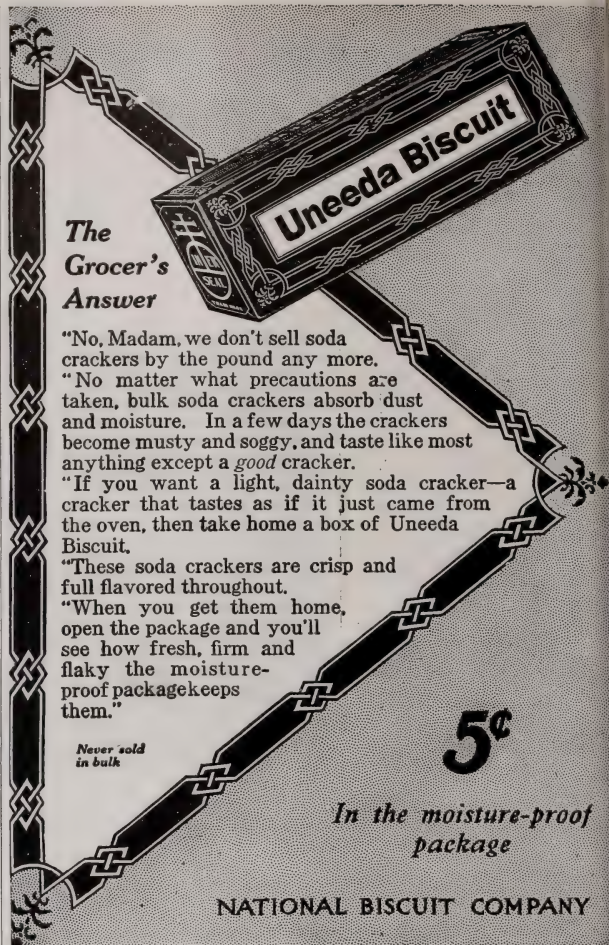
#### The Whole Civilized World Tending Peaceward, Writes Rev. A. H. C. Morse, D.D. (Bapt.), Brooklyn, N.Y.

This is the day which prophets and righteous men have desired to see. The hope for a world-wide peace is deep-seated in the heart. Poets and prophets have united to tell of a time when men should cease to learn the cruel arts of war, and when military instruments should be beaten into implements for agriculture and productive labor. Through commerce, travel and missionary effort the world has been unified, and all races are seen to be interdependent. The captains of commerce and industry have become captivated with the idea of peace. Every industry is crying for peace as an opportunity for co-operation. Economists and statesmen are all for peace, and that as simple men of intelligence. A man with a pencil and paper in hand, and an average degree of intelligence, can soon figure out that the investments of war are really investments in public poverty; that the war debts of the world are unjust mortgages against the incomes of future generations; and that the expense of maintaining armies and navies in time of peace is really an affront to the peace sentiments which now possess the world.

The churches of the country must now take the lead in maturing what they have already developed. Peace conferences cannot be too numerous. The pulpit and the press must be used to augment the present deep concern. And surely prayer is in accord with the world-wide desire for peace. Let the churches unite to pray and teach and develop public sentiment.

The Third Hague Conference will convene in 1915. There is certainty of a general world-treaty of international arbitration upon all great questions among all the great nations before that date. That will open the way for large disarmament. Meantime there is one thing that ought to be immediately effected: An agreement among the greater nations on financial neutrality. Let this be done, and nations will not be able to prosecute a war from sheer inability to raise a war loan from a neutral power. There is an especial obligation upon America. The European nations are so packed together that no one of them can well become a leader

Continued on next page



**The Grocer's Answer**

"No, Madam, we don't sell soda crackers by the pound any more. "No matter what precautions are taken, bulk soda crackers absorb dust and moisture. In a few days the crackers become musty and soggy, and taste like most anything except a good cracker. "If you want a light, dainty soda cracker—a cracker that tastes as if it just came from the oven, then take home a box of Uneeda Biscuit. "These soda crackers are crisp and full flavored throughout. "When you get them home, open the package and you'll see how fresh, firm and flaky the moisture-proof package keeps them."

**5¢**

*In the moisture-proof package*

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**MARVEL SOLDER**  
INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

Is all kinds of household utensils—enamelled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Replaces Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists. Send for trial tube.

**MARVEL SOLDER CO. AGENTS WANTED**  
1937 Broadway Dept. 3 New York QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

**UNLESS IT'S Duplex**  
IT'S AN IMITATION

Specify "Duplex-Richmond" We have made as many permanent customers for the Duplex Envelope System of Church Collections by the excellence of our service as by the excellence of our system.

**DUPLEX—Richmond, Va.**



## All-Wool Dress Goods

Direct from the Mill—Fresh Off the Loom at 1/3 Saving.

Tilton Weaves have been standard for over 60 years. Very likely you have used them and know how thoroughly satisfactory they are. Our line this year shows all the new, fashionable patterns and colors—some of them are the most attractive we have ever produced.

For your new dress, suit, coat or skirt, be sure to see our samples.

### Why It Pays To Buy Direct From Us

First, you save at least one-third, because we give you the discount allowed to wholesale and retail merchants. Next, you get absolutely fresh goods, made from virgin wool, no shoddy or "extract." You are sure of reliable goods,

and have a wide selection of the latest and best patterns from which you select at ease in your own home. All our grades and weights are plainly marked so that you know exactly what you are getting.

**Generous Samples Free** Showing standard patterns, and the new Scotch effects, the new Blue Grays, Blueberry Blues, Heathers, Tans and Grays, also silk Pencil Stripes and Hair Lines. All fabrics 55 inches wide.

**TILTON WOOLEN MILL** (Established 1842) 103 Mill St., Tilton, New Hampshire



# The Church's Great Opportunity

Continued from preceding page

or all the others. Therefore it is that providence has appointed America to lead in this world-wide movement for international peace. And far she has wisely led.

A. H. C. MORSE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

**he Era of World-Peace Begun, Writes Dr. L. S. Rowe, Professor of Political Science, University of Pennsylvania**

The agitation for arbitration and world-peace is as deep-seated as the movement which has resulted in the establishment of order and settled rule within modern civilized communities. The development of international relations is taking the same course as the growth of national or domestic affairs, to-wit: from the rule of force to the rule of law. World organization is a necessary prerequisite to making this movement "institutional," and thus emancipating it from the uncertainties of individual effort.

To give the international court power to enforce its judgments would serve to guard against acts of outwary by the parties to the treaty. Governments not parties to the treaty could also be deterred from committing acts of aggression, by reason of the growth of the spirit of legality which the existence of such a court could foster.

There is every indication that we are at the beginning of an era of world-peace. The struggle for social betterment, national and international, will furnish ample field for the development and exercise of those virile qualities which were formerly bred in the atmosphere of armed conflict.

Philadelphia, Pa. E. L. ROWE.

**Self-Defense and Patriotism Cannot Be Eliminated, Writes Rev. Dr. Ely, the Well-Known Philadelphia Pastor**

The churches can best assist by practicing peace methods among their members and between denominations, and ministers should both practice and reach this subject everywhere. The spirit of peace must precede all methods of securing it, hence I fear that a permanent or authoritative tribunal with fixed laws of action will be either ignored or assailed. In my judgment, a temporary tribunal, created from time to time, would serve the end desired.

We are in the era of peace, but the principles are not yet reduced to words, and hence great care must be exercised lest mere formal ceremonial matters may supplant, grieve or even drive away the real spirit of peace. Authority must rest somewhere, and thus far we have found it nowhere except upon the head and shoulders of Christ. The spirit of self-defense and protection is a necessary element in patriotism. The world has not reached a point of mutual confidence and understanding. While the methods of peace are more effective and more desirable than the methods of war, we are nevertheless to be prepared for self-defense, and may be called upon any time to forcibly defend the generally accepted standards of justice.

JAS. B. ELY, D.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

**An Opportunity for Some Nation to Become a Messiah of World-Peace, Writes Rev. H. P. Lyman-Wheaton (Episcopal)**

The greatest power in the world today is the pulpit. Therefore let the pulpit sow the fruit of righteousness in peace for the individual, for society, or the nation, that makes for peace. Let all the servants of God unite in prayer, that no selfish interest or malign influence may be suffered to mar the efforts which are being put forth in the cause of universal peace.

I believe we are now in the begin-

ning of the era of world-peace. Apart from the consideration of all Biblical prophecy, the orgy of blood and anguish through which the nations have passed is of itself more than enough to make them form a solemn compact never to permit the sword to be drawn again between any two peoples on the earth on any pretense whatsoever. It is, moreover, evident that the present race in military and naval preparations can only end in bankruptcy, or in the speedy precipitation of the bloodiest international struggle that the world has ever seen. Civilization cannot much longer afford to carry the burden which the selfishness, materialism, and mutual distrust of nations impose upon it.

Very few people, I imagine, would care to suggest that any one nation should take steps to disarm before the rest. But I am confident that the nation that was great enough to make such a venture, and stake all its future upon it, being willing to be crucified, if need be, for the sake of it—the Messiah of a new and nobler internationalism—would in the end come to occupy the most glorious place in the long roll of nations.

H. P. LYMAN-WHEATON, D.D., PH.D.  
Ridgefield, N. J.

**Establish Universal Good-Will and Disarmament Will Follow, Writes Rev. Joseph Hamilton, Toronto, Canada**

Every church in sympathy with the peace movement might hold a meeting, and pass such resolutions as would strengthen the hands of those who will take any part in making the movement practically effective. The minister of each church might preach a strong sermon on the subject.

We have been so long used to the necessity of cultivating a martial spirit and a martial training that they seem almost a necessity; but with the advent of universal, or even partial peace, we may well believe there would come developments in a new and wholesome direction. The Christian ideal is the universal peace predicted in the Scriptures. When there is universal goodwill there will be no difficulty about the abolition of armaments.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.  
Toronto, Can.

**The Church Inconsistent in Favoring Peace, While Maintaining the Boy Scout Movement, Writes Dr. S. C. Swallow**

"The true basis of patriotism in the highest sense," is found in the philosophy of Christ, embodied in the so-called Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

The churches cannot consistently advocate international arbitration, so long as their individual members vote for candidates for public office who favor the establishment and maintenance of great armies and navies. Their very existence is a menace to universal peace. The "Boy Brigades" and "Boy Scouts," in so far as they partake of the martial form or spirit, though offsprings and wards of the church whose captain is the "Prince of Peace," are the conservators and promoters and perpetuators of the war spirit and hence of international strife. The remarkable and widely extended interest taken in the Boy Scout movement by the churches of nearly all denominations in America, indicates their zeal in following the example of the most warlike nations on the globe.

The boys are not to "question" or reason, for the commands of the Scout Masters are to be implicitly obeyed in demonstration of their soldierly qualities. And even the teachings of the

Continued on next page



**I DO NOT** hesitate to award Karo the preference above any other table syrup used in my household.

As an accompaniment to waffles and griddle-cakes it deserves all that can be said in praise of it. It is as clear and as sweet as honey and richer in consistency without the cloying quality that makes honey distasteful to some, and unwholesome if eaten freely.

I have also used Karo in the preparation of puddings and gingerbread, with satisfactory results. The candies made from it are pure and delicious.

*Marion Harlowe*

Karo is known and liked by more people than any other syrup in the world. 70,000,000 cans consumed in 1910. Your grocer has Karo—two kinds—

Karo (Extra Quality) red label—clear as strained honey—very delicate flavor.

Karo (Golden Brown) blue label—full rich flavor.

Send for the Karo Cook Book—50 pages, including 30 perfect recipes for home candy making. It's free—just send your name on a post card today to

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## Take This Good Job on Sworn Statement of its Worth

**Y**OU CAN do this—anywhere you live—if you get the chance. To begin at once, write today for this new proposition, proved wonderfully successful. No experience was necessary for these teachers, lawyers, salesmen, clerks, writers, business men—and women as well as men—who joined our selling organization, now making better incomes than they had before.

We show you sworn statements before notaries and voluntary enthusiastic letters from our representatives everywhere telling the money they are making—\$25 to \$50 a week and up—many at the rate of several thousand dollars a year.

Be your own "boss"—independent to work in the time you please. Work when you know you can make the most money.

**Do this in part or all your time as Agent, Salesman or Manager**

Let me send you the facts, sworn statements, etc., of the wonderful success of our agents who are making more money than their dream of possible. As Harlan of Texas, said: "The man who can sell the NEVER-FAIL razor will be back to buying cotton. He couldn't sell \$100.00 gold pieces for \$10.00." And it's true.



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No charge made for territory. Protection against others running over your field. Co-operation, assistance, personal attention to each man.

This is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor stropper—absolutely guaranteed to sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old-style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to give a cooling, soothing, satisfying shave than can any expert hand operator, no matter how carefully he works. Men are eager to buy it. Women buy it for presents to men.

The possibilities are unlimited. We absolutely prepare you on how to start at once and make a great success for yourself and us. Investigate. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today, and give the name of your county.

Address, Secretary, **THE NEVER-FAIL CO.,**  
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## If You Like Home-Made Things

Make This Better Syrup at Home

with little trouble and for half the cost. Make one gallon by simply dissolving 7 pounds of white sugar in 2 quarts of boiling water and adding one ounce of

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You can make any quantity of this delicious syrup, as you need it. And the flavor—it is the extracted essence of goodness, healthful and irresistibly delicious.

Sold by grocery—35c for a 2-oz. bottle (Can. 50c). If your grocer hasn't it, send money order or stamps to Dept. F.

**Crescent Mfg. Co.**  
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Send for "Mapleine Dainties," a recipe book telling how to use Mapleine for syrup, candy, ice cream, desserts, puddings, cakes, etc.



## Peace Now the Church's Hope

Continued from preceding page

Bible, the pulpit and the Sunday School are subservient to the "unknown" commands of that un-known and unknowable quantity, till developed in the character of the boys, and known by name only as the "Scout Master." Well, that is militarism with a vengeance. The Church has become, through its Boy Scouts, not only the apologist, but the patron and promoter of militarism with all of its horrible possibilities. The Church in its resolutions says "Amen!" to international arbitration propositions, and in its Boy Scout propaganda it says "Amen!" to the cultivation of the war spirit. This being true, there is little hope of international peace through the agency of the Church of the Prince of Peace, the very name of which has become a misnomer if not a paradox.

Isaiah's vision was of a period when Christ's kingdom should be so established that "He should judge among the nations, and they should beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation should not lift up sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more."

So long as the boys of the nation learn war, the authority of the Scout Master superseding that of the parents, and the mimic soldiers' camp and bivouac taking precedence of the sanctity of the home, and the authority of the Scout Master supplanting that of the Bible, so long will all talk of national disarmament be mere talk.

S. C. SWALLOW, D.D.

Harrisburg, Pa.

**Martial Spirit Has Nothing to Do with Patriotism, Writes Prof. Gannett, Distinguished Scientist and Geologist**

I consider the present agitation for international peace as deep-seated, permanent, and a fixed, universal desire of the human heart. It should be forwarded by the coalition of the most powerful civilized nations, for the purpose of preventing war anywhere. To give to the International Peace Court the power to enforce its judgments would produce an excellent effect. I believe we are now at the beginning of an era of world peace. It

is not essential that a nation should cultivate the martial spirit. That spirit has nothing to do with patriotism. We can hardly call soldiers of fortune patriotic; but as long as wars are possible the martial spirit will be a necessity.

HENRY GANNETT.

Washington, D. C.

**Impose the "Truce of God" Upon the Whole World, Writes Rev. W. T. Dawson (Pres.), Newark, N. J.**

I believe that the present arbitration proposals are a long step toward a world-peace. The churches can do much to help the movement (1) by the inculcations of the pulpit; (2) by organized support of the movement.

As an Englishman, I rejoice particularly at the drawing together of America and my own country. War between these two great branches of one race must henceforth be an absurdity and an impossibility, and America and England, if united, are strong enough to impose the "truce of God" upon the whole world.

Newark, N. J. W. J. DAWSON.

**A Federation of World Parliaments to Meet Here in 1913, Writes Dr. W. O. McDowell**

The era of world-peace is at hand, witness an authorization signed by a majority of the members of the present Congress (and expected to be signed by all) to be presented at the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, by Hon. Richard Bartholdt, at its meeting in Rome, Italy, October 3-5 next. This authorization approves the invitation to be presented to the Interparliamentary Union to meet in this country as the guest of the United States and Canada in 1913.

War should be, and will be, outlawed as completely between the nations as it is between the States of the American Union, when the parliaments meet in the United States in joint session. The Hague Court can be developed to its possibilities for useful service by making it, by the legislative enactment of the United Parliaments of the World, the High Court of the world with full jurisdiction.

New York. W. O. McDOWELL.

## The National Suffrage Hymn

**MRS. W. W. PENFIELD**, one of the most beautiful and highly esteemed society women of New York, and a devoted woman suffragist, offered some weeks ago a prize of \$100 for a national suffrage hymn. One hundred candidates contested for the honor, their verses only being open to the reading of the judges, while their names were hidden in sealed envelopes. On Saturday, August 26, the distinguished committee, of which Mrs. Ruth Litt was the chairman, decided that "The Ballot Song of American Women" had won the prize. The sealed envelope containing the name of the author was then opened, and many tears were shed when the touching fact was revealed that she was Miss Minetta Theodora Taylor of Newcastle, Ind., who died on July 26, five days after she had sent away the poem which has attained such eminence.

Miss Taylor was in frail health at the time, and the note enclosed with her *nom de plume* indicated her fear that she might not live much longer. It said, "I would be contented to pass on beyond, if I could carry with me the knowledge that I had written an acceptable anthem for the great cause which has always been so dear to me."

Miss Taylor graduated from De Pauw University and was for some years prior to her death associate professor of languages there. She spoke

fluently forty-five tongues and dialects and has been employed by both our government and Great Britain in important translation work. She was the author of many books, and organized the Association of Western Writers, of which many distinguished men and women are members; was president for several years of the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs; and was at the time of her death chairman of the Literary Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—a woman of great attainments, wide human interests and intense devotion to everything which tended to elevate womanhood. Her anthem, which is inspiring and noble, is thus invested with a pathetic interest, which will appeal to all of her sex everywhere.

We quote a stanza and the chorus:

We are walking where the heroes all have trod,  
A weary way where we can only plod;  
But we're talking in the space  
Where the martyrs took their place,  
And our mighty shout is risen to our God.

Ye Powers of Evil, earth is not our own!  
Men helping, you shall be o'erthrown.  
And a better life shall rise  
Than has gladdened human eyes,  
And true peace shall blend the nations into one.

We the people! All the people! How it rings!  
Justice broad and free, the living heart of things!

Sisters working for the light,  
Brothers striving for the right,  
We the people! All the people! How it rings!

## About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Education is only what you remember. Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my eyes.

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# "DAISY DON'T"

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

"H. DAISY, don't!" Always she had heard it, and from every one: father, mother, brother, and Aunt Abby—from Abby the oftenest of all. No other than that, when the Lady with Smile asked her name, she answered:

"Daisy Don't." "Daisy—Don't!" Why, child, that be—your name!" "Before she could answer and say, 'ma'am, it is,' mother came in. Her had on her second-best gown her company smile, which proved the lady must be somebody, in-

h, so you've already met my little hter," began mother's best-com-voice; then it changed very ly to the everyday one. "Daisy, You mustn't hang on the lady's like that. It's very rude, dear." isy straightened up at once, her to her lips—she had not meant rude.

h, Daisy, don't!" chided mother's again. "How often have I told not to put your finger in your h, dear!" isy dropped her hand quickly; but rd the lady she turned somberly phant eyes.

ou see," they seemed to say, "my is 'Daisy Don't!'" the Lady with the Smile did not ve it then, she certainly must have ved it later when she rose to go; Daisy found two warm arms close t her while two red lips were pering very, very softly:

ou poor, poor little Daisy Don't!" the Lady was not smiling now. there was such a kind, kind look down in her eyes that Daisy did mind the loss of the Smile at all. terward Daisy saw a great deal of Smile and of the Lady, for they to live just next door. The Lady the minister's new wife, mother and must always be politely l "Mrs. Mason." But even this y did not mind very much, for if id have to say "Mrs. Mason," she still think "The Lady with the

for her own name and what she called—never, after that first id the Lady call her "Daisy t"—which was really rather ge, when you come to think of it, he Lady had shown she knew the in that one minute just before went away that first day.

home it was still always "Daisy t." And always in the same th she was told something not to And there were so many of them e things she must not do! She not shout, or run, or sing—for She must not play tag with the s, nor swing on the pretty cur in the doorway. She must not ed, sometimes it seemed that there nothing she could do, except some ereable things which she must do. it was all so puzzling.

the Lady with the Smile, one she took her perplexity.

lease, why," she asked, dropping ng on the lowest piazza step and sing her words with grave care, use, why is it that if I like it, it's and if I don't like it, it's good?" e Lady laughed and turned away least, she seemed to laugh; but she turned back, she seemed al to be crying, and away down deep er eyes was that kind, kind look Daisy loved.

ou poor baby! it is all quite so as that?" she asked. "What do mean, dear?" isy sighed.

don't know as I can tell, 'zactly,' admitted, her brows puckered into own. "But—but all the things I are bad." "What things?"

"Why, running and playing, and calling 'Boo' at folks, and—and just being me; those are all bad things. But the others—taking baths, going to bed, and—and being a little lady—those are good things. Now why, please, isn't there any good things that—that I'd like to do?"

"Why, there are, dear. There must be."

Daisy shook her head. After a long pause she began again.

"It's the same about eating, too," she observed mournfully. "I'm tired of nootrimint. I want things to eat. But nootrimint is good, and things to eat is bad."

This time the Lady laughed outright. "As if you didn't have things to eat now, dearie!" she objected.

Again Daisy shook her head.

"Things to eat is cake, and 'serves, and soap-sudsy pot of pies and things, and I never has them—much. I has nootrimint."

"Nutriment!"

"Uh-huh"—the admission was sorrowfully reminiscent—"rice, and milk, and shredded wheat, and mushy things."

"Oh, Daisy! Daisy, don't," called a voice across the garden. "You mustn't bite your fingers like that! . . . Dear me, Mrs. Mason,"—the voice was nearer now; mother had reached the hedge—"you don't know how hard I try about just that one thing, to say nothing of all the rest. I'm always telling that child to remember her fingers every minute and keep them out of her mouth."

An odd little sound came from the Lady with the Smile. Daisy, looking at her, thought how very, very pretty she was with those two little red spots in her cheeks, only now there was no kind, kind look in her eyes.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Ellery," she was saying with an odd little laugh, "perhaps if you didn't tell her to think of them quite so much she'd forget she had any fingers, sometimes, to—put in her mouth! That might work, you know."

It must have been on Daisy's very next visit to the minister's house that the Lady with the Smile said brightly:

"Oh, Daisy, see here, just see what I have now for those little hands of yours to do!"

Daisy jumped quickly, and put her hands behind her back. She had been biting her fingers! She remembered now. But the Lady with the Smile did not seem to remember or to notice at all. And very soon Daisy, too, forgot to remember, so wonderfully interesting was the puzzle that the Lady with the Smile put before her.

The picture puzzle was only the beginning of the wonderful things that Daisy found to do at the minister's house in the days that followed. Always there was something, and they were good things, too, and she liked them—liked them; good things! At all events, the Lady with the Smile said they were good, and Daisy knew she liked them, puzzled as she was that she should do so, when they were good.

Strange to say, too, with the coming of the good things that she liked, there was a curious going of the bad things that she had liked before to do. At least she was so busy that she had no time to think of them; and she quite forgot, also, to remember her fingers, to keep them out of her mouth. But that, she decided, did not matter; for she was very, very sure they could not be in her mouth very often, they were so constantly in use somewhere else. Always it was "Daisy, do this" and "Daisy, do that," and for "this" and "that" she needed her fingers, of course—so how could they be in her mouth?

And how Daisy loved it—this "Daisy, do this," and "Daisy, do that!"

Continued on next page



Pretty New Fall Waists  
Sizes: 32 to 44 Bust.

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- 2004. Tailored waist of fine cross-checked cotton in neat black and white patterns. Buttons in front, towards a prettily tucked panel, with tiny crescent buttons, six black Venetian metal studs providing becoming trimming. Just the thing for a serviceable, everyday waist, yet pretty enough for better wear. . . . . \$1.00
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# Peace Circles Still Growing

THOUGH the Peace Alliance Treaties are at this time held up at the hands of the United States awaiting amendment or sub-sequent resolutions defining their the public throughout the United States and England and France is not daunted. The voice of the cries out against war. No thing nor postponed ratifications quiet the *Vox Populi*. The hearts of people are opened to the ways peace. No delays nor hope deferredicken the hearts of nations. The has heard the spoken word, there be Peace." The evenings the mornings of the first days of a organized to the vast experience universal brotherhood have come, surely as the daylight succeeds dawn, all nations of the earth will en and take heed.

the recent words of President "Now, wherever good men and in the world over are longing and ng for the speedy success of the Movement, their eyes turn first on confidence to the Great Re- of the West, to the land whose are of peace and justice, in- and freedom, to the land which than any other has used the ful method of arbitration for the ment of its differences with other ns. In this great movement we the hope of the world."

## Responsibility of the Individual

ver in the history of civilization the responsibility of the individual so apparent. The time has come every man, woman and child in vast republic, who approves of in lieu of warfare, is an impor- factor in the Peace Movement. can afford to be indifferent no opportunity to "stand resolute the great cause" should be lost.

ce again THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stly holds out to all its readers the tunity to advance the cause. We ll to unite with us in spreading and wide into the North, the , the East and the West the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Cir- movement. Add to your Social ings, your Missionary Bands, Church Endeavor, to your Civic,

Educational and Village Improvement Leagues, to your clubs and organi- zations of all kinds and to the home circle, at least one Peace Circle fea- ture. Organization leaflets and Peace Circle propaganda, including plans for organizing and conducting successful local Peace Circles in the city, the village, the church, the school, and the home, together with pro- grammes and many delightful sugges- tions for social gatherings, will be for- warded to any one who writes and asks for them.

## In the Cause of Peace

If you individually are able to do but little in the cause of Peace, will you not allow us to help you augment that little to something more impor- tant by sending us the names and ad- dresses of at least ten people—minis- ters, school teachers, professional men, neighbors, any good types of citizens whom you would like to see actively interested in the great cause? To these we will gladly forward free of any cost our attractive Peace Booklets and Leaflets, which should be in the hands of every true believer in the Peace Movement.

## Programme for Peace Circle Meetings Between Sept. 20 and Oct. 4

1. Music.
2. Roll Call and reading of Initia- tion Pledge.
3. Historian to present and read the Peace Symposium in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
4. Spokesman to present subjects for discussion given out at the last meeting and invite three and five minute speeches from members and visitors.
5. Presentation of the following subjects: New Phases of the Peace Movement; Obstacles in the Way; Peace Movement in the Public Schools; The Old Patriotism versus the New Patriotism; for discussion at the meetings of the next two weeks.
6. Music, recitations, refreshments, rally and announcement of the next place of meeting.

Address all communications to  
CHRISTIAN HERALD PEACE LEAGUE,  
Bible House, New York City.

# Passing of the Pueblos

Continued from page 923

that in the days of the Spanish nation there were fifty populous unities. The principal seat of Pueblo culture has always been the Rio Grande. Here may still aceed the half-obliterated ruins of lo communal towns that may flourished when Europe was peo- only by barbarians. The Pueblo n population of the Southwest is ily declining and soon these peo- will be but a reminiscence. One n is found in the neglect of sani- n. Epidemics of small-pox, diph- a and other diseases rage un- ted, and tuberculosis is a scourge most every village. The infant ality is terribly high. Inter- iage among the members of the clan also contributes to the de- cline.

Another cause is the growing ncy of the young men and young e of the Pueblos to marry among native Mexican population, and to up their own language, religion, old manner of life. Perceiving this means the extinction of the ity of their people, the elders of strong and flourishing villages strictly forbidden intermarriage the Mexicans. In Taos it is said the head men have even gone to engh of forbidding the women to the Spanish language, thinking if the Indian maidens cannot talk

Spanish, the Mexican youth will be discouraged. Nevertheless, the destiny of the Pueblos appears to be to replenish the "Greaser" stock of the South- west.

Even the United States Government is unwittingly aiding the obliteration of this ancient people. In nearly every village of the Pueblos there is now a school. At Santa Fe and Albu- querque industrial training schools are conducted, and there are similar schools at Blackrock, on the Zuni Res- ervation, and Keams Canyon, on the Hopi Reservation. Everywhere the Pueblo is ceasing to be an Indian, and becoming a mere half-breed.

JOHN L. COWAN.

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- E. T., Tennessee. "I thank God for answering my prayer that an injustice might be exposed."
- Mrs. W. B., Massachusetts. "God has delivered me from great difficulty in answer to prayer."
- C. B. D., Phoebus, Va. "I wish to acknowl- edge the Father's goodness in answering my prayers."
- R. A. C., Whitefish, Mont. "I give thanks that God answered my prayers. My daughter was sick and she is now recovering."

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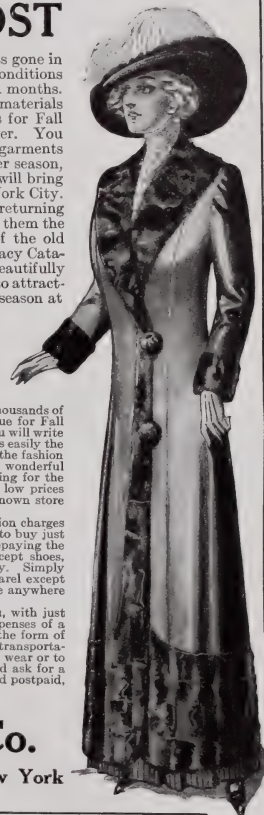
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## Devouring the Word of God\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

EZEKIEL had a godly heritage, being the son of a priest. He was one of the captives taken by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem to Babylon in B.C. 598, being at that time a mere youth. But God's hand was upon him to make him a preacher of righteousness to his wayward people, the Israelites, in their captivity. And God prepared him for the work. Hear Ezekiel's own words about how it was done: "And when I looked, behold, a hand was sent unto me; and lo, a roll of a book was therein; and he spread it out before me; and it was written within and without. . . . More over he said unto me, Son of man, eat that thou findest; eat this roll, and go speak unto the house of Israel. . . . Then I did eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness. And he said unto me, Son of man, go, get thee unto the house of Israel, and speak with my words unto them." (Ezek. 2: 9-3: 4.) There have been many conjectures about that roll, but it is enough for us to know that it contained the word of God, and the command was that Ezekiel should so acquaint himself with it that he could teach others. It was an illuminated text; the Spirit of God was leading Ezekiel into all truth as he tried to read and understand it. He likens it to mystic creatures which had the brightness of fire and lightning. It was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of God. (Ezek. 1: 28.)

### Ezekiel's Call

"Then the spirit lifted me up and took me away." The days of his preparation were over.

"I went in bitterness of spirit." The gravity of preaching God's truth was a weight upon his heart.

"I came to them of the captivity at Tel-abib," where was a settlement of the captives on the river Chebar, not a great distance from Babylon.

"I sat there overwhelmed among them seven days." So those who came to comfort Job sat, when they saw his desolation (Job 2: 13).

"Give them warning from me." So God spoke to Ezekiel after the seven days, and it was like a clarion note calling him to do his duty.

"I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel." Still God is speaking to Ezekiel. In the spirit of this saying, Tissot has painted a wonderful picture of the prophet Ezekiel, on the top of a watchtower in the attitude of a muezzin, with his hands clasped upon his forehead, and his piercing eyes filled with the demand that men shall not linger.

"If thou warn the wicked, and he turn not," etc. It is not God's way to break into any man's soul.

"Thou hast delivered thy soul." All that God held Ezekiel accountable for was that he should faithfully deliver the message, and he should not be held responsible for the souls of men.

It has been said of Ezekiel in comparison with other prophets: "He is not so much of a counselor and seer as Isaiah, nor so much of a reformer and intercessor as Jeremiah, nor so much of a prince and statesman as Daniel, but more of a priest in his general spirit and bearing. More than a hundred times is he called 'a son of man,' a title given to no other prophet except Daniel, and to him only once (Dan. 8: 17), signifying doubtless to them of the captivity that he was not only a living witness for God, but a priestly mediator, with somewhat of the distant dignity of the great Son of man himself."—Professor J. T. Hyde.

We have many times in our lessons quoted from Dr. Joseph Parker, who in his lifetime was one of London's most eloquent preachers. It will be interesting in this connection to give a brief outline of how, when a young man, he entered the ministry. There are points, especially connected with his first sermons, that are to be compared with the beginnings of Ezekiel.

By the time he was fourteen, the oft discussed question, "What is Joseph to be?" had reached an acute stage. It was decided that he should follow his father's trade, and be a mason. The experience did not last long. Within a year he was back at school, partly paying his way by being an usher. Then it was thought by his parents that he might be made an architect, and they supplied him with a drawing-board and instruments; but that was abandoned, and he again returned to school. When he was about sixteen years of age, he heard his future being discussed by his father and a distinguished guest. Both were, however, quite at a loss to reach any decision.

All of the while the boy had been cherishing a secret desire to be a preacher of the Gospel, and he had made some preparation for it by commencing a library—a few books hung on two shelves fastened to a nail in the wall. He committed to memory great speeches then current, and delivered them as he walked along the country road or before imaginary audiences of thousands. This practice naturally led to preaching in the open air, which he occasionally did in some solitary place with a rock for a pulpit. Dr. Parker dates his first real sermon from his eighteenth year, which he delivered from the village green, with a company of villagers seated on beams and planks. It came about this way: He had gone to the service with two preachers, each of whom delivered a sermon. While listening to the second preacher he was seized with an overpowering desire to unburden his soul. He arose and stood where the preachers had stood, and took for his text: "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you." The villagers were startled as the young preacher set forth the iniquities of the age, and loosed all the thunders he

Continued on next page

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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for October 1, 1911. The Prophet Ezekiel a Watchman. Ezek. 3. GOLDEN TEXT: "Hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me." Ezek. 3:17.



# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

old command, and delivered his soul with audacious frankness. His second sermon was also preached in the open air, and he chose for his text: "If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me" (Deut. 32: 41). His third sermon was delivered at the wheelwright's door, the pulpit being a large block of old oak, and it is said, the sermon went like an equinoctial gale. When he began to have appointments, he sometimes walked fourteen miles to reach them. He went on with his work of preparation by rising at five o'clock in the morning to study his Bible, and to read theology in a clergyman. We have given this story at length, and the hope that it may suggest to our earnest young men how they may take hold of the way to become the herald messengers.

## Sunday School Teachers and the Bible

All Bible teachers are in a way the successors of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The prophets studied and loved the Bible before they began to tell others about it. Jeremiah said: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart" (Jer. 15: 16). The "eating," as in the case of Ezekiel, meant not bodily assimilation, but mental and spiritual; the soul being strengthened by God's truth, as the body is built up by food. "Undoubtedly with Bible study." This expression was used by Mr. Robert E. Lee in recommending Bible study. He further says: "Those who deprecate devotional Bible study, as some are, are wrong. To study the Bible as study Euclid, or Plato, or Mill, or Kant, may have no effect whatever upon the soul of a man or his character. The kind of Bible study which the Y. M. C. A. (and, we add, all Sunday School teachers and scholars) ought to do is the study of the Bible as the interest of personal religion, as the revelation of a living, personal God, our Father, to us, his sons, to show us how to live among men and how to live in his Spirit. There is a limited need of this kind of study. It is of infinitely more importance than critical, or literary, or historical study of the Bible, necessary as these are."

"Do you know the Scriptures better than you did a year ago?" asks Rev. Layland Hoyt, D.D. And then he says: "You ought to. Have you more places in the Bible to which you go as bird goes to her retreat?" You ought to. Are there more precious spots in the Bible than there were once? There ought to be. Suppose some one had trusted me with a great matter, and had given me written instructions as to how to conduct it, and suppose then I felt like it I went and read a sentence, and then after a week, half a dozen sentences, I should have only the most fragmentary knowledge of the instructions. But how many Christians there are who treat the Bible thus."

There are Sunday School teachers who give comparatively little study to the Bible; not enough to teach it without a Lesson Leaf Quarterly or question book in hand.

7. Select illustrations from many sources: nature, everyday life, history, other parts of the Bible, etc.
8. Make outline of plan for teaching the lesson.
9. Prepare questions, in order to have a fixed plan for developing the lesson. These questions should not be carried into the class on paper, but should be in the teacher's mind and heart.
10. Pray for God's blessing on the plan thus prepared, for strength to carry it out, and for preparedness of the minds and hearts of the scholars to receive the lesson.

## A Famous Judge's Opinion

The late Justice David J. Brewer once said: "For over fifty years I have been connected with Sunday Schools as scholar or teacher. During twelve of the years passed since I came to Washington, I have met a class of adults, and with them studied the sacred volume. And now, *cui bono?* (what good?) The question is asked as a personal one, not how or how much it has affected others, but what profit has it been to me? First, I have learned to have a greater tolerance of the views of others in respect to the meaning of different portions of the Book. Second, Study of the Bible has given familiarity with the best specimens of literary composition. No book ever written has more lofty imagery, such appealing poetry, or displays such exquisite selections of choicest words and phrases, expressing highest thoughts. . . . None furnishes such apt and useful quotations. Even in legal opinions (and they are generally dry and colorless), I have often found some sentence in the Bible to give emphasis to my thought, and vigor to the argument. Third, That its study gives assurance that it is what it purports to be—a message from God to man. Fourth, One thing which is clearly disclosed by its teaching is the fact and unity of a Divine Being. Fifth, More and more am I convinced that Jesus of Nazareth came into this world as a revelation of the purpose and character of the Divine Being. . . . He stands in life above all by virtue of a relationship to the Infinite not possessed by others. He is in a most real sense the incarnation of the Divine."

## A Timely Gift

WE HAVE just received your check for \$20 for the Lord's work in our hands, for which we send you genuine thanks, and you will be glad to hear that it came as a direct answer to our earnest prayers for an outing for the fifty little boys and girls we now have in charge in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD orphanage. It was like this: we have no yards to either the boys' or girls' homes, so we thought a trip up or down the beautiful Siang River would not only be instructive to the older boys and girls, but would give us a chance for some Gospel work, and would do all the children a lot of good physically. We were asking our heavenly Father that he would send us some funds from some unsought-of and unthought-of source—and now yours comes, and is just a plenty to hire the two large boats we need, and spend ten or twenty days on the river. We can only praise Him. The children are a sort of junior missionary army now. The older boys paste up and give out the tracts, while some help me sell Gospels, and all, boys and girls, form a large Gospel chorus, and sing in unison the sweet Gospel songs from large written song-sheets, and this will draw the crowds. Thanks again from us, and all the fifty children shout, to—*tie!* (Thanks!)

ALLEN AND JENNIE CAMERON.  
Changsha, Hunan Province, China.

## Preparation Plan for Teachers

1. Read I. Tim. 4: 10-16.
2. Pray for the Spirit's guidance into all truth.
3. Read the lesson from the Bible (not lesson leaf).
4. Think about the lesson and try to absorb it.
5. Make notes for self-help.
6. Consult lesson helps, in Bible Dictionary, Concordance, Teachers' Guide or Lesson Notes.

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## The Fight for the Child

CIVILIZATION and Christianity have done much for the child. Time was when childhood was lightly esteemed and often harshly and cruelly dealt with. The Greeks and Romans had no place for the deformed or infirm, and left them unaided to a cruel fate. Christianity smiled upon the child and blessed it, and no sweeter words were ever breathed than those of Jesus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And yet is there great need for the waging of vigorous warfare in the interest of the child, and many battles have yet to be fought and won before the child will be protected as it needs to be.

That was a splendid fight put up by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the early half of last century on behalf of the children who had been "caught in the grip of the new industrial system." It is said that "Lancashire factories bought them by large loads from the London workhouses and held them for years nominally as apprentices, really as slaves. In a stifling atmosphere babies of five were made to stand on stools and feed the great machines for fourteen hours a day. Underground in the mines things were even worse. Children of six were sitting alone all day in pitch darkness, opening and shutting doors as the trucks ran by." The grand Christian Earl had to fight against fearful odds. The mill-owners and mine-owners had great influence in the House of Commons. The cry was raised, "British industries will be ruined if child labor is abolished!" but Shaftesbury fought on, and after seventeen years of persistent work, in 1847 he saw his Factory Bill become a law, and the iniquitous child labor was a thing of the past.

That was a splendid fight Judge Ben Lindsey put up at Denver, when he insisted on the enforcement of the child labor laws. He found in the cotton mills children of ten and twelve years working like slaves without any chance of education, and subject to the worst kind of moral conditions. He tells in *Everybody's Magazine* that proceedings were taken against the company and the owners and superintendents heavily fined. One of the owners—a man of wealth—protested at being termed a criminal. He said: "We have never had any trouble until this fight started. We're helping Denver, and we ought to be encouraged instead of being persecuted. I warn you right

now that if this thing is kept up we'll shut down the mills and you'll have to take the consequences." Judge Lindsey says: "The fight was kept up. The children were forced to go to school. The mill shut down and I became 'an enemy of prosperity'—prosperity founded upon the slavery of children and the stunting of young lives."

Senator Beveridge, in a speech dealing with this question, said: "The lowest estimate I have been able to find is that every year there are not less than 10,000 little boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age actually killed by the overwork. . . . The lowest estimate I am able to find is that 250,000 American children who survive the work in the cotton mills and the coal breakers, in the silk mills and the glass factories and sweat shops of this country until they reach maturity are made degenerates every year and poured into the body of American citizenship. . . . Little girls below seven years of age—five years old—are dragged from bed at four and five o'clock in the morning, fed with coarse food, and made to work standing on their feet for twelve long hours. Boys on the coal breakers of Pennsylvania from seven to sixteen years of age sit in the chutes of rushing coal and pick with bleeding fingers the slag as the coal speeds by. Occasionally a little fellow falls into the coal chute, and he is swept into the great roaring mass of fuel material and crushed to death. . . . These children's bodies are literally wrecked. Their bones are made crooked before they are formed; their minds are dulled; their souls are stunted; and not only their usefulness for this life but the possibility of life hereafter is involved."

During the agitation against child labor in England in 1847, Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote the "Cry of the Children." Some of its lines have particular point in the present crisis in this country:

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their look is dread to see;  
For they mind you of their angels in high places,  
With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?"

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
And purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!

REV. GEORGE W. RIDEOUT.  
Trenton, N. J.

### A Deserving Case

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter from a reader in North Dakota, which presents a case that is entitled to the charitable consideration of other readers. The writer says: "This is our fourth season here. We have had only one fair crop. The year before last we made fairly good money; but last year and this, we 'dried out' and some fields did not return the seed, and we are in debt, of course. Our creditors want their money and if we can't get it somewhere, we shall lose everything. You may perhaps know of some one who would be willing to make us a loan on easy payments and at a low rate of interest. We can give security if desired."

Any reader of this journal who may be benevolently disposed and who knows the 3¢ service rendered without ostentation, "in His Name" can learn further particulars of this case by addressing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We shall be glad to put such a one in communication with the writer of the appeal, whom we believe to be a worthy person.

### Precious Gifts to Mont-Lawn

MANY letters have been received from readers during the past week, showing the warmest sympathy with our work among the children at Mont-Lawn. "I sympathize with the little waifs and wish I could help to alleviate the suffering of many. In my possession are two gold coins which I have kept for years in memory of my babe who died many years ago. I have decided to use these souvenirs to help give the pleasure that a sojourn for a few days at Mont-Lawn will afford to some poor little waif," writes Mrs. C. D. B., Clarksburg, Md. L. S. W., Flatbush, N. Y., writes, asking an outing for two poor children—"the oldest a 'little mother,' who cares for the younger ones while the mother, a widow, works in a paint factory. The three children (the youngest is a baby) are locked in the top floor of a tenement while the mother is at work." The golden gift from C. D. B. will give these little ones an outing.

I have been a subscriber for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many years and enjoy it much. I am sure it is doing much good.  
New Lyme, O. Mrs. E. E. TUCKERMAN.

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WE shall be able to offer only a few of the magazines named below at the present very low prices after September 30, 1911. You will have to pay considerably more for most of them and as much as double for one or two. Now is the time to take advantage of the lowest possible prices for next year. This offer closes September 30, 1911.

The Christian Herald offers cannot be duplicated anywhere. The special clubs of Magazines offered in this way are controlled by us, and they can be obtained only by ordering from us. These combinations offer discounts of from 30 to 50 per cent. These clubs will enable you to save considerable money on your Magazines for 1912. All orders should be sent to The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City. You should renew your subscription to the following magazines now, before prices go up.

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All Subscribers accepting Magazine offers will have full privileges of paid-in-advance subscribers in connection with our own special Book and Premium Offers, and will receive FREE our New 1912 Almanac, as described in September 13th issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## LAST CHANCE

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York



Young People's Societies

A Well-Rounded Life\*

A RICH man was once heard to say, "It is absurd that you should ask me to give a tenth of my income for my religion and charity. I have more than ten important causes to which to contribute—four children, a wife, the enlargement of my business, a country place, life-insurance and a dozen others. To give a tenth of my income to the Lord, as you suggest, would be all out of proportion."

Yet when this man's prosperity declined fifty per cent, because of the closing of the church in the village where his country place was situated; and when one of his sons went down to a drunkard's grave, he began to see that when he placed the cause of Christ in the same category and as approximately of only equal importance with his life insurance and other worldly items, he himself had seen things badly out of proportion.

All other causes are included in this one cause. A man must take proper care of his own; he should lay up something every year for the chances of illness and old age; but the prosperity of his home and of his beloved depends most of all upon the prosperity of Christ and his church in the world. Let us give thought and care and calculation to it, lovingly and generously supporting it to the extent of our ability. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor" is each one of us! We can never pay the debt, but we can do our best toward it. Our feeling should be that of Watts in the beloved hymn commencing, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and we should feel to our souls' depths the lines:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To the thoughtful observer, even the pessimistic, there must be visible many bright tokens that the race is improving. Most of us will agree with Dr. J. R. Miller when he says: "There are indications that commercialism has been born again. This is not saying that politicians, railroad kings, and captains of industry are becoming saints; it is saying, however, that the religion of Christ is at work with resistless energy in all the world's life, and that out of the travail of souls a better righteousness is coming."

This righteousness includes not only justice, but more. Men will give not only what they judge that they ought, but they will long to give and will stint themselves in order to help Christ's "little ones."

Mr. Moody used to tell a story of a rich man who was converted, but who complained bitterly that the Lord had bestowed upon him no gifts of eloquence or exhortation.

"What can I do in the way of service?" he asked humbly.

"You remember," said Mr. Moody significantly, "that one of the most useful fishes that the disciples caught revealed, when his mouth was opened, a piece of money. You may not have the silver tongue of eloquence, but you may have something quite as helpful to God's cause."

The man understood; and one of the finest buildings in the consecrated Northfield group was his gift.

The Christian life of any of us who do not yield freely of our substance, as well as of the devotion of our lips, is bound to be poor and unsymmetrical. Loving service means giving—not only of time and thought but of the increase of our "basket and store."

There doth not live  
Any so poor but they may give;  
Any so rich but may receive.  
Withhold the very mearest dole  
Hence our location, in part or whole,  
And we may stint a starving soul.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 1. TEXT: II Cor 8:7; Luke 11:42.

Great Lives: Peter\*

THE figure of St. Peter looms larger in history than that of any of the other disciples. John was more lovable, any one of the rest was more stable during his discipleship—not one of them, saving the arch-criminal of all time, Judas Iscariot, sinned more grievously; yet not one was more eloquent, more zealous, more successful than Peter. Probably Paul, with his superior education and more cultivated ancestry, was more able. Surely he was a better writer, since no one in the literary roster of any country surpassed him, and in fact and in the management of men he was pre-eminent. But the great martyr-apostle to the Jews was called by Jesus the rock on which he built his church, the shepherd to whom he especially confided the feeding of his sheep, and his name is always placed first in every apostolic list.

It is supposed that Peter was at the time of his calling of about the age of our Lord. We know that he was married, because we hear of his wife's mother, to whom he appeared to have been a model son-in-law. Tradition tells us that his wife's name was Perpetua (or, some say, Concordia), and that they had several children. It is supposed that Perpetua suffered martyrdom.

It would seem that the great apostle to the Gentiles received his special training for his mighty work chiefly from Peter (Gal. 1:18, 19). He had seen James and "no other disciple," but he "abode fifteen days" with Peter. Those sacred days must have been full of deep and heaven-inspired interviews.

It is true that Peter is with cause usually called the apostle to the Hebrews in contradistinction to Paul, as the apostle to the Gentiles; and yet the crown and consummation of Peter's ministry is considered to be his baptism of the heathen Cornelius, a representative of the Roman force and nationality; yet coming into the Christian fold without any intermediate study of or subscription to Judaism. Thus Peter, who had, as Dr. McClintock says, "first preached the resurrection to the Jews, baptized the first Samaritans, now threw down the barriers which separated proselytes of the gate from Israelites."

After Peter's imprisonment by Herod Agrippa, and his miraculous deliverance, we lose sight of him for some years. Then came the great clash between him and Paul (see Gal. 2), and the bitter reproof from Paul because Peter had yielded to the importunities of the ultra-orthodox, and had socially separated himself from the Gentile Christians, while continuing in churchly relations with them. Most humbly apparently did Peter bow to the reproof of his younger colleague. No trace of enmity or bitterness toward Paul can be found in Peter's later conduct or writings.

In accordance with our Lord's prophecy, he was undoubtedly crucified in Rome at about the same time that Paul was beheaded.

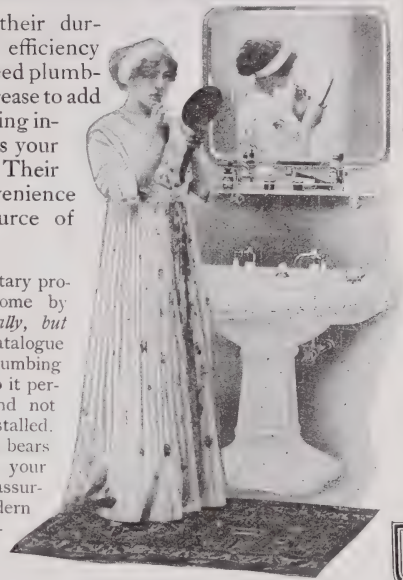
That Peter was very dear to his Lord the whole Gospel narrative shows. When the awful denial occurred, the Lord, as Mr. Moody remarks, might well have said to him, "Have you forgotten how I healed your wife's mother? how I stretched out my hand and kept you from drowning? how I allowed you to witness the transfiguration? how you were with me in Gethsemane?—and have you forgotten me so soon?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply cast one look on Peter and there was so much love in it that "he went out and wept bitterly."

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 1. TEXT: John 21:1-13.

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# Christian Herald

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"THE TWO SISTERS." From the Famous Painting by William A. Bouguereau, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

H. A. L., Nashville, Mich. Who is the author and what is the title of the poem commencing

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight"?

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, born 1832, died August 5, 1911. The title of the poem is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Mrs. J. P. R. Lorraine, Miss. Is the quotation, "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," from the Bible?

No. It is the latter part of the second stanza of the hymn beginning, "Oh, where shall rest be found?" by James Montgomery.

M. L. J., Kansas City, Mo. 1. What is the literal meaning of Matt. 23: 5-7? 2. Luke 20: 46, 47? 3. Are those who are not saved to receive different degrees of punishment? 4. How will we be able to recognize our loved ones in heaven? 5. What is the "unpardonable sin"?

1. Jesus was warning his hearers specially against the sin of spiritual pride, and incalculating humility and service. 2. In the passage in Luke, the same theme is dealt with, but with added evil characteristics which aggravate the offense and assure heavier punishment. 3. Scripture teaches that there are different degrees both of reward and punishment. 4. Recognition in heaven has been already discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. It is indicated in many Bible passages, including II. Sam. 12: 23; Luke 16: 22; Rev. 6: 9, 10; I. Thess. 4: 13-18; Heb. 13: 17; Matt. 8: 11; Eph. 3: 15, etc. These passages intimate the preservation of identity, and that heaven is the Christian's fatherland where we shall see our friends and loved ones, whom here we have "lost awhile." 5. The "unpardonable sin" is believed to have been attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency. With respect to all other sins, we can only answer that we have Jesus assurance that our Father is ready to forgive "to the uttermost" those who come to him repentant and believing.

Mary D., Springfield, Ill. Our Sunday School class has been divided on the meaning of Mark 8: 28. Can THE MAIL-BAG help us?

There was a disposition on the part of the populace to look upon Christ simply as a worker of wondrous miracle-mongers—and to overlook the spiritual meaning of his work. They crowded about him so greatly as to frequently impede his progress. Notoriety of this sort was far from being his desire. It did not aid his commission and it stirred up the opposition of the Scribes and Pharisees to a point that threatened a serious interruption to his ministry and led to plots being laid against his life.

A. H. S., Washington, D. C. How long did the plagues of Egypt last and what time elapsed between them?

There is no positive statement as to the period of time they occupied. Some writers contend that each plague lasted throughout a season, basing this belief on a comparison of the plagues with certain natural phenomena occurring at fixed seasons in Egypt. This, though ingenious, is not generally accepted. The general view taken by Bible scholars is that each plague lasted only for a short time, and that a few weeks, or at longest a month or two, sufficed for the happening of the whole.

Mrs. L. B., Albany, Mo. There has arisen in our Bible Study class a discussion over John 4: 24. The sentence: "God is a Spirit," or the new version, "God is Spirit." Some of the class believe God exists in tangible form.

It is related that when the Westminster Catechism was being compiled, the assembly of divines took up in due course the question: "What is God?" A long discussion followed, without satisfactory conclusion. One of the oldest divines present—a venerable Christian—was asked to lead in prayer and did so in these words: "O Thou who art a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy power, wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness and truth, teach us what thou art." The prayer of this inspired divine, with the exception of the last clause of five words, was adopted as the Assembly's conception of Deity and included in the catechism, where it stands today, probably the best definition ever attempted. If we add the three adjectives, "omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent," it is as complete as man can make it. The Bible tells us that no man hath seen God at any time, implying that the full

effulgence of the Divine Personality is such that the human vision or senses are incapable of beholding it. To attribute a tangible or human form to God is an ancient error. The divine likeness and image of God in man was not a likeness of bodily form or features, but of godlike temperament, disposition, desires and aspirations after spiritual things—spiritualized intelligence.

L. C., Little Muddy, Ky. Do you think there will be degrees in heaven?

There are several passages that indicate the probability of degrees. Daniel's famous passage relative to the soul-winners who will "shine as the stars forever" is one; Paul implies a similar diversity when he speaks of one star differing from another in glory; so did Jesus in his reply to the two disciples for whom it was asked

but in Heb. 9: 4, the information is given that it contained (presumably at the time of its hiding) besides the tables, a golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod.

W. D., Jr., Jacksonville, Fla. In reckoning a tithe for a business man, what is the best method to be applied? I know there are several ways of titheing.

The simplest and most direct is to tithe the income, not the gross receipts. To give one-tenth of the gross receipts would obviously be a tax upon both income and capital. If at the end of a certain period it is ascertained that a given sum has been received in your business, there should be deducted from it the cost of goods sold, expenses of management, rent, light, taxes, wages, advertising and other legitimate business expenses. The balance is in-

nor disbelief can be applied to infants. Jesus' own words when he blessed the children were "of such is the kingdom of heaven." God adopts our infants as his children even before their birth, when he promises that he will be a Father to us and to our offspring, and this promise, it is held, includes their salvation. To assume that all infants who die without baptism are lost, was a conclusion rejected even by Calvinists. The children of Christian parents are included in the covenant with Christ, and the rite of baptism is the natural and visible sign and seal of that covenant. 2. There is no reason to suppose that the future life will be other than one of progress, and this would imply progress in growth in every direction. We can only conjecture what that growth will mean in the spiritual world.

E. J. C., Minneapolis, Minn. 1. Were there two Marys who anointed Jesus? 2. Were the two thieves tied or nailed to the cross?

1. The conclusion adopted by the majority of interpreters is that there were two anointings: one during Jesus' Galilean ministry (Luke 7) and another at Bethany (Matt. 26, Mark 14 and John 12). It cannot be proved that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was the agent in both anointings, though she may have been in the second. Nor is it definitely shown that Mary of Magdala was in either scene. The Mary of the first anointing, "out of whom went seven devils," was probably another person altogether. There are several women who bore the name Mary. The whole subject has been much discussed, without any fixed conclusion being reached. 2. That Jesus was nailed to his cross according to prophecy is certain (John 20: 25, 27 and other passages). Nailing and binding were both used. There is no reason to doubt that the two malefactors shared a similar fate.

H. P., Blairsville, Pa. Please let me know the name of the originator of the tintype, and when it first came into use.

A French painter and physicist, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, discovered the tintype, a process made known in 1839 at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, France, and called in honor of him the daguerreotype.

R. M., Waterbury, Conn. Please explain Matt. 5: 29, 30, also verse 48, same chapter.

It is an injunction to us to make sacrifice of that which is nearest and dearest and most precious, if it should stand in the way of our salvation. The illustration is made striking by the use of an extreme figure of speech. Verse 48 points us to God himself, who, being absolute perfection, is our highest model.

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. J. E. P., Oberlin, Kan. See answer to Mrs. T. A. A., Garbes, Okla., in MAIL-BAG, September 6 issue.

W. A. M., Charlton, Ia. According to Matt. 1: 5, Rahab became the wife of Salmon (the son of Naasson or Nahshon) and the ancestress of Boaz, grandfather of Jesse.

Mrs. L. G. S. B., Meriden, Conn. The name of David's mother is nowhere given. Nahash, whose name is mentioned in both Samuel and Chronicles, was a king of Ammon.

J. J. B., Bloomington, Ill. A parcels post is greatly favored by the people and is bound to come at no distant date. It would greatly increase the postal revenues, besides being a popular accommodation.

M. E. K., East Aurora, N. Y. No such doctrine is taught in the Bible. Still, even the regenerate may backslide, though they will not "utterly fall." Satan cannot drag down successfully those who have been justified and sanctified, although they may be tempted and tried.

H. L. S., Rutland, Vt. The Lord's Prayer reads: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This is the universal prayer of the Christian Church, that our hearts may be so disposed to God's will in all things that we will do his works here on earth, and thus begin to live in the true spirit of his kingdom where he rules in the hearts of men.

Josephine B., Richmond, Ind., writes: "I wish to reply to the question of Clara M., New York, in OUR MAIL-BAG: 'Why does a woman strive so hard to make an inferior man of herself?' by asking her to explain how any intelligent woman can enjoy taxation without representation, and why to desire to have a voice as to how her taxes are to be expended makes an 'inferior man of herself,' or makes her the least particle unwomanly."



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## Snake-Charmers in India

ONE of the most typical and interesting sights which greets the eye of the traveler in India is the never-ending procession of dervishes and fakirs. Though many of these are members of various Mohammedan and Hindu orders, the large majority of them are merely mendicants or simple devotees, who subsist by the exercise of their proficiency as jugglers, hypnotists or snake-charmers. All of these are popular with their own countrymen as well as with the visitor, but though the cleverness of the juggler or adeptness of the hypnotist may charm the crowd, they are never surrounded with such a mob as can be found about the blankets where the snake-charmers have spread out their collections of reptiles. The photograph here reproduced is a typical one. The variety of snakes which these men carry about with them forms quite a collection, varying all the way from a diminutive adder to a fairly large python and a king cobra.

that they should sit at his right and left hand in his kingdom. The parable of the talents also bears a kindred interpretation.

Mrs. W. D., Ogden, Utah. Have there been any further developments since the reported finding of the Ark of the Covenant? What did the Ark contain when it was hidden?

There is little doubt that the story of the recent finding of the Ark was untrue; at all events, as we foresaw, it has not been verified. The Ark itself was made of wood, heavily lined with gold, and while the exact dimensions are uncertain, it is believed by the best informed authorities to have been about 38,873 cubic inches. In I. Kings 8: 9, it is said that nothing was kept in it but the tables of the law;

some, and it is this which is available for titheing. Similarly, shares, bonds, or other securities are titheed not on the principal, but on the interest or proceeds. See the various Scriptural passages on "the tithe of the increase."

J. W., Exeter, Mo. 1. Is there any Scripture to show that infants are saved? 2. Will infants have infant bodies through eternity, or will they have adult bodies?

1. Infant salvation has been widely discussed among Church authorities and by Christian writers generally. Rom. 8: 18 is held to justify the view that children dying in infancy partake of the benefits of Christ's sacrifice. They have not reached the age of responsibility (see Rom. 8: 15, 17). Neither faith



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

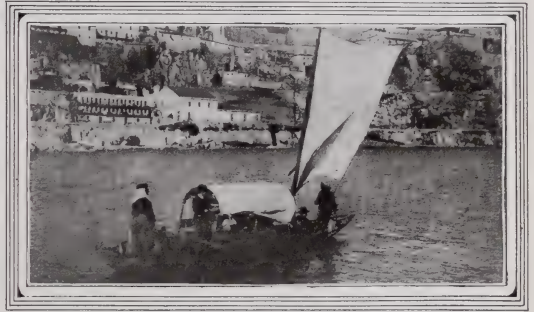
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Little Girls Loading Tiles at Oporto

A Portuguese Chicken-Vendor

A Pleasure-Boat on the River Douro



## WOMEN'S WORK IN PORTUGAL

IT WAS at Leixoes, the port of entry for Oporto, that I had my first introduction to the women workers of Portugal. Outside the entrance to the custom house stood a row of women, barefooted, and arrayed in garments of kaleidoscopic variety of color. Not one of the women was dressed in a single color, and many of the shirtwaists were decorated with polka dots of a hue distinctly antagonistic to that of the shirtwaist itself. They kept up a constant chatter and gesticulation, which seemed to increase or diminish according to the notice taken of them, and as the gendarme on duty frequently waved them back I thought they were beggars. The customs examination over, however, in came this motley crowd with a rush, and, balancing on their heads the valises and other belongings of the new arrivals, off they marched with them to the cars outside, which were to take us up to Oporto. Thus these women turned out to be not beggars but porters.

Shortly after leaving the harbor at Leixoes we reached the river Douro, parallel to which our car ran all the way to Oporto. Down by the river dozens of women were engaged in the domestic occupation of washing clothes. In front of each woman was a large smooth stone, and on this she pounded and slapped the clothes after they had been well soaped. This method is, needless to say, a trifle hard on the clothes, but it is certainly an improvement on the Mexican way, which is to pound the clothes with stones.

Interesting as this scene was, it did not compare with the ox-carts and their drivers which we passed on the road. Now, carts drawn by oxen are used in many lands, but nowhere is the outfit so unique as in Portugal. The cart has a small body, like a Roman chariot, sometimes made with basket sides, and the wheels are often just circular blocks of solid wood. The oxen have huge horns, not infrequently measuring three feet and even more from the crown of the head to the tip. Above the heads of a team of oxen is always attached a beautifully carved board, about four feet long by two feet wide, the edge of which is fringed with horse-hair. These boards are of Moorish origin and are highly valued by their owners, who will not part with them even when offered a considerable sum of money. But the women, who drive these carts quite as often as the men, are the chief novelty. They seem to be in a class to themselves. Short, slightly built women they are, often quite young girls, in tattered clothes, bare feet, and wearing a peculiar style of hat, of black or yellow straw, like an inverted bucket. They draw up the skirt for two or three inches below the waist and tie it around with a black cloth. This is to relieve the weight of the skirt, which is made of some heavy material. The drivers walk ahead of the oxen, holding to a piece of rope or leather thong, the two ends of which have been attached to the inside horn of each of the oxen. In the free hand they carry a long stick, seldom if ever used. Almost always I saw these

women plodding along with their eyes on the ground, hauling away on this rope as if pulling the team after them by main force. In turning to the right or left they would exert their full strength on that side. In this way, and by short, sharp exclamations, the animals were guided. Some of the girls were really beautiful in their rough simplicity, but constant association with the great clumsy oxen seemed to have made them exceedingly bucolic in temperament.

Another branch of women's work in the troubled republic is the tending of the gates at the level crossings on railroads. In most countries this work is done by men, but all over Portugal you see women standing by the closed gates at crossings as the train rushes by, holding two rolled-up flags, one red and one green, and looking themselves a good deal like elaborate flags, clothed as they are in the extraordinary complexity of colors which goes to form the costume of the poorer class Portuguese.

Still more curious is it to see the women acting as hod-carriers on buildings. With the greatest ease they will go up steep gangplanks or ladders, carrying on their heads heavy loads of the bricks and mortar used by the men.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Portuguese women in their work is the method employed of carrying everything on the head. Before I went to Portugal I was told that the women carried even the children on their heads, but this they

*Continued on page 965*



Uphill with a Load of Heather and a Baby

A Typical Morning Scene on the Ribeira at Oporto

Women Unloading Sand from a Barge



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, D.D.\*



## LIFE'S WIDEN- ING HORIZON

TEXT: John 4:28 (R.V.)—"So the woman left her water-pot, and went away into the city."

ONE is at a loss to find words to describe this scene. There are only two persons in it. One stands upon the crowning summits of life. The other exists down in the blackest shadows of being. The One is the Life. The other is a type of death. The problem is to get the Life behind the death-shadow, that it may be lit up with the Light of Life. And this is what our Master actually does. He stoops from the pure heights of his own stainless beauty, slips his strong, tender hands beneath a soiled soul, and gently lifts that soul up into the white light of the Eternal.

But oh, the manner in which he does it! Surely, that is beyond all telling. Delicacy, tact, wisdom, love—all are here raised to their highest power. For here is a soul whose doors and windows are locked and barred. This poor woman is deep in her own misery, bleak in her own despair, unlovely in her own lovelessness. Now, see how the Master first wakes her, then woos her, then wins her. The Prince of Life; he becomes a pauper. More-over, he becomes a pauper begging from a pauper. "Give me to drink." He is quickly repulsed by the woman's reminder of the age-long antipathy between Jew and Samaritan. "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a Samaritan woman?" But he subdues her intended repulse into a symphony of tenderest yearning. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

### Life's Water-pot Stage

And so, with unspeakable wisdom, he leads her out and on and up. He leads her out of herself. He leads her on to himself. He leads her up through himself into the Fatherhood of God. Now, our text reveals her doing for others, in her own measure, what has already been done for herself. Or, to put it in a word: She symbolizes a soul climbing out of the jungles of animalism, into which it has willfully plunged, up into the limitless realms of spiritual life. Thus does the passage tell of life's widening horizons. At first, our horizons are narrow and cramped enough. Literally, they are indeed less than seven miles away. But literally, also, they may be expanded into the tremendous immensities of measureless being, into the plummetless depths of life in God, through Christ Jesus.

I. Consider Life's Water-pot Stage: "So the woman left her water-pot." But is it so only of the woman? Is it not also true of every one of us? Human life begins at the water-pot stage. God intends childhood to be a day all morning. Childhood's day has no noon, no dark end. It is one great fresh swath of unowned greenness. Every blade of grass hath its dewy sparkle. For no blistering sun hath yet scorched those liquid jewels. Truly, the ring of innocence, worn upon childhood's fingers, is set with diamonds. They are diamonds named trust, curiosity, wilfulness, happiness. And this is all good, very good. I sometimes think that every time a child is born the universe is re-created in miniature. Only, if we pause to think, the child teems with bigger, vaster wonder than the universe. For God created the universe out of his power. But God created the human spirit out of himself. Into the universe he blew the breath of his power. Into man's soul he breathed himself. That is how God created man in his own image and likeness. The universe is only an energized atom on a large scale. Man is an inbreathed theocosm, smaller than the physical universe, to be sure. But he is greater and grander and more astonishing than anything in the universe. For, in Christ, man is the child of the great Father God. And God is within, but God is also behind and above the universe and man.

### The Wonders of Childhood

And so, creation's crowning wonder, the little child, begins life at the water-pot stage. His circle is small. He is satisfied with rattles. He is tickled with straws. He is an entranced victim of gew-gaws. I have watched children blowing bubbles. As the airy, fairy, rainbowed globes floated away, the children laughed for joy and wonder-

ment. But far more mystic and beautiful than the gorgeous color-bubbles are the children who blow them. And I have watched the stars blossom upon the far-spreading bush of space at night. I am told that in size, as the earth is to a sand-grain, so many of the stars are to the earth. But far more wonderful than the dazzling buds that bloom upon the vast star-bush is the mighty and eternal God who blows them into ageless brilliance. For the moment, however, I am saying that the most commanding process on this earth is that whereby a boy becomes a man. I believe that it is grandly true. The most magnificent sight we ever behold is a great big capacious man growing up from a little boy.

### Man's Failure

Now, in the race's childhood, we are told, God made a man. But the man the Lord God made, through no fault of God, was a failure. And let us be manly enough to confess that man's fall was not a fall heavenwards, either. For, as Dr. Newman Smith says: "It is but a superficial view to regard man's fall as a fall upwards. It is in itself considered a descent, nothing but a descent, and never an ascent. No retrogression, taken by itself, can be regarded as a step forwards. Man's fall is a fall away from his true type. Sin is a plunge downwards, and into darkest depths." Also, Professor Rudolph Eucken, of the University of Jena, writes in his last book: "Where evolution prevails, the order of the whole prescribes what is to be done at each point, and the direction to be followed: there is no choice and no freedom of decision. But without these there can be no history, in the specifically human sense. To talk of historical evolution is, properly speaking, an absurdity. Where there is evolution, there is no real history; and where there is history, there is no evolution. For if we are to have history, the individual must have freedom and reason, but this is excluded by evolution."

As you know, Eucken is not a theologian. He is a philosopher, rated by many the greatest philosopher living. Now, it seems to me that Eucken is endeavoring to teach Christians an essential lesson. It is this: We should never become morally mawkish in our attempt to be fashionably scientific. For thus do we Nietzscheize Christian morals. That is, we lead them into an atheistic slaughter-house. And for what? Why, that the life-blood of Christian morals may be yielded up simply to gratify the brutality of a philosophic butcher. And every time we are guilty of this unchristian thing, we belittle the high and noble interests of science itself. For when an age takes a worthy hypothesis like evolution, and insists that the hypothesis is not secondary, but a kind of primary Messiah named the reign of law, then it is time for us to realize that science, morals, and humanity are all alike grievously wounded. For then it is no longer evolution, but deevolution, which is another name for devolution!

### The Second Stage Is Reached

As I was about to say, ever since that far-off man-failure, God has been patiently growing men from boys. And it is a magnificent task. I believe it is altogether worthy of the great Taskmaster. We begin at the water-pot stage. We begin barely on the topmost fringe of the vanishing point. We begin at the next door to nowhere. But if we are true, we end in the many-splendored palace of God's eternal somewhere. I have heard a certain paragonage laid not improperly described as an "animated mudpuddle." Of course! The business of a healthy boy is to get as much mud as possible to cling to his face and hands and clothes. And it is equally the business of a healthy man to get as much godliness soaked into his spirit as his capacity will allow. At three, Phillips Brooks whined for a red-handled knife and fork. At fifty-three he had engirdled the world with his prophet eloquence. But, even then, he writes to a friend: "I sometimes have suspicions that if I could live for five hundred years, I might come to something and do something here." Sir Isaac Newton was a dull, according to schedule, a boy friend kicked him on the shin-bones. Then did young Isaac wake up, promptly thrash the offender,

and start for the head of his class. Incidentally, he began that day his discovery of the law of gravity. For Brooks, for Newton, for you, for all of us, life's first horizon is the water-pot stage. But it is not the last.

II. Consider, therefore, that Life's Second Horizon is the City Stage: "And went away into the city." There is an old saying that God made the country, and man made the town. But the saying is not older than the untruth at its heart. For God made the country, and God made the town. And God is going to make both country and town, some of these ages, into the White City of the Universe. "And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband." Ah, made ready? Yes! What is lovelier, more silver-fair, than a bride made ready by love and adorned by white garments, for her husband? Well, the country-man, and the city-man, empowered by the grace of the God-Man, are going to make earth ready to be a part of the Capital City of the Great King.

### Nature's God

Still, I think there are some joys the city-grown man must forever lack. There is, first, the joy of growing up in the country. I am not saying that there is conscious joy to the lad, in all cases, who is doing the growing. But that is equally true of all precious things. Their preciousness somehow grows upon us according to the square of their distance. Now, I think, in after years, the country-grown lad recalls most vividly his memories of growing things. Lowell once said John Henry Newman made the mistake of thinking that God was the great "I was" rather than the great "I am." Surely, no man with the perfume of country springs, summers, autumns, and winters drifting through his memory, can ever speak of God in the past tense only. Our country boy need not become the slave of a shallow pantheism, because he is constantly reminded that the living God is an ever-living Presence. For what is the truth, grasped there amid the growing, glowing things, which makes ceaseless music in his heart, as the years slip away? Is not that dear, and ever dearer truth just this? He sees God in the cloud and in the clod. He sees God in the blackberry and in the night. He sees God in the greening tassels of corn and in the divers-colored curtains of dawn. He sees God in the unrolling apple-blossoms and in the "golden foot-prints" of the fading day. He sees God in the lustrous noon-tide and in the cool of the evening—"as the stars draw back their shining faces when they surround the fair moon in her silver fullness." He sees God in the wing of the oriole and in the velvet glorie of the violet, too modest to lift its shy head in the noisy world's vanity fair. He sees God in the beasts which do seek their meat from him, and above all, in his human brothers.

Now, all of our poets sing the song of country and city. God does not forget the country for the city, nor the city for the country. And God's great truth-singers and truth-seers—the poets—move the city countryward, and the country cityward. Song is the priest that makes the twain one symphony. Browning was a city man. But when he thinks of the country, like his own truth:

He sings each song twice over  
Lest you think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture.

And Shelley; too, the idol of Browning's youth, goes to the country, hears the skylark sing, and brings back to the cities of earth his song, *To a Skylark*.

"And went away into the city." There is another joy the city-grown man has never had. It is the country boy's first visit to the city. Ah! can he ever forget it? Never! Never! Never! He began to go the night before. Unlike the successful rival in *Locksley Hall*, he did not hunt like a dog in dreams. For there were no dreams because there was no sleep. He lay awake all night trying to hurry up the morning. But it seemed the morning would never, never come. Have you forgotten, O city man evolved from the country boy, the weary waiting as "you watched the long black shadows creep"? And

Continued on next page

\* Pastor, Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Continued from preceding page

they kept on creeping. Then, creeping on, they crept some. Surely, you thought, Aurora's riot must be slow time as a gas-automobile. The poets had told how Aurora, goddess of the sun, rose out of the sea in a char- "with rosy fingers dropping gen- dew." But on that morning you were going to the city for the first time, Aurora's fingers were not rosy. They were not even handsome thumbs. Nor did they drop gentle dew. They did not drop anything— as you thought they had dropped. Like Enoch, Aurora simply was. And you had no reason for holding God had taken her. Aurora, in her dawn-chariot, rosy fingers, gentle dew, had just forgotten to be—that was all!

And lo! when you were at last due to tumble into an abyss of aimless sleep, why, Miss Aurora! You were up in an instant. You beat the lark, you beat the sun, you beat everything and everybody out yourself. Though you had al- ready packed your grip, you packed again for joy. And now it was in- more masculine, volcanic state in ever. You did not so much as think of morning prayers. You re- sisted to say them twice over that night. That had all been duly done night before. Certainly! Why, then, with a kiss might cause you miss that train. And you were de- termined not to miss that train, even though Aurora had almost missed it.

Of course you arrived at the sta- tion exactly one hour before the train was due. Then you learned that the train was exactly two hours late. Then, also, you became sud- denly desperate and dangerous. When the train did come, your righteous soul, with all its vexed in- ner workings, was going at a speed it made the engine pistons seem to move slow. And thus, in the chill- ing of that distant dawn you re- turned upon your first visit to the city. It surpassed your wildest dreams. Like a colored friend of my youth, you could not see the city through the houses. You thought every- thing was going helter-skelter, pell- mell. You were sure everybody was living the wrong way. You were con- tent, in short, that everybody in a hurrying crowds was lost. But it was so hopelessly lost as ur own dazed, miserable self. Then you had a sudden fit of homesickness. And it not been for the restraining and of your older friend, the next morn- ing would have carried you home- ward.

Ah, men! that has been so many, many years ago. Time hath taught you a better lesson, I trust. It mat- ters not whether you be country- bred or city-bred. Every Christian knows that it is in the wise inter- change of country and city that God's purpose for humanity is being wrought out. The city needs the country, and the country needs the city. "So the woman left her water-pot, and went away into the city." Have you left yours? Have you forever parted with the smaller that the larger might have a chance in your life? Have you made all your go- ing in the City of Time harmonize with the laws of the City Eternal? Are you already out in the spacious highways which lead to the City which hath the foundations, whose architect and maker is God?

## Prizes the Premiums

English would fail me to express my true appreciation of your splendid premiums which have duly received. Many thanks. May all seem attend your endeavor to send THE HERALD into more than a million homes.

M. M.

Toronto, Ont., Can.

## The Great Floods in China

THE great "Father of Waters" for China has over-supplied the fer- tile fields that lie along its banks and the lower lands along its tributaries, so that for the most part along both banks from Ichang (way in the interior) to the Grand Canal, a distance of several hundred miles, there is practically one great sea of water. A large portion of the rice crop of China is produced in this region, and this is a total loss. Not only this, but the homes of the people in the country, and the villages, and in many instances even the cities are under water.

TO BE more concrete, let me tell of the part of this flood of waters that I passed over in coming to this mountain for a short vacation. The city of Luchowfu, in which I live, is located about one hundred and twenty or thirty miles from the port of Wuhu, and a small stream gives us a water- way to that city. A lake forty miles long lies along this waterway about sixty miles from the Yangtze River itself. The launches that ply along the river and across the lake have not been running for weeks. They were compelled to stop, lest the waves pro- duced by the launch should destroy the high embankment along the river. These dikes, in ordinary seasons, serve quite well for the most part to protect the extensive rice fields that lie from ten to twenty feet below. But when any part of the dike gives away, all the land under its protection is lost, and the poor people have to look on and see the results of their labors for the last few months gradually cov- ered over. All they can do is to turn all hands in to cut as much as possi- ble of the half-green rice and carry it to the dike and pile it there, or hang it in the trees to dry. Not only is their living for the next year completely gone, but the rising waters, not satis- fied with the crop, take the thatch- covered mud hut too, even though it be located on the highest bank.

THE city of Chao Hsien is at the mouth of the lake, and the water from the Yangtze was sweeping in to- ward the lake at a very rapid rate, thus causing the flood to rise all along the small river. The city wall of Chao Hsien, which makes its course along the river, was so nearly submerged that one could reach the water with the foot from the top of the wall.

After our boat had made ten miles more of the course, we no longer fol- lowed the winding stream. One rea- son was that we could not well find it; but a better reason for our purpose was that a short cut across lots" was much nearer and quite as easy, for the

water stood well above the dikes to which the people had trusted for pro- tection. And these crumbling banks scarcely offered resistance to the pass- ing of the boat.

But where were the houses of the little village we just passed? There they stood, deep in water! Here a tree-top waved in triumph above the flood, and yonder, a clump of trees that stood at the waterline in this great lake of blue, proved to be the site of a tumbling hut. Again, an- other clump of trees could be seen, and the mast of a boat, with the vil- lagers half in the boat and half in the house, living on boards that were kept out of the water by piles of stones on which they were placed.

IT WAS a sad thing to see the coffins of ancestors reverently piled up on some little knoll, all high and dry, or safely supported on bamboo poles, in drier place perhaps than even the household furniture. You wonder why they did such a strange thing? Simply because they fear that such a gross neglect as leaving an ancestor to the mercy of the waters—perhaps even to the danger of being carried away by the waves, so they could not longer worship them—should bring upon them a far more terrible calamity than the devastation of crops and home, or even than the jeopardy of life itself.

MAY I add a last word? There are many Christians among the suffer- ing ones who should certainly claim the assistance of Christians elsewhere; but gifts should be so con- ditioned that the funds be used for the rebuilding of dikes, the establish- ing of schools, and for the education and support of children, under condi- tions where they are taught to work and earn their living and thereby be- come self-respecting sons of fathers who were willing to toil.

F. C. BUCK.

Luchowfu, Anhui Province, China.

[Cable advices from China intimate that the provincial and general gov- ernments are making considerable appropriations in view of the recent floods, and it is clearly stated that fore- ign help need not be sent unless re- quested, which has not yet been the case. There has been no cable ap- peal from the missionary committee at Chinkiang. The number of orphans, however, in their care must neces- sarily be greatly increased, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will render such aid as lies within its power in tak- ing care of these orphan charges.]

## FEELIN' FINE!

THEY ain't no use in kickin', friend, if things don't come your way;  
It do no good to holler 'round, an' grumble  
night an' day.

The thing to do's to curb yer grief, cut out your  
little whine,  
An' when they ask you how you are, jest say,  
"I'm feelin' fine."

They ain't no man alive but what is booked to  
get his slap;  
They ain't no man that walks but what from  
trouble gets his rap.

Go mingle with the bunch, old boy, where all  
the bright lights shine,  
And when they ask you how you are, jest say,  
"I'm feelin' fine."

Yer heart may be jest bustin' with some real or  
fancied woe,  
But if you smile the other folks ain't very apt  
to know.

The old world laughs at heartaches, friend, be-  
they their own or mine;  
So, when they ask you how you are, jest say,  
"I'm feelin' fine."

ANONYMOUS.

## BEYOND TO-DAY

IF WE could see beyond to-day  
As God can see;  
If all the clouds should roll away,  
The shadows flee,  
O'er present griefs we would not fret,  
Each sorrow we would soon forget,  
For many joys are waiting yet  
For you and me.

If we could know beyond to-day  
As God doth know,  
Why dearest treasures pass away  
And tears must flow,  
And why the darkness leads to light,  
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright;  
Some day life's wrongs will be made right,  
Faith tells us so.

"If we could see, if we could know,"  
But God in love a veil doth throw  
Across our way;  
We cannot see what lies before,  
And so we cling to him the more,  
He leads us till this life is o'er;  
Trust and obey.

C. LOUISE BELL in Exchange.

## Ignorance of the Bible

THAT the Bible is neglected in our present educational system is ev- ident from many indications. We hear occasionally of instances of gross ignorance of the Bible in our schools and colleges, but rarely has such an illustration of wholesale un- acquaintance with the Book been dis- covered as that which is related of a class of seventy-eight students in a Western educational institution. They were undergoing a Biblical ex- amination, the result of which is thus told by a contemporary:

"The test was not made offhand, but nearly an hour was allowed to write down the answers. The results were startling. One volunteered the valuable information that the Old Testament was written B.C., the other was not; another affirmed that 'the Old Testament represented He- brew fable,' while 'the New dealt with historical characters.' Another, again, that 'the Old was composed largely of stories and proverbs, which are not any longer believed to have actually happened.' 'By the Law,' said one wise youth, 'is meant the laws given by Christ to his disciples, while the Gospel simply means the Scriptures as taught to the people.' We can only quote a few of the hun- dreds of other ridiculous replies. 'The Gospels,' for instance, 'were the letters which St. Paul wrote to the churches.' 'The temple of Solomon was in Babylon.' 'Sinal was the place of the landing of the Ark, or the mount from which Christ spoke.' 'Levi was a name applied to Jews who were small in stature, compared with Leviathan, which meant large.' 'Levi was a Jewish man; Leviathan a woman.' 'The Isle of Patmos was the place where the children of Israel were fed in the wilderness.' 'Thou art the man' are words said by Jesus to Christ, or by a prophet in his char- iot teaching Christianity to the man at his side.' 'Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice,' was said by Christ to one of the thieves hang- ing beside him in the crucifixion. 'Abraham was called by God to preach the Gospel.' 'Jacob's ladder was a vision that Jacob had one night when he slept outdoors near a moun- tain which looked like a pair of stairs.' 'Aaron's rod brought the manna and doves to the ground when the tribes of Israel were without food.' 'The thirty pieces of silver' were one of the parables, etc."

A stronger argument in favor of Bible study as a part of the curricu- lum in educational institutions would be hard to find.

## Anvil Sparks

..LITTLE worries often make big scars.

..A NAUGHTY person sells himself for naught.

..IT TAKES practice to make perfect in hypocrisy.

..NONE but the humble have real self-respect.

..HE is never strong who knows not his weaknesses.

..FORGETTING is overlooking what memory retains.

..TRUST in God is vastly more than submission to fate.

..LOVE is the root out of which all genuine courtesy grows.

..CHEERFULNESS is a good brand of oil to burn on a dark night.

..THE most pitiable slave is the one who is ruled by his passions.

..WHO helps not to lift up his com- panions, falls down with them.

..THE difference between faith and fate is that between life and death.

..IN THE higher walks of life, folks ought always to walk upright and straight.

..THE measure of a man is the friends he keeps in the guest chamber of his heart.



# THE "HOUSE OF GOVERNORS"



Hohe Smith Georgia    Woodrow Wilson New Jersey    John K. Tener Pennsylvania    Frederick W. Plaisted Maine    Chester H. Aldrich Nebraska    Aram J. Pothier Rhode Island    Emmett O'Neal Alabama    Edwin L. Norris Montana    William W. Kitchen North Carolina    Joseph M. Carey Wyoming    Albert W. Gilchrist Florida    Robert S. Vessey South Dakota    Marion E. Hay Washington

**G**OVERNOR WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey, as the host of the occasion, welcomed the twenty-eight Governors who had gathered at Spring Lake, N. J., for the fourth meeting of the informal Congress of Governors on September 12. In his opening speech the Governor said New Jersey was glad to have the Governors for their second "independent" conference. "I suppose," he continued, "there never was a time in America when large questions were more generally debated than now. There certainly never was a time when there was a more pleasing and profitable candor on the part of public officers than now. There is no mistaking the signs of the times. The people of the United States expect their Governors to exercise leadership—leadership of the most vital sort; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the men who undertake leadership should come together in common council to consider the affairs of the whole country. It is more important to draw the country together in thought than in any other way. "The vitality of the conference is manifested," Governor Wilson concluded with a sharp look around the room, "by the fact that it has released itself from Federal guidance. We are now an independent body." Governor Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming replied to the address of welcome. The first session then proceeded to a careful consideration of the various subjects of the programme which had been mapped out in advance. Governor Norris of Montana opened the discussion by the reading of a paper entitled "Strengthening the Power of the

Executive." This subject brought up for discussion the recall and referendum, which have played such important parts in the politics of the country during the last year. The Governors aired their views upon these subjects in no uncertain fashion. One of the most heated discussions of the entire conference took place in that connection. On the second day of the conference, the Governors, many of whom had never before had the opportunity of visiting the coast defenses, were the guests of the War Department and the officers of Fort Hancock, at Sandy Hook, where a number of the great coast defense guns were fired for their especial benefit. This excursion to Sandy Hook was made after the morning's discussion of employer's liability and workmen's compensation problems. It was the only topic scheduled for that day, and many of the Governors regarded it as the most important one which would engage their attention during the present meeting. Two addresses were made, one by Governor Marion E. Hay of Washington and the other by Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, but several of the others took part in the informal exchange of opinions. Governor Foss emphasized the fact that workmen's compensation is essentially a business subject and ought to be brought to a uniform level all over the United States. Governor Hay in his address heavily scored the indemnity, casualty and liability companies, making some startling statements as to the proportion of all indemnities paid which these companies received.

"Out of six hundred thousand dollars, collected from the employers of the State of Washington in 1909," said Governor Hay, "only one hundred thousand dollars reached the workman or his family. He described the scope of Washington's new compensation law, which went into effect upon October 1, and which is considered one of the most comprehensive laws of this type which has yet made its appearance upon the statute books of any State. On the morning of the 14th, the House of Governors advanced a new idea in American politics when it voted, 25 to 1, to send a committee to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States to check "the autocracy of inferior Federal Courts." The basis for this appeal will be a decision recently handed down, enjoining the Railroad Commission of Minnesota from regulating interstate railway rates. There was a good deal of discussion as to the advisability of this move, but in the end the majority seemed convinced that it was wise. This is by all odds the most important subject which the House of Governors has ever considered in the four years of its existence. The session of September 15 brought the conference to a close. Governor Dix of New York addressed this last meeting on the subject of State inheritance taxes. As is the custom with many legislative bodies the Governors brought their conference to a close by a more or less facetious session in which each one detailed some of his odd experiences in connection with his position as Governor of his State.

## Mount Etna Again Spreading Destruction

**D**URING his visit to America last winter Professor Frank Alvord Perret, K.I.C., the famous American volcanologist, prophesied in an article which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that within three years, and possibly within a much shorter time, a great eruption of Mount Etna, in Sicily, might be expected. Not more than one-third of the time limit which Professor Perret's scientific care placed upon his prophecy has elapsed, and already Mount Etna is again in violent eruption. The most recent dispatches from Catania, a town upon the eastern coast of Sicily, state that the crest of Mount Etna now represents a truly terrifying spectacle. Great clouds of resinous smoke, broken by brilliant flashes and explosions, hang about the mountain. A torrent of molten lava, estimated to be about 2,000 feet wide and between forty and fifty feet in depth, is flowing down the slope, and everything in its path has been entirely demolished.

Large sections of the side of the mountain, which were covered with the encrusted lava of former eruptions, have been torn down; earthquake shocks of great violence have occurred frequently during the past few days, and many of the peasants fear a repetition of the Messina disaster. The people, who had hardly had time to recover from the effects of the eruption of a year or so ago, have left their homes, carrying with them the aged, the sick, and whatever

meagre belongings they have been able hurriedly to gather together. Sixteen new fissures are reported to have opened in the sides of the volcano, from which the great stream of

lava, moving at the rate of 1,250 feet an hour, has traveled several miles in the direction of Linguaglossa, a town

in the foothills to the northwest of Etna. This town and Randazzo, to the northeast, are located upon elevations, which removes from them the threatened destruction by the lava flow, although storms of ashes have beat upon them until many of the people, panic-stricken, have left for other parts of Sicily.

The main lava stream has made its way sluggishly among the foothills and crossed the railway line which encircles Mount Etna, and so cut of communication between these two towns.

The 20,000 inhabitants of Castiglione and Francavilla turned their backs on their homes on September 14, fleeing before the advancing flood. Both towns are threatened with destruction. When the stream was within three miles of the towns the people collected their portable property, and with their farm animals and household pets made for the higher places.

The material contained in the article by Professor Perret, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was enabled to publish during the early part of the year, was secured at great expense and at the risk of his own life by the writer, and is one of the most complete treatises upon a characteristic volcanic eruption which this exper has ever prepared. The eruptions described by Professor Perret in that article were typical of the action of Mount Etna, and may be taken as generally descriptive of the present troubles there.



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A View of Mount Etna in Eruption, Taken from Catania



# IN FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION



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## CHINESE CITY BESIEGED BY A RABBLE

**A**LTHOUGH dispatches from Shanghai of September 10 stated that the great floods upon the Yangtse-Kiang River covered a territory of 700 square miles in extent, and that the river was forty-five miles wide in many places, the scene of the world's actual interest in China has been transferred nearly a thousand miles, to one of the interior provinces. The unrest which had made itself apparent in the province of Szechuen in connection with the anti-railroad agitation of the provincial governments, has now assumed such proportions that it may no longer be termed rioting, but has become a revolt of the most serious sort. The disturbances which took place about the city of Cheng-tu have spread to many of the surrounding towns and a large part of the countryside. The city itself has been reduced to a garrison of about 1,800 Chinese troops and its ancient walls for protection. It is practically surrounded by the rebels, among whom there is claimed to be a large number of deserters from the Imperial army.

On September 8 the viceroy's yamen was destroyed by a mob of anarchists within the city. The leaders of this movement were apprehended almost immediately, and pursuing an edict from Peking, were promptly executed. The reports from various sources in the affected province give widely differing versions of the present trouble. They are agreed, however, that the rioting has passed that stage where it might be handled by the police, and is now a matter to be dealt with by military force. The Imperial edict of September 12, which authorized the immediate destruction of the ringleaders of the disorder, also has led to the belief that the authorities at Peking are convinced that if the rebellion is not promptly suppressed, it is more than likely to spread to other parts of the country where there has been much discontent. Some of the newspapers are urging the people to join in the uprising, and only the merchants are at the present time preserving peace in many places, due to their fears that the success of the rebels might be the beginning of a general conflagration.

The city of Cheng-tu has been for several days isolated by the destruction of the telegraph wires, so that a great deal of anxiety was felt for the foreigners who were known to be there. When reports finally reached a point from which they could be telegraphed, it was learned that the city was practically in a state of siege; that the rice supply had been reduced to such an extent that the viceroy feared trouble within the walls and had ordered the foreigners to leave the Methodist Episcopal Mission compound and the hospital where they had gathered for their own protection. This meant a long trip to Chung-king by cart or by river through a country where anti-foreign placards had been posted for many weeks. It was believed that the foreigners were guarded by



The Cheng-tu General Hospital

troops, who escorted them to the places of safety from which they have since wired of their arrival. One hundred and thirty refugees, of whom thirty are Americans, sixty Canadians, and the rest German and British, are now making their way to points of safety further down the Yangtse River from Chung-king. Through the British legation a cablegram from Sui-fu has been made public, reporting the arrival there of the first party of the refugees. The dispatch, which was dated September 9, says: "Other missionaries remain at Cheng-tu on the advice of the viceroy, who is confident. The troops easily repulsed both the attack on the government house and the later attack on the gates in the city."



The Methodist Episcopal Mission House in Cheng-tu

Although considerable anxiety was at first felt for the missionaries, it is now believed that they have all reached places of comparatively little danger. Fearing lest the worst should happen, the British consul at Chung-king, who is temporarily in charge of American interests in that district, issued an order that all American and British citizens in the upper districts of the Province of Szechuen must leave immediately for the nearest places of safety or remain in the districts which may at any time be disturbed by the rioters, at their own risk. The most recent dispatches would seem to indicate that none of the English residents wished to take such chances and practically all are en route for the coast.

From Peking come the reports of the attempts of the Imperial authorities to suppress disturbances. The president and vice-president of the Szechuen provincial assembly have been arrested, together with a number of others, as the ringleaders of the rebellion. Unpublished edicts order a large force of Wuchang troops to leave immediately by the quickest route for Szechuen. It is the opinion of many students of Oriental affairs that China is rapidly approaching a great crisis in her history. Some of these prophesies very confidently that the present uprising is almost sure to spread to the neighboring provinces, especially to the south, where the Mongolian element has for years been opposed to the Manchu dynasty. Some have even gone so far as to suggest the possibility of the overthrow of the present royal family's authority, while others believe that the government is thoroughly able to cope with the situation, despite the fact that the disastrous floods of the lower Yangtse Valley may be expected to drive thousands, whose means of support have been destroyed, into the ranks of the revolutionists. There seems to be a general agreement among those conversant with the present state of Chinese affairs that the present trouble is but the precursor of a series of such outbreaks by the reactionary element in the Flowery Kingdom.

The American Asiatic fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Murdock, is hastening to the scene of the trouble, that it may lend as much protection as possible to the American interests in the interior. The *Saratoga*, Rear-Admiral Murdock's flagship, together with the *New Orleans* and the *Albany*, left Shanghai on the morning of September 10 for Nanking. Some of the smaller vessels have been ordered to Hankow. "If necessary," Rear-Admiral Murdock cables, "I shall take the *Helena* and the gunboats to Ichang. All draw too much water to proceed further. Four special river gunboats of other nations are at Chung-king." This last statement refers to the two British, one German, and one Japanese light-draught gunboats which were ordered up the river by their respective nationalities upon the receipt of the first news of the rioting.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## A Suggestion to President Taft

IT IS the general hope that some peaceful solution of the trouble between Germany and France over the Moroccan question may yet be reached. But should the resources of diplomacy fail, there is still another effort that might and should be made to avert war between these two great nations. It is within the province of a third Power to make a tender of its friendly offices to both principals, with the view of submitting the whole question at issue to international arbitration. There is no one Power in Europe free to make such an offer; all have more or less vital interests involved in the present trouble, so that they can not in any sense be regarded as unbiased or impartial. There is, however, a Power which could tender its offices in the interest of peace with entire propriety and acceptability. Its impartiality would be unquestioned. Its offer to set the wheels of arbitration in motion would be welcome news everywhere. That Power is the United States.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD respectfully offers this suggestion to President Taft for two obvious reasons: First, Because there is no other government qualified to take up the task; and second, Because it is a duty which this nation owes to itself and to humanity to vindicate its peace and arbitration declarations before the whole world by a sincere effort to avert a European war.

## Dignified Pleasantries

IT is not often that the Governors of some thirty American States have enjoyed so favorable an opportunity for oratorical recreation as they had at the recent Governors' Conference at Spring Lake, N. J. In the intervals of discussing various important national questions, they exchanged views on politics and occasionally extended their oratorical pinions in the good old spreadeagle fashion. Governor Hayes of the State of Washington—who hails from the live wire regions of the far Northwest—in the course of an address on industrial conditions in his State and on the compensation laws for workmen, gave his fellow Governors a dash of the old-time Western peroration which strongly recalls Proctor Knott's famous speech on the city of Duluth. He was discussing the work of the Industrial Insurance Committee of Washington, which he regarded as an epoch-making one. "Gentlemen," he said, "the State of Washington has its head in the clouds and its skirts are washed by the broad Pacific. On mountain, plain, valley and the summits of 10,000 hills is a timbered wealth of billions. Our workers—from the mines, from the seclusion of our logging camps, from the fisheries of Bellingham to the orchards of Vancouver, from the totem pole of Seattle to the river of Spokane—have been heard, and the great State of Washington has said to its toilers, 'Ye are my children, and as your Mother State I shall exact from all a strict accounting.' The manner of the accounting is embodied by law in this piece of constructive legislation."

There were many other topics equally interesting, that claimed the attention of these genial and dignified Executives, among them being the recall and the urgent need of a uniform divorce law for all the States. Governor Lee Crue of Oklahoma gave New York a sound rebuke for permitting prize-fighting exhibitions. He had driven all the pugilists and their lawless associates out of his own State; but though he could stop a prize fight he admitted he was powerless to prevent lynchings. Frankness in discussion was a feature of the Conference, whatever the topic, but the 10,000-hill-power speech of the Washington Governor was distinctly the gem of the occasion and stands a living proof that this type of American oratory still survives.

## Money and War

SEVERAL of the contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's Peace Symposium emphasized the importance of financial and economic equilibrium as a means of preserving world-peace. They pointed to the fact that the international business relations of different countries are now so extensive and inter-dependent that no one government

could afford to go to war without involving its own people in immense losses in consequence of this widespread financial web. This view has just received a remarkable illustration. As a result of the wrangle between France and Germany over Morocco, financiers in both these countries, and in Great Britain and America as well, have been greatly disturbed. In Berlin and Paris the stock exchanges have shown the strain in a way that indicates very clearly what might be expected should war really occur. The cable dispatches point out that an immediate result would be an industrial and social upset which would involve others besides the principals. If the mere possibility of war creates a semi-panic such as that which prevailed recently at the Berlin Bourse when even the best securities declined to the danger point, while savings banks had to confront unexpected and heavy runs, what might not happen in the event of active conflict? Yet, in the face of such self-evident facts, we find blind but persistent apologists for big armaments, like the *Army and Navy Journal*, which denounces United States Senator John Sharp Williams for characterizing such armaments as the greatest of follies, and as involving oppressive taxation. A single glance at the present European situation would convince any sane observer that the Senator was right and that mammoth armies and navies, however they be regarded by the ruling Powers, are a killing burden upon the backs and pockets of the people themselves.

Norman Angell—perhaps the most widely read writer on the economics of war since Jean Bloch wrote the famous book which is said to have inspired the Czar to call the first Peace Congress—has predicted that the next European war will have a surprise in store for the nation that is the aggressor. Even this gloomy outlook, however, may not deter a nation resolutely bent on conquest or aggrandizement from taking the fateful step that will shatter the peace of Europe. With gigantic standing armies, and the finger on the trigger, a single untoward incident may precipitate a conflict.

## Maine's Missing Majority

AFTER twenty-seven years of prohibition, Maine in the September election voted so indecisively that the official count will probably be needed to settle the question whether the State is "wet" or "dry"—whether Prohibition has been ruled out of the Constitution or is to remain in it. So close was the vote that the corrected returns of a single township of less than 200 voters would have changed the result in the entire State. "Wets" and "drys" have each claimed the victory. So slight is the advantage on either side that for the present the battle must be regarded as a drawn one, although the "wets" have put in the last claim. While the friends of temperance everywhere will regret the inconclusive issue of the battle, there can be nothing but approbation and the most cordial encouragement for the gallant sons of Maine who fought this the greatest of all fights for State-wide Prohibition. Never before were the liquor forces so strongly marshaled for aggressive warfare. There was a marked contrast in the methods adopted by the leaders of the two armies. The "repeal" forces conducted a silent campaign; they sowed anti-Prohibition literature everywhere; they cared nothing for speakers or street parades or public meetings or patriotic enthusiasm. Their efforts were spent among the workmen, the easy-going, the thoughtless and the indifferent. On the other hand, the Prohibition forces were strongly represented in parade and by public demonstrations, where they listened to able oratorical appeals, and in church gatherings and prayer-meetings. Possibly in their confidence of the result, they may have omitted that kind of missionary work among the indifferent class which would have developed a "balance of power" in the election.

If the official canvass should result unfavorably to Prohibition, it will simply mean that the real battle in Maine has yet to come. Nothing has been lost that cannot be retrieved. By more thorough organization; by energetic effort directed to arousing all the supporters of Prohibition to a sense of duty; skilful tactics to meet methods equally skilful, and by the use of every legitimate means within their power, they may yet win back the

proud fame of Maine as the leader of the temperance hosts of the nation.

We believe in prayer, but work is also prayer. And prayer that is supplemented by an effort which shall quicken the conscience and engage the zeal of every individual son of temperance cannot fail to win a triumph. This is the lesson of the Maine election—pray hard and work harder still if you mean to win.

## The Opening of School

THERE is something thrilling in the thought that all over our broad land, in city and hamlet, east, west, north, south, our youth have almost simultaneously begun their year of study. There are some poor schools, some unworthy teachers, some sections where schools are too few and the months devoted to education are wrongly limited but the beginning of this new "lap" of the great onward march of our children toward the goal of an intelligent citizenship has been practically an onward and a united movement. What would the patriarchs of the olden time say if they could come to earth and witness it? What would St. Paul and St. Peter say? What would Plato and Quintilla say?

It is easy to imagine their surprise and equal their delight. Broad as was their vision and high as were their ideals, it is doubtful if they had ever dreamed of a time when the State would provide for all its children a thorough education; when libraries would open inviting doors at almost every corner; and wisdom would indeed be justified of her children.

But proud as we may well be of the magnificent educational opportunities afforded to our youth, it is well for us to remember that they are as yet far from perfect. Serious criticisms are passed in various towns and cities upon the manner in which the schools are conducted. In certain quarters politics control the educational system. In others it is asserted that immorality prevails to an alarming extent.

There is much for us all to do before our schools and colleges will be the fine and uplifting forces which we would have them. It is a duty which we all owe our country to follow closely their fortunes. Upon them, next to our churches, rests the future of our beloved land.

—The Premier of Russia, P. A. Stolypin, was attacked and severely wounded by a would-be assassin while he was attending a gala performance at the opera in Kiev, on September 14. The assassination was attempted under circumstances that lent themselves to a most dramatic scene. The Imperial box was occupied by Emperor Nicholas, the heir apparent, Grand Duke Alexis and the Emperor's daughters. Premier Stolypin was seated in the pit not far from the Emperor's box. The curtain had fallen on the second act when the Emperor was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a young man who walked to the Premier's side, and after a moment's conversation drew a revolver and shot him twice. The Czar jumped to the edge of the box at the first shot and to calm the turmoil in the house ordered the orchestra to play the national hymn. The Premier's wounds proved to be through the wrist and through the breast, and were at first declared to be fatal. Later reports, however, hold hope of his recovery, though the convalescence must be very long.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Chinese Cruiser Visits America

THE cruiser *Hai-Chi* of the Chinese Imperial Navy, the first vessel of any kind flying the yellow dragon flag that has ever been in American waters, steamed up the Hudson River the morning of September 11 and anchored opposite the Fishers' and Sailors' Monument. The warship is 443,000 tons displacement and is in command of Rear-Admiral Chin Pih Kwang, the second highest ranking officer in the Chinese navy. The ship has a great yellow silk flag with a huge blue dragon with big black eyes, a red tongue, and white claws wrought in exquisite needlework. A delegation of Chinamen first boarded the vessel and were received heartily by the Admiral. Then Admiral Kwang went to his own quarters, where he received representatives of Rear-Admiral Leutze of the New York Navy Yard, of Major-General Frederick D. Grant and of Captain C. C. Marsh. Yung Kwai, secretary of the Chinese Legation, and Wing Shiu, the Consul-General at New York, assisted the Chinese Admiral in receiving the American visitors. The *Hai-Chi* remained in New York ten days, and after visiting other American ports will go to Mexico and Cuba, and returning to New York for a port call will sail for England, where she will act as a convoy for a new cruiser that has just been completed for the Chinese Government, and the two will go to China by way of the Suez Canal. Admiral Kwang went to Beverly to become the guest of President Taft. There was a number of splendid receptions before the ship left New York. Among the crew of 450 officers and men there is not a single Jew. With the exception of five or six, all the officers speak English, the Admiral himself using the English language almost fluently as the Chinese. The cruiser has a fine brass band, which played the Chinese national anthem not only, but many of our national airs. The ship has a surgeon, but no chaplain. Among the sailors were several Christian young men, who were converted to Christianity and educated by missionaries. As the world moves, China is coming into the light of the Statue of Liberty and Christ's Cross. The prophet makes this mention of battleships in national warfare:

And at the time of the end shall the king of the south push at sea; and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships; and they shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over. (Dan. 11:40.)

ammoth Sturgeon in Harlem

Henry Essig and Thomas Biddle were seated in their motor boat anchored in the Harlem River in New York City limits the other day when they at received a hard slam and they were badly lifted. Looking over into the water they saw a monstrous fish not two yards from the side of the boat, the swish of whose tail had given them their double. Essig took a boat hook and jabbed the monster through the monster's gills. The anchor was trippily lifted and the fish dragged them in the water in a zigzag course along the river, both men clinging with all their strength at the end of the boat hook. John Dinsmore, the superintendent of the Dam Park, cast a rope from the bank. The boat was pulled ashore and the fish was landed. It was a sturgeon and weighed 406 pounds. This monster was one of the few survivors of those of its kind that used to abound in the Hudson and other great rivers, and while there are some in the Great Lakes and rivers they are becoming so scarce that they now practically import from Europe all our sturgeon, which brings \$100 a keg. Professor H. Wiley of Cornell believes that civilization has risen on the hunting stage with respect to its table food as with cattle and poultry, and that the wild must give place to the domestic, and that our water fowls must be purified and restocked with sturgeon, trout, bass and shellfish of all kinds. Mr. Horace

K. Knowles, formerly United States Minister to the Balkan States, tried two years ago to introduce into the Delaware River choice specimens of the royal sturgeon of the Danube, but the waters were too foul to sustain them. Fish culture, which has only fairly begun, will help in the solution of the problem of a cheaper living and that of a provision for our marvelously increasing population. Fishes were included in the articles of food for us promised by the Almighty to Noah.

And upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they delivered. (Gen. 9:2.)

## Massacre of the Innocents

The adulteration of food by poisonous ingredients is severe enough on grown people, but it has caused the wholesale murder of children. Mr. Rutledge Rutherford, food expert, estimates that 250,000 children were killed last year from eating chemically treated matter. He points out that coal-tar dye is invaluable for coloring clothes, sulphuric acid for washing straw, arsenic for giving gloss to candy, wood alcohol for fuel, saccharin as a medical remedy; but that all these are deadly enemies of a healthy stomach. He claims that the child consumes saccharin in the greatest quantity, causing muscular weakness. It is 550 times sweeter than



The Chinese Cruiser "Hai-Chi" at Anchor in the Hudson River

sugar, but has no food value, while sugar is one of the most strength-producing of foods. He says the children cry for sugar and the modern adulterations of saccharin, arsenic, glue and varnish are given instead. The modern laws against the adulteration of food by poisonous ingredients are beneficent and should be rigidly enforced. The men who make money, however, by the poisoning of both food and drink fight these laws and the true officers who undertake to enforce them. In one of the Saviour's most powerful messages he refers to the fact that a parent will not give a stone to a hungry child crying for bread, nor a serpent to one asking for a fish; and yet society to-day is giving the crying children much meat and drink which has the poison in it that kills.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? (Matt. 7:9, 10.)

## Discovers New Race

In 1908 William Stefansson was sent from New York City upon an expedition to the North by the American Museum of Natural History. By a letter to Mr. Herbert L. Bridgman he claims that he found a race of men in Victoria Land, in Arctic America, who resemble Scandinavians, who have never seen other white men and took the white man who discovered them for an Eskimo. He accounts for them on one of three hypotheses. One is that he has found a new branch of the human family, and another is that these beings may be the descendants of the 300 Scandinavians who suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from Greenland in the fifteenth century and of whom no trace has ever been found. The other is that they may be the descendants of a large party of Sir John Franklin's men, who also

mysteriously disappeared. From whatever place or stock they may have come, they are our brothers to whom we owe the blessings of the best civilization and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Paul makes reference to this universal kinship in his sermon on Mars Hill:

And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation. (Acts 17:26.)

## Killed With Gas

They are administering gas to mosquitoes out in Hawaii and untold myriads of them are being destroyed. The extermination has been so complete that wire screens in the windows in Honolulu are no longer necessary. This campaign of destruction is being carried on under the supervision of the Board of Health, but public spirited citizens have also subscribed \$12,000 a year to the campaign. Mr. Ernest Mott Smith, Secretary of the Territorial Government and President of the Territorial Board of Health, gives the following graphic description of their fight against the mosquito pest: "We started using oil, but there was complaint that this gummed up the basins of the sewage drains, and then our chief sanitary officer hit upon the use of calcium carbide as an exterminator. He discovered

its efficacy by accident. This officer runs an automobile, and one day in cleaning out the acetylene generators of his lamps he threw some of the calcium carbide into an old bucket in which were a lot of wigglers or embryonic mosquitoes. The next morning he discovered that a soapy film had formed on the surface of the water and that the wigglers were all dead. He made some experiments and found that calcium carbide was almost as inexpensive as oil and more effective; so since then we have been killing mosquitoes by gas. Then we employ mosquito fish. I don't know where the chief sanitary officer gets these, but they are little creatures from an inch and a half to two inches long. You can take a jar so black with wigglers that you cannot see through the water and in half an hour there will not be a single wiggler outside the fish. The fish are transparent and their little bellies will be perfectly black with the wigglers they have swallowed." There is a description given of the manner in which the Egyptians got rid of the myriad flies that pestered them:

And the Lord did according to the word of Moses; and he removed the swarms of flies from Pharaoh, and from his servants, and from his people; there remained not one. (Ex. 8:31.)

## Blind Man Received Sight

Dr. L. H. Chapin, the Cleveland physician and literary man, was making a journey across the Syrian Desert seven years ago, when the hot, blinding sands destroyed his sight. Dr. Chapin last winter, in a desperate determination to regain his sight, made a trip around the world, consulting the best eye specialists in European capitals and in India, but to no avail. Returning home, he consulted Dr. Arnold Knapp, one of the best-known oculists in America. Dr. Knapp undertook the case, and cut away part of the iris, which had contracted and adhered to the lens, in one of the most delicate surgical operations that could possibly be performed. A week later Dr. Knapp took the bandages from his patient's eyes, and the blind man cried out, "Why, I can see; see just as well as when I was a kid! And Anna," he cried to his wife, to whom he had been married four years ago, "I can see you for the first time, my love. Oh, it's wonderful!" The restoration to sight of this man by the miracle of modern surgery calls to mind the cure of the blind man by the Great Physician, and his answer to those who were investigating the reason of the cure, and of the cure of spiritual blindness which it typified:

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. (John 9:25.)



# Pretty Furniture From Old Boxes



The Work-Room



Corner of the Exhibition-Room

Photos copyright by Brown Bros.

THAT was a happy thought of Miss Louise Brigham, a clever New York woman, which led her to construct the first article of household furniture out of a common packing-box.

"I believe," she said to herself as she saw the useful and beautiful product which she had evolved, "that out of these boxes, which are usually either split up for mere kindlings or thrown away altogether, a house could be fully and substantially furnished at almost no expense."

Little by little, this ingenious and resourceful young woman developed her thought until now she can show you several interesting apartments which she has furnished almost entirely with box-furniture. Better than this, she can show you classes of city boys, kept from the street, learning the use of tools, and each one devising some strong and needed article of furniture for his home, and all made from the despised and worthless packing-box.

Mr. Stover, the New York City Commissioner of Parks, last summer gave Miss Brigham permission to use the Gracy mansion in the charming little East River Park (the "Carl Schurz") at Eighty-eighth Street, for box-furniture classes. For fifteen years the stately old Gracy house had stood there empty and useless. The Commissioner did not know much about box-furniture, but the skill and energy of Miss Brigham convinced him that she had a real lesson to teach the hordes of children who swarm the East Side of New York, and the use of the house was given her.

But tools and certain necessary materials were still to be provided, and the Home Thrift Society stepped forward to supply them. Then Miss Brigham issued her call to the neighborhood.

"Did you invite the girls?" she was asked. "Oh, the girls were asked for one day each week," she replied seriously. "You know girls will play quietly with their dolls and make no trouble. It is the boys that need to be kept busy. They are the ones that get into mischief." (And yet we are told by certain of the present-day agitators that girls are no better than boys—a corollary to which is that women are no better than men.)

The call was tumultuously answered. Ireland, Italy, Germany, Poland, Bohemia—almost every European country—was represented in that eager, responsive flock. They were told to solicit boxes from the grocers and other merchants in the vicinity, and the merchants fell into the spirit of the thing instantly and donated their boxes by the cart-load.

Then each boy, chosen on the good old principle

of "first come, first served," was given a large packing-box for a table and an outfit of tools to keep on the shelves which each was taught to make inside it, from the boards of one side.

The boys soon learned to carefully split up the boxes; to sort out the longer and shorter boards in grades; to pick out the best ones for special purposes, and then to plane and sandpaper them, and dove-tail or nail them together in the most economical and workmanlike manner.

During one of the great August storms, a fine locust blew down in the park. The box-furniture boys saw a great opportunity here.

"May we have it for wood?" they begged of the authorities.

Permission was given them, axes and saws were brought into active use, the class hand-cart (made

discretion, and given to another boy for the day. Consequently, since every worker has a chance to exhibit in the final display, many more than twenty are represented, and their pride in the simple cupboards and chairs over which they have so faithfully toiled is touching to see.

You may ask how it is decided that the boy shall make a cupboard or a chair. The boy himself chooses. He is told to ask his mother what she most needs in her housekeeping, and the size of the nook or corner which she wishes to fill. Accordingly, the child undertakes a chest of drawers, wash stand, baby's high chair, baby's low chair, a cradle with a shaving-filled pillow and mattress, baby hammock or "scups" (swing), to hang in a doorway, go-carts, baby's clothes-horse, a hanging flower-basket, spice chest, coal-box, footstool, frame for coat-hangers, or some other useful household convenience grows beneath his busy little fingers. Sometimes it may happen that he has no special home demand, and so he puts in a petition to be allowed to make some toy which has struck his fancy. According to the exhibition may be seen small wheel barrows, rocking-horses, Swiss villages, catamaran, a derrick, a Roman chariot, and other odd and amusing devices. As all are painted in white enamel, and as a friend has given \$100 for the decoration of the exhibition room, the affair promises to be not only a creditable showing of the industry of a score or so of rough little city boys, but an absolute "thing of beauty."

The girls are allowed to work at the benches one day each week. They joyously seize the opportunity, and have proved themselves quick and "handy," but they are chiefly restricted to the pleasures of raffia weaving, which may be done at the mansion every Wednesday. If they were only as naughty and unmanageable as their brothers, perhaps they might have more privileges!

Every city might well establish a box-furniture industry, to keep its boys wholesome and busy during the long vacations and after school hours on the stormy winter days, when Miss Brigham's "shop" will also be open to impart its beneficent influences. Her address is 540 East Eighty-eighth Street, New York City, and she might perhaps be induced to drill teachers and help to organize similar movements in other parts of the country. Her knowledge has been acquired by travel and study all over the world, notably with Anton Lang in Oberammergau, and in the studios of Paris and London.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



Miss Louise Brigham

by the boys themselves) was piled high, and now the boys have some fine hard wood out of which they propose to make strong mallets, work-table tops and other things for which their softer box-material is not suitable.

Though there are only twenty "benches," and though the class really consists of but twenty members, yet there is always a small army of boys besieging the outer ramparts of the Gracy mansion, in the hope that some regular little carpenter may have failed to appear at the appointed time, in which case his bench may be forfeited at Miss Brigham's

## MAINE'S INDECISIVE BATTLE

AFTER a most exciting campaign, the great struggle between the "wets" and "drys" in Maine came to a close on September 11. Both sides were confident of victory, yet so close was the vote that the result may fairly be regarded as a drawn battle. First the claim was made on the night of election that the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment in the Constitution of Maine had been carried by 1,000 to 1,200 majority. Next morning, this was reversed and the "drys" claimed a victory of several hundred votes. On Wednesday, however, the "wets" were again out with a bulletin giving a majority of less than two hundred in the entire State in favor of repeal. On Wednesday—three days after election—errors were coming to light which added to the uncertainty. An example was the vote of the town of Limestone, which was first reported to the press as standing 12 for repeal, 175 against, while it was reported to the Secretary of State with the figures reversed. There were many similar blunders.

The total vote of the State according to the returns made to the Secretary of State was as follows: for repeal 60,241; against repeal 60,588. After these figures had been announced it was understood that further discrepancies had been discovered which would indicate a small majority against repeal.

There were a good many picturesque and interesting features in the campaign. Up to the last moment, the "repeal" managers were intensely active. They wasted no time in parades and demonstrations but flooded the State, and especially the cities, with repeal literature. On election day they had autos at work bringing their voters to the polls. Their campaign had been a "silent" one for weeks. Far more public and picturesque was the campaign of the Prohibitionists. All through the State orators of national fame spoke on the great issue. Every argument was used to arouse the energies of voters for the preservation of the amendment in the Constitution. Special church

services and prayer-meetings were held in cities, towns and villages. Parades of hundreds of children marched, bearing banners with rousing inscriptions. Church bells tolled out a reminder of duty, even while the votes were being cast. The temperance folks are not discouraged and entertain strong hopes that the official count will give the State to Prohibition.

Secretary Fassett of the Maine Non-Partisan Local Option League, said that the "repeal" managers were satisfied they had won, but would await the official canvass of the vote.

President L. M. N. Stevens of the National W. C. T. U., sent this telegram in reply to an encouraging message from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 15.

"We deeply appreciate your hearty congratulations. Undoubtedly Prohibition has won, and we trust the Governor will so declare. It has been a mighty battle for the home against the saloon, and the victory will hasten the day of National Prohibition. L. M. N. STEVENS."



# THE WOMAN WHO JUMPED IN THE DARK

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

I SHALL never forget the time the minister came to tea when I had nothing in the house except bread and sugar," laughed Mrs. Caithness, scattering another handful of wheat to her flock of thrifty chickens. "Come up here on the porch and I'll tell you all about it—these chickens have had enough to last them."

She settled herself comfortably in her creaky rocker, and smiled at the world in general. "Bless you, yes," she said; "we had a hard time at first. When a woman's forty and has two boys like Fred and Nelse to look after and not much money in the bank, she can't help having to cut some pretty close corners. But it's interesting to see how close you can come and not hit—and I've never hit a corner once, though sometimes we've come pretty close."

"Fred was nineteen and Nelse two years younger when I decided to come out here. The boys wanted to go on the land. I knew they didn't know what they'd have to face—I was brought up on a farm, and had been through it before—it didn't see anything else to do. The boys had a good education, but no trade. So we shut our eyes and jumped in the dark."

"How did we know where to come? Just luck and chance, my dear. A few days after we decided to come, the son of one of our neighbors who had taken the land not far from here called on us; and when he learned of our decision he said, 'Come right along.' He said the new Grand Trunk Pacific was coming through the next season, and that we couldn't do better than come to Saskatchewan and start right at it. We didn't know anything about any other district, and what he said of the land and the new railway sounded good; so we sold our household goods, except what we had to have for housekeeping, and went right on."

"We got to Regina on the morning of March 23. My, but we were busy that first day, finding a place to store our goods, looking around the town, and wondering what was going to become of us. I had never earned a trade, so I had to look for a position as a servant, but before long I was chief cook in a boarding-house at thirty dollars a month. Nelse got work with a farmer near what is now Watrous, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and Fred went on to file our claim."

"Then he went with some other settlers to see what his homestead looked like; and in June he came back to Regina with a sorry story. Three months of that first homestead was in all, and he had had to file abandonment papers and take out another piece of land that was at least reasonably dry. 'Good land, isn't it?' she said, looking out across the fields proudly. "This year we got thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre on the south quarter. I don't believe there's a better piece in Saskatchewan."

"Well, the day we all filed, I shall never forget what a good time we had. I didn't know whether we were going to make it or not; we didn't feel very certain about where meals and clothes and seed and machinery were coming from, but we had each other, and we didn't waste any time in regretting anything. That fall, I went out on

the land myself, and after paying freight on my household effects, I had just one hundred and forty dollars left. Don't tell me how explorers feel! I've been one, and without any base of supplies or any dogs to kill and eat, either. But I was bound we should have a home, and I went straight ahead and figured that we would come out somehow."

"Fred met me at the station nearest our land, and we started on a four-day trip behind our oxen, Duncan and

sank. It did look so little! Finally I plucked up courage to ask how big the house was, and Fred said, as calmly as if he were describing a brownstone mansion, that it was ten by twelve. Goodness! I thought, that's just about the size of my pantry in Toronto! Where will we ever put anything? But I didn't say it out loud, for Fred was so pleased over it that I didn't have the heart to spoil his fun."

"The next thing we saw was Mrs. Mason's place. She was living in the

suddenly one fire seemed to get in a hurry, and came tearing along directly towards me. I never had entertained that kind of a visitor, and I was scared nearly out of my wits. I put our valuable papers, my watch and the few dollars we had in a crock, with a plate atop, and I sat down beside it and prayed, for there didn't seem to be anything else to do. It kept coming and coming until it was within about a quarter of a mile from our place, and then the wind veered, and it swung clear. Of course we had fire-guards, and I suppose now that they would have protected us anyway; but I never was so glad in my life as when I saw that black swath going away from my direction."

"It was getting towards winter by this time, and Fred had to fix up the stable for the cold weather. Meantime, I soddied the shanty, and got things under cover all I could. The Homestead Inspector came to see us, and he was so good and thoughtful that I felt as if I had a real friend. He had been sent to see if the settlers had suitable houses for the winter and plenty of provisions and fuel, of course; but somehow I felt as if I had somebody to rely on besides myself."

"Late in the fall Nelse came back, walking most of the ninety miles with a sack of provisions on his back. He and Fred went to work to dig a well, but I never saw such a provoking piece of ground as that well-site. We dug and dug—fifty, seventy-five, a hundred and thirty-six feet, and there wasn't enough dampness to stick a postage stamp with. Then they went over to Mrs. Mason's farm, and helped Jim Mason dig on his well. After twenty-one days of digging they struck good water, and there was plenty for both of us without a long haul."

"We spent Christmas at Mrs. Mason's that year, and oh dear, I was so sorry about the children. We didn't have any money to get even the plainest kind of presents for anybody, and it was too pitiful to hear those poor little things wonder why Santa Claus didn't come, and finally decide that he must have lost the trail. But we couldn't help it; and indeed if one of my old school friends hadn't sent me twenty-five dollars out of the goodness of her heart, I don't know how we should ever have come through that winter. But we did, and in the spring Nelse did the

thirty acres of breaking, while Fred went to work for one of the farmers in the district. Somehow we managed to squeak through, and that season things looked a lot better. We put in more crop, bought some machinery and another ox, and had a good yield. It was about time we did, too, for we were just about as patched as it was possible to be—I thought of Joseph's coat of many colors every time I looked at Nelse's clothes, for there were four different colors of blue in his overalls. But new settlers were coming in, a good many of them bachelors, and I baked bread for them, and mended and sewed for them, and raised chickens to sell, and had a big garden. That summer we actually had four women in our township, and a Presbyterian divinity student used to come out and hold services around in the houses. He was the man who had to

Continued on page 966



"A tiny dark speck . . .  
Fred told me that was  
our home"

Hughes. This was my first introduction to them, but do you know, before that first year was over, I felt almost as much affection for them as I did for the other members of the family. So much depended on their eight legs. Well, we lived in a tent going out, and only once did we see a woman. Dear me, I did get so homesick for the sight of a petticoat! But Fred told me that there was a Mrs. Mason living near our place, and that was some comfort."

"Well, we went along and we went along, like the pig in the fairy tale, and on the fourth day Fred stopped the oxen on a rise in the prairie, and told me to look towards a range of hills and try to see a tiny dark speck toward which he was pointing. I sighted and sighted off the end of his finger, and finally I saw a dot about as big as one currant in a bun, and Fred told me that was our home."

"Well, I'm not denying my heart

stable until she could get her house finished, and she came out to welcome us with a baby on her arm, and a smile that looked better to me than anything I'd seen for weeks. She says now that I looked to her like a letter from home, she was so lonesome. I had my first friendly cup of tea there, and trotted her baby, and began to perk up a little, so by the time we got home I could tell Fred how nice the house looked, and how good it seemed to have a home of our own."

"Well, that was the beginning. We had to haul water five miles; we had to haul wood nearly thirty; we had to go nearly ninety for provisions; we had to exchange work with the neighbors in order to cut enough hay to feed the oxen over winter. One day when I was alone on the place, we had a prairie fire. For days the air had been smoky, and at night we could see fires on apparently every side of us. Then



# THE WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR BOAT

THAT the mania for speed on land and through the air has not entirely ousted from its position the interest in speed upon the water, has lately been evinced by a score of motor boat races and trials which have been held upon Huntington Bay, L. I.

These speed trials were of an international nature, as several British and Canadian owners of fast motor boats brought their crafts to compete against the American boats. Although prodigious speed was developed by all of these little racers, the American boat *Dixie* seems to have outdone them all. Provided each with a life preserver and dressed in oil skins, the crew of the champion racer put her over the accurately surveyed one mile course in Huntington Bay at a speed

which has never before been attained by any marine craft. In a series of trials which were timed by the official timer, she covered the course first in one minute and thirty and three-fifths seconds, again in

one minute and thirty-one seconds, one minute a thirty-three seconds, one minute and thirty-one a four-fifths seconds. The mean time of these races computed according to the admiralty rule was o

minute, thirty-o and seventy-six hundredths seconds, a her speed figured the same way w 39.26 nautical mile or 45.21 statute mile per hour.

Although the international racing which had been planned for a cup valued \$1,000 was not as successful as had been hoped because of rough weather, which marred the operation of the comparatively fragile craft impossible, speed records of boats of any class have been broken during the time that the English and Canadian sportsmen had the boats in their water



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The American Motor Boat "Dixie" Traveling at High Speed

## Topics of Interest Throughout the World

—THE DIFFICULTIES of maintaining such quarantine regulations as will effectively stamp out the cholera now so prevalent in Italy and about the shores of the Mediterranean were brought to light a few days since in dispatches from Switzerland which state that the population of some of the interior towns of Italy, enraged by the sanitary measures of the authorities, and being convinced that it was their intention to kill the patients whom they had isolated, gathered to the number of several thousand, and having stormed the hospital, carried the cholera patients in ghastly procession through the town. The Italian Government has been reduced to the necessity of ordering out the troops for the purpose of protecting these people against themselves.

—ALTHOUGH THE NEW republican government of Portugal has been considered of sufficient stability to receive recognition by a number of the great powers of Europe, it may have its hardest fight for existence still before it. Reports from Lisbon state that a force of 5,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, which is well drilled and possessed of two aeroplanes, is about to carry war, on behalf of the deposed King Manuel, into Portugal. The news contains many accounts of plots and counterplots, and there is little doubt that the people of northern Portugal are strong royalists. It seems that the lack of ready money is the only thing which now delays the attack, and the royalists are daily expecting remittances from their backers in England and Brazil.

—AT THE MORNING service of September 10, in St. John's First German Lutheran Church in Newark, N. J., there was presented to the church society a beautiful silver mounted Bible, the gift of Emperor William of Germany. There are only three other churches in the United States which can boast the possession of Bibles presented by the German Emperor. The volume which His Majesty has sent is about 12 x 15 inches in size; bound in morocco and ornamented with solid silver clasps and corner-pieces. On the latter are representations of the four evangelists. On the flyleaf the Emperor has written, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," from I. Thes. 5: 23. Below this he penned his name. The book is illustrated with beautiful reproductions of paintings of Bible subjects by the master artists.

—ON THE NIGHT of September 11, a wind storm of almost cyclonic proportions swept through the southern part of Westford County, Mich. A great deal of damage was done in several settlements and small villages. In the town of Hobart, the damage was the most severe. The school house, a store and several other buildings were demolished. A report from Hobart states that a woman and six children were killed in the destruction of a building and the bodies buried under the debris.

—HON. ALVEY AUGUSTUS ADE, Second Assistant Secretary of State, and one of the most experienced officials in the public service, completed his twenty-fifth year of diplomatic duty in

the department on August 3 and his forty-second year of service under the national government. Mr. Adee has the deserved reputation of being a most skilful authority on international diplomatic usages, and especially with respect to the adjustment of delicate questions that may arise between our own and other governments. He is also an authority on questions of precedence, and on many other matters that arise in State Department affairs he has proved himself a valuable and capable official.

—ON SEPTEMBER 15, President Taft made public a letter in which Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, was vindicated and cleared of all charges made against him by the Personnel Board of the department. Mr. Taft was most hearty in his commendation of Dr. Wiley's administration of his office, and expressed his sympathy for the doctor, who has been so maligned by some of the food interests of the country. Dr. Wiley made public his reply containing his thanks to the President and to the press of the country which has supported him throughout this ordeal.

—FROM THE GREATER part of Eastern America, the Brooks comet is now plainly visible to the naked eye, about twenty degrees northwest of Vega, the bright star overhead in the early evening. The comet's appearance is that of a round nebulous star. With the aid of a telescope or opera glass a tail can be

seen, which will increase in length for several weeks to come. Dr. Brooks, the discoverer, says the comet was nearest to earth on Sunday, September 16, when it was something over forty million miles away. The motion now is westerly.

—ONE OF THE ODDEST accidents which the press of the count has recorded for a long time took place in New Orleans on September 11, when a half-mile square of the city was flooded with molasses. A great tank, which had formerly been used by the city as a reservoir, had been purchased by the Sugar Planters' Storage and Distributing Company and used as a place of storage for molasses. This great tank burst under the pressure and allowed a million or more gallons of the sticky fluid to run through the streets. Scores of persons were caught by the advancing flood and forced to wade to places of safety. Others were rescued by the police, fire department and street cleaning employees. Although this is a great loss to the owners of the molasses it has caused a laugh all over America. It may yet have its serious aspect, as vast swarms of flies have been attracted to the city by the sticky deluge and thousands will be destroyed they may yet do their deadly work disease carriers.

—THE MUCH-DISCUSSED Astor marriage took place at Newport on September 9, the Rev. Joseph Lambert, a Congregational pastor of Elmwood Temple Church, Providence, R. I., performing the ceremony. The press is reported as saying he regarded the whole matter "as business transaction." He has been thirty-four years in the ministry. There is a report that the whole question will be brought up before the Congregational Council of Rhode Island.

—THE BRIGHT DREAM of a faithful woman crystallized in reality September 18, when Mineral Bluff, Ga., an industrial school for girls threw open its doors. The object of the school is "to improve the condition of mountain girls by combining industrial with literary education. The primary object is to rescue the class which has suffered from 'arrested development.' The Mineral Bluff Industrial School is non-sectarian. The day opens with a lesson from the Bible and the Lord's Prayer; and groups are required to attend church. These children will be taught to be self-supporting. The industrial curriculum will include housekeeping, cooking, laundry, dairying, poultry-raising, agriculture, floriculture, etiquette, civics, and improvement. The school will be conducted on a family plan. This work will be supported by the efforts of the Southern Mountain Education Association, whose headquarters is in Atlanta, Ga. This association has about two hundred members. One of the members donated the school-house. The officers of the association are Mrs. Edward W. Zarus, president; Miss Elizabeth Hunt, Miss Helen Gray, Mrs. John Dickey, Mrs. John Stubbs, vice-presidents; Mrs. J. C. Laway Stubbs, recording secretary; Mrs. T. T. Stevens, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. Webster, treasurer; Mrs. M. Zirkle, assistant treasurer.



Fishing by the Wholesale

BETWEEN four and five thousand persons turned out not long since to witness the biggest fishing lark that Westchester County, N. Y., has seen in many a day. Several tons of fish were taken from Lake Kenosia and carried to Rye Lake and Bryan Pond by the Daniel Gray Fishing Club of White Plains, N. Y., and Mount Kisco Gun Club. Lake Kenosia, which has up to this time been a comparatively small body of water, is to be transformed, by the construction of a dam, into a lake thirty miles in circumference and had to be drained for the building operations. When the water had been reduced to a comparatively small muddy area, the sportsmen from the clubs, together with many volunteers and employees, started to drag the fish out with seines. In spite of spoiled clothes they worked like mudlarks at sorting the immense haul of fish, discarding the useless and inedible ones and putting the bass, pickerel, and other game fish into tanks, that filled the automobiles and wagons along the edge of the lake, to be taken to their future homes. In each drawing of the net there was a most curious collection: ugly-nosed old black bass, hoary with age, and some of them having ancient hooks fastened in their square jaws; deep-bodied and long-bodied pickerel; snappy silvery young shiners; fat old suckers and bleak-eyed carp, besides yellow perch and innumerable smaller fish of all fresh water lake varieties.





September Heading—By Myrtle M. Sherman, age 16. Prize, a first prize book.

## Good Work from Our Boys and Girls

**DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:** As you see from these bits of your work which we publish from time to time, our Cozy Corner standard is growing steadily higher. Joseph Barkley's prize story is distinctly charming and well written. He has told us much in a few words, and this is one of the first and best things to read about composition. "The Lullaby" and "The Doll's Hospital" show careful work, and the little drawings on this page are as nice as any we have as yet published.

### Growing More Interesting

IT IS just as we predicted; the Boys' and Girls' Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD grows more interesting day by day, and this is because we are all so wide awake, so up-and-at-it in our work and play together.

### Lessons First

MANY of you are starting off to school again this month, and I believe most of you in Cozy Corners would seize upon the opportunity to moralize and administer bits of timely advice; but I shall not, except to say quite simply and directly, *Get at your lessons and master them.* It is the mastering that counts, and after a while, when the lessons themselves have slipped from your memory, you will be, oh, so glad of the pluck that has stayed by you—pluck to master the greater lessons that come to us all and must be learned and mastered.

### The Wonders of the World

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner wishes to come in at the end of the year when school lessons and home chores are over, and whisk every boy and girl into far-away countries, where we shall see the wonders of this splendid old world and learn to know and love many of the brave and beautiful things of history and romance. So we have planned a splendid journey in a magic airship. Will you go along with us? And after that there are still other wonderful things planned for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls. If you have not already written and introduced yourself to the aunt in the Cozy Corner, do not wait, hurry a letter off to-day, and be earning as fast as you can some of our Cozy Corner prizes.

### A Prize Winner

ONE of our prize-winners writes to-day: "My little Cozy Corner watch is such a lovely prize. It keeps perfect time, and I take it with me everywhere."

Another one submits charming pictures snapped with his kodak won in the Cozy Corner. And so it goes. Reassuring messages of this kind come every day.

With my love and glad wishes to you all and assuring you, my dears, that every one is welcome and that I firmly believe there is no better place to find your way into, to spend cozy afternoons and long autumn and winter evenings, than right here in the Boys' and Girls' Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*



Dancing by Paton Edwards, age 14



Dancing by Paton Edwards, age 14

### My Doll Hospital

I built a nursery hospital,  
There were many that were there;  
A Teddy-bear, a dog, a cat,  
And dolls with curly hair.

My biggest doll, Miss Anna Belle,  
Was chief head and trained nurse,  
And when my dollie-patients died,  
She came and helped them first.

One day we formed operations;  
Miss Anna Belle was there;  
She had such a big, old, ugly knife,  
The dolls kneeled down for prayer.

"Oh, please," they prayed, "deliver us  
From the hands of Anna Belle!  
Deliver us, we pray thee, please!  
Then we'll be good and get well."  
THEMA ALSRIGHT, age 10.  
Prize, a Book of Legends.

### In the Hollow of the Old Buckeye

IT WAS in the late September when three little foxes overheard Father and Mother Fox say, "It is time our little ones went out into the world alone to earn their living." And for many days Father Fox reminded them carefully to be on the look-out for Farmer Wayne's hounds. "Such fierce fellows! they will chase little foxes and snip their tails off," he always added very fiercely indeed. Bold and fluffy Redtail barked with delight at the prospect of a chase, but little Tawny was timid and wished she might always live in the Old Buckeye. As the hunter's moon, full and silvery, came over the far-away hill, casting long shadows on the ground, the three little foxes stole quietly out of the hollow tree and around Elephant Rock, which guarded their home by day and night, and trotted away toward Farmer Wayne's, where the big fat ducks and chickens lived. Very brave indeed they felt to be out hunting all alone. "Who, who!" screamed an owl in a tree, and three scared little foxes scampered back up the slope so fast that all the Man-in-the-Moon saw was a bunch of bushy tails, disappearing into the hollow of the old Buckeye.

JOSEPH BARKLEY, age 11.

### Lullaby

My baby, fear not, I am with thee,  
Trying to get thee to rest;  
Do not cry, dearest, hush, hush thee,  
Sleep in your warm little nest.  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, honey,  
Rest, dear, for mother is nigh;  
Fear naught, for the angels will guard thee,  
Sweet baby mine, hush-a-bye.

Sandman has come with his sand,  
dear,  
Let your big bonnie eyes close;  
Mother will watch o'er your crib,  
dear,  
Angels will grant thee repose.  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby, sleep,  
dear,  
Sleep, dear, they will ever be nigh,  
Night's shutting round thee so fast,  
dear,  
Sleep, baby mine, hush-a-bye.  
MARGARET TUCKER, age 11.

### Some Extra Prize Winners

Freda A. Jones, 13; H. Erma Redman, 16; Edith Bott, 15; Elsie D. Taylor, 14; Florida L. Campbell, 13; Gaylie Woodring; Marjorie Hunt, 12; Mary Little, 14.

### August Honor Roll

Mildred Oakes, 12; Lysbeth C. Vickery, 12; Sue Hill; Marian Nicholson; Pauline Potts, 16; Eva L. Sherer, 15; Samuel E. Steele; Sadie McClory, 13; Earl W. Roop; L. Theodore Sherwood; Mary Shee-



THIS is a simple, safe and exceedingly satisfactory way to clean rugs and carpets.

It is applicable to the finest oriental rug and to the cheapest ingrain carpet.

### Have ready:

A supply of Ivory Soap Paste, made by dissolving one large cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in three quarts, or two small cakes in four quarts, of water, kept nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for 15 minutes. When cool, it will be like jelly. This is sufficient for a 9x12 rug.

A fairly stiff scrubbing brush (a rice fibre brush is excellent).

A piece of zinc, or heavy galvanized iron, 12 inches long and 4 inches wide, with smooth edges. The top should be turned over a little so that it can be held securely. Any tinner will make this for you for 10 or 15 cents and it will last for years.

Some soft clean cloths.

A pail of clean, lukewarm water, to be renewed as often as it becomes dirty.  
A pan, or empty pail, to receive the used Ivory Soap Paste.

### Proceed as follows:

First, sweep the rug. Begin work at the corner farthest from the door. With a spoon, or by hand, scatter Ivory Soap Paste over the surface of the rug, covering not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously. Scrape up the paste with the zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth, wrung out of clean water. Work with, not against, the nap. Proceed in this way, section by section, until the entire rug has been cleaned. Have windows and doors wide open so that the rug may dry quickly. Do not replace furniture, or walk on it, until it is dry.

Follow these directions, and your rugs will be as clean and bright as when new. The colors will not suffer. The fabric will not be injured.

**Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure**

han, 12; Fern Harriet Richardson, 9; Maynard Flisk; Ruth Anthony, 9; Glenna S. Aldridge, 13; J. Howard Wilterding, 12; Hattie A. Spalding, 11; Bertrand D. Morris, 10.

### Prize Winners "In the Hollow of the Old Buckeye" Contest

First Prize—Joseph Barkley, age 11; a best Brownie Eastman Kodak.

Second Prize—Hilda Whitezel, age 15; a box of Japanese water-color paints.

Third Prize—Tom Meltzer, age 16; Navul

Blue Hill Box Kite. T. Paton Edwards, age 14; prize: An Airshipping Story with up-to-date booklet on modern air-craft.

### Answers to August Puzzles

#### Topsy-Turvy Verse

With carrots in the morning,  
And turnip tops for tea,  
If a bunny can be happy,  
I'm sure he ought to be.

Answer to puzzle of August 2: Ages respectively 2, 4, 6, 10.

## An October Prize Offer

### A Guess-Me-Please

I am spelled in four letters, a very small word, in which only three of the letters are heard; I hang on the tree, on the bush, on the flower; I cover the oak in the midst of the bower; I am yellow and silver, I am brown, I am white, I am tinged with all colors you see 'neath the light.

I am thick, I am thin, I am narrow, or broad, I float on the river and fly on the road.

Every boy and girl, big or little, is welcome to enter this prize contest. Prize for best drawing of the answer, a guaranteed gun-metal watch.

Prize for second best drawing, a Brownie Eastman Kodak.

Prize for third best drawing, a box of best Japanese Water-Color Paints. And twenty charming extra prizes for the twenty next best drawings.

### The October Souvenir

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner wants this month especially to hear from all of our boy and girl readers who have never written to the Cozy Corner before. Every one who writes for the first time (and all others who enclose a two-cent stamp to cover the expense of sending) will receive our beautiful October Cozy Corner Souvenir. This souvenir is a very lovely picture, beautifully colored and autographed by the Cozy Corner Aunt. You are very sure to be proud of it, and will hang it up in your room as one of your treasures.

### Our Good-Night Verse

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways. Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.





## OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### Daily Heroism

WE ARE very much by the way of considering comfort in its limited meaning of consolation. We comfort the child who has fallen down and hurt himself; we help him up, caress him, kiss and soothe him, and usually do our best to make him a little weakling. Sympathy should never be withheld from the child who is hurt, and yet it is not always wise to express it by pity. The little fellow is often best consoled by having his attention diverted from the transient pain. Cultivate in the little girl and boy, if you can, a habit of fortitude, of courage, and of strength. Very early in life children may learn that accidents will happen and the sooner they learn to restrain tears and endure bumps and bruises without crying the happier they will be. As we go on in life we need more and more to acquire the art of meeting whatever comes with an undaunted front. Looking back over the years we are sure to see long stretches of brightness, many red letter days and much home delight; here and there we have had disappointments, illness has laid us aside or bereavement has touched us. The griefs and pains have been exceptional and we have had the victory over loss and trial when we have kept our eyes fixed on Him who sends us whatever he deems essential for our discipline as well as for our pleasure. "Be brave" should be our motto day by day.

Comfort is not merely consolation. Its primitive meaning carries with it the idea of valor. There is a phrase in Revelation that has the thrill of a bugle note; the splendid message comes to us ringing down from the sky, "To him that overcometh I will give to sit with me on my throne." In the beautiful catechism of the Reformed Church of Holland there is a phrase worth repeating, "In all our tribulation with uplifted head we must expect our Lord from the sky." Think of living on this exalted plane; think of meeting sorrow in this triumphant spirit. To achieve this is to walk this world without a tremor, and to diffuse happiness as well as enjoy it.

### Some Practical Suggestions

A YOUNG girl came home from her summer vacation the other day and casually remarked, that she had taken a seven mile walk in the mountains wearing pumps. In consequence of her mistaken footgear the walk had exhausted her instead of adding to her vitality. "My ankles ached so that I could hardly go to sleep," she said. As a practical suggestion toward homely comfort let it be remembered that well-shod feet prevent headaches, backaches, and nervous irritation. To be well shod is to step forth securely and gently on country road or city street alike; the dainty shoe that is meant for the drawing room is not the sort of shoe appropriate for going about one's work in the kitchen, nor for shopping or rambling across country. Bed-room slippers rest the feet in the evening when one has withdrawn from the family circle, assumed the kimono of ease and loosened her hair from its comb and pins. Our English sisters understand better than we the comfort of frequently changing shoes and of never wearing indoors the shoes and boots that are worn outside the house.

A great comfort would be insured to the woman who does her own work if her kitchen sink were placed under a window instead of in a dark corner. So much work must be done at the sink and dishes must be washed there so many times a week that the health and comfort of the housekeeper would be greatly promoted if arrangements were made for all her work to be done in clear light instead of semi-obscurity.

A candle by the bedside with matches at hand is a comfort to be prized by those who have not availed themselves of portable electricity. In these days the man who lives on the edge of a village and must sometimes return to his home late in the evening may carry a flashlight in his pocket. What would the highwaymen of old have thought of a sudden searchlight thrown into their wicked faces at the instant when they sprang from an ambush, demanding of the traveler his money or his life? If we are accustomed to brilliantly lighted streets, the absolute blackness of the road on a moonless night in the country takes us by surprise. I once went to a prayer meeting accompanied by a friend on a summer evening in northern Vermont. We were sojourners in a village inn and it seemed to us as we stepped out of the church door that we were suddenly enveloped in midnight gloom. Everyone passed out of sight in an instant; we had lost our bearings and stood uncertain what step to take when a man emerged from the darkness carrying a lantern. That lantern was an unspeakable comfort and it made us think anew of the familiar text in which there is mention of "a lamp unto our feet and a light to our path."

Your grandmother used to wear a nightcap when she retired to rest. Exquisite hand sewing went into the nightcaps worn by gentlewomen of an older day; they were hem-stitched, lace-trimmed and ruffled. There is a hint that these obsolete articles are again to be in fashion. If one sleeps out of doors in a porch fitted for the purpose, or as everyone should, with windows wide open and a current of air sweeping through the room, the head should have some protection. A three-cornered bit of knitting, a scarf or a square of soft Shetland wool will be found a practical comfort on a windy night. Colds are almost unknown to those who protect themselves in this way and sleep in the open.

Why do you spend money for expensive and ornamental furniture in the living room when comfort is better insured by easy chairs? A substantial rocking chair or a sleepy hollow chair is a comfort as well as a luxury.

### The Privileges of a Wife

WE HAVE heard from time immemorial that the sphere of a wife is within her home. There she reigns supreme. She should find beside the hearth her widest opportunity for influence and her daily need of joy. Granting that these premises are well founded, what is to be said concerning wifely privileges when a husband happens to be a domestic despot? Taking a leaf from a letter sent the other day to this page, let us glance at the situation of a woman still in her early twenties who was married in her later teens to a man who promised to love and care for her, cherish and

Continued on next page



## Gold-Filled Watch Cases That Are Dependable

YOUR representative jeweler will show you a wide range of styles in "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" Gold Filled Watch Cases.

His stock is selected from more than three thousand exclusive designs, in all sizes for ladies' and men's watches.

Beautiful engraved patterns—Engine-Turned effects—and exquisitely finished Plain Polished cases.

While you are examining the cases note the depth of the engraving. There is your plain proof of the thickness of the gold on the "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" goods—which means a lifetime of wear and service.

A cheapened gold-filled watch case can never be engraved deeply—because the engraving tool cuts through the thin film of gold and exposes the composition metal underneath.

Yet you will find such trashy cases stamped "guaranteed for 20 years"—and there is no way that you as the purchaser can be protected against these meaningless "guarantees."

Except this—inist on getting a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" case, so that you can be sure that the value is right.

You will know these cases by the trademarks illustrated on this page. These marks are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.



JAS. BOSS  
GOLD FILLED  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



CRESCENT  
GOLD FILLED  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

## The Keystone Watch Case Company

Established 1853

PHILADELPHIA

## KNOX PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING GELATINE

### Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors, showing just how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream, Candies, etc., will be sent you, FREE, for your grocer's name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine, send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 15c for 2-quart package.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.  
355 Knox Ave.  
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### Nulite Gasoline Table Lamp

A complete Light Plant weighing 7 lbs. Portable, absolutely safe, 300 c.p., brilliant light 1/2 cent per hour. Save 95% of your light bill.

AGENTS—Write for Special Offer on complete line of gasoline lights and systems. Over 200 different styles. Highest Quality. Lowest Prices. Exclusive territory for capable towns, county and traveling salesmen. 72 page illustrated catalog free. Write today.

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Sing into the mouthpiece. Zobo does the rest. For Home, Church and Sunday School Entertainments. Full information FREE on request.

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### White Lead on the Farm Interiors

Walls white leaded can be given the exact colors you want, they wear for years without renewing and can be washed and cleaned like painted wood work.

### "Dutch Boy Painter" Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil make the one perfect covering for interior walls. This is the method adopted by leading architects for the largest mansions and it is equally desirable for the smaller home. Let us tell you more about this modern way of treating walls.

Our Free Painting Helps We will send you free on request color schemes and miscellaneous painting instructions that you will find of real, practical value. Ask for Help 3150

### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago St. Louis Boston Buffalo Cincinnati San Francisco (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Pittsburgh)



## Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

honor her all her life. She has been married not quite five years, and her wedding ring is a badge of slavery, while her single solace is the little child who clings to her and of whom his father is absurdly jealous. The man has never a caress for the baby and seldom a gracious word for the baby's mother. When in her early married life she ventured to invite a few girl friends to a meal in her home, she was curtly ordered not to repeat the offense. She went to her new home with a good provision of clothing, her parents having given her a generous outfit. She never has money to spend and from year to year has worn the same clothing made over until it is no longer presentable.

The husband in question has a good income and no vices. Where are the wifely privileges in this travesty of a home? What ought this wife to do? In what way can this man's eyes be opened to the folly and wickedness of his course? The question is open for discussion.

### The Wish to Write

THE wish to write for the press is so general and education is at present so widely diffused that hundreds of people make the attempt to earn money in this way and are unable to understand why they are disappointed. An author of eminence receives from day to day in his morning mail letters from youthful aspirants who hope that he will read their manuscripts, and from cultivated women of middle age who frankly assure him that they see little difference between his work and their own. They are amazed that their stories are returned by critical editors while the magazines and papers constantly publish articles that seem to them less worthy of favor. For his own protection this author and others are compelled to decline the censorship offered them.

It does little good to assure the average amateur in writing that this in common with other professions has to be acquired by earnest and diligent effort. An apprenticeship must be served to every art, trade and calling. No one learns to make dresses, paint pictures, cure diseases, preach sermons or build houses without being taught principles and methods. Writing comes under the same necessity for discipline. If one wishes to write for the public one must possess some original talent as a beginning, and then must be willing to devote years of patient study to the accomplishment of the designed purpose. Last of all, the would-be writer must take to heart the children's couplet:

If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again.

### A Delicate Question

A GIRL wrote the other day asking whether it was always unadvised to let a possible suitor understand that his attentions were welcome. Her point seemed to be that a man must not only always take the initiative in courtship, but that a young woman must also, as a matter of course, play the part of the rose guarded all around by prickly thorns. A man is sometimes so diffident, so fearful of rebuff, and so unworthy, in his own eyes, of the great gift he is seeking that he needs a little gentle encouragement, and lacking it will go on his way alone. Of course most men are bold and many have a good conceit of themselves. The young girl who wears her heart upon her sleeve, whose obvious attitude is that of anxiety to be wooed and married, and who fails to let herself be sought, is a little like a jarring note in music; she is a bit out of tune. There are exceptions to every rule and women know per-

fectly well that there are sweet, gentle, modest and quite feminine ways, charming but not at all aggressive, in which they may let a man see that their answer to the all-important question will be the one he desires. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" said Priscilla in the sweet old New England story when the John she favored was loyally pleading the cause of another. Faint heart never won fair lady but fair lady is not to be blamed if she lets faint heart understand that his wooing will not be in vain.

### Keeping Up to Date

AS PEOPLE advance in years they should take special pains to keep up to date, not merely so far as acquaintance with current events is concerned, but by being in full sympathy with the forward movements of the time. Unless we have the habit of attending the new theories, weighing and discussing them impartially, and unless we have an open mind as to the reception of new methods and new ideas, we must of necessity be left behind in the day's march. The procession will pass us by, we shall be out of touch with what is best in benevolence, science and art. We shall cease to be neighborly and forget how to be interesting, and far too soon arrive at the moment when everything we meet is an irritation and a trial. "Aunt Elsie," said a girl, "used to be a delightful companion. She is now easily irritated and her ideas are out of date. She has grown morbid and rusty, and she constantly complains that the younger generation is not what it was when she was young." Poor Aunt Elsie had lost the recipe for remaining young, being happy and being in demand. She had been beaten in the race with Time. No one need be beaten in this race who decides on keeping step with to-day, and continuing to be interested in to-day's doings.

### The Lord is a Good Paymaster

"FOR years I denied myself the pleasure of giving, because my means were limited and I could not afford any indulgences. I have always been in financial straits, and I at last decided that if I waited until I was free from anxiety I would probably die without ever having been able to help any good cause. I just made up my mind that I would give when I thought it right to do so, and whenever I have had two dollars in my purse I have given one to a cause that appealed to me. I have gone without things that I wanted and needed, to help others and make subscriptions, and in these days I feel that I have been justified. In an unlooked-for way the Lord has come to my aid, and I have been able to pay off a big mortgage on which the interest has been a heavy tax for some years. M. S."

### Send Them to Bed with a Kiss

OMOTHERS, so weary, discouraged, worn out with the cares of the day, You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and the play; For the day brings so many vexations, So many things going amiss; But, Mothers, whatever may vex you, Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often Perhaps, from the pattern of right, The dear little hands find new mischief To try you from morning till night; But think of the desolate mothers Who'd give all the world for your bliss, And, as thanks for your infinite blessings, Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you, The silence will hurt you far more; You will long for the sweet children's voices, For a sweet, childish face at the door; And to press a child's face to your bosom, You'd give all the world for just this; For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow, Send the children to bed with a kiss.

## Get SEALY Tuftless Comfort



Sealy Tuftless Comfort is created in the Sealy Mattress by the Sealy combination of pure, long-fibre cotton filling, the pneumatically-formed batt method of making, and the tuftless style of finishing.

This combination is used exclusively by the Sealy Mattress and only in the Sealy Mattress can you get real Sealy comfort.

Sealy Tuftless Comfort means something new and better to the sleeper. It means a bed that buoyantly supports the body with hardly a consciousness of contact.

So fully does the Sealy conform to the body's form and position that the sensation is that of floating—floating off to delicious sleep and invigorating rest. There is no hitting of high spots or dropping into low spots as on a tufted mattress.

Try this Sealy Tuftless Comfort for 60 nights with the privilege of your money back.

### The Sealy Triple Guarantee:

First:—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new long-fibre cotton, without linters or mill-waste.  
Second:—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming lumpy or bumpy.  
Third:—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

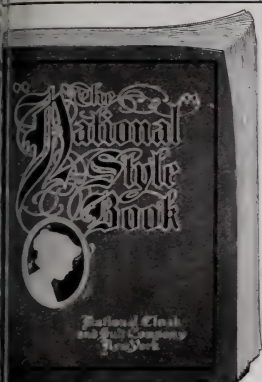
SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen, or mercerized Art Tickings, either Plain Edge or Roll Edge—but never tufted. Prices, \$20 to \$25.

Send for our booklet "The Real Difference in Mattresses" and the "Mattress Museum"

With them we will also send you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the guarantee.

### SEALY MATTRESS CO.,

Factory and General Offices at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, TEXAS.  
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Write to address nearest you.



## What Hat Will Be Most Becoming to Me?

What suit shall I wear--what dress shall I wear--what hat, what waist--where, just where I find the clothes most becoming to me?

And your answer is printed above.

"NATIONAL" Style Book, your Style Book, gives you of the greatest becomingness by giving you your choice the widest variety of the most beautiful new styles in every kind of apparel.

And the whole matter of the selection of your clothes is thus made very simple.

You only need write us to-day, "Send me free my 'NATIONAL' Style Book." That is the one important first step--the thing to do now.

And second, select from this Style Book--from all New York's best styles the garments you like best--your order will be filled immediately, express charges will be prepaid by us, and we will take all the risk of your being fitted perfectly and entirely delighted.

You thus gain in Price, Promptness, and Style.

"NATIONAL" low prices mean an important saving to you. "NATIONAL" prices are so low, our promptness in filling orders so well known, our styles so beautiful and becoming that to-day more women buy their apparel at the "NATIONAL" than buy at any other house in the world.

The question is, "Will you take the first step now by writing for your Style Book. It shows you:

resses, \$10 to \$30 Hats, \$2.98 to \$15  
suits, \$10 to \$50 Skirts, \$3.98 to \$15  
trous, \$2.25 to \$75 Waists, .98 to \$10

also a full line of Underwear, Hosiery, Scarfs, Veils, coats, Gloves, Sweaters, Leather Goods, jewelry, and complete line of Boys', Misses' and Children's Wearing apparel.

"NATIONAL" \$15 to \$40 Made to Measure

Samples of Materials Sent FREE

Our Made-to-Measure Suit is actually cut and made for you, and we guarantee each suit to fit perfectly or we will cheerfully refund your money.

The "NATIONAL" Policy We prepay express charges on all our goods to any part of the world. You may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways. We will send you samples of materials used for "NATIONAL" suits. Write for your Style Book for sure to state whether you desire samples of materials used for "NATIONAL" suits. Samples are sent gladly, only when asked for. And the samples and the Style Book are well worth asking for. WRITE.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO., 218 West 24th Street, New York City



## Utmost in Coat Luxury for \$46.50

A magnificent garment, rich, and warm and fashionable.

The material is guaranteed Sealene, a marvelous reproduction of natural seal, so faithful that experts cannot tell the difference. The long, wide collar, cuffs and trimmings are genuine Opossum Fur, soft and lustrous.

This coat is 54 inches long, inner pocket and all silk brocade lining which may be had in seal brown, gold or pearl gray. Closes with a beautiful silk frog set and buttons.

This superb coat is but one of many handsome models shown in our catalogue, ranging from \$17.98 upward for women's sizes and \$8.98 for girls'. We use the very finest textile furs, Sealene, Caracal, Neva Caracal, Lambskin, Pony, Velour du Nord and others. They are all perfect reproductions of the natural fur and retain their rich lustre and beautiful appearance through long service.

But descriptions do not do them justice. You should see these furs, made up into stylish models, fashioned after very latest imported European modes. Let us send you the coat shown above for your inspection.

### Do not send money

Simply write, asking us to send the coat. We shall be glad to ship it C. O. D. so you can inspect and try it on before you pay a cent. We are glad to do it, because we know its luxurious beauty will appeal to you and you will see what a wonderful value it is.

We can give far greater value for your money than retail stores, because we sell direct from maker to wearer, saving you the dealers' profits.

### Write for Fashion Book "L"

showing actual photographs of other models in all the different furs with full descriptions. We shall also be glad to send you samples of any of the textile furs we use so you can see for yourself how wonderfully faithful they are and how superior to the ordinary kinds.

**TEXFUR GARMENT CO.**  
530 Broadway, N. Y.

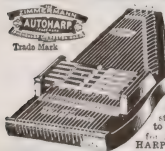
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## English Knock- about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band.

Would sell for \$2 in most hat stores. Colors: **Dark Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, and White.** Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of \$1. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. C, 830 Broadway, New York City**



Buy the Original  
**ZIMMERMANN**  
**"AUTOHARP"**

"The Nation's Favorite!" None genuine without our trade mark. A musical instrument adapted to all classes. All music done on direct tones. "Easy to Play, Easy to Buy." Sent A. Free catalogue. **THE PHONO-HARP CO., East Boston, Mass.**

## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOND BOOK

WE have received to many requests for copies of the financial articles which have been appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that we thought it wise to preserve them in pamphlet form. Each copy also contains a copy of this useful booklet without charge by forwarding a return stamp to cover postage. Address: The Christian Herald, Dept. 35, Bible House, New York.

**Corns**—The only way to cure them is to take them out by the roots. A-Corn Solvite does that. Quick, safe, sure. 15 cents at drug stores or by mail. **Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia**



ESTABLISH THE SOLE AGENCY IN YOUR TOWN AND ORGANIZE A sales force to represent the manufacturer direct, for the greatest household necessity. This is our first offer to agents, so write now and we'll show you how. **William M. Palmer & Co., 203 Broadway, N. Y.**

## An Old Friend of Count Togo

I HAVE this evening had great pleasure in reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 6. Every article is of the greatest interest. Your copy of Jacque's painting, "The Shepherd," is marvelously executed. "The Dawn of the World's Peace" is a most interesting group of articles, our good President leading. Representative Richmond P. Hobson's closing words, "Justice, liberty, charity, brotherhood, the forerunners of peace," will be acceptable to all. There would be peace except for the jingoes who want war, especially with Japan. But in God's own good time, we shall have peace—"Peace on earth, good will towards men." By way of an introduction, I may say that I am now one of the four surviving officers of the great expedition to Japan in 1853 under Commodore Perry. There may be some three or four of our sailor boys left out of 191 officers and 1,500 men composing that squadron of nine vessels. I had an agreeable visit to Admiral Togo. Through his interpreter (Japan's Consul-General in New York) he wanted to know much that I could recall of Japan when he was a young boy.

I read your "Answered Prayers." I have faith in prayer. In November of 1906, I was taken with nervous prostration, and many, many times despaired of ever getting well. I wished myself out of the world. I did my work daily in a mechanical way; but my family and friends daily prayed for my recovery, and their prayers were supplemented with my own feeble efforts. God heard these petitions, and, on Easter Sunday last, I was wondrously restored to health, and God's name be ever praised! Reading your paper has given me real pleasure.

Boston, Mass. WILLIAM SPEIDEN.

## A Dying Man's Testimony

SHORTLY before his death, Mr. Geo. W. Culberson of Dunganston, Va., wrote the following letter to his family:

"From the time I took sick I had but little hope of recovery. Now I have none. What life will be beyond this I know not. Sometimes the grave looks very dark and cold; but when I consider that all the grave holds is the decayed house in which the immortal principle dwells for only a short time, and that that principle is on a far higher plane, where it is glory forever, with all the redeemed of God, where it is a reunion of all we once loved, then the grave has no terror. If you ever doubted the reality of the Christian religion, I trust you will never do so again. Keep the faith and come on where we will meet Christ and his angels, those that suffered martyrdom for his cause, father, mother, brother, sister—all we once loved on earth, around his throne. If I thought this letter would influence one soul to turn and live for God, I would ask you to have it read in church. If I never see you on earth, don't shed one tear for me, but praise God, and when you are summoned, come on, and if God will permit, I will meet you and be one of your escorts to the throne of glory. Good-by."

## Answered Prayers

Reader, Tulare, Calif., thanks God for answer to prayer.

E. D. B., Texas, thanks God for continued answer to prayers.

M. E. W., Bardstown, Ky. "I have had many prayers answered."

H. P. L., Tilden, Neb. "I thank God for rain in answer to prayer."

J. G. E., Wilmington, Vt., thanks God for a direct answer to prayer.

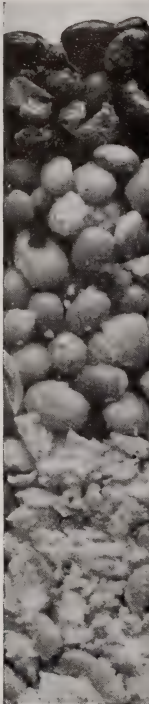
H. A. M., New York. "I am grateful to God for answering my prayers."

Reader, North Point, Pa. "God has mercifully answered prayer for me."

D. E. H., Chittenango, N. Y. "God has answered my prayers for me."

Mrs. S. S., Corsicana, Texas, thanks God for improved health through prayer.

T. L. W., North Weaver, Pa., thanks God for answered prayers during illness.



## Which Do You Serve, Madam?

These are home-baked beans—a vertical section from a baking dish pictured by actual photograph.

The top beans are ruined by crisping. They get too much dry heat.

The next beans get too little heat—not even half enough. They are the beans that ferment and form gas, because stomachs can't digest them.

The lower beans simmer during the baking. Thus this mushy mass.

## Does It Pay?

Behind every dish of home-baked beans there are sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking.

Here's exactly what you get:

Some crisped, some soggy, some hard and whole. None anywhere near digestible. Dry heat ovens can't break up the granules so that beans digest.

They are good to the taste—we admit that. Baked beans can't be made distasteful.

But beans are food—Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. And what does food amount to if it can't digest?

Don't you think it a pity, for lack of facilities, to spoil a food which ought to be more nourishing than meat?

**VanCamp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

## "The National Dish"

Here is part of a can of Van Camp's Beans, pictured by actual photograph.

These beans are baked five times as well as any baked at home. They are baked in small parcels—baked for hours at 245 degrees.

But they are baked in steam ovens. So not a bean is crisped, not one is broken up. They come to you nut-like, mealy and whole.

The tomato sauce is baked with the beans, so the zest goes through and through.

These beans are digestible. They do not ferment. You get the whole wealth of their food value.

They are served cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. You can keep a dozen meals on hand. They never lose their freshly-baked flavor.

We refer to Van Camp's Beans—not the usual ready-baked. We refer to white, plump Michigan beans selected by hand. We refer to sauce made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. We refer to steam-oven baking.

When you once compare these beans with others you will always get Van Camp's. And you won't go back to home baking when you find them out.

If you'll try them tell your grocer. Telephone him now.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20c per can

**Van Camp Packing Company (Est. 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.**

(170)





**The Florsheim SHOE**

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Plenty of toe room in the Florsheim Shoe—no matter what the shape—made over "Natural Shape"—lasts—an exclusive feature.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles \$5.00 and \$6.00

Write for our free booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are different.

The Florsheim Shoe Company  
Chicago U. S. A.

**The Pedal**  
Plenty of toe room

**EVERYWOMAN SHOULD EARN \$25 PER WEEK**

Introducing our very complete line of wool mixings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, laces, petticoats, linens, etc. Dealing direct with the mills, our prices are low. (Orders made \$10.00 to \$50.00 weekly—you can also). Samples, instructions, etc., in next issue charges prepaid. No money required. Exclusive for Chicago—first to apply for Agency. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 3, F. Standard Building, Birmingham, N. Y.

**PATENTS SECURED FOR FREE RETURNED.**  
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. TICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

**This Kitchen Set 85¢**

**Delivered Prepaid Anywhere in the United States 85¢**

"Direct from the factory" selling plan enables every housewife to enjoy one of the best, time-saving kitchen sets at a price way below that ever named before. This set consists of 15 pieces—sharp knife, carving knife, carving fork, whopper, meat saw, steel knife sharpener, peeling knife, cake turner, egg whisk and hanging rack. Each piece absolutely perfect—made of tested steel, heavily plated—handles made of hard, black polished (oiled) wood. To housewife should be without this set—order a set today, and if you are not satisfied that it is the biggest kitchen set bargain you ever saw, don't pay—return us your expense and we'll refund your money.

**HUNDREDS OF BARGAINS IN HOME FURNISHINGS**

Will pay you to get acquainted with this establishment—we guarantee that the new set is a big money-maker. See plan of furniture or household articles and 4. We want a group of furniture and will direct to you at prices way below market. Send us a personal saying I want to save money on my furniture! We'll send you our Catalog and list of specialties that will suit you. Address

**HILLIPS BROS. & WEIL**  
"DIRECT FROM FACTORY-TO-YOU"  
apt. E., 819 W. 63d St., Chicago

**Christian Emancipation \***

PAUL GILBERT, among many stories of men who have by the grace of God been freed from the shackles of some terrible sin, tells of one who went into a Torrey meeting and asked for "Mr. Jacoby." He was Dr. Torrey's assistant and was summoned at once. He recognized the man as a former associate, and saw that he was in a bad way from a long course of dissipation. He fed the poor fellow amply in a restaurant, got his overcoat out of pawn for him, and then said, "George, you know what I used to be. I was just where you are now,—but see what God has done for me. He stands ready to do as much for you. Why not let him do it?"

"Tell me about it," said the man.

So Mr. Jacoby talked with him, and made him read Rom. 10: 13. "Who is 'whosoever,' George?" he asked.

"It means me."

"And what does it mean to 'call on the name of the Lord'?"

"It means to pray,—I can't pray."

"Get down and tell God that."

So he knelt, and with tears rolling down his cheeks looked up and said, "Oh, God, I don't know how to pray, but I want to be a better man."

"And what does it say here of the man who prays, George?"

"That he shall be saved."

"That means saved from sin," said Mr. Jacoby. "Just keep on praying and you will surely be saved."

Six months later this man, who had seemed to be hopelessly given over to vice, was holding a position as stationary engineer at \$50 per month, and was respected by all who dealt with him. Every day for weeks, Mr. Jacoby had called on him, praying with him, quoting the promises, and trying to strengthen his faith. The prayers had been answered and the bonds of sin had been broken.

The God who broke those iron fetters is still mighty to save. We may not be enslaved by such strong and cruel shackles as bound that man, but every one of us is the slave of some more or less vicious habit, or one that is at least foolish and unworthy, and we ought to be fighting it every day. The expensive, filthy and unhealthful habit of smoking holds most of our young men in strong bonds; many of our young women are virtually the slaves of fashion; in both sexes, we find scandal-mongers, backbiters, idlers, sycophants of the rich, promoters of caste, neglecters of church-going, or those who are unkind and inconsiderate in their home-life.

Can any one of us boast that we are free from one or more of these moral blemishes? Have we sternly examined ourselves, found out our easily besetting sins, and prayed earnestly for deliverance therefrom? If we have not, let us search ourselves. Let us not be satisfied with the comfortable, general admission and petition to our Maker, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and incline our hearts to keep thy law." Let us find out first just how we are sinning, and let each one of us resolve, with God's help, to dash to pieces "the dearest idol" on the throne of our souls.

The idea of slavery is always abominable to the intelligent being. The true soul insists upon freedom—the right to work out its destiny in its own way—or pursue its chosen path, without let or hindrance from others; and so far as men can do this without infringing upon the rights of others, our government is supposed to grant that freedom. The fights now raging everywhere against the different forms of mercantile and political despotism are only a part of this great struggle for freedom. Our fight against the sin in our souls is a still fiercer one; but God is with us, for he is ever on the side of freedom.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 8. TEXTS: Rom. 8:1-6; 6:6, 22.

**OWNING A BOND**  
Encourages Saving for Permanent Income

It is a notable fact that in those American communities possessing the greatest per capita wealth, bonds make up the largest item in the list of investments held. They are very generally regarded as forming one of the most desirable methods for the permanent investment of savings from the standpoint of safety, income and convenience.

The individual who would acquire wealth will find that the purchase of his first \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 bond contributes greatly to the fulfillment of his purpose. Pride in the ownership of this first security stimulates the wish to own another. The desire that is here created is a most valuable factor in the establishment of an independent fortune.

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## Borrowers and Investors

SOME one has said, and said truthfully, that "the business of the world is done on credit." The word "credit" implies a borrower as well as a lender. If cash payments were insisted upon before the delivery of goods, there would not be enough ready money in the world, supposing all to be available, to conduct the world's business for forty-eight hours. If there were no borrowers the business of the world would practically come to a standstill, as if the heart had ceased to beat, and the chief function of all banks would be destroyed, thus forcing them to shut up shop. But we need not worry over such a possibility, for existing conditions in the business world are as much the result of invariable laws as are the movements of the heavenly bodies, or the directions of the other great forces of nature.

Now and then we read of some great business undertaking, so vast as to be of national, if not indeed of world-wide importance, and if the capital required is given, we naturally think of the banks and noted capitalists as the sources of supply. We have already indicated the millions of small rivulets from which these great reservoirs of supply are fed, and pointed out how other people's money is utilized to the advantage of borrower and lender even in these great works.

The greatest and strongest of our mercantile and manufacturing establishments are usually the greatest borrowers, for there are periods when they need more cash than is available for their own accounts and they must borrow from the banks under conditions that make for the prosperity of the lender as well as of the borrower. But vast as are the sums changing hands in this way, it is safe to say that they are greatly exceeded by the myriads of small loans made to men doing business in a smaller way, and of which we, of course, hear nothing. The young farmer just married, and who has bought land and given a two-thirds mortgage, the builder starting out with a small capital and high hopes, the clerk who has saved up and has decided to start a country store or other business of his own; these and scores of others, whose callings will readily suggest themselves, must be borrowers at the start, and on their ability to get credit and to keep credit will depend to a great extent their success.

### Surplus Earnings

While there are still many failures in business, and it is safe to say there always will be failures unless human nature greatly changes, it is encouraging to note that, in proportion to the numbers engaged and the volume of business done, the failures are decreasing in a way that promises much for the future. This betterment is due to a more thorough business training and the adoption of methods and systems that have their foundations in increased individual honesty and greater common sense.

It is encouraging to note that men who have made their business secure and established reputations for good sense and integrity are fast leaving the borrowing class and becoming investors. In doing this the business man is entering what is to him an untried field, and so his every move should be made with caution. No man wishing to keep his business sound will take a dollar from his working capital to invest in an outside undertaking, no matter how promising; but, if he is winning, there must come a time when he will have a surplus. Now the question will come up: What is to be done with the surplus?

One reason why there are fewer failures in mercantile enterprises

that have been established for some time, is that greater precautions are being taken to guard against unexpected contingencies in which money may be needed, and to guard against these it is becoming the practice, wherever it can be done without cramping, to have a reserve fund. This reserve fund is, of course, made up from the surplus. As there is enough money in the bank to meet all expenses, it would not be good business to swell the account at the bank by the addition of this surplus. How then can it be used to the greatest advantage? Clearly the best disposition to make of this money would be to invest it in some form of interest-bearing security, which will be readily converted into cash should there be an unexpected demand for it.

### Good Advice

It was Davy Crockett who said: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." But in business, a wise man can never be absolutely sure that he is right. The failures are the men who blunder ahead, trusting to luck and without any serious thought of the right or the wrong of the conditions presented. Now, next best thing to knowing a subject is knowing where you can learn all about it. If there is not an investment banker, that is, one who makes a specialty of investments, within reach of the man with the surplus, then his own banker will know more about this subject than he does, and he is the man who should be consulted.

Bankers, by the very nature of their business,—we have in mind only bankers of established reputation,—are conservative, while the ordinary business man, by the very nature of his calling, is accustomed to taking "risks," "running chances," as he calls it, and so, if left to himself, he may place his surplus in an enterprise that offers the seduction of large returns, and in this way he is apt to lose sight of that all-important factor—Safety.

There is a principle in scientific investment that requires a clear understanding of the differences between the various classes of securities. It should be ever kept in mind by the investor, and particularly the one we are considering, that all kinds of securities that present themselves for investment may be divided into two classes, viz: Promises to Pay, and Equities. Among the former are real-estate mortgages, bonds of various kinds, and notes secured by collateral. Among the equities may be classed the capital stocks of banks, railroads, or industrial corporations. The latter are not liens, but represent only a residuary share in the assets and profits of a concern, after its fixed charges and all other legal obligations have been met. No matter whether dividends are paid on the stock or not, the owner cannot compel the corporation to redeem it, nor indeed to accept it on any terms.

Here is a simple illustration of the conditions and the differences between the two classes of securities we have mentioned. If the investor buys a \$500 railroad bond which he knows to be perfectly safe, and which will be sure to be redeemed when the bond is due, he has made himself, by reason of his purchase, a creditor of the corporation. If he invests the \$500 in the stock of the same company, while his money in this case may be quite as secure, perhaps yield him a larger return than from the bond, yet the conditions for its return are not the same. His only chance of getting back the money invested in the stock, should he wish to do so, is to sell it to some one who wishes to purchase. In buying the bond he got a promise to pay; in buying the stock he purchased an equity.

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Non-residents may now carry bank balances or deposit their securities in New York City, either temporarily or permanently, with the assurance that they will not be subject to the Inheritance Tax.

The new law, now in force, provides that **intangible property**, defined by the law as "incorporeal property, including money, deposit in bank, shares of stock, bonds, notes, credits, evidences of an interest in property and evidences of debt," held in New York by bona fide non-resident decedents, is not taxable in that state.

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## THE RIVER OF LIFE\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOD gave Ezekiel a wonderful vision of a river. It was God's way of making known in picture language—by object illustration—what blessing he had in store for the captives in Babylon and for the captives of sin in all the world. Ezekiel wrote on a roll all about the vision, and that is now our lesson. Ezekiel seemed to be walking with God inside and around the temple, and the temple was all beautiful, a new temple that should be built to take the place of the one King Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed. Let us read from our Bibles all about what God showed to Ezekiel at that time, and what God said to him. Begin at the fortieth chapter of Ezekiel and read seven chapters.

The most wonderful part of the vision was "the river." We will read about that in the forty-seventh chapter. The river seemed to flow out from under the front door (the east) of the temple, not a great rushing river at first, but clear and small and beautiful, and then it flowed around the temple, growing wider and deeper, and still it kept on, until it flowed through all of the land; beautiful trees bearing fruit grew on each side of the river, and fishermen cast their nets and caught fish, and so the river was a great blessing to all of the people. God gave the vision of the river to Ezekiel that he might tell it to the captives, and then they would know that it was God's intention to let them go back to their own land, and build again the beautiful temple, and themselves be like the river—a blessing to all the people. Ezekiel's vision was for the whole world, for it is "the blest river of salvation."

Dr. Joseph Parker in *The People's Bible* says: "We do not need to spiritualize this river, for it spiritualizes itself. The river is Christian life, Christian revelation. It is the revelation of Christ; it is the dispensation of the Spirit. It is the overflow from heaven of all blessing and truth and goodness. Here is a divine outflow, making for itself a channel everywhere, and wherever the channel is, the banks are full of green trees, and the trees are fruit trees, and the leaves are medicinal, and the whole vision is a glimpse of Heaven. We might profitably commit the first twelve verses of this chapter to memory. Teach your children such recitations. They will outlive the comic song, the foolish, impossible romance, the pile of words that ends in evaporation."

### Cleansing and Healing

A missionary who had seen thirty years of service, and was on her third furlough, was asked by a lady if the United States really seemed like a Christian land to her. She replied: "The contrast with a heathen land is thrilling. The longer I am here, the more I realize the difference between it and a heathen land; undoubtedly there are great evils here, but for all that the moral tone is high, and there is an atmosphere of true religion. I felt the difference as soon as I landed, and it has grown upon me every day."

Christianity has given our land wondrous architecture in churches, chapels and cathedrals. It has given us noble statuary in monuments erected to those who in the name of Christianity have rendered service to humanity. It has given us sublime art in paintings and engravings. It has given a literature exalted in character because it portrays life as it has been touched by God's truth.

It has given us schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, all of which make for the betterment of mankind. We have lived so long in this beneficent atmosphere that it will be difficult for us to realize that there is anything different in any part of the world, and so it is well for us to compare notes with missionaries who have a realizing sense of what the world would be without Christ.

Ask a child what is the greatest river in the United States, and from his knowledge of geography, he will quickly reply, "The Mississippi River." But teach him out of the heavenly geography that it is "The River of Life." The Mississippi River is at times a source of great destruction of life and property, but the River of Life not only never destroys, but multiplies blessings.

### Satisfaction, Peace and Joy

In Palestine we heard the proverb, "Wherever the Turk sets his foot no grass will grow." That pictures the universal blight of sin. In contrast we read in our lesson of the River of Christianity, "Everything shall live whithersoever the river cometh." Of this the Nile is the most impressive illustration. Long ages ago all that we now call Egypt was a desert of barren sand lying under the burning sun. But the melting snows caused the Nile to overflow, and so covered the sand with the fertile mud brought by the river from far away, until at last the river made the most fertile land in all the world. Seen from the top of the pyramids, Egypt is a narrow belt of green stretching about five miles back from the river on each side and broadening out like a fan in the yet more fertile delta. While at the seaside we behold an ocean of green breaking on a beach of sand, in Egypt we behold an ocean of sand breaking on a shore of green. All of which describes the course of Christianity, flowing out of the hills of God in the coming of Christ, through Palestine, up into Syria, on into Asia Minor, through Europe, over to America, thence in the missionary movement to the islands of the sea, and to Africa and Asia; other streams flowing from Europe also.

Everything good has been quickened into life whithersoever this river of Christianity has come. In all lands people have had their hunger for soul-bread satisfied. A missionary about to leave India on account of ill health, sat down with the native church for their last communion service. In the center sat the pastor of the church, a man of middle caste; on his right were a Jew and a Mohammedan; on his left a Brahman and an outcaste. As the missionary watched the cup pass from the Jew to the Mohammedan, and from the Brahman to the outcaste, she realized that she was looking upon five modern miracles.

In all ages and in all places since Christ came down from heaven, because God so loved the world, oppressed women and children, hopeless slaves, all the poor and weak as well as the noble, have found the Gospel glad tidings indeed. "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Strange that any one should suppose that God sent this "river of his pleasures" to lessen our joys. Religion takes nothing away that would not in the long run take away from life's gladness. It gives "peace like a river"—not the peace of stagnation, but of onward progress.

Some years ago all who used the telephone in a certain city found that they could hear nothing but music. Every telephone in the city vibrated with musical notes. "What can it mean?" asked every one in surprise. Continued on next page

## The Man Who Knows Watches

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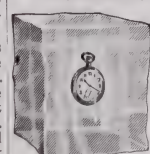
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# Women's Work in Portugal

Continued from page 947

to not do; it is the one exception. No matter how heavy or how light the article, it is placed on the head, and off goes the bearer without giving the load a second thought. The art of balancing a thing on the head has become second nature through long custom, and only on very windy days is it ever supported by the hand. My most vivid recollection of the women's work in this special connection is of the two extremes of head-burdens which I witnessed. At Oporto I saw a woman walking unconcernedly down a very steep hill with a huge empty cask on her head, and at Coimbra I observed another woman sauntering along eating an orange, the section she was actually eating in her hand, the rest on the top of her head!

It seemed to me that there was no age at which the women did not work, so long as they were able. I saw little girls and old women hard at work. One day down by the river at Oporto I came across two little girls loading a boat with red tiles. I do not think they could have been over eight and ten years of age. They carried the tiles on their heads after the custom of the country, a woman doling out the heavy tiles as fast as the children could work. On the head of the older girl she placed four tiles, and on the head of the younger one two tiles.

Another time I noticed an old woman carrying a large and heavy sewing machine on her head. On and on she walked without thinking of taking a rest. But I felt that the record for weight-carrying and sheer strength and endurance was broken by a woman whom I perceived coming up a hill so precipitous that I slipped on the cobblestones more than once under the weight of my own body. This woman was carrying a gigantic pile of heather, used for kindling. It was bound over her head and shoulders. In her arms she clasped a baby!

A fascinating sight, especially in Oporto, where the scenery is marvelously picturesque, is to see the women going to and from the wayside wells with their water-jars on their heads. These jars rest on a small, very thick hoop of cloth, which is generally used when carrying anything heavy on the head. A popular receptacle for water is a tiny barrel, with a handle on one side, and to see the girls returning home of an evening with these little water-barrels balanced on their heads is indeed a pretty picture.

It was very interesting to watch these women at work on the ships, in their "bucket" hats, brilliantly colored rags, double waists and bare feet. I photographed two of a group of women busy unloading a sandboat, and gave them twenty reis, or two cents, each. This greatly delighted them, for the average wage of these

women is only about seventy reis, or seven cents, a day.

Market-places are naturally associated with women, and in Portugal as in other countries the women do all the marketing. But nowhere have I seen the same kind of markets as in Portugal. The Mercado do Bulhau in Oporto is typical of the markets of the country. At this market there are three long rows of covered stalls, devoted for the most part to vegetables and tinware of all sorts suitable for kitchen use. Parallel with the stalls are three broad stone pavements, alternating with the stalls. These pavements are thronged with women in the morning sitting behind baskets full of live chickens, meat and oranges, each pavement being used for a single commodity. The live chicken vendors proved the greatest attraction for me. As I passed down this long row of animated poultry a chicken would occasionally be swung in my face, cackling and fluttering, while its good points were rapidly recited by the saleswoman, to the satisfaction of herself and the intense disgust of the hapless bird.

The most interesting market in Portugal is the fish-market at Lisbon. It is held out in the open, and the business is done entirely by women. Hundreds of girls come here with boat-shaped baskets on their heads to buy fish. The bottom of each basket is covered with a piece of green oilcloth, contrasting charmingly with its burden of large silvery fish. Before they are sold the fish are stretched along polished stone counters running the length of the market. The girls line up on one side of the counter, the vendors on the other, and while the market is on, the bickering, arguing and frantic waving of hands and arms creates a scene long to be remembered. Here as elsewhere among the poorer class women the girls go about in bare feet, although they may sometimes be seen scuffling along in heeless slippers. After the fish has been bought the girls immediately depart to a nearby shed, where they clean the fish in big troughs.

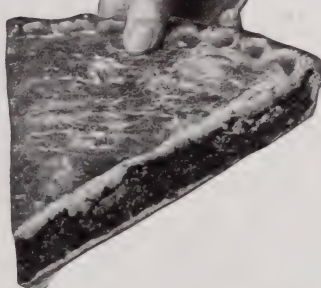
My last impression of Portugal was of women at work. The boat which was to take me back to Liverpool lay anchored close to a coaler discharging her cargo at the Lisbon docks. Women were busy taking off the coal. Never before have I seen human beings more hopelessly dirty. The faces, hands, feet and clothes of these women were literally ingrained with filth. And yet they were happy. As they went to and fro along the plank which connected the coaler with the shore they laughed and chaffed with each other, or burst into snatches of song. A. W. CUTLER.

## Among the Workers

—INTELLECTUALLY and spiritually, this has been a great season at Northfield. The last two weeks of August were devoted to "Post Conference Addresses," the speakers including the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., of Toronto, Canada, the Rev. James A. Francis, D.D., of Boston, Mass., and the Rev. John McDowell, Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J. The Fall Training Conference of the secretaries of the Foreign and Student Department of the Y. M. C. A. under the leadership of Dr. John R. Mott holds an eight-day session. With the closing of the Conference work, the regular institutional work begins.

—THE PRAYER life of the Moody Bible Institute begins in the early morning with what is called a "quiet time" of fifteen minutes, which the students keep in their rooms before going down to breakfast. After breakfast a brief devotional exercise is conducted. After supper the men gather in one hall and the women in another for a "fellowship meeting." While the superintendents are responsible for its conduct, usually they choose a student to have charge of it—a different student each night. This is a prayer meeting where requests from all over the world are brought to the Lord. It lasts about thirty minutes and is a great spiritual uplift.

# Mince Pie!



—the greatest of all desserts—beef, apples, raisins, currants, cider and spices—baked between two crisp, flaky, brown crusts! A dessert that has more enthusiastic worshippers than all other desserts put together.

And yet, in many homes, the most infrequent dessert of all because those homes have never tried mince pie made with

## NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

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Are you a member of such a family? If so, stop at the grocer's this morning—ask for None Such, leave a dime and hurry home for dinner.

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## The Little White Room

By MARGUERITE GOODE LAIRD

THE tall man with the grey eyes opened the door of the room softly, stood on the threshold a minute, then stepped in and gently closed the door behind him. It was a pretty room—more than a pretty room—it was a characteristic one, one that reflected as a bright clear mirror the inward spirit of its owner. It spoke in an almost audible whisper of the daintiness, the refined sweetness, the culture of the woman to whom it belonged.

It was unmistakably the room of a woman—one could not have thought otherwise for a second. The soft carpet that sunk under the slightest touch of one's foot; the windows curtained in muslin of snowy whiteness; the heavy brass bed with its clinging canopy, its soft pillows, its white coverlet; the dressing table, that pride and delight of dainty femininity, strewn with silver brushes, combs, powder-boxes and numerous trifles of seeming uselessness; its long oval mirror which caught, reflected back and added to the coziness of the room. The big arm chair drawn up before the bright little fire which crackled and burned merrily as if well pleased with the myriad reflections it caught of itself in the mirror, the high polish of the white furniture, the brass of the bed; each article told its own story. The whole presented the embodiment of a living, breathing spirit.

The tall man with the grey eyes held in his arms a big bunch of roses—white roses—and the fragrance of them filled the room like the incense of a shrine. He held them close to his face for a little while, then slowly put them one by one in the tall vase of cut glass that was standing in the middle of the table.

When he had put the last one in he stood off and looked at them a minute, then slowly shook his head. "She likes them arranged more loosely," he mused, but he did not change them. He had already done the best he could. While he arranged them, there had been a quiver about his strong lips, and the lines in his face seemed hard and drawn, but as his gaze lingered on them his face grew softer, and when he had seated himself in the big armchair before the bright little fire the quivering of his lips ceased altogether.

He looked around the room as if to drink in more fully its beauty. Across the bed lay a dressing gown of soft, shimmering white. At its foot were two little Turkish slippers adorned with big bunches of gold fringe.

The man's gaze rested on them the longest of all. Then he turned and looked at the picture over the mantel—Taylor's "Hanging of the Crane." He had given it to her on their wedding day and she had said that she loved it best of all his gifts.

And it was thus they had sat together that first night when he had brought her home. She would come in presently, then she would put on the dressing gown of shimmering white and the slippers with the golden fringe. The big chair would be big enough for two, and he could feel even now the warmth of her cheek against his, the softness of her hair, the clasp of her little hands which he would hold close in his own strong ones. He would listen to the sweetness of her voice when she would whisper happily "I love you" just as if it were something new he had never guessed before. How he would have to beg her to say it again, as he always did and she would not—until he should cover the redness of her lips with many kisses! He could see the dimples come and go, and hear the rippling music of her laugh as she would yield in self-defense. He thought of a thousand things too beautiful, too exquisitely intimate to be written.

Had there ever been such a heaven on earth below, or in the sky above? He smiled as he thought of it.

Long he sat thus. The fire ceased to crackle and burn, only the ashes were left with a bright little coal or two peeping from their grayness to stare at the tall man who still sat in the big armchair—the one that was big enough for two. And the lamp burned dim—still more dim—till with a little flicker it went out, and the room was left in darkness save for the coals which still burned on. The tall man with the gray eyes looked long into their glowing depths, then quietly turned and left the room. Noiselessly he closed the door behind him and locked it once more.

Long he had waited and she had not come, often and often he would wait again and she would not come, for many days had passed since she left him to go to that land where there is no sorrow, where there is no night, and where the sound of weeping is not heard. But the spirit of her was still in the little white room—the Gethsemane in which weary hours of agony had taught him to say "Thy will be done." Whatever the past had held for him, whatever the future might have in store for him, he had had that one perfect year in which he had drunk deep of life and love and joy.

Once more the tall man with the gray eyes went forth to face the world, and the soul of the man was sweeter, the spirit of the man was whiter, and the strength of the man was greater, for in the emptiness of the little white room he had learnt God's lesson that out of the bitter shall come forth sweet, and out of great weakness shall grow great strength.

### The Woman Who Jumped in the Dark

Continued from page 955

eat bread and sugar for tea; but we did not either of us care. It was the best I had, and all I had, and we've had more than one good laugh over it since. There's going to be a school-house next year, and they're talking of forming us into a municipality this winter—oh, the country is getting better every day.

"Am I lonesome? Not a bit of it! With all these new things going on, and a new branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific coming in, and a garden and a home, and two of the best boys anybody ever had! I should say I'm not lonesome. All I wish is that there were twenty-four more hours in the day, there are so many things to do around the place."

Mrs. Caithness laughed again, and turned up the kitten's chin to tickle it skilfully, as it purred in her lap. "No," she said, "I haven't a thing to complain of, and I can tell you that if you're ever half as happy as I am here, you can count yourself lucky. Now I've got to flax around and get supper. What do you say to hot biscuits and honey?"

### Meetings at Scottdale

—LAST FALL the Davis-Mills evangelists were invited by the Scottdale, Pa., Ministerial Association to hold a series of meetings in the mill town. The preaching was bold, pungent, yet loving, and it went home to the hearts of the vast throngs which crowded into the tabernacle. All denominations lent their help, led by the pastors of the various churches. Hundreds of souls professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The results are gratifying. Men's and women's Bible classes have been organized, temperance societies and missionary societies have been increased, works of organized charity have been set on foot; the Sunday Schools have increased from twenty to forty per cent. in their attendance and the Old Book is being studied as never before.

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- 3—A stove on which the freight is paid.
- 4—A stove which is guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction.
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- 6—You get more liberal credit accommodations.

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Stoves bought away from home, though sold on 30 days' free trial, are hard to return; troublesome to crate and to haul to the station. You pay a higher freight rate than your local dealer. You take chances and risks that you need never take if you buy at home.

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"I gave up making the  
change in my complexion it  
has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you  
have done for me. Last  
year I weighed 216 pounds.  
This year I weigh 140 and have not  
gained an ounce back. I am  
not wrinkles, I feel so  
young and strong, no more  
nervous, no singeing eyes,  
and I can do anything. I  
surprising how easily I did  
it, I feel 10 years younger."

"Just think. I have not  
had a pill or a cathartic  
since I began, and I used to  
take one every night."

"My weight has increased  
30 pounds. I don't know  
what confidence is any  
more, and my eyes are so  
good. I sleep like a baby."

"Since I began, I have  
taken off my nervousness, and my  
complexion is so much better.  
Just that good."

"I feel as if I could look  
every man, woman and child  
in the face with the feeling  
that I am an *essence*  
of spirit, strength, and  
merit. Really I am a  
stronger, better woman."

don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

My first book tells how to stand and walk correctly,  
and contains other information of vital use to  
every woman. Every woman who comes to it, will  
find it. If you do not need it, you may be able to help  
some other woman.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to  
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## NEW WORK\*

THE Persian poet, Hafiz, who said  
so many wise and beautiful things,  
wrote: "On the neck of the young man  
sparkles no gem so gracious as enter-  
prise."

Another poet, our own English  
Campbell, admired as much the spirit  
of hard and active work, though we  
are wont to regard poets as valuing it  
lightly. He said that "a man accus-  
tomed to work was equal to any  
achievement he resolved on, and that,  
for himself, necessity, not inspiration,  
was the prompter of his muse."

Perhaps he would have stood higher  
if he had trusted more to inspiration,  
but, again, perhaps he would not have  
stood as high. Certainly these two  
testimonies from a class which we do  
not connect with hard effort, mean  
much as endorsements of the value of  
work.

It is quite possible that as youth  
grows older, it may come to find its  
greatest satisfaction in work. That  
may not seem possible now. You, per-  
haps, cannot conceive of a time when  
sport will not be your supreme de-  
light. Duty may not yet have shown  
to you the charm of her enchanting  
face, but if you live an honest, indus-  
trious life, doing with your might,  
and in the best way you know, your  
daily work, you will learn that the joy  
of seeing a good thing grow under  
your hand, come to its perfection and  
be sent forth into the world for its  
help and comfort, is a wonderful joy;  
and as your work largely represents  
your duty, you will come to love it,  
and can enter warmly into the spirit  
of Wordsworth's great "Ode to Duty,"  
which he calls "Stern Daughter of the  
Voice of God," and can say with him:

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know'st we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face.  
Flowers lay before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient heavens through thee  
Are fresh and strong.

Your work may be, like that of  
Haggai, to move others to do long ne-  
glected tasks; you may be the Zerub-  
babel or the Joshua who is to build a  
house to the Lord; or you may be a  
great lawmaker like Pericles, of whom  
it was said that during the whole pe-  
riod of his administration, he never  
once dined in the house of a friend;  
or you may have only a small work  
to do in some obscure place. What-  
ever or wherever it may be, that work  
is to be the touchstone of your hap-  
piness and the gauge of your conse-  
quence, if not here, then hereafter.  
Men may not recognize the painstaking  
and the skill that you have put  
into it, but God knows, and he will not  
let any honest effort go unrewarded.

Perhaps a lesson not often empha-  
sized may be found in the story of the  
talents. It is that of the duty of try-  
ing, merely trying. The man with the  
one talent did not even try to in-  
crease it. He was timid, and this  
timidity was counted to him for sin.  
We may possibly attribute to him laz-  
iness also; and laziness and timidity  
are accounted to mankind as sin. In-  
dustry and courage are not only ad-  
mirable qualities, but it is our positive  
duty to have them. A distinct corollary  
from this proposition is that, be-  
ing our duty, we are able to acquire  
industry and courage, for God sets  
us no duty without granting also the  
ability to do it.

"More are made good by practice  
than by nature," said a wise old  
Greek.

This is most encouraging. Let us  
try our best, laying our hands faith-  
fully to the work which God has given  
to us, and endeavoring to break new  
paths for it. Then at the last day we  
may show better results than he who  
was far more highly endowed at birth.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, Octo-  
ber 8. TEXT: Matt. 25:13-30.

# The Men We Love and The Men We Marry

Are there generally two men in a  
woman's life—the man she loves and  
the man she marries?

A woman, keenly observant, and who has seen  
much of girls and women, holds that it is  
more often true than many suppose. Then  
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the duty of a woman to be the wife of the  
man she married, not that of the man she  
wishes she had married.

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# Christian Herald

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## Questions and Answers

C. H. S., Lebanon, Pa. Is it wrong to be a member of a secret organization, where intoxicating drinks are sold and cards, billiards, pool and other games are played on the Lord's Day?

The question carries its own answer. It is wrong to be a member of such an organization at any time. Societies, secret or otherwise, where gambling and drinking are permitted, should be avoided. However many good features they might have, the fact that they have these unquestionably bad ones is sufficient to condemn them outright. We cannot imagine any self-respecting man, young or old, who would belong to an organization where it was customary to drink or gamble at any time; and to do those things on the Lord's Day would be adding the sin of Sabbath desecration to other offenses.

D. J. McL., Sydney, Nova Scotia. In *World's Great Sermons*, Vol. VII, page 49, the Psalmist is quoted as using the words "the round world." Where can this be found? The nearest approach to such an expression is found in Isa. 40: 22—"That sitteth upon the circle of the earth." This may or may not imply the earth's roundness. See also Job 22: 14.

C. I. S., Seattle, Wash. Is the after-going a proper amusement or recreation for a Christian? Is the theatre a place where a Christian would want to be found if the Lord should return?

There are good and bad plays; some that are elevating and instructive; but, unfortunately, many others that are vicious and demoralizing. Many efforts have been made to reform the theatre, but none have succeeded to any great extent. In its present condition, it must be admitted that the objectionable features prevail. Such being the case, we are compelled to answer your question in the negative.

W. A., Los Angeles, Calif. Can one person bear the penalty of another? If not, how could Christ take upon himself the penalty of our sins?

The principle of sacrifice for sin is as old as religion itself. The burnt-offering, the scapegoat, etc., are familiar illustrations. Christ was the last and crowning sacrifice in that he gave himself for the sins of the world, being the reconciliation for all who believe in and accept him as Saviour. See Lev. 1: 4, 7; 18; Gal. 2: 20; Rom. 14: 5; 11; Cor. 5: 15; 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19; Heb. 9: 26, 28; Rom. 5: 8, 10; Heb. 10: 10, and many other passages on the same subject.

B. M., Jr., SYRACUSE, N. Y. I know THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is ever ready to help the inquirer. Can you supply a brief definition of a Christian's privileges in such compact form that it will be easily remembered?

A Christian is (1) one who believes in Jesus Christ the divine Son of God, and that through his life and atonement we have everlasting life; (2) the Christian through his fellowship with Christ receives the adoption of a child of God (see 1 John 3: 2 and 5: 1); (3) he enters into fellowship and communion with God. See Heb. 2: 11, 16; 1 John 1: 3; Prov. 18: 24. (4) He is sanctified and separated. See Rom. 1: 7; 1 Ths. 1: 14, 15; 1 Thms. 5: 22. (5) He is a soldier. 1 Tim. 6: 12; 11 Tim. 2: 3, 4. (6) He is an heir of glory. Rom. 8: 17; Gal. 3: 29; Gal. 4: 7; Titus 3: 7; 1 Pet. 3: 4.

E. F., Cumberland, Md. Have any of the sacred books that are accepted as authoritative and inspired ever been lost? What is known concerning the missing books of the Bible?

It is generally held by eminent authorities that no writing, either Jewish or Christian, which is sacred or inspired, was ever lost, and indeed could not be, so that the canon of Scripture is complete. The so-called missing books of the Old Testament were mainly records or memoranda of matters and events which the sacred writers incorporated in their histories. The "Book of the Covenant" referred to the Jewish law; the "Book of the Wars of the Lord" was a record of Jewish bat-

ties; the "Book of Jasher" was a compilation of chronicles and military matters; the "Book of Solomon" contained proverbs, songs, chants and philosophic sayings. Of less importance were the Books of Gad and Nathan, the "Prophecies of Ahijah and Iddo," the "Book of Shemaiah," the "Book of Jehu," and the "Sayings of the Seers." The loss of these books is greatly lessened by the conviction that practically all there was in them of value is incorporated in the present canon of Scripture.

Mrs. N. E., Cestos, Okla. What are some of the personal blessings which come to us through the death of Jesus? What are some of the national blessings? In our Sunday School the last one was answered, but not satisfactorily.

The personal blessings are many, and include assurance of salvation now and eternal life hereafter; keeping us from the power of sin and strengthening us to resist temptation; the divine peace that comes to the soul that rests upon God, having made surrender of our will for his will; the blessed presence of the Comforter, besides the promises to which every redeemed child of God may justly lay claim. The national blessings of Christianity are obvious, and may be summed up in the one sentence: "Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord." The Christian nations to-day are

Smith, the celebrated Bible scholar, calls attention to the fact that the Orientals loved to use the parable as a vehicle for their teaching. Isaiah has frequent instances of this, and for other illustrations see Judges 9: 7-15; II Sam. 12: 1-6 and 14: 6-11; Kings 16: 9; Ezek. 17: 3-10; 10: 2-9 and 24: 3-6. It was not exclusively a Jewish literary trait, but was also used extensively by the Greeks in their fabulous literature, as witness *Aesop's Fables*. Above all else, the parable is the most popular and effective method of conveying spiritual truth to the multitudes.

Mrs. G. W., Cecil, O. Please explain Isa. 45: 7: "I make peace and create evil." It surely does not mean that God is the author of evil, as I heard a man say a few days ago.

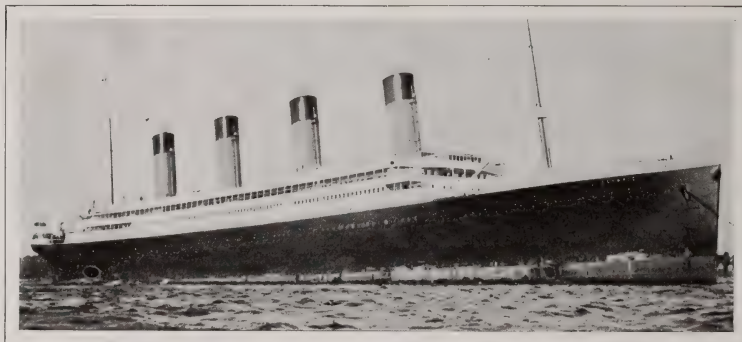
It does not refer to moral evil, but to discord or disturbance in the order of the universe as a whole. Thus as light and darkness are opposites, so in the next clause of the verse peace and disorder are opposites. Evil is the negation of good and distinction must be made between natural and moral evil. Among natural evils are wars, earthquakes, storms, plagues or whatever disturbs or disarranges the perfection of natural things; whereas moral evil is thought, word or act that is contrary to the revealed law of God and is therefore sin.

and unclean meats was largely done away with. I Cor. 8: 7, 10. 2. Orthodox Hebrews met it as food and so do many others, wholly on sanitary grounds. Yet multitudes eat it. It would appear, too, that many of the Jews of Christ's time violated the Mosaic law in this respect. In hot countries swine's flesh in the skin diseases. The Egyptian held the pig a sacred animal, since by turning up the pig with its snout, it taught men the art of plowing. G. V. B., Boyd Station, Pa. Please explain what "sin unto death" is.

The sin "unto death" is one against the Holy Spirit, and which tends toward or is destined to result in spiritual death. Alford makes the act of "openly denying Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Such wilful deeds are not to be received into one's house (see II John verses 10 and 11). The apostle's meaning is evidently that this chief sin is one by which faith and love are destroyed and new life killed by a palpable rejection of grace. When such a person knowingly thrusts out of his life the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit, he is not to be received into one's house, as the Ghost's plain testimony to the Divine Messiah, Jesus on the cross pleaded for those who were not what they did in crucifying him, nor are those wilfully resisting grace.

Mrs. W. V. P., Waldo, Fla. For the sake of the young men and girls of America, to prevent the present on of one of the leading figures in the Virginia tragedy from acting her role in the living picture shows, has been terrible to have her press drag the disgraceful trial in all its infamous and degeneration, before the reading public. I have seen, the youngest seven, and it was impossible to keep the papers out of his sight. The disgraceful way will certainly have a demoralizing effect on young girls and youths, and thereby not what they did in crucifying him, nor are those wilfully resisting grace.

We have already expressed our opinion of the proposed exhibition. Boston and New York have both prohibited it and other cities will follow their example.



The White Star Liner "Olympic," Injured in Collision Off the Isle of Wight

AS THAT giant of the sea, the White Star liner *Olympic*, was leaving Southampton on September 20 with the largest passenger list which any single vessel had ever carried, she met with an accident which has but one parallel in the history of navigation. The big ship was passing down Cowes Roads on her way to Harbourside and New York when the British first-class cruiser *Hawke*, steaming alongside of her, in some way—as yet unexplained—deviated from its course and crashed into the starboard side of the *Olympic* just back of the mainmast. In spite of the fact that a hole twenty by seventy feet in size was torn in the *Olympic's* side and the bow of the cruiser was so badly damaged that it was doubtful whether she will be worth the great expenditure that will be required to put her in repair, no panic or disorder took place on either vessel. Captain E. J. Smith of the *Olympic* immediately headed his vessel toward the shores of Osborne Bay in the Isle of Wight, but as soon as he realized that the closing of the water-tight bulkheads had made his ship absolutely safe he reassured the passengers and promised that the *Olympic* would land them all safely back in Southampton on the following day. All the passengers on the ship have spoken in the highest possible terms of commendation of the conduct of Captain Smith and his crew. In fact, it is stated that one first cabin passenger slept through the entire trouble and that some ten or fifteen minutes after the accident took place and the ship's anchors had been cast, the large majority of the passengers went in to lunch as if nothing had happened. The *Olympic* is being temporarily patched up so that she may proceed to the Harland & Wolff shipbuilding yards at Belfast, Ireland. The damage is estimated at \$125,000, and it is claimed will take some three months to repair.

the nations of progress, of humanity, of education, of social and political enlightenment, as contrasted with the nations that still "sit in darkness."

G. W. W., Odessa, Texas. What is meant by Rev. 20: 7 and 8?

As already explained in THE MAIL-BAG some time ago, Magog is a general name for northern nations of Japheth's posterity, whose ideal head is Gog (see Gen. 10: 2). The words signify "lofty, elevated." In Revelation they are mystical names, representing the final adversaries led by Satan in person. The blood running up to the horses' bristles is a figure of speech implying the fulness of slaughter, the completeness of destruction.

S. R., Boise City, Idaho. Much of Christ's teaching is in parables. Can any explanation be given why he adopted that style of teaching so largely, when his disciples and Christian teachers generally deal more with argument than illustration?

The use of the parable to convey a moral and philosophical lesson is very ancient. Rev. David

L. M. P., Linwood, N. Y., writes pointing out the fact that the decree that none of the Israelites of the generation that came out of Egypt should enter Canaan, applied only to men of war and not to the Levites, who were not armed (see Deut. 2: 14; Num. 1: 48), also that it did not include those who were children when they left Egypt (see Num. 14: 31). Eleazar, the priest, was also excepted (see Num. 34: 17).

S. M., North Ferrisburg, Vt. 1. Was the meat offered to idols (as was habitually done) by the idolatrous nations) would have been to sanction idolatry. Besides it was forbidden even after the legal distinction between clean

1. It was the custom to throw a small portion of the viands and the wine on the hearth as an offering to the gods, so that the whole entertainment might be consecrated to them (see Deut. 32: 38). To partake of meat or drink offered to idols (as was habitually done) by the idolatrous nations) would have been to sanction idolatry. Besides it was forbidden even after the legal distinction between clean

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. J. C., Dover, Fla. See answer to question in MAIL-BAG of September 13.

G. B., Saco, Me. Pronounced as written in two syllables, with accent on the first.

J. B. McN., Attmore, Ala. See answers and another correspondent in a recent issue origin of names and surnames.

A. C. M., Rockford, Ill. We are familiar with the account in Maccabees, but it has seriously considered in connection with the Ark.

M. M. S., Huntington, L. I. "The Ball of the Keys," a poem written by Francis Parkinson, in December, 1777, is printed in *Flora* at the end of Vol. I. of Spencer's *History of the United States*.

W. H. P., Covington, Tenn. The answer given with respect to the non-teaching of the Bible in the churches (in the old Calvinistic sense) was not opinion, but a matter of fact. It is no longer emphasized. Human merit has nothing to do with the case.

A. M. H., Hartford, Conn. The poem titled "The Blackberry Girl" is printed in the book, *Songs for the Little Ones at Home* (published by the American Tract Society) in the volume with no author's name attached. As regards the verses in the volume are by the Taylors, this poem is generally attributed to *Spalding*.

H. A. P., Hartford, Wis. The future life cannot be disposed of in a mere paragraph. The Bible and especially the New Testament the great revelation regarding it. Read it fully and reverently, especially such portions as John, 14th chapter; 1 Cor., 15th chapter; II Cor., 5th chapter; Rev. 21st and 22d chapters. Read also the book *After Death—What?* which presents the whole subject very fully.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



A Village Woman of Samaria.



The Anglican Church at Nazareth



In the Path Through the Wheat Field



## PALESTINE YIELDING TO CHANGE

By A. FORDER, Jerusalem

AMONG the people of the Holy Land, perhaps none are so interesting as those resident between Jerusalem and Galilee, for the simplicity of their life is not only instructive, but the variety in the cut and color of their garments calls for comment from the most casual traveler. Unfortunately, the costumes of the country are fast disappearing and Western cut and fashion are taking their place; but no native looks so well in European costume as in his own clothes. In only a few villages are the original costumes now preserved. In spite of changing costumes, the women of Palestine are still attractive and their bright eyes and white teeth, often encircled in jet-black hair, would make a subject for any artist. The one thing the natives wonder is, "Why do these strangers (travelers) leave their country and come to ours? for what is there to see here?" It is the question they put to themselves as often as a party of tourists passes along. Many an Oriental maid, in a dress of stuff made in Manchester, leans on a wall and watches a tourist pass by with this question in her mind, and she goes home to tell her friends that she has seen or perhaps heard from the strangers through their guide.

The Roman temple or palace recently unearthed by American excavators at Samaria is supposed to have been built by one of the Herods on the site of the palace of Mari, who, it will be remembered, had his capital and palace there quite a thousand years before the Herods. The presence of an important ruin was indicated by several partly buried columns, but few imagined that they formed part of so important a ruin as that of one of Samaria's finest buildings. Now not only the extent of the palace has been revealed, but also the style of architecture, and halls with stone benches and recesses, where probably court and receptions were held. Mosaic and well-worn floors all bear witness to a period previous to the blight and devastation caused by the Mohammedan invader's hand. With the continued work of the excavators probably other important things will come to light, witnessing to the splendor and wealth of a city of which it was predicted, "Samaria shall be plowed as a field." This is literally come to pass.

Speaking of large buildings, I am reminded of a trip to Nazareth. The Protestant church there is the native church of the Church Missionary Society. From any point at the south end of the town this sanc-

tuary is visible; but few know what an interesting history is attached to it. It was related to me by an old man, a native of the town. When it was considered advisable to erect a church in Nazareth to accommodate the growing congregation of the mission, the only site that the Turkish government would allow for such a purpose was the dunghill of the town. This was accepted and cleared of the accumulation of rubbish. Underneath was found rock on which to put up the church. In time, bells

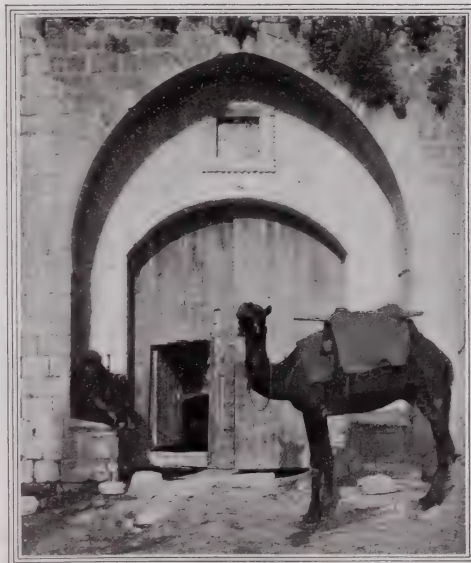
were needed to call the people to service, but there was no money available. About that time, Emperor William I. visited Palestine and went to Nazareth, and came in touch with the missionary in charge, who was a German subject. On being asked if anything was needed for the church, he told the Kaiser about the bells. To this His Majesty replied by saying: "There are many of Napoleon's old cannon lying about. I will have some sent to Germany and cast into bells, and send them for the church." This was done, and if the story is correct, what was once intended for destructive purposes is now used in quite another way, and for the general good. If the old native's story is true, it ought to make the church at Nazareth one of the most attractive sights by the wayside at the end of the journey from Jerusalem.

During the months of blossoming, Palestine is carpeted with flowers growing in the most unlikely places. From tiny holes and cracks in the hard rocks beautiful clumps of cyclamen raise their heads, the banks, that generally look as though nothing could ever come from them, are radiant with white, red, and purple anemones, poppies, iris of many hues, wild roses, and a variety of other blooms.

Last spring during a trip to Galilee, the writer with some friends held in their hands at one time forty-seven varieties of wild flowers, and in less than two days they gathered more than one hundred and twenty kinds of flowers, all growing on the banks, plains, and roadsides of the country. In the enclosures of some of the natives' homes grow plants and flowers that in other lands would need care and protection; but here they flourish and blossom unheeded, dying off and coming up year after year, without any attention being given to them.

Many ancient sepulchres by the roadside tell of a people that expended much time and energy in the disposal of their dead. Tombs of different periods, varying in size and form, may be seen on all hands, the country between Jerusalem and Nablous being full of them, for the rocky nature of the land lends itself to excavating of this kind. In the valley known as the Robbers' Valley, and near the springs that bear the same name, is a tomb of unusual interest. It is probably Jewish, and may be quite three thousand years old. He who had the tomb hewn, or who was interred in it, left

Continued on page 985



"The Needle's Eye," the Small Door in an Eastern Wall Gate



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Hugh Black, D.D.\*

## JOY AND STRENGTH

TEXT: Nehemiah 8: 10—"The joy of the Lord is your strength."

THE great work which Ezra and Nehemiah did first of all was to infuse some national unity and patriotic spirit into the feeble and discouraged remnant of Jews who had returned from exile. The reformers then proceeded to publish the law, to take it from the exclusive knowledge of the priests, and make it accessible to every Jew. This was done by making the written law the standard of life. Our text is from the passage which describes the first public reading of the law in the hearing of all the people. Beyond all else that Nehemiah did for his people, beyond his wise statesmanship, his political and social reforms, his practical works, this step did more than all else to make the Jews what they became, a distinct and separate people, saving them from extinction and absorption, giving their national life a centre which enabled them to survive any outward fortune. The written law became the standard of religion and of life henceforth for all Jews.

### "Neither Be Ye Sorry"

The scene which depicts the first step in this great progress is very dramatic. The people gathered themselves together, and the sacred Book was opened before their eyes. The solemn words of God's law were read out and expounded to them; the law that was to be henceforth their only rule. The people, when they heard the words of the law, wept perhaps as they thought of how they had transgressed it, and how they had to come through sore trial to be in the mood to accept it unreservedly. Nehemiah, however, felt that the appropriate temper for them should be not sorrow but joy. It should be celebrated not as a fast but as a feast, a great festival of rejoicing, as with hope and confidence they looked forward to the future. He said unto all the people, "This day is holy to the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Their faith in God's providence and love ought to bring with it great gladness of heart. In proportion as they believe they should rejoice; and in proportion as they truly rejoice will they be strong for all the tasks of life, and for the greatest task of all, to build up their nation in the fear and service of God. Because the day was a great event full of solemn and inspiring thought, because the day was holy unto their Lord, they must put away all sombre and sorrowful things, they must take hold of the deep secure joy associated with their new faith. "Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Is it too much to say that this reasoning seems very novel and unnatural to us? Does it not strike us at first as rather a strange argument? We think the Jew might well weep, might well be allowed to weep, if not constrained to weep, on such a solemn and sacred occasion. It even appears to us to be quite in keeping with religion generally that there should be at least a minor key. We sometimes even look upon religion as a somewhat doleful thing, associated more with sorrow than with joy. We might imagine also that the natural sorrow, which came to these Jews as they heard the law they had violated, would make a more lasting impression on them and lead them to make more permanent use of the occasion. Let us then consider the words, and see if Nehemiah's reasoning has not some cogency.

In our deepest thinking we usually underestimate the place and value of joy in life. Even as a matter of temperament we are inclined to think that the bright and sunny nature must be shallow, and that the melancholy temperament is more likely to be the deepest and greatest. It is a prejudice which has been fastened on our mind by much writing about certain attributes of genius, of a piece with the modern theory that genius is a sort of affection of the nerves and is therefore closely allied with insanity. I have seen it stated in books more than once that most men of real and indisputable genius have been melancholy. Well, my standard of natural genius is Shakespeare, absolutely sane, absolutely healthy, with no mawkish-

ness of feeling so common in pinchbeck genius, of cheerful temperament, and a bright sunny view of life. The fact is that it is confusion of thought which is responsible for the other opinion. We assume that if Shakespeare, or any other, sees below the surface of things, and recognizes the tragedy of life and all the sin and sorrow of men, that therefore his temperament must be melancholy. Schiller's judgment is a profound one and a true one, "A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noblest and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls that only mourn the past and dread the future are not capable of seizing on the holiest moments of life." The affectation of sentiment and the spurious pathos, so easy to do and so common in our literature, have made it easy for us to believe the opposite of Schiller's judgment.

Further, our common view of religion has greatly helped in the growth of the error. Is it not spoken of in many quarters as the sorrowful way, and the melancholy inn, and the like? The Christian faith even has been succinctly defined by a great master of literature as "the worship of sorrow." We know the element of profound truth in this exaggeration; just as we know that in every deep soul probably sorrow of some kind has had much to do with its making; but it is to put the emphasis on the wrong thing when we disparage joy and exalt mere sorrow as a sign of either greatness or goodness. It is not even an infallible instrument of grace. It can come to a life and leave it poorer than before. It can come to a heart and leave it only the harder. It can engulf a mind, and only take from it its strength; whereas joy may be a source of insight and a secret of wisdom and a fountain of strength. Indeed joy is naturally associated with strength. Mere sorrow,—the sorrow of the world,—is a narrowing, weakening thing. It damps back the natural forces. It shuts a man up within himself. It gives a jaundiced eye which sees the world clothed in drab, making nothing worth striving for, nothing worth living for. It robs the soul of its native force, killing aspiration as the rain puts out the kindling beacon. We need to free our mind from cant here also. There is a shallow cheerfulness, but there is also a shallow melancholy. We speak glibly of the refining fire of sorrow, but in itself it is only a fire that can consume as well as refine. It altogether depends on the way it is received, the spirit in which it is met; and that can be said of every other experience in life.

### "The Deep Power of Joy"

Our common talk is even an injustice to God, and a libel on his character; as if all natural joys were but lures of the devil, and only grief were a divine messenger. The companions of the sorrowful way may have much to teach us; but when we walk with them we may be looking only at the stones among our feet and never at the blue sky above us. We may learn much at the melancholy inn, but the company there may be pretty poor after all as at any other inn. Rather we should realize that joy is strength. It is the fundamental principle of life, and the condition of growth. It is the expansive, enlarging force, as sorrow is the narrow, weakening force. We just need to look at the child opening out in every power through the joy of youth, as the flowers open in the sunshine. Great work also is done with something of the spontaneity and expansion of joy, done because it is a delight to do it. Sorrow rightly used may often give insight, forcing the mind to think and the eye to see; just as disease may read us many a lesson. At the same time joy is the normal, as health is the normal, and life all disease would only be death. Is there no opportunity for a keener insight through the uplifting, exulting power of happiness? With the "deep power of joy," said Wordsworth, "we see into the heart of things." Should this not be true, if there is at the heart of things, as we believe, perfect life, perfect joy, perfect love?

We discredit joy as a divine agent because of another common confusion of thought between joy and what we call pleasures. It is the confusion between the inner and the outward. There is pleasure which leaves a bad taste in the mouth so

to speak, and which is to be judged not merely the passing pleasure, but by its after-effects, now and otherwise. The test of all true, healthy joy is that it strengthens and sweetens life.

Now if this is the function of joy, even natural joy, we can enter into the force of the argument that the Jews on that great hopeful day were to sorrow, "for the joy of the Lord is strength." The comfort and delight of their life in God was to be used by them as a strength in their life, endowing them with confidence and power. They would do better work and no service if they did so appropriate the gladness and buoyant force of their faith. It would keep them from craven failure which might be easy to a pined and half-hearted faith. If they looked forward to the future with a fearful eye they could not do for God and country what would be possible to the high heart of hope and the deep power of joy. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

### "Enter Into the Joy of Thy Lord"

If we too believe in God and accept the message of his love, should not the same be true of us? We believe in the revelation of the Father, if we believe in the forgiveness of sin and the life of Christ, should we not accept gratefully the Master's heritage when he left his legacy of joy? If joy I give unto you that your joy might be full, thus to the Christian, joy should be not only a privilege but his duty; and not only his duty, his strength, his force. We have seen that all is strength; and this Christian joy should be the source of strength that can never run dry. "Rejoice evermore," exultingly cried St. Paul, a mighty fighter, knowing what a weapon it was in the believer's hand. Joy should be his habit, his mind, his temperament of faith. Sorrows come and will come; but faith is not made perfect by they are driven out by the strong hand of joy. The one and only cure for sorrow is joy. A thing else is only a half-cure at the best. Resignation is only a palliative. And if we are too doubting and timid, anxious about the present and fearful about the future, is it not because we have not accepted the full consequences of our faith? Have we not plucked the rich fruits of believing? Paul's prayer for the Roman Church was that they might be filled with all joy and peace in believing; that they might abound in hope. Can faith which has none of these blessed fruits be rightly called faith at all? Who should be so filled with peace and so abound in hope, and be so moved by joy, those who know in whom they have believed? Sorrows may even compass them about; misfortune may surround and dog them; but within they have a fount of joy that is a perennial strength.

Think also what a misfortune it is, to say at least, that the young should have so much cause to imagine that religion means gloom and darkness instead of joy and light. Dr. Johnson compared the sour narrowness of some men to the neck of a vinegar bottle. We know with what measure of truth the comparison can be applied to some forms of religion. It is a calamity when the good news should be perverted in what is its essential feature. Instead of being narrow and gloomy and dim religion is the biggest and brightest and grandest thing that can come into a man's life, transforming every power and inspiring every energy, bringing it in peace and flooding it with joy. His way is the way of joy, a deeper joy than the world knows, for it is independent of fortune, and independent of mood, born in the very soul, born of the love of God. Who should be joyful if not we whom has come the vision, to whom has come the assurance of eternal love? Who should know the thrill of joy and the music of happy hearts, if not we who have heard the glad tidings of great joy? Who should abound in peace if not we who have learned that underneath are the everlasting arms of faith. Enter into the joy of thy Lord. And out to the tasks of your life, strengthened by the deep power of joy. Lift up your face and smile. Lift up your heart, though it falter and fear, and believe. Strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees, as the word comes to them that are of a fearful heart. Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

\* Professor of Practical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.



## THE REAPER'S JOY

WE read the words of the Master,  
One sows while another will reap,  
Thronging grows in the loving heart,  
That it be not found asleep;  
Runay with the joyful reapers be;  
F all of His workers know  
Soften the burning treadpaws fall,  
Ven we try good seeds to sow.

Who would not faint by the wayside,  
If it the ground is good,  
Now, then, that some time—somewhere,  
For work will be understood.  
Gness will come when the harvest appears,  
And the reapers come and go.  
We know the Master was with us then,  
When we tried good seeds to sow.

Read if your work be hidden,  
Forget the things that annoy,  
Two, all those who "sow in tears"  
Will also "reap in joy."  
We the reapers then have a share;  
Comfort indeed to know,  
That we are joyful all the way,  
We try good seeds to sow.  
Oakland, Calif. MARY E. HITCHCOCK.

## How Little Joe Built a Church

EIGHT years ago, Little Joe, a tot  
of about six summers, was ad-  
mitted to an orphan home at Bairum  
Hings, between Statesville and  
Charlotte, N. C. He proved to be the  
most remarkable child that ever had a  
part in the home life of Bairum, be-  
loved by everybody and a great pet.  
On a day came when Little Joe could  
no longer live with children on earth.  
On February 1, 1904, the Master took  
him. Before he fell sick he had said,  
"When I gets to be a man, I'm going  
to build a church with a porch to it."  
The dear little fellow had 45 cents,  
which he treasured as a nest egg to  
build his wonderful church. This con-  
sidered gift of a little child has be-  
come the foundation of a beautiful  
church. Joe's wish has been realized,  
and there is "a porch to it." The  
money for this church was given  
freely by the Sunday School children  
of the Presbyterian Synod of North  
Carolina, and it goes by the name of  
"Little Joe's Church." It has a mem-  
bership of between 250 and 300, in-  
cluding the larger children of the  
Bairum Home. It was wonderful how  
willingly the poor children contrib-  
uted under such circumstances to per-  
petuate the name of Little Joe for the  
generation to come.

W. S. MOORE.

Greensboro, N. C.

## Anvil Sparks

WHERE sin abounds, some people  
are bound to sin a little.

MAN shall give account of his idle  
words—and also of his idle time.

THE time to "make good" is to-  
morrow. To-morrow may not need it.

GOD calls men to pray in secret.  
In call on each other to pray in  
public.

BETTER than a long train of  
thought is a long thought, well  
timed.

HE who shortens his prayer in the  
morning may have to lengthen it at  
night.

WITH the energy some people use  
in hating one enemy they could love a  
dozen friends.

WHEN the preacher gets warm  
enough to wilt his collar, he may be  
getting ready to wilt some of the cold  
hearts in the audience.

## SILENCE

IN silence mighty things are wrought,  
Silently builded, thought on thought,  
Truth's temple greets the sky:  
And like a citadel, with towers,  
The soul, with her subversive powers,  
Is strengthened silently. LYNCH.

## Wants and Needs

By EUGENE THWING

"GIVE me some of the luxuries and I'll get along very well without a good many of the necessities of life," exclaimed a man, in jovial defense of an indulgence which, observing a right proportion of things, he could not afford. He spoke lightly, but revealed the dominating rule of his life. He cared more for sensation than for common-sense; more for the gratification of the moment than for provision for the future.

The most difficult problems of public, social, and private economy arise from the fact that so many men and women—still children in this respect—are dominated by their wants rather than by their needs. A correct analysis of business failures, of "high cost of living," of social and church quarrels, of family difficulties, brings the searcher again and again to this same source: *Wants* have been clamoring so loud, and have been crowding so insistently to the front, that they have monopolized attention; while *needs* have been forced to hover neglected and unrecognized in the background.

The front parlor in many a home assumes more importance than the kitchen or bedroom; the garage becomes a more sacred place than the library or the church; the instalment on the piano-player crowds ahead of the coal bill. Clara E. Laughlin tells, humorously, in her book *Just Folks*, of a family who had only twenty-five cents left, until the daughter should come home with her wages. The family stove was to be taken away on Monday because of non-payment of instalments due. The father was at home, out of a job. Just then a smart book agent called, and, before he left, the father had signed a contract for a many-volume encyclopedia on the instalment plan, hoping that by its use his infant son might one day become President of the nation.

A slumworker tells of a woman who boasted how good she had been to her children: "Yes, I've had nine children—all dead now, bless 'em; and I may say I've nothin' to regret. I give 'em all they wanted. If one of 'em waked up in the middle of the night and cried for pie I'd send the old man right out for it." All dead, and no wonder! Their *wants* were gratified, their *needs* almost entirely neglected.

"MY GOD shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." How often, misunderstanding the promise, we burden down our petitions with a load of *wants* rather than *needs*. How often we presume to judge the hearing and answering love of the Father according as he has or has not granted us the things we *want* so passionately, rather than by his wise protection of us against our foolish selves and his wonderful development of us by supplying some of our unrecognized needs.

Through experiences very different than those of our own planning this supply may come, and this development often is gained through the apparent setting at naught of what seems to us our best work and highest purposes. Many such mysteries of the Father's providence can be met only by unquestioning trust in his wisdom and his love, and by unreserved submission to his will.

A MAN recently undertook to do an important work which he believed would be a means of good in the world. Trusting in his leadership many others joined him. He spent his energy and his money without stint. All his highest aims and ideals were called into action. Sure of his own integrity of purpose and strong in his conviction that the work was actually proving a blessing in many lives, he committed it to the Master and asked his help and guidance.

Obstacles, one after another, confronted him, but he regarded them as things sent to test and strengthen him in the overcoming rather than to prevent him from going on. He fought battle after battle with eager hope and belief in final victory. He implored God, constantly, with passionate desire, to give him the help of his countenance and to establish the work. "Behold my extremity, dear Father, and give me wisdom and power for my task. I bring it all to thee. Do thou take command and bring it to success."

At times help seemed to be given just when needed. At other times a voice seemed to say, "My son, what seekest thou? to make *thy* will and *thy* work mine, or to find out *my* will and *my* work and make it thine?"

IT IS difficult, when the heart is set passionately upon a thing, to get the *wants* out of the way and to gain a clear vision of the real *needs*. And so the man kept on striving and praying for the result he wanted so earnestly, and which, because of his consuming want, and the wants of others interested with him, he had come to regard as an imperative need. Now and again he was dimly conscious of warning messages coming to him from some deep source of truth telling him that God's law in material as well as spiritual things is fixed and immovable and cannot be violated in any particular without penalty. Miracles are not made to order to overcome man's mistakes.

Then the man prayed more than ever for wisdom to avoid mistakes, but he *wanted* success at the same time, as a child who would build a mansion of blocks wants the completed structure despite the wrong placing of the foundation blocks. Only through the penalty of the falling house does he gain the wisdom to avoid the mistakes of building. So the man continued to pray, with an agony of desire, for his wants and for his needs. And the one contradicted the other. The loving, wise, indulgent Father could not grant the whole of so inconsistent a prayer, and he began therefore to supply the needs. The house the man was building tumbled down, and he was hurt, and others were hurt with him. It wasn't God's fault. His ear had not been heavy that it could not hear, neither had his hand been shortened that it could not save.

Through trouble and downfall the man began to learn many things needful for better work in the future. His prayer for wisdom and strength was answered through experiences which supplied these needs. But these experiences meant the denial of wants the granting of which would not have brought him the needed development of ability and character.

It is often so. Weeping over disappointed desires may continue for a night, but joy in the Father's rich supply for our needs cometh in the morning.

## TRUE RICHES

BE RICH—be rich toward God.  
Before beneath the sod  
Thy form is laid.  
Forsoke the dress of earth,  
Thou art of heavenly birth;  
All else will fade.

Have treasure in the skies,  
Which moth and rust defies,  
Nor thieves can steal.  
Lay up a goodly store,  
That, when time is no more,  
No pang you'll feel.

Live but for God alone,  
All that thou hast: His own,  
Nothing kept back.  
Then, in that hour above,  
Whose wealth untold is love,  
You'll find no lack.

I. H. B. H.

## The Further Shore

ON a dry and desert island of the great ocean lived a father and mother with two children. The family had been cast there by a shipwreck. A cave on the rock was their dwelling, a few herbs and roots was all they had to eat, and one little spring of water furnished them drink. The children had no remembrance of the manner in which they came to the island. They could not tell what bread was, nor milk, nor fruits, and all the joys of the world were unknown to them. But one day, there came a little boat to the island, rowed by four black men. This event caused joy to the parents, for it gave them hopes of being delivered from their sufferings. The boat was too frail, however, to take all the family at once to the mainland, so the father undertook the journey first. The mother and children wept when they saw him enter the boat, which seemed too light to hold him and the four black men; but he told them not to weep, for he would be better off on the other shore, and they should soon follow.

When the boat returned and took away the mother, the children again wept bitterly. She, also, told them not to weep, for they should soon see each other in a better country. Finally, the boat came back and took the two children. They were much afraid of the black men. They trembled when the little bark was tossed upon the waves; but in the midst of their fears and tremblings, they approached the looked-for land. Great was their joy when they saw their parents on the shore running toward them, with arms extended to embrace them! They led them under the shadow of some great palm-trees and placed them upon the flowery turf, and gave them milk and honey and delicious fruits to eat. "Oh! how foolish was our fear," said the children. "Instead of being afraid, we should have been rejoicing at the approach of these black men who were to bring us into this beautiful country."

"But, my dear children," said the father, "our passage from the desert island to this happy place ought to teach us a lesson of deep meaning. We all have, some day, another long journey to make, and it will be to a country full of delights. The whole earth is a place which we must soon leave. The beautiful country on which we have just landed is an image, although a very imperfect one, of the heaven to which we are going. The passage over the great ocean is death. The bark which brought us here is an image of the casket in which four men clothed in black shall carry us from the dark night to a glorious day. Therefore, when the hour of departure shall sound for you, for your mother, or for me, do not be frightened, for death, to virtuous souls, is only the passage from the valley of tears to the land of blessedness and beauty."

EARL WM. GAGE.

Jamestown, N. Y.



# A National Memorial to the Pilgrims

UNDER the leadership of the Rev. S. A. Dyke, the Baptist Church of Plymouth, Mass., is about to erect a church building which shall take the form of a national memorial to that heroic band which landed upon Plymouth Rock in 1620. This building, which is designed to be a fitting expression on the part of the Baptist denomination of its reverence for the Pilgrim Fathers, is planned by the denomination in Plymouth to take the place of the old building which was recently purchased by the Federal authorities and which will be demolished to make room for a new post office building. It is the desire of the promoters of the memorial to make it a tribute to the ancestors of many others as well as Baptists who trace their descent directly back to Mayflower stock. In addition to this personal phase of the memorial there will be that of national significance. Plymouth is a national heritage. As the landing place of that indomitable band which was destined to place its indelible stamp upon the life of all New England and upon the thought and development of a large part of our nation, it holds a place unique in the history of the country. It is becoming more and more a national shrine which is visited by thousands of pilgrims to its historic points each year. Around the early history of New England there twine innumerable stories of heroism, pathos, tragedy, poetry and love. It was the cradle of that austerity which proved the saving grace of the land. The words of Governor Wolcott, voiced once in a memorable address at Plymouth, come to none of us as a surprise.

"The shore, the streets, the sloping hill of Plymouth, make the most deeply interesting and significant spot in the western hemisphere. Nay, I should go further than that and state that to an American at least, excepting only the Holy Land, pressed once by the feet of the Nazarene, there is no spot in the wide world that represents more to the discerning mind than this town in which we stand to-day."

So we can understand the emotions that stirred the heart of General Grant on his visit to Plymouth Rock after his journey around the world, when he, the usually impassive, silent man, said that that unwhewn boulder of granite was to him a more affecting and inspiring memorial than all

the monuments of human events that he had seen in all his journeys in other lands.

Plans have already been drawn and a site selected. The new church will stand at the junction of Main and Leyden Streets, Plymouth, on land which once formed a part of the garden of Elder Brewster, the first Pilgrim pastor, and on it is the celebrated Pilgrim spring of sweet waters, which tasted to the colonists "in their great thirst as pleasurable as wine or beer had been in foretime."

Rev. S. A. Dyke, D.D.



A Photograph from the Architects' Drawing of the Pilgrim Memorial Church

The body of the building, as planned, will be an auditorium with a seating capacity of 250, which upon occasion can be extended to 684 by opening doors with leaded glass at the rear into the chapel and at one side into the parlor. These doors or screens are lowered into pockets in the basement and raised by motor, giving an uninterrupted floor space and view in an auditorium which would measure 68 feet by 98 feet.

The roof of the main portion of the auditorium will be constructed in the

form of a dome supported on four large arches, in the spandrels of which four memorial windows will give light to the interior. The heavy corner piers from which the arches spring will have pilasters with decorative capitals and cornices.

The baptistry, pulpit, choir and organ are shown in a semi-circular apse, from which stairs lead down either side to the choir and robing rooms. The pastor's room is in the second story on the left. The chapel, or Sunday School, directly opposite the pulpit, opens into the audi-

torium, affording the extension to the auditorium mentioned above. In the rear of the chapel is a gallery divided into three class rooms, also the portion under the gallery is similarly divided, all having a clear view of the baptistry, pulpit and choir. The large room opening into the auditorium on the right by sliding doors above referred to would be used as a parlor or large classroom, and would seat ninety-six.

The principal entrance will be through the colonnade porch into a

spacious vestibule opening into the auditorium and chapel. There is an entrance at the opposite side of the building convenient to the parlor. From the vestibule, staircases ascend to the basement or ground floor, which, owing to the slope of land, will be a full story, high and attractive. This story will be planned to accommodate the Sunday School, which would be entered from the lower grade and would virtually be the first story of the building.

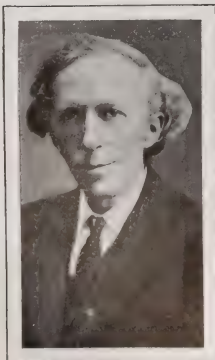
The Georgian or colonial style architecture has been adopted as being most appropriate to the traditions of Plymouth, lending itself admirably to the idea of a memorial church. The portico and dome are impressive, and the bell towers are interest.

The Baptist Church in Plymouth of which the Rev. F. J. Scott is the present pastor, has had a life growing prosperity since 1809, when it began its struggle for a foothold in the face of the opposition of Adiram Judson, Sr., who followed it distinguished son into the Baptist Church only a few years later.

A generous response is expected from the promoters of the new church from persons all over the country. Pilgrim ancestry, and it is hoped that donations will be made which will render possible special memorials. Pastor Robinson, Elder Brewster, F. Conant, Dea. Faunce, Adoniram Judson and other worthies, in the towers, chapels, rooms, windows, organ and the chime of bells, or in the tablets.

It is also the dream of Mr. Dyke that from Wales may come the memorial remembrance of the sturdy Welshman, Roger Williams. To both His Majesty King George the Fifth of Great Britain and His Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of Holland it has been suggested that the one case it would be a graceful tribute to those who loved the land of their birth so sincerely that even under the adverse circumstances which greeted them in the new land they gave it the name New England, and in the other to those who having found a refuge from persecution in Holland brought with them such dear memories of that land that to this day its names are found in the streets of Plymouth, some gift dedicated to their memory should come from the old lands with which their history is so closely bound up.

## ATLANTA'S NEW TABERNACLE



Rev. Len G. Broughton, D.D.

AN EVENT of more than usual interest in religious circles was the dedication of the great Tabernacle in Atlanta, Ga., on Sunday, September 17, which is pronounced the largest and best equipped institutional church in the South. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Len G. Broughton, was assisted in the dedication ceremonies by a number of prominent clergymen from other cities. Some fourteen years ago, Dr. Broughton began his ministry in the Jones Avenue Baptist Church, Atlanta. His work grew wonderfully, and it soon began to be apparent that a much larger church would be needed. He has now a membership of between 3,000 and 4,000 and a Sunday School of 2,000.

The new Tabernacle is 147 feet long, 130 feet wide, and five stories high. The foundation and first floor are laid in cement. The walls are of red-faced brick, trimmed in Georgia granite. The roof, beams and sleepers are iron and steel. The floors

are hard wood with the exception of the lower Tabernacle, which is cement. There are 12 outside doors, 2 steel stairway fire escapes, 18 toilets, and 100 outside windows. The lower Tabernacle or Sunday School Auditorium contains two stories. The first story is the main Sunday School hall. In front are offices for church secretary, book stall, Sunday School superintendent, Sunday School secretary, and Sunday School library. In the main Sunday School hall is the Boys' Department, the Girls' Department, the Senior Department, and rooms for special classes. At the rear is the room for the Beginners' Department, the Primary room,



Atlanta's Tabernacle, Institute Building and Infirmary

and a large church kitchen with pantry. The second story in the lower Tabernacle or Sunday School Auditorium is a balcony extending across the building and opening into the main Sunday School Auditorium by roller partitions. The remaining three stories are devoted to the main auditorium. The seating capacity is approximately 4,000. The lower Tabernacle or Sunday School Department has a capacity of 2,000. The building is heated by vapor heat, and contains church phones, call bells, acousticons, stereophones, and a phone from the Tabernacle pulpit to each bed in the Tabernacle Infirmary (connected with the church), to enable the sick people to hear the preaching and music.

The Tabernacle Infirmary where the sick are cared for was a part of the plan of Dr. Broughton. About 5,600 sick people have been treated in the Infirmary. Near it is the Tabernacle Dormitory for young working women which has enabled many a struggling girl to find the protection of a home. Since its establishment over 2,500 young women have found shelter and protection.

### Great Profits from Hat Checks

—COAT AND CLOAK-ROOM concessions in the large New York hotels and restaurants are a source of almost princely revenue. In a recent suit in the Supreme Court, it came out in the evidence that one holder of a hat-checking concession in a well-known hotel was paying \$1,750 yearly for it and \$1,500 rent besides, and was clearing a handsome profit until some one else alleges, offered the hotel \$6,000 yearly for the same privilege. It was shown that there were many such concessions for which sums varying from \$6,000 to \$8,000 were paid.



# Some Men and Events of the Day

## A Popular Oriental Visitor

REAR-ADMIRAL Ching Pih Kwang, the commanding officer of H. I. C. M. S. *Hai-Chi*, has proved himself one of the most popular visitors who have visited our shores in some time.

The Admiral, who both from education and long contact is familiar with the customs of Europe and America, has entered heartily into the various celebrations arranged in his honor. He has visited President Taft, been entertained by the naval and civic authorities at New York, and has gained the friendship of the crowd by his democratic ways and his cordial reception of visitors on his ship.

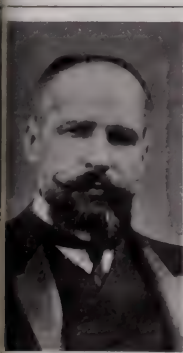
On Sunday afternoon the visitors simply took the ship and went everywhere. In the ward room they took possession of the big leather lounges and comfortable chairs and ordered tea. On decks they fingered the guns, thumped the lenses of the searchlights to determine the thickness of the armor, and some of the bolder ones even opened the door leading into the Admiral's quarters and conversed with a representative of one of the great newspapers of the city.

"What do you think of the President?" the reporter asked. "He is a wonderful man," he replied, "and I have the greatest admiration for him. I had a long chat with him the other day, and he told me that he was greatly interested in my country and its progress. President Taft is known to the people of China, and we realize that he is their friend. They respect and admire him very much. The President and I have been down there five times. He is a fine sailor and has sailed all over the world, and he has no sympathy with persons who get seasick."

The President said that my Government was to have a constitutional one some day, and then he said we would have a lot of work to do, pointing out in proof of it all the traveling he has to do. He said he had to go great distances all over the country, meeting the people. I told him what a great thing the Panama Canal was going to be for the United States, and how it would increase your country's commerce with the Far East. The President invited me to go down there and see it, but I shall not be able to do so, for my Government has called me to return by way of England and the Suez."

"What do you think of the American dreadnoughts of the Florida and Delaware types?" "Splendid," he answered. "Particularly am I impressed with the masts the United States Navy has adopted. I saw the Delaware at the Spithead review during the coronation, and her masts made her easily the most conspicuous vessel in the international fleet. Your kind of masts remind me of your wonderful high buildings."

"And those buildings—what do you think of them?" "They are great," Admiral Ching replied.



Peter A. Stolypin

## Russia's Premier Dies from Wounds

AFTER six days of excruciating agony, Peter A. Stolypin, the Premier of Russia, who was shot during a gala performance at the Municipal Theatre in Kiev by Dmitry Bogroff, died from the effects of his wounds. Stolypin was a tall, handsome man, about 55 years of age, and possessed of great ability as a statesman. As Governor of Saratov he took such steps against the terrorists and liberals as won the hatred of the advanced parties, who threatened and in 1905 attempted his assassination.

He was appointed Prime Minister by Imperial ukase on July 22, 1906, and stamped out the revolution that had grown to threatening proportions during the administrations of M. Witte and M. Goremykin, and which they had not been able to control. When the Czar asked him to become Premier he first declined. The Czar insisted, and knowing what peril the acceptance of the office involved he sent word that he was willing to die for the Emperor. When he was shot he looked across the theatre at the royal box, and noticing that the Emperor was safe he crossed himself in recognition of the Providence that spared his monarch, and then sank into unconsciousness. M. Stolypin was one of the ablest and most fearless champions of autocracy that Russia has had in a generation. He was tactful, yet relentless against his foes. He appeared to pay tribute to the Duma while he was in the act of nullifying its authority. He stretched out his arm of protection over the constitution while he was consenting to its violation. He was pure Russian. He was Russo-Tartar in heart and mind. Count Witte is Dutch and took the commercial view of things. M. Plehve persecuted Finns and Jews mainly because they were insurgents, but M. Stolypin opposed the Finns and Jews and Turkomans and Khirgizes largely because they were not Russian. It is a significant fact that neither the Nihilists nor Jews nor Finns, nor those who felt themselves aggrieved, wreaked vengeance upon him, but it was the representative of a rival Russian faction.

## Persia's Ex-Shah Struggling to Regain Power

ONLY two years ago Persia, by the deposition of her ruler, Mohammed Ali, and the elevation of the heir apparent to the throne, attracted the world's attention to her struggle for a constitutional form of government. In January, 1906, Mohammed Ali consented to the convocation of a National Council or Parliament. This



Ahmed Mirza  
Shah of Persia



Mohammed Ali  
Persia's Deposed Ruler

body met for the first time in October of that year. The new constitution of the country, which the Shah signed in 1907, limited the power of the ruler, really establishing limited monarchy, and granting liberty of conscience and of person, of the press and of education.

By his attempt to abolish this constitution the Shah but added fuel to the fires of the Nationalist movement in Persia, and when it was realized that despotism again threatened the land discontent became open revolution. All through the spring and early summer of 1909, the country was in the throes of civil war. In July, however, the Shah was compelled to abdicate and the heir apparent, Ahmed Mirza, became nominally ruler of the country, though the actual duties of the position are discharged by the regent of the kingdom.

During the last few months the ex-Shah has been intriguing for a return to power, and early in August an army of his supporters set out for Teheran. There have been a great many small skirmishes and two or three battles of considerable proportion, in which the fortune of arms has favored first one side and then the other. The latest dispatches, however, state that the ex-Shah's army, which was nearing the capital, has been totally defeated and several of the most prominent leaders captured and imprisoned by the loyal troops of the young Shah.

## The New Premier of Russia

THREE days after the death of Peter A. Stolypin, one of St. Petersburg's leading newspapers announced that the Czar had chosen M. Kokovtzeff as the new prime minister of the administration. M. Kokovtzeff has been minister of finance since the formation of the present cabinet and will continue to discharge the duties of that portfolio as well as acting as president of the cabinet. M. Makaroff will succeed M. Stolypin as minister of the interior.



M. Kokovtzeff

## Honoring Christian Endeavor's Founder

SEPTEMBER 12 commemorated the sixtieth birthday of Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D., the founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. This occasion was made memorable by two very unique and unusual services, as well as by special young people's meetings in many churches, and Christian Endeavor Unions.

Dr. Clark's summer home is at Sagamore Beach, Mass. His neighbors tendered him a complimentary birthday dinner and presented him with a handsome silver loving cup, carrying this inscription:

FRANCIS E. CLARK  
IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY,  
FROM THE INNER CIRCLE OF HIS LONG-TIME ASSOCIATES IN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

A feature of the occasion was a sheaf of congratulations from eminent leaders of the civic and religious life of the country, foremost among whom were President Taft, Hon. Champ Clark, ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, and Principal Booker T. Washington.

Fanny J. Crosby, the "blind hymn writer," sent this greeting:

Parent of Endeavorers,  
Love inspires our lay;  
Sixty sparkling jewels  
Crown your brow to-day.  
Ere your footsteps falter,  
Or your work is o'er,  
May our blessed Master  
Grant you sixty more.

Dr. Clark's birthplace was Aylmer, Quebec. The provincial Christian Endeavor Unions of Ontario and Quebec arranged a birthday pilgrimage to Aylmer, which included a monster mass meeting at Montreal, a big rally at Ottawa, a "family gathering" in the little church in Aylmer, where as a boy Francis Edward Clark was baptized. Dr. Clark was the honored guest at all these gatherings. The memorial service in the Aylmer church was rendered extremely impressive by an address delivered by Dr. Clark, which was a beautiful tribute to his mother. "She lives to-day," he said, "in the lives of many here, whom she taught in the little private school which she conducted in Cherry Cottage nearly sixty years ago. . . . If there is anything of value in Christian Endeavor, it is because there is something of her life in this organization, which God has so wonderfully blessed the world around. . . . Hers was a life of service, and Christian Endeavor stands for universal service for all."

Dr. Clark has gone five times around the world, paying his own way with his pen; twelve times to Europe in the interest of young people; he is the author of twenty books and numerous leaflets, and the writer of more than two thousand magazine articles. He sails shortly for a winter of Christian Endeavor activity in Europe.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.



Francis E. Clark



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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## Rounding Up a Loose-Talker

THERE is a good deal of loose talk regarding foreign missions. The work and the workers have frequently to suffer from misrepresentations which are not always easy to trace to their source. In the course of a long experience in missionary and benevolent work, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has run across the tracks of not a few of these loose talkers. In the interest of truth and fair play, it has hunted them home to their holes, though the game in many cases has been insignificant and hardly "worth the powder," as the saying goes.

Of late, China seems to have become the special target of the loose-talking fraternity. Not long ago, a pretended Chinese (who was simply a European loose-talking fakir in disguise) wrote a book anonymously in which he misrepresented pretty nearly everything about the missions. We punctured that book, after an exchange of cablegrams, and it collapsed like a paper balloon. Then a business man of Indiana was quoted widely in the press as saying that he had been over in China and it was useless to send relief to these people, as practically everything was stolen by the government and provincial officials. This particular loose talker, when brought to task by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, took the back track ignominiously and would have denied even his identity to get out of the scrape. A single prod brought him to his senses and made him ashamed of himself.

But the really accomplished loose talker is one who assumes a wide knowledge of affairs which is calculated to deeply impress people who don't know this particular type of Munchausen. Such a past master of the delicate art of misrepresentation lately sent out a press dispatch from Seattle in which he declared that Judge Rufus H. Thayer of the United States District Court in China, lately here on vacation, had said that the famine relief cargo of flour sent on the troopship *Buford* last spring to China, had to be sold at a heavy loss and rice purchased with the proceeds, as the natives knew nothing of the use of flour. The Seattle loose-talker was careful to add that the Judge did not give this information as the result of his own observation, but he got it "from a man experienced in the flour business."

It is a comparatively easy matter, with the evidence at hand, to prove that this latest story about China is, like its predecessors, "made out of the whole cloth." There were two Relief Committees operating in China, one a Civic and Official Committee with headquarters at Shanghai, the other THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary Committee at Chinkiang. Mr. M. J. Walker, chairman of the latter Committee, wrote us on April 7 last, giving all the details of the landing and distribution of the flour (16,000 bags being allotted to this Committee), and of its being forwarded to its destination. A train of forty special railway cars, each one labeled "Famine Relief," bore it away inland, to be distributed finally by missionary and civic local committees. On April 8, U. S. Consul-General Amos P. Wilder wrote us from Shanghai announcing the arrival and unloading of the *Buford*, the distribution arrangements for sending the flour to Northern Kiangsu, and to Pukow (opposite Nanking) for Northern Anhui, and named the missionaries who would be the ultimate distributors. On April 10, Chairman John C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Civic Committee wrote us on the same subject and described in detail the unloading of the flour in sacks. He wrote: "She (the *Buford*) discharged cargo all day Saturday and we loaded sixteen cars, which were sent off into the famine district Sunday morning, reaching there Sunday night, when they were unloaded into boats and by Monday noon all were on their way to our centres of distribution." On April 29, Chairman Ferguson again wrote, quoting a letter from Dr. Junkin of Suchien, giving the facts covering the receipt of 4,800 sacks of the *Buford's* cargo at Pichow and of 2,200 sacks being shipped to Hsuehufu. He adds "the flour was in good condition both here and at Suchien. The flour is greatly praised by the Chinese." Mr. Ferguson himself adds: "I know it will please you very much to learn that your efforts in sending out this flour

have been thoroughly appreciated." On May 1, Chairman Walker of the Chinkiang Committee wrote about "the *Buford* flour having been safely forwarded up-country. Now we are getting news of its safe arrival at the outstations and the great pleasure it gave to the people." On May 23, Chairman Ferguson of Shanghai wrote: "All of the flour has been distributed and you will be glad to know that reports from every quarter say that it reached them in the best condition and was greatly appreciated."

We might add more from the mass of letters we received from the workers in the China famine field, showing how they welcomed and used America's gift, but the extracts we have given are enough to show that this latest instance of loose-talk, misrepresentation, lying—call it what you will—cannot stand for a moment when it is brought face to face with the truth. What the object of such falsehoods can be it is hard to understand, unless they are instigated by a deliberate purpose to injure the cause of foreign missions.

The following cablegrams, just received, complete the expose of the Seattle fabrication:

SHANGHAI, Sept. 22.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:  
Not one pound *Buford* cargo sold. All unloaded at Chinkiang for Grand Canal and at Pukow for railway.

(Signed) FERGUSON,  
Chairman Shanghai Committee.

The second is from Hon. Amos P. Wilder, United States Consul-General at Shanghai:

SHANGHAI, Sept. 23.

(Signed) WILDER.

No *Buford* grain sold.

Judge Thayer has yet to be heard from. He will find a message from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD awaiting his arrival in China.

## The Fate of Reciprocity

CANADA'S reply to the reciprocity proposals, which took the form of the Knox-Fielding treaty, was certainly unequivocal. It is self-evident that our northern neighbor feels quite sufficient unto herself, economically as well as politically. The campaign, which closed with the election of September 21, was one of the most spirited and relentless that either of the great North American countries has ever witnessed. On the Liberal side there was the wish to enlarge the markets of the country for the farmers, and with a fine disregard for troublesome minor details, they talked expansion, growth and development. The Conservatives took up the financial and transportation side of the question, and these, together with the annexation bogey, evidently served their purpose surprisingly well. All sorts of charges and countercharges and vituperations were indulged in by both parties.

The return of the Hon. Mr. Borden and his colleagues to power has deep significance for the people of the United States. The Conservatives are pledged to a policy of development within the Empire, and no relaxation of duties between Canada and the United States may be expected for some time to come. Mr. Borden's working majority is of such proportions, and the popularity of the Conservative party is so great, that there is little fear that the so-called Nationalist party, which elected three members from the Province of Quebec, will exercise any influence on the legislation of the new Parliament.

The results of the election were a great surprise to many on this side of the line, though keen observers in Canada have for weeks been expressing their doubts as to the final decision. The rejection of the pact seemed incredible to those whose only information, before the event, had been gained from the newspapers which were sanguine of the success of the proposition. To most Americans the inauguration of reciprocity seemed sure to operate to mutual advantage, and the Canadian farmer was expected to share that belief. Either he has not done so or other arguments have appealed to him as more powerful. Canada is highly imperialistic, very British, and proud of it. The granting of reciprocity has been strongly represented as the "thin edge" of the wedge which would separate her from what she still loves to call "the mother land," and there is no question that her wish to repudiate before the world

all inclination toward such separation has been a most powerful motive in the decision of this contest. The United States, as a whole, is disappointed. I had hoped for a broad and generous reciprocal agreement which would make for closer friendship and better times in both lands. While we recognize with appreciation Canada's loyal spirit, it seems many of us that she has, in this event, raised a barrier to her own progress.

## Euthanasia

EUTHANASIA was formerly a word of a religious association, meaning a happy and painless death as an end to a well-spent, religious life. In these days, however, it has come to have a significance so wholly different as to include in its meaning the actual taking of life by painless means—a polite word for painless and private execution not to call them, as many do, murders.

The old controversy as to whether euthanasia in the latter sense of the word is ever justifiable has been revived and is now attracting nationwide interest owing to a recent instance in the Shaker colony at Kismet, Fla., where one of the members whose death from consumption seemed inevitable was chloroformed in accordance with her own request for an easy, painless death. The matter coming to the attention of the authorities, the cause of the body to be exhumed. Advocates of swift, painless death to end lingering and hopeless tortures contend that the practice means only to save mercy to loved ones that is shown to dumb animals. They seem to forget, however, that man is something more than an animal, that he is endowed with an immortal spirit and that considerations which would be convincing, applied to an animal have absolutely no weight, rightly considered, when applied to a human being. Such considerations seem never to have occurred to those who defend a practice abhorrent alike to man's immortal instincts and forbidden by the laws of God and man. For in reality the whole matter is summed up in the commandment "Thou shalt not kill"—a command that is in force in every civilized country by legislative enactment against murder and suicide. The Florida case may be useful in awakening the public conscience to vigorous protest against an easy, shallow sentimentalism which would avoid physical suffering at any hazard, even that of jeopardizing an immortal soul.

## A Healthy Example

—IT IS A HEALTHY moral indication of the awakening spirit of the times to note that the attempt to thrust one of the feminine characters in the Virginia tragedy into the limelight, by means of moving pictures, has been firmly frowned down both in New York and Boston. Other cities should follow the example. If moral rehabilitation or vindication be sought, should not be by the way of the stage or the moving picture theatre, but by more legitimate and suitable means.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Men's Forward Religious Movement

OVER five hundred Protestant ministers met at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, September 19, to launch a country-wide religious movement for men and boys under the auspices of the Ninety-seven of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. James G. Cannon, vice-president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, is the chairman of the committee. The campaign leader, Fred B. Smith, acted as chairman of the great meeting. Addresses were made by Mr. Cannon, Mr. Fred Smith, Rev. Charles D. Stelzle, Arthur Brown, Fred S. Goodwin, John Alexander and Rev. David Russell, a South African evangelist, representing the various phases of the undertaking. Thirty trained men in teams of two are to organize committees of one hundred in each of the principal cities in the United States and Canada, and also in 1,500 of the minor cities. The lines of work are five, namely: work with the social service, study of the Bible and Biblical literature, evangelism, and community extension among dock and factory employees. The five men in each team will be specialists in this kind of work, each in a separate branch. The local committees of one hundred will be selected from the various Protestant churches and their affiliated societies. It is expected that 23,000,000 of people will be touched by this nation-wide evangelism. Mr. Cannon said: "There is no attempt in this movement to supplant the churches. All the work will be done through the churches. The services of thirty trained men will be simply loaned to them. The clergy will be represented on all the committees, the majority of the committees will be made up of laymen, representing the leading professions and business enterprises of the community." Mr. Cannon declared that the Committee of Ninety-seven was merely an instrument in the proposed work and was determined to recede as quickly as possible into the background, leaving it to the churches to foster the work which it is initiating. "Our sole purpose is to build up existing church organizations by laying before them new methods." There will be a great convention in New York City at an early date, which will last several days, to project the great saving movement for men and boys. After the meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, Mr. Cannon entertained about thirty of the workers at the Metropolitan Club, after which they left for Minneapolis for a week's conference in the woods north of the city preparatory to the active campaign of the movement in the Northwest. Some of the best men of the United States are back of this movement, and many millions of dollars will be poured out for its material support. In these days, when there are so many temptations to men and so many instrumentalities employed for the destruction of young men, it is a hopeful sign to see men of great wealth and business ability and those of smaller means and sincerest love giving themselves to this large undertaking worthy of the mind of our heavenly Father and the affection of our Saviour in obedience to the Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.)

## Preserving Eggs

Eggs, so important an article of diet and so easy to decay, have taxed the ingenuity of generations in preserving their freshness. They were packed in dry salt, put into brine, and now the cold storage process seems to be a great improvement on the old methods of preservation. It is claimed that a Californian has recently made the discovery of a process of egg preservation superior to all others. He is this: Believing that the air carried the forces of dissolution to the eggs through the pores of the shell, he has made a compound that will fill the pores and shut out the air. It is claimed that his experimentation has proven that his eggs can be kept perfectly fresh for a long time. Whatever the process may be, there are enormous quantities of bad eggs that are thrown upon the market, disgusting the taste and injuring the health of large numbers of the population. There is such a popular and just

uprising against impure foods that the venders of foul eggs are arrested in many places and in some instances thrown into prison. The public, when it buys eggs, has a right to fresh eggs at the high rate that is usually charged, and it is a fraud to offer it the nauseating and deadly thing which an egg becomes when touched by the finger of time. The child asking an egg of a parent does not expect in its place a poisonous thing.

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? (Luke 11:12.)

## Fatal Racing Car

President Taft had only left the New York State fair grounds at Syracuse, N. Y., a few minutes before one of the racing cars driven by Lee Oldfield at

and in the air. The very day of the butchery at Syracuse Dixie IV., a motor boat at Buffalo, was under such momentum that before it could be stopped it had run up on the bank and into the crowd, injuring two so severely that they are expected to die. Our modern inventions, which under wise direction are a blessing, have so many perils connected with them that recklessness must be counted a criminality, and if our laws are not strong enough there should be new ones enacted that will protect the public against such wholesale murder as that at Syracuse and at many other places. For the law is needed to protect those within the cars as well as those without them, whose rights at present are poorly regarded. These safeguards of human life remind us of the instruction given in olden times for the preservation of precious lives.

When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence. (Deut. 22:8.)

## Dr. Wiley Vindicated

Just before starting on his trip around the continent, President Taft made public his decision which completely vindicates Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, rejects the charges preferred against him by the Department's Board and severely condemns those responsible for the trouble to which the government's food expert has been subjected for years. Attorney-General Wickersham, who approved the report of the Committee, had recommended that Dr. Wiley's resignation be asked for. The board recommended that Dr. Rusby, the chief chemist of the bureau, should be dismissed, that Dr. Kebler, chief of the drug laboratory, should be reduced, and that Dr.

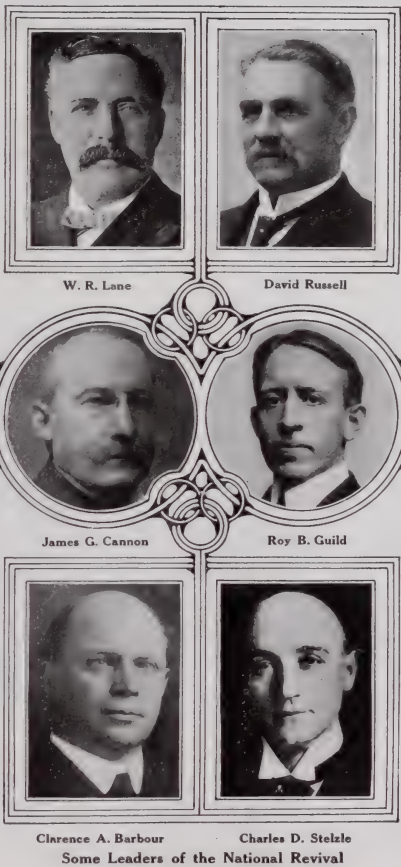
W. D. Bigelow, assistant chief of the bureau, be allowed to quit the service. The Congressional investigation indicated that there had been a determined plot of the enemies of pure food in the different industries of the nation, including the brewers and distillers, to discredit and drive from the service Dr. Wiley, a man of great ability, incorruptible integrity, all-daring courage, and singular devotion to duty, and that certain persons in the Agricultural Department had been in some way led into the plot for his degradation and removal. Deep and widespread national indignation has been the result, as the public believed that tens of thousands of lives had been saved by the fearless and incorruptible manner by which Dr. Wiley has used his bureau to discover dangerous food adulterations and bring punishment upon those responsible for them. The persecution of Dr. Wiley has proved a boomerang. The President in his report makes a strong hint that if Congress shall not investigate the weakness or treachery of the Agricultural Department, as a protector of the pure food of the nation, he himself will be compelled to take notice of the abuses and compel a reform. Thus the pit dug for Dr. Wiley is full of the men that dug it.

He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. (Ps. 7:15.)

## Vaccination Against Typhoid

The entire army of the United States, officers and privates alike, is to be inoculated against typhoid fever. Major-General Leonard Wood issued an order making it compulsory for every officer and enlisted man in the army under forty-five years of age to subject himself to the typhoid fever vaccine. Heretofore such protection was voluntary. It is now obligatory. The order was issued at this time largely because there was such singular success in inoculating the division of the army at San Antonio against the dreaded typhoid. It is news almost too good to be true that the deadly scourge of the army, navy and private citizens generally is to be eliminated by the marvelous effects of anti-typhoid inoculation. The triumph of medical science over this fearful disease in our army is almost as miraculous as the cure of the general in the Syrian army from his deadly malady.

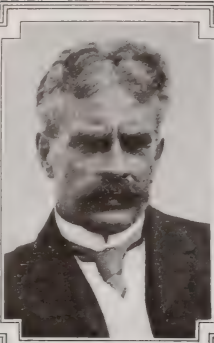
Then he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean. (II. Kings 5:14.)



the rate of seventy-five miles an hour got out of control and dashed into a crowd of spectators, killing ten and injuring a score of others. Six were killed outright and four others died of their injuries. The track was an ordinary dirt one for horses and unfit for automobile contests; besides, the track had been sprinkled to lay the dust and had been made slippery, which increased the danger. Despite the wholesale slaughter, the race, instead of being declared off by the authorities, was continued to the finish and De Palma won the victory. The racing mania in this country in many places amounts to insanity. The recklessness of the contests on the earth and in the air has gotten to be so great that there is hardly a great meet without from one to a dozen killings. At the recent meeting in Chicago, where two aviators met their death on the same day, airships went up from an unsafe field into more perilous winds, and the unnamable brutality of continuing the contests with the black shadow of death over the day is matched by that of continuing the race at Syracuse when the second foremost car had made a slaughter-place of the field. The reckless speeding is done on the water as well as on the land



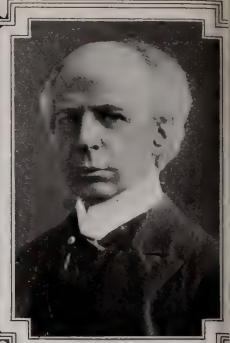
# The Canadian Election Surprise



Hon. R. L. Borden



The Dominion House of Parliament at Ottawa



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

WHEN, on September 21, the electors of the Dominion of Canada declared their will regarding the fate of the United States' Reciprocity proposals, they provided a surprise not only for most people on this side of the international boundary, but for many of their own countrymen as well. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the reciprocity proposals of Mr. Taft's government were voted down, and with them the Liberal government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was defeated. Though there were other issues before the electors, the entire campaign was carried on respectively for and against reciprocity. The result of the election was a landslide for the Conservatives, who have wiped out a liberal majority of forty-five in the Dominion Parliament, and will go to Ottawa with a still greater majority of their own. The first returns from the Dominion gave the Conservative party a majority of fifty members, out of a total Parliamentary membership of 221. It is altogether likely that these numbers will remain practically unchanged after the various contested seats have been decided, and the by-elections have been held.

The Liberals lost ground in practically every Province of the Dominion. Where they won their majorities were small. Where the Conservatives won their majorities were tremendous. In Ontario, the most densely populated Province of Canada, where the anti-reciprocity sentiment was the strongest, the Conservatives made almost a clean sweep. Even Quebec largely forsook the banner of the Liberal party, and whereas for the last Parliament it returned fifty-three Liberal and twelve Conservative members, it this year returned thirty-six Liberals, twenty-seven Conservatives, three Nationalists and one Independent. Throughout the entire Dominion the results were very similar to those of Quebec. In the middle western provinces, where the wheat farmers had been expected to return large majorities in favor of reciprocity, they surprised even the Conservative party itself by electing their majorities on its side.

It is doubtful which side is most surprised at the landslide, for it was nothing less. The Conservatives had claimed victory, but they expected nothing like they got. Not only did Sir Wilfrid Laurier, receiving the returns at Quebec, see his majority swept away, but one after another he saw his Cabinet Ministers beaten.

Mr. W. S. Fielding, Finance Minister, and William Patterson, Canadian authors of the reciprocity pact, were both defeated. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways, was defeated in Ontario. W. L. Mackenzie-King, Minister of Labor, Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, and William Templeman, Minister of Inland Revenue, were all defeated, in most cases by large majorities.

Sir Wilfrid himself, who has been for fifteen years the Premier of the country, was elected without opposition in Quebec East, but whether he will consent to lead a minority opposition in Parliament is as yet unknown. Before the election the veteran statesman announced that in case of his defeat he would immediately retire from active politics. If this should be the case it is altogether likely that Sir Wilfrid, than whom there is none in the Dominion better fitted, will fill the post of Canadian High Commissioner in London, now occupied by the venerable Lord Strathcona.

When the results from enough constituencies to decide the issue had been received at Sir Wilfrid's hotel in Quebec, he said: "There is no doubt but that we have been decisively defeated. I gladly lay down the Premiership, a burden I have carried for fifteen years. We believed that in making the reciprocity arrangement we had done something which would be greatly to the benefit of the people of Canada. The electors have declared otherwise, and I bow to their decision. I regret that we have been unable to carry reciprocity, which I still believe would have promoted the material advancement of Canada and would have promoted the growing friendship between the United States and Great Britain. However, the country has spoken. We must bow to the inevitable, and I cheerfully do so."

The Honorable Robert Laird Borden, who successfully led the forces of the Conservative party against reciprocity, was elected in Halifax by the comparatively small margin of 200 votes. Mr. Borden is one of the few well-known Canadian statesmen who have not reached prominence after a long career of political activity. Mr. Borden was first elected to Parliament when the Conservative party was under the leadership of Sir Charles Tupper. Previous to that time he had been a member of one of the most famous law firms of lower Canada. He is a descendant of one of the

United Empire Loyalist families, and is a cousin of Sir Frederick Borden, the defeated Liberal Minister of Militia.

Mr. Borden is now in Ottawa organizing the new government, and Earl Grey, the retiring Governor-General, has postponed his departure until a few days after the expiration of his term, so that the administration may be intact before the arrival of the new Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught on October 14.

There were a number of influences which operated to produce the results which the election has shown. Among these, perhaps the most potent were a countrywide desire to "let well enough alone," the sympathetic opposition of Canada's manufacturing industries which have thriven under protection, the agitation of the annexation boggy, and the strong influence of the British imperialistic and tariff reform propaganda. The victory is so decisive that the Borden government will not be dependent upon the French Nationalists, who, under Henri Bourassa, took seats from the Laurier government in the naval issue. Mr. Borden's naval policy is the closest kind of co-operation with the Imperial Admiralty in matters of naval defense. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's was for the establishment of a Canadian navy, but the contracts for the ships have not yet been awarded. The Nationalists disliked Sir Laurier way enough to fight him over it; they dislike Mr. Borden's more. Some fear had been expressed that this new Nationalist party might gain sufficient strength to assume the attitude of the Irish party in the British House of Commons, but that is now entirely out of the question. Sir Borden enters office bound by no tariff pledge, except to create a Tariff Commission. He is pledged to respect even the tariff preference of thirty-three per cent. now extended to products of the British Isles.

President Taft heard the returns from the Canadian election while attending a banquet tendered him by the citizens of Kalamazoo.

"I have just been informed that reciprocity failed in Canada. For me it is a great disappointment. I had hoped that it would be put through prove the correctness of my judgment, that it would be a good thing for both countries. It takes two to make a bargain, and if Canada declines we can stand on doing business at the old stand," he said.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—AS A RESULT of the rioting and general disorder in Vienna, Austria, due to the advances of food prices, that city was on September 18 in the hands of the military authorities, the garrison being reinforced by several other regiments. All the palaces and public buildings were guarded. Martial law was declared in the Ottakring district, where the most serious disorders occurred. This district was occupied by 6,000 troops.

—APARTMENT-HOUSE LIFE is extending rapidly in New York City. Gigantic buildings, ten and twelve stories in height, are crowding out the single dwellings on many of the finest streets and avenues. The record figure for apartments was reached a few days ago when a millionaire leased one on the tenth story of a new fire-proof skyscraper on Fifth Avenue, consisting of twenty-two rooms and eight bathrooms, at \$25,000 a year. Two other apartments on the fourth and tenth stories were leased at \$20,000 each.

—DURING THE WEEK of September 17, the revolutionary mutterings that have been heard in Spain of late took the form of strikes and rioting in several parts of the country. The most serious outbreak took place at Valencia, where the city was cut off from all outside communication, and martial law declared. Premier Canalejas, who heads a government which

though in no way revolutionary, is in fullest sympathy with the labor agitations, has said, "Martial law notwithstanding, the government would respect the right to strike, if legally followed," but he gave fair warning that if the employees of the public services go out without giving the legal notification the prompt measures will be taken to end the strike. At the slightest sign of revolt," he added, "the troops would use their arms without hesitation. I am determined, once for all, to finish with these mutterings of revolution," he declared. The latest reports indicate that the whole affair has been a failure from the Socialists' and Republicans' point of view. The labor element failed to sympathize with its nominal leaders, and the general strike did not materialize. Most of the leaders have been arrested as rioters and conspirators against the government.

—THE MOST RECENT dispatches from Cheng-tu, China, announce that the foreigners who remained in the city have not been molested and are being civilly treated by the authorities. Food is again entering the city, and the shops are reopening. A cablegram from the British Consul says: "There has been no fighting within the city since September 7, but there have been several engagements outside the walls, the insurgents losing considerably and loyal troops inconspicuously." Apparently,

the proclamation issued by General Chao has not been heeded. Dispatches to the French and German legations from Cheng-tu, dated, respectively, September 10 and September 11, indicate that the commander of the troops in the capital of Szechuan attempted to conciliate the besieging forces by promising to decapitate the leaders of the anti-railway movement and offering to indemnify the families of the insurgents who were killed. The anti-railway loan movement seems to be taking on an increasingly revolutionary character throughout the country, and the government is concerned over the recent influx of anti-loan agitators at Hong-kong. At this meeting was resolved to organize the opposition in the Provinces Hu-Peh, Hu-Nan, Kwang-Tung, and Sze-Chuen. In Peking the palaces and the residence of the officials are protected by extra guards.

—THE REV. DAVID RUSSELL, the famous South African evangelist, arrived in New York on September 13 on the White Star liner *Oceanic* to take part in the "Man and Religion" movement which is to be conducted by the Religious Work Bureau of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. A series of evangelistic services is to be held in ninety cities of the United States and Canada, and the campaign will last until 19 May.



# IN THE MELLOW AUTUMN DAYS



## Manner and Dress

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE person who prides himself upon hiding a kind heart under a brusque manner is making one of the greatest mistakes in life. Manner expresses personality and good manners are the outgrowth of a fine nature. Think of it as you choose, and as you do so, mentally run over the list of your friends. One of them is serene and dignified. To violate a courtesy, to commit a rudeness, to make any one uncomfortable by look or word would be to her impossible; another is impulsive and emotional, a woman with quick birdlike movement giving the impression of haste even when she is at leisure, and his habitual manner of hers belongs to her just as does the color of her hair and the curve of her lips. She too has polished manners, the manners that indicate genuine goodness and ready sympathy. A third acquaintance rises in memory and this one is deficient in tact, thoughtless in criticism and prone to say the wrong thing at the wrong time; a rough diamond her friends call her, as though they would excuse by the phrase her custom of trampling on polite usage and leaving at her back a trail of wounded feelings. A diamond is always a diamond but it is when polished that its rare beauty and great value are combined.

The tactless woman leaves her house in the morning and walks down the street. Meeting a neighbor she bluntly exclaims, "Is anything the matter? You look ill. Your complexion is sallow. You ought to see the doctor." Addressed after this fashion nine out of ten women although they have felt perfectly well are immediately convinced that they are below par. The suggestion that they are sallow, that they are looking ill, while a neighbor advises them to go to the doctor, robs them of energy, depletes their vital force, and produces the very condition which would have been theirs had the fancied symptoms existed. Equally in fault and equally an ill-mannered woman is she who assures her friend, unsolicited, that her new hat is unbecoming, her skirt too narrow and badly hung, and the goods she has chosen likely to fray or fade or otherwise prove unsatisfactory.

THERE is a type of comparatively well-mannered woman who is so stiff, reserved and unresponsive, that she holds everyone else aloof; it may be that she is shy, but people in general imagine that she is haughty; she has never learned the art of greeting strangers cordially and of showing the world a sunshiny face. She may

be the truest of Christians but she is not winsome, and Christ-like folk should possess that sweet and radiant quality.

Speaking of dress, there is absolutely no merit in neglecting its essential points. One's dress should befit the occasion when it is worn; to drag a trained gown over the kitchen floor while preparing a meal is as much a sin against good taste as to trail lace and velvet across a muddy thoroughfare, although the kitchen may be as clean as hands can make it and the greatest contrast in its shining purity to the muddy street. Both street and kitchen are areas of

gave to the untidiness of the messenger.

We must not overlook the importance of externals; they have much to do with success in life, much to do with influence, and much to accomplish in the education of the next generation.

### Women in Council

AT this season the prudent housekeeper is careful to see that the heating arrangements of the home are in good order for the winter. To guard against the danger of fire is as much a duty of the season as to supply the bins in the cellar with coal

this special carelessness. Matches should not be thrown into waste baskets or anywhere else unless they have ceased to burn. A match may appear to be out when its flame is not exhausted. In two instances occurring lately in a suburban town near New York, in a single week domestic helpers lost their lives through taking risks about fire. One usually careful woman poured alcohol into a lamp under a chafing dish while the lamp was still burning; this replenishing cost her hours of agony ended only by death. In a house a few squares away another woman drenched her kitchen fire with kerosene and in consequence perished. Housekeepers should stand on guard against recklessness in the management of fires great and small. And fire once started may destroy a whole village or an acre of city blocks.

### The Mother's Opportunity

GOD and mother have the children first. Before the world has a chance to mar the purity and innocence of the little one in the cradle, the mother may lead the child by the hand straight to the feet of the Master. The earliest impressions are indelible, and in the first three years of life a child receives and retains them with amazing quickness. Before children are old enough to go to Sunday School, the mother at home may teach them to pray, tell them about the Saviour and make them familiar with the dear stories of the Bible. Here, too, the father may lend assistance. A woman who is herself a grandmother recalls with vivid delight the days when she sat as a small child on her father's knee with his arm around her, while in the gathering twilight of a Sunday evening he told her about Jacob and the vision of angels, about Joseph sold into Egypt, about Samuel, Elijah, David and Daniel, so that the heroes of Bible history were familiar figures to her before she ever took her seat in a Sunday School class. Those who are afraid to tell children that sweet story of old because they fear that the immature mind will not understand it, have not themselves received the Saviour into their hearts with the simplicity of childhood.

### A Prayer

Keep us, Lord, obedient still  
To the promptings of Thy will.  
Make us very quick to know  
Whither Thou wouldst have us go.  
Pardon, Lord, the weak complaint.  
Low desires and efforts faint;  
Help us that we strive anew;  
On this earth Thy work to do.  
May we listen for Thy voice.  
May we hear it and rejoice;  
Round each task and duty then  
With a trustful, glad Amen.



A Glimpse of the Past

THE happy party who are spending a summer day on the water chatting gayly, singing bits of song and enjoying every moment, long ago laid by their oars, and having had their fill of earthly pleasure fell peacefully asleep. Summers come and summers go; successive parties of people glide down the stream of time. There is nothing to make us sad but everything to make us happy in this reflection. Each generation comes to its own, does its work and leaves to its successors a legacy of wealth gained and hopes fulfilled. In 1830 men and women were contented with the dreamy progress of the rowboat; in 1911 they are satisfied with nothing less than the airship; at least present indications point that way.

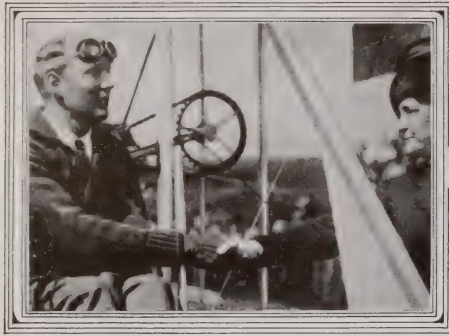
business activity, and the gown that is suitable for the drawing room suits neither of them. Dress need not be costly or extravagant but the rule is imperative that it shall fit the occasion.

AN eloquent clergyman preached a sermon not a great while ago to an audience of five thousand people. The sermon was one of profound spirituality, wide learning and rarely felicitous phrasing. Its effect was singularly marred by the incident that the preacher was neither in clerical dress nor in a costume that might have been worn by a business man on a week day. Possibly his luggage had been detained on the road, or possibly as the day was very warm he was indifferent to appearances, but a soiled and crumpled linen suit diverted the attention of fastidious hearers from the message he

and to lay in a stock of kindling wood. Dwellers in the larger cities and towns make different arrangements as to the winter fuel from those necessary in the country, but whether a large or small amount of fuel is purchased at a time, whether a house is heated from a central plant by which several adjacent houses are warmed, or has its independent arrangement, the first essential to be sought is safety. Fire is the most alarming experience as well as the most perilous that can befall a household. The man of the house or the plumber should be sure by investigation that chimneys and flues are in perfect order and that there is nowhere the chance of casualty from them. The housekeeper who uses oiled cloths to polish floors ought not to put these away in a closet or drawer, spontaneous combustion being sometimes the result of



# From Ocean to Ocean by Aeroplane



Robert G. Fowler Bidding His Mother Goodby



James J. Ward



Calbraith P. Rodgers, Ready to Start the Journey

IN SPITE of the fact that the last few months have seen the death roll of aviators draw perilously near the century mark those same months have witnessed probably the greatest developments in the art which tend to its final usefulness and success. Harry N. Atwood of Boston as he voyaged above the country with his handbags strapped beside him on his aeroplane made us begin to feel that the day when the airship would be a vehicle of far more general use might soon be expected. Man's ambition to learn the paths of the air and turn them to his service seems to be indomitable. At Atlantic City Arthur Vaniman, in spite of the keen disappointment which he experienced when he assisted Arthur Wellman in a similar experiment last year, is constructing a dirigible balloon in which he plans to cross the Atlantic. From Paris comes the announcement that M. Mamet, a French aviator, is about to start upon an attempt to encircle the globe with a Bleriot monoplane, carrying a passenger, while from England the dispatches tell of the inauguration on September 9 of the first regular government mail service by aeroplane. A few days ago a group of notables gathered at the Hendon Aerodrome to witness the start of the young aviator who was to carry from there to Windsor, a distance of about twenty miles, the first bag of official mail which had ever been transported by the airline.

Here in America almost nation-wide attention is

being devoted to the adventures of three young aviators who are competing in an attempt to cross the continent for a prize of \$50,000 which was offered by William Randolph Hearst, the publisher of several newspapers in different parts of the country. Two of these young aviators, Calbraith P. Rodgers and James J. Ward, are making the attempt to fly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while Robert G. Fowler commenced his journey from Los Angeles and has New York for his goal.

Mr. Fowler was the first of the competitors to make a start. After he had said good-by to his mother he set off on the first stage of his journey, confident that he would be able to cross the Sierra Nevada mountain range on the following day. Before he reached his appointed stopping place for the night he met with an accident and was compelled to land at Colfax, California. This landing was disastrous to the biplane which he was using and necessitated a delay of several days while new parts were shipped to replace those which were damaged. As the time allowed for the completion of the journey is thirty days Mr. Fowler has been making all possible speed since his biplane was repaired and he was enabled to resume his flight.

James J. Ward, who was the second starter in the contest, rose from Governor's Island in New York harbor early on the morning of September 13. It was his intention to follow the tracks of the Erie Railway through the State of New Jersey, but due

to the labyrinth of tracks running out of Jersey City he lost his way and spent most of his first day in the air in searching for the route he had chosen for himself. After he had spent the first night at Paterson, N. J., he flew on to Callicoon in Sullivan County, N. Y. There night overtook him and he decided to stop. On the following day he reached Corning, N. Y., where he was compelled to lose a day on account of trouble with his engine. Only twelve miles were added to his total the next day, for he was again brought down by a balky motor.

All along the route of his flight whole villages and towns turned out their population to see the first aeroplane which had ever visited that part of the country.

While he was still at Addison, N. Y., his last stop, he received a telegram of sympathy for his misfortune and best wishes for the future from his fellow contestant, C. P. Rodgers. Mr. Rodgers had started from the midst of a dense throng at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., on the afternoon of the seventeenth and in one successful flight reached his first intended goal, Middletown, N. Y. All through the late afternoon his crane-like machine could be seen moving at great speed about two thousand feet in the air against a background of gray clouds or sunset gold. Mr. Rodgers was delayed in Middletown by the non-arrival of the chief mechanic from the Wright Brothers' factory at Dayton, O., by whom he wished to have his machine examined and put in perfect condition.

## An Indian Mountain Mission

TEHRI is a native-ruled State of India with 5,000 square miles of mountains, on whose steep and rugged sides are villages, with a population estimated at 3,000, all unevangelized. Landour, which touches the border of Tehri, is the principal market town for the greater part of the State. It is a land of idolatry and heathen superstition. Each summit has its god. Nag, the serpent god, rules in our district.

During a recent Gospel tour we visited Kakru, and found it a good centre for mission work. The valley is thickly peopled, having villages at every mile, and along the river course a path used by all. Sometimes a group would sit for a long time listening to the reading and the explaining. We spent five days visiting the surrounding villages, selling copies of the Gospel and preaching. My boots were so worn that I had to tie them together with wire.

At Airi one who had laughed told me later his story. He had never heard such things as I had spoken about a resurrection, and he wanted to hear more. He would come to our camp for more medicine and more Gospel and would follow us about while we remained in the neighborhood. He took with him some of the written Gospels which we gave him. Another man, who showed interest, took me about to the people, and himself bought a Gospel. He was an old accomplice of the famous bravo Gabbu.

This season some Christian devotees from the plains have come to see us, for a quiet consultation concerning Scriptural methods and teachings.

It is now eleven and a half years since my wife came with me to India. Since she came out we have never been away from the Tehri Border Mission more than for a tour in India itself. Our future is



Himalayan Mountaineers in the Tehri District

as unknown at present as ever it was. One thing we know—that Christ can be both eyes and hands for us, as far as we need, until we celebrate his supremacy in the kingdom.

Landour, India.

WILLIAM GREET.

## Maine May Yet Be "Dry"

ALTERNATELY "wet" and "dry" as the canvass of the vote for and against the repeal of State-wide prohibition in Maine proceeded, the prospects on September 20 suddenly took a turn which may prove favorable to the friends of temperance. The latest figures on that date were as follows:

On repeal of the constitutional prohibitory amendment: For repeal, 60,487; against repeal, 60,461; majority for repeal, 26. The State-wide primary system was adopted by a majority of 44,036, there being 65,810 votes in favor of it. The majority in favor of locating the State capitol permanently at Augusta was 18,384.

Attorney-General Pattangall stated, however, that the question of the repeal of the prohibitory amendment was still in doubt, and it was his belief that corrections would show a considerable majority against repeal. The Council will serve notice of any intended corrections, and will set a date on which a hearing will be held. The time for receiving corrections will not expire until October 9. Governor Frederick W. Plaisted is authority for the statement that corrections would be made in the returns of several towns which might materially alter the result. The prohibitionists do not by any means give up the fight, or consider it hopeless. They believe that the final hearing on the canvass will give them the State by a small majority.



# Our Boys and Girls

## To Get Up a Successful Fair

**M**ANY Cozy Corner girls have asked for suggestions for getting up a Fair, a Sunday School Bazaar or a Church Sale of some kind in October.

The most successful church fairs usually include a fancy-work table, a sweetmeat table, and an entertainment corner. The main hints for a successful fancy-work table are these: Have every bit of work on the table daintily and carefully made, and do not ask high prices. Prices should not much exceed the cost of materials; your

### The Sweetmeat Table

**P**EPPERMINTS, old-fashioned molasses candy, fudge and popcorn balls and patties, candied orange peel and home-made jams and jellies all ways sell well. If you plan to have a sweetmeat table be sure to write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner for recipes. She will gladly send them on request.

### The Entertainment Corner

**A**NY bright, entertaining girl who will trim up a Fairy-tale Tent



"HAVE YOU HEARD?"—Painting by Carl Marr, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y. City

work should represent your donation to the sale.

### The Fancy-Work Table

**F**ROM a yard and a half of white linen and three quarters of a yard of nainsook for bands, many collars and cuffs can be made and embroidered. Keep the designs simple. Glazed linen thread is best for embroidering and buttonholing. Linen handkerchiefs, hems are pretty and sell well. Needle books, glove cases, pin-cushion covers done in shadow embroidery and drawn work are always pretty. Shield-pin holders and all varieties of bags, shoe bags, stocking bags, string bags, dusting bags, broom bags, laundry bags, dainty handkerchief bags to hang on the bureau, cotton flannel bags for the silver, work bags and reticules, little silk bags for rings, embroidery and sewing bags made of cretonne, silk or linen, and aprons with large pockets to hold embroidery, worsteds or clothes pins, find ready sale at a fair. Girls and boys who have burnt-wood outfits can make many pretty fair ornaments. Doilies, pin-cushions, bureau scarfs, tea cozies, covered rings for necktie holders, handkerchief, ribbon and veil cases—there is almost no end of the pretty, easily made things girls can make to find a ready sale at a fair.

where she will tell two or three of the most charming of the fairy tales at stated intervals will attract all the children at the fair. A small charge of five cents admission will soon mount up, for a fairy-tale booth is never known to be a failure.

### Lady Bountiful

**L**ADY BOUNTIFUL is always a drawing card. Some energetic and attractive girl should be dressed quaintly and stand on a draped box or barrel. In her hand she should hold a large bag of toys, each wrapped up in a little package. She should pick out each package and talk about it and the good times any child is sure to have playing with the toy contained therein. When she has succeeded in working up enthusiasm about it some one who has been listening is pretty sure to call out, "I will take it!" and by paying five, ten or fifteen cents he buys the package.

I should be quite sure that there are no worthless toys hidden away in Lady Bountiful's bag, for after all it is Lady Bountiful, who should not be disappointing to any one.

For further hints and suggestions concerning church fairs, Sunday School fairs or fêtes or festivals on either a little or a big scale, you may write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner; she will gladly help you out.

## October Souvenir and Prize Offer

**I**N ORDER that every girl and boy, big and little, may feel included in this Special Prize Offer, the Aunt in the Cozy Corner will award for best copy of the picture on this page, or verse, or story in less than 300 words, entitled "Have You Heard?" a first prize of a gun-metal watch, a second prize of a Brownie Eastman kodak, a third prize of a box of best Japanese water-color paints, and twenty charming extra prizes in order of merit. In every instance the age of the boy or girl entering the Cozy Corner Prize Contests is taken into consideration, and prizes awarded accordingly. All

work in this competition should be in by the 16th of October.

### The October Souvenir

**E**VERY one who writes for the first time to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, and all others who enclose postage stamp to cover the expense of sending, will receive our especially lovely Souvenir for October.

Good-Night Verse.—I love them that love me, and those that seek me diligently shall find me.

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*  
Bible House, New York.

**You ought to try Hinds Honey and Almond Cold Cream—it's simply fine for the complexion.**

Just now every woman needs this delightful Cold Cream to restore the natural beauty of skin and complexion after the ravages of the hot summer sun.

**HINDS Honey and Almond COLD CREAM 25c**

will assist Nature to free the pores of impurities and will clear the skin of blemishes and unsightly eruptions. It dries in quickly—is not greasy or sticky—is guaranteed to contain nothing harmful even to the most delicate skin. It cannot possibly cause a growth of hair.

If you will continue the use of *Hinds Cold Cream* every day you'll be delighted to find what a wonderful beautifier it is, and how convenient to use. It will prevent and relieve chapping, windburn and dry, rough skin; also will keep the skin fresh and girlish in spite of wind and dust.

*Hinds Honey and Almond Cold Cream* comes to you in an attractive air-tight tube that keeps the cream always fresh and in perfect condition.

**Men who shave** are enthusiastic about *Hinds Cold Cream*. It prevents dryness, soothes irritation, relieves cuts, keeps the skin soft and in a fine healthy condition.

Price 25c in air-tight tubes, at all dealers, or postpaid by us if not obtainable. Remember that Hinds Honey and Almond Cold Cream is entirely different from ordinary Cold Cream. Order by name and do not accept substitutes. We want you to try this COLD CREAM and will send you a sample tube FREE, with illustrated booklet.

If you prefer a liquid cream, you will like Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. A favorite in many refined homes. Sold everywhere in bottles, 50c. Sample bottle free on request.

**A. S. HINDS, 90 West Street, Portland, Maine**

**Oswego Serge** is a staple year-round fabric for men's wear, a Serge-at-its-best, which—owing to its dependability—has been produced year after year in increasing quantity by the

## American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

**Oswego Serge** grows in popular favor, possessing those characteristics which appeal to well dressed men, and stamp serge as the fabric of universal wear.

You seek style, fit and finish. Let us speak for **Oswego Serge**—a masterpiece of the loom, possessing wear, feel, hang and finish. Made of finest wool, and—quality considered, priced low.

In order to be sure of the cloth when ordering a custom suit from your tailor, or a ready-to-wear suit from your clothier, insist on **Oswego Serge**.

If unable to obtain **Oswego Serge**, send us the name of your tailor or clothier, accompanied by money order or check for quantity desired at \$3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied.

Samples furnished on request.

**AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK**  
J. Clifford Woodhull, Selling Agent

**AMERICAN WOOLEN BUILDING**  
18th to 19th St. on 4th Ave., New York



## How to Keep Floors New

Every floor that has no carpet should be coated with **Elastica Floor Finish**. There is nothing to take its place.

**Elastica** is the only thing needed on a natural wood floor. It protects the paint on a painted floor, indoors or on porches. It makes old paint look new. It doubles the life of oilcloth or linoleum.

Rough usage doesn't mar it. Heels and casters don't injure it. Water cannot turn it white. It is tough and elastic and clean.

There is no other floor finish ever created which actually keeps a floor new—which gets rid of all floor troubles.

### Rich in Oil

**Elastica Floor Finish** is the final result of our 40 years of experience in the making of varnish.

We have worked out a way to combine in its manufacture a large percentage of properly treated oil. Thus the varnish is made extremely tough and elastic. And that oil is so treated that the varnish dries quickly and becomes very hard.

The result is a mar-proof, durable varnish which meets every idea of a floor finish.

There is nothing else like **Elastica**, for the secret of making is ours alone. Other finishes are called "elastic," but only the genuine **Elastica**—marked as below—will do what you expect. You will never use a brittle floor varnish or wax when you once have tried **Elastica**.



Look for this Trade-Mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

**Sent Free**—How to Finish Floors, filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper for tests. Also a beautiful book—just to repay you for writing us.

Simply send us your name and address—a postal will do.

Ask for Book 113

Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, or 3629 Armour Ave., Chicago, or 301 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

ASK YOUR DEALER (61)

## Cornish Sent On A Year's Trial

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Don't buy hastily—insist that the maker prove his instrument and you will know whether it will please you and is all that is claimed.

Cornish pianos and organs are on trial to demonstrate quality without obligating prospective buyers to keep them and are sold on a binding basis. If not exactly as represented or in any way unsatisfactory, the instrument will be taken back at any time within a year, refunding all purchase money, together with freight charges both ways.

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By the Cornish "Year's Approval Plan" you buy intelligently, save one-third or more of regular retail price, and get an instrument of renowned quality and superior tone. Perfection of material and workmanship guaranteed for 3 years.

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Send today for the handsome Cornish Book, which explains fully our very liberal terms of selling plans and shows the latest styles of pianos and organs. You should have this beautifully illustrated book, whether you buy or not.

Cornish Co., Washington, N. J.  
Established Over Half a Century

## A Wreath from Admiral Ching

A DETACHMENT of sixty Chinese marines from the cruiser *Hai-Chi*, which was visiting New York harbor, marched in perfect formation up Riverside Drive on the afternoon of September 18, just behind a big automobile in which were Rear Admiral Ching Pih Kwang, the commander of the cruiser, and the Mayor of New

steps. Captain Burnside, the veteran custodian of the tomb, met the Mayor and the Admiral as they stepped from the automobile. The police saluted, the marines presented arms, and the two gunners bearing the wreath stepped forward and handed it to the captain. To find a place for this new tribute to General Grant's memory it was necessary to remove a number of



The Detachment of Marines Marching to Gen. Grant's Tomb

York City. The occasion was a ceremony in which the talented Chinese sailor on behalf of his government placed a laurel wreath on the sarcophagus of General Grant. The Mayor of the city met the Admiral and his detachment of marines at Ninety-Sixth Street, and after a bugler from the mounted police squad which formed the Mayor's escort had blown a salute, during which the Admiral stood attention with his hand at the salute, the two entered the Mayor's automobile and the procession started up the Drive.

The squad of mounted police led the way and were followed by the automobile. Immediately behind this came two gunners of almost gigantic proportions, who bore between them an immense laurel wreath. These two men formed part of the detachment, under the command of a lieutenant, of marines, which astonished the crowds that gathered to see the parade with the clean-cut precision of their movements and marching.

Arriving at the tomb the police and the marines took up their positions in front of the broad walk before the

wreaths already on the sarcophagus. One of these was that which was placed there by Admiral Togo during his recent visit to America.

After the ceremonies within the tomb the Admiral addressed a crowd of about five hundred people who had gathered at the steps. The marines stood with bared heads as the Admiral stepped forward and bowing to the crowd addressed it in excellent English. "It is a great satisfaction to me," he said, "to be able to pay this small token of respect and esteem to the distinguished general lying here. The great respect borne the late general by our country will always be held in the greatest reverence. I am heartily thankful to Mayor Gaynor for arranging this visit and this ceremony for me."

Admiral Ching's decoration of Grant's tomb recalls the manifestations of respect shown for the great general in 1897 by the Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang at the ceremony attending the planting of a tree near the tomb, and by Chinese Minister Wu Ting-fang, who eulogized Grant at the memorial exercises on May 30, 1901.

## For the Perplexed Young Woman

THE question of just how a young woman may find out how best to invest her life for God is sometimes a difficult one, and frequently puzzles the minds of those who are longing for greater Christian activity, or who at least are not at ease in their present work, feeling blindly that they are not using their life to the full for God. Many keenly realize their need of a wider outlook upon the world and a better knowledge of their own ability, to enable them to decide this question.

It was to meet just such questions as these that the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions was established. This school is in its twenty-sixth year of operation. More than three thousand women have been its students. Out from it have gone two hundred fifty-three to the foreign mission field, about one hundred to various departments of the missionary and evangelistic work at home, and a thousand into deaconess work. And (possibly more important still) many hundreds of others of its students are in their own private homes, better mothers, better workers in the church and Sunday School than they would have been without the Bible work and the training.

Attendance at this institution for a month or a term for any perplexed or restless young woman would be absolutely without risk or loss of any kind. The small expense would be abundantly repaid by the uplift and inspiration of the Bible study.

It is not necessary to determine to devote one's self to any form of religious work before entering the school; it is only necessary to desire to know more of the Bible and to get wide views of life and the world. What better finishing to the education of any young woman, even if she has no thought of special religious work, than a year or two of earnest Bible study and Christian Social Service? What better place to decide just what work the Lord is calling one to do? Friends who desire to make personal investigation are very welcome at "The Club," next door, and the expense is very moderate. The expenses are reduced to a minimum and assistance is given wherever possible to worthy applicants. It costs about \$125 per year for board, heat and lights. There is no tuition charge, only an entrance fee of five dollars. Further information will be gladly given. Address, Lucy Rider Meyer, 4949 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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## The Heart of Mehitable

By R. L. WEATHERLOW

A LITTLE, ragged, unkempt urchin stood peering in through the slats of Miss Mehitable's garden fence at the old fashioned lowers that filled every available space of the small enclosure.

"Now I wonder what that little beggar wants," exclaimed Mehitable in a cross, grumbling tone to her rippled brother, who sat with lapsed hands on the bar of his rutches that always stood beside his chair.

"Very likely he covets some of your bright flowers, Hittie," he returned. "Well, he can covet, and that's all the good it will do him, the little ragamuffin! I'll go and send him about his business in quick time."

"Oh, Hittie! you wouldn't begrudge that little mite of humanity a few flowers? You would never miss them, and judging from his eager looks they would please him very much. Hittie, don't forget that little seeds of kindness go a great way in this world," admonished her brother.

"Oh, well, if I must, I must," she exclaimed irritably.

"And, Hittie, find out who he is, and where he comes from; he surely doesn't belong around here."

"Oh, nonsense, Abner! What do you care about every forlorn piece of human squalor that comes tramping this way? I get sick and tired of them. Your tender heart would make paupers of us, were you to have your way."

"Now, Hittie, I have cause to know that you're not half so hard-hearted as you make out. What am I but one of the unfortunates? And it makes me feel for those who are not blessed as I am with a loving sister to care for them."

"There it is again, Abner. Why will you trade on my weak points?" she said disgustedly, as she arose and proceeded down to the gate and accosted the little waif.

"Say, you little tramp, where did you come from? Where are your parents?"

"Didn't gotted any," he returned looking at her out of great solemn blue eyes.

"But who do you live with?"

"I don't live with nobody but Grannie."

"But where does Grannie live?"

"Oh, mostest anywhere."

"Well, where is mostest anywhere?"

"Dest now she's down the road," nodding his curly head in that direction.

"What does Grannie do?"

"Dest drives Billie and the wagon, and stops when she finds folkses what will give her work to do."

"What does she do that for?"

"Dest so's she can getted something for us to eat. But sometimes folkses are cross, and won't let her do nothing." And then, with an expressive shake of the head, and placing his dirty, pudgy hand to his stomach, he said, "We's most awful hungry."

"But why does Grannie travel that way? Why does she not stop somewhere and make a steady home?"

"Oh, she's dest looking for her son, what wanted off somewhere, and she's never, never gotted a letter from him; see? And now, please, woman, won't you give me some of them nice flowers to take to Grannie? She likes flowers, 'cause I heard her talking to Dod in de nighted time when it was all dark about them."

"What did she say about flowers?"

"Oh, I can't mostest member all what she said, only she say, 'O Lord, please bring me to my boy, and then let me goe home where booful flowers growed. I's so tired.'"

"Well, little boy, what is your name?"

"I didn't got much name."

"What does Grannie call you?"

"Dest Turly," he answered, wearily.

"You mean Curly," said Mehitable. "Es, ast the way Grannie says it," he answered; and now, woman, please give me some flowers; I's plained all I knowed, and Grannie will be waiting for me."

"But, Curly, aren't you hungry? Don't you want something to eat?" said Mehitable as she went vigorously snipping flowers here and there.

"Oh, es; I's mostest always hungry; but will you give me something to take to Grannie?" he eagerly inquired.

"But don't you want some for yourself?"

"I's liked some, 'cause I's hurted in my 'tumach.'"

"Mehitable Johns, you are a little fool to let your feelings be worked upon by such a dirty mite," she grumbled sotto voce, as a great lump came in her throat, and she hastily returned to the house and began filling a basket; then going to the gate she gave the boy a generous sandwich, and gathering up the flowers she had cut, she said: "Now, Curly, come along with me and I will go and see your Grannie."

So he, eagerly devouring the sandwich, went trudging down the road beside her.

"There is the wagon and Billie," he suddenly exclaimed.

And there beside the road, under the shade of a tree, stood a forlorn-looking covered wagon, and cropping the grass beside it was a scrubby pony that looked as though he too might have had a "hurted" stomach, but no Grannie was visible. On coming up to the wagon a feeble voice called out from within: "Curly, come you come at last? What has kept you away so long?"

"Oh, Grannie, I's brought a woman with me." And springing into the wagon he knelt beside a form lying on some blankets.

Mehitable quickly followed, for she saw there was need of assistance.

"Why did you not tell me your Grannie was sick, Curly?"

"'Cause you didn't astest me," he answered.

"My poor woman, what is the matter, and what can I do for you?" At the same time she uncovered the basket; as she did so an eager gleam flashed into the sick woman's eyes. "Starved," murmured Mehitable to herself, as she propped the poor woman up and gave her something to eat, which she clutched with such vehemence that it startled her visitor.

After the sick woman had eaten all Mehitable thought prudent, she asked Curly if he could hitch up the pony with her help, and he, having his mouth filled with bread and jam, nodded his head, and they clambered out and began hitching up.

Mehitable grumbled, "I can't see what folks want to go and starve for in a country like this. Abner will think I have parted with my senses."

"Now, Curly, can you drive?" and he nodded again. So they started, Mehitable walking beside the wagon.

As they came in sight of the house, she saw Abner standing in the doorway leaning on his crutches, gazing out at the strange outfit in amazement. Coming down to the gate, he exclaimed: "What have you here, Hittie?"

"A poor sick woman," she answered laconically.

"My, my, Hittie! What will you do with them?"

"What do you suppose?" she answered brusquely. "Let 'em starve and die in sight of plenty!"

"No; oh, no; we couldn't do that."

Continued on next page

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## The Heart of Mehitable

Continued from preceding page

Miss Mehitable hustled inside and began the vigorous preparation of a room for the sick woman. When all was ready she and Curly managed somehow to get her into the house, and after she had rested, Hittie brought fresh clothing, and after bathing and dressing her, soon left her in a sound, restful sleep.

Then she took the little boy and gave him a vigorous scrubbing, and, combing his curly locks, was astonished at the sweet face and wonderful eyes, that looked into her own with such a beseeching, thankful gaze.

"You'st mostest awful dood, and will you let Grannie and me stay here forever and ever, in this booful place?" Then with an expectant unsatisfied mien he said: "Grannie always tisses me when my face is clean."

And Mehitable, startled out of herself, caught the little fellow in her arms and kissed him on both shiny cheeks. "Oh, you precious, innocent baby!" And tears shone in her eyes, and the love that is every woman's heritage for a helpless little child filled her heart.

Now, looking gravely into her eyes, he again asked the question: "Is you doing to let Grannie and me stay wif you?"

"Haven't you any one related to you and Grannie?"

"None, we'st dest Grannie and me."

"You poor little beggar!" she murmured; "it looks as though it would be only me." And she took him with her and they turned the pony into the pasture.

"Now, Curly, can you play around while Grannie sleeps?" So she left him admiring the flowers, and went in where Abner was waiting to hear all about it.

In a few minutes the little boy came up to Abner and said: "She told me to come in and talk wis you. What does you want me to say?" Then looking wonderingly at the crutches, asked what they were for.

"Well, little man, you see I am obliged to use them to walk with," came the answer.

"What is 'bliged'" asked the little fellow; "is that what hurted you?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Abner; "I am afraid such big words are most too much for that little curly pate."

But the boy only looked with puzzled eyes at Abner and shook his little head over the problem.

"Now, listen, Curly. I was hurted, as you say, by a large piece of timber falling on me from a building, and my legs were crushed so I have to use these crutches to walk with; but I was more fortunate, or less so, I cannot say which, than a poor man who lost his life by the same piece of timber. Poor fellow!" he continued musingly; "I often wonder where his friends are, if he had any. We could not find them or any clue." Then looking into Curly's blue eyes, he suddenly exclaimed: "By the way, Curly, he had just such wondering blue eyes as yours."

"Did he have turly hair like me?" "Ause if he had, his name mustest have been Turly too, 'cause that is whatest they called me Turly for."

"Is that all the name you have, my little man?"

"Dest all the name I knows of," he answered.

The poor woman slept a long time, and when she awoke appeared much refreshed, but still very weak.

Mehitable gave her chicken broth, and dainties of her own manufacture, and when she seemed to have gained strength asked her to tell as much of her story as would enable them to know in what way they could help her.

She said she and her son lived in a little cottage they owned, and some years back he married and brought

his little wife home. Everything went along smoothly until work became scarce, and he did not know what to do. Finally it was thought best for him to start out and see if he could not find work farther away from home. So he went, and he being a good carpenter soon obtained a short job some twenty miles away. After finishing that, he sent home nearly all the money, and wrote that he had heard of work farther on and would write as soon as he arrived there, but did not say where it was.

That was the last the poor wife and mother ever heard from him. Then began a terrible struggle to keep the wolf from the door. The mother went out to work at whatever she could find to do, the wife not being in a condition to do more than keep the little cottage and tend a small garden that gave them a few vegetables for the table. The terrible suspense and worry told on them both, and when the wife's hour of trial came she only lived long enough to look into the blue eyes of her little son and leave him a legacy for the grandmother's care.

But, alas! the grandmother would willingly have given up the struggle and lain down beside the daughter, had it not been for the sweet-faced baby that was so much like the father who had so mysteriously disappeared from their lives, and the thought that he might come back some day kept her from utter despair.

And now, as year after year went by without any word from him, she formed a plan that when Curly was old enough to travel, she would go in search of her boy, hoping to find some clue to his fate or whereabouts.

She had started with a little money, but that had soon given out; still she kept on, making inquiries as she went; at the same time stopping and doing work in a farmer's kitchen as their needs required.

Many had been very kind and fitted her out with enough to carry her a long way on her search. Others would treat her as a tramp; but she braved it all until the hardship and anxiety had sapped her strength. They were in dire straits, and when Mehitable found her she had been unable to provide for herself or Curly, and nothing had passed their lips, except a few crusts, for several days.

Mehitable had sat and listened to her story without interruption until she ceased speaking; then she asked what her son's name was.

"Charles Howard," she replied. "Now, Mrs. Howard, you rest a while; you have talked long enough." And leaving the room, she sought her brother.

"Abner," she exclaimed, "do you remember what that man's given name was who was killed when you so miraculously escaped?"

"Why, Hittie, I do not know as I ever heard it. All I remember was that he gave in the name of Howard."

"Abner, I do believe that man was this woman's son; his name was Charles Howard."

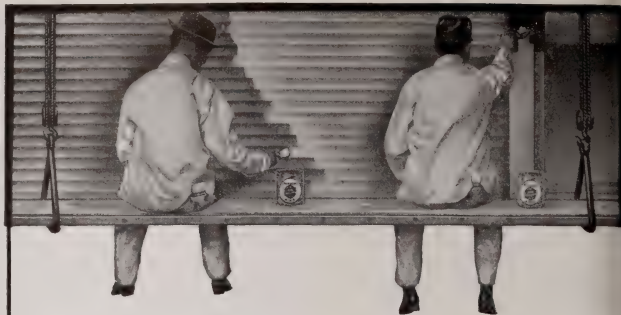
"Why, Hittie, it must be the same. Well, I will find out as soon as she is able to bear the inquiry. You remember there were a few things we found in his satchel after he was buried. I put them away thinking some day they might be the means of identification to his friends."

A number of days went by; still the sick woman did not appear to gain much strength, and the doctor told Hittie and her brother that there was not much hope for her recovery, she had gone beyond the limit of endurance.

So the next day Hittie asked her if she would remember the clothing her son wore when he left home.

"Oh, can I ever forget what he had on the last time I saw him? Why, Miss? What do you mean?" in a startled tone.

Continued on next page



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## The Decline of Darwinism

IN a recently published book entitled *God and Science*, Professor Elie de Cyon, a famous Russo-French scientist and a member of the Faculty of Sciences in St. Petersburg University, has struck what may prove to be a final blow at the declining theories of Darwinism. Professor de Cyon's book is recognized as the ablest work on the subject that has appeared in half a century at least.

A writer in the *Record of Christian Work* gives an intelligent and accurate summary of the main points of the volume. He says:

"M. de Cyon points out that theories of a mechanical evolution were opposed by a far larger group in the scientific world thirty years ago than is generally realized. Among the enemies of Darwinism were such men as Virchow, Von Baer, Florens, Milne-Edwards, Claude Bernard, and Quatrefages. But their opposition was either too timid or too disdainful to be effective. 'The atheistic evolutionary speculation found immense popular vogue among those who desired to see the Creator dethroned, who wished to be delivered from religion and the restraints imposed by the moral law on covetousness and human passion.' It found browbeating exponents in men like Haeckel, and succeeded, for the time, in silencing objections.

"The two bases of Darwinism are the natural selection of the fittest and the hereditary transmission of characteristics acquired in the struggle for existence. It is curious to note that these bases have been broken down by two evolutionists, H. Spencer and Weismann.

"Although recognizing Darwin's honesty of character, M. de Cyon is not greatly impressed with his capacities for generalization. 'His intelligence was built rather for purely descriptive sciences. He was not equipped intellectually for making large philosophical inductions. He too often confused analogy with identity to be a safe guide.' M. de Cyon further points out, as the German zoologist, Krause, has also done, that all the fundamental theories of Darwinian evolutionism are to be found sharply defined in the poetical effusions of Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles Darwin. Credit, however, is nowhere given for this family heritage."

Concerning Professor Haeckel, of Germany, who stands as the great popularizer of Darwinism, Professor de Cyon writes:

"Among Haeckel's innumerable works published in all tongues and issued in thousands of copies, one searches in vain for a single thought

emanating from him which is worthy of preservation." Professor Chwolson, the eminent physicist of St. Petersburg, says: "All that Haeckel explains and affirms concerning questions of physics is false, and shows an ignorance of the most elementary problems, which is hardly believable," and F. Paulsen, the late Berlin University professor, adds: "I have read the *World Riddle* of Haeckel, and have reddened with shame at the thought of the general education of our people! That such a book should be possible, that it should be written, printed, bought, read, admired, and taken seriously by the nation of Kant, Goethe, and Schopenhauer, is a sad fact indeed." M. de Cyon points out that the falsifications of plates, which Dr. Arnold Brass has recently discovered in Haeckel's books, are no new thing. A year earlier, Professor His called attention to the fact that Haeckel was picturing part of a dog, a chicken, and a mole, with a single plate labeled in three different ways. Yet, for decades, Haeckel's books have been given to students for consultation by our innocent American professors. For decades this mountebank has imposed on the international public as a king in the world of thought.

"Lamarckism and Darwinism," Professor de Cyon says, "mark but passing phases in the history of science. They offer but fragments of truth. Presented as dogmatic theories, they are but an obstacle to progress. Let us have the courage to confess that we have not, up to the present, advanced a single step toward the solution of this problem [origin of species]."

The theory of an apish ancestry for man, he declares pure assumption. "No proof of this theory can ever be given from discovered fossils"; and Virchow says: "I have never found a single ape skull which approaches at all the human one. Between men and apes there exists a line of sharp demarcation. If we compare known fossil men with men of to-day, we can boldly affirm that individuals of a low development are much more numerous, relatively, among present-day men, than among fossils." In other words, the race is degenerate rather than the fruit of an exquisite development.

What psychological truth or what historical fact has ever been demonstrated by experimental proofs approaching, even at a distance, those which demonstrate the divine origin of the Gospel's revelations? he asks, and the answer is: "The culture of the entire civilized world and the history of myriads brought out of ignorance and savagery to the light of faith and science, reply, 'None.'"

## Among the Workers

—AT A SERVICE for old folks, given by the Lemon Hill Association, Philadelphia, recently, about 2,000 aged men and women—some of them over the century mark—attended. Old-fashioned hymns were sung in quavering voices and many fervent prayers were offered. Rev. James B. Ely preached a sermon suited to the occasion, and flowers were distributed to all of the old ladies.

—THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH of Cambridge, Mass. (Dr. J. L. Campbell, pastor), has had one of the strongest years in its spiritual history. As a result of a series of special meetings in January, conducted by the pastor himself, over two hundred took a stand for Christ. The congregations and prayer meetings have been the largest in the history of the church. Open air meetings are held by the young people from the steps of the church an hour prior to the regular service, every Sunday evening from June till October. In addition to a week-night Bible class for the young people, Dr. Campbell, during the past winter, has had a large Sunday class of Harvard and Radcliffe students.

—THE FOURTH ANNUAL Bible Conference at Montrose, Pa., under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey closed recently, and reports the largest attendance in its history. Thirty-five tents on the beautiful grounds were filled to overflowing. The speakers were Dr. Torrey,

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Dr. James M. Gray and Dr. William Evans of the Moody Bible Institute, Rev. George Guile, pastor First Presbyterian Church, Augusta, Ga.; Dr. R. A. Hadden, of the Los Angeles Bible Institute; Dr. G. Mahy, Secretary Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee; Rev. J. Stuart Holden of London, England; Dr. John Macinnis, of Halifax; Dr. W. J. Erdman and Dr. R. C. McKim.

—THE SPECTACULAR SUCCESS evidenced by the series of services conducted by Dr. F. E. Oliver in a great tabernacle on the south side of Cleveland, O., led to a second of a similar nature on the east side of the city, where twenty-four churches united. Dr. Oliver had not had sufficient time for a rest since the first campaign, and, being weary, wired Mr. M. B. Williams to come and assist as much as possible. One pastor, who has lived in Cleveland for forty years, and speaks tenderly of all revivals held in Cleveland during that time, including the Moody campaign of 1879, says there has never been anything like this work for depth and breadth of results in all these forty years. He received about two hundred and fifty new members into his own church. The five thousand new members are being distributed among nearly two hundred of Cleveland's churches, and all of the pastors testify with great eagerness to the improvement in the spiritual life of the church.



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# GOD-GIVEN FREEDOM\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IN ORDER to get into the spirit of this lesson about the return of the Jews from captivity in Babylon to their beloved Jerusalem, we should read again the lesson we had on August 27, almost two months ago, about the Jews being taken into captivity by King Nebuchadnezzar (see Jeremiah, chapters 39 and 52). Thus they were punished for their sins of idolatry, Sabbath breaking and unkindness.

That we may learn how grieved they were over their changed condition from freemen to captives, let us read Ps. 137. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." At that time their grief came repentance; and after seventy years of discipline and judgment that they could be trusted with freedom, so he opened the way for their return from captivity. This was the first by forgiving them. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Surely not double punishment, as some of us have been taught, and thus given an idea that God is revengeful instead of forgiving. Let us understand exactly what the "double" is, as that we may see God in the right light.

It is an Oriental custom when a debt is incurred to write out the transaction in a sort of note, and then to tear the note in two in a jagged line, one part being given to the debtor, and the other retained by the creditor, the creditor's part being called the "double." When the debtor is able to pay, he brings his piece of paper, and it is seen by testing that it exactly fits into the part held by the creditor, which is then passed over as receipt to the man who has paid his debt. In Babylon the Jews received from God the double for all their sins, not in the form of a paper, but in the assurance that their sins were fully forgiven. The "double" was conveyed through King Cyrus of Persia. We might wonder why God did not choose the wise and faithful prophet Daniel, who in his old age was still a trusted counselor at the king's court. If we read Isaiah, chapter 45, we shall discover in this the secret of the Lord; that he would open the eyes of the heathen king to recognize him as the true God. Almost two hundred years before, God had told through his prophet Isaiah how he should make King Cyrus the deliverer of his people from captivity (Isa. 44: 28; 45: 1-7), and that was not far from one hundred and fifty years before Cyrus was born!

How did Cyrus, being a Persian, come to be king in Babylon? It was through conquest; the Medes and Persians were the Babylonians of B.C. 538. It was in that year King Cyrus issued an edict permitting the Jews to return to Jerusalem, "that they might build a house for their God." It was more than "permission," for in the edict he said: "The God in heaven hath charged me to build him a house in Jerusalem." "I girded thee, thou hast not known me," said the Lord of King Cyrus (Isa. 45: 5). King Cyrus entered most heartily into the plan, even with the zeal that would have done credit to a "Hebrew of the Hebrews." He appealed to the people who were not going, to help the expedition by gifts of silver, gold, clothing and beasts of burden, and in addition suggested that free-will offerings be made to help in the building of the Lord's house. The response was most generous. More than that, King

Cyrus ordered that all of the gold and silver basins, cups, etc., that King Nebuchadnezzar had taken from God's house before he burned it down, should be brought and returned to the Jews, that they might carry them back and put them in the new temple. When these were counted there were five thousand and four hundred of them. (They are not all mentioned in the list given in the Bible chapter we are studying to-day.) King Cyrus might have kept all of them, and made himself far richer, but he would not. God was "girding" him, and inclining him to do what was upright and honorable. The procession started, forty and two thousand three hundred and three score, 42,360 (men). It is thought if the women and children had also been counted there must have been about two hundred thousand in all. But many more Jews were left in Babylon than those who went out; some of them were too old to undertake the long journey, and the hard work of building! Some, alas! were not as loyal and true to God as they should have been, and yet others had been born in Babylon and they thought they would be happier there than in Jerusalem.

## The Call to Repentance

First, God calls us all to repentance, for we are all wrongdoers, sinners in his sight. A clergyman once stopped to see one of his poor parishioners. She had just hung out some clothes on the line. She invited him to have a cup of tea. While he was drinking it, a snowstorm began, which soon made everything white, and the clergyman said: "Your washing does not look quite as clean as it did." "Ah," she replied, "the washing is right enough, but what can stand against God Almighty's white?" "Ah," said the clergyman, "that is how what we call our goodness compares with God's righteousness." So it is that those who have never seen God (with the soul) think themselves altogether pure and good. It is not a mean, but a noble thing to confess a fault, whether to God or man. It is the very mark of high character to be quick with apology whenever anything has gone wrong, while small souls hesitate to confess a fault, and so increase it.

Second, Success through Obedience. Two drunken sailors had to cross a Scotch lake at night. They leaped into the boat, and pulled away at the oars with all their might; they pulled and pulled, and wondered that they did not reach the shore. In their maudlin state, they thought that the tide was against them, and so in a wild fashion, they took spells at pulling, but no shore did they reach. Great was their astonishment, for the lake was narrow, and a quarter of an hour should have seen them at the opposite beach. "Surely," they said, "the boat is bewitched." The night wore on, and the morning light explained the mystery to their soberer eyes. "Why, Sandy, mon, we never pulled up the anchor." Just so, and tug as they might, they labored in vain.

God had to send the Jews to Babylon to find out that being bound to idols was not the way to be strong and great. They learned the lesson well. So let us learn that we will have success in life when we try to push our little lifeboat in the currents that he has so well marked out for us in the Bible; to love his law, and serve him always.

Third, A God who loves to forgive. Some one has said: "The Old Testament is full of the record of God's forbearance and forgiveness. The New Testament is the will of God sealed in the blood of his Son for the remission of sins." This thought

Continued on next page

## What Hast Thou in Which to Glory?

HAST thou longed for gold and silver  
At thy feet in mountain laid?  
Or for wisdom even greater  
Than King Solomon displayed?

Hast thou dreamed of worldly power—  
Multitudes adoring thee?  
All these things shall quickly vanish  
Like the bubbles of the sea.

For I deem that no ambition  
Is of real and lasting worth  
That is born of other motive  
Than the betterment of earth.

Can thy gold and silver save thee  
From the course that others go,  
When the evening shadows gather,  
When the tide is ebbing low?

Are thy garments free from canker  
And the midew of the grave?  
Hast thou seen the stars created?  
Is eternity thy slave?

Can thy gilded dream of power  
Give thy spirit peace at last,  
When thy dust has gone to mingle  
With the dust of ages past?

What hast thou in which to glory,  
Since thy life is but a span?  
What hast thou in which to glory,  
O thou vain and foolish man?

Lyndon, Kan.

J. E. HILKEY.

## A Veritable Children's Paradise

ON August 19 I visited Mont-Lawn. As I had read so much about it, I was anxious to see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's Summer Home for the children and can honestly say that my expectations were more than realized when I saw the beautiful and healthful place. It is indeed the Children's Paradise. Although a total stranger, I was warmly welcomed by Miss Goering, the matron, and shown about by one of her assistants or teachers. Altogether I spent a most delightful and agreeable day. THEO. LIETZ.  
New York City, N. Y.



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\*The International Sunday School Lesson for October 15, 1911: The Return from Captivity. Par. 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy." Micah 7: 18.



# Rhyme Practice in Schools

THE teachers of English have discovered that rhyming calls forth great mental activity, promotes acquaintance with beautiful words, and makes generally for the development of literary taste and judgment. In a certain Western school, the pupils have been writing sonnets, and one has been submitted to us. Probably few others were as good as this.

## A School-Girl's Sonnet

Poets, they said of old, are born, not made;  
And yet our teachers fain would try and see  
If any can be made from you and me.  
Wherefore we have beyond our depth essayed,  
But if our thoughts are once in words betrayed  
What follies will there in the utterance be;  
Nor can we from their baneful influence flee  
If they are to the public eye displayed.  
The freshness of the opening buds of spring  
No longer can delight our wondering eye,  
Emotion must be caught and clothed in rhyme.  
Penitents we'll ever seek to clothe;  
Enthusiastic thought we'll cut and dry,  
And lay it up 'gainst sonnet-writing time.

ADA M. PARSONS.

The author may have a great literary future before her.

## Peanuts

WHEN a Brooklyn girl returned from Europe a few weeks ago she heard the whistle of the peanut man as he strolled along the street, and ran to catch him.

"Oh, how good it is to have peanuts again!" she cried. "I did miss them so in Europe."

And yet a large part of our peanuts are said to come from Africa. We cannot raise enough to supply the voracious appetite for peanuts of our great population.

Those who have visited certain parts of Virginia (which has been called the mother of Presidents and peanuts) have felt as though it would be impossible to eat up all the peanuts raised there, though the whole world should combine to do it.

And yet, such is our greed for this delectable nut that we have to eke out the native supply with importations from Africa.

# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

introduces the Golden Text: "He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy." Seventy years seemed like a long time for the captives in Babylon to wait for God's forgiveness, but no doubt God gave it to them as soon as they were able to receive it and profit by it. They came into Babylon a sinful nation, they went out a church—the great Jewish Church, out of which has sprung redemption for the world. But some there are, who do not see it in this light.

"Oh, mama," said Mary, coming home from Sunday School, "I am so disappointed in Jesus." "What do you mean, child?" asked the anxious mother. "Why, our teacher said to-day that Jesus was a Jew." "What did you think he was?" asked the mother. "Oh," Mary replied, "I thought he was a Presbyterian." Let us not forget that through the Jewish Church has come the Bible as well as our Saviour. Therefore let us not scorn the Jews, but try to help them see the Messiah in the fulness of his blessing. The incident in Babylon distinctly shows that God has power to move all men toward the light.

Fourth. The joy of forgiveness. If the whole history of that day when the Jews started from Babylon back to Jerusalem had been written, and we could read it, it would be comparable with our Independence Day. The Jews had their first independence day when they were delivered from Egypt, and set their faces toward Canaan; but the rebellious spirit that was in them made it impossible for them to enter into the Promised Land for many years. The second Independence day which God gave to them when they were delivered from Babylon was more auspicious than the first, for they had become a disciplined people. Dr. Maclaren says: "They went out (from Jerusalem) without a national knowledge of the law, and they returned with a passion for the Law which redeems the commonplaces of their life with vast sublimities."

## The Independence Day of the Soul

The Bishop of Alet possessed a very happy way of expressing himself in a few words. A person who had long practised many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart was once complaining to the Bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere; only tell me when you think I shall learn to lose self. Will it be in discipline, in study, in prayer, or in good works?" "I think," replied the Bishop, "that the place where you will lose self will be that where you will find your Saviour."

Another person pleading in behalf of uniting worldly acquaintance with religious profession, said, "Believers are called to be the salt of the earth." "Yes," replied the Bishop, and yet if salt be cast into the ocean from whence it was originally drawn, it will melt away and vanish entirely."

The Jews were not lost in Babylon, but came forth a "peculiar people," because the power of God worked out their destiny through their trials and afflictions.

"Tis only a moment God chastens with pain; Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain; Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay: Be dumb; but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

## Next to the Bible

Next to the Bible, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been my spiritual meat and drink for about twelve years. Am sure I am a much better Christian for being a regular reader of the good sermons, Sunday School lessons, and other religious articles in your good paper. I pass it on for several other families to get the benefit.

Mrs. C. V. WINGER.

Hancock, Md.



This is a picture of my big confectionery store in Springfield, Ohio.

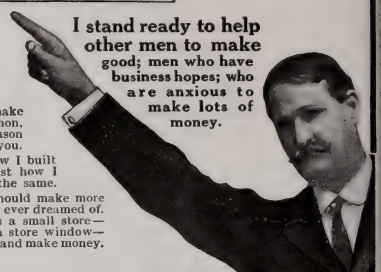
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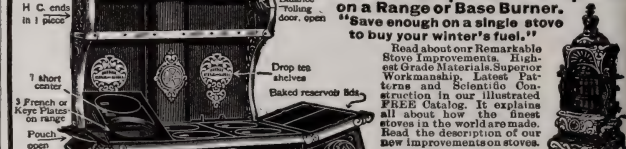
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### The Still Small Voice

while the Peace Movement at the e of our statesmen is at present u quo, the still, small voice pro- ing "Peace on earth, good will to e" was never more distinguish- Above the din and clashing of and words, in which of necessity great onward movement is in- ed, the call, "Peace—Peace." The shall hear it at last, for the is in God's hands.

### Schools and Sunday Schools

st as it is the undisputable right e rising generation to be in- ted in the principles and practi- laws of health, good manners, e citizenship, and in the moral of justice, honesty, mercy, hu- y and brotherly love, in just so is it the duty of every teacher, her and parent to definitely in- ere a little and there a little, pt upon precept, these priceless os into the minds and hearts of e children and their pupils.

gue as we will, compromise with own better judgment ever so elo-

quently, it is nevertheless the obliga- tion of the men and women at whose hands the younger generation takes its lessons, to stand boldly against the false standards that are of necessity included in warfare and to give out fully and freely the new ideals which this practical age of internationalism demands—principles and ideals which shall be as convincingly set forth as heretofore we have proclaimed "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

### Are You a Minister of the Gospel?

There is a vast and immediate work to be done, for which teachers, minis- ters and parents are largely respon- sible.

Are you a minister of the Gospel? Will you not from your pulpit suggest the organization of a Peace Circle in your church? Are you a teacher or parent? Will you not teach the com- ing patriots, business men, statesmen, citizens that from day to day are in your charge, the lessons which in their deep significance are the most important demand of the younger generation upon the older generation of to-day?

If you will undertake even your own small share of this great respon- sibility, and work along with us, it is all we ask.

Once again the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League extends a cordial invita- tion to all to co-operate with us.

### Free of Cost

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to supply liberally, free of cost, to all those who will undertake to instill into the hearts of school children, either directly or indirectly, the first principles of the Gospel of Peace, appropriate literature bearing especially upon this phase of the subject, and may God grant unto ministers, teachers, parents, grace to meet their duty and opportunity!

Will you not write to-day to the Secretary of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League asking for Peace Leaf- lets and literature free?

### Suggested Programme

After roll-call, officers' reports, un- finished business, reading of matter from headquarters. A brief exposition of the main topic for the week, which is "Nationalism."

Continued on page 991

Send your name for this little book—it is free!

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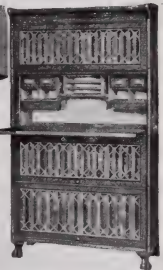
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## A Voice from a Past Era

MANY of us have listened with the deepest interest to the stories of some octogenarian whose memory went back into days that seemed to be historical to us. One of the most vivid memories that connects itself with early youth for several of the writer's acquaintances is that of hearing a dainty little old lady tell how in her girlhood she had accompanied her father to the barbecue which was held on the banks of a distant Canadian river when the news arrived, two months after the event, that Wellington had defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. Though the time is not so great it is with interest that one learns of the survival of one of that little army of Illinois rangers which was called into action to subdue the famous Indian chief, Black Hawk. This man, Avery Dalton of Elmwood, Ill., is now 104 years of age and is still in good health and still keen of mind and memory. One of the most interesting stories that the veteran has to tell is that of a tall raw-boned young captain who came with a company from southern Illinois. As Dalton fought side by side with this youngster, he little imagined that he should live to see that man President of the United States, the executive head of one side during a great war, and finally to see his name written upon the page of American history in a place second only to that of Washington. That young man was Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Dalton was always very greatly attached to Lincoln and he recalls a side of his character which appeals to all who love a good story, that is, that Lincoln was possessed of an extremely keen sense of humor. Mr. Dalton tells that when Lincoln was a representative in Congress he once delivered a humorous speech in which he ridiculed the claims of a former officer for preferment on account of his military service. In the course of the speech Lincoln facetiously set himself up as a hero, claiming that while he did not kill a single Indian in the Black Hawk War, he had surpassed all in his charges upon the wild onions. In the conclusion of his speech he said he most sincerely hoped that if any of his friends should ever attempt to run him for President of the United States they would not make him ridiculous by setting up for him claims to military heroism.

## Answered Prayers

Reader, St. Louis, Mo. "I thank God for the restoration of my child to health."

J. O. D., Weems, Va. "God has answered my prayers in sickness and in health."

A. M. G., Turlock, Calif. "I thank the heavenly Father for answered prayers."

Mrs. E. E. L., Horatio, Ark., thanks God for the restoration of a loved one to health.

A. H., Chapel Hill, N. C. "I thank God for sparing my life during a serious illness."

S. E. G., Ware, Mass. "God has granted the desire of my heart in answer to prayer."

G. G., Washington, Ga. "I thank God for the restoration of two friends to health."

B. I. Z., Massillon, O. "I acknowledge the Father's goodness in answering my prayers."

F. J. S., Rochester Mills, Pa., thanks God for restoration to health in answer to prayer.

D. H. S., Ionia, Mich. "I praise God for remembering me and answering my prayers."

Mrs. D. W. H., Olds, Alberta, Can. "I thank God for answers to my earnest prayers."

C. S. Ithaca, New York. "God has answered my prayers when I was troubled, and I want to thank him."

Mrs. F. A., Davis, Ill. "My heavenly Father has restored my health through prayer, and I thank him."

E. N., San Diego, Calif. "I thank God for his goodness. He has answered my prayers several times recently."

Mrs. F. B. F., Henderson, N. C. "I wish to acknowledge the Father's goodness in answer in my special prayer."

E. B. W., Bristol, Conn. "I want to acknowledge God's mercy in saving me from some great trouble in answer to prayer."

B. A., Liberty, Mo. "I thank God for an answered prayer. It was the most visible manifestation I ever witnessed."

Mrs. C. E. A., Horner, N. Y. "I acknowledge the Father's goodness in answering prayers in behalf of a loved one."

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# ITEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

## PURE FOODS\*

IS timely text-book is made up of authoritative lectures upon the elements and nutritive values of food. As the author truly says in his preface, "The steel for our bridges is not sold on the chemists' certificates of its composition to the thousands of 1 per cent.; while foods are manufactured and sold on flavor and appearance, regardless of composition and food value. The coal for our engines must be tested and analyzed; the far more precious human organism is loaded with a heterogeneous mixture of fuel of unknown composition. We should not be surprised at inefficiency, inability to work, sickness, even the premature death of an organism which is given so little intellectual care."

The author proceeds to tell of the organic and mineral matter of which the human body is composed, and the elements which best furnish them; also the calorific or energy-producing elements; and the various tests for determining the exact value of each. Testing tables present the results of chemical analyses of the common foods, and the term "pure-foods" is properly defined. Prices of foods; deviations of standard rations; a full discussion of the milk problem, and candies, fruits, jams and jellies, and flavoring extracts, takes up the remainder of this small and attractive volume. It is well indexed, has an appendix, explaining by the few technical terms used, the chemical elements mentioned. In

*Pure Foods.* By John C. Olsen, A. M., Ph. D., Director of Analytical Chemistry at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute (Ginn & Co., 30 cents).

the present almost universal desire for a wider and more accurate knowledge of foods, the "balanced ration" and the "nutrient equivalent," this book should have a wide sale.

### "The Cloister Book"†

DR. BURRELL has provided in this book a complete Order of Services for twenty-six Sabbaths—prayers, Scripture lessons and hymns; a unique and useful book. The different elements of each service are blended with the taste and skill for which Dr. Burrell is noted; while the sermons, even though only printed, are strong with the personality of their famous author.

### Workingmen's Insurance‡

EIGHT of our States have appointed official commissioners to study the subject of workingmen's insurance, and more are considering it seriously. The systems in force in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Austria were thoroughly examined in the preparation of this volume, which should be of great service to our lawmakers, charity workers and workingmen.

† *The Cloister Book*; for Shut-in Worshipers and Pastorless Congregations. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., Minister to the Marble Collegiate Church, New York. \$1. American Tract Society, New York.

‡ By Lee K. Frankel, Miles M. Dawson and Louis I. Dublin. New York Charities Publication Committee, 105 East Twenty-second Street, Russell Sage Foundation. 477 pp., \$2.50. By mail, \$2.70.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*Adventures: Talks With a Young Girl.* By E. B. Lowry, M.D. Forbes & Co., Chicago. 50 cents. Intimate talks on health.

*McLerie.* By J. J. Bell, author of *Woe for George*. This is a charming story of simple life in the broad Scottish dialect. 230 pp., covers, \$1. The Century Company, New York publishers.

*Lilac Fairy Book*, edited by Andrew Lang with numerous illustrations. Many descriptions are here told in Mr. Lang's charming style. 269 pp., cloth covers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.

*Adventures of Pathfinder.* Adapted by Fenimore Cooper's "Pathfinder." By H. N. Haught. American Book Company, New York.

*School Days.* By Margaret E. Sangster. A book of practical advice for school-children, entertainingly written. Cloth binding. \$1. Price \$1.25. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

*Education of the Child.* By Ellen Key. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents. A profound and original discussion by a Scandinavian teacher, of the reasons why modern education does not better educate.

*Forest Land of Penn.* By Fanny Fernbach (Richard G. Badger, Editor). (Latham Press). Pp. 154; \$1.50. A book of nature, largely patriotic and historic. It is regionally well printed.

*Selections of a New England Editor.* Edited by William A. Mowry. Silver, Burdett, Ginn, New York, Boston, Chicago; \$1.50. Interesting book, full of unusual facts and points, told in a quaint and intimate way. No recent work in this line gives a better idea of the beginning and progress of American educational system. Mr. Mowry not only attributes the best in the system to the influence of the Christian religion.

*Christmas Builders.* By Charles Edward Johnson. This daintily bound book, with its old-fashioned looking pictures, treats of the original subject (the extension of Christianity in an original and interesting manner). covers; gilt top. Pp. 32. Price 50 cents.

*The Forerunner.* By E. M. Miller, D.D. Founded on an incident in the history of wandering of the Israelites. An excellent story for a New Year or birthday gift. Cloth gilt top. Pp. 46. Price 50 cents.

*Forerunner.* By Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G., B.A., M.D. (Oxon.), and others. Is interesting and instructive, and the author predicts a remarkable future for this valuable appendix and helpful index. binding; gilt top. Illustrated. Pp. 497. \$2.25. The Temple. By Lyman Abbott.

is the last of the three volumes which make one book, not of theology but of religion. Cloth covers; gilt top. Pp. 171. Price \$1.25. The above two books are published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

*Students and the Present Missionary Crisis.* Addresses Delivered Before the Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Rochester, New York, December 22, 1909, to January 2, 1910. New York: Student Volunteer Movement; \$1.50. No library, especially no religious library, can afford to be without this invaluable volume. It will carry world-wide hope and cheer wherever it goes, and will furnish effective ammunition to speakers, writers and teachers.

*The Religions of Eastern Asia.* By Horace Grant Underwood, D.D. Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50. Six lectures in the Charles F. Deems Lecture Foundation of New York University. They are upon Taoism, Shintoism, the Shamanism of Korea, Confucianism, Buddhism, and a comparison of these faiths with Christianity. The six lectures form an authoritative, interesting and enlightening exposition of these strange foreign beliefs, so difficult for Occidentals to comprehend.

## Peace Circles Multiplying

Continued from page 989

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### Some Things We May Know\*

A GREAT Englishman once said, "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and as age creeps upon us that beautiful plant grows more slowly still. Phillips Brooks was wont to affirm over and over the beauty of faith. "It is the mark of a noble soul," he would say. "The noble soul bears beliefs as a tree bears fruit."

Therefore strengthen yourselves while you are young, and before time and its bitter experiences harden and dull the soul. There is no way given to acquire this strength save by the constant reading of God's word and by earnest prayer.

Many a man has said, "If I could only see Christ for myself, or see some person whom he has healed by a touch, then I could believe,—but now faith is hard." We have the glorious testimony of the apostles and the martyrs; we have seen Christ's power in the reformation of sinners; we have felt his Spirit in our own hearts. Thus we have ample ground for faith. Let it grow and blossom in our hearts, and from it every other Christian grace will develop.

"If any sincere Christian," said Cardinal Manning, in one of those bursts of spiritual eloquence which have so greatly endeared him to Christians of every creed, "cast himself with his whole will upon the Divine Presence which dwells within him, he shall be kept safe to the end. What is it that makes us unable to persevere? Is it want of strength? By no means. We have with us the strength of the Holy Spirit."

In Francis Thompson's fine poem, "The Hound of Heaven," he pictures his soul as fleeing from Christ, unwilling to yield to his charm, and to make the sacrifices which his service demands. He says:

I fled him down the nights and down the days;  
I fled him down the arches of the years;  
I fled him down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
I hid from him, and under running laughter.

Across the margin of the world I fled,  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;  
Pretted to dulcet jars

And silver chattered the pale ports of the moon.

But the "following feet" came after him, however far he wandered. He sought consolation in Nature, studied her moods, and was

heavy with the even  
When she lit her glimmering tapers  
Round the day's dead sanctities;

but still the "human smart" remained unhealed.

At last, he says:  
I stand amid the dust of the mounded years,  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke.

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;  
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of Eternity.

Then he sees the kingly figure of Him who has been pursuing the desperate fugitive, while "the Voice is round him like the bursting sea," and he hears the loving assurance:

All that I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou mightest seek it in my arms.

All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home.  
Rise, clasp my hand and come.

Thus He speaks to every one of us. Let us trust him and clasp his hand, sure of his word.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 15. TEXTS: 1 John 1: 1-7; Acts 4: 18-20; Rom. 8: 16; 11 Tim. 1: 12.

### To Celebrate Their Golden Wedding

I have been one of your Family for twelve years; wife and I cannot get along very well without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. February 19, 1912, is our fifthieth marriage anniversary or golden wedding date. REV. J. J. HENRY.  
San Francisco, Calif.

# THE HOUSEWIFE

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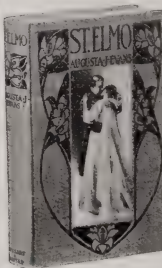
THE HOUSEWIFE is pre-eminently a magazine for the woman who has the care and development of her home at heart. The Housewife has more interesting and entertaining stories than any other magazine of a similar class. The stories are always wholesome and are replete with suggestions for home decoration, entertainment and amusement. It is the largest and best magazine for women published at a popular price and for many years has been recognized as the foremost woman's household magazine by hundreds of thousands of readers. It is handsomely printed and always has a beautifully colored cover design drawn by some famous artist of national reputation.

The Housewife is always interesting, entertaining, cheerful, helpful, and clean, and the contents of each number are exactly described by the name it bears. It is a magazine the arrival of which the subscriber looks forward to each month with that interest and joy which comes with the knowledge that a dear friend will pay her a pleasant visit.

Among the Many Helpful Departments Are:

NEW FASHIONS NEEDLEWORK MOTHER'S REALM  
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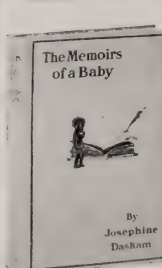
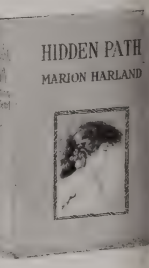
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By Laura Lee Hope

The Bobbsey Twins, forlorn and women, by Laura Lee Hope. A book that will charm the hearts of the little ones, and the parents who will never tire. Many of the adventures are comical in the extreme, and all the accidents that happen ordinarily to youthful personages happened to these many-sided little mortals. Their hap and mishaps make decidedly entertaining reading. "Bobbsey" will prove a source of keen delight. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth covers.



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Please remit by Post Office Money Order or Registered Letter.

THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 Duane Street, NEW YORK CITY



# BUILDING MATERIALS AT ABSOLUTELY CASH PRICES NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD OR IMPROVE

**\$527** Our price for the material to build this house.



**HOUSE DESIGN No. 111**

Here is a neat, cozy little cottage that can be built at the minimum of cost under our guaranteed building proposition. Size, 23 ft. 6 in. wide by 33 ft. Five rooms and bath. All the comforts desired by home-loving people. Extra large porch. Convenient interior. For the price it is impossible elsewhere to secure a home with so many excellent features.

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We buy supplies at **Sheriffs', and Factory Sales**, besides owning outright saw mills and lumber yards. Usually when you buy your building material elsewhere for the complete buildings shown in this advertisement, it costs you from 50 to 60% more. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. Every stick of lumber and every bit of building material offered in this advertisement is guaranteed brand new and first class; as good as you can purchase from anyone anywhere.

You run no risk in dealing with us. Our capital stock and surplus is over \$1,500,000.00. Our 18

years of honest dealing guarantees absolute satisfaction. Any material not up to our representation may be returned at our freight expense both ways and money refunded in full.

Our wonderful fall building offer sets a new pace in the building world. Never before have such remarkably low prices been published.

Our stock includes practically every manufactured article. Besides building material we have a complete stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Household Goods, Groceries—in fact everything needed in the home, on the field or in the workshop.

### CORRUGATED ROOFING Per Square \$1.25

**Roofing Prices Smashed.** Metal roofing is superior to all other coverings. A fact proven absolutely and conclusively at 100 years of actual experience. We carry a complete stock of all styles. Here is a roofing offer that has never before been equaled. We have 5,000 squares of Corrugated Iron Roofing sheets all 22x24x1/4 in. corrugation. Strictly new first-class that we offer at \$1.25 per square Free on Board Cars at Chicago. At this price we do not pay the freight, but if you will write us for our Great Roofing Offer, we will make you Freight Prepaid Prices lower than ever offered in the history of roofing material.

Our stock includes painted and galvanized. We can furnish it in flat, corrugated, standing seam, or crimped, brick ridging, heavily at 100 years of actual experience. In fact we can furnish your every want in the covering line.

A hammer is the only tool needed in putting on all grades but the standing seam. We give you free with every order for 3 squares or more a handsome serviceable crucible steel hammer that ordinarily retails from 75c to \$1.00. Write today for our Great Complete Roofing Catalog, and our latest Roofing quotations.

### "PREMIER" HOUSE PAINT Per Gallon \$1.08

Mr. V. Michaelson, Supt. of our Great Paint Dept. is probably the best known paint man in the world. His picture has appeared on millions of gallons of cans. He is our guarantee of quality. Our Ready Mixed "Premier" Brand of Paints are made under a special formula and will give the best service and satisfaction. Our prices range from \$1.08 to \$1.21, depending upon quantity.

Our "Premier" Barn Paint is an ideal protection for barns, roofs, fences, outhouses and all general purposes. This is a paint in which Mr. Michaelson has put all his personality. Comes in green, maroon, yellow, lead, red and slate. In 1 gallon cans, per gallon. Write today for our Great Color Card and prices.

### \$37.50 BUYS COMPLETE BATHROOM OUTFIT

Here is an outfit that is good enough for any home. It is strictly A No. 1 and first-class in every particular. The bath tub and lavatory are white porcelain enameled over iron. The closet is a siphon action low down outfit. It is our lot No. 5-AD-33.

Our handsome Plumbing Catalog lists many other outfits ranging in prices from \$26.30 to \$52.50. We will furnish all the Plumbing material needed for any of the houses shown in this advertisement including one of the bathroom outfits described above, besides a one piece roll rim white enameled kitchen sink, with white enameled drain board, a 30 gallon range boiler and all the necessary pipe and fittings, and all material of every kind to complete the entire plumbing system, including all fixtures, furnished with iron pipe connect. **\$63.95** This is our price for the material to build this house.

### CEMENT COATED WIRE NAILS Per Keg. \$1.92

A patent process coats the nails with a cement preparation that lasts forever. Drives easily but are hard to pull out. Once used and you will have no others, as for every use they are far superior to the common kind. Full kegs—not sold by pound weight. Sizes 20D to 60D weight. Price per keg. **\$1.92** Other sizes equally as cheap.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **\$568**



**OUR IROQUOIS FRAME BARN No. 221**

Size, 36 ft. by 48 ft. Height to top of roof, 38 ft. 6 in. The most practical and serviceable barn ever designed. No heavy timber in the entire structure. Self-supporting roof. No joists in hay-loft. This design represents strength, rigidity, economy of construction, and is absolutely dependable and substantial. Write us for more complete information.

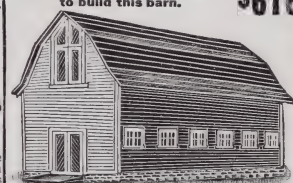
Our price for the material to build this barn. **\$608**



**OUR "STAR" BARN DESIGN No. 270**

Size, 53 ft. wide by 80 ft. long 24 ft. to comb. An ideal barn for farmers raising stock on a moderate scale; balloon type. The hay-mow extends to the ground floor and above the grain rooms on each end of the barn. Cattle stalls on one side of the hay-mow; horse stalls on the other. Excellently suited for all farm work. A practical barn well built of guaranteed first-class material, and will give excellent, all-around satisfaction.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **\$616**



**BARN DESIGN No. 250**

Size, 30 ft. wide and 60 ft. long, 18 ft. to top of the plate. A barn arranged exclusively for horses. Has 12 single stalls, 5 ft. each, and 6 double stalls, 10 ft. each. Ten foot driveway. Can also be used as a horse and a cattle barn and will accommodate 12 horses and 18 head of cattle. A building of brand new high grade materials, dependable construction, sanitary and generally convenient throughout.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **\$937**



**ROUND BARN DESIGN No. 206**

Size, 69 ft. in diameter and 16 ft. high to plate. Has 14 sides, each side 14 ft. A 16 ft. silo in the middle, same being 36 ft. high and will hold 160 tons of silage. Hay capacity, 65 tons. Will accommodate 100 head of cattle. The many and excellent features offered by this construction, the high grade materials furnished by us, and our extremely low price makes this a barn bargain worthy of thorough investigation.

### MONEY SAVING HARDWARE OPPORTUNITIES

Complete, wrought steel, copper finish door set. Artistic, attractive design. Size, 42x31; Mortise lock complete. Price, per set. **\$1.40** Complete wrought steel, antique copper finish plated front mortise lock 3x3x3. One key and one pair of knobs; two escutcheons with screws. Per set. **48c**

### READY ROOFING, PER SQUARE 85c

Our Rawhide Roofing is the highest grade roofing at the lowest price ever offered. It has a foundation of tough fibre, extreme so substantial, prepared that it is well-nigh indestructible. Every foot carries our non-slack guarantee to be absolutely right.

This is our price for Ajax Brand of Ready Roofing. It is put up 108 square feet to a roll. Price includes all tools, nails and cement sufficient to lay. Price for 1-ly. **85c** These prices are for the following states: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio and Michigan. Write for delivered prices to other states. Samples furnished free.

### GALVANIZED WIRE, \$1.35 PER 100 LBS.

It is suitable for fencing, stags, grape vines or any purpose where ordinary wire is used. This Galvanized Wire which we offer at this Great Bargain Wrecking Price is brand new, smooth stock. In manufacturing, wire mills accumulate mill and irregular lengths ranging from 50 to 250 ft., which are bundled together in coils of 100 lbs. The wire itself is exactly the same as that which is wound on spools, the only difference being that the lengths are not continuous. Such wire is known as Galvanized Wire Short.

Handy to use about the farm for many purposes. Extensively used by fruit growers, fence builders and all kinds of repairs. It is new, smooth, clean wire. You save money in buying from us. **\$1.35** is our price for 6 gauge. Other gauges as follows:

No. 8.....\$1.40 No. 12.....\$1.65 No. 9.....1.50 No. 14.....1.75 No. 11.....1.60 Prices are per 100 lbs.

Write for our Free Wire Catalog, which includes prices on Barbed Wire, Woven Wire Fencing, all kind around farm and field fence. Also quotes low prices on Barbed Wire and everything in the wire and fencing line.

### HEATING PLANTS

We will save you 30 to 50% on a modern steam, hot water or hot air heating system. A modern heating system is now within the reach of all. We have hot water heating plants for modern homes all the way from \$100 up. By following our simple plans and instructions, you can install your own material, thus cutting out the expense of plumbers and steamfitters. This together with the great saving we add to the material itself insures a saving of 30 to 50%.

### IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS

Rejuvenated Pipe, in random lengths, complete with couplings, suitable for gas, city water and conveyance of all liquids. Sizes 1 inch to 12 inch. 1 inch, per foot, **3c** 1 1/4 inch, per foot, **3c** 1 1/2 inch, per foot, **3c** 2 inch, per foot, **3c** 2 1/2 inch, per foot, **3c** 3 inch, per foot, **3c** 4 inch, per foot, **3c** 6 inch, per foot, **3c** 8 inch, per foot, **3c** 10 inch, per foot, **3c** 12 inch, per foot, **3c** Write for our Great Catalog, which includes prices on all kinds of iron pipe and fittings. Also quotes low prices on Barbed Wire and everything in the wire and fencing line.

### FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Chicago House Wrecking Co., Chicago. I saw your ad in the Christian Herald. I am interested in.....

Please an X in square opposite book you want sent free.

Plan Book ☐ Paint Book ☐  
Roofing Book ☐ Wire List ☐  
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Name..... Town..... County..... State..... R. F. D. P. O. Box.....

### ANY OF THESE PRICE WRECKING BOOKS SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE!

**PLAN BOOK** Upwards of 100 medium price houses, barns and other designs shown. Each design represents beauty, utility, substantial construction and the lowest possible price. This Valuable Book Free.

**ROOFING BOOK** This book explains all about metal roofing, ready roofing and all other roofing. Tells how to apply same in the most economical and satisfactory manner. Quotes lowest prices on highest class material. Sent Free.

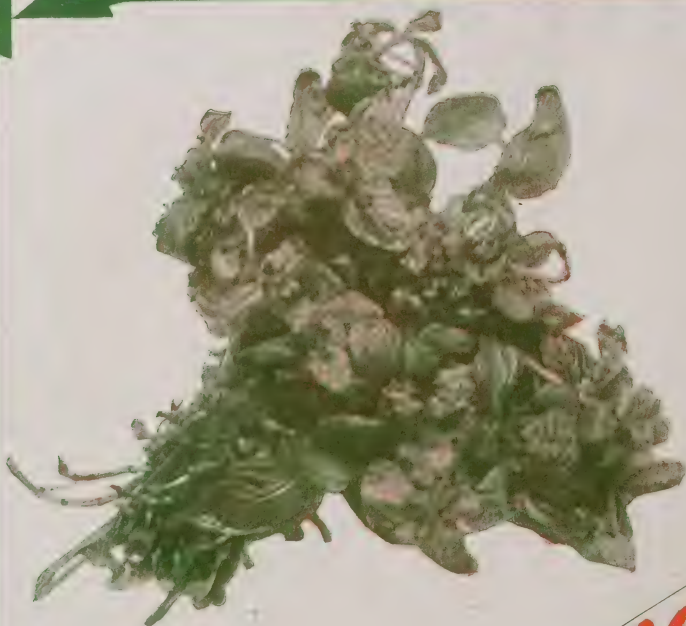
**PLUMBING BOOK** A complete education in plumbing so you can equip any building of any size or shape and save 30 to 50% by taking advantage of the bargains offered. Sent Absolutely Free on Request.

**HEATING BOOK** Hot water, steam, and hot air heating fully described. Tells how to economically and successfully install any heating plant. Prices quoted mean a saving of one-third. Satisfaction guaranteed. This Book Free.

**PAINT BOOK** A book showing actual colors, 40 shades to select from. Informs you fully regarding application to get lasting results. Every quotation a saving of 50% to 60%. Tells all about painting and painters. Free Paint Book.

**CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO**





It is fine for you,  
as all greens are!



It is refreshing—breath purifying—  
appetite aiding—teeth improving.

Buy it by the box. Keep it handy.  
Pass it around after every meal.

This natural, inexpensive confection  
is wonderfully beneficial.

*Look for the Spear!*

*The flavor lasts!*



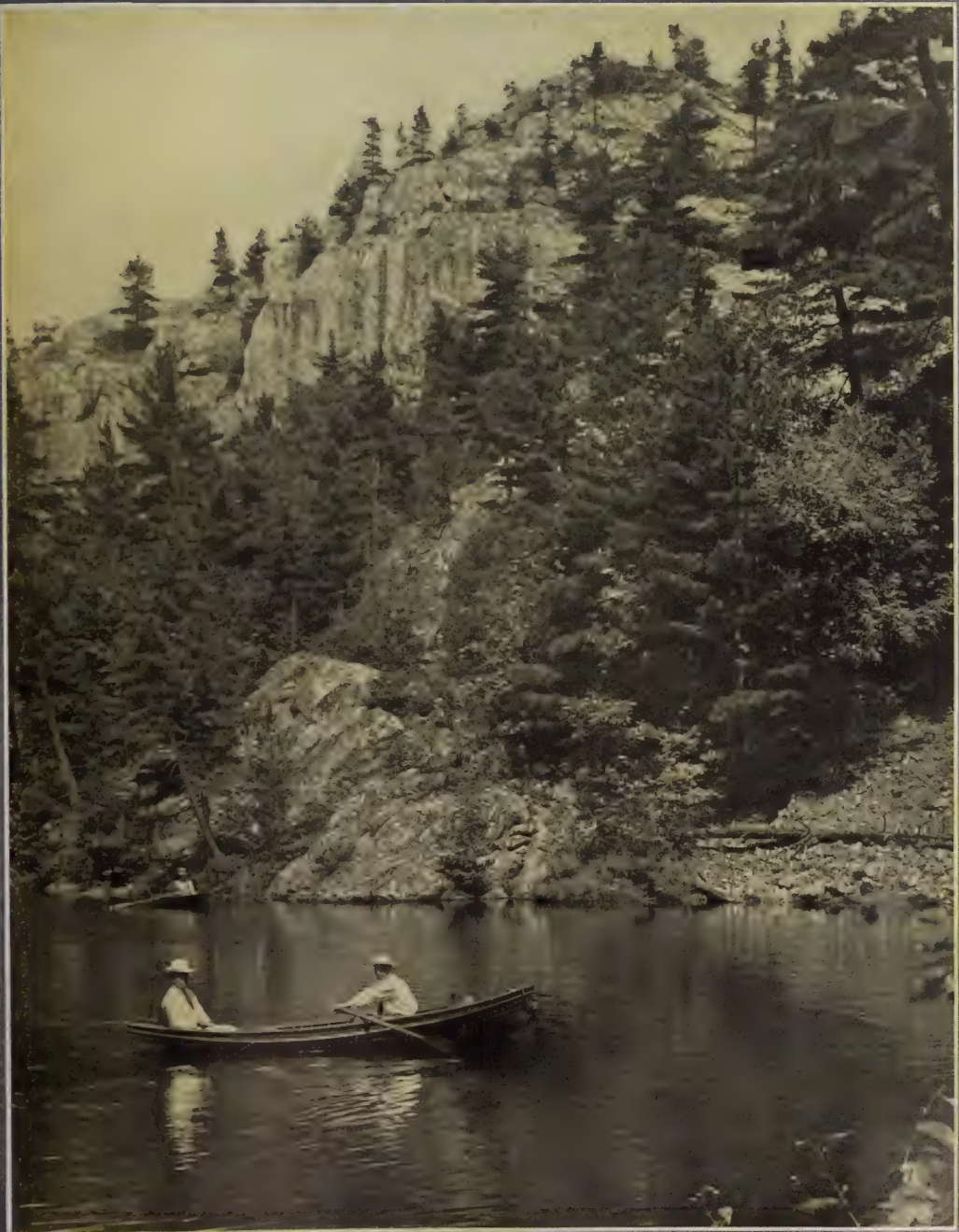
# Christian Herald

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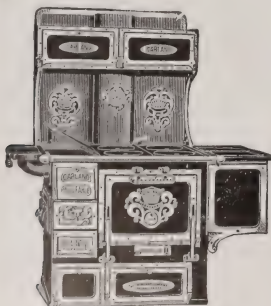
# Be Sure to Buy Your Stove at Home!



Art Garland  
De Luxe  
Series



Smokeburn  
Garland  
Heater  
For Coal, Coke  
or Wood



Malleable Garland  
Six-Hole Range



Unique Garland  
Four-Hole Cook Stove

**I**F you are thinking of buying a stove or range, better "look before you leap."

We, the largest makers of stoves and ranges in the world, have decided to place the stove buyers of this country in possession of certain facts on the stove and range situation which will enable every buyer to safeguard his interest in advance of making a purchase.

We take this step because we feel that we owe a duty to the public which for 40 years has favored Garland Stoves and Ranges with overwhelming evidence of its approval.

For today you will find Garland Stoves and Ranges in over 4,000,000 homes.

Here, in brief, are the facts:

The trademark name, "Garland," on a stove or range, because of the quality and service which it represents, has become enormously valuable to us. We estimate its value at millions of dollars. Behind it are 40 years of study, invention, experience, skilled workmanship and conscientious effort.

In recent years some concerns selling stoves and ranges have sought to trade on our reputation by offering cheap stoves at cheap prices on the representations that such goods are "as good as Garlands." The time has come when the protection of stove buyers demands that we brand these claims as absolutely false.

The purpose of this announcement is to point out to the stove buyer the safety, convenience, satisfaction and greater economy of buying stoves and ranges from established local dealers.

## Pays to Buy Stoves from Your Local Dealer

It pays in satisfaction, safety, convenience and economy to buy stoves from your local dealer. His profit *per stove* is very small. He gives you big value for every dollar of stove money.

The idea that your home dealer makes a pocketful of money on every stove he sells is utterly ridiculous. Stoves are staple merchandise, just like sugar, coffee, salt, calico, muslin, etc. The dealer's profit on a good stove is often scarcely more than the amount of freight you would pay if you sent away for it.

## How the Home Dealer Helps You

If you have ever wrestled with a stove loading it at the depot, carting it home, unloading it, getting it out of the crate, putting it together, blacking it and possibly waiting a couple of weeks for replacement of broken parts before being able to use it, you will never wish to repeat the performance.

Your home dealer not only gives you more *stove value* for every dollar you spend, but he saves you a pile of trouble, inconvenience, delay and dissatisfaction.

He delivers your stove the day you buy it—no waiting to fill orders—no aggravating freight delays.

He delivers your stove in *good shape*. If the railroad company smashes up a stove, the dealer, not you, adjusts the trouble.

The same home dealer delivers your stove *set up, blacked and polished—ready for business*. By you there's no carting it, no setting it up, no polishing. Moreover, your local Garland dealer will give you *ten times* more liberal credit terms and free trial terms than anybody else in the world. And you don't have to tell him your family history, either. Are not these many advantages in home-dealing well worth considering?

## Permanent Satisfaction Better Than "30 Days' Free Trial"

Thirty days or thirty weeks are no test of a stove's worth. A good stove must give *permanent satisfaction*. For it's too expensive and troublesome to be buying stoves every few seasons. If you buy a Garland stove, you have your local dealer at home who *guarantees* you permanent satisfaction; you have the excellent product of the biggest stove manufacturers in the world, who could never have become the *biggest* if they had not made the *best and most serviceable* stoves. It isn't always easy to send back a stove bought on "30 Days' Free Trial!"

## Investigate "Garlands" Before You Buy

In view of these great facts, we urge you *in your interest* to go to your local Garland dealer and look at **Garland Stoves and Ranges**. Get his prices and let him show you the points about these stoves which make them last longer, burn *less fuel* and give *permanent satisfaction*.

**8 Books Free** We publish Eight handsome Stove Books, as pictured here. They are about different kinds of Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Cookers, Gas Ranges, Furnaces, etc. Which books would you like to have? You can have *free* as many as you choose.

One of these books, "The Only Safe Way to Buy Stoves and Ranges," tells the pitfalls of buying stoves away from home; discussing such subjects as, "Not Easy to Return Stoves," "The Dangers of Buying Sight Unseen," "Excess Freight in Stove Buying," "30 Days' Free Trial vs. Permanent Satisfaction," "Delayed Shipments," "Cheap Rocking Chair Premiums," etc., etc., etc. This is the first time the many disadvantages of buying stoves away from home have ever been put in book form. It is a fair, square statement of facts—interesting and valuable. We are distributing tens of thousands of them. *May we send your copy at once?*

Look at the names of the eight free books and then put a cross opposite the name of those wanted. (See coupon below.) Better do this *today*. Cold weather will soon be here and it's best to be prepared now for ice, snow and bleak weather. Address either office.

## The Michigan Stove Company

Largest Makers of Stoves, Ranges, Gas Ranges and Furnaces in the World

Detroit

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The Michigan Stove Company

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Please send me the Stove Books opposite which I have made a cross (X).

Check Here TITLES

☐ Steel Ranges  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Sultan Mohammed V.

Turkish Cavalry on the March

Italian Scouts on Active Service

King Victor Emmanuel II.



## ITALY AND TURKEY AT WAR

**J**UST as Europe was settling down to what seemed an era of assured peace, following the amicable conclusion of the Franco-German negotiations of the difficulties in Morocco, a quarrel between Italy and Turkey over Tripoli has developed with surprising suddenness. On September 27 Italy dispatched the first squadron of her navy with a number of transports, carrying troops to the African coast. Admiral Aubrey, who is in command, was instructed to demand the immediate surrender of the city of Tripoli as soon as the government decided upon forcible occupation. A wireless message carried him the final command on the morning of the twenty-ninth and at 2.30 war was declared. Ten years ago Italy, in return for the withdrawal of her interests from Tunis, where she possessed considerable power, obtained French recognition of her predominant rights in Tripoli. Now that France and Germany have, it is supposed, reached an agreement as to their respective rights in Morocco, the only territory available for Italy to obtain, in order to preserve her influence in the Mediterranean, is this section in North Africa. In addition to this, Italy has felt herself aggrieved by the systematic boycotting of her goods in North Africa and Asia Minor, and the treatment her subjects have received in Tripoli. On Wednesday, September 27, the Marquis di San Giuliano, Italy's minister of foreign affairs, sent the following telegram to a number of the Italian consulates in the Levant:

"The constant opposition of Turkey to all legitimate and economic activity on the part of Italians in Tripoli and Cyrene and the danger which surrounds our nationals at this moment, compel the Royal Government to take grave measures that may give rise to a conflict between Italy and Turkey. The Government has decided to solve the question of Tripoli in conformity with the interests and dignity of Italy, but in attaining that end rests its policy always upon maintaining the *status quo* territorially in the Balkan Peninsula and the consolidation of Turkey in Europe."

The panic which has been caused among Italian residents in Tripoli by the return of one of the bitterest foes of their country's progress has also had some influence in determining the policy of the Italian Government. This anti-Italian leader is Guzman, who was exiled from Tripoli some time ago on account of his implication in anti-foreign riots.

For several days previous to the foreign minister's statement and the declaration of war, active military and naval preparations had been carried on at the direction of the Italian Government. A number of communications had passed between the Turkish authorities at Constantinople and the Italian Government, and it was announced on September 28 that the Italian chargé d'affaires at the Sublime Porte had delivered to the Grand Vizier his country's ultimatum, which gave Turkey just twenty-four hours in which to make her decision.

Though Italy offered to pay a large indemnity in cash for the cession of Tripoli, it was not generally expected that the Turkish Government would accept such an offer. The Young Turks are a military party and their prestige, which is already waning on account of the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina, would receive an irreparable blow by the peaceful surrender of political rights in Tripoli. Italy's claims are for political as well as commercial control, and her ultimatum to Turkey made this perfectly plain.

The embroilment of two such nations as Italy and Turkey in active hostilities at the present time may lead to a number of international complications. Great Britain has refused her assistance to both sides, but has agreed to protect foreigners resident in Turkey. The position of Germany and Austria, though not closely defined, will almost undoubtedly be for the preservation of Europe's triple alliance. Though they maintain absolute neutrality, there is no doubt that their influence will not favor Turkey. As Great Britain has undertaken to protect foreigners in Turkey, under the impending circumstances, she herself may become embroiled as the Tripolitan question brings up the relation of Christianity and Mohammedanism. It is almost an impossibility for Turkey to

carry on war with any Christian nation without this religious question becoming, at least upon the Turkish side, one of the most important influences in the struggle. Religious fanaticism is sure to play an important part in this conflict. It is largely due to the fear of uncontrollable disorder which might lead to massacres, to which Turkey has in the past been no stranger, that the city of Tripoli has been almost depopulated of its foreign inhabitants. The most recent dispatches state that practically all of the other European nationalities, as well as the Italians, have left the city. From Malta and a number of other Mediterranean ports come dispatches telling of this exodus of those who wish to avoid implication in the trouble, and of the appeals for protection of the Maltese and other foreigners.

Although it is common information that Turkey is undoubtedly stronger in military forces and organization than Italy, the Turkish fleet is a negligible quantity. The number of Turkish troops in Tripoli is variously estimated as from 24,000 to 40,000,

and it is believed that she can put at least 80,000 more men in the field. Italy's entire military strength, including the reservists who have already been called to the colors, will total about 85,000 or 90,000 men. Turkey's navy is limited to three or four battleships, none of which are of the most modern type, and a few smaller vessels; while Italy now has four squadrons mobilized and ready for action. The first squadron, consisting of four modern battleships of high speed and great power, three new armored cruisers, a scout, three destroyers, *Continued on page 1008*

A Caravan Halt Outside the City of Tripoli



Courtesy of "Travel"



The Custom House and Wharves at Tripoli, Seized by the Italians



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D.\*



## THE COMING OF THE KING

TEXT: II. Peter 3:4—"Where is the promise of His coming?"

THE word here rendered "coming" is *parousia*, literally "a drawing near" or "being alongside." It is the technical word which was used by the sacred writers to designate the second coming of Christ. In the early Church a deep emphasis was laid upon this doctrine; and there is reason for profound regret that the edge of expectancy has been permitted to wear off.

It will be remembered that soon after the resurrection of Christ he met his disciples by appointment on a mountain in Galilee where he discoursed with them on the great truths of the Kingdom; and then, "while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight; and while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, who said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go." Acts 1: 6-11.

### Prophecies of His Coming

That was in the year 33: and it was now the year 66. A generation had come and gone; and still the promise was unfulfilled. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." So it came to pass, not only that the faith of some of the disciples was shaken, but that scoffers arose, saying, "Where is the promise of his appearing?"

And now that nineteen centuries have passed, the followers of Christ are still waiting, and scoffers are still asking, "Where is the promise?" Are we to conclude that there has been some mistake? Is there really such a promise; and, if so, where is it?

First, it was spoken in terms clear and unmistakable by the angels on the Mount of Ascension: "He shall so come from heaven as ye have seen him go." This promise cannot be explained away by referring it to the influential presence of Christ. It is true that he has been the commanding figure in history since those days. The power of all the Caesars and Alexanders and Napoleons combined is not comparable with that of "him who cometh from Bozrah, with garments dyed red" in the winepress of redeeming grace. But this does not answer the demands of the promise, "He shall so come even as ye have seen him go." It will not answer to explain it away as a reference to the miracle of Pentecost. He did, indeed, so pour out his Spirit on that memorable day that his Church was baptized with fire and power for the great campaign before it. But this was not the coming here referred to.

Nor was the prophecy fulfilled in the coming of Christ at the destruction of Jerusalem. He came then with his fan of retribution in hand to purge his threshing-floor; but this was with no such benignant glory as when he ascended into the heavens that were opened to receive him. Nor are the conditions of this promise met by the sympathetic coming of Christ referred to in his words, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." Here is a splendid truth, which is realized in the experience of every follower of Christ; but it does not exhaust the matter in hand. The *parousia* lies deeper yet. Still less can the promise be explained away by referring it to Christ's sustaining grace in the dying hour. He does meet us at the threshold of the Valley of the Shadow and offer his rod and staff to comfort us; but this does not cover the case. The promise given on the Mount of Ascension is that he shall come at a definite time and in a definite way; and this coming is further described in his own words: "The Son of Man shall come in the clouds of heaven in power and great glory, with the sound of a trumpet." Matthew 24: 30-31. "He shall send his angels and gather together his elect from the uttermost parts of the earth." Mark 13: 27. Such passages as these obviously refer to a personal coming, at a definite time, in the clouds of heaven, and the holy angels with him.

### The "Golden Thread" in Scripture

Second, the promise in the Scriptures, running all through them like a golden thread. The first prophecy in the Old Testament is "the protevangel" at the gate of Paradise; in that prophecy there is a distinct reference to the final triumph of the Seed of Woman over the power of sin. And therefore forward there is a continuous line of prediction with

respect to the *parousia*. It is traceable in the Levitical system of Messianic rites and ceremonies, as well as in the prophetic books.

You may read the same promise in Daniel's vision of the image with head of gold, breast of silver, thighs of brass, legs of iron and feet of clay. Babylonian, Medo-Persia, Greece, Rome; they come and go. And, behold, a stone hewn out of the mountain without hand smites the image so that iron and brass and silver and gold are reduced to dust and swept away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. Let Daniel himself interpret it: "The God of Heaven shall set up a Kingdom which shall never be destroyed; it shall consume all these kingdoms and shall stand forever."

If the Old Testament speaks with no uncertain sound the New Testament is clearer still. There are approximately a thousand allusions in the teaching of Christ and his Apostles to this return of the King. In the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of Matthew we have what is familiarly known as the *parousia* discourse of Jesus; and whatever of uncertainty there may be as to its interpretation in detail and particular, there is no room whatever for any uncertainty as to the promise which it contains of his coming to reign gloriously in this world of ours. The teaching of the Apostles is of the same tenor. Paul and Peter, James and John were all looking for his appearing in the clouds of heaven. The Book of the Revelation would be a mere dream book, a panorama of meaningless visions, if the *parousia* were left out of it.

The Christians of the early Church took Christ and the Apostles at their word, and awaited his coming with joyful expectancy. In trying times of persecution the hope of his appearing was their strength and support. Their customary greeting morning and night was *Maranatha*, "The Lord cometh!"

### The Promise Read in History

Third, the promise may be read clearly in the logic of events. If the angels had delivered no message to the disciples on that mountain in Galilee; if the Scriptures had made no prediction of the *parousia*; it would still be forced upon us by the fact that the centuries have been moving forward in converging lines of increasing light toward one focal point. What is this "one supreme divine event to which the whole creation moves"? Call it the "Golden Age" if you will. It borrows all its lustre from the fact that Christ, coming down through the centuries, is flooding the world with light. He is coming to reign! "The tabernacle of God shall be among men and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be their God."

The nations that were in darkness are emerging into light. It is less than sixty years since Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan; and Japan is one of the great powers of the world to-day. It is less than forty years since Livingstone died in middle Africa; and lo, the face of Ethiopia is turned toward the rising sun! It is not a decade since the decree against foreigners was annulled in China; and, behold, "the great wall" is no more. The darkness is lifting; the nations of the earth are wheeling into line. For what? It is for wiser readers of history to ask, What shall the end be?

The world has never seen a more wonderful year than the one we are living in. The Peace Palace is nearing its completion. The nations are conferring as to the wisdom of settling all disputes by arbitration. David could not build the Temple of the Lord in time of war; it must needs wait for Solomon, whose name means "Prince of Peace." When swords are beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, it will be time to listen again for the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth and good will toward men!"

In the religious world there are three signs: First, the opening of the doors of the nations for the incoming of the Gospel. In the "Missionary Concerts" of forty years ago there were earnest prayers for the opening of the doors. No such prayer is heard to-day. The hands of all the nations are beckoning, like those of the man of Macedonia, and all people are calling, "Come over and help us!"

Second, the enlistment of volunteers. In my Seminary days it was a difficult matter to induce

theological students to offer themselves for missionary service; now it is almost impossible to restrain them. The Missionary Boards are embarrassed. Only the choicest candidates are permitted to go. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of "the Students' Volunteer Movement." There are literally thousands of young men and young women waiting to go to the regions beyond. We are reminded of the days of our Civil War when the boys in blue marched toward the thin red line, singing "We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand more!"

Third, the ingathering of souls. William Carey preached seven years in India without a sign of success; then Krishna Pal was converted. Now who shall count the converts in India? It seems but yesterday that our missionaries were permitted to enter Korea; to-day Korea is a yellow harvest-field. They are coming to Christ, "a nation in a day."

In the world of unbelief there are three signs. First, the decay of the false religions. Of all the great religions of the centuries there are only three which survive, namely, Islam, Buddhism and Christianity; and of these, as Max Muller said, "Two are moribund." The only religion on earth which lives to carry on a propaganda for light and civilization is the Religion of Christ.

### Signs of Its Near Approach

Second, the silencing of open and avowed infidelity. At the beginning of the last century the air was rent with the vociferations of Thomas Paine and Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. There was not a nation in the world which did not have its brave cohort of infidels who stood forth impiously shaking their clenched fists at God. The last of the old guard were Bradlaugh in England and Ingersoll in America; and they have gone their way.

Third, the appearing of false teachers within the Church. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" The disciples were repeatedly and most earnestly warned that in the last days false teachers were to come who would deceive the very elect. They were admonished that there must first be "a falling away" before Christ could come to his own. II. Thes. 2: 3-4. In his great *parousia* discourse he announced that one of the signs of his coming would be "the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the Holy Place."

If there ever was a time when "the abomination of desolation" was introduced into the Holy Place, it is surely when the integrity of the Scriptures is denied, the veracity of Christ impugned, his divine birth called in question, and every fundamental doctrine of his teaching exposed to derisive doubt. That time is now. If infidelity has ceased to fulminate its impieties outside of the Church it is largely because the same work has been undertaken by men in canonicals. The Trojan horse has been wheeled within our walls. Shall we lose heart by reason of that fact? Not at all! If a hundred millions of professing Christians were to be led away by false teachers into the wilderness of unbelief there would still be four hundred millions on earth professing the name of Jesus and presumably true to their consecration vows. And that would be twice as many Christians as there were a century ago! The great promise holds true. And, what is more, the signs indicate that its fulfillment may not be afar off. In view of these facts, what shall we say?

### The Believer's Attitude

First, let us believe in the promise. For thus it is written; and thus it must be. "Be not ignorant of this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. He is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance." II. Peter 3: 8-9. Here is the reason for his delay. It is not because he has forgotten, but because he is long suffering toward the children of men.

Second, let us be ready. "For in an hour when ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Let us watch, therefore; not as those who stand with folded hands looking out of their windows, but rather as those who, with their sleeves rolled up, are busy in God's harvest. He looks to us for a

Continued on next page

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## THE BEGGAR

I SAW him groping by the door—  
I watched him feel and find the door.  
He knocked, yet I, as oft before,  
No sound or movement made.  
Full well I knew that face so pale,  
And wondered weakly what tale  
Could be behind the look he wore;  
And yet I opened not the door.  
But that he'd leave I prayed.  
Anon a small voice said to me:  
"Long has he tarried patiently;  
You are the one he waits to see."  
That's what the small voice said to me,  
Said to me, said to me;  
That's what my true self said to me.

With head bowed low he went away—  
With saddened mien he crept away;  
And through the night, and through the day,  
His call in dreams I heard,  
A sad voice said: "Be kind and good,  
As duty says a real man should;  
Think how he's been here oft before."  
But still I opened not the door.  
Nor answered back a word.  
Again the sad voice said to me:  
"Ah, heed the call and thankful be  
To have the Mighty call on thee."  
That's what the sad voice said to me,  
Said to me, said to me;  
That's what an angel said to me.

Again the stranger sought my door—  
He tarried at my humble door.  
But even now, as oft before

I heeded not the call.  
"I have a thousand eyes to see  
That thou hast none," he said to me.  
"This parting thou wilt long deplore!"  
With that I opened wide the door.  
Upon night's shadowy wall!  
"Twas then a still voice said to me:  
"Too late! No more his form you'll see  
On earth, or in eternity!"  
That's what the still voice said to me,  
Said to me, said to me;  
That's what the silence said to me.

Ah, still I see those searching eyes—  
Those wistful and appealing eyes.  
They haunt me with their pained surprise,  
No matter where I go.

Full well I know that face so pale;  
Full well I reason out the tale  
Of how the night the mask he wore  
While waiting at my humble door  
And calling soft and low.

Now speaks a chill night voice to me:  
"Gaze up amid dim stars to see  
Thy vanished Opportunity!"

That's what the night voice says to me,  
Says to me, says to me;  
That's what the darkness says to me.

J. E. McDONALD.

## A Danish Legend

THERE is a poetical church in Denmark, built on high bluffs near the sea. Once there was a skipper in danger on the sea, and he prayed to be saved, and he made the promise to the Lord that if he were saved, he would build a church on the spot where he landed. The place is called "Stevn's Klint." So he built the church, but it was placed so near the sea that it would have fallen into the waters long ago; but, as the legend goes, every Christmas night it is moved a few feet farther towards the land. The lesson in the legend is this: If we do not every year, from year to year, move a little farther in on the solid ground of faith closer to God, we shall be swallowed up by the waves of worldliness and sin. The Danish people have built a beautiful park around the place for religious meetings and patriotic speeches. The church is now 500 years old.

## The Coming of the King

Continued from preceding page

helping hand, in the work which must needs be done before he shall part the heavens asunder and come down.

Thus let us renew our consecration to Christ. For the highway must be cast up for his coming: the stones of stumbling must be gathered out. There is something for us to do; and when it is done, O happy day! The heavens shall part asunder and his people shall cry, "Maranatha! Behold him!" For we shall see him with these eyes! Meanwhile, blessed are they that love his appearing. Amen: even so come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

## An Invitation to See

By EUGENE THWING

TURNER, the celebrated English landscape painter, whom Ruskin eulogized, was one of the greatest masters of color and one of the profoundest students of nature that ever lived. An incident is told of one of the early exhibitions of his paintings at which the artist himself was present and overheard the comments of a casual visitor. After gazing a while at the beautiful sea views and the gorgeous sunsets the critic remarked: "These are all fanciful, the product of the artist's imagination. I never could see anything in the sea or the sunset like that." Turner immediately looked at the man keenly, and said, "No, you could not see anything like that, but don't you wish you could?"

If these two men were both to look at the same time into a shallow pool by the roadside, one would see the mud and refuse lying at the bottom, the other would see the image of the heavens above. The difference is not in the things themselves but in the vision of the men who behold them.

The most wondrous regions unexplored are not in the heart of Africa, nor at the Pole, but about us on every hand. Our eyes have formed the habit of seeing things casually, familiarly, in their most obvious appearances. A tree is only a tree, a rock is a rock, and we pass by with indifference many marvelous creations, calling them commonplace. The eyes rest upon them and we are satisfied to know their outward form and color and to accept dictionary definitions as the extent of our knowledge.

Some of us need a new invitation to see. In and beyond all these common, visible things the greater realm of the unseen and unknown lies hidden. Discover its secrets and learn the real and lasting facts of life.

EYES are only obedient servants. They will see whatever the man behind the eyes may command them to see, but they lack any searching initiative. If there is no commanding will to direct them they roam aimlessly hither and yon, resting only on the most obvious and often the most uninteresting objects of the physical world. They see externals only. Their range is limited. They do not of their own accord explore new realms. They cannot, uncommanded, pierce the outer crust of things.

The narrow restrictions of life are removed only for the man or the woman who can see the unseen. "Where there is no vision the people perish." A great ship is foundering in midocean. The water rushes into the hold and into the engine room. A thousand men and women, panic-stricken, are about to be engulfed in the greedy deep. But a man with a vision has seen electric waves propagated through space with the rapidity of light from a delicate instrument on that ship and impinging upon the sensitive wires of receiving systems on other ships and on the shore. Almost before the soundless cry for succor is uttered to the winds of heaven the responses come from every quarter, and a thousand lives are saved.

POWER, position, wealth, service to humanity are for the man and for the woman who explore the known for the unknown, who search beyond the seen for the unseen. By them the waste of the world has been turned into its wealth; to them the darkness has yielded marvelous discoveries; for them the most precious opportunities have been found in the most forbidding difficulties. A boulder in the path of one man is an obstacle. To the other man who looks beyond into the unseen it is a stepping-stone. Right before many a man is some great unseen and unmeasured Niagara of power which, if he gets a true vision of it, will flash before his eyes the million electric lights in his great city of opportunity. There are modern Michelangelo's to-day who can find a "David" in some block of marble which the man without a vision would discard.

EXPLORE the human lives about you and you will make the richest and most wonderful discoveries. A lifetime can be well employed in such explorations. The eye of flesh will mislead you time and again. Heed it not. Explore with the eye of the soul. Look at that dirty street gamin and see a future bishop, or judge, or senator. Treat him now with respect and consideration; help him if you can. Isn't it worth while to have a hand in the making of an American?

There is a poor wretch fallen into the gutter. "Common drunk, run him in!" grunts the unseeing policeman. Stop! Look! Listen! That is a future Jerry McAuley or Francis Murphy if you or some one with a vision will help to bring him to his true self. Isn't it worth while to carve a "David" out of that poor, rejected stone?

You, teacher, tired and irritated with your dull pupil, do not say, "There's no use trying to make him learn anything." Explore him for the unseen. A little extra patience, a little extra kindness—and a vision—may bring you to a great discovery of his one talent now hidden and unknown. A man, says Emerson, is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.

You, husband or wife, are you seeing with a true vision the real life and possibilities of your nearest companion? Have you thought how much that life and those possibilities are affected by your view of them? Explore the unseen and discover the bonds of sympathy and appreciation, the inner character with its unrevealed depths of purpose and its heights of aspiration, and find a richer and more beautiful and tender relationship than any yet experienced. Misunderstandings are the result of faulty vision.

SNATCH away the veil from your eyes and look long and often into the realms of the unseen. It holds all that is real and permanent—all that is best worth seeing. The things that thrust themselves daily before the eyes of flesh are the things that hinder, annoy, mislead, and frighten. "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" cried Elisha's servant as he saw the horses and chariots that encompassed the city. "Open his eyes that he may see," prayed the prophet—"and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire" before the young man's God-given vision. Look through the gloom for the beauty and sweetness which life holds richly for those who will see. Look through the clouds and the tears for the smile of a Father, and with the vision of love and faith you will surely see it. Then in the midst of perplexity and adversity you will be strong and calm. The "help of His countenance" will be real to you, because you have found in its highest degree the joy of seeing.

## MOTHER LOVE

HUMAN motherhood that ponders  
Mysteries of life and death  
Turns in thought to thee, O Mother,  
Far in ancient Nazareth,  
When that mother heart of thine  
Pondered o'er the Boy Divine.

Still from out the eyes of childhood  
Shines the life the Christ-child brought;  
By the lips of little children,  
Priest and wise man still are taught;  
Sayings we cannot forget  
In our hearts we ponder yet.

Still the "business of the Father,"  
With its call to larger life,  
Leads the youth out in the conflict,  
While behind his toil and strife  
Mother-love, through good or ill,  
Hopes and prays and ponders still.  
SUSIE GINGUS YODER.

## A Generous Stranger

A FEW days ago, a stranger visited the Bowery Mission in New York. He was a quiet, unassuming man, very plainly dressed, and the clerks in the Labor Bureau thought he was a probable candidate for employment. He looked over the place and asked some questions and he stepped up to the desk, where the clerk politely asked him if there was anything he could do for him. The visitor replied in the negative and said that he had heard a good deal of the work of the Mission through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and thought highly of it, and he wished to make a donation. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out two \$100 bills, and handed them over to the surprised clerk, for the stranger did not look like a man of means.

"I have just sold some land," said the visitor quietly, "and I thought I would turn a part of it in for the Lord's work in this mission, and here it is."

"But what name shall I put down?" asked the clerk, "in order that we may acknowledge it?"

The stranger desired no publicity. He said, "No, rather let it be recorded above." And with a smile he left the office of the Mission, declining to give either name or address.

So generous a gift made with such modesty deserves to be mentioned, however. There are very many people who, like this stranger, do their good deeds by stealth, and in giving to the Lord's work, care nothing for the world's approval, but would prefer to follow the injunction of the Master: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

## Anvil Sparks

.. INTENTION is a poor thing without attention.

.. THE lazy man considers all toil slavery.

.. HE WHO breaks his word smashes himself.

.. IT DOESN'T require brilliancy to cast reflections.

.. YOU can't butter it when you have to swallow pride.

.. THE world always looks brighter from behind a smile.

.. WHEN you trip up, fall forward, and get up farther along.

.. PEOPLE who take too much liberty lose it all sooner or later.

.. THE way to get ahead of the devil is to move on; he doesn't run very fast upward.

## THE PILGRIM SOUL

MARCH on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay!  
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way  
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—  
The path of faith made by the sons of God.

Something to learn, and something to forget:  
Hold fast the good, and seek the better yet;  
Press on, and prove the pilgrim hope of youth—  
That creeds are milestones on the road to truth.  
HENRY VAN DYKE.



# A WOMAN'S TOUR IN BURMA

LEAVING Moulmein early one morning last December, I started on a trip up one of the large rivers to visit some of the cotton gardens. By 10 o'clock the same evening I reached the end of my water journey. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as soon as carts were procured we started off inland. The first part of the way being in the open, the road was fairly good; but it soon merged into a jungle, and our driver was compelled to take an abandoned track, on which the ruts and holes were so many and the consequent jolting so great that we had to hold on to the sides of the carts for dear life. About one A. M. we arrived at our destination, a large teak house, roughly built, but high from the ground, light and airy and furnished with table, bedstead and chairs. After the fatiguing journey I was glad of the comfort of a bed. Next morning we drove out to the cotton garden, which we reached about noon. On the way out I had opportunity for a talk with an old man who is the pioneer of cotton cultivation in this section. He told me that, since his first talk with me, somewhat over a year ago, he had never once joined in idol or devil worship; that he had read the books I had given him, and that he had begun to pray to the eternal God. "I am going to be baptized," he exclaimed. "I have told my children so, but I want my wife, the mother of my children, to join me. I am waiting for her."

Arrived at the garden, the afternoon was given over to rest, writing and needlework, for the men were away, and not a woman nor child could speak a word of Burmese. In the evening my host came in and sat down by me. I inquired concerning himself. "Ma-ma" (sister), he replied, "I don't know. From my boyhood up I have felt that Christianity was the only true religion. I refused to marry until the young woman promised to attend chapel services and become a Christian. Our children are sent to the Mission School, and both my wife and oldest boy have been baptized. I have built a chapel and I myself support an evangelist to preach and teach in the village. Yet through all these years, though I have again and again come up to the gates of salvation, looked in, and longed to enter, I have always drawn back without doing so. Sometimes the thought of the future overwhelms me, and I am afraid, much afraid; then again there are times when I am utterly without fear or feeling." I asked him if he were doing anything he knew that a Christian ought not to do, and which was holding him back. He looked me square in the face as he said: "No, ma-ma, there is not one thing. I am straight in all my dealings." His sincerity appealed to me. Looking earnestly at me, he ejaculated, "Ma-ma, I wish you would pray for me."

I pass on his request to the Lord's remembrancers in Christian lands. Do pray for this man,

By *SUSAN E. HASWELL, Moulmein*

till the victory over sin, Satan, and self is gained.

My next journey was in early January. We had a short cart ride of two or three miles, then were ferried across the Salween in a small dugout or canoe, in which we had to hold our breath almost, lest we upset our craft.

The first house I entered proved, to my utter surprise, to be the home of some old Amherst friends, Mohammedans. The woman of the house was in my school at Amherst for years. "Oh, Mama, I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed as she caught sight of me.

She and her husband prevailed on me to stop at their house, which was a fine teak bungalow, built in almost European style. They gave me their own cart and oxen, and I went on at once to visit the cot-

with my host, who is one of the most intellectual natives I have ever met. He has quite a library of English books, and is very anxious to help in developing new industries among the natives, and has opened a reading room and keeps it supplied with native newspapers for any who will read them.

On a recent trip by boat we were greatly hindered by the heavy fog. There was a cold wind blowing and, as I was thoroughly chilled, I went to the afterpart on the upper deck to where a Mohammedan woman kept a refreshment stall, and where a good cup of hot tea could be had for one cent. While I was enjoying my tea, a crowd gathered. A very dissipated looking Mohammedan asked me in a rude way if I had not got a tract for him. He had a number of young fellows with him who were ready to join the laugh at my expense. I told him yes, that I had one that would be a great blessing to him, if he would heed its teachings, and handed him one of the evils of intemperance. The young fellows

snickered and it nettled him. "I don't drink, I only smoke opium. What's the harm of that?" he asked. I told him that opium *always*, so far as my observation went, affected the eyesight very badly. "How is that—what do you mean?" "Only that opium-smokers, as a rule, are unable to distinguish other people's property from their own." What a shout of laughter went up at that! "Oh, well, I'll give up the opium and take to the drink." "That will not help you, for God's Word says that no drunkard shall inherit eternal life." The word went home to more than one, and the jesting, teasing spirit was conquered.

On my last journey in Moulmein district, some wealthy Burmese women from Rangoon spread rich rugs on the floor by my chair, and soon became very interested in a baby mitten I was knitting. The clerk

of the launch brought me a cup of hot tea, and these women begged me to accept some native cakes which they had bought, and we were soon on very friendly terms. But the moment I spoke of Christ, everything was changed; and the one who seemed the leader of the party said, "If the eternal God is truly the Creator and Lord of all, why has he made some rich and some poor; some well-shapen and some deformed? It is unjust." I told her that it was not for us to arraign God; that he made no mistakes, and by and by if we trusted him, he would show us the why and wherefore of many of the things that seemed strange and hard to us now.

There was quiet as I ceased speaking, though every inch of standing room was occupied by those who had gathered to listen.

"The fields are white already to the harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his field."

*Alabama Plantation, Moulmein, Burma.*



Girls Picking Cotton on a Burmese Plantation

The cultivation of cotton, though one of the newer industries, is rapidly becoming one of the most important of this section of British India

ton gardens. After business was over, the men and women grouped around me under the shade of a big tree, while one woman and my companion cooked my breakfast. They were a motley crowd, Burmese, Shans, Tounghthoes, Karens, Chinese, and natives of India, but all understood Burmese more or less, and for an hour I preached Christ to them, and answered their questions.

After two or three business calls in the town I went back to my Amherst friends. They had killed and cooked a fowl for me, and gave me a fine dinner in English style and an excellent cup of tea. On my return I found the only Christian in the town waiting for me. I did not know that there was even one there. He had but lately come there to live with a married son, who was not a Christian. He was over eighty years of age and very feeble. "I can do nothing now, except to tell the people of Christ. I do that as visitors come to the house." He was glad to see a familiar face and to be strengthened by Christian fellowship. After he had left, I had a long talk

## PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY

ON September 23 in eleven different sections of Philadelphia the children and teachers of the organized Sunday Schools held parades and rallies at reviewing stands. More than one hundred thousand people took part in the demonstration, which was the largest of the kind ever seen in that section of the country.

Bands blared out the stirring notes of hymns sung by the militant throng, little children too young to walk crowded into omnibuses and wagons, and their playmates and friends, from five years up to the years of discretion, walked in the parades in every part of the city. More than four hundred churches and missions were represented by their scholars and instructors.

Men and women prominent in Sunday School work, both in this city and in other lands, made addresses at the reviewing stands, which were erected in public squares or parks.

Beginning the demonstration was a meeting in the reception room of the Mayor's office at City Hall. There a



A Kindergarten Brigade in Philadelphia's Great Sunday School Parade

hundred workers, many of them visitors from other cities and a few from the Orient, assembled at 1:30 o'clock to listen to talks on their work and to meet the chief executive of the city. The Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, rector of Holy Trinity Church, presided.

The demonstration was held under the direction of the Philadelphia County Sunday School Association, of which Dr. Frank Lange, the founder of the plan, is general secretary. At the head of each sectional parade banners waved in the wind, bearing a red cross and the motto "In this sign we conquer." On wagons and signs displayed throughout the city were such sentiments as "A Sunday School wagon is better than a patrol wagon," and "We are for Christ."

Boy Scouts were in line and helped the police in maintaining order. Large Bibles were carried, open on cushions, by quartets of boys in some sections, and others, dressed in bunting and paper caps, proudly carried American flags. Everywhere the most intense interest was shown in the parades.



# RECRUITS FOR THE MISSION FIELD

NEVER in all the Christian history of the world was there so much missionary fervor as there is at the present time, and never were the gifts of missionary societies so large as now. The offer at missions is being silenced. Each new company of workers going forth in the high spirit of conquest, carries with it the prayers of those they leave behind.

This was surely one of the band of forty-two missionaries sailing from Boston on the third Friday in September. When the good ship *Bohemian* pulled out of her dock in East Boston, she had on board two parties of foreign missionaries. Thirty-nine were sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society and were bound to points in India. Three were sent out by the American Board and were bound for Turkey. A number of farewell recep-



Young Missionaries Who Have Just Sailed for the Foreign Field

tions had been held for the missionaries during the week in Boston, the Women's Baptist Social Union tendering them a very large reception. Many members of that organization were at the wharf to bid the missionaries adieu.

It is always a time of joyfulness, combined with tears, when missionaries leave their native land, some of them to return no more. The heart of the missionary is filled with joy at the prospect of service for the Master; yet the parting from home and friends and native land gives a pretty hard tug at the heart-strings. There were many tear-dimmed eyes when "God be with you till we meet again" was sung and this noble band of consecrated Christian workers started ready and eager to respond to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." J. L. H.

## FIGHTING CHINA'S NATIONAL CURSE

OF ALL countries in the world, China suffers most horribly from the evils of the opium habit. Since China established commercial intercourse with Great Britain, there have been many attempts to suppress the importation of foreign opium, but it is only within the last few years that the people have realized the magnitude of opium evils and really wanted to effect their removal. The recent Anti-Opium Edict of the Imperial Government has been brought about by the desire to stamp out the habit so that the Chinese race may be regenerated, and the eagerness with which it is obeyed may be clearly and readily gathered from the good results in the anti-opium work in the different provinces. That such good results have actually gained the admiration of foreigners is a solid fact not to be contested.

The detailed report of Sir Alexander Hosie, British Consul-General at Tientsin, on the cultivation of the poppy and the production of opium in the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, Kansu, Szechuen and Yunnan, has recently been issued by the Foreign Office and shows that the Chinese Government has made sincere efforts to stop the production and use of the drug with a marked measure of success.

Sir Alexander bases his report on first hand knowledge obtained on tours through the provinces and also on reports from British residents in the districts which he could not personally visit. Of Shansi he says that the cultivation of the poppy was discontinued several years after the order was given by the Imperial Government, but that last year attempts were again made to grow it in two districts, with disastrous results to the growers. When news reached the viceroy of the province that growing had recommenced troops were sent into the two districts. The growers resisted the suppression of an industry out of which they had made their living for years, with the result that twenty were killed and the plants were uprooted.

That the Chinese outside government circles are in many ways showing their zeal to rid the country of opium is evinced by a number of pipe burnings that have taken place in the last few months. On the 24th of August they held a great burning of opium pipes at Tientsin. On that occasion the athletic field of the Tientsin Young Men's Christian Association was the scene of an immense gathering, as unique as it was interesting and of a remarkably enthusiastic character. About one thousand opium pipes and all the im-

S. S. Knabenshue  
U. S. Consul General at Tientsin



plements and paraphernalia of the opium smoker were burned. The gathering was held under the auspices of the Chihli [Tientsin] Provincial Anti-Opium Society, and attracted the attention of thousands of Chinese and a number of foreigners, among whom were Mr. S. S. Knabenshue, the United States Consul-General, and Mrs. Knabenshue, Baron Grote, Acting-Consul for Germany, and Mr. Moriama, representing the Japanese Anti-Opium Society, and the Rev. Edward Waite Thwing, the energetic General Secretary for China of the International Reform Bureau.

Two large pavilions were erected on the field, and within an enclosure was piled up the large collection of opium pipes and implements, most of which had every appearance of having seen much service. The distinguished visitors were received in the larger pavilion while the smaller pavilion was reserved for the Tientsin Police Band.

Speeches were delivered by the police commissioner, the vice-president of the society, and several other Chinese, all of whom denounced opium as a curse to the nation, individually and collectively.

Mr. Knabenshue, in the course of a few remarks, said opium smoking could only lead to the ruin of men and their families, and he could assure them that in their efforts to conquer the habit they had the sympathy of all good citizens of the United States.

Baron Grote, speaking in English, said he was pleased to be present, especially on an occasion that was so very important to the progress of the Chinese nation. Mr. P. Papoff, of the Russian Consulate General, said that if the Chinese wished to be a progressive nation they must give up opium.

Mr. Thwing, in the course of a rousing speech in Chinese, said that China had long been called an opium smoking country, and was in consequence looked upon as a sort of "No. 5" country, but as an opium-prohibiting country she would be a "No. 1" country. Chi Kwan Tsen, representative of the Anti-Opium Refuge, and other Chinese having spoken, the word was given to set the pile ablaze. The pipes and implements, many of which were ornamented with ivory, jade, and cloisonne, were then saturated with kerosene, and, having been ignited, were soon a mass of flames. Such events as this are an encouragement to the fighters of this national curse either on the firing-line in China or in the reserves which are working by means of legislation and trade agreements in Great Britain.



Scenes at the Pipe-Burning in Tientsin



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## Living in the Sunshine

THERE are some good people of whom it is occasionally said, with just a little touch of sarcasm, that "religion doesn't seem to agree with them." Take our word for it, either they haven't got the right kind of religion, or they haven't got enough of it. Your real Christian is one who finds a large supply of sunshine as he goes along through life and makes the most of it. There is plenty of sadness and sorrow in the world, without spending our time and effort in searching out more to add to the general stock. It is true, we may be sad for our own sins, or we may indulge in reflections over the shortcomings of others; but there always comes a time when the sun breaks through the clouds. We may grieve over the loss of loved ones, but comfort and even joy come with the remembrance of the assurance of reunion hereafter. To wear a chronic aspect of woe over worldly affairs is evidence of poor philosophy and still poorer Christianity. If we are adopted sons and daughters of the Lord of heaven and earth, and joint heirs with his Son of the whole universe, we should be the happiest of people. It is a fine thing to trust in God and take courage!

There is still another class of very good Christian people who sometimes give themselves over to discouragement when they consider the church's outlook, the spread of wickedness, the growing invasion of the Sabbath observance, the almost universal worship of wealth and the surrender of multitudes to lives of pleasure and uselessness. Every age has had similar problems to face. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, the Word has spread mightily, and to-day it has freer course than ever before. Numerically, the ranks of the Christian army have steadily increased; millions have been added to it in every passing century. God's Word has not returned to him void. It is only because we take the shorter view, the closer range, that we perceive so clearly the things that vex and discourage us. Soon they will pass away, like their unsubstantial predecessors, and the horizon will be clear again; for it is an historical fact that none of these obstacles to the divinely ordained Gospel truth can endure. They arise, spread and flourish for a season, and then, when the Holy Spirit moves the hearts of men, or when they pass through some great furnace of trial, all the obstacles disappear. Thus, step by step, the divine purpose is being wrought out for the world. All the mountains of God are filled with light, and the higher up we travel, the brighter the sunshine, the larger the view, and the more heavenly the prospect. Come out of the valleys of depression into the sunshine.

## College Morals

AN OVERDRAWN indictment usually defeats itself. Such would seem to be the fate of the sensational attack on the morals of college students recently made by a Chicago critic, Mr. R. T. Crane. There were three points emphasized in the indictment: (1) That the universities were useless as schools of morals; (2) That in certain colleges drinking had lately increased, 70 per cent. of the student freshmen being addicted to the habit in some form, and 95 per cent. of the seniors, while 15 per cent. ended in becoming irreclaimable drunkards; and (3) that a college education was therefore dangerous, if not altogether worthless. It was to be expected that some authoritative voice should answer such an indictment, and this has been done by President Schurman of Cornell University. In his Annual address on September 28, he declared the charge a "libel and an outrage on a group of the ablest and most high-minded citizens of the republic." He held that it was wholly unsupported by evidence and that any one familiar with university conditions would instantly condemn the arraignment as preposterous. Mr. Schurman intimates that the students must have been "joshing" the investigator in order to make his arraignment ridiculous. While it is doubtless true that there is more or less drinking in the fraternities, President Schurman points to the fact that under existing regulations they are not permitted to take beer or liquor into the fraternity houses. It is the established rule and policy of all the colleges to exclude beer and liquor from these houses, and violations of this rule have been unsparingly condemned by the students

themselves. Most fair-minded persons will require better authority and more substantial proof than that of Mr. Crane before they accept the astounding statement that so many students become "irreclaimable drunkards"—a charge which only an investigation, covering years of painstaking observation and reformatory effort, would justify.

## Foolish Moths

"WHEN rogues fall out, honest men get their due." The familiar proverb would seem to have an apt illustration in the latest get-rich-quick concern, whose managers and president have just been indicted by a New York grand jury. Their victims were men and women who were attracted by the ease with which heavy dividends—so heavy as to be impossible in real business—were secured for their investments. One per cent. a week was the bait that caught people who seemed intelligent enough to know that no reliable investment could guarantee such fabulous returns. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the dividends were simply being paid out of the principal. Clever, glib-tongued selling agents worked for this particular concern and found no difficulty in catching gudgeons. Every wile known to the speculative fraternity was employed. Periodical banquets were served, to which investors were cordially invited; and these feasts are described as being so extravagant that they would have excited suspicion in any well-balanced mind. But the seductive glamor of sudden wealth was over all, and the poor fools were like moths drawn to the candle. Honored names, happy homes, good reputations, fine careers, are all sacrificed in the flame. The exposure will probably have the wholesome effect of warning people for a time against illegitimate enterprises; but human nature is weak, and cupidity is a vice inherently so strong in the average man and woman, that such schemes will always find fools to float them.

## The Italo-Turkish War

A NEW international storm-centre is created by the ambition of Italy to enlarge her African sphere of influence. Fifteen years ago she suffered a disastrous repulse at the hands of the enraged Abyssinians, and she has ever since that humiliation marked the great Turkish vilayet of Tripoli as a future appanage. Geographical considerations of course weigh heavily in this case, as Tripoli lies directly south of the "heel of Italy" and of Sicily. Tripoli, in a very great section of its area, corresponds with Cyrenaica, one of the most important of Bible lands. To-day the Vilayet of Tripoli, covering an area of 400,000 square miles, is as eagerly coveted by Italy as it is ardently cherished by the patriotic Young Turks. Should this westernmost province of the Ottoman Empire be torn away, the long-dreaded dismemberment of Turkey itself must inevitably follow. Albania and Crete would take advantage of the crisis to proclaim their independence. Italy has long stood behind Albania, and Greece is ready at any moment to adopt Crete. Furthermore, Macedonia only waits her time to join herself to her Grecian mother.

Of course, in diplomacy there are complicated wheels within wheels. The fate of Tripoli was decided by a secret agreement between France and Italy in 1900, afterwards communicated to the other Great Powers and not interdicted by them, according to which the former was to enjoy a free hand in Tunis, while ultimately the latter should have the reversion of Tripoli. From the beginning of the trouble, Italy, apparently resolved on war, has forced the situation. After a twenty-four-hour ultimatum, war was declared by Italy against Turkey on September 29, and orders sent to the fleet to seize Tripoli. Easily enough may the powerful Italian fleet take possession of the chief coast towns. But Italian control of the Tripolitan riviera, over 1,000 miles long, will not in any valid sense give command over the vast interior, thinly inhabited by Berbers, Moors, and Arabs, to the number of less than a million. The population is fanatically Moslem and

will join fiercely with the Turks if the latter rail the signal of *jehad*, or holy war. The Turks have their garrison of about 20,000 soldiers in Tripoli mainly for the sake of suppressing spasmodic insurrections. The general impression is that while Italy will easily prove herself the superior power by the land campaign may prove a difficult and protracted one.

## The Government and the Interests

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM has promptly punctured the sensational story that the government contemplated a hostile campaign against the business interests of the country, and that he, as head of the Department of Justice, looked forward to lodging in jail certain prominent offenders against the Sherman anti-trust law. To properly enforce the Sherman law against large corporations involves the investigation of every concern whose business is of a character to justify the presumption of contravention of law. It is inevitable that huge combinations of corporations controlling a large industry must be specially scrutinized. Or result of such an investigation might be compulsion to disintegration or dissolution. Each case must stand on its own footing, and be judged by its own merits. This is the Attorney-General's official view, and he adds that the government would prefer that the business interests should themselves take the initiative and conduct such reforms in their organizations as would satisfy the law and remove all question of illegality. Whether this open invitation to begin reform within the lines of the corporations will be accepted remains to be seen. It is not improbable that some of them may undertake the task of readjustment; but there are others that would find it a complex problem to reconcile corporation principle with public expectations.

## Dr. Clark's Missionary Tour

THE founder and president of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Rev. Francis E. Clark is now on his way to Europe. It is Dr. Clark's purpose to visit the Seven Churches of Asia, journeying in the footsteps of Paul the Apostle. He will write for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a series of letters describing this wonderful journey and recording his impressions of these sacred and historic places as they are to-day, after the lapse of so many centuries. His contributions, which will be illustrated with photographs taken specially for the series, will be rich in interest for our readers, bringing under their observation many things that throw a fresh light on the labors and travels of the first great Christian missionary worker. To Bible students and to all who love to trace the foundation work of the Christian faith, they will be of priceless value. The series will run for several months and will be a notable addition to the other attractions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## French Warship Destroyed

THE *Liberté*, one of the finest vessels in the French navy, was in the harbor of Toulon on the morning of September 25, when a fire, starting in the ammunition hold, caused explosions which tore the great vessel apart and sunk her, destroying one-half of her crew of 793 officers and men. The loss is estimated anywhere from 350 to 500. This appalling disaster is the worst the French navy has ever suffered, and the black smoke the demolished ship which settled over the city is a type of the thick gloom that darkened the nation's heart. The *Liberté* was of 14,635 tons displacement, with a draught of twenty-eight feet, and horse-power was 20,565, with a speed of fifteen knots. Her cost was \$8,262,180. Many persons in New York remember the visit of the *Justice*, *Verité*, and *Liberté*, the best battleships in the French navy, at the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909. Every warship in the harbor of Toulon was damaged by the explosion. On board the *Democratie* it is reported that twenty were killed and fifty wounded by flying fragments of the wreck. The *République*, which lay close to the fatal wreck, was also damaged, and thirteen men were killed and fifteen injured on board of her. Boats at rushed from the shore at the first alarm, while tempting to assist, were overturned and the helplessly perished. Fifty are missing from the *Ernest* man. Ten sailors from the *Suffren* were going in boat to shore to play a game of football when a shell from one of the guns of the *Liberté* exploded among them, killing them all. The horror of the catastrophe, which is beyond description, would have been still worse had it not been for the fact that 200 men were ashore on leave. Captain Jaurès, who is a brother of the socialist deputy, was not on board. This disaster is worse than that of our *Laine*, horrible as it was, that shocked and fired the nation. In modern times only a half dozen naval disasters in time of peace can be placed above or near it. In 1782 the *Royal George* went down and 600 were lost. In 1873 the *Captain*, with 72 officers and men, perished, and in 1893 the *Victoria* was sunk by the *Camperdown* and 358 were drowned. To these wrecks in the British navy can be added that of the *Reina Regente* in 1895, in which 400 perished. At the present time the cause of the disaster has not been determined. The tragedy is made more horrible by the bare hint that it may have been caused by a plot against the government. It is to be sincerely hoped that an investigation of the facts will set at rest any such suspicion. Had the *Liberté* been sunk by a foreign warship in battle, the world would have applauded the marksmanship of the victors and the heroism of the vanquished, and yet the 100 precious lives would have been swept away just as certainly as in this explosion, which is universally lamented. This awful tragedy emphasizes the fact that the battleship is a thing of death, a gigantic expression of the hate and barbarism of the past, that it is a wicked waste of money and men, which our present-day civilization and Christianity forbid. It is a matter of congratulation to patriots and Christians in every land that the time seems to be hastening of which the prophet spoke when he said:

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isa. 2:4.)

## Great Manuscript Found

By a telegram from Berlin Professor Adolf Harnack announces the discovery of a tenth-century manuscript in the Meteoron Monastery by an Athenian professor. The scroll contains the Book of Revelation to the fourteenth chapter, with a commentary which Professor Harnack thinks was written by Origen in the third century, being a

"Commentary on the Apocalypse" promised by Origen in his commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. If the professor's opinion be correct this is one of the most important religious discoveries of modern times. Origen was one of the most celebrated of the Apostolic Fathers. He was one of the greatest scholars, most diligent Biblical students, active theologians and many men the world ever knew, though some of his theological opinions were count unsound. By his pre-eminent ability, his liberal education, his enormously busy life in the study of the Scriptures, laying the foundation for the future church, and in living a real Christian life, he sent his fame and influence down to the end of time. He was born in Alexandria, in Egypt, in A.D. 185. Under the bitter persecution of Severus, vast numbers of Christians were brought from various places to Alexandria for slaughter. Origen's father, a splendid Bible scholar and an ideal follower of the Nazarene, was among the number. Origen, then only a lad of seventeen, pleaded for the privilege of joining his father in prison, and by public profession provoked such a fate, but his mother pleaded with him to stay and take care of her and continue the blessed work of his father. The beardless boy wrote to his father in prison, "Take heed, father, that you do not change your mind for our sake." The father refused to recant

dered him unconscious immediately, and he was taken to his home and then rushed to the hospital, but they were not able to arouse him out of his last sleep. Some arts of the centuries have been lost—have been buried with the breasts that conceived them. It is claimed that an important invention in stained glass manufacture was lost when the secret was carried by its discoverer into the other world. The manner of his taking off made it impossible for him to transmit his process to his successors, as under other circumstances he doubtless would have done. God's secrets in the realm of matter and of mind are limitless, but the greatest secret he has and the tenderest one, is love for us. Through the death of his Son he gives it to us and bids us give it to the wide world. What sweet rest and protection every soul has which enters fully into that secret!

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. (Ps. 91:1.)

## Splendid Advice to Boys

Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University, spoke to 1,600 boys at the Stuyvesant High School in New York City recently. He warned them against considering the accumulation of wealth as the main object in life. Among other things he said: "Not long ago a man went to a

great leather merchant in the 'swamp' of lower Manhattan to induce him to subscribe to a fund to purchase certain paintings for the Metropolitan Museum. The wealthy leather man not only refused to contribute, but declared: 'You see that piece of leather on the wall? Well, I'd rather look at that piece of leather than at all the paintings ever painted.' In a New York club I met a man known from one end of the country to the other, and he said to me, gloomily: 'I consider my life a failure.' I replied that every one considered his career an astounding success. This man explained to me that he had been giving his time so exclusively to business that he had lost appreciation for the better things of life. He could not read a book with interest. He could not listen to music in patience. He could not get refreshments out of travel, nor receive pleasure from a picture." No more timely warning could be given to the boys and young men of the country. A rich man,

benevolent and religious, once said to me concerning his intimate friend, who was a multi-millionaire, "He is the poorest man in this city. He has his mind on money so much that he cannot see, talk about, or enjoy anything else. I pity him." The advice of Dr. Faunce was in harmony with the injunction of the apostle:

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. (Col. 3:2.)

## Workingmen Identified

Every workman in the Krupp gun factory in Germany is presented with a curiously fashioned scarf pin composed of a miniature artillery shell made in platinum and set in silver. After twenty years' service he receives a second pin, modeled on the same lines and mounted in gold. The higher grades of employees wear their shells in the form of sleeve buttons. The workmen are very proud of their decoration and call it the order of the shell. This badge is worn when the men are off duty and on the Sabbath day as well as during working hours. These men are proud to wear the badge indicating their relation to the great life-destroying institution. How much more proud ought every toiler in the Christian Church to be of the Cross, the badge of suffering, of sacrifice, of duty and of salvation! That was the sentiment expressed by the apostle Paul when he said:

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Gal. 6:14.)



The French Battleship "Liberte" in the Hudson River on Her Visit to New York

and was beheaded. Origen, his mother and six smaller children were left penniless and the boy took care of them and then took such a large share in saving the world for Christ. Origen wrote commentaries on almost all of the books of the Old and New Testaments, and the discovery that Harnack announces is likely to prove of immense importance to the modern Christian church. We instinctively catalogue Origen with the faithful fathers of olden times,

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. (Heb. 11:33, 34.)

## His Secret Died with Him

A business man, the senior member of an old, established firm of stained glass manufacturers, died the other day in St. John's Hospital, Long Island City. His death came as a result of the care with which he guarded his secret process of stained glass manufacturing. It was his custom to mix certain of the colors himself, not allowing any of his employees to learn them. He had an enclosure in the rear of his factory where he compounded his chemicals. He got a rush order one day during the rainy period, and after waiting two or three days he decided to mix his colors indoors. He began work in the cellar, but the pungent fumes, which were harmless in the open air, ren-



# WOMAN'S WAR FOR TEMPERANCE



MRS. HELEN D. HANFORD



MRS. CULLA VAYTINGER



MRS. S. L. W. CLARK



MRS. CORNELIA TEMPLETON HATCHER

**P**ROHIBITION'S progress throughout the United States is to come under review at the thirty-ninth annual convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, October 27 to November 1, marking the close of an unusually active year. This influential yearly assembly meets at Milwaukee, Wis., the big beer-brewing centre of a State of which about one-half the area and about 400,000 of the population are dry under local option, and where an active campaign for woman's enfranchisement is going on. In every part of the State, the W. C. T. U. organizations have taken on new life in view of the National Convention.

The great prohibition storm-centres of the year are Texas, Maine (which is claimed by the "wets" by a small majority), Indiana, New Mexico, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Wyoming, South Carolina, Missouri, Oregon, Oklahoma, Illinois, Florida, Arkansas, Kansas, and Iowa.

Texas was almost won for prohibition during this year's strenuous campaign, the majority against it having been reduced to 5,000. Seventeen prohibition senators are signers of the resolution introduced into the Texas legislature, calling for a State Constitutional Convention in March, 1913, to re-submit the State-wide prohibition question.

The greatest advance this year has been made in West Virginia, where a State-wide prohibition amendment resolution has passed both houses for ratification by the people in November, 1912. The Anti-Saloon League, the Prohibition party, and the W. C. T. U. have united in a "Ratification Federation" for the coming campaign.

The New Mexico W. C. T. U. maintained headquarters at the State capital and made great efforts to secure a prohibition clause in the new State Constitution. The Massachusetts W. C. T. U. has conducted its third annual campaign for the submission of a prohibitory amendment. "Colorado Dry in 1912" is the watchword of the White Ribboners who are busily circulating prohibitory amendment petitions. The State W. C. T. U. is active in the new Constitutional Amendment Association of Missouri, with a union of prohibition forces to make the State all "white." In Illinois and in Indiana an active prohibition campaign has been carried on by the W. C. T. U. In other States, as in Nebraska, Nevada, Maryland, Pennsylvania, etc., the women's temperance work has been directed to securing local option laws as a step towards prohibition. In several States, the ballot for women is being urged as a direct means to the same end. In California, where a great campaign is going on, the suffrage amendment will be voted on in October. The workers in Oregon, Kansas, and Wisconsin have

till 1912 to conduct their campaign of education and agitation for the vote for women.

Among the special features of the year's work by the National W. C. T. U. is the work for peace and arbitration, about half a million pages of literature having been sent out by four States alone—New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Massachusetts—and peace petitions being widely circulated.

The movement for a national constitutional anti-polygamy amendment has been promoted in many States. Missionary work has been conducted among the Indians. A new White Shield Home for Girls has been planned at a cost of \$25,000 by the West Washington State W. C. T. U. The California W. C. T. U. has built a new temperance hospital named for Frances Willard. The "Coffee Club" has been started in California as a substitute for the saloon.

The W. C. T. U. doubled its membership in Florida this year, where bribery of the lowest class of citizens by the liquor forces is said to be responsible for the defeat of the prohibition constitutional amendment by about 4,500 votes. A gain of 5,000 new members is the goal of the Washington State Union, where women as voters have made a great record, defeating a proposed prize-fight, recalling a bad mayor, etc.

Among the new enterprises of the National W. C. T. U. is an effort to secure the passage of the curfew law in all States.

Alaska has been added this year to the list of National W. C. T. U. branches, the work having as its nucleus three local unions, one at Ketchikan, another at Skagway, and the third at Seward, where the children and young people are also enrolled in the little frontier town of less than three hundred, for the abolition of the devastating liquor traffic.

J. A. S.

## Alcohol and Tobacco and Eyesight

**R**ECENT experiments by European scientists prove that the use of alcohol and tobacco is responsible for many troubles affecting the eyes. Troubles usually begin by dimness of vision, as though the patient saw through a slight mist. In a progressive state, objects seem to be covered with a fine veil, and then outlines become difficult to distinguish. By and by vision grows unreliable, the difference between gold and silver coins cannot be quickly detected and there is a failure to differentiate between colors. Discontinuance of either alcohol or tobacco or both and a mild dietetic treatment restores normal conditions in ordinary cases. On the other hand, persistence in the drinking or smoking habit, especially in excessive cases, leads to still more serious results.



MRS. CORA D. HAMMETT



MRS. MARGARET C. MUNN



MRS. MARY E. KUHLE



MRS. MINNIE U. RUTHEFORD

## AFTER THE BATTLE IN MAINE

By LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS

President W. C. T. U., Portland, Me.

**T**HE greatest Prohibition battle the world has ever known has been fought in Maine, and undoubtedly Prohibition has won. It is universally believed that the Governor and Council will



Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens  
National President W. C. T. U.

admit the corrections which should be made in the returns, and that it will be declared that the Prohibitory Amendment is retained. Under the circumstances this is a remarkable victory for Prohibition. The liquor forces of the nation combined to overthrow Prohibition in the State which longer than any other had held the law in spite of repeated attacks of the enemy.

The clergy, the educators, the Grangers, the business men were arrayed on the Prohibition side of the great contest. So far as I have been able to ascertain only one minister who is now a pastor spoke from pulpit or platform or through the press against Prohibition. The anti-Prohibition side was man-

aged by the organization department of the National Brewers' Association. Their emissaries boldly boasted that this association furnished the money and the methods used by the Anti-Prohibitionists in the campaign. Aside from flooding the State with license literature they did their work in stealthy, underhanded ways. They held no public meetings, evidently knowing that such gatherings as they could rally would be a hindrance rather than a help to their side. They widely circulated the story through their literature and in other ways that the bootleggers and keepers of blind tigers would vote for the retention of the Prohibitory Amendment. As a matter of fact, the liquor-makers and liquor-sellers outside the State and those inside the State who wish to sell liquor, worked untiringly to defeat the Prohibitory Amendment. The combined liquor forces did everything within their power for the overthrow of Prohibition.

During the campaign it has been demonstrated as never before that the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic is of world-wide importance. The great educational effect of the campaign and the result will notably hasten the coming of national prohibition. The appeals which have come to the Maine people from many countries imploring that Maine should not lower its beacon light of Prohibition

were not in vain. Over land and over sea the will be great rejoicing that Maine has kept her prohibitory law.

## A Victim of Suttie

**T**HAT the suttie (the burning of a widow after the death of the husband) is not yet abolished in India, is made clear by an account taken from the Bombay Guardian:

A case of suttie occurred lately at a Hindu house in Calcutt and the incident, as related in the newspapers, is likely to be the flame of romance among Hindu women and to prove other suicides. The suttie, Saibabine Dassi, was a niece of the late Mr. Ramesh Chunder Dutt, and the wife of Babu Surend Nath Ghosh. Her husband had been ill for some months, and on Thursday, April 20, the medical man in charge of Surend told his wife and family that he could not possibly live for more than half an hour. His wife hearing this dressed herself in costly clothing, painted her forehead with vermilion and her feet with lac dye, as did the sutties of old, and offered prayer to the domestic idol. Then she poured some Ganges water in the mouth of her unconscious husband, and on leaving him drenched her clothes with kerosene oil and set fire to them. When her father-in-law was coming downstairs he saw Saibabine enveloped in flames with her arms stretched heavenward and Geetha in her hands; before help reached her she dropped down dead, fifteen minutes before her husband passed away. Hindu relative writes: "Respectable people of both sexes still coming to worship the place." A great demonstration accompanied and followed the Hindu Shraddh ceremony in memory of Saibabine Dassi, the recent Bengali suttie and her husband. The place where the poor woman fell was decorated as a shrine where on an improvised altar stood a picture of Krishna and Radha, surrounded with wreaths of jessamine, while at the foot of the altar lay a pile of flowers. Amongst the crowd, a little boy of four or five was a pathetic figure—he was the orphaned son of the suttie.



# WOMAN AND THE CAMERA



"Mother and Child," by Pearl Grace Loehr



A Charming Study by Belle Johnson



A Portrait by Gertrude Kasebier

two or three pictures of the "talked of people"; the personages in public life, and children. Mrs. Kasebier's method is to take her subject unawares. She moves carelessly about her studio, watching her subject until she catches the light and shade in the face of the actress, the author's enthusiasm, the painter's inspiration of expression. She photographs you without apparent effort in your best pose. She will take you perched idly on the edge of a bed, or dreaming over a book, for the picture is to be typical—a character study in itself. Lines, facial contours, and unusual expressions are to be taken into account by this woman photographer, whose purpose is to make pictures that are portraits and portraits that are pictures.

Once a handsome, well-dressed young man posed before Mrs. Kasebier's camera.

"Here's a criminal," she said to herself.

Later developments showed that she was correct. She had never seen the man before, but her psychic instinct had prompted the opinion.

A few years ago, a girl who loved children went down into the crowded sections of her native town in the Middle West with a kodak, and watched the children at play in the street. When she saw a little newsboy's face shine with delight over an unexpected sale, when she discovered a small child-mother of the slums tending a baby on a curbing, or a big-eyed Italian child framed in a tenement door, she took the picture, and the results were so effective that Pearl Grace Loehr was advised to perfect herself in the mechanics of the camera. When she was fully equipped for the game, she began her work, solely for home portraiture of children and old folks.

Miss Loehr's method is to play with a child before she takes his photograph. She tells him stories, sings to him, even, until she secures just the child

smile, the expression of pathos or wistfulness which she wants. Then she presses the bulb. Quite as important a part of Miss Loehr's photographic outfit as her big camera and suit case full of plates is her collection of toys; dolls, picture books, toy animals, and balls, with which she transforms a shy child face into a radiant picture of happiness. She photographs little girls playing with their dolls, children blowing dandelions, investigating a bird's nest from the top of a stone wall, and in every possible attitude illustrating a child's happy day.

In addition she often paints in a background for her photographs; a pattern of flowered wall-paper, a nursery border, or a row of toys, transforming the photograph into a magazine illustration.

It isn't an easy task to photograph a row of sleepy owls, or a group of quarreling, spitting kittens who seem almost to be jumping out of the picture. Miss Belle Johnson, who has been awarded the bronze medal of the Appalachian Exposition for her animal studies, finds her greatest delight in animal portraiture. She also photographs children and animals together.

The growth of the cities and the trend of a shifting population have taken us away from the gardens and white pillared houses of New England. The Arts and Crafts Society of Old Deerfield in the work of the Allen Sisters has preserved for us the quaint colonial doorway, the girl in flowered poke bonnet and crinoline, the pair of country lovers in a dewy lane, and the hundred and one touches of that simpler life from which the cliff dwellers of the towns have drifted away. Whether it is an old Massachusetts orchard, heavy laden with spring bloom, the preacher standing in the doorway of a white meeting house; or the photograph of some far away garden, its paths fringed with spikes of larkspur and roses and sweet-william, the Allen sisters, because of their love of this half-forgotten phase of life, have stamped it with the imprint of their art. One can almost smell the apple blooms in the pictured orchard, hear the kind speech of the old parson, and walk down the scented garden lanes.

Women photographers were, at first, very few, but the list grew until these women formed a central organization, each one of the members being a woman regularly established in her profession.

LAURA A. SMITH.

O H, WAIT just a moment; please stay as you are."

There is a click of the camera shutter, and the woman photographer looks pleased. "I believe this will be a splendid picture of you, Miss Wells."

But Miss Wells, who has come to the fashionable studio of this woman photographer for some coming out" pictures, expostulates, with a bit of a out. "You have not posed me, Mrs. Cameron. I have tried posing myself before my mirror at home and I know exactly how I want my picture taken."

The woman photographer laughs.

"My dear Miss Wells," she exclaims, "from the moment you entered my studio I have been posing you. I have discovered your best lines, and watched you in every light. All the while we have been talking and laughing I have been taking your photograph on my mental plate. I pressed the bulb at just the right moment to catch you, alive, alert, interested, a bit amused."

"I shall be very much surprised if your picture is not better than even you had hoped," she added.

The picture is a success. It is a plate record of whims, moods, unexpected smiles, and facial expression impossible to obtain save by the unique methods of the modern art of photography which has been brought to perfection by the woman behind the camera. The woman photographer goes into the home, and snaps mothers and babies, the child at play, and the grandmother in peaceful repose by the window with her Bible and spectacles on her knee. She carries her picture machine into the open, and finds an artistic subject in the old fisherman sitting on a dock as he mends his nets, the bit of country road with a farm wagon just swinging into view, or the colonial doorway that has an atmosphere of long ago in its latch and knocker, even. She has learned that the art of photographing is a matter of moods and environment. To take a picture that will be a beautiful, true bit of portraiture, the artist must have an intuitive and psychic knowledge of her subject.

The successful authoress of the last best seller, the well known illustrator—any or all who wish to be photographed climb the stairs of a studio in front of which a small glass-covered frame bearing the name of Gertrude Kasebier is the only street sign. It has space for



"Broughton's Pond," by Frances Mary Allen



# AMERICA'S FIRST AERIAL POST



Uncle Sam's Mail Box at the Aerodrome

the aviation field to Garden City, a distance of five miles. Mr. Ovington took only one bag of mail, a sack containing about twenty-five pounds of letters and postal cards. This he held between his knees and dropped at the signal of a flagman when he was passing over Garden City. Here it was consigned to the regular mail service for transportation in the usual way.

The honor of inaugurating the service was to have fallen to Captain Paul Beck, United States Army, but when the first trip of the aeroplane mail delivery had been delayed from two o'clock until nearly four by the captain's inability to get his motor to work properly, it was decided that Mr. Ovington should make the trip for that day.

The mail service by the air route was, after that, a regular feature of the international tournament. A government branch post office, with regulation boxes and a number of clerks, was established on the field, and the department had designed a new post-mark stamp which was placed on each letter. This post-mark announces that the letter is transported by "special aerial service" from "Aerial Station No. 1, Garden City, L. I."

On Monday, Postmaster General Hitchcock was present to witness the aerial mail delivered and give the project the official sanction of the Post Office Department. The chief interest of the early part of the afternoon centred on the flight of Lieutenant T. DeWitt Milling, a fledgling aviator of less than two months' experience, who, by flying continuously for 1 hour 54 minutes 42 3-5 seconds with two soldiers of the United States Army tucked away in the spare seats of his aeroplane, captured for the United States and an American-made biplane the world's record for the longest two-passenger flight.

At 4:30 o'clock, when it was announced that Aerial Postman Ovington would leave with the day's mail, it was found that there were thirty pounds on hand, while Ovington did not care to take in his speedy monoplane more than fifteen pounds.

The Postmaster General volunteered to carry the remaining package, which was just then augmented by 100 postal cards. Captain Beck brought out his Curtiss biplane, equipped with a 75-horsepower motor, and announced that he was ready to accommodate Mr. Hitchcock as far as Mineola and return. Attorney General Wickersham walked out on the field to bid his associate Cabinet Member farewell.

"Have you made your peace with the publishers?" asked Mr. Wickersham.

"No, I haven't," Mr. Hitchcock replied, "and what is more, there is no second-class mail on this aeroplane. It costs too much to carry it this way."

The machine, upon its release, shot high up in the air and speeded directly into the path which Ovington had taken a moment before. A ribbon of vapor from the engine unraveled itself far out behind the machine and caused some uneasiness, as it was a phenomenon which had not been previously observed during the meet.

Ovington's monoplane acted as a scout car for the biplane, and headed toward the field with the biplane not far behind it. The spectators saw, during the latter part of the journey, a biplane performing the unusual feat of overhauling a monoplane. The two machines landed almost simultaneously.

The Postmaster-General has conferred upon Mr.

Ovington, who has carried the mail every day from the aerodrome to Mineola, the honor of the first official appointment as an aerial mail carrier in the United States' service. The time is not far away when mails from incoming transatlantic liners will be transferred by aeroplane to the New York post office, in the opinion of the Postmaster-General. Mr. Hitchcock declared that while there was an immediate prospect of installing such service, would come in the course of time.

"I am very much pleased with results of the experiment in carrying mails by aeroplane at the aviation meet at Nassau Boulevard," he said. "It would seem that aeroplane mail service is practicable."

"The day has not yet arrived, however, when such service can be relied upon, and, of course, its permanent establishment will have to be delayed until aeroplanes have been made more perfect."

All through the meet the post boxes of the new service were filled to capacity. Almost every one who went to see the performance of the aviators mailed a letter or card to a friend or to himself. This utilization of the aeroplane for the transportation of mail is the first step in the adaptation of the new invention to the purposes of regular commerce.

The Aerial Postman Leaving the Canvas Post Office at Nassau Boulevard



## Hundreds Perish by Flood

A FLOOD horror that recalls the awful Johnstown disaster occurred at Austin, Pa. September 30. One and a half miles north of Austin is located the great dam of the Bayles Pulp and Water Company. About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday the wall went down with a crash, releasing 500,000,000 gallons of water. Forming a wave nearly fifty feet high, it swept through the valley in which Austin lies, leaving death and destruction behind it.

Within an hour after the break, there were 200 dead in Austin and over 1,000 homeless, while the hundreds of wrecked buildings and their contents scattered along the valley for miles, represented a property loss of not less than \$6,000,000. Eye-witnesses of the disaster say that within a few minutes after the dam broke, the water was pouring like a resistless Niagara, carrying everything before it. Men, women and children could be seen tossed up and down by the tide, and mingled with the floating wreckage. Nothing could be done toward rescuing any one until after the water had passed. After it had swept by, fire broke out in many places, adding to the horror of the situation.

Several villages in the Sinnemahoning Valley, below Austin, suffered from the flood, though in less degree. At Costello, practically every building was leveled, although only two deaths are reported there.

Relief was rushed to the homeless and destitute survivors in Austin from many points. The entire business portion of Austin is gone, nothing being left of the town, save a fringe of buildings on the hillside out of reach of the flood. The population was about 3,200. It is said that there had been gloomy forebodings about the Bayless dam and it was long suspected as a danger point. Last spring a rumor that the dam had shifted its position caused a panic in Austin. An official investigation will be made by the county authorities to fix the responsibility for the disaster.



Photos copyright, Underwood & Underwood

Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock Ready to Start with Captain Paul Beck Carrying the Mail

## ITALY AND TURKEY AT WAR

and a mine ship is that which has opened hostilities in North Africa. The city of Tripoli was illuminated on the nights of the 27th and 28th by the searchlights of these war vessels. The second squadron, consisting of three older ships, four armored cruisers, and a scout, was ordered to the eastern end of the Mediterranean under the command of the Duca degli Abruzzi. The other two divisions of the fleet, which consist of the more antiquated vessels, are acting as reserve and for the defense of the Italian coast should Turkey take the risk of sending any of her small fleet in that direction.

Admiral Aubrey's division has established a complete blockade of the Tripolitan coast and has bombarded the city of Tripoli and compelled the Turkish garrison to evacuate the fortifications and retire into the interior. It is supposed that they will here await reinforcements, leaving the Italians in possession of the coast and the cities of Cyrene and Benghazi, which they have already seized.

A section of the fleet commanded by the Duca degli Abruzzi discovered Turkish war vessels at Prevesa, a town on the Adriatic, and after bombarding the city, destroyed a cruiser, and, it is believed, disabled a gunboat. They here captured a trans-

port and about two hundred prisoners and a Turkish yacht. A section of the Duke's command also bombarded the port of Reshadie and so damaged a Turkish torpedo boat that it was beached and abandoned by its crew.

The latest dispatches state that there has been a battle in the Aegean Sea or the Dardanelles, in which the Italians practically destroyed the Turkish fleet, which they had chased from Beirut, though they lost two vessels themselves. The strictest censorship is being exercised over the news dispatches, and the exact details of the most recent engagement cannot be ascertained.

Continued from page 999



## Contributions in Aid of Our Children's Home

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## Contributions in Aid of Our Children's Home

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## Contributions in Aid of Our Children's Home

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And several thousand others to be acknowledged later



# Our Boys and Girls

## School Cliques and Bands, Sunday School Societies, Clubs, Circles and Guilds

DEAR Aunt in the Cozy Corner: We want to start a club. We have eight boys and eight girls in the same high school grade, and we should like to plan for some nice times together this winter. Will you help us, please?"

II.

"We should like to change our delightful Out-of-Door Club to an equally delightful In-Door Club, for the autumn and winter. Will you please help us with plans and suggestions?"

III.

"Some of us boys have gotten up a Kite and Airship Society. We should like to have you tell us where to find suggestions and plans for best box kites and latest model airships, and a good book on Air-shiping."

Letters like this are arriving in the Cozy Corner every day, for as the winter comes on and the evenings grow long boys and girls everywhere seem to want to form themselves into bands and societies; or members of clubs—reading clubs, nature study, simple science and garden clubs, camping, cooking, and handicraft clubs, junior guilds and sewing bands—resume their interest.

### Such Good Times Together

The Junior Scientists, nine boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen who have met every Saturday night for twenty-two weeks to talk over simple scientific experiments which they have "tried out," write for plans for setting up a wireless telegraph apparatus and a list of best and latest simple science books.

The village boys and girls in an intermediate school in Airdale, Ill., have bravely started to beautify their little home town. They write for lists of bulbs and seeds to plant out in October, so that the school yard and some rather unsightly places here and there will be covered with blossoms by Decoration Day.

The Wide-Awakes in the little town of Milton, Fla., are a sewing club for dolls. Already they have dressed thirty-two dolls to put into a mission box, which will be sent to Palestine at Christmas time. The president of this club writes asking for picture postcards, magazine covers, illustrations, etc., with which they will make scrap-books for little people nearer home. And a new Sunshine Society writes for suggestions for making money easily and pleasantly in order to carry out their undertaking to buy some new books for the Sunday School library, while the Home Club, a busy society of boys and girls, desire to make their own pin-money, "and plenty of it," the writer of the letter adds, and signs herself, The Middle-Sized Sister.

### Ready for You All

DEAR Cozy Corner Boys and Girls: Now the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, because she has lived among lively boys and girls for so long and loves them so dearly, is ready for you all.

Only a small number of your requests can be answered here, our space

is so precious and so limited; but I assure you it is one of my greatest pleasures to answer each and every one of your letters personally and in the order in which they come to me.

### Call a Meeting

Let as many of you as will, organize clubs; little or big, and of any kind. You have only to call a meeting and appoint a member to write to the Aunt

in the Cozy Corner, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City, telling the name and purpose of your club and the name and address of each member. You will immediately all receive

### A Delightful Letter

a letter full of plans and suggestions for good times together, telling you just what to do at your next meeting, and at other meetings besides.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner is an active member of boys' and girls' clubs all over the world, and you may be sure she can help you plan for plenty of good times together. So if you belong to a band, a Sunday School society, a good-time circle or a school

clique, or if you want to get up a club of any kind, write and tell the Aunt in the Cozy Corner all about it.

### After the Storm

William Makepeace Thackeray

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea,  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling and making  
A prayer at home for me.

### Prize Offer and The October Souvenir

TO WIN a prize or to receive a truly beautiful souvenir brings a very happy moment into the life of any boy or girl. For this reason we long ago determined that Cozy Corner prizes and souvenirs should always and invariably be very beautiful.

Instead of money, which is almost certain to melt away, Cozy Corner prizes are excellent watches, best kodaks, water-color paints, fountain pens, standard books, charming pictures, and many other nice things besides. To the little folk we give prizes of toys, games, dolls, etc., paper dolls, pictures, story books, and ever so many nice love-up-able things, as those who have been winning our prizes constantly testify; and we are constantly reassured by boys and girls everywhere that Cozy Corner souvenirs, pictures and booklets are lovely beyond their highest expectation.

### Go In to Win

THESE are the reasons why we want all you boys and girls in the homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to enter these prize contests and to go in with all your might and main to win, and to write for Cozy Corner souvenirs whenever the opportunity offers. Any one who wins a Cozy Corner prize or owns a Cozy Corner souvenir will want to keep it for ever and ever.

## The Symbol of Household Liberty

Use Ivory Soap for everything—bath, toilet, in the laundry, in the kitchen.

Wash the dishes with Ivory Soap. Clean the refrigerator with it, the cut glass, the silver—everything.

Do this, and see what an improvement there is in the appearance of your home. See, too, how much better your hands look—how much better they feel. They will be as soft and white as if such things as dishpans and washtubs did not exist.

Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure



### A Geography Puzzle

TO ALL boys and girls under eighteen years of age who guess the correct names with which to fill in at least five of the blanks and parentheses in the following puzzle, we will send a regular prize. To the first prize-winner guessing all correctly we will send a watch—not a toy, but a guaranteed watch. A dainty small one if it is a girl who wins, and a regular size watch if it is a boy.

### Copy This and Fill It In

— (a city in Australia) and her friend (a city in Montana) went shopping, bought a green (county in Ireland) and a beautiful (city in the northern part of California) pin. The city in Montana was dressed in a costume made of (hills in Dakota) (a plateau in Asia) cloth. The city in Australia was dressed in (mountains in Vermont) velvet and wore on her finger (a river in Mississippi) ring. She bought (an island in Scotland) for a dainty dress for her sister (a city in Sweden), and then they both went home, delighted with their day together.

### Special Contest for Our Little People

FOR the best puzzle of any kind that boys and girls under twelve might guess we will send for a girl's

first prize a new popular indoor game. Second prize, a splendid box of paints. For a boy's first prize a fountain pen. Second prize, a Blue Hill box kite. There are twenty beautiful pictures and ten paper dolls for boys and girls who shall be winning extra supplementary prizes in this class.

Put "October contest," your name, address and age clearly inside your letter and send it before October 20 to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

### Our October Souvenir

THE Cozy Corner souvenir for this season is a charming picture, beautifully colored. The Aunt in the Cozy Corner will put her own autograph on each picture, and one shall be sent to every boy and girl who enters the prize contests, and to all others who write for the first time. Please enclose a stamp to cover postage.

### Our Good-Night Verse

We love him, because he first loved us. . . . And this commandment we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.—1. John 4: 19, 21.

Faithfully and lovingly always,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*



# WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER GRIFFITH

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physician's for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders.

And the waste does to us exactly what the cinders do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough cinders have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not pull it apart on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our lives are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches, come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste

which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50% Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

## Intelligent Warfare\*

PROBABLY most of us from time to time hear one and another say, "I am not interested in foreign missions."

Sometimes this remark is followed by another indicating that home missions seem to the speaker to be more important. Sometimes he or she professes interest in no missions whatever. In either case, you may be reasonably sure that the speaker does not know much of what he is talking about. "The world is so full of a number of things," as Robert Louis Stevenson says, that the wisest of us cannot comprehend them all in his knowledge; and it is surprising how many are totally ignorant upon the subject of foreign missions. It is impossible that people should be much interested in a matter of which they know little or nothing. This cause alone accounts for very much of the indifference regarding missions.

To those of us whose souls have burned within as we have read or listened to the thrilling stories of men and women who have given their lives, in the name of Christ, to the uplifting of the backward races, it has seemed incredible that any could remain untouched by those pathetic recitals, or heedless of the needs of the noble men and women who relate them.

Read John C. Lambert's *Romance of Missionary Heroism*; Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason's *Lux Christi* and *Little Green God*; Bishop Neely's terrible description of the social and religious condition of South America; Blaikie's *Life of David Livingstone*; Miss Ellen C. Parsons' *A Life for Africa*; Dr. W. E. Griffith's books upon Japan and Korea; John G. Paton's *Autobiography*; Dr. Arthur H. Smith's and Dr. Brown's books upon China. The list might be indefinitely extended, but if anybody will read these works alone, it seems impossible that he can ever again say that he is not interested in foreign missions.

An "argument," so-called, which is often advanced against them is, "The heathen have their religion and we have ours. Let them alone."

"A man does not have to know Sanscrit," says William T. Ellis, "in order to form an opinion of Hinduism. Let him go to Benares and use his own eyes and ears—and nose. The same is true of all the other great ethnic faiths." They have promoted or permitted social conditions which are utterly impossible in this twentieth century world-neighborhood."

In short, the ideals of life and humanity cherished in heathen lands are usually foul and degrading. It is these ideals which the missionaries are striving to change. Just as soon as the religion of Christ is introduced into a community, it begins to rise in the scale of civilization. Honesty, purity (a clean house and body as well as clean heart), unselfishness, love, peace—all these are what Christ's religion means; and, faulty as our own country is, and as are all of the so-called "Christian" nations, they at least possess these higher ideals.

The lamented Dr. DeForest testified during his last visit to this country that Japan had already virtually adopted Christian ideals. Polygamy still prevails there, but it is decreasing and men are becoming ashamed to own that they have more than one wife. Barbarous cruelty in the punishment of criminals is declining. Popular education is prescribed there; business methods are wholesomely improving; women are receiving better treatment—and our missionaries are chiefly responsible for this great enlightening.

Read, study, know,—and you will awaken in yourself a lively interest in foreign missions.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 22. TEXTS: Prov. 24:6, 6; 1:3-13:23.

## You Can Weigh

Exactly what

You Should

Weigh

You can be

Strong—

Vigorous—

full of life and

Energy.

You can be free

from **Chronic Ailments**—

every organ of your body strong

as nature intended.

You can have a **Good Figure**—as

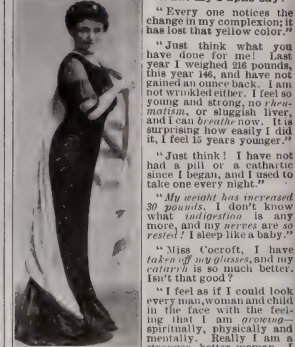
good as any woman.

You can have a **Clear Skin**.

I no longer need to say what "I can do," but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to arise to their very best—why not you?

**NO DRUGS NO MEDICINES**

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.



What My Pupils say:  
"Every one notices the change in my complexion; it has lost that yellow color."  
"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no rheumatism, or sluggish liver, and I can breathe now. It is surprising how easily I did it, I feel 15 years younger."  
"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."  
"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indignation is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."  
"Miss Cocroft, I have lost 200 pounds, and my catarrh is so much better. Isn't that good?"  
"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face without the feeling that I am growing—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help every woman to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to tell you about it.

**Susanna Cocroft**

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# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

R. C., Potlatch, Idaho. What are the incomes of the kings of the leading countries? Also of our own richest men?

The Emperor of Austria receives yearly \$3,750,000; the English King and Queen, \$350,000, while the rest of the family are allowed \$560,000 (besides an income of nearly a million more from private property); the King of Prussia, \$3,846,121 (also a large private income); the Czar has had about \$12,000,000, but this has been reduced by the unsettled condition of the empire. Our own rich men do not publish the statistics of their incomes, but undoubtedly there are several men in America whose incomes run up into the millions; while there must be thousands whose incomes range from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000.

A reader in Florida (M. C. M.) sends us this verse, which contains a beautiful thought:

"The night birds sang and the stars above  
Told many a wondrous story  
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,  
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory."

S. M. G., Henry, Va. I cannot conceive how a Christian can hope for peace, only as long as he can be able to grasp the truth through faith and obedience to the Divine Master, who alone is the Prince of Peace. Can we thwart God's plan? Only temporary peace is brought about by legislation and the powers that be; permanent peace by the power from above. "Therefore we can but render unto Caesar the things that be Caesar's and unto God the things that be God's."

"B. M. G." is entirely sound in holding that enduring world-peace can come only from God; yet men do right to strive Godward and to endeavor to carry out his will. Thus, by the preaching of the Gospel we sow the seed for the ultimate bringing of the nations, but the harvest must come from God. We ourselves cannot command it. Peace-lovers throughout the world are but seed-sowers; they pray while they sow. They themselves may never reap; but they know that God in his own good time will send the peace on the earth and they are working on the lines of the Divine plan. To believe the contrary would be to justify war in the name of Christianity.

B. M., Decatur, Ia. What States have adopted the proposed anti-polygamy amendment to the constitution?

New York, Iowa, West Virginia, Delaware, Missouri, Maine, North Dakota, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, California, Washington, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Montana, Ohio, New Hampshire, Nebraska, Texas and Arkansas. Two-thirds of the whole number of States are necessary before Congress can take action looking to the adoption of the amendment. When it is adopted, polygamy will then have become a thing of the past.

M. M., Chicago, Ill. To assist a discussion, kindly tell us in THE MAIL-BAG which you consider the more important, the day school teacher or the Sunday School teacher?

The teacher in day school has to lay the foundation of the secular education, storing the minds of his scholars with the facts of history, science, biography, and geography and with the principles of arithmetic and accounting. It is left exclusively to the Sunday School teacher to instill into the mind and heart of the scholar not only the foundation facts and principles of the Christian religion, but also the associated virtues of honor, truthfulness, integrity, friendship, humanity, generosity, etc. In the old Greek and Roman educational systems the inculcation of these virtues, and those of courage, strength, patriotism, and loyalty, was a prominent feature. These have little or no equivalent in our day school, which teaches largely such practical studies as will lead to the development of the business side of character.

D. M., Orangeville, Cape Breton, Can. Did the worshippers of God previous to 800 B.C. anticipate atonement through the death of Christ? Did it form the basis or any part of their faith, or did they know anything at all about it?

The expectation of the coming Messiah, who should redeem his people and should suffer for their sakes, is as old as the beginnings of Hebrew nationality. See Isa. 53; Zech. 11: 13. The idea of propitiation, reconciliation and expiation was associated with his coming, and although substitution is not mentioned it is implied. In connection with the sacrificial offerings similar terms are sometimes used, but the broader view of vicarious sacrifice, with special reference to the Messianic atonement, is most fully set forth in Isa. 53. The Messianic mission was the salvation of the race (Isa. 11). This expectation was not wholly confined to the Jewish people. The Samaritans held it; the Mazi knew of it; even in the days of Malchize-

dek and Job it was understood by inquiring souls (Job 19: 25). The very first recorded Scriptural allusion to it is in Gen. 49: 10. See also Isa. 9: 1-7; Isa. 40; Micah 5: 2. There were periods in Jewish history during which the Messianic predictions and expectations temporarily ceased, but they were never wholly extinguished. It should be admitted, however, that while some of the Jewish Targumistic writings refer to a suffering Messiah, the greater number deal with a powerful and conquering Messiah. Faith in God, belief in his word and a willing obedience were accounted for righteousness in the old dispensation. See Gen. 15: 8 and Rom. 4: 3-6, 20, 25 and other passages. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Job is supposed to have lived about the time of Isaac, some 1800 B.C., Daniel 600 B.C., Micah 950 B.C., Isaiah 750 B.C., Zechariah, 620 B.C.

Mrs. M. H., Hancock, N. Y. Why do not our ministers preach more against Sunday labor? I asked my former pastor, and he says the time has not yet come to do so. I ask my present pastor and he looks up and down and does not answer me.

The commandment enjoining Sabbath observance has not been abrogated. It is the duty of the Christian pulpit to preach it; but there is a great deal too much latitude in this direction nowadays. You may not have been sufficiently explicit in your question, otherwise there is no reason why your pastor should not have answered. The only work that is justifiable on the Lord's Day is that which is of necessity or mercy.

G. S. V., Franklin, Pa. What is meant in I. Cor. 12: 10 where it speaks of divers kinds of "tongues"? There are people here who claim the "gift of tongues" and they sound round among church members and try to make them believe they are the only people that are right, even when they talk in a tongue they themselves do not know.

It refers not only to the power of speaking various languages, but also to a spiritual language unknown to man, uttered in ecstasy and understood only by those enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Paul is here writing not to depreciate this gift, but to warn the Corinthians not to be led away by unprofitable or doubtful manifestations of it. Even in those early days of the Church, the leaders had difficulty in controlling the tendency to fanaticism among its adherents. The gift of tongues at Pentecost was given because of a great and urgent need. It is supposed by some authorities to have been speaking so that under the direction of the Holy Spirit it sounded to the ear of every auditor as though it were his own mother-tongue. There were many nationalities represented in the throng, but no confusion or misunderstandings. It was the miraculous method employed to bring into the Gospel fold the strangers from other lands. The lesson is that God is not the author of confusion, and he never gives a message to his children that is unintelligible. Any "gift" or message that is incapable of being understood is not of God. We should try the spirits by this simple but decisive test.

P. A., Hillsboro, Tex. Who are the "sons of thunder," and where are they mentioned in the Bible?

*Boanerges*, which means "sons of thunder," was a surname given by Jesus to James and John, probably on account of their impetuous spirit (see Mark 3: 17; Luke 9: 45). "*Boanerges*" is a word which has greatly puzzled the philologists. It has been variously interpreted as "sons of commotion" and "sons of tumult" or disorder. Your other questions will be answered by mail.

E. V., Allentown, Pa. Does history anywhere give the name of Pharaoh's daughter, who found Moses in the river and adopted him?

Josephus, the Jewish historian, tells us her name was Thermutis. He adds that she carried the child to her father, the king, and told him she had adopted him to become the heir to the kingdom. Pharaoh clasped the child to his breast and playfully set his diadem upon his head, but the child threw it down and trod upon it with his feet.

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. R. L., Scott, O. The subject of infant salvation was fully discussed in a recent issue.

Mrs. M. E. C., Washington, D. C. We have referred your question to a good authority on the subject.

Reader, Russell, Ont. As the battle is now a thing of the past, it is useless to discuss it. You may be sure, however, that nothing was or is further from the thought of Americans than annexation.

Interested, Walton, N. Y., writes: "There are 10,000 Covenanters, only they are called 'Reformed Presbyterians.'" These 10,000 have \$260,000 last year, or \$26 per member, for church work."



## FRIED OYSTERS

One pint large oysters, half cup flour, half cup milk, half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup, half teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

Mrs. Clara L. Street.

For a feast let it be  
OYSTERS fried in the  
Snider Way and served  
with plenty of the luscious

# Snider's Tomato Catsup

However distinguished the guests, however elaborate or however simple the repast, you cannot "conjure up" a more elegant, popular or delicious dish than fried oysters, done exactly according to this recipe, contributed by a hostess whose "functions" are notable and enviable for their perfection of cuisine.

All winter, enjoy the wholesome oyster at its best by serving, always, cooked or raw, with plenty of Snider's Catsup.

The one Catsup to always buy is Snider's. For over a quarter of a century it has held the reputation of "best." The women of America are good judges of food quality, and they still give it first place by their increased patronage.

Here are some of the reasons why Snider's deserves its first place: Its superior flavor is largely due to the superfine tomatoes used in its making. We furnish the vines to the farmers, who raise them for us, because we are particular to have only pedigreed tomatoes of that sweet, slightly spicy flavor which makes the perfect foundation for this ideal table relish. These selected tomatoes, grown and gathered according to our directions, are all "done into catsup" the very day they are gathered—precisely in accord with our famous old recipe in which seven rare spices, the purest obtainable, are used.

Snider's Catsup is a direct and wholesome stimulant to the appetite and to digestion. Its liberal use, in and on the daily food, especially upon all meats, hot or cold, upon fish, vegetables, spaghetti, and in soups and gravies, helps to produce and maintain robust health.

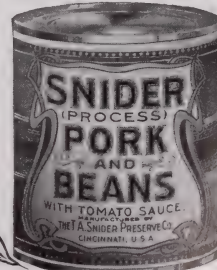
Snider's Process Pork and Beans are a feast at any feast. Snider's Chili Sauce is always liked. Use it upon meats.

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## RISKS AND CERTAINTIES

MR. G. G. HENRY, in his admirable work on Investments, gives five points which he says should be carefully considered by every one before making an investment. Briefly summarized these are: First, Safety of principal and interest, which implies the certainty of receiving the principal and interest when due; second, rate of interest, or the net return that is realized on the money invested; third, convertibility into cash, or the readiness with which it is possible to realize on the investment; fourth, prospect of appreciation in value, or that growth in intrinsic value that tends to increase the market price; fifth, stability of market price, or the certainty of continuing the integrity of the original investment.

The five qualities of an investment set forth by Mr. Henry are present in varying degrees in every selection that may be made, and it is rare to find all equally combined in one form of security. The shrewd investor naturally selects those securities that possess the qualities that meet his own individual requirements. The average investor is apt to overlook the fact that a high degree of one quality is very apt to involve a lower degree of other qualities. He is pretty sure to believe that a high rate of interest implies less assurance of safety, but it is not often that he gives the same consideration to the other qualities. When wishing to make a permanent investment for the sole purpose of income and with no thought of immediate selling, he is very apt to lessen the earning power of his money by paying a higher price for and receiving a diminished return from securities whose strongest feature is their convertibility. It would be better business if such a man selected securities having equal safety and stability, but which, though having less convertibility, would bring in larger returns and at the same time have in them the promise of a rise in market price. While, as a rule, the private investor does not need to give much thought to the question of convertibility, it may be a first consideration to the man in active business, who at any moment may feel a pressing need for more ready money, and who must therefore regard interest as of secondary importance.

The prospect of appreciation in value, while worth considering, is not of first importance to the average investor, while it may be the main consideration with the rich man, who, not being dependent on immediate returns, can put his securities in the safe and quietly await their growth. But while the rich man can afford to do this, and usually to his own great advantage, it would certainly not be advisable for the poorer man to follow his example. The one can insure his own risks; under no circumstances should the other undertake them.

### The Quality of Safety

By "safety" we mean the security of principal and interest. At first glance it might be thought that the safety of the one involved the safety of the other, but a more careful examination will show that there is a decided difference between the two. In some cases the principal is much safer than the interest, in others it is the reverse. Here is an illustration: A strong railroad leases a terminal, or it may be a branch line, and by the terms of the lease it guarantees the interest during the life of the lease, on the bonds of the leased property. While this lease lasts the interest is perfectly secure, but when the lease expires and the bonds mature, the railroad may see fit to abandon the property, and the only security for the bonds is the actual value, which may be wholly inadequate, of the property surrendered. Here is an il-

lustration showing that the interest may, for a time, be suspended and the bonds be secure and worth while as an investment: In the West, and other thinly settled parts of our country, new railroads are frequently built with money secured by the sale of bonds, usually at a price far below their face value. For a time, it may be for some years, there is no interest, because there are no net earnings after the payment of up-keep and operating expenses; but the road has stimulated business, increased the settlement of lands along the line, so that in time there is a balance above the fixed charges, the interest is regularly met and the stock has a market value. In such a case the bonds from the first were a good investment, for they not only increased in value, as it was certain they would do, but the lapsed interest was met from the increased earnings.

Stability of market price should not be compared with the quality of safety. Safety means that the maker of the obligation will pay the principal and interest when they are due; stability means that the market price shall not shrink in value. An investment may be absolutely secure as to principal and interest, and yet owing to the violent changes—financial squalls they might be called—that often occur in business, it may suffer a great decline in market price.

In periods of continued business prosperity, money is in great demand and ready cash commands a high rate of interest and this because the available money has been converted into fixed forms in the development of new enterprises. Under such circumstances the prices of securities bearing lower rates of interest are sure to decline, for the reason that their owners—anxious to secure the higher current rates—force them on the market.

Now, the prudent average investor will not lose his head and sell out a secure property even though the interest for cash at the time is temptingly higher, for he will reason that this high tide can no more continue in the currents of finance than it does in the waters of the ocean. The changed investment for a higher rate may be entirely secure, but unless it has in it the quality of permanency, it should be very carefully considered before it is undertaken.

### Two Kinds of Appreciation

A SPEAKER in a temperance convention declared that the work of temperance people and of the W. C. T. U. never had been or would be appreciated. He told this story: "While taking dinner with a widow, I complimented her on the delicious huckleberry pie she had made in the New England style—so very juicy—and said it was the best I had ever eaten. 'Oh, I am so glad to have that compliment,' she replied, and then went on to say: 'I was married twenty years to my first husband and did all I could to please him, but he never appreciated what I did for him. Just before he passed away, I longed for a word of approval, and asked him if I had not been a good wife, or if I had totally failed to please him. He replied: 'If I had wanted things different, I'd have let you know soon enough.'"

"She married again and, after about twenty years of unappreciated endeavor in housekeeping, she asked her second husband if he had no word of approval for all she had tried to do. The ungrateful man's reply was 'If I don't like what you do, you may be certain I'll inform you.'"

How different the prompt words of commendation which we hope may fall from the lips of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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# ABBIE'S REBELLION

By LASCELLES HASBROUCK

IT WAS afternoon in early autumn, and a wagon with two occupants was being slowly driven along a country lane. The driver, whose expression denoted extreme beatitude, raised his whip at intervals; but so gentle was its touch that the horse only shook his ears as if acknowledging its playful attention, and continued in his favorite pace. By the man's side sat a sweet-faced woman of five and thirty, lost, like her companion, in nappy silence. Perhaps if interrogated neither could have told of any feeling in regard to what lay around them; and yet they had a consciousness of harmony between nature's peace and their own. The glory of the distant hills, the rosy gleam of ripening fruit, the light and shadow chasing each other over the golden corn-fields, the music of a tumbling brook—these were as a part of their daily lives, which they saw without seeing. Yet to neither had the world ever seemed so fair; for the storm and stress of life lay behind them, and in their hearts joy-bells were ringing. They had come in sight of a substantial house, when the woman laid her hand on the man's arm.

"Simon, I guess you'd better set me down right here; there's sister Hannah's wagon down by the barn; I guess she and Marget's driv' over."

There was something in her manner which conveyed the impression that the unexpected visit of her relations was not an unmixed joy; a feeling it was equally clear her companion shared.

"You'll tell 'em, Abbie?" he said hesitatingly.

"To be sure I'll tell 'em," she replied, and a flush rose to her cheek.

"Haden't I better come right along in?"

"No, Simon, it's real good of you, but—" She paused and smiled tenderly upon him; he returned the smile. He had by this time assisted Abbie to alight and was preparing to resume his seat.

"I know I warn't never no favorite wi' your folks; but I don't see as it matters much."

"It don't matter at all," she returned smilingly, "and it never will; I've never been nothin' beholden to 'em." And with this declaration of independence she turned off the road. Simon called out that he "would be along presently," and applying his whip to his astonished steed, was soon lost to view in a cloud of dust.

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Order from your dealer or from us direct. Send four stamps, enclosed, for color and order, and for high or low collar \$2.00, waist each \$2.15. We pay express. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Abbie Marlin had been for many years the faithful attendant of a wealthy resident of Griffin's Corners, who at her death had most liberally remembered her services. Since her access of fortune, she had found herself an object of great interest to her relations, who appeared to occupy their spare moments in making plans for her future.

Abbie was warmly greeted by her sisters, who had been spending their time very pleasantly in making a thorough investigation of her lately acquired possessions. The conversation was general during tea, and not until the last piece of china was put away was the subject of their visit broached.

"Pears to me," said Mrs. Watkins, "you'll feel kind of lonesome out here by yourself."

"Yes," added Mrs. Adams, "when a woman's gettin' on she misses her folks."

"Yes," said Abbie, "I've missed poor Mis' Williams."

"Jest what I said to Marget," continued Mrs. Watkins. "Marget," says I, 'Abbie'll be jest drefful lonesome out there; an' there ain't no sense in her livin' by herself, when she can have a home wi' either of us.'"

"Thank you, Hannah, it's real good of you an' Marget; but I don't know as I was thinkin' of leavin' the Corners just yet."

"Oh, I ain't sayin' nothin' agin' the Corners; but Marget an' me we've visited a good deal over it; an' we say there ain't no need for you to be by yourself, when you belong to a family like ours."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Adams, "the Marlins always hung well together."

Abbie reflected, but failed to recall any evidence of the sweet adhesiveness to which her sisters referred, and from the remembrance of which they seemed to derive moral strength and satisfaction. Of a certainty she had never benefited by it; but as politeness seemed to demand acquiescence, Abbie murmured a faint assent.

"We was jest sayin' as we come along, Marget an' me, as we couldn't remember a single funeral as we'd missed."

"That's so," rejoined Mrs. Adams with the air of one firmly planted on the heights of duty nobly done; "come rain, come shine, we was there."

A faint smile curved Abbie's lips; this virtue, on the exercise of which her sisters especially prided themselves, did not appeal strongly to the gentle soul whose creed was love and service to the living.

"I was talkin' about you to the minister only yesterday," observed Mrs. Watkins, "an' he said it was quite wonderful the way the door of usefulness was opened to some women."

A tender smile flitted over Abbie's face, giving it the beauty of youth.

"I would like to believe that," she said softly, "to feel that the Lord directs one's steps."

"Oh, there's no doubt about it," returned Mrs. Watkins, with the confidence of one speaking with ministerial assurance; "nothin' could be plainer than it is in your case; there's Brother Lenny—"

"Yes, there's Lenny," repeated Abbie, without an enthusiasm in her voice.

"Yes, if ever a man needed a hefty woman round, it's Lenny."

Abbie thought of the seven irrepressible young Marlins, and of Lenny, selfish, shiftless and irritable; certainly the prospect was not alluring save to one bent on martyrdom.

"But Lenny was not anxious to have me," she replied quietly; "when father died I offered—"

"There, there!" interrupted Mrs. Watkins impatiently; "don't begin rakin' up things; there ain't nothin' to be got thrashin' over old straw. It's

Continued on page 1023



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## OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### The Outsider in the Home

THE position, for example, of a nurse who must for a time be constantly in a household and in a sense an integral part of it while she remains in many ways outside its interests, is seldom other than difficult. A trained nurse is in these days an absolute essential in periods of severe illness. Time was that the invalid was cared for by members of the family until their strength gave out, when neighbors would kindly come in, sit up at night and otherwise relieve the overburdened household. I remember to have heard a doctor of the old school at the time when the trained nurse with her serene professional air and her dainty uniform was as yet a novelty, say positively, "I wish none of these new fangled young women to assist in my practice. Any intelligent woman who can administer medicine and obey a doctor's orders can do the nursing that I want." Had the good man lived a few years longer he would have changed his opinion. For many reasons a nurse can take better care of a patient who is extremely ill than can be taken by wife, sister or mother. The element of anxiety only partially enters into the attitude of the nurse. She is intensely desirous for the recovery of her patient. She is not torn into shreds by the agony of her love, nor wasted by hours of weeping and torturing fears as the patient's nearest and dearest of kin may be. She is able with a steady hand and a keen eye to watch every vagary and fluctuation of disease. The physician turns to her as his best ally, and neither home nor hospital can afford to do without her.

In the home, however, the family frequently resent what seems to them the officious and intrusive manner of the nurse. She behaves as one having authority. She is not always endowed with tact, that saving grace of womanhood. Not invariably does she conciliate those whom she keeps out of the invalid's room. In the kitchen the cook resents her presence and sometimes makes it a trifle unpleasant for her when she invades that sacred domain of pots and pans that she may prepare the meals of a convalescent.

Whoever is in a home for a length of time should be of it in the truest meaning of the term. She should become a friend of the family and be treated with friendliness. There are times when she should efface herself and leave the family to enjoy its own society. This, as well, is true of a guest who is staying beneath a friendly roof. It is true of the young teacher boarding away from home and domiciled among strangers. As for the home people, they do less than their duty if they are not kind and thoughtful in their treatment of any one who is tarrying with them and is still an outsider. In fact, all along the line tact, sympathy and common sense eliminate friction and make home life worth living.

We must many times abide for a season by a fireside not our own, but we need not be aliens or keep the heart of the stranger or the men of the hermit. We may meet others half way and be genial and cordial in all circumstances.

### The Household Linen

THE question has frequently been asked whether the bride's outfit of linen for the new home shall be marked with her maiden initials or with those of her married name. As the bride is supposed to provide the

entire stock of linen, inclusive of sheets, pillow slips, table-cloths, napkins, towels of all descriptions and whatever belongs to the comfortable completeness of household linen, it should be marked with her own maiden initials. These may be beautifully embroidered if she and her friends have time enough at their disposal for this delicate needlework. How much linen should be made ready depends on the circumstances of the bride-to-be and also on the style in which she expects to live. In Holland, France and Germany the thrifty mother begins to fill the wedding chest of her daughter while the latter is in the cradle. Little by little the chest is filled and there is no straining of effort in that department when the maiden is wooed and won. The woman who does not care about linen has missed something that is sweet and feminine. The very handling of it is a delight to the ordinary woman.

In giving a linen shower to a bride everything useful and ornamental for the individual as well as for the household use may properly be on the list. The shower may be of handkerchiefs, guest towels, center-pieces, doilies, serviettes and whatever else is dear to a woman's heart in the days when she is preparing a trousseau and looking forward to home-making.

In giving a shower the hostess may provide herself with a large hamper or basket and this, if she choose, she may decorate with gay ribbons and bunches of flowers. When inviting the friends of the recipient to unite in a shower for her benefit the hostess may suggest that each shall write a sentiment, a limerick or a wish and fasten it to her gift. The gift should be wrapped in tissue paper and tied with very narrow ribbon. When all are present and preferably after the serving of refreshments the gifts are to be taken out one by one and bestowed upon the guest of honor. As she opens her various parcels a friend beside her may read the sentiments that have accompanied the articles which are to be her wedding gifts.

No matter how exquisite linen may be, it will not long preserve its daintiness if carelessly laundered. An incompetent washerwoman will scorch the fine towels that have been the pride of their owner, will use too much blueing and turn them from the tub streaked and gray, or in some other way will ruin their freshness and purity. The care of linen and its nice arrangement in the linen closet belong to good housekeeping and the bride of this October ought to be a good housekeeper as well as a loving home-maker.

In the purchase of linen the novice may be deceived by simple costliness. There are times and seasons when wonderful bargains are displayed in the shops, but the experienced buyer is neither dazzled by a bargain nor is she tempted to extravagance by the large price set upon the tablecloths and napkins offered for inspection by the salesman. She knows what she wants, can tell by a touch or a glance the fabric that will wear and be a credit to its owner for years.

### Letters in the Social Machinery

WHAT should we do without the postman? Day by day he goes on his rounds delivering mail at the doors alike of rich and poor, producing from his bag messages of various import and drawing close together the

Continued on next page



## How a College Professor

### Made Delicious Morsels by Exploding Wheat and Rice

Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University, thus solved the problem of exploding grain. And he gave to you all Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—the most enticing cereal foods you know.

In each kernel of grain lies a percentage of moisture, which heat will turn to steam. If the steam is confined, and the heat is sufficient, an explosive force is created.

The moisture permeates every food granule. To explode it means blasting those granules to pieces. And that means to make the cereals twice as digestible as by any other process known.

### Shot From Mammoth Guns

Prof. Anderson did this by building bronze-steel guns. The grains are put into them, then sealed up steam-tight.

The gun is revolved for sixty minutes in a furnace heat—a heat of 550 degrees. Thus the grain is cooked to a plastic mass, and the moisture turned to steam.

When the gun is unsealed that steam explodes. There is a separate explosion inside of each grain—inside of each granule of grain. The millions of food particles are blasted to pieces. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

The plastic walls are expanded and crisped. A myriad cells are created. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken. That's how you get these curious foods which everyone delights in.

### How Folks Like Them Best

In the morning one serves them with sugar and cream, or mixes them with fruit. And the taste is like toasted nuts.

For luncheons or suppers they are served in milk. They are like fairy wafers, crisp and porous. And they are whole-grain foods.

They are used like nuts in candy making and as garnish for ice cream. They are eaten dry, like peanuts, sprinkled with a little salt.

There is no other food made from wheat or rice so delightful as these puffed grains. Your grocer is always supplied.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**

Except in Extreme West

**Puffed Rice, 15c**

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No longer are old and faded dresses relegated to the rag bag—at least not by the practical housewife. Instead, she seeks the nearby shop for those dyes which never fail to give new life and beauty to every material. She asks for, and insists upon, **Diamond Dyes**.

You will find that by following this example, you can easily have many such profitable experiences as the one quoted herewith:

"I have had a great deal of experience with **Diamond Dyes** and have been successful. Just this last week, I dipped a last summer's dress (a light blue toilette which had lost its newness and rich color by continual washing and hot sunbathing) into a weak solution of the light blue dye, and it surely looks like a new dress. In this day of fashion and styles—the yoke and trimming of a gown must all blend into the same color scheme. By the use of **Diamond Dyes** one can very easily accomplish this at home, saving time and expense. Mrs. P. W. B., 2415 W. 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minn."

## Diamond Dyes

There are two kinds of **Diamond Dyes**—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods. **Diamond Dyes** for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About

#### Dyes for Home Use:

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed", goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

For these reasons we manufacture one class of **Diamond Dyes** for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of **Diamond Dyes** for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

**Diamond Dyes** are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

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Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells **Diamond Dyes**. We will then send you that famous book of help, the **Diamond Dye Annual**, a copy of the **Direction Book**, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vermont



## Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

manifold interests of the great world. It happened the other day in New York that two aged employees of the postoffice department were dismissed after a half century of service. They had begun their work when they were young and strong, when the city was small and quiet, when homes were scattered, when everything was as different as possible from the rushing, hurrying New York of to-day. There was no pension for these faithful servants of the Government, worn out in the labors of the postal department. They were simply cast aside as derelicts, and the general feeling concerning them must be that if there are pensions for veteran firemen and policemen, some provision should be made for men who have grown gray and become blind and deaf and old and feeble in delivering mail from door to door.

All sorts of letters go safely across the ocean, over mountain chains, over rivers, valleys and continents, their safety insured by a bit of paper called a postage stamp. There are letters of congratulation, of invitation, of business and condolence. Every letter

worth opening and reading requires an answer, and the person who neglects to answer a letter is guilty of an incivility. Not to answer a letter because one does not like its contents or is indifferent to the writer or the letter is inopportune, is to be decidedly discourteous. Postal cards are convenient, but they lack the reserve that should distinguish a letter. To notify members of a committee of the day of meeting, to carry a business order or to relate briefly a bit of home news nothing is better than a postal card. It is much to be feared that the beautiful picture postals everywhere on sale have interfered very much with the long chatty and descriptive letters which were once matters of course in friendly correspondence.

The fact is that the sending a picture postal instead of a letter is often an indication either of physical fatigue or mental inertia. By all means send the picture postals. They will be charming souvenirs of journeys in days to come when memory loves to recall agreeable outings. Send the letters, too. To the home people these voices from the absent are welcome and there is disappointment when they are omitted.

## Abbie's Rebellion

Continued from page 1021

different now; an' there's a home an' your work all cut out for you."

"The minister thought it was just beautiful." And Mrs. Adams closed her eyes as if lost in blissful contemplation of Abbie's happy future.

"It was real kind of him," answered Abbie, "but I don't know as I'm hankerin' after so much work." Even while she spoke Abbie wondered at her own temerity in daring to question the authority of her family, but, as it was by the wisdom of the minister.

"But when it's your duty, Abbie," and Mrs. Watkins' thin lips closed in a manner more expressive than words.

"Yes, when a woman hasn't a husband, she ought to listen to what her folks says," added Mrs. Adams, with that patronizing air peculiar to many matrons when addressing spinsterhood.

"I guess I'm just about tired of hearin' about my duty; who among you ever counted me any thanks for what I've done? Only old Miss Williams." But here the tender soul's voice choked as she thought of the woman who had so unexpectedly rewarded her patient care.

"Abbie, I'm jest right down shocked at you!" And Mrs. Watkins moved her chair a little farther away, to emphasize her displeasure.

"I don't care," Abbie went on with the recklessness born of the first taste of liberty; "seems to me the world is gettin' pretty well crowded w' folks goin' round showin' other folks their duties; I guess they find it a long sight easier pointin' to a load than heftin' it."

The sisters sat in seething indignation as Abbie asserted her inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; their worst fears were realized; the situation was serious.

"Abbie Marlin," and Mrs. Watkins' voice was appalling in its slow distinctness, "we know what this means; and we're going to stop it."

A wave of color swept over Abbie's face, but a smile came back to her lips.

"We've heard; it's Simon Johnson, he's after your money; can't you see?"

"No, I can't," replied Abbie quietly. "Simon always wanted me, yes, fifteen years ago; but none of you would take care of father; an' Simon had his mother then, an' so I told him no; you needn't shake your head, Marget; he asked me often enough."

"He married all the same," re-

marked Mrs. Adams, whose opinion of masculine fidelity was not of an exalted or romantic character.

"And why shouldn't he? His mother needed care, an' he got a good wife an' he made her happy; an' I am glad he did," replied Abbie, with a little catch in her voice she strove hard to subdue. Not to these hard, scheming women could she speak of what the agony of parting with her love had been; nor of the dreariness of the loveless years which followed.

"Oh, very glad, no doubt," returned Mrs. Adams with an elephantine attempt at sarcasm. "We understand how much there was to that; and now he is after your money."

Abbie turned sharply on her tormentors, a crimson spot burning in each cheek and a passionate light flashing in her eyes. She was defending the man she loved, the man who had always loved her, from a false accusation; and it was another Abbie, utterly unlike the sister they had always known, who confronted them. She had a little secret, by the disclosure of which she meant finally to rout the enemy, horse, foot and artillery; but that was reserved for the last charge.

"My money! An' how much did any of you think of me till I got it? Did any of you offer me a home till now, when I don't need it? Do any of you, does Lenny, want me now, 'cept for it, an' the work I'd do?"

"Hear you now!" said Mrs. Watkins to her discomfited companion in arms.

"And after our havin' come over and offered to stand by her, as it were," responded Mrs. Adams, with the air of one who has made a great personal sacrifice and been cruelly misunderstood.

"It 'ud be jest a dretful pity to let that money go out o' the family," sighed Mrs. Watkins with genuine feeling.

"An' when a woman is gettin' on, an' ain't married, I don't see what she wants so much as—" began Mrs. Adams.

"Lovin' kindness; an' that's what she's never had much on as yet," broke in a voice from the doorway.

"An' pray, Simon Johnson," said Mrs. Adams, rising with the slow majesty of heavy women, "what right have you to put in your oar?"

"The best in the world," said Abbie, going to him; "we were married this morning."

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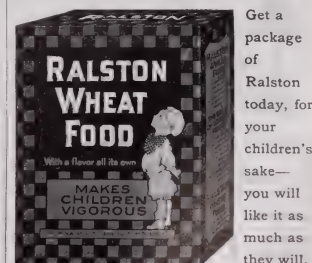
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## ALTARS FOR WORSHIP\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

AND when the seventh month was come . . . they set the altar upon its bases" (verses 1 and 3). It was the seventh month from the time they left Babylon, from March to September. They had probably been four months on the way, for that was the time it took Ezra to make the same journey (Ezra 7: 9). They had spent three months in preparing necessary habitations for themselves, where for fifty years all had lain in desolation. Then they proceeded to set up an altar as the forerunner of the temple which they had come to rebuild. They chose the most sacred spot on the sacred mount, often called "the dome of the rock." It was the selfsame spot where the altar of burnt-offerings had stood in the temple of Solomon, and where, before that, Abraham had raised an altar on which to offer his son Isaac. Recent excavations have aroused fresh interest in the location.

"They offered burnt offerings thereon unto the Lord . . . morning and evening" (v. 3), which was according to the law given to them through Moses (Num. 28: 3). Thus not only was the temple begun in the building of the altar, but the worship of God was restored. It has been said, "The altar was to Judaism what the cross is to Christianity."

### The Hebrew's Thanksgiving

"They kept also the Feast of Tabernacles" (v. 4). This was a feast which lasted eight days, and was a sort of "harvest home" in its inception. The "fruits" which the Hebrews had to offer to God on this occasion were gold, silver and other materials, which had been given them before leaving Babylon for the express purpose of rebuilding the house of God (Ezra 1: 4). It has been estimated that \$300,000 in gold and \$100,000 in silver were given to them at that time (Ezra 2: 69, and Neh. 7: 71, 72). By means of these free-will offerings plans were made for securing materials and laborers for the erection of the temple (v. 7).

Now in the second year of their coming . . . began Zerubbabel to set forward the work of the house of the Lord." It was an occasion of great pomp; the priests were arrayed in their golden clothes, with purple and scarlet, and others in fine white linen, with white turbans and golden bands bearing the inscription "Holiness to the Lord." They blew trumpets as a signal for the people to come together. There were bands of singers, and bands of musicians praising and giving thanks unto the Lord. Zerubbabel was in charge, because King Cyrus had delivered to him the sacred vessels of gold and silver taken by Nebuchadnezzar, which he was restoring to the temple. And the building received the name of the builder, and is called the temple of Zerubbabel.

### God's Promise for the Temple

"The people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping." Who were weeping? The old people who had seen the golden temple of Solomon. The new temple was to be one-third larger than Solomon's, but it was to be without the ark of the covenant, without the sacred fire on the altar, without the Urim and the Thummim. Lacking these things, as well as the old and glorious associations connected with the former temple, the old people wept; wept so loudly that the shouts of joy made by the younger people were drowned. But God sent a prophet to comfort the old people,

and to turn their mourning into joy, even Haggai, who proclaimed a message from God: "I will fill this house with glory. . . . The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." For to that temple Christ should come. The so-called temple of Herod was but the temple of Zerubbabel repaired. In connection with the story of this lesson the whole message as it is in the book of Haggai should be read.

"Weakened the hands of the people of Judah." By the refusal of Zerubbabel to allow them to participate in the rebuilding, the Samaritans were angered, and in every possible way they sought to hinder the building of the temple. They appealed against them to King Cyrus, who died about five years after the building of the temple was commenced. After this they appealed to Ahasuerus and Darius, kings who came after Cyrus, and thus the work was hindered so that the temple was about twenty years in building.

### Practical Teaching of the Lesson

*The Altar in Your Heart.* When did you set it there? If you have not done it, why not? Do you not know that God has made us for himself, and we shall be restless until we come to him? It is of no use to try to live without God in the world, for we shall either be happy in his love, or unhappy in his sore displeasure. It has been said, "You may as soon try to fill a bag with wisdom, a chest with virtue, or a circle with a triangle, as the heart of a man with anything here below. A man may have enough of the world to sink him, but he can never have enough to satisfy him."

Those who returned from Babylon "set the altar upon his bases." What are the bases of the altar in the heart?

A full surrender of the will to God. The removal of a burden of sin gradually or suddenly. A new love to Christians and to Jesus. A new reliance for the word of God. Pleasure in secret prayer, at least at times. Sin or sinful thoughts cause pain. Desires and efforts for the salvation of others. A desire to obey Christ in his commands and ordinances. Deep humility and self-abasement. A growing desire to be holy and like Christ. (This is the way Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler put it.)

Let us not forget that when those who had returned from Babylon set up the altar they continued to offer daily sacrifices upon it, both morning and evening. So it should be with the altar in the heart. We should never omit to bow before our God in prayer when we arise in the morning, and before we lie down to sleep at night. It is not enough to have religious thoughts, but we must come face to face with God, heart to heart with him, for if the act of worship is omitted, the altar in the heart will soon crumble and disappear.

A boy left home to attend the Rugby school in England. On reaching there, he found that he should occupy the same sleeping room with another boy. He thought if he knelt down by his bedside to pray, as he had done at home, he should perhaps be laughed at, and might become the laughing stock of the school. Perhaps he would be nicknamed "Saint" or "Square-toes." Could he not get into the bed and then pray mentally? No, for that would be hiding his religion; that would be to be ashamed of Christ. So after a brief struggle in his mind, he determined to be firm and not to be ashamed of his Master and Lord. When the two retired to their room, he knelt down and breathed in whispers his evening sacrifice of prayer and praise to his heavenly Father.

Continued on next page



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# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

is companion looked on with astonishment, but he did not laugh. He said within himself, "Now, this is the real thing. I have seen some shams, but this is true devotion." How different it would have been if the boy had been noisy about his religion? He would only have been laughed at, but there was so much modesty and sincerity that it made a lasting impression upon the mind of his companion.

Let us remember that for nearly twenty years "the altar" was the only church the returned captives had. What if they had postponed establishing the worship of God until the building of the temple was completed? They certainly would have been in anger of losing their religion long before that time. There are many who from sickness, or some other reason, cannot attend the church service, and we believe that many of these are finding how sweet it is to have an altar in their own hearts.

*The Altar in the Home.* Does every CHRISTIAN HOME have an altar from which the praise of God daily ascends? We hardly believe this is the case. There is a sad con-

trast to this in the statement of a gentleman who had made a wide investigation of this matter. He says he is compelled to state that not ten per cent. of the Christian homes in our land have family prayers. Let the altar in the home be set firmly on its bases, which bases are: Daily Scripture reading. Daily family prayer. Grace at meals. Religious conversation.

There is no place where the family is so sure to come together as at the table. In ancient times there was the "peace offering" among the Jews. The one who offered it consumed a part himself, while the other part was offered to God. It typified friendship with God. May every meal in our homes be a peace offering always dedicated either in audible tones, in silence, or with bowed heads.

*The Altar in the Church.* That glorious pageant when the foundations of the temple were laid, ushered in by the blowing of trumpets and the strains of music from instruments and voices, did not cease even when the returned captives were hindered in the building by their enemies. The Holy Mountain was there, and upon it they assembled, or they stood in the doors of their homes, and so engaged in the public worship until the temple was completed and dedicated by being filled with the glory of God.

Let us not neglect the assembling of ourselves together, but rather let us consider that our attendance at church is a duty that cannot lightly be set aside—certainly not by any rain or other circumstance that would prevent the using of a ticket to any sort of entertainment. Let us be honest with ourselves in this matter, both for our own sakes and for the sake of the church.

Some of us may be living in isolated places. If so, we can hold the hours of services sacred to the church by refraining from work, engaging in prayer, and possibly reading some printed sermon; and thus we can be in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and be at one with those who are assembled in the church. Let us not too readily yield to the idea that it is not possible for us to get to church.

## Among the Workers

—MISS C. L. DIKEMAN, who has been a frequent contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities, has sent a timely gift of \$25 for the work of the Bowery Mission.

—REV. HOWARD H. RUSSELL, the general secretary of the Lincoln Legion, reports the enrollment of the signers of Lincoln's pledge to be 920,000. It is expected the million mark will be reached and passed on November 12.

—THE NEW TERM of the Moody Bible Institute began September 5 and at present more than four hundred and twenty-five students are in attendance—the largest in the history of the Institute. The geographical distribution includes all parts of the United States and many foreign countries as far distant as Korea, Australia and South Africa. All the leading denominations are represented.

—DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, who has for twelve years spoken at Chautauque, and who, this season, led most successful and helpful services, "He first findeth his own brother." In these days when there is such an urgent call for personal work, the noted evangelist's words were timely. Dr. Chapman said, "Our ministers are saying everywhere, 'How can we recover the ground that is lost?'" At the close of his talk there were to be seen groups of men gathered in all parts of the grounds talking over what they had heard. Many young men and women spoke one to another as to what they ought to do in their homes, in the Sunday Schools, in Young People's Societies, and in their churches. The address was considered one of the most helpful given during the entire season. M. A. M.

## A HIGH TRIBUTE

—ONE OF THE FINEST tributes that could be paid by human lips was that which was pronounced upon an aged Christian lady, Mrs. Amelia S. Fowler, who died at New Rochelle, N. Y., lately. She was called by all who knew her the "Good Angel" of the place where she had lived nearly all her life. This beautiful title she won by helping her poorer neighbors in sickness and trouble, sometimes attending to the entire household duties. She was born in Germany eighty-two years ago.

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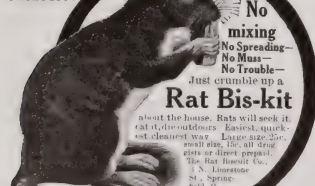
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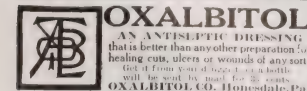
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## Lessons From Things\*

ONE object lesson is worth many academic discourses. The man who can adduce the fit parable or the apt figure to illustrate and press home a point, is armed with the most effective kind of weapon.

Probably no preacher of modern times was more successful in this direction than was the late D. L. Moody. In speaking of the familiar passage, "My peace I leave with you," he said, "Did you ever think that when Christ was dying, he made a will? Perhaps you have thought that no one ever remembered you in a will, but if you are in the Kingdom, Christ remembered you in his. He willed his body to Joseph of Arimathea, his mother to John the son of Zebedee, and he willed his Spirit back to his Father. But to his disciples he left his peace (not ours, but his) and his joy. They say a man can't make a will now that lawyers can't break, and drive a four-in-hand right through it, but I challenge them to break Christ's will. No judge or jury can set that aside."

Again, in speaking of the heart being where the treasure is, he said, "In fifteen minutes' conversation with most men you can tell whether their treasures are on earth or in heaven. Talk to a patriot about his country and you will see his eye light up; you will find his heart there. Talk to business men and tell them where they can make \$1,000, and see their interest; their hearts are there. Talk of fashion to those who are living just for its affairs, and you will see their eyes kindle. Talk to a politician about politics and you will see how suddenly he becomes interested. And talk to a child of God, who is really laying up treasures in heaven, about heaven and heavenly things and he responds at once."

The wonderful allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress shows, perhaps, the most striking use that has ever been made of the object-lesson in literature. To many a mind, early taught in this book, the life of the Christian of to-day will ever seem like the pilgrim of to-day vividly pictured by the inspired tinker-preacher. Our trouble is a Slough of Despond; the dangers we feared but which did not hurt us, will be the chained lions; death will be the deep river to be crossed; and heaven shines to many eyes in turrets of gold and silver, as it shone to Christian and Hopeful.

The poet Traherne compares the prayer and Scripture study of the soul to a sponge drinking in water, to be presently "expressed" to a thirsty world; he tells us that thus also we acquire, as it were, the land on which we raise corn and make the money to pay our rent; the luscious grapes but make him think of heavenly fruit; and the lilies are only suggestions of heavenly flowers.

When William Blake sees a ball of string unwinding, he preaches of "a golden string" which if "wound into a ball,

will lead you in at heaven's gate,  
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

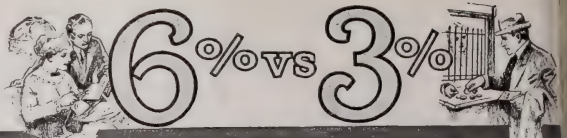
When he sees a lamb, he thinks only of the Lamb of God, "so meek and mild." The "tyger"

burning bright  
In the forests of the night,

but suggests the wondrous skill of its Maker, and his unbounded variety of creation. His hatred of his foe grew into "a poison tree," which bore "an apple bright," and, eating it, the foe was killed.

The promontory against which the waves break suggests to the thoughtful mind the stanch soul resisting the attacks of Satan. The life on the mountain top suggests a nearness to God. The man of bright character, as Epictetus says, is like a beacon light to wandering souls; and every running brook is "a book" for him who can read it.

\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 22. TEXTS: Jer. 13: 1-10; Matt. 22: 15-22.



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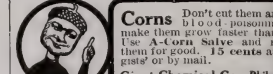
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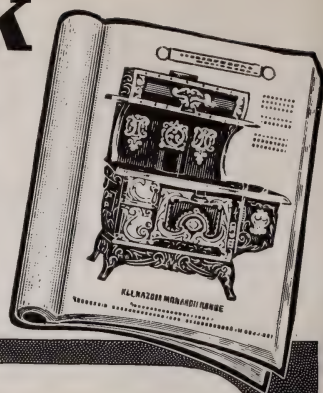
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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Dinner Time at the Bad Boys' School



Preparing for a Future of Usefulness



## A SQUARE DEAL FOR BAD BOYS

By HARVEY MIDDLETON

YOU may have heard the story of the painter's model. An Italian artist met one day a child of exquisite beauty, and wishing to preserve its features, for fear he should never see such loveliness again, painted the charming face upon canvas and hung it upon the walls of his studio. His most sombre hours that sweet countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. "If ever I find," he said, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side as ideals of heaven and hell."

A number of years later, he saw, in a prison he visited in a foreign country, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome character, to hang beside the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. Imagine, then, his amazement when, on inquiring into the history of this repulsive wretch, he found that he was once the lovely boy! The demon had once been an angel.

That story, which is a perfectly true one, is a striking reminder of the fact that, as surely as the blush of health fades before starvation and disease, so does moral loveliness fade in the presence of vice and degradation. We shall probably never know what influences turned the lovely boy into the hardened and fierce enemy of society; but we do know that ninety per cent. of the boys that come into the Children's Courts, now flourishing in American cities, hail from the slums and sweat-shop districts, where there is the densest congestion of population. That there is a tremendous and increasing tendency to juvenile criminality no one connected with the administration of justice in any great American city denies, but it is a sociological, not a criminal, question, and the Children's Courts and their probation officers have saved countless would-be murderers, boy bandits, pickpockets, burglars and rebugs from a life of crime and sent them on the road of prightness of character.

It has been recognized for some time, however, that the work of the Children's Court would be only transient unless another and more important step was taken in the establishment of a school for wayward and neglected children that would be as great an improvement on the brutalization of former

times as the Children's Court is to the former method of treating juvenile offenders—in other words, a real parental school. To the general reader the conception of the State as a parent is associated with ideas of the most repellent kind. It calls up visions of dreary barrack-like institutions wherein children are cared for in batches by grim State officials. It suggests the substitution of official discipline for maternal affection, and appears to involve the complete destruction of parental responsibility.

But the desire of Father Knickerbocker was to give these little offenders of the Children's Court something that they could not get in the evil surroundings of their home life, and that was "a square deal." The first step in this direction was the purchase of a magnificent estate of 150 acres of rolling land in the beautiful open country, half way between Flushing and Jamaica, on Long Island. Here was erected a group of handsome, clean-cut buildings, in the Spanish style, consisting at present of an administration building and three comfortable white stone cottages, each designed to house two separate families of thirty-six boys under the care of a married couple. The old-fashioned truant machinery, with its whitewashed walls, husky attendants, and striped uniforms, is conspicuous by its absence, the whole atmosphere pervading the institution being that of a very comfortable boarding school amid delightful surroundings.

In the cottages, in addition to a very pleasant dormitory, there are lavatories and lockers, play rooms in the basements for rainy days; and each has a reading-room with a big open fireplace where in the evening the boys can sit and read, or study, or play quiet games, as they wish. Furnished in mission, with attractive pictures on the walls, growing plants and flowers arranged around the room, the place is as cozy and homelike as the best of boys might wish for. At present there are only 170 boys at the institution, but when all the buildings are complete the full capacity will be 900. The city secured the services of Hobart H. Todd as superintendent of the Parental School—a man who has had twenty-five years experience in handling boys, and who is still a good deal of a boy himself. In dealing with the boy Mr. Todd starts out with the idea that he is a natural human being equipped with the fun-loving tendencies of youth, and not a vicious

Mr. Hobart H. Todd



The Dormitories and Power House at New York's Parental School

Continued on page 1054



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. A. C. DIXON, D.D.\*

## THE POWER OF SALVATION

TEXT: Isa. 45:22—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

**F**IRST of all, we have a *personal* God whose personality is revealed in Jesus Christ. "Look unto me." The pantheism which teaches that God is everything and everything is God has had no response from this pulpit. God, not a thing, but a Thinker, a Lover, a Ruler, who cares and guides and guards; a personal God made concrete and thinkable to us in Jesus Christ: God come down to our level, that he might lift us to his level. "God is Spirit;" but our sin-blunted faculties can hardly think pure spirit. When I attempt it, it assumes some sort of misty or ghostly appearance; so God, the infinite Spirit, makes himself thinkable by coming within human compass, with human limitations. The highest thought of man is a perfect man. Try to think something higher and you make it a monster. God puts himself within the compass of our highest thought, "God manifest in the flesh;" and by making himself thinkable and concrete in the Lord Jesus Christ he brings himself into touch with us at every point of our humanity. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was acquainted with Christ. He knew him; he loved him; he walked with him. To him the Lord Jesus Christ was the greatest personality in all the universe.

### God Revealed in the Son

"I am God, and there is *none else*." No pantheon here. Jesus Christ "God over all, blessed for evermore." Satan said, "Disobey, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;" and he has ever since been trying to make good that promise by deifying humanity. He seems to be succeeding better in this age than ever before. We hear much about the divinity of humanity. But in the vision of this pulpit man has been a lost sinner and Jesus Christ a mighty Saviour, who stands out in solitary grandeur as the Revealer of Father, Son and Spirit. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." All that there is of God you will find in Jesus Christ. If you want to know God, study Christ. You will see the skirts of his garments in nature. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." You can see indications of his wisdom and his benevolence and power as you look about you; but if you want to know God himself, you must see him in Jesus Christ.

A man at the head of a settlement work in Boston informed a ministers' meeting that the members of the settlement were living with their families in the slums, in order that the children of cruel and drunken parents might learn what fatherhood meant, because when you speak to them about the Fatherhood of God they think now of their cruel and drunken fathers. Some one replied, "If you will go down to the slums and preach Jesus Christ for one hour to those slum children, they will know more about the Fatherhood of God than if you were to live with them ten years." In Jesus Christ is fully revealed the tenderness, the sympathy and the love of the Father-heart of God.

### The Divine Word

In the next place, we have a *speaking* God whose voice is heard in Christ. "Thus saith the Lord . . . Look unto Me." "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke unto our fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." One of Mr. Spurgeon's greatest sermons is on "The Speaking Book," God speaking to us through the Bible. "No prophecy came by the will of man, but men spoke from God moved by the Holy Spirit." "The Spirit spoke by the mouth of David," and in these Scriptures this pulpit has always heard the voice of God—the voice of God revealing what sin is and does; the voice of God revealing man and his Saviour; the voice of God in its severity of truth and in its tenderness of love.

Turn to Exodus 17:14, and you will find that God commands Moses to write a book. Then if you will turn to Deuteronomy 31:9 you will find the record that Moses wrote the book as God commanded. Now if you will look down at the 26th verse of that chapter, you will find that the command was to take this book and put it beside the ark of the covenant, the very safest place possible. All this suggests, in the light of the Scriptures I have quoted, that the Bible is literature written at the command of God, under the guidance of God, and preserved by the providential care of God. I wish we had time to

speaking of the arks in which God has kept the Bible all through the ages; the ark of the manuscripts, two thousand of them; the ark of the translations into almost every language of earth; the ark of the quotations; and, above all, the ark of God's own Church, the hearts of his people.

### Science and Religion

When Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures," every Jew to whom he spoke knew what he meant—a body of writings marked off from all other writings as authoritative, written at the command of God, under the guidance of God, and preserved by the providential care of God. And when the Holy Spirit wrote, "All Scripture is God-breathed and is profitable," every Jew to whom he wrote knew what he meant—that every such Scripture came out from God and has in it the breath of God; not only the writers, but the writing inspired. And the man who stood in this pulpit for so many years preached this Scripture with a consciousness that God's life was in it, and that God spake and worked through his living Word.

During Mr. Spurgeon's lifetime there arose a great apostasy in the Church of Christ, founded largely upon what eminent scientists are willing now to admit was a scientific apostasy. Sir Walter Scott had charmed the literary world with his historical romances, full of facts and fascinating fiction. Then came Charles Darwin with two volumes which he entitled *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*, full of facts and fascinating fiction. They were really, though not ostensibly, scientific romances, as the books of Sir Walter Scott were historic romances. Over eight hundred times in these two books occurs the phrase, or its equivalent, "We may well suppose." The central fiction of the whole book, borrowed from the Greek philosophers of five hundred years before Christ, was that all living forms came from one or more primordial germs. It was so fascinating to the scientific, and even the theological mind, that it was accepted as a good basis to work upon, and some theologians becoming a little nervous said, "We must adjust Christianity to all this, or the ark of God is lost." But Charles H. Spurgeon was not swept from his moorings. He stood like Gibraltar on God's everlasting truth, and just let the waves, billow upon billow, surge about him; and now the scientific world is veering round to his position. It has been discovered that embryonic life is not reproductive; that only maturity reproduces itself. Eggs do not hatch eggs. Acorns do not produce acorns. Babies never bear babies. This fact makes impossible the theory that the earliest life was embryonic and immature, unless we are willing to presuppose a million miracles for its preservation.

### A Finished Salvation

In the next place, we have a *saving* God whose salvation is in Christ. "Look unto me and be ye saved;" not save yourself, not help me to save you, but "Look unto me and be ye saved." Charles H. Spurgeon stood for the sovereign grace of God in saving the sinner, that God himself was responsible for salvation, and that we, left to ourselves, should have been lost forever. He quoted more than once, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" but he never failed to bring in the next clause, which is so often omitted: "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." Salvation for us is finished and complete in Jesus Christ; but salvation in us must be completed by co-working with God. The salvation for us is a finished fact. Christ came down from heaven, born of a virgin, crucified on Calvary, raised from the dead, ascended to glory. Through this finished fact salvation becomes a sudden experience. Regeneration is instantaneous. At some tick of the clock, some heart-beat, the soul passes from death unto life, becomes a partaker of the Divine nature, and a child of God. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become sons of God;" and it never has been asserted from this pulpit—for the simple reason that it is not true—that God is in any spiritual sense the Father of all men. Our Lord said to the Pharisees, "Ye are of your father the devil and his lusts will ye do." By the power of the Holy Spirit we are born from above, and we become sons of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

This finished fact for us and this instantaneous

experience *within* us will result in a gradual process. We are to grow in grace and knowledge. There is a perfect standing before God in Christ but imperfect experience in us. The hyperholism which claims not only perfect standing before God but an absolutely perfect experience has no sound footing in this pulpit. We go on to perfection in experience, but there is no "going on to perfection" in Jesus Christ our Lord. Absolutely perfect in him, we reach on after the perfection of image in us that shall come by and by.

Again, we have revealed in this text an *attending* God whose attention is through Christ. "Look unto me," as if to say, "I am God, looking for your I am God listening to your cry." "Look unto me. Ours is not a God far away. Our God can be before we speak. Ours is a God that can see upward glancing of the eye," and knows the language of the heart-beat and the heart-beat. "Look unto me." "Look unto me for salvation. Then look unto me for comfort and guidance."

### Salvation to the Uttermost

Finally, we have a God whose universality is in Christ. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," all the extremes of the earth, the best and the worst, the most ignorant and the most cultured, the youngest and the oldest of the Jew and the Gentile, all nations, all classes. "Look unto me as revealed in the Son of Man;" son of a Jew; nor of a Roman; nor of a Greek. One nationality, but all nationalities. In his veins the blood of the whole human race. "Son of Man," Son of humanity, a Saviour suited to all. Such a universal Saviour has been preached from this pulpit during the past fifty years.

We have had a glimpse of God as *personal*, *speaking*, *giving*, *attentive* and *universal*. God once said to his people, "Take the trumpet and sound it on the Great Day of Atonement." The sound of that trumpet meant liberty to the slave and enrichment to the impoverished. The slaying of the sound of the trumpet was set free. Are and you enslaved by habit, enslaved by sin, enslaved by selfishness, enslaved by avarice, enslaved by weakness, enslaved by environment, enslaved by the sin of man? I would like to sound the trumpet and make you free. It is the joyful sound which proclaims full salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. Every day is now a Great Day of Atonement for all who will "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

One other effect of the trumpet was to *redeem* lost possessions. The man whose property had been sold got it back. The man who had lost the heritage of his fathers received it again. The man who had been driven out from his home by adversity returned to it. There were family reunions, and the poor became rich in restored possessions. When you look back upon the last fifty years how many have you lost? You remember "the good old days of the past," and you praise God for them. Was made those days good? You had a marvelous preacher with a voice like an angel's harp, who had heart like a furnace of fire glowing with love for God and man, with the loyalty of the old-time prophet. His like will not appear again. But he had him here by my side and could ask, "Spurgeon, what do you think was the secret of your success?" you know him well enough to tell him what he would say, "It was not my voice, nor my personality, nor my genius. It was God Almighty in the power of his Spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord." And he would put the crown of glory upon the Head that wore the crown of thorns.

What have you lost? Have you lost the spirit of prayer? Have you lost the intercession that persists and expects? Have you lost your joy? you singing,

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?

Have you lost your peace? Have you lost your vision for souls? Have you lost your enthusiasm for Christian work? Have you lost your power in service? May God bring every one of you back to your God-given possessions. May the lost spirit of prayer, the lost love of the lost, the lost peace, the lost joy, the lost power, be restored.

May the trumpet of Jubilee sound in every giving liberty and enrichment to all until the trumpet shall sound, and we shall pass from the limitations of time into the liberty of eternity.

\* Preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.



## MY, CANDLE-SHINE

HOW swift the windy evening slips  
Unseen, beyond the night's dark line:  
Through autumn mists war starglit drips,  
On his silent, pictured lips  
Plays soft and sweet my candle-shine.

Is living looks, his wonted smile  
Illumine and warm my lonely room,  
And faint, far echoes reconcile  
He striving wind and rain, the while  
Remembered laughter thrills the gloom.

How live who thought they loved him dear;  
Yet, gone, how soon they have forgot;  
H, cherished, changeless, year by year,  
Is lips return my candle's cheer:  
Like phantom fires, their place is not.

Their stars are set: O light, how brief!  
Beams sweet and clear my candle-shine.  
How tell me, is it jealous grief  
To deem most strong, most lief,  
Or is it mother-love divine?

Let me hold my dear-bought hope,  
Though all the stars to doom are driven;  
Ternity hath wondrous scope:  
My candle-shine of love shall grope  
Till safe to me my boy is given.

EMMA KENYON PARRISH.  
Western Springs, Ill.

## City that Lives on Flowers

By Mary Gay Robinson

WE take an early train from Nice to Grasse, France, and ride the thirty-one miles, taking three hours to reach it. Grasse is perched on the side of Mount Rocagnon. Grasse lives and breathes on flowers and sleeps on beds of roses, but withal leads a busy work-day life. The working day is from seven in the morning to seven at night, with an hour at noon for dinner. One-third of the world's perfumery is made at Grasse. The banker Rothschild has built a villa and owns part of the pine forest in the suburb of the city. Roses, jasmines, tuberoses, orange, cassia, jonquils, veronica, heliotrope, violets, and other flowers here do not waste their fragrance on the desert air, but bloom and die to live again and send their sweet perfume to all the world. Wagons loaded with flowers are coming in every day long from every direction to supply the seventy distilleries; and ten thousand persons are employed in the industry, one-half natives and the rest of the world. The value of the trade is one million dollars. During part of the year, one hundred and fifty-two tons of flowers are used every day.

We visit Bruno Court, once a Dominican convent, but since 1812 a perfume factory. We are shown into a large room, the convent refectory, where the flowers are brought in and weighed. It takes twelve thousand kilos of roses to make one kilo of essence. At long tables, women and girls are picking off the stems. In another room the roses are put into clarified, boiling water and beef fat and left for three hours; then into fat a second time for an hour; then the leaves are shaken out and the fat is used to make soap. In winter they make olive oil soap.

The jasmines, jonquils and tuberoses are put in cold fat for three months, putting in fresh flowers every day, two months for tuberoses and two months for jonquils. They distill this raw material, as they call it, other manufacturers to absorb in alcohol for the making of perfume. This process is also carried on at Grasse. They have eight or nine thousand roses brought in a day. Orange blossoms are put into the stillery first, and must be attended to at four o'clock in the morning, and roses at seven. They have fewer roses this year than usual. It takes 10,000 roses and plants and 80,000 jasmines to make one kilo of essence. To raise the flowers, to gather them, to bring them to market, is only part of the work. At the factory, two hundred women are engaged picking off the leaves, which must be weighed several times, as they are bought by weight. Many a process the flowers must go through to bring them up to the standard of fine perfumery.

## The Irresistible Force

By EUGENE THWING

THE man of force is always in demand. Every department of the world's activities is calling to him and offering him the chief place. More than all else, the world's weakness and need reach out appealing hands to him crying, night and day, "Come and help; come and lift us up; conditions of life are crushing us; we are not able to change them; we want strong men to take our part."

"Quit you like men, be strong!" therefore, has always been among the most stimulating and impelling commands to healthy, ambitious, active manhood. It is natural to love strength and force. Conquerors in every age and in every department of life have been hailed king, have won the plaudits of the multitude, have earned the best rewards of this life and the life to come.

Every moment of physical life, of religious or business life, is continuous warfare. Without fighting nothing lives and moves and has its being. Without fighting there is no achievement, no advance. Death begins the instant fighting ends. Even the tenderest and gentlest influences in life assert themselves only through some form of silent conflict, the overcoming of one force by a greater. Everywhere is strength desired. All mankind longs for it. Strength, power, the force that will overcome, that will win victories—it is the one thing we all reach for greedily.

CONSIDER how strange it is that this one thing so universally admired and sought after should not be recognized by many who most loudly profess their appreciation of it. Every day, everywhere, we find the noisy, strutting fool masquerading in the garment of the king and receiving the homage of the eager crowd, while the king himself, in all his dignity and power, is ignored or scorned. The thing that makes the greatest show of strength may be set down as weakness, for weakness is fond of masquerade. Real power has no need of display, hiding itself, rather, behind its works. The power that is unseen is mightier than that which is seen.

GOODNESS is the one militant, invincible force in the world. The truth of this is so obvious that the statement, set down in black and white, appears almost witless. Yet there are men standing in the community who do not hesitate to express their contempt for goodness as an equipment for the stern realities of life. It is their outspoken opinion that goodness is synonymous with weakness, with a sort of anemic religious aloofness from much of the real and earnest, the active and strenuous, the immediate and imperative affairs of life. Goodness cannot succeed in business, because the competition is too keen and unscrupulous. Politics has its sign boldly displayed: "Abandon goodness, all who enter here." Let any who cares for goodness stick to the church and its works of devotion and charity, but beware engaging in the daily struggle with strong men who trample on the weak and say it's the survival of the fittest.

So it happens that very often the champions themselves of goodness are misled and fail to recognize where their real strength lies. They take to themselves the weapons of the world and seek to belabor mankind into goodness. Editors and reformers hold up the horrid evils of society with zealous rage in view of the multitude. They rush to the attack with mighty club or scolding pen. They anathematize the wrong doer and seek to crush him with the scorn and anger of the people.

Perhaps this manner of warfare does accomplish somewhat against the entrenched evil in the world. I hope so, but I fear most of its fury is lost in its own outpouring, and that when the sensation it creates for the moment is past, the assault is forgotten. It is not the most effective plan for gaining permanent results. The same methods are used in some homes, but the wayward child who would not be controlled was rather hardened and driven farther away from goodness than made better. Think carefully: Do you know of a single case where the evil in politics, or business, or in an individual has really been eradicated by exposure, or denunciation, or punishment? They are a necessary accompaniment of evil, and they may cause it to hide and remain inactive for a while, but they do not destroy it.

AS ELIJAH stood upon the mount before the Lord, "a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks," but "the Lord was not in the wind." Tumult and smashing, and rending, and blowing hard may go on with zealous persistence, and if that be all, the crusade against evil will fail. There is just one, and only one, complete, invincible, unquestionably sure plan of campaign which cannot fail. It is strong, militant, destructive and at the same time constructive, and it comes from the highest possible authority. It has been employed times without number, always with success. It gives the fullest play for all the vigorous, masculine qualities and for the tenderest influences of womanhood. Evil will tremble and flee before it after laughing to scorn the thunderings of the tumult makers. Mighty charges of dynamite may fail to break the grip of the ice king on the cataract, but the quiet, smiling power of the sun conquers him completely. The coldest, hardest hearts, which have defied every force of law and punishment, are constantly yielding to the gentle power of love and human sympathy. The whole plan of campaign is summed up in the four words of command: "Overcome evil with good."

"QUIT you like men, be strong!" "Overcome evil with good." The two are like one command. Overcoming means inevitably a struggle and a victory. It is likely to be a very silent struggle, with no sensational display of strength, but power there must be. And the greatest power will be found in the "still, small voice."

The men and women who combat the evil in the world with the positive, persuasive, all conquering power of good are doing two things: destroying the disease and adding to the health and beauty of the world, both at the same time. Wreck and ruin are not spread by their victorious progress, but the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose. These crusaders have no time for anathemas nor for sounding the alarm. They sing as they go, eager "to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, . . . to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

## LOOK TO THE HILLS!

WE SEE some soul, more dear than life,  
Sinking in waves of sin and strife,  
Blown by the winds from our control,  
Farther and farther from the goal:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?  
Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

When in the hour of pains and grief  
Our hearts, while longing for relief,  
Are filled with dread lest on the morrow  
Will come a deeper, sadder sorrow—  
What shall we do when strength is gone?  
Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

Though oft the waiting time seems long,  
Be patient. Sing a sweeter song,  
God's time, his way, is always best.  
Trust, fully trust and leave the rest.  
His promise stands. It doubts begone!  
Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

We well can claim his promise rare,  
And wait the answer to our prayer,  
With thankful hearts we still can say,  
"God's answer may be on the way."  
We shall win out if faith is strong.  
Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

God answers prayer. When in our need  
His promises our lips can plead,  
Our hands reach out to clasp his hand,  
Our hearts respond to his command,  
Assurance comes. The burden's gone.  
Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!  
Pittsfield, Me. MARY B. WINGATE.

## Keep on the Right Track

FAR down in the valley I see a train speeding on to its destination. The engineer, from the beginning of the trip, is endeavoring to accomplish the object which was entrusted to him, i. e., to bring his train to its destination. Despite his controlling power over the engine, it occasionally leaves the track or gets on the wrong one, sometimes resulting in its complete destruction. If destroyed, it would never reach the proper destination. If it leaves the track and receives only a slight damage, it can be repaired and continued through to the destination. If it gets on the wrong track, it can soon be put on the right one again.

We are also bound for a destination. What destination do you wish to reach when your journey on this earth is at an end? Jesus Christ should be our Engineer. He is constantly endeavoring to bring us to our proper destination, which is heaven. Despite the sweet remembrance of our Engineer, and his sufferings to save us, we often leave the track. In such a case, we could never reach our proper destination. If we get on the wrong track, why not get on the right one before it is too late? Every day we should ask to have our fire replenished with faith, spirit, truth, etc., in order to keep going on the track that leads to heaven.

H. I. P.

## Anvil Sparks

..WHO persists in sin believes a lie.  
..THE golden moments cannot be redeemed with gold.

..ONE never climbs the mountain with his face to the valley.

..HARMONY is a good thing, provided it has the proper keynote.

..FOOLISHNESS is not in the lack of brains, but in the silly use of them.

..THE road by which one runs away from duty is an air-line to trouble.

..A SACRIFICE that is still regretted has not yet found its way to the altar.

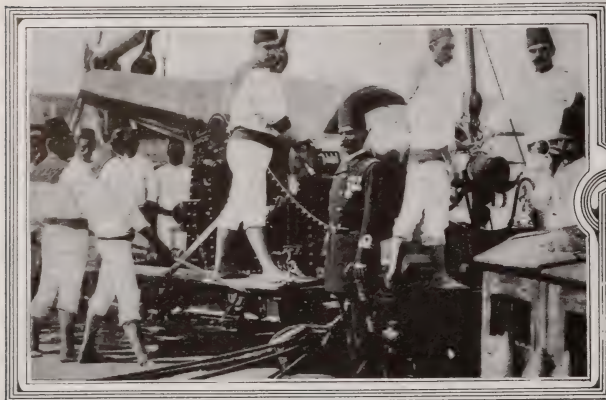
..LOSING the spirit of youth, and not the passing of the years, brings age.

..THE devil never cares how many resolutions you make to reform to-morrow.

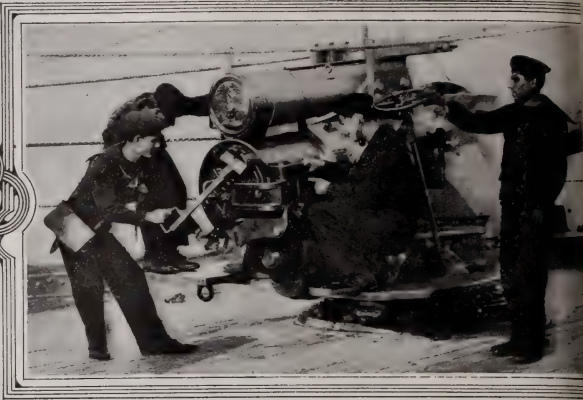
..NO VICE is too little to be feared; the microbes of some diseases are so minute that they have never yet been discovered.



# The Italian Flag Now Flies at Tripoli



Gun Drill on a Turkish Warship



An Italian Gun Crew at Work

**T**HOUGH actual fighting is still in progress between Italy and Turkey in the Mediterranean, some hope is expressed that this war may prove the shortest on record. The London dispatches state on good authority that Italy will accept terms of settlement based on an Italian protectorate of Tripoli similar to that of England in Egypt and that she will in addition to this pay Turkey a cash indemnity. The European powers now seem convinced that the embroilment of these two nations in the Mediterranean will not fulfil its promise of starting hostilities between any of the other nations.

Neither Italy nor Turkey appears to be desirous of forcing the fighting. It is the opinion of naval experts that the Italian squadrons have been warned from Rome to carry on the war with as little bloodshed as possible. There is little doubt but that the Italian fleet which chased the Turks from Beirut to the Dardanelles could have captured and sunk many, if not all, of the Turkish ships. Italy's object in this leniency would appear to be the prevention of action which would arouse the bitterness of anti-Christian feeling among the Mohammedans and possibly lead to the declaration of a "holy war." Turkey has shown no desire to take the aggressive part, as her naval forces have suffered most severely from the activities of the Italians. The state of Turkey's political affairs is also wielding a large influence over her conduct of the war. The Young Turk party has been removed from power and Said Pasha, who was Grand Vizier in the government of the deposed Sultan, was recalled to take charge of affairs. Such was the division of opinion that it was with difficulty that he formed a new cabinet, the majority of which is made up of members of the Committee of Union and Progress.

Now that the occupation of Tripoli is accomplished, neither Italy nor Turkey has anything to gain by prolonging the war. Turkey cannot reach out to deal an effective blow at her opponent, and her resistance in Tripoli must ultimately disappear, as Italy's command of the sea will quite effectively prevent the forwarding of reinforcements. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is exerting every possible effort in urging the Turks to accept the loss of Tripoli and make peace on the basis of a money indemnity. It is also believed in European diplomatic circles that the Kaiser has offered Turkey German protection in the future if she will accept these terms. The most serious promise of international complication arose over the operation of that section of the Italian fleet which was commanded by the Duca degli Abruzzi off the city of Prevesa. Austria became alarmed at the activity which was there displayed, and demanded of Italy a reconciliation of her movements in the Adriatic with her former promises that the *status quo* of the Balkan States was to be carefully preserved throughout the present struggle. Italy immediately denied that she had landed troops at Prevesa, and although the Duke continued his operations at the mouth of the Adriatic Sea, he withdrew the ultimatum in which he had declared that he would immediately bombard Prevesa unless the Vali of the city ordered from its harbor the Turkish vessels which had there taken refuge. The operations of the Duca degli Abruzzi have gained for him the greatest popularity at home. On October 5 his flotilla, which had been in action the previous day clearing Turkish torpedo boats from the Adriatic, arrived at Taranto. A magnificent reception was tendered the Duke by the enthusiastic people of the city, who carried him about the streets upon their shoulders in triumphal procession.

Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria, all of which have interests in the Dalmatian Peninsula, have declared their intention of remaining entirely neutral. The attitude of Greece has been one of considerable fear lest Turkey should attempt to make good her loss of Tripoli by the forcible annexation of Thessaly. Though alarmed at the Turkish military preparations along her borders, Greece has accepted at face value the statement made officially by Turkey that no hostile interpretation should be put upon these movements of troops, as they were connected entirely and only with the present state of war with Italy.

The Italian authorities have continued to exercise the strictest censorship over the news dispatches and their transmission from the city of Tripoli as far as from most of the important points along the Italian coast where the mobilization of troops and the movement of ships have been taking place. After several days of conflicting reports as to the operations of the fleet under command of Rear-Admiral Aubrey, the news of the Italian bombardment and occupation of some of the fortifications of the city of Tripoli was confirmed. On the afternoon of October 3 the warships drew up before the port of Tripoli in regular battle formation. The destroyers cruised rapidly about between the warships and the city, while another squadron was spread out in the rear to protect it from surprise by the Turkish torpedo boats, which were known to be somewhere at sea just off the African coast. The time limits which had been allowed the Turkish garrison having expired, a formal demand for surrender was made. As this was refused by the Turkish commander, the bombardment of the city was begun.

The section of the fleet under the command of Vice-Admiral Faravelli was ordered to direct its guns only at the outworks and fortifications, so as to prevent the destruction of the property of non-combatants. The fire of the fleet was answered by the guns from the Turkish fortifications with but little effect. The Turkish guns were unable to get the Italians within range, and the latter merely stood in the offing and destroyed the defenses without even using their largest and most powerful guns. During the firing that afternoon the lighthouse of the port was destroyed. As this was of the greatest importance to the Italians themselves, Vice-Admiral Faravelli immediately sent a landing party ashore to reconstruct it in temporary way. Landing parties of officers and marines which investigated the fortifications that the Turks had abandoned found that the fire of the modern artillery had everywhere taken full effect. The abandoned bodies of the artillerymen were found in the ruins of one of the forts.

The attack was resumed on the following day, and the same care was exercised to confine the zone of fire to the fortifications and the palace of the Vali. On the second day of the bombardment the Turkish garrison still occupied a position behind some of the forts and responded to the fire of the Italians with a few shells which fell far short of their mark. The churches, mosques and chief public buildings of the city have not been damaged by shells of the attacking fleet. A few private dwellings in the immediate vicinity of Vali's palace were burned when it was destroyed, but other than this no private property has been demolished. Before commencing the bombardment the detachments from the warships removed all mines from the harbor and made a careful revision of hydrographic chart in order to insure the safety of the transports.

Although the Italian flag now occupies a prominent position on the water front, part of the city is still in the possession of the Turkish troops. Messages from the officers of Admiral Faravelli's squadron state that so far as they have been able to learn, the garrison of Tripoli is gradually retiring to the interior of the country. Their first move after leaving the demolished defenses was to entrench themselves upon the outskirts of the city in the hope that with the assistance of the Arabs they would be able to withstand the attacks of the Italians. According to some of the most recent dispatches the conduct of the Arabs has provided one of the greatest surprises of the entire war. It was expected that they would rise in large numbers to the assistance of the Turks; instead of this they have greeted the arrival of the Italians with little or no show of hostility.

According to the official Italian reports fifty-seven Turkish steamers, yachts and smaller craft have been captured by the fleet at sea or seized in Italian ports. The most authoritative Turkish dispatches claim the capture and destruction of only three Italian vessels. Actuated by what must be near akin to panic, Turkey on October 7 addressed a passionately worded protest to the European powers, begging them to induce Italy to desist.



Mohamed Chekhet Pasha  
Turkey's Minister of War



Rear-Admiral Aubrey

Commanding the Italian Fleet at Tripoli

General Spingardi

The Italian Minister of War



# Scenes at the Seat of War in Tripoli



A General View of the Harbor and one of the Forts at Tripoli, Showing the Custom House and Landing Stage



An Encampment of Turkish Troops Outside the City



A Market-Day Scene in a Tripolitan Oasis



The Arch of Marcus Aurelius



The Minarets of Tripoli Standing Out Above the City's Roofs



A Street Scene at the Entrance to the Market and Outside the Gates





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## A Blow at World-Peace

HOW lightly kings and cabinets hold the world's peace; how swift they are to repudiate their royal pledges as given in arbitration treaties, and to ignore conciliation tribunals when the great territorial grab game invites them; how cheaply they value human lives, we may now see in the unseemly haste of Italy to begin war against Turkey. Very slight was the pretext. There was nothing in it that could not have been carried to The Hague. And now we have the clashing of armies, the sinking of ships, demolished buildings, and the slaughter of men, many of them mere lads, for the glory of a monarch who is carried away by the desire to increase the prestige of his navy and to add to his territorial possessions by force at any cost.

Italy is a nation with a great and glorious past. Turkey has been a cruel scourge and a tyrant throughout her long history. To-day, she is an anachronism—an obstacle in the path of human progress. But Italy, in yielding to the lust of conquest and rushing into war on a slight and unworthy pretext, has dimmed the lustre of her splendid record. Had she carried the whole case against Turkey to The Hague, she would not only have had justice, but she would have added to her own fame and given a noble example to other nations. She missed a great opportunity. Her plunge into war has been formally censured by the Interparliamentary Union; it is condemned by public opinion here and abroad, and even by many of her own subjects. It has been fittingly characterized as a reversion to barbarism.

We have no admiration for the Turk. Those who recall the savage massacres of the defenseless Armenians and the repeated outbursts of fanatical oppression, must long ago have come to the conclusion that Turkey, by her own acts, has put herself outside the pale of public sympathy. There have been times when unified Christendom has fervently prayed that Turkey might be obliterated as a punishment for her crimes. But Turkish policies have been materially improved under the new and liberal régime. The Turk has appreciably mended his ways since the day of Abdul Hamid. Sultan Mehmed was willing to arbitrate the Tripoli dispute, and it should have been arbitrated without resort to violence. Now, the whole Mediterranean is a scene of strife. Europe as far north as the Balkans may yet be involved. Should the Turks proclaim a "holy war," then this most unholy war may reach far beyond its present limits, and cause both Germany and England to regret that they did not interfere while the opportunity was open. War has been called "the game of kings," but it is a barbarous, unchristian and cruel one, with human lives as the pawns on the board. In this age of enlightenment and progress, when the people of every land have been hoping and praying for international peace, those in power who wantonly make war incur a frightful responsibility.

## The Austin Tragedy

COULD the great dam at Austin, Pa., which gave way with such disastrous results, causing the death of nearly one hundred persons, have been made safe? If so, whose was the blame that its notoriously unsafe condition was neglected? It would seem that some time ago, according to reports, there was a structural movement in the great mass of concrete which should have received immediate attention. Instead, it was left unheeded, jeopardizing the lives of all the dwellers in the valley. The consulting engineer of the Department of Water Supply states that he recommended certain improvements which would have made the dam sound and safe. It needed radical treatment, as it was already sliding. Twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars, he estimates, would have covered the cost of reinforcing walls, but these recommendations were unheeded. Meanwhile the contractor who built the dam, being fully aware of its critical condition, since it had begun to slide, was anxious to begin reparation of the work. He urged his views, but nothing was done. There was criminal neglect somewhere and it should not be a difficult matter to find the responsible persons. Nothing can call back the

lives that have been sacrificed; but it is due to their memory, to the impoverished survivors and to the good name of the State, that the investigation should be thorough and the punishment adequate.

## A Gubernatorial Hymn-Critic

THERE are doubtless many good people who will fully approve of the criticism of Governor Woodrow Wilson, which he passed upon modern hymnology at a recent meeting of Sunday School superintendents in Trenton, N. J. Six thousand persons had united in singing the hymn "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" at a gathering that afternoon, and the Governor, having heard them, told the superintendents very frankly that he considered the hymn "silly and meaningless." "Sunday Schools," he said, "were a means of educating the young; but much of the present-day methods of teaching he characterized as unsuitable and ineffective." He believed in teaching from the Bible and in singing the old sacred songs, but there were many hymns nowadays that contained neither poetry nor sense. Any one who turns over the leaves of the average hymn-book must agree with the Governor that there are too many vague and meaningless verses set to music that is about as destitute of merit as the words themselves and often hardly a single remove from rag-time. Congregational hymn-singing has declined in many churches, and the praise part of the service is becoming little more than brilliant exercise for the choir, in which the congregation has no part. We have sat in churches where more than one-half the service was musical and all the congregation had to do was to recite the Lord's Prayer and the creed and join in the doxology. It is a matter for regret that in many denominations, the old-style hymn-singing has been practically discontinued. Praise should be an important part of worship and the people should have an opportunity to "lift their voices," even if it should involve the sacrifice of a few showy selections by the choir. There is nothing that warms up an audience like good congregational singing. We believe that more souls have been won by the power of sacred song than most pastors seem to be aware of.

## A Continent-wide Revival

IT IS well to aim high. Especially to aim high in the things that relate to the spiritual life. In the proposed concerted effort to create a continent-wide revival, which has been launched under the direction of able leaders, co-operating with the Protestant churches throughout the country, and known as the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," there are many things that give encouragement to hope for a substantial spiritual result.

There are certain aspects of the new movement that will commend themselves to the average Christian and especially to the churches. There are to be no emotional or heartrending appeals; the spectacular methods usually employed by evangelists will not be followed. All the power, influence and talent at command will, however, be exerted to impress upon the people of this nation the fact that we are living under social, religious and even business conditions that cannot be fully reconciled with the claim that we are a Christian people. It will be an effort all along the line to draw the nation nearer to God; to glorify Christ and to magnify the Church as his appointed instrument for the world's salvation. At the bottom of all our relations should be the underlying bedrock of Christian principles. Business is in itself, in the highest sense, a great moral question, and what is right between man and man must, in the ultimate, be determined by what is right between God and man. We have come to the cross-roads in our religious national experience, where we must decide between right and wrong, God and mammon, justice and injustice, good business and evil business. There can be no middle ground.

Every Christian man and woman must pray for the success of this great movement and give it the fullest co-operation. In the history of past revivals, there never was an organization of such workers. Elijah on Carmel withstood all the forces of evil single-handed; Wesley was almost alone; Luther for a time was a solitary figure against the

world; Moody was a blazing torch, and the same might be said of many others who, by the very intensity of their spiritual convictions and the power of their inspired eloquence, moved the multitude. Efficient leadership in any great campaign is the battle—sometimes the whole. We trust that this new movement may be so led that it will derive all the advantages that come from the personality of men of consecrated ability. We shall pray for its success.

## The Flying Ladies

DISSATISFIED with their triumphs on Mother Earth, the women are now emulating the men in their flights skyward. Some of them here and others in Europe have shown wonderful skill in the management of the aeroplane. Several of the ambitious ladies have recorded their impressions of aerial navigation. One declares that the danger of flying have been greatly exaggerated and that any one can fly who can run an automobile. She admits, however, the risk in yielding to the temptation to "dip" and "spiral," and holds that if a flyer would abjure tricks in the upper air, and use the same steady attention to work that is expected of a railroad engineer, there would be few fatalities. Another writes of the "intoxication of flight," and predicts its increasing popularity. She adds, "Many of us will perish, but that prospect will not dismay the braver spirits." The truth is that the aeroplane is still in its experimental stage. Every week brings a record of casualties. Still, there are some encouraging indications of useful progress, one being the utilization of the 'plane as a letter-carrier. Meanwhile, let us hope that the flying ladies will not come by any mishaps and that they may enjoy the exhilarating experience without any of its more serious attendant dangers.

## Life Transformed by a Sermon

On the 30th day of last May, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its staff were in Spokane, Idaho, for a special issue and thankfulness to your magazine. Never shall I be able to forget that horrible day in Spokane where my despair reached its boiling point and where I found myself on the verge of death. But by a strange turn of fate, just then, at the supreme moment, the mail-carrier brought me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I hardly thought of reading it at that time, but somehow I opened it and my eyes fell upon the sermon of Rev. H. B. Black, D.D., "The Bondage of Fear" (Text: Ps. 56: 3, "When I am afraid I will trust in Thee"). In my ordeal I had forgotten all about God; but this sermon not only reminded me of him, but it at once changed my desperate resolution of death into a heart lighter. Now that months have elapsed since this terrible experience, I often ask myself, "Was it really a mere chance, or, as I have said, a queer turn of fate, that brought me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD just at that desperate moment? No, a thousand times no! It was God who put under the ordeal for my own good, and who sent me the strength to bear it." Philadelphia, Pa.

See our new Magazine Combination Offers on page 1055.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Ship's Mastery of Sea

It is a marvel in these days of marvels that the *Olympic* did not sink immediately with fearful loss of life when the British cruiser *Hawke* tore a monstrous hole in her hull. With a list of passengers and crew large enough to people a small island and herds and flocks and provisions enough to supply them, the White Star liner set out from Southampton for New York when the collision made a hole in her twenty by seventy feet. Captain W. L. Smith closed the water-tight bulkheads and the ship's life was lost. Dr. E. M. Bownton, of Scranton, Pa., and Helmut Scharf, of Johannesburg, would very likely have been killed had they not just their stateroom a moment before for dinner. The *Hawke's* nose went through the place where the stateroom was. The *Olympic*, which is the mightiest of the ocean, has by her escape from destruction proven herself also monarch of the sea. In earlier times, and not so very far back either, one going across the ocean thought it the most prudent thing to make a will before going, and to ask special prayer of relatives and friends for a safe return, so many were the perils of the deep. Modern shipbuilding has reduced these dangers to a minimum. The water-tight bulkheads and other inventions have reduced the liability of wreckage on the ocean to the smallest degree. When a ship so securely torn can allow its passengers to go on with an interrupted journey, and can go back under her own steam to Southampton, many think that they would be as safe or safer on board such a vessel as on land in a community with many railroad crossings or trolley lines or much traffic. Transportation on land has been furnished with many safety appliances, but they have hardly kept pace with those on the ocean. The perils and wreckage of early sea navigation are thus described by the Apostle: "And when neither sun nor star in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. (Acts 27:20.)"

## Japan's Tribute to Christ

It would be difficult to find a more exquisitely beautiful tribute to Christ and to his influence in the world through the lives of his disciples, than that of Adachi Munosuke in the *Century Magazine*. He says: "This is not a Christian view of the work. I am a Japanese by birth—a mere heathen. It is therefore the impression of an outsider pure and simple, and these I know to be facts. Forty-odd years ago, at every gate to both the Flower Capital of the Mikado and Yedo, city of the Shogun, and at many of the entrances to the towns and villages of Nippon, there stood a large notice-board. It was official. In old, heavy, black, fat strokes was the following, translated into English: 'The evil sect Kirishitan (Christian) is only forbidden as hitherto.' To-day you may see few of these old notice-boards, but you will have to go to the Tokio Museum to find them. Thirty years ago there were eleven baptized Protestant missionaries. To-day there are seventy thousand of them in Japan: they own 600 churches; in their Sunday Schools they teach 100,000 children. Fifty years ago there was no such expression as 'religious freedom' in the entire range of Nippon literature. To-day the phrase has been written into the constitution of the land. Less than fifty years ago, if you wished to have a free fight on the spot, you had to do was to call a gentleman a 'Yaso'—that is to say 'Jesus.' And to-day? Admiral Kuroki and many other officers of the navy and army are proud to be called 'Yaso.' The editors of some of the metropolitan dailies are Christians. The paper then refers to distinguished statesmen who are followers of Christ, and mentions the fact that the Emperor of Japan contributes regularly to the support of the Young Men's Christian Association." The author then devotes the rest, which is the most, of the article to proving conclusively that the revolution in the civilization of Japan which has taken

place within a generation has largely been the result of the able, modest, sincere, Christ-like spirit of the teaching and lives of the missionaries of the Cross. The writer says: "The thing that made us change our mind was the life lived among us by the gentlemen who came to us in the name of Jesus, their Master. And for this reason: many of the missionaries who came to Japan in those early days were scholars long before they were missionaries, and they were Men (and all the capitals in the language cannot possibly do them justice) long before they were scholars." The article includes this quotation from the address of Count Okuma, not a Christian, at an anniversary: "I came in contact with and received great impulses from some of the missionaries of that early period—particularly from Dr. Verbeck, my teacher. I can never forget the great and virtuous influence of the man. In everything he did his Christlike spirit was revealed. Only by the coming of the West in its missionary

car struck the rear of their wagon, throwing the wife out and badly injuring her. She was picked up by the autoists and hurried in their machine to the Highland Hospital. Her injuries were not fatal. Mr. Kourhi was unhurt. When the news of the accident was told to Adelia Kourhi, the daughter of eight, in her home, she began to cry violently and said, "Then my mama is killed." Before any one could pacify her, and tell her that her mother would be home well in a few days, she fainted away and died of a broken heart. The affection of this sweet little girl for her mother was pathetic and beautiful in the extreme. She may have had a weak heart, but it was evidently her strong love for the mother and the deep sorrow at the thought of her death that took her away. There are some bad children, ungrateful and disloyal to their parents, and the juvenile courts reveal most shocking sins and crimes on the part of very young boys and girls; and yet the love of little Adelia Kourhi for her mother represents the love of the average child for its parents. Christianity creates and enjoins the highest reverence and deepest affection of children for their parents.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. (Eph. 6:1.)

## Read Bible Sixty Times

Mrs. Phoebe Powelson, who died at her home in Stamford, Conn., the other day, had the reputation of being the most devoted and well-informed Bible student in the community. She had read God's Book from cover to cover sixty times. It is reported that at the age of ten years she had committed to memory several thousand verses of the Scripture. She read almost no other book, claiming that she found it a library of truth to her. Many of the ablest scholars have testified to the unspeakable value of the Bible as a literary volume, and millions know by experience what a fountain of spiritual truth it is. Mrs. Powelson could have read other good books to advantage and not neglected her Bible; but the one who reads a thousand volumes and has left out the Word of God has not read as much as the woman who read nothing else. In these days, when in some churches and Sunday Schools there is so much preaching and teaching about the Bible, it is not a bad thing to emphasize the preaching and teaching of the Bible itself. The constant prayer of the woman as she read the Bible through sixty times was:

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. (Ps. 119:18.)

## New Gold-Field Discovery

By a telegram from St. Johns, Newfoundland, it is learned that the little sealing steamer *Kite* entered the harbor after a three months' voyage to northern Labrador and to the uncharted and rock-bound waste of Baffin Land. One of the sailors on the *Kite* was on shore leave, and in a communicative moment exhibited a three-ounce nugget of almost virgin gold which he said he had dug out of a vein with a pocket knife while on the voyage. It was learned that the men had not gone on a trading trip at all, as was supposed, but in search of gold on Baffin's waste, and that they had brought back quartz rock, sand and mineral formations indicating a rich new gold-field. The placer stuff they brought back was a quantity of gravel which was said to average a quarter of an ounce of gold to a pound of panning, the richest find that man has known since the discovery of the scattered pockets of California. R. S. Elmsley of Ottawa and Richard White of St. Johns, who chartered the *Kite*, located claims on the Brevort and Salma rivers, and expect to return with full equipment of machinery for placer and quartz mining when the ice breaks in the spring. In the description of the Garden of Eden there is mention made of a rich gold-field in a river bed:

And the name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is God. (Gen. 2:11, 12.)



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Divers at Southampton Working on the Steamship "Olympic"

representation and by the spreading of the Gospel did the nation enter upon world-wide thoughts and world-wide work." The symbols of the establishment of Christ's kingdom are not the hum of factories, nor the scream of whistles, nor rattle of wagon wheels, nor rumbling of railway trains; they are not the tramp of soldiers, nor blowing of bugles, nor flashing of swords, nor booming of cannon, nor shouts of a victorious army; they are not the red lightning out of the black cloud with the awful crash; the real symbols of the progress of Christ's kingdom are the seed sown, covering the earth with blossoms and harvests; they are the dawn scattering away the darkness of ignorance and sin and calling up all living creatures to service and to song. They carried to them the life of Christ, which is the light of the world. They obeyed to the minutest detail the command of the Master:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven. (Matt. 5:16.)

## Child Dies of Grief

Mr. and Mrs. John Kourhi were driving to the village of Matteawan, N. Y., when a large touring



# The Aftermath of Austin's Flood



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The Shattered Houses of the Village Piled Up Along the Hillside

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The Ruins of Austin's Homes When the Flood Had Passed

THE small army of volunteer rescuers and State laborers who were called to search for the dead and injured or to remove the mass of wreckage which encumbered the streets of the shattered town of Austin, Pa., faced a more gigantic task than they had at first anticipated. Only a few hours after the disaster they attacked the debris that filled the southern end of the valley where Freeman's Run Creek comes down from the Alleghenies at the north and which had formerly held the main part of the town. Here all that had been the pleasant homes of some three thousand people lay in an indescribably tangled mass along the hillsides. Where Main Street once stood, the brick houses remained, but they were shattered and rent, and in front of them were piled masses of lumber and gables of houses. The stream which did all the damage runs at will across the whole plain, and the iron bridge which once spanned it at Main Street is marked only by its stone abutments.

given them. Harry Davis, an engineer, was the man who first sounded the alarm. He saw the dam give away, and ran to a road house. There he called up Lena Binkey, the girl at the telephone central, and cried: "The dam's burst; give the alarm."

"Oh, quit your kidding," replied the girl, and for a moment did nothing.

Then she called up the Standard Kindling Wood Works, but her message was taken as referring to a fire alarm. So instead of the prolonged whistle that all the village knew was the signal to take to the hills, several short blasts were blown which was the fire alarm. When she realized that her message had been misunderstood the girl called as many as she could on the telephone, then rushed into the street shouting her warning to as many as she could make hear her. It was only after a frantic run that she reached the hillside in time to save her own life.

Three miles down the stream was Costello, a town of five hundred inhabitants and about fifty houses. The valley is narrow, and it was certain that the flood could find no outlet, and would sweep down on it with almost as resistless a force as that which had destroyed Austin. The people were as much in danger, and no warning could be given by telephone, as the wires were down. In this emergency Herbert Young, who worked for the Emporium Lumber Company, sprang on his bicycle and rode for his life and the lives of five hundred down the rough mountain trail. He reached the town just in time, for the residents could barely reach the hills before the flood swept through the village and destroyed it.

Assistance from the nearby towns and villages reached Austin within an hour of the passing of the flood. The State of Pennsylvania immediately dispatched a detachment of constabulary to preserve order and lend what aid they could. Trains of workmen, clothing and provisions were rushed to the scene, and offers of help came from many parts of the country, but Governor Tener, who went as quickly as possible to the devastated section, announced that the State would look after the needy without calling upon outsiders.

About sixty bodies have been recovered from the wreckage and there are about fifteen people still to be accounted for, according to the more or less accurate census by which the casualties were checked off. The victims of the catastrophe were of all ages, ranging from mere infants to persons of advanced years. As many of the townspeople set off to the homes of friends in the surrounding country before any reckoning was made there has been difficulty in ascertaining the exact number of the missing. The State authorities are clearing the site of the town, though many are confident that Austin will never be rebuilt.

Deputy Attorney-General W. M. Hargest is representing the Commonwealth at the inquest into the Austin disaster. Attorney-General Bell directed Mr. Hargest to go to the scene and extend what aid could be given by the State's legal department.

Farley Gannett, engineer of the State Water Supply Commission, has returned to Philadelphia from Austin, and submitted a report to the commission, which met on the following Thursday. Mr. Gannett made a preliminary report on the disaster, but it did not give causes, simply stating what occurred.

"I made studies of the dam and of the surroundings and secured information as to the water and weather conditions while in Austin," said he.

The investigation will probably have direct bearing upon a number of applications for the authority of the commission to construct power plant dams

throughout the State, and may also lead to an investigation into the stability of other dams. The Austin dam was built before the commission was created. The State inquiry has been of the most thorough and rigid character, its aim being to place the blame, if blame is to be laid on any, where should belong.

The *Engineering News*, in commenting on the Austin dam disaster, says in part:

"So far as the newspaper reports have informed the world the structure was designed and built under the direction of a competent engineer of good reputation. The structure fails suddenly, with great loss of life, and the public jumps to the conclusion that no engineer is reliable, and that no dam is safe. We wish to combat this idea. Most emphatically we declare that it is within the resources of engineering to so build such a dam as that at Austin that it should be safe and secure.

"It is our duty to say that the occurrence is with



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Searching for Valuables in the Ruins of Their Homes

Below Main Street, at the turn of the valley, piles of lumber smouldered for days after the disaster. Not a vestige of a house remains, and the force of the flood which swept over the railroad yards before the flames fell on it was marked by an overturned locomotive and heavy car wheels carried far down the stream.

Though the first estimate of the number of fatalities was happily reduced by about half, the scenes in the stricken town were heartrending. For three days those who had lost members of their families watched the workers with frenzied eagerness. Many were so dulled by the magnitude of the loss that they seemed almost helpless in the midst of the devastation.

What added much to the grief of the people was the feeling that many lives might have been saved if only people had understood the warning that was



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Lena Binkey, the Heroic Little Telephone Operator

out excuse, and that if the dam had been built with proper precautions and proper regard for safety its failure would never have occurred. These disasters occur because too frequently those who build the structures buy just as little engineering and buy just as cheaply as they possibly can, and they often reject so much of it as does not suit their fancy or their purse.

"It was bad to build a dam on such a foundation with no greater precaution to prevent water getting under it, but it was ten times worse to attempt to use the structure in its weakened and perilous condition after the partial failure of January, 1910."

The paper concludes by urging the necessity of establishing some sort of State or government supervision and control over structures which may constitute a menace to hundreds and thousands of people and to millions of dollars' worth of property.



# An Exchange for Woman's Work



Noon Hour in the Lunch Room



The Display in the Exchange Store

ONE can't describe the atmosphere of the cheerful, sunny rooms of the Woman's Exchange by any other word than stimulating. From the table in the corner, strewn with pink, white and blue baby-caps and similar articles, to the well-stocked shelves of the housekeeping department, everything speaks of effort and success. And this is just the atmosphere that the Exchange labors to create; for its work lies among a class of women that the public rarely hears of. All the plans and work of the Exchange are for the benefit of reduced-rent women; that class which, with tragic terror in its heart, wears a smile on its lips and the mask of a fine courtesy on its face. It is the class whose members often, through no fault of their own, suddenly find themselves with sons and daughters looking to them for an education and pleasure; or who, perhaps, thrust out into the world ignorant of its ways, unskilled in any but housewifely duties, are tossed like ships on the stream of adversity. There are those who find not only themselves dragged from the seclusion of a home, forced to face life bravely, but who find their mothers, sisters, even invalid or disabled fathers, dependent on their feeble efforts. In such situation what can the gentlewoman do? The refinements, the courtesies, the kindly tolerance of others' faults and foibles to which she has been bred, seem but to make her more unfit for the task of facing and battling with the raw conditions which confront her on the threshold of a new and strange existence. She can sew, perhaps, very well; oftener in a somewhat amateur fashion. The articles she can make, while suitable and useful for home use, are not in demand, as perfection is required before a sale can be effected. If she can cook cakes, white, light bread, the delicious corn-cake of the South, or can put up jellies and jams like an expert, the Exchange offers a ready market. If she can act as housekeeper, nurse, reader, companion, secretary or governess, there are chances for her, and the Exchange sees that she gets them. Women of the gently bred class, when forced into arduous activities by sudden stringency, are willing to learn, to adapt, to sacrifice and to improve their abilities. All they need is that there shall be a medium dealing both tactfully and intelligently with both creating and consuming class, and that this medium shall be for the benefit of both sides.

The Exchange is this medium. In its picturesquely littered rooms every conceivable article for every conceivable beautiful effect seems to find a home. Its various departments are under the control of a Board of Managers, with a working head for each. Women from Maine to Texas supply the New York Exchange with their handiwork. Money from orders and sales flows in freely. Last year, over seventy thousand dollars flowed out to different consignors. In the thirty years of its existence the Exchange has paid to gentlewomen who have furnished it with their work over a million dollars. The order department is the repository of a thousand dramas of the hearthstone. A young girl less than eighteen, through the sudden death of her father and the subsequent crash of his fortune, sat one evening in her beautifully appointed bedroom and asked herself the blunt question: "What can I do?" There was an invalid mother and a younger sister to support. The one thing in which she excelled was a delicate kind of stitchery, fine and exquisite as gossamer. Clinging desperately to that thought as the last hope, she boarded a car the next morning and went to the house of a friend to lay the idea before her. "Of course you can do it," asserted her friend confidently, "and the Woman's Exchange will market it for you." They went down together, a sample of the work was examined and

By LUCY B. JEROME

the prospect of ready sales held out. That family is now living in comfort, disaster stayed off by the slender needle of a seventeen-year-old girl!

The day that an old gentlewoman, infirm, poor and without relatives, tottered into the rooms of the Exchange, the managers looked at each other in dismay. She was so old, so feeble—what could she do? But she needed help and she needed it right then. She sat down in the first chair, bravely smiling, though a little breathless, and unwrapping a small parcel, disclosed a pair of infant's socks, silk, badly shaped and discouraging of aspect, but beautifully knitted, showing the hands of an expert. Here is where the Committee on Suggestions stepped in. She was given time to rest, then taken into another room, shown the kind of worsted to use, and one of the prettiest little socks in the Exchange was lent her as a sample. Two days later, she came joyfully into the office of the committee to show her work. It was a perfect copy of the sample, and since then she has been able to dispose of as many as she cares to make. She can knit without constant use of her eyes, and the income is sufficient for her scant needs.

The Committee on Suggestions attends to the educational aspect of the Exchange's work. It shows consignors how to work, what to make, and how to render their work salable. Often a package comes from some remote country district, with articles made after some newspaper directions, poor in color, entirely out of style, of the wrong materials and badly put together. If told simply that her work was unsalable, the sender, who may have snatched time from much thought on her creations, would probably sink into discouragement and never make a second try. But the Exchange writes a letter of instruction, mingled with kindly commendation of the good points of the work. Directions for making the same articles are carefully given, and it is rare that the workmanship does not jump fifty per cent in merit. Four hundred letters of advice and counsel have recently been written by the committee, and to each one a grateful, often pathetic, answer has quickly arrived.

Each consignor puts her own price on her work. "Do you think fifteen dollars too much for this sachet?" asked one of the Exchange's most valued contributors anxiously one afternoon. "It's all hand work, you know, and the ribbon and silk cost

Continued on page 1050



The Exhibit Room at the New York Woman's Exchange



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

B. J., Cincinnati, O. We have been debating the question whether true greatness and national progress are ever due to the people as a whole, or to individuals. What is THE MAIL BAG's idea?

Before the day of general education, it might have been said truthfully that no nation or people could accomplish great results without the inspiration of leadership. Great leaders have made the world's history in the past—seldom the people, who are usually subject to the will of the indomitable ones who have directed them by virtue of superior endowment. Education has enlightened the masses, quickened their perceptions and made them capable of judging and acting for themselves, but in all great movements, and in every national crisis, the influence of great leaders is apparently as powerful as ever.

R. T., Glen Sutton, Que. What was the name of King David's wife?

David had a number of wives, but those that are known chiefly to history are Abigail of Carmel (see I. Chron. 3: 1); Michal, the daughter of Saul (II. Sam. 3: 13); and Bathsheba (I. Chron. 3: 5).

M. S. L., Waldo, Kan. 1. Please explain Isa. 6: 9, 10. 2. Also Jonah 3: 4. Was there any presumption on Jonah's part, or was the statement given him directly from God?

1. The passage implies that these people, who had been wilfully deaf to rebuke, warnings and appeals, were to be left to the results of their perversity since they had determined not to understand. The Divine patience had been exhausted and they were to be given over to their wickedness; their hearts, being left untouched by the Spirit, would become impenetrable, and even the faithful delivery of the message would fail to impress them. 2. Jonah's commission, which seemed indefinite at the outset, had now assumed a definite form, and had changed from a denunciation of wickedness to an announcement of impending punishment. "Yet forty days" means clearly that unless the people repented within that time, their fate would overtake them. The sequel leads to the conclusion that if Jonah was not presumptuous in exceeding his commission by dooming Nineveh to destruction, he was at least perverse in his attitude, because Nineveh repented and was not overwhelmed.

R. G. D., Clear Lake, Okla. Please explain Acts 16: 14.

"Simeon" is a Hebrew variant of Simon, which was the family name of Peter. The occasion was a great gathering at Jerusalem, and the subject under discussion by Paul, Barnabas and James was the admission of Cornelius and his Gentile friends to the fellowship of the Church, which Hebrew members from Judea had hotly called in question. In verse 14 the apostle James tried to calm the storm and justified the course they had followed by pointing out that, as prophecy foretold, it had been from "the first" (or long ago), the divine purpose to call out from among the Gentiles a people "for His name" (that is, for God's glory), and afterward to restore the lost spiritual splendor of the Jewish race.

F. A., Tallahassee, Fla. Why is it that an alien residing in this country can send a package by mail cheaper to his home friends in China, Russia, or Japan, than an American (native born) could send it from one town to another in the same State in which he lives?

You have hit upon one of the absurdities of our postal system. It is quite true (as Hon. Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, explained in the United States Senate lately) that American citizens do not enjoy mail privileges "equal with those enjoyed by residents of this country in transaction of business with residents of foreign countries." Within the United States postage on fourth-class matter is 16 cents a pound, with a limit of four pounds. The United States is party to a treaty under which residents of twenty-nine foreign countries may send fourth-class matter through the United States mails at 12 cents a pound, with a limit of eleven pounds. A clever workman may send an eleven-pound package from San Francisco to Rome, Italy, at 12 cents a pound, but if he wishes to send the same articles to New York or to the city of Oakland, California, right across the Bay from San Francisco, he must divide them into packages not to exceed four pounds each and pay sixteen cents a pound. A Japanese residing in New York can send an eleven-pound package to his friends

in Tokyo at 12 cents, but an American in New York can send only a four-pound package from New York to Washington and must pay 16 cents a pound."

Mrs. L. W. J., Enid, Okla. In our class Sunday morning, the question was asked: "Why was the temple built at Jerusalem?" Was David told where as well as how to build the temple? Did the fact of Abraham having built an altar on or near Mount Moriah have anything to do with the location of the temple?

See II. Sam. 24: 16-25. This passage shows how the threshing floor of Araunah came to be chosen for the site of an altar of commemoration and sacrifice. Moreover, the Scripture and

sent out as evangelists and missionaries and they were to learn for themselves the power of prevailing prayer and the readiness of the Father not only to supply all the needs of those who trust in him, but to do much more when great things were to be asked and confidently expected.

Mrs. C. H., Toledo, O. 1. Please explain I. Sam. 28: 19 (last clause). 2. Are there such books as the sixth and seventh books of Moses?

1. "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," means in the state of the dead, the region of departed spirits, where each is assigned his own place. It does not imply identical conditions. 2. A number of apocryphal

and reasonable conformance with nature's law as we can interpret them, are better than pi and drugs.

E. R., Baltimore, Md. Is it true to-day, as Paul's time, that an unbelieving or sinful husband is sanctified by a Christian wife?

At the time when Paul wrote, there were many Christians who had just been converted from heathenism. These, in cases where they were married, were prepared to leave their wife or husband, because the latter were not believers. Paul's rule or dictum was meant to meet this peculiar emergency. He desired that the marriage relation might not be broken, but that an earnest effort might be made to win over the heathen partner. In this sense, as no more, he meant that such a one might be sanctified by the other. Elsewhere, however, we are warned not to yoke ourselves with unbelievers, and this latter is a good rule to follow to-day. Any woman who deliberately marries a drunkard or an infidel in the hope of reforming him, would make a certain mistake in applying Paul's emergency rule in such a case since it was meant to serve where conditions already existed which would have rendered separation peculiarly painful, especially where there were children in the case.

W. M. P., Martinsville, Va. Please give an interpretation of Mark 16: 16 to 18. Certain people are preaching here now at claiming that their doctrines are based on these verses.

These passages deal with the Last Commission, sometimes called the "Great Commission." No other evangelist gives the statements the Mark gives in verses 16, 17 and 18. Some eminent commentators contend that Mark's Gospel originally closed with verse 8 of the 16th chapter, and that verses 9 to 20 were written in another hand, or at a later period. As the apostles themselves, there is no warrant for their modern application, though the spiritual duty enjoined in the Commission (v. 15) is incumbent on the church and on Christ's followers everywhere.

## Miscellaneous

L. G. B., New York. Address Bible College and Evangelists' Training School, 541 Lexington Avenue, New York.

J. H. R., Flint, Mich. The subject of recognition in heaven was discussed in THE MAIL BAG of September 27 last.

C. E. H., Allentown, Pa. We are familiar with the arguments concerning the passage you cite. It is not disputed that immersion was largely practised by the early Christians. Controversy on this subject could result in no definite conclusion, as many denominations hold different views.

M. L. P., Edgerton, Minn. The Redemptorist order was established in Scala, Italy, in 1785. It was an association of missionary priests. Although very numerous at one time in Europe they were dissolved and were replaced by Benedictines, the charge against them being that they excited the lower classes to disorder. They have a number of establishments in France and at least eight in this country, although as a body they are comparatively small. We know nothing about their Canadian establishment.

S. R. S., Austin, Minn. 1. Presumably they did, but at Pentecost there was a special visitation. 2. Belief in Christ, in his divinity, and in the efficacy of his atonement are essential. Without such belief one cannot be a Christian. 3. The passage in John 20: 17 has been a subject of much discussion. It is held to mean that the body in which Jesus then appeared was not bound to the conditions of our earthly and material body. His words may have been meant as a check to Mary's loving enthusiasm over his resurrection, when her immediate task was to convey the news to his disciples.

W. H. W., Hermannville, Mo., criticizes the "farmers' combine," which is projected for the purpose of eliminating the middle men and their forty per cent. profit. He writes: "If they (the farmers) can make their trust nation-wide, as they will try to do, we shall have a trust in restraint of trade that will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. No amount of logic will exculpate the producers from being involved with the middlemen and speculators in sharing the exorbitant profits."



Finishing the United States Ship "Florida"

THE latest of the additions to the United States Navy, the *Florida*, is now nearing completion in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, New York. She is a sister ship to the *Delaware*, and is one of the largest and most powerful naval vessels afloat. This photograph shows the "skeleton masts" which are peculiar to the new ships of the United States Navy.

Jewish tradition unite in pointing to that threshing floor as the spot upon which Abraham prepared to offer Isaac (although some eminent authorities have disputed this). Read also the account of the purchase of the site from Ornan (Araunah) in I. Chron. 21: 26-28; and in the next chapter (I. Chron. 22: 1, 9, 10) which shows how David had a divine revelation that his son should build the temple there.

A. B. S., Topeka, Kan. What are we to understand by Mark 11: 24 and similar and direct assertions of like import?

In a previous verse, Jesus admonished his disciples to have faith in God. This is the lesson of the whole chapter. It is evident, however, that moral and not physical obstacles were referred to, but whatever they were, they would not be able to stand before a resolute faith in God. Verse 24 is simply meant to emphasize this. The disciples were soon to be

books are ascribed to Moses, which are set down as having been fabrications. Beyond the mere mention of them in tradition, there is now no trace of their existence.

Inquirer, Gettysburg, Pa. Give explanation of I. Peter 3: 19 and 4: 6.

These passages about the "spirits in prison" have been interpreted as referring to the antediluvians, who were doomed to destruction by the Flood and who had no opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

Mrs. J. B. M., Des Moines, Ia. Is not mental suggestion largely a method of assisting nature?

It is so recognized. The Creator has stored in the laboratories of Nature energies that support, quicken and rebuild every living thing. She is greater than all the physicians and they recognize her potency as a healer in disease. Pure air, proper diet, exercise, temperance in all things, repression of the passions, a calm



# FOR THE NATION'S HEALTH

THE great Expositions of Pure Food, just now so fashionable, are advertised, and rightly, as calculated to preserve and improve the health of the nation; but they do much more than this. A subtle link joins together our moral, mental and physical well-being, so the great movement for pure food makes also for intelligence and for honor. Thus, most appropriately, instructive lectures and cookery demonstrations take place daily at each great exposition; and those at that one just opening in New York have been more than usually brilliant and informing. Mrs. Lily Haxworth, of London, England, a pastmistress in the astronomical art, and many of our best known home educators have contributed to these features of the programme. Such subjects as these indicate something of the scope of the lectures: "Higher Human Efficiency," "Vocational Training for Girls," "Cold Storage Regulations," "The Child and the Twentieth Century Mother," "Pure Food for Children's Minds," "How to Revive Prosperity in Rural Life," "Children's Gardens," "Sane and Safe Milk," and all are treated by experts, most of them in a delightful and illuminating way. All were free to the public and well attended. The moral effect of the presentation on every side of pure food is distinguished from adulterated, was reinforced by the New York City display of weights and measures confiscated from dishonest dealers. Between the standard bushel, for instance, and one in common use in our great markets was difference of even quarts. The

remove all vegetable color, but leave the mineral matter unaffected. The result of this stage of the experiment was to leave the little shirt a bright cerise in color. Mr. A. M. Singer, master of decorative art, has kept his promise, and the metamorphosis of Madison Square Garden is complete. On Saturday evening the army of workmen turned their finished work over to the public. Upon entering the beautiful garden, so soon to be banished from New York and replaced with tall business blocks, it seemed to be almost ablaze with gold and white decorations, and the gay booths and banners of the exhibitors. Close beside the door was the captivating display of Heinz, with its fifty-seven varieties on a revolving shelf, and a stereopticon show of Heinz stores and employees, which forms one of the most ingenious and effective of advertisements. The American Kitchen Products Company was offering a cup of its delicious "Stereo" bouillon

bles of all on display were the pink, white, yellow and green jellies (Jell-O) of the Genesee Pure Food Company. Samples of the sterling and varied output of the Beechnut Packing Company were advertised as for sale in a single box at a low price, and were attracting many purchasers.

Flour firms were making "flapjacks;" the magnificent booth of Libby, McNeill & Libby, where a full-flavored olive could be had for the asking, was piled with all kinds of delectable, glass-packed fruits, meats and condiments; as was that of the Merrell-Soule Company with None-Such mince-meat, soups and egg-powder. Royal Baking Powder, Sauer's Flavorings, and dozens of other standard preparations occupied also prominent stations in the great auditorium.

The allied domestic interests were well represented by the Consolidated Gas Company, with its stoves and heaters; the vacuum cleaners; the

Crown Corking and Sealing Company; all sorts of silver, wood and shoe polishers; paper bags and boxes; flatirons; laundry starches and others.

As the exposition was largely planned and carried out by the Domestic Science Clubs, especially by Mrs. Winnifred Harper Cooley, the New York Secretary of the National Association, they naturally occupied much of the visitors' attention. In addition to Mrs. Wallace's afternoon demonstrations of cookery, there was one every morning in the Domestic Science booth.

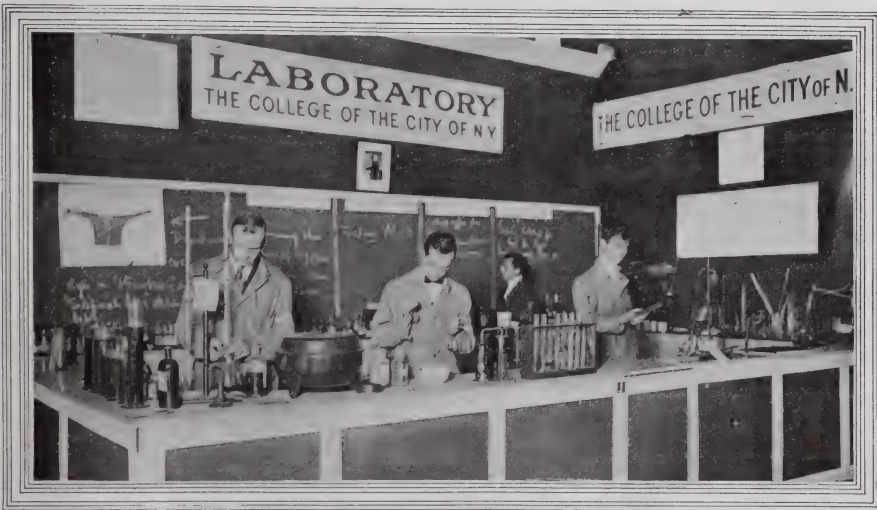
The Federation of Day Nurseries showed a helpful little model of a day nursery, in which the infants of poor working women are cared

for. The Free Industrial School for Crippled Children had an interesting display of the handiwork of its charges. The International Stewards' Association presented ideas for improving hotel conditions. The International Sunshine Society had a "living exhibit" of little ones and their work. The Little Mothers' Aid Association showed tiny East Side children learning how to cook and wash. The New York State Federation of Clubs (with those of New Jersey and Pennsylvania) had a booth where clubwomen were discussing eagerly the great issues presented in the Exposition and by the lecturers. The Woman Suffrage Party was selling fruits, embroideries and literature.

The United States Navy and Army booths showed how we feed our brave defenders; and the Sturgis & Walton Company (New York) had one for displaying their books on the famous new paper-bag cookery.

It was on the whole an inspiring show, and augured well for the future of our country.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



One of the Most Interesting and Instructive Booths at the Pure Food Show

aged or wired scale was shown beside a just one, and carried its own warning. The very interesting exhibit of the College of the City of New York belongs also quite as much under the head of moral factors as of physical; for its students, with their siphons and retorts, were analyzing and bringing to name the products of deceitful manufacturers. This exhibit takes the form of a miniature laboratory, where a series of experiments show the harmful ingredients of foods which because they are marked "artificially colored" are marketed without violation of the pure food laws. On the first day of the show a darning needle and a file were copper plated with the artificial coloring matter which had been taken from a can of peas. Another interesting experiment was the dyeing of a baby's woolen undershirt with the coal-tar dye from a bottle of "strawberry jam." After a little acid had been added to the mixture the little woolen shirt was soaked in it and came out a very dark red. As some of this was undoubtedly vegetable color, the garment was then treated with ammonia in such fashion as to

freely to every comer; while close by was the American Sugar Refining Company, tendering similarly dainty lumps of sugar, wrapped in tissue paper.

The Borden Company had an extensive dairy exhibit, and among its attractive bottles of milk and cream were boxes of several kinds of milk chocolate candy, which they claim to be the only dairymen to manufacture. Every guest was offered a little glass of Welch's excellent grape juice, and of the Burnham Bovine bouillon; and could find out just how Karo Syrup tastes on bread.

The Johnson Educator Food Company had, among other wholesome and toothsome products, a hard ring made of finely ground cereals, upon which the baby may cut its teeth. It is warranted to have none of the bad effects of certain other devices for this purpose, and not to choke the baby. Every one was tasting with pleasure the smoking soups at the pretty Franco-American booth, and admiring the lightly piled shredded codfish and other prepared foods on the counter of that of J. W. Beardsley's Sons; while perhaps the most gay and ornate edi-

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A RECENT TELEGRAM from Teheran states that a great battle was fought on September 27 at Nebaran, fifty miles from Persia's capital. Salar ed Dowleh, a brother of the deposed Shah, lost 400 men killed and 200 captured, in addition to seven guns. He is reported to have retired in the direction of Hamadan, to the west, with the government troops in pursuit.

—BAYONNE, N. J., has the largest oil refinery in the world. Oil from a quarter of a million wells flows through this station. There are now 65,000 miles of steel and iron pipes, stretching throughout the country, with pumping stations at every sixty or seventy miles along the route. The total storage capacity of all the stations is 85,000,000 barrels. Seventy million barrels of crude petroleum are transported annually from the wells to the refineries.

—THE SUPREME COURT of New York State has decided that the application of a New York restaurant-keeper for a certificate of incorporation, permitting him to use the word "Hell" as the name of his restaurant, cannot be granted. It is refused on the ground that it would be against public policy to permit the use of a title or name which, "if not blasphemous, would hold the State up to ridicule and shock the sense of decent people. . . . It was unnecessary to put into the statute

that blasphemous, obscene or immoral words could not be used as a corporation's name. It is a fundamental principle that they cannot be used."

—A NEW METHOD—a sort of clerical recall—by which a pastor may ascertain whether he is wanted by his congregation or if he should resign, has been suggested by a New Jersey minister. There was a division of opinion on the subject among his people, and he issued a notice announcing that on the following Sunday they could either come to service or stay away, and thus decide the question. If he preached to a good-sized congregation on that day, he would remain; but if he faced empty pews, he would betake himself to other fields. This novel suggestion may furnish a hint for other churches.

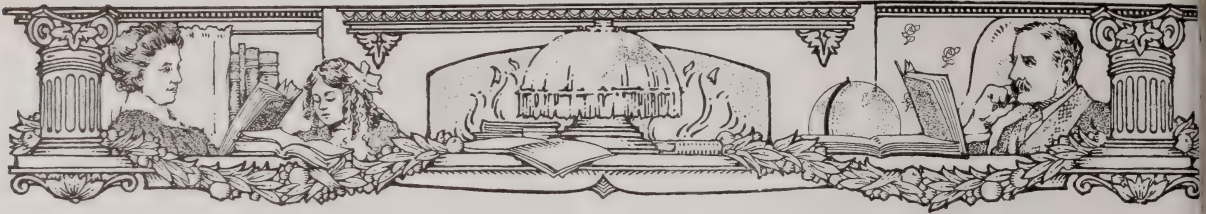
—PRESIDENT TAFT has spoken in defense of the colleges that have been attacked by the recent publication of a Chicago critic, who declared that dissipation and low morals were characteristic of university life to-day. The President, speaking during his Kansas tour, said: "Wickedness that has to be unlearned with a spade ordinarily ought to be kept under the clod that the spade raises. The truth is, universities don't differ much. I know what Yale was in my day, and I know it might have been better. I contributed something to the detectives' knowledge

in those days, possibly, but to-day there is a higher standard of morality. Dissipation and drinking are frowned upon by the public opinion of the college. I resent scandalizing and muck-raking with reference to the standard of our universities when they are doing such good work and are putting out men into our community with higher morals every year."

—AN EXAMINATION of the after section of the battleship Maine, comprising about one-third the full length of the ship, has removed all doubt from the minds of the engineers of the feasibility of building a bulkhead in it and floating it out of the cofferdam. Consequently the fitting of the bulkhead will be begun as soon as the material for it is received from the north. There is still a possibility that the engines of the Maine are in such condition that they can be restored to service, and with temporary boilers permit of the wreck proceeding out of the harbor under her own steam. This course probably will not be adopted, however, on account of the expense involved. The next two months will be devoted to a continuation of the work of dissecting by gas blasts the shattered parts of the hull, from which more bodies may be recovered. A part of one of the forward magazines is now visible, but its condition does not warrant a conjecture regarding the character of the explosion which sank the Maine.



# AROUND THE HOME HEARTH



## Mutual Confidence

**T**HERE are secrets and secrets. There are open secrets and secrets under lock and key. There never need be a skeleton in the closet if there be an absence of secrecy in the home circle. The happy secrets, such as those that concern the coming of birthdays and wedding anniversaries and the Christmas holidays, are under the protection of love and serve to cement home security. Other secrets there are furtively hiding from view, secrets that cause suspicion and awaken jealousy, and they are to be avoided by all who would establish their homes in permanence and sacredness. From the hour of marriage husband and wife should share each other's thoughts as fully as they can, and in their daily conduct, in the management of business and the intimacies of friendship they should avoid everything that has to do with concealment.

A wife writing to this page is in doubt whether she should open her husband's letters, and implies her willingness to let him open and read hers before they come into her hands. There is no violation of confidence involved in a preference to read one's correspondence before it is so much as glanced over by the eyes of another. A letter is a bit of personal property, and it is a breach of ordinary politeness to break its seal. Wife and husband alike have the privilege of opening their individual correspondence, and of sharing it together if they choose. As no one who is entirely polite opens a closed door without the formality of a knock, though the door belong to a member of the family, and is the entrance to an individual room, so no really polite person opens without leave the correspondence of another. It should be taken for granted that married people are mutually interested in one another's letters, but it is not to be imagined that they shall necessarily always read every written scrap that comes into the house for one or the other. Married happiness is so precious a thing that it should be guarded with the greatest care, and if either partner in the home discerns on the horizon the smallest hint of a cloud, the duty is at once to take measures to prevent a storm.

## Table Manners

**B**EHAVIOR at the table indicates the high-water mark of civilization. The manner of sitting at the table, of taking soup, of eating bread and butter, of passing dishes, in brief, the whole attitude of those who gather three times a day around the family board, shows whether or not they are familiar with the codes of good society. A little child should early be taught how to handle his spoon and fork. The question who shall first be served at the family table when guests are present is usually answered by the direction that the hostess or mother of the family must first be served. There may be a little confusion in this statement. If the mother is not the hostess then she is not to be first served. In this day, when it is customary to place a number of table implements at the side of a plate, when service plates are commonly used and there is more formal-

ity than of old in the arrangement of the simplest table, a hesitating guest may know just what to do by observing which spoon or fork is first used by the hostess. Women are served before men. The place of honor for a man is at the right of his hostess; for a woman at the right of the host. When a number of people are invited to a formal luncheon or dinner place cards are convenient. They may be decorative and thus be utilized as a-

vacy of the family. The good manners that are a matter of course when one is in company should be equally practiced when one is at home. If father and mother never fail in politeness we may expect charming manners in the children.

A word may be said about the manner of the family toward the maid. If by chance she is not very skilful in her table attendance she will not grow more deft by cross looks and stifled



An Interesting Infant

**JOHN ALDEN DEMMING**, the budding artist in this photograph, is a descendant of that John Demming who was one of the sixteen signatories of the charter which gave the name "Charter Oak" to Hartford's famous tree, and also of the Puritan John Alden. The youngster is here adding his own idea of improvements to a canvas painted by his father, Edwin Demming, at his studio in the artists' colony in MacDougal Alley, New York.

vars, or they may be simply blank cards with a name inscribed upon them.

**W**HEREVER else ill temper and irritability may find an excuse they are out of order at the family table. Every one who sits at breakfast, dinner or supper should bring to the meal his most amiable mood and his most genial deportment. Fault-finding at the table outrages good breeding. I greatly admired a man who was carving a tough joint, for which his wife apologized. "My dear," he said, "one would fancy that you thought yourself responsible for the mistake of the market man. You of all persons are not to blame if once in a while we happen to have tough meat." The carving knife, by the way, is often the cause of exasperation to the carver. A little painstaking beforehand would usually prevent an explosion of annoyance from him, but neither tough meat nor blunt knives excuse discourtesy in the pri-

exclamations or by reproofs given in public. If she meets with disaster, drops a knife and fork or spills something on the tablecloth the accident must be passed over in silence. A little sunshine goes far to make the lot of the average maid a cheery one, and if the daughter of the house will take the trouble to drill a novice beforehand she may be sure that her efforts will be rewarded. The best way of doing this is to let the maid seat herself at the table some time during the day while the young lady waits upon her. An object lesson of this kind will be more effectual than three times the amount of trouble otherwise taken in giving directions.

**C**HILDREN should not be forbidden to talk at the table, neither should they be permitted to monopolize the talk or interrupt the conversation of their elders. When they speak they should be listened to with the same politeness that is given to older people.

When inquiring if a guest would like a second helping, the martinet table manners does not inquire if the guest will have "some more." This seems very trivial and the only justification for it is that the hostess does not wish to be considered critical concerning the guest's appetite. People who are on a diet, as so many are at this time when doctors dictate what one should eat and drink, should at pains not to embarrass a hostess calling attention to the fact. A friend of mine entertained on one occasion a number of gentlemen who were in attendance at a convention in her town. Passing through the dining-room before dinner was served she saw on the sideboard a loaf of very nice looking bread. Supposing that her husband had brought it as a treat, she had it sliced and a portion placed on each bread and butter plate to be eaten with the soup. What was her dismay when a clergyman, immediately after grace had been said, asked in a hesitating voice what had become of his individual loaf that had ventured to bring. A tactful man who had never found out that butter is not always served at dinner being one of the guests when it had been purposely omitted, embarrassed his hostess by genially exclaiming, "think, madam, that you have forgotten the butter." There are times when tact is golden.

## What Do We Mean by Patience?

**T**HERE are words which the dictionary does not define half as intelligently as we define them for ourselves. What is it to be patient? is in your experience and in mine practical exercise for which life gives us daily opportunity. We are not patient when we are unamiable, although we may bear up against hardship with grim fortitude. To be patient and fretful at one and the same time is impossible. Whoever would be patient must be cheerful, and to be cheerful in the face of discouragement, to be patient when things go wrong and to maintain optimism when physical depressed are about as difficult as to walk into a den of lions or, in the words of the hymn, "to face a frowning world."

## The Old Man of the Mountain

**I**N POINT of scenic beauty the White Mountains of New Hampshire have no rival in Eastern America. Perhaps the most picturesque group of the entire Appalachian system is the section of highland in the northern corner of the Granite State where from a wind-ridden altitude of four thousand feet four hundred square miles of spruce-covered mountains reach their snowy peaks into the sky-country. The king of the highland is unquestionably Mount Washington, but the king of the region itself, of its rich valleys and intervals of its lakes, broad highways, meandering streams and Indian trails, of its sunsets and dawns, of its weird moonlight effects upon strange geologic freaks, that metamorphose the vast region into a fairy land and monster land in one, is the Old Man of the Mountain, an excellent picture of which is the cover of this week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



## People in the Public Eye

### Rear-Admiral Schley Dead

REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, the hero of the battle of Santiago and one of the veterans of the American navy, died suddenly on October 2 in New York City. He had just come out of the New York Yacht Club, of which he was a member, and started up West Forty-fourth Street when he was seen to stagger and fall heavily to the sidewalk, his head striking a curb. Although a crowd gathered at the admiral's side, no one knew who he was until his body was identified at the Fifty-first Street police station, through an inscription on a gold watch presented to him by the State of Maryland for saving the lives of six comrades in 1884. The police at once notified the Army and Navy Club and the relatives and friends of the Admiral.



The Late Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley

The cause of his death was a cerebral hemorrhage. Next day, the body was taken to Washington for the funeral at the Schley home in I Street. The interment was in Arlington Cemetery. Rear-Admiral Schley was born on October 9, 1839, near Frederick, Md. He was descended from a line of famous seafarers and fighters. His father, John Thomas Schley, had distinguished himself in the navy. Young Schley was appointed midshipman in 1856 and four years later graduated at the head of his class. From that time on his progress was rapid. He saw service in Chinese waters, on the Potomac during the civil war, in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Mississippi.

As lieutenant, he took an active part in all the engagements leading up to the capture of Port Hudson. While an executive officer to the unboat *Waterloo* of the Pacific fleet, he put down an insurrection among the Chinese colonies on the Chincha Islands. Then, at La Union, Salvador, he headed a force of one hundred men under his command to protect the consulate and custom house during a revolution. In 1866, he became lieutenant-commander, in 1874 commander, from 1880 to 1883 instructor of the Second Lighthouse District, then a member of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting. In 1884 he was put in charge of the Greely Arctic relief expedition and rescued survivors from the ice at Cape Sabine, for which Congress awarded him a gold medal and President Arthur promoted him to be chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting. When the Spanish-American war broke out he was made commodore and placed in charge of the "Flying Squadron" and took part in the battle of Santiago Bay, when Cervera's fleet was either sunk or captured. In October, 1901, he was retired with the rank of Rear-Admiral.



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Hon. Robert M. La Follette

"I was as poverty-stricken a young lawyer as ever hung his shingle to the wind in the State of Wisconsin. I had no money at all. My single term at the University law school had been rendered possible only through the consideration of the faculty in making an extraordinary exception in my case, and permitting me to enter without paying the usual matriculation fee. I had no money—but as fine an assortment of obligations and ambitions as any young man ever had. I had my mother and sister to support, as I had supported them partially all through my college course—and finally, I had become engaged to be married!"

"To an impecunious young lawyer almost without clients, the district attorneyship of Dane County, paying at that time the munificent salary of \$800 a year with an allowance of \$50 for expenses, seemed like a golden opportunity. Though it appeared immeasurably difficult of attainment, I determined to make for it with all my strength. What I wanted was an opportunity to work—to practise my profession—and to make a living. I knew that trial work would appeal to me, and I believed I could try criminal cases successfully."

"I had an old horse which I had used during my university course in riding out to a district school I had taught to aid in paying my way, and borrowing a buggy and harness from Ben Miner, a friend and supporter, I now began driving through the country and talking with the farmers about my candidacy. It was harvest time and I remember how I often tied my horse, climbed the fences, and found the farmer and his men in the fields."

"Ain't you overyoung?" was the objection chiefly raised.

"I was small of stature and thin—at that time I weighed only one hundred and twenty pounds—and I looked even younger than I really was. Nor was I then in good health."

"Throughout my university course I had been compelled to do much outside work. Besides teaching school I had become proprietor of the *University Press*, then the only college paper, burdening myself with debt in the purchase. It was published bi-monthly, and I not only did the editorial work but made up the forms and hustled for advertisements and subscriptions. Under the strain of all these tasks, added to my regular college work, my health, naturally robust, gave way, and for four or five years I went down under the load at the end of every term of court. A marked physical change came to me later and I have grown stronger and stronger with the years."

### A Famous Visitor

—MISSIONARY EMILIO OLSSON of Buenos Aires, South America, is visiting the United States after many years of absence, during which he has labored among the tribes of the "Neglected Continent." Letters from churches and missionary societies can reach Mr. Olsson through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

See our new Magazine Combination Offers on page 1055.



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**LaFollette's Early Struggles**  
An autobiographical sketch of his career, published in the current issue of the *American Magazine*, Hon. Robert M. LaFollette takes the public into his confidence and gives some very interesting personal history. He says:



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### IN MY TOMBOY DAYS—By the Aunt in the Cozy Corner

**M**Y DEAR Cozy Corner Boys: It is nice to be getting back to school along with your chums and companions again, but I fancy to some of you it seems a bit too soon to be shut up in a schoolhouse just when all the big harvest is gathering and the days are bright and cool and full of autumn gold. Serious things like lessons to be learned seem pretty dull just now, but after all, the days are long enough for plenty of fun too, and if you fall behind in your studies at the start you will be bothered all the year trying to catch up. In good old college slang, "buckle down" and learn them, and find out for yourselves how much more fun there is in the game and how much more interesting the story book is when lessons are mastered and out of the way.

But it is the shelf of books in my library that goes by the name "My Tomboy Days" that I promised several weeks ago to tell you about.

I shall just name the books on the shelf yonder where they have stood for a good many years. I fancy I did not read them all word for word, but like one Joe Scramble in a magazine story that I once read, "I nibbled at the fire in 'em all, over and over again, and got a likely lot of good out'n other folks' story writin'."

#### First in Line

**LEATHERSTOCKING TALES**, there they are, five of them standing in a row. *The Pathfinder*, *Pioneer*, *Deerslayer*, *Prairie*, *Last of the Mohicans*—*Westward Ho*, *Aesop's Fables*, *Jack-a-Napes*, *The Boy's King Arthur*, and Miss Maitland's splendid story book, *Heroes of Chivalry*, in which the story of Roland and Oliver is so wonderfully set down; and *Robinson Crusoe*. The dear old battered volume looks very much like the picture of the Monkey book on this page. I read it to death. Then come *The Tower of London*, *The*

*Lives of the Pioneers*, *Daniel Boone*, *Davy Crockett* and *Kit Carson* and *Boyhood of Lincoln*. To this day I take that volume down and read it with the same old delight. The stories of Magellan, Walter Raleigh and Francis Drake, stand there like captains of the shelf. I used to dream like any other dear foolish boy of going to sea before the mast, *The Tower of London*, *The Star Chamber* and half a dozen of Sir Walter Scott's novels. I nibbled out the Border War chapters, the descriptions of the great Scottish

*Conquest of Mexico* horrified and fascinated me even when I was a very little tomboy. *The Travels of Marco Polo*, *Hezekiah Butterworth's Zig Zag Journeys Everywhere* and Jules Verne's *Voyage to the Moon*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* and *Round the World in Eighty Days*. They were always more wonderful to me than were Gulliver's astonishing journeys, and when I think of the airships, submarines and motor boats, of the world-records of girdling the earth in considerably less than eighty days, and the miles of pneumatic tube through which the mails are sent hither and yon, these wildest romances of my tomboy days look something like books of prophecy.

But my list is very long, and I have only come half way across the shelf. I am sure that if I were a tomboy now I should replace some of the old favorites with more recent stories. Stuart Ed. White's books, the *Jungle Books* of course, *Poor Boys Who Became Famous*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, the Henty books—*Two Years Before the Mast*, *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, *With the Night Mail*, by Rudyard Kipling, *Scouting for Light Horse Harry* of the Stuart Series, *The Scientific American Boy*, by A. Russel Bond, *Track's End*, by Hayden Carruth, *The Scouts of the Valley*, by Altschuler, and so many more.

#### Start a Collection

Do not be content, boys, with reading exclusively the books that any one person has read and loved. Go exploring in the vast book world for yourselves. You will be surprised at the treasure. If you have any taste for books at all, you will find it like mining for gold in the mother vein. But by all means start a small collection of books. Books are inexpensive nowadays, almost any boy can have a shelf of greatest stories and thriller tales ever written.



"The Monkey Book"—Read to Death in the Nursery

clans, and all the witchcraft and wizardry, the way a squirrel nibbles the heart out of a horse-chestnut. Then comes a big well-worn volume of Bible stories bound in maroon cloth with gilt letters on the cover; the pictures in it are colored and very crude, and for some reason or other it formed a large part of my tomboy days. The stories of David and Jonathan, of Elijah and the bears, of Absalom, Saul, Jonah and Daniel; the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, the Red Sea adventure and the wonderful moment when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still at Ajalon; the miracles and the parables—no Wonder Tales seemed ever quite so thrilling as these. I suppose this is because they were true. The

### LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER AND ANOTHER PRIZE OFFER

#### Ottoman-Italy—A Good Game

**A** ROADWAY or a path should divide the playground into two territories. At the farthest side of each territory an open line of flags must be placed at intervals on the ground. Handkerchiefs will do and the number must be determined by the number of players. Ten flags are enough for fifteen or twenty players. The players divide themselves into the two nations, and the game consists in each side trying to get the flags from the other side, to guard its own flags, and to catch the enemy when he is off his own ground.

Once a player sets foot upon the enemy's territory, he must not turn back, but must go on, though he can not be caught if he has captured a flag. If he has no flag and is caught, he must stand still, for he becomes a prisoner, and is only released by being touched by one of his own party. A player may not redeem a prisoner and take a flag at

the same time. The game ends when all the flags of one side have been taken. Ottoman-Italy is a variation of Chevy Chase or Prisoner's Base, the very best of the good old running games, and has the added interest and excitement of being distinctly up-to-date.

#### Our Good-Night Verse

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name.—Ps. 103.

#### Send To-day for It

**I**F YOU have not already written for the beautiful October souvenir picture, do not delay, for they are going very fast, and the Cozy Corner Aunt wants every boy and girl, whether a member of our big Cozy Corner Circle in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or not, to have one of these beautiful pictures to frame and hang up in your room, where you will want to keep it always. The picture is sent out in a long tube, so be sure to send stamp for mailing.

#### Prizes

**PRIZES** this week are for best puzzles, catch questions or conundrums sent in by any one under eighteen years of age. *First prize*, A boy's or girl's gunmetal watch. *Second prize*, a guaranteed kodak and twenty prizes of games, pictures, paper dolls, etc. Work to be in by October 31.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner



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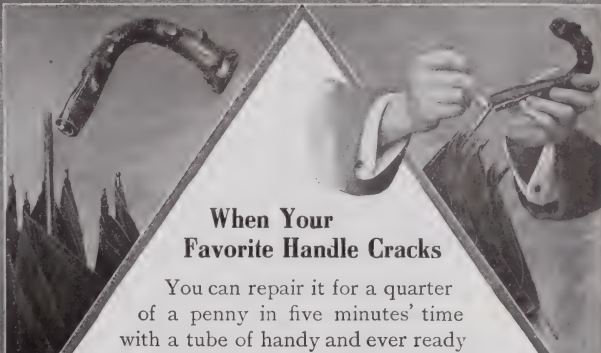
# What Sam Big Horse Knew

By GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

DOLLY MAY frowned anxiously as she took the note from the Apache half-breed. Her pretty eyes were pursed into a worried pout. There were disfiguring lines across her usually smooth forehead. "Your uncle gave you this?" she questioned, looking at Sam with wondering brown eyes. "I'm very much obliged to you for bringing it. You didn't wait. There is no answer." "Sam Big Horse hungry," grunted the Indian, placing his hand on his stomach and looking up at the girl appealingly. With inward disgust, she turned and went into the little kitchen. "I haven't much cooked," she said idly as she put the cloth on the table, "but you're welcome to what I've. Sit right down." "Lit' white missie 'fraid," ventured Mr. May, eyeing her sharply. Dolly shook her head and smiled, showing two rows of even white teeth. "How could I be when I have Aunt Becca?" she laughed, nodding toward the big rifle which stood behind the door. "That is a repeater and can shoot up bullets faster than I can talk. Whenever I hear the slightest noise, I train the gun right in the direction from which the sound comes. I'm not afraid to shoot, either." Sam helped himself to a generous supply of baked beans. "If lit' missie can't help, she know who to call on," said significantly. "Sam, be in the kitchen till day after tomorrow." Evidently the Indian knew the contents of the note which he had brought. Thinking of this Dolly needed once more at the familiar "aw." "Dear Niece: Had a bad fall and am pretty badly crippled up. Probably will be for several days, but am good hands here at the Stebbins shop. Don't worry. Will be home on your birthday. Keep Sam if you need him." Dolly looked doubtfully at the old copper face. There was something about the Indian which she had never liked. Although he had been trusted by the white people with any important missions, the girl had suspected him ever since the first day of their meeting. As she watched the raven bent over the coffee cup Dolly recalled the day at the station. Dolly May had lived in New York her life. She had been a bookkeeper in a large department store ever since she left school. When she was eighteen her father's health failed, so that the burden of family support fell on her. Thus she became accustomed to doing everything for herself that she noticed little change when her parents died. She did not think of leaving the city. She sold off her household goods, rented a room, and went on with her work. But an attack of typhoid fever left her weak and almost penniless. Then it was that Uncle Ben, her father's brother, who was running a stage coach in the Rocky Mountains, appeared on the scene. One morning when poor Dolly was discouraged that she was ready to give it up, but could not, he blew into her stuffy boarding house. His presence was as refreshing as an invigorating breeze from the ocean. The note she saw his tall, well-knit form, rosy cheeks and bright eyes she felt better, and when he gathered her in his strong arms and carried her into the parlor to her own room, she felt waves of strength all over her small body. For a moment he sat and looked at her thoughtfully. "I'm going to take you right out of here, young lady," he announced after a moment. "You are a Lily that was raised in a dark place. You need sunshine and fresh air. You need to go where folks live.

Why, I couldn't breathe in such a hole as this." He pounded vigorously on his broad chest. "You need to go to the hills, and I'm just the fellow to take you. It is June there, but not as you think of June in New York. The trees have spread out a bed of fragrant pine needles for you to rest on. The air is ozone, pure and undefiled. The sky is blue, and the great old mountains are covered with flowers and crowned with snow-wreaths. Rocky Gulch is forty miles from a railroad. The stage comes only twice a week, but that's the place where you're going. I'm going to carry you off bodily and keep you there, in chains, if necessary, until you are well. Afterward, if you say you prefer this hot house, you may come back. But I'm not one bit afraid." Dolly was so grateful for the offer that she had not dreamed of objecting even to a town forty miles from a railroad. In her well days she would have thought of such a place with horror. She was glad for her uncle to make the arrangements. Inside of sixteen hours they were in the Pullman, and the third morning came as the train pulled into Denver. She was too weak for sight-seeing, but when they took the little narrow gauge which stopped at Tucsonville, her interest began to rise. Through the open windows, she could see the snow-crowned mountains of which she had dreamed. She could breathe in the delicious air. It was so refreshing, so satisfying! Uncle Ben pointed out the different crops and compared them with the products of the East. When they stopped at Tucsonville, surrounded by cactus and sage brush and prickly pear, almost the first face she saw was that of Sam Big Horse. For some reason, explainable only to himself, Sam had seen fit to array himself in full war-paint. He wore a buckskin beaded suit and an immense head-dress of beautiful feathers. His ears and nose were decorated with small sea-shells and silver rings, and the paint upon his face would have decorated a whole family in most approved Indian fashion. His face was sombre, the expression almost forbidding. One glimpse of this formidable object was enough. Dolly sank back in her seat and covered her eyes with her hands. "O uncle!" she gasped, "are such monstrosities common here?" Mr. Dean looked quickly to see what awful thing the shaking little forefinger was now pointing out. As he did so he laughed heartily. "That's Sam Big Horse, as harmless an Indian as ever wore war-paint," he returned gaily. "Once and a while he takes a notion to deck himself out thus. I presume that he wants to remind people of the former glory of his race, that they may compare it with the worthlessness of the Indian of the present day. Three hundred and fifty days of the year he wears a white man's clothes and affects white man's ways. The other fifteen and a quarter, he is an Injun. I suppose that he brought the carriage over for us. When he delivers it he will stalk away on foot and stay until he is ready to come back." But when Mr. Dean carried his niece from the train to the wagon, Sam Big Horse stalked after them with a display of interest. "This is my niece, Sam," said Mr. Dean, expecting to hear the usual grunt of contempt. Imagine his surprise when Dolly, struggling to control herself, held out one white hand and said, "Sam, I am glad to see you." The Indian carefully took the pink palm in his hand and looked at it wonderingly. "Heap much break easy!" he grunted and walked to the front seat, climbed to the top of the wagon,

Continued on next page



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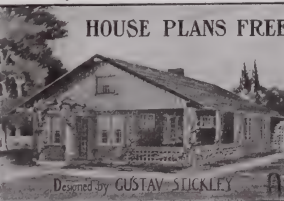
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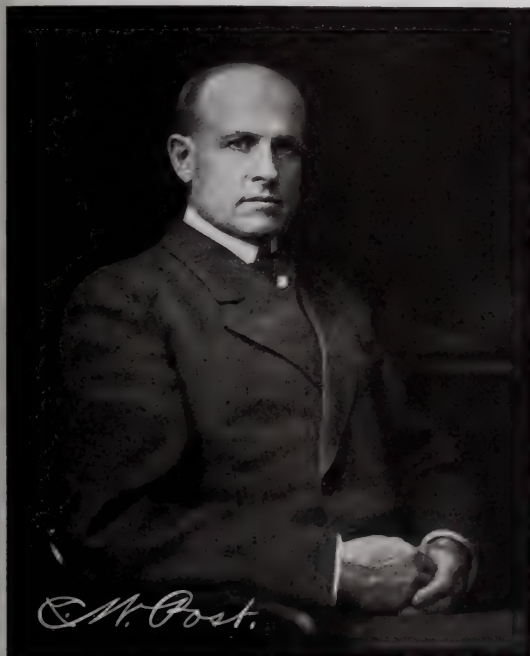









# Moulding Troubles Into Comforts



**Y**EARS AGO financial disaster and about eight years of invalidism pushed this man into long and exhaustive study of food and beverage better for human health. His own need taught the need of others.

He said: "Thanks for the experience."

Every obstacle in human life is for a purpose.

Overcoming obstacles strengthens character, and, rightly viewed, they can be turned into blessings.

Nature's way to strength of body and mind is through trials and toughening experience.

Take your "bumps" with a smile (even if a bit grim at times) and extract the essence. This man's experience gave to the world better food and drink for the healthful welfare of millions.

The world repaid him a hundredfold. So the world will repay each one who rides down obstacles and considers them as strength-giving experiences for future attainment.

The foods were worked out from years of skilful training, each for a purpose, and hence the world-famous phrase,

**"There's a Reason."**

**This morning beverage** was perfected for those who are unfavorably affected by coffee. Postum, when well brewed, has the deep seal brown of coffee and a flavour very like the milder brands of pure Java, but it contains absolutely no ingredients except the nourishing parts of wheat and New Orleans molasses (in small proportion). Its use is health-giving to a marked degree.



**Grape-Nuts** was made to supply a nourishing food partly digested in the process of making. It contains the most vital properties Nature demands from which to rebuild the nerve centres, brain and solar plexus, and is wonderfully easy of digestion.



**Post Toasties** are made of thinly rolled bits of white corn toasted to a delicate brown, and present one of the most pleasing foods that the palate is called upon to criticise. The nourishing properties of Indian Corn are sufficiently well known to require no further comment.

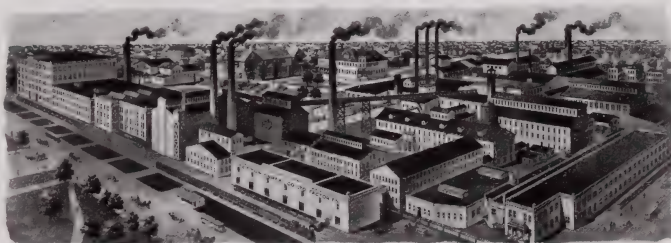


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Postum was first made in the little white barn still preserved in the midst of the great group of factories now composing the famous pure-food works at Battle Creek.

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## "There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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## A Chinese Concordance

NEXT to the Chinese Bible itself, the most important agent for the evangelization of China will doubtless be a complete Concordance to the Bible, which will enable native converts and missionaries to use the Word to the greatest advantage. Although China has had the Bible in her

have now completed their great work. The Bible is the best selling book in China. One hundred and fifty-four million Bibles have been sold in that country during the last century. Already there are 150 branches of the International Bible Reading Association, with about 6,000 members.



Dr. Hallock and His Co-workers With the Chinese Bible Concordance

own language for a hundred years, there is not yet in print a complete concordance to the Chinese Bible, although there is now an abridged concordance to the New Testament. For years Rev. H. G. C. Hallock, Ph.D., brother of the well-known American minister, Rev. G. B. V. Hallock, has labored in China with seven native scholars, preparing a complete concordance to the Chinese Bible. They

Dr. Hallock has been a missionary in China for fifteen years, and his heart and soul are in the work there. He publishes tracts in the Chinese language, and also superintends the work in four churches, eight ragged schools, and three day schools in Shanghai. He is assisted by twelve native helpers. About 1,100 children attend his ragged schools.

J. G. LAWSON.

## What Sam Big Horse Knew

Continued from page 1046

water for her aching feet. Now that the strain was over it would have been so easy to have gone to sleep and forgot everything in the delightful warmth. Dreamily she listened to the landlord's boasting voice:

"There's not one Western girl in a hundred that would have done what this tenderfoot managed. I say she's a first-class hero, and she ort to have a medal."

"That's right!" said a man's voice. "But how'd the Injun git into it, I'd like to know!"

The landlord laughed curiously. "That's the funny part of it," he said slowly. "You don't often hear of an Injun turnin' white or goin' against his own people, but t'seems Sam Big Hoss is an exception. He's been workin' for Ben Dean fer quite a while. Declared he'd leave when he heard that the gal was comin', rigged himself up in war paint pupposely to skeer her an' went to the deopo that a way. When he saw how brave she was and how sick, it seems he kind a caved in. The next day she give him some beads and fol-de-rols such as Injuns like. 'Stead of bein' afraid of him, soon as she was able to get out, she trotted with him everywhere. She cooked him good things to eat whenever he come there and told him about the city and read him Bible stories whenever he'd listen. One about castin' bread on the water—meanin' return good for good—stuck in his craw, and it seemed that he couldn't git rid of it, for he owned up to bein' in the plot to rob the mail. So's when they rode along he got to thinkin' of how good she'd been to him and all that, an' when the robbers run out 'spectin' for the whole stage to fall into their clutches, Sam whipped up the hosses and tried to git away.

A dozen of 'em let their guns cough to once. One shot hit Sam. Luckily he fell off right on the edge of Steele's Cavern. Soon as he saw where he was, he didn't stop a minute; for he knowed that to go through the cave, if he could git through, would cut off a lot of the trip to town."

"I reckon it'll hardly be safe for the Injun to go out very soon," drawled a voice.

"Huh! won't it! There's a whole regiment of gov'ment officers scourin' the country right now. They'll git every feller, but Sam'll git a pension."

"And where is uncle?" Dolly sat up and pricked her ears to listen.

"Why he's here, bless your life!" laughed the landlord. "He's got away and come here for help just a few minutes after the Injun come in."

"Well, well! This is a pretty kettle of fish!" cried a voice at the girl's elbow. "This is a queer way for a New York lady to celebrate her birthday!"

A few days after, when Dolly was hurrying about her little kitchen, she saw a familiar figure slouching up the walk. With outstretched hands she met the visitor. "O Sam! I can never thank you enough for what you did!" she cried childishly.

Sam grinned sheepishly from beneath his wonderful head-dress of many colors. "Twarn't nothin'!" he grunted; "nothin' 'tall to what you did for pore Injun. Wasn't that the bread comin' back off the waters, white missie?"

Not until then did Dolly realize that Sam Big Horse knew.

See our new Magazine Combination Offers on page 1055.

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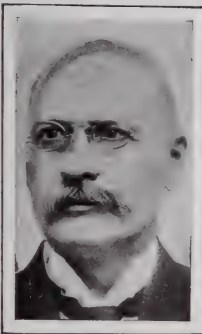
Address **L. J. BRICKER**, Gen'l Immigration Agent, St. Paul, Minn.  
30 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

## Northern Pacific Ry



## To Gladden Farm-Home Life

TO bring joy into the isolated lives of women on the farms is the special object of the first International Congress of Farm Women on the calendar at Colorado Springs, Colorado, October 17 to 20. One of the principal subjects on the programme are the possibilities of the rural church, presented by Rev. Warren H. Wilson of New York; and the adoption proposed of a plan of work for quickening religious life in the farm homes in the rural districts. In addition, there are discussions by experts on the country school; the farmhouse, equipment and sanitation; the co-operation of organized farmers' wives with the farmer's life; the conservation of time and strength and the value of rest; and values; demonstrations in cooking, in emergency nursing and simple home hygiene; the care of infants, young and defective children; and labor saving devices for the home. The Women's Congress for the betterment of the Farm Home is an outgrowth of the International Dry Farming Congress of which Hon. John H. Worst, former Lieutenant Governor of North Dakota, and now head of the State Agricultural College, is president, which holds its fifth annual congress at the same time and place. The first branch congress of the Women's Group is that of west Africa, where the work was adopted under the patronage of Viscountess Gladstone (daughter-in-law the famous William Ewart Gladstone, and wife of the Governor-



Hon. J. H. Worst  
President North Dakota Agricultural College and of the International Dry Farming Congress

General of the Union of South Africa), with Lady Methuen, president, Mrs. Louis Botha and Mrs. Johann Rissik, and other ladies as promoters, and with headquarters at Pretoria. The leaders in the movement in this country include president Mrs. William F. Slocum and Executive Secretary Mrs. John T. Burns, whose husband is the prime mover in the International Dry Farming Congress.

It is the purpose of the women leaders to organize plans of work which will be effectively taken up and carried on in all parts of the world where women are isolated on the farm, and thus lead to the desired result of making the farm home and the country a happier place to live in. Besides the International Congress of Farm Women, the Dry Farming Congress, which has done much for the increase of crop values under scientific farm methods, now includes in its scope the International Conference of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations; the Great Plains Co-operative Experimental Association; and an exposition of dry-farmed products and farm machinery from this country, Canada, and a half dozen foreign countries. The sixth congress has as delegates seven governors of States; ten presidents of agricultural colleges; fifty professors of similar institutions; fifty members of the United States Department of Agriculture staff; fifty foreign agricultural authorities; and over 2,500 prominent farmers and business men.

J. A. S.

## A White Funeral

THE writer traveled lately twenty-eight hundred miles to Mexico, to attend the funeral service of a friend, Mr. W. W. Williams, a business man of that city, and was much surprised and pleased with a most unusual feature of it. Mr. Williams had led a most exemplary and godly life, and what may well be called a white life, remains were dressed in white, even to the shoes. The casket was white, and was drawn by white horses with a white hearse. The drapery on the bell-knob was white. The widow and bereft daughter and every woman among the many relatives and intimate friends were dressed in spotless white, arriving at the grave I found it lined with white.

At the funeral of such a person you would not be so? When "the angel of the Lord" stood by the sepulchre in Joseph's garden, we are told, "his raiment was white as snow." The woman looking into the sepulchre saw there "a young man clothed in a long white garment." Of those who "have out of defiled their garments" it was written, "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." And when the angel who was John's interpreter of his visions of glory called attention to the most distinguished group in heaven—these which are arrayed in white robes—he informed John that "these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

W. C. MARTIN.

Somerville, Mass.

## Answered Prayers

Mrs. R. D. Fernandez, Fla. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me."

E. S. Ambler, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

E. A. S. Parlier, Calif. "I want to praise God. He has answered my prayers."

Miss M. Nevada, O. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer."

Mrs. A. H. Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge my Father's goodness in answering my prayer."

M. B. C. Port Marion, Pa. "God has answered my prayers and restored me to health."

B. H. Jersey City, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer."

A. A. P. Brooklyn. "I wish to praise God for his goodness in answering so many prayers."

Reader, Lincoln, Neb. "I wish to thank our heavenly Father for answering a special prayer for me."

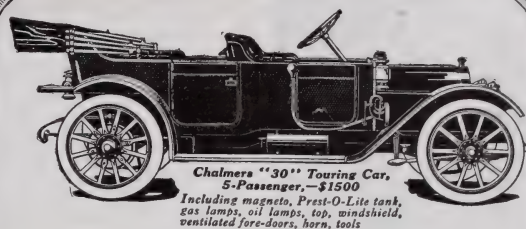
Mrs. R. K. Oxford, Pa. wishes to acknowledge the goodness and power of God in answering prayers.

Subscriber, Meriden, Conn. "I wish to acknowledge many answers to prayers; especially one of late."

Mrs. W. N. Bellville, Texas. "I thank God for answering my prayer in restoring to health a loved one."

Answered prayers are also acknowledged by:

Y. Y. Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. M. Tunnel Hill, O.; Mrs. M. P. Jeffersonville, Ind.; N. J. V. W. Hudsonville, Mich.; H. B. Otego, N. Y.; Mrs. S. L. G. Superior, Neb.; F. C. Lakewood, N. J.; C. B. Waterbury, Conn.; N. J. B. H. M. A. Lee, N. Y.; L. H. W. Mineral Mills, Tex.; Mrs. M. B. Madison, Ind.; W. L. B. Eau Claire, Wis.; M. L. C. Irene, S. D.; L. M. Jackson, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. R. Virginia; W. C. H. Ohio; E. M. G. Sterling, Ill.; B. M. K. Lucknow, Canada; Mrs. H. A. B. Cleveland, O.; A. G. H. Oregon; L. H. B. Hillsboro, O.; M. P. B. S. Clarksville, Pa.; R. E. Madison, Wis.; W. V. J. State Mills, Va.; M. E. X. Columbia City, Ind.; Mrs. J. M. Houston, Tex.; Mrs. J. J. B. Townsend, Del.; M. C. L. Guthrieville, S. C.; M. M. Worth, Tex.



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The Chalmers car is a champion; a car with a pedigree. A car of performance—15,000 satisfied owners prove this.

It's when you get down under the hood to the heart of things that the Chalmers guarantee means most. The Chalmers motor has been the wonder of the automobile world ever since this car appeared on the market; such

remarkable power in proportion to weight, such smoothness and quietness, such reliability and economy had never been known before.

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Every farmer knows that it is best in the end to buy good machinery. It is worth while to pay a little extra price in order to be certain that you get a good machine in the first place—one guaranteed by a company able to make good every promise.

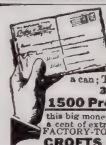
We make also the Chalmers "Thirty-six"—\$1800—a car of greater size and power, including Bosch dual ignition, self-starter, Continental demountable rims and many other high-grade features.

A postal card will bring you our new catalog and the name of dealer nearest you. We shall be very glad to hear from you.



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To whom it is dedicated by special permission

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## A Visit to the Cave-Dwellers

**TROGLODYTES**, or people who live in underground burrows, like moles, or in holes and excavations in the rocks, like the ancient cliff-dwellers in New Mexico and other parts of this continent, are not unknown in other lands. In the September number of the *National Geographic Magazine*, Mr. Frank E. Johnson has a very interesting and instructive article on the subject. He gives an account of the Troglodytes or "mole men" of South Tunisia. Near the town of Gabes is a good-sized settlement of these cave-men, called Matmata, which comprises several villages. He writes: "The holes or caves vary in depth and width, but average nine metres deep by fifteen metres in circumference. One great hole is used as a 'patio,' or courtyard. Numerous caves dug in the sides of the hole serve as living-rooms and storehouses. One enters these dwellings by means of a passage tunneled through the earth or rock. Some of the ceilings are roughly ornamented with Arabic designs cut in bas-relief in the rock and the dates when the dwellings were dug. None of them seem to go back more than one hundred years and many are not as old, proving that all Troglodytes were originally Climbing Troglodytes, dwelling in caves on the tops of the highest mountain peaks."

"Walking through the passage into the large circular courtyard open to the sky, one sees large caves cut into the walls of the tunnel that serve for storehouses and granaries. Grain will keep here for years in perfect condition. There are also caves for the goats, sheep, and donkeys."

Here follows a description of one of the more notable of these caves:

"Pushing open a door made of palm-tree boards, we entered the sheik's cave. It was white-washed. To the left is a wooden chest and a gun, one of many. Back of the gun is a stand cut out of the rock, and the dark object is an oil lamp—the form dating back to the Greek and Roman days. The white object in the centre is a bedstead cut out of the rock, and there are comfortable mattresses

filled with wool, and native blankets or rugs. Above the bedstead is a sort of cupboard. To the right are large oil and water jars. At the back of the cave are couscous covers, the largest one having come from Ghadamess. These covers and couscous plates are highly prized and very ornamental. Above the plates and covers is a Persian picture and an Arab almanac."

"The wives of the sheik live in a cave similar to this next to it, and so do the sons and their wives and children. The question of rent is not of great importance. When a youth is strong enough to carry a gun and take care of some sheep or goats, or manage a few camels, he takes to himself a young wife. When a man marries he has to give to the parents of his future bride a gift. These gifts may vary according to the tribe and country."

"Back in the mountain ranges of northern Africa are various tribes of Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, living to-day about the same as did their ancestors during the life of Christ, and, if Roman and Greek writers are to be believed, these Troglodytes were then considered a curious and ancient people. The Troglodyte town of Chinini has a great reputation for first-class cooks. One man was called to Rome, and was chief pastry cook to Pope Leo XIII."

Mr. Johnson divides these people into three classes, viz.: First, Troglodytes that live under the earth like Matmata; second, Troglodytes that live in caves or dig holes in the hill-side; third, Climbing Troglodytes. He adds: "Since I have visited them all and studied them in their homes—slept, eaten, and lived among them—it seems to me they are all originally climbing Troglodytes who have adopted the dwelling and abode best suited to their wants. Almost all of the Troglodytes are semi-nomads, and leave their mountain homes to wander in the plains and deserts that extend from their mountains to the Mediterranean, or pitch their gourbis on some mountain side far away from any village, where their goats and camels can find something to eat."

fashioned reading-glass, a neck-lace, a scrap of lace, a cowbean hair, a tiny pearl ring. These are old heirlooms, the parting gift friends, the last articles of value have been kept for the "lean year." They are placed in the cabinet to be sold. A romance lies in each. There was a day when a certain uable miniature of a once famous caught the eye of a visitor to the change, and she asked that the cabinet be opened that she might see it. It was handed her, and she examined carefully, finally saying: "I want if I can get it at my price." "I said one of the managers dubio this belongs to one of our collectors, who is most anxious to make sale. She is a 'shut-in,' and months has been sending in her work, but nothing of hers has ever sold. This miniature is the last she wants to part with; but if make an offer, I will see what says." The would-be purchaser itated just an instant, her eyes admiringly and lovingly on the exquisite coloring and delicate work of the old miniature, and asked: "Need she sell this then if other work were bought?" "Per not for the present," was the reply, and the answer came quick. "Then, in place of this, I will buy the work she has done—the work has not yet been sold. And," she said, "if it has been reduced in price, I will buy it at the original sum asked."

This is not charity. It is the love. And it is on this principle the Woman's Exchange, a practical philanthropy, hopes to rise to its best power.



London Plume

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Tips are back! The smartest hat of the season are trimmed with them. They are used around the crown of picture hats; also used in two groups, three each on the high street hats, giving the typically French dash and style.

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Increase its income by means other ladies find pleasant and profitable. No canvassing. No answer to this will mean dollars to you. Read what others have done. Write for it.

EMPIRE SALES CO., 1 Manhattan Ave., New York

## Exchange for Woman's Work

Continued from page 1039

more than you would think. I had to do most of it by daylight, the sewing was so fine, and I feel as if I had red peppers instead of eyes, they burn so. It's pretty, though, don't you think?"

"Exquisite!" assented the manager warmly. "No, indeed, I don't think fifteen dollars a mite too much. Hand work takes so much care and time! It's a pity there's so little profit on it."

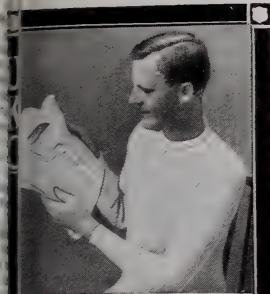
The Exchange charges ten per cent. commission on all sales. Naturally, the larger part of its profits come from the sale of large articles. Its scope is constantly widening, and, in contrast to the thirty poorly made and undesirable articles with which it opened its doors in 1878, the Exchange now occupies three floors, and every room is crowded with the handiwork of the women it strives to aid. Consignments come from all over the United States, from Alaska, Canada and Cuba.

In the eighty-five exchanges in America and Europe, women are finding a use for their varied talents, and enjoying the sweetness of remunerated labor. Some of them are sending early vegetables to market, some are managing farms, others are decorating houses or keeping ladies' reception rooms in order; some are in the real estate business; others make a business of mending, writing letters, making lace, keeping accounts, shopping for the wealthy. One woman in robust health and vigor, who is ignorant of any kind of woman's work,

draws a good salary by taking pet dogs out for an airing every day in the week when the sun shines! A Southern woman who was "land-poor" conceived the thought of furnishing pine cones and "kindling" for the bright fires of city homes. The Exchange finds quick market for these. "Usually," says one of the experienced members of the Exchange, "our contributors begin their work with no confidence in themselves and a general awe of the buying public. Consequently, their first efforts are in the line of a wide and often futile guess at what other people want—an anxious effort to cater to an unknown taste. But as this unaccustomedness wears away, the character and judgment of the woman come into play. She begins to consider what is satisfactory to herself in the things she buys and uses, or in the things she has bought and used. So faults in the use or purpose of articles are avoided. The best shapes for ease of wear and laundering are chosen; cheap vulgarities of fragile lace are eliminated, and the product of her industry becomes a satisfactory article."

Standing against the wall, in the main room of the Woman's Exchange in New York, is a handsome cabinet with locked doors. One can peer through the glass panels, and see what lies within. It seems to be a collection of very old and very varied articles. There is an old, old miniature of a young girl in the short-waisted dress of a bygone age; there is a delicately





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## FROM TEXAS

ome Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State.

on a beautiful farm down in Texas, the gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling through flowery meads, comes a note of attitude for delivery from the coffee

When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for me than the old kind of drug coffee. I was not disappointed in it or it enabled me, a small delicate man, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby months.

I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of it, and I discovered to my joy that it has really relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.

My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become more fond of it than he was of old coffee. In fact the entire family, from the arrival (a 2-year-old who always calls for his "potie" first thing in the morning) up to the head of the house, all there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

I read the little book, "The Road to Health," in pgs. "There's a Reason." I never read the above letter? A new appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# National Reformation\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**W**E have missed nearly half the Bible's message in that many such passages, which really apply to national sin and national repentance and national restoration, have commonly been quoted as if God dealt only with individuals. The revivalist cuts off at a comma God's summons of a nation to judgment: "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel." The judgment day of nations comes in this world, and the tribes of Israel were "lost" forever in the land of captivity, from which they never returned. A "remnant" of Judah, however, came back from captivity, singing such songs through their four months' journey toward Jerusalem as that of our lesson, and claimed for their "sinful nation" that snow promise of Isaiah that has seldom been applied, as Isaiah meant it, to the purifying of politics, the cleansing of a "sinful nation": "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The most appropriate place for that text is under a whitening Prohibition map of the United States, or a whitening missionary map of the world. That promise means more than a white life for one, or "a white life for two"; it means a white country and a white world.

It is a good promise to grip on when the Christian patriot is almost hopeless of national "salvation." That is what salvation usually means in the Bible—the "salvation of Israel." Isaiah, the prophet who uses it most, speaks of the same thing as the good news, the Gospel, which has also been belittled as if it concerned individuals only, when it means nothing less than a Christianized community (Luke 4: 16). "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me"—that is the personal part; but that is only the seed of the Gospel. The full-grown tree is a community where blind asylums, prison reform, emancipation of slaves, and social justice between weak and strong, rich and poor, make up in social justice an "acceptable year" of our Lord.

### I. Our Nation Should Repent and Return from Captivity

Like Rome before it fell, most of our people seem to care for little just now save "bread and games." The picture in the chapters of Isaiah of the sins that sickened Judah and killed Israel seems like a snap-shot of our own present social conditions. A sense of personal sin seems to-day almost a lost art. But a sense of social sin, so prominent all through the prayers of Bible prophets—the recognition that a whole church, a whole city, a whole nation may be unitedly guilty of wrong doing—that can hardly be conceived in our individualistic age. What everybody does, nobody does, in the common view.

Let us pray that those Christian qualities of our national character which were so notable in the past may be restored. Neither in public nor in private is there enough prayer for the nation—indeed, save in the services of one denomination, on rare occasions one hardly hears a prayer for the President or Congress; for governor or legislature or mayor or city council; for the responsible master of them all, the Sovereign Citizen, whose ballot is a sceptre, to be received with solemn awe as at a coronation, and used with a sense of deep responsibility to God, to the home and to humanity. There are few heresies so wicked as one generally believed by Christians, that politics belong outside their sphere. Would that we could induce all Sunday School teach-

ers to read *The New Citizenship*, by Professor S. Z. Batten, which pictures the State as God's "institute of right relations" and politics as "the science of social welfare," which aims at "the achievement of a social order in which the ideals of humanity shall be realized." "Patriotism is that deep strong passion for the higher, larger interests of the people." May there come such civic revivals in our land that we may soon adopt the songs of returning Judah, and sing:

Jehovah, thou hast been favorable unto thy land.  
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.  
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people.  
Thou hast covered all their sin.

### II. Men and Women May Return from Captivity

What we have said thus far interprets the lesson's most direct and deepest meaning; but we will not forget that if the nation will not yet repent God will bring back from the captivity of sin, with songs of deliverance, every repentant soul. All Old Testament history can be summed up in those words which recur so often in Judges: "Evil," "Distress," "Deliverance." Sin always brings sorrow. It is one of the shallowest confidence games in the world, and ought to deceive no one. It is but the spinning red hook, for which the fish leaps, only to add to it the red of his blood and die in captivity. Sin always involves such injustice and ingratitude to God and man that when a man "comes to himself" he despises himself for his meanness. He sees he has given neither God nor man a square deal. This "godly sorrow," that is, God-like sorrow, of repentance is really a step toward joy, for the penitent is digging for the foundations to make himself a temple of God. In a square look at his own need, he is making room for God and the joy of restoration.

The essential thing in repentance is not sorrow for sin, but turning from it, for repentance means turning again or returning; coming back to Jerusalem from captivity.

In the park about the national capitol there has been some wonderful tree surgery of late. Imagine a man having his diseased backbone and breast bone removed, and some non-living substance put in their place, and the almost severed halves of the body bolted together, and life going on through it all, and he flourishing "like a green bay tree" ever after. That is what has been done to one tree so decayed that almost anywhere else it would have been cut down or left to be ripped asunder by wind or thunderbolt in the first great storm. The tree is saved, but shall bear its ugly scars forever. This salvation of a hard case, apparently a hopeless case among the trees, is more than matched in thousands of transformations of men and women, who, reaching the state of utter misery in sin, and almost of despair, have heard the story of some other sinner saved, and have seized the hope thus thrown to them, and by a combination of divine and human forces have been changed in mind and soul and body, in a conversion that is also a resurrection.

### III. Children Should Avoid Being Led Into Captivity

In the classes of boys and girls, who make up the major part of our Sunday Schools, it may not be best to spend so much time on either national or personal restoration from the bitter captivity of sin as on ways of keeping out of captivity. The captivity of the Jews in Babylon, who were not slaves but only subjects, like the people of India, was far too mild to picture the captivity of sin. Even the

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for October 29, 1911. P. 85. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." Ps. 126: 3.

# No Darning Till April, 1912

You get this guarantee if you buy six pairs of famous Holeproof Hose for men, women, or children. If these hose do not wear without holes, tips or any necessity of darning for six full months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free. That means six months that you don't have to think about darning. It means six months of comfort and six months of style.

We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for our yarn, yet yarn is sold for as low as 30 cents. We spend \$55,000 a year merely for inspection. Yet with all these advantages "Holeproof" sell at the cost of common hose.

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|-------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1     | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  |    |    |    |
| 6     | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |    |
| 13    | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
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Six pairs of plain or mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six months, cost \$1.50 up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight.

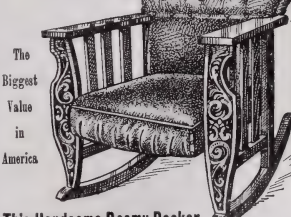
There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men. Seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Silk hose for men cost \$2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. Three pairs of women's silk hose cost \$3.00, guaranteed three months. The genuine are in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Continued on next page



## Peace Circles Discuss War

THERE never has been a time since the inauguration of the Peace Movement when peace soldiers should so dauntlessly stand by their principles. The efforts to further peace on earth should be redoubled. Where heretofore we have held one and two meetings to discuss the pros and cons of war and peace.

The black war-cloud upon the horizon will be dispelled by the sunlight of truth and justice, never fear. Italy by her precipitate course has so far succeeded only in shocking the world, and the peace-loving element of the civilized nations unanimously cry, "Shame! Shame!"

Because a nation keen with the greed of conquest and an overreaching desire to extend the sphere of its national influence has seen fit to tear down the barriers erected by the conventions to prevent just such catastrophes is no reason why we should lose heart or believe the World's Peace Movement to be powerless against the human nature of nations. Such peremptory actions on the part of Italy and the Ottoman Empire, though they are both signatories, casts no "unmistakable imputation of hypocrisy" upon the Hague Treaties. Seldom in the annals of warfare has war been so universally denounced; never has Peace advocacy been so strengthened. It is as though war itself, by boldly showing itself futile, expensive, dispiriting, paralyzing, argued before the world for peace.

### The Voice of the People

Depressed markets, disorganized finance, unsettled commercial condi-

### PAPER-BAG COOKERY

Marion Harland writes in *Cooking Revolutionized*: "It seems preposterous to say that almost everything can be cooked in paper bags, on a broiler, in any and every kind of oven, and that food thus cooked is undeniably more savory than food cooked in other ways, but such is beyond a doubt the case, as has been proved by the adoption of the method on the grand scale in England and the colonies. The inventor and perfecter of the method is Nicholas Soyer, chef of Brooks' Club, London, and grandson of Soyer the greatest of Franco-English Cordons Bleus. The method is fully explained in Nicholas Soyer's book, *Paper-Bag Cookery*, just published."

Margaret Sangster writes: "When the phrase 'paper-bag cookery' was first mentioned in my hearing I imagined it to be a new variety of picnic convenience. It now transpires that paper-bag cookery has been introduced into English homes by a noted London chef, and its wave of popularity has literally swept across the United Kingdom. On this side of the Atlantic the idea will probably meet with immediate approval and acceptance, the fact being that almost everything on the table may be prepared to excellent advantage if inserted in a paper bag. The article to be cooked, whether roast or broiled meat, chicken or vegetable, is placed in the bag, which completely envelops it, and is folded in such a way that none of the juices escape in the cooking process."

The great advantage of paper-bag cooking over all other methods is the elimination of the pots and pans, and the terrible trouble of cleaning them, the getting rid of odors and other undesirable features with which every housekeeper is familiar.

We will send you the book, *Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery*, with a package of two dozen different-sized paper bags, entirely free if you will send us one new subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with \$1.50; and we will send entirely free to the new subscriber a copy of our 1012 Almanac, containing valuable and interesting information on many topics, with stories, poems and anecdotes, making altogether a most delightful book.

tions, paralyzed industries and a threatened burden of war tax has aroused the people. The recent general uprising of five hundred thousand workmen in Germany manifesting displeasure at the idea of war with France; the mass meetings in Italy to-day led by the Socialists, and a general awakening, throughout civilized countries, of the masses, manifests clearly enough that the people are alive to the fact that it is upon their shoulders the actual burden of warfare falls heaviest. It is from the masses that armies are equipped; it is the workmen who are to serve in conscript armies. They and their families would not only lose the wages earned in times of peace, but death and disablement contingent upon war result widely in the rank and file. The advantages that might be gained even by a successful war are in the minds of the masses everywhere clearly outweighed by the losses.

### Programme

Roll Call.  
Officers' Reports.  
Reading of the Minutes.  
Unfinished Business.  
Reading of Matter from Headquarters and General Discussion of Topic: *Patriotism and Peace, How to Teach them in the Schools.*  
Songs, Recitations, Refreshments.  
Announcement of Next Place of Meeting. Rally and Disband.

The most important people within reach should now be invited to address your CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circle. When speakers are secured, then through your church and local newspapers issue a general call, inviting every one to come to this meeting. Now is the time to show we are in earnest in our work. Let the Peace Circles already established show they are made up of true soldiers of God and Peace.

### Peace Pamphlet and Organization Leaflet

The pamphlet containing suggested topics for speeches and debates at the next CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League meeting (a booklet of 31 pages) will be forwarded free of cost, together with the Organization Leaflet, to all those who are interested in our Peace Movement and to the business men and prominent citizens, trades people and teachers whose names those who are already interested will kindly send to the Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York City.

### Sunday School Lesson

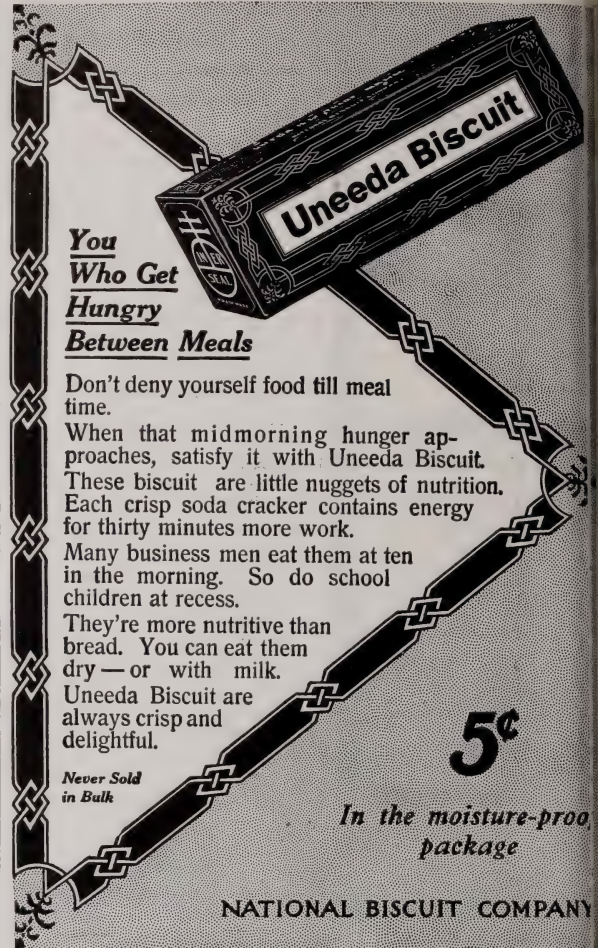
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slavery which holds only the body captive, while the soul may be free and glad, does not fully illustrate the condition of one on whose soul are the chains of selfishness and hatred and envy and jealousy and covetousness; or whose body is held in a vice by some habit—which means "it has you," that is, some thing is master of a man. Many a boy is like Gulliver, mastered by the Liliputians, for he is really the captive of his cigarette. God made men and animals to be masters of all vegetable forms, but this boy—and some men, too—is the helpless slave of a weed, and a chopped-up weed at that. In these days of many "habit-forming drugs," when ninety drinks condemned by the United States Bureau of Chemistry are sold at the soda fountains, every boy should write large in the front of his memory Sir Isaac Newton's motto, "I make myself no necessities." And there are three other good mottoes with which to bar the tempting road to captivity:

Nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remember.

A good time is one that does not go off with the having.

Self-denial is self-love living for the future.



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Don't deny yourself food till meal time.

When that midmorning hunger approaches, satisfy it with Uneeda Biscuit. These biscuits are little nuggets of nutrition. Each crisp soda cracker contains energy for thirty minutes more work.

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Prominent physicians in many cases are abandoning drugs for this new treatment. If your mind or body is tired, or you have rheumatism, blood, stomach, liver, kidney and skin troubles, open your pores, and feel the rapid change in your condition, right at home, at a cost of 2c a bath. The Robinson Bath Cabinet is the only scientifically constructed bath cabinet ever made, a model of economy. Great #2 Book Sent FREE—"The Philosophy of Health and Beauty" represents lifetime of thought of well-known scientists and is written simply so that any one can understand every word. Write in time-today. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. ROBINSON MFG. CO., 184 Southlake Bldg., Toledo, O.

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WE have received so many requests for copies of the financial articles which have been appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that we thought it wise to preserve them in pamphlet form. Any reader may secure a copy of this useful booklet without charge, by forwarding 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address

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with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them—they are perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear.

Artificial EAR DRUM COMP. Pat. July 15, 1918.

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# Young People's Societies

## Missions in Europe\*

TURKEY, one of the world's most difficult mission fields, is just now of peculiar interest. The war with Italy has halted hopeful reforms, may lead to fresh outrages. Even before this sudden war-panic, matters were in a bad way there. The Albanian language could be laid aside for the Turkish received sullenly and but half-loyed. The people are emigrating in large numbers to America, and we all now have a chance to do effective mission work with them, close at hand. The missionaries consider, however, that in the active work upon the physical development of the state, they will receive great benefit, if they do not prevent. Automobiling struck the fancy of the rich Turks, and measures are on foot toward a system of good roads throughout the empire. Railroads are in process of building. The natural resources of the empire are being developed, and education is becoming general and more prized. In all these signs of the times, the missionaries find great cause for encouragement, for transportation both for themselves and their Bibles will soon be easier, and a higher state of intelligence will open the minds of the people to the reception of the truth.

In many of our foreign mission fields, much is made of conferences. One week of prayer accompanies precedes them. The Rev. Edward Haskell, long one of our most efficient workers in Salonica, describes in glowing terms such an one, which was not long ago at Monospitovo. So much interest was awakened that the meetings were prolonged for four weeks. Many were converted, the editoriums were packed to the doors, and "long years of spiritual drought" were followed by showers of blessing. Christians were alarmed in some quarters at the news, apparently authentic, that the Moslems were making, in 1910, a determined effort to gain a footing in England. It was said that they were securing many converts; but a thorough investigation has shown that though a man claiming to be a Moslem missionary is really holding "meetings" in London, he accomplished nothing and by a few stragglers rallied round a standard. The civilized common sense of the twentieth century Anglo-American cannot possibly stoop to the surdities of Mohammedanism.

Russia has long been a most disturbing field for evangelical effort. Strict edicts forbade the gathering of protestants in any public place, and now they are held under protest, and are broken up upon the slightest pretext. Actual persecution of the evangelical pastors has prevailed, the apostles being especially singled out for such treatment. The recent great apostle gathering in Philadelphia discussed the situation, and laid plans for an extension of the work.

The Danish Missionary Society is doing a good work in Greenland. Norwegian Christians are sending missionaries to Madagascar, to the Philippines and to China. Sweden is also working in Zululand, and also in China, in Turkestan and in Russia. They have a medical mission in Bethlehem and a crowded school in Jerusalem. Even little Finland is sending out missionaries by the score. Unfortunately Greece prohibits the circulation of the Bible in the native vernacular. Says the *Missionary Review*: "What this means to the national and spiritual life of Greece, let those who, during the present year, have joined together all over the world in thanking God for three hundred years of a vernacular English Bible."

## Abstinence and Prosperity\*

IN one of our great cities there is a pleasant street on which stand two beautiful houses. Broad lawns surround them. In the rear of each is a bright garden. They are famous in the neighborhood as "the two houses which Jack Thornburn drank up." He was left a generous sum by a rich uncle. The major part of his legacy he invested in these fine houses. In one of them he himself lived for some years, but the awful thirst of the drunkard possessed him. He became unfit for his business and was obliged to move into a cheap house and mortgage his other property. Little by little, the saloon-keeper gained control of both of those beautiful homes. Into one of them he moved his own family. It took less than ten years to accomplish the transfer. Frequenters of that saloon said that poor Jack was urged by the liquor-seller to drink more and more and more, as the two houses approached nearer and nearer to his ownership. The pictures which these conditions summon to mind are almost too horrible to think of.

But there are really no pictures connected with wine and liquor which are pleasant.

A lady went not long ago to a dinner where a different sort of wine was served with almost every one of the nine or ten courses, as often happens at fine dinners. She herself never drank wine. The faces of the other guests, as is usually the case, flushed more and more, and their tongues flew faster and faster as the dinner proceeded. All were refined and highly educated, but they laughed more loudly than was their custom when not under the influence of wine, and they said many foolish things.

For instance, a young man of high intellectual ability took his seat beside this sober lady (the only really sober one present) and remarked with a foolish smile, "Do you prefer Asia or Africa?"

"Really," she replied, "I have no choice."

"Oh!" he said, apologetically. "Some prefer Africa."

Now, although this poor fellow was not what is called "intoxicated," yet he was certainly making an absurd spectacle of himself.

When this lady, in the hope of impressing a friend of hers with the folly, if not the immorality, of drinking wine at dinner, related this incident, the friend proved her imperviousness to argument by saying, "Well, you should have taken the wine in a well-bred way, as the others did, and then they would not have seemed so silly to you."

"You think it would have been better that we should all have been silly together?" asked the lady.

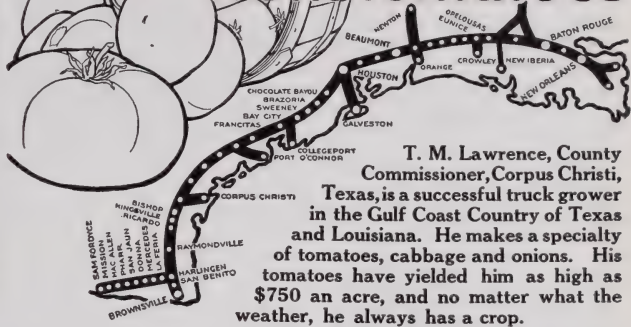
"Certainly," responded the obstinate one. "Far better."

One wonders how people can so degrade their reason as to argue thus.

Mention has been made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the admirable little book upon the effects of alcohol, by H. S. Williams, M.D., LL.D., published in New York by the Century Company. It marshals an array of unanswerable facts and arguments to show that alcohol is very seldom a help to the human system, and is usually an injury. A new and powerful statement of the same sort was made lately in *Harper's Weekly*, by the distinguished chemist and physician, Dr. Norman Ditman. Experiments and researches are described, which throw a flood of new light upon this problem.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, October 29. TEXT: Jer. 35.

# \$750 an Acre from Tomatoes



T. M. Lawrence, County Commissioner, Corpus Christi, Texas, is a successful truck grower in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. He makes a specialty of tomatoes, cabbage and onions. His tomatoes have yielded him as high as \$750 an acre, and no matter what the weather, he always has a crop.

How about your income? Is it as big or as sure as Mr. Lawrence's? If he can make \$750 an acre, others can make good money. If you had only 10 acres and made \$750 an acre wouldn't you feel pretty comfortable and independent? Any man with ordinary intelligence can manage 10 acres. After you get started you will want more. Better investigate this at once, don't wait until someone else gets your job before you break away. Go down to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana and become your own boss. Lead a healthful out-door life on your own land and lay money away in the bank.

## Investigate this Wonderful Country

The trip down there, via the Frisco, is worth the little cost of going. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, round trip fares, via the Frisco Lines to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, are very low - Chicago \$37.50, St. Louis and Kansas City \$32.50, Birmingham \$37.50, New Orleans and Baton Rouge \$30 or less. To many points the fare will be even less.

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\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, October 29. TEXT: Acts 16: 14-15.

See our new Magazine Combination Offers on page 1055.



# A Square Deal for Bad Boys

Continued from page 1031

beast to be held under lock and key. When a young tough familiar with the old type of reform school is brought into the Parental School, he undoubtedly has the surprise of his life. His universe turns upside down, and everything proceeds by the law of opposites. No clanging, huge iron doors shut off the world. Around the buildings, on the top of a country hill, there is not even a fence.

"Jack," says Mr. Todd, "I'm going to give you a square deal." And Jack gets it, for probably the first time in his life; and probably he has had more than his share of blows, and has pictured the Parental School as a house of terror. He finds himself in a school—and a mighty nice one at that—where he had expected a jail.

"Wot a cinch!" he breathes, with a deep sense of relief, as he is taken into one of the homelike cottages and given in charge of a kindly-faced woman, who takes him down to the basement. Here he is given a shower bath and a complete outfit of clean clothes. Then the woman who will for the next six or seven months be everything to him that his own mother should have been gives him a towel, tooth-brush, comb and other useful necessities which have previously been unknown to Jack's domestic economy. He notices that all these things bear the number 20. He asks the reason. "Everything in this

house that you find bearing that number belongs to you," says the matron, who shows him a neat little locker in which to keep his clothes. "You'll have a uniform in a few days if you are good," she says.

"Keep the boys occupied" is my motto," said Mr. Todd, as he showed me over the school. "Keep them so busy that when night comes they are so physically tired that they can only sleep. Work and the 'square deal' are the only important things. From six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night they are busy with some form of occupation. On Saturday they are continuously busy from six in the morning till three in the afternoon, when they are allowed time for recreation. On Sundays there is a five or ten mile walk on the programme, sandwiched in, in cold weather, with occasional conferences with a neighboring woodpile. There is plenty of work of this sort ahead, as some thousand chestnut trees have to be cut down. Now, you know, boys can't go through that sort of training for six months or more without getting some good out of it. It may not tell now, but it will later on. The net education cost is only \$3.64 per week, and when we get our full capacity it will be less. Now just consider that proposition for a minute. When you place a misguided youth in one of our 'flushing' cottages you render unnecessary services of the truant officer, the policeman, and the Children's Court. In the course of six months or so a little street loafer, a prospective criminal or vagrant, is changed into a worker or a prospective trader, who in a working life of fifty years may be expected to earn at least \$25,000. And so, from the standpoint of the dollar alone, the Parental School is a proposition with infinite possibilities of future profit to the community.

"I work on the reverse principle in applying suggestions. For example, if I made military training a part of the discipline they would all hate it. But when it is explained that the wearing of the uniform is to give a smarter appearance, and when it is applied solely as a reward of merit, then they all want it. Corporal punishment is not allowed here, and the youngsters are never 'licked.' For a minor offense a boy will be deprived of his uniform and compelled to attend drill between two boy policemen, or he will be deprived of attending the Saturday night stereotypical lecture. For a serious offense a boy's house will be kept standing on the line for a couple of hours a day without uniform unless the guilty one confesses. You may depend upon it," said Mr. Todd, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that the guilty boy's housemates generally see to it that he confesses."

"What part of your training yields the best result?" I asked Mr. Todd.

"No one department more than another," he replied. "I have never yet had a boy who kicked at hard work. They want it, and if their energies had been rightly directed in the first place they would never have got here. We civilize the boy by cultivating a proper respect for law and order, and impressing upon him the uselessness and consequences of disobedience. He is taught the habit of work, the virtue of self-control, and the necessity for personal integrity. That is what the Parental School does for him. Here is what he does for the Parental School. He helps to make annually 65,000 loaves of bread, helps to launder 300,000 pieces of linen, helps to make plumbing and carpentry repairs about the school, helps to raise 1,900 bushels of potatoes, 8,000 heads of cabbage, 400 bushels of yellow corn, 14,400 ears of sweet corn, 500 bushels of tomatoes, and hundreds of bushels of smaller vegetables. He does most of the housework in the cottages, even the mending. In the tailor shop

he helps to make summer and winter uniforms and sundry other articles. He does all the school printing and some of the printing for the Board of Education.

Mr. Todd is a great believer in the benefit of allowing the boys a place in which they can "let off steam." In the basement of each cottage is a large play room, absolutely devoid of furniture, with a concrete floor, where the boys can play shuffle board, hand ball, or have boxing matches, after the dinner hour or before going to bed.

In the administration building there are ten well-equipped class rooms, the walls of which are covered with specimens of the pupils' work, handwriting, drawings, water colors, maps, and specimens of articles such as cushion covers, waste paper baskets, which have been made by the boys, many of whom when they came to the school could neither read nor write.

Not the least interesting phase of the Parental School is its boy policemen. Picked boys take turns at policing the grounds, and see to it that no boy breaks any of the few simple rules of the institution. John Smith, one of the new boys, stole a penknife from another boy before he had absorbed the true spirit of the school. He was promptly hauled off to Mr. Todd's office by a squad of boy "cops." Mr. Todd suggested, with a smile, that "you handle the case yourselves." So John was taken before a boy court and was sentenced by a solemn boy judge to receive a sound pummeling. And it was forthwith administered. The boy judge on such occasions dispenses justice with an impartiality and discrimination that seems incredible until one remembers how well boys know one another. Punishment is always put where the culprits feel it most!

Occasionally a sneak thief from a neighboring village, or a tramp, steals into the grounds in ignorance of the character of the place. There are many fruit trees on the estate, which the boys guard with jealous eyes for the fruit is equally distributed when ripe. A couple of tramps last summer were discovered by Jerry, a boy policeman, with about two quarts of cherries. With a howl of virtuous indignation Jerry (who, by the way, was sent to the school from the Children's Court for carrying a loaded gun and playing havoc generally with the entire decalogue) leaped on to the cherry thief. The latter was an Italian, and whipped out a knife, thinking to terrify the boy. But it takes more than a knife to faze a New York street arab, and Jerry was soon grappling with the thief. Meanwhile, several of the other boys came up and between them made short work of the Italian, who was literally dragged across the fields into Mr. Todd's office.

"I knew," said Mr. Todd, "that if I turned the man over to the local authorities I would have to waste a lot of valuable time in appealing against him. 'You come along with me,' I said to the fellow, and, with a couple of boys on each side of him, we marched him down to the first cottage and into the basement. It was play time, and as I pushed him through the door I said to the boys, 'Here is a cherry thief.' That was enough. They just pounced on him, and dragged him into the bath room. They turned on the cold water and held him under the shower with his clothes on until he was pretty nearly drowned; then they took him upstairs and told him to get out. He ran as if Old Nick was after him, and the boys chased him clear off the grounds and for about a mile down the road. I have never seen him since, nor have I any more trouble with sneak thieves."

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FINE NAVY BLUE'S  
WOOL SERGE SUIT  
SWELL STRIPED  
WORSTED TROUSERS  
AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR

Outfitters are gone now! 10,000 year heavy BLUE WOOL SERGE with swell striped worsted trousers and dandy safety razor. If you order within 30 days you will throw in as a premium with the suit and trousers at \$4.95 a high-class safety razor guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any \$8.00 and \$10.00 razor. If you order the suit it will come in navy blue worsted serge with swell striped trousers. The suit is a perfect weave and bound in the finest material. The suit is made up by expert tailors. The suit is a perfect weave and bound in the finest material. The suit is made up by expert tailors.

**THE FREE TROUSE**  
which we give with the suit. \$4.95 are made of beautiful, fancy striped worsted, are very durable, and perfect fit. This is the most satisfactory and wonderful offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to beat our offer. **SEND \$1.00** deposit, name No. X-41, give full name, height and weight, and we will send you a complete outfit of the finest navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of trousers. The outfit is a complete outfit of the finest navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of trousers. The outfit is a complete outfit of the finest navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of trousers.

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The value of the course cannot be overstated. At first I earned \$12.50 a week, but before I had studied six months I gained so much practical knowledge that I received \$20 to \$30 a week. I have almost doubled my earning power. Mrs. Beatrice Rice, Chautauqua Nurse, Vancouver, B. C. (Photo.)

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**See our new Magazine Combination Offers on page 1055.**

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—That Anyone Can Play—



A Song at Twilight with the Cecilian

If you have music in your soul, you need not be restrained by having untrained fingers. On the Cecilian, your own ideas, your own ideals, may mould the musical masterpieces into something intimately your own.

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Is adaptable to steam boiler, hot air or hot water furnace. Can be installed in an evening by any one who can use a hammer or screwdriver. Requires no attention, winding or adjustment, replenishment or repair. No springs or batteries to play out, cannot get out of order.

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## American Boy

Give it to your boy. It will appeal to his finer sensibilities than the tawdry, soon-forgotten gifts. The *American Boy* is the finest educator a father can have. It develops his sense of honor, manliness and morality. It trains him to live and grow right. The *American Boy* contains stories written by men who understand the American boy—his hobbies, his skill, travel, history, biography and world events, beautifully illustrated. It is the biggest, brightest and best magazine for boys in all the world. The *American Boy* is eagerly read by 500,000 intelligent, manly American boys. Your boy is ought to be allowed to have his own magazine, all to himself. This is the one—"grown up" list, and make your son happy.

## Farm Journal

is the standard farm and home paper of America: made for housekeepers, boys and girls, as well as for stock-growers, poultrymen, stockmen, dairymen, suburbanites and village people. It has always stood up for women. It is clean, brief, bright, "boiled down," intensely practical. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It is thirty-three years old, and known everywhere. "Judge Biggle" and "Peter Turnbush" are characters better known to many than Hamlet or Mowgli. Its poultry department is famous.

## Modern Priscilla

First, last and all the time, the best Fancy Work Magazine published in America. If not in the world. A practical instructor and reliable adviser in every branch of feminine handicraft known to women, including all kinds of embroidery, crochet, knitting, and bead work, basketry, stenciling, oil, water-color and china painting, art leather work, art brass work, pyrography, etc. Every number is profusely illustrated with beautiful original designs and full-size details of stitches. Besides fancy work, *Modern Priscilla* provides its readers specially edited departments for mothers, with suggestions for home kindergarten work and stories for the little ones; for housekeepers, with many a good recipe and "helps" and lore; for the hostess, with helpful ideas and suggestions; for the home dressmaker, with practical instructions; for the fashion and pattern department second to none; and for the woman who values her personal appearance, with "beauty" suggestions that all can apply.

## Success

The only home magazine that is not a woman's publication, a children's paper or a far-fetched journal. It is a combination of the *National Post* and the united magazine for 1912 promises a remarkable assortment of strong, live articles on the questions of the hour, and stories by our best fiction writers, old and new. Among the magazine's special features for 1912 are Orison Sweet Holden's inspiring editorial articles; a vigorous, readable review every month of the world's leading events and chat about the striking personalities of the day; Mark Currie's Home Corner and Pin Money Papers for women readers, twelve fearless, progressive editorials on the questions before the people; highly prophetic and timely news items least welcome to our readers, a page of the month's best anecdotes.

## The Housewife

*The Housewife* is pre-eminently a magazine for the woman who has the care and development of her home at heart. *The Housewife* has more interesting and entertaining stories than any other magazine of a similar class. The stories are always wholesome and are replete with suggestions for home decoration, entertainment and amusement. It is the largest and best magazine for the home published at a popular price and for many years has been recognized as the foremost woman's household magazine by hundreds of thousands of readers. It is a beautifully colored cover design drawn by some famous artist of national reputation. *The Housewife* is always interesting, entertaining, cheerful, helpful and clean.

## People's Home Journal

By bringing good literature within the reach of the reading public of this country, *The People's Home Journal* has probably done more than any other popular fiction and home magazine to help build up the American home into the great national bulwark that it is today. For the past twenty-five years fathers and mothers have looked to *The People's Home Journal* for their reading and the reading for their children. This magazine has had a wonderful influence for good in every one of the homes—almost a million—into which it goes. It has become famous for its brilliant serial and short stories. Then you will also find all kinds of departments to cover a multitude of home subjects, such as cooking, care of children, entertainment, latest styles in clothing and newest fashions in needlework.

## Pictorial Review

claims pre-eminence among women's magazines for four reasons: *First*, for its fashions, which are easily the most stylish, correct and most practical of any magazine published anywhere. *Second*, for its common-sense, essentially helpful, practical home and household departments, which cover the whole field of housekeeping and its problems. *Pictorial Review* devotes more space to these departments than any magazine in this country. *Third*, for the wealth and interest of its art and literary sections. *Pictorial Review* stories are good stories, better and more interesting, longer stories than you are apt to find in the pages of other women's magazines. *Fourth*, last, but not least, for its uplifting, instructive special articles bearing on home problems by the best and most popular writers.

## Little Folks

Love and joy and goodness will be presented in stories of real and imaginary children and creatures and things. Besides the charming stories and pictures, there will be suggestions to keep them happily busy in beneficial work or joyous play. The child will love the magazine, and will remember the donor with gratitude. *Little Folks* tell stories that are intense in interest, fascinating in fancy, charming in childishness, amazingly amusing, and all-around delightful, artistic and numerous.

## Current Literature

*Current Literature* is an illustrated review of the large events and important literature of the month. It is so in touch with the changing world that even its editor cannot tell what subjects will be created by it a month ahead. The great currents of thought and action, in politics and industry, science and religion, in literature and the drama, are all brilliantly mirrored in its pages. It keeps the whole field in both hemispheres, as no other magazine in the world has ever before done, and gives you the interpretations on all sides of all vital questions. The chief departments of *Current Literature* are: A Review of the World, which is a comprehensive review of the news of the times by the editor-in-chief. This is the chief feature of the magazine and one of surpassing interest and value. Then come Persons in the Foreground; Science and Discovery; Music and Drama; and Religion and Ethics.

## World Evangel

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are Sunday School teachers and scholars should fail to include *The World Evangel* in their combination magazine orders. *The Evangel* is the teaching Sunday School magazine. It makes teaching delightful and effective, its fund of anecdotes enabling the teacher to interest scholars of all grades. Its International Lesson Study Department provides the best available exposition and information, and its lesson-teaching department is divided into Adult, Intermediate and Primary Departments. Comment on International Graded Lessons (Primary, Junior, first, second, or third year, and intermediate first and second year furnished, if desired). In addition to the lesson comment, by special articles, present the most successful methods and news. Margaret Slattery is a contributor. *The Evangel* will save time and increase your efficiency.

## Outlook

During the coming year the *Outlook* will be of more importance to you than even during the last, as the discussions in the political field will be of great interest due to the approaching presidential election and the outcome of the Taft policies. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt will write in his trenchant editorials on the public questions of the day. In these articles he will continue to discuss the movements for clean politics, honest business and popular government. Not even the editors of the *Outlook* themselves agree with all that Mr. Roosevelt writes, but every one must agree that what he writes commands attention. You will enjoy the *Outlook*, for it is unquestionably one of the best edited and illustrated periodicals in existence. Do not forget. *The Outlook*, with its 52 issues, includes the 12 double magazine numbers.

# Lowest Price Magazine Club Offers

The present season, 1911-1912, shows many changes in our magazine clubbing offers. A number of publishers have found it necessary, because of improved magazines and increased cost, to raise their prices. The popular \$1.00-a-year magazines have, within the last year or so, all been advanced in price to \$1.50 per year, and 15 cents per copy. Our old contracts with these publications have expired, and their wholesale rates to us have been increased. We are, therefore, unable to duplicate many of the offers of last year. However, we still lead in offering our subscribers the very lowest priced magazine bargains. Our 1912 Almanac is Free with each Christian Herald subscription.

## The Christian Herald's Own Club Rate

This coming year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be had for the first time at a club rate, as follows:—  
Your Own RENEWAL and ONE New Subscription for ONE Year for \$2.25.  
or Your Own RENEWAL and TWO New Subscriptions for ONE Year for \$3.00.

|                                             |           |                                                                                        |           |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)            | Our Price | CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                                                       | Our Price |
| McCALL'S (One Year)                         | \$1.75    | PICTORIAL REVIEW (\$1.50 a Year)                                                       | \$2.00    |
| or any one other magazine in Group One      |           | or any other magazine in Group Two                                                     |           |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)            | Our Price | CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                                                       | Our Price |
| CURRENT LITERATURE (\$3.00 a Year)          | \$3.00    | WOMAN'S HOME COMP'N (\$1.50 a Year)                                                    | \$2.65    |
| with any two other magazines in Group One   |           | or a choice of any other magazine in Class 23, instead of Woman's Home Companion       |           |
| or with any one other magazine in Group Two |           | or a choice of any magazine in Class 20, instead of Woman's Home Companion, for \$2.50 |           |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)            | Our Price | CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                                                       | Our Price |
| REVIEW OF REVIEWS (\$3.00 a Year)           | \$3.25    | OUTLOOK (\$3.00 a Year)                                                                | \$3.00    |
| with any two other magazines in Group One   |           | Both magazines must be ordered to the same name and address.                           |           |
| or with any one other magazine in Group Two |           |                                                                                        |           |

Foreign and Canadian Postage Extra. Add 25c. to any combination for "Farm Journal" 2 years

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Any one magazine in this group with the  
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McCALL'S  
HOUSEWIFE  
PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL

These Magazines are the very best publications in the field. They are all clean and refined, each excluding objectionable advertising, and we have no hesitancy in recommending each of them to our readers. They have made great strides during the past couple of years in editorial contents and general appearance. The move of the old popular \$1 magazines to higher prices has given these journals a big impetus and an opportunity which they have been quick to seize. All three magazines in Group One will, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, give more reading matter than any one magazine in Group Three with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will cost less money.

N.B.—We will cheerfully refund the money paid should you be disappointed in your selection of any one of these magazines.

## Group Two. \$2.00

Any one magazine in this group with the  
Christian Herald one year . . . \$2.00  
Any two with the Christian Herald . . . 2.50  
Any three with the Christian Herald . . . 3.20

AMERICAN BOY  
MODERN PRISCILLA  
METROPOLITAN  
PICTORIAL REVIEW  
WORLD EVANGEL

We especially call attention to the descriptions of these publications on the margins of this page. Of the entire group perhaps the *Pictorial Review* has made the greatest strides within the last couple of years. It has improved immensely in editorial quality, and is one of the most interesting publications in the woman's field. The *Metropolitan* has undergone a radical change in character as well as size. Its plans for the coming year are extremely interesting. The *Success Magazine* has undergone many changes during the past year. It is now under new management, and it will continue to be one of the most valuable magazines in its field. *The American Boy*, *Little Folks*, and *Modern Priscilla* are all old favorites with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. See their descriptions on the margins.

## Group Three

You may order any other standard magazine through us at their special clubbing price or class rate.

| Class 20<br>Magazines | Class 23<br>Magazines |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Compendium            | American Magazine     |
| Good Housekeeping     | Garden Magazine       |
| Harpers' Bazar        | Everybody's           |
|                       | McClure's             |
|                       | Woman's Home Comp'n   |

At the same time you send us your CHRISTIAN HERALD order you may add any other magazine you want at their special "class number" price as named and advertised by the publisher in any magazine clubbing catalog. Add together the class numbers of the magazines you want, multiply the total by five, and add the amount you get to your CHRISTIAN HERALD remittance. We will forward your order promptly and save you time and trouble.

| EXAMPLE:                           |        |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| Woman's Home Companion, Class 23   |        |
| Compendium, . . . . .              | 20     |
| Total . . . . .                    | 43     |
|                                    | 25     |
| Total . . . . .                    | \$2.10 |
| Add the Christian Herald . . . . . | 1.50   |
| Total . . . . .                    | \$3.65 |

## Metropolitan

The new *Metropolitan* is now issued in a new size, 10 1/2 x 14 inches. The new size means not only a change in outward aspect, but an entire change in editorial policy is embodied in the new spirit which will permeate its pages. First of all, it will not be a muckraking or sensational magazine. It is a magazine of the spirit, dealing with the important affairs of every-day life by such as Peter Finley Dunne and Angus McSwen. In addition to their work there will many special articles from special contributors in the field of travel, finance and science. The new *Metropolitan* will be especially strong in fiction. A new serial by Maurice Hewitt, stories by Gouverneur Morris, Arnold Bennett, etc., speak for the high quality in general of the new spirit which will make a new magazine of the *Metropolitan*.

## Review of Reviews

Fifty magazines condensed for busy people. Always necessary, it is absolutely indispensable in these times of stirring public affairs, to the man who thinks and wants to know what is going on around him. It brings together the best that is in all the other important magazines and explains, through Albert Shaw's timely editorials, political issues and public events. It is always fully informed, interestingly written and splendidly illustrated. Because, as they say, "they cannot do without it," intelligent men and women have given the *Review of Reviews* the largest subscription list in the world and the highest not publishing fiction. The "Progress of the World" and "Leading Articles of the Month" are two of the most important features of each issue.

NOTE—The matter on this page describing the Magazines is supplied by their respective publishers, for the information of our readers





QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON is one of the most famous incidents in the history of the ancient world. The oriental magnificence of King Solomon's Court brought forth the exclamation, "The half has never been told." The beautiful picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, illustrates but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS that make up the history of every nation, ancient and modern, all accurately and entertainingly told in the world-famed publication

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"The author's labors are deserving of the highest praise. The printing and binding are first class and the illustrations are numerous and of a high order. I most heartily recommend this great work for study and convenient reference."

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**EVERY** American citizen should know the history of his own country and of the world to intelligently perform his full duty as a citizen in the government of this Nation. How else are we to judge of the great national questions that crowd upon us for decision except by some knowledge of the past? For the answer read the history of mighty Babylon, or of imperial Rome as a kingdom, then as a republic, and finally as an empire, and familiarize yourself with her growth, development and decay. Then, when you know the cause of the rise and downfall of empires and nations, will you be able to intelligently discuss and decide the great questions that are pressing everywhere for attention.

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16-11

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

T. E. W., Stratton, Neb. In your issue of September 27 you discuss the Lord's Prayer. Now, my Bible does not read "on earth," but "in earth." An old minister explained to me years ago that "in earth" meant "in us"—our bodies being earth.

We regard the construction as strained and unwarranted. Most Bible versions preferably have "on earth," but the best scholarship holds the two forms of expression as interchangeable, "in earth" being as though one should say "in the world." The passage has no relation to our individual mortal bodies, although it can properly be held to refer to the whole human race, who should be submissive and obedient to God, and endeavor to carry out his will.

Mrs. M. E. C., Washington, D. C. I am informed that the same Greek words in the early copies of the New Testament are translated sometimes "Holy Spirit," and sometimes "Holy Ghost." By whom was this distinction first made and on what grounds?

This question has been referred to Rev. Bernhard Piek, D.D., an excellent authority, who writes as follows: "The Greek language employs for both the 'Holy Ghost' and 'Holy Spirit' the same word or rather the same two words. Ghost is an old English word of Saxon origin (German *geist*), equivalent to *soul* or *spirit*, and occurs as the translation of the Hebrew *nephesh* and the Greek *pneuma*, both signifying 'breath,' 'life,' 'spirit,' or 'living principle,' by which and similar terms they are elsewhere rendered (Job 11: 20; Jer. 15: 9; Matt. 27: 50; John 19: 30). It frequently occurs in the New Testament in the sacred name 'Holy Ghost.' In the Authorized (King James') Version, the term 'Holy Ghost' is retained, so also in the Douai Version. In the Revised Version, the same term is also found, but with the marginal note, 'By Spirit.' The version published by the American Baptist Publication Society uses everywhere the term 'Holy Spirit.'"

E. J. C., Portland, Ark. When and by whom was the Book of Daniel written?

Daniel is supposed to have lived about 600 B.C. While there has been much discussion regarding the book which bears his name, and especially as to the interpretation of his prophecies, there is little reason to doubt that, as the book itself testifies, Daniel was the author. Chapter 7, verses 1 to 28, chapter 8: 2, and chapter 9: 2, all give evidence of personal authorship. The language of the book is partly Chaldean and partly Hebrew. Its contents have given rise to more discussion than any other prophetic book in the Bible.

L. S., Grand River, S. D. For the benefit of our Sunday School, please answer the following questions: 1. Could Christ sin? 2. What is the meaning of I Peter 3: 19, 20?

1. No. He was the Perfect One, of unblemished purity (Heb. 7: 26, 28). Sinless (John 8: 46; II Cor. 5: 21). He needed no sacrifice for himself (Heb. 4: 15 and 7: 27; and I John 3: 6). He is holy (Luke 1: 35; Acts 4: 27; Rev. 3: 7). Righteous (Isa. 53: 11; Heb. 1: 9). Spotless (I Pet. 1: 19). Innocent (Matt. 27: 4). Able to overcome all temptation (Matt. 4: 1-10). He was sinless, yet he bore the sins of many; and though in taking upon himself the form of humanity, and being in all things as we are, yet he was without sin. 2. Your second question has been treated in THE MAIL-BAG recently.

F. L. C., Ivy Mills, Pa. 1. Can you tell me the names of the two men who hung on crosses beside Christ? 2. Also the names of the three men who went to see Jesus when he was just born and took presents to him.

1. All we know concerning their names is what has been preserved by traditions. One of these calls the two crucified thieves Demas (or Dismas) and Gestas, the former being the penitent. Another variation calls them Titus and Dimachus. Bede gives them in his *Collectan* as Maltha and Joca. It is not possible now to decide whether any of these be accurate. 2. Bede is authority for the names of the Magi, which he gives as Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar.

R. M., Dubuque, Ia. The proposed union of churches under a common creed has some advocates here, but there are many who regard it as impracticable. How is it viewed by Protestant churches generally?

Observation leads to the conclusion that the principal axiomatics for a "creedless church" are to be found outside of the church organizations. Churches can unite for many kinds of Christian work without dropping their distinctive denominational characteristics. The trend of a common creed cannot be realized so long as the prevailing creeds hold large bodies of people loyally together, as now, and while there are as many different kinds of humanity, intellectually and spiritually, as there are different flowers in the field or colors in the rainbow. God's work admits of many varieties of service and all service that is of the heart is acceptable. The

Continued on last column

## Paper-Bag Cookery

By NICHOLAS SOYER

Chef of Brooks' Club, London

### The Method—A Revolution in Cooking

THE METHOD of cooking well-nigh everything but soups in paper bags, on a broiler, in any and every kind of oven, is clearly and fully explained in this book by M. Soyer, the famous chef of Brooks' Club, London, the originator and perfecter of this system, which bids fair to revolutionize cooking the world over. The American edition has been revised by Marion Harland's daughter, Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, the American equivalents taking the place of English culinary terms.

### A Proved Success

In England the method at once had an immense vogue. Within less than a month 60,000 copies of M. Soyer's book were sold, and the supply of paper bags, owing to the immediate and unlooked-for demand, became exhausted. All classes interested themselves in the matter—epicures, cooks and food-reformers, members of Parliament, heads of colleges, social workers, sportsmen, and the public in general. All over England the method has been tested, and has proved a triumphant success. Already it has had the endorsement of epicures, of experts in cookery, and of the leading chefs of London.

#### Advantages of the Soyer Method

The advantages of the method—there are no disadvantages—make it a boon alike to rich and poor, to those who cook themselves and those who employ the cooking of others, and for these reasons:

1. It makes every dish more savory and nutritious.
2. It is economical: the food weighing practically the same when drawn from, as when put into, the oven, and not the least.
3. It is labor-saving—no cleaning of pots or pans.
4. It is hygienic—no germ-haunted cooking utensils.
5. No smell of cooking—the bag is sealed with a clip.

It is clear that, where paper-bag cookery is adopted, the kitchen—especially the humble kitchen—will become a new room, for greasy pots and pans virtually dispensed with, the atmosphere will be changed. The activity of the microbes will also be hindered. Labor will be saved, and quicker cooking will follow the coal and gas bill. For dwellers in small flats and single rooms—for bachelors and bachelor maids, clerks, typists, and school-teachers—the advantages are obvious, and not the least of these is freedom from the odor of cooking.

#### The Recipes, etc.

Under the heads Fish, Entrees, Poultry, Vegetables, Savories, Sweets, Cooking of Cold Meats (Rechauffes), Breakfast Dishes, The Bag and the Bachelors (recipes for bachelors and bachelor maids), and A Week's Dinner for the Working Man, M. Soyer, a famous cook, brings together his own choice and tested recipes, all of which can be perfectly cooked by the paper-bag method. At the end of the volume is a paper on paper-bag cookery from the epicurean standpoint by the well-known authority in culinary matters, Mr. George R. Sims, and a paper from the hygienic standpoint by Dr. Charles Reinhardt.

#### Marion Harland writes in a recent article:

If my readers are as curious concerning the odd process as I was when I began the perusal of literature relating to it, they will bear with a last and longer quotation. A competent cook of the middle class was persuaded to attempt a simple dinner of salmon cutlets, a roast of lamb, with potatoes and asparagus.

"She didn't believe in these newfangled ideas," she said, quite simply; but there was a world of meaning in the way she said it. The initial difficulty was to make her com-

prehend that nothing need accompany the salmon in the bag—neither water nor butter. She expressed a pious hope, but not confidently, that the fish would not be burned to a cinder. And only by the greatest self-restraint was she able to avoid flouring the lamb before putting the meat into the bag.

"What is to brown it and where is the gravy to come from?" she inquired, reasonably enough. The methods of cooking asparagus and potatoes suggested, perhaps, the greatest revolution in her preconceived ideas of cookery. To begin with, putting water into a paper bag seemed a mad notion.

"And when it begins to boil (if it ever does boil!) it will bust," she said with conviction. The narrator takes up the tale, with the sequel:

"The salmon was perfectly done—the sweetest I ever tasted. It stuck a little to the paper, and perhaps a little butter would be an improvement. The lamb came out of the oven, after three-quarters of an hour, a beautiful golden color, with plenty of gravy in the bag—very thick gravy, to which water might be added without diluting it much below lamb-proof strength. The potatoes were also perfectly cooked."

#### U. S. Consul-General John L. Griffiths, London, reports in the "Daily Consul Reports":

Demonstrations of paper-bag cooking have been given in London for some time, and are still attracting considerable attention. The proprietor of one of the largest restaurants in London, in speaking of the use of the paper bag in cooking, says that it is a preventive of the congregation of microbes. In many homes the dishes and pans lie about for hours without being cleaned. The result is that microbes are drawn to the grease and not so easily exterminated. Under the new system cleanliness is assured. The microbes have no resting place. The clean bag is at hand. When done with it can be thrown into the fire. It secures a clean kitchen for the homes of the people. Moreover, the nutritive properties are maintained, while there is no waste.

A considerable saving is effected through the use of the paper bag. All roasted meats cooked in the ordinary way lose, it is stated, about four ounces of each pound. There is also a loss when meats are boiled, and a perceptible though smaller loss when they are braised. In paper-bag cookery the broad claim is put forth that there is practically no loss. The saving in fuel, whether coal, gas, or electricity is used, is considerable, according to the estimates of the advocates of paper-bag cookery, to at least 40 per cent, for the reason that much less time is required to cook the food than in the old way.

### A Copy of Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery

bound in neat cloth with two dozen paper bags in assorted sizes, will be sent for One Year's Subscription for The Christian Herald for \$2.00, or it will be sent entirely free as a premium to any of our old subscribers who will send us in one new subscription with \$1.50.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

great thing is to hold the essentials of the faith in common, and this is already practically realized in the Protestant churches; the retail and unimportant. As for the proposition to have a united "creedless church," it can be regarded as visionary and impracticable. In the great army of the church, there are many battalions and many flags, but only one great Commander, and one purpose—to win the world for Christ. Each division is doing its work faithfully in its own way.

C. M., Centralia, Ill. Please explain Matt. 39, 40.

This was the second public announcement of his coming resurrection after his death (John 2: 19). The expression "in the heart of the earth," was suggested by the expression of Jonah with respect to the sea (see Jonah 2: 1). In speaking of the period of his entombment, Jesus talked in round numbers, according to Jewish custom and manner of speaking, which was to regard any part of a day, however small, included within a period of days, as a full day. For illustration of this manner of reckoning time see I. Sam. 30: 12, 13; Esth. 4: 16, 17; I. Matt. 27: 63, 64, etc.

J. A. H., Clarington, O. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has repeatedly expressed a view concerning Sunday observance. There is a strong tendency toward the adoption of what is known as the "European Sabbath"—that is, make the Lord's Day a time of pleasure and amusement. This is simple desecration. What is true that the Sabbath was made for man, and that a reasonable portion of the day is devoted to rest and recuperation of the physical powers, this is only in the sense of abstention from labor, and not that it should be devoted to dissipation. Outings, golf, baseball, and other outdoor games are seen in many places on the Sabbath, and these with excursions, so-called "sacred concerts," etc., are tending to destroy the character of the day.

### Miscellaneous

V. M., Grove City, Pa. For the sake of a example upon others, if for no other reason, should stop the habit. We are told to avoid even "the appearance of evil."

J. B. M., Munhall, Pa. The Bible tells us distinctly that flesh and blood cannot inherit eternal life. See I. Cor. 15: 35 to 56. To answers both questions.

E. B. S., Allston, Can. Thanks for your instructive letter. There is little use in discussing reciprocity now, but what you say is undoubtedly correct, from the Canadian viewpoint.

E. B. R., Utopia, Texas. There is no record of the baptism of John the Baptist, although it is probable that it may have been performed by some of his disciples after they themselves were baptized.

M. T. B., Cumberland, N. M. The literature you mention is distinctly atheistic and should not be permitted in Sunday School under pretext. There is no authority for the statement that either Washington or Lincoln had such views.

W. H. H., Stevensport, Ky. We would advise you to purchase a good Bible cyclopedia, you will find it invaluable for reference in your Sunday School work. All of the questions mentioned in your letter will find discussion in recent issues of THE MAIL-BAG.

A. E. F., Sorrento, Ill. Rev. 13: 18 ("number of the beast") is a fertile subject for research and calculation for students of prophecy. It is a challenge to the wisdom of the world, and it has never been satisfactorily solved, although many have made the attempt.

E. C. P., Yuan-Chow-Ki, China. 1. This is no authentic information of any revelation by any of the persons you name. 2. W. set to which you refer holds the usual evangelical doctrine regarding the Atonement, salvation is dependent upon faith in Christ and repentance of sin.

Our World-Peace Symposium seems to have been read everywhere. People in almost every station in life write us on the subject. It is very evident that the hope of world peace is deeply rooted in the hearts of men and women throughout the world. Of course, there are many who do not expect, in their own lifetime at least, to see permanent peace. There are those who believe that Jesus comes again. An old reader and ex-soldier of the Civil War, from Shepherd, N. C., "I do not believe I shall ever have peace as long as the world is so much wickedness going on. I do not believe God would grant it, though I do not want to see another American war."

#### Delighted With His Bible

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Bible I bought, and would say that I am exceedingly well pleased with it. It is in every way equal to one that I paid over \$5 for. I forgot to acknowledge the receipt of the pictures, which I received safe. E. G. M. Newcastle, Sask., Can.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



In the Free Employment Bureau of the Mission



The Labor Settlement



A Corner of the Mission Reading Room



## THE BOWERY MISSION'S WINTER WORK

ON TUESDAY, November 7, the Bowery Mission will celebrate its thirty-second anniversary. On that occasion, seated side by side on the platform will be the two saintly women whose names have been closely associated with, and whose affections have been so deeply centred in, the work of the Mission—Fanny Crosby and "Mother" rd.

The blind poetess was one of the earliest supporters of the Mission. She regularly attended the anniversary gatherings, and generally contributed an appropriate poem. Some of her most moving

ymns were written under the inspiration she received whilst engaged in "rescuing the perishing" in the Bowery. Now, in her beautiful old age, she often sends messages of cheer and hope, and never fails to show her continued interest in what she calls her Mission.

This coming anniversary event will launch the Mission in its winter work, which promises to be an exceedingly busy one. Never has there been a more fruitful year in the history of the Mission. The nightly meetings are always crowded to the doors. Should any man be obliged to leave the room, his place is instantly taken by some patient waiter on the threshold. During the intense heat of the recent summer, when to speak of an indoor meeting generally produced an almost stifling effect, no difference whatever occurred either in the crowds or the results.

The regular leaders and associate leaders of the Mission, a body of twenty-two men in all, are always at their posts, and untiring in their efforts to maintain the efficiency of the meetings. The visitors' book contains the names of people who have come to see the Mission from every quarter of the globe, and without exception, after attending the services, they express themselves as being impressed and delighted with what they see and hear.

By J. G. HALLIMOND, Superintendent

Probably the chief instrumentality in reaching such a position of efficiency has been the Brotherhood. This was inaugurated on June 30, 1907, and since that time some 12,000 men have been enrolled. A very large proportion of these men have given evidence of being soundly converted, and not one of them has left the circle without the possession at any rate of a strong moral stimulus in his life. No

Brotherhood meeting to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. Present the other portion of this card to Mr. Balevre, the leader, who will give you a kind and hearty welcome."

The counterpart of the card reads:

"I, \_\_\_\_\_, ask that my name be enrolled as a member of the Bowery Mission Brotherhood, and I promise by God's help to live a good, true, and upright life. Date. Signature."

The first of these cards was given out on October 3, 1910. The record for twelve months of cards given out, and cards returned, is:

|            | Given Out | Returned Signed |
|------------|-----------|-----------------|
| October,   | 1,178     | 963             |
| November,  | 1,468     | 477             |
| December,  | 524       | 194             |
| January,   | 330       | 151             |
| February,  | 367       | 145             |
| March,     | 428       | 177             |
| April,     | 768       | 197             |
| May,       | 687       | 172             |
| June,      | 1,057     | 210             |
| July,      | 990       | 176             |
| August,    | 966       | 185             |
| September, | 1,036     | 245             |
| October,   | 164       | 42              |
| Total,     | 9,955     | 2,744           |

It is in the Brotherhood Circle that the real work of character-building commences. The great change which we call conversion may have taken place in the large public meeting, or elsewhere; but it is here that the soul's real needs and difficulties are discovered and met.

Then comes the work of the Free Labor Bureau. No one can visit the Mission meetings without being impressed with the fact that the one great crying need is employment. The casual observer sees in the crowd scores

of able-bodied, eager, intelligent-looking men who ought to be at work. We know these men more intimately and are quite convinced that nine out of ten would work if they had the chance, and our Labor Bureau records prove that when the chance is given the vast majority make good. Recent reports from charity organizations and labor unions undeniably establish the fact that the great curse of poverty, which, alas, in this wealthy country is darkening the lives of from ten to twelve millions of

Continued on page 1180



A Platform View of the Bowery Mission Leaders Beginning a Gospel Service

one can estimate the far-reaching effects of a record like this.

At the conclusion of each evening's meeting a card is given to the men who profess to be under some degree of religious impression, which reads as follows: "This card is given you on your public declaration that it is your desire and determination to live an upright life. Keep this portion by you as a reminder of this serious act of yours. God has promised to help you. Seek by prayer and faith his continual aid and you will succeed. Come to the

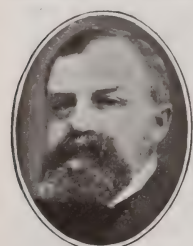


# CONVICTION OF SIN

An Unpublished Sermon by DWIGHT L. MOODY, America's Greatest Evangelist

TEXT: Rom. 3: 10—"There is none righteous, no, not one."

**T**O-DAY we are to talk about how to help those who are not yet convinced of sin. There's no use in telling a man that Jesus Christ came to save him, if he doesn't know that he is lost, or in telling a man of a remedy if he hasn't got a wound that needs a remedy. If I should send a doctor to a well man, the doctor would be insulted, and so would the man; but if there is a poor and needy



Dwight L. Moody

sick man, and I send a doctor with medicine, the man will be thankful. Therefore, a man must feel his need before he wants a Saviour. I believe if we are in the Spirit, and are willing to use the power for that one's help, it will be a help. We are to sow on all kinds of soil and to scatter the seed everywhere. A man may be perfectly indifferent to-day, and inside of

## Four Words

twenty-four hours the Spirit of God may act on him and convict him of sin. But our work is to give him the Word of God, and let God speak through the Scripture.

Now, if you will take four words—four different passages of Scripture—you will find Christ's method in dealing with the self-righteous of his day. For instance: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." That was said to a man who thought he was in the kingdom of God; it was said to an honorable member of the Sanhedrin. In another place he says, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." That was said to the self-righteous of Christ's day. Again, "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot see the kingdom." That was said to the self-righteous. Again: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." It's a good thing to give them the Word of God. I am not responsible for their conviction. I cannot convict them; but I can give them the Word of God, and look to the Spirit to breathe upon it and to breathe life into the soul.

Another portion is the third chapter of Romans, tenth verse: "As it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one." That is, we must be given righteousness that we may stand before the righteous God. A perfect God could give nothing but a perfect standard of grace, and if we are to stand before God, we must be perfect. How? Not in our own righteousness surely; but he has worked out a righteousness, and in him we are complete. Eleventh verse: "There is none that understandeth, that seeketh after God." That is, the natural man doesn't seek after God until he has been quickened with the Spirit. "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." If a man does a good deed and he is proud of it, or does it from a selfish motive, it is not righteous in the sight of God.

## The Mirror of the Law

Now, the 19th verse: "We know that whatsoever things the law saith, . . . all the world may become guilty before God." The law never saved a man who is vile—it never can. What was it given for? It was given to show man his need of a Saviour. In other words, to stop every man's mouth; and that's what God does before he saves a man.

No one can help a man out of his sins who is filled with his own self-righteousness. That's what has taken him down. He thinks that he can assert his manhood without God, but when he gets to the end of himself—like the prodigal, "comes to himself," and cries to God, and God gives him victory—he snaps the fetters that held him. Mark you, the man must see that he is vile before he wants to be cleansed.

When my little boy was about two or three years old, a little while before the Chicago fire, I said to him one morning at breakfast, "I'll come home and take you out to ride." It was a Saturday, and I always, when at home, gave my children a ride. My little son clapped his hands, and said, "Will you take me down to the park and show me the bears?" "Yes." And he began to tease his mother to get him ready. And she did. She washed him, and got

The sixteenth of a series of remarkable sermons by Moody, never before published, the existence of which was disclosed only a few months ago. The absolute authenticity of the sermons is vouched for by the evangelist's son, Wm. R. Moody, who cordially approves their publication in this paper. The sermons are the exclusive property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

him ready with his white dress and sash; and then he wanted to go out-doors and watch for my coming. He had a strange passion in those days for sticking his finger in the dirt and putting it in his mouth. And when I had driven up, he came out, and said, "Take me down and show me the bears. I's clean! I's clean. Mama washed me." I said, "You are not clean. No, you are all dirty." I could not convince him he was not all right. I'll tell you what I did. I hitched the horse and I took the boy and showed him his own face in the mirror, and he never said he was "clean" after that. I didn't take the looking glass to wash his face. But I took him to the water, and washed him. It's easy for a man to think himself pretty good—a good deal better than other people. It's an awful disease, this disease of self-righteousness. It's a family disease; it's a bad disease, because it's loathsome and hateful in the sight of God.

Now, you take the elder brother in the 15th of Luke, and I don't hesitate to say he's one of the meanest characters in history. I'll tell you why. A lady came to me some time ago who wanted to get her daughter into a seminary, and she wanted it to be "very select." She said she wouldn't get anything "under false pretenses." She said, "I want you to understand that I don't agree with your theology." I didn't know that I had any "theology." I said, "Will you tell me what your theology is?" What is it you don't like?" "Oh," she said, "your view of the elder brother in the 15th of Luke is abominable." I said, "Will you bring out his noble traits?" "He stayed at home and took care of his father, and his younger brother ran off and left him." "The last time I saw him he was visiting the house and wouldn't go in. And I believe he is outside yet. Now," I said, "my good woman, I want to tell you something. If you find a man who cannot rejoice over the return of a brother, pray God to have mercy on him. If I thought I had a drop of that blood in my veins, I'd let it out before night, if it were only a teaspoonful."

## The Principles of the Kingdom

Christ laid down the principles of his kingdom. When the King takes the throne, he makes an address. So Christ laid down the principles of his kingdom. "Blessed are they that mourn." Mourn for what? "Never done anything to mourn for; never done anything wrong," you say. Did any of you ever endeavor to live in a house with a person who had never done wrong? If you have, I tell you I pity you deep down in my heart. Why? If anything goes wrong, he always insists that you are to blame. He isn't. He couldn't do it. Have you ever met those men? I have met them; and they are the meanest men to get on with that I've ever met.

Now, this man had never transgressed his father's will. Wasn't he angelic? Wasn't he a noble character? I've heard of a man who thought so much of himself that he shook hands with himself every morning. That's the elder brother. He's the noblest man in the world. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." He was so full of his self-righteousness that if he ever tumbled he would have gone over backwards. Some people say that when Adam sinned he fell upwards. Men are living who wouldn't love a drunken brother. "Don't mention that brother in my presence!" they say; "I am ashamed that he bears the same name I do." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." Did the elder brother know what that means? No, not a bit of it. He had plenty of righteousness, tons of it, lots of it to spare; but I wouldn't give a penny for ten tons of that kind of righteousness; I don't want that kind. "Blessed are the peacemakers." He was a wonderful peacemaker; he broke up the most peaceful scene this world ever saw. That father's heart danced for joy, and that elder brother broke up that jubilation and was mad because the father was rejoicing over the return of his wandering son. "Blessed are the merciful." Was he merciful to the old father in his declining years, putting the thorns in his pillow and making his last days bitter? "Blessed are the poor in heart." Was he so, when he said his father had never given him a kid to make merry with his

friends? He had everything, and was angry because his father had killed the fatted calf. Do you tell me that elder brother didn't need to be converted? Heaven is a "prepared place for a prepared people." Was that man meet for heaven? Take him up to the streets of heaven, and put him under the very shadow of the tree of life, and wouldn't want to stay there. Why? Because there are in heaven men who once were drunkards, and he wouldn't want to associate with them. He'd say "I never associated with this sort of people and won't now." That's the elder brother. I can imagine some one seeing Mary Magdalene up there that woman who had seven devils in her—and saying, "I never associated with such people down on the earth, and I won't here." What's the man going to do up there? He'd want to have a little help of his own. That's the elder brother, so nobly. Don't any man or woman tell me that he doesn't need to be converted or born of the Spirit. That what the law was given for—to show a man his need—to put life alongside of Christ. Let him measure himself with the law of God.

## "All Have Gone Astray"

The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah says: "All ye like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." That's the Gospel, my friends. I don't know any other Gospel. We've got sinners divided up into classes; some are so low and depraved that they can never be saved; and some so weak that they can't stand; but it says the Jesus Christ can put strength into the weakest mortal; and not only that, but can save him and keep him.

Years ago, in the Hippodrome, New York, a poor miserable fellow came in and godly women talked with him. One of them showed how God could put strength into him. We had in those days "scrip." We had ten-cent scrip. And this fellow had ten-cent scrip in his pocket, and as he went out of the meeting, he said, "Lord, if you'll save me, let me keep this ten-cent scrip for twenty-four hours." He said he hadn't been able for years to go past the whisky shop with a penny in his pocket. And he said the next day, as he brought out the ten-cent scrip, "I believe I've been converted. I've kept it for twenty-four hours. I'm a new man in the old clothes."

There was an old man, one of the weakest and lowest of drunkards. He was converted at the same time at the Hippodrome. Afterwards I got business card from him, from London, and God has kept him all these many years. We want to go and tell these men that God can put strength into them. The self-righteous man needs it; the forlorn man needs it; the drunkard needs it. We are a "bald lot." All gone astray—every one.

First John, first chapter, eighth verse: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Tenth verse: "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and his word is not in us." Now, is there any one that can say they haven't sinned? One man or woman in a whole city that can say that? Do you believe it? We have all sinned. What's to be done? Confess it! Repent and ask forgiveness. That is all.

## "Whosoever Will"

Now I come to another class—those that are heart wounded. The law has done its work. Instead of talking to them about sin, bring them to Calvary. Give them Matt. 11: 29: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls." John 5: 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." John 1: 11: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

O my friends, what we want is to get a man born of God, and then he gets life coming down from God "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." O Heavenly Father, we now want to ask that thou wilt make us wise in winning souls for thee. And while people are inquiring and are on the right road, and on the way to the Kingdom, may we be ready to point the way and tell them the way and truth. We pray that thy blessings may rest on us. May the Spirit of God teach us. May the fetters of sin be broken, and may sinners come into the kingdom. All these things we ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

\* This sermon, never before published, was preached by Mr. Moody in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 21, 1897.







# The World's Methodism in Toronto

THE greatest denominational gathering, if not the largest religious meeting, ever held in Canada is doubtless the Fourth Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in Toronto, Canada, from October 4 to 17. Canadian Methodism, having her origin from both English and American sources, naturally cherishes a spirit of cordiality toward the Methodism of both countries. The city of Toronto has no less than forty-two Methodist churches, and of her 400,000 population probably one quarter held allegiance to the church of John Wesley.

The Ecumenical Conference, as the name implies, is representative of world-wide Methodism. The Conference is divided into two sections: the Western, including the various branches of the church in the United States both North and South and in Canada (with their interests in foreign lands) and the Methodist Church of Japan; the Eastern section, comprising the several branches in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Africa, and Australia. There were elected 500 delegates, including many ministers and laymen whose names are familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Among the distinguished laymen from the United States were Mr. John R. Mott, general secretary World's Student Christian Federation; Hon. J. Frank Hanly, former governor of Indiana; Hon. R. F. Vessey, governor of North Dakota; Lieutenant-Governor A. J. Wallace of California; and Senator Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas. No less than forty bishops represented the dignity of the Church on this side of the Atlantic, with innumerable well-known editors, publishers, chaplains, college presidents and professors, presidents and secretaries of denominational societies, and Sunday School superintendents of international renown. Canada included two members of Parliament and two King's Councilors among the twenty-four members constituting the Canadian contingent. The Eastern section catalogued the names of noted divines, members of the Parliament and the Cabinet, aldermen, councilors, physicians, and millionaire merchants and manufacturers. One beautiful characteristic of the Conference was the interest shown by the delegate from one section in the work of his brother delegate from some other part of the world.

Toronto manifested her hospitality in many ways. All delegates from over the seas were entertained in Methodist homes. Delegates from the United States were regarded in the light of hosts, yet many of them also were invited to be guests of individuals. A graceful compliment on the part of the city authorities was the civic reception tendered to Conference delegates by His Worship Mayor G. R. Geary, the Board of Control, and the City Council, in the City Hall. Fully one thousand persons attended. Mayor Geary and his mother, who is the daughter of a Methodist minister, shook hands with the visitors as they passed through his office. An orchestra and tables of refreshments gave a festive air to the building. This courtesy was followed later in the session by a garden party at the Government House by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson, assisted by the premier of the Province, Sir James Whitney. A luncheon was given in honor of the women delegates, by a committee representing the various women's organizations of Toronto. Several of the British delegates were entertained by the British Welcome League, and on the two Sundays of the Conference all the Methodist pulpits of the city were occupied by delegates. A special convocation of Victoria University, one of the leading Methodist educational institutions in Canada, was an unexpected event of interest. Honorary degrees were conferred upon several representative members. Even the street railways contributed to the spirit of hospitality by furnishing badges which gave to delegates and their families free transportation over their lines.

The regular meetings of the Conference were held in Metropolitan Church, a beautiful edifice seating 2,200 persons, and boasting one of the finest organs on this continent. This church has been prominently associated with Canadian Methodism for nearly forty years. In the upper part of the church was arranged a museum of Methodist antiquities, historic documents, and objects of special interest. In another room was a picture gallery filled with portraits of missionary worthies and exhibit illustrating various means and methods of missionary work. Meetings of social nature were held in Massey Hall; most notable of these was the banquet given on Friday evening, October 13, which was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind ever given in the city. The seats of the great auditorium were removed to make room for the tables, the first gallery was reserved for visitors and the hosts of the delegates,

while the upper gallery was used by the general Methodist public. One dred young women from Methodist homes acted as waitresses.

However much this account of festivities and interchange of amenities sound like the description of a social gathering, any visitor nurturing thought must have been speedily disillusioned by the words of Rev. Henry Haigh of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in his response to the welcome extended at the first business session. "A great Conference this gathered from the ends of the earth should not meet and do nothing. It is delightful to picnic, but we have something greater than a picnic; and I hope there will be frank talk that be followed by great deeds in the days to come."

The veteran of Canadian Methodism, Rev. Dr. Albert Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada since 1884, presided at the opening session. In the course of his welcome of salutation and welcome, Dr. Carman said: "It were worse folly for us to come together from the ends of the earth merely for our own pleasure or self-exaltation, or to devote our energies to any degree to speculation or unpractical and unprofitable questions when there are so many tremendously important issues at hand."

The keynote of the Conference was struck by the Rev. Henry Haigh. Having spent twenty-seven strenuous years as a missionary in India, where he revised and edited translations of the New Testament and commentaries, and edited

the *Harvest Field*, this most valuable of men is now acting as administrator and evangelist. In the course of his inaugural sermon of the Conference taken from the text, "My brethren, I think it is time that the leaders of Methodism should begin to recognize, as perhaps they have never done before, that in the signs of these times there is the promise of a harvest." Never was the note of urgency more definitely struck in Methodism than when at the close of

sermon people from the four quarters of the globe gathered around the rail to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This was administered by Bishop J. M. Walden, of Cincinnati, Senior Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop Theophilus W. Wilson, of Baltimore, Senior Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Rev. Edwin Dales, of Hull, England, President Primitive Methodist Church.

The Ecumenical Conferences have no legislative or administrative functions; they are deliberative bodies meeting to discuss topics of evangelistic, ethical, and sociological value. They make no new creeds, neither do they exist merely to expound Methodism. They do, however, meet with the purpose of promoting a spirit of universal brotherhood with the hope for greater inspiration that shall lead to greater triumphs; and to consider their common

perplexing problems. Not only does Methodism receive a great impulse from such Conferences, but the beneficent effects are widely felt outside denominational limits. A pleasing feature of one session was the reception of fraternal delegates representing Baptist World Alliance, International Congregational Council, Presbyterian Alliance. The presiding officer upon this occasion was the Hon. Justice J. J. MacLaren, the eminent Canadian jurist and one of the most prominent laymen in the Dominion; he is president of the International Sunday School Association and one of the three life-members of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee.

A number of very live questions engaged the attention of the Conference. The members appeared unquestionably to realize that they were facing great problems and that they were vitally concerned as to their righteous solution. The Church's failures and weaknesses were discussed quite as frankly as her victories and triumphs. It was a time of stock-taking, and the progress of Methodism in the world in the last ten years was reviewed. There was a call for a great spiritual awakening, a returning to the principles of Methodism with an application to new conditions.

Among the first topics of discussion came the Immigration Problem of the Western World, which was shown to be of even greater import to the Canadian than to the citizen of the United States. Dr. S. D. Chown, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, pointed out that "while in the United States foreign-speaking immigration means an addition of about one per cent. annually to the population of the Republic, Canada's foreign-speaking immigration means an addition of about two per cent. every year to her population."

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# America's Treasure-House of Art



"The Maine Coast," Painted by Winslow Homer



"The Mill," Painted by Emile van Marcke

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City is at present the greatest treasure-house of the Western world, containing such vast unvaried collections of works of art as to make it comparable to any of the best museums of Europe.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the late executive head of the museum, who for many years was the curator of the South Kensington Museum in London, declared it was the fourth national museum in importance in the world; the other three being the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, the Louvre in Paris and the Great National Museum in London.

One of the most delightful features of the great American treasure-house is its steady and insistent growth. Every season brings to its galleries new and important acquisitions, among the latest of which are the J. Pierpont Morgan collection of ancient glass. The collection ranks as the richest of its kind in the world. There are upwards of 8,000 pieces in one gallery alone, and one can almost trace the history of the world the. It is interesting to the point of astonishment to pass casually from case to case and happen upon some small glass vase, catalogued "Hand made in Egypt 3,600 B.C.," or upon a string of glazed beads labeled "Roman, made by hand the year of our Lord 33," and a little farther on perhaps to come to an urn crudely made of blown glass, for holding the ashes of the dead, with a card informing one that the art of blowing glass was invented some time during the second century B.C., and nowhere in the Greek Orient.

Almost infinite varieties of mosaic, onyx, enamel and gilt glass plaques, vases, bottles, cups of most strange, beautiful and artistic workmanship spread

out before one. Some have been found in Christian tombs and catacombs or buried in treasure vaults of civilizations long since vanished. One whole end of the gallery is given up to a display of large plates and bowls, flasks and barrels, jugs of extremely ancient date and splendidly painted with scenes of gladiatorial combats, with the names of the combatants inscribed beneath the picture. One stands fairly breathless before a group of tinted glass platters variously decorated with the Contest of Heracles, The Hunt of Adonis, Moses Striking Water from the Rock, The Three Men in the Fiery Furnace, The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea, all bearing such dates as to make one wonder not at all that there are those that have made glass the absorbing study of a lifetime.

Another wonderful and interesting collection recently bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a group of early American costumes, principally party gowns, such as were worn in colonial days, fifty years before the Declaration of Independence; and mantles, dresses and bonnets such as were worn during the administration of Presidents Adams and Jefferson in the early years of the nineteenth century. The charm and sweetness of these old-time frocks can hardly be described. It is like some sacred experience to happen upon a dainty bit of a satin party frock, embroidered in roses and lilies, a direct importation from France when Louis XV. was king and only so recently lifted out of its original box with the accompanying card of invitation, the fan, the lace mits, the slippers and the headdress, the kerchief and the tiny reticule, all suggesting so brilliantly the dainty quaintness of the maids and matrons who figured in American social life two hundred years ago. Caps of richly flowered brocade, quilted bonnets, cobweb laces and rare embroideries bespeak the skill of long forgotten needlewomen. The dresses are without exception so miniature, the gloves and the slippers so tiny, that though one is assured they were worn by

the ladies of high degree one is tempted to believe they are the original costumes of the famous fashion dolls that were imported from France and copied by colonial milliners and mantua-makers for their fashionable patrons. Nor are silks and satins and rich brocades alone represented in this rare collection. Muslin dresses and dresses of prints and fancy calicos are here as well.

Still another recent gift to the Museum is a beautiful terra cotta Annunciation Angel of the Italian Renaissance. The youthful figure leaning slightly forward with raised hands crossed over her breast is so full of a compelling charm that it is most interesting to watch the fascination it has for the admiring crowds that surround it constantly. On the card at the base of the masterpiece we read, "Life size, from a group by Matteo Civitate, 1436-1510, the most important sculptor of Lucca during the period of the Renaissance, whose work is classed with that of the great Florentine sculptors of the second half of the sixteenth century." A bronze bust of Tolstoy, the work of his son, Count Leo Tolstoy, by whom it was presented, is a recent gift expressly gratifying as an evidence of the interest which a foreigner of distinction takes in our American institution.

The most recent single painting presented to the Museum is a rarely beautiful Madonna by Geri Melchers. It is a picture of a young Dutch mother and a child, with a spirited figure of a kneeling girl who apparently clasps her hands to amuse the baby. The picture is radiant with sunlight and is brilliantly executed. "The Hermit," by Sargent, another recent acquisition, reveals a delight in the fantastic which is rarely shown in his work. Mrs. Russell Sage has recently bestowed a superb collection of Japanese ceramics and costly laces, and within the last three months splendid bestowals of furniture, armor, sculpture, ivories, musical instruments, and tapestries, gifts of enthusiastic patrons of the Museum, have found place in its beautiful halls.

A most important gift to the Museum this month is one of \$100,000 from George A. Hearn, in memory of his son, Arthur Hoppock Hearn, and the

*Continued on page 1077*



"Joan of Arc," by Jules Bastien-Lepage



"Among the Lowly," by Leon Augustin L'Hermitte



"The Arab Scout," by Adolphe Schreyer



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Value of a Soul

WE ARE told in the Bible that there is rejoicing in heaven "over one sinner that repenteth," and that there is nothing of value in this world that a man will not give in exchange for his soul, to redeem it from destruction. Salvation is likened by the Saviour in parable to a "pearl of great price"—the price of a soul! The rich husbandman who had piled all his possessions in his barns and storehouses, would have gladly given them all to avert the doom which was to befall him that night, when his soul was to be required of him—to be ushered unrepentant and unready into judgment. If we take the Scriptural view, it is very clear that there is no human measure by which we may estimate the value of a soul. Its pricelessness is emphasized by Jesus in his teachings. All the golden dross of earth cannot outweigh it. This divine estimate is confirmed by all human experience. As we are brought face to face with death, we realize the worthlessness of the world's riches, which fly up in the scale when a single good deed outweighs them all!

Every human effort represents a money value. Churches cost so much to run, and religious work of every sort involves expenditures in proportion to its extent. Evangelism is not an exception, and one of the most sensational of this class of workers has lately computed, from his own experience, the comparative cost of winning a soul in different parts of the country. His tariff sheet gives a rate for different cities, running all the way from \$100 up to \$450. Just how he arrives at his figures is not easily explained. While it will be conceded that church finances should be a matter of accounting, we have yet to learn how any one can reduce the operations of the Holy Spirit to dollars and cents. A single soul saved may become in time a means of spiritual enlightenment to an entire community.

Who, then, can compute the value of even a single soul? From the point of view of any right-minded Christian, the whole suggestion of reckoning the money cost of soul-saving is a mercenary one in the last degree. It is putting God's work on the lowest possible plane. Men and women, ere now, have gladly given their lives to win souls. The whole history of home and missionary evangelism is red with the blood of martyrs. Nor can we forget the sublime valuation that is put upon the work of the soul-winner in the immortal words of Daniel: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

It seems almost approaching sacrilege to estimate the value of a soul in mercantile terms. Stocks and bonds and buildings and jewels and lands—all these have their worldly value; but the souls of men are so precious that God's own Son died to save them. How, then, can we ticket them like articles of trade, when God himself holds them so dear? It is an unworthy and unprofitable discussion. Any pastor or evangelist who would drag down his holy calling to such a low level degrades his office and belittles the work of the Holy Spirit in the eyes of men. It should never be forgotten that ours is only the plowing and the sowing and the tillage, but the harvest is God's. He alone knows the heart. Our responsibility ends with our work and we should not even assume to claim the merit of soul-saving, since the assurance of acceptance must come from a higher Power.

## A Royal Pedigree

THAT estimable citizen, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who lately announced as his cardinal creed "Stick to your business," has gone out of his accustomed latitude to the extent of employing a genealogist to search out and formulate his family tree. We had always regarded Mr. Rockefeller as rather democratic in his tastes, although his immense wealth enables him to live among princely surroundings. It is a shrewd surmise that he personally cares very little for ancestry or the "claims of long descent"; but the thing has been done, and now he has a tree so imposing that it casts other trees into the shade. It would seem from this wonderful tree that our greatest American millionaire is lineally descended from a long line of English kings and nobles. There is, however, a slight defect, being an odd mixture of identities affecting an ancestor

named Humphrey who is supposed to have come to this country early in the seventeenth century. The absence of a connecting link somewhat invalidates if it does not destroy much of the dignity of the ancestral line. After all, we are all sons and daughters of Adam, and it matters little if there should be here and there a gap or a hiatus in the long chain that runs through the generations. It is a pleasant thing for one to know that his forebears, as far back as he can trace them, were honest men and women and good self-supporting citizens. It may be a still finer thing to trace one's ancestors back to a Plantagenet, or some equally illustrious member of the human race; but what most concerns us to-day is not the past but the present. The life we ourselves are living is of far greater consequence to our day and generation than the fact that some one of our line fought at Hastings or came over in the Mayflower. If we are leading upright and useful lives and adding to the stock of human happiness by kindly deeds, we can afford to dispense with the ghostly memories of long-forgotten times and warlike deeds. Pride of ancestry may be pardonable, but it is not a valuable asset in modern life in our republic where

'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

## Magazine Financing

A STRIKING object lesson in peculiar methods of magazine financing in New York is furnished by the disaster which has overtaken one of the magazine publishing concerns. *Hampton's, The Columbian* and other publications controlled by the Columbian-Sterling Company, are involved in the failure of the latter, which went into the hands of a receiver October 12. In the charges made against the Columbian-Sterling concern, it is set forth that dividends have been paid to stockholders out of the proceeds of stock sales, instead of the earnings. There are many thousands of stockholders throughout the country who will suffer in consequence of the failure. It was, however, an inevitable sequel to a series of experiments which have been watched with interest and amazement by publishers generally, and which have no proper place in the legitimate publishing business. It is worthy of remark that nearly every publication that has sold stock widely to subscribers by similar tactics has ultimately gone down to disaster. There is but one plain path in the publishing business, as in all others—the well-trodden one of legitimate enterprise; and when a publication adopts the methods of the cheap stock-jobber, it is the beginning of the end. The present failure should serve as a warning to people against risking their money in doubtful ventures of the kind in future. A paper or magazine that cannot live on its merits, and by the legitimate sources of revenue open to all publications, is already out of the race, and its expedients to raise money are naturally viewed with deserved suspicion.

## When Should Girls Marry?

GREAT interest has been aroused by the publication of the latest statistics of the marriages of college graduates. While the general average of divorces among non-college women is one in every twelve marriages, among college women the average is only one divorce in every fifty-seven marriages. A Smith College investigator has discovered that among the Smith alumnae there is only one divorce in every eighty-five marriages.

Miss Angie C. Chapin, the acting Dean of Wellesley College, asserts that, since girls are usually from twenty to twenty-three years old when they graduate from college, they have passed the "childish" period, when emotion is the chief guide of action. Once over this period, sense and reason gradually assume the reins of conduct, and young women come to know their own minds, and can gauge the sources of happiness. Therefore they marry wisely.

Is the old theory about early marriage, which used to be advocated because the temperament of early youth is most easily adapted to new conditions, no longer tenable? Is it true that, as many modern

philosophers claim, no woman should be married before the age of twenty-five? Let us hear the women readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to say on this important subject.

## A Foolish Promise

OURS is an age of philosophic and semi-scientific fads, and not the least of these is spiritism. It was formerly known as spiritualism, but of years it has changed its attitude and methods somewhat, though not its ultimate object, which is to establish communication with the other world. Professor James H. Hyslop is the great apostle of spiritist cult. In a recent interview, he announced that "the supernatural has been fully established and that 'positive proof is soon to be given to the world, which will revolutionize religion' and 'typically put the Church and Christianity out of business'."

We have heard the same prediction many times before, given with equal assurance, yet it never and never can come to pass. There are mystics in religion, in nature and within ourselves that, beyond the comprehension of the finite mind. Religion, eternity, immortality, the soul, the thought—these are among the overpowering elements that elude our intellectual grasp. In instances, as we approach the borderland which divides this life from that which lies beyond, a sense—that of spiritual perception—seems to be awakened, and we perceive, though still dimly, of the veiled realities of the future existence concerning which, in what we are prone to call normal state, we have had at best only the faint premonitions. All experience teaches us that we need not expect successfully to solve these mysteries here; yet we find on every side persons who, ready with a glib solvent for problems that resisted the most intelligent and sincere effort. Only a divine revelation can dissolve the darkness that hides the future from our gaze. Jesus Christ revealed as no other could have revealed the Fatherhood of God, the nature of the heavenly realm, the purpose of human life and the relationship of man to God and to his fellow-man. His church, faithful to his teachings, assures the believer that in his own good time all mysteries relative to the spiritual world will be made plain. To those who follow these teachings of Christ the lure of spiritism has no charm. They have his assurance that he has prepared a place for them, and they have an unshakable faith in this promise. Professor Hyslop and fellow-spiritists are engaged in an effort to bridge the gulf between the two worlds which can only like all its predecessors, in sad but inevitable failure.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Taft's Perilous Ride

THE people of Tacoma were anxious for an appropriation to improve the roads in Mount Rainier National Park, and insisted that Mr. Taft and the presidential party make an auto trip to the mountain. Over a stony and muddy road the party went nearly to the highest point. The president looked down 4,000 feet at a mountain stream almost directly below him, then up nearly to the top of Mount Rainier, 14,528 feet above the sea. In the setting sun the Cascade Mountains looked exquisitely beautiful. "It is wonderful, wonderful," the President exclaimed. Darkness was coming on, and the party decided to return. At the car, in turning around, got stuck crosswise in the mud, and much time and trouble were required to get it started. The road wound treacherously about the mountain, taking sharp turns unexpectedly and running beside a sheer drop of 4,000 feet. At times the outside wheels were from one to two feet of the edge of the precipice. In inky darkness, the cars crawled down the ten miles, reaching the bottom after midnight. Very little talking was done, and all were quite nervous. The peril was great, but the failure to descend the mountain that night would have disarranged the schedule so carefully prepared. The wheels of the cars were only within a few inches of the 4,000-foot edge, and as the mud of the road was made soft and slippery by the streams that trickled from the melted snow, increasing the danger, the condition of Mr. Taft and party could have been described by the words of David:

There is but a step between me and death. (1 Sam. 20:3.)

## on Prize for Picture

Fred Stahr of Stapleton, Staten Island, won the famous Lazarus prize, awarded by a committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The picture which secured the prize he named "Good Government." It has a figure seated in the centre of the canvas; beside her stand other draped figures, symbolizing Justice and Law. Behind these rises a great city, in which men, women and children are working, with farms in the background. All the professions are paying tribute to the central figure. The prize will be the will of Jacob Lazarus is \$3,000; \$1,000 a year for three years for art study in Rome. Stahr, who is only thirty years of age, the son of a German artist, and himself had some professional training in the fatherland. The death of his father threw the care of the family on him, and the drudgery of a temporal support left little time for high artistic work. As it was, the press of work left him only seven days to begin and finish his picture. He has ambitions to reach the highitudes of art. In his visions of beauty and truth and in his personal ambitions he is fulfilling the prophecy:

Four young men shall see visions. (Joel 2:28.)

## The Boys' Strike

A sympathetic strike in imitation of their fathers has been undertaken in many parts of England, and one has been reported in our country at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where sixty-six pupils of the business department of the High School went out because they were displeased at the typewriting regulation. The schoolboys of Liverpool, the hotbed of industrial disturbance, were the first in England to demand relief from their hard lot. Parades were held in the public streets with such banners as this, "What our fathers have done, we can do so," referring to the labor successes in the strike. The boys demanded the abolition of corporal punishment, shorter hours, and less study at home. He never spread to London. A number of schools participated in it. The little urchins got so numerous and bold that they not only set guards at the

school gates to prevent the entrance of those who desired to attend, but they used sticks, and clubs, and stones, and a detail of a dozen policemen was necessary to stop the nuisance. In Manchester a hero of twelve managed the campaign and seven schools were involved before the movement was checked. In all of the cities the grievances were the same, and the strikes in all of them were broken in the same way. The fathers and mothers took the cane against which the boys struck, and it struck against them, tanning their bodies as completely as the summer vacation sun had tanned their faces. The young heroes were led back to the teachers, and thus the folly was fittingly ended. Whatever may be one's opinion of corporal punishment in or out of school, it will be generally conceded that the words of the wise man are peculiarly appropriate in this instance.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son, and he that loveth him chasteneth him sometimes. (Prov. 13:24.)

## Symbol of International Friendship

The old stepping-stone in the public square of Hingham, England, over which feet had tramped for seven hundred years, was presented to the town of Hingham, Mass., the other day by Honorable

to unite them together." The seven-hundred-year-old stepping-stone, presented with such impressive ceremony, is to be used as the corner-stone for a bell-tower to commemorate the landing of the Hingham Pilgrims two hundred and seventy-five years ago. The tower will be a memorial of relationship and friendship not only, but of the liberty, virtue, and religion that are at the foundation of the character and progress of the English-speaking races. What a fitting cornerstone for such a memorial, and how it suggests the Chief Cornerstone on which alone the highest manhood and womanhood and best government can be built!

Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone. (Eph. 2:20.)

## O'Leary Cow Exonerated

The fortieth anniversary of the fire which destroyed \$200,000,000 worth of property and 300 precious lives was celebrated recently in Chicago. In Grant Park the beginning of the fire was staged in a realistic manner. A replica of Mrs. O'Leary's historical barn was fired as a feature of the evening's parade. A cow impersonated the famous animal which, according to the generally accepted belief, started the fire by kicking over a lamp. This belief, however, has been somewhat shattered, and

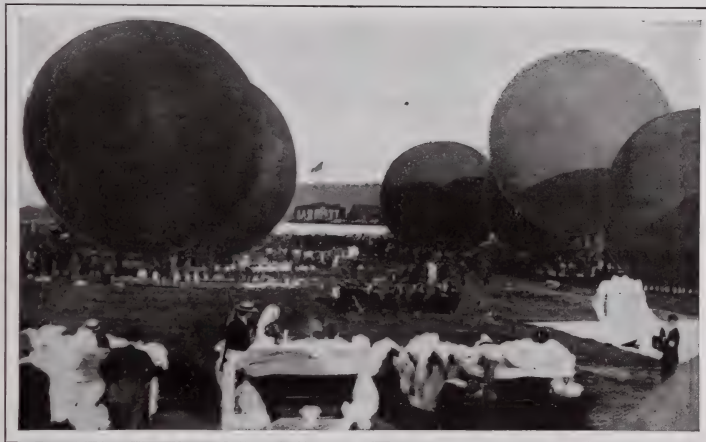
the cow exonerated by Michael Ahern, the only living police reporter who "covered" the story, and who gives this version of the beginning of the tragedy: "The fire was not started by a cow kicking over a lamp while Mrs. O'Leary was milking the animal. The O'Learys were all in bed when the fire started. Mrs. O'Leary had milked her cows—she owned five—more than three hours before the fire was discovered. I knew Mrs. O'Leary well. She was a truthful woman. A few days after the fire I interviewed her regarding the story of the cow and the lamp. She branded it as a fabrication. It is true that the fire started in the O'Leary cow shed, and I have my reason for believing that some one went there to pilfer milk from one of the cows. There was a social gathering in the neighborhood that night in honor of the arrival of a young man from Ireland. One of those present told me in after years that two women of the party went to the O'Leary shed to get some milk for punch. One woman held a lighted lamp while the other milked the cow. They thought they heard some one coming, and in their haste to escape the lamp was dropped, setting fire to the place. That I believe is the true cause of the fire." Whatever theory of the origin of the fire may be correct, it remains true that most conflagrations in the material and moral realm have the smallest beginnings:

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. (James 3:5.)

## Young Men and Bible

The Bible study classes of the Bedford Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn were opened the other evening with a banquet, at which more than a hundred young men who were interested in the various courses of study sat down to dinner. The notable event of the banquet was the address of Justice Crane of the Supreme Court on "Why a Man Should Study the Bible." The first reason he gave for such study was the literary value derived from it; the second, the moral effect it had on its readers; and last, but greatest of all, its spiritual influence in relating the soul to duty, to God, to fellow man, and to the great future that stretches out beyond the boundaries of time. In these days, when so much money is expended in providing educational instrumentalities, it is a matter of congratulation that so many of the Associations make the study of the Bible and the bringing of young men to Christ the main purpose for which the institution exists, in obedience to the command:

Search the scriptures; for in them ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. (John 5:39.)



Preparing for the International Balloon Race

JUST at dusk on the afternoon of October 5 the six balloons which were entered in the International Gordon Bennett cup race rose from their grounds in Kansas City and sailed away to the northeast before a light breeze. The international entrants were: France—Balloon Condor, Emile Subonnet, pilot; Pierre Dupont, aide. Germany—Balloon Berlin I, Lieut. Leopold Vogt, pilot; Lieut. M. Schoeller, aide. Balloon Berlin II, Lieut. Hans Gericke, pilot; J. O. Duncker, aide. United States—Balloon Buckeye, Lieut. Frank P. Luhn, pilot; J. H. Wade, Jr., aide. Balloon America II, William F. Asemann, pilot; J. C. Hulbert, aide. Balloon Million Population Club, John Berry, pilot; Paul McCullough, aide. All of the balloons in this race were of 80,000 cubic feet capacity and filled with decarbonized natural gas. Four of the contestants abandoned the race on the second day, leaving two of the Americans to compete for the cup.

James Bryce, the English Ambassador, in behalf of the people of the British village. John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy, presided at the exercises, and Walter W. Horsey accepted the gift for the people of the town. Seated on the platform as representatives of Hingham families living elsewhere were ex-Governor Bates of Massachusetts, Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, Charlesagne Tower of Philadelphia, E. C. James, president of the University of Illinois, and others. Mr. Bryce, in mentioning these families, said one of them was believed to have furnished the greatest American of the nineteenth century, Abraham Lincoln. Among other things, Mr. Bryce said: "The love of freedom in the state, the love of freedom in religion, the sense of duty to God and to conscience—it was for the sake of these things that they left their quiet Norfolk homes to face the stern winters of a new and almost unknown land, in whose forests lurked unknown dangers from wild beasts and wild men. And it was on the foundation of these principles that they built up their institutions here, set up their self-governing towns, legislated in the General Court of their self-governing colony and in due time joined in framing the constitution of their State and that of the Federal Republic. The friendship of nations is based on the friendship of individuals, and the power of understanding one another is the greatest help to friendship. So the old affection of the seventeenth century can be renewed to-day with a stronger sense than ever of what the nations have



# The Gospel in Indian Bazaars



Preaching in the Bazaar at Chattapur



Some of the Native Audience

**T**HE American Friends' Mission in India was established at Nowgong in Bundelkhand, Central India, in 1896. It is the only mission in a district of over a hundred square miles, with thousands of villages and a million of population. The work was opened at the time the great famine was raging, and many orphans were rescued and saved from starvation. Some were placed in other missions, but about fifty were kept in the orphanage at Nowgong, given an education and trained in industrial work. Some of these are now earnest preachers of the Gospel, and go on preaching tours

through the villages of the district. From time to time other orphans have come to the mission, so that the number has kept between fifty and sixty all these years.

Many of the villages of the district have never yet been reached with the Gospel message. More respectful attention is given to the message of salvation if a white person is with the company. More workers are greatly needed in the mission. A doctor who was sent to the mission, after four years of faithful service, went home to God. The present force consists of four ladies, one of whom is now on furlough in the homeland, by a physician's advice.

A good bungalow and orphanage buildings are the mission premises. A chapel has been erected in the bazaar by Dr. A. T. Pierson and his family, in memory of his daughter, Louise B. Pierson, who died while visiting the mission, and a small hospital is being erected by the friends of the doctor who gave her life for the mission.

Men and their wives are needed for evangelists, medical, educational and industrial work in connection with the mission. Miss Rachel Pim, 176 W. Oxford Street, Alliance, Ohio, is Corresponding Secretary of the Board, having charge of the work, and will answer all inquiries.

## Five Wisconsin Counties Swept by Flood

**A** SCORE of towns and hundreds of acres of rich farm land along the Black River were inundated on October 7 as a result of the heavy floods in northern Wisconsin, which caused the Black River to cut its way around two huge concrete dams and rush down upon the lower land. Five low-lying counties were affected by the flood. Black River Falls, thirty miles northeast of La Crosse, with a population of 2,000, was washed away when the millions of gallons of water confined by the Hatfield dam swept down upon the town five miles below. The Dells dam, five miles above Hatfield, was also made useless. These two dams, intact, stood like islands in the midst of the torrents. The granite hills, between which the dams were built, gave way and let the water escape, to carry destruction to the lowlands farther down the river.

Heavy rains had been falling all the previous week and the dams were in danger two days



The Hatfield Dam, Cut from the Bank by the Black River

before the break came. Hundreds of men worked day and night trying to check the water that was gnawing its way through the concrete structure, but their efforts were in vain. The people who lived below the dams were warned of the impending flood and most of them escaped to higher ground, carrying what valuables they could hastily gather together.

The Black River flood is different from the Austin catastrophe in that the high water continued and it was for days impossible to reach the inundated towns. Houses and barns were carried down the river at hundreds of horses and cattle have been drowned. Bridges have been washed out all along the river and the torrent has been so high that it was almost impossible to cross it in a boat with any degree of safety.

Food supplies and other things needed for the temporary relief of the homeless were immediately forwarded from La Crosse to the flooded district.

## CHANGING THE MAP OF THE NATIONS

**W**ITH the landing of 35,000 troops in Tripoli, Italy seems to have finally settled the fate of that country. The transports bearing the Italian expeditionary force were greeted on the water front of the city by a great throng of Europeans and natives, all of whom seemed equally delighted at the establishment of Italian military rule. The Italian colors were run up on the flagstaffs of all the public buildings and many of the business places which had been reopened since the withdrawal of the Turkish forces to the interior of the country. All the warships were dressed with bunting, and fired salutes. The transports were escorted by four warships and a flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers. The Turkish troops, which formerly occupied the city of Tripoli, have been undergoing great privations and hardships in the interior of the country. The soldiers were without shelter of any kind, and were exposed to the blazing sun and blinding sand of the desert. Many deserted their regi-

ments, and though the dispatches from Constantinople state that there will be no surrender in Tripoli, it is believed that the Turkish officers have been forced by their desperate situation to open negotiations with the newly appointed Italian Governor, with a view to surrender.

The Italian ministry of public works is already preparing a plan to revive the industry and commerce of Tripoli. A special commission is being sent there to decide what railway lines shall first be built. Within a few weeks it is hoped to establish direct cable communication between the city of Tripoli and Syracuse. At the same time the Italian war office is studying the organization of a permanent body of colonial troops which will be required for the protection of the country after the war is over.

The most recent dispatches from Constantinople state that the Turkish Government is in a state of chaos. "The problem of reconciling Islamism and Constitutionalism," says the correspondent, "has proved insoluble, and the Young Turkish régime is

sick unto death. It is not impossible that present events may lead to the deposition of the Sultan, the military section of the Committee of Union and Progress being in favor of placing the heir apparent, Prince Yussuf, on the throne. Yussuf is credited with an iron will and great political sagacity."

That the arrangement of a treaty of peace between the conflicting countries may not bring about an absolute cessation of hostilities is indicated by reports that have been received from Yemen to the effect that Imam Yahya has proclaimed a holy war. Consular reports that have reached the Italian Government state that thirty Italians who were employed on the Hedjaz Railway on the boundary line between Egypt and Syria were massacred in October.

In spite of these minor hostilities and the pretensions of a firm intention to fight which come from Constantinople there seems little doubt that the control of Turkey over the north African provinces has been completely destroyed.



# A Metropolitan Cooking Campaign

THE dwellers in the congested districts of our big cities—those whom we commonly designate as the "poorer class"—have it impressed upon them often enough that nourishing food is necessary to keep the body in good working condition, which is the equivalent of saying that the victor must have the right things to eat in order to earn his weekly wages. Stress is also laid upon the fact that not only is his own physical being of great importance, but that of the wages in the family even more so. Their tiny spaces need health-giving foods in sufficient quantity to sustain and build them up at the same time. These facts are reiterated time and again. Why, then, is it that mothers continue to feed their infants on strong tea and coffee, that a soup of indigestible meat swimming in greasy gravy forms the principal meal in many homes, and that sanitary precautions in the matter of buying and preparing food-stuffs are so universally disregarded?

The answer is that these people cannot "make bricks without straw," and straw in this connection being by no means funds alone, but accurate, definite, simplified culinary knowledge. Ignorance is generally at the heart of most of the big problems of the world. The why and wherefore must first be explained to better conditions in any field. It is the recognition of this truth, together with an earnest endeavor to act in accordance with it, that has marked with success a free cooking lessons that are being carried on, winter and summer, in our greatest American city. Wives and mothers, even those most in need of instruction, cannot be depended upon to search for it, nor would they always be able to if the desire existed; the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, therefore, takes it to them.

This particular branch of the work is in the hands of a capable dietitian and cooking instructor, Miss Winifred S. Gibbs, ably assisted by Miss Helen J. Smith. Do you gasp as you mentally figure out what an against New York's millions, with the countless needy homes such numbers stand for, the efforts of two women, faithful and devoted though they may be, must be of little account? A titanic task it surely seems at first thought; yet when we consider that the instruction given the few is not limited to ten or a dozen, but extends in an ever widening circle of influence, the results are far from heartening. In the humble, crowded sections of the city, a very little leaven may be made to leaven a surprisingly big lump.

Actual demonstration forms a very essential part of the work, and this is conducted in the family kitchen itself. There is no politely worded invitation to attend cooking lectures at some hall or schoolroom, to which the mothers may respond with varying degrees of interest—or indifference. On the contrary, they watch interestedly in their own familiar environment improved methods of cooking on a practical basis and with the aid of their own counsel. If the family is very poor—the father out of employment, for instance—the necessary appliances may not be at hand. Under these conditions, the association furnishes them until the period of distress is tided over. Generally that kitchen which is best lighted and equipped forms the culinary centre, and in it the neighbors congregate to watch and take note of proceedings. Sometimes they understand English and can follow the little talk with comparative ease; often not. In the latter case, the children have to be resorted to as interpreters. They prove an acceptable go-between, however, grounded as they are in English school and in the foreign tongue at home. Irish, Italians, Hebrews, Bohemians, and Armenians are among the nationalities represented at these gatherings.

One admirable feature of these cooking courses is the application of practical ideas and methods to the work in hand. The income of the head of the family is considered first of all, and care is taken that between it and the table expenses the right ratio shall exist. For example, entirely different bills of fare are prepared for the family who can afford to spend but four dollars and a half a week for food than for the family who can make an allowance of half as much again. In the cheaper dietary, less variety is introduced and less expensive (but equally nourishing) foods substituted.

While this work has been carried on principally in the homes, a new departure was introduced last year in the extension of the lectures to the city rec-

A Lesson to a Group of Mothers in a Tenement Kitchen



A "Little Mother" Learning for the Household

reation piers. The advantages gained by the use of such unique schoolrooms are obvious. Away from the heat and odor of tiny rooms, fanned and refreshed by the river breezes, overworked, tired mothers have listened with renewed enthusiasm to this out-of-door instruction. At certain piers, booths (open at the top) erected by the Board of Health have been brought into service. This has provided seclusion and made possible the use of an oil-stove in demonstrating the preparation of simple foods without, however, cutting off the supply of fresh air. Five piers have been visited and lectures given on alternate weeks.

That the summer series has been fairly comprehensive, however, can be gleaned from the outline of work conducted during the hot months. The preliminary lesson consisted of a practical talk on general topics, such as "What Food Should Do for Us;" "Badly Selected and Badly Cooked Food;" "Necessary Knowledge for Planning Proper Meals;" and "Marketing and Buying." At the second lecture, the subject of "Milk and Proper Feeding of Infants" was taken up. Lecture number three—and this was of seasonable importance—had for its topic "Hot Weather Food," under which general heading were included "What to Eat in Hot Weather," "What to Avoid," "Refreshing Drinks," etc. "Proper Food for Children" (of the age to require three regular meals a day) was considered in the fourth talk, while during the fifth lesson actual cooked dietaries were exhibited. A breakfast tray containing a mould of cereal, three or four prunes, buttered bread, and cup of cocoa, together with samples of cocoa shells and cereal coffee, furnished the text for such statements as that there were pleasing drink substitutes for tea and coffee that did not affect the nerves, that the occasional introduction of fruit would often tempt the child's appetite where a plain cereal would not, and that, above all, dainty arrangements and serving of food should be aimed at. The dinner tray with a steak ball, simple vegetable, baked potato, and custard, afforded the speaker an opportunity to impress upon her hearers the right way to cook meat and vegetables and the desirability of providing a simple, digestible dessert two or three times a week in the place of greasy pastry. Lastly, the supper tray, displaying a soft-boiled egg, baked apple, zwieback, and

milk, illustrated the point that the child's stomach should receive only light food directly before bedtime. Interested questions and answers passed between instructor and pupils. "I tried the eggs you told me about," one woman remarked, with enthusiastic but ungrammatical ardor, "and they was fine. I've told ever so many how to cook them." Another, "How did you say you could fry that meat without its being greasy?" while a little girl spoke up, "My mother sent me to ask you something. Often it is the 'little mothers' who not only carry home cooking hints to the grown-ups who are there detained by work or sickness, but test for themselves what they have heard on the pier." Though the instruction given is backed by sound, scientific principles, no technical terms are allowed to creep into the talks. The lesson itself is supplemented by typewritten outlines covering the main points studied, and these papers are distributed for home use. Of their own accord women will sometimes ask for extra copies for their neighbors who are not present. The slips serve as a more dependable guide than memory and encourage a more than momentary interest in the work.

As the majority of families for whom the cooking classes are intended are of very limited means or even on the verge of poverty, the expenditure of money for any but the absolutely essential household appliances is out of the question. Now and then, however, it has been found practicable to apply some of the newer culinary discoveries on a modest scale where it involves no great outlay.

To sum it all up, the wives and mothers among whom this missionary work is carried on are wakening up to the fact that the daily programme should not consist of the automatic routine of three meals a day, regardless of quantity and quality, and that the lowest priced article of food is not always the cheapest in the end. To their query "Why not?" or "What makes this or that harmful?" there is always a willing answer ready, suited to their comprehension.

MAY EMERY HALL.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A DOZEN MEN WERE injured, some, it is believed, mortally, and forty others were entangled in the Lewis Mine near Burdette, Col., on the afternoon of October 9, following the explosion of half a ton of dynamite. The explosion, which was caused by fire, wrecked the main shaft of the mine. Rescue men immediately started work removing the debris to release the buried men.

—ON OCTOBER 10, with every outward evidence of general regret, Ottawa bade farewell to Earl Grey, the departing Governor-General of Canada. The farewell was national in scope, for among the thousands who were present at the station when the train pulled out were Premier Borden with every member of his Cabinet, the judges of Canada's Supreme Court, and the members of the late Laurier Cabinet. Lady Laurier presented a large bouquet to Earl Grey. As the train pulled off the big crowd sang "Auld Lang Syne."

—THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION of Georgia, presented by Mrs. M. Cora Rowe of Atlanta, Ga., the super-

intendent of the sailors' work, recently presented to the battleship Georgia 932 comfort bags for the officers and crew. This is the second lot of such bags that has been presented to the sailors. Those for the Georgia were of maroon red with the State coat-of-arms embroidered in silver thread. Mrs. Rowe received the thanks of the captain on behalf of the officers and men.

—A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH DETACHMENT of sixteen men will be formed in the signal corps of the Cornell University cadet battalion, according to the plans of Lieutenant W. A. Gilmore, U.S.A., who has been detailed there as Professor of Military Science and Tactics. One or two of the cadets have had experience in wireless, and the others will work at the instruments during the winter so that they may be used in the battalion manoeuvres, which will be held next spring.

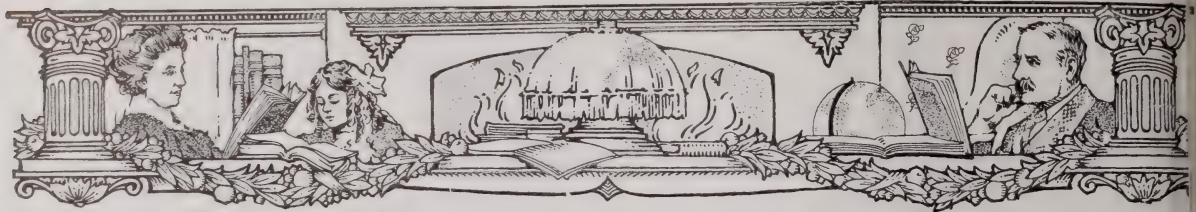
—A DISPATCH FROM MADRID, SPAIN, states that the Spanish losses in an engagement between two Spanish columns and

tribesmen in the Kert River section of Morocco on Saturday, October 7, were 36 killed and 100 wounded. The Spanish column, in resuming operations against the hostile tribes, advanced ten miles inland, burning houses and driving the tribesmen from their positions. They met with determined resistance. The operations were directed by the Minister of War in person.

—THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE on International Arbitration on October 9 announced the opening of its fourth annual prize contest for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate male student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. The prize of \$100 is given by Chester De Witt Pugsley. The conference also announced two prizes of \$200 and \$100, given by Mrs. Elmer Black of New York for the best essays on "International Peace" by undergraduate women students of colleges in the United States. The contests close March 15 next.



# AROUND THE HOME HEARTH



## At the Wrong End

"SHE gets hold of the boy at the wrong end," said a friend of the family in allusion to a boy and his mother. Although mother and son were devoted to one another their temperaments were antagonistic. The mother had a fatal tendency to exasperate the boy by commands given in a peremptory tone when gentle requests would have been quite as effective, by scolding him before strangers and retailing his faults in the hearing of the family circle. The boy who did remarkably well in school and was a favorite with his teachers never seemed to get on smoothly at home, and invariably behaved there in a manner unworthy of his better self. What was to be done became a puzzle.

At times it almost seemed that the mother in her continual fault-finding had alienated her own affection as well as retarded the growth of esteem in a boy who had reached the critical plane of the early teens. The trouble was that she took hold of her child's training at the wrong end.

No one can hope to influence a boy for his good unless she possesses tact, courage and self-control. Tact and self-control are essential elements in home comfort. A woman who is destitute of these qualities will seldom manage her household well. There will surely be friction. The quality of courage is as useful and necessary as either of the others, not merely physical but moral courage. A mother should at all times dare to be frank, to tell the truth in loving kindness and to exact the deference which is her due.

The mother of Frances Willard was more than ordinarily successful in training her children in strength and integrity. She used to say that she praised much and blamed little, and if one of the children appeared to be cross and unreasonable, she would express surprise and say, "What has become of the dear child who was here yesterday?" We have all heard of the remarkable character of the mother of Washington, and we have been told that the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln had a great deal to do in shaping the early life of that magnificent man. Mothers do not wholly make men. Fathers have an equal responsibility, yet it is a fact that the mother hand does much of the moulding in the earliest years, and the mother love drops its sweetness into the heart of the boy who will by and by be in the front of the world's work.

No two children in a home are precisely alike. Each should be studied and treated as an individual. It goes without saying that we shall make mistakes even when we try hardest to do our best. We need not make the mistake of losing the confidence and

drifting outside the sympathy of the growing boy. His mother's first duty is to understand him. Do not let business, pleasure, housework or society come between you and that boy of yours. Do not take hold of him at the wrong end.

## About Lending Books

THE real book-lover often hesitates to lend a book for two reasons. The first is naturally that books sometimes return from a temporary stay in another house very much the worse for wear. A book should be handled

first. For example, in these days, many of us have been reading works from the versatile pen of Arnold Bennett. We have been poring over the pages of William De Morgan. We have read with positive delight the essays of Arthur C. Benson, or we have been kindled to new thought by the crisp suggestions of G. K. Chesterton. We lend a book that we have read with enthusiasm, to a friend who carries it away, reads it and returns it without an atom of our appreciation and with words of cold criticism. Either the virile English of one writer

when a mere man dares to invade an occupation largely controlled and emptied by women, we are a little surprised. Nevertheless a young man recently enrolled himself in a class in domestic science in which the students were all feminine. He was regarded by his classmates with a little surprise, but by no means with aversion. Indeed, the solitary man was rather than tolerated, it may be supposed the charming girls who were his companions. There is no reason why a man should not study domestic science if he likes. In the particular case the student's object was preparation for a practical nature for a future lecture course which he intended to give. The best cooks in the world, and incidentally the most highly paid, are men, and whenever a man undertakes to cry out dressmaking, millinery or any other distinctly feminine art or trade he succeeds because he is painstaking and accurate.

One of the most popular and magnetic ministers in the Presbyterian Church, a man who has had a wonderful record of usefulness, was in his youth the only lad in a large Bible class of girls. He was seventeen, and they were somewhere in the same neighborhoods to age. There was one other Bible class which he could enter, and he desired to be taught by an excellent instructor whose ability was given to the benefit of the girls. Whenever and wherever a young man or woman is earnest and determined to learn, slight obstacles will be pushed aside.



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## A Wedding Party in Tripoli

IT is the custom of the groom with a party of his friends and relatives to call at the home of the bride with a conveyance of as pretentious a sort as his means will allow. The camel is considered the most appropriate animal for this honored task of conveying the bride to her new home. It is notable that neither the bride nor her attendant is veiled according to the custom of Mohammedan countries. This is occasioned by the fact that the photograph was taken in the territory of one of the inland tribes, where veiling is not so prevalent as at the coast.

as if it were a bit of precious property. The book-borrower may or may not be conscientious in treating a book well. The mere opening of a book may hopelessly ruin its binding, and if it be passed from one to another in a heedless household, it will surely come home looking woe-begone and weary. A book has a personality of its own which the book-lover recognizes. A book is not simply to be read. It is to stand on the shelf, to impart a friendly and comfortable air to a room, to be taken down in the twilight and touched with reverence, while the spirit of the printed page in a strange and subtle way holds communion with one's own.

The second reason for hesitation in lending a book is concerned with the pain and regret that come to pass as a bit of experience when the second person lacks the enthusiasm of the

and his description of homely people and homely scenes have disappointed our friend, or the philosophy of another has failed to charm her, or she has missed the point of the sparkling essays, and as she frankly tells us her opinion of our beloved books, we feel as though a dash of cold water had been thrown in our face. The joy of lending a book and the satisfaction involved in the incident depend entirely on the way the book is received by reader number two. Of course, when books are borrowed from a library the transaction belongs to business, and ceases to enter the domain of friendship.

## Something New

WE have grown so accustomed to the entrance of women upon fields hitherto occupied by men that

stantly making an outcry when dog barks, a cat mews, a squirrel rustles through the branches, or a bird sings in the morning. The lifted up their voices in protest, yet were only after a struggle that they were able to stop the slaughter, grackles, starlings and even robins that were shot as they were nesting in the branches. Northern New Jersey has been a birds' paradise, and those who are driving our feathered friends away may live to see the mistake and regret their cruelty. When the birds are gone, insect pests will multiply. Looking back a few years, some of us can remember summer walks when worms and caterpillars fell from the trees on our necks and arms, and when vegetation was destroyed by numerous crawling and creeping things now held in check by our bird neighbors.

## Making War Upon the Birds

IN Montclair, N. J., there has been waged of late a singular warfare against the birds. It might be called briefly, "A Lads Battle," since nervous women were the chief complainants in the case, and the chief foes of our little brothers of the air. They are, fortunately, women who have nerves and control and are not contently making an outcry when



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### All Hallowe'en at the Parsonage

IF YOU make up your minds not to frighten any one, there is more genuine fun in a well-planned Hallowe'en party than almost any other kind of a good time." I happened to be in the little village of Ossipee, in the White Hills of New Hampshire, last autumn, and the pastor's wife said this to me at market morning. And when All-Hallowe'en came along we were invited, on the dearest little calling cards, decorated with witches and jack-o'-lanterns, to spend the evening at the parsonage. How I wish you might all have been there to see for yourselves what a quaint, sweet party it was! I shall ever forget the lightest detail of it.

#### Hallowe'en Games

WE NAMED chestnuts and roasted them before the open fire, and when boy and girl chestnut unpopped toward each other that clearly indicates another wedding at the parsonage," the pastor would say, and then he quizzically forth the details of the only wedding that had been in the parsonage in ten years. If two chestnut boys separated and went each his own way, "so vill those for whom the nuts are named," the parson said, laughing heartily at his own good little joke; or it is pretty safe to prophesy that most boys will in time separate and go their own way. Should two girls by chance go hopping off together they were sure to be treated as jealous rivals, and when a nut fizzled, popped it to pieces or burned up, "end of trouble, happy days ahead," he would always say, using his long forefinger to point his words. The charm of naming chestnuts lay not at all in the prophecies, of course—for they were only a necessary part of the game—but in the clever little chestnut tales that the minister, laughing, told as fast as they happened.

#### The Alphabet Game

WE TIED a wedding ring to a long hair suspended over a goblet and started it swinging slowly, while each in turn repeated the alphabet. Whenever the ring struck the goblet we began saying the alphabet all over again, and in some such way as this we played that we spelled out the name of our future husband. It was so old-fashioned and funny, and the pastor fixed up such odds and ends of "matches," all in such a benign and good-natured way that we laughed and clapped merrily at the surprise and genuine good fun of it.

#### Apple-Bobbing

THE way we bobbed for apples was original too, for in each apple there had been buried a bean, a grain of corn, or a button. If you captured an apple with a bean in it, "yours will be a farmer's life, with peace and plenty and a pretty wife," the pastor's pretty wife would say. The grain of corn tells that you will follow a profession, and at night of a button in a rosy-cheeked pippin the bright little lady would promptly stand you up

and count out on your every button the old rigamarole, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," etc. The apple-bobbing lasted less than twenty minutes, but it was jolliest of all the games except perhaps

#### Sheets and Pillow Cases

DRAPED in snowy sheets and pillow cases and wearing funny little black silesia masks to make us look grim, we played Musical Chairs to extremely solemn music. The one who captured the last chair and the one who didn't were presented very seriously and ceremoniously with jack-o'-lamps made of oranges and Christmas candles, and were sent into the attic to find their prizes, which were penwiper witches made out of wish-bones and sealing wax.

#### Fishing for Fortunes

IT WAS a beautiful moonlight night, and about nine o'clock we were invited to step out to the rain-barrel and the watering trough, where plenty of tiny "wishing boats" made of English walnut-shells, in which small bits of Christmas tree candles were fastened, bobbed about waiting to bring us good luck. First we selected each our cockle-shell and lighted the candle; then we stirred up the water, and with a piece of stick, to which was tied about ten inches of string and a tiny fishing-hook, we fished for our fortunes. Because, you see, there were little mottoes made of candy hearts and out of sugar kisses, slyly tucked away in each shell. "Furthermore," the pastor's wife declared, "the boats that stay near shore tell of a stay-at-home life; if two boats drift together, then those to whom they belong will be life-long friends; the shells that ride the waves safely tell of even, happy lives; and if a tiny boat comes persistently back to shore, in its pretty way, it may be saying something to you about many short journeys you will be taking. If the candle burns brightly to the end, then all goes merrily forevermore. If it sputters and blows out, then every little annoying thing that has been troubling you



An Orange Jack-o'-Lantern



In every nursery, should be a cake of Ivory Soap.

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"The Old Woman and Her Cats," by Ludwig Knaus

THIS is one of the most spirited and popular paintings in the great Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sitting by the fireplace in a grimy old stone-paved kitchen, an ancient dame leaning on a cane is watching a family of kittens frolic in the light of the fire. For the best original story or verse entitled "The Old Woman and Her Cats," we will give a beautiful solio photograph of the painting, 10 x 8 inches, and for next best stories or verses in order of merit, twenty prizes of artistic post card pictures of the famous painting.

of late will go out this very night." And so it was we went from one charming and well-planned Hallowe'en game to another.

There was a wonderful magic lantern rigged up in the barn. The Hallowe'en supper was just as original and charming as the things I have already told you about, and there was a delightful ghost story that ended happy ever after. But my space is very limited, so if you would like to know more about Hallowe'en parties and how to get them up you may write and ask the Aunt in the Cozy Corner.

#### Evening Entertainment

TO ALL who send for it, enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope, I will send a delightful cut-out shadow-story for a Hallowe'en evening's entertainment. I would specially like every one

to have a copy of the shadow cut-out story, because we played and told it when we were boys and girls at home. So I hope you will all send for it, and I wish you such a happy Hallowe'en.

#### Good-Night Verse

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep;  
Birds, and beasts, and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches  
May the angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

#### Special Prize Notice

EVERY one should enter the prize contest this week. The large photograph and souvenir postal cards are exceptionally charming and worth your working for. Remember that in every instance the age of the contestant is taken into consideration in awarding Cozy Corner prizes, so that every one, big and little, has a fair and equal chance to earn one. Put your name and age and address clearly on your work and send it in before November 15. Thanking you all for your nice letters, and assuring you of my constant interest, I am,

Faithfully and lovingly always,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner



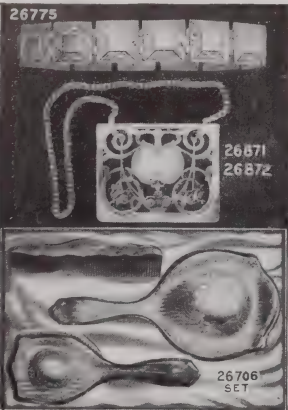
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## China's Uncrowned King

UPON the death of Sir Robert Hart at Fingest Lodge, Great Marlow, England, on September 20, one of the most romantic figures of modern history passed from the ranks of the world's great organizers and diplomats. Sir Robert was born at Milltown, County Armagh, in Ireland, on February 20, 1835. After receiving a degree from Queen's College, Belfast, he entered the British consular service and went to China as a student-interpreter when only nineteen years of age. From that time until his return to England in 1908 he passed his whole life in China.

In 1863 he resigned from the consular service to accept the appointment as Inspector General of Customs under the Chinese Government. His influence in this position upon the development of Chinese commerce with other lands was enormous. He brought about the modernization of the coast lights of China and exerted a great influence on the Imperial Government's relations to foreign powers. He became a power in the land, and at the time of his retirement had undoubtedly given a stronger impetus to the desire of the Chinese for the benefits of Western civilization than any other foreigner. He was a great provider of money for the Chinese Government, and gained its utmost confidence. The ministers of other Powers consulted him in every difficulty. In 1885 he was offered the post of British ambassador at Peking, but the indispensable nature of his work in connection with the marine customs brought him back to his old position, which he occupied until illness compelled him in 1908 to return to England on leave of absence.

Since his death, he has, by an Imperial Chinese edict, been awarded the brevet rank of Senior Guardian to the Hair-Apprent. This edict shows how he was appreciated in China, and gives a good summary of his career as Inspector-General of Customs. "Sir Robert Hart," it says, "performed many duties in China in connection with the establishment of the Customs, the organization of the coastal light-house system, the foundation of Tung-wen College, the participation in International Exhibitions abroad, and the creation of the post office, highly satisfactory results being attained in each instance; while in diplomatic questions he has frequently filled consultative functions. He labored for China during half a century, and his assistance was of great value. We extremely deplore his death." It will now perhaps be possible for a full biography of his unique career to be given to the world. From the story of his life published two years ago by his niece, Miss Juliet Bredon, his modesty, it is said, caused to be omitted many things which would have increased his reputation.

In telling of the overshadowing of God's providence in his life, Sir Robert once said that an old friend of his, named Russell, came to preach at Peking, at a certain church where he used to worship. But there had been changes in the form of service that Sir Robert did not like, and he had not been in that church for eighteen months. That morning he went to hear his old friend preach. Russell's first hymn was, "God moves in a mysterious way." After the service Sir

Robert went into the vestry, and found Russell very busy. "Hart," he said, "I have no time now. I'll come round to see you on Tuesday." Now, during the service Sir Robert Hart had noticed that a certain high official was not present that morning. He ought to have been there. Why wasn't he there? Was he ill? If not, what was he doing? To the busy brain speculating on this man's absence there came the resolve to hunt him up, and see what was wrong. He went to his house.

"Wait a moment," said this dignitary, hastily signing some documents. Then, throwing down his pen, he said, "There! that means war." "Don't you think you have made a mistake? Haven't you been a little hasty? Are you sure you have weighed all the facts?" said Sir Robert to him. "Well, I'll give you two hours to convince me I am wrong," he replied. He was convinced, the papers destroyed, and war averted. On Tuesday Russell came. "Hart," he said, "I don't know why I am sent to promote peace. I cannot see it. I feel bound. I cannot make a step." Then Sir Robert said, "You remember that first hymn you gave out, 'God moves in a mysterious way'?" and he showed him the hand of God in it all. "I should never have gone to that church if you had not been the preacher that morning. I should not have known of the absence of that official. Truly, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

At another time war was imminent. Certain high officials handed him a telegram that he knew would provoke war if sent. He tried to reason with them. It was useless. He went down to his office wondering what he could do, and began walking round the room. Quite unconsciously, he put out his hand and took a book from the shelves, and quite as unconsciously opened it. His eyes fell on a saying of Confucius, "He that sets out to build a hill must not refuse at the last basket of earth." What did it mean? Surely nothing else but "try again." He held back the telegram, and next morning went once more to the officials. He was greeted with the words, "Have you sent that telegram?" "No," he replied. "Well, it's all right. It doesn't matter. We've changed our minds." Silently Sir Robert Hart thanked God for the message that came from him, through his servant, the Chinese sage. T. R.-MCN.

### Hold Thou Me

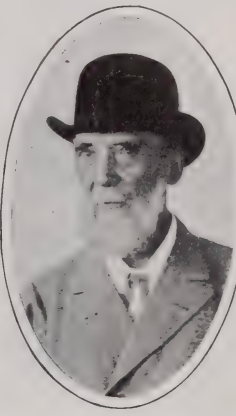
HOLD Thou me up where'er the way is hidden. And clouds hang darkly in the sky above; When wild misgivings come to me unbidden—O Father, hold me closely in Thy love.

Hold Thou me up under each new temptation, Lest I should fall beneath its subtle power; Thou, who art ever near, be my salvation, My rock, my fortress, in the trying hour.

Hold Thou me up when my weak heart is falling Before the troubles of the way I take; Make me to feel that Thou art all-prevailing—That Thou wilt succor me for Jesus' sake.

Hold Thou me up, O Lord my God, whenever The flowers of pleasure spring around my days, And let no fancies joy my spirit sever From Thee, who gavest me Thy love always.

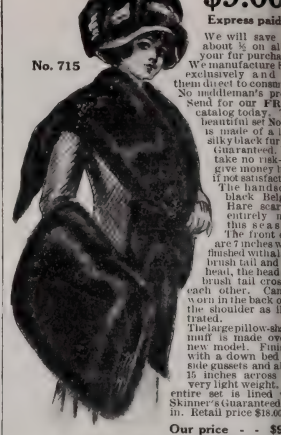
Hold Thou me up till I in death am sleeping—Till I am far from danger, safe and free. In that fair land where, in Thy gracious keeping, I rest for evermore at home with Thee.



The Late Sir Robert Hart  
The Famous Inspector-General of Customs  
in China

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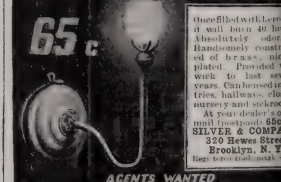
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## The Carnegie Peace Fund

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been asked to explain in just what manner the munificent gift of \$1,000,000, presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to advance the cause of International Peace and Arbitration, is being spent. At the Peace Conference held last May at Lake Mohonk, the Hon. James Brown Scott, as Trustee and Executive Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment, and Director of its Division of International Law, described fully the disposition which it intended shall be made of this vast sum.

Dr. Scott reviewed briefly the progress of civilization, in which war has played so prominent a part, and enumerated the obstacles which the great peace movement is encountering. He reminded his hearers of the consciousness of those who, like the German Emperor and his great teachers, Von Moltke, believe that the only virtues demanded chiefly on war are their development, and that, in the inscrutable providence of God, peace can be secured only by maintaining great standing armies and navies.

Dr. Scott affirmed that we must owe to such opponents and to all others that we have a substitute for a god of war, and one "so reasonable at its rejection would be unreasonable."

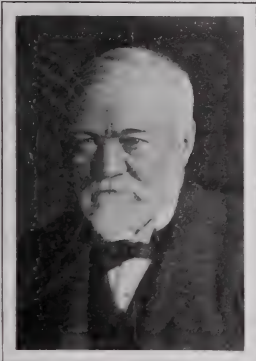
To this end, the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment have made of their work three divisions, namely: International Law; Economics and History; Intercourse and Education. In the first of these, Dr. Scott is

empowered to associate with himself some of the great international lawyers of the world. They will study to plant in all the great nations the right ideas of international justice. The expenses of these eminent workers, their conferences and their publications will be borne by the fund.

Dr. John Bates Clark, the distinguished Columbia economist, is at the head of the second division. The study of the economic causes and effects of wars, and the relation between the appalling expenditures for war and international well-being, will be the subject of researches in this department.

A director for the third division has not yet been secured. Its task is to bring into communication the leading peace-advocates of different lands; to promote acquaintance and good feeling between distant nations; and to introduce into the educational systems of all countries explicit and intelligent teachings of peace-theories.

In the *Oriental Review* (a New York magazine) for September 25, 1911, there is given a detailed statement of the subsidiary objects aimed at in each of these three great divisions. In almost every peace publication and in many of the speeches at the wonderful May Conference, the formation of peace societies in every community has been strongly urged. The easiest and surest way in which to exert the influence which every one of us desires to exert in favor of this truly divine movement, is by joining or by helping to form one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles.



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Mr. Andrew Carnegie

## Among the Workers

—REV. GEORGE W. MOONEY, long active in Methodism, has been appointed Eastern Financial Secretary of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana.

—THE GOLDEN JUBILEE to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the services of Rev. Frank Babbitt as rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Nyack, N. Y., took place on October 13. Mr. Babbitt is greatly beloved throughout a large section of the Hudson Valley. His work in fifteen years was in a sense pioneer. There is no money to pay either organist or sexton, but Mr. Babbitt acted in both capacities as well as attending to his other duties for fifteen years. He has built up a beautiful church, free from debt, which has a large and growing congregation.

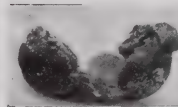
—EVANGELIST A. J. FITZ, of Denver, Colo., recently closed a six months' revival campaign in California. He was at Placerville three weeks, and the church was greatly blessed. It is a record for this field is remarkable. He was successful at every point. At Fairfield, Santa Springs, St. Helena, and Farmington he was given great help to the pastors, who hope to have him return to California another season. Mr. Fitz has returned East for a campaign in the central States.

—THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Daniel Hoffman Martin over the "Old First" Presbyterian Church of Glen Falls, N. Y., was celebrated by a men's dinner recently at which nearly two hundred men participated. Colonel John L. Cunningham presided and spoke of the growth and prosperity of the church under the present leadership, making it the largest church in the presbytery in numerical strength. At this dinner also plans were formulated for a men's "every member" campaign of the parish in the interest of greater gifts for foreign missions. A larger church edifice to cost something like a quarter of a million was also discussed.

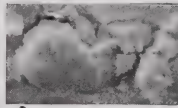
—THE REV. PAUL E. ZATTMANN, D.D., of Jamaica, N. Y., so long associated with Dr. F. Wilbur Chapman and the Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Church, has accepted a call to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

## Just Look at This

Here Are Actual Photographs—Magnified—of the Right and Wrong in Baked Beans



Here's a typical bean crisped and worthless—from the top of the home baking dish. It is caused by dry heat. But the heat which gets to the beans below it is merely a simmering heat. It isn't half enough to make them digestible. That's why beans are heavy food. That's why they ferment and form gas. Only these beans on the top—these beans that are burnt—ever get sufficient heat.



Here is a bean from the soggy mass at the bottom of the home baking dish. Simmered to pieces in a modest heat. Not baked at all. They are good to the taste, despite the fact they are mushy. But of what worth is a food which can't be digested—which cannot be turned to nutrition?

To get this dish you spend 16 hours in soaking, boiling and baking. The meal must be started the day before. The result is a food entirely unfit, save for the strongest stomach. This splendid food—more nutritious than meat—is robbed of four-fifths of its value.



Here is a bean from a can of Van Camp's. Every bean in a can is like it. Uncrisped and unbroken. Nut-like, mealy and whole. Luscious tomato sauce baked in. The flavor of pork through and through. The steam oven—not a dry heat.

Yet this bean for hours has been baked in an oven heated to 245 degrees. But it was a steam oven—not a dry heat.

These beans are digestible—immensely digestible. And they are so likable—so nut-like and mealy—that you never can get your folks back to the home-baked after they once taste these.

Van Camp's beans come ready to serve. You can keep them on hand—a dozen meals at a time—ready for any emergency. They never lose their freshness or savor.

By baking beans for a million homes we bake them cheaper than you can.

This dish is our pride—our specialty—our study for fifty years. No factory, no home, no hotel has approached it. You will cut meat bills in two when you once find out how good baked beans can be.

"The National Dish"

**VanCamp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

In Van Camp's you get Michigan beans, picked out by hand—beans all of one size, all baked alike. You get a sauce made of vine-

ripened tomatoes, costing us five times what some sauce would cost. A single comparison will prove to you how it pays to get this brand.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

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## It used to be a mighty long time between Mince Pies

And no wonder! Who wants to spend hours and hours chopping, sorting, paring, seeding and cooking, even for Mince Pie? But now it's different. There's

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## SEALY MATTRESS



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No Layers**

**No Linters**

No Tufts means, instead of a series of humps and hollows, a smooth, buoyant, undulating bed that instantly conforms to every curve, every posture of the body. There is no resting on "high spots," no twisting, no cramping of the body to conform to the inequalities of the mattress.

The Sealy has no inequalities and it accommodates itself to the sleeper, instead of forcing the sleeper to accommodate himself to the mattress.

There is no other mattress like the Sealy, made without uncomfortable tufts, without flattening the cotton fibres out into sheets or layers, without the use of linters, gin-waste or shoddy.

The Sealy is made by a patented pneumatic process that leaves each cotton fibre in its natural curly, springy form; the fibres are interlocked into one giant bat the size of the mattress; no divisions whatever. By this process, and only by this process is a tuftless mattress produced that is guaranteed to give 20 years' service without becoming lumpy or bumpy. This process requires high-grade long-fibre cotton—the only thing that ever goes into a Sealy Mattress, without tufted, layer-felt mattresses are largely made of linters or gin-waste, mill-waste and shoddy.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Book-fold Sateen, or Mercerized Art Tickings, either Plain Edge or Roll Edge—but never tufted. Prices, \$20 to \$25.

Send for our booklet: "The Real Difference in Mattresses" and the "Mattress Museum"

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## Mrs Somerville's Superstition

By ARNOLD HOFMANN

"WELL, dear, I must hurry along now and catch my train," said Mr. Somerville, putting down his newspaper and arising from the breakfast table.

"Dear me!" pouted Mrs. Somerville, "haven't you time to stay at the table until I finish feeding baby his milk and crackers?" Here she turned to the two-year-old infant, sitting beside her in his high chair, and kissed him. "Poor 'tito Bartholomew! 'ur dadda never has any time for 'oo and mamma. Has he, dearie?" she chirped.

"Dadda, dadda," gurgled the baby. "But, my dear Azalea," remonstrated Mr. Somerville, "you are a trifle unreasonable. It is imperative that I should be in town promptly at eleven o'clock this morning."

"Oh, well, I suppose it is; but what is the use of having a summer home if you have to spend all your time in town away from me?"

"Why, how can you say that, Azalea darling? You know that this is the first time that I have gone to town this week, and I wouldn't go now only we are going to have an important directors' meeting and I simply must be there. And what's more, I'll have to hurry or I'll miss my train, and they only run every two hours, you know." He glanced out of the window. "There is Williams with the auto now, waiting to take me to the station."

"Well, go ahead, Alfred dear; go ahead. I'm not preventing you. Please don't let me detain you," replied his wife.

Mr. Somerville shrugged his shoulders and slipped into his linen duster. "Don't you want to ride to the station with me, dear? It's such a beautiful morning."

"And leave poor little Bartholomew here all alone without having finished his breakfast? No, thank you. I prefer to attend to my duties."

"But the nurse can finish feeding him."

"Alfred Somerville, you know very well that I am not that kind of a mother."

Mr. Somerville gave up in despair, kissed the baby a resounding smack on his chubby cheek, received an icy osculation from his wife, and going out stepped into his car and departed.

Mrs. Somerville stood on the veranda for a few moments, watching the automobile speed down the road, and then returned to the dining-room. There the baby was clamoring to be fed, and she hastened to comply with his wishes. "Yes, dearie, 'ur mamma is toin'."

As she passed Mr. Somerville's place at the table she cast a hasty glance at the newspaper. Something caught her eye. She snatched the paper up and examined it more closely, gave a little gasp, turned pale and rushed wildly upstairs to the telephone.

"Hello! hello! Give me the railroad station, please! Quick! What's that? Oh, goodness me! I don't know the number, and I'm in too big a hurry to look for it. You surely must know the number. Give it to me right away, please!"

After a period of waiting and squabbling she got her number.

"Hello! is this the railroad station? Well, has Mr. Somerville arrived there yet? He hasn't? Oh, goodness me! Whatever am I going to do? I do hope he hasn't met with an accident on the way. Will you do me a great favor, please?"

A grunt of assent came from the other end of the line, but Mrs. Somerville went on without waiting for that.

"As soon as Mr. Somerville reaches the station tell him to turn right around and come back with all haste. His wife has something to tell him and must see him right away."

She hung up the receiver, rushed down to her baby and fed him with nervous impatience, while her rather pretty face wore an anxious, preoccupied expression.

In the course of twenty minutes Mr. Somerville, pale, excited and covered with dust from the breakneck speed with which the auto had made the return trip, bounded into the house.

"For goodness' sake, what is it?" he cried wildly. "The man at the station told me you telephoned something terrible had happened!"

"No, dear, but I know something terrible would have happened if you had not returned immediately." Here the lady of the house struck a dramatic attitude. "Alfred Somerville," she said in a voice tense with awe and dark foreboding, "do you realize that to-day is Friday, the thirteenth?"

"Yes, yes," he replied breathlessly; "and what—?"

"It's Friday, the thirteenth," she repeated solemnly.

"Well, what about it? What did you call me back for?" he panted.

"What did I call you back for? Goodness gracious! Is not that enough?"

He retreated a step in blank astonishment. "Azalea Somerville, do you mean to say that you called me back here and caused me to miss my train for no other reason than that this is Friday, the thirteenth?"

"I do," she replied stoutly; "and what's more, I won't listen to your leaving the house this day. Don't you remember what the fortune-teller told me last winter? A great calamity would befall us in May. This is May, and what better day could you find for this terrible thing to happen than on Friday, the thirteenth?"

Even Somerville lost his patience. "Confound it!" he cried hotly; "I won't be such a fool. I won't stay. I've got to be at that meeting. You've made me miss my train now, and I'll have to go all the way in the machine. But I'm going."

"Oh, Alfred! How can you say such a thing on a day like this?" she half screamed. "And whatever you do, don't go. I feel that something terrible is going to happen. Don't tempt fate this way, Alfred dear. Oh, please stay home!"

"It's absurd and impossible. We have to consider a most important question to-day, and I've got to be there. Good-by!" he said curtly, and rushed out to his car. "Williams, drive all the way to the city, and throw on your best speed. We've got to make it by eleven o'clock," he ordered as he climbed in and slammed the door after him.

Mrs. Somerville sank down on a chair and burst into a flood of tears. Presently her younger and unmarried sister came downstairs to breakfast. "Why, what in the world is the matter, Azalea, dear?" asked that young lady on discovering the tearful one.

"Oh, Ethel! he doesn't love me any more," sobbed Mrs. Somerville. "He went away without kissing me good-by, and this is Friday, the thirteenth. Don't you remember what that woman told me? Oh, I know something dreadful is going to happen."

Miss Ethel, though a trifle worried herself, tried to comfort her sister, but Mrs. Somerville would not listen.

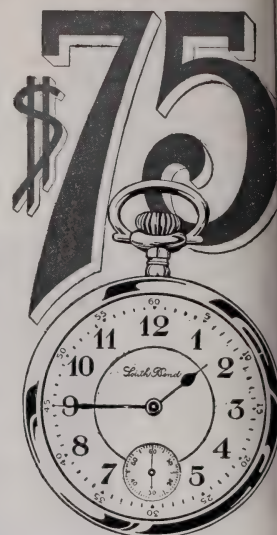
"Don't worry me, Ethel. I want to be alone." She rang for the nurse-girl. "Mary, finish feeding dear little Bartholomew, and then take him out on the lawn—he'll be safest out in the open—and keep a strict watch over him every minute of the time." With that she hurried up to her room, locked the door, threw herself on the bed and cried and prayed by turns.

It was not long before Mrs. Somerville's preventatives began to take

Continued on next page

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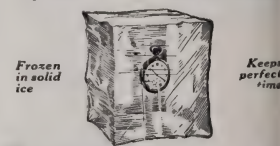
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no longer need to say what "I can do," at what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to arise to their very best—why not you?

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"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no heartache, or sluggish liver, and I can breathe now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 5 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indignation is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have taken off my glasses, and my catarrh is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am growing—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help every woman to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells you how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may have to help a dear friend.

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**Susanna Cocroft**

Dept. 18KK, 624 S Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is the best authority in America upon the regaining of women's health and figure through Natural, Scientific means.

# Mrs. Somerville's Superstition

Continued from preceding page

effect. While the nurse-girl and the chambermaid became deeply engrossed in a momentous discussion over the appropriateness of wearing open-work stockings with high-topped shoes, young Bartholomew tumbled into the fish-pond surrounding the fountain, and came very near terminating his career before he was discovered and rescued.

The girls became badly frightened. They immediately called a council to decide upon the best way in which to escape the wrath of the mistress. After much discussion it was resolved that Mary should take the baby to the garage and show him the gasoline tank and other amusing things while the chambermaid, on the pretense of cleaning the room, went upstairs and smuggled out a fresh change of clothing for the child. Meanwhile little Bartholomew, too badly frightened to cry, sat shivering and sputtering and turning blue with cold.

On the whole the plan worked very well. Bartholomew had several dresses of like pattern and texture, but they encountered a difficulty when it came to shoes; for with the summer season coming on, it happened that he possessed only the one pair of high-topped shoes, which he had on when he fell into the water. This was a bad thing, for Mrs. Somerville, being a careful mother, would probably notice the change in her baby's footwear and would begin asking questions.

But the girls overcame this difficulty by changing the stockings and replacing the same shoes, whereupon little Batty, as they called him, was made to trot up and down the gravel path until the shoes dried on his feet. Thus everything came out nicely and Mrs. Somerville never knew how near she had come to losing her darling child.

After lunch Mrs. Somerville calmed down somewhat and decided not to worry quite so much. She resolved to wait calmly and heroically for the calamity that she dreaded would come before the day was over.

"After all, I think you had better leave Bartholomew in my care for the rest of the day, Mary," she told the nurse-girl. "You can have the rest of the day to yourself. I'll feel easier if I keep him right with me all the time."

Mrs. Somerville amused the child in the nursery for a while, and when it came time for his nap she took him into her own room and placed him on the bed. Then hastily removing her collar and tossing it upon a low chair, she made herself comfortable and lay down beside him.

The child soon fell asleep, and the mother, worn out with worry and anxiety, was not long in following.

Two hours later she was awakened by the maid shaking her gently. "Please, madam, come down right away. They're bringing in Mr. Somerville and Williams."

Mrs. Somerville was on her feet in an instant. She swayed slightly and pressed her hand to her heart, crying, "It has come! I knew it! I knew it! O heaven, have mercy on me!"

"Please, madam, don't carry on so," pleaded the maid, "Don't look that way. They're not dead—only hurt. The auto was wrecked."

Mrs. Somerville staggered down the stairs, followed by the maid, and little Bartholomew was left alone and completely forgotten for the time being.

Mr. Somerville, a mass of bandages and bruises, was just being deposited on a comfortable chair in the living room when his wife reached the lower hall.

"O Alfred!" she gasped, falling on her knees beside him and taking his hand; "Don't tell me that you are going to die!"

"Die nothing!" he snapped. "Williams and I are all banged up, that's all. Spent half the day in a hospital and had to be brought home in a carriage."

"Oh, dear! I knew it would happen! I knew it! Why didn't you listen to me and stay home? I told you something terrible would happen to-day."

"If you had left me alone I would have got that train this morning and everything would have been all right," he retorted, sharply; "but this way we tried to make fast time and ran into a farm-wagon. The machine is a complete wreck, so is the farm-wagon, and I have to pay for it. Williams and I are badly cut and bruised, and I missed the directors' meeting, all because you got a crazy notion into your head. Now are you satisfied?"

"Alfred dear, don't talk that way," she pleaded. Then turning away, "Oh, he's out of his head. What am I going to do? Where is Miss Ethel? Tell her to come and help me."

"Her young man came by for her in his machine and they went for a ride," informed the maid.

"This too!" ejaculated Mrs. Somerville. "Now she'll be killed. Why did you let her go?"

"Miss Ethel is her own mistress, madam. I can't stop her from going out."

"Yes, I know—I know. But—"

"Look here, Azalea," Mr. Somerville broke in; "calm yourself and be sensible. I'm not seriously hurt. Be a dear girl, sit down beside me and keep me company while James gets me my dressing-gown and slippers and a cup of coffee—and one for Williams too, James."

"I'll fix the coffee myself, you poor dear," exclaimed Mrs. Somerville, and rushed out into the kitchen.

It was nearing twilight when the excitement over Mr. Somerville's accident began to abate; and now, for the first time, a faint sound of mingled coughing and crying coming from the upper regions reminded Mrs. Somerville of poor little Bartholomew, who had been left alone all this time.

She hurried upstairs and discovered the child sitting in the middle of the floor. In one chubby fist he held her discarded collar, which bore evidence of having been chewed. His other hand he had in his mouth.

"Well, mamma's precious, did dey leave 'oo all alone? Did 'oo tink 'ur mamma had runned away?" she asked.

"Hurt, mamma, hurt," whined the baby, digging his hand farther into his mouth as if trying to extract something, and thereby almost strangling himself.

"What hurts dear?" asked his mother excitedly.

The child coughed. "Hurts," he repeated and put his hand into his mouth again.

"What is it, precious? Did you swallow something?"

"Swallow," said Bartholomew. "Swallow hurts."

"Goodness gracious! What did you swallow? Let mamma see." She snatched him up and carried him to the window, where she pried open his mouth and looked down his throat. "I can't see anything. Tell mamma what you swallowed."

For answer the infant coughed and choked.

His mother's distracted gaze fell upon the damaged collar, which he still clutched tightly. "You didn't swallow my gold-headed pin, did you?" Wildly she rushed to the chair where she knew she had tossed the collar with the pin—an ordinary long straight pin with a gold head—sticking in it. She looked on the chair, the floor—everywhere. The pin was gone!

Pale and trembling, she flew at the child and shook him while she cried in a wild, trembling voice: "Speak to me, Bartholomew. Tell mamma the truth. Did you swallow the pin?"

The child became frightened and began to cry.

"Oh, don't cry—answer mamma. Did Bartholomew swallow pin?"

Continued on page 1078



## Bread and Karo

As a spread for bread KARO has no equal. Children thrive on it.

It is better than honey with hot biscuit, giddle cakes and waffles.

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## Business Men and the Bible

By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper

MR. EDISON has defined American genius as consisting of "two per cent. of inspiration and ninety-eight per cent. of perspiration." A man whose genius could be thus described is usually lauded as a successful member of modern society—successful because he is effective in business, or effective in competitive public enterprise requiring ingenuity and zeal, or effective in accumulation of wealth.

But the gospel of efficiency may be the means of depriving the modern business man of the very finest prizes of life, namely, contentment and the power to comprehend the real meaning of existence. Our cities are filled with men who have succeeded materially in their calling, but we search often despairingly for great leaders among business men—leaders who "see life steadily and see it whole"—who have not only gained property but perspective, who have not only succeeded in doing but in addition have made a success of being—who possess, with great estates, great souls. Many a community tolerates successful men whom it does not love or need, and whom it would quite gladly dispense with. Too often the man of high commercial rank is criticized as being of low mental and moral quality, indulging in tyranny over the weak, and fattening upon the servility and feebleness of the poor.

Business may need watchful and powerful regulations through legislative high forces. Social conditions require constant study and ever expanding plans of amelioration, but our modern society cries out for business men who stand with high and successful honor at its summit, who are capable of matching their activity with their contemplation, who know not only their particular specialism but also the God of all specialties, and the place their success should fill in his plan.

### The Bible as a Force in Modern Business

One instrument through which such precious knowledge is coming among many business men of our day is the Bible. Business men are returning to the "Book our mothers read," to find in it inspiration for a new and finer idealism, to discern the world of the spirit which lies, for him who would seek it earnestly, not far from the world of the flesh.

And such men as only know the Bible of their Sunday School days are finding a new approach to the Word of God—a new attitude rising out of sensible modern scholarship and the needs of a new time. They are finding it possible to study the Bible as they would study other literature—with intelligent and scientific method, with unprejudiced mind, with the idea of finding out its truth, relative not merely to some early century but to our own times.

Adult Bible classes in the church are taking on new life. Last year the records show more than 400,000 men enrolled in Bible classes organized and unorganized in American churches. Ninety-seven thousand two hundred and eleven men were enrolled in the Bible classes of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada. A Bible class of business men in New York studied and discussed the Bible last winter with such topics in mind as the following:

The statesmanship of Moses as adapted to modern public life.

Amos as a reformer.

What was Jesus' attitude to money? to pleasure? to crime?

Some of the sessions of the class were trips of investigation to the poorer districts of the city. The principles of Christianity were taken not theoretically, but practically. The religion of the Bible was not a fine thing for one day in seven; it was a working

theorem; a gospel leading to immediate serviceableness; a program of vital utilitarianism; a realized idealism.

There are two distinct and sufficient reasons for the serious study of the Bible by the modern business man. First, because he cannot afford to get on without such study; and, second, because he possesses the unique ability to present and to adapt the Bible's message to men of his time.

### The Bible's Message to the Business Man

We can hardly overestimate the value of the Bible to men of business in their struggles and sorrows and disappointments as an indispensable and personal help in time of trouble. Many a business man's heart will respond to the feeling in the following passage taken from Stanley's accounts of his stern conflicts in Africa:

Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's aid I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest's solitude that I would confess his help before men. A silence, as of death was around about me. In this physical and mental distress alone, I besought God to give me back my companions, whose fate was a mystery. Before turning in for the night, I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the book through from beginning to end, and was now in Deuteronomy for the second reading. I came to the verses wherein Moses exhorts Joshua in those fine lines: "Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee." It encouraged me to go on and be confident.

The modern business man, whether a churchman or not, needs the solace of the Bible. He is subjected to a strain of body and mind and spirit which probably no other class of men experience to a like degree. He stands upon the firing line of our new and rapidly expanding material civilization. He knows the sudden disaster and calamity, the terrific risks, the clash of antagonistic interests, the unsurmountable obstacles, the treachery of alleged friends, the rapidly shifting and ominous condition of modern competitive struggle. The business man fairly sleeps in his armor. His face is carved by the lines of care and business stress. His hair is silvered before its time through the apparition of fortunes lost or won—the impact upon his spirit of the *Sturm und Drang* of incessant business warfare.

Is it any wonder that Lincoln turned to the Bible and read it more than any other book during the storm-tossed days of the Civil War? A friend of mine occupied a steamer chair on a recent transatlantic voyage by the side of one of our foremost men in public life. This public man was seen reading his Bible each morning. After several days had passed my friend inquired what he found of interest in the book. He replied that it was his daily habit to read it, since it helped to allay the vexations of life's busy hours; it assisted him in securing calm and balance when confusion reigned about him; it lent him patience—the power to wait. On his month's trip to Europe he had read the Psalms and the Gospel of John and the Gospel of St. Luke. He added, "It is a great book, the Bible."

A business man in one of our American cities whose moments are so valuable that one is rarely able to secure through his secretary more than a ten-minute interview, takes a half-hour each morning, in the private room which he has fitted up in his home on the top floor, for the uninterrupted reading of a Scriptural passage, and for thought thereon. He said publicly not long ago that this habit was the chief reason for any real power and success in his life.

The Bible belongs to the business man by right of his need. He needs it for dynamic and self-control. He takes

Continued on page 1081

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# The World's Methodism in Toronto

Continued from page 1062

Rev. Dr. H. M. DuBose, of Augusta, Ga., said: "I have never before realized the immensity of this problem. The problem is a vital one. If you do not make this country somehow the city of God, it will be something very different. For the United States of America will either be the most deadly hindrance to the Kingdom of God or the most glorious aid to it, and that within a short time."

It was natural that foreign missions should have a prominent place in the programme. In his address on "The Responsibility of Methodism in World-wide Evangelism," Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Lewis, of Westminster, Md., President of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, spoke the plain old-fashioned word as to the world's real need of Christ. Dr. Lewis also made a powerful appeal for union of the different branches of Methodists in America. No one was this theme of Methodist union more forcibly presented than by the Rev. Dr. Sennosuke Ogata, President of the Anglo-Japanese College in Tokyo. Doctor Ogata is a graduate of De Pauw University. He spoke to the Conference from Japan to present the "four-year-old child of the mothers—unwilling to grow up the children of three mothers." "It is perplexing," said Dr. Ogata, "to an ordinary Japanese mind, why there are so many denominations of the Christian Church, when all Christians believe in the same God and the same Saviour."

Dr. J. W. Butler, of Mexico, traced the growth of Methodism in that country since the time of the first Colonial Council, when there was hardly a score of Methodist congregations there. To-day there are 352 congregations, with 7,401 children in day schools and 10,198 in Sunday Schools. The fact that women delegates have been seated with their men associates on the floor of the Conference has been a source of gratification to many. Bold and fierce has been the fight made by Methodist women for admission to the various conferences of their church.

The presiding officer of the women's session in Toronto was Mrs. William I. Owen, President of the New York Branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. To Mrs. George O. Robinson of Detroit belongs the distinction of being the first woman to deliver her voice in the Conference. That women have done in Methodism is discussed at a mass meeting held in connection with the Conference. Mrs. Thomas R. Perkins of London, head of the businesslike administration of women's missionary work, the work of a deaconess was explained. Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, Principal of the Chicago Training School for Missions and pioneer in deaconess work in the United States. Mrs. Joseph

Johnson of the Primitive Methodist Church, Honorary Secretary of the Sisters' Settlement and Training Home in London and of the Cripples' and Poor Children's Seaside Home at Westcliff-on-Sea, spoke of the work of mothers, concluding her remarks with the words, "Who made King Edward the Peacemaker if not Victoria the Good?"

Of course Peace occupied an important part in the discussions, seeming to be ever present in the minds of the speakers whatever the appointed topic might be. There was no sentiment more heartily cheered than allusions made by Bishop Hoss to the amicable relations existing between the British Empire and the world's greatest Republic.

Sir Robert Perks, who has won renown on both sides of the Atlantic both as a practical man of business and an equally alert churchman, added his plea for peace. "We are anxious to use the forces of our Church to further this great arbitration business so that something practical can be done in the direction of stopping the wicked outlay upon war. We have upon the throne of the Empire to-day a king who in the love of the British home, and in his devotion to the interests of the Empire and the inheritance of his father's love of peace will, I believe, by the grace of God, be able to guide its destinies through its most troublous days."

Another Englishman of distinction to receive warm welcome was the Rev. Owen S. Watkins of London, ranking chaplain of the British Army and Chaplain of the Household Troops of His Majesty George V. As a veteran of the Sudan and the siege of Ladysmith, and as one of the chaplains who conducted the memorial service of Chinese Gordon after the fall of Khartoum, as one who was mentioned in special despatches to Queen Victoria for service on the field, receiving several medals, Mr. Watkins is a person to command respect.

It is a far cry from military chaplains to Indian chiefs, yet among the duly accredited delegates were Rev. H. L. Cloud, representing the Cherokee Indians, and Moty Tiger, chief of the Creek Indians, both from Oklahoma. Mr. Cloud made a short and earnest address. Moty Tiger was introduced by Bishop Hoss, who said: "He is the present chief, and will be the last chief, of the Muskogee Indians, the very tribe to which John Wesley went in Georgia. Wesley went back imagining that his work had been a failure. But nearly that whole tribe is now Methodist."

It would be impossible to rehearse all the good things said and done at the Ecumenical Conference. The meetings closed with a weighty feeling of responsibility resting upon the minds of those who had attended the sessions.

MARY KENDALL HYDE.

## China in the Throes of Civil War

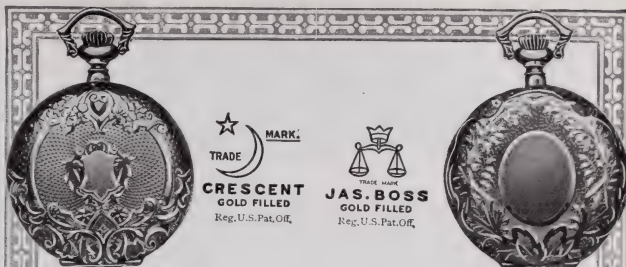
THE revolution which has been hanging over China for months in the past, and of which the rising province of Shu-Chuen was only a small part, has begun in earnest. It is a concerted movement to take the empire and declare a republic. The noted revolutionist, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the anti-Manchu party, if the ans do not miscarry, is to be elected president.

Sun Yu, a brother of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is now in Hankow, has been elected president of the Provincial assembly, and Tang Hua Lung, the stirring president of the Assembly and well-known scholar, has been elected governor of Hu-Peh.

The rebels are well organized and financially strong. They have confiscated the local treasuries and banks and are issuing their own paper money, deeming the government notes with them, as the foreign banks are refusing to exchange government notes.

The revolutionaries who captured Wu-Chang have crossed the Yangtze River and occupied the native section comprising the whole city except the foreign concessions of Hankow and Han-Yang. Chang-Sha, capital of Hunan, is reported to have risen in revolt, and Nanking, capital of the province of Kiang-Su, is on the verge of a rising, several public buildings having been destroyed, including the yamens of the Viceroy and the Tartar general. The business and foreign relations part of the movement are being carried on in a most thorough and statesman-like manner.

The Chinese Government has awakened to the danger of the revolution in Hu-Peh Province. An imperial edict ordered the immediate dispatch of two divisions of troops to the disaffected provinces. About 20,000 of the troops are Manchus. Five out of ten of the divisions of China's modern army are reported to have joined the revolution.



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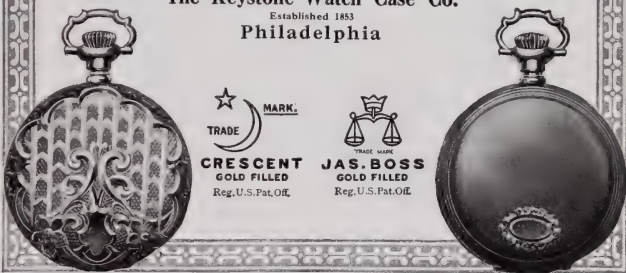
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## Mortgages on Real Estate

**T**O succeed, the investor must ever keep in mind certain basic principles, which are as essential to success as the Arabic numerals are to the schoolboy's arithmetic. We shall therefore offer no excuse for repeating the five elementary requirements of a good investment. These are: first, safety of principal and interest; second, rate of income; third, convertibility; fourth, prospect of increase in market value; fifth, stability of market price. In no line of investment is it more essential to keep those points in mind than in that form known as real estate mortgages.

### What a Mortgage Is

A real estate mortgage is usually known as a "bond and mortgage." It consists of two parts: first, a note or promise to pay, called "the bond," and, second, the security or lien upon the real estate. The first agrees to pay at some future date a fixed sum of money at a legal rate of interest, agreed on at time of contract. The contract, fully stated in the mortgage, sets forth that the transfer shall be void if the interest is duly met and the bond or note redeemed at time of maturity.

These preliminaries are clear and simple, but they are the essentials to a transaction necessarily more complex than that of buying a railroad or other corporate bond. Before advancing money on the security of a real estate mortgage, the business man knows, and the novice should know, that it is necessary to find out: first, that the title to the property is legally vested in the maker of the mortgage; second, that the maker of the mortgage is of legal age and sound understanding; third, that during the life of the mortgage the taxes and insurance will be duly met; and fourth, that all other liens and claims against the property shall be fully and clearly set forth.

### Safety of Such Security

In buying a real estate mortgage, the five essential points before set forth should be kept in mind. In common with all other forms of security, the safety of a real estate mortgage depends on the margin of security in excess of the amount loaned. This can be approximated in the case of real estate with more accuracy than in the usual corporate bond. In large cities expert appraisers can be depended on to make such an estimate, and in the smaller places, the lawyers who prepare the papers and search the records for title and previous liens should have a good knowledge of real estate values in their own neighborhood. While such an examination may show that the property is worth at the time twice the amount for which it is pledged, unless it satisfies another condition the investment may not be safe, and that is permanency of selling value.

If the value of the property, on which a mortgage is held, advances, it follows that the security of the loan is increased, but this fact does not add in any way to the value of the principal invested, as would be the case with industrial, railroad, or public utility bonds. If the value of the mortgaged property decreases, and particularly where the impairment is very great, the holder is often compelled in self-defense to take over the property.

While real estate mortgages may be and often are transferred to banks as security for loans, one of their most prominent characteristics is their lack of convertibility, and this may be regarded as their chief disadvantage. On the other hand, this quality removes them from the field of active speculation, and so they cannot shrink in value, as do more readily convertible forms of security.

The following, in brief, may be regarded as the peculiar qualities of a real estate mortgage. First, when purchased under the best conditions, it affords ample security for principal and interest; second, it gives a relatively high return; third, it has a low convertibility; fourth, it has no prospect of increase in value; fifth, it affords the greatest security for keeping intact the amount invested.

### Who Should Invest

We have repeatedly called attention to the wisdom of investing judiciously any business surplus, and we have pointed out that the first requisite of such an investment should be convertibility, so as to be able readily to meet any unexpected call for cash. Now, as real estate mortgages are not readily convertible, it follows that they should not be seriously considered when it comes to the investment of a business surplus, though, like all the rules governing such matters, there may be exceptions.

When it comes to individual or private investment, it is not so easy to decide between real estate mortgages and other forms of security, so much depends on the status of the investor. If there is any considerable sum of money available, the best course certainly would be not to put too much of it into this form of investment, but when the sum is not large, the real estate mortgage has its advantages and its attractions.

### Guaranteed Real Estate Mortgages

A discussion of this subject, no matter how cursory, would lack an essential if no reference were made to what has come to be known as "guaranteed mortgages." These are generally issued by large corporations, which issue what may be described as, though they are not so called, combination mortgages. The companies buy, let us suppose, a mortgage for \$100,000 on approved real estate for which they receive five per cent. They divide this into 1,000 shares of \$100 each, and sell the bonds at four and one-half per cent, keeping one-half of one per cent, for expenses and profit. If the mortgaged property should decline in value till it is lower than the amount advanced the company has its surplus to fall back on, and the investor at least is secure.

The returns from this source are never so great as when the transaction between borrower and lender is direct, but such an investment saves a world of worry, while affording ample security. As these companies are nearly all of comparatively recent formation, they have had the advantage of a general rise in real estate values and so have prospered greatly. This prosperity, as is ever the case, has led to the formation of similar companies all over the country. Many of these new companies may be entirely safe, but prudence will lead to their examination before the cautious investor entrusts his money to their keeping.

### An Immigration Problem

—MISS MARY E. BAMFORD, corresponding secretary of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of Northern California, writing of the work of Miss C. I. E. Pierson amongst the immigrants of Angel Island, San Francisco, says: "One of the saddest parts of immigration work is, always, of course, deportation, and it seems especially sad in the cases of the deported Chinese women, who are sent back to China, for the missionary knows that these women will soon be met at Hong-Kong by the slave dealers who sent them to America, and who will drag them straight back into the old, dreadful life. Miss Pierson has tried in vain to find any one at Hong-Kong who will meet and save these women from the slave dealers. If there is any remnant of TRUE CHRISTIAN HEART who has a friend or acquaintance in Hong-Kong, let him write to such friend there, asking if some provision cannot be made at Hong-Kong to save these poor deported Chinese women from the clutches of the slave dealers there."

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# Joshua's "Long Day"

A Soldier's View of the Famous Battle When the Sun and Moon Stood Still

In a recent issue, on the "questions and answers" page, you explained to V. H. F. Sycamore, Fla., that, according to the views of some commentators, Joshua's command to the sun and moon to stand still is not to be taken literally; also that Joshua's prayer was that they should withhold their light and that the gloom or semi-darkness should last until the battle was fought—or words to that effect.

The truth is the commentaries are wrong. The sun and moon stood still literally. This has been verified by all eclipses. When the eclipses are verified from the beginning of creation—Adamic time—it brings us down to Tuesday of the week; and when we verify the eclipses from the present time backward to Joshua's long day, it brings us to Wednesday of the week. And, when the calculation is worked out by the ninths of time instead of seconds, we find that the sun stood not to go down for about a whole day, i. e., twenty-three and one-half hours. If you will consult Isaiah 38: 7-9 you will see how the calendar is corrected; this account is also given in the books of Kings and Chronicles, thus proving the facts to be true.

As to the theory that darkness was necessary in order to enable Joshua to win out over his enemies, no greater stake was ever made. I speak now on a military standpoint. Every military operation is a problem in geometry, which is the science of angles—troops opposing each other always form some kind of an angle—and the general who is best posted on that subject is sure to win out. Both are well posted, then it becomes a question of strength and tactical skill. Joshua's operations show that his forces were at least equal to those of his enemies, or else he could not have attempted a combined front and flank movement. His advance was at Gibeon and the main army at Gilgal; and the account in Joshua 10 says that he went up on Gibeon all night, and went into position on the front and rear of the enemy's lines. He might have gone to the other flank, but this would have had the effect of driving the enemy to their own stronghold. By gaining the enemy's right and rear, he forced them to retreat away from their base.

If a general, through his scouts, learns that the enemy is equal or inferior in numbers he will attack as soon as it is light enough to see; if the enemy is superior he will either retreat or delay the action as long as possible, because only a few hours are necessary in order to enable him to estimate the possible result. If he should be compelled to lose heavily in order to hold his own until darkness sets in—which always puts an end to battle—he can either retreat under cover of darkness, or bring up fresh troops under cover of darkness. Here is where the situation appealed to Joshua; he wished to win a decisive victory; he knew that darkness would be of great help to the enemy for the reasons I have given; therefore he needed a further extension of daylight, which was granted in order to enable him to win a decisive victory, and also to enable him to take up a central position in Palestine so as to conquer it from the centre outward. This was afterward carried out, as you will see by studying the rest of Joshua's operations.

Strategy is the same now as it was in Joshua's time. Tactics have changed through improvements in arms and

weapons of war. Strategy is purely mathematical and deals with the handling of troops on a theatre of war, or theatre of operations. Tactics is the art of handling troops in battle or in the face of the enemy. Strategy ends when tactics begin. In Joshua's time strategy ended as soon as the opposing forces came within reach of each other with the sword and spear, or with bows and arrows, and so forth.

In these days, strategy ends as soon as the opposing forces come within striking distance of the long range repeater, or artillery; but strategy itself is the same now as it was in the days of Joshua and long before his time. The Bible is full of military science. It crops out here and there, and its principles are of as much force to-day as in the time they were written.

N. A. HAUSSAUER,  
74th Infantry, N. G., N. Y.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

## America's Treasure-House of Art

Continued from page 1063

fund will be called by his name. Accompanying the money was a portrait of young Arthur Hearn by Alfonso Jorgers, one of the "Maine Coast" by Winslow Homer, "Woods Island Light" by the same artist, "The Harrower" by Horatio Walker, and a very beautiful canvas by George Innes named "Spring Blossoms." Mr. Hearn in his letter of gift says the money is to be used for "the encouragement of the art of painting in this country," and empowers the authorities of the Museum to sell or exchange any of the works of art purchased with the money from the fund. The exchange is to be made for other paintings by citizens of the United States, or the proceeds to be used for that purpose.

Until having seen only the recent acquisitions one comes away with a feeling of bewilderment at a world so full of beauty, and a resolve to return as soon as possible to spend a longer day amid the wonders of this treasure-house of the Western world.

JANET PORTER.

## IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

IF WE knew the cares and trials,  
I knew the efforts laid in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim eternal roughness  
Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force:  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source;  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
And we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should,  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin;  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

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"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, and yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

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"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## Mrs. Somerville's Superstition

Continued from page 1073

"Bat swallow pin," mumbled the baby, and coughed violently until he grew red in the face.

Mrs. Somerville gave one unearthly scream, that brought every one, including the injured victims, rushing pell-mell up the stairs.

"Baby has swallowed a pin!" cried the frantic mother. "Alfred, you know that long gold-headed pin I sometimes use to pin my collar with? Baby has swallowed it."

Somerville groaned, but the next instant a gleam of hope passed over his face. "Are you sure, dear?" he asked. "Maybe it's only lost." With that all hands got down on their knees and began searching the floor.

"Of course I am sure," she replied tearfully. "He told me so, and besides, I can't find the pin anywhere."

At this juncture little Bartholomew dragged at his mouth and went off into another coughing spell, which convinced all doubting Thomases, and every one got up from the floor and asked each other what was to be done.

"Get a doctor," some one suggested; and Mrs. Somerville was at the telephone in a flash. While she was occupied there Mr. Somerville, forgetting his own injuries, turned on the light and looked down the child's throat. "Yes, I think I see it," he exclaimed. "Just the top of the gold head."

The maid took her turn at inspecting and delivered a like verdict. She could see the pin. Suggestions for removing it were offered.

"Hit him on the back," said the maid. This was tried and proved unsuccessful in dislodging the pin.

"Get a button-hook," suggested James.

"Tickle his throat with a feather and make him cough it up," advised Williams. This was undoubtedly a brilliant idea, and Mr. Somerville immediately tore a feather from one of his wife's hats and performed the operation. It worked admirably. Everything came up except the pin.

Mrs. Somerville staggered back into the room. "There is only one doctor in the village, and he is out on another case," she cried with an agonized sob of despair.

"Don't lose all hope!" cried Williams with a sudden inspiration. "I'll see what I can do." And he hobbled out of the room and down stairs with all possible speed.

Mr. Somerville gulped hard and tried to comfort his wife. "Don't lose courage, Azalea, dear. Be brave. The child isn't having much difficulty in breathing. I'll call up Dr. Hall, the eminent throat specialist, and tell him to come right out. With a fast car he can make it in an hour and a half. The child will hold out that long."

"Try your best, dear, but there isn't much use. We are doomed!" said Mrs. Somerville as she seated herself gloomily on the side of the bed and began stroking her baby's head, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Hurt, mamma, hurt," the infant kept saying over and over in a pathetic little way.

While Mr. Somerville was busy at the telephone, Miss Ethel came into the room, radiant and smiling, her hat and veil still on, her gloves in her hand. "Congratulations are in order, Azalea," she beamed, "Jack and I are engaged. We went on the longest ride and—"

"Are you mad, Ethel?" interrupted Mrs. Somerville. "How can you be so frivolous in the presence of death!"

Miss Ethel started and turned pale. "What is it?" she gasped.

Mrs. Somerville, after several unsuccessful attempts at speech, finally stammered out: "Bartholomew swallowed a pin. We can't get it out. He is dying slowly."

The youngest Somerville corroborated her statement by clawing the air, coughing until he grew purple in the face, and then drawing in his breath with a sonorous wheeze.

Miss Ethel shuddered violently.

Bursting into tears, she drew her veil up as far as her nose and proceeded to smother child and mother with kisses and endearing names.

At this moment, Williams rushed into the room, dragging with him a broad-shouldered, tow-headed young fellow. "Here, madam," panted Williams, "this man works in Schmidt's bakery and is a medical student. He'll yank that pin out all right. Don't you worry any more, madam."

The young student, nervous and greatly confused, felt that this was the "crowded hour" of his life. If he saved the child his reputation would be made even long before he had finished school. He drew several instruments from a small satchel, took off his coat, and bravely attacked the infant.

"It's funny that I can't get hold of it," he muttered every now and then, redoubling his efforts and growing more and more nervous.

When Mr. Somerville returned to the room, he watched the conflict for a while, and then interfered. "Give the child a chance at least," he said with a restraining hand on the student's arm. "If you let him alone he may hold out until Dr. Hall comes."

The child lay tranquil now. The student departed mournfully. Miss Ethel, her hat and coat still on, sat with her arms entwining her sister. The other occupants of the room stood by silently—motionless as under a weird, gloomy spell. Thus they waited for the long minutes to drag by.

At last Dr. Hall, in evening clothes, but covered from head to foot with dust and grime, stepped into the room. Mr. Somerville explained hurriedly about the pin and the means unsuccessfully tried in attempting to dislodge it, and also told about the medical student.

The eminent specialist examined the child carefully. When he had thoroughly satisfied himself he turned to Somerville and asked stiffly: "What caused you to surmise that the child had a pin sticking in his throat?"

"Why, he told us so himself, and the pin is nowhere to be found," said Mr. Somerville and his wife in one breath.

The great doctor smiled sweetly. "Your child has a bad cold, Mr. Somerville, and his throat is inflamed and swollen. Moreover, the condition of the throat has been greatly aggravated by the barbarous means you have resorted to in attempting to extract an imaginary pin. If the child swallowed a pin at all, it is down in his stomach."

"In his stomach!" cried Mrs. Somerville hopelessly. "Gracious! that's almost as bad as having it in his throat, for it was a long straight pin with a gold head, which I sometimes used to pin my collars on with."

"What! That pin?" ejaculated Miss Ethel. "Why, I used it to pin up my veil with. It came in so nice and handy. I found it on the chair when I came into the room to tell you I was going out. You were sleeping, so I didn't disturb you." With that she drew out and displayed the luckless pin.

"Mr. Somerville, this will cost you five hundred dollars!" snapped Dr. Hall, turning on his heel and stamping out angrily.

"My dear Azalea," said Mr. Somerville a week later when the morning mail brought Dr. Hall's bill, "there are two ways of saving one's self from being run over by an express train. One way is to walk quietly along the embankment and mind one's own business, and the other is to jump into the middle of the track and try to outdistance the engine."

The tears came to Mrs. Somerville's eyes. "Oh, I'll never be superstitious any more. I was foolish; but you forgive and still love me, don't you, Alfred dear?"

With a genial laugh, he kissed her.



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## Every Life a Plan of God\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

OF ALL women Queen Esther is the most honored among the Jews, and this has been the case for almost twenty centuries. During all of this time, year by year, the Feast of Purim has been observed (about March 15), in which she is honored as the great deliverer of her nation. We should read the whole book of Esther (it will not take longer than half an hour to do it) to get a grasp of the situation. Search for the name of God as you read it, but you will not find it, for the word "God" does not occur in the book, in letters, but the deeds recorded in the book spell the name of Divine Providence with unmistakable clearness. It is said that a mediæval architect, forbidden to cut his name on a great cathedral he was building, so shaped the pillars and arches and windows that the very cathedral formed his name. The book of Esther is a cathedral whose whole story spells out the name of God, teaching of Providence, Promises, and Prayer as the secret springs of heroic self-sacrifice.

Esther was indeed beautiful, but that is not why she is honored. Esther was the queen of a king who ruled one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, but that is not why she is honored. It is because she soared above all others in the point of self-sacrifice for the good of her people, to save them from extermination. The *dies iræ* had been appointed by one Haman, the king's prime minister, because he did not think himself sufficiently honored by the Jews, particularly by Mordecai. Haman's scheme included the killing of all the Jews in Persia on one day! Haman had used the king's seal in making the proclamation. The Jews thus placed under ban were for the most part the descendants of those who had chosen not to join those returning from captivity to Jerusalem to rebuild the temple nearly seventy years before.

"Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" This was the message of encouragement which Mordecai sent to Queen Esther, begging her to go in before the king and intercede for her people. She replied that death was the penalty for any one who should go uninvited into the presence of the king, unless the king should show mercy by holding out his golden sceptre.

"Gather all of the Jews together to fast and to pray for three days, that God will make the heart of the king kind, and so will I and my maidens fast and pray, and then I will go in before the king, and if I perish, I perish." She put on her most beautiful garments, and stood just outside, where the king could see her, and with joy she saw him extend his golden sceptre, inviting her to come in before him. She did not tell him then and there what was in her thoughts, but she invited the king to come to a feast, to which she also invited Haman. They came, and it was there she told the king of the wicked plot to kill her and all her people on one certain day. The king had not known about it, and when he asked who was the man that had dared to say such a thing should be done, Queen Esther pointed to Haman, and said, "He is the man!" Then the king commanded that Haman should be put to death. Then the king made a law permitting the Jews to defend themselves, and so the Jews were not exterminated (Esther, chapter 9). Queen Esther had saved her people; therefore is she honored above all women by the Jews, and to the end of time they will not forget

her. Her name Esther means "a star." She is truly the star of Jewish womanhood.

At the Feast of Purim, which commemorates the deliverance of the Jews through the intervention of Esther, the book of Esther is read aloud in the synagogues, and when Haman's name occurs, "Yimach Shemo!" is shouted out, which means "Let his name be cursed." And when the name of Esther is read they shout "Bonchah Esther!" "Blessed be Esther."

### Women in God's Plan

It is not unusual to see a woman's own family rise up and call her blessed, but it is rather unusual to see a woman thus honored by the whole world. Recently we came across a list of such women, whose names have been placed in the Lady Chapel in the Liverpool Cathedral. It contains the names of many who have by the beauty, truth, purity and devotedness of their lives made their names household words.

Mary Collet and all prayerful women.

Louise Stewart and all the noble army of martyrs.

Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers.

Grace Darling and all courageous maidens.

Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives.

Dr. Alice Marvel and all who laid down their lives for their sisters.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all who have seen the infinite in things.

Josephine Butler and all brave champions of purity.

Anna Hinderer and all missionary pioneers.

Angela Burdett Coutts, and all almoners of the King of Heaven.

Margaret Godolphin and all women who have kept themselves unspotted from the world.

Mother Cecile and all women loving and large hearted in counsel.

Elizabeth Fry and all pitiful women.

Agnes Jones and all devoted nurses. Queen Victoria and all noble-minded queens.

Lady Margaret Beaufort and all patronesses of sacred learning.

Mary Rogers and all faithful servants.

Anne Clough and all true teachers.

Mary Somerville and all earnest students.

Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers.

It must appear that from the time of Esther even down to the present women have had their share in making this a better world.

The speaker at a young lady's meeting began her address by saying: "It used to be that when a stranger young lady was introduced, the question was asked: 'Is she a good girl?' but now the question is asked, 'What is she good for?' It is said that when Harriet Martineau visited the United States in 1840, she found but seven employments open to women: teaching, needlework, keeping boards, working in cotton mills, type-setting, work in bookbinderies, and household service. The late Hon. Carroll D. Wright, when he was United States Commissioner of Labor, said: "To-day it would be impossible to name the number of openings in every phase of remunerative employment which women can enter." He also said: "The latest report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows that there are 228 colleges of liberal arts and 198 institutions for higher education open to women." Since then, the number has largely increased. In all parts of the world

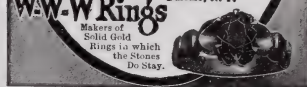
Continued on page 1081

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## The Bowery Mission's Winter Work

Continued from page 1059

our population is, in the vast majority of cases, the result of non-employment.

In the Bowery, the proportion of such cases is so large as to be almost universal. Whatever the Bowery may have been in former times, however glaring its dissipation, its chief characteristic to-day is that it is the abode of absolutely destitute men. Poverty, grim and ghastly, with all its accompaniments of dirt, disease, degradation, and despair, rests like a black shadow upon all.

We are face to face with a winter that is likely to bring more *bona fide* unemployed men to the meetings, to the Bread Line, and to the Labor Bureau, than ever before. They will be, in a large proportion, men of the unskilled class. These are the men who suffer the most from the pressure of immigration, and on whose behalf the United States Immigration Commission recommended a certain degree of immigration restriction. They are the Mission's chief charge and responsibility.

A visitor to the Labor Bureau any day will find the staff busily at work registering such men. He will see scores of men perfectly well qualified physically to do an honest day's work, but, unfortunately for them, they are masters of no particular trade. Even well-intentioned farmers, Christian men, readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, require experienced men. It is therefore a matter of satisfaction to us that we have been able to secure positions for so large a proportion as about sixty-two per cent. of the men who have registered in our Bureau.

The Labor Settlement opened in the Bronx in May last has passed quite successfully through its experimental stages. It has enabled us to provide temporary work for many men whilst they have been waiting for permanent jobs. It has almost become self-supporting. We are planning the establishment of several light industries in which our unskilled brethren can be temporarily engaged, and it is our hope that we may make a beginning in

a scheme that shall provide for their training along special lines of labor.

Nine out of every ten men that come to the Bowery Mission are absolutely penniless. In most cases they are suffering unspeakable hardships. Hence the Bread Line is as great a necessity as ever. It will open as usual at one o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, with a breakfast of coffee and rolls for one thousand homeless men, and this will be continued every morning at the same hour until Easter Sunday morning of 1912.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas times we shall follow the course of other years in providing dinners for the poorest families on the East Side that we can find. With all the generosity that flows out from American hearts at these festive times, the appalling needs of the families in our teeming tenements are never fully covered. Our plan is not only to go to those who need us, but to those who need us most. These can only be found by a painstaking search, and many anxious hours are spent every year by our agents in their visits to poverty-stricken homes. Every year we are made to feel regret that some must be excluded.

During the winter months the Mission will be visited by most of the prominent clergymen and laymen, amongst them prominent statesmen and lecturers, who will minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the men.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin in his most laudable efforts to bridge the chasm between the very rich and the very poor intends to make the Bowery Mission one of the principal centres of his operations. He has been spending the summer in Europe, and has done much good philanthropic work, both in the large cities and away up in the rural districts of the highlands of Scotland. He has kept himself closely in touch with the Mission and it is expected that much good will be accomplished through his kind and enthusiastic co-operation.

### A Wonderful Well

FROM Rev. D. A. Randal's *Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land*, we learn that the Sultan Yoosef (Joseph), about the year 1711, in clearing away a place for the foundation of a citadel in Grand Cairo, Egypt, discovered a wonderful well. It had been dug by the ancients, when, none can tell, and was filled with sand and rubbish. It is cut in the solid rock to the depth of two hundred and sixty feet. At the mouth it is forty-five feet wide. Around the well is a winding stairway, cut also in the rock, with a partition wall of rock left, two or three feet thick, between it and the well, with occasional holes for windows to look through into the main shaft. One of the curious things of the well is the manner of elevating the water. An ox is taken down this winding stairway, to near the bottom of the well, where a large cog-wheel machine is situated for raising the water. The food is taken down to him, and he is kept there from year to year. Here, deep in these lower regions, in darkness and solitude, the patient beast travels round and round his narrow circuit turning the creaking machinery, and putting in motion the long belt of earthen jars, by means of which the water is elevated for the use of man, thus spending his life far more usefully than many a more intelligent being who enjoys the cheerful regions of light and sunshine. J. W. C. Roseville, Ill.

### Answered Prayers

S. A. T., Denver, Colo. "God has answered my prayer in restoring me to health."

L. C., Stamford, Conn. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to my prayer."

M. C. P., International Falls, Minn. "I thank God who has heard my prayer."

E. C. C., Randolph, Ky. "I thank God for answered prayer when in great trouble."

S. V. L. and S. E. L., Hurricane, W. Va. "We are thankful for answered prayers."

M. G., Ashland, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness and direct answers to prayer."

R. J. A., Carrollton, Mo. "I was brought low and I thank God for hearing my prayer."

Mrs. M. M., Whiting, Ia. "I know God does answer prayer, for he has answered mine for me."

Mrs. C. W. C., Scott, Saskatchewan, Can. "I wish to acknowledge a direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. H. E. D., Rochester, Pa. "My prayer was answered and my prayers are being answered every day."

Mrs. S. E. C., Muncie, Ind. "I have been very poorly, but through prayer the good Lord has restored my health."

O. E. C., Waldron, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge and thank God for answering in a direct manner three prayers."

Reader, Waxahachie, Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering many prayers. One especially, in permitting me to see a dear sister whom I had not seen for thirty-one years."

Answered prayers are also acknowledged by Mrs. H. N. H., Minneapolis, Minn.; P. R. C., California; J. E., Colorado, Texas; R. C. R., Gorham, Me.; Mrs. A. M., Salina, Kan.; R. R. L. E. B., Ponotoc, Tex.; M. G. H., Prince George, Va.; M. M. L., Oshong, Ill.; Mrs. D. E. C., Mariner Harbor, N. Y.; M. E. W., Springfield, Vt.; C. O., Dover Plains, N. Y.; A. S., California; S. M. E., Woodburn, Ore.; L. K., Greenville, Tenn.; F. J. F., Kiekapoo Mission, Horton, Kan.

## Your Investment Problem

Essential factors to be considered when making investments are

### SECURITY AND INCOME

The question of income should never be considered apart from the security of the investment. The object of the conservative investor should be to place his funds where they will obtain the largest interest yield consistent with safety.

High grade public utility bonds, such as are offered by reputable bond houses, form a class of securities combining attractive income yield with exceptionally strong security. They are secured by mortgages on tangible property, with large equities over and above the bonded indebtedness, which equities steadily increase with the growth of the properties. It has always been the policy of this house to establish thoroughly the value of the security back of each issue before it purchases the bonds for its own account, or offers them to the public.

For many years this house has recom-

mended and sold securities, and during that time there has never been one delay in the payment of principal interest on any bonds that it has brought out. It deals in high grade investments only.

This house has constantly applied the full protection of its clients as well as of itself, the wide experience and judgment of its officers, not only in purchase and sale of the bonds it offers but in the consideration of other securities upon which its clients may desire advice.

This special knowledge is at your service. It will aid you in the profitable investment of your surplus funds. Write to Department V for our circular giving brief descriptions of well secured works, hydro-electric, traction and general public utility bonds which we are now offering for conservative investment,

### To Yield from 5% to 6%

We shall be pleased to consult or correspond with you regarding these or any other securities in which you may be interested.

We are offering at this time a large and attractive list of municipal bonds, many of which conform to the requirements of the United States Government to secure deposits under the Postal Savings Bank Law.

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Day

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into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value \$2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of \$1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory. PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. C, 830 Broadway, New York City

English

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A stylish, serviceable hat.

Genuine Fur Felt. Folds

into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped

into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors

Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value \$2.00. Sent

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Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value \$2.00. Sent

postpaid promptly on receipt of \$1.00. State size

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We Ship the Same Day Order Is Rec'd. Save \$5.00 to \$40.00 On Your Stove Purchases

SPLENDID Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges sold direct from the factory will net you a \$5.00 to \$40.00 saving—sometimes more as shown in this letter. No dealer, jobber, middleman or salesman makes a cent on Kalamazoo stoves and you pocket their profits and get the best—America's Standard Stove.

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A price for every purse among our 400 styles and sizes, illustrated and described, against the dozen styles your dealer has. Brimful of inside stove facts that the dealer himself doesn't know. Get the how and why of the Kalamazoo proposition. Send NOW—ask for catalog No. 103.

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AN ANTISEPTIC DRESSING that is better than any other preparation for healing cuts, ulcers or wounds of any kind. Get it from your druggist, or a bottle will be sent by mail for 35 cents. OXALBITOL CO. Honesdale, Pa.

Kalamazoo Range Better than \$50 Stove—Over \$40.00 Saved.

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Gentlemen: The Kalamazoo Range I ordered has arrived in good order. It is as near perfect as can be. It takes far better than the stove I used before, which cost \$40.00. Yours respectfully, W. C. FIERO.

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SPLENDID Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges sold direct from the factory will net you a \$5.00 to \$40.00 saving—sometimes more as shown in this letter. No dealer, jobber, middleman or salesman makes a cent on Kalamazoo stoves and you pocket their profits and get the best—America's Standard Stove.

Cash or Credit

Pay on terms that meet your convenience on 30 Days Free Trial, 360 Days Approval Test, Freight Prepaid and Shipment made the same day order is received. 170,000 satisfied customers prove our proposition.

Big Stove Book—FREE

A price for every purse among our 400 styles and sizes, illustrated and described, against the dozen styles your dealer has. Brimful of inside stove facts that the dealer himself doesn't know. Get the how and why of the Kalamazoo proposition. Send NOW—ask for catalog No. 103.

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Manufacturers

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is the near-nature treatment for Consumption.

The power it creates, its purity and wholesomeness are Nature's greatest aid in overcoming disease.

**ALL DRUGGISTS**

11-52

## Business Men and the Bible

Continued from page 1074

it for calm and unfaltering trust while he walks often in the midst of his vast adventures; he takes it for good cheer and unquenchable hope; he takes it for songs in the night in his defeat and grief; he takes it for assurance that God always cares for his sons in the manly brave fightings. Many a business man is coming from the Book of Power to-day with the Psalmist's words on his lips:

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living.

**The New Bible Revival**

These sensible business men are the heralds of the new Bible revival. They will never be satisfied with an "after office hours" religion. They will be more and more insistent to read their Bible for themselves in the light of their own convictions born of experience. They will never believe that external restraints and legislative exactions will bring in the kingdom of God. "The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life," said the Master. They are learning from the New Testament itself that, as Sabatier said, Jesus did not describe himself as a philosopher but as a physician. They are learning that the field is the world, that the good seed is the children of the kingdom, and, like all good seed, is characterized by growth, productivity and vitality.

It is the fascinating, strategic task of business men to bring the Bible into touch with life itself; to first find its message themselves, and think it through in its application to practice, then to go forth, not simply to the house of prayer, but to the house of business, where await the multitudes ready to sit at the feet of any one who has really seen the Father and "tasted of the powers of the world to come."

And when the business man becomes thoroughly aroused to the Bible and its message to business, industrial, and social life, he will realize what Jesus meant by saying "for their sakes I sanctify myself." In bringing the light of the Gospel message to his time he will find it flooding his own heart, as Dr. Francis Peabody has beautifully expressed the message of the Bible to society:

"One who embarks on the current of Bible story floats down through political changes, national problems, social reforms, the sins and repentance of Israel, the needs and hopes of the Gentile world, until at last the stream deepens and broadens, until the traveler sees before him the distant spires of the City of God, rising beyond the frontier of the perfect social world."

Such vision splendid is the crowning objective of the message of the Bible to the business man.

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from page 1079

woman's horizon in those directions is being extended.

**Men and Boys in God's Plan**

But this lesson is not for girls and women alone, but for men and boys as well, for at least two reasons:

First, because men and boys are the fathers, husbands, brothers and sons of women, and they should think much about what God expects women to do, so that they can be helpers.

Second, because "Thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this" has been said of some boys and men in the Bible, as well as of Esther. For example, Joseph, who by being a slave in Egypt became the ruler throughout the land, and by building storehouses saved the people from death by famine. Then there was Moses, the Hebrew child hidden in the bulrushes by his mother, and so kept in safety that he might grow up to be the great lawgiver, not only to the Jews, but to the whole world. Let none of us forget that God has sent us into this world because he has something for us to do, and let us do it!

# You'll Save Money, Trouble and Later Disappointment, if You Always Buy Stoves at Home



**Smokeburn-Garland**  
Heater for Coal, Coke or Wood

If you expected to break up housekeeping and go to boarding in a few years, it might pay you to send away from home for a stove. But as you are going to need stoves the rest of your life, why not buy good stoves—stoves that last many years? Is it not poor business judgment to buy stoves that last but a third as long as they ought to, just to save a dollar or so at the start?

**Home Dealers Give Better Values**

In return for the slightly higher price you may pay for stoves bought at home, you get this:

- 1—A stove that far outwears any ordinary stove.
- 2—A stove that burns less fuel.
- 3—A stove on which the freight is paid.
- 4—A stove which is guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction.
- 5—You have no waiting to do. No squabbles to adjust with the Railroad Company. No draying. No loading. No unloading. No uncrating. No fussing with stovepipes. No blacking to fool with.
- 6—You get more liberal credit accommodations.

**Disadvantages of Sending Away**

Stoves bought away from home, though sold on 30 days' free trial, are hard to return; troublesome to crate and to haul to the station. You pay a higher freight rate than your local dealer. You take chances and risks that you need never take if you buy at home.

## The World-Famous Garland Line

The kind of stoves that have proven best by forty years' test are sold only through dealers. These are the world-famous Garland Stoves and Ranges, now used in more than FOUR MILLION homes and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

No matter what style of stove you want, or how much you have in mind to pay for your stove, be sure to call at your dealer's and see the great Garland line. We will send you the name of the Garland Dealer in your town.

You will know Garland Stoves by the trademark here shown, which appears on every Garland.

## 8 Stove Books FREE

We now print and give away eight different Stove Books for the benefit of Stove Buyers. If you will send us your name and address and tell us what style of stove or range you want, we will send you the proper books.

Please state which of these stove subjects interests you just now: Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges, Cook Stoves, Base Burners, Heaters, Gas Ranges, Furnaces. "The Only Safe Way to Buy Stoves and Ranges"

Today is none to soon to begin thinking about home comfort in cold weather. Write at once for the books. All free. Address

## The Michigan Stove Company

Largest Makers of Stoves, Ranges, Gas Ranges and Furnaces in the World

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## CORNS

The right way—the only sure way—to remove corns is to use A-Corn Salve. Taken out root and branch without pain or danger. 15 cents at "druggists" or by mail.

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A customer writes: "I kept my Pillow Shoes all last year for just a 'dress up shoe.' Now I am wearing them every day. They don't lose their shape like other shoes. They are the only shoe I ever put right on new and wore with comfort."

The soft, glove-like feel of

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is simply charming." Soft, easy, durable, neat, stylish; genuine, hand-turned shoes of Vici-Kid. No lining to wrinkle and chafe; no breaking in necessary. Absolute comfort and fit guaranteed or money refunded. Price includes rubber heels. All styles. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Customers everywhere.

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It is composed of long vegetable fibre which gives it a cloth-like texture and its treatment with Canada balsam and other ingredients makes it the strictly sanitary, hygienic and soft paper.

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T. H. HALL SELL \$50 AGENTS on money back guarantee, not one returned. Stacey sold 21 in one hour. Newcom sold 12 in 10 calls. Gibson sold 48 in 10 days. Sell itself. Needed in every home. Our Sanburns Burner fits other lamps. Complete line for homes, stores, etc. Ask for our literature agency proposition.

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## Health

"Fat, oil, butter, cream and eggs certainly caused my catarrh and deafness, but your diet of lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc. cured me in a few weeks. My brain power and complexion improved tremendously, and I succeeded financially."

of foods cause different diseases, but correct combinations cure. Send ten cents for instructive booklets: (1) The Urinary Diet Cure, (2) Diet in Drugs, (3) Effects of Foods, (4) Key to Longevity. No funds sold.

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## Send for this rich, handsome coat of Neva Caracal

### \$17.98

All charges prepaid.

This is an elegant and luxurious garment, far greater value than any you have seen. It is 64 inches long, with wide shawl collar and deep cuffs, lined with guaranteed black satin, inside pocket. It has two metal buttons with silk cord loops; meets full in front.

In ordering, mention No. 1455.

You can have no idea what a perfect reproduction of the natural fur this is until you have seen the coat, tried it on and compared it with others you have seen. Experts are readily deceived by this and the other texture furs which we make up into fashionable garments. They give you all the warmth and fashion and beauty of expensive natural skins at a very modest price. They wear longer, do not shed hairs, and retain their richness and lustre until worn out. We sell direct to wearer only, saving you all dealers' profits. This enables us to give better value for your money than is possible otherwise. In addition to Neva Caracal, we make garments of Linsbain, Persian Lamb, Balkan Lamb, Sealette, Nutria and Velour du Nord. These are all in the latest prevailing styles, fashioned after stunning imported models. They are all illustrated in our Fashion Book, mailed free. In ordering No. 1455 or other models.

### Send No Money

Let us send you the coat C.O.D., with privilege of examining and trying it on before you pay a cent. We know you will be delighted; we know you will agree it is a most remarkable value and a great bargain. We prepay all express charges, and if not satisfactory, the coat is returned at our expense. Write for our handsomely illustrated Fashion Book L. It contains pictures and full descriptions of models ranging up to \$40.00. We will also send samples of the beautiful furs described in this book. Write today.

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All that is new and beautiful in artistic designs for class pins, badges and fobs. Prices the lowest, consistent with quality and workmanship. Our line is noted for its variety and suggests most unique and attractive combinations in gold, silver and enamel. Write today for our "Handy Book." It will be sent entirely free upon request. The House of Wright & Street, 229 W. 62nd Street, Chicago, Illinois

## Now Ready

**THE FALL** number of our exceedingly popular Monthly Magazine of Fashion No. 725, illustrating Women's high-grade Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Furs, at very popular prices. Send for it. It is free for the asking.

No. 725, Ladies' Waist of Black Wool Yak Lace finished off with black satin bands. Has the new three-quarter sleeve without fullness only. Silk lined. Regular \$7.50 value. Special Mail Order Price..... **\$5.00**

**Newcomb-Endicott Company**  
Detroit, Mich.

## The Standard of Life\*

IN Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," the aged pastor is described as picturing thus the Christian ideal:

Lowest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;  
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?

Knowest thou him who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example.

The pastor enjoins hope and faith also upon his young audience, but it is love, "the greatest of these," upon which he chiefly dwells, for unselfish love toward God and man truly comprehends the whole of the Christian ideal. Jesus himself is the authority for this view. (See Matt. 22: 37-39.)

We are accustomed to think of the martyrs as the supreme examples of true love to God. Most of us want to serve him. We are even ready to suffer somewhat for his sake; but when we read of the tortures which were endured gladly by hundreds of the "noble army of the martyrs," our love seems to possess little substance, compared with theirs.

Crispin and Crispinianus were two Roman Christians, brothers, who went as missionaries from Rome to Gaul in Diocletian's reign. They settled themselves at Soissons, and in order not to be burdensome to their converts, they learned the trade of shoemaking, so that they are to this day the patron saints of all shoemakers. In spite of the cruel persecutions of Riccius Varus, the heathen governor of the province, who, according to the existing traditions, plunged them first into a freezing river and then into boiling pitch, they were miraculously preserved to preach their beloved Gospel for many years afterward. They were finally beheaded by order of Maximian.

Many people on reading this will say that no such appalling cruelties are now practised upon believers—that we have no chance to offer our bodies thus upon God's altar—but you are mistaken. Read the stories of the Boxer revolt, of the Turkish atrocities of a decade and less ago, of the Micronesian horrors. No martyr of old ever suffered more for his faith than have these modern missionaries, dying bravely for their Lord, and sorry only that they had "but one life to give" for him.

To most of us, in our comfortable homes, with our easy weekly routine of church-going, mid-week meeting, and perhaps teaching in the Sunday School, how enormous look those missionary sufferings. Could we ever give so much for Christ?

We are reminded by Mr. Peile, the distinguished English minister, that the problems which confront the Christians of to-day are "curiously similar" to those which the apostles and the early church fathers met. There is the same intellectual unrest, the same eager longing for a Gospel which shall satisfy deeper needs than those for bodily well-being and amusement, and there is virtually a "slave" population, as there was then—the oppressed, the suffering, the helpless.

And to them we have the same message: Jesus Christ, the wisdom and the power of God. No higher standard will ever be furnished for helpless men to follow, than the standard set by our Master. It is a standard for the heart. Outward ceremonies will never avail to reach it. By hard and bitter blows we, under God, must mould, each for himself, a Christian character. May he help us to do it!

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 25. TEXTS: Phil. 4:8; II. Cor. 7:1.

## It is Like a Lash Across a Woman's Face: Said a Man When He Read Mr. Kipling's New Poem

It is a "woman's poem," called "The Female of the Species."

With a sting that fairly bites, Mr. Kipling lashes a type of woman: the female of a species that, he says, "is more deadly than the male," and puts on record a poem that will make thousands of women uncomfortable and will take a place all its own in the modern feminine unrest.

As a direct contribution to the "Votes for Women" agitation, the poem is a masterpiece.

In no other American periodical will this new poem by Rudyard Kipling appear save in the November LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

**For Sale Everywhere at 15 Cents**

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

## Two Words That Every Woman Should Remember

A noted woman-doctor tells what is "the greatest enemy that a woman has:" what women do to fight it, and how thousands of women bring about heart-failure and death by doing just the wrong thing. And all a woman, to avoid danger, has to do is to remember two words and keep her eyes open for them.

It is really an actual instance where two words might save the sufferings and deaths of thousands of women.

Every woman should read this article. Husbands, too, for that matter, to help their wives remember.

It is in the November LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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ON THE BANKS OF THE OISE—From the Painting by Charles François Daubigny, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



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# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



General Chang Tiao (at the Left) and Some of His Staff

A Manchu Mandarin and His Wife

Modern Chinese Artillerymen with Rapid-Fire Guns



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## WILL CHINA BECOME A REPUBLIC?

CHINA is once more confronted by a revolution, the avowed object of which is the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of a republic. Not since the famous Boxer uprising has there been so formidable a revolt against the ruling powers. Beginning in the province of Szechuen, the movement has spread to and practically overrun the adjoining provinces of Hunan and Hupeh, and threatens to engulf a large section of Central China. Fortified cities have surrendered to the rebels, and armed garrisons, after a perfunctory opposition or no resistance at all, have been swept into the ranks, and now form part of the revolutionary forces.

It is characteristic of the Chinese that little news of the progress of the revolt and the efforts for its suppression is permitted to become known to the outside world. All telegraphic wires connecting with the disturbed provinces have been cut. It is known, however, that the revolutionists, under General Li Yuan Heng, have control of three large cities—Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang—and are assuring foreigners of protection. General Li has issued a manifesto, exhorting the Chinese people to "unite in their strength and drive out the Manchu traitors."

There has been sharp fighting at many points, but details are meagre. A correspondent who visited Wuchang reports that many buildings have been demolished; there are numerous bodies lying in the streets. At one of the city gates, fifty corpses lay in a heap. Eight hundred Manchus were killed during the rebel attack.

General Li has established his headquarters at Wuchang, and has 20,000 to 30,000 troops under his command. The revolutionists seem to have plenty of funds and food supplies. Viceroy Tang, of Wuchang, said: "The object of our revolt is to make the government of China like that of America. The present taxes, if honestly administered, would provide revenue to meet our loan obligations, with a surplus for internal developments which we have planned, such as harnessing rivers and building railways. We may be able to do all we have planned without foreign loans, but we will borrow if necessary. We are determined to be on friendly terms with foreign nations."

At Hankow the rebels are in practical control. Four British warships and two each belonging to the United States, German and Japanese navies are protecting foreigners. There are eight Chinese imperial warships anchored in the river, but well out of reach of the rebel cannon.

Yuan Shi Kai, the exiled War Minister, has been recalled by the Imperial Government, and is again in power. He will direct operations with a view to suppressing the rebellion. It will be a formidable undertaking, however. The revolutionary leaders claim to have abundant means to carry on the war for

a long period. There is little doubt that before it can be checked, the movement will spread to Hunan, Kiangsi, Kweichow and Yunnan Provinces. A well-informed correspondent says of its character and extent:

"Everywhere the movement is headed by foreign-drilled troops, who keep the populace under control and prevent outrages upon Europeans and Americans. It is a military uprising like the mutiny of the Sepoys in India half a century ago, and all troops with modern arms and tactics are swept into it. Behind the soldiers is a systematic revolutionary propaganda far more serious than the discontent of a population over a failure of crops, with a consequent shortage of food. Chinese students trained in Japan, America and Europe have returned to their country with the determination to reform and modernize it. Middle China is honeycombed with secret societies, and military officers are everywhere. The rebels may succeed in making Nanking their stronghold and exciting the spirit of revolt in Canton. The Imperial Government is turning to Yuan Shi Kai, who was foolishly dismissed because he was convinced of the necessity for reform. Apparently the garrisons of middle China are untrustworthy, and even the value of northern battalions remains to be tested."

Dr. Sun Yat Sen



At Peking, the capital, there is outward calm, but deep forebodings under the surface. It is reported there that the rebels captured at Wuchang 36 mountain and 36 field guns, and about 100 other cannon at Hanyang, so that they are strong in artillery. They also secured a large supply of modern rifles and ammunition at Hanyang, which is the great manufacturing arsenal of the government. The garrison has been strengthened and the police are now armed with rifles. The American Embassy is under guard.

In San Francisco, where there are many Chinese, news has been received by cable telling of the progress of the revolution. Three government gunboats were sunk near Hankow by the rebel batteries. A force of imperial troops in Hupeh Province rebelled against its officers, and many joined the revolutionists. Two imperial warships were destroyed at Wuchang by the forts. Ten thousand government troops went over to the rebels at Hangweng. Shanghai cables report the capture of Nanking, the ancient capital, by the victorious rebel army. Kiukiang is also reported as having surrendered. An uprising of the troops at the Woon-sung forts, near the mouth of the Yangtze, is looked for.

An unexpected turn of affairs, which may lead to important results, took place on Tuesday, October 17, when a force of bluejackets from the German cruiser *Leipzig* and the German gunboats *Tiger* and *Vaterland* were landed at Hankow. They were reinforced by German local

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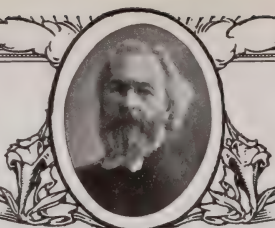
A View on the Waterfront at Hankow





## THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by  
Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.\*



## The Glory Of Jesus



Text: "He bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."—Matt. 17:1,2

IN THIS transfiguration scene the disciples for the first time beheld their Lord in his true relation to the celestial world. Only imagination can conceive the effect wrought upon them by this dazzling disclosure of his heavenly connections, or the distinct epoch that would be thereby created in the history of their belief in him. Although the revelation was comparatively but momentary, yet there was the revelation. The Lord for an instant stood before them in the manifest light of God. A glory that was neither from land nor sea had touched his face with a complexion that betrayed his kinship with the Great Spirit above and his citizenship in regions that were far abroad.

And the meaning of the scene in something of the immensity of its import entered their souls, and recorded itself there in lines that were ineffaceable. Whatever the scenes of distress and humiliation through which they might subsequently see him pass, there still remained in them indelibly printed the memory of the day when they had seen him stand upon the Mount, close in under the cover of the sky, enveloped with a splendor which nature could not explain and in the midst of companionship whose belongings were in the great years and in the realm supernal. It was a great moment; great in its instant impression upon them; great in its indestructible hold upon them.

### The Apostle's Vision

What it signified at the moment to the three disciples that witnessed it and what it continued to denote as a permanent element in their experience, we can easily infer from the language subsequently used by one of them, who wrote: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory when there came such a voice to him from the sublime glory [that is, from God], 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' And this voice which came from heaven we heard, and were with him in the Holy Mount." You perceive how that impression had stayed by, how it had worked in the mind of him who had witnessed the great transaction, and had become a fixed factor in his own realization, and made him forever competent to speak a strong word, so full of conscious truth as to cut a broad swath of irresistible persuasion whenever the word was spoken.

Now, right in that lies the fact that I want to make use of this morning: the fact of the power and the grasp and the inspiring appreciation of things, that accrued to the apostle from having with his own eyes beheld the Christ standing glorified by the light that shone upon him from above; from having seen him revealed in his evident relations to the realm of the heavenly and divine; so that from that time on all his thoughts above him and all his words concerning him were thrilled and made to tingle with the reminiscence of the splendid apocalypse personally witnessed by him in the Holy Mount. It was the glimpse that the apostle gained, on that transfiguration day, of a profound world underlying, overlying, enveloping the common shows of things, that made the apostle great, widening him a little to the width of the spiritual universe that was for a moment uncovered to him, enabling him to interpret facts in all their high and brilliant import and to assert those facts with an assurance begotten of a searching experience.

### The Greater World Above Us

And there is more involved here than appears at first sight. I find in it a meaning that extends itself over a wider area than any that is traversed by this single incident. The three disciples present on that occasion were permitted to stand at a point where the light that shines from below upward was met by the light that comes from the other way. They were at the frontier. Perhaps that frontier is never far away, and yet perhaps we only infrequently, perhaps never, come quite to the bounding line, never have seen Christ, never have seen anything, made brilliant with a transfiguring light—light that is, that uncovers the skyward, Godward import of things and expounds matters to us in their transcendent interpretations.

\* Pastor Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

And yet I should think that we must all of us, at some time, in some little minute, have felt, however obscurely, the closeness to us, if not the actual presence, of things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. There are probably very few souls but do on occasion—very rare occasion possibly—have discernments that run out on routes too ill-defined ever to be reduced to the lines of a definite chart. There is a great deal of it in the Bible, and a great deal of it, too, probably in the Bible that has not yet been put in type, but which if well printed would read a good deal like the Bible we have now.

What we have just tried to state is almost a necessary prerequisite to all fine living, large speaking and great working. The powerful doers of the Bible, old and new, had something shown to them before they commenced work. The chieftains of events may have had to live on low ground, but they would never have been able to become chieftains if at some time something had not come into their eye that low ground never would have lain near enough to the sky to be able to show them. We lately mentioned Moses' burning bush. Moses had been doing small things—tending sheep, and other paltry business, too pusillanimous ever to have gone upon the record—for eighty years before the vision of God came to him in the flame at Horeb; and then for the first time the true life of the great general, lawgiver and statesman began. That bush introduced Moses to the world because it introduced the world to Moses—the great world I mean, that world that is made up of eternal meanings, and which holds in its vast embrace this small globe of rock, forest and ocean as a tiny island is held in the lap of the sea.

### The "Great Light" That Shone on Paul

St. Paul's real life, you remember also, commenced with seeing what he called a great "light." It would be of no particular advantage to try to probe the mysteries of that event. Excited emotions may to some extent have furnished the colors in which he portrayed the scene that transpired on the way to Damascus, but there was in some way and at that time a great uncovering to his eyes or to his heart of what had before been concealed. Whether it was that his powers of vision, spiritual vision, were unnaturally strengthened, or that by some means the atmosphere in which the activities of mind operate was conveniently cleansed of whatever tends to impede those activities, is of little practical importance. But it is sufficiently evident from what he himself tells us of the event, and from the entirely new tone and direction communicated to his life by that event, that altogether a new world was at that time disclosed to him; not that things were changed, but that a celestial complexion was put upon them, a heavenly significance communicated to them, and they stood forth before him transfigured in the glow of the mystic illumination.

The reports preserved to us of such experiences have oftentimes to be discounted; but that will have to depend mostly upon the general quality and structure of the person of whom the experiences are predicated. That Abraham was a man of such fibre and proportions as to be able to dominate religiously the forty centuries that have intervened between his day and our own would seem to be a rather convincing endorsement of his claim to have stood at one time where both ground and sky were brightened by the ineffable Presence, and where even the long track of the ages to come lay out partly disclosed to him under the transfiguring light that fell upon that track from above.

That Moses was a man of such grasp upon the moral foundation of things, having a moral intuition so keen in perforating the very tissue of character and act that his ethical system to-day, after so long a time, still lies at the basis of our own moral structure of duty as between man and man and man and God, all of this creates a tremendous presumption in support of his claim that he wrought not alone by the light of a candle humanly kindled; a tremendous presumption that he was warranted in insisting that his ethical code was a quotation from the mind of God; and that it was because human relations of obligation stood out before his eye under the glow of a heavenly transfiguration that he was able to state those relations in a way that should be true to the finest consciences of the finest men for a period of 3,500 years. Men who

can do that have got to be believed. Likewise of the man St. Paul, that rugged old apostle to the Gentiles. Words that such people speak, claims that such people make, will have to be taken at their face value. When you bethink yourself of the fact that nineteen centuries of strong religious thinking rest down compactly upon the massive theological propositions enunciated by St. Paul, it is silly to the point of imbecility to deny the validity of his claim to have been under the baptism of a light so intense as to singe his bodily eyes into temporary blindness; to have come, as he tells us in his Corinthian letter, within reach of utterances incapable of being translated into terms of any earthly vocabulary.

### The Testimony of Holy Men

These are some of the facts of our holy religion, and attested to by the testimony of men who have been too practical in all their dominance of historic event, too self-contained in all their administrative life, to be obnoxious to the charge of either insanity or delusion. You may not have seen a great light; but St. Paul did, or nineteen hundred years of great doctrinal thinking are the mere baseless fabric of a theological dream. You may not have seen the clouds parted above you and a radiant avenue opened before you into the realm celestial; but Jesus did, or the great Christian era, with all of light, love and power in it that we call Christian, is an unfounded stupidity, shared in by millions of what purported to be intelligent souls, but who were all of them the dupes of a silly fancy when they lived, and the victims of a crazy delusion when they died.

The declaration of men like Paul, Jesus, Moses and Abraham, who have marshaled the centuries by the power of their thought and life, are not declarations that you can finger and sort over and blot out at the impulse of a jejune cynicism. It is not credulity to bank on the utterances of such men; it is incredulity not to bank on them. The average man may not have had their experiences; but what is the average man that he presumes to blue-pencil the unequivocal declarations of men who have moved as giants in the midst of the years, masters of event and creators of destiny?

And so we come back to it: that it was the glimpse of great things, touches of transfiguration, beholden by men who once in a while stood at the frontier where the light from the ground was met by the light that beamed from on high, that was the secret of their long thinking and great working.

It is much to stand down in the valley of a beautiful landscape and to imagine the distant course of the rivers and to fancy the miles of stimulating prospect that must lie out an easy picture to the eye of one who looks upon it from the heights. But it is a distinct thing to stand upon those heights, to live in the companionship of the lofty places of the earth, and follow with an easy vision the long lines of the rivers that like glistening threads of silver wind in and out among the hills. Such transfiguration is fraught with unspeakable stimulus, even when it is merely mountains and forests that are interpreted by the light that falls upon them from a superior altitude. And how much more when it is the features of a moral and spiritual landscape that are passing under review—when it is duties, not things; men, and not rocks; processes of history, and not geography; souls and the life and destinies of souls, and not material impersonalities, that are to be interpreted and valued in the transfiguring light that cometh from above!

### Man's Escape

And such is my conception of the intention of the Scripture, such my conception of the possibilities of the human mind and heart, and such my belief in the illuminating powers of the Divine Spirit, as compels me to believe, and enables me just a little to know and understand, that the greater meanings of things are, to some extent, within our reach; that we are not condemned to imprisonment in a world so closely walled and barred as to obstruct escape into a region furnished with some such realities as were witnessed by Moses at the Bush and on the top of Sinai, by Paul at Damascus, by Peter at the Holy Mount, and by Jesus at the Jordan.

I am not talking about this because of any theoretical interest that may be excited by such mode of

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## THE SOUL'S COMPLEMENT

Day is a poem of lightness  
 Flaming forth from a radiant sky;  
 A vision of splendor and brightness  
 Fills woodland and field from on high.

Life has become all of sweetness,  
 Though the past has been checkered and mean;  
 Truth and His wondrous completeness  
 Have filled all the spaces between—  
 As clouds on a summer's morning,  
 Leaving dull-faced and stupid and cold,  
 The sun comes up at the dawning,  
 When 'tis all glory and gold.

DOUGLAS DOBBINS.

## Bible-Reading in Australia

The system by which the problem of religious instruction has been solved in four out of the six States of Australia, provides for simple selected lessons given by the State school teachers without sectarian taint, and for ministers of religion, or accredited substitutes, visiting schools during school hours and aiding the children of their respective denominations. A "conscience clause" provides that no child shall have either the Bible lessons from State school teacher or religious instruction from the minister of religion, contrary to the parent's wish. The clause is the key to the whole system, because it gives perfect liberty to the parents, placing the full role in their hands. Neither the parent nor the minister of religion can compel the child to receive the religious instruction. This system has existed in South Wales since 1866, in Tasmania since 1868, Western Australia since 1893, and Norfolk Island since 1906. It was introduced last year into New Zealand by the decision of the people, ascertained through a referendum. The official opinions of the heads of department where this system exists are emphatic that no sectarian duties arise in connection with the giving of the religious instruction, and these opinions are endorsed by the State school teachers, in great numbers have testified in their appreciation of the value of the religious instruction given in State schools. The system is further endorsed by the action of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and of the Salvation Army, of which through their highest governing bodies have unanimously given their adherence to the system, and commend its introduction where it does not exist.

The system was introduced into New South Wales in 1893, in Norfolk Island in 1906, and Queensland in 1910, owing that it is capable of being fitted into an existing system without in any way disturbing it. It would tend to deny the fact that the Roman Catholic is opposed to the system; but notwithstanding that opposition, in New South Wales alone the number of Catholic children attending State schools is over 30,000, practically all of whom accept the selected Bible lessons in their State school teachers, and notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church. Once the system is introduced it proves the strongest bulwark for the maintenance of a national system of education as opposed to domination of education under ecclesiastical control.

SAMUEL PEARSON.  
 Wellington, New Zealand.

## EVENING SONG

OSINGER, a song for the eventide,  
 A song for the twilight deep.  
 My life is cumbered with many a care,  
 With crosses and burdens heavy to bear,  
 An footstep and weary I onward fare  
 O'er paths so rugged and steep.

But when day is done, its toil, its glare,  
 And the shadows round me creep,  
 I would upward wait on the evening air  
 A hymn of praise for His tender care,  
 For heaven's deep peace, beyond compare.  
 Then, singer, a song for the evening hour,  
 A song for the twilight deep.

L. R. MERRITT.  
 London, Me.

## Ringling the Joy Bells

By EUGENE THWING

DID you ever hear the wonderful story of Feldkirch, a little town on the Austrian frontier? It reminds one of Gideon and his three hundred trumpeters. Feldkirch had less than three thousand inhabitants and no strong defenses, when, in 1799, Massena, one of Napoleon's generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the town at the head of 18,000 men. The victorious armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the continent, and little Feldkirch was thought to be no barrier at all in their way.

The sun of an Easter morning revealed the glittering weapons of the French on the hills west of the town. The council assembled hastily to consider what should be done. Defense was impossible. It was proposed that a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town, and that he be entreated to deal mercifully with the place.

The aged dean of the church counseled otherwise. "It is the glad Easter day," said he. "We have been measuring our own strength, and we are frightened at its littleness. This is the day of our Lord's resurrection. Let us ring the joy bells and have service, as our custom is, and leave matters that are too big for us in God's hands. We know our weakness; we know not his power."

The old dean's word prevailed. All at once, from the three or four towers in Feldkirch the bells began to clang in joyous peals. The streets were filled with worshipers hastening to the house of God, to commemorate the resurrection. In the hills above the town the French heard with surprise and alarm the sudden clangor of the joy bells. It must mean, they thought, that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the town. Hurriedly, Massena broke up his camp, and before the bells stopped ringing, not a Frenchman was to be seen.

IF THE devil could enforce a single edict throughout the world, I imagine it would be, "The joy bells shall not ring to-day." He would keep them forever silent; they disturb him and interfere with his work wherever they sound in town or in country, by night or by day. The Chinese have a habit of pasting colored paper signs above their doorways to keep certain devils from entering their houses. If in our own homes the rope to the joy bells is kept close at hand, and each member of the family will give it a pull whenever trouble threatens, all the devils that make so many homes miserable will be driven completely out and away.

Anger and malice, disputings and contentions cannot survive the music of the joy bells. Even sickness and pain will yield, more often than is generally supposed, to the sweet, inspiring rhythm of the joy bells. A laugh, a smile, a song will be enough to start the joy bells ringing in the heart, will soothe the pain and brighten the moment of distress.

A little girl, eight years of age, was taken to the doctor to have a bad cut in her head dressed. It was necessary to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. The mother was trying to encourage her little daughter to be brave. "It will do no harm for her to give way to her feelings," said the doctor, kindly, "if only she holds her hand still. You may cry as much as you like," he added to the little girl. "I'd rather sing," replied the child. "Yes, that would be better. What can you sing?" "I can sing, 'Give, Said the Little Stream.' Do you know that?" "I think not," said the doctor. "How does it begin?" The little patient proceeded to illustrate. "That is beautiful. I want to hear all of it," declared the doctor. All the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound, the sweet childish voice sang bravely through the verses of the song, and the only tears shed during the painful operation came from the mother's eyes.

MAKERS of joy are the greatest need for which the suffering old world is always yearning. A brilliant Italian woman, Dora Melegari, has written a book on the subject. Its title is *Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy*. In one of the chapters she says, "Have you known any makers of joy? I have met several in my life, and am convinced that the continuation of the human race is due to them. Without the smiles they have called forth, the songs that rise in the hearts they have cheered, and the radiance they diffuse into the lives of others, the sun would have long ceased to shine on a world sunk in sadness and gloom; the earth would have grown cold, and the last shivering man would have expired. They alone have saved us, and will continue to save us. Happily they are more numerous than the 'ten just men' whom the Almighty demanded of Sodom and Gomorrah, to save those two cities from destruction by fire and brimstone."

Before we can be makers of joy, before we can set the joy bells ringing in the sad hearts about us, we must have a genuine and abounding joy in our own hearts. It is impossible to give any thirsty soul drink out of an empty cup.

The richest possession any of us may ever hope to have is the unselfish joy and sweetness of life, which brims over into empty, needy lives that touch our own. "To write a poem, an essay, or a volume," said a sympathetic writer, "that shall interest and influence thousands, does not give the sense of personal satisfaction to the writer that comes with the consciousness of giving encouragement and cheer to one aching heart or troubled soul, that might have fainted or failed but for this stimulus and aid."

RING the joy bells! It is the best form of crusade you can make against misery, selfishness and sin. If the music of their chime does not respond at once, perhaps you have not laid hold of the right rope. There is a string that reaches every heart if you have the patience and love to find it.

Ring the joy bells! It is the best campaign you can make against many of the foes that seek to overwhelm and destroy you. Courage grows mighty, and fear, worry, mean temptations, bodily and spiritual weakness take flight when you make the melody of trustful praise in your heart to the Lord.

Ring the joy bells! It is the best you can do as your share in the great task of drowning out the hoarse voice of war, and cheering the world onward and upward to the glad era of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

## AN INFLUENCE

YOU lived life bravely!  
 And though the fight was hard and long,  
 You never flinched from what was right,  
 But through dark watches of the night  
 You filled the hours with song.

You lived life sweetly!  
 Your presence brightened all the day;  
 Though so much sorrow crossed your path,  
 You met it with a quiet faith  
 That swept all bitterness away.

You lived life nobly!  
 For by your generous self-denial,  
 Others were taught to see the light  
 That makes men strive for what is right,  
 And meet life bravely with a smile.

K. VON KLOSTER.

## How They Use the Bible

By W. H. Jordan

ONE of the most interesting campaigns for Bible reading was that tried in a school where a record was kept of the reading of each member of the class, and the report given two weeks later, and then a month still later. In five months, twenty-one had completed the New Testament and many others had read half or more of the Testament. Not only members of the school, but others—parents and friends—were interested and read with the children. One elderly lady telephoned to the pastor that she had read seventy-eight chapters that week!

In the primary department the children had been asked to read three verses a day. Some very little folks had read half of the New Testament. Instead of toys given at Christmas, seventy illustrated New Testaments were put out and heartily appreciated, many books reaching homes where no Bible was found. Our schools are the best possible agencies for distributing the Bible and good literature and the opportunity which each Sabbath affords ought not to be neglected.

But while "bulk" reading is one method of helping the reader to get better acquainted with the Bible, it is by no means thorough. The Word must be studied. The Rev. W. R. Williams tells of the work in the Welsh churches: "The Welsh are noted for their thoroughness of the study of the Bible. Every six months they conduct a written and an oral examination in the courses prepared for the schools. For two evenings written examinations were held. The third evening I examined the children orally in the Catechism, and also I listened to a number of the adults reciting portions of the Scriptures from memory. Sunday afternoon I examined orally for a whole hour the adult department of the school in the Epistle to the Colossians. This was as critical as any conducted in a theological seminary. It was a week, I assure you, of very strenuous work. I wish we could make schools of our Sunday Schools. We are making an effort toward this end now."

Jerseyville, Ill.

## Anvil Sparks

..KIND words breed their kind also.  
 ..THE best "Amen" to a prayer is going ahead to carry it out.

..FASTING from the Word is not the proper way to develop a hunger for it.

..MANY a champion who has conquered himself is unsung in this world.

..IT is easier to be miserable than to be happy, and many follow the harder way.

..THE sincere prayer must always come from a heart that feels dependence and need.

..FLOWERS of speech are not acceptable praise, save they exhale the sweet fragrance of love.

..TREATED PROPERLY, a broken resolution may be mended, and so made almost as good as new!

..PERTINACITY is getting a grip on a purpose and clinging to it; stubbornness is lying down on a proposition and refusing to move.



# Women Weavers of the Navajos



Hauling Wool for the Weavers on a Navajo Reservation

A Navajo Summer Home and Some of Its Occupants

**L**ONG before the arrival of the first white man in America the weaving of Navajo blankets was a native industry. It has survived the shock of intimate contact with civilization. It is believed that the value of the Navajo Indian blankets manufactured by that tribe each year is nearly \$500,000. This is an astonishing showing for an industry carried on solely by the manual labor of desert squaws who still adhere to primitive methods and appliances. Our government is desirous of lending encouragement to the tribespeople, so that the industry may be developed. Most of the Navajo sheep are mongrels. The wool is short and coarse, and scanty. Improved breeds of sheep would give wool of much finer quality, and the texture of the blanket would be correspondingly improved. Besides, the use of inferior coal tar dyes is common; and these will not stand hard usage. The men of the tribe still have the old idea that herding sheep, carding wool and weaving blankets are labors for squaws and derogatory to the dignity of warriors. The Navajo men have been employed to a large extent in railroad construction and repair work, digging of irrigation ditches, farm labor, and in the sugar beet fields of Colorado. If the men would help the women folks, the earnings of each tribal family could easily be made to average \$500 annually, which would mean industrial independence and comparative affluence.

The present population of the Navajo nation is about 28,000. They own probably one million sheep, in addition to a large number of goats. In these two great tribal industries, which are their main support, the men are hardly a productive factor at all.

Blanket-weaving is of prehistoric origin, cotton blankets having been found in ruined cliff dwellings of great antiquity. The Pueblo communities cultivated cotton, and wore garments made of cotton when visited

by the Spanish Friar Marcos in 1538 and by Coronado in 1540. From the Pueblos the semi-nomadic Navajos acquired the loom and learned the art of weaving.

Since 1867, the Navajos have never gone on the war path, although they have made raids upon the territories of the Utes and Pueblos, to obtain sheep, goats, ponies and burros. To give them a fresh start, the government distributed among them a large number of sheep and goats, and rendered other assistance; but for more than forty years they have received no government aid of any kind, except in the winter of 1894-'95 when their crops failed.

The most highly prized of their weaves of



An Indian Weaver at Work on a Blanket

blankets are known as *bayeta* blankets. These are woven, wholly or in part, of yarn. Many old blankets are valued at anywhere from \$250 to \$1,000 each.

Navajo blankets of the commoner kind may be purchased from the squaws in their logans, or from reservation traders, or in the towns of Arizona, New Mexico and curio stores throughout the West. They are either woven of Germantown yarn, or of yarn spun by the squaws from wool clipped off their sheep, and carded, spun and dyed by their own hands. They are desired by the whites more on account of their novelty than of their beauty, and are used on porches, in summer cottages and bungalows, for the fitting up of so-called "Indian robes," and "dens," and as rugs, portières, robes, etc.

The Navajo blanket owes nothing whatever to the standards of taste that prevail in civilized communities. It is "something different." The squaw weaves "out of her own head," with no pattern to guide her. Even when traders induce the weavers to attempt to copy blankets of patterns, the copies are never exact in details. The owner of a Navajo blanket, therefore, may feel reasonably certain that there is no other just like it in the world.

Much unadulterated nonsense has been written concerning the symbolism of the blankets, and the poetry, legend, tradition and history woven by the squaw into a fabric. It is true that some designs have a symbolic meaning, but Hopi, Zuni and Apache symbols are used quite as freely as those peculiar to the Navajos. The Navajo squaw is one of the least imaginative of the least poetical of human beings; and it is quite safe to say that even when symbolic designs are employed in blanket weaving, it is without the remotest reference to the true significance.

J. L. COWAN

## A Home for Convicts' Children

**W**HAT becomes of the children of convicts?

Every day some man is sentenced to prison, who leaves behind him boys or girls or both who must be fed and clothed and housed. The judge who pronounces sentence on the erring father cannot concern himself about the wife and children who are left to shift for themselves. His business is to see that the offender is sent to prison for his crime. It is, in fact, no one's business in particular what the wife and children of the convict do to support themselves, when the father of the family is in jail. This condition of things has long puzzled Mrs. Ballington Booth, who has made work among prisoners her life mission. Many convicts with whom she has talked in the prisons have begged her to do something for their children, to keep from them if possible a knowledge of the fact that their father is a convict, and to take them away somewhere, where they will be brought up among wholesome surroundings and a healthy environment. Many pitiful cases of destitution among the families of convicts have come under the notice of Mrs. Booth in the course of her evangelistic work in the prisons. She planned to establish a home for these innocent victims of another's wrong-doing, and recently the opportunity came. Now, in a beautiful place at Gwynedd Valley, near Philadelphia, the work has been established. The

two buildings were originally designed as a home for convalescent children. The main structure is equipped for the reception of as many as seventy-five boys and girls, and in addition fifty mothers can be accommodated when the arrangements are completed. The buildings and grounds, with furniture, beds, bedding and crockery, were given to Mrs. Ballington Booth for her use as long as she will use them in the work she has in view.



The Main Building at Mrs. Booth's Home for Children

The ten acres of ground adjoining the home are equipped with swings and see-saws for the amusement of the children. The smaller of the two buildings will be set apart for the use of the women. The intention is to convert this smaller building into a clubhouse for the mothers, where they can gather in the afternoon and sew and converse and forget their troubles for the time at least.

### SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE

**U**ANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?  
And think you all in vain these falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire some time, somewhere!

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented This petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known;  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair!  
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere!

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what he has begun;  
If you but keep the incense burning there,  
His glory you shall see, some time, somewhere!



# THE ELECTRICAL SHOW OF 1911



Edison Monthly  
Thomas A. Edison and His Block of Copper

WHEN at 7.30 P.M., on October 11, Thomas A. Edison pressed a button in his laboratory at Orange, N. J., and so lighted the 100 electric bulbs and started the many hundreds of wheels in the New Grand Central Palace in New York, the most elaborate electric show that has ever been held opened its doors to the public. Upward of a million candle-power was developed by the myriad of lights that decorated the booths and illumined the general lighting arrangements of the building. Against the white walls of the pillars it shone with reflected brilliance to display the wonderful diversity of the exhibits. Here, amongst a forest of palms that waved in the electric breeze of thousand fans, one might have a cup of electrically brewed tea and a bit of electrically made toast; while, not a few yards away, the mechanism of a vacuum storage battery truck was being explained. The Electrical Exposition of 1911 was formally opened at a luncheon given by the New York Edison Company to Thomas Edison, the father of modern electrical development. The most striking incident in connection with the event was a gift from producers and consumers of copper which would express their appreciation of the part Mr. Edison's inventions have played in the stimulation of the copper industry. This gift was a cubic foot of copper weighing 486 pounds. Edison's is the simple inscription on the top of the cube. One face bore the following lettering:

Edison's first invention  
October 15, 1883  
1000 ft. of copper, 357,000,000 lbs.  
October 13, 1911  
1000 ft. of copper, 1,040,000,000 lbs.  
"It might make a good perweight," said Mr. Edison reflectively, as he inspected his new acquisition after the luncheon. "I am one suggested that, for any other use for which he could keep it in his laboratory for Mrs. Edison to use and keep nicely polished. In every way the most interesting exhibits of the exposition are those which show the application of electricity to household tasks and uses. In dozens of booths all through the Palace there may be found the appliances designed for the lightening of the duties of the housewife. Everything from a coffee percolator and a toaster to a sewing machine and a dish washer may be found operating for the benefit of the crowded crowds. The exhibit of the Brooklyn Edison Company was perhaps the most charming of the entire show. Here, with the assistance of the furniture department of John Wanamaker, a model home had been constructed. From its front porch to its kitchen electricity was in use on every hand. In the hall, electric lights displayed the beauty of the furnishings, and a vacuum cleaner operated by an electric motor showed how they might be kept in their original freshness. In the parlor electricity played the piano, and threw a glow of warmth from the fireplace. In the charming

little bedroom electricity would heat my lady's curling tongs, warm his majesty the baby's bottle, and dry the shampooed hair of the entire household. In the dining room, electrical appliances upon the sideboard would boil the eggs, cook the cereal, and make the toast and coffee, to say nothing of keeping the plates hot and heating the chafing dish. In the kitchen, the cook was mixing cake by electricity and baking it in an electric stove; while the materials for her future use were kept chilled in an electric refrigerator, and a little motor drove the machine which did the family washing. Electric irons stood ready for use when the clothes should come from the electric dryer.

Following the lead of a number of European governments exhibits have been arranged by some of the United States Government officials, illustrating the relation of electricity to a number of departments of Federal activities. Among these the most interesting were the ones from the Army and Navy, the Bureau of Standards, the Department of Agriculture and the National Museum. The Coast Artillery had on exhibition a splendid model showing a system of harbor protection by means of submarine mines and land batteries. A long glass tank filled to a depth of about three feet with water contained twenty-three tiny submarine mines. A model of a fully equipped battleship floated upon the surface of the water and upon either side was a land fort equipped with modern disappearing guns and all the most up-to-date armament. The tiny battleship was propelled across the tank by electricity, and when it came in contact with one of the submarine mines, the mine flashed up while the vessel rocked and listed to port, her stacks, masts, turrets and other above-deck equipment collapsing and giving the impression of a ship being blown up. Ten men from the electrical school of the Brooklyn Navy Yard were in charge of the part of the naval exhibit which showed the operation of the wireless equipment of a battleship, as well as the electric panel-board which worked in conjunction with a set of signal lights such as are used on battleships to flash signals from ship to ship at night. The Commissary Department of the navy had fitted up a model kitchen and model bakery, which were equipped with electrical meat-cutters and potato-peeling machines, dough-mixers, cooking ranges and many other culinary devices.



Copyright Brown Bros., N.Y.  
A View of New York, the Electric City, at Night

The display of electrical machinery was of the most comprehensive sort. In one place a famous packing company was operating a model of the machines by which it makes its toothsome peanut butter; not far away a device for the use of bankers and those who must handle large quantities of coins was automatically counting pennies and rolling them up securely in bundles of fifty each. All the different sorts of office machinery, which are operated by electricity, were exhibited in large numbers. Here you might have your pencil sharpened by electricity, while but a few steps away a full set of books was being kept on an electric typewriter and billing machine. Electric automobiles of all descriptions were exhibited; every type from a light closed carriage for the doctor to a motor truck for the manufacturer.

The exhibit of the Westinghouse Companies provided some surprises for the initiated, as there were shown for the first time some improved motors with new control systems. Complete lines of the various insulating substances are exhibited and demonstrated. In its household department every imaginable device was to be found. Convenience and comfort were fairly spelled in its array of coffee-percolators, toaster-stoves, air heaters, heating pads, and nursery milk-warmers. The luminous radiator that threw its ruddy glow all round almost made one willing to accept the city's substitute for the crackling logs of the country. Motors, arc lamps, theatrical lights and a variety of household appliances make up the exhibits of the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric Company. The General Electric Company exhibited its entire line of incandescent lamps and inverted arc lamps in addition to heating appliances, an extensive line of moving picture and theatrical lights, and a motor operating a printing press.

The Columbia Phonograph Company was exhibiting the dictaphone in operation. The storage batteries to which Mr. Edison has been devoting so much time during the last few years were exhibited in many different forms and were subjected to the severest tests that their inventor could devise to prove their absolute reliability.

One booth which never failed of its interested and admiring audience was that of the Janus Vacuum Goods Company. Here the glass blowers with their fiery torches were at work shaping the bottles and welding them together while other workmen coated the sides of the vacuums with silver; others fitted their air-tight stoppers and passed them on to be packed in the cases of wicker or leather in which they would be sold. The chocolate manufacturers had not overlooked this opportunity to show the public how they use the most up-to-date machinery in grinding the chocolate, moulding it into shape and finally wrapping it in its tinsel covers.



Photo Edison Monthly  
A Brilliant Vista at the Electrical Show in the New Grand Central Palace, New York

The Bureau of Standards at Washington exhibited for the benefit of consumers of electricity the standardizing apparatus used in the determination of electrical units.

A group of blocks of concrete, bricks and other building materials which had been subjected to long-continued though very slight electrical currents were exhibited to demonstrate the folly of using uninsulated electrical conductors. The National Museum's addition to the show was largely of the nature of historic data. These things consisted of models of electric motors and different parts of electrical machines, which dated back to the earliest days of the investigation of the subject. One of the most interesting was a Morse telegraph register and port rule, dated 1837. This was made by Samuel F. B. Morse himself, and was first exhibited in New York City on September 2, 1837.





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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## To Our Readers

AS THE season for the renewal of subscriptions is approaching, we would again request our regular readers to co-operate with us in expediting the heavy business of the next two months by sending in their renewals as soon as possible after receipt of our premium catalogue, which we are now sending to all.

Last year, many thousands of our friends responded cordially to this call, and we trust that a still larger number will do us the same kindness this season. When a publisher and his readers work hand in hand, there is a resultant benefit to both. In a business of such extensive proportions as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, every subscriber who anticipates the fixed date of renewal by a few weeks materially assists our Subscription Department, which has a gigantic task before it. By sending in your renewal early, you lighten the burden of work for hundreds of employees, which is an important consideration at a time when the heaviest volume of business is flowing in. We would urge you, therefore, not to wait for the regular date, but to send in your renewal promptly after reading this notice.

Now, a word as to our premiums. They are mentioned on page 1094. All of these premium books are positively ready for mailing at the present moment. We have taken time by the forelock this year, being resolved that there shall be no disappointments or delays in dealing with our readers. So you who read this may take it as a personal assurance that whatever book you may order as a premium with your subscription—whether Mrs. Sangster's splendid work, *The Women of the Bible*, or that wonderfully inspiring story of *The Pilgrim Ship*, by Dr. Black, or *Samantha's* mirth-provoking volume which tells of her latest adventures—you will get your premium promptly, and without a single day's delay.

Our CHRISTIAN HERALD Almanac, the first of its kind, and brim full of things that we are sure our readers will welcome, is now ready. From November 1 on, the Almanac will be mailed free to each subscriber immediately on receipt of renewal of subscription. It will also be sent free to all new subscribers.

Regarding our Magazine Combination Offers, we wish to impress upon all of our readers and their friends that if any one should feel dissatisfied in the slightest degree with the magazine he has chosen, we will cheerfully refund his money at once, on hearing from him. This applies to any of the magazines ordered through us.

Owing to a general increase in the cost of production, the year has been a "testing time" for many publications, and a considerable number have raised their subscription price. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is exceptional in the fact that it has made steady gains in popularity, and is to-day more widely read than at any previous period of its history. It has given, during 1911, a larger paper than ever before, with an aggregate increase of 400 columns of reading matter over 1910. There will be no increase in the subscription price, which will remain at \$1.50.

Finally, as you well know, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its management have at heart always the best interests of its readers. Hence we are encouraged to believe that all who read this notice will regard it as a personal letter and will assist us by sending in their renewals promptly—a service which we will value very highly indeed.

## Sensible Prison Reform

MANY American State prisons and penitentiaries are run on what is known as the convict contract system. It is a system that affords the

amplest opportunities for official graft, and in most cases the entire profits go into the pockets of the contractors instead of the taxpayers. Many attempts have been made to do away with this pernicious system of exploiting prison labor, but they have usually failed. Convict products have been put into the market in competition with free labor; but corrupt influences have generally succeeded in stifling investigation. Detroit has a prison which is an illustration of successful management without convict contracts. The Detroit House of Correction takes no contracts, does not compete with free toil-ers and annually pays to the city of Detroit a profit of many thousands of dollars, which is divided among the families of prisoners, or carried to the credit of the prisoners themselves. In thirty-two years, this prison has turned over more than \$1,000,000 in profits for the purposes named. Its experience would seem to be a complete refutation of the familiar claim that prison labor cannot be made self-supporting under prison management exclusively. Another important consideration is that the system which produces such results is the strongest inducement to good behavior and docility among its inmates, who are thus made sharers in the fruits of their own industry.

## That Dynamite Menace

WHETHER the twenty-one sticks of dynamite, which were discovered by the merest accident on the El Capitan bridge, about the time President Taft's special train was due, were placed there by careless workmen or by some plotters who had the villainous design of wrecking the train, is not yet made clear. The Presidential special crossed the bridge early on Monday morning, October 16. A little earlier, according to the statements of the railway employees, a Mexican bridge-walker discovered a suspicious person on the bridge and fired upon him, but the presence of the explosive, it seems, was not actually disclosed until after the train had passed over. There it was, with fuse attached, and the quantity was sufficient to have blown off both abutments. We trust that investigation may rob the affair of its criminal aspect, although the mere presence of dynamite on such an occasion carries an ominous suggestion. The President is having a great time on his 17,000-mile vacation trip, with alternate leaps from the land of sunshine to realms of frost and snow. Nothing, not even the peril of dynamite, seems to interfere with his running schedule. He is to be heartily congratulated on his escape from what might have been a very real danger. It is now hardly expected in Washington that he will return before the latter part of November, when he will find plenty of accumulated official business piling up in preparation for the approaching session of Congress.

## China's Revolution

BEGINNING in Szechuen and spreading with remarkable rapidity throughout Central China, the revolutionary movement in the ancient empire seems quite likely to assume formidable proportions. Its object is the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, and as the present government has proved exceedingly unpopular among the common people in many provinces, the movement will doubtless spread far beyond its present limits before it is finally suppressed. City after city in the heart of the empire has passed under rebel control. The uprising is in some respects like the Sepoy mutiny in India fifty years ago, which carried with it large bodies of troops well supplied with arms and ammunition. The return of Yuan Shi Kai to power means that the government has resolved on drastic measures, and unless there is a widespread disaffection among the imperial troops, we may soon expect to hear of hard fighting.

It is impossible to forecast the future of China, should the present revolutionary movement succeed. Some of the leaders in the rising have been quoted as declaring that the ultimate aim is the establishment of a republic. This may prove little more than an ambitious dream, for the reversal of China's long centuries of monarchical rule would be one of the greatest of modern miracles. Her empire is so vast

and the unrest so widespread that the revol may eventuate in a territorial division, under governments. There must come a time when we shall do better than it has ever done by its people. An autocratic and indifferent government, which taxes them so heavily that they kept constantly poor, and which leaves the periodical prey to famine and pestilence with adequate measures looking to improvement, cannot command the loyal support of its subjects. T added to widespread official corruption and a sand other causes, have aided the revolutionists stirring the popular dissatisfaction into open rebellion. Meanwhile, every effort will be made to safeguard the interests of foreigners. At last accounts, missionaries along the Yangtze and at various points inland were reported safe.

## Our New Serial Story

CHARLES M. SHELDON, the famous author of *In His Steps*, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a new and intensely dramatic serial story entitled

### "BRANDER CUSHING'S AMBITION,"

the opening chapters of which will appear in week's issue of this paper. It is a story which reader can afford to miss, dealing as it does with some of the most vital problems of our own time. Not only will it amply repay your own reading, you should see to it that it reaches the hands of your friends.

## General Notes

—A SERIOUS "SLIDE" HAS taken place on both sides of the great Gatun dam at Panama. It is now feared that the soil bottom under the dam may prove strong enough to hold the tremendous weight of concrete. There are indications of even greater danger when the water level in the dam raised.

—AN EARTHQUAKE of force equal to the one which destroyed Messina shook the town of Acireale and the surrounding district at the foot of Mount Etna, late on the afternoon of October 18. The district is not thickly settled, but in Giarre fifty persons killed and more than two hundred injured. The provincial town of Giarre and Santa Venerina sank three feet. Mount threw out clouds of ashes, while volcanic dust darkened the sky, into the fear of the residents. The first tremors were felt at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At Giarre most of the inhabitants fled immediately to the open fields. These tremors, it is now known, simultaneous with the great shock which destroyed the village Mangano. The final and most disastrous shock came at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. The village of Rondinella said that it was destroyed and that many are dead. The village of Macchia said that there was one great shock, followed two hours later by a tremors. Many houses were destroyed and many persons injured but there were no fatalities.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## California's Panama Exposition Started

ON October 14 President Taft lifted a spade of earth in the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and started work on the Panama Pacific International Exposition, which the Californians say is to surpass anything of the kind ever held. Ground was broken within the confines of the stadium built by the city, which will form one of the central points of the exposition. Appropriate exercises were held. One hundred and fifty thousand people faced the President as he spoke, the largest audience, Mr. Taft said, he had ever addressed. The weather was so hot, and the press of the crowd so great, that one hundred men and women fainted and had to be taken to hospitals. Mme. Lillian Nordica assisted in the opening exercises by singing "The Day's at the Spring," and by leading the great assemblage in singing "The Star-spangled Banner." Her greeting was almost as enthusiastic as that given the President. An important feature of the exposition will be a massive tower and memorial erected at San Francisco overlooking the Pacific Ocean. From the floor of its base to the top of the great figure of Victory surmounting the shaft, the tower will be 850 feet in height, making it the tallest building perhaps in the New World. It is to be of steel and concrete. The exterior will be covered with marble. The base will be 320 feet square and 120 feet high. At the top of the base will be a frieze 20 feet high, which will picture in relief such events as the discovery of gold, the coming of the pioneers, the building of the first and other railroads to the coast, the acquisition of territory and trade in the Orient, and the opening of the Panama Canal. These scenes are to be executed by the most distinguished sculptors. There are to be four elevators running to the top of the tower, from which glorious views of the fair, the city and the ocean can be seen. The tower is to cost \$1,500,000, to be furnished by popular subscription. If necessary the tower can be used as a meteorological observatory, a wireless telegraph station, and for lighthouse purposes, sending light out 100 miles to sea. The opening of the Panama Canal will be one of the most momentous events of the centuries. It will indicate the best that human engineering, industry, enterprise and wealth can do, and the event, which is a national one, will be fittingly commemorated by the Californians who, before the shocks of the earthquake had subsided, were clearing away the rubbish of the ruins to rebuild a more glorious metropolis. The opening of the gateway that shall make the Atlantic and Pacific one, through which ships of commerce will go on errands of fabulous wealth, will furnish a new channel through which the heart of the West may flow to that of the East, in the passionate desire for the souls of brother men, most of whom have their homes on the shores of the Pacific. The exposition and its tower are the material expressions of the gigantic enterprise which means so much to international progress and universal brotherhood. Early in the history of the race stone pillars were used as memorials of important events. The one by Laban and Jacob was to indicate peace and good will.

And Laban said to Jacob, Behold this heap, and behold this pillar, which I have cast betwixt me and thee; this heap be witness, and this pillar be witness, that I will not pass over this heap to thee, and that thou shalt not pass over this heap, and this pillar unto me, for harm. (Gen. 31: 51, 62.)

## Heaviest Woman on Earth

Miss Gertrude Burk of Chicago, who is said to be the heaviest woman in the world, paid a visit to the home of Mrs. H. W. Hayes, of Alton, Ill. Miss

Burk is twenty-two years of age and weighs 825 pounds. She is five feet seven inches in height. Some of her measurements are: Arm, 28 inches; waist, 54; bust, 75. She wears No. 4½ shoes and No. 7 gloves. Miss Burk weighed 15 pounds when she was born and at eight years of age the scales marked 250. Miss Burk sits down on two chairs facing each other and gets through an ordinary door only by turning sideways. Persons who are abnormally large or small are subject to a great deal of notice and not a little embarrassment and annoyance. We commend the refusal of Miss Burk to be exhibited as a curiosity in the dime show business. Her parents left her a comfortable support. The disposition upon the part of men and women to make money out of the spectacular or sensational circumstances of life is rebuked by the example of this young woman. This greed prompts many to turn into gold the notoriety for even the vices and crimes of life. A girl offered herself to the stage recently as a drawing card because she had figured as an interested party in a murder trial. Miss Burk is reported to be a young lady of intelligence and principle and not her physical weight but her

stop at once. No nation can produce a finer set of cadets than those at West Point and Annapolis, and the punishment of the young men guilty of intoxication will be a guarantee that the high moral standards will be maintained. The action of the government in these dismissals also is one of the marks that indicate how high American public sentiment has arisen on the subject of drinking and intoxication. The example of one of the greatest statesmen and moral heroes of the world can be safely followed by the young men who are to be entrusted with large responsibility.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank. (Dan. 1: 8.)

## New Mariner's Compass

The gyroscopic compass is the newest invention for direction in sea navigation, and it is claimed that it is the best. A writer in a Paris publication says: "The gyroscope is a well-known instrument and few are ignorant of its two fundamental laws: first, that every gyroscope that is free to move in

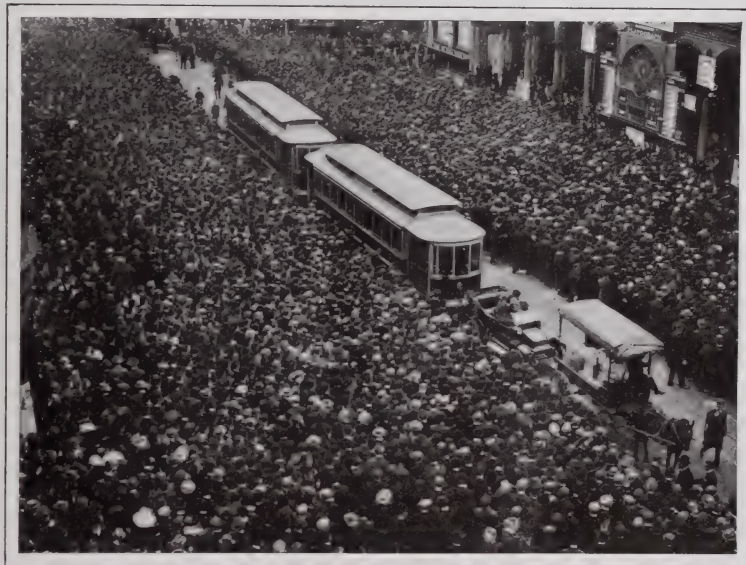
all directions tends to preserve its initial direction, and second, that if a gyroscope is free to move in only two planes it must at every point upon the earth's surface, except at the poles, tend to set parallel to the earth's axis and consequently indicate the absolute north. The equipment includes a principal compass provided with a transmitter and receivers electrically connected with it." The Anschütz gyroscope compass is used in the German Navy, and it is about to be adopted by the British Navy. The Chinese claim in their records to have discovered the mariner's compass 2634 B.C. Since 300 A.D. they have used it practically for sea navigation. The steel of the modern ships and other causes of magnetic disturbance and the march of scientific progress call for improvement. The old compass, which, since the twelfth century especially, has guided ships out of sight of land and when the moon and stars were hid and over oceans to the desired harbor, is to give place to the gyroscope compass, and in due time likely to something better than that. The Bible is the compass which points unerringly to Christ and will guide us through the darkness and storms and sea of life to the harbor, the home of the soul. This divine wisdom and guidance are promised in the Psalmist's words:

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. (Ps. 32: 8.)

## Faces Death, Stops Plague

William D. Tipples, of Nashville, Tenn., connected with the Alaska boundary survey, reached Seattle the other day and told a thrilling tale of heroism in the far North, hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle. Smallpox became epidemic in the Indian village at Rampart House. Most of the natives fled, leaving a hundred or more victims to die. Thomas Riggs, Jr., of Washington, D. C., chief of the American party in the Alaska boundary survey, courted death for a long period in nursing, vaccinating and enforcing health regulations in the country. By thus really taking his life in his hand he kept down the rate of mortality among those afflicted to a normal figure, and by his intelligence, courage and constancy he stamped the plague entirely out. It is the duty of the Christian to address himself to the cure of the body. Christ did so, and so instructed his apostles. They did not stop at the physical cure, but looked through it to the cure of the soul. The ministry of Paul to physical and spiritual disease is thus referred to:

And the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them. (Acts 19: 12.)



Broadway, New York, Blocked by Crowds Watching the Baseball Scores

NEVER since the days of the crowded stadia of Greece and Rome, where the populace gathered to see games and combats, have such throngs gone to view athletic contests, as have attended baseball games this year. In New York upward of 40,000 people were at some of the final games of the season. The interest of others is shown by this photograph. Baseball is a clean, manly sport, demanding steady nerves, prompt action and agility. The great regret in connection with it as our national sport is that sometimes games are played on Sunday. This, however, is not the case in the present national contest.

character is the measure of her womanhood. Whether people be lean or fat, tall or short, heavy or light in weight, the size of the soul is that which counts. The development of a large soul by the power of Christ is thus described by the apostle:

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. (Eph. 4: 13.)

## Cadets Expelled for Drinking

Eight cadets at West Point were found to have smuggled liquors into their quarters, and to have become intoxicated upon them. They were tried and dismissed from the service. President Taft confirmed the sentence dismissing four of them and commuted the sentence of the other four, who are to suffer some kind of humiliation as a punishment. Whatever condemnation there should be of the use of intoxicants in the schools and colleges of the country, there should be especial condemnation of such use in government institutions such as West Point and Annapolis, where so much depends on the health of body, keenness of intellect and correctness of the morals of those who are to be the guardians of the nation. Emperor William of Germany in addressing his naval cadets advised them to take a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicants, and he said to the officers of the army that he wanted the alcoholism of the German army to stop, and to



# CONGRESS SEEKS ADVICE ON FINANCE

THE National Monetary Commission, which was recently appointed at Washington to consider and report to Congress on the feasibility of the plan advocated by Senator Aldrich for the creation of a National Reserve Association, is conducting its researches through a sub-committee. This sub-committee held a two-day hearing at the Hotel Plaza in New York on October 16 and 17.

They were then addressed by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, who expressed himself as heartily in favor of the proposed association. He declared it in accord with economic principles long advanced by the ablest thinkers of the country, that it would tend to divert the country's reserve fund from Wall Street to the real business interests, and that it would enable the banks of the country to participate in

the profits of international banking business. The committee is composed of Congressmen Edward B. Vreeland of New York, Chairman; Sen-

ator Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania; ex-Senator Julius C. Burrows, Michigan; Congressman John W. Weeks, Boston; Congressman George Prince, Illinois, and ex-Congressman Robert W. Byrnes, Colorado. The committee will hold hearings in Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland (Ore.), San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Omaha, and St. Louis. This tour, which ends on November 12, may be supplemented with another among Southern cities. The Commission will report to Congress about January 8. The hearings have consisted chiefly of discussions by bankers and business men of the Aldrich plan for a National Reserve Association of fifteen branches throughout the country, with a representative directorate of nine or more. The organization would give greater security to bank depositors and discourage speculation.



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The National Monetary Commission

## TWO LITTLE KOREAN MAIDS

MISSIONARY MALCOLM C. FENWICK, pastor of the Church of Christ at Wonsan, Korea, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD giving several interesting incidents from his recent missionary experiences. He tells the story of two young Korean girls, one of whom (Rebecca) had a narrow escape from marrying a heathen. Missionary Fenwick writes:

"Rebecca was fourteen years of age. She was harassed by her older sister urging her to marry an unbeliever; but steadfastly she refused. Her father, who was an earnest Christian, had become an evangelist and was away from home most of the time. The annexation of Korea caused an enormous revival of early marriages. Matchmakers were scouring the country far and near, seeking husbands for young girls, so fearful were their parents that they would be forced to marry Japanese husbands. Daughters were engaged as young as five years, and I have heard of one little widow of seven.

"Under such circumstances, Rebecca was importuned to marry an unbeliever. Her protests were in vain, and the preliminary contract was made. Rebecca had read in her Bible, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' and she resolved to obey God's Word at any cost. Saving up her Korean pennies until she had five hundred of them, she spent a day in fasting and prayer. The following day she donned a suit of her brother's clothes, and saying to his women folks that she was going to where God led her, and if he was pleased to bring her to a place of safety she would write, otherwise they would know she was dead, she started. She passed as a boy, and made her way to Pastor Sen's in three days, walking eighty miles. He found her in a pitiful condition—one shoe and stocking off, a foot blistered and the skin worn off, and the girl hardly able to hobble another step. In his study she

said: 'I am Rebecca. I left home because they had contracted to marry me to an unbeliever.' She was provided with comfortable quarters, clothes and food, but was too tired and sore to eat. When her brother, who really loved his sister, returned home and found she had gone, he became frantic with



Little Rebecca

The Rescued Slave

alarm and grief. He immediately set out in the night, and after much travel, he traced her to Pastor Sen's and to his great joy found she was safe. When he heard her story from Pastor Sen he said: 'Of a truth, God has guided and sustained my sister. This is none other than his grace. I know now why

she prayed all day and refused to eat. She is yours. Take her and train her for him.'

"One of Mrs. Fenwick's Bible women was very unhappy. Enquiry elicited the fact that before the Gospel had reached her, she and her husband had sold their little daughter to a Korean nobleman as a slave. I was sent with the father to redeem her. He carried the price of his daughter's redemption. The nobleman was at that time a member of the royal cabinet, as minister of foreign affairs. I was cordially received; but when my errand was made known, the great man was disagreeably surprised, and not wishing to surrender his slave, argued long and strenuously. 'Why, your country has slaves!' he said. 'No,' I replied. 'I'm a Canadian.' 'Well, they have slaves in the United States!' said he. 'No,' they people set them all free; just as your king did so nobly recently.' That staggered him a bit, so I pressed the point. Getting in the father of the little girl, I had him lay down the price of her redemption in front of the owner. 'Now,' I said, 'Your Excellency knows that it has always been the law of Korea that a slave can be redeemed any time by paying back the original purchase price. Furthermore, after his Imperial Majesty made treaties with other Powers, he graciously abolished slavery in his domain. Your Excellency is a minister of the Crown, appointed to uphold the decrees of his Majesty. I, therefore, call upon you to obey his decree, and to receive the money according to ancient law, and hand over the girl to her father.' 'Trionera!' [come here] he loudly called. Immediately an attendant stepped forward. 'Bring the slave!' he ordered. The girl was brought. 'Please have her taken away,' he said to me. Great was the rejoicing when we returned. The liberated slave is now a member of a Christian boarding school."

### Persia and Womanhood

THAT must have been an amusing scene in the Persian Medjliss, or Congress, when a champion of the new womanhood arose the other day to plead its cause, amid the scores of blind adherents to the old order. When the Medjliss was quietly discussing the bill for the next election, and had reached the clause which states that no woman shall vote, Vakil el Rooy mounted the tribune and declared roundly that as women possessed minds and souls, they should possess votes!

The Congress was struck dumb with horror. Does not the Koran expressly declare that women have no souls? As for minds, did not every member present know of his own knowledge that it was preposterous to ascribe even a spark of intellect to women! Little by little, the Medjliss recovered itself enough to roundly reprimand the Hadji Vakil for his wild presumption. The doctrine that women had minds and souls was so revolutionary that the very foundations of Islam would be rent asunder if it were known that a Hadji of Vakil's standing had advanced it.

*Woman's Work for Women* is authority for the statement that Christian missionaries receive requests constantly from Moslem parents, that their boys may be taken into the missionary boarding-schools, in order that these boys may be removed from their "home influences"! There-

fore a "home" was started for them. This contained 66 inmates in 1900. Now there are 348. One of the chief elements in their teaching is respect for womanhood, so that when these educated boys and others from other schools go forth into active life, there will probably be many members of the Persian Congress, instead of a single one, to combat the Mohammedan postulate that women have neither minds nor souls.

### Our Premium Catalogue Mailed to You

This week we are mailing to all of our Subscribers The Christian Herald Premium Catalogue for 1912. It is a wonderfully attractive one and will repay a thorough reading. Our Three Principal Premium Books for the season are:

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE, By Margaret E. Sangster  
SAMANTHA AT CONEY ISLAND, By Josiah Allen's Wife  
THE PILGRIM SHIP, By James Black, M.A.

For full descriptions of these splendid books and many others, we refer you to the Premium Catalogue which is now on its way to you. Make your selections and order promptly. All the Premiums will be ready for shipment the moment your order is received.

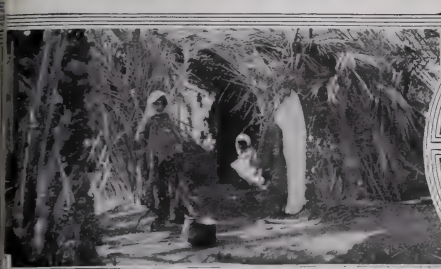
### Equal Pay for School Teachers

AFTER an agitation of several years, the women teachers of New York have at last won their fight for equal pay for both sexes in the public schools. This will add \$3,500,000 to the annual metropolitan budget. The bill for equal pay has passed the State Legislature several times, but until now has invariably been vetoed. In some New York school grades, the women teachers already have equal pay with the men, and there are many large cities throughout the country where uniform compensation for both sexes is the rule. The increase to the New York taxpayers will be four mills on the dollar. While the result of the campaign will be to give higher pay to the women teachers now in commission, it will probably be the means of opening the way for the appointment of a larger number of men teachers, who will be chosen for certain grades the more readily that pay will now be equal for both sexes. In other words, it will now be a question of absolute fitness in deciding appointments instead of being one largely of economy or favoritism as formerly.

—THE ELECTORAL COLLEGES throughout the Mexican republic have completed their work and the Marquis with General Madero as president, and Jose Maria Pino Suarez as vice-president, has been declared elected.



# PAST AND PRESENT IN TRIPOLI



An Oasis Home in Tripoli



A Typical Street in the City



Going Home from the Market

As soon as the startled world could recover from the shock of the sudden declaration by Italy of war upon Turkey for the possession of Tripoli, it began to ask, "Why should Italy want the desert province? Is it worth anything like the gold and silver that she must expend to get it?" For after leaving the coast, one can go but a short distance inland before he reaches the unrelieved desert.

Gold is everywhere. What does Italy want with this vast expanse of sand? It is true that once here stood flourishing cities. That great merchant-nation, the Phoenicians, doubtless founded a civilization here back in the dim past. Then the Carthaginians found it. At the famous battle of Zama, the Romans wrested from them the sovereignty of the whole Mediterranean, and over Rome "Tripolitania" (its Phoenician name) probably attained her highest prosperity. Through the energy of that wonderful nation, irrigation was established, great aqueducts were built, and agriculture and stock-raising were effectively promoted. The Emperor Septimius Severus was a native of Tripoli, and during his reign granted the state the privileges of the Jus Italicum. In gratitude for this favor, the Tripolitans sent their emperor yearly an enormous gift of olive oil. So great was the quantity, that after Severus died there was enough of the Tripoli oil on hand in his storehouses to supply Italy for the ensuing years. Let us hope that its sweetness was somehow retained during the long period.

The olive groves are now gone. As Rome's power declined, first the Byzantines, and then the wild hordes of the inland deserts, gradually won away its African possessions; the aqueducts were broken

down; petty wars took the place of peaceful labor; and little by little Tripoli sank into her present low condition. Doubtless climatic changes have helped on her degradation. One who sees the noble castle ruins and grand broken arches still visible here and there in the interior, among the drifting sands, cannot help feeling that a great tragedy of nature

As for Tripoli, with its veiled women, its lawless Bedouin rangers, its scanty wealth, its dwindling commerce, what patriotic ardor can be expected there? Steeped in the lethargies of Mohammedanism, sensual, illiterate, and bowing in servile submission to the irresistible Fate which decrees their joy or woe, what can they contribute to enhance the glory of Italy?

One of the most discouraging features of life in Tripoli, as in other Mohammedan countries, is the condition of these veiled, fatalistic women. Those of the richer classes live in untutored idleness; the poor, in even more ignorance and constant, ill-directed drudgery. A missionary, for whom the wife of a muleteer was preparing supper, noticed that she set aside in a furtive way a small part of the tea and sugar.

"Why do you do that?" was asked.

"Oh," said the woman, "I must provide against the day when my husband may divorce me."

She then made the startling announcement that she was her husband's sixth wife, and that he was her sixth husband.

Of course, no home life can exist under such circumstances. All of our missionaries in Mohammedan countries testify that, as among the pagans, they depend upon the beautiful object-lesson of the peaceful Christian home to enforce their Gospel teaching. Many who resist all other appeals, when they are admitted into the sacred precincts of the missionary's happy

home, respond to its irresistible charm and turn to Christ. Let us hope that the Mohammedanism of Tripoli may be subjected to such influences until it takes its place among progressing nations. If Italy can bring this to pass, her apparent blunder may ultimately be forgiven by the world.



The Crowd in a Tripolitan Market Place During an Annual Festival

has been enacted here, and that to its agency a large part of Tripoli's fall has been due.

Can Italy resuscitate agriculture in this land? Mining experts have reported unfavorably upon her mineral resources. Along what avenues does Italy expect to derive any profit there?



Italian and Jewish Refugees Waiting on the Dock at Tripoli, to Go Aboard Ship for Europe Before the Bombardment



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

J. B. N., Atlantic, Ia. 1. In a recent sermon by Mr. Moody, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he says: "If there is any danger of your getting out of his kingdom, he will try to get somebody to whisper in thought and heart that you are not a Christian." What did Mr. Moody mean by this? 2. Is the "new birth" conversion? How may a person know that he or she has been born again? 3. Some Christians say that they can't tell the time or place they were converted.

1. He meant to caution his hearers against the wiles of Satan, who loves to keep men in his power and who would "deceive the very elect." 2. Yes, being born again is conversion. See Jesus' statement to Nicodemus (John 3: 1-12). 3. It is undoubtedly true that many persons cannot fix the time at which they began the Christian life. Some began it in childhood, almost at their mother's knee; others in Sunday School, etc. In many cases it is a slow realization; in others, an instantaneous operation, where the individual realizes the error of his ways and turns to Christ as Saviour and in his strength begins that hour to live a new life.

G. C. S., Philadelphia. I noticed an article in the August number of a New York magazine on "What is to become of the preacher." There were a good many misstatements in this article and an answer to them ought to be given the broadest kind of circulation. It seems to be quite the fashion to circulate these misstatements in regard to Foreign Mission work. The cost of administration of Foreign Mission funds in the United Presbyterian Church is four and one-tenth cents to the dollar; the Presbyterian cost is just seven cents, I think; the Baptist is twelve cents; but the Baptists spend a great deal of money very wisely on educational work through their literature. This, I believe, is charged to Foreign Mission administration expenses. Even the United Presbyterians with four and one-tenth cents for administration include eight-tenths of a cent for publication to get the dollar and five-tenths of a cent because the dollar does not come in time. Other expenses of getting the money are included and it is altogether probable that not over two cents are spent in actual administration and two and one-tenth cents in publication, educational work and paying interest on the money they don't get.

Your question relative to the magazine article on "What is to become of the preacher?" interests us; and in view of recent developments the suggestion occurred to us that the preacher might very well resort to asking "What has become of the magazine?" The article is distorted, whether purposely or not, we cannot say; at all events, it is certainly misrepresenting the actual facts and is an injustice to foreign missions and missionary boards. Still, when we consider the fact that almost all critics of this adverse class are found outside of the churches, and not within them, and are consequently less reliably informed than they should be, these attacks become unimportant. The sworn annual report of every board of missions, home and foreign, shows just what proportion of the funds is spent in administration, and they are all conducted on economical and satisfactory lines.

G. M. S., Mansfield, O. Kindly inform me if it is true that Moses wrote part of the Psalms. I have heard this, and wish to ask you for your opinion.

The Book of Psalms (which is the Psalter of the Hebrews) has many authors, the principal one being David. Some are attributed to Heman, Josiah, and Zerubabel, two (the 73d and 127th) to Solomon, several to the Levites and the Asaphites, one, at least, to Jeduthun, even to the sons of Korah, one to Ethan (Psalms 89,

while many are of uncertain authorship. Moses is given by tradition as the author of Psalm 90, being the only contribution of which his authorship is reasonably certain. The Psalms cover a period of a thousand years. They were composed at different remote periods, by various poets; David, the most prolific contributor, being indicated as the author of seventy-three Psalms in the Hebrew text and eleven in the Septuagint. There are no data for answering your second question. The Bible in many places warns us against indulgence in strong drink.

H. E. M., Colby, Kan. 1. How may a person understand that he is accepted of God? 2. How can one be fully persuaded that there is a God, when he has no consciousness of his existence? 3. Please explain what is meant by the "personal companionship" of Christ. 4. When seeking for the truth, should one seek to practise faith without sight, or should he rather endeavor to settle all questions by careful thought and study?

1. Read Romans, 5th and 6th chapters, which comprehensively answers your question. Also 1 John, 3d chapter. 2. We, with our limited finite intelligence, cannot grasp infinity; yet all men, whether they are believers or not, are

and the miracle of the sun and moon at Ajalon have both been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG in a recent issue. 3. The words "the kingdom of God is within you" are to be interpreted in the sense that those who follow Christ and believe in him as Saviour, and whose lives are guided by his example, have already in this life a part and share in his kingdom, which is eternal. There are many books on the subject of the Christian life which you will find helpful, among them *After Death—What?* which quotes all the authorities on the subject.

Reader, North Carolina. Can a person who has committed a heinous sin expect to be pardoned? It is said that Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost," but I cannot get peace or pardon. Please explain "sinning away the day of grace." When Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," then will he cast me off?

Yes; such a one has the assurance of pardon if he comes truly penitent, confesses Christ, and asks forgiveness. Remember the promise in John 6: 37, also Matt. 10: 32; Luke 12: 8; Acts 10: 43. There are many other passages showing that there is pardon for all who earnestly seek it. But having sought and accepted it, you must have faith to take God at his word, never doubting. As to your "day

of sowing and reaping in your own field, living under your own roof—these are felt as old as the human race and are implanted all of us. You remember that beautiful passage in Genesis 2: 8 about God's garden, verse 15, which shows that the first man was an agriculturist. Every man has the old of the soil in his heart, and it makes itself wherever he builds his dwelling and surround himself with his loved ones. Where his heart is his heart is, and that is his earthly Eden, as you have found yours in Nebraska.

M. P., Shattuck, Minn. 1. Why did Jesus Matt. 10: 30, charge the two blind men to tell no man, and also, in Mark 9: 12, also charged those freed from uncle spirits not to make it known? 2. If Luther was converted, to what church he belong?

1. In his ministry, he was frequently beset the multitudes crowding about him in the public places so that they impeded his work. Jewish officials took advantage of this kind publicity to persecute him. It is inferred that he desired to avoid this, and therefore counsel those who were healed to go away quiet that his work might not be interrupted. The Protestant church, the division into different denominations came afterward.

R. S. R., Swift Current, Sas. Two men discussing Bible questions differed widely. One claimed that he was not required to believe any part of the Bible he could not understand, while the other willingly believed what he could not understand. It was agreed to submit the question to THE MAIL-BAG.

Faith has been defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11: 1); it is the operation of the soul in which we are convinced of the existence and truth of something that is not before us, or perceptible to the human senses. Every one entertains faith of some kind, which he would find it difficult if not impossible to demonstrate by visible means. It is the practice of faith—the voluntary exercise of it—which enables us to rise to the heights in those great truths which God has been pleased to reveal. Paul says that "we walk by faith, not by sight" (II Cor. 5: 7). Jesus himself said (John 20: 29), "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Thus while believing what we see and comprehend may have its merits, believing what is not seen and dimly comprehended is no merit. There are many things in nature which we believe, yet without being able to fully grasp them with our minds; we believe because we have the evidence of others, though not of our own senses. The faith which simply believes what it can see, understand, define and demonstrate is not real faith at all. "No man hath seen God at any time," yet all men believe in a God. The things of the spiritual world cannot be demonstrated by mere material agencies, but only through spiritual agencies. The increase of faith increases our spiritual ability to comprehend things which without such exercise would be incomprehensible. Paul said that to the learned Greek skeptics the Gospel was "foolishness." Pride of intellect is one of the greatest barriers to spiritual growth.



Gathering Pineapples Near Rangoon, Burma

IF THE actual figures of the fruit industries of the world for this year could be set before us they would be truly astonishing when compared with those of twenty-five years ago. America, though perhaps the greatest consumer of fruit, is closely seconded by a number of other countries. To satisfy this growing demand great areas, not only of our own land, but of many others, are being annually devoted to fruit-culture. We supply ourselves with apples, pears, peaches and oranges, besides sending great quantities to Europe; but for many of the tropical fruits, such as the banana and the pineapple, we must go to other lands. The annual production of pineapples in Florida and California is steadily growing, but Hawaii is rivaling both in quantity and quality. The introduction of the pineapple into Burma, British India, is one of the most recent developments, and has met with splendid success. Each year sees a larger production of the fruit and an increased number of people employed in the industry.

conscious of the existence of a Higher Power, which guides and controls the universe. 3. It is where we "walk with Christ" in the sense of having constant communion by prayer, by counsel, by receiving strength and guidance from him, by making his will our will, by becoming all things to all men for his sake, by subjecting our daily acts to the test, "What would Jesus do?" that we realize this companionship. "If a man love me," said the Master, "he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John 14: 23). 4. Faith without sight is the true form of faith; that which demands demonstration is not faith but doubt. "Blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed" was the rebuke to Thomas (John 20: 29).

J. W., Magnolia Springs, Fla. 1. The orthodox belief in regard to the essentials of the Christian religion is stated in the creeds of the evangelical churches and includes belief in a future life, heaven and a place of future punishment. 2. The questions concerning Jonah

of grace" having passed, you may be assured it has not, for your present condition of mind proves that the Spirit is still striving with you, to lead you to Christ. See John 15: 7 and also verse 16.

W. S. H., Stamford, Neb. I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD although, I think, not a Christian, perhaps, although compelled to believe. I am a poor farmer in southwestern Nebraska; but we have a good atmosphere out here, free from much of the vice of the city. Nearer to nature brings us nearer to God. I have often wondered why I was brought here when a child from the heart of an Eastern city, to toddle around after the quail, to hear the drumming of the prairie chicken, and the curious cry of the coyote. Why is it we have to live here, year after year, and to battle on with drought and disappointments? I know it makes you Easterners smile; but we love these homes. Why is it?

The desire for a home of one's own, the joy

## Miscellaneous

J. J. F., Ironton, Ala. It is not known whether Paul was married, although it is surmised that he was not.

G. N. F., Stowe, Vt. The Authorized Version continues to be the choice of the people; hence there are more copies of it printed every year. In all essentials the two versions are the same.

J. C., Chapman, Neb. 1. "Sins of commission" are the acts we do wrongfully, and which carry a moral and spiritual responsibility; "sins of omission" are the things we fail to do which we ought to have done. These answer the first two questions. 2. See the answer on denominational and creedal differences in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG. 3. Don't know.



# Good Suggestions in the Cozy Corner

## "I Made It Myself"

IN THE recent "I Made It Myself" contest Edith Bott's charming Memorandum Book for Addresses, Anniversaries and Birthdays, neatly artistically made of eggshell paper and letter paper and tiny silk cord, with a spray of forget-me-nots painted in water color on the cover, deserves a honorable mention.

Ma Jennings' Old-Fashioned Garden, brilliant and beautiful with forget-me-nots, dahlias, asters, chrysanthemums, marigold, sweet-william, pansy, foxglove, golden glow and the best of herbs, thyme, lavender, tarragon, sage and winter savory, because just at this time a year ago she had planned that it should be, she has made friends with her flowers and cared for them the way that most of the girls care for their dolls, is a prize winner (a gunmetal watch), adds for the benefit of Cozy Corner boys and girls who may want to get a garden:

## Plant Fall Bulbs

IT IS time to plant snowdrops, crocus, tulip, hyacinth, single narcissus and many other varieties of spring bulbs in early November. Mix clay with sand, gravel and peat; the bulbs will then thrive well in it. For a single tulip bed to be in bloom in April, space up the earth to a depth of eighteen inches, put in a row of loose stones, then add three or four inches of gravel and about the same of sand well mixed. The water in this manner will insure good drainage. About Thanksgiving scatter the bed with stable manure or straw at least of dry leaves to protect the bulbs from the cold. This will prevent the bulbs from freezing. In the spring the rain will sink the manure or the juice from the dead leaves into the earth and make it rich for the early growing and blooming of the flowers.

## Snowdrop and Crocus

BE SURE to plant plenty of snowdrop and crocus bulbs on the lawn where they will come up first in the spring. Few weeds make their headway after October, and this is the main reason why bulbs planted at this time will be in their height of bloom in March, and will cheerfully make the summer months as strong enough to draw the ground.

## Home-Made Aquarium

FROM GILDING, one of our older boys, tells of an aquarium he has recently made in a large glass fruit jar. "Put an inch of sand, spread only to hold the roots of a few water plants, such as common maidens, duckweed, or ferns, of which the necessary oxygen of the fish is produced and the carbon which is thrown off by the fish is absorbed. Then a layer of coarse gravel and a little heap of stones mixed into arches where the fish may swim themselves from the light. The jar is kept three-quarters filled with water, which is changed regularly once a month. Several tadpoles, a few larvae of stoneflies and dragonflies, a grub-worm or two, and three goldfish, are the happy inhabitants of my aquarium. The water is kept at an even temperature, especially in winter. Every few days, in addition

tion to regular fish food, I put in tiny bits of raw beef. Over-feeding is dangerous, and everything depends upon the condition of the water in which my fish live. This I watch very carefully. If it is green, for example, I know that the light is too strong upon my fish, so I fasten a piece of gray tissue-paper around the side of the glass exposed directly to the sun, and add a few extra snails and tadpoles." This is a good suggestion, and there is a great deal of pleasure to be had from fitting up an aquarium and caring carefully for it. I should think many Cozy Corner boys and girls might follow the suggestion and have a nice aquarium for the winter.

## Christmas Gifts for Little Sisters

MABEL THOMPSON'S Christmas dolls, three inches high, dressed in crocheted combination suits and frocks made of soft Saxony yarn, with little slippers and stockings to match, won a first prize, and is a nice suggestion for Christmas gifts for little sisters.

## A Work Apron

LYDIA INGLES' Fancy-work Apron, with bags and pockets, and a dusting cap made of bright bandana kerchiefs, is an excellent suggestion for fair tables, and a prize-winner besides.

## A Utility Bag

A NEAT little Bag made of a bit of flowered silk gathered on to an elliptical ring, with a cover neatly made of cardboard padded with the same silk and fitted inside the gathers on the ring, is especially convenient for the little odds and ends that one picks up at the last moment to put into a traveling bag when starting off on a journey.

Floyd Haden's Bow Kite, Ralph Zimmerman's Book Rack, and Charles Kinney's flight of Miniature Paper Gliders made after the models in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cozy Corner Booklet (Good Time series No. 3), was an easy prize winner.

## Nothing Too Good for Our Young People

"I MADE IT MYSELF" contest and all other work recently done by Cozy Corner boys and girls show such fine spirit and averages so high that they inspire us in turn to keep the Cozy Corner up to the highest top-notch of what the very best Boys and Girls' Department in a very best Home Magazine like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should be.

Nothing is too good for our young people. This is the motto of the Cozy Corner. So you see, my dear boys and girls, your interest in your own department is an excellent investment that is bringing you full and prompt returns.

## Some October Prize Winners

Edith Bott, 15; Irene Spencer, 8; Eva Jennings, 15; Tom Gilding, 15; Lydia Ingles, 14; Mabel Thompson, 13; Floyd Haden, 12; Ralph Zimmerman, 16; Charles Kinney, 12; Grace E. Long, 16; Edwin Crites, 6; Grace Bruce, 16; Ruth Killefer, 15.

## Honor Roll

Ada Dreier, 14; Mabel Tremper, 12; Alfred Norrish, 12; Lewis Burdick, 10; Nellie Hancock, 14; Lucy Hines, 14; George Wilson, 13; Anna Dean Andrews, 11; Evelyn James, 14; Lelia Arrowood, 13; Elsie Taylor, 14; Marshall Pursell, 10.

## Twenty Supplementary Prize Winners

Hilda Morse, 15; James Holley, 14; Trula B. Sherrod, 15; Lee J. Owen, 13; Dora C. Ellison, 15; Christine Cappon, 13; Ruth Gith, 11; Helen Tyree, 14; Francis Brakley, 7; Hazel Tomkinson, 14; Louise R. Avery, 11; Paul Hinton, 11; Gottfried Dietze, 11; Ida Mattson, 13; Llewellyn Hill, Gertrude Weaver, 12; Edna Peters, 12; Ruth Cline, 14; Pauline Kerr, 10; Irene Gofeney, 15.

## A Beautiful Gift

If you have not already received the October souvenir, which is a beautifully colored picture to frame and hang in your room, be sure and send for it. Remember, the picture is a gift, and for this reason we know that the Cozy Corner boys and girls will feel it is only courtesy on their part to enclose a stamp for postage.

## Apple Jelly

MYRA SHELLING sends a nice recipe for apple jelly. Wash and prepare the fruit. Apples should be cored,

not peeled. Put 2 quarts of the prepared fruit over the fire in a granite kettle; cover the contents with water and put over a hot fire. In jelly-making rapid boiling is necessary, since it causes the fruit to cook to pieces quickly. Crush the sauce with a glass bottle, put it in a bag and let it drain. For clear jelly do not press the pulp in the bag. If you want to get as much jelly as possible out of the fruit, however, press the bag, for even apples pressed hard will yield good-looking jelly if they have not been allowed to cook too long. Now measure the juice, put it over the fire, and bring it to the boiling point; then measure an equal quantity of sugar into a granite bread pan; stand it in the oven long enough to allow the sugar to become thoroughly heated but not melted. When the apple juice has boiled just twenty minutes add the hot sugar to it. One minute before taking it from the fire, allow it to boil up, strain into jelly glasses, filling them full. This is an infallible recipe for excellent apple jelly.

## Peppermint Discs

FOR peppermint creams rub fresh cream and confectioner's sugar and three or four drops of peppermint flavoring to a stiff, smooth paste, and roll it thin, and cut out little discs with a ring or a thimble. Some people cover these round little peppermint drops with chocolate filling and serve them after dinner with little cups of coffee.

MARY RILEY, age 11.

## A Nice Sweetmeat

IF YOU cut orange peel into small slivers and let them boil in melted granulated sugar for about ten minutes and then take it out and when it is cool sprinkle it with coarse granulated sugar you will have some delicious candied orange peel.

EDITH LYSLE, age 9-12.

## Our Good-Night Verse

To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer our tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of his love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Little Ones of the Cozy Corner



"Good Morning"

Irene Wendell, age 17



"A Difficult Road"—Mary Little, age 14

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Chautauque Nurse,  
Vancouver, B. C. (Photo.)

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and directions for using, or 10 for short children showing necessary material sent in plain patent scaled envelope, postpaid for 25c, silver or stamp. Write to-day for Free Baby Record, copies of Hints to Expectant Mothers, True Motherhood, also 68-page illustrated catalogue of Baby's and Children's Pretty Clothing and coupon valued at 50c, in costs free. Baby's 33-piece Made-to-Order Outfit of Baby Clothes \$5.75 to \$7.50.

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## Millions in Answer to Prayer

ONE of the institutions I determined to visit on my last visit to England was the Muller Orphan Homes near Bristol. I had read of these Homes, and heard them cited as a practical proof of answered prayer, and I wanted to know them first hand.

My desire was fulfilled in due course, though not fully; for I soon realized that such an institution cannot be comprehended in all it means in a hurried visit. But my visit did this for me: it gave me a vital personal interest in that work, which watches with keen anticipation for further news about it.

### As Seen by the Visitor

The Homes consist of five large stone buildings, each several stories high, severely simple in design, and capable of accommodating 296, 390, 440, 434 and 440 boys and girls respectively. The location on Ashley Down is healthy and inspiring, but the grounds around and between the buildings are turned to utilitarian rather than ornamental uses, potatoes being cultivated where lawns might be. Indoors, the same ascetic impression possesses you.

And the children! The girls look so old-fashioned in their uniforms—straw poke bonnets, long dark capes. But 'his is only a superficial criticism, and George Muller was never superficial. He was doing business with God, and neither in his own life nor in his institution was there any waste. His Homes were built to last (No. 1 was opened sixty-two years ago). The big windows make bright, airy rooms. The clothes are healthy and adequate. There are playgrounds and playrooms, a swimming pool and gymnasiums, gardens and toys. Christmas and other holidays are observed with appropriate cheer. The children are fed by faith, but not on faith. They are happy—far happier than they could ever hope to be in their old conditions. Judged by the development of the boys and girls in the Homes, and their success in after life, Mr. Muller's methods stand approved, as far as they profess to go.

Seventy-five years ago last February 5, George Muller received the first orphans into a private house in Bristol. That little family has grown to 13,459! The money received for their support, the erection of buildings, and other branches of activity, runs up to the stupendous total of over nine million dollars! What a modern miracle that so much money should be given freely and without solicitation, by people all over the world, to an obscure young

man whom they had never seen, settled in a foreign land and building on a basis which many pronounced utterly visionary!

The work goes on in the same tried course, thirteen years after the founder's death, and enjoys continued success and blessing. Destitute orphans are received at any age from infancy up to seven years in the case of boys, and twelve in the case of girls. No financial, sectarian or other interest is required for admission. Boys are kept till they are fourteen, girls till sixteen or seventeen; so it often happens that children enjoy the benefits for a dozen years or more. The classroom education is elementary, but very thorough. The boys also do some out-door manual labor in the grounds, and are taught to knit their socks, make beds, clean shoes, scrub rooms. On leaving they are apprenticed to some business or trade of their own choosing, and thus given a start in life.

The girls are taught household duties, how to make their own clothes, etc. "We prefer fitting the girls for service to apprenticing them to business, as being generally far better for their bodies and their souls," says the "Narrative." But some are trained to be nurses and teachers. Many of the present staff of teachers and matrons are old students. The Bible is the only religious text-work used in the Homes, and it is a daily subject of study.

Besides the care of thousands of orphans several other forms of activity have been carried on by Mr. Muller and his successors. Last year eight day schools were supported, and five more assisted. Three of these are in England, seven in Italy, one in Spain, one in British Guiana and one in Ireland. All these schools are "conducted upon Scriptural principles," which means that all the teachers are believers, and that the Bible is the only source of religious instruction, and is daily taught in them. Fourteen Sunday Schools were also helped, attended by 1,457 children.

George Muller passed away in 1898. He named his son-in-law, James Wright, as his successor. Mr. Wright died in January, 1905. The care of the work then passed to the present director, George Frederic Bergin, who is in true succession to the founder in his motives and methods. Mr. Bergin has associated with himself his son, Dr. W. M. Bergin, so that without any board of trustees or other corporate arrangement the work goes on in the hands of men of prayer.

A. P. FITT.

## Will China Become a Republic?

Continued from page 1087

residents, and there was some sharp fighting in the streets with a Chinese mob. The Germans are presumably co-operating with the Japanese in forming an imperial landing corps for the protection of foreign interests. The Imperial Government will make a strong effort to recapture both Hankow and Wuchang, and troops are concentrating for that purpose. Japan will soon have a strong naval force on the Yangtze, and although the policy of the Mikado's government in dealing with the new crisis in China is yet undisclosed, it is very likely to prove a strong factor in determining the issues of the struggle.

China has lately negotiated a currency loan of \$50,000,000, all of which will be devoted to carrying on the civil war.

China's empire, with an area of 4,500,000 square miles, has a population exceeding 400,000,000, or about one-third the entire population of the globe. The late Sir Robert Hart described them as "well-behaved, law-abiding, intelligent, economical and industrious." These qualities are characteristic of the whole race. An

idea of the agricultural wealth of China may be gathered from the fact that it maintains a population four times as large as that of the United States. China could supply the world with coal for an indefinite period. When her internal resources are fairly developed, she will rank among the very foremost producing nations.

China has long been dissatisfied with her government. In a recent article in *World-Wide Missions*, the present situation is clearly set forth:

"The smoldering embers of national consciousness in China have burst into flame from Kirin to Canton, from Shanghai to the borders of Burma. It is so intense as at times to border on frenzy. Daily newspapers, circular letters, tracts, magazines and books are pouring from over-worked presses. Great mass meetings are being held. Parliaments are meeting in every provincial capital. There is but one question anywhere, What is best for the nation? How preserve national integrity, how strengthen the national defense, how develop the national resources?"

Continued on page 1108

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Grew  
on Trees

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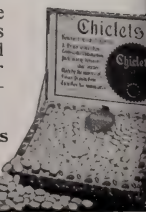
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## The Death of Our Oldest Judge

ONE of America's oldest and most famous judges passed from the bench when Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, of the Supreme Court of the United States, known as "The Great Dissenter," died in his home in Washington, D. C., on October 14. He was ill only five days from bronchitis. To the members of his family who were gathered about his bed he spoke his last words: "Good-by. I am sorry I have kept you all waiting so long," he whispered.

Justice Harlan was the oldest member of the Supreme Court, the most plain spoken and the most conspicuous. For years he has been regarded as one of the highest living authorities on the Constitution of the United States. Two of his greatest ambitions were not realized before his death. One was that he might become Chief Justice of the United States. When President Taft appointed Chief Justice White last December Justice Harlan put that ambition aside. He wanted to live until next June, that his service as a member of the highest tribunal might be longer than that of any man. He served thirty-three years ten months and twenty-five days.

Justice Harlan was in his seventieth year, and the last few years there were many rumors that he would retire. He put them all to rest and continued to live an active life and retain his good health. He loved golf and golf stories and played the game with great enjoyment but too prominent skill. He had no sympathy with the theory that a man became useless in his latter years, and he worked and played hard.

Nothing stirred him like the suggestion that he ought to retire. He could have done so at full pay eight years ago. Some of the candidates for his place thought he should have done so. Once there was talk of President Taft rewarding Luke Wright, of Tennessee, with an appointment to the court. A friend mentioned the retirement to Justice Harlan.

"Wright will hardly be appointed," he replied. "Fuller is not going to resign."

They passed to other topics and said "You know," called Justice Harlan,

half way across the street, as though it had been forgotten, "Fuller and I have decided that we will let them take us off feet foremost. Good-night."

Justice Harlan was appointed to the Supreme Bench by President Hayes. He had led the Kentucky delegation to the Republican National Convention in 1876, and at an opportune moment switched it from Bristol to Hayes, causing the latter's nomination and election. He was also a member of the commission which dealt with the contest between Tilden and Hayes for the Presidency.

He was born in Boyle, Ky., June 1, 1833.

A graduate of Centre College, Kentucky, as an A.B. in 1850, Judge Harlan began the study of law at Transylvania University and received his diploma four years later.

Beginning his legal practice in Frankfort, Justice Harlan soon became a power in politics in his section of the State. In 1858 he was elected county judge, and in the following year he was the Whig candidate for

Congress from the Ashland district. He also served as Presidential elector on the Bell and Everett ticket.

In 1877 Justice Harlan went to Washington as a member of the Louisiana Commission, and while attending the sessions of the commission, on November 29, 1877, he was appointed as associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, and he began the discharge of his functions on December 10 following. He occupied his seat continuously until his death and was one of four, including Chief Justice Marshall, to serve on the Supreme Court Bench for more than thirty-three years.

Justice Harlan has been called the most prominent Presbyterian layman in the United States. The funeral services took place at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he was an elder and the teacher of a Sunday School class. The pastor, the Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, officiated. The members of the Supreme Court did not hold their usual Saturday conference on the day of his death. The court met and adjourned on Monday until after the funeral, which was attended by all of the justices.



The Late Justice John Marshall Harlan

## Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST J. WILBUR CHAPMAN sailed from New York September 23 for Europe, where with his co-worker Charles M. Alexander, and on October 8 began evangelistic work in Belfast, Ireland. They will have the co-operation of the various denominations in the services which will continue for about six or seven weeks.

Meetings will also be held in Lyne, England. The evangelistic party for the year is as follows: Dr. Chapman, Charles M. Alexander, Robert Harkness, E. W. Nafziger, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Norton. The party will return to this country in December, and expect to sail for Australia about the middle of February.

—EVANGELIST J. B. PHILLIPS of Macon, Ga., and his singer, Miss Louise Herndon, have just closed a great revival campaign with Rev. T. E. Elgin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Perry, Fla. The oldest citizens say they have never known such a religious awakening before. The results of the meeting are manifold. Christians of all denominations have been greatly revived, and seventy united with

the church. Miss Herndon, a graduate of the Baptist Training School of Philadelphia, in addition to directing the two large chorus choirs, did great personal work among the ladies and young people. She is earnest, effective, and deeply consecrated. The ladies held prayer services daily all over the city. Evangelist Phillips preached three times each day—twice at the church and once to men at the court house.

—FOR SEVERAL YEARS Rev. R. C. Bowen, chaplain of the City Prison, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been in the habit of distributing religious papers among the prisoners in the Raymond Street jail. He writes: "Among the many I have found the influence and helpfulness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very noticeable in many ways. They tell me of the great comfort and help they receive in reading it, and frequently they save the copies to give to friends when they come to see them. Thus the good influence of your paper reaches even behind walls and gates, where it is a most welcome and helpful visitor."



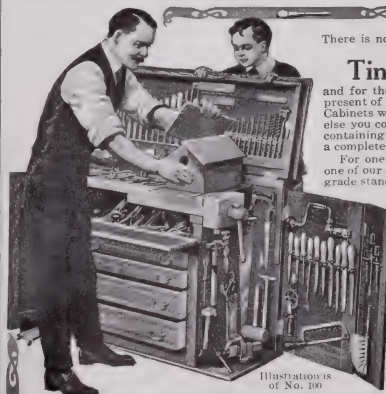
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## OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### Late to Meals

LONG the little minor infelicities for which there is very slight excuse, that of being late to meals must be reckoned. When a meal is announced every one who belongs to the family should proceed to the table without undue delay. Tepid soup, a warm roast and vegetables that have lost some of their flavor by standing are very annoying to the housekeeper who has done her best in preparation. No doubt at times the mother is ready before one is ready to begin a book, an outside task or the writing of a letter. There is just the chapter to be read, ten minutes devoted to the wood pile, the cellar or the barn would finish something complete, or the letter cut short in middle will not prove so interesting to the writer later on. All this knowledge, the habit of dawdling meal-time instead of coming promptly to the dining-room is a bad thing. Wives and mothers should be upon it sternly. The temptation to carelessness in special direction strongly assails sons and girls who are on the street king with friends, lingering in shops or returning from games, or in some manner are enthralled in amusements while they fancy that it is a little difference in the home time whether they are punctual or reverse. Housekeeping proceeds more smoothly when everybody concerned is prompt. Not only must meals be ready in season, but its serving away three times a day seriously invades somebody's time. Perhaps it is mother's time, Sister Mary's, or the time of the maid in the kitchen. If every one is punctual the meals will be washed without unseemable delay.

### If You Were in the Pulpit?

If you were in the pulpit instead of in the pew you would notice, because you could not help yourself, individuals in the congregation. You would observe the woman who turns the leaves of a hymn-book during sermon, or reads the church calendar with interest when she should be listening to you. Nobody could furtively or openly consult a watch, raise a finger or whisper to a neighbor without your being aware of it. The speaker on a platform is often at the mercy of his audience. Apart from the fact that we go to church for the purpose of worshipping God, the code of good manners is violated if we are idle and discourteous when we sit in the pew. Thinking it over, if you have ever behaved in your pew as you certainly would not behave in the incense of business or the drawing-room of a friend, will you not for the sake of good manners, good morals and the success of the preacher start a personal reform?

### When Things Go Wrong

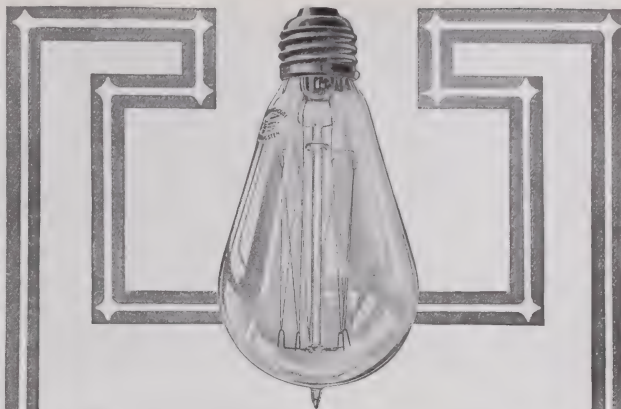
TAKE up your mind that things will go wrong now and then. There are days when fires do not burn. The furnace has been overhauled, the engine is in order, the flues are apparently safe and there is plenty of fuel, but the wind is in the east, the atmosphere is fog-laden and the house is chilly. There are days when the grocer delivers your order at a neighbor's door and the street and you are delayed in the housekeeping is out of gear because of his mistake. Other days when you have made special efforts for the entertainment of an expected visitor. You have set aside the

table with the finest napery, taken down the best dishes, made lemon pie and plum cake. About the time when you are putting on your bonnet or your hat according to your age and taste, and looking out to see whether you need overshoes or may don your best wrap, a boy rushes in with a telegram. Your visitor is detained and will not arrive until day after tomorrow. Who cannot mentally make out a list of these trivial disappointments and trifling embarrassments that for the moment rob life of flavor and send a shadow to the face? Ah, friend, it is when little things go wrong that you must not show the white feather. It is when there are tiny bits of discouragement that you must gird on your armor, be brave and wear a smiling face. Little trials are in the day's work, and we are very foolish if we suffer them to cloud the day, both because doing this lessens our energy and because, too, it shows ingratitude to the dear Father above who gives us so many things to be glad for and who sends the great sorrows at such wide intervals. Those who bear little trials cheerily will meet great ones victoriously.

### How Do You Treat Your Grandmother?

NOT long ago a correspondent sent a letter to this page in which the statement was made that in certain localities in the West grandmothers were at present superfluous. In consequence, they were spirited away to Old Ladies' Homes where their declining years were supposed to be passed in comfort and luxury, or when this could not be done they were packed off to the poor-house. Long ago Will Carleton stirred our hearts to compassion by a vivid word picture entitled "Over the Hills to the Poor-House." To those of us who cherish the thought of the grandmother as an almost adorable figure, who think no home quite complete without her gentle presence, it is strange and inexplicable that she can ever be treated without consideration and affectionate kindness. The question, how do you treat your grandmother? has been suggested, not by a thought that you who read are perhaps not treating her well, but by the other thought that it may be you are over-doing the matter by so many attentions and so much watchfulness and solicitude that your grandmother feels herself hampered and in bondage. Nobody who reads this page can possibly be capable of injustice to the old. They have borne the burden and heat of the day, they have freely given their strength and their love in the days when they were bringing up their children, and very likely the second generation has been indebted to them for actual sacrifices and quick sympathies. Somehow the ideal grandmother understands young people in their teens and little children rather better than middle-aged people, fathers, mothers, aunts and cousins, in the midst of their preoccupations succeed in doing. In a New England village some years ago, an elderly lady dwelt in a cottage by herself. Her immediate descendants were asleep in the cemetery, but she was grandmother notwithstanding to the entire community. Everybody went to her to tell good news or bad, to receive advice, comfort or help. She had cookies and gingerbread for the children, she had leisure to listen to the older ones who dropped in upon her and, no doubt, often in her quiet hours she found time to carry the needs of her townspeople to the throne of the Most High. One day

Continued on next page



## The New STRONG Electric Lamp

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## Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

she passed away serenely as a gentle sunset, into the home beyond the sea. On the day of her funeral the schools were closed, every shop in town suspended business and from far and near there was a procession coming by twos and threes and larger groups, bringing flowers and bringing tears, for Grandmother was gone. She had loved much and lived beautifully and her home had been a centre of attraction, while her example had been full of cheer and inspiration.

How do you treat your grandmother? Ask yourself how you would like to be treated when instead of being seventeen, twenty-seven, thirty-five, forty or anywhere else along the road, you are in the shadow of four score. I beg of you not to fetter your grandmother by emphasizing the fact that her youth has fled. Let her do as she pleases. Do not call attention to her infirmities. If occasionally she is fretful remind yourself that your own temper is not invariably proof against vexations. Be fair and loving and just in the way you treat your grandmother.

### At the Other End of the Wire

YOU take down the receiver and address through the transmitter an invisible personage at the other end of the wire. This invisible personage sits for hours receiving orders from those she does not see and helps them to send messages and hold conversations on matters of greater or less moment. We call her "Central." At home in her family she is Mary, Jane, Susie, somebody dear to father and mother and, in short, a human being. Why speak to her rudely and curtly when the wire is out of order or the party of the second part is deaf, has a poor telephone voice, or is otherwise unable to converse clearly and intelligibly?

Speaking of telephone manners, those who have a party wire sometimes forget that they should not monopolize the line, particularly in the hurried morning hours when everybody wants to hold communication with tradesmen, and when there are trains about to start, and reasons without number why people should be considerate. Women thoughtlessly transgress in this direction, and sometimes carry on lengthy discussions when a little thought would induce them to be brief.

Still another matter is involved in telephone manners. There is a time limit for which one pays when talking with a friend at a distance. One is allowed five minutes, and if one continues to talk for fifteen somebody must pay for three calls.

Who shall conclude a telephone conversation? Who shall first ring off? The obvious reply to this frequently asked question is that the person who begins a conversation is the person to close it.

### Woman's Responsibility

TWO atrocious and brutal lynchings, for one of which there was neither palliation nor excuse, have recently taken place in this country. One occurred in Pennsylvania, and the other in Nebraska. The Pennsylvania outrage has been widely commented upon by the religious and secular press, but little has been said or thought about woman's responsibility for crimes of sudden violence. The gentle nurses in the Coatesville hospital who were swept aside like leaves before a storm when they tried to protect a wounded and manacled negro from the fury of a mob, did their best. In every age a hospital has been a sanctuary, and no matter what might have been done by highway robber or murderer, he was not dragged out to death by legal process or otherwise, from a bed of pain. The actors in lynching and other in-

sensate tragedies are generally men, and usually men in their hot-headed youth. How have these boys been trained? What influence has been brought to bear upon them by mothers? Are the women of the period doing their duty to the men of the next generation? Do we not need more iron in the blood? Can women escape responsibility for the moral degradation that stalks abroad today? Mothers have the making of men in their hands. The women of a town disgraced by shameless crime should put on mourning and let their men-folk see their sorrow and contempt. Twenty centuries of Christianity should make impossible such deeds as we have witnessed of late.

### An Enterprising Woman

IN Newark, New Jersey, a woman recently paved the sidewalk in front of her home, doing the work with her own two hands. She was indisposed to pay the amount demanded by the contractor and decided that she could lay a sidewalk to her satisfaction and save expense. Having studied up the subject, made investigations as to the cost of materials, and incidentally watched the work wherever she saw it progressing, she carried out her purpose and succeeded in making a creditable job.

A woman who could lay a sidewalk successfully could build a house, dig a garden, reap a harvest or do anything else for which she had a mind. Whether it requires more strength to do such work as this than to play tennis or golf, row a boat or drive a four-in-hand, who can say? The manifest result in this case happens to be a durable sidewalk, made by a vigorous woman.

### Athletics for Girls

A NEW departure in athletics has been inaugurated by the gallantry of the boy students of the Montclair High School, who have recently admitted the girls into their base-ball organization. Whether or not girls are to officiate as catchers and pitchers, to make home runs, shine as out-fielders or be efficient on third base we are not informed. Probably they will continue in the role of enthusiastic spectators, cheering the boys as they play their favorite game. When girls play base-ball on their own account they apparently succeed as well as in basket-ball, and the one game is very nearly as dangerous as the other and is certainly as rough on occasion.

Montclair, a beautiful town in northern New Jersey, has the distinction of enrolling among its citizens a very large number of college graduates of both sexes. The late Rev. Amory H. Bradford used to call it a university town without a university.

### The Heaviest Cross

A MOTHER writing to this page exclaims, "Oh, tell all mothers who bury their darlings in their unstained infancy that theirs is not the heaviest grief. A far heavier cross is hers who sees her hopes blasted when the child she has loved and almost idolized wanders away, does wrong and disgraces his manhood. Is there any comfort," she cries, "for one who is bearing this excruciating pain?"

To the mother we would say, "Yes, there is comfort. Read the sweet story of the prodigal son who in the far country, when feeding on husks, envied the servants in his father's house and knew that he was no more worthy to be called a son. He repented, went back to his father, was forgiven and began a new life. Grief's heaviest cross may be lightened by forgiving love and the prodigal's return.

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# IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

By C. H. KILMER

VENING twilight shrouded the thriving and beautiful village of Monroeton, where, in the home of Merton Smiley, the village lawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Smiley had just seen their chairs back from the dining-table, and he was sitting with his head napkin in one hand and the other, with eyelids closed, seemingly arrested for the moment in the study.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mrs. Smiley. "Perhaps they are worth more than Esther for this one time any," said the husband, looking up, completing the act of placing the coin in the ring. "You don't care to know all my office affairs, but I'll tell you something of this case, which came to my mind. I took it in the line of business as business, without realizing at the time what it included, the thing troubles me, though I don't go so far yet but that I can put of it."

A little quiet home just flashed in his mind like a moving picture. A little cottage and barn with acres of land, all the surroundings clean. It is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Manley. He does something market gardening and small fruits. "I may have seen him!"

Yes, I think I know who he is. I bought berries and other fruit of him. He seems always pleasant and courteous.

For the right. Good education and good tastes, and a thorough churchman, descending from the Scotch ancestors, as I did, by the way, though I have sadly degenerated, giving my wife to keep up the repute of the house."

Well, dear," said Mrs. Smiley, reading her husband's brief silence, "I at a loss to know, so far, where Mr. Manley comes into the case you are talking of, or what should trouble you, unless it is religious backsliding on your parentage."

Be that as it may, wife," said he, "some show of guilt at her concluding sentence, I haven't digressed far from that case as you may think. There's another man now on the field, and his name is Simeon Dickens, who has a claim on a little home. Manley once owned a fine farm, about two miles out, and in debt. He had two sons who were not strong enough to do farm work, and who went to New York, where they became clerks in a wholesale drug house. In course of time they got the idea of opening a drug store here in the village. That was before we came. The idea was good; no such trade had been carried on here, the business is profitable, and Manley thought he was safe enough in mortgaging his farm and investing them. For some reason—his notions of the young men's city lives, servants, dining parties, clubs, and credit with their customers, and credit with the New York house where they were formerly employed, he had the greatest confidence in them—or, all combined; anyway, the business failed. Dickens held the mortgage, the farm went, but enough was saved to buy the little home where they are now living.

"Some after the sons died, within a short time of each other, and their wives went back to New York and married again. One left a child, who now living with the grandparents. Some time after the death of the sons, Mr. Manley was taken to a hospital in New York. Dickens loaned him the money and took a mortgage on the place where they live. Doctors' bills and other things have kept Dickens out of the interest for two years and will foreclose. I sent for Mr. Manley, who came in the office this morning, and I learned much that I

was ignorant of before. That's the case, and of course it's legal business, and lawfully just; but it is not pleasant to think of being instrumental in pushing that family out of their home."

"It wouldn't hurt Dickens to make Mr. Manley a present of the little he owes him," said Mrs. Smiley, preparing to clear the dishes from the table.

"Such things happen, but they're rare. The more such men get, the more they want," said he, rising from the table. "Now, I don't know what I'm going for, but I feel as though I should go down to Mr. Manley's, though I confess I don't see any way out for him; but there is a way for me out." He took his hat from the peg, saying, "I'll not be gone long," opened the door and went out.

When Mr. Manley arrived home that evening from the interview with the lawyer, it was some time before he could muster courage to go into the house. He had told his wife that the lawyer had requested him to call at the office. A train of thoughts ran through his mind as he went to attend to some matters at the barn. It was worse now than the loss of the farm. He had hoped by the aid of his soldier pension and the prospect of the recovery of Mrs. Manley to make good. If turned out he could go to the Soldiers' Home, but that wasn't a pleasant thing to think of; to go out from a home of comfort to take a little cot bed and bureau washstand in a room with a hundred others; and if he should have to endure this, his wife couldn't go. Under this depression he almost unconsciously went into the house, and into the room where Mrs. Manley was lying with head bolstered on pillows, and sat down at the bedside. She looked up cheerfully and said, "I know, Thomas, what it is—why the lawyer wanted you to call. What did Mr. Smiley say?"

"Dickens is urging him to foreclose. I'm not destroyed, but I'm cast down. If it was only myself I could stand it well enough; but you and Elsie?" A tear started down his handsome, manly face and he could go no further.

"We can't change the fact that it does seem hard, Thomas, but I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Husband, let us have faith!"

Just then Elsie appeared in the doorway of the room, having just come from school, and went forward to greet her grandmother with the usual kiss. Mr. Manley turned to go out, and as he was passing through the doorway, Mrs. Manley said with a strong, hopeful voice, "Jehovah jireh, Thomas!" to which he responded as he cast back an affectionate glance, "Amen!"

The next day after these incidents, Simeon Dickens called early on his attorney. After the formalities of the day, Mr. Smiley went to his desk, and taking out a folded paper handed it to Mr. Dickens, saying, "I will not press your claim against that man. You can get some one else to take it or withdraw it as you like."

"Is there no money in it?" "Yes, a little; but it would come from the sale of that man's home. I want nothing to do with it."

"Frightened, eh?" "Not at all."

"I suppose the fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"In a way, yes."

"And you caved in?"

"You may call it so."

"What did you do?"

"I think I shed a few tears."

"And a lawyer? Well, I'm beat. Manley begged you hard, you say?"

Continued on next page



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Director First Medical Clinic, Berlin University, writes:

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#### Prof. C. A. Ewald

of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa, Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, writes:

"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurotic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

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The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease."

## West Point Bars Dullards

AT a recent entrance examination of candidates who had been nominated by Senators and Representatives from different States for cadetships in West Point Military Academy, some of the papers written by the young men revealed a strange lack of educational qualifications. Major-General Thomas H. Barry, superintendent of the Academy, gives the story of these examinations in his annual report and incidentally takes occasion to express regret that sufficient care is not exercised in the choice of candidates for cadetships. He adds that the methods of instruction in some of the schools are evidently far from being thorough and satisfactory.

Certain questions on the list were designed to show a "fair knowledge of the names of the most prominent English and American authors and their principal works." Some of the answers he gives verbatim as follows:

Robert Burns was English he was born in England and his parents were very poor. He is considered one of the greatest English poets sound different from that of the other poets. The sound much more smoother. His opportunities were not good but I was determine. The poetical blood seemed to have run through his veins. He knew the peasant life well and it influenced his works of later years. No poet has ever been able to surpass him in describing the peasant life.

Another question, concerning Napoleon and his defeat at Waterloo, elicited these extraordinary answers:

(1) The battle of Waterloo where Napoleon the most noted and powerful ruler also general that Europe has ever produced, is what some authorities say as to his greatness, met his defeat his defeat was merely an oversight on his part.

(2) The Battle of Waterloo was fought between the French and English. The French were led by Napoleon and the English by Lord Wellington.

(3) Napoleon had captured most of Europe and had been carrying on a war against England. The English were the better on seas but French beat them on land.

What some of the candidates knew of English literary history was set down in a surprising series of answers, chiefly distinguished by misstatements, misspellings and bad grammar. Here are a few examples:

## IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

Continued from preceding page

"No, I didn't say so. He didn't speak a word to me."

"Who did he address, then, in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah! he prayed, did he?"

"Not for my benefit, at least. The matter so weighed on me, I went down to their home last night. I knocked at the half open door. There was no answer, and I stepped into the hall. The sitting-room door was a little way open, and I was about to knock again, when a woman's voice said, "Come, father, begin; I'm ready." As he bowed on his knees at the bedside he came to my view. First, he said to God that they were his submissive children, and no matter what he saw fit to bring on them they would bow at his will. Of course, it was going to be hard for them to be homeless at their age, especially with mother sick and helpless. Then his voice broke and a thin white hand stole from the cover and moved softly over his silvered hair. Then he went on to say that it might have been different if one son could have been spared, and that nothing could be so sharp as the parting with the two sons, unless mother and he should be separated. Finally, he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of theirs that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from if consistent with God's will. And oh! where would Elsie go? Then he quoted many promises concerning

The important writers of the 19th century were nearly all raised as poor boys from families. The one we should class first among them is Longfellow. After his death people of England thought so much about them they ask for his bust for the Poets Corner in Westminster Abbey. It stands in a place to-day.

There were a number of good writers, Johnson, Jonson, Tennyson, and etc.

The age as a whole may be classed as the age of the novel. The majority of the work was prose and the majority of the prose were novels we have of course poets as Wordsworth Shelly Kets, Byron, But have, Dickens, Gorge Elliot Thackeray, which his essays The characteristics of the literature was love of nature in Burns and worth.

Historical questions brought some amazing answers, among which were these:

Nebuchadnezzar was a prophet and was for his forefathers He told the certain would happen and they did happen.

He was ancient king and was a soldier, he completed to eat grass and live in the city about nine years. He founded the city of Nebuchadnezzar was an Egyptian ruler for founding a library. Gave Egypt start.

Macedonian Phalanx was a division of the Army of Macedonia. Roman Legion was a Roman army.

In the battle of Crecy these opposing met and the result was in favor of the English.

Panama was under the control of Viceroy She was mistreated and misgoverned and foreign nations for recognition as independent. The U. S. sent fleets over to Venezuela forced her to recognize Panama's independence.

General Barry comments sharply on the result of the examination and says: "There are surely thousands of young men, well grounded in the essential branches, who would welcome the chance to enter the military service, and it seems reasonable to think that the fitness of appointees be thoroughly tested before they are admitted to take entrance examination. Of 553 candidates at the first examination, 165 failed mentally, 42 failed physically and mentally, and 11 failed. At the second examination, 78 out of 242 passed. Of another contingent of 83, only 15 were found fit for admission.

those who put their trust in the Lord. I would rather go to the poorest man of self-to-night than stain my hands with such a prosecution that."

"Little afraid to defeat the man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, you couldn't defeat it. I tell you he left it all up to the will of God, but he claimed we are told to make known our desires unto God. You see, I was taught the kind of thing myself in my childhood. Then the lawyer said slowly and reflectively: "And why was I so hear that prayer? I'm sure I know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twining uneasily in his chair, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Because I want the money that place would bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell about it, and at the time I wouldn't listen to petition intended for my ears if I were you."

The lawyer smiled. "My dear man," he said, "you are wrong a little. It was intended for my ears, not yours, too; and God Almighty intended it. My mother used to tell me about God moves in a mysterious way."

"Well, my mother used to sin too," said Dickens as he twisted his claim papers in his fingers. "You may go down to Manley's if you want, and tell mother and him the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.

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## Peace Circles Teach Patriotism

For the best account of a Peace Circle meeting, not to exceed 200 words, mailed to us not later than November 20, and accompanied by a photograph of the Circle in session, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers a prize of \$10; for the second best \$5; the third best \$3, and for the three next in order of merit prizes of \$2 each. Address all communications to SECRETARY CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York.

THE extraordinary growth of the Peace Circle movement is attested by the fact that in the last two weeks we have received the largest list of names of organizers that has yet come to hand. These are from Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Maine, Montana, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, Minnesota, and North Dakota. To a large extent these Circles are being started in new territory, where the movement has only now found a footing.

Again we extend a cordial invitation to all who desire to co-operate with us in this inspiring work. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to supply, free of cost, to all Peace Circles working with us (no matter how small the Circle may be) appropriate Peace Leaflets containing full instructions for organization, adoption of constitution and by-laws, duties of the various offices for the conduct of regular semi-monthly meetings and special suggestions for receptions, concerts, stereotyped entertainments, appropriate historic tableaux, monologues, recitations, musical gatherings, etc., etc., besides suggestions for special "Red Letter Day" programmes. The Peace Message is one that, by its very nature, should react intimately in our hearts and homes and read itself into our everyday affairs. "Peace on earth" may still be far off, but it is ours to pray for it and to work for it, and thus to advance the coming of the Kingdom of Peace. Men, swayed by motives of selfishness and ambition, deal with one another unkindly and unfairly. Out from our homes, the highest types of manhood

and womanhood must come. Our sons and daughters must carry forward the noble ideal:

Beautiful, free and strong,  
The light we almost had  
Shall make them glad.  
... Hope's daily oracles  
From their lips shall be brought,  
And in our lives love's hourly miracles  
By them be wrought.  
Their merry task shall be  
To make the house all fine and sweet,  
Its new inhabitants to greet  
The wondrous dawning century.

### Programme

Roll Call.  
Officers' Reports.  
Reading of the Minutes.  
Unfinished Business.  
Reading of Matter from Headquarters and General Discussion of Topic: *Is a Nation Ever Justified in Breaking the World's Peace?* This is peculiarly timely in view of the present war between Italy and Turkey. Both powers were signatories to the Hague agreement. One was willing to arbitrate the matter; the other was not. Treaties were lightly broken, pledges violated. It was not a question that called for a war of reprisal or punishment. Is a nation any more than an individual, ever justified in taking the law into its own hands? See the attitude of the world's leading journals: *New York Times*: "A shock to the moral sentiments of England and Germany."  
*London Standard*: "The same conception of ethics and international rights as the Barbary corsairs."  
German press: "Brutal violence and political hypocrisy"; "An act of brigandage."  
French press: "It gives us moral shiverings."

Italy, a great nation with a famous history; Turkey, a nation with a record for cruelty and fanaticism. Yet to which of the two is due the spectacle of clashing forces, sinking ships, bombarded cities and the other horrors of war we see to-day? How could all this have been avoided and justice done to both sides without strife? Does violence ever decide any great principle?

Songs, Recitations, Refreshments.  
Announcement of Next Place of Meeting. Rally and Disband.

## Chicago's Sunday Evening Club

ESTABLISHED and maintained under the active supervision of Chicago business men, in an endeavor to provide a virile, appealing service of Christian fellowship and inspiration for strangers and for hotel, club and boarding-house residents, the Chicago Sunday Evening Club is achieving a marked degree of success. This new form of Christian-social institution has aroused much interest. Services are held every Sunday evening from October to June, in Orchestra Hall, a large auditorium in the heart of Chicago's business district, and seating 3,000. The feature at each meeting is an address by an invited speaker of national or international reputation. These men and women give inspiring talks based upon the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, and dealing directly with individual and civic betterment. The call of each is to higher ideals and to better citizenship.

Governors, senators, judges, educators, authors, presidents of great corporations, in addition to distinguished clergymen of all denominations were among the speakers of the occasion. On October 29 President Taft made the address. During the coming weeks the speakers will include ex-Governor Joseph Folk, Bishop William A. Quayle, Jacob Riis, Wilfred T. Grenfell and William Jennings Bryan. Non-sectarian and strictly Christian, the Club endeavors to co-operate with all the churches of Chicago through a

committee on church affiliation. The club was organized and is conducted entirely by business men, some of whom take part in every service. They have brought in scores of earnest, able, successful young men. The officers and trustees include Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh, John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Co.; Clifford W. Barnes, A. C. Bartlett of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., John V. Farwell, D. R. Forgan, Marvin Huggitt, Richard C. Hall and others. There are no paid officers, and all money contributed is expended for rent of hall, expenses of speakers, music and printing.

### Answered Prayers

Mrs. F. S. S. Schenectady, N. Y. "I desire to acknowledge the Father's mercy and goodness in answering my prayers."  
M. L. C., Upper Sandusky, O. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayer for a certain thing I was very anxious about."

Mrs. M. C. B., Hallettsville, Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayers and for the restoration to health of our little boy."

Reader, Illinois. "I wish to record God's faithfulness and mercy in answering long continued prayer, by giving providential guidance so there could be no possible mistake as to God's way and plan for me."

E. F. S., Colman, S. D.; A. E. F. Y., West Middlebury, O.; I. M. Irvine, O. J. A., Louisville, Miss.; J. B. G., East Orange, N. J.; C. M. B., Canton, O.; E. V. B., Tunnelton, W. Va.; M. H. B., Roseville, Ill.; M. M. B., Henry, Tenn.; H. H., Merribo, N. Y.; M. S. B., New Auburn, Minn., acknowledge answers to prayer.

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2420. A charming dress of splendid Black Mercerized Cotton. Possessing a handsome, silky texture and excellent durability. A practical, simple style, with solid lace yoke and collar, trimmed in front with the fashionable broad revers, that extend over the shoulders in sailor-collar effect. Collar, cuffs, revers and front bodice fully piped in Kine-Blue, with buttons to correspond. Hooks invisibly in front. Stylish high-waisted. Empire skirt with full sweep at bottom. The over-laid front panel is both becoming and effective. Misses or small women's sizes, 14 to 20 years, on 32 to 38 bust, and 35 to 44 length. Special **\$2.98**  
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1600. Here, Madam, is without doubt the best coat value you have ever seen. Think of getting a well-made, perfectly styled "Velour Plush" Coat for \$10.98, and just when plush coats are in the height of popularity! We bought these plush months ago at half their present value, and we made the coats up during the dull summer months when our expert coat makers lowered their price for the tailoring. It's a quality you could not duplicate to-day under \$17.50. Fashionably styled with semi-fitted back and long front. Large rolling sailor collar graduates to deep point in back and is tastefully finished with hand-made ornament and tassels. Wide-silk braid is becomingly used to outline collar. Fastens with jeweled buttons. A gold color lining sets the whole garment off to excellent advantage. Carefully and skillfully tailored in correct style. **\$10.98**  
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# The Glory of Jesus

Continued from page 1088

representation. It could have no place in our service except by virtue of its efficiency. I am thinking only of what it does for us to be able to approach things on a side that reveals to us their deepest and their eternal significance. You know perfectly well that the objects that ordinarily engage our attention may be handled by us, and ordinarily are handled by us, in a way that recognizes only their smaller and their transient meanings; that they spell out to us no great thought, and therefore do not touch us at that point in our souls where we are greatest.

Take as an illustration the common occurrences in the world of nature; the sighing of the wind, the opening of a blossom, the flight of a bird, the sweep of the tide, the swing of a star; that is all very commonplace as we ordinarily think of it; it may interest us a little as a plaything amuses a child, but in our common mood of mind it spells out nothing to us; no great thinking is generated by it; no deep feeling is aroused by it; there is discerned in it nothing large that touches us at the point where we are large. The water that drops to the ground in the form of rain is usually quite prosaic; but once in a while the sun touches the falling drops at such an angle as to kindle them into color and knit them together into a band of rainbow splendor. Now it is having the common facts of the physical world touched by a superior light in something the way the summer rain is gilded by the sunshine that is the sort of transfiguration that I am just now thinking of. Even the heathen nations, more than we, let the phenomena of nature spell out all kinds of rich meaning to them. To them this great coarse world was almost a personal thing. By them it was peopled by beautiful administrative spirits. To the Psalmist all these wonderful facts and processes in the universe of earth, seas and stars were the incarnation of a Divine presence. To him it was always true that "the ground whereon thou standest is *holy ground*," and everything seen under transfiguration, witnessed by the light that fell upon it from a higher sky. Nature is one thing when it is construed as a mechanical workshop, another thing when it is construed as God's sanctuary.

Or consider again the two aspects under which we can contemplate moral duty; the untransfigured and the transfigured. Duty as we have rather been taught to view it is an awkward burden that has to be carried; a disagreeable chore needing to be done; a certain compulsion that it does not quite answer to resist; all of which makes the very word "duty" to be a hard word, hard and offensive; almost as unfeeling in its relation to us as gravity is in its relation to rocks and planets. But when we put the matter under something the same kind of light that brightened the Holy Mount, the road to Damascus and the Bush at Horeb, the entire thing is at once translated into a different world. Duty is then taken off from the ground and laid in the air, reaches all the way up to God's throne, and is felt by us to be, not a requirement legislated by society, not a statute enacted by our conscience, but as being nothing other than the great Spirit making his holiness felt in the hidden sanctuary of the human heart. Scripture invariably contemplates duty under exactly that kind of transfiguration.

Man, also, has two meanings according as we look at him in the under light or read him in the upper light. The under light discloses him to us as a human thing; the upper light reveals him to us as a child of God. The employer who uses his employee as an improved machine, and with a view simply to what he can get out of him, contemplates him as a human thing; the missionary who goes down

town, or off into China, to present the Gospel views him as a child of God. The difference between the salvation of the race and the damnation of the race is simply a matter of whether men are contemplated from the ground up or from heaven down, inspected as specimens or beheld as Jesus was, standing just under the cover of the sky.

One more example would be to say that there are those same two points of view from which to estimate the meaning of events and the processes of history. Napoleon is reported to have said that God was on the side of the heavy battalions. David just as distinctly said that he was not. Napoleon had the battalions, but he died in the island of St. Helena. We may not forget the function of iron and dynamite, but that is the least part of it, although the only part of it that becomes visible by the aid of the under light. You may have seen Kaubach's picture, "The Battle of the Huns," founded on the tradition of the combat before the gates of Rome, between the Romans and the spirits of the Huns who were slain, which rising into the air continued to fight—a representation fraught with long and momentous suggestion, evincing the thought away from the ponderable energies enlisted in the world's conflicts and letting the final issues be determined by immaterial forces in an immaterial world.

And then there is that other picture Scripturally drawn for us in the Second Book of Kings. The King of Syria was in pursuit of Elisha, and with a great host overtook him at Dothan. Elisha and his servant were alone and the occasion offered open field for determining the validity of the Napoleonic doctrine. The servant became panic-stricken. Elisha said to him, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And Elisha prayed and said, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see." And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire around about Elisha.

Commerce with only so much of the world as is revealed to us by its nether lights shortens our vision, deadens our appreciation, paralyzes our power. Our connections, by the very nature of circumstances, must be very considerably with small things. But the small things must be so arranged and illuminated as to spell out to us large meanings. Little things are not given to us as finalities but as lenses with which to bring into view the regions beyond, "while we look not at the things that are seen but at the things that are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

## THE SWEET REFRAIN

I HEAR it singing in the dawn—  
A world-old, sweet refrain—  
I hear its notes insistent drawn  
In music of the rain;  
It sings within the swaying corn,  
A canticle of cheer  
That glorifies the golden morn:  
"He loves thee: do not fear."

I hear it singing in the noon  
When spring summer grieves,  
And falling maples sadly croon  
The farewell of the leaves:  
I hear it when 'mid shrouding snows  
The chanting winds intone  
A threnody above the rose:  
"Will he not keep his own?"

I hear it singing in the night  
When out across the bar  
The moonlight falls in shimmering white,  
And calls my bark afar:  
It sings to me when vesper bells  
Steal out from the deep,  
And through all nature sighs and swells:  
"He loves thee: rest and sleep."

ROSE TRUMBULL, *Erechmone*.



This is a picture of my big confectionery store in Springfield, Ohio.

The money I earned, selling Popcorn Crispettes—a new, delicious confection—enabled me to establish it.

My Popcorn Crispette Machine made me a rich man. Any other man who goes at it as I did can make a lot of money. I am just a common, everyday sort of a fellow. No reason why I should do any better than you.

Write me today. I'll tell you how I built my big business. I'll tell you just how I went about it—how you can do the same.

If you follow instructions you should make more money this fall and winter than you ever dreamed of. Somewhere in your town there is a small store—a half-store, a little nook or even a store window—where you can set up your machine and make money. You can start at home if you wish.

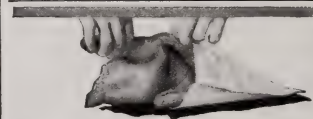
## Every Time You Take in a Nickel You Make Almost Four Cents Profit

You'll have a good thing all to yourself. I furnish a secret formula for making Crispettes; it's different from anything else. So you escape competition. People buy and buy and buy Popcorn Crispettes because of the taste. They're so different—so tasty and tempting, folks want more and more of them.

In my literature I tell you all about them; about men who have made big money with the machine, and the men tell you how they did it. It's very interesting reading.

Making money isn't nearly as hard as it seems. Half of success is in making the start—the other half is nerve, judgment and a good proposition. I have the proposition—you have the courage—nerve—judgment. Put the three together now and make money, as I did. At least investigate. Look into the proposition. Get my story, and the story of other men who are making money with a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine. Write to-day.

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Anybody can make big money raising mushrooms entire year in cellars, sheds, barns, etc., in spare time. I sell you where to sell them. Write today for Free Illustration Booklet.  
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## Corns All Gone By Wednesday

Apply a Blue-jay plaster on Monday, and the pain stops instantly. By Wednesday the whole corn loosens and comes out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. All because of a soft wax which separates the callous from the toe.

Why do you temporize with corns? Why merely pare them or protect them? Here is a way to remove the corn, harmlessly, painlessly, and in 48 hours. Millions of people use it. It has fifty times as large a sale as any other treatment for corns. Think what folly it is to suffer a corn when a simple Blue-jay plaster ends the whole trouble. Go get it now.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
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## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per package

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# Handwriting on the Wall\*

World's Temperance Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

HIS lesson is placed here a little out of its historical order, as a fitting story for World's Temperance Sunday. It belongs to the time before the "remnant" of the Jews returned from captivity, between the lessons on Daniel's courage: seeing the king's wine as a boy at Babel, and refusing to hide his religion to save his political office (Dan. 1:8). There are other sins besides drinking which deadly folly this story illustrates; vice, profanity and pride. The Belshazzar of our lesson is the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar. Like any other young men, Belshazzar was warned from the "stern" words of ancestral experience. The father of Belshazzar, Nabonidus, had succeeded Nebuchadnezzar as King of Babylon, and had made his son, only seventeen years of age, a co-regent of the kingdom. Belshazzar was a merry of associate king, probably as a boy when his father was defeated in battle by Cyrus the Mede, whose army thereupon marched on the capital and killed Nabonidus outside the city. Perhaps Belshazzar was tempted to give this feast upon hearing of his father's death, not only to express his confidence in his walls and gods, and his foolish defiance of his father, but also to celebrate the fact that he was now a king indeed, though for so brief a time, as is proved by the fact that the cuneiform inscriptions upon the Assyrian tablets name Nabonidus as the last king of Babylon and Belshazzar's name appears only in an inscribed prayer of the father to his gods that his son may be spared: "Let not sin possess him." Oh, the tragedy of it! The contrast between the two pictures of many a life: one in which his parents prayed he should be, and the other in which he was!

Behind walls a hundred feet thick—wide that they were roadways for chariots of Babylon; in a marble palace a mile long—perhaps the palace recently uncovered in Babylon on which the names of Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus are inscribed—Belshazzar dined at a banquet of wine the men of his great household and the princes of the empire. To show his power not only of Cyrus but of all who save his own, he ordered brought the sacred vessels that Nebuchadnezzar had stolen from God's temple in Jerusalem. Filled with the courage of wine gives, that courage which is blind recklessness, he defied the gods and Persians at his gates, and God of Israel, whose sacred vessels were profaned.

But what is that shadowy handwriting on the wall and writing in letters of fire?

A hand was a Babylonian charm, five fingers, like a rosary, recalling the names of God. Even now one sometimes sees in the Orient above a doorway a hand, whose purpose is to ward off the evil eye and invite good luck. A hand was probably already inscribed on the palace wall, above its entrance, and Belshazzar was relying on it for protection against any foe, human or divine, entering his banquet hall. In Bible miracles God uses human elements so far as possible, and adds the supernatural only so far as it is necessary. He might even in this case use a guilty conscience. It is difficult to debate this. Suffice it to say the very thing in which Belshazzar trusted, the hand on the wall, became a terror. His magicians having failed to say what the words meant, Daniel was called, at the suggestion of the queen dowager, who remembered how he had read a judgment of God to Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel interpreted

the words as a sentence of death to Belshazzar individually, and to Babylon of defeat and subjection. And "that same night," King Cyrus, turning aside the river that flowed under Babylon's walls, marched his army into the city through the river bed, and slew Belshazzar in the midst of his impious orgies, and sacked the city. "Babylon is fallen." It had gone down the three well-worn steps to the graveyard of nations: first, moral, then physical, then political decay. From many trades drinking men are excluded. When shall we learn that as clear a brain is needed to run a government as to run a freight train?

The old argument for abstinence was that one who drinks may become a drunkard; the new argument is that only by abstinence can one reach the highest efficiency. As John G. Woolley says, the argument is no longer failure but fitness. The United States Bureau of Labor sums up a report on "The Economic Aspects of the Liquor Question," based partly on answers to questions sent to a representative list of American employers, in these words: "More than half the establishments reporting require, in certain occupations and under certain circumstances, that employees shall not use intoxicating liquors." Business men and even labor unions have been fooled into the belief that "prohibition hurt business," when in fact to transfer the capital that employed a hundred men in making boots and shoes to making liquors would put eleven-twelfths of the men out of a job.

In this connection we quote as of profound significance a statement by the Crown Prince of Sweden at the opening of the Good Templar Summer Festival, Hesselholm, 1910:

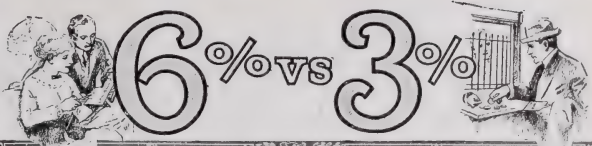
"The temperance movement is one of the greatest of our time, a movement by which the people will gain self-reliance and self-control. The final aim is nothing less than the most complete possible liberation of our people from the destructive effects of the use of alcohol. There are, of course, differences of opinion as to the best way of attaining this end. But that the end can and must be reached is the principal point upon which all are united. In our time the struggle for existence goes on among the peoples with increasing sharpness, because general development is progressing with remarkable and increasing swiftness. It is of great importance to the state, as well as to the individual, to use the utmost exertion not to be left helpless in the rear and perhaps to be finally overcome by a more vigorous people. This will so obviously strengthen the competitive power of a people in the world's markets that I do not hesitate to make this assertion: THAT NATION WHICH IS THE FIRST TO FREE ITSELF FROM THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL WILL THEREBY ATTAIN A MARKED ADVANTAGE OVER OTHER NATIONS IN THE AMICABLE YET INTENSIVE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. I hope that our country will be the one which will first understand and secure this advantage."

Not only in Sweden and Germany but in France also the patriotic argument is foremost. The French Government posts warnings even against tipping that falls short of drunkenness "for the future of the nation."

## SLEEP SWEET!

SLEEP sweet within this quiet room,  
O thou! who'er thou art;  
And let no mournful yesterday  
Disturb thy peaceful heart.  
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest  
With dreams of coming ill.  
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,  
His love surrounds thee still.  
Forget thyself and all the world,  
Put out each feverish light.  
The stars are watching overhead.  
Sleep sweet. Good night! Good night!  
ELLEN M. H. GATES.

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 12, 1911. World's Temperance Sunday. Daniel's Story. "God shall bring you into judgment, with every secret work, whether it be good or whether it be evil," Gen. 12:14.



## First mortgage gold bonds Safe as a savings bank

THE rule of three is the surest way to test the desirability of an investment. First: Is it absolutely safe? Second: Is the revenue attractive? Third: Can it be cashed quickly?

We offer first mortgage gold bonds, on improved, income-producing, selected Chicago real estate, which have passed the test of this rule, with a margin of security in no case less than twice the value of the bonds. During our 29-year career no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on securities purchased of us.

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Write for descriptive literature and The Investors Magazine

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will save you 1/2 the cost of your shirtwaist bills, better, cheaper than ready-made waists. We do all cutting, furnish all material, all you do is the sewing. Write today for catalog—free samples, measurements, blanks, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Agents who can furnish all reference wanted for unsolicited territory.

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Box 35, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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## AGENTS

Make \$30 per Wk. This AWL. Sew a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes "Rec'd 4 Awl today sold 5 in 15 min." L. Perrine says "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, highest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions. ANCHOR MFG. CO. Dept. 834, DAYTON, O.

# Your Church Fair

We Will Help You Make It A Success

WE HAVE outlined a new plan which we know will help to make every Church Fair a success by increasing its attendance and receipts. We have prepared a special booklet, giving a number of plans and suggestions for new features of entertainment at Church Fairs. We will send one of these booklets, entirely free, to the chairman of the committee in charge of the Church Fair. Most of the plans and features in it have nothing whatever to do with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Booth is only one of the features of the Fair. We supply free of charge a large number of pictures for decoration of the booth, which are afterwards to be given away to CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers. These pictures comprise from 25 to 30 of the greatest paintings of the world reproduced in full color and range in size from small 6 x 9 to large 14 x 20.

## Free Copies of The Christian Herald

We will supply a considerable quantity, regulated by the size of the Church, of free copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These are to be sold and the entire proceeds donated to the Church Fair. In addition to this, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Booth may take subscriptions for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for which a very liberal and special commission will be paid.

## MONEY FOR THE CHURCH

Our booklet and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Booth will enable you to largely increase the receipts of your Church Fair, and make it a wonderful success. Of all ways of earning money for any special purposes, the Church Fair is by far the easiest and most popular. To make it a success, however, there must be some new and unique features which come as a pleasant surprise to those attending, and which help to produce a spirit of liberality; and at the same time leave everyone with a feeling of having received more than their money's worth.

Subscribers will confer a favor if they will please call this matter to the attention of the proper persons in their Church.

The CHRISTIAN HERALD, 156 Bible House, New York









# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOR 1912

That famous divine, Joseph Parker, once remarked that the "front seats of his auditorium were in the Rocky mountains and the back seats in the Himalayas." CHRISTIAN HERALD readers may say with Wesley, "The world is its Parish," for its activities literally embrace all lands. In the coming year, it will set before its readers the widest and most attractive variety of entertainment and instruction provided by any weekly magazine in the world.

The CHRISTIAN HERALD will begin next week the publication of a new and powerful serial story, entitled

## "BRANDER CUSHING"

by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon  
Author of "In His Steps"

This new story "Brander Cushing" is a splendid and dramatic presentation of two of the greatest of our latter day problems. It is a story that will grip the hearts of its readers with interest, and will awaken their enthusiasm and admiration and hold them fascinated to the end. There is a beautiful love story running all through it. No more thrilling serial than "Brander Cushing," and no nobler characters than Sidney, his heroic son, and Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of the Admiral, have ever appeared in modern fiction. **The opening chapters will appear in Next Week's Issue.**

## Remarkable Features for the Coming Year:

### Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady,

the author of so many successful historical novels, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a stirring tale of the Frontier in the days when the life of the settler hung hourly in the balance. This story, which is full of the heroism, and, be it said, the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized those days, will be continued through a number of issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is an absorbing feature which will hold your attention from first to last.

### Other Stories By Famous Authors

will be announced during the year, among the contributors being Wilfred Grenfell, the Arctic hero and philanthropist; Eleanor H. Porter, author of *Margaret and Marco*; Florence Morse Kingsley, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Susan M. Griffiths, Miss E. L. Gebhard, Amelia E. Barr, Irving Bacheller, and many others.

### A New Agricultural Development

Professor O. S. Morgan, of Columbia University, is preparing for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a series of articles which will have a particular application for every city and town in the country. It concerns the supply and demand of vegetable and fruit products as between cities and towns, and the producing sections in their immediate neighborhood. It contains a suggestion for abating somewhat the increasing cost of living. This series will be begun in early spring, and will be continued through several numbers.

### Our Women Contributors

Special attention will be paid to the Women's Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and our Contributors' Staff this year will be larger than ever before, among them being Madeline S. Bridges, Kate Upson Clark, Miss Janet Porter (who conducts the Department for the Young), and Margaret E. Sangster, the counselor of the whole CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

### in the Footsteps of St. Paul

Dr. Francis E. Clark, now traveling in the Orient, has undertaken to write "A Journey in the Footsteps of St. Paul," exclusively for our readers. Dr. Clark is the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society. He will visit the "Seven Churches of Asia" and will record his impressions. His articles will be finely illustrated with photographs.

### Our Bible Question Series

This attractive and helpful series of difficult Bible questions, which was extremely popular this year, will in 1912 be conducted as a regular monthly department. Every reader will have an opportunity to join this great Class for Bible Study.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether considered from its spiritual side or from the side of its mechanical make-up, is brighter and better than ever before, and during the coming year no pains will be spared to maintain this high standard. Every department will be conducted with the very keenest appreciation of the desires of our readers to have us produce a clean weekly newspaper for the home. Our aim is to make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the very embodiment of religious and moral uplift, and so we ask you to help us extend that influence for good until it is felt in every home in the land.

## The Christian Herald Almanac for 1912

Just compiled by us especially for our subscribers, contains, besides the regular Almanac features, a very complete compendium of valuable religious information. It contains a large amount of general statistics, particularly about the United States. It is lightened up by short stories, poems, anecdotes, wit and humor, making altogether a delightful and valuable year-book. **A copy given free with each yearly subscription.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

### Special Articles By Famous Writers

will be a prominent feature for 1912. These will include Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, an authority on Bible propaganda, Professor Edgar J. Banks, Professor Mason F. Young, famous in Oriental travel; Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee of the *Maine*; Hon. Charles McFarland of the Federal Council of Christian America, who will write on the "Relation between the Church and Social Service"; John L. Harbour, E. Ryerson Young, son of the famous Canadian explorer, and others.

### The American Pulpit

which has always been a strong feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will in the coming year be represented by sermon contributions from the leading preachers of all the Protestant denominations. The fifty-two greatest sermons of the year will appear in its pages, among the contributors being C. M. Sheldon, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, the Metropolitan divine; Dr. James Burrell, Rev. Wilbur H. Chapman, Professor R. A. Torrey, Rev. J. H. Jowett, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Bishops Quayle and Warren, J. Balcom Shaw, Charles F. Aked, C. A. Eaton, and Newell Dwight Hillis.

### Art Masterpieces

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD possesses facilities for artistic printing such as no other religious family magazine can claim. During the coming year it will print, once a month, famous Art Masterpiece Covers, beautifully reproduced in colors. Copies of these splendid reproductions without lettering, will be made on extra size paper especially designed for framing. These extra copies can be secured for a merely nominal amount of postage. This collection of twelve of the World's Greatest Art Treasures will alone be worth more than the entire subscription price.

### Special Article by Government Entomologist

Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C., has promised to write for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article on economic phases of the insect problem. Dr. Howard's work in the extermination of the Malarial Mosquito and the Typhoid Fly is widely known, and what he will have to say concerning other insect pests and how to get rid of them will carry with it the conviction of authority.

### Our Missionary Contributors

There is no other paper with so large and varied a staff of missionary contributors as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In every land it has its correspondents who write of the actual life of the missionaries, giving not theories but facts. All illustrate their letters with photographs taken with their own cameras. These contributors give a special value to the paper as a journal of world-wide missionary interest.



## Injunction and Invitation\*

THE duty of urging the impenitent to come to Christ should lie heavily upon each and every one of us; but especially should you who are young seek to turn the thoughts of your unconverted companions toward their duty to God. It is in youth that the heart is most impressionable, and the mind most open to new thoughts. The vast majority of mature Christians sought the Lord in their youth.

Especially should you who are Sunday School teachers labor to bring into the church those under your charge. One successful teacher says that she always takes it for granted that her class are Christians. "We," she says to them, "are trying to make worldly ones become like Jesus." "We are setting an example to the ungodly." "We are sorry for those who do not know and cherish our beloved Bible." Thus they are insensibly, but often effectively, led to regard themselves as already soldiers on the Lord's side, and the transition into earnest church-members becomes far easier than if they had been treated as foes to be won over.

Mr. Biederswolf, the distinguished evangelist, tells of the sad funeral of a gay and beautiful girl of seventeen, who had never declared herself for Christ. As the heartbroken parents and friends stood around the open grave, a lady who had been a teacher of the dead girl, suddenly burst into uncontrollable sobs. The pastor, noting her emotion, hastened as soon as possible to her home in order to comfort her, and ask her why she should have been so completely overcome.

"Oh," she said, still weeping, "I so wickedly neglected speaking to her about her personal salvation. A month ago it rested upon my mind that I should speak to her of the welfare of her soul, but I postponed it,

and now she has gone. But you—you, her pastor—you had spoken to her?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he confessed tremulously, "No. I saw how worldly and frivolous she was becoming, but I, too, postponed speaking. Let us ask God to forgive us both." And they knelt together.

The pastor then sought the parents. "You had talked with her of her soul. What did she say?" he inquired.

"We thought of it on her last birthday," they pleaded sadly, "but other things came up, and we neglected it, and now she is gone."

Yes, she had gone—to witness, perhaps, against those whose efforts should have been strongest and most constant to win the lovely girl to Christ's service. Let us see to it that no such crime against the Holy Spirit is ever laid to our charge.

Some one has made this homely but effective illustration of the value of personal work in soul-winning: He says, "If you want to fill a dozen bottles with water, take the necessary amount and throw it all at once over them. Again, take a dozen bottles and the same amount of water, and fill each bottle individually. Which method is the better?" The moral of this little parable is: Nothing compares with individual work to secure sure results.

Dr. Torrey tells us of a godly mother, who brought her own children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but who was constantly lamenting that she could not do a larger work for the Master. He discovered that her zeal was genuine, and that she was in the habit of speaking of the Saviour to almost every one who came to her house, in any capacity whatever; and that thus she was really doing more for Christ than were most pastors. Let us not be afraid to approach this subject with those around us.

## Our Unseen Captain

IN a recent address before a great gathering of churchmen in England Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, after discussing the situation in the Church to-day, gave this eloquent conclusion: "It shall come to pass that at evening-time there shall be light. Our direct concern for the Church of Christ will soon end, and it will end in light and peace. Now, said the apostle, is our salvation nearer than when we first believed. St. Paul sailed over a rough sea, knowing little of blue sky or calm water. But he knew that he and his were not drifting before the tempest. Their vessel was directed. The unseen Captain was on board; the close would be in the haven so long desired, and every day that haven was nearer, every day some part of the rough way had been accomplished for ever. Come what might, certain victories had been won and were secure, and the end was not to be a wreck on an unknown coast. God has a safe harbor for his troubled people, and while the waves toss we travel. We must somehow possess our past and our future in this way. We are on a voyage the days of which are numbered—the days of which are growing fewer. There will be light at evening-time whatever may befall us in the day.

If my back sink 'tis to another sea.

And when we reach the shore we shall look back and recall our voyage—its storms, its sunshine, but, above all, its Captain; recall

The terrible, shameful, frightened, whispered, sweet, Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

And so for the Church at evening-time it shall be light. The divine redeeming purpose will be accomplished, and then the building will be seen most worthy, and integral, and fair, the

perfected intention of redeeming love. We know that the history of the Church has been a history of forward marches and of reluctant retreats, of success and repulse, of flood-tides and ebb-tides. But her Lord has rebuked her dark and faithless forebodings at eventide. If the Church has sometimes seemed to die, the death has been followed by a resurrection.

"Let us throw our thoughts forward, and be sure that at eventide there shall be light, that the end shall be an end of glory. 'Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to him who is God and Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.'"

### HONEY BREAD

IN EUROPE, where the food value of honey seems to be much better understood than in the United States, enormous quantities are used. Of late years we seem to be waking to a realization of the value of honey as a wholesome and delicious article of food, and also to its preservative qualities. Cakes and sweet-breads made with sugar soon become dry and crumbly, and to get the good of them must be eaten when fresh; but where they are made up with honey, they seem to retain their moist freshness indefinitely. In France honey bread a year or eighteen months old is preferred to that just made. They say it is ripened." It is the preservative, or rather the unchanging, quality of honey that makes it so popular with the best confectioners.

## ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR INCOME?



Would \$500, or more, a year on the side be an object to you?

You can easily make and exceed that amount in the poultry business without interfering with your regular work. Consumption of poultry products is fast over-taking production. The producers can not keep abreast with the needs of the increasing population. Now a billion dollars are spent annually for poultry and eggs. Why don't you get a part of that enormous sum? You can, if you will.

### "Side-Line Poultry Keeping"

\$1,188.05 is the amount F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H. cleared from his hens in 1910, and did not devote more than two hours a day to them. You can learn the secrets of his success in the book, "Side-Line Poultry Keeping," by R. A. Richardson, Haverhill, Mass., in 1910, who attended to his regular work as a shoe cutter. The details of his success are all told in "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

\$1,009.31

### THIS RELIABLE BOOK

is by Edgar Warren, who writes in such a simple, pleasing manner that any novice can understand and follow the instructions which lead eventually to success. It is of special value to the person who desires to add several hundred dollars to his annual income without interfering with his regular work. It covers every detail of the business and its allied interests—hatching, brooding, selecting layers, feeding for growth and fertility, eggs, dressing, shipping, selling, treatment for internal and external ailments, "Laying Down Eggs" for perfect keeping, etc., etc.

**Special Offer:** Price \$50, or book and American Poultry Advocate, 1 year, 75c., or book and year's subscription for \$1.00, or premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50c. each. Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 120 pages, 50c. a year. 3 months, 10c. Sample free. Poultry book catalog free.

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PONY SKIN PLUSH COAT

This well-handsome garment of plush, extra quality, pony skin plush, of rich and less finish, looks like a \$50.00 garment. Taken expert to make in the latest style for winter, 1912. A handsome, finely tailored coat, made in the latest semi-fitting model, with wide, deep, fur collar, latest turn-back cuffs, latest in side seams, largest and most beautiful with beautiful trim, buttons, 52 in. long, 44 in. bust measure, W.

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## A SALARY FOR YOU! Christian Herald Workers

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wants a representative in every Church to take care of its present subscriptions and secure new subscribers. We ask all of our old friends to call this to the attention of any one in their Church who will welcome an opportunity of earning money netting as our representative. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pays liberal commissions and, in addition, a contingent monthly salary based upon the number of subscriptions secured. Every agent's subscribers become the personal clientele of that agent, entitling them to their renewals. Many CHRISTIAN HERALD agents have regular lists of from one to five hundred subscribers who renew through them every year, producing a regular annual income running into several hundred dollars.

Our new book offers will soon be ready and are the most attractive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has offered for years. Agents will eagerly welcome them everywhere, as they are certain to produce splendid results, both for renewals and new business. Do not delay in getting our new literature for agents. Send for it at once. Address,

Agency Department, Room 95,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, NEW YORK



BROOKLYN LOTS NEAR PROPOSED SUBWAY \$890.  
\$10. DOWN \$7. A MONTH

# Subway Lots Bring Millions

THERE is nothing more certain than the effect of subways on New York City real estate. The corner of 149th St. and Third Ave.—8 miles from City Hall—was assessed in 1900, before subways were built, for \$7,914. In 1910, when the subway was completed, this same lot was valued by the assessors at \$98,444, showing an increase of over 1100 per cent., and this is only one instance out of a great many.

Manhattan—Old New York—has had her subways. IT IS NOW BROOKLYN'S TURN. Our City officials have recently voted for the construction of a four-track subway into the densely congested districts of Manhattan, to be connected with the improved elevated and Subway lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. It will take a few years to complete this tremendous undertaking and there is always a possibility that a large city like this may fall short in carrying out all that it has promised, but we believe that our officials will see that every pledge is fulfilled, and we know that subways in Brooklyn will add millions and millions of dollars to its real estate values.

To-day we offer you Brooklyn lots—all of which are located within 2,500 feet or 10 minutes' walk of one of the subway routes approved by the Public Service Commission—as low as \$890, and on a payment of \$10 down and \$7 per month. We will hold with you a large proportion of our land until these subways are well under way or completed, so that we, too, may obtain subway prices for a part of our holdings at least. Everybody knows that subways will bring millions to Brooklyn real estate—some doubt whether Brooklyn will get subways, notwithstanding the official act of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

We must meet this doubt and show our own faith by such a guarantee as will make you as nearly safe as we can afford to. If you are willing to divide your profits with us, and will read the guarantee below, you will see that by this guarantee you only run the risk of losing the interest on your money, for under the terms of same you can either get your principal back if you wish at the end of your contract, or have the alternative right to keep your lot and receive back all of the interest you have paid us.

Now, our selling prices have increased for the past ten years on an average of, perhaps, 10 to 20 per cent. a year without any material improvements in transportation, and this increase should go on through the normal growth of Brooklyn. This does not mean that the cash selling prices of Brooklyn lots have increased 10 to 20 per cent. each year—some years the cash price has increased much faster and some years not at all. We do not think you can afford to neglect to write us for fuller details of this plan or, better still, send first payment of \$10 per lot to secure the best selection and remember that our offer also carries with it—high-class improvements free, free deed or return of money in case of death, free round trip (railroad fare) not exceeding \$36, and a return of every dollar you have paid us if upon inspection of your purchase within one year you are in any respect not satisfied with your investment.

## MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Come to New York at any time within a year after you purchase, visit our properties, keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain of our \$10,000,000 holdings, change to any other lot if you will or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us. It is all the same to us. We would prefer to have you a good friend and not a customer rather than a customer and not a good friend; but a decision is required at the time of examination of the property and it is not extended to those who do not visit New York within the said year. In other words we do not give options. We do give you 12 months to examine your property and get your money back if you are not satisfied.

Our "FREE TRIP" and "MONEY-BACK" offers are both limited to one year from date of purchase.

## OUR "BROOKLYN SUBWAY GUARANTEE"

If you will agree to give us one-half the profits on your investment, we will guarantee that before the monthly installment period (as provided in your contract for the purchase of lot) is completed, rapid transit trains will be running within 2500 feet of your lot into the densely congested district of Manhattan for a 5c fare. [Many lots are nearer, but this is the maximum distance]. You can buy your lots if you want to without this guarantee, but if you are in doubt, this guarantee should certainly remove the doubt. If rapid transit trains are not running, as aforesaid, by the end of said installment period, we will agree to either take your lot off your hands at the original price you paid for it, or, at your option, pay you six per cent. interest on your money for the entire period it has been in the property and let you keep the lot. Three plans are open to you:

1. Buy without the guarantee and keep all the profits.
  2. Agree to give us one-half of your profits and, in case the subways shall not be built, as above guaranteed, take back the price you paid us, or
  3. Keep your lot and take 6 per cent. in cash.
- This guarantee is limited to purchases made before January 1st, 1912; will be incorporated in the agreement of purchase and contain one condition, namely, that we shall have the right to sell the property at any time when a profit of not less than 100 per cent. on the cash invested can be secured.

## OUR REFERENCES

Bradstreet's and Dun's rate us higher than any other real estate concern in the world. For further information, apply to any commercial agency, bank, trust company or to any of the prominent magazines of the country and you can secure complete information as to our financial standing and reputation.

WRITE TO-NIGHT, RIGHT AWAY

## INCREASES DUE TO THE SUBWAY IN UPPER NEW YORK

| Description                                                                       | Value of Lot<br>before sub-<br>way was<br>completed | Value of Lot<br>after sub-<br>way was<br>completed |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Lot on East<br>Side of 10th<br>Avenue be-<br>tween 206th<br>and 207th<br>Streets. | \$1,100<br>in 1904                                  | \$12,600<br>today                                  |
| Lot cor. of<br>Post Ave.<br>and Emer-<br>son St. (100<br>x 100)                   | 4,000<br>in 1899                                    | 75,000<br>today                                    |
| Six lot plot<br>on 207th St.<br>near 10th<br>Ave.                                 | 9,600<br>in 1904                                    | 52,000<br>today                                    |

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# Christian Herald

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A LITTLE DELFT GIRL. From the Painting by Paul Hoecker



## McCall's Magazine

The greatest women's fashion journal in America. It is the most important publication. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and most helpful information for women. *McCall's* is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated hundred-page monthly periodical that no woman can afford to be without. If you wish to save money and keep in style, subscribe for *McCall's Magazine* at once. Any one of the celebrated *McCall Patterns* (value 15 cents) free with each subscription. Select your free pattern from your first number of *McCall's*. *McCall Patterns* lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy, and number sold. More dealers sell *McCall Patterns* than any other two makes combined.

## Ladies' World

This is the big year of the *Ladies' World*. 1911-1912 marks the 25th year of its existence. Nothing has been left undone to make the *Ladies' World* during the coming year as far ahead of its record for any previous year. The magnificent list of writers and illustrators, rich array of magazine material and the ever valuable departments will make the *Ladies' World* almost indispensable to you during this—its Silver Anniversary Year. The December Jubilee Number will contain an account of the ten commemorative poem by Edwin Markham, special articles by Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives and Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, Strickland Gillilan's reminiscences, stories by John Luther Long, Florence Morse Kingsley, Beulah Marie Dix and the beginning of an entrancing serial by Edith Barnard Delano.

## American Boy

The great magazine for boys. Give it to your boy. It will appeal more to his finer sensibilities than the tawdry, soon-forgotten gifts. It trains him to live and think right. *The American Boy* contains stories written by men who understand the American boy—stories of adventure, skill, travel, history, biography and world events, beautifully illustrated. Proper amount of sports and games and departments of photography, electricity, stamps, curios, carpentry, how to do things and how to make things, and it has a department devoted to the Boy Scouts of America, to which Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes the most illustrated page each week. It is the biggest, brightest and best magazine for boys in all the world. *The American Boy* is eagerly read by 500,000 intelligent, manly American boys.

## Current Literature

*Current Literature* is an illustrated review of the latest and important utterances of the month. It is so in touch with the changing world that even its editor cannot tell what subjects will be treated by it one month ahead. The great currents of thought and action, in politics and industry, in science and religion, in literature and the drama, are all brilliantly mirrored in its pages. It sweeps the whole field, in both hemispheres, as no other magazine in the world has ever before done, and gives you the interpretations on all sides of all vital questions. The chief departments of *Current Literature* are: A Review of the World, Persons in the Foreground, Science and Discovery, Music and Drama, and Religion and Ethics.

## Success

The only home magazine that is not a woman's publication, a children's paper or a farm journal. It has recently been combined with the *Nation's Best* and the united magazine presents a remarkable assortment of strong, live articles on the questions of the hour, and stories by our best fiction writers, old and new. Among the many special features of 1912 are Orison Sweet Marden's inspiring editorial article; a vigorous, readable review every week of the nation's leading events and chat about the striking personalities of the hour; Mrs. Curt's Home Corner and Pin Money Papers for women readers; twelve stirring, gripping editorials on the questions before people; hints to prospective investors; and, by no means least welcome to our readers, a page of the month's best anecdotes.

## The Housewife

*The Housewife* is exactly described by the name it bears, being edited with a view to giving the woman, who has the care and development of her home at heart, valuable suggestions and assistance. The department devoted to Cookery always contains practical, seasonable and tasty recipes. The Fashion Department, recently enlarged, displays the most desirable and fetching styles. The Social Circle, a special department, found in no other magazine, is used by *Housewife* readers as an interchange of ideas on home decoration, and hints in economy, health, etc. The many serial and short stories are interesting and wholesome, effectively illustrated. Handsomely printed with beautiful color covers, *The Housewife* is the arrival of which the reader looks forward to each month with interest.

## People's Home Journal

By bringing good literature within the reach of the reading public of this country *The People's Home Journal* has probably done more than any other popular fiction and home magazine to help bring up the American home into the great national bulwark that it is today. For the past twenty-five years fathers and mothers have looked to *The People's Home Journal* for their reading and the reading for their children. This magazine has had a wonderful influence for good in every one of the homes—almost a million into which it goes. It has become famous for its brilliant serial and short stories. Then you will also find all kinds of departments to cover a multitude of home subjects, such as cooking, care of children, entertainment, latest styles in clothing and newest fashions in needlework.

## Pictorial Review

claims pre-eminence among women's magazines for four reasons. First, class and ions, which are easily the most up-to-date, correct and most practical of any magazine published anywhere. Second, for its common-sense, essentially helpful, practical home and household departments, which cover the whole field of housekeeping and its branches. *Pictorial Review* devotes more space to this subject than any other magazine in this country. Third, for the wealth and interest of its art and literary sections. Fourth, for its stories, which are good stories, better and more interesting, stronger stories than you are apt to find in the pages of other women's magazines. Fourth, but not least, for its uplifting, inspiring special articles bearing on home problems by the best and most popular writers

## Little Folks

In *Little Folks* magazine love and joy and goodness are presented in stories of real and imaginary children, their creatures and things. Besides the wholesome stories, there are charming pictures, sunny little poems, and suggestions to keep children happily busy in beneficial work or joyous play. Every child will love the magazine, and every mother and child, for it helps children mentally and morally, while it amuses them. Every child will love the magazine, and remember the donor with gratitude.

## Farm Journal

is the standard farm and home paper of America: made for housekeepers, boys and girls, well as fruit-growers, truckers, poultrymen, stockmen, dairymen, suburbanites and village people. It has always "stood up for women." It is clean, bright, "boiled down," intensely practical. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It is thrifty, and suits the old, and known everywhere. "Judge Biggle" and "Peter Turnbush" are characters better known to many than Hamlet or Micawber. Its poultry department is famous.

## Modern Priscilla

First, last and all the time, the best Fancy Work Magazine published in America, if not in the world. A practical instructor and reliable adviser in every branch of feminine handicrafts, it contains, including all kinds of embroidery, crochet, knitting, lace, bead work, basketry, stenciling, oil, water-color and china painting, art leather work, art brass work, pyrography, etc. Every number is profusely illustrated with beautiful original designs and full-size details of stitches. Besides fancy work, *The Modern Priscilla* provides its readers many specially edited departments.

## World Evangel

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are Sunday School teachers or scholars should not fail to include *The World Evangel* in their combination magazine orders. *The Evangel* is the leading Sunday School magazine. It makes teaching delightful and effective, its fund of anecdotes enabling the teacher to interest scholars of all grades. Its International Lesson Study Department provides the best available exposition and information, and its lesson-teaching department is divided into Adult, Intermediate and Primary Department. *The Evangel* will save time and increase your efficiency.

## Outlook

During the coming year the *Outlook* will be of more importance to you than during the last, as the discussions in the political field will be of greater interest, due to the approaching presidential election and the outcome of the 1912 campaign. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt will write in his trenchant editorials on great public questions of the day. In the *Outlook* he will continue to discuss the movements for clean politics, honest business, and popular rule. Not even the editors of the *Outlook* themselves agree with the Mr. Roosevelt writes, but every one must agree that what he writes commands attention. You will enjoy the *Outlook*, for it is unquestionably one of the best edited and illustrated periodicals in existence. Do not forget that the *Outlook*, with its 82 issues, includes the 12 double magazine numbers.

# Lowest Price Magazine Club Offers

The present season, 1911-1912, shows many changes in our magazine clubbing offers. A number of publishers have found it necessary, because of improved magazines and increased cost, to raise their prices. The popular \$1.00-a-year magazines have, within the last year or so, all been advanced in price to \$1.50 per year, and 15 cents per copy. Our old contracts with these publications have expired, and their wholesale rates to us have been increased. We are, therefore, unable to duplicate many of the offers of last year. However, we still lead in offering our subscribers the very lowest priced magazine bargains. Our 1912 Almanac is sent Free to each Christian Herald new subscriber, and to all old subscribers when they renew their subscriptions.

## The Christian Herald's Own Club Rate

This coming year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be had for the first time at a club rate, as follows:—  
Your Own RENEWAL and ONE New Subscription for ONE Year for \$2.25.  
or Your Own RENEWAL and TWO New Subscriptions for One Year for \$3.00.

|                                                        |           |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                       | Our Price |
| LADIES' WORLD (One Year)                               | \$1.75    |
| or Housewife or McCall's                               |           |
| or any one other magazine in Group One                 |           |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                       | Our Price |
| CURRENT LITERATURE (\$3.00 a Year)                     | \$3.00    |
| with any two other magazines in Group One              |           |
| or with any one other magazine in Group Two            |           |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                       | Our Price |
| REVIEW OF REVIEWS (\$3.00 a Year)                      | \$3.25    |
| with any two other magazines in Group One              |           |
| or with any one other magazine in Group Two            |           |
| FARM JOURNAL (2 years) add 25 cents to any Combination |           |

|                                                  |           |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                 | Our Price |
| PICTORIAL REVIEW (\$1.50 a Year)                 | \$2.00    |
| or any other magazine in Group Two               |           |
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| WOMAN'S HOME COMP'N (\$1.50 a Year)              | \$2.65    |
| or a choice of any other magazine in Class 23,   |           |
| instead of Woman's Home Companion,               |           |
| or a choice of any magazine in Class 20, instead |           |
| of Woman's Home Companion, for \$2.50            |           |
| CHRISTIAN HERALD (\$1.50 a Year)                 | Our Price |
| OUTLOOK (\$3.00 a Year)                          | \$3.00    |
| Both magazines must be ordered to the same name  |           |
| and address. No commission on this club.         |           |

Foreign and Canadian Postage Extra

| Group One. \$1.75                                                              | Group Two. \$2.00                                                              | Group Three                                                                                                                   |
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| Any one magazine in this group with the Christian Herald one year . . . \$1.75 | Any one magazine in this group with the Christian Herald one year . . . \$2.00 | You may order with the Christian Herald any other standard magazine through us at their special clubbing price or class rate. |
| Any two with the Christian Herald . . . 2.10                                   | Any two with the Christian Herald . . . 2.60                                   | Class 20                                                                                                                      |
| Any three with the Christian Herald . . . 2.40                                 | Any three with the Christian Herald . . . 3.20                                 | Magazines                                                                                                                     |
| McCall's                                                                       | AMERICAN BOY                                                                   | Class 23                                                                                                                      |
| LADIES' WORLD                                                                  | LITTLE FOLKS                                                                   | Magazines                                                                                                                     |
| HOUSEWIFE                                                                      | METROPOLITAN                                                                   | American Magazine                                                                                                             |
| FARM JOURNAL (2 yrs.)                                                          | PICTORIAL REVIEW                                                               | Garden Magazine                                                                                                               |
| PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL                                                          | WORLD EVANGEL                                                                  | Everybody's                                                                                                                   |

These Magazines are the very best publications in their field. They are all clean and refined, each excluding objectionable advertising, and we have no hesitancy in recommending each of them to our readers. They have made great strides during the past couple of years in editorial contents and general appearance. The move of the old popular \$1 magazines to higher prices has given these journals a big impetus and an opportunity which they have been quick to seize. All three magazines in Group One will, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, give more reading matter than any one magazine in Group Three with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will cost less money.

N.B.—We will cheerfully refund the money paid should anyone be disappointed in any one of these magazines.

We especially call attention to the descriptions of these publications on the inside of this card. Of these magazines, our entire group perhaps the *Pictorial Review* has made the greatest strides within the last couple of years. It has improved immensely in editorial quality, and is one of the most interesting publications in the woman's field. *The Metropolitan* has undergone a radical change in character as well as size. Its plans for the coming year are extremely interesting. *The Success Magazine* has undergone many changes during the past year. It is now under new management, and it will continue to be one of the most valuable magazines in its field. *The American Boy*, *Little Folks*, and *Modern Priscilla* are all well favored by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

At the same time you send us your CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription you may add any other Magazine you want at its special "class number" price as named and advertised by the publisher in any magazine clubbing catalog. Add together the class numbers of the magazines you want, multiply the total by five, and add the amount you get to your CHRISTIAN HERALD remittance. We will forward your order promptly and save you time and trouble.

| EXAMPLE                             |
|-------------------------------------|
| Woman's Home Companion, Class 23    |
| Companion, . . . " 20               |
| Total . . . 43                      |
| 5                                   |
| \$2.15                              |
| Add the Christian Herald . . . 1.50 |
| Total . . . \$3.65                  |

## Metropolitan

*The Metropolitan* is now published in a new size, 11 by 14 inches. The new size is not a mere change of inches; it is a great, important step towards the national magazine of the future. The new-size *Metropolitan* has set itself to restore the appeal of good taste. It sets out, first of all, to supply literature; in the second place, humor; in the third place, human feeling. If it supplies these three elements, you may be sure it will also give the reader more knowledge of life than all the sensational articles and "big game" stories of the popular magazines. Important and timely articles by authoritative writers will be a special feature of the new *Metropolitan*. Finley Peter Dunne, the famous creator of "Mr. Dooley," will be a regular contributor, under the heading, "From the Bleachers." Stirring fiction will be a strong feature

## Review of Reviews

Fifty magazines condensed for busy people. Always necessary, it is absolutely indispensable in these times of stirring public affairs, to the man who thinks and knows what is going on around him. It brings together the best that is in all the other important magazines and explains, through Albert Shaw's timely editorial, the political issues of the day. It is noteworthy events which you must know about. It is always fully informed, interestingly written and splendidly illustrated. Because as they say, "they cannot do without it," intelligent men and women have given the *Review of Reviews* the largest subscription list in the world among the magazines not publishing fiction.

"Progress of the World" and "Leading Articles of the Month" are two of the most important features of each issue.

NOTE—The matter on this page describing the Magazines is supplied by their respective publishers, for the information of our readers. WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY paid for any Magazine, including *The Christian Herald*, if you find such Magazine undesirable in your home.

Address: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



A Boatload of Sponges at the Dock in Key West



The Pet of the Dock



A Huge Green Turtle Trussed Up for Shipment



## HUNTING THE RAINBOWS OF THE DEEP

**A** FINE lot of fish stories as ever came off the deep blue sea were brought ashore in New York a few weeks ago when two young men ended from the Mallory liner *Comal* after a fishing expedition in the tropic waters of the traits of Florida, just south of Key West. This is a fish story too, but like theirs it can grow only as the fish of which it tells flourish at the Aquarium Battery Park, New York. This fish-hunting is for you see there is a great difference between fish-hunting and just fishing—was made by Mr. Danforth B. Ferguson, who financed the undertaking, and Mr. Chapman Grant, the assistant director of New York's Aquarium.

This is the first collection of tropical fish to be brought to North America from the hunting-grounds of the West Indies. Bermuda has up to the present time supplied most of the finny beauties and curiosities that have been shown to the public. Mr. Grant was found a few days ago at his desk in the office of the old Aquarium, and with the enthusiasm of a typical collector he told of the interest and adventures of the recent trip and showed with pardonable pride the results as they swam in the great glass tanks. The method of catching these fish, which must be brought uninjured from their tropic homes, is that of trapping. A great heart-shaped wire basket baited with crawfish is lowered to the ocean floor to await the hungry beauties that are sure to come to it. The peculiar idiosyncy of all fish is taken advantage of in the formation of the trap. The opening in the basket work is at the top between the lobes of the heart and the fish must swim downward to enter; but once he has gotten inside he will nose around the bottom hunting for a way of escape, and will

seldom if ever swim upward to come out the way he went into his prison.

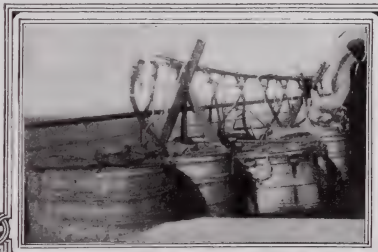
Mr. Grant's description of the home from which these tropic fish have been brought glows with all the color that we associate with the exotic products of the sub-tropics. "Looking through a glass-bottomed box at the floor of the ocean," Mr. Grant

says, "the smooth coral bottom is plainly visible, with here and there a patch of short eel-grass and a great group of coral heads, which vary in size from that of an egg to many feet in diameter, and in color from pure white to rose-pink and purple. Here and there one will see patches of worthless sponges and great brown loggerheads. Bright red sea-stars, striped with yellow, and long waving red plumes diversify the bottom, and are surrounded by the gorgeous fish which give the final touch of beauty to this strange scene. The shoals are made up of huge round living coral heads which stand in clusters, together with smaller ones interspersed like beautifully colored soap bubbles, and in the interstices lie 'sea eggs,' the long-spined sea urchins, which keep their barbed spines slowly circling about in warning to any trespassers. The effect of depth in the clear water is very deceptive. Between the coral heads from place to place there is a 'white hole' with a white coral sand bottom, and possibly you

will see what you call out to your more experienced companion is a nice little grouper; but when the experienced fisherman takes the water-glass and proclaims your find to be a sixty-pound jewfish, you look again and can hardly realize that there is such a difference in depth between the white hole and the coral heads. On taking the spear and making a futile jab you realize that to a novice the differences in depth are as deceiving as a moonlight perspective. The real wonders of these depths are the fish, for you see through your glass-bottomed bucket almost as clearly as through air the brilliant parrot-fish, blue tangs, hummingbird-fish or blue-heads, Spanish hog-fish, butterfly-fish,

Continued on page 1135

The Tanks in Which the Fish Were Brought North



Green Turtles for the Market

A Wheelbarrow Full of Jewfish



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.\*



# THE HARVEST OF THE SOUL

TEXT: Gal. 6:8—"Be not deceived; the Lord is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

TO THE mystery of life and death, let us hasten to add the mystery of growth. When Demosthenes exclaimed: "Yesterday I was not here; I shall not be here to-morrow; to-day I am here," he suggested a hard problem. Having solved the enigma, what went before life, and answered that mystery, what follows after death, there still remains this question: "How can a babe in twenty years take on due proportions of the great orator and reformer?" Rocks do not grow, nor diamonds, nor dirt, but a shrunken bulb does become a lily, and the tiny seed a mustard tree. In vain does the scientist struggle with this problem: how an acorn can expand into an oak; how in a single summer a grain of corn can ripen a thousand grains, like that from which the cornstalk sprang.

Men are indeed familiar with the bursting of buds, the cracking of eggs, and the growth of children; yet familiarity robs these facts of no whit of their mystery. No jeweler ever goes into the field with a basket of watches to plant them in rows, expecting when autumn hath come to pick two or three wagon-loads of stem-winders from iron branches; yet, were this possible, it would be no more strange than that in the autumn the husbandman should stand under the branches to fill his basket with peaches or bunches of figs. For wise men it is no more difficult to think of a growing engine than of a growing oak. What if to-morrow an engineer should plant a cannon ball. Having watered it well and kept the ground loose through a hoe or spade, suppose that when a few weeks have passed the outline of a smokestack should push through the soil, to be followed a little later by a rudimentary steam whistle, the outlines of a boiler, and, rising through the sod, rude drive-wheels, piston rod, and cylinders, until after six months the great engine should stand forth in full completion. This phenomenon would be no more wonderful than that which actually goes on before man's blind eyes, when a tiny seed enlarges into the big tree of California and constructs a vegetable engine that lifts thousands of hogheads of water up to the topmost boughs without any rattle of chains or din of machinery.

## Growth and Intelligence

With difficulty man constructs that musical instrument called a mouthharp, but nature in six weeks out of a little blue or brown egg constructs a feathered music-box that automatically conveys itself from tree to tree. But the mystery that has gone on in that tiny blue egg lying in the nest is just as great as if some housewife had planted an old spinning-wheel in the full expectation of reaping a Jacquard loom, or buried a jew's-harp in the garden expecting in the fall to pick a grand piano. To the mystery that is involved in enlargement by growth must be added the mystery of intelligence. It is not an easy thing for an expert housewife, using the same formula, always to achieve the same happy results in the white loaf. Yet he who plants a strawberry seed will find that the tiny seed will construct a plant, lay in the red tints according to rule, and mix the flavor of the berry to a nicety that is the despair of the chef. In the tropic forests there is a flower with a deep cup and the pollen at the bottom. This pollen lies upon a little platter, and underneath the platter is that form of trap known as the figure four, much loved by boys. When the bee, creeping down into the flower, touches that platter, it springs the trap that throws the fertilizing pollen upon the legs of the bee, to be conveyed to the next flower. Wise men can indeed imitate this, but a single seed will in a few months construct many scores of these mechanical devices. To-morrow morning the embryologist in his laboratory will place an egg under a glass cylinder in an atmosphere of ninety-eight degrees. Four hours pass and suddenly the scientist perceives an atom in the heart of that egg give a quick lashing movement. Another moment witnesses two quick throbs. Growth has begun and in four months' time the young eagle with firm strokes will lift itself into the soft air. From the chamber of life and the chamber of death God hath never drawn the curtains. The chamber of growth is another most holy place in which God alone doth stand.

Deeply impressed by the fact of growth, scientists have also marveled at the principle that controls the harvest. Rocks enlarge by accretion, but from what a rock is at the beginning, the geologist cannot tell what will be the shape of that rock when all deposits are finally made. As to growth in seed and shrub, like produces like. He who sows wheat reaps wheat, not tares. He who plants a grape receives a purple cluster, not a bunch of thorns or thistles. He who sows honor shall reap confidence. He who sows frankness shall reap openness. No Peabody sowing industry and thrift reaps the harvest of indolence and idleness. Theodore Parker, loving knowledge and for it denying himself sleep and exercise, reaped wisdom, and also vain and hollow cheeks, while the iron frame and ruddy cheek are for the child of the woods who loves exercise in the open air. He who aspires to leadership and would have the multitude cheer his name, he who longs for the day when his appearance upon the street shall mean an ovation from the people, must make himself the people's slave, defy all demagogues, brave the fury of party strife, oft be execrated by politicians, and sometimes belittled by the multitude. Having sown self-sacrifice and love, he shall reap fame and adulation. For nature's law is universal and inexorable—like produces like. The sheaf is simply the seed enlarged and multiplied. The sowing contains the germ of all the harvests to be reaped.

## The Reward of Treachery

The biographer of Benedict Arnold tells us of the despair of the traitor's final days, the remorse that gnawed his heart, the agony that filled his life. But no arbitrary decree was imposed upon Arnold. He plotted the surrender of the interests committed to him as a general, planned the stratagem that ended in the capture and execution of André, and received \$30,000 in gold for his treachery. Having gone over to the enemy, he placed himself at the head of a band of English troops and went forth to destroy the towns and villages of his boyhood and pillaged the homes of his old friends. He sowed avarice, and of avarice he reaped \$30,000. He sowed distrust in America; he reaped distrust and dishonor from those who had bought his honor. He sowed treason, he reaped infamy. He sowed contempt for the colonists, and, dying, he reaped the contempt from his old friends, who counted his body carrion. For the harvests of the soul represent not arbitrary decrees, but the workings of the natural law. If Ceres, the goddess of harvests, makes the sheaf to reap the seed, conscience, recalling man's career, ordains that like produces like. What a man soweth, that shall he also reap, is the law of nature and God.

Carlyle has called the heroes of the Old Testament "common people capitalized." What is unique in the experience of these sons of greatness holds true of all of lesser rank. The career of one of these giants is a pictorial exhibition of this principle of the spiritual harvest. Young Jacob was shrewd, crafty, and full of foresight. If Esau, his brother, was a "hail fellow well met," the child of his impulses, Jacob was a diplomat, and very wily. One day, when the father Isaac was blind and old, Esau grew restless, and at last went away with his companions, for he dearly loved to hunt. In that hour ambition tempted Jacob and avarice led him away. Advantaging himself of his brother's absence, Jacob used the skin of a kid to make his hands hairy like the hands of Esau, and, simulating the brother's voice, he extorted from his dying father those tokens that, according to the Eastern custom, made him the successor to his father's title, wealth and power. Full two-score years passed swiftly by, and the deceit seems to have brought in large money returns to crafty Jacob.

## Jacob's Sowing and Reaping

But silently nature was working out the harvest of retribution, through that law of heredity that makes sons repeat the qualities of their father. When Jacob was now advanced in years his ten sons began to develop craftiness, and soon they plowed great furrows of care in the father's face. In those days of care his young son Joseph stole into Jacob's heart like a sweet sunbeam, and, with

his open, loving ways, filled his father's heart with gladness. But when the elder brothers knew Jacob had given Joseph a coat of many colors they remembered the craft of their father in his early career. One evening, when the herds and flocks were scattered widely over the hills, Simeon sent out messengers and called his brothers together for a conference. In that hour he said: "Wist ye not how our father, being a younger son, supplanted his elder brother Esau? And, behold, his craft will now make his younger child, Joseph, to supplant his elder brothers. Do ye not remember how our father Jacob took a kid and made his hands like unto the hands of Esau? Let us now take a kid and make its blood represent the blood and death of Joseph. What Jacob did for his father Isaac, let his sons do to their father Jacob."

Thus, with subtle irony, nature made the man's sins come back to him. Once the boy Jacob deceived his father; now, grown gray and old, his boys brought their father an armful of deceptions. In that hour when Reuben and Simeon held up the coat of many colors, all red with blood, great Nature might have whispered to Jacob: "It is the blood of the kid that you slew for deceiving your father that now returns, enabling your sons to deceive you." For having sowed deceit, deceit also and stratagem Jacob reaped. Himself a son, he thrust a dart into his father's heart; become a father, his ten sons became archers, skilled with darts that filled their father's heart with agony. For nature loves justice; her rule is law, and sometimes her rod is iron.

History permits no man to escape the reflection that if, for the time being, individuals have escaped this moral law, nations have felt its full force. Nature does indeed walk through the fields with foot steps so gentle as to disturb no drop of dew hanging upon the blades of grass. But nature also hath her sterner aspect, and for the sons of iniquity her foot war and of pestilence.

## The Retribution of Nations

When Sophocles, in a great tragedy, worked out steps are earthquakes, her strokes are strokes of the law of moral retribution for King Edipus and Antigone his daughter, the poet might well have gone on to note that if the Grecian army had sacked the Trojan cities the time would come when the Roman fleet would sack her cities and make her sons to toil as captives. Later on, if the Roman conquerors swept the East for corn and wheat, looted stores and shops, pillaged palaces for treasure, for triumphal processions, the time came when nature and God decreed that the vast wealth piled up in the Roman capital should excite the cupidity of the Goths, until at last the streets of that great city were swept with flame and storehouses were pillaged by marauders. In reviewing the history of Venice Euskin was so impressed with this principle of the moral harvest that he affirms that the history of palace and cathedral, of fleets and navies, is simply the story, written by a pen dipped in fire and blood, how the children reaped what the fathers had sown.

He notes that in the last century the English governors, for example, Warren Hastings, went through India, robbing the Rajahs, despoiling the people by false weights and measures, until they were turning the whole country into one vast desert. The hour came when before the House of Commons Burke impeached Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanors, as the enemy of India and England and all men. But England was content to impose a trifling fine upon her wicked official. Years passed and an injured people brooded upon its wrongs, and the time came when what England had sown in tears she reaped in blood. One day the Indian soldiers mutinied. The next day the wells were filled with the bodies of English officials, their wives and children; then merchants and missionaries and travelers were slaughtered. For weeks the strife went on. If once the English soldier had pillaged the Indian villages, now, in turn, the English quarters were pillaged. "Blind of eye and hard of heart," says Gladstone, England had refused to learn the lesson.

O all ye young hearts, know that it is safe to do right; it is dangerous to sow wrong! No matter how smooth, how soft and sweet, seem the paths of

Continued on next page

\* Pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational), Brooklyn, N. Y.



## THE BLESSINGS OF TO-DAY

ORANGE we never prize the music  
 Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown;  
 Sings that we should slight the violets  
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;  
 Sings that summer skies and sunshine  
 Ever seem one-half so fair  
 When winter's snowy pinions  
 Make the white down in the air!

As one with the seal of silence  
 One but God can roll away,  
 Her blossomed with such beauty  
 As adorn the mouth to-day;  
 As sweet words that freight our memory  
 With their beautiful perfume,  
 Come to us in sweeter accents  
 Through the portals of the tomb.

As we gather up the sunbeams  
 Lying all around our path;  
 As we keep the wheat and roses,  
 Raising out the thorns and chaff;  
 As we find our sweetest comfort  
 In the blessings of to-day,  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briars from our way.

—Selected.

## The Harvest of the Soul

(continued from preceding page)

know that beneath every flower  
 lurks a spider, beneath every  
 couch of indulgence there broods  
 a serpent, and the scene that  
 is with flowers shall end midst  
 thistles and thickets. For the moment,  
 the judge may seem unobservant,  
 the watchman may seem asleep;  
 he who yields to any deflection  
 of honor shall find at last that God  
 slumbers, that his laws never  
 go east and go west, Nature  
 on the track of the wrong-doer.  
 Time shall come when, in the hour  
 of reflection, reason shall read the law,  
 science shall ascend into her judg-  
 ment seat, memory will furnish the  
 memory, remorse will be the penalty,  
 in the sowing of sin shall receive its  
 justest.

Could the sage of old sit down to  
 converse with each youth who to-day  
 is on the street, perchance he would  
 find many who, through excess, are  
 running away from the rich forces of nerve  
 and brain and blood. Daily they deny  
 on its book, taste its music, love  
 its noble companionship. At last,  
 in the harp of the physical senses  
 he gives way, and they fall back  
 on the mental faculties for pleasure,  
 these faculties that have been  
 saved shall in turn make men suffer.

What hour reason or memory shall  
 "Because I called and ye refused;  
 because I stretched out my hand and  
 man regarded, therefore I will  
 smite you with my calamity. I will mock  
 your desolation, when your fear  
 is as destruction, and your desola-  
 tion as whirlwind." In Daniel Web-  
 ster's words of disappointed ambition,  
 "I will live," we see that a statesman  
 who what he reaps. In Goethe's fear-  
 ful "More light," we see that a  
 poet who sows darkness shall reap  
 blindness. In Lord Byron's piteous "I  
 sleep now," we see that he who  
 sows morbidness and passion reaps  
 richness and shame.

His law is inexorable. He who sows  
 thoughts shall reap the foul con-  
 science of a fiend. He who sows pure  
 thoughts shall reap the sweetness and  
 purity of the face of Fra Angelico.  
 He who sows reflection shall reap wis-  
 dom. He who sows sympathy shall  
 reap love. The good Samaritan who  
 shows tenderness to the man wounded  
 on the wayside shall reap tenderness  
 as angels stoop to bind up his  
 broken heart. He who gives a crumb  
 to receive the full loaf of that eter-  
 nal bread. He who gives a cup of cold  
 water to one of God's little ones shall  
 receive a river of water of life.

## ANVIL SPARKS

WHEN a windmill gets into the  
 wit wise men pray for a calm.

INTENSIVE preaching, like inten-  
 sive farming, is the demand of the  
 hour.

Who depends upon the inspiration  
 the moment is apt to meet with  
 an hour that is not very inspir-

## As to Being Born Again

IN the natural man there is always  
 room for improvement. Natural  
 birth is not more essential for  
 natural life than spiritual birth is for  
 spiritual life. Life in this world is a  
 free gift, but if we would be worthy  
 of that greater and better life we are  
 admonished to earnestly seek for it.

Why life in this world is considered  
 so priceless by many, why spiritual  
 life that is far better is sought after  
 by so few, notwithstanding the fact  
 that whosoever will may seek and find  
 if so disposed, is not an easy question  
 to answer. In this matter of spiritual  
 life we have ways and means. We  
 can see and perceive truth to our en-  
 tire satisfaction. We can know that  
 to be born of the Spirit of God means  
 something. We can see that those so  
 blest are so changed in appearance  
 and character that they appear to be  
 "new creatures" within and without.

Now, the man of the world says,  
 "Yes, I see. To be born of the Spirit  
 makes a decided change, and, in fact,  
 too much of a change for me; for I  
 am in the world for all there is in it.  
 Later in life, when passion and appetite  
 subside; when the world and its  
 pleasures become insipid; when I have  
 less sacrifice to make, I will seek this  
 good way then." It is said that "Pro-  
 crastination is the thief of time." When  
 that day comes, irresolution and  
 discouragement will come also; the  
 Spirit will have fled, the golden  
 opportunity passed, and the power for  
 evil will be master of the situation.  
 The hopeless one then finds John  
 Bunyan's "iron cage" a reality, easy  
 to get in, and hard to get out of.

We are told that God's Spirit will  
 not always strive with man. In  
 Eccles. 12: 1 he is admonished in  
 these words, "Remember now thy  
 Creator in the days of thy youth,  
 while the evil days come not, and the  
 years draw nigh in which thou shalt  
 say, I have no pleasure in them." In  
 that day the hopeless one finds life a  
 burden to a wasted body and a rest-  
 less soul. There is no pleasure in life,  
 no hope in death.

It is true, there is mercy reserved  
 for the eleventh hour; but how few in  
 that day seek for it! As a great con-  
 gregation the youthful and worldly  
 seek for death more earnestly than  
 the wise seek for life. The worldly do  
 not fear death; they seek for it  
 thoughtlessly. As it is written, they  
 "wander from the way of understand-  
 ing" to remain among the congrega-  
 tion of the dead.

Those who have sought and found  
 the one thing needful have some con-  
 ception of its value. The way to  
 obtain it is plain, simple and direct;  
 moreover, we know that those who  
 find it, find the only truly great bless-  
 ing there is to be had in the world.  
 And that is to be born of the Spirit of  
 God—to know Jesus Christ as one's  
 personal Saviour, whom to know is  
 life eternal. That is the birthright of  
 every one who faithfully seeks for it.

No other save the true Christian is  
 so blest. Others may believe, hope  
 and fear; the Christian can feel, hear,  
 taste, see and know that he is ac-  
 cepted, blessed and possessed. And to  
 make his faith and peace complete,  
 the Great Seal is fixed, namely—the  
 love of God. He knows that God loves  
 him and he loves God. And there is  
 nothing unusual about that. The  
 Father loves the children begotten of  
 him just as the mother loves her off-  
 spring. In I. Cor. 2: 9, it is written:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,  
 neither have entered into the heart of  
 man, the things which God hath pre-  
 pared for those that love him." What  
 a consoling text we have here in that  
 one word "love!"

What a blessing there is here in the  
 world and further on, before the true  
 Christian! In harmony with the  
 written Word, he can say to his peace  
 and joy—"I know that I am the tem-  
 ple of God. I know that I have been  
 purchased with a price. I know that  
 I am not my own. I know the Good  
 Shepherd and the Good Shepherd  
 knows me. I know that I have passed  
 from death unto life, and that I have  
 with me the Anchor of the soul sure  
 and steadfast. An open door is be-  
 fore me; no man can shut it. I am  
 on my way to the Evergreen Mountain  
 of life, the 'everlasting habitations.'  
 To me the peaceful present, the sacred  
 past, the hopeful future are one. I  
 have but a faint idea of the glory of  
 eternity. Here, in the twilight of life,  
 in faith, love and blessed assurance, I  
 anxiously await his summons."

Oh for language to express the  
 love, peace and joy that God alone can  
 give!  
 P. G. MEATH.

## Ministers' Salaries

THE inadequacy of the salary of  
 multitudes of clergymen is one of  
 the dark features of our modern Chris-  
 tendom," writes the Rev. Charles E.  
 Jefferson in the *Congregationalist*.  
 "Most ministers prefer to suffer in sil-  
 ence rather than hint that their income  
 is insufficient. This is one reason why  
 many a minister is poorly paid. The  
 chauffeur speaks out, so does the coach-  
 man, the gardener, the bookkeeper, the  
 foreman, the cook; consequently their  
 wages are raised. The clergyman does  
 not speak out, and hence his salary re-  
 mains what it was. The church grows,  
 the cost of living increases, the wealth  
 of laymen multiplies, but the preacher  
 goes on working for the same old pay  
 because he does not speak out, and be-  
 cause his people do not consider.

"There are thousands of churches  
 which pay their minister generously,  
 keeping his salary at the level of their  
 ability, sometimes even beyond. There  
 are thousands of other churches which  
 are paying their pastor all they can,  
 and therefore all they ought, but whose  
 best is not enough. In many a com-  
 munity there are too many churches.  
 If six churches struggle for an exist-  
 ence where only two are needed, then  
 some of the ministers are sure to suf-  
 fer. This is a tragedy of human man-  
 ufacture and can be ended. There is  
 enough inevitable misery in this world  
 without adding to it needlessly. Self-  
 sacrifice will always be called for, but  
 there is no reason why we, by our folly,  
 should create new demands for it. Many  
 of the feeble churches should be  
 consolidated, and whenever a non-self-  
 supporting church is a necessity to the  
 welfare of the community, the denom-  
 ination should look after it, and see  
 that its minister and his family are  
 able to live in dignity and comfort. It  
 is a scandal on the church of Christ if  
 in a Christian land, in an age of  
 boundless wealth, any of its ministers  
 are compelled to work financially han-  
 dicapped and tortured. The church as  
 a whole must bear the burdens of the  
 churches which are weak. A denom-  
 ination which does not care for its own  
 is something worse than an infidel."

## THE OPEN DOOR

WHERE are the friends of long ago,  
 Who have gone from earth away?  
 Our dear ones and our loved ones,  
 Oh, where do they dwell to-day?  
 Some have fallen by the wayside;  
 Some have gone on before,  
 Yet we may some day meet them  
 Close by the open door.

The years have been long and many  
 Since we bade them all good-by,  
 And we wait until He calls us  
 To our home beyond the sky.  
 Sometimes in the night I wonder  
 Shall we ever see them more?  
 And the answer comes so sweetly:  
 "They wait at the open door."

The way seems dark and dreary,  
 The sun is shining dim,  
 And I am tired and weary  
 And long to go to Him.  
 There wait the friends and dear ones  
 We loved in days of yore,  
 And I long to go and find them  
 At Heaven's open door.

There shall we rest forever,  
 There shall no sorrow come,  
 There shall we join our loved ones  
 In Heaven, our happy home,  
 Oh, what a glorious meeting,  
 When we reach that golden shore,  
 And meet the friends and dear ones  
 Who wait at the open door!

T. B. SMITH.

## A New Story of H. W. Grady

IN ONE of his camp-fire talks, W. H.  
 Ridgway relates this story of that  
 brilliant American, the late Henry W.  
 Grady, in *Association Men*:

"One day Mr. Grady said to his as-  
 sociates on the *Constitution*, 'I am  
 going away for a week or so and I  
 don't want any one to know where I  
 am.' He disappeared. He went back  
 to Athens to his mother in the old home.  
 "Mother," said he, as he took her in  
 his great, strong arms and kissed her,  
 'I have come home to you this time to  
 be your own little boy Harry once  
 more. I want you to treat me just  
 like you used to in the old days. Cook  
 me the little things I used to like. The  
 little pie-dough cakes on the back of  
 the stove, the ginger cakes with the  
 raisins in the middle, the nice warm  
 bread with brown crust and covered  
 with molasses.'

"He would spend the days down at  
 the old swimming hole, and out in the  
 barn, where he would crawl all over  
 the old gin and try to skin-the-cat on  
 the pole. He would loaf around among  
 the cabins and hear the colored folks  
 talk and tell stories.

"In the afternoons he would come  
 and lay his head down in her lap as  
 she sat on the porch, and say: 'Mother,  
 I want you to tell me the stories you  
 used to tell me about Joseph and David  
 and Elijah and Daniel. And tell me  
 all over again about the shepherds and  
 the star and the little Baby in the man-  
 ger who came to make Harry a good  
 boy.'

"When night would come he would  
 call his mother into his bedroom and  
 say: 'Now, mother dear, I want you to  
 tuck Harry in and hear him say his  
 prayers.' 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'  
 Then he would say: 'Mother, set the  
 light out in the hall and hold my hand  
 in yours and sing me to sleep with:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He called little children the lambs of His  
 fold;

I would like to have been with Him then."

"For two weeks Henry W. Grady  
 was 'little Harry' on the old farm with  
 his mother. Then he went back to  
 Atlanta. About this time came the  
 invitation from the New England  
 Society to come and speak at their  
 great dinner. He came and spoke.

"That wonderful oration thrilled the  
 land from one end to the other. It was  
 the first time since the terrible war  
 that the real South had spoken. The Old  
 South and the New came from it just as  
 his death his mother told us just as I  
 have told you. Said he afterward:  
 "When I found myself upon my feet  
 every nerve was strung as tight as a  
 fiddlestring and all tingling. I knew  
 then I had a message for that assem-  
 blage. As soon as I opened my mouth  
 it came rushing out."



# How Much Does a Convert Cost?

MUCH attention has been directed to the published statement of a well-known evangelist, a few weeks ago, in which he gave what has been called a "tariff for souls," estimating the cost of conversions *per capita* in a number of American cities where he had held revival services. Proceeding upon the principle that there is a commercial as well as a spiritual side to religious work, he gave the following figures as the cost of making converts in the cities named:

| City.              | Cost Per Convert. |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Atlanta .....      | \$75              |
| New Orleans .....  | 78                |
| Chicago .....      | 395               |
| Boston .....       | 450               |
| New York .....     | 545               |
| Indianapolis ..... | 620               |

That it is beyond the power of man to estimate the value of a soul in dollars and cents, is beyond dispute. But the question has been brought up in a form which has developed to a large extent into an inquiry as to revival methods, the expenditures, they involve and the general results. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has invited expressions of opinion on the subject from revivalists and leaders of Rescue and other Missions where the work is mainly of the evangelistic order. It gives below some of their replies and as they are the outcome of large experience, the letters will be found both interesting and instructive.

Evangelists, revival workers and pastors are invited to contribute their views to this discussion, not in a critical sense, but for the purpose of general enlightenment. It is a matter of vital interest to pastors everywhere, to ascertain whether the large amounts that are frequently spent on revivals are wisely expended or not. It is not in the proper sense a spiritual question, for as a gentleman long experienced in practical Christian work writes to us, "It is difficult to ascertain the cost of these revival meetings, because the expenses as a whole are not on file anywhere, especially the amount paid to the revival preacher."

The letters are given below:

## From \$14.26 to \$200 in Washington

The cost of converting souls in Washington is pretty high. Many of the accessions to our churches are from the Sunday School scholars, and such are not expensive; but the average cost of maintaining churches, missions and similar institutions is rather expensive in this city. One church with which I am familiar receives for all purposes (including foreign mission work) about \$20,000 per annum. The number of conversions, aside from the children in the Sunday School, is so inconsiderable as not to be mentioned.

Our Gospel Mission expended last year aside from the \$6,500 paid on new buildings, repairs, etc., \$5,500. The number of conversions reported was 116, the average cost of each being \$47.50. The Central Union Mission of this city has just issued its report showing the expenses of work over \$10,000; number of converts 700; average cost about \$14.28. There are about 100 evangelical churches among the white folks, and I am sure that they cost an average of \$5,000 a year, or \$500,000 in all, to maintain them. I do not believe there is an average exceeding 25 accessions "by profession of faith" to each church, which would equal 2,500 persons, and at an average cost of \$200.

This estimate is based upon an observation extending over thirty-five years in this city. GEO. W. WHEELER, Gospel Mission, Washington, D. C.

## \$15 to \$25 in Rescue Mission Work

Personally, I am not surprised at the seemingly large estimate of \$450 per

convert in Boston, or any other large city, where noted speakers, musicians, singers and workers are employed. If we reckon these, together with all other expenses incurred, and count only the persons who join the church and become good members, the estimate is not so large after all. However, I can see how these figures would stagger the ordinary churchman in small cities and towns.

Drawing from my personal experience of over twenty-one years in Rescue Mission work and having, in the past six years, read the reports of about one hundred missions representing nearly every state in the Union, my

At Ewington and Steelton, Pa., myself and wife labored two years among the steel workers and seventy-two men and women professed conversion. If I may estimate the cost, I cannot put an expense above \$2 per head.

W. H. COLLINSON, United Christian Workers Mission, New York.

## Soul-Winners' Mission Averages \$11 per Convert

Different conditions produce different results. Noah preached 120 years, without a convert outside of his own

the cost of reaching these people the Gospel and securing the desired result in their conversion.

EDWARD O. GUERRAN, America Inland Mission, Wilmore,

## A Home Mission Official's View

[The following letter is from a prominent official in one of our Home Mission Societies. His name withheld, but we know his statements to be drawn from authoritative sources.]

My own experience and observation have been largely in connection with Christian work on our Western frontier. Our 200 missionaries reporting the past fiscal year seventy-nine new churches organized and 9,683 fessed converts. These people have been cities and large towns, perhaps would be more proper to say, have come Gospel hardened, and are therefore more difficult to reach.

I have sometimes thought that evangelists are over-paid, even though it was a so-called free-will offering. The pastors, on the other hand, do steady hard work to do, and the average salary is only enough to pay the running expenses. Our missionary average \$850 each as salary.

I think permanent organizations like the Salvation Army: Gospel Mission, like the McAuley Mission, Bow Mission, etc., reach more people and less expense than these periodical attempts to gather in outsiders by called evangelistic meetings. I inclined to think that the net results these temporary extra evangelistic gatherings in our churches do not justify the expense and excitement involved. I think well of the tent work, however, in our cities and towns in summer, while some of our churches are closed.

New York City.

## Water Street Converts Average \$23

It is impossible to place a monetary value upon a human soul. There are some men who have been converted our Mission, whose transformation has been so wonderful and their influence so far-reaching, that if we had accomplished no more in ten years than such conversion we would feel repaid not only for the expense of running the Mission, but for the time given as well. We have about 5,000 men every year who kneel at our altar service and afterward confess Christ. We have a way of finding out how many of the men remain true—the records are kept above—but we do know of many who do remain true. Three of our converts have been called to take charge of Rescue Missions within the past six months, one in New York, another Brooklyn (this Mission was opened through the influence of the Chaplain Alexander meetings last February) another has gone to take charge of the Yale Hope Rescue Mission in New Haven, Conn., run under the auspices of Yale University. Still another convert has been called into the ministry in South Dakota. Altogether the men did not cost our Mission \$100.

We spend about \$12,000 a year Water Street. This includes all of our expenses and so the average per convert would be less than \$2.50.

JOHN H. WYBUR, Water Street Mission, New York.

## FRIEND OF MINE

O FRIEND of mine, whom I shall see no more, How little have the white sails borne to see All that love wrought still lingers here with me. Still, still we stand together by the shore. Now hath God blessed me as the blind are blest. Who, losing sight, have lost one sense alone For all the powers of my soul are grown. The vision vanished, memory keeps the rest. And I have but to hark to hear thy song. Be still to feel thy presence, cheer and grace And in my dreams I see thy shining face. Angel of God, to bid me still "Be strong!" —Selected.



A Famous Art Masterpiece, Just Sold for \$200,000

A VALUABLE addition has just been made to the art treasures of Great Britain by the purchase for \$40,000 of the great picture, "The Adoration of the Kings," by Jan Gossaert or Jean Gossart of Maubeuge or Mabuse. We give the Dutch and French spelling of name and place. The trustees of the National Gallery in London have purchased this picture from Rosalind Countess of Carlisle. It has long been known as "The Castle Howard Mabuse" and has been at Castle Howard for over a hundred years, since, in fact, it was purchased by the fifth Earl of Carlisle. The picture was painted about A.D. 1500 for the Abbey of Grammont in East Flanders; from 1608 onward it decorated the high altar of the court chapel at Brussels. Thence it passed into the collection of Prince Charles of Lorraine, governor-general of the Low Countries, and later into that of the Earls of Carlisle. The picture is about seven feet by six feet, and it is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of Flemish fifteenth-century art. The artist of this great picture, Jan Gossaert, was the son of a bookbinder of Maubeuge. He was born about 1472 in this small town in Hainault. In 1508 he went to Rome with his patron, Philip of Burgundy, Admiral of Flanders. In 1526 he designed the tomb of Isabella of Austria, Queen of Christian II., which was placed in the abbey church of St. Peter at Ghent. Gossaert died in 1532. One of his most celebrated pictures was a large triptych representing "The Descent from the Cross."

conclusion is that the average convert costs between \$15 and \$25 in mission work.

C. H. MADISON, Union Rescue Mission, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## \$2 to \$10 Here and in England

If I may speak from an experience of nearly forty years of evangelistic work I must say that it is a question of great difficulty. Impulse and zeal are often taken for conversion. It takes money to run the machinery of evangelism, but large amounts are practically wasted on speculation. While I was associated with Gipsy Smith in England and working in Beverly Road, Hull, I think the amount per convert then was estimated at \$10 among those who were looked upon as being "down and out." Men who are called to go after the lost sheep go after them, without making a price with Christ.

family, so far as we know. Peter preached one sermon and 3,000 persons were converted.

My work for many years has been, principally, among the Southern Highlanders—a people long neglected and many of them desperately wicked. Our Soul-Winners Society, supported by voluntary gifts from every source and from every land, has employed a number of godly men and women, and sent them as evangelists among these isolated people. We have kept a careful record of all work done, with the cost and results. Last year we spent \$9,895.44 for the support of these missionaries, and they reported 860 conversions, which would make the cost of each one about \$11.60.

During ten years, the expenses of our evangelists were some \$68,462.95, and they reported 6,304 conversions, making a cost of about \$10.85 each. I judge this is about a fair average of



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## CHAPTER I.

By Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "In His Steps"



THE Secretary of War had finished his speech and turned to the contractor with a gesture that he might signal the engineer to release the locking bars which held the monster warship on the ways. Then he looked with a smile in the other direction and motioned to a young woman standing behind him to be ready for the christening of the vessel.

The girl stood there on the platform, which was high up over the ship-yard floor, poised very alert and a smile on her face and a proud look in her eyes, as she raised a bottle of champagne with a gesture of great animation. About the neck of the bottle fluttered a bow made of red, white, and blue ribbons.

On the platform with the Secretary stood a brilliant and distinguished group: Senators and Representatives, secretaries of the cabinet, members of the naval Board, ambassadors and members of the diplomatic corps, army and navy officers, retired generals and famous fighters.

The sunlight struck through the openings about the immense enclosure of the ship-yard and flashed vivid pictures the color of the uniforms and the dress of the representatives of other countries. There was a dazzling profusion of gold lace, plumed hats, scarlet uniforms, and gay braided ornaments on breast and shoulder and headgear. Over the multitude of innumerable persons and streamers of red, blue, and white, a great flag was hung over the bow of the warship on one side, covering several square yards of the black steel surface. The yard below was dotted with human figures. Workmen stood at their places. On both sides of the vessel along the river, thousands of spectators had gathered. The largest warship of modern times was to be launched, and the day was memorable in the history of naval affairs.

A short, heavy-set man standing at the Secretary's left cast over the edge of the platform and along the line of the vessel with a look of authority. His eye was steady in his appearance calm, but the moment was tense for him. It was Brander Cushing, the contractor.

"Just a little to the right, please, Miss Marston," he said, pointing across the figure of the Secretary.

The girl moved forward lightly. "Yes. That's right, thank you. Now!"

She raised his hand for the signal to McNeil, the engineer, and the next instant the mass of 3,000 tons displacement began to move. It was hardly perceptible. But it was a majestic movement, that thrilled the crowd who felt the distance winning between the platform and the smooth deck of the warship. It was slipping down the slight incline, and the girl, with a quick glance at the Secretary who included an answering gesture from him and Cushing, leaned gracefully forward and threw the bow against the bow of the ship. At that instant the band struck up "The Star-spangled Banner," and all hats came off, while a roar of cheers went up from the masses along the river.

The bottle broke into a spattering glitter of glass, and the champagne fizzed down over the steel side. But the bow of ribbons, caught by a sudden strong rush of wind from below, flew up past the edge of the black and, lifted by a capricious and vagrant zephyr, floated along down the platform past two young men who were standing together at the extreme end of the platform on the river side.

The ribbons were about five feet from the edge of the platform, but they were floating over the river, which was nearly seventy-five feet below. A chain would about posts protected the platform at that point, and the first young man leaned out over this chain and, with more than half his body hung over

the empty space below, clutched at the ribbons as they sailed by, but missed them.

His companion had already stepped over the chain, and with one foot on the edge of the platform and one hand around the chain, he reached the other hand out over the river after the bow, which seemed like an animated thing coquetting with him, and whirling suddenly downward and away from him.

His hand seized the bunch of color and closed over it. But at the same instant his foot slipped and his hat fell off and went sailing down into the water. His hand still clung to the chain, and his face, as it turned upward as his body hung there, showed no trace of fear or even of surprise.

A dozen hands snatched at his wrist and arm. The first to get hold of him was the young man who had missed the ribbons, and his face was very pale



"His hand still clung to the chain and his face . . . showed no trace of fear or even surprise"

as he helped to pull his companion up and drag him onto the platform.

An officer of the Marine Corps nearby was one of his helpers.

"Young man, that was a close call," he said, as he warned the people back from the edge of the platform.

The young man did not seem disturbed in the least. He put his hand up to his head and laughed at the loss of his hat.

The other young man looked at him soberly.

"I wonder you will run such risks, Sidney."

"Do you? I got the ribbons all right. Came near wetting them. I wonder if they are fast colors."

"They were fast enough when I tried to get them," said the other young man. His face was still pale and his manner more agitated than even the recent narrow escape of his companion would warrant.

The people were slowly moving off the platform, and the two young men walked along to the point where the Secretary was standing congratulating the contractor and shaking hands with a number of

distinguished men. The warship had floated out into the river and was coming to a stop within ten feet of the point where the stolid McNeil had figured it would have to go.

The Secretary whirled about as the young men came up.

"Your son, Cushing?" he said, as the contractor looked at the young men in some surprise.

"Yes, sir. Sidney. I think he has met you."

"I remember him all right," the Secretary answered with a smile. "I would know him anyway. You look exactly alike." He shook hands in his hearty fashion, and Sidney seemed no more abashed than at the loss of his hat.

Speaking to his father but looking at the Secretary, he said:

"I had the misfortune to lose my hat just now."

"You shouldn't throw it up so high," said the Secretary, laughing.

"I couldn't help it," said the young man, and this time his glance traveled from the Secretary to the girl, who was at that moment talking to the other young man, and evidently laughing over the answer to her question about the absence of his friend's hat.

"You had better go out and get another hat, Sidney," said Brander Cushing, in a tone between disapproval of his son's appearance and fatherly pride in him.

"All right, father. But I don't know just where I can get one short of the Avenue."

"Let Gordon take you there in his auto."

"He has all his seats filled. I'll go down on Moore Street and get back in time."

His father was about to remonstrate, but the crowd around the Secretary pressed up to offer congratulations and Sidney found himself close to the group surrounding the young woman who had christened the vessel.

"I have never met Miss Marston," he said.

Gordon Ford looked at him in surprise.

"What?"

"No. Never had the pleasure."

"I thought—" his friend began, and then seeing Miss Marston smiling expectantly, he introduced Cushing.

"My friend Sidney Cushing, Miss Marston. I thought you had met at the Assembly last year."

Sidney Cushing bowed very low.

"I would take off my hat, Miss Marston, but I have already done so."

"I see you have," she replied, laughing frankly. "But, pardon me. According to Mr. Ford, you didn't take it off, it was taken off for you. You ran a great risk."

"For a great prize," Sidney said, placing his hand over his upper coat pocket where he had put the little bow of ribbons.

The girl blushed and looked confused, and actually stammered some low remark that Sidney did not catch.

"Pardon me; I didn't catch your word. Those whistles are mighty impolite."

Out on the river the sirens on the yachts were still screaming around the new-comer that had just arrived among the floating palaces of the rich.

"You are not going to keep that little bow of ribbons, are you?"

"I am, unless you will perhaps give me something better."

He was astonished at his own unheard of audacity and wondering at himself to be talking thus to the daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston, when the girl suddenly turned and touched her father's sleeve. He had been talking earnestly with Senator Ford, Gordon's father.

"Father, will you meet Mr. Cushing? You were saying this morning, you know, that you wanted to meet him if he were here to-day. And here he is."

Continued on page 1128





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



OTTO KOENIG, President

GEORGE H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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## The Cost of Revivals

PASTORS and Christian workers everywhere are taking an active interest in the discussion which has been started by the recent publication of an interview with a sensational evangelist in which he gave the cost of conversions in different cities. Leaving aside for the moment the purely commercial aspect in which his "tariff for souls" seems to regard spiritual work, it is a question whether, on the whole, he has not unwittingly rendered a valuable service to the churches and to Christian workers in focusing attention upon a phase of which they have till now known but little. "Do revivals pay?" has been frequently asked by pastors who have just gone through an experience in their own churches which left them in a rather doubtful frame of mind. It is quite evident (we are now speaking in a purely commercial sense) that they pay *somebody*! In the earlier days when Whitefield, Finney and other great soul-winners held such meetings, the financial part was not nearly as prominent as we find it now. People then were comparatively poor; yet a rich harvest of grace—not of dollars for some one—marked those services. Those consecrated men did a great work and the financial cost so far as we have been able to learn was insignificant. Let any one compare the expenses in Moody's day with those of our modern revivals. Yet no one will maintain that Moody's work was not greatly blessed to the salvation of multitudes. One may see some of the material results of his labors in the Moody Institute at Chicago and the great work he founded at Northfield. If we may credit published reports, revivalists to-day receive sums that make Moody's income seem absurdly small. These latter-day offerings may be regarded as strictly personal; whereas in Moody's case, every dollar that came was devoted to the cause to which he had pledged his life. We hear nowadays of "guarantee funds" and similar arrangements under which those who subscribe for the work's sake have to make up deficits in income over expenditures, and the latter are frequently excessive. It looks altogether as though the "Lord's business" were becoming dangerously and daringly commercialized so that it might furnish big incomes. Is it any wonder that there is a general conviction that such work is not blessed as in former years, when the workers were genuinely fired with the "divine passion for souls" and willing to trust to the Lord to keep them going? While it is quite true that the laborer is worthy of his hire, it is a tremendous and incontrovertible fact that "ye cannot serve God and mammon."

## A Humble Heroine

JUST a plain woman with a kindly face, stout arms and a brave heart; a woman with a high sense of duty and a conviction that much depended upon the faithful performance of her regular daily task. She knew little about books, for her educational opportunities had ceased at fifteen. Great movements that were going on in the big, busy, populous outside world held less attraction for her than for most women; indeed, the average American maid or matron, with visions of feminine progress, emancipation, equal suffrage and the rest of it, would have voted her a "back number," so staid and old-fashioned and thoroughly contented was she with her lot in her little home on a lonely, barren, sea-washed, rocky point. Hers was no "primrose path," strewn with pleasures. Yet she loved nature in all its moods, and the changeful panorama of sea and sky, sunshine and storm, was her constant source of inspiration and delight. She might well have been a daughter of the old Viking race, for she drew strength from the sea; but she was just a plain American woman, with daily work to do, with her big lamp to trim and keep alight at night, and to give help when and where it was needed. And so well and faithfully was that work done and that help rendered that the name of Ida Lewis, of Lime Rock Lighthouse, has gone down to fame among the immortals in our country's history. She had rescued many from death, and when she lay dying, the sympathy of the nation poured in upon her in messages of love. The great warships ceased their cannonading and dipped their colors in silent salute. Honored by Congress, and beloved by her country,

her career shows what one of the good old type of American women can accomplish simply by keeping her light burning and doing her duty well. Such a life is a splendid monument to the virtues of simple courage and fidelity.

## Trying Out the "New Theology"

REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL, the inventor of what is known as the "New Theology," whose remarkable doctrines have stirred up a big controversy in England, is visiting the United States. He will make a three months' preaching or lecturing tour under the management of Dr. Algernon S. Crapey of Rochester, who, it will be remembered, was deposed from the Episcopal ministry several years ago after a stormy experience. He will lunch with hospitable Congregational ministers and speak in several churches. Just where Mr. Campbell stands, theologically speaking—whether on the equator or the pole—is so uncertain that there is a natural curiosity among preachers about it. If he stands squarely on the doctrines of his book, there could hardly be a doubt about his position; but he may have veered to windward considerably since he wrote it. He will get a full and a fair hearing. If the message he brings be of God and has the note of Christian truth, it will stand—and not otherwise. Fine, eloquent phrases, veiling half-truths or misinterpretations of truth, will not suffice. The "New Theology" is on trial, with its founder as its advocate. Mr. Campbell is at the cross-roads where, in plain view, he must indicate the path of his choice.

## Song of the Siren

DO YOU ever get circulars of the confidential sort, inviting you to apply a part of your hard-earned savings in the purchase of shares in some scheme which the writer assures you will net you a comfortable income and put you on Easy Street? There are probably very few of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have not received them at some time or other. We have repeatedly published warnings against listening to the allurements of the get-rich-quick schemers, whose song is almost as attractive as that of the sirens who once lured the crew of Ulysses to their fate. Our advice has now received very emphatic reinforcement from an authoritative quarter. Detective Inspector Hughes of the New York police, in an article in the *World*, describes the methods of the swindlers who catch their game by the use of the mails. He writes:

The greatest asset in all these schemes is a good "sucker list." A mailing list of 5,000 names of people who will invest their money on their own judgment, without consulting their bankers or any competent person, is an invaluable asset. If a promoter can get only fifty investors he is on Easy Street. A promoter who sells worthless stock gets the name of an investor on his mailing list. He can then let some other rook have the use of the same mailing list for a consideration, and almost invariably the same "sucker," who has lost with one "get-rich-quick" man, will see a possible chance of redemption in the offer made him by "get-rich-quick" man No. 2, and will invest again. Very often, in fact, nearly always, these crooks are so sharp that the only way they can be reached is through the Federal authorities prosecuting under the postal laws. The investors themselves would not stand a chance if they had to bring suit to get their money back.

It is a good thing to keep the inspector's warning conveniently at hand for ready reference the next time you get a letter promising a "safe investment" that pays wonderful dividends. Distrust every schemer who would give you something for next to nothing. Genuine business men don't work in that way, and really meritorious propositions are not peddled through the mails.

## Professor Harnack's Avowal

GERMANY'S State Church has just passed through an experience that promises to become historic. Pastor Jatho of Cologne, a minister of the orthodox State Church, was lately ejected from his place in consequence of avowed atheism. On the commission which expelled him was Professor Harnack, the distinguished theologian, who voted with his associates who were unanimous for expulsion. During the examination before the committee, Dr. Jatho, replying to questions by the president, Dr. Voigt, declared that he did not know the purport of the ordination vows to which he had pledged him-

self. Afterward, in an open letter to Professor Harnack, he imputed to the latter unbelief similar to his own, and assumed that Harnack no longer believed in the "old teaching about Christ." To this statement, in a published letter, voices a stout denial of heterodoxy. He writes:

You affirm that since Christ was possessed of no supernatural knowledge of God he could give us no decisive truth concerning God. I have never taught this, as every one who has read my books or heard my lectures must know. . . . God has us as teachers and prophets, and over them a Man whom we call Jesus, which corresponds to the one I hold, is that he was savior and Lord. That the national church binds its teaching to this pronouncement, "Jesus, our Lord," is undoubtedly right and in the nature of things. The churches are not only the right but the duty of holding erect the essence of the Christian religion, as it has come down to us from original form and in its historical course. Herein they are supported by all genuine historical science. . . . I have been incumbrated to protect the Christian belief in God from fiction with views of nature. Such assertions overthrow the Christian possession concerning God. There is no notion of freedom of scientific investigation involved. The central question is whether the State Church shall tolerate preachers those who make no difference between God and a natural world.

There have been doubts concerning Harnack's theology, but these his letter now sets at rest. He has the unqualified approval of German Protestantism, coming at a critical time when the church is greatly shaken by the assaults of the "liberal element." Jatho's case constituted the strongest attack on orthodox Christianity that Germany has known in many years, and Harnack's letter, far more than the judgment of the tribunal itself (for he was tried and is sadly out of place nowadays), has administered an effective rebuke that was greatly needed.

## General Notes

—AS WAS GENERALLY expected, the Italians had not seen the most serious part of their fighting in Tripoli when they finally took possession of the city. There have been a number of sharp engagements with the Turks and some rebel Arabs. It is reported that most of the Arabs favor Italian rule, but little further trouble is expected from them. The interesting event that has recently been reported from Tripoli is the actual use of the aeroplane in war. Lieutenant Paul using a Blériot monoplane has been seeking out the encampments of the Turks and Arabs in the bordering deserts, keeping the Italian headquarters informed of their movements.

—EUGENE BURTON ELY, the aviator, the first man to die in an aeroplane on board a man-of-war, met death at the Fair Grounds at Macon, Ga., on the afternoon of October 17, while attempting a sensational "dip." Just as the spectators expected him to start upward again he was seen to attempt to rise from his seat, and almost immediately the machine struck the ground. The aviator had flung himself clear of the aeroplane, but the force of his fall was too great. He died in a few minutes, regaining consciousness only long enough to whisper: "I lost control. I know I am going to die." His machine was demolished. Ely was considered one of the most careful aviators in this country. His death makes the hundred and first fatality since the use of aeroplanes began.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## The Death of a Heroine

IDA LEWIS, for nearly fifty years the keeper of the Lime Rock Light in Narragansett Bay, died on October 24 after a brief illness. Her father was keeper of the lighthouse, and at his death she succeeded him at the post and did her work with such wisdom and heroism as to attract the notice and favor of the nation. She was the Grace Darling of America. In all, during her wonderful career, she saved over forty persons from drowning. In 1858 she saved the lives of four young men from an overturned sailboat. In 1866, on a bitter cold winter day, she rowed out through the storm and saved a man drifting to ruin in an open skiff. In the autumn of 1867, in a terrific storm, she rescued two men crossing the harbor with a boatload of sheep, and then went back and saved the sheep. In 1869 she launched her lifeboat single-handed in a fierce gale and saved two soldiers who had been capsized while sailing from Newport to Fort Adams. For her singular heroism she received the thanks of the Legislature of Rhode Island and of the Congress of the United States. By a vote of Congress she was made a permanent light-keeper and was the only woman to gain that distinction. She was married many years ago to J. Wilson, but the American people will ever remember her as Ida Lewis. A few years ago she received a Carnegie medal and was granted a Carnegie pension. For more than fifty years this simple great-hearted woman lived in the lighthouse and fairly reveled in her difficult task, and now, at seventy-two years of age, she falls asleep at her post. The really great women are not the queens that wear royal robes and crowns and jewels and wield sceptres of power, nor the leaders of society with their splendid equipages and their energies exhausted in ceaseless rounds of excitement and pleasure; but the Ida Lewises who devote their lives to the lofty purpose of saving men, and who are not afraid to face death in the discharge of their duty. She is a type of the men and women in the pulpit and pew who furnish the light, who warn of moral danger, guide into the harbor, and rescue the perishing from sin and death. And these only copy the Master, who is the Light that warns from danger and rescues the shipwrecked mariners.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. (Matt. 18:11.)

## An Unfortunate Religious Sect

With faint and hungry men, women and children working the pumps to keep afloat their almost storm-wrecked craft, Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the "Holy Ghost and Us" Society, of Shiloh, Me., brought his yacht *Coronet* into Portland Harbor only to be arrested in a damage suit by a woman who claimed to have been detained on the vessel against her will. The *Coronet* is in after a six months' trip from the west coast of Africa to within 600 miles of Greenland. About a year ago the *Coronet* and the *Kingdom*, twin missionary vessels bearing the Holy Ghosts, set sail from Chesapeake Bay for the west coast of Africa to evangelize the natives. The *Kingdom* was lost on the way and the thirty-three survivors were later in the year taken on board the *Coronet*. The craft was overcrowded, insufficiently provisioned and unsanitary. Seven of the number died of scurvy, and untold hardships were endured. On the landing of the craft some grievously afflicted by the scurvy were taken to the hospital. Rev. Frank W. Sandford, a baseball star, was graduated from Bates College and a theological school and took a pastorate in New Hampshire. Saved from shipwreck in a trip around the world, he felt called of God, he said, to special work, and founded the sect of the "Holy Ghost and Us." He induced 300 followers to build him a large tabernacle in Shiloh, Me., and secured large amounts for his naval outfit for wide missionary labor, which seems to have come to grief in the sad landing of the *Coronet*. There may be uprightness of character, honesty of purpose, and spiritual consecration, but

practical common-sense is a necessary element in a religious leader or in a successful Christian worker. There is a large waste of religious force, and disappointment and failure, where there is enthusiasm and industry without wisdom.

For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. (Rom. 10:2.)

## Taught Fifty-four Years

Charles F. Hartman, who had been a teacher in the public schools of New York City for fifty-four years, closed his professional duties by resignation the other day, and his friends honored his long and valuable leaders in the schoolroom with a banquet. Three hundred were present, including many prominent in the learned professions and in business life as well as those from the humbler walks. A loving cup was presented the veteran educator and appropriate addresses were made by guests and by himself. If the firmament were a blackboard and the

## The Lime Rock Light



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Ida Lewis, the Lighthouse Heroine Who Saved Many Lives

mountains chalk there would not be room in figures to calculate the influence of these fifty-four years of service for the intellectual training and moral betterment of the young. The calling of the teacher in the public and other schools is modest, undemonstrative, undramatic, and yet it has been, it is a noble and potential factor in building up the state and the church. The high moral and religious as well as intellectual standard of the teachers of America has been one of its richest treasures and one of the prophecies of its future greatness. The mission of the teacher is so nearly divine that it is included as one of the departments of the Lord's work into which his children are called.

And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers. (I. Cor. 12:28.)

## Fifteen Minutes' Pause

Senator Root of New York has suggested as one of the features of the one hundredth anniversary of peace between the Anglo-Saxon races that on February 17, 1915, there be a pause of fifteen minutes, a period of inactivity and silence, in gratitude to God for the fraternity of the past, and in hope of and prayer for a continuation of the peace enjoyed. The treaty of Ghent was ratified between the United States and Great Britain on February 17, 1815. Since that time there has been no war be-

tween the English-speaking nations of the world. Earl Grey, the former Governor-General of Canada, and Hon. R. L. Borden, Prime Minister of the Dominion, favor the proposition made by Senator Root. Many proposals have been made for the celebration, including the creation of an international park, and the building of an international bridge at Niagara. Friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States have had much to do and will still have more to do in bringing about a world-peace, and the inhabitants of the earth will be able to take up the chorus:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (Luke 2:14.)

## Edison and Nobel Prize

In a telegram from Stockholm it is stated that the Nobel prize for physics this year will be given to Thomas A. Edison. The Nobel prizes are five in number and are provided for by the will of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite. Each of these prizes amounts to about \$50,000, and is awarded annually. The chief of the prizes provided for by the man who invented the most deadly explosive used in warfare is the one offered to the person who does the most to promote the world's peace. The will reads: "To the person who shall have exerted the greatest or the best action for the fraternity of peoples, for the suppression or diminution of permanent armies, and for the formation or spreading of Peace Congresses." The other prizes are given for invention in physics, chemistry, medicine, and letters. The prize for physics might naturally go to Mr. Edison whose inventions are the marvel of our country and the world. Few can win the Nobel prizes, or in fact many of the prizes awarded in the competition of this world, but all may win through grace divine in the contest for spiritual excellence.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. (Phil. 3:14.)

## Greatest Thing in the World

Andrew Carnegie, on returning to America from Skibo Castle, gave an interview to a newspaper man, in which he said among other things: "I should have liked to be a reporter. I do not know of any profession in which one can better show what he is or have a better opportunity to rise. I think the most important thing in the world is the cheapest—the one-cent newspaper. It contains all the news that is flashed under the seas and over the mountains, and I told them at St. Albans that the American newspaper was the greatest thing in the world." The news of the world for a penny is a great blessing and an educator of the common people of incalculable value. Many such papers have high intellectual and moral standards, but some of them give too large proportion of space to the bad things of the world. Purity and love in journalism and literature and life are the greatest things in the world. The things that endure are the greatest, and of the things that endure love is the greatest.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. (I. Cor. 13:13.)

## Cows Work the Pump

An inventor in the West has an ingenious arrangement which compels cows to do their own pumping of water when they want to drink. The path that leads up to the watering trough terminates in a treadmill which is connected by gearing to the pump. As the trough is accessible only by way of the treadmill the animal is obliged to work the pump; fresh water to each one is assured. A valve is provided which discharges the water automatically when the animal leaves the treadmill. Animals in their wild state are compelled to secure their own food as well as water, and often a marvelous instinct is manifested. It would be a worthy benevolence if some one could invent a treadmill over which the army of lazy and trifling men who live by other people's toil might be compelled to grind their own bread and pump their own drink in obedience to the law:

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread. (Gen. 3:19.)



# MAKING A NATION IN AUSTRALIA



A Typical Little Village in the Australian Bush



The "Humpy" or Slab Hut of the Early Settler in Queensland

AUSTRALIA, like the United States of America, has a conglomerate population. There the representatives of many nations have found new homes for themselves, and are turning that great land of "bush" into a country of farms and vast sheep runs. The newcomers to the land have been mostly from northern Europe, and following their national tendencies have settled in the country rather than in the cities, as have the Southern European immigrants to the United States. In Australia to-day that greatest wonder of God's race-creation—the fusion of many peoples into one with the ideals and characteristics of the basic stock—is going on. This marvelous race-creation is to be seen at its best in England's great overseas dominion, where fusion is making a new Anglo-Saxon race that will fulfil its destiny by winning whole continents to the cause of the Ruler of all nations.

Owing to ill health, I was obliged to leave India for six months, and was permitted to spend four of them in Gospel work amongst the country population of Queensland, Australia's land of promise. "Go West, young man; go West!" a famous New York editor said one time, and we used to hear it in America when one was seeking a new home. "Go to Queensland!" is the advice given to young men who

are looking forward to establishing a new home in Australia. There one can secure plenty of good land almost for the asking. Yet he who takes it must expect no path of roses to be his. He must serve a long apprenticeship to the changed conditions of life and seasons. He must have the spirit of the true pioneer and learn from experience and observation the secret of success which only those possess who have push, pluck and piety.

During the last forty years many landseeking immigrants have come to Queensland from Germany. Lots of these people, who came with only sturdy endurance and dogged perseverance, have now health, wealth and happiness. The homes of the first settlers were very humble, indeed, only a tent or a "humpy." As the Providence of the seasons blessed the labors of these pilgrims, they built more comfortable and pretentious homes.

Many Queensland farms and villages present the appearance of one of the riverside villages of Burma from which the water has receded, leaving the houses high and dry, but still standing on their stilts. It is due to the ravages of the white ants that these houses are built upon posts so high that one can walk under the entire building. These destructive little pests are adepts at digging into wood, and

unless their havoc is closely watched they will soon destroy a house.

No matter how poor and struggling a new community may be its people soon find some way to erect a house of worship. These are quaint, plain little buildings roofed with corrugated iron and generally having a skeleton frame at the side. This frame is covered with canvas when they have picnics and tea-meetings. Visitors come from far and near, and all denominational lines and differences are lost when the *liebessfest* unites these wholesome people.

We were permitted to win many young souls to the Master. God blessed us richly. It was touching to see how eager these converts were in winning others to Jesus, and how interested they were especially in the salvation of the heathen children. On the morning of our departure a little boy came to us with a joyful face, and handed us an envelope containing a gold coin. On the outside he wrote: "From Oliver Dart. To help to tell the heathen children of Jesus, who saved me!" God certainly loves such a cheerful little giver. With sorrow and regret we left sunny, bonnie Queensland, with health restored, and we rejoice that once again we can turn to our work.

Geo. N. THOMSEN.  
Batavia, South India.

## Mission Work Among the Shell-Diggers

D RIFTING down the rivers and swamps of Arkansas may be found a tribe of people almost unknown in any other calling. Numerous little house-boats that are to be found anchored along the banks, betray the fact that the inhabitants are busy gathering mussel shells from the river bed. Tons of shells are furnished every week to the button factories along the river, thus proving the magnitude of the industry.

Often White River pearls, of a greater or less value, are to be found in the mussels, thus making the traffic more profitable. But the semi-annual high water, or "overflows," as they are known to the natives, make "shelling" very difficult, dangerous and often impossible. Hence, for weeks at a time, there is absolutely nothing to be made.

Accustomed as they are to the rough life of the river, yet they realize it is far from the best for the children, who must grow up without any educational or religious privileges, and the only chance they have to hear the Gospel is from good women or ministers who visit the boats.

"We ain't never hearn tell o' no sich," remarked a half-grown boy as he sat astride the gang-plank listening to the story of the Christ, as we urged a mother to train her little one for him.

In almost every instance, there are large families of children on these house-boats. Many of these little ones lose their lives through carelessness or otherwise in the waters of the river, and there are few families that have not lost one or more by drowning.

Seeing a doctor enter a house-boat day after day, we decided to investigate, and found a serious case

of illness. The mother—beside whom lay a tiny blue baby a few days old—was almost unconscious. The boat was in a high state of disorder and filth; the father and the older children were trying to cook dinner. After ministering to the immediate wants of the mother, we turned our attention to the



A Shell-Digger's House-Boat in an Arkansas Stream

children, who were so begrimed with dirt that one must needs look twice to see if the faces had been originally of Caucasian or mulatto origin. In the afternoon, equipped with aprons, brooms, soap and soft rags, we took up again the work begun in the morning; the patient was bathed and changed,

though she protested throughout. "Washin' kills I've allers hearn 'em say," whined the fever-scorched lips. The bed was changed, the windows washed, the floor swept and the piles of soiled clothes found on every side tied in bundles to be washed.

When order was restored, the patient felt better, and disinfectants had purified the atmosphere, we sat down to tell the parents of the Great Healer of the soul. The children stood around in amazement, scarcely knowing what would happen next, and when we sang a song and knelt around the sick-bed in prayer, the father broke down and wept bitterly. The eyes of the mother were full of tears, but she was too ill to comprehend the full meaning of it all.

"I know I ain't done my duty by my folks," said the father in his penitence, "and I ain't took 'em to meetin' none. That there child, pointing to a girl of six or eight years, 'ain't never been out o' sight o' this boat in her life, and never heard no singing before, 'cause me nor her mammy can't neither one sing."

"I'm gwine to do better—and if God'll jest spare the old woman I'll prove it to you-uns."

Over and over the same scenes are repeated; over and over we minister to the physical and the spiritual needs, and the same promises are made as a result; but when the clouds of adversity clear away, when the high waters have gone

down and the bread-winner is again able to go to "shelling," his promise is often forgotten, his duty neglected, and he falls back into the old way of living, and the children are left to grow up in ignorance and crime. Still, it is worth while, if one soul is helped by the effort.

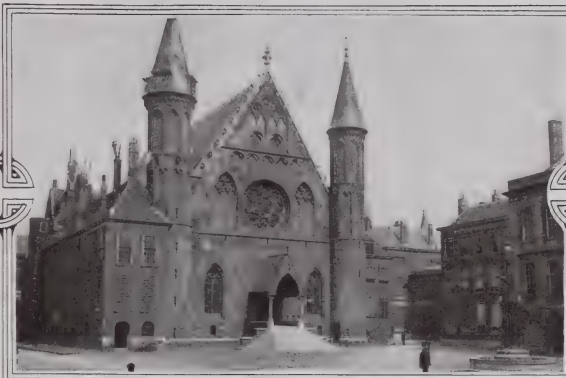
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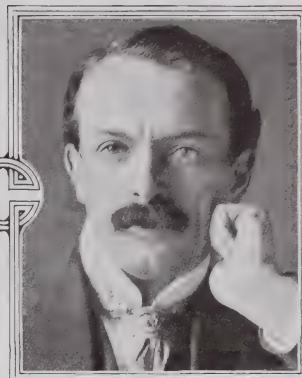
# A WORLD CONFERENCE ON OPIUM



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Secretary of State Philander C. Knox



The Kurssaal at The Hague, Where the Conference Will Meet



Mr. David Lloyd-George

AN International Conference has been called at the instigation of Mr. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and the United States Secretary of State, to assemble at The Hague on December 1, and will have as its object the devising of definite ways and means for a regulation of the traffic in opium. The promise is laid out that, through the medium of this Conference, the leading nations of the world will co-operate place not only the opium traffic, but that in cocaine and morphine, under the control of international law. From the earliest days of Christian missionary work in the Orient, the workers have felt the handicap and menace of the opium evil and have cast out for means of relief. Latterly, the ruin wrought by the habit-forming drugs has spread extensively to other countries, and the peril in the nation has been brought home to Americans by an enormous increase in the consumption of such drugs in the United States.

The approaching meeting at the capital of the Netherlands will be the outcome of the preliminary conference held at Shanghai, China, in 1909. It is aimed to have the delegates assemble in the historic "Knights' Hall"—the Binnenhof, where the Peace Conference of 1907 was held, and in which Queen Wilhelmina formally opens the sessions of a States-General. Delegates will have full authority from their governments to enter into agreements relative to the regulation of the drug traffic. China, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Russia, Siam and the United States will each be represented. Austro-Hungary has declined to accept the invitation on the ground that she has no commercial interest in the opium trade, but has pressed a willingness to abide by any reasonable regulations that may be adopted. Bishop Charles Brent of the Philippines and Dr. Hamilton Wright of the Department of State, both of whom rendered efficient service at the conference at Shanghai, will again serve as the American representatives, together with Mr. H. J. Finger of California. Fred. Huidekoper and Wallace J. Young of the Department of State will accompany the delegation as secretaries.

It is understood that the American delegates will have some very important propositions to advance

## By WALDON FAWCETT

in connection with the framing of the proposed regulations governing the opium traffic, but the nature of these proposals will not be disclosed in advance. Our delegates support Great Britain in the effort to have similar restrictions applied to the traffic in morphine and cocaine, although the original project contemplated merely the control of the trade in opium. The effort to include the other habit-forming drugs is a later development, but one with which the American representatives are in hearty accord. There is now an annual consumption of cocaine in the United States alone of upward of 200,000 ounces, being forty times the quantity justified by legitimate medical requirements.

While the English-speaking delegates are expected to sound the keynote at The Hague, it is not forgotten that the United States took the initiative in bringing about the conference. Still, there is the fact that British interests will sustain the heaviest monetary loss in the event of the opium traffic being suppressed. This loss of revenue to Great Britain and her colonies would aggregate over \$100,000,000 a year. France and Siam will also sustain a heavy financial loss, in the same event.

It is essential that Russia and Japan should co-operate to assure the success of any campaign against the opium evil—this by reason of their influence and territorial contiguity in the Orient. If current report is to be credited, there is imported from Japan to China and Korea great quantities of opium in its newest and most insidious forms. China's government has done much to eradicate the opium evil, but the good accomplished has been largely undone by the wide-spread introduction of alleged "cures" for the habit, which are simply compositions of opium and cocaine, nearly if not quite as harmful in effect as the drug they supplant. However, an outcome of the Hague conference will probably be the extension to foreign concessions in China of the pharmacy laws of the various countries; the prevention of the shipment of habit-forming drugs from one country to another and the control by each country of the sale and use of these drugs with a view to restricting them exclusively to medicinal purposes upon prescription.

The Hague might fittingly be denominated the "Capital of Conferences," so frequently, of late years, has it been chosen as the meeting place of representatives of the world powers. It is a residential and non-commercial city, and its moderate size gives it a further advantage over the more populous and bustling seats of government. Its \$5,000,000 "Peace Palace," which is being erected through the generosity of Mr. Carnegie, is not yet completed, but it will be finished in a year, although two years must elapse ere it is fitted for occupancy.

China's attitude on the opium question has lately undergone a remarkable transformation. What it is to-day may be gathered from the following paragraph, taken from the *Shanghai National Review*: "The astounding change that has come over the opium question during the past few months could not be better demonstrated than by the tone of the Chinese press. Two years, or less, ago the secular journal that advocated total suppression was regarded as voicing more or less unpractical and sentimental altruism, whereas at this present moment there is not a newspaper, save those in the service of the opium interest, which would dare to say that opium, as a means of sensual indulgence or pastime, is not an unmitigated curse to humanity. For this we have to thank that vast but inchoate entity known by the generic term public opinion, and this fact demonstrates in its turn that, in spite of those lower instincts that lead men to take the more facile descents towards materialism and sensualism instead of the higher roads to life and happiness, the great heart of the body politic still beats true and responds to the well-ordered appeals of right and decency. But although the campaign against the poppy has proceeded so triumphantly of late, the war against opium is not yet over. Smoking a black fluid is not the only way of 'enjoying' the seduction of the poppy, and the other ways—the morphia and cocaine ways—are all the more insidious because they can be pursued in secrecy and apparent respectability. Thus there is still plenty to be done, and we are glad to note that it is the intention of the Conference that meets at The Hague in December next to deal with the whole question of these drugs that entice men to death and dishonor."

## STRUGGLING FOR AN EMPIRE IN CHINA

IN SPITE of the efforts which have been made by the Chinese Imperial Government to stem the tide of revolution which has been steadily rising in the south-western provinces of the empire, the revolutionists have met with continued success in their military operations. The capitals of five provinces are now in their hands and each day brings a report that in the small skirmishes which are continually taking place between them and the government troops they are usually the victors. The city of Hankow, which is one of the chief cities of importance in the affected district, has fallen into their hands. Dispatches to the British consul at Hankow stated that the Imperial troops were first compelled to evacuate the fortifications in the city. They then took up a position at a point to which the name of Seven Mile Creek had been given. As the rebels have destroyed the telegraph lines no detailed reports of the engagement have yet come out,

but the news of victory which reached Shanghai before the destruction of the telegraph lines is generally accepted as correct. It is stated that the rebels have taken up a position upon a point which commands both the railway and river entrances to the city and have so compelled the Imperial warships to retreat down stream. The crew of one of the gunboats mutinied against the few officers who were not in sympathy with the revolution, and having sunk their vessel joined the forces of the rebels ashore.

The greatest anxiety is felt among the Manchus in Peking, and many are said to have made preparations for immediate flight at the first indication of continued success of the rebellion. The two important towns of Kiukiang, in the province of Kiangsi, and Sian, the capital of Shensi, have fallen into the hands of the revolutionists. This very materially extends the territory of the uprising, and it is be-

lieved has seriously discouraged the government. Sian is the ancient imperial capital of China, and was the refuge of the Dowager Empress and her court during the Boxer uprising. It is the geographical capital and chief trading centre of five provinces, and has been considered an almost impregnable governmental stronghold.

The disaffection within governmental circles appears to be growing more serious. The viceroy of Canton has informed the authorities of Peking that he cannot depend upon the modern army which is at his command, and he has neither arms or ammunition for the older section, which he believes to be reliable. He has advised the throne to accede to the demands of the revolutionists as they have been voiced by the Assembly and grant immediately a responsible cabinet and arrange for the calling of a truly representative assembly and the establishment of modern responsible government as early as possible in the new year.



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

C. S. Thompson, O. I should like to know the size of the Holy Land, and how it could sustain so vast a population and the operations of such large armies as it did in ancient times.

Modern Palestine is about 130 miles in length and 70 miles wide at the south and 40 miles wide at the north. In ancient times it was much larger, and the whole land was exceedingly fertile instead of being comparatively barren and neglected as it is to-day.

C. A. P. Oneida, Wis. 1. It would no doubt please many people to have ruled out of Christian theology, but the fact of a state of future reward and of a state or place of punishment is so clearly set forth in Scripture that it cannot be misinterpreted. Beyond what is revealed in Scripture, all is conjecture. There are many theories on the subject, with many varied ideas as to literal and figurative interpretations; but none of these can escape the clear statement that have rendered service according to the light they had. Under the old dispensation faith was accounted for righteousness.

D. A. C. Biloxi, Miss., writes, with reference to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG, which contrasted the vocations of the day school and Sunday School teacher: "While the importance and precedence of the Sunday School teacher in imbuing pupils with Christian doctrines should be readily admitted, it seems that when it comes to the associated virtues of honor, truthfulness, integrity, etc., the importance of the day school teacher equals, if not exceeds, that of the Sunday School teacher. While few schools teach lessons in morals, it is nevertheless true that the day school teacher seizes numerous opportunities daily to teach just such virtues. They arise in the daily course of school discipline, and the teacher has the advantage of concrete cases to illustrate and force home these truths."

A. S. Washington, D. C. Please explain I. Cor. 7: 28.

There is a distinction to be made between "trouble in the flesh," which is trial and not necessarily sin, and "trouble in the spirit," which is sin. Paul meant to point out that practically all would encounter more or less trouble in their outward state, owing to the "present distress"; that is, the increasing persecution of believers, which would spread everywhere, according to prophecy. He does not refer to ordinary vexations and annoyances, such as might arise to-day, but to conditions and dangers peculiar to the trying times in which he lived. In all of Paul's writings, surrounding conditions must be kept steadily in view, or we are liable to greatly err in understanding the apostle's meaning.

I. B. Atlantic City, N. J. Your editorial in the October 18 issue, commending Governor Wilson for condemning the hymn "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," is hardly in keeping with the spirit of your paper. This song has given pleasure to thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of children; it has interested them, and been deemed worthy of being rendered on occasions where the greatest reverence was intended to be shown. I hold that the song should not be condemned, but its merit is not half so important as Governor Wilson's heartless attack, where children were singing for his benefit. I would rather praise a less worthy song than "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," than wound the feelings of a child.

We do not believe for a moment that the Governor's criticism, which, as we understand, was addressed to an adult audience, was calculated to wound any one's feelings, especially the feelings of children. Such a supposition is wide of the mark. His comment was directed against meaningless hymns in general, which occur altogether too frequently in the popular

hymnals. There are many good people who will agree with him that a great improvement in this respect is possible. Further, he did not criticize the tune, which is doubtless beautiful, but the words, which he termed meaningless, when employed in the service of praise in a Christian church.

Mrs. E. S. H. Raton, N. M. By what authority does theology to-day accept only the spiritual duty enjoined in Mark 16: 15, and rejects the equally plain "shalla" of 17, 18, and the plain statement in verse 20 as to what followed the obedience of the apostles to all the commission?

Commentators have not laid emphasis upon the "shalla" of verses 17 and 18, because (as we explained some time ago) they are not believed to have been originally included in Mark's Gospel, but to be an addition by other hands at a much later date. No other evangelist gives the additional statements referred to in verses 16, 17 and 18. There are many very good people, however, who do not go into these matters in the same analytical spirit, and here the real danger is zeal without knowledge (Rom. 10: 2).

J. G. B. Sergeantville, N. J. 1. There can be no forgiveness without conviction of sin, true penitence—a "godly sorrow that worketh repentance" (see II. Cor. 7: 10). Only the sick need a physician, and only those who are sin-sick realize the need of a Saviour. 2. Rev.

workers, 1,106 Bible women, 419 hospital assistants, and 2,781 school teachers; stations having resident missionaries, 698, with 3,595 out-stations; congregations, 2,717, with a baptized Christian community of 177,942, and 71,960 catechumens and a total Christian community of 287,809. We are not certain that all denominations are included in these figures.

J. T. G. South Pasadena, Calif. No new revision of the Bible is likely for many years to come and then it would only be undertaken by eminent scholars as the result of new discoveries in the ancient languages, or in connection with monuments and inscriptions not yet deciphered. The latest revision took these into account.

Mrs. D. S. Starksboro, Vt. 1. There are several instances of the kind related. S. H. Hadley was converted under such circumstances. 2. There were two Hadley brothers. 3. The story about Sam Small was never believed. 4. Never heard of it. 5. James Ambrose Cutting (1814-1867) invented the ambrotype, and L. J. M. Daguerre (1789-1851) the daguerreotype.

J. E. C. St. Louis. How can we explain II. Chron. 22: 2 and II. Kings 8: 26?

Commentators deal with these two apparently conflicting passages as to Ahaziah's age as the result of a clerical blunder on the part of a

U. G. W. Phillips County, Col. In our lot of less than 1,000 souls, we have a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and a Christian church. All are poor and struggling. Is there any way in which we can merge our interests, work together and fulfill Christ's prayer that his children in be one?

Could not a series of union meetings planned for the Sunday evenings of this coming winter? They might be held in the different churches in turn, and served by the different pastors. A union fair for the benefit of some common civil or religious need, and held in some convenient building, might help in bringing the congregations together. There always a way of uniting on the common ground of Christian work—charity or benevolence. If a church is temporarily pastorless let the other churches cordially invite the shepherded flock to worship with them in the want is supplied. Make them feel that all are God's children. It is not essential, as if it were practicable, to give up your denomination or your creed, for a creedless church cannot long hold together.

Frederick Vollmer, Brampton, Ont., Canada. "I noticed in the October 11 number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article about marine disasters, which said the warship *Cortina* went down in 1873. It was in 1870. Franco-German War had begun. I was an eye-witness when the channel fleet left Spithead, and saw Captain Bogyne, commander of the *Cortina*, taking leave of his family before being rowed out to ship. It was about 8 A.M. morning that the telegram came that she had gone down in Bay of Biscay at 2 A.M. Of 600 men, only 100 were saved out of 600. By chance the survivors saw a boat floating which had been swept overboard. They got it to Corunna, a Spanish seaport."

## Miscellaneous

Reader, Wilmington, Del. Judge from your letter that you have repented your fault, committed in a moment of weakness. Our advice is: Join the church the denomination does not matter—give your right age; my friends of good people and shun by your sincere Christian. Henceforth that you are a follower of Jesus. You have confessed your sin and asked forgiveness, and you should take it at his word, for he is ever willing to pardon the penitent one who asks it in Jesus' name. Pray for courage and strength and faith, and I will surely receive them.

Mrs. A. J. Davis, Hillsdale, Mich., asks our reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to send her copy of the old-time poem beginning, "I night-bird sang and the stars above," etc.

S. R. S. Crookston, Minn., J. L. A. Arbrust, Pa., and J. T. H. Beaver City, Neb., cannot open THE MAIL-BAG to questions that are simply controversial and which have already been fully discussed.

F. McL. Monticello, Ga. 1. Jesus bore the sins of the world, yet being without sin him and a "spotless sacrifice." 2. The Bible teaches that the unrepentant soul is lost. 3. There is no such doctrine in the Bible as your question implies.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in receipt of letters from reliable parties in Illinois, concerning a very worthy case where help is needed. Any reader of this paper who desires to see particulars will be supplied with name and address on writing to us. A sudden emergency has arisen which might be relieved by any cable and so disposed, without risk. Address "Illinois" care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, B. House, New York.

A. G. B. Slate Spring, Miss., and M. L. Z. B. Palmer, Mass. Interpreters prophecy agree that there are many indications that we are nearing the "end of the age." To setting dates, however, even approximate, is not even attempted, as they realize that man knoweth the day and the hour God's people everywhere are praying and longing and looking for the coming of his kingdom but they are content to wait patiently "Till our good time."



President Taft at the Breaking of Ground for the Panama-Pacific Exposition

ONE of the most interesting features of the celebration held in San Francisco in connection with the visit of President Taft and the breaking of ground for the coming Panama-Pacific Exposition was the parade which had been arranged and which included representatives of many of the Pacific coast industries and organizations. California seems to be the most fortunate State in the Union in the matter of outdoor music. Last Christmas Mme. Tutzazzini, the famous soprano, sang in the open air in San Francisco, and the accompanying photograph shows Mme. Nordica, one of America's native singers who has won international fame, standing with the President and Governor Johnson to review the parade.

21: 6 implies that as they had heretofore satisfied their thirst at the stream they would now drink at the Fountain itself. John 6: 37 is interpreted by the verses immediately following. Verse 40 is comprehensive enough to reassure any doubting soul. Isaiah 55: 1 and 7 are to the same purpose, and show that salvation and forgiveness of sin are assured to all who come repentant and in the right spirit.

J. B. M. Plainfield, N. J. In the present upheaval in China, it is gratifying to have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's assurance that our missionaries are safe. But will they remain safe? May not the revolution get beyond control? How many white missionaries are there in China at present?

While no one can confidently forecast the future, the missionary situation, at latest reports, was satisfactory, both sides having assured them of protection. It is a patriotic or reform revolution, not an anti-foreign one. The present missionary force, according to the China Mission Year-Book, is as follows: Total foreign force, 4,628, of whom 1,836 are men and 2,716 women; Chinese staff, 13,679, including 502 ordained men, 7,281 lay church

transcriber or possibly a translator. The general view upholds the passage in II. Chron. as the correct one. A transcriber could easily have confounded the Hebrew characters for 22 and 42, which are almost identical.

A. B. C. St. Pauls, N. C. Italy, once a world power, under the Roman rule, is now a leader among the second-class nations in a military and naval sense. The Italians individually are in no sense inferior to the people of other nations. Educated Italians will compare favorably with the people of any country, while the poor and illiterate classes have their counterpart in every nation under the sun. We, as Americans, should take a broad and generous view of other people. It is only the ignorant and inexperienced, who have seen little of the world, that are so narrow-minded and prejudiced as to condemn without knowledge.

Mrs. E. W. Pawtucket, R. I. Such a statement is absurd and cannot be substantiated. No one of real scholarship would risk so sweeping a charge, because he would invite prompt contradiction. We will give the subject further attention later.



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### The Cozy Corner

#### Who Stole the Marbles?

WE have all heard strange stories of animal thieves, many of them silly beyond belief, but here is one which is vouched for as true by Dr. Louis Banks in the *Morning Star*. He says:

When I was a little boy, away over in the Oregon frontier, I had my first marbles. They were none of your big lass sort, but the plain, little, old-fashioned striped ones, with now and then a "black alley"; but I thought they were the prettiest things in the world.

My father shot a weasel one day, and tanned the weasel skin, leaving the fur on; therefore I kept my marbles in a weasel-skin bag, which I was very proud of. That is, I kept them in that when I carried them around to show off to the boys. But often at night I would roll them about until the last thing before I went to bed, and then leave them wherever they happened to be.

Now we had just moved into our rat house, built of lumber, and finished up in the ordinary way of frontier country houses, ceiling inside and eather boarding outside.

One morning one of my marbles was one and I could not find it anywhere. The next morning two more were gone, and the thing kept up until early all of the twenty or more that I had had were gone. Father and mother both became interested in the matter. Who in the world could be stealing my marbles? We lived away out in the country, and there were just my father and mother, my little sisters and myself, and yet the marbles slipped away until all but two or three, which I put in the weasel-skin bag and stuck under my pillow every night, had disappeared.

While we were still wondering over it I looked up one evening and saw on the inside, up under the eaves, where the place had been left unfinished in siling the house, a strange creature cowering out. He seemed to have whiskers like a man. I shrank up to my father's side and hoarsely whispered, "What's that?"

He looked at it a minute, and said: "Why, that is a wood rat."

He had made his nest down in that hole between the ceiling and the weather boarding, and had come up a little too early to prospect around. The next morning father fastened up the hole at the top, and making a hole lower down, got him out and killed him. He was a very big wood rat, and he had the greatest variety of things stored away in his home, and all my lost marbles among them. What he thought he could do with them, I don't know. Perhaps he was like a good many boys and girls we know, always wanting to buy every new thing they see, whether they really can use it or not.

Tray Was Ashamed  
SIR WALTER SCOTT tells of one of his dogs that one day furiously attacked the baker, and was with great difficulty called off. But as the dog observed

the baker coming every day to leave bread for the family, he began to regard him in a more favorable light, and in time the dog and the baker became great friends.

One day Sir Walter was telling somebody how the dog had attacked the baker, and as soon as he began the story the dog skulked into the corner of the room, turned his face to the wall, hung down his ears and lowered his tail and displayed every sign of being heartily ashamed of himself. But when he came to the end of the story, and said, "But Tray didn't bite the baker," the dog turned around, jumped and frisked about, and was evidently quite restored to his own good opinion.

To try the dog, Scott repeated the story in a different tone of voice, in the midst even of the conversation, but it was always the same. Directly he began, the dog crept into the corner, but when he came to "But Tray didn't bite the baker," he always capered back in triumph.

#### A November Prize Contest

FOR the best animal story in less than three hundred words. *First Prize*, Brownie Eastman kodak. *Second Prize*, a fountain pen, guaranteed, and twenty supplementary prizes in order of merit.

#### Answer to Geography Puzzle of Oct. 11

ADELAIDE and her friend Helena went shopping. They bought a green ulster and a beautiful crescent pin. Helena was dressed in a costume made of black Thibet cloth. Adelaide was dressed in green velvet and wore on her finger a pearl ring. She bought mull for a dainty dress for her sister Christiana, and then they both went home delighted with their day together. Guess-me-Please of September 27. Answer, A leaf.

#### Recent First Prize Winners

Gaylie Woodring, gunmetal watch; Ira M. Brown, Brownie kodak; Margaret Hampson, box of best Japanese paints. The names of other recent prize-winners will be published in next week's Cozy Corner.

#### A Cut-Out Shadow Story

IF you want to thoroughly enjoy the Boys and Girls' Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, introducing yourself. There are so many good things in the Cozy Corner that never appear in the page itself, and we want our boys and girls to get the full benefit of everything that is planned for them.

All who send for it before November 15, inclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope, will receive a very funny and delightful puppet story cut-out, with plans and directions for giving it, written by the Aunt in the Cozy Corner especially for her boys and girls.

Lovingly and faithfully

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

#### Grandma's Bonnet and Polonaise

A CHILD'S OLD-TIME GRACE  
Here a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand;  
Cold as peaches though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a benison to fall  
On our meat and on us all.  
ROBERT HEURICK. 1591-1874.



## The woman who loves flowers will do well to make a note of these facts:

*First:* House plants should be given a bath, say, once a week.

Make a weak suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm water and, with a sponge or soft cloth, wash the leaves—both upper and under sides—of rubber plants, palms, ferns, century plants, etc.

This will open the pores in the leaves and permit the plants to breathe. They cannot breathe if the pores are clogged with dust.

*Second:* Once a month, (oftener, if necessary) apply with an old whisk broom, a spray or a watering can, a fairly strong solution of Ivory Soap (made by dissolving half a cake, shaved fine, in a quart of boiling water, and adding four gallons of cold water) to the stems and leaves of geraniums, carnations, etc. Rinse with clear water, half an hour later.

This will rid plants of the insect pests that constantly assail them.

## Ivory Soap . . . 99<sup>14</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

### Nice Verses by Our Boys and Girls

#### Little Bo-Peep

When it is time to go to sleep  
My mama tells me of little Bo-Peep.  
Of Trotty, of Goldie Locks and all the rest,  
But the one I love the very best

Is the little girl who lost her sheep  
Up on the mountain rough and steep.  
Which she climbed every day till she lost her sheep.

I always think as I fall asleep  
How happy and sad was little Bo-Peep.

FLORENCE GORTON, age 13.

#### "The Rain"

A little cloud one summer day  
Came floating o'er the sky;  
It grew and spread and in a trice  
No greif or twig was dry.

It poured and every one gazed on  
As little brooks were made,  
It washed the dust all off the corn,  
And carefully sponged each blade.

A peal of thunder and again  
The rain comes dashing down:  
The old hen clucks and spreads her wings,  
She's 'fraid her chicks will drown.

A rift appeared; a sunbeam stole  
Right through the angry clouds,  
And lo, the rain has blown away  
And hidden earth's dusty shrouds.

JUDITH PRESTON, age 16.

#### At Grandma's

I like to visit Grandma's,  
And watch her knit all day;  
She always talks so pleasantly,  
And sometimes she will say:

"Don't you want a cookie, dear?  
So nice and sweet and brown?  
And won't you have an apple,  
Big and red and round?"

She lets me feed the chickens,  
And wind her worsted, too;  
I surely love my Grandma,  
And so I think would you.

CLARENCE E. GREEN, age 11.

#### "The Rain"

What is it that comes and taps and taps,  
Dropping, dropping till it taps  
Right upon my window pane?  
Could it be the gentle rain,

Bringing with it through the trees  
Sweetest incense on the breeze,  
Welcomed by each thirsty thing  
Till the whole earth seems to sing?

JAMES C. CLARKE, age 13.

#### Our Good-Night Verse

Truth springeth out of the earth, and righteousness hath looked down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.—Ps. 85.



## A Little Visit to Tahiti

SO MUCH has been written about the South Sea Islands by careful and accurate observers that there remains little of general interest to describe. Indeed, one must go far from the more accessible islands to find conditions approaching those so charmingly presented by Charles Warren Stoddard and by Stevenson, and the changes that have taken place will be more likely to impress the traveler than the things which have fascinated him in those authors.

Tahiti, of the Society Islands, is one of the most important of the French possessions in the Pacific, with steamship connection to San Francisco and New Zealand. The hotel accommodations at Papeete, the principal town, and at a few other places, are comfortable and well adapted to tropical life, and in July many tourists visit the island to be present at the annual native festivities that occur in connection with the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille on the 14th of the month. At that time canoes from many of the neighboring islands come to Papeete, bringing crowds of pleasure-seekers, who, with their dances and songs, give the traveler a glimpse of the native life of former days.

The Society Islands are of volcanic origin, rising from the low bed of the ocean, which has depths near the islands of 1,500 to 2,000 fathoms, while the highest peak, in the centre of the island of Tahiti, reaches an altitude of 7,300 feet! On a clear morning the view as the ship approaches the harbor of Papeete is most beautiful, showing deep valleys penetrating from the coast to the mountain peaks of the interior.

An interesting and somewhat strenuous excursion is to follow one of the valleys upward to the centre of the island. The trail up the valley is practically the bed of the stream, for it crosses and recrosses, traversing a bit of low land, first on one side and then on the other, plunging through tunnels of dense vegetation, dripping with water, so that one is quite as dry wading up the stream as pushing through the high grass and tree ferns.

Proceeding up the valley, the sides become more precipitous, until finally the trail leaves the bed of the stream and climbs up the steep wall through

great tree-ferns and tangled vines, until a short distance over a ridge it reaches a pretty little lake shut in by cloud-capped peaks.

Near Papeete the beautiful Fataua Valley may be visited in an afternoon. For a good part of the way a carriage road leads up the valley, offering changing vistas of gorgeous tropical foliage and distant mountain peaks. At the end of the road a foot-bridge leads across a lively mountain stream to an easy trail, which one ascends but a short distance to obtain a view down a narrow, steep-sided valley every inch clothed in the densest verdure. At the end of an hour's climb the Fataua Falls, 600 feet in height, are seen on the opposite side of the canyon.

Native houses with palm-leaf mats drying in the sun, to be used as thatch, are common sights. The walls are made of upright bamboos, with a half-inch space between each to allow a free passage of air into the house. Rows of mats are so arranged that they can be let down to cover the walls in case of rain, while at other times they are rolled up under the eaves. All the houses are thatched with leaves of either the coconut palm or *pandanus*. The food supply is at the door, for back of the house may be seen the serrated leaves of the bread-fruit tree. A short journey into the hills will provide several days' supply of "fei," a delicious fruit for baking, and fish may be caught upon the reef. Why, indeed, should the Tahitian toil? The great leaves of the wild "taro" grow by the roadside; the young leaves are delicious boiled, and the curious stranger will find many other new delicacies of the table—the alligator-pear, the baked papaya, the Mantis crab, the raw fish, as good as the best oyster, served with Tahitian sauce, and, on rare occasions, a salad made from the heart of the coconut tree.

A little pig was brought one day for dinner, and nowhere is roast pig more prized or better prepared. A fire was built in a hole in the ground, covered with stones, and, when all was ready, the pig was carefully laid in with bread-fruit leaves to roast. Here it remained for an hour or more, and certainly when it was exhumed it was perfectly cooked; and, served up with plantains, it made a most palatable dish.

## A Silent Money-Maker

THE problem of raising money for the church is much like the poor—we have it ever with us—and new ideas are always of interest to good women. The members of a little church in Massachusetts worked out the following plan with great success last year: From the funds already on hand, they purchased a vacuum cleaner which could be operated by hand. They told the manufacturers that they expected to use it as a money-maker for the church, and upon the agreement to give out their circulars to patrons, the firm allowed them a liberal discount on the asking price. The cleaner then became the property of the church, and was used every week for cleaning the house of worship.

And now comes the money-making end of it! The housewives of the town could rent this wonderful vacuum cleaner for \$1.50 a day, or the same amount of money they would pay a cleaning woman. And the housewives did rent it and were delighted at the chance, for help was very scarce in this little town. In less than three months, the cleaner had paid for itself, and after that every dollar and a half taken in on the renting of the cleaner was money in the coffers of the needy church.

The member who had charge of the renting had this little story to tell: "We can count on about \$20 every month from that little cleaning ma-

chine, and it represents no trouble or useless expenditure of money from the members of the church. It cleans an entire house in a day with no manual labor, and to women who do their own housework it has proved a veritable godsend. We have helped the church and at the same time helped the members in a very practical way. Some women do not care to run the machine themselves, so we found it necessary to train a young boy to manage it, and if they require his services it costs them fifty cents extra; but really it is so very simple that any woman can take care of it herself."

J. L.

### BEE DISEASES

IT WOULD seem that every animate thing that man propagates for his own use is afflicted by its own particular kind of disease; the honey bee is no exception. The Department of Agriculture estimates that last year the loss to beekeepers by the two diseases known as American Foul Brood and European Foul Brood amounted to at least two millions of dollars. These diseases do not affect the adult bees, but attack the larvae in the brood combs, effectually destroying them. As the life of the colony depends on the continued production of young stingers, and the life of the average worker is only three weeks, it follows that it must soon be depleted where the disease continues. Both the diseases named are caused by a rod-shaped bacillus, that propagates so fast that one may become the parent of millions within twenty-four hours. With care this bacillus can be stamped out, and once out the same care must be exercised to see that it does not return.

## We'll Pay \$2,500

### For Letters About Oatmeal

We ask letters from people giving actual examples of the good one derives from oatmeal.

The main facts about oats are quite generally known. Oats are richer in elements that feed brains, nerves and bodies than any other grain that grows.

As an energy food—a food for vim—nothing compares with oats. As a food

for growing children nothing takes their place.

Yet only two-thirds of the homes in America regularly serve oatmeal. In but half of the homes is it a daily diet. So we ask you who know what oatmeal does to help us inform the rest.

For the 185 letters which best serve this purpose we offer the following prizes:

|                                          |                |          |
|------------------------------------------|----------------|----------|
| For the 5 best letters,                  | \$100 each . . | \$500.00 |
| For the 10 next best,                    | 50 each . .    | 500.00   |
| For the 20 next best,                    | 25 each . .    | 500.00   |
| For the 50 next best,                    | 10 each . .    | 500.00   |
| For the 100 next best,                   | 5 each . .     | 500.00   |
| 185 separate prizes, totaling \$2,500.00 |                |          |

This contest closes December 1, 1911. Soon after that date checks will be sent to the prize winners. And all who write letters will be given the names of the prize winners.

### Valuable Facts

Here are samples of facts which we regard as being of value to others.

Archdeacon Sinclair, an Englishman, says that in his family and his father's family there were twenty six-footers, all brought up on oatmeal.

The Director of Athletics in a great university states that oatmeal is the food for athletes. It has been with him a regular diet for over forty years.

The superintendent of a school for delinquent boys says that these boys, when fed largely on oatmeal, show immediate and marked improvement.

A physician of the tenements, dealing largely with children who are wan and incapable, says their greatest lack is proper nutrition. In those sections only one home in twelve is an oatmeal home.

A nerve specialist states that Avenon (an extract of oats) has proved itself one of our greatest tonics.

A superintendent in charge of 2,000 woodsmen in Maine, after consulting with experts, has adopted oatmeal as the chief food for endurance.

A teacher whose pupils rarely get oatmeal says the children lack concentration. Their usual breakfast fails to fit them for study. Two hours before noon they become entirely incapable.

Sir Critchton - Browne, a high English authority, cites experiments on animals which show how oatmeal develops the thyroid gland.

Dr. Arnold Leland, in his book, "Old Age Deferred," shows how this gland affects one's apparent age. It is argued that proper care of these ductless glands can ward off age as much as twenty years.

### What We Seek

From men and women in position to know them, we seek for other facts like these.

But we also want facts from individual experience. Many a mother has seen wondrous examples of how children thrive on oatmeal.

Many a brain-worker has learned from experience how much such workers need the phosphorus in oats. Many a muscle-worker knows how oatmeal adds to one's endurance. Many a person, when in need of more vigor, has tried a 30-day diet of oats. Doubtless many old people who still retain youth know that oatmeal has helped them do it. We ask for all these facts.

No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when important, will be carried by us to tens of millions of people. The letters most helpful to people in general will be the prize-winning letters.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

## Quaker Oats

The rich, plump oats make the best oatmeal. We select them by 62 siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These luscious oats, prepared by our process, form the most delicious oat food in existence. Yet Quaker Oats—the very utmost in oatmeal—costs but one-half cent per dish. Do you think that it pays, in this premier food, to serve an inferior grade?

### Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

## The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO



## France Objects to "Dear Food"



Gendarmes Selling Food in a French Market

OUR illustration (from the *Illustrated London News*) shows a singular feature of the general agitation against high food prices which is now prevailing in many sections of the French republic. With the idea of calming the marketing housewives, who are in revolt against "dear food," the Department of the North ordered gendarmes to assist at the selling of

market produce, a plan which is claimed to have averted many violent scenes and no doubt violent acts as well. What is known as the "egg and butter strike" began several weeks ago, when housewives took so decided an attitude against high prices that it was found necessary in many places to read the Riot Act and to take stern measures to suppress violence.

## A Girl Evangelist for Young People

FEW young evangelists have a more promising future than Miss Annie Agnes Smith, who is affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. She is a member of the Quarterly Conference, which gives her an exhorter's license and authorizes her to "do the work of an evangelist." Converted in her childhood, and possessed of a great desire to work for



Miss Annie Agnes Smith

the Master, she was led into the work while in her girlhood. From the outset her work has been fruitful. She is an eloquent, forceful and spiritual exhorter. Her experience in Christian work is wide for one of her age. Her special field is that of a young people's evangelist. She is now engaged in conducting a series of meetings in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Dover, N. J.

## Divorce Among the Arabs

FEW Arab women I have met seem happy, writes Josephine E. Spaeth in *Neglected Arabia*. When one visits them at first, they often appear content; they will entertain cheerfully and are always hospitable. It is sometimes only after a series of visits, and after they are convinced of the sincerity of our friendship and love for them, that they have confidence enough to unburden their hearts. As one of them said last week, "Over us hangs a heavy sword continually, and we do not know when it will drop suddenly upon us." They live in constant fear.

The other day, during my visit in a house where I call weekly, a wife of a high-class Arab came in to make her call. After the usual formal greetings, she began an eager and fluent conversation with the hostess. Expressions of anger, scorn, mockery and laughter succeeded each other very rapidly on the faces of the women who were listening. The hostess was anxious to find out what I thought about the matter; I had to admit that I only understood part of it. She then turned to the speaker and asked her to take off her veil that I might understand her better, and to tell me her story.

"These people," said the hostess, referring to the missionaries, "always do the right thing; they are better than we are; ask her what you should do."

So she turned to me and said: "It is just this way: I am my husband's first wife. I have three sons and one daughter. The latter is married. All my children are grown up. Since my marriage my husband has married

three other wives. He brought them all into our house, and I have trained them all in household duties and taught them how to sew. You see, each of them was young and knew nothing when she married. I cared for their children, and I was the head of the harem. Now, my husband is sick, and he says 'I do not care for you any more. When I am better I am going to marry another. You are divorced and will have to go.' You see our book allows a man only four wives, and if he marries another, he will have to divorce one. All his wives I have trained to do the work well; my sons are big and I am old, and, of course, I am the one he needs the least now. Do you not think it would be best if he should die? He told me to send for the doctor. I refused and told him to die."

I let her finish her long story, and then tried to give her the advice she asked by showing her the wrong attitude she was taking to gain her point, and did my best to tell her that in God's sight she was the only lawful wife, and that it was her duty to care for her husband while ill. I told her how love and devotion are expressed in time of illness in our homes. She seemed to think it impossible that this high degree of love could exist between a father and mother.

Is it true, as many claim, that these women are happy because of their ignorance? Is it true that plural wives live with each other and love each other as sisters, as others hold? All that I have seen so far and information that I have gained from other missionaries and from the women themselves, deny this idea most emphatically.

## This Beautiful Seal Plush Coat \$22.48

DIRECT TO YOU

All Charges Prepaid

This is a wonderfully rich and luxurious coat that has every appearance of costly sealskin. Read this description:

No. 1602.—Seal Plush Coat, 64 inches long; broad shawl collar and cuffs; lined with black or pearl gray guaranteed satin, inside pocket to match; two handsome silk cord frogs with seal plush buttons also loop and frog to fasten coat at throat. The coat is not skimmed anywhere, and meets full in front.

A coat like this in natural fur would cost a fortune. These textile reproductions of natural furs have been brought to a wonderful perfection. They give you exactly the warmth, fashion and luxury of costly furs at a modest price. They wear longer than natural furs, because they do not shed hairs. They are beyond comparison with the cheap imitations that have followed the success of Textur Garments.

In addition to this lustrous seal plush, we make coats in Caracal, Bokhara Lamb, Persian Lamb, Balkan Lamb, Nutria and Velour du Nord. These are made up in a great variety of handsome styles from imported models and are sold at prices up to \$49.40. We sell direct to wearer only, saving you all dealer's profits. This enables us to give better values for your money than you have ever seen.

## Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you the coat described above or any other of our many styles C. O. D. on approval, giving you the opportunity to see and try on the coat before you pay a cent. We do this because we know our coats are unrivalled in style and quality.

When you see them you'll know at once that they are far greater value for the money than any you can buy in stores.

Write today for handsome Fashion Book L, showing all latest styles. We will also send free samples of any or all the beautiful furs described in our Fashion Book L.

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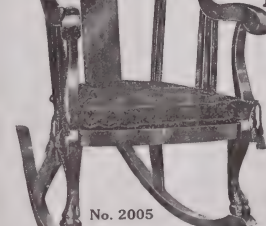
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The simplest Gown looks well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

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## No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

Be well—nothing short of well.

**Radiate Health**—so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed.

**Improve Your Figure**—in other words be at your best. You yield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happier.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more:

**Chronic Ailments** and built up and reduced more women during the past nine years than any physician—the best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

I have Reduced about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and

Increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Don't you join us—we will make you and the world better.

I have published a free booklet showing how to stand and walk correct, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

Sit down and write to me NOW.

Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

**SUSANNA COCROFT**

Dept. 18, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1119

The admiral was a small man with unusually square shoulders, and a dignified bearing, which made good at least three inches which he lacked in stature. When he faced Cushing, the young man was struck at once with his mild and pleasant expression.

"Oh, yes, Pax. Of course I want to meet the young man. Do you remember, sir, a year ago when the fleet sailed for the Pacific, there was an unusual accident on one of our cruisers, the *Del Monte*? In swinging out from the wharf preparatory to accompanying us down the bay, one of her steel hawsers snapped and the short end of it whipped across the deck and caught a sailor who was stationed by the forward davits and flung him into the water between the cruiser and the piling. Do you recall anything like that, young man?"

Cushing blushed and stammered something that the girl did not catch. "Excuse me," she said smiling. "But those whistles are very noisy. I could not hear what you said."

"I did not say anything in particular."

"But you did say you recalled the event," the admiral smiled, and looked more keenly at the young man. "Do you also recall the fact that a young man who was standing on the wharf at the time jumped down into the water, and, at great risk of being crushed to death between the cruiser and the piling, rescued the sailor, who couldn't swim, holding him up until he was hauled on deck?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it." "I'm sure you do. The sailor who couldn't swim happened to be my nephew. Did you know that, very often, sailors are not able to swim?"

"Yes, sir, I know it's often a fact."

"And is it also a fact—"

"Oh, father! Why be so slow? Let me ask Mr. Cushing a question. Mr. Cushing, were you the young man who jumped in and rescued Cousin Ed, and if so, how did you escape getting into the papers, and being thanked by the admiralty, and medaled as a hero, and generally acclaimed by everybody?"

"That is not a question."

"What is it?"

"An examination."

The girl laughed, and Sidney Cushing again looked at her as he had looked the first time. Admiral Marston looked puzzled.

"Yes, how did you happen to escape? There was a big crowd at the dock, and I made immediate inquiry. But I learned only by accident a few days ago about you."

"I'm awfully curious, too," said Miss Marston. "Tell us how you escaped."

"It might make a long story."

"Then come and see us and—tell it at leisure."

"May I?"

He asked the rear-admiral's daughter, but Admiral Marston answered.

"Yes, come in any evening next week."

"And Cousin Ed is with us then. How romantic! He has never met you. Think of being saved from drowning and never meeting the person who saved you."

"Yes," murmured Sidney. "It must be interesting. But this is not Washington. I may not be able to get to Washington next week. We are very busy over the new warship."

Again the girl laughed. "I believe father thinks Dockville is Washington. I didn't remember, either, for a minute, where we were. But can't you call before we go back—?"

She stopped suddenly and her father said gravely:

"You forget, Pax, we return to Washington after the banquet. If business should call you to Washington, don't forget our invitation. We want to hear that story."

He turned with his daughter and left the platform with other naval officers,

and Sidney followed with his friend Gordon, who parted from him out on the street in front of the ship-yard.

"Sorry I can't take you up town, Sid, but I promised to get these folks over to the ferry for the evening express."

"That's all right," said Cushing, good-naturedly. "I'll just run up to Main Street and join my pater there. He has promised to take me over to the naval banquet in New York to-night."

He walked fast, with the athlete's easy stride, through the maze of carts, vans, trucks, motor drays and freight wagons that jammed the river front, and entered the narrow end of Water Street.

"The pater needn't have cared about such a thing as a hat. There were half a dozen in the office that might do." But he smiled again as he recalled his father's precise military exactness of habit and his punctilious observance of all the exact etiquette belonging to dress, and also dwelt a second on the fact that in all his life he, Sidney, had never for a second questioned his father's orders or asked why he was told to do a thing. His father had told him to go and buy a new hat, and he was going to get it. That was all.

It was now three o'clock. The launching had occurred at the afternoon high tide, and there was a full hour before his father would expect him back at the ship-yard. He did not want to miss the last train out and so miss the naval banquet, and took the short cut through Water Street to Moore.

He had reached the end of Navy Lane when he was brought to a sudden stop by a tremendous concussion of sound that roared up the narrow alley he was passing, and the next instant he felt himself thrown off his balance and was flung against the building near which he was passing. The impact dazed him for a moment. Then, next, his senses cleared and he looked up. Seven stories above, in the great naval supplies factory, he saw, through the blown-out sashes and torn fragments of window casings, human heads, shoulders, arms of scores of girls and young women who were screaming madly. Next he was conscious of black smoke in round balls rolling out over the heads of the human creatures swaying up there, tearing at one another to get to the windows, appearing and disappearing. Then red and white tongues of fire shot through the black balls of smoke, and then—he stared up with death-white face as the first girl struggled out on the window-sill, seventy-five feet above the stone flagging, threw up her arms and without a second's pause jumped out into the air. Another followed. Another, another. O God! Was there no other way? "Stop! Stop! Wait!" He knew he was shouting, but it seemed as if his throat was choked with blood and ashes. He realized that buildings were emptying around him, that hundreds of people had suddenly swarmed into the court and alley and were looking with awful earnestness at the silent bodies falling, falling out of that furnace up there. And then his brain cleared and he began to seek a plan. His mind was made that way.

The alley behind the burning factory was only ten feet wide. Directly opposite the rows of shattered windows was a double-decker tenement. People were pouring out of it in streams, carrying every imaginable thing. The doorway which opened widest offered most hope. Sidney darted in and rushed up the central stairway. The clang of the fire engines sounded in his ears as he reached the top of the first landing. Still he raced on, one thought in his throbbing brain—that seventh story with its human cluster of fair-haired girls, fighting for a chance to die outside instead of inside the room where only a minute before they had been peacefully at work.

Continued on next page

# Here is a Winter Coat

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

He knew, as he raced past landing after landing, that more bodies were falling, and he knew that as he ran he was crying out silently, "Wait! Wait!" But not out loud. He needed all his breath for what he wanted to do and hoped to do, but did not yet know how he could do it.

At last he had reached the seventh story and flung himself into what he thought was an empty room on the side opposite the terrible row of windows only ten feet away. Even as he entered the room he cast a look around with swift encircling gaze.

Over in a dark corner a human being sat upon a curiously contrived couch, staring at him.

"What is the matter? What is the trouble? What do you want?"

"A board! Something long enough to reach over—"

"A board?" The figure still sat there. But the voice was energetic. "They were papering the next room this morning." One hand pointed backwards.

Sidney flung himself out into the hall. Dim figures of crying people passed him. He threw himself against a door. He burst it in. Thank God! The paper-hanger had left his stuff there. The board! He seized it, rushed back and thrust it through the window to the window opposite. Was it long enough? He hardly waited to see. The strange figure on the couch seemed to watch him.

The board just reached, and that was all. A few inches only to rest on the edge of the sill. A few inches only to make all the difference between living and dying.

He dared not trust his weight on this frail bit of bending wood, but he saw in an instant that he must put something on the end of it to prevent it from slipping off the precarious edge of the window sill. He tore out the lower window sash with almost one movement, jammed the end of the board hard up against the side of the casing, and then mounting on the sill himself he braced his feet against the board, and holding on to the edge of the upper window sash with one hand flung himself out as far as he could with arm extended to help the first one who might venture across that narrow and doubtful means of life.

Three walked over the swaying passage and another slipped and fell just as his hand was about to clutch her arm. Then through the swirling smoke he felt conscious of one face back in the opposite window, and he knew that the person was helping others up and encouraging them to go first. He called to her across the ten feet of eternity:

"Push your end of the board there! It is slipping off here!"

He could feel the end of the board under his foot moving, and he knew in a moment that she had obeyed him intelligently and instantly.

"Strong, brave girl!" he said to himself, and then he witnessed as wonderful a sight as he had ever seen. But then, he was young yet, only twenty-four, and he had much to see.

Two girls were standing on the board at the opposite window. Their faces were blackened and fire shreds clung to their dresses. And lo, as he looked, and leaned far out with extended arm, he learned that the first girl was a cripple, and the other, who had already helped the others, was behind her, creeping along, holding the cripple and pushing and balancing her across those few feet of life.

"Quick!" he shouted. "The board is slipping!"

It was a thing to dream of in the years to come. He stood there, his whole figure dilated, his arm flung out with fingers agonizing to reach that human creature shuffling so slowly toward him. At last he clutched her dress. Even as he did so he knew he was thinking of the other. The board

could not possibly hold the two. He pulled her in through the window and she fell in a fainting heap on the floor. The other? She was just beyond his reach. He strained every muscle to reach her; caught her hand; with a last desperate pull swung her towards him, and felt the board go and the window sash above him give way.

Even then, he whirled as he fell, and the girl, who had with that last effort of his plunged through the window, turned and made a frantic clutch at him.

He was hanging, by some miracle, with his hands grasping the rough bricks of the window ledge, looking up into a face blacked with smoke and blistered with fire. She had her two hands about his wrist and her lips were moving as if in a prayer. He thought even then of the incident, not more than two hours ago, when he had hung to that chain, and what he had risked it all for.

Then he felt her grasp relax and she fell back into the room.

"Brave lass! She's fainted," he said. He struggled to raise himself and felt his strength going, when a fireman's head appeared at the window.

"Here!" was all the man said. He grasped his wrists in an iron clutch. Sidney plunged up, using feet and knees and elbows.

"That was a close call for you, young feller!"

And then the room seemed to swarm with firemen, and he had for the next few moments a confused medley in his mind of shouts, of hoarse orders, of fire-hose dragged in at windows, of overturning furniture, of all the wild but systematic movements of a city fire brigade in action. The double-decker was on fire, and the company was at work from within its walls, from the alley below and from the roof.

Sidney never again saw the fireman who had pulled him up to life. Not even all his inquiries in the after days could discover him. One of the nameless heroes of a commercial age, to whom heroism is a part of daily action, as little thought of as going to work in the morning or coming home again at night. He passed on with the great unnumbered army of common men who are always doing their duty, and don't want any medals pinned on them for doing it.

In the thick of all the confusion he had a distinct sense of more to be done. He had almost lost consciousness. But he found himself again near the window. Nothing but smoke and flame. That was all a thing of the past. No more lives to be saved there. Where had they all—

Then he knew he was over in the corner where the strange figure of the man was. The girl was there, and the crippled girl, and they were all three carrying the man out. Smoke and flame in the narrow hallway. More shouting, mad rushes for stairways, water, fire, smoke, firemen, tenement roomers in panic, and at last, thank God, out in the street, the man on the couch, strangely calm, the girl with the blackened, burned face, and always in Sidney's vision as she steadied her end of the burden. And the cripple somehow keeping alongside, shuffling down the narrow stairs, now flung against the wall by desperate men and women, now almost trodden under foot as the people poured down like maddened cattle. And then, as they finally reached the street and kindly eager hands helped, Sidney had the final view of the girl falling on her knees over the form on the couch, while the man's hands fell with a reaching pathos over her tangled black hair. And for the first time Sidney realized that the man was blind as well as paralyzed.

Then he knew the couch, with the man and the girl by its side, and the crippled girl, had all been moved back,

Continued on page 1136



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BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### Is This Foolish?

THE only money I spend foolishly," said a little woman the other day, "is what I manage to spare for reading matter. I subscribe to my favorite papers and magazines, and I do this year in and year out because they bring me good cheer from the big world that I never see. I do without many things that most people think are necessary, such as new clothes and furbelows and bright ribbons, but as I have not many neighbors and do all my own work I must keep in touch with what is going on. One of my friends asked me how I could be interested in stories that were only made up and had never really happened. I looked at her and saw she was literal and had no imagination, and I did not try to answer her. Whether it is foolish or not I shall continue to save up and subscribe for the papers that bring me sunshine."

If people in general could be as wise as this dear lady, homes would be uplifted, children gain in intelligence and life be better worth living. Money spent for good literature is an investment that pays well in the end. It is not foolish to invite to your door fifty-two weeks in the year a cheery, up-to-date, charming and versatile visitor who brings to your table a perfect feast of pleasant things, who gives you glimpses of the world beyond the sea and very often says the word that you have been waiting for.

Life for the woman who does all her own work is largely ordered according to routine. She rises early in the morning and prepares breakfast; the children are to be washed and dressed and sent to school; the good man of the house is to be started for the day in a happy mood, and when husband and children are out of the house, sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, cooking, sewing and mending go on in the same round, from Monday's rub in the washtub to Saturday's baking of bread and cake for Sunday. When there are neighbors to run in and make an agreeable break, the day loses part of its monotony, but where neighbors are few and their calls are far between, a book or magazine or a weekly periodical produce the effect of a combined call from the minister, the doctor, the editor, the famous artist and the author most dearly loved, not so much appearing one by one as entering informally, chatting beside the fire, and making you feel as if you were the hostess at an afternoon tea. Money spent for good reading is a splendid investment for the whole family, and does a great deal to preserve health, youth and beauty in the wife and mother.

### Concerning Doubting Thomas

ALL the way down the centuries of the Christian era there has clung to the name of one of the twelve apostles who were the chief friends of our Lord while he tarried on earth, the epithet "doubting," in itself an accusation. Because Thomas, not unlike thousands who have lived in later days, found himself unable at once to grasp the amazing reality of the Lord's resurrection, he has been stigmatized almost as if unworthy to belong in the apostolic group. Yet our Lord had no disapproval for him, but instead at once offered him proofs that it was himself and no other who had returned, as he had promised, to the circle of those who loved him. "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and thrust it into my side,

and be not faithless, but believing," were the words with which Jesus addressed this loyal disciple. Then he said, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." As bell sometimes answers bell, there is a verse in one of the epistles, and the writer is Peter, in which there occur the words, "Whom having not seen we love." Our love goes forth to Jesus, and although we have not seen him with our actual eyes, we have seen him with eyes of the spirit, and there are days of clear vision when we can adopt for ourselves a sweet hymn sung by the Plymouth Brethren:

So near, so very near to God,  
Nearer I cannot be,  
For in the person of His Son  
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,  
Dearest I cannot be,  
For the love wherewith He loves His Son  
Is the love He gives to me.

Have we wandered away from Thomas called Didymus? Suppose we turn to the day when Jesus and his disciples were lingering in Galilee, and it was almost time for the great annual Passover to take place at Jerusalem. A messenger came with tidings from a little home in Bethany. In that home dwelt three friends of Jesus, two sisters and a brother. It was a hospitable home where he had often been entertained. There was no doubt in their hearts as to the fact that he was stronger and greater and more divine than any one they had ever seen. Martha and Mary and Lazarus were the dear friends of Jesus, and so when Lazarus was very ill they turned to him hopefully and confidently. If he would but come to them and come soon, the brother would recover. He did not go immediately after receiving the summons, and when he did announce his intention to return to Jerusalem, the disciples remonstrated. "Why, Master," they said, "when you were there the Jews tried their best to slay you; they would have killed you with stones; they are just as angry now. To go there is to rush into the lion's mouth. Why venture there again?" It was when Jesus declared that notwithstanding the wrath of the Jews and their animosity, he would go straight into peril, perhaps to certain death, that Thomas said, looking around on the twelve, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." This was love's final and emphatic testimonial, love's masterpiece of loyalty. Not doubting Thomas, but loyal Thomas should be haloed in history.

### The Psychological Moment

CERTAIN phrases gradually slip into common usage, and are often on our lips in conversation while, if we were suddenly asked what they meant, we would be at a loss for a reply. What, for example, do we mean when we use the expression at the top of this paragraph? What is a psychological moment? Is it not a moment of vivid impressiveness, a critical moment and a moment on which destiny may hang? In a book by Arnold Bennett, *Hilda Lessways*, the psychological moment was reached when, obeying an impulse, a young girl who up to this hour had been sheltered from every rough wind, walked through an open door up a flight of stairs and knocked at a closed door on which was the name of a lawyer. The psychological moment for this young

Continued on next page

THERE'S such an utter satisfaction in standing before your mirror and giving the last finishing touches to your hair when you know it looks just right—on one of those mornings when the waves coil lightly beneath your fingers, when they go into place as if by magic, when every strand feels clean and firm and soft.

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# Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

was the moment in which she in the street in the gathering night, deciding whether she would call the lawyer or go back to her home. Fate had many strange things in store for her, and all of them depended on that one critical moment. The psychological moment for many is the one in which he decides whether he will take up work that promises quick returns and rapid money-making, although it may involve the dwarfing of his manhood. On the other hand, the scale may tip in the opposite direction and he may be in favor of the work that will help him intellectually and morally and give him wide influence even though it be not profitable financially. For us must from time to time pass through a psychological moment.

## The Modern Baby

Now that babies are brought up by rule, fed at regular intervals, fully clothed and kept out of doors most of the day, they are much less trouble than they used to be. Time that the baby ruled the household is an iron scepter. People must not expect to see their little majesty disturbed in a nap, he must be fed whenever he cried, and if at times he was sleepless, his parents must take turns in walking the floor until he might be soothed. We have changed all that, and the young mother of today loses comparatively little sleep with her well-trained baby. The baby is put to bed at six after being fed and fed, sleeps until ten or eleven, is again fed, and is laid down in the crib wide awake, but sure to be asleep in a few minutes, and equally sure to sleep peacefully until daybreak.

For babies the world over the interesting and inevitable process of teething is fraught with troubles and little victims whose teeth are being cut and getting ready to pierce the gums, must be pardoned if they cry at a great deal of care, both night and day, from their parents. Those who are fortunate enough to be near the specialists of our period, a physician who has made a study of children's maladies, have some of their demons lifted. The doctor tells them how to feed the teething child, what to do and, above all, what not to do. A grandmother who successfully brought up a large family of her own is often quite helpless when she surges the second generation. The best way is to trust one's own common sense, reinforced by the advice of a physician.

## As Easy as an Old Shoe

WE USED often to hear the expression, "As easy as an old shoe," and days when it meant more than it is at present. People formerly had no notion that a new shoe must fit the foot so tightly that an uncomfortable making-in process must be undergone before the shoe could be worn without torture. Thousands of little feet had their feet deliberately deformed by their mothers because of the prevalent impression that a small foot was desirable, and a large one something for which to blush. For centuries the Chinese bound the feet of their women, and people in other lands suffered at the absurdity of the ancient custom. Yet, here at home, otherwise sensible persons forced their feet into shoes that were too short and too narrow. The result for the victims of this stupidity was suffering from bunions, corns and in-growing nails. At this hour, the young girl who wishes to be smart and trim from head to foot prefers for herself a shoe slipper with a heel too high for comfort and a pointed toe. The majority vote by this time arrived at the con-

clusion that a shoe should fit the foot, require no breaking-in process, and be so perfect in form and fit that no pedestrian need fear the breaking down of the beautiful arch of the foot, no matter how long and hard the day's march may be. Those who have the care of little children ought from their first wearing of shoes to see that nature has her innings, and is not outraged. Our Southern friends claim that there is great advantage for children in going bare-footed during the first dozen years of life. The resident physician in a finely endowed orphanage in Virginia declared not long ago that the children in the institution were immune from influenza, croup, tonsillitis and colds in general, because summer and winter their feet were bare. After the age of twelve, when they began to wear shoes and stockings, they were more liable to take cold than they had formerly been. The naked feet, neither cramped nor deformed by shoes, were permitted to grow as nature meant them to be, and were free from enlarged joints and painful excrescences.

A great deal of physical comfort is insured by changing outdoor shoes for indoor ones, in the house. The habit once established will recommend itself to every one, to the mother whose tired head needs rest and whose nerves are disturbed by the sound of heavy boots in the halls and stairs, to the young people who may as readily attend to this part of the toilet as to that of washing faces and hands, and to the person who, having been standing or walking for hours, is greatly eased by a cool, thin, and possibly old shoe. Our English cousins, who walk more than we do, never wear the same foot-gear indoors and out.

"As easy as an old shoe" may have a secondary reference to temperament and disposition. There are happy, care-free people who meet each new day with a smile of welcome, who do not know what it means to be fretful and complaining, and who take the day's work with cheerful courage. It is pleasant to live under the same roof with them, and they contrast agreeably with other good people who are what may be termed difficult.

## Your Uppermost Thought

UNCONSCIOUSLY you and I and everybody must reveal our uppermost thought in our intercourse with the family at home and our friends abroad. Our thoughts are not always on dress parade. When we are in formal company or among strangers we are careful what we say and how we look. When we are alone with our mirror, the uppermost thought stares back at us from the face in the glass. If it is a brave and noble thought, the writing is in the countenance we see, and if it is a mean, uncharitable thought it shows itself in the drooping of the mouth and the narrowing of the eyes. Day by day the thoughts that come to the surface mould our faces, and make us attractive or repellant.

## More Than One Pays For

THE passenger in a railway train pays for a single seat. If he or she selects with care one of the best seats in the car and then ostentatiously piles in the adjoining seat, which somebody else may presently need, a lot of bundles and parcels, after which the passenger gives entire attention to the outside scenery or a newspaper, the action is indefensible. In a sparsely filled car no objection can be made to this occupation of an extra seat, but in the rush hours and when seats are wanted for people who have paid for them and still are standing, the act is both boorish and dishonest. Whoever coolly appropriates more than is paid for is second cousin to a thief.

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## Journeying and Praying\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A MOST interesting caravan has formed in the vicinity of Babylon by the river side at Ahava (Rawlinson suggests that it is the modern *Hit* on the Euphrates River). Ezra, the noted Jewish priest and scholar, is the leader of the caravan. Seventeen hundred people have rallied to his standard. A journey of nearly a thousand miles is before them, from Babylon to Jerusalem. It was a dangerous way across the Syrian Desert, which was infested with robbers. We notice the absence of a military escort, and wonder at the omission; for beside personal property there is treasure of gold and silver to be carried, amounting to between four and five millions of dollars. The caravan has rested at Ahava for three days at the command of Ezra. Ezra's first review of the caravan was not satisfactory, because he found there no Levites, or religious teachers. They were necessary, because the expedition was for the purpose of instructing in God's law the dwellers in Jerusalem; so Ezra halted the caravan while he sent to Babylon for teachers. About fifty priests and Levites came, bringing with them two hundred and twenty Nethinim. The days of waiting at Ahava were days of fasting and prayer that God would be their shield and defense all along their dangerous journey. Artaxerxes, the king, would have given them a band of soldiers, but Ezra said, "I was ashamed to ask of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help against the enemy in the way, because we had spoken unto the king saying, 'The hand of our God is upon all them that seek him for good, but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him.'"

### Trust and Effort

But in the spirit of "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," Ezra for safety divided the gold and silver into twelve portions, and delivered it into the keeping of twelve of the chief priests, telling them to account for it when they should reach Jerusalem. Even while men are trusting God, God wants them to do all they can to help themselves. That is why he gives men both strength and wisdom.

Packed among the treasures of Ezra were the "rolls." The rolls which Ezra had, contained the law of God, and he had planned the expedition to Jerusalem for the purpose of teaching the people about God's laws and how to worship him in the great temple they had built to the honor of his name.

The day of starting came, and on and on they went for four months, from March to July, when they arrived safely in Jerusalem. Ezra was a kind and wise leader, for he told the twelve priests to rest three days before they should deliver the silver and the gold which he had put into their keeping. Then it was weighed, and not an ounce was missing. It is most interesting for us to be told in Ezra, chapter seven, just how this amount of treasure was gathered together. Strange as it may seem, it was gathered by a decree of the king, "a heathen king" we would say, at least he was not a worshipper of the living God, but he seemed desirous that his Hebrew captive subjects should be true to their God, and there was evidently a feeling on his part that he might thus propitiate God, and make his own kingdom safer; for said he: "Let it be done exactly for the house of the God of heaven, for why should there be wrath against the realm of the king and his sons?" (Ezra 7:23.)

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for November 19, 1911. Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem. Ezra 8:15, 36. GOLDEN TEXT: "The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him." Ezra 8:22.

### The Caravan of Life

How vast is the caravan of souls thus passing along the journey of life! We see it is divided into two parts; one carries the banner, "In God we trust;" the other, "We can take care of ourselves."

In the first section, the faces are peaceful. Often we hear the sounds of song and of prayer, and there is sweet converse one with another, and incidents are given to illustrate the loving providence of God. One said: "A little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field. I said, 'You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Can she walk alone?' 'Yes, sir, on smooth ground.' 'And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?' 'Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it.' 'That is right, George, and I want to tell you one thing. You now see how to understand that beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?' 'Oh, yes, sir; and I shall never forget it while I live.'"

Then another story was told by one who was journeying under the banner of Trust: "Some years ago there was a poor child left alone at the death of his parents in a distant island of the ocean. His father and mother were killed in a cruel war. Now see how God takes care of his creatures. The boy was very sad and wept much because he was an orphan. An impulse came to him from God, we cannot doubt, to leave the island and go to America. There he found kind friends who taught him to read and write, and who took great pains to teach him about God and about Jesus Christ. He became a true Christian. He wanted to go back to his island to tell his people about Jesus, but just as he had received his education and was ready to go, he was taken sick and died. His name was Henry Obokiah. By means of his life and death, good men became interested in his countrymen, and missionaries were sent there, churches were built, the Bible was translated, and thousands were taught to read it and learn about God. The people destroyed their foolish idols, and they became a Christian nation."

Though we fail indeed,  
You, I, a score of such weak workers, He  
Falls never. If he cannot work by us  
He will work over us.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

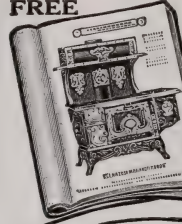
Great is the treasure carried by those who are in the Trust section of life's caravan, for they carry with them the unsearchable riches of Christ. Hear the prayer of Christ for all who bear this treasure: "Holy Father, keep them in thy name. . . . While I was with them, I kept them in thy name, which thou hast given me, and I guarded them. . . . But now I leave thee. . . . I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil one. Sanctify them in the truth." (John 17:11-17.)

We will glance across at the caravan

Continued on next page

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**Changsha's Anti-Foreign Riots**

IN a letter from Rev. S. W. Elliott,  
 a missionary of the American  
 Bible Society in Chengtu, China,  
 some graphic details are given of the  
 recent anti-foreign disturbances in  
 Szechuen Province. He writes:  
 "I was in Changsha when the ex-  
 citement was highest. On Sunday,  
 May 14, a tremendous protest meeting  
 was held. It was estimated that ten  
 thousand people assembled, with the  
 Provisional Assembly, on the grounds  
 of the new Educational Building, and  
 fiery speeches were made in which  
 foreigners were branded as thieves  
 and robbers. On the following day  
 tracts embodying the gist of these  
 speeches were openly distributed in  
 the streets by men in long gowns, and  
 a notice was posted on the gates of  
 the Educational Building of a meeting  
 for the following Thursday, at which  
 a plan of action would be mapped out,  
 and admittance was to be by ticket.  
 "This is what moved foreigners to  
 send the women and children away, as  
 the threat was made in the tracts that  
 they would go on a strike and close  
 up everything in Changsha in defiance  
 of Peking, in case the government ig-  
 nored their protest against the foreign  
 loan. The tracts did not seem to  
 arouse the people very much, espe-  
 cially when patrols of armed squads  
 of soldiers were passing up and down  
 the streets continually day and night.  
 The camps of soldiers which had been  
 removed from the doors of all the  
 mission residences at last Chinese

New Year time were hastily put  
 back.  
 "I walked all through the city alone  
 with one of the colporteurs on the day  
 following the distribution of the anti-  
 foreign literature and visited all the  
 missionary stations. The people  
 showed me only respect and accepted  
 our Christian literature courteously.  
 When, however, I went through the  
 same streets three weeks later, with  
 an American and a British gunboat in  
 port, the attitude of the people had  
 changed so much that I was cursed  
 and scoffed and laughed at on all  
 sides.  
 "The colporteurs in the Changsha  
 region report great difficulty attend-  
 ing their efforts to sell the Scriptures.  
 They are finding the students their  
 worst opponents. They charge them  
 with being responsible for the foreign  
 missionaries being in Hunan. 'If you  
 and all the other people would only  
 stay away and leave the foreign mis-  
 sionaries alone they would not stay  
 here. They would have no material to  
 work on. Their occupation would be  
 gone and they would be forced to go  
 home. You are worse enemies of  
 China than the foreigners are.' So  
 they report the taunts that are flung  
 at them by the so-called patriots. It  
 is not surprising that a number of the  
 colporteurs have given up the work.  
 They are certainly on the firing line  
 in this region just now. They either  
 develop into vigorous Christian work-  
 ers or else have to drop out of the  
 line."

**Sunday School Lesson**

Continued from preceding page

carrying the banner, "We trust in our-  
 selves." They are not marching in an  
 orderly manner; their ranks are  
 broken and irregular, and not infre-  
 quently we see some fall by the way-  
 side. As we look at them they are  
 reminded of a story we recently read of  
 a man and wife who were on their way  
 to Alaska in a large covered wagon.  
 Meeting a miner, they made inquiries  
 about the way. "You'd better not go  
 on," said he, "the bottom's all out of the  
 trail." "We'll take the risk," they said  
 as they continued along through the  
 slush. The miner stood watching them,  
 and in less than ten minutes he  
 saw the ice give way under them, and  
 they were precipitated into a lake. He  
 heard their drowning cries for help, but  
 he could give them none.  
 "We'll take the risk," is the pass-  
 word one hears all through life among  
 those who think they can get on without  
 God in the world. A little boy refused  
 to say his morning prayers on the  
 ground that "any boy could take care  
 of himself in the daytime if God would  
 take care of him at night."  
 Let none lose sight of the treasure,

more precious than gold and silver,  
 which God has entrusted to their keep-  
 ing, for an account of it will be  
 required some day, at the end of the  
 journey, which is the end of life, in that  
 temple not made with hands, which is  
 eternal in the heavens. Let no one de-  
 ceive himself by saying "If I choose to  
 take care of myself, I will set aside my  
 responsibility to God." Not so, for the  
 riches which are in Christ have already  
 been paid for in the coin of his own  
 blood. We must all render an individ-  
 ual account.

**The Hand of Blessing**

As we read the Golden Text: "The  
 hand of our God is upon all them for  
 good that seek him," we seem to feel  
 the gentle touch of love resting upon  
 us. We can not forget it if we would.  
 We would not forget it if we could.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises.  
 Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.  
 Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises.  
 But blessedness dwells in the human breast.  
 Given to thee are those eight Paradises  
 When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.  
 Oriental.

**A Faithful Pastor Dead**

DR. JOHN J. REED, of New York  
 Conference, preached Sunday  
 morning (October 22) at Leonia, N. J.,  
 where he had resided since his super-  
 annuation last April. His text was:  
 "As thy days so shall thy strength be."  
 At night he attended the service,  
 and a little later, as he sat in his par-  
 lor conversing with his family, he  
 suddenly expired, passing as he would  
 have wished, after a day of active and  
 delightful service. Dr. Reed was born  
 in New York City seventy-one years  
 ago, graduated at Wesleyan University  
 in 1864, was a member of Newark  
 M. E. Conference, 1870-1881; New  
 York Conference, 1881-1884; Cincin-  
 nati Conference, 1884-1889; New York  
 Conference, 1889. Among his pas-  
 torates were Montclair, N. J.; Wash-  
 ington Square, New York; Saint Paul's  
 and Walnut Hills, Cincinnati; Trinity  
 Church, Newburgh, and First and Cen-  
 tral Churches, Yonkers. His last

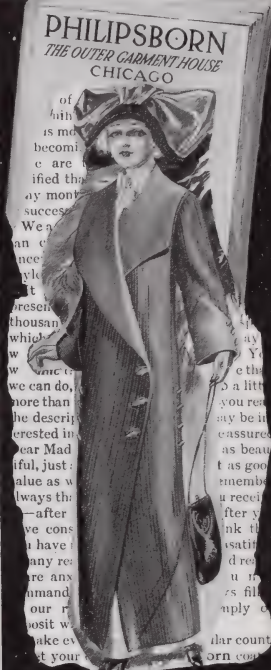
charge was Brewster, N. Y. Mrs. Reed  
 survives, with two sons and four  
 daughters. Funeral services were held  
 at Leonia. Dr. Reed was one of the  
 best-known ministers in the East, and  
 those who knew him best were most  
 captivated by his personality. He was  
 a strong preacher, a poet of consider-  
 able talent and above all a Christian  
 gentleman. His friendships were very  
 numerous.—New York Christian Advo-  
 cate.

**LIFE**

BEHOLD us toiling up a mountain side,  
 Its summit we attain;  
 Then with increasing impetus descend,  
 And breathless reach the plain.  
 And so the steep of life are slowly passed,  
 Until, its zenith won,  
 Adown its slopes we glide—its years like trees  
 Flit by—and life is done.  
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## AS TO RAILROAD BONDS

THERE is really no mystery in determining the safety of any regular and legitimate form of investment, and this applies particularly to railroad bonds, about which the laws of every State compel a published statement. These annual railroad reports may be had by every investor for the asking, and the man who through his own efforts has saved up enough money to invest can judge of the safety of a railroad's bonds by studying the rate per mile at which the bond is issued and comparing it with the total market value of the property per mile. The total market value of a railroad per mile can be readily ascertained by adding the market value of the stock per mile to the value of the bonded debt per mile.

Of course all railroads would not be warranted in issuing the same amount of bonds per mile, for the cost of right of way and construction and equipment are seldom the same in any two cases, and it is to meet these requirements that bonds are sold. The average bond issue for all the railroads in the United States is \$67,936 per mile. The bonds representing this indebtedness are rarely of one issue or of one class. There are usually first and second mortgage bonds, and these bear the same relation to the fixed property of the railroad company that first and second mortgages do to private real estate. It follows that second mortgage bonds may be quite secure, but this can only be said after the safety of the first bonds is assured, and there is still property enough available to meet the second obligations.

While first mortgage bonds are necessarily to be preferred, the security of the second may be equally safe, provided always that the prior liens are not too heavy. In the event of a failure to meet interest, the junior bondholders, in order to save themselves, have at times been forced to foreclose. In such an event the junior bondholders are, or should be, in a position to buy all the first bonds at par when the property passes into their hands.

### Other Points to Consider

The student, whom we have referred to the railroad reports, and the would-be investor in railroad bonds, should, in addition to the foregoing, carefully look into the gross earnings and the net earnings per mile. The gross earnings of different roads with equal facilities and opportunities for business should be compared, as well as the chances for a continuance of these conditions, or for their increase, or even for their decline. In this connection a study of the country through which the road passes will be of help, for if the population is increasing by the coming in of people from outside, or by the establishment of new branches of industry, both of which mean increased passenger and freight earnings, the railroad's solvency becomes more and more assured.

Now, the gross earnings of a railroad may be great and full of promise to the unwary, but of far greater importance to the investor is the amount of the net earnings. Under normal conditions the operating expenses of a railroad take about sixty-five per cent. of the gross earnings; but even if the operating expenses are less, it does not always mean greater care and economy in the management, but rather that the physical efficiency of the property is not kept up to a high working standard. The net income of all the railroads in the country is estimated at \$4,702 per mile, though some of the more prosperous lines reported, last year, \$12,000 a mile, the lowest being \$1,500.

When a railroad is earning three times the amount of its fixed charges—interest, rentals, and taxes—its bonds may be considered trebly protected, and there will be a surplus for

stock dividends that must prove fortunate for holders who secured them at low figures.

According to the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the main lines of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, as well as the Great Northern and the Union Pacific, are worth nearly fifty per cent. more than their total bonded debt, so that about one-half the present value of the entire properties could be destroyed without seriously impairing the value of the securities.

### Comparative Values

Railroad bonds yield all the way from three and three-fourths to nine per cent., the general average being from four to six per cent. As an investment railroad bonds yield more than those of the Government, State or municipality, and less than public utility or industrial bonds. They have equal security with the best real estate mortgages, but the average returns are not so great.

Convertibility is the distinguishing feature of good railroad bonds, as they are available at the banks as security, and are easily disposed of in the open market. It is not necessary here to discuss the stability of the market value of bonds, for, as we have already hinted, this is altogether dependent upon business conditions. We are endeavoring to show that the ideal investment should combine security of principal and interest, a fair return, ready exchange for cash, and the prospect of increased value. With this understanding, it is not unreasonable to claim that good railroad bonds meet all the requirements, provided always that they are purchased under favorable market conditions.

Railroad equipment bonds are of the nature of a chattel mortgage. They are issued to secure funds for the purchase of rolling stock, that is, cars and locomotives. These securities are known as "car trust certificates," "equipment bonds," or "equipment notes." These bonds are a first and so a direct lien upon the entire equipment purchased. If the interest is not paid and there is a foreclosure, every mortgaged wheel will cease to roll unless by the consent of a receiver. Under no circumstances can the general mortgages of the railroad attach as a first lien on the equipment until the last equipment bond is paid.

These bonds are usually for \$1,000. They run, as a rule, for ten years, and are paid off in annual or semi-annual installments. In this way, the security, ample at the beginning, grows stronger with each payment on the loan. As the equipment of a railroad is absolutely essential to its operation, it follows that every condition of the loan made for its purchase must be promptly met.

### Net Returns Higher

As a rule, the net returns of equipment bonds are relatively higher, from one-half to three-fourths per cent., than those from regular bonds. This is attributed to the fact of their not being known or understood by the average investor, while they have always been in high favor with the best banks. Equipment bonds vary as to convertibility, though when the financial market is unfriendly there is never any trouble in disposing of them without loss. So, too, equipment bonds vary as to stability of market price, although they are relatively stable compared with many other classes of gilt-edged securities.

As an investment for the surplus business earnings, hinted at in a former article, equipment bonds meet all the requirements. The only objection to these bonds, an objection that the business man will not regard as serious, is the short time they have to run, and the trouble of reinvestment after the bonds are called in.

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1129

up the street, out of danger of falling walls, and he himself had come back to gaze awe-stricken at the line of firemen and others carrying those bodies out of the alley, and putting them down on the sidewalk, row after row. Oh, cover them up fast and close from morbidly unholly view, these young lives, victims of the hellish greed that built a fire-trap without a fire escape (though the law said there should be one), and locked the doors of the factory rooms during the unpaid working hours of girls who toiled among inflammable and health-destroying materials when they should have been happy and laughing creatures in school or out in the fields. Why not? The same as your child or mine. Is there one law of life for a factory girl and another for the daughter of the factory owner?

But oh, the pity of it! Those rows of covered-up bodies! Yet some of the souls that were in them a few minutes ago are happier, no doubt, now than they ever have been before. And that is the only compensation to this tragedy. Is it enough?

Sidney took out his watch. Only a little after four o'clock. In less than half an hour all that had happened. The naval supplies factory was a gutted, tangled mass of ruin. Fifty bodies were somewhere within it. Fifty more were on the sidewalk. A few had escaped. The tenement house had suffered only at one side. The fire-fighters had subdued the enemy there. Every minute increased the number of morbid sight-seers. Ambulances choked up the narrow passages. The department threw ropes across the alley passage, and the police kept the people away.

Sidney mechanically put his watch back. What more could he do? The crime had been committed—the crime of respectable greed against poverty; the story was all there for the newspapers. Yes, there was a newspaper reporter with his camera taking shots at the ruins, the firemen, the crowd, even the bodies. He saw one enterprising reporter even attempt to pull the covering off of a dead body as it was being carried toward an ambulance. He wanted to strike him down. It was the first time even during that half hour's tremendous experiences that he felt his pulses quicken into real fever heat.

The incident passed. A policeman thrust the young man back. The body was hastily pushed into the wagon and another lifted up. Sidney grew sick. He went back, forcing his way slowly through the mass of people, to make inquiry of the group he had left, of the strangely calm old man with the eyes that seemed to see and not to see, of the girl who had helped the others, the girl with the blackened fire-blistered face. But in the confusion he could not find them. He stood aimlessly enough, at last, on the fringe of the mob, gazing at the smoking ruins, wondering over the loss of life, not able to realize his own share in the afternoon's event, an event which he could not understand until long and wonderful years had rolled over his head.

At last he felt himself moving slowly back with the crowd. The police and the fire department needed more room. He was of a decided, positive nature. There was no more he could do. He exorcised himself from a heavy-faced group of men who had blocked his way and started up Moore Street to get—he smiled strangely as he said it to himself—to get a hat, when a young man stopped him.

"Oh, you're the young fellow who helped bring people out of the double decker. What is your name?"

"What is yours?"

"I'm representing the New York Magazine."

"Oh, are you?"

Sidney moved along, and the reporter kept step with him.

"Yes, and I want your name and the particulars. How did you come to be here?"

"How did you?"

"Come. Is that the way to talk on an occasion like this? What's the matter? I only want your story. What's your name?"

"I know him. That's Sidney Cushing, son of Brander Cushing at the ship-yard," said a man whom Sidney recognized as a dock hand.

"Oh! Cushing! Give me your story. I hear you helped several out. Crossed on a board or something. How was that? Give us the story."

The reporter planted himself fairly in front of Sidney and repeated his question.

"What did you do? Give us the story."

"I'll never give it to you," said Sidney slowly.

The reporter looked at him incredulously, hesitated and then said:

"You did save several. On a board between the windows. Who were they?"

Sidney forced his way past him, until he was on the extreme edge of the mob. The reporter followed, still plying him with questions, to which he answered never a word.

Finally the reporter turned back with a smile. "I've got it all, Mr. Cushing. Thanks for your courtesy. You're a hero, all right. And you look it. Must have been great. Don't see why you want to be so modest about talking. I'll get the rest from the family. Howard's the name. Old man's a paralytic blind man."

Sidney turned on him in a fury.

"If you print my name in connection with this horror, I'll—"

"Yes, what?"

"Are you the hound who tried to uncover one of the bodies a little while ago? You are. Any creature who would do a thing like that at such a time as this is not entitled to the name of a man."

The reporter looked at him queerly, but did not seem offended.

"Good stuff! You look it all right." But Sidney turned on him with such a snarl of rage that he backed off and went back into the crowd.

Sidney felt sick at heart, and for the first time he began to realize the condition of his own person. He was hatless, and his face was blackened with smoke and burned in several places. His coat was torn, and his hands were bloody where he had clung to the rough bricks of the window ledge. And now he began to feel the reaction from the excitement and his exertions. Once more he drew into the crowd, fascinated by the horror of it all, and vaguely thinking his duty called him to do something. But there was nothing to do. The police and fire departments had the premises roped off, and no one but those authorized could get inside. The mob had increased to several thousand people. And so he started back to the shipyard office.

Every step of the way he could see those bodies falling, falling! thud! thud! thud! He could see the long rows on the sidewalk and the face of the girl over there in the window encouraging the cripple to go on. He groaned and shuddered as he walked on. When he finally reached the yard it was empty. All the men had heard of the fire and had gone to it in a body. His father's private office was at the extreme end of a row of offices belonging to different members of the company, and back from the noise of the great yard. As he hurried along toward this point, Sidney could not help wondering if his father could be there, ignorant of the great tragedy which had been acting out only a few blocks distant, and he could not avoid a feeling of almost reproach for his father that he could be so indifferent, or so absorbed in the new battleship he

was planning, as to let everything else become secondary.

As he reached the office and entered, he saw his father seated in front of a large desk covered with plans. Before his father saw him the telephone rang. "What!" Cushing was saying. "You don't say! How dreadful! A complete ruin, you say? Lives lost? How many? It's probably exaggerated. I'll go right over."

He turned and saw his son. "Sidney! What! Where have you been?"

Sidney sat down and cried like a boy.

His father was deeply agitated. "What is it? Are you hurt? Where have you been? O God! That fire. You are always risking your life over something. Will you never learn—"

Sidney lifted up his head.

"Father, I shall never be able to sleep soundly again. Those bodies—I shall always see them falling, falling—"

His father reached out a hand and laid it on his arm.

"It must have been awful. Is the factory ruined?"

"Yes. An explosion of a defective gas heater. But a hundred lives lost! It is awful! And there were no fire escapes. No way for the poor girls to get out."

Brander Cushing moved uneasily. "No fire escapes!" he repeated to himself.

Now to understand fully the scene that followed one must know that Brander Cushing first of all idolized his son, and in the second place had one great ambition in his heart—that Sidney should succeed him in the great ship-yard as the builder of the greatest and most modern warships known to civilization.

"There were over two hundred girls in the factory. How did they escape?"

"Some of them down the stairways. Some of them—"

"Did you save some of them, Sid?"

"Yes."

"Tell me. It must have been—"

Sidney told him simply and sadly.

"It must have been—it was splendid."

"I don't—I can't dwell on it. My head whirls now. I—I'll wash up."

Sidney went into the adjoining wash room and his father rose and walked nervously back and forth through the office.

"You were not hurt?"

"No, sir. Only bruised a little getting back into the window when the sash broke and the board went down."

"And you don't know who the people were you helped?"

"Some one said it was Howard. The man was blind and paralyzed."

"I know who he is. Used to work in the yard. I think he was hurt during the keel-laying of the *Albatross*. That was before my time. We will hunt them up."

"Yes. There's a daughter. Mighty brave, cool girl."

Sidney came out of the wash room wiping his face and looking curiously at his father. "I can't understand why there were no fire escapes. Who was responsible?"

His father did not answer. Sidney sat down and put his hands over his face.

"Father," he said suddenly, in a terrible voice, "I remember now. The company owns the Naval Supplies Building. Two months ago we were notified by the marshal to put in the escapes. His deputy served it when we were here in the office together. Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls. Who is it?"

"Not you."

"Who is, father?" The young man stood up and faced the older one with a look that his father had never before seen there. And Brander Cushing knew in that bitter moment that the first event had happened which might create a breach between himself and his son and perhaps bring to nought his ambitious dream of over twenty years.

(To be Continued)

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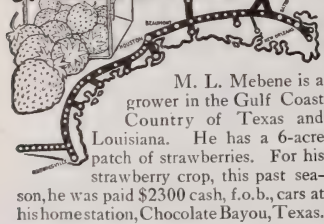
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IN a recent letter to *Woman's Work for Women*, the Rev. J. F. Garvin writes of his interesting experiences in Chile. He describes attractively the central valley of Chile, with its immense haciendas (plantations). These are owned by a few rich men, but they pay little attention to the practical conduct of their places, leaving this to superintendents, and neglecting almost altogether the welfare of the farm hands. The consequence is great degradation among the latter, though Mr. Garvin can see signs of improvement. He uses Christian Endeavor methods very largely, for they suit the young, among whom the most hopeful work is done.

We little realize the size of the cities of South America. Here is Talca, with its 50,000 people, only fourteen of whom came to hear this missionary when he preached there last spring. Curico has a population of 20,000 and a splendid modern high school (for its boys), but its Protestant mission occupies only a rented room capable of holding sixty people. The large city of San Fernando, about three hours south of Santiago, has no effective missionary organization.

The Rev. John Christiansen of Venezuela reports that the priests have warned all their parishioners that they must not read the Bibles which the missionaries are distributing everywhere, because the Bible is an immoral book. Mr. Christiansen bids us all rejoice because the restrictions upon religious liberty have been removed from every South American republic except Peru; and that in nearly all of them the better classes of people, especially the government officials, favor missionary work.

The Methodists have six boarding-schools in Brazil and the Presbyterians and Baptists several also. Miss Mary Pescud of Petrolio reports that "indulgences" still exist there. She bought one for fifty cents, which was warranted to release her soul from purgatory sixty days sooner than if she had not bought it. She reports that special masses are still being offered there for the soul of Christopher Columbus; and that the custom is almost universal among the common people, of praying before images and relics, as among the Philippines and most of the other Spanish-speaking countries. Miss Pescud gives good advice to those contemplating missionary work. She says: "Don't go unless you have a deep religious experience. Crossing the equator may not make you better. It may make you worse. Don't go unless you have good health, common sense and also a sense of humor. Especially do not go unless you have mastered the art of living and working with others. Above all things, never go unless you feel sure that God has called you."

Mr. John H. Warner of Brazil related at the Student Conference in Rochester in 1910 some of the absurdities prevalent there in the name of religion. For instance, there is in the State of Minas a wooden statue of Christ, which has long, flowing hair. This hair grows with marvelous rapidity, and is trimmed short every year. The Roman Catholic Church derives a large revenue from the sale of locks of this hair.

Also, there is a story of a fisherman of Bahia, who, after a long period of ill-luck, prayed to the Virgin and she sent him a great fish. He started homeward with joy. To this was added overwhelming astonishment when he discovered that on every scale of the fish was miraculously painted a picture of the Virgin's face. Those scales have been sold by the Church at a good profit for many years.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 19. TEXT: Acts 19: 13-30.

### Christ's Right of Way\*

IF we give Christ the foremost place in our lives, letting him, as it were, lead the procession of our thoughts, our words, our acts—trooping after him will surely come those beautiful angels which follow him wherever he goes—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. When a character is lacking in these, or in a visible struggle to attain them, we may justly conclude that Christ is not given the leading place in that life.

The godliness which is attained by the placing foremost of Christ in the heart, may well be illustrated by the familiar story of old Peter Miller, the good Baptist preacher of Pennsylvania. It was during the Revolutionary War, when nearly every town was thickly sprinkled with "loyalists," who were determined that the patriot cause should not succeed. One of these belonged to Peter Miller's church, and as Peter was an ardent patriot, the old Tory naturally disliked him, and tried in every way to torment and injure him.

At last the Tory was arrested for treason and was sentenced to be hanged. Then Peter Miller had a chance to prove how wholly he had sunk his own will in that of his Master. Though no longer a young man, he started out to walk the seventy miles between his home and Philadelphia, in order to plead with Washington for the life of his enemy.

Washington listened to him, but he was not moved.

"The man has been detected in the act of giving aid and comfort to the British," he said firmly. "I will know your stalwart devotion to the American cause, but I cannot pardon your friend."

"My friend!" exclaimed Peter Miller. "He is my worst enemy." "What!" cried Washington. "Have you walked seventy miles in order to save the life of your enemy? That puts the matter in a different light." And he granted the pardon.

Peter Miller literally interpreted Christ's command that we should love our enemies and pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us. There is no higher test of Christian character. If that test is passed, the man shows that he has sunk himself in his Saviour and that his life "is hid with Christ in God."

But the mere accomplishment of a supreme feat like this is not the whole work. After the attainment comes the endurance. It is in the daily stress that we may best prove our love, and Newman, in one of his most eloquent passages, reminds us that for this constant, never-ending series of temptations and trials we have an unfailing help and defense. "Wherever thou art," he says, "thou canst, through God's incomprehensible mercy, in a moment bring thyself into God's holy church invisible, and receive secretly that aid, the very thought of which is a present, sensible blessing. Art thou afflicted? thou canst pray. Art thou merry? thou canst sing psalms. Art thou lonely, or does the day run heavily? fall on thy knees, and thy thoughts are at once relieved by unseen companions."

The yielding of our wills to the will of God is no easy matter. The human heart longs desperately for its chosen idols. It brings every argument its ingenuity can invent to prove that its will should be done. God beckons to the right path too often in vain. He knows what is best for us. Let him lead the way.

Yield to the Lord with simple heart  
As thou hast, and all thou art;  
Renounce all strength but strength divine,  
And peace shall be forever thine;  
Behold the paths the saints have trod,  
The paths which led them home to God.

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 19. TEXTS: Gal. 2: 20; 6: 14; Col. 3: 3.

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## A Chinese Aristocrat's Home

IN THE aristocratic official class in China (says a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*), you will find in a typical family six individuals—husband and wife, two other women, and two children. Their monthly household expenses in Canton would be about as follows:

Rent for a house valued at \$10,000, 60; eleven men servants, including a porter, four general servants, a cook, assistant cook, and four chair coolies, \$37. There will be seven women servants, at a total cost of 17.75, comprising two women's maids at \$3 each, two babies' nurses at \$4 and three general servants, who also do the family washing, at \$1.25 each.

The food for the family would cost \$15 a month. The master and three wives have four meals a day: Breakfast, 50 cents; luncheon, 25 cents; dinner, 75 cents; supper, 50 cents. The two meals for the servants cost 25 cents a day. To this must be added rice to the value of \$16.50, and \$11 for firewood and sundry expenses. Thus the living expenses for the family are \$117 a month.

The two extra wives are practically slaves. If they bear no children they have no legal status; if they bear children their position in the family is assured. They are subject to the orders of the first wife; their children are considered her children and subject to her reiteration.

As there always is a steady exodus of men from Canton, the population numbers more women than men. The law does not sanction but on the contrary actually forbids plurality of wives. A Chinaman may have but one wife; there is no limit to the number of concubines he may have. The wife is chosen from the same rank and position in life as that of her husband. Among the higher classes betrothal is usually contracted a few years before the marriage takes place. The young people have no voice in the selection of a life partner, betrothal and marriage being arranged by the nearest eldest

male relative. After a formal betrothal is entered into the young man's family send a quantity of cakes to the girl's family, together with "an agreement of engagement and valuable presents to the fiancée herself." The girl's family, in turn, sends gifts of confectionery and a "formal acknowledgment of the engagement."

The marriage ceremony is formal and well defined. About two weeks before the wedding there is an "engagement ceremony." Fortune-tellers and soothsayers determine an auspicious day. The bride is brought to the bridegroom's house in a decorated chair, with considerable pomp. She is received by the bridegroom in the main hall of the house and together they worship—I. e., they kneel facing the street and the family ancestors and prostrate themselves before the house. The bride is conducted to a room by the husband and now probably for the first time sees her husband's face.

Other women are purchased outright. There is no formality beyond the passing of the money and the receipt therefor. Upon arrival at the house they kowtow or ceremoniously kneel before the wife and all the higher members of the family. Under no circumstances do they enjoy the honor and rank accorded the wife.

Household servants are usually furnished food and lodging. Servants in the employ of Europeans expect only lodging. By custom women servants are furnished with bedding. Among the poorer menial classes marriage is generally a matter of convenience. There is little or no formal ceremony and the union is a kind of partnership whereby it is understood that they will look after each other in case of sickness and they hope, of course, that children will come to insure support in their old age. Naturally there cannot be much love in such marriages. The wife generally lives with her husband's parents, where she is the slave of her mother-in-law; the husband sleeps and lives where he works, returning home one or two nights a month.



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You ought to read about this country and then go to see it. See it this winter while work is slack with you. You can go cheaply. The Santa Fe runs comfortable tourist sleeping cars in which the trip can be made at least expense. Full information about train and fares will be gladly given.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED

*The Story of Jesus.* Told for children by F. Jones. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 75 pp., \$1.

*Sidney: Her Senior Year.* By Anna Chapin Lay. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. 320 pp., \$1.50.

*He Gave Before You.* By R. H. Conwell, with marginal drawings by Denison Wilt Thomas. F. M. Marton Company, Cleveland, Ohio. A dainty booklet, containing a well-told original legend of Christ.

*Old Testament Narrative.* Selected and edited by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, assistant professor of English Literature, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. American Book Company, New York. 170 pp., 20 cents.

*The Gospel in Its Native Land.* By Annie MacDonald. One of the many books written to help those who cannot themselves visit the Holy Land, in the understanding of the Gospel, both covers. Copiously illustrated. Pp. 193, published by "The Gospel in Its Native Land," Chicago.

*The Story of the American Board.* An Account of the First Hundred Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. By William E. Strong, editorial secretary. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and New York. 529 pp., \$1.75.

*Little Prodigals.* By Nannie Lee Frayser. 35 pp., 35 cents. *The Fire-Builders.* True Tales of Child Character Building, by Patterson Oakes. 40 pp., 35 cents. (Frank M. Bartles Co., Cleveland, O.). Two little volumes containing true instances of mistakes and their corrections in child-training.

*Nervous States: Their Nature and Cause.* By Paul Dubois, Professor of Neuropathology at the University of Berne. Translation by Edward A. Richards. (Frank M. Bartles Co., New York.) Pp. 101; 75 cents. The friends of mental suggestion will find an ally in this modest volume, which shows how large a role in the present discouraging prevalence of nervous diseases.

*Michael Servetus: His Life and Teachings.* By John Thompson. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1898. 100 pp., 10s. 6d. (The New Church, Bryn Athyn, Pa.; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.) 96; 50 cents. A fairly com-

plete and very friendly presentation of the doctrines of the theologian, who Dr. Oser says "cannot be called a Christian martyr, since no church will own him."

*The Healing Voice; or, the Power of Prayer.* By Anna J. Johnson. Published by the author, 601 West One Hundred and Seventy-second Street, New York City. 228 pp., \$1.50. Those who need to have their faith in prayer sustained, should read this remarkable story of a saintly woman who for many years has aided by prayer. She interprets the Scripture in the early apostolic spirit.

*Parent and Child: A Treatise on the Moral and Religious Education of Children.* By Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. 73 pp., 50 cents. Sir Oliver believes that our posterity will regard this age as one of barbarism, on account of our slums, workhouses, prisons, etc. But he takes a cheerful view of the future, and gives much excellent counsel for bettering our condition through child-training.

*Sparks from a Superintendent's Anvil.* By Rev. A. F. Schaeffer, D.D. The matter has been divided into three parts: Part I., The Book, or What We Teach; Part II., The Scholar, or Why We Teach; Part III., The School, or How We Teach. The author of the book is a most successful and practical Sunday School superintendent, and is a recognized authority on Sunday School work. His personal experience has furnished the material for this little volume, which cannot fail to be of great practical value. Cloth covers. Pp. 274. Price \$1. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

*The Legend of the Carrier Pigeons.* By Augusta Huxell Seaman. With decorations by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. \$1.25. An historical tale of Holland, written in a style suited to young people. A good story in a graceful setting.

*Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven.* By Mary P. Smith. Old Dearborn Series. Illustrated by Ch. Gruenwald. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25. American children are deeply indebted to Mrs. Smith. An indefatigable collector of old records, she has amassed an immense store of historical lore; and in this, as in her other stories, she has made an interesting and instructive tale out of her researches.

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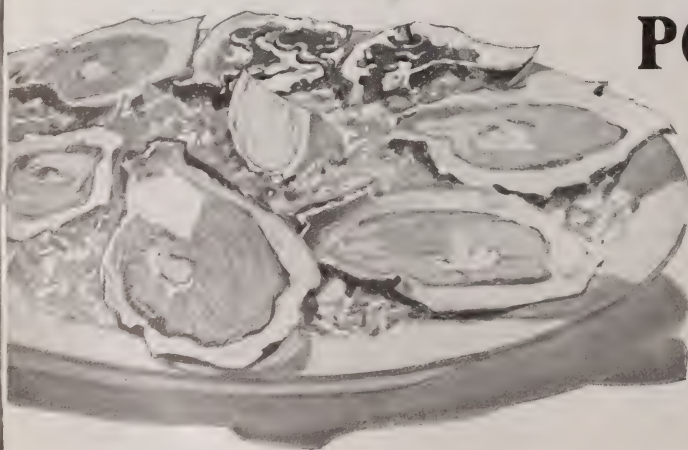
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## THE MOTHER OF AMERICAN METHODISM

THE John Street Methodist Church of New York City, familiarly known as "Old 44 John Street," which bears the enviable title of "The Cradle of American Methodism," celebrated its one hundred and forty-fifth birthday on October 29. The entire day was occupied by services of a memorial and devotional character. At 9.30 in the morning Mr. Charles H. Applegate, who has been for fifty-four years a member of the church, conducted a regular old-time Methodist class meeting and love feast, and at 10.45 Rev. Thomas Hamilton Lewis, D.D., president of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church and also president of the Western Maryland College at Westminster, Maryland, preached the anniversary sermon. After the service had been opened by Dr. Lewis R. Streeter, the pastor, and prayer had been offered by Judge Lowe, Dr. Hamilton chose for his subject "John Wesley's Salvation by Faith." In the course of the sermon he seized the opportunity to present many old ideas that are very dear to the heart of the Methodist denomination. At an afternoon service, the platform was occupied by a large number of clergymen and laymen who brought greetings from sister churches and the daughters of the mother church, and who spoke on "The State and the Church" and "The Outlook for Methodism."

At 6.45 in the evening the Epworth League Chapter held a birthday reception and social service, and at 8 o'clock the regular evening service was held. Rev. Franklin Hamilton, D.D., chancellor of the American University at Washington, D. C., preached on the subject "The Cup of Fire." Dr. Hamilton adapted his sermon specially to the young people of the congregation and the delegates of one hundred and fifty Epworth League societies who



The First John Street Church Building

Dr. L. R. Streeter



were present. The old John Street Church is located in a part of the great metropolis which is now miles away from the residential section of the city, though at the time the first building was erected it was on the outskirts. There is perhaps no church among the evangelical denominations in America which has a more interesting history.

In the year 1760 Philip Embury, a young Irishman who had been appointed a local preacher two years before at the Limerick Conference, emigrated to New York and took up his residence in John Street. Embury was a carpenter and for the first six years followed his trade in America, and we do not learn that he made any serious attempt to rally his fellow Christians. In the spring of 1766, however, he came in contact with Barbara Heck. Like Embury, Barbara Heck had come from Ireland and was a Methodist, but unlike

him she was neither diffident nor constrained by those about her. After having attracted attention by an informal raid upon a public-house, she sought out Embury and induced him to start services in his own home. This he did, preaching to a congregation of five—his wife, Paul and Barbara Heck, John Lawrence, and Betty, a colored servant belonging to the Hecks. That was the beginning of Methodism in America, in October, 1766. To-day American Methodism comprises seventeen denominations with a total membership of nearly 7,000,000, and represents a population of over twenty millions. It was not long before this little company of pioneers had added to its numbers until the room in Embury's house had become too small to accommodate them. Then a larger room was rented and classes were formed. The little church prospered, and it was quoted concerning it, "The Lord added to the church daily



A Recent Service in the John Street Church

Continued on page 1153



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.\*



## STONING JESUS

TEXT: John 10:31 "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him."

THE shining of the sun in this world produces two opposite effects. The sun shines, and everything is enlivened, made beautiful, and brought on to perfection. The same sun shines, and everything is marred; death stands in the way of its shining. The Gospel is the same. It is the savour of life unto life, of death unto death, one or the other. The same sun that strikes upon the ice and melts it strikes upon the clay and hardens it. The Gospel is working in one way or the other in your life. No man can hear the Gospel without his heart either becoming more tender or more hardened. No one can listen to the proclamation of the truth without being more fully persuaded to surrender his will, or going away into a life of stubbornness and wilful rejection of God. I suppose there is no Gospel in the New Testament that gives a better illustration of this than the Gospel of St. John. It is a Gospel of love and of life.

### The Divine Love

I wonder if you can find in the New Testament anything more beautiful than this: "For God so loved the world." Or words more beautiful than these: "Jesus wept." Only two words, and yet the whole of the sinning, sorrowing world listens to them, and every one whose heart has been almost broken is comforted as he reads them again and again through his tears. And yet, while this Gospel of St. John brings to us his thought of beauty and note of sympathy, it is also in the same Gospel that we find the text about the stoning of Jesus. There are two texts about stoning him. The first is in John 8: 59—"Then took they up stones to cast at him." The second text is as follows (John 10: 31): "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him." It is as if they had dropped the stones from their hands for the moment, charmed, maybe, by his speech, thrilled by his message, when suddenly his words stirred them through and through. "And they took up stones again to stone him." Jesus had just said, "I and my Father are one." In other words, he said, "I am one with Him who called the worlds into existence; with Him who brought the children of Israel out of Egypt into Canaan." And you would have thought that all the Jews listening to him, when they looked into his face, would have said, "It is not the carpenter's son, it is the Messiah," and that they would have bowed their heads to worship him. But instead of that "they took up stones again to stone him." Then one of the most pathetic utterances that ever fell from the lips of Jesus follows: "Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?"

My subject is an illustration of the fact that men who are models of fairness in other matters are most unfair with Jesus. If an ordinary malefactor had been arrested in the days of Jesus he would not have been stored without a trial. They would have led him forth in the highway, with a crier going ahead of him, announcing the crime which was charged against him, calling forth the name of his accuser, announcing the names of witnesses for and against him, calling out to the crowd, "If any one knows anything in favor of this man, let him step forth and speak." But they did not treat Jesus in that way. They stoned him with stones without a trial. They stoned him with stones without a witness. Why didn't they allow the man whose eyes had been opened to speak for him? Why didn't they allow the people whose dead had been raised to testify for him? Why didn't they allow the sick people to speak on his behalf? Why didn't they allow the men who had been in the bondage of sin and set free to testify to his saving, uplifting power?

### "Unfair" Christians

The subject is an illustration of the fact that men who are fair in other matters are unfair with God. There is many a man who is unfair in his treatment of the Bible, who rejects it without reading it, turns away from it without testing it; and there is not a man who would not discredit himself as a scientist if he were to treat scientific books as he treats the Bible, who would not discredit himself as a philosopher if he should treat a book of philosophy as he

treats the Bible. You approach the Bible in one way, and it will shut up its leaves and give you no sweetness; but approach it in another way, and it will open up before you like a beautiful plant, and give you all the fragrance of God's love.

At our Bible Conference there came to us from the East a blind girl who could not read as the blind people ordinarily read. She met at our conference a blind man, who said she could master the art of reading if she would. So she learned to read upon raised letters with her fingers. One of my friends wanted to give her a Christmas present. The day before Christmas he placed a Bible in her room, and said to her mother, "When she comes in on Christmas morning, do not tell her what it is." When the girl came in to receive her gifts, her mother said, "My dear, here is a present for you." She reached forth her hand in her blindness and took it. It was open at the Gospel according to St. John: "In my Father's house are many mansions." She had no sooner touched it with her hands than she sprang back, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said: "Mother, it is the Bible. I know it by its touch." And listen: If you who have rejected God's Word will go at it with your heart, you will come to know it; if you will receive it in your life, you will believe it. But you have been unfair with the Bible.

There are many who have been unfair with Jesus Christ. They have never tried him; they have never fulfilled his conditions. Sometimes we sneer at a man who confesses conversion. I call you to-day to be fair and square in your treatment of him.

At the close of a special mission a man rose up to say that he discredited everything that the preacher had to say. He said Jesus Christ was a myth that had deceived the Christian world. He had no sooner taken his seat than a man rose quietly and said: "Thirty years ago I came into this community vile as the vilest. I signed pledge after pledge only to break them. I promised my wife and children that I would do better, only to fall into the depths of sin. Thirty years ago in a mission I saw Jesus; thirty years ago in that mission I dropped on my knees and confessed my sin, and for thirty years I have been an honored member of society in this city, and an officer in the church. If Jesus Christ is a myth, explain my life." You have not been fair with Jesus.

### A Telling Illustration

The great agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, it is said, was one morning seated in a Washington city hotel, looking out of the great window, when a United States Senator, coming in, said: "Mr. Ingersoll, I saw a sad thing a moment ago. I saw a man struggling across the crowded street on crutches, and I saw another man strike the crutches away from him." And Ingersoll rose with fingers twitching and eyes flashing and said, "I should like to see the man. I would punish him." The United States Senator put his hand on his shoulder and said, "That is what you have been trying to do for years: striking away the crutches of people, the support of people in sorrow, the support of people in temptation." This incident may or may not be true, but as a matter of fact that is what he did. You have not been fair with Jesus. What are the stones that men cast at him?

I wonder if you recollect the pathetic sayings in the life of the Master. First, "One of you shall betray me." Second, "Ye shall all be offended because of me." Third, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" The saddest thing that Jesus Christ ever said in his ministry he said to his own followers. The stone that hurts Jesus Christ the most is not the stone that is hurled by the agnostic, it is not the stone that is hurled by the infidel. The stone that hurts him most is the one that is cast by the man who professes one thing and lives another; the stone cast by the man whose name is on the church books and who lives unlike Christ in business; the stone cast by the man who calls himself a church officer and will cheat in trade. And you never said an unkind thing, you never did an inconsistent thing, you were never unkind in your home, never unscrupulous in your business, never unjust to the poor, if you are a Christian so-called, that you did not hurl a stone at Jesus. That is what hurts him. God pity you. I cannot understand how any one

could stone Jesus. Why should you stone him who suffered and died for you?

One of the officers of my church was once a great contractor in Ireland. He told me that one day he was working on a building—I think it was in Corl. He thought the men were carrying the line on wrong. He said, "I came down from the scaffold to look at it. The men were working three stories up. I saw that they were working just in the place where the danger was greatest and the line crookedest. I put my hands to my mouth and shouted up saying, 'Stand aside for a moment!' The workmen stepped back on the scaffolding, but one man stepped back too far and lost his balance. He was falling down to the ground. Death seemed inevitable, when one man by my side rushed up and put forth his arms to save him. The falling man struck him on the arm, bounded over on to the ground, and was scarcely injured. But the man who saved him had his arms driven down into the arm-sockets, and his spine twisted. We took him away to the hospital. Afterward, when I was in Ireland, I saw him working his way along the streets, twisted out of shape. But," said he, "let me tell you that the man he saved divided with him." More than that he said he took the wages he made from that day to the present time, and cut them in half, and gave half to his savior. You applaud that, but I tell you of one to-day who was beaten with stripes, was scourged with many scourgings, suffered in Gethsemane, and died on Calvary, for you. Shame on you if you stone him!

### The Stone of Indifference

If I were an inconsistent man to-day I would do one of two things. I would either get right with God, or I would go to the minister and take my name off the church books. I would do one or the other. Don't stone Him!

I want to close my message by saying just a word or two concerning the stones that the world's people cast at Him. Some men cast the stone of Indifference. You would not do it if you knew his power. Some men cast the stone of Rejection. How could you do it? It is heartless. Some men cast the stone of Hatred. I was told the other day of a conversation overheard by one of our friends. A gentleman was asked to be a Christian, when with a sneer and a flash of the eye he said, "Christianity? It is just an insolvency court. That is all it is." But you cannot sneer Christ out of consideration. I am glad it is an insolvency court, for I am glad that when a man comes to the end of all human effort, when he comes to the end of all will power, when he comes to the end of all human strength and sympathy, he can fly to Jesus.

### The End of Human Effort

Don't stone Him because of what he was—"chiefest among ten thousand" and "One altogether lovely." Don't stone him because of what he is—the revelation of God to man. I can perfectly understand how unsaved men cannot understand God. He holds the winds in his fists, in the hollow of his hands the seas beat and throb. But I will tell you how you may know him: A friend of mine went into a German artist's studio one day. The artist said, as he held up a piece of parchment about the size of a book, "What is this?" My friend said, "I should say it was a piece of parchment, on which you have cleaned your brushes." "Oh," said the German artist, "take this glass and look at it. I will carry it back into the studio, where the light can strike it properly. When you look through the glass, tell me what you see." My friend, who is a judge of art, looked through the glass at that bit of parchment, which seemed like a piece of paper dabbled with the artist's paint, and suddenly, when the light touched it in the right way, he said, "I saw the shoulder of a mountain. I saw the play of a little mountain stream. I almost saw the waving of the branches of the trees. The glass made the difference."

I say to every one, if you get your eyes fixed upon Jesus by faith and hold them there, willing to be taught, ready to repent, you will know God and love Christ. Don't reject him. I care not what your sin may be. It may be intemperance, or it may be some other form of sin. Jesus can save you. Look unto him. Look unto him. God help you!

\* Dr. Chapman (Presbyterian) is America's leading Evangelist.



## MY PATH

OD'S path is mine,  
And in His steps I walk with willing feet;  
Sun doth shine,  
In darkness hide the covers I must meet,

all the same;  
He leadeth, and the pathway safe will guard;  
Thus I claim  
Protection at His hands, and fear discard.

He knows His need,  
And my selection for some chosen task  
Is proof indeed  
That He deems me worthy. What more could I ask?

In His own,  
When orders, patiently I stand,  
I when made known,  
I, though with weary feet, to do His hand.  
ESTHER M. HOWELL.

## Amusing School Blunders

PUBLIC school teacher who had just returned from a trip East says a writer in the *Tribune Magazine* had been telling her friends some rather amusing incidents given her by a Washington colleague who had just completed final examinations in her grade.

One of the early questions she gave in her examination was this: "Name the five races of man." Judge her astonishment when she got this answer to her question: "Automobiles, horse races, foot races, and cycle races."

Another question was, "Name some of the organs of man." To this the reply came back, "Mouth organ, hand organ, pipe organ."

The spinal cord was defined as "a string running from the back of the head to the base of the heels."

"Ears," said one, "are just as important as good clothes, and should be taken care of just as well. Don't let bugs crawl into your ears; but, if one should get in, then syringe your ear with soapuds, and afterward drop some molasses into it."

"Poison," wrote another, "should be located at once, and not allowed to run on, as it is dangerous. Poison ought to be kept in a little room under lock and key in a small bottle and not let nobody go in there."

A class of pupils were asked to write a short biography of Longfellow. The youngest member of the class proudly submitted the following:

"H. W. Longfellow was a grand man. He wrote both poems and poetry. He graduated at Bowdoin, and afterwards taught the same school where he graduated. He didn't like teaching, and decided to learn some other trade; so his school furnished him money to go to Europe and learn to be a poet. He wrote many beautiful poems for children. He wrote 'Billy the Blacksmith.'"

## Anvil Sparks

Only littleness is afraid of humility.

The truth is stained by the lips of gossip.

Trifling vices set the precedent for greater ones.

Figures do not lie, nor should figures of speech.

You can always overcome insult by overlooking it.

He is blind indeed whose only organ of sight is the eye.

It is better to be the subject of scandal than its dispenser.

Lofty thought does not need to be clothed in high-sounding words.

Persiflage is a jungle in which much paucity of thought is hidden.

Stilted sermons never elevate the preacher in the estimation of his congregation.

The really good man doesn't enjoy hearing folks talk too much about his goodness.

When a preacher gets all wound up in his arguments he should hasten to wind up his discourse.

## The Coming of the Bridegroom

THE familiar illustration of the Kingdom of Heaven given by the Lord Jesus in the parable of the Ten Virgins, is specially applicable to the condition of Christendom in these last days of the world. The Christian element, as represented by "the ten virgins which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom," is typical of the great body of professing Christians throughout the length and breadth of the earth. Five of these representatives were wise; the other five were foolish. The last took lamps, as the wise did, but took no oil with them. Oil is typical of consecration; a spiritual dedication of the body to the service of God; the essential part of a Christian's divine equipment; in fact, without it, profession has only a brief endurance.

The Christian's hope is the second coming of the Lord Jesus; this time to gather the redeemed of God from the earth and conduct them into the presence of the Father. When Jesus had finished the work given him, he ascended into the glories from whence he came. The disciples who witnessed the event were in the presence of two angels. These holy messengers gave witness that "this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." "Be ye therefore ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

There is nothing in Prophecy yet to be fulfilled before the return of the Lord Jesus in person. The exact time is known only to God, but the signs of his early appearance are numerous. Many Christians are relapsing into a lethargic sleep. Spiritual lamps that once glowed with brilliant flame are dimmed by an atmosphere of worldliness; yet the voice from heaven is still pleading, "Watch: be ready." The redeemed may soon hear the cry from heaven: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." The guest chamber is already illuminated; its radiance is flashing to the most distant part of the realms of man. The celestial vault will scintillate as a sea of diamonds, yet with all the brilliancy revealed to the eve of the redeemed, and the melody of joy and praise from myriads of saints and angels, none will see, none will hear, except those who have part with Christ.

Since the evening Christ was laid in the tomb, none but the Apostles and his disciples have ever beheld his body. No unregenerated soul will witness the rapture of the redeemed; none will ever again behold his person until he comes to "send forth judgment unto victory." It was for his disciples

who witnessed his ascension and received the assurance of his return.

Who can conceive the condition of the world following the day of the resurrection? Whole families will have disappeared; faithful stewards will have abandoned their master's service; social conditions everywhere will be paralyzed. The sudden hiatus in the world's affairs will be a phenomenon that scientists may attempt in vain to explain. Great men will abandon rather than attempt to elucidate the subject. Events of an appalling nature, following closely upon the great social convulsion, will dismay the most optimistic.

"We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Every act in our lives not in accord with the spirit of holiness will be revealed. Discord, and disagreements between Christians that have not been reconciled and good feeling restored while in life, will be manifested to their shame in the presence of the Lord and our brethren. Every Christian should bear a spotless record while in life. The careless cannot feel sure of any reward at the judgment, beyond his entry into heaven. Without works, and with faith almost nominal, what has he to expect? In the language of Job in his affliction, he may then say, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

It is said impressions once made on the mind will never be effaced. Many instances have been given to sustain this conclusion. Memory will revive every event in past life when called upon to produce them. May we not suggest that our memory will be God's witness in the great tribunal, when confronted by the perfect law of holiness? Will we not then be reminded that we have not used the precious ointment of love and charity when we had the opportunity?

About seven years from the rapture of the saints, Christ will again return to our earth, "to be glorified in his saints." They will be endowed with such perfect wisdom that the world and angels will be committed to their judgment. In the first half of this period "the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." Every innovation that the world may require to satisfy ambition will respond to the wisdom of man. In the last half of the seven-year period, iniquity will abound; and a time of great tribulation, until the world is startled by the sudden appearance of Christ and the Bride.

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." E. A. FITZGERALD.

\* Acts 1: 11. † Luke 12: 40. ‡ I. Thes. 4: 14-18. § I. Cor. 15: 51, 53. || I. Cor. 15: 3, 9. ¶ Matt. 12: 20.

\* II. Cor. 5: 10. † II. Thes. 1: 10. ‡ I. Cor. 6: 2, 3. § Matt. 24: 14. || Rev. 19: 7, 9.

## Bread Cast Upon the Waters

BREAD cast before a hungry tramp has come back to a Port Chester, N. Y., man in the shape of a reformed life devoted to uplifting other vagabonds. To be sure, kindness was the accompaniment of the bread.

Six years ago a "hobo" went to the residence of Village Trustee Willis P. Clark, and asked for food. Compassionately, Mr. Clark fed the man and secured work for him in the village. After working faithfully a few weeks the stranger got intoxicated and left town. Two years later he again appeared, and once more Mr. Clark befriended him. The desire for drink, however, got the better of him, and, leaving his position, he disappeared.

"Recently a stranger walked into my store and extended his hand to me in

greeting," says Mr. Clark. "I could not for the life of me recognize the man. He was well-dressed and clean-shaven. Finally I did recognize in him a likeness to the unkempt beggar who had come to me twice, and the visitor smilingly admitted that he was the individual. He accounted for the change by telling me that he had reformed and was now a missionary among the tramps. Walking from place to place, selling small articles to pay expenses, he is pointing every hobo he meets to the way to a better life. Knowing their habits and how to approach them he says that he is able to influence many of them for good.

"As he picked up his satchel to leave he said: 'I always thank the Lord and Willis P. Clark for the change that has been brought about in my own life.'"

## COMFORT

COME and drink the living waters  
The eternal fountains pour;  
Freely drink, and thou shalt find that  
Thirst is quenched forevermore.  
Though the noon-day sun be blazing,  
And the air with heat be rife,  
He will satisfy the thirsty  
In the desert ways of life.

"Come to Me, ye weary-laden—  
Come, and ye shall be at rest!"  
He will let you droop that weary,  
Weary head upon His breast.  
Though He saith unto the Marys,  
"Thou dost choose the better part,"  
For the toiling, careworn Marthas  
Tender pity fills His heart.

"Do not let your heart be troubled,  
Neither let it be afraid."  
For the Lord will surely care for  
All the creatures He has made.  
Though unto the earth's foundations  
Raging tempests shake the land,  
Know ye that the Father holds you  
In the hollow of His hand.  
BEATRICE M. BARRY.

## Transformed by a Sermon

STEPHAN BARUMOFF, of Samokov, before his conversion expended most of his energy in doing all kinds of mischief. Among his pastimes was persecuting the Protestants of his town; not that he knew much about them, or had ever attended their services, but on the general principle that heretics deserved punishment. It was an interceding Providence that led the local evangelical pastor to preach on stealing, the first time that Stephan Barumoff ever stepped foot in the Evangelical church. It was on a Sabbath evening after the young man had been out to plunder the neighbors' orchards and vineyards. In amazement he listened to a description of his soul's disease and its remedy. It somehow seemed as if God had stretched out a hand to his rescue.

Thereafter his energy was spent in searching out and relieving the needy. Had a family no wood, Stephan Barumoff was a volunteer to go to the mountains and cut, split and haul the needed wood. Was there no food? The youth gave away his own dinners and suppers. Was there a famine over in Russia? Not having money, he placed in the collection quite a valuable ring, the gift of a friend. The need of friendless children so strongly appealed to him that, with faith in God, he opened a home for them, and now, after four years, the city council of Samokov has voted to support fifteen children there. Some are there from Macedonia, and some from Rouschuk, who lost their fathers in the riots created by a Jewess changing her faith to marry an orthodox Bulgarian. One small boy was rescued from sleeping on the streets; one girl had never known a woman's care or training, her adopted father having taken the entire care of the child after his wife's death. Good people in Samokov take an interest in the orphanage and help pay the running expenses.

## WE'RE GROWING OLD

THE tallest lilies droop at eventide.  
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;  
The rarest things on earth cannot abide,  
And we are passing, too, away like them;  
We're growing old!

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams of youth!  
They faded and 'twas well. This after-prime  
Hath brought us fuller hopes, and yet, forsooth,  
We draw a tear now in this later time,  
To think we're old!

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—  
A saddened smile, also akin to pain;  
Those high desires, those purposes so vast,  
Ah, our poor heart! They cannot come again!  
We're growing old!

We move along and scatter as we pace  
Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand.  
At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow face,  
We step across the boundary of the land  
Where none are old!



# CHINA YIELDS TO THE REVOLUTION



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Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai, Commander  
in Chief, Imperial Army



Prince Ching  
The Regent of China



Pu Yi  
The Infant Emperor



Kang Yu Wei, the Recalled  
Political Exile



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Dr. Sun Yat Sen, One of the Directors  
of the Revolution

CHINA'S revolution, which on October 30 culminated in the capitulation of the Manchu government to the demands of the National Assembly and the chiefs of the revolutionary army, has been one of the briefest on record. After a series of military successes, made possible by general disaffection among the imperial troops, and which included the capture of Hankow and the surrender of Sian, the revolutionary army, 27,000 strong, prepared to attack Peking. An ultimatum was sent to the throne demanding that it immediately grant the entire reform programme (which you outlined in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD). The recall of Yuan Shi Kai to power marked the turning-point of the whole situation. It is believed to have been due to his influence and advice that, at the supreme crisis, the imperial government, under threat of an attack on the capital, accepted the situation and, rather than face an inglorious defeat, granted all the revolutionary demands. A series of edicts issued October 30, in the name of the Emperor, marks the passing of supreme power from the imperial clan which has ruled China since 1644. That power now goes into the hands of the Chinese people, who, through their representatives, will formulate their own constitution and make their own laws. Of course, there may be unforeseen storms ahead; but the present aspect promises well for the future of China.

This insurrection differs radically from the Tai Ping rebellion, which lasted under Hung Hsiu Chwan from 1851 till 1864. The title of Tai Ping, or Universal Peace, was grotesquely parodied by the devastating and revolting barbarities of the rebels. The present movement is purely political. No superstition is involved, and religious complications are absent. The Tai Ping upheaval could not have led to the formation of a popular or republican administration. The present rebellion may, by a natural sequence, end in such a result. All talk of the presidency in such a republic of Dr. Sun Yat Sen or any other particular leader is purely conjectural, and such speculations are irrelevant. The main interest lies in the probable consequences, both to China and to the outside world, of the creation of purely democratic institutions in the vast and venerable empire.

As for the effect upon the nation itself, whether it becomes a republic or a constitutional monarchy, we may expect to witness a steady gravitation toward American institutions. This will be inevitable, indeed, seeing that China has been for many years more truly influenced by the United States than by all the rest of the world together, the influence in this case being entirely favorable. Of all the Great Powers, America is the only one that is not regarded askance by the Chinese. Some are hated, some feared, some looked at with suspicion. Britain possesses the great port of Weihaiwei as a naval station, and owns Hongkong as well as a plot of territory on the adjacent mainland. Germany took Kiauchau under her flag. Russia, till Japan dealt a mortal blow to her policy of colossal grab, not only overran Manchuria, but had designed to overshadow both China and Japan, as well as Korea, with her suzerainty; while England, France, and Germany undoubtedly purposed to checkmate that

encroachment by slicing the Celestial Empire into spheres of influence. All such conspiracies are but ugly visions of a disgraceful past. The point is that America alone never has been even suspected of the slightest wish to appropriate a square yard of Chi-

By WILLIAM DURBAN, D.D.



Pilgrims to a Mountain Monastery

nese territory, and has never shown any disposition toward an aggressive policy with regard to the empire. Also the return of the famous indemnity money by the United States Government is the theme of admiration throughout all China.

What the world may anticipate, should the revolutionary success be complete, is the erection of a vast

Chinese commonwealth of a certain type, that type being very largely Columbian. I found this expectation also on the fact that the patriotism of the Chinese is even more intensely provincial than national. There is comparatively little of the collective national consciousness in so huge an empire in which the dialects of distant provinces are mutually unintelligible, and in which intercommunication has been impossible on any very great scale. What sympathy, for example, can be imagined subsist between the citizens of Peking in the north and those of Amoy, far away in the south? What can the singular Miao tribes of the mountains in the far west of the empire care about the people of the Manchurian realms?

Thus, by the very nature of things, China would under a condition of popular government, necessarily tend to the process of formulating State rights. Each of the eighteen provinces would constitute a splendid commonwealth. Indeed, the viceregal system has by long practice consolidated semi-independence among these great provincial communities. The present government has unwittingly paved the way for such a future by the recent innovations in the shape of the provincial assemblies created in conjunction with the tentative parliament called the National Assembly, at Peking. This parliament quickly came into very violent collision with the Grand Council, that farcical and corrupt coterie of which the dissolute Prince Ching, the regent, is the head, while court ladies and eunuchs with the new Empress Dowager, Princess Yhenahai, constitute the sinister "power behind the throne."

The leaders of the revolutionary movement are in close touch with committees in Indo-China, Malacca, the Philippines, Australia, Japan, Burma, Siam, New Zealand, South Africa, Britain, and California, Chicago, and New York. Fury rages against the Manchu class everywhere. In any case, their day is over.

A reunited and reformed China would demand an inviolate territory. The great new nation would proceed to organize on modern conditions such armaments, military and marine, as might be needed to back legitimate claims. Russia in Mongolia and Japan in Manchuria have taken up aggressive positions which would be untenable as soon as the Chinese commonwealth felt assured of its gigantic strength. And the unknown potentialities of that strength, never yet really tested, would be calculated to give very serious pause to foreign statesmen.

With the elimination of the effete and tyrannical Manchu oligarchy, there will come to the front with all their wonderful capacities, hitherto cruelly restrained, the very finest representatives of the pure Chinese race. Sinism will come to its own at last.

Yuan Shi Kai, often called the "Strong Man of China," who was relegated to obscurity by the present regent as soon as he had succeeded in organizing a modern army, and has now been servilely entreated to return to the help of the terrified government, would probably take his natural place at the top, together with his brilliant right-hand man, Pu Lun, and the equally brilliant Tang Shao Li, both of whom were involved in his disgrace. But while Pu Lun is the one progressive member of the Chinese dynastic family, and is thus a Manchu, Yuan Shi Kai is a real Chinese, who has

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Native Chinese Christian Colporteurs



# America's Armada in the Hudson



A Section of the Vast Crowd That Went to See the Warships as They Lay at Anchor in the Hudson

FROM October 29 to November 2, the greatest fleet of war vessels that has ever been gathered under the flag of the United States lay at anchor in the Hudson River, opposite the city of New York. One hundred and twenty vessels, representing all the classes in the navy, composed this immense flotilla, which in several places stretched from Fifty-seventh Street to Spuyten Duyvil, a distance of about eight miles. Along the New Jersey shore, opposite the main line of the war battleships, the torpedo boats and destroyers were arranged in double columns. Between these and the main line was another composed of gunboats and auxiliaries. The submarines formed still another line, their position being along the New York shore of the river. As a great naval display this mobilization surpassed the recent man review at Kiel and the later gathering of the French navy in the harbor of Toulon, and stood out to the prodigious show which Great Britain made of her fleet in the Solent to honor the coronation of her naval king, George V.

The tonnage of this fleet was 577,285, the greater proportion of this being absorbed by the twenty-four battleships. All the ships carry the latest modern armament, and even were there no flags to distinguish them would have been easily recognizable as United States vessels, for nearly all have the new skeleton masts which have become a distinguishing feature of our navy. The coal-carrying capacity of the ships taken together was 133,876 tons. To Admiral Hugo Osterhaus fell the honor of commanding this, the second largest mobilization of modern sea power that the world has ever seen. Commanding Admiral Osterhaus in command of the battleship and cruiser divisions of the fleet were Rear Admirals Charles J. Badger, Aaron Ward, Bradley A. Fiske, and Thomas B. Howard; while the divisions of gunboats, torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines and auxiliary ships were commanded by Commanders, Captains and Lieutenants, in the order of their seniority in the service.

When the fleet was in its final position, the flagship *Connecticut* lay off Fifty-seventh Street. North of her were the following ships in the order named: the *Michigan*, which is one of the new all-big-gun battleships; the *Delaware* and her sister ship the *North Dakota*; then the *Louisiana*, the *Vermont* and the *New Hampshire*; next came the *South Carolina*, a sister ship of the *Michigan*, and then the

*Kansas*, the *Minnesota*, the *Missouri*, the *Ohio*, the *Mississippi*, the *Idaho*, the *Georgia*, the *Nebraska*, the *New Jersey*, and the *Virginia*. Then came the armored cruiser *Washington* and above her the *North Carolina*. Next in line were those veterans of the Spanish-American War, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana* and the *Massachusetts*; and the two new dreadnoughts, the *Florida* and the *Utah*, completed the line at its northern end. These last two ships are the most recent additions to the navy, and have the distinction of being among the five largest battleships now afloat. Both these ships joined the fleet from the New York Navy Yard, where the *Florida* had just been completed and where the *Utah* had been undergoing some slight repairs. In type these ships are so nearly alike that many of their own men have difficulty in distinguishing them until they get close enough to count the black bands upon the funnels, which all the initiated name of the vessel. This is true not only of the *Utah* and the *Florida*, but of a number of other vessels in the fleet. For instance, there are the sister ships *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, *Michigan* and *South Carolina*; and the six vessels of the *Louisiana* class are identical in every detail, while the five of the *Virginia* type are so alike that it is difficult to distinguish them.

All day Sunday one of the biggest crowds that ever gathered on the Hudson River waterfront thronged Riverside Drive to get a look at the great fleet. It is believed that upward of a million people visited the river bank that day, and about fifty thousand made calls aboard the vessels. Many persons, unfamiliar with the signal flags flown by the different ships, were consumed with curiosity as to the meaning of a white pennant bearing in its centre a blue cross, that floated at the masthead of some of the ships that morning. That flag meant that the naval chaplains who were in New York with the fleet were holding religious services aboard the flagships of the different divisions. These services were attended by several thousands of the bluejackets and marines.

During the two following days crowds almost as large as those of Sunday went out to see the nation's great fighting-machines. During the entire time that the ships lay in the river and the throngs of people went to see them, there was practically no disorder in that section of the city. The crowd that went by day had gone out to learn the difference

between an armored cruiser and a modern dreadnought, and they wanted to see a torpedo-boat destroyer which can make faster time than the swiftest of ocean liners. The crowd which went in the evenings to the Drive were interested in the splendid illuminations of the ships. All up and down the line the battleships and cruisers were outlined in fire by thousands of incandescent bulbs. The masts and funnels were all picked out by points of light and no detail of the ship's outline had been missed by the enthusiastic naval electricians. The smaller craft, which are never decorated in this way, added their share to the brilliance by a continuous play of their searchlights.

The reason for this great gathering of warships at New York was that they might be inspected by George von L. Meyer, the Secretary of the Navy, and reviewed by President Taft. At 2 P.M. on November 1, Secretary Meyer, accompanied by the members of the Senate and House Committees on Naval Affairs, inspected the fleet. Not one of the vessels was overlooked, and the entire ground of inspection, with its accompanying barking of salutes by each ship as the Secretary went aboard, was hardly more than finished before it was time to turn on the lights for the evening illumination.

On Thursday, the last day of the mobilization, President Taft reviewed the fleet. About 9:30 in the morning he left the train, upon which he was hurrying south, at Jersey City and boarded the Presidential yacht, the *Mayflower*. After his flag had been broken to the breeze the yacht got under way and was greeted by a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns from the *Connecticut*, where the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet was visited and the President received the Division Commanders. Then, accompanied by a continuous roar of salutes which are his due as President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Mr. Taft, with Secretary Meyer and Commander Philip Andrews, the new head of the Navigation Bureau, passed up and down the lines of the fleet. In the afternoon, the President's yacht and the dispatch boat *Dolphin*, on which were about one hundred guests, including the Committees on Naval Affairs, anchored off the Statue of Liberty at Bedloe's Island, while the great fleet, having completed the most impressive review that has ever been held in American waters, steamed majestically past them and out to sea.

The Fleet as it Looked when its Millions of Lights Shone in the Darkness





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 6th and 7th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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## The New Order in China

THIS generation has witnessed no greater transformation than that which is now taking place in China. It is surely a modern miracle to see an empire of 300,000,000 souls changing, practically in a day, from a despotism to a constitutional government. For over two and a half centuries the Manchus have ruled with increasing corruption, selfishness and injustice. In no country on earth have the people borne with patience so many grievous burdens. Their land has stood still, while other nations were pressing forward to a higher destiny. But the change, long delayed, has come at last. The Manchu rule has gone, and with it that ancient badge of Chinese servitude, the queue, and the old feudal military organizations, and all the clumsy glitter-and-tinsel stage trappings of the Manchu throne. It is a new, progressive China that emerges, after shaking loose from the old rubbishheap—a nation that will soon be in line with modern ideas on all that vitally concerns its social and political life. There may be stormy days ahead, with treacherous attempts by the nobles, who will doubtless plot to restore the disgraced dynasty; but the complete surrender by the throne to the revolutionary demands cannot now be revoked by Manchu cabals. One of the most dangerous possibilities is that an effort may be made by the imperial party to involve the new government with other powers by exciting anti-foreign disturbances. Fortunately, the foreign population has had ample warning.

## Dissolving the Steel Corporation

THE announcement that the United States Department of Justice has filed suit against the United States Steel Corporation, aiming to dissolve that mammoth industrial organization, has occasioned widespread speculation over what result the action will have on general business prosperity. The Steel Corporation, now that the Standard Oil Company has been ordered to separate into its integral parts, is the largest industrial corporation in the world. It was incorporated February 25, 1901, with a capitalization of \$1,100,000,000, and besides most of the large steel companies of the country, it owns twenty-eight railroads and many mines. It has been stated that the yearly income of these combined companies is greater than the annual income of the United States Government.

Naturally the dissolution of such a gigantic combination cannot be effected without occasioning some disruption in certain national departments of industry. How far this condition may affect the average man of business has already been violently discussed pro and con. At least one fact seems to have been established. If the Sherman act is to be interpreted literally, such combinations are clearly in restraint of trade. This being the case, they are subject to dissolution, and their officials are liable to prosecution.

The fact that such dissolution may affect business in general is beside the law. It has been stated that

the effect of such dissolution will be nullified by the ultimate condition which some say is bound to result, i. e., that the dissolution will result in a return to the former condition of violent competition, in the course of which the weaker companies will be forced to the wall, and the strongest company which survives will enjoy a monopoly of the steel trade. We think, however, that the question at issue should be, not the suppression of what is known as big business, but the suppression of the iniquities which may accompany it. Big business can be carried on without the evil of stock jobbing, for instance, and any movement which will eliminate such evil should be welcomed. The whole situation is of importance to the country at large, and the ultimate result will be awaited with interest.

## Religious Intolerance in Russia

WHY should Russia exercise the privilege of discriminating, on account of their religion, against American citizens visiting that country with passports, while the United States admits citizens of Russia without question? This was the problem discussed at a notable gathering of Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis in New York recently. Russia's intolerant and persistent persecution of the Jews is well known. In late years, that government has been even more rigid than usual in its exclusion policy, and not only American Hebrews, but American ministers of various denominations have been subjected to the same unreasonable restrictions it employs toward its own Jewish inhabitants. This course, as the meeting pointed out, is clearly in violation of our treaty with Russia, which was adopted in 1832. The meeting therefore petitioned the President to terminate the treaty,

that Russia may know that a discrimination against any part of our people on religious grounds is contrary to the fundamental principles of our government, and that we cannot admit such a discrimination without being false to American citizenship, which covers the Jew as sacredly as it covers the Christian.

This opens up a very large question. To annul the treaty might have the practical effect of reducing Russian immigration to this country. On the other hand, for our government to send a protest to Russia (as the meeting suggested) might result in a satisfactory modification of the latter's present course with respect to the recognition of passports. But the New York meeting went further and pleaded with the President to intercede with Russia in behalf of the Czar's persecuted subjects, the Stundists, Lutherans, Latins, Baptists, Moravians, and Hebrews included. All of these, and several other sects regarded as heterodox by the Russian State Church, have been sufferers. To plead for them may be regarded by Russia as undue interference with her internal affairs. Although it might be justifiable on the ground of humanity if nothing else, Russia might retaliate by pointing to our negro lynchings, our Chinese exclusion law and our anti-Japanese immigration agitation. We might be asked quite logically why we do not first make our own house clean before troubling others.

## The Cost of Armed Peace

FOR a week the big metropolis was dazzled by the imposing spectacle of the most powerful assemblage of warships ever witnessed on this continent. There they lay gracefully riding at anchor on the broad Hudson—a long line of battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and submarines—over one hundred magnificent engines of destruction. We are a nation at peace with all the world. As a long-distance object-lesson to other governments, and especially to those now engaged in fighting each other, our brilliant naval show on the Hudson, with its salvos to the reviewing President, its electrical illuminations and all the rest of it, may have been exceedingly effective, although some folk will take occasion to doubt it and to inquire casually the reason for such a demonstration being given at all. It was hardly the kind of prelude suited to a national political campaign. If it was, as we take it, intended as a "peace demonstration," it somewhat overshot the mark, for it had rather a reminiscent flavor of the imperial "triumph" that made a Roman holiday. Americans think the world of our bluejackets—brave, manly fellows, all of them, who would willingly die at their posts, if duty demanded the sacrifice. But while all admire the gal-

lant crews and their officers, and the massive power of the tremendous naval armament which, together with our very moderate-sized army, costs \$450,000,000 a year to maintain, we cannot but record a conviction that such a display was liable to be misinterpreted both at home and abroad.

If the cost of armed peace reach such an appalling figure, one hesitates to even roughly approximate what war would mean to a nation so tremendously equipped as ourselves. May God keep our beloved land in peace!

Charles Sumner, one of the greatest American statesmen, once summed up the cost of war in single memorable paragraph:

"Give me the money that has been spent in war," he said, "and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the Gospel of Peace." At the rate at which we are now building battleships and cruisers, Sumner, had he been alive to-day, might very well have added that he could have done this same thing with the money the nation is now spending on the panoply of war in the "pitiful" days of peace.

## Little Brown Waifs

SEVERAL years ago, many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wishing to be connected in direct way with missionary work, undertook the support of little orphan boys and girls in India. Many of these children have now grown up to useful manhood and womanhood. Some are evangelists, others are teachers or Bible women. In fact all who survived have grown up to be an honor and joy to the good patrons who provided for their care and training in childhood.

There are some of the youngest orphans, however, who have never had such happiness as the others. They are only partially provided for. We would ask those of our readers who would like to personally share in this most delightful kind of missionary work, to help in securing support for these little ones so that they may have the same training and care as the other orphans. If you, dear reader, would like to give a small sum monthly or quarterly for this orphan work, kindly drop a postal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, signifying your wish, and it will receive prompt attention. The little brown waif who becomes your protégé may yet be a great source of blessing to you.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Italy's Care for Wounded

IT LOOKED for a while as though Italy were going to take possession of Tripoli with comparatively little difficulty. One port and fort after another surrendered with so little resistance, the pleading for mercy upon the part of the Turkish Government was so loud, and the call to the powers of Europe to interfere and close the war was so insistent, that it seemed only a one-sided affair. It was hinted all the time that the Mussulman tribes of North Africa might be aroused to a desperate fanatical contest with its fearful butchery. There is yet a possibility that this may be the case. At the beginning of the war Envers Bey, the Ottoman military attaché at Berlin, left that city or Constantinople. It is said that he passed by camel trail through Egypt, met the Grand Sheikh of the Senussi, and united the whole hinterland in a holy war against the Italian invaders. Envers is such an orthodox Mohammedan that he is counted almost sacred among the tents of the desert. Some new force has entered the field, for there was an engagement the other day in which one thousand natives were killed, with a loss of only 100 to the Italians. But when the Arabs and other tribes get their multitudes together the butchery on both sides is likely to be appalling. Italy has sent to Tripoli a splendidly equipped medical corps. It is under the auspices of the Italian Red Cross, and will care not only for its own wounded, but also for those of the enemy. The best charity would have been to have avoided the cold-blooded war for the acquisition of territory, and left no wounds to dress and no dead to bury; but since the war is on it is well to have the proper medical equipment, and the Red Cross is ready in every part of the world to play the part of the good Samaritan like the one of olden time who

Came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. (Luke 10: 33, 34.)

## Mobbed Fake Explorer

Dr. Frederick A. Cook emerged from the oblivion that followed his deep-dyed disgrace in a lecture tour which he made recently through some of the principal cities of Europe. The first lecture was given in Copenhagen, where, when he first claimed the discovery of the North Pole, he had been crowned with vines and blossoms as the chief explorer of the world. The effrontery that, after the complete exposure of his fraud, would take him back to Copenhagen on this errand, is almost beyond conception. Most of the audience hissed and mocked him as he proceeded with his lecture and stereopticon views. But when he threw on the canvas a picture of the North Pole, the crowd rushed on him, and he left the hall abruptly by a back door, and was escorted to his hotel under a guard of policemen, who were not able to protect him from a shower of stale eggs. Dr. Cook offered to donate the proceeds of his lecture to the Cape York Eskimos, but the latest report is that the missionaries have refused to receive what they regard as ill-gotten gains. Dr. Cook had already been proven to be one of the monumental frauds of the century, and it was cruelty to himself as well as an insult to the public, to undertake another chapter of deceit. Repugnance felt toward the liar is thus voiced:

He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight. (Ps. 101: 7.)

## Snake Threatens Life

E. W. Copley of Dallas, Texas, had a snake sixteen feet long, weighing 250 pounds, recently imported from India, and was exhibiting it in a museum there. He took the reptile over to Oak Cliff, a suburb, to give him an airing and to feed him.

The first course of five little chickens the snake swallowed whole; five eggs constituted the second course. Thinking the creature was drowsy and would be quiet, Copley and his assistants undertook to carry it away on a blanket. The assistant stumbled and dropped his end of the blanket. The snake instantly wrapped himself around Copley's legs and was preparing to throw his coils around the man's body when Copley seized the reptile's head above the jaws, snapped it suddenly backward and broke the neck. In a moment more the boa constrictor would have crushed the man to death. In the earliest beginnings God promised this destruction of the serpent's sin by the Son of man.

And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. (Gen. 3: 15.)

## Died Saving Grandchild

The Rev. N. S. Goodwin, eighty years of age, a retired clergyman at Niagara Falls, Ont., lost his life the other day, but saved his granddaughter from being ground under the wheels of a Michigan Central Railroad train. The aged man had left his

sire for fraternal honors. It was the great desire of my life to obtain high rank in my lodge, so I stole money to make donations and give parties and picnics to old people and children. I ask no mercy for myself, but I pray that you will consider my broken-hearted wife." This is not the only man who has been generous with means taken wrongfully from others, nor the only one who has given to be seen of men. The hopeful features of the incident, which make it especially worthy of record, is that the man was deeply penitent and spent the whole of the Jewish Day of Atonement in confession, in sorrow and in agonizing prayer to God for forgiveness, and that his former employers forgave him and restored him to the place of confidential bookkeeper which he had held for eight years. These employers, in their forgiveness of and confidence in the offender, did what Christ would have done, but which business men seldom do. If God gave men no more mercy than they give to each other, there would be little hope for any. Even the paradoxical sin of stealing to give away, when repentance and restitution follow, is freely forgiven by a merciful Lord and by kind-hearted fellowmen. Whatever be the sin or whoever be the sinner, we have the assurance that

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John 1: 9.)

## Life Saved from Massacre

Miss Jessie Smith, her father, mother, and two brothers, were attacked by an anti-Semitic mob in the streets of Odessa. All were killed but herself and she was stabbed and left on the ground for dead. She dragged herself out of the glare of the burning houses, and crept to one of the hospitals, where the surgeons pronounced her wounds fatal, but tenderly nursed her back to life. While in the hospital this Jewish orphan of seventeen years determined that she would become a nurse and pay back some little part of the debt she owed to humanity. The following year she managed to cross the border of Russia into Germany, and to make her way to New York. She graduated as a trained nurse at the Har Moriah Hospital in New York the other day. In honor of her achievement, and in view of the pathetic circumstances that led her into this life work, the

directors of the training school gave a banquet in her honor at the hospital. A woman of her ability, courage and devotion will be an untold blessing to society. Paul refers to the sparing of life for special service to humanity in these words:

Because for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life, to supply your lack of service toward me. (Phil. 2: 30.)

## Blind Pupils in Fire

The clang of fire engines on Rivington Street, New York, would have caused a panic among the pupils of Public School No. 20, just across the street, had it not been for the splendid discipline preserved by the fire-drill exercise. The ten blind pupils, each boy taking the hand of a girl, were given the right of way, and like little soldiers they marched at the head of the line, and 3,000 scholars filed after them out of the doors to the street and safety. What a glorious system of public schools we have in this country, and what steady improvement there is made in methods for the physical protection, intellectual development, and moral culture of the pupils! Ordinarily the blind leaders of the blind fall together into the ditch. The blind children had so learned the halls and stairways, in their daily attendance and in the fire drill, that they were not only able to lead the blind scholars, but also the 3,000 who could see, to safety. In the escape of children and grown people from physical and spiritual conflagrations, it would be well to heed the cry:

Escape for thy life; look not behind thee. (Gen 19: 17.)



An Italian Medical Corps Disembarking at Tripoli

son's home with the little girl for an airing. She was in a go-cart and he was pushing it and talking and laughing with his little darling. Crossing the street with the railroad tracks, he did not notice the swift express train until it was almost upon them. He gave the baby carriage a hard push, which barely cleared the track, but he could not get out of the way himself in time, and the locomotive killed him. Could anything be more pathetic than this aged man of God, who had spent a lifetime preaching vicarious sacrifice as the central thought of his Bible and theology, surrendering his life in the saving of the life of the precious little child? He could have saved himself, but he preferred to save her. The apostle refers to vicarious sacrifice in these words:

Herby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (1 John 3: 16.)

## Stole for Charity's Sake

Richard Pasharz pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing \$6,000 from his employers, Harris Brothers and Barnett, of Broadway, New York, and Judge Swann paroled him. Most of the money stolen was given to various charitable institutions and calls. Five thousand dollars was given by him at one time to the German Odd Fellows' Home of Mamaroneck, N. Y. The misfortune, however, was that his charity was not genuine, for he only gave to gain popularity, to be considered by the community as a very generous man. In his confession to the judge he said: "My trouble is due to a mad de-



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

The story opens with a vivid description of the brilliant scene at the launching of the new American battleship *Republic*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Dockville. The Secretary of War is present with many other high officials, members of Congress, army and navy officers. The great steel monster of destruction, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor, who is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the music strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbons, which was released by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the vessel's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatch at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little bunch of color, though he does so at the risk of losing his balance and dropping a sheer seventy-five feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, seeing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he recovers his poise, although his hat, caught by the wind, is wafted away.

After this adventure introduced to Miss Pax, the Admiral's daughter, who has been an interested witness of his exploit. She questions him about his rescue of a young sailor on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, and although young Cushing modestly evades a direct answer, she is satisfied that the heroic act was his. The Admiral invites him to call upon them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval supplies factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of women leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life succeeds in saving a number of workers from the burning factory. A busy reporter whom he encounters at the fire, after he has come out blackened and scorched from the smoking ruin, tells him that two of the girls he has rescued are daughters of an old, invalid navy yard employee named Howard. He is horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy he has witnessed and stunned by the reflection that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which he had been notified by the fire marshal two months ago to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The latter is greatly excited when he learns that over one hundred lives have been sacrificed through his neglect of a plain duty. The question of this responsibility is discussed between them. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" And Brander Cushing knows that a great breach—the first in his lifetime—has come between him and his son.

## CHAPTER II

"I TAKE all the blame, Sidney. You're not the Company, not yet."

"Have you thought what it means? O God! Father, if you had seen what I saw an hour ago—"

Brander Cushing's hand trembled as he put it up to his mouth and he could not conceal his agitation by the strongest effort.

"I don't attempt to excuse myself, Sid. The marshal's notice—I was head over heels in the launching—I hadn't meant to put off attending to the fire escapes—see here! I made a note here and called Johnson's attention to the matter, advising him to order the stuff and have it put through—where is it? Here." He turned to his files, found the memorandum and held it out towards Sidney.

Sidney paid no attention to it. "Have you thought what may come of this, father?"

"Of course not. I have not—"

"The court attorney may bring suit."

Brander Cushing's face paled.

"I think not."

"He is your political enemy."

"I can see to that."

"But oh, father, it isn't that—it's—"

"What?"

"The crime of not obeying the law—"

"Do you charge your father with crime?"

"I don't know what I do, father—"

There was silence in the office room. Brander Cushing looked at his son and his face grew very hard.

"The only witness to the serving of the notice by the marshal was yourself."

"And yourself," Sidney said it in all simplicity. No suspicion of what might come.

His father turned and carefully filed away the papers in the office safe. Then he faced his son with another look.

"I'm going down to the scene of the fire. There will be time to get over to the city for the banquet."

"Banquet!"

"Yes. They will not sit down before nine thirty."

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "In His Steps"



mobiles and did not even keep a horse. He had been a great athlete in his younger days and often told his friends that the new modern riding machines were bound to destroy

the stamina, endurance and manhood of youth. What exercise did the modern business man or even young man have nowadays? He ate his breakfast, rushed into a car which half the time a hired hand drove, got into an elevator, sat down to his desk, dictated letters, walked around the nearest corner for a fifteen-minute lunch, back to his money-making for four hours more, and then another ride home in a car and possibly a mild golf game two or three times a week; but no red-blooded exercise worth talking about, and no

The boy sat there in his evening clothes, mute and pale.

"There will be a strict investigation."

Silence.

"A horrible affair. And you saved—how many?"

"I don't know."

"On a narrow board—crossing over on it?"

"Yes."

"I found out about the Howards. Theodore Howard is the name of the blind paralytic. His daughter's name is Hermosa."

"Hermosa?"

"Yes. The crippled girl you spoke of rooms next to them. Her name is Athanasia."

"Athanasia?"

"Yes. I remembered it because it is so queer."

Silence.

"I feel almost as you do, Sid. I've no heart for the banquet."

"Let's not go!"

"No. We must go. I must stand in with the old Vets. Besides, Sid, I'm down on the programme, you know, to respond to the toast of 'The Builder.'"

He passed into the dining-room.

"Better have a cup of tea before we go."

"No, father, I don't care for it."

"Very well. I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Father and son came out of the house half an hour later and walked down to the ferry station a mile distant.

More than one person, meeting them, paused, stopped, turned, looked, and said, "A fine pair! What a stride!" and then with a pleased smile went on, dwelling over the memory of the handsome father and son as they looked on that September evening.

The banquet was late, as most banquets are. It was brilliant, as a navy banquet is apt to be. By brilliant we mean, there was an elegantly appointed hall. A distinguished company of men and women facing a distinguished looking menu composed of some of the most expensive luxuries called food. Seven different kinds of drink, most of it intoxicating. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in the shape of costly gems worn by old and young women. Hundreds of "our country's flag, sir!" festooning walls, tables and ceiling. Rare orchids, out-of-season tropical fruits, gorgeous displays of cut glass, and individual favors at each plate of a silver battleship. Above all, the presence of the Secretary of War and most of the President's cabinet, members of the Supreme Court, ambassadors, admirals, sea captains, retired officers, Senators, newspaper men, multimillionaires, business men, speculators, money kings, every one but the common people who make navies and armies possible.

Just before the secretary rose to speak, there was a miniature launching of the new battleship, the *Republic*. A curtain was withdrawn from the end of the speaker's table and the scene of the shipyard was re-enacted, even to the breaking of a tiny bottle over the bow of the ship by an automaton. All cheered as the model, which cost \$500 to make, glided down into a real pool of water and stopped by clockwork directly in front of the secretary, and the banquet committee smiled complacently in anticipation of having pulled off the finest stunt of

Continued on page 1156



"The minute Brander Cushing began, people who had risen to go out sat down again"

"I can't go, father."

"Can't go! Why not?"

"Father! After all that—"

"Well, what can you do now?"

A pause. "I feel as bad about it as you do. But the banquet is too important to miss. I must go. And I want you to be there. I'll go home from the fire, and meet you there."

He went out, and after he was gone, Sidney sat down and thought. His mind kept going over and over the scene at the factory. Always those bodies falling, falling—would that picture never fade out of his memory?"

He went home and dressed for the banquet, and then sat down to wait for his father.

Brander Cushing was a widower, and Sidney was an only son. They lived in a comfortable old house maintained by a housekeeper, a butler and a man servant. Unlike nearly every one of his business acquaintances, Brander Cushing had a scorn for auto-

real walking or running to keep the physical man up to the mark—a rapidly growing, flabby, degenerate, soft-muscled, sloppy race that couldn't sit up straight, hit a hard blow, or walk half a mile without puffing. So he held to his five-mile walk every morning, and Sidney, who had followed his father's steps in athletics, did not question the methods of his father even when the remarkable absence of automobile and carriage brought him into some embarrassing situations. He had accepted it all as he had always accepted his father's positive life programme, and had rather enjoyed the reputation for queerness and distinctiveness it gained for the family name.

Brander Cushing found Sidney ready dressed, sitting in the library.

"It was a horrible affair, Sid."

"Yes."

"Over a hundred girls dead."

Silence.

"The factory a heap of ruin."



# HARVESTING THE WORLD'S WHEAT



Modern Harvesting Machinery Reaping and Binding in a Great Tract of Wheat Land

WHATEVER hopes any one may have entertained of a lower cost of living for many months to come were shattered by the final crop report for 1911, which indicates a shortage in the wheat crop, as compared with 1910, of nearly 9,000,000 bushels. Combined with a falling off in the corn crop of 390,000,000 bushels, in the oat crop of 284,000,000 bushels, in the potato crop of 9,000,000 bushels, and similar deficiencies in barley, hay, rice and buckwheat, it must be admitted that the outlook for moderate food prices for Uncle Sam's large and usually prosperous family is not encouraging.

The wheat acreage in the United States for the harvest of 1911 was 52,125,000 acres, producing a crop of 656,762,400 bushels. The acreage harvested in 1910 was only 49,205,000 acres, but the yield was 395,443,000 bushels. The largest wheat crop the world ever harvested was that of 1909, amounting to 3,624,000,000 bushels, gathered from 235,000,000 acres of land.

No other country produces so much wheat as the United States, which harvests approximately one-fifth of all the wheat grown in the world. Within recent years, Canada has taken a commanding position among wheat-producing nations, its relatively small population leaving much of its crop for export. Forty years ago, the entire country produced less than 17,000,000 bushels annually. Ten years ago the crop had risen to more than 55,000,000 bushels. Since then, the great migration from the United States and the British Isles has taken place, and the history of the development of our own prairie States is being duplicated in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Europe produces about two and one-half times as much wheat as North America, largely on the black plain of Central and Southern Russia, the plain that slopes to the North and Baltic Seas, and the plains of Hungary and Lombardy. Russia, Austria-Hungary

By JOHN L. COWAN

and the countries along the lower Danube produce more wheat than they consume, and are important exporting regions. France grows about enough to supply the wants of her own people. Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Italy and Greece are buyers, requiring from 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels annually in excess of their production. Great Britain does not grow one-fourth enough wheat to supply bread for her people, and (with Ireland) buys approximately 200,000,000 bushels annually, being the world's greatest wheat-buyer.

Somewhere the wheat harvest is always in progress. Asia produces about four-fifths as much wheat as North America, the greater part of its crop coming from India and Asiatic Russia. Northern China is a wheat-producer, as also is Southern Siberia, which may hereafter become one of the world's greatest wheat-growing regions. South America produces less than one-fourth as much wheat as North America, largely in Argentina; but the small population of that country leaves a large surplus for export. Australia and Africa together produce about as much as South America, but have vast areas of land, now unutilized, that may be adapted to wheat-growing.

There are more people living in the world to-day who depend upon rice than upon wheat for subsistence; and a greater number of the human family live upon millet than upon any other cereal.

But wheat has always been the preferred food crop of the races of the highest civilization. The progressive nations have always been wheat-eaters. If cultivation were to cease for only a few years, the plant would utterly disappear. There are wild varieties of rye, barley and oats, but not of wheat. It appears to have developed from some plant now

unknown. The most primitive of all existing types of wheat is that known as *emmer*, and all the hundreds of existing varieties have developed from this. Grains of *emmer* have been found in Egyptian tombs of the first dynasty, dating back 4,000 years before the Christian era. Bread of wheat has been excavated from the ruins of the prehistoric lake dwellings of Wanger and Robenhause, in Switzerland. It is interesting to know that the first wheat ever grown in the New World came from seed accidentally brought with rice from Spain to Mexico, and found and planted by a negro slave belonging to Cortez. Baron Humboldt relates having seen in the city of Quito an earthen vase in which a French monk had brought from Ghent the first wheat planted in South America.

Wheat grains vary greatly in size. Some varieties produce grains so small that 24,000 are required to weigh a pound. Other varieties yield grains 8,000 of which weigh a pound. In color there is as great a variation, from nearly white, through many shades of yellow, to a reddish hue. Some varieties are known as winter wheats. These are sown in the fall, and the plants come up before the weather gets cold, then remaining dormant all winter. They have most of their growth in the spring and early summer, ripening in midsummer. Spring wheats are planted in the spring, and ripen the same season. Spring wheat used to be considered inferior to winter wheat, but improved milling methods now make it possible to obtain just as good flour from one kind as from the other.

In 1893, the United States Department of Agriculture made a collection of more than 1,000 supposedly different varieties of wheat, secured from all parts of the world. Investigation showed that many of these varieties were identical, or nearly so. Nevertheless, about 250 distinct varieties were found that were considered of possible value to American agriculturists.



Harvesting Wheat on the Western Prairies



The Wheat Crop Ready for the Harvester



# Wright Soars in His New "Glider"



Carrying the Glider Up Kill Devil Hill for a Fresh Start

Orville Wright and Alexander Ogilvie Working on the Machine

Wilbur Wright Riding Stationary in a Fifty-Mile Gale

THE accompanying photographs by Mr. P. Trenchard Jones, of Philadelphia, were snapped, by permission of Orville Wright, on the day he succeeded in keeping a motorless airship on an even keel in a gale of wind, in his attempts to solve the secret of the bird's flight. The photographs mark a new and important development in aviation. The desolate place selected for these experiments is the same spot on which they camped when making their first airship experiments, some ten years ago. Kitty Hawk is on a sandy waste on the coast of North Carolina. Some of the pictures were made with the wind blowing a gale. The "glider" was held perfectly still, heading directly into the wind. Orville Wright has made a study of the power of the birds to fly in the teeth of a gale, and his "glider" is constructed in accordance with the knowledge he has gained by close observation of the movements of a bird in soaring. "It is only a question of time," Wright says, "when the motorless aeroplane will be an accomplished fact." This he predicts is the next important step forward in aviation, and although he will not talk about his

own experiments, he is confident that he will be able to show that man can soar aloft like a bird and remain there with perfect safety, without the assistance of a motor. These photographs were the only ones made of the last and most successful trial of the "glider" at Kitty Hawk.

In an article in the *New York Tribune*, R. J. Beamish thus describes the Wright "glider":

"First, the frame of the glider is, in its essentials, the same as that of the usual Wright biplane. The specially prepared canvas wings are stretched upon a stout but light series of spars and struts. All parts of the wings, and particularly the tips, are under the control of the operator through heavy, tested copper wires. This is the wing-warping device of the Wrights carried out to perfection. Their aeroplanes have it, but not with the delicate responsiveness that is shown in the new glider.

"Jutting from the front of the glider is a long, stout pole like the bowsprit of a ship. At its end is a bag of sand weighing about eight pounds. The pole corresponds to the neck of a soaring bird like the stork, and the bag of sand to the head of the

bird. The combination of pole and bag acts as balance to the new rudder.

"It is the rudder that attracts greatest attention. This is in two parts, a vertical, canvas-clad plate that rises about two feet higher than the top of the glider and a horizontal plane of equal length that may be lifted or depressed like a bird's tail. The vertical rudder swings right or left in instant obedience to the movement of the aviator's body as the horizontal plane is raised or lowered by a lever. Corresponding to the vertical rudder is a new aileron or wing that is beside the operator and upon his left. By shifting this to right or left he is enabled to tack at any angle into the wind, to run with it or to stand absolutely still. Completing the glider is a pair of light, springy skids from which the contrivance is launched and upon which it alights when perfectly flown."

After the latest trials at Kitty Hawk, Orville Wright said: "It only remains to develop the flying instinct that is dormant in every person. That is the purpose of this glider. Then every one can fly. It will be like walking or swimming."

## China Yields to the Revolution

*Continued from page 1146*

always been opposed to the corrupt administration. He would open to able men those avenues to official preferment which have been closed by Prince Ching. Thus, the first consequence of the elimination of the Manchu régime will be a genuine administration, mainly composed of the Chinese element.

But, after all, the future of China really depends on its acceptance or rejection of Christianity. How will this be affected by the coming of the republic? Those who are best able to form an opinion would, I have reason to believe, with one voice declare that a popular native government would veer toward a very favorable attitude with regard to the Christian churches and the missions with which the whole empire is dotted. What has been the main cause of the popular hatred of foreigners generally, including the missionaries? Simply the delusion that they upheld the Manchu dynasty. The revolutionary leaders know better now, and hence they have loudly proclaimed a policy of absolute toleration.

Of the 800 Chinese students now in America, some being young women, fully half are Christians. This is also the case with many of the young Chinese men who are studying, chiefly at the various technical colleges, in England. And those even who are not Christians go back to

China imbued with progressive ideas. The great China Inland Mission, founded by the late Hudson Taylor, has woven a network of stations, with nearly two thousand agents of both sexes, throughout the country, and the different American and British missions employ a still larger number.

American influence will be China's best help under the new régime. Returned students are

already directing trade in China increasingly along American channels. Some of these young men are in important commercial positions, and what they are doing indicates what will develop under favorable future conditions. In the very district where the rebellion has its headquarters, the output of the Hanyang Iron Mills, 600 miles up the Yangtze from about 100 miles from Har

kow, is being shipped through the Suez Canal landed in Brooklyn, an sold at an advantage in competition with Pittsburgh. Under a liberal régime, an immense impulse will be given to mining industries, and the incalculable underground treasures of China will be converted into cash to alleviate the massive poverty of the people.

Just as America through Robert College on the Bosphorus contributed to the regeneration of Bulgaria, so, in conjunction with England, but through colleges chiefly in the United States, she has been preparing the young men who will be the future viceroys, governors of provinces, presidents of provincial assemblies, heads of provincial boards of education, engineers and presidents of the steadily expanding railway systems, and superintendents of great companies and corporations. The New China will let in the light and the light-bearers are ready for their function.



A Veteran Evangelist Preaching in a Village Where No European Had Ever Been



# THE "SACRED BULL" OF KALI

By MRS. R. WINSOR, Sirur, India

WHEN I came to Sirur, I went in terror of my life, with one of these so-called "sacred" animals that frequently came into our yard. The servants were afraid to drive it away, because of its "sacredness."



be Goddess Kali, from a Native Print

living offered her some suitable gift. In one village, where the inhabitants thought the goddess was peculiarly enraged against them, and had caused fits to come upon them, they let loose twenty of these sacred animals, with a view to propitiating the goddess. If they wish to commit a crime, or do any evil, they go to her for a blessing on their dark deeds.

A few years ago, when the villages of Tudbachiadi and Golagao were visited by cholera, this *Pol* man writing you about was dedicated to Kali and allowed to wander at his own sweet will uncontrolled. Wherever he went, or whatever he did, was supposed to be at the instigation of the goddess. The people of both villages were afraid to lay hands on him, for fear of calling down upon themselves and their progeny the vengeance of *Kali*. *Pol* grew fiercer each day, and was a terror to both villages and all the people living around. He was killed (as these *Pols* usually are) to do just as he would. The fields and cattle were destroyed; men, women, and children hurt or wounded, and all sorts of depredations were committed for which *Pol* was accountable.

The subjection of this *Pol* was swift and complete.

At Golagao there is a forest which has splendid grazing for cattle. All these years it has been under the control of a rich Hindu, and *Pol* was allowed free access to the place, and did just as he pleased. If he fought with or injured the cattle or any person, no one dared to interfere, because of his "sacredness." But the Hindu having failed to renew his lease of the forest, it has been rented this year by a Christian gentleman, who has put his cattle there, fenced them in with barbed wire, and built comfortable sheds for man and beast. When *Pol* wandered round in his usual way to the grazing grounds, he found there was a barrier to his entering, where heretofore he had been "monarch of all he surveyed." Besides, he saw a nice young bull buffalo whom he would like to fight, and if not kill, at least injure in some way. So, although the barrier was strong and the sharp points hurt; yet he who had so long been master and would be so still, cared not for the tearing of his flesh, but thrust, through, fought with, and hurt the young



Pol, the Sacred Bull of Kali

bull buffalo that had usurped his rights. So afraid are these unfortunate people of the "sacred" animals that not one of the keepers would dare to drive him out of the enclosure, but sent to the owner to come to their rescue. When the owner went down, he was confronted by this savage beast whom all were afraid to approach.

*Pol*, when he saw the gentleman armed with a pistol, made good his escape, and although the police were ordered to impound the animal, they were afraid to do so because of *Kali's* wrath. That same night, *Pol* revisited the enclosure. The keepers of the cattle being asleep, *Pol's* entrance was unobserved; so when, through the rubbing of his horns and body against the sheds, the people were awakened and felt the building swaying and shaking, they took it for some terrible punishment that had been sent by *Kali*. They made a mad rush and climbed the trees to escape from *Pol*. One man, as soon as the furious animal's attention had been diverted from him for a little while, ran all the way from Golagao, two miles, to the gentleman's house, woke him up and asked him to come and help them. The owners went down and insisted on the animal being caught and controlled. Now *Pol* has been chained. In spite of all, these people will not let the beast remain in captivity, but intend taking him away 125 miles from Golagao, to turn him loose in a jungle, where he no doubt will fall a prey to some wild animal.

The following letter, written by a native fairly educated, shows with what veneration these animals are still regarded by the superstitious people:

RESPECTED SIR: Your letter about *Pol* is being forwarded to the *Mamladar* in his camp. His orders are awaited. In the meanwhile, village *Patil* of Golagao is sent for with leading villagers. On their arrival their statements will be taken, and if they are willing to take care of the bull, it will be handed over in their charge, after taking a security in writing. If they are not willing, the bull will have to be shot, with the permission of the District Magistrate, as none would dare take it in action if made. Meanwhile it may be sent to the cattle pound of Sirur or Golagao, as will be convenient. I think, however, it may be allowed to remain in the place where it is kept now, as it seems dangerous to remove the bull into a cattle pound, though it is not allowed by law to keep the animal in your charge. The feeding of the bull can be made by Police *Patil* of the village. Police *Patil* of Sirur is being ordered to look to the management. Yours obediently,

E. SAHASRAUDHYE,  
Head Karkoon (Clerk).

## The Mother of American Methodism Continued from page 1143

such as would be saved." A third person whose name figures largely in this early history of the John Street Church was Captain Thomas Webb, a British army officer. The little company was assembled for worship one day, when a stranger in all military costume appeared. All eyes were upon him, and anxious questions arose in every heart. The Methodists had been relentlessly persecuted and prevented from holding public worship in many parts of the old country, and they now feared lest a similar fate was to overtake the infant church in America. The stranger stayed, however, and by the earnestness with which he joined in the worship quieted the fears of the congregation. After he service he introduced himself as "Captain Thomas Webb, of Albany, a soldier of the cross and spiritual son of John Wesley." The coming of such a man into their midst at that critical time was a source of great joy to the members of the church. In addition to the moral support which Captain Webb was able to give during that time, when Methodism was denounced nearly everywhere and was made the subject of ribald songs in the streets and public-houses, he was personally a man of great popularity, hearty, earnest, and of proven courage. He had served at the siege of Louisbourg and with General Wolfe had scaled the Heights at Quebec in the struggle which ended French rule in America.

As was the custom of the time, when Captain Webb preached—for he had been appointed a local preacher—he appeared in the pulpit in military full dress and was in the habit of removing his sword and placing it upon the pulpit beside the Bible. Even in those days this was a little spectacular, and sheer curiosity drew many persons to the Methodist services. There were many cases where "those who came to scoff remained to pray," and the society grew until a still larger meeting-place became necessary. It was then that a rigging loft on Horse and Cart Street, which is now called William Street, was rented. During the time that this bare room was used as the place of assembly, the church still grew in numbers, and as it in turn became crowded, Barbara Heck again came to the fore and declared that a plan for building a church had been revealed to her as the result of earnest prayer, and it was at her urging that the first Methodist church building in America was erected. A subscription paper was started, and Captain Webb's name heads the list, with thirty pounds, which was then a very large gift.

Such famous names as Barclay, Delancy, Cortland, Duane, and many others are found amongst those of the more humble who gave for this first building. With the money obtained lots were leased in a plot of ground on Golden Hill, which was commonly called "Shoemaker's Ground." On this property there was a small Dutch-built house which was afterward used as the parsonage. The little church, when it was completed, was a very plain and unpretentious affair, but represented the most strenuous efforts on the part of the society's membership. Having no bishop or high church official to assist in the dedication, which was held in October, 1768, the privilege of conducting the services fell to Philip Embury, who, from a pulpit made by his own hands and which is still preserved, preached the dedicatory sermon from the text, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

The history of the other places of meeting repeated itself in this new home of the organization, so that the original congregation of five increased to more than a thousand and sometimes filled the yard in front of the church, to which the name Wesley Chapel had been given. It was seen that Philip Embury needed assistance in the pastorate, so in response to an urgent appeal Wesley sent Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor to America. Previous to their arrival, however, Robert Williams came to New York from England and at once entered upon service in the John Street Church. So starts the long list of names, which contains many that are known to the Methodist world not only of America but of Europe. In November, three years after the opening of Wesley Chapel, Francis Asbury preached his first sermon there as pastor. Like Wesley, Asbury was possessed of great strength and firmness of character and he was singularly useful in the founding of American Methodism.

During the times of uncertainty and change which characterized the Revolutionary War the John Street Church was especially fortunate in that it was preserved from the destruction or desecration which fell to practically all the church buildings of other denominations. This was probably due to the fact that the Hessians occupied it on Sunday mornings for services conducted by their own chaplains, leaving it to its rightful owners at night and all such other times as they desired. At the Christmas

Conference of 1784, John Dickens, a former pastor of the John Street Church, proposed the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was duly accepted and made permanent. Five years later John Dickens, with a borrowed capital of \$600, became Book Steward of the denomination and launched the first Methodist Book Concern. At the present time, the Methodist Book Concerns have accumulated a capital of nearly \$4,000,000, have distributed nearly \$5,000,000 in dividends and have produced and circulated publications exceeding in value \$75,000,000.

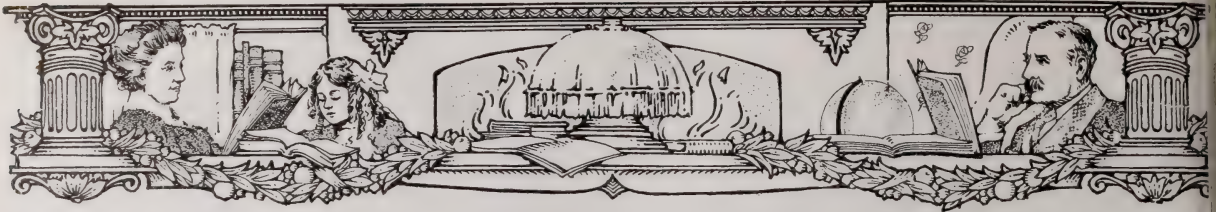
In 1817 Wesley Chapel was demolished to make room for a larger building, and a year later a splendid new edifice was dedicated. The names of many of the denomination's most famous men are associated with that building. On the day of its dedication, Nathan Bangs, Samuel Merwin and Joseph Soule preached. John Summerfield preached his first sermon in America in that building; and so one might continue through a long list of famous pastors. In 1840 John Street was widened to accommodate increasing traffic, for the residential district had now moved many blocks above this locality, so it became necessary to tear down the old church. The following year, however, the present church was erected, and on April 27, 1841, Bishop Hedding preached the dedicatory from the text, "For from you sounded out the Word of the Lord."

Through the last seventy years old No. 44 John Street has been adapting itself to changes, which have left it marooned miles away from the present residential districts of the city and in a section where the type of its activities demanded change, that they might fulfil their commission of usefulness. To retain its grasp upon those to whom its ministries are possible the church has become more and more missionary in its activities. The church building is open every day of the year and its noon-day businessmen's prayer-meeting is very widely known and is attended by large crowds every day. The church has recently established a rescue mission, known as the Wesley Rescue Hall, and continually works in the closest relations with the Water Street Mission. The regular departments of church activity, such as Sunday School, Epworth League and various organizations for the younger members, are supported even against the odds which confront such work in a district so far away from the real homes of the people.

THEODORE RAND-McNALLY.



# AROUND THE HOME HEARTH



## A Brave Protest

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**E**X-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his customary blunt and decisive mode of speech, uttered the other day a warning against a sin that is to be laid at the door, not of war, but of peace. There are terrible evils that stalk in the path of war. The bloodshed on fields of battle, the sick and wounded in hospitals, the crippled soldiers who come home, and the widows and orphans who survive after the arbitration of the sword and the rifle, sufficiently exploit the horrors of war. Peace with her lily must answer for the shame of one terrific sin allowed by her and shamelessly permitted without a protest in many sections of the land. Child labor is an infamy of peace, or, shall we say, a blot on the escutcheon of commerce? There are mill-towns in New England and the South where children of tender years, with wizened faces and claw-like hands and dwarfed limbs, toil from morning until night. The mother who tucks her rosy babe into his crib at night, who gathers a little band of cherubs about her and hears them say their prayers and takes a look at them, rosy and dimpled and sweet—children who have plenty of play and fresh air and good food—should spare a thought for the little slaves who, North and South, are robbed of their birthright.

Mr. Roosevelt made a vigorous plea for the enforcement of legal restrictions against the labor of children. Think of it, mothers who read this page. You need not go to the mills or the mines, or farther than our tenements in the larger cities, to find children, scarcely past babyhood, bearing burdens that would tax men and women. A child of five is forced to look after younger children or to sit beside her mother or her pallid father, pulling out basting threads or sewing on buttons or doing some other task that childish fingers should not attempt. Here, too, every one should lend a hand in bringing about a reform. One thing we may do, and we need not postpone it. We may refuse to buy or wear articles of clothing that obviously have been put together at the cost of some other woman's weariness and the peril of her life.

Child labor will cease when it is not only prohibited by law, but made impracticable by the great numbers of kind-hearted people who shall refuse to permit its continuance beneath our flag.

### Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

**A**LL keeping of the Lord's Day involving gloom, fretfulness, and ill-temper is as much an infraction of the Sabbath rest as the undertaking of toil during its sacred hours. When people rise later on Sunday than on other days, when breakfast is a scramble and the preparation for church is so hurried and tumultuous that the family are tired before they leave the house, and so reach the pew in a disturbed state of mind, something is wrong.

In the day before yesterday, by which is meant the days when the grandmothers were girls, Saturday night made beautiful Sunday morning. In Christian homes the rule was to remove every trace of secular

books and newspapers from the living-room on Saturday afternoon. To lay out the clothing for the next day, to see that gloves were mended, shoes polished and Sunday School lessons learned by the children was part of the routine. However busy the mother might be she did not forget to remind the boys and girls that tomorrow would be the best day of the week, that they must read over the Sunday School lesson and commit to memory the required verses. In many households, most of the cooking for the Sabbath was done on Saturday so that all that was needful was to make tea and coffee or prepare

tives are in the majority, and the Woman's Club in city, town, village and farmstead stands for the dignity and wellbeing of the average home. Here are a few of the questions presented to the ladies on the occasion of their June session: "What is your most serious problem?" "On what basis have you built best results, ideal and practical?" "What do you consider the most important problem to be solved in the home?" "Toward what end does your greatest effort tend?"

The answers to these questions were varied, but conspicuous among them and overshadowing the rest was the difficulty of obtaining adequate domes-

situation, and some one else receive the benefit of the teaching they had had, at the very instant that the mistress draws a free breath.

Cooking schools do not meet a need, nor has much improvement been issued upon the endeavor of rich women with large establishments to formulate a sort of factory schedule in house-keeping. The great majority of American women are contented with a simple maid, and if able to keep two or three have arrived at the bound of their luxury. It is always well to compare notes and frankly talk over problems of this practical kind, and many of the women present at the Federation were home with new hope that they might secure a better day for themselves and their helpers. I have long been of opinion personally that we must have as a basis in domestic life a really friendly relation between employer and employed. There must be justice on both sides. The mistress who is afraid to criticise and the maid who resents criticism are both shortsighted. Tact is essential to compromise and concessions must be daily made. A little common sense is the saving grace that must not be omitted.

### A Household Grievance

**A**MONG the minor discomforts of daily life none takes rank, with acute exasperation, with the habit of coming late to meals. Whether breakfast, dinner or tea be served to meal is in its perfection when first placed on the table. The lagging member of the family who dawdles down in the morning when breakfast is half over, and the thoughtless person who lingers out of the house on one or two courses of dinner have been finished, are very inconsiderate. There are, of course, times and seasons when it is impossible to be punctual at a meal, but generally speaking those who care for order and system, the convenience of the housekeeper and the good temper of the maid-of-all-work will make it the business to be present at the right moment when the coffee or the tea or the soup or the roast may be ready set before the family circle. If a guest staying in a house who habitually delays meals is in very bad form

### The Crowning Touches

**A** WELL dressed woman should take special pains to have her shoes and gloves in perfect order. A well shod foot does a great deal to make its wearer appear to advantage. If shoes are run down at the heels or scuffed at the toe, if buttons are missing or the lacing is irregular, the rest of the costume suffers and the lady looks untidy. Fortunately women are not in these days devoted to shoes which are too tight or too short. A shoe should fit the foot, conform to its shape, be comfortable and suit the occasion for which it is worn. Dainty satin slippers are the proper accompaniments to a delicate evening dress. They are out of place in a business dress, and not at all appropriate for country tramps and excursions. Soiled gloves in obvious need of repair are disfiguring to the richest toilette. The French have a proverb to the effect that a woman who is well booted and gloved is otherwise well dressed.



### MILKING TIME

Come home, good Bossie, the children wait  
For supper and bed, till I give you back.  
You have wandered far, and the evening star  
Will be shining soon on the homeward track.

vegetables at the cost of very little labor, to accompany the cold roast. Pies, cakes and puddings were baked on Saturday.

A return to the old ways might help us to greater enjoyment of Sunday than is possible when Saturday is taken up with visiting or sight-seeing.

### Hindrances in Housekeeping

**T**HE Home Economic Pure Food and Art Department of the New Jersey State Federation of Woman's Clubs recently held an all-day meeting in a country place for the purpose of discussing practical questions. As I write the opening sentence I am impressed with the great change in feeling that has come to pass since first a Woman's Club was organized in this land. To conservative people the innovation presaged disaster. In the ranks of Woman's Clubs to-day the conserva-

tive help. This problem bristles with trials to the ordinary housekeeper. In the first place, the material from which we can draw women to assist us in the kitchen must, as a rule, be taken in the raw and then refined and shaped to the individual need. The women who accept housework are naturally young and have the same social requirements that our daughters have. They suffer, far more than most employers suppose, from loneliness. Many good women frown upon love and lovemaking in the kitchen, and the housemaid is obliged to meet her young man surreptitiously or see him only when she has her afternoon out. Young women of the class who in these days accept domestic service are untrained and have to be taught the simplest details of cooking, sweeping and managing. This being the case, they still demand very high wages. If contented for a few months with a small rate of payment, they are on the watch for a more remunerative



## Good Times in the Cozy Corner

**DEAR COZY CORNER BOYS AND GIRLS:** Oh, if you could only see the heaps of letters here on the desks in the busy editorial offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from boys' and girls' clubs of all kinds, the members of which are writing for plans and suggestions that will make their writings practical and interesting.

### A Club of Thirty Boys

THE president of a club of thirty boys "up State" in New Hampshire writes that they have a room in a large barn, where they have fitted up a museum of which they are very proud. They have built their own club table, and chairs and book shelves, and they are getting ready to put in a stove. The president is on to say: "Everybody within thirty miles knows about our club, though it has name and we wear no club badges of any kind. There is a boy within a radius of five miles who wouldn't give his head to belong. Almost everybody in the county is glad to us a good turn, and we appreciate it, I tell you; but I guess on the whole we are a pretty decent set of boys. If I go into the club room any afternoon between five and six, which is the club's study hour, I will find many of the members there, quiet as mice, getting their lessons for school the next day, and we are not lilycoddles either." The boys have made small but excellent collections of agates, Indian relics and stamps, and they do have a good-sized aquarium and many excellent books, two daily papers and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This is an example of what a lot of good, sturdy boys can do. We are glad to welcome them on. They write for suggestions on making money with which to buy things for the club, and you may be sure that the Aunt in the Cozy Corner has plenty of plans ready for them. "The Swiss Family Brownies" is the name of a band of boys and girls in Leigh, Ind. They seem to have the best times imaginable, and the nicest thing about the club is this: the members pledge themselves to do a good turn for some one on the sly whenever they see a chance. The secretary of the club writes: "Each member is expected to do some helpful act, no matter how little it may be, every day for a week and say nothing about it." The club has a post-box in which

unsigned bits of paper are slipped describing the "good turns" that the happy members have succeeded in doing, and the secretary, who is evidently a very clever girl, weaves all these little scraps into a story which she reads aloud at each meeting of the club to the very great joy of the members. They write for a plan for celebrating Thanksgiving day, which is the second anniversary of their club meetings.

The Happiest Girls of All club, with a motto *Love One Another*, are



Angel Heads, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

giving a Penny Bazaar, which promises to be the merriest and happiest kind of an entertainment, by means of which they will put money in the bank to buy Christmas presents to send to a nearby hospital.

The Golden Star and Crescent Club are a Bible class who meet once a week to teach the members of the infant class in the same Sunday School to sew. They write for plans for a mid-winter fete, and for making pin-money, too.

The Neighborhood Club in Boontown, Miss., are nine boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, who have had good times together every alternate week for five years. They write for suggestions for an entertainment to celebrate their fifth anniversary.

The Happy-Go-Luckys, nine boys in

Bellevue, Ohio, have turned their camping club into an indoor club for the winter. They write for new games, both indoor and outdoor, and for plans for making spending-money.

The Merry Hearts of Oakland, Calif., are fifteen little girls and boys organized by a very charming "Auntie Lou," who is the wife of the principal of one of the public schools. The dues are five cents a month and one cent for absence or tardiness. They have gotten up an attractive club booklet with work and play for ten meetings planned ahead. There are two delightful special parties, one for Thanksgiving and one for the last day of school before the holidays, and the verse on the cover of the booklet reads:

We must take our turn at the mill,  
In grinding life's golden grain;  
We must do each task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

They want to make some Christmas money and ask for plans for a New Year's party.

### How to Get Up a Club

IF YOU are thinking of getting up a club of any kind, get it up by all means and write about it to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, who knows how often boys and girls wish that some older person would help them to plan their good times—some one who would help them with their work and play and lessons and pin-money making, who would suggest just the right thing to do at the right time and the right way to do it. The Aunt in the Cozy Corner can do all this for you, because she knows more about boys and girls

and good times than any one else in the world, and she would like to tell you ever so many things to do. The Aunt in the Cozy Corner has suggestions for all. So if you are planning to get up a club or be a member of one, do not wait, but rush a letter right off, and when you do write, be sure and give your age and the ages of the club members, and put your addresses all very clearly and distinctly in your letters.

If you enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, which of course you would, you will get an answer full of plans for happy times, in ever so many more ways than you can think of yourself, from

Lovingly and faithfully yours,  
*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

### A Walk Through the Woods

A WALK through the autumn woods is delightfully suggestive of attractive holiday gifts. A balsam pillow is always a welcome gift. Be sure to gather the young pale-green tips, and a bushel basket packed down is necessary to fill a twenty-inch pillow. Dry the tiny needles carefully by spreading them out on pieces of paper in a dark, dry room. A fine linen pillow filled with sweet clover tops is a grateful gift for an invalid, and clover may be picked until the first frost. Dry the clover tops in the sun; sprinkle them from time to time with a little salt; shake them every day or two, and when thoroughly dry sprinkle with a little powderedorris root. It will take fully three weeks to dry and treat the clovers thoroughly. But if you are sure to use the little wild sweet clover blossoms that grow on tall, straggly stems at the edges of wood-roads and sunny fields you will be surprised at the delicate charm of a sweet clover pillow.

### Our Good-Night Verse

Evening song and setting sun,  
The hush and the sunset gun,  
One golden hour and day is done,  
Night's reign of rest and peace begun.

### Sir Joshua Reynolds

IT IS told of Sir Joshua Reynolds that while he was painting thirty portraits of country squires for fifteen dollars apiece when he was a young art student in the London Academy, he was once heard to say, "Those who are determined to excel in any art or craft must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon and night, and they will find success to be no play, but on the contrary very hard labor." Afterwards, when he was one of the three great portrait painters of his time, one of the squires recalled his speech to him. "Those were good old days," he answered. "I owe my success to them, and I attribute what genius may have to my capacity for hard work." Sir Joshua declared when he was a very old man that whenever a new sitter came to him he always began the portrait by making up his mind that his one should be the best he had ever painted." Success was found to attend a man like that. "The Angels' Heads" on this page are one of the most famous of his paintings. It hangs in the National Museum in London and is the positions of the head of the me boy.



"The Start"—Margerie Hunt, age 12. A prize-winner.

# Christmas Pocket Money for every Christian Herald Boy

(Only boys from 7 to 14 years need write to us)

Are you the Right Age?

Are You Planning to Give a Christmas Gift, bought with your own money, to mother, or father, or sister, or to your best chum? It's twice as pleasant when you buy your gifts with your own money.

Any Boy Can Earn Good Money selling and delivering copies of *The Christian Herald*. You buy copies at three cents each and sell them for five cents each, thus making a good profit, besides cash and premium prizes. You can easily earn a dollar or more every week in a little spare time after school. Many boys earn more than that.

You Don't Need Any Money to Start. We will send you first fifty cents' worth FREE and tell you how and where to get regular customers.

Simply sign your name here and mail to-day

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
Bible House, New York City:

Please send me a start in business and tell me how to make Christmas Money.

My full Name is.....

My Address is.....

Age..... Town..... State.....





## Children need a warm breakfast.

Don't fill their stomachs with cold food. It retards the action of the stomach, delays the process of assimilation, reduces bodily warmth and vitality.

Let Ralston Wheat Food be the important part of their breakfasts. It maintains the bodily warmth and provides the nourishment a growing child must have.



is a wholesome, solid common-sense food of natural wheat color, with all of the flavor and nutriment of the whole wheat left in.

Ralston is not factory cooked—but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen, and brought to your table, tempting and delicious. Serve with cream and sugar.



Parina Whole Wheat Flour makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it too.

## Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1150

any committee for the Naval Club for years, sir.

Sidney neither ate nor drank that night, except by what might be called mere courtesy. Neither his father nor himself touched liquor at any time; another eccentricity of Brander Cushing's household. Sidney sat where he could see Admiral Marston's daughter. She looked older and far more dignified than she had looked at the shipyard that afternoon. Only once did she seem to notice him, and then she smiled as she nodded in friendly fashion.

When the ship came down, the ways Sidney shut his eyes. He could see—! Would it never leave him—that memory? Bodies falling, falling, each one of eternal value—worth more than all that room full of wealth—but oh, how cruelly cheap they all seemed to fashion and beauty—to white, fair shoulders and sleek, fat cheeks of flabby-faced banqueters! And only a few hours ago! He found himself wondering even if any one there had heard of it—but news travels fast in big cities. He tested his own query by asking the young woman beside him—she was the daughter of a naval architect—"Miss Farley, have you heard anything about the burning of the naval factory this afternoon?"

"Why, yes, I heard some talk on the way home from the cathedral. Was it a very bad affair?" The girl smiled at Sidney as if she had said "And was it a very warm evening, Mr. Cushing?"

Sidney made some answer to which he heard the girl say "Oh!" and then, "Have you seen the new organ screen at St. John's? It's too beautiful for anything. The cathedral's going to be the showplace of New York when it's finished."

The secretary made a conventional navy and army speech. He congratulated the navy department on now possessing three of the largest fighting machines afloat. He paid a high compliment to Admiral Marston, who, he said, had brought the service up to a high degree of efficiency; and he closed his remarks by calling for a toast (drunk standing) to the United States navy, "Bigger and better every year."

When the distinguished company had subsided, after imbibing several gallons of champagne, Admiral Marston rose.

Sidney could not help contrasting him with his own father, who, as one of the speakers of honor, was seated beside the admiral to-night. Marston was thin, short, small-headed, with colorless eyes and a French beard. Cushing sat there, the handsomest man by far in that company, athletic, square-jawed, determined, the most wide-awake looking man in New York. "Does your father ever go to sleep?" Gordon Ford once asked Sidney. Other people wondered over the same question.

The admiral spoke in a dry, commonplace fashion, as if he had written his speech just before supper, and had it buttoned up in his pocket, as perhaps he had. He quoted a long list of figures to prove that the United States navy would have to add so many new types of vessels every year to make a fair showing in competition with Great Britain, Germany, or even with France and Japan.

And then he made the proposition that provoked the greatest applause of the evening.

"We are much embarrassed at the present time in the history of both army and navy, on account of a failure on the part of young men to enlist. The Department may as well acknowledge that we face a grave and alarming situation. Owing to business excitement, whereby a young man can begin his career in many cases with a higher salary than the United States can proffer to some of its officers after

they have been in the service many years, the army and navy suffer for lack of intelligent and capable recruits. To the cause of a lack of material for the rank and file must be added the efforts of so-called peace reformers, really fanatics, who are inflaming the public mind with appeals to prejudice against war and military equipment. There is great danger that unless this narrow-minded fanaticism is checked, the military spirit will in a short time die out of the nation. This would be nothing short of a calamity, the effect of which would be difficult to estimate. Now, the situation calls for some large and fitting plan which will educate the youth of the land into enthusiastic patriots. We must create a military spirit in our youth. I am ready to propose a plan—in brief, to suggest one; and I trust, Mr. Secretary, that it will meet with your distinguished approval—as, indeed, I venture to believe it will. My plan is to institute in all our high schools military companies to be trained and instructed in all military tactics, the use of firearms in actual drill and the regular inculcation of military patriotism." (Great applause.)

The admiral went on to elucidate his plan in some detail, and when he finally sat down the applause again was deafening.

"Give 'em real rifles. No wooden imitations!" yelled one of the money kings, whose father had hired a substitute in the Civil War.

This seemed to be the universal sentiment, including that of the girl who sat next to Sidney.

"How proud we will be of our handsome high school cadets!"

"Yes, fine!" said Sidney.

At the same time he could not account for the strange feeling of uneasiness in his mind. He did not try to analyze it. Late banquets are not choice places in which to analyze, and at the next moment his father had risen to respond to the toast of "The Builder."

Sidney liked to hear his father talk on the few occasions when he yielded to invitation. The hour was late, half-past twelve. But the minute Brander Cushing began, some people who had risen to go out sat down again.

"At any rate," Sidney thought with real pride, "the pater isn't theorizing. He talks United States about things he knows. Even admirals may not always know. But the pater—the navy would not amount to much if some one didn't know how to build the ships."

Cushing talked straight on. He gave some interesting facts about the dimensions and powers of the monster launched that afternoon, and then went on to speak of the next warship authorized by Congress, which was yet only outlined on paper, many details still unworked.

"I think, though, I may safely say, Mr. Secretary, and ladies and gentlemen, that the next vessel to come from the Cushing shipyards will be the most perfect fighting machine ever devised by the brain and hand of man. It is already, as it begins to take shape in my mind, destined to excel any type yet devised. I do not hesitate to say, in this presence, that it is the greatest ambition of my life to give to the navy in this last and largest battleship the most perfect and splendid warship ever built, of which the admiralty and the country shall have no reason to be ashamed."

He spoke a few minutes longer, and with perfect good taste finished and sat down at exactly the right moment.

The applause exceeded even that given the secretary himself. And that personage good-naturedly acknowledged it as he leaned over and held out his hand as the guests were leaving

Continued on next page

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

ter the final crash of The Star-angled Banner by the band.

"You made the speech of the evening, Cushing. I look to see your life ambition realized in the new vessel."

Miss Marston passed close to Sidney she and her father were going out. "Don't forget about that call if you me to Washington, Mr. Cushing, ll you?"

"I certainly will not forget, if you ant me to remember. Do you?"

The girl hesitated, blushed, looked wn, then up again, let her eyes look ll into his and said:

"Yes."

Sidney felt the same sense of audacity on his part which he had experienced at the launching. And all the ay home he dwelt upon it. There as something about Pax Marston's manner— But after he had fallen sleep, he waked with a nervous start. t once he went over the scene of the ra. Those bodies, falling, falling, he helplessness of it all; how fearful to stand ere unable to do anything! The went came out on his face in great eads of agony as he recalled its horror. Again he was racing up the airs of the double-decker, crashing to people running down, panting and asping, crying out silently, "Wait! Wait!"

Again the girl at the window opposite. She was not a real person, here was no feature to be recognized. Only a face blackened and blurred, her ery hands burning—were they burning? It seemed so; but she was talking calmly to the panic-stricken rils, a strong girl, a brave girl! Hermosa! Hermosa! Hermosa!" The flame and smoke spelled it on his rain. And its fantastic refrain was eating back and forth with the word Athanasia! Athanasia! Athanasia!" Now the board was slipping under his oot, he felt it going, he could not stop t. Again, those bodies falling, falling—would the picture never leave him?

In the morning, when he and his ather sat down to breakfast at the usual hour, each noted the unusual in the other's face.

"Yesterday was a trying day for ou, Sid. They've got you in the apers, all right. 'Daring deed of eroism on part of Sidney Cushing, on of Brander Cushing of the ship- yards,' etc. 'Saves lives of dozen ships at risk of his own!' Your picture is ere, too. Where did they get that?"

"I don't know."

Brander Cushing was evidently proud of the prominence given his son's part in the newspaper account. He read eagerly but with no outward sign of emotion.

"Over a hundred victims, Sid. It was a horrible thing. Horrible! Do you want to see the paper?"

He passed it across the table and took up his coffee.

"No, father, I don't care to read it. What is the use? I dreamed of it all night."

He pushed the paper back, and his father picked it up again as if attracted and repelled by something that suddenly caught his eye.

He turned the pages over. Pause.

"There's a full account of the banquet. The speeches are given in full. Admiral Marston's plan for high school military drill provokes much favorable comment at Washington and New York."

"You made the best speech of the evening, father."

"Thank you, Sid. I would rather hear you say it than the secretary."

He glanced through the banquet report, and then turned the leaves back to the first page, which featured the naval factory holocaust. Something there seemed to fascinate him. He glanced up two or three times at Sidney as if he were in doubt; then, in

his usual direct, bold manner, he said: "Fleming has issued his ultimatum."

"What is that, father?"

"Fleming, the county attorney, is reported here as threatening to bring a case against us for failure to provide fire-escapes."

"Let me see." Sidney put out his hand for the paper.

"I'll read it to you."

Brander Cushing read in an even tone:

"Loss of life heavy on account of failure to provide fire-escapes on the side next the double-decker. Brander Cushing and the shipyard company are said to be liable. County Attorney Fleming says he will push the investigation no matter who suffers. The grand jury will bring indictments. Fire marshal notice was served ten weeks ago. Under the new law all owners of buildings requiring fire-escapes must act within four weeks of marshal's notice. Where notice has not been given, the owners of buildings are not liable. It is up to the marshal to furnish proof that such notice has been legally served. The shipyard firm will have to give reason, if any, why the law was not obeyed. Looks as if Brander Cushing and the company would have to face a serious charge. The indictment will be 'contributory negligence.' This under the statute is punishable by a fine of \$1,000 and five years in State prison."

Brander Cushing paused in his even-toned reading and looked over at his son. Sidney was staring, white-faced and still.

"Five years in State prison," repeated Brander Cushing softly, and went on:

"There is a tremendous feeling in the factory district over this horrible affair. Threats of all sorts are being made. Those who have lost children and relatives are frenzied and dazed by the calamity. We do not envy the shipyard company. It is stated on Mr. Cushing's authority that full compensation will be granted the sufferers. But compensation in money will not satisfy the people. It looks as if some one would have to be punished for violation of the law, and County Attorney Fleming says he will push the case to the limit. If the marshal's notice was served duly, as we understand it was, then it looks like a hard case for Brander Cushing and the shipyard."

"You understand, of course, Sid, that this is the fine hand of Mr. Alfred Fleming. The *Morning Megaphone* is his organ. I don't expect any mercy from him, and I won't get any."

"But, father! Is there no way?—think of it! Jail—disgrace!—all—"

"There is always a way. I don't expect to go to jail any more than Fleming. Leave it with me."

"But the marshal's—"

Brander Cushing finished his coffee and deliberately rose.

"Don't let it worry you, Sid. I am not afraid of Fleming nor all his gang. I have whipped them before and I will do it this time."

The bell rang.

The servant was going out.

"If it's reporters, Angus, tell them I'll talk with them down at the shipyard office at ten o'clock."

Angus came back.

"I've given your message, sir, and they say they will not leave until they have seen you, sir."

"Well, they can see me down at the yard. I will not talk to them here."

Angus went out; Brander Cushing grimly took down his hat and, after a moment of indecision, started to go out into the hall.

"Father!" Sidney, stretching out his arms, appealed almost with a sob: "You'll let me—you will not forget—I will stand by you in this affair."

"I know you will, Sid. Don't fear."

Continued on page 1167

## Are You a Mince Pie enthusiast?

Then join the None Such league. Thousands of families have found a way to get this greatest of all desserts as often as they want it without the work and fuss and expense that Mince Meat making requires.

They make the crust and we make the Mince Meat—

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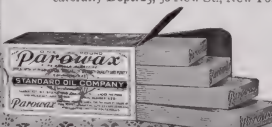
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## NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**N**EHEMIAH was a young man, a son of the captivity, having been born of Jewish parents in Babylon. His ability and his acquirements had won royal favor, and he was made an officer in the king's palace. We would say he was the chief steward. The life of the king was in his hand, for to be cupbearer to the king was a part of his duty, and each time when he passed a cup to the king, he had to go through the ceremony of pouring some of its contents into his own hand, and drinking it as a surety that it was not poisoned.

Although an officer in a foreign court, there was an altar of patriotism in the soul of Nehemiah, and one day a live coal of fire fell upon that altar, and prayer began to ascend like holy incense. Once, when Nehemiah was walking outside the walls of the city, he saw some travelers, who had evidently come from a long distance. Their conversation reached his ears, and he recognized that they were Hebrews, and that they had come from Jerusalem, and as it proved, one of them was his own brother (Neh. 7: 2). Naturally Nehemiah's first question was about the prosperity of Jerusalem. Sad indeed was the report: "The few that are left ['the remnant'] are in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." This report was the live coal which fell upon the altar of patriotism in the heart of Nehemiah, and he entered upon a season of fasting and prayer which lasted for four months.

### The Prayer of Nehemiah

It was accompanied with tears for the sins of his people and for his own shortcomings. It was offered in awe before "the great and terrible God." It was offered in assurance that God would hear the prayer: "Let thine ear now be attentive." It was made in confidence that God would be merciful, as "a God who keepeth covenant and sheweth loving kindness." It was offered with gratitude for what God had promised he would do for his people: "Though your outcasts were in the uttermost parts of the heavens, yet will I gather them from hence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen, to cause my name to dwell there." It was offered with continuance—for about four months. "Grant mercy in the sight of this man." It was thus that Nehemiah prayed that God would make the heart of the king favorable when he should request of him that he might be released from his duties in the palace to go to Jerusalem for the uplift of his people.

### The Outcome of Nehemiah's Prayer

God moved the heart of the king to be patient with Nehemiah when he appeared with a sad face bearing the king's cup. The king inquired, "Why is thy face sad?" And Nehemiah himself tells us: "I was sore afraid," because such conduct was punishable by death. But the king kindly asked, "Why is the sorrow in thy heart?" Then Nehemiah told him all, and made his request known. The king answered, "Yes," and gave him all that he further desired: letters to the governors ruling under the king, to secure their protection and co-operation; a letter to the keeper of the king's forest, to furnish timber for the necessary building in Jerusalem; and an escort of captains of the army and horsemen, that his journey to Jerusalem might be made safely. In all these deliverances Nehemiah recognized God's answer to his prayer.

In this connection let us read with emphasis the words of the Golden Text: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

### Lord, Teach Us to Pray

The Jewish high priest wore a breastplate which contained twelve jewels, set in a framework of gold. These were: the red carnelian, the yellow-green peridot, the bright green emerald, the red ruby, the gold and blue lapis-lazuli, the blue onyx, the deep-blue sapphire, the banded agate, the purple amethyst, the glowing golden topaz, the delicate blue-green beryl and the reddish brown jasper. On each one of these stones was engraved the name of a tribe of Israel, there being twelve tribes, and twelve names in all. It was a beautiful reminder to the high priest of those who should be in his loving thought and prayer.

### The Christian's Breastplate of Prayer

|              |                       |             |
|--------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| HOME         | CHURCH                | OUR LAND    |
| MISSIONARIES | THE SICK              | THE TEMPTED |
| THE POOR     | ALL CHRISTIAN WORKERS | OURSELVES   |
| OUR ENEMIES  | OUR FRIENDS           | UNBELIEVERS |

Let it be a reminder of how we should pray, and for whom we should pray. (This would be effective drawn on the blackboard.)

**Home.**—A prayer breathes in the dear old song, "There's no place like home." In the olden days we used to see quite commonly the motto, "God bless our home," done in needlework, or printed in illuminated text, framed, and hung on the wall. It was like a perpetual prayer and no doubt many prayers were prompted by it.

**Church.**—In a certain locality a revival began simultaneously in four churches without any preconceived arrangement. "This work must be in answer to somebody's prayers," people began to say, and then the question was asked: "Who is praying?" After some time it was found that two old church members, living a mile apart, had made arrangements to meet half way in a piece of thick bushes every evening at sundown to pray God to revive his work. Their prayers were answered, and in three months' time one hundred and fifty persons were added to the churches. Let this encourage us to pray, not only for the church to which we belong, but for the churches that are round about us.

**Our Land.**—Let us pray as we sing:

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

No day should pass without prayer for our land and our rulers.

**Missionaries.**—It is not enough that we should remember those who labor for the kingdom in the adverse circumstances that obtain in the foreign field with our gifts. They need the daily support and comfort of our prayers in their daily struggle against

Continued on next page

## How Holeyproof Leads All Hoses



Think these advantages over. Here are hoses made with the finest yarn sold, costing an average of 70c a pound. No one can pay any more for this Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn is the costliest yarn produced.

This yarn is three-ply, soft, fine and flexible. So we can make the hose in the lightest weights. The cotton is long fibre, so the yarn is extra strong. We could buy common yarn for 30c a pound.

No other hose can be softer, more stylish or better in any way. "Holeyproof" has every advantage. And it has the enormous advantage of six months' wear in every six pairs. Try "Holeyproof" and see. You'll never go back to the old-fashioned kind—to hose that wear out in a week.

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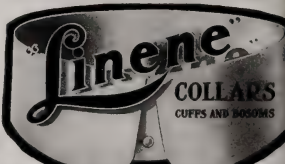
Prices for six pairs, guaranteed six months, \$1.50 to \$3.00, according to finish and weight. Ask to see silk "Holeyproof." Three pairs, guaranteed three months, \$2.00 for men, \$3.00 for women.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Agents for Mexico Republic

## Are Your Hoses Insured?



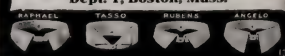
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**CAL.**  
Honey on Trial, freight paid, 1lb. jar. Large sample 10c. List honey, auto, fruit, etc. free. Spencer Agencies Co., Box 52, Northfield, Calif.



# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

ignorance, superstition and indifference.

**The Sick.**—Dr. Lyman Abbott tells the following story about prayer for a sick child: "A mother of my acquaintance had a child taken alarmingly ill. She sent for the physician. The doctor came at once vigorously to apply the customary remedies, but all was in vain. Death seemed close at hand and inevitable. At length he left the child, and sat down by the window, looking out. He seemed to the agonized mother to have abandoned her suffering child. She could do nothing but pray, and even her prayer was but an articulate and unvoiced cry for help. Suddenly the physician started from his seat. 'Send and see if there be any man weeding in the yard!' he cried. His order was obeyed; the poisonous weed was found. The remedies were instantly changed, and it was found that the child had swallowed enough of the seeds of this deadly weed to have killed a man. The physician subsequently said that in that five minutes every kindred case he had ever owned in a quarter century's practice passed before his mind. Among them was the one case which suggested the child, but before hidden cause of the attracted and dreadful convulsions, the child was saved. Now is there anything unphilosophical or inconsistent in the belief that at the critical moment, a loving God, answering the mother's helpless cry, flashed on the mind of the physician the thought that saved the child?" This incident should encourage us all to pray for sick ones.

**The Tempted.**—"Some two years ago poor woman, accompanied by two of her neighbors, came to my vestry in deep distress," says Dr. Spurgeon. Her husband had fled the country. He told me her story, and a very sad it was. I said, 'There is nothing we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband.' We knelt down, and prayed that the Lord would touch a heart of the deserter, convert him, and bring him back to his home. Then we rose from our knees, I said to the poor woman, 'Do not fret about it. I feel sure your husband will come home, and that he will yet become connected with our church.' Some months afterward she reappeared with her neighbors and a man whom she introduced as her husband. In making inquiry and comparing notes, we found that on the very day which we had prayed for that time on which he, being at that time on board a ship, stumbled unexpectedly on a stray copy of one of my sermons. He read it, the truth went to his heart, he repented and sought the Lord, he returned to his home, and was admitted as a member to our church. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer."

**The Poor.**—"We pray for the poor in their poverty, their suffering, their sorrow. Let a blessing rest on the children of the poor, especially for those for whom no prayer rises in their own homes. Turn the hearts of prayerless parents, rich or poor, to their children. Especially we pray for those in discouragement, those who have had reverses and losses, with whom life is not going prosperously. Keep them from being too much cast down. Give them courage and hope and sustain them by thy grace."—*Doctor J. R. Miller.*

**All Christian Workers.**—With eyes on manuscript attent, On theologic doctrine bent, The Frenchier often scowls his views, Nor knows the starving in his pew— "The sheep look up and are not fed."

And in academic halls, Hid from the world he chafes with walls, The Teacher, in his learning's pride, Forgets the pupil at his side— "The sheep look up and are not fed." O man of Christ, seek forth to preach The better way, the truth to teach— Still is he asking, 'Lo, at thou me?' Still is our proof of loyalty— That these who hunger—shall be fed.

**Ourselves.**—"That which I cannot foresee I beseech thee prevent; that which I cannot withstand, I beseech thee master; that which I fear, I beseech thee unmask and prostrate; that, being delivered from all danger both of soul and body, I may praise thee, the Deliverer, and see how happy a thing it is to make the Lord of Hosts my helper in the day of trouble, as well as in the day of joy!"—*Archbishop Laud.*

**Our Enemies.**—Mr. Gibbon was a young man spending his first year in China as a missionary. One day, being alone in his home, he heard loud and confused sounds. A large crowd was passing his home and pointing to it as they shouted and gesticulated. Fear possessed Mr. Gibbon as he heard the shouting. He knelt and prayed, asking for courage and wisdom, and for the light to dawn upon those poor heathen people. A knock was heard at the door, he quickly opened it and welcomed his good friend and teacher, Mr. Cheng. "I am beginning to fear for your safety," said Mr. Cheng. "There's no controlling these mobs when they are exasperated. You know there has been no rain for a long time, and they say that the foreigner, meaning you, has walked around the city several times, and in this way prevented the rain from coming. And now," continued Mr. Cheng, "we must have a public meeting and pray for rain. God will answer our prayers, and rain will come!" Mr. Cheng left Mr. Gibbon's house to have the meeting announced. A large number of people gathered, among them a few Christians, and they awaited the coming of "the foreigner." The meeting opened with several hymns, and then Mr. Gibbon and the native Christians began to pray. Not many prayers had been offered before black clouds began to cover the sky, then the rain came, and it continued a whole day. God had answered prayer. The people believed "the foreigner," and listened to the story of the Cross.

**Our Friends.**—I cannot tell why there should come to me A thought of some one miles and miles away, In swift insistence on the memory, Unless there be a need that I should pray.

Perhaps just then my friend has fiercest fight, A more appalling weakness, a decay Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of sight; And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray. Friend, do the same for me if I intrude. Unleash upon you on some crowded day, Give me a moment's prayer as interlude; Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.

**The Good Samaritan Recalled**  
THE "khan" or inn of the Good Samaritan—the scene of one of Christ's parables—is well known to Palestine travelers. In an article in *Sermonettes* for November, Lewis Gaston Leary tells us of the present condition of this ancient landmark. He writes: "The innkeeper is an American citizen, though Syrian born, and the combination of inherited Semitic shrewdness and acquired Yankee shrewdness is such that the Inn of the Good Samaritan will not suffer bankruptcy in our generation. Another name for this inn is the 'Red Khan,' probably so called from the streaks of red which, at this stage of the journey, are splashed along the brown hillsides. 'The Ascent of Blood' was near by, and the thought of blood or redness survives in many local names. The contours of the hills are now less rounded. Sometimes they are jagged, or deeply and regularly chiseled, like the turrets of a fortress where once the Crusaders pointed out a squared summit which looked like a ruined castle; so when at last we pass the remains of a real stronghold, it is hard to believe that the Castel Rouge is not merely another sculptured hill, instead of a grim fortress where once the Crusaders guarded the Jericho road and the Ascent of Blood."

**BEFORE** you start to make the ice cream, look on the pantry shelf to see if your corn starch is the reliable Kingsford's package and not an inferior substitute for which you have paid the same price. It will make a great difference.

The value of Kingsford's is due to its fineness, its delicacy and purity. Even if you have plenty of cream use some Kingsford's to give a firm, smooth-grained ice cream that will mold well and dish well.

## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Kingsford's Ice Cream—Sift together one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one level tablespoon Kingsford's Corn Starch. Add one pint milk and stir over hot water till it thickens. Cover and cook twelve minutes, stirring occasionally. Into one-half cup sugar, gradually beat the yolks of three eggs already beaten. Stir into the hot mixture and keep on stirring till it thickens. Pour into freezer when cold, flavor to taste and add one pint cream, and freeze as usual.

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**"LENOX" Combination Xmas Box**

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**ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR. Total Value \$1.75**

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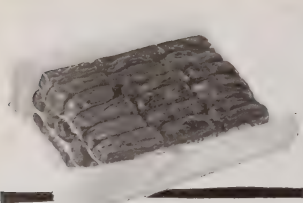
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From the Garden of Eden

will give your palate new thrills. You'll eat them like a six-year-old and never feel the after-effect that generally comes with things as dainty and delicious as are Dromedary Dates.

Besides eating them as they are, you can also prepare them in a never-ending list of palatable dishes. They are picked in our date gardens in Arabia, near the banks of the River Euphrates, where for centuries has grown the finest crop the world ever produced.

Dromedary Dates are fresher and cleaner than those you are accustomed to buy from large, open boxes. The fruit is carefully wrapped in waxed paper that keeps it uncontaminated by dust, air or fingers, and is packed in convenient-sized cartons.

They are sold by the better class of grocers and fruiterers, or if you desire sample, a special-sized package will be sent on receipt of 10 cents to help cover cost of packing and postage.

Anyway, write for our New Cook Book—free, if you give us your dealer's name and address. Contains recipes for dates, figs, cocoas, nuts, etc. Well worth a place in your kitchen.

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25 CHRISTMAS POST CARDS 10c  
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## Peace Circles Discuss Hospitality

THE importance of the practice of International Hospitality can scarcely be exaggerated, and the responsibility of teaching its principles with ever increasing ardor develops largely upon the citizens of the United States, for in no territory on the face of the earth are representatives of all nations gathered together in such large numbers.

While the teachings of the principles of International Hospitality are vastly important in every country where the Peace Movement is making headway, when we remember the deep significance of the term *International Hospitality* linked with our national watchword Democracy, it may be clearly understood that in no other land can the feelings and sentiments of the new order, the new patriotism, and new theories of human relationships be so easily engendered as in our own country, and the important task becomes almost immediately our obligation.

The Board of International Hospitality is working toward the promotion of friendship through hospitality. It began its existence by entertaining Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the famous French peace advocate. He would be a good thing if the United States would entertain King George of England, Emperor William of Germany, the President of France, or their representatives, for example, and there should be more intercollegiate clubs like the Cosmopolitans, which from a little club of eighteen students in 1903 has developed into a powerful body of over two thousand young men, representing upward of sixty different countries at the present time.

"Above all nations is humanity" is the motto of the club. President Eliot declared the Harvard branch of the Cosmopolitans to be the most interesting thing in the university. An annual interchange of professorships between our colleges and universities should be much more universal, and the various lessons beginning with the committing to memory of Bible texts and such sentiments as these taught: "If the thousandth part of what has been expended in war and preparing its mighty engines had been devoted to the development of reason and the diffusion of Christian principles, nothing would have been known for centuries past of its terrors, its sufferings, its impoverishment, its demoralization, but what was learned from history."—Horace Mann.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

### Christian Herald Peace League Booklet

Our pamphlet No. 4, "Organizations for Promoting International Friendships," by A. L. Mead, bears largely upon the topic for discussion in CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles during the coming fortnight, which is International Hospitality. The booklet includes stories of interesting and delightful organizations, educational and social, already existing, for the promoting of friendship among nations, and will be forwarded free of charge to all who are interested in the subject of world peace. Kindly enclose two cent stamp to cover postage.

### Programme

The programme for fortnight ending November 29 is the same as the programme given in our issue of November 1, with the exception of the changed theme, which is Ways and Means of Promoting International Hospitality.

Address all communications to the

Secretary of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York City.

### Modern Warfare

The defenders of war speak of civilized warfare. Is there such a thing?

The special correspondent of the London Times telegraphs from Tripoli a story of war that in its hideousness is almost unbelievable. "The severity with which the Italian army exacted retribution from the Arabs who rose last Monday might almost be described as indiscriminate slaughter. It has been a miserable business, but in the circumstances I presume the General Staff had no alternative but to give this horrid lesson. The considerations were these: The Turks had succeeded in enlisting the active sympathies of a greater number of Arabs than was anticipated. It was known that the Turks before their evacuation of the town had distributed ten thousand magazine rifles and many rounds of ammunition to the local Arabs. Only five thousand of these rifles were collected. The Italians therefore were forced to harsh measures by a sudden rising by five thousand armed Arabs in the rear of their line of defense, in a country the intricacy of which beggars description. The Italians having set themselves to cow the Arabs, the floodgates of blood and lust were opened, then got beyond control, and the innocent suffered with the guilty. The memory of this awful retribution will take long to live down. Even making allowances for the exigencies of the military situation, there is every possibility that the hideous severity of this retribution will give rise to a war of sanguinary and pitiless reprisals. War is merciless. I have witnessed one of its most horrible phases. Nothing more deplorable than the scenes of massacre at Tripoli have been witnessed for many a year. The natives caught were shot en masse upon the orders given by the Italian authorities. The innocent and the guilty alike were wiped out. Many of those killed were quite young and a great number of women perished.

"One hardly knows to what limit the elasticity of the phrase 'military exigencies' will be stretched in the twentieth century."

But we do know that the Italians, mistakenly confident of conquering not only the people of Tripoli but the Arabs as well, were, by a series of typical war blunders, the most serious of which are criminal miscalculation of the actual cost of their attack in human life and money, and a general misunderstanding of the actual difficulties to be encountered, were doomed to bitter disappointment. Italy, by a cynical disregard of the rights of others, almost in a single moment fell from the place she had acquired in the admiration, confidence and affection of the world.

### From "The Return"

Peace is declared, an' I return  
To 'Aekneystadt, but not the same;  
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn  
The 'size and meaning' of the game.  
I did no more than others did,  
I don't know where the change began;  
I started as a average kid,  
I finished as a thinkin' man.

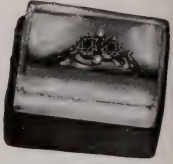
Towns without people, ten times took,  
An' ten times left an' burned at last;  
An' starvin' dogs that come to look  
For owners when a column passed;  
An' quiet, 'omeless talks between  
Men, met by night, you never knew  
Until—'is face—by shellfire seen—  
Once—an' struck off. They taught me too.

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun  
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;  
The dinner—'ush from noon till one;  
An' the full roar that lasts till night;  
An' the pore dead that look so old  
An' was so young an hour ago—  
An' legs tied down before they're cold—  
These are the things which make you know.

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,  
An' conceit, but on the 'ole  
(If such a term may be applied),  
The makin' of a bloomin' soul.

RUOYARD KIPLING.

Don't Go Any Longer Without a Good Ring. See Why These Rings Are Safe Investments.



## We Guarantee Permanent Ring Setting

There are rings made with sets guaranteed permanent. They bear this mark "W-W-W." They are guaranteed as follows—all set diamond rings. "If the stone or stones come loose and a lost we will replace the new stones free regardless of value, and no matter when, where or how lost. This holds good as long as the ring is worn."

We build our rings of selves, in our own sunlight workrooms, by hand. We begin with the molten gold. Every detail of the work done by expert artisans. The result is that the tiny prong hold the stone in a vise-like grip. They do not and cannot bend loose or wear loose.

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## W-W-W Rings

Rings such as these are investments. You want a ring. It's a sign of success and prosperity. We set all kinds of stones—your birthstone—in these rings. There are 3,000 exclusive designs.

Nearly all jewelers sell W-W-W Rings. But any jeweler can fill your order. Let us send you a grand catalog. It shows what to buy for ladies, gentlemen or young people.

Beautiful W-W-W Rings can be had for \$2.50.

White, Wile & Warner, Dept. J, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Makers of Solid Gold Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay

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When you come home from church and start to get dinner, slip on a

### Baldwin "All-Round" House Dress

It's neater and more protecting than an apron and as quick to get into as a coat—just two self-fastening catches at the back and

it fits perfectly and is as plain and simple enough to wear right to table. Every woman needs one because it will give her so much real service at so little cost.

Made of high grade washable percale, in gray and white nurse's stripes, black and white check, blue plaid, and light and dark blue chambray. Edges piped.

Order from your dealer or from us direct. Send last measure, choice of pattern and color, and for high or low collar, \$2.00; square neck, as shown in illustration, \$2.15. We pay express. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

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| or 6 assorted in Fancy Box for                           | 25c. |
| 10 Xmas Post Cards                                       | 10c. |
| 6 Superior Xmas Post Cards                               | 10c. |
| 10 New Year Post Cards                                   | 10c. |
| Any three 10c. packages for                              | 25c. |
| Special Assortment of High Grade Post Cards 100 for 60c. |      |
| MADISON ART COMPANY, MADISON, CONN.                      |      |



# The Land of the Seminoles

THE *Semi-Tropic Florida Year-book* Mr. W. Stanley Hanson gives an interesting account of a trip to the Everglades of Florida. Mr. Hanson states his belief that probably less is known to-day about the lives and customs of the remnant of Indians we call the Seminoles, than in the halcyon days of the early settlement of southern Florida, than of the tribe of redskins on the North American continent. Very few white men and still fewer white women, however, have seen the real life of the people.

The reader will take a map of Florida; find Lee County, and draw a line southeast from Fort Myers, the commercial centre of this great southern country, he will note the names of such ruins as 'Old Fort Simon', 'Fort Shackelford', 'Sam's Old Town', etc., and provided the map be of late origin, he will observe a township and some odd sections of land and water, blocked off in colors designate what is intended as a last resort for these poor, neglected people. They must forever 'hang up de bow', for little now remains of these real natives of the State of Flowers out of the 58,000 square miles we call our Florida.

The Miami Indians are leaving the old familiar hunting grounds on the coast coast and moving still further westward into the hammocks—the jungles of the Everglades are now known—of the Big Cypress country, for they cannot longer stand against the stare of the unwelcome settler, who now comes to take from them not only the reclaimed lands but the game of the chase.

Some time ago the writer accompanied the caravan of Dr. Godden, the old missionary to the Seminoles, to visit to the mission station and Indian camps. We took our departure from Fort Myers after nightfall. Traveling for some hours we finally halted and made camp at Scrub Island, distant about thirteen miles on the way. The next morning we were up at break of day and by dinner we reached the old familiar Half-way Camp, a spot often used in bygone days by the happy cowboys when they tried to try the speed of their ponies. Nightfall we were winding our way through the pretty little hamlet of Immokalee—meaning 'my home' in Seminole—which is just thirty-two miles inland from Fort Myers. The journey from Immokalee on south is interesting in the extreme, for from the pine forests the country changes suddenly into expansive, open, flower-bedecked prairies, which extend for many miles in unbroken fields, only an occasional clump of palm trees or pines appearing to relieve the monotony of the distance. On every hand our progress frightened up large flocks of various-colored wild fowl, for this is the undisputed home of the animal and bird kingdoms.

Some eight miles from Immokalee we entered the great Ocalawacochee Swamp, and were soon penetrating the famous Big Cypress Swamp, where we made our camp on an island which is the site of the ruins of Old Fort Simon. Here, where Uncle Sam's soldiers established a military post while fighting the Seminoles some fifty years ago, we found comfortable resting-places under the towering moss-laden cypress trees, which grow to surprising heights. The towering trees are alive with hanging festoons of Spanish moss, trailing sometimes forty feet or more from tree to tree, while the winds and ferns grow everywhere in the clumps, as do the airplants so common to the Everglade swamps. Birds of various sorts and of as many colors as Joseph's coat are seen darting here and there among the beautiful trees, while the fish splash and

dive in the numerous small lakes in the heart of the Big Cypress. So dense is the growth of overhanging trees in this swamp that the water in the little lakes is in temperature almost like ice water, even in the summer months.

"The trip over the Ocalawacochee prairies from the Big Cypress to Learning Oak Gap was soon made, and at dusk on the third night out we arrived at Tony's Pine Island. After a few hours' sleep we were again on the go. We passed many interesting spots, and every little while our dogs would start up droves of wild turkeys which were feeding on the gall and palmetto berries that abound on the prairies. Our dogs often started up the feeding deer, which would run in front of our teams when seeking safety in the nearby jungles. In many of the forests we found old abandoned Indian camps and deserted fields, in which are wild groves of oranges, bananas, pawpaws and guavas.

"Early in the afternoon of the third day we passed in sight of Butterfly Island, which is the breeding-place of untold millions of gorgeously colored butterflies which infest the flowers of the Everglade prairies at certain seasons of the year. We were informed that at times, while breeding, these insects would form clouds so dense as to resemble smoke. This island of butterflies is only a few miles from the boat-landing where the Episcopal mission station is located, in the very edge of the far-famed Everglades. On our arrival we were warmly welcomed by Dr. Godden, the big-hearted missionary who is giving his life to this work among the Seminoles. The mission station is located on a small island less than half an acre in extent, and consists of a two-story hospital, chapel house, pharmacy, general store, etc., together with several houses which are used for residential purposes by the attachés of the mission, and as quarters for the visiting Indians and their families, although they frequently camp in the forests near the mission while doing their trading at the post, in preference to occupying the houses provided for them.

"It is an interesting sight to see them and their canoes at the mission station, the members of the several clans being easily distinguished by their peculiar dress, which varies in the color scheme to show the family to which its wearer belongs. There are three divisions of the Seminoles, known as the Miami, Cow Creek and Big Cypress, the larger number being in the Big Cypress division. During the last few months numbers of the Miami Indians have come over to join forces with the Big Cypress clan, and some of the hammock jungles to the south of the mission station are becoming thickly settled, for it is quite evident the Indians have concluded that it is in these impenetrable jungles that they must make their last stand for existence.

"The Bishop of Southern Florida is making a hard fight to have the Government set aside a few townships of land in southern Lee and northern Monroe Counties as a permanent reservation for the remaining Indians, in whose behalf he has so faithfully worked these many years."

## Japan's Big Navy

JAPAN'S cabinet will ask parliament for an appropriation of 350,000,000 yen, or about \$175,000,000, for the construction of new vessels. Of this sum 270,000,000 yen, or \$135,000,000, will be used in building seven dreadnoughts and two armored cruisers of 30,000 tons each. The balance of the 350,000,000 yen will be devoted to the construction of smaller craft. The programme is to be completed in seven years.

## Let Them Help You Keep Young



### Listen, Madam:

You could, if you wished, spin flax and weave cloth—knit the men's socks—do your sewing by hand, just as our grandmothers did. And you can, as they did, bake beans.

But don't you think women's time is now better employed? And don't you know that modern women keep younger?

Our part in the change lies in baking good beans. Our chefs are now baking for a million homes.

They send the beans to you all ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor. And this expert service costs you less than home baking, because our chefs bake for so many.

They use Michigan beans—just the whitest and plumpest, picked out by hand. They make their sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. It costs five times what common sauce would cost.

They bake the tomato sauce, like the pork, with the beans. The delicious zest goes clear through.

They have steam-heated ovens always kept at 245 degrees. Thus they give to each bean more than twice the heat that gets to most of the home-baked beans. As a result, Van Camp's digest. They don't tax the stomach, don't ferment and form gas, don't go to waste like home-baked beans.

The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole—none broken, none mushy, none crisped, none hard. That's because we bake in steam ovens.

The home way requires full sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. The meal for to-morrow must be started to-day. Our way means a dozen meals, ready on the pantry shelf.

Don't you know of a way to spend bean-baking time in some happier way out of the kitchen?

"The National Dish"

**Van Camp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Another pity is, with home baking, folks don't get beans enough. Beans are 25 per cent. nitrogenous—84 per cent. nutriment. They are richer than beef in nutriment, yet cost but one-third as much.

Beans are our racial food—the favorite

dish of the hungry. The only reason why you don't serve them often is this bother of home baking.

Please try the best beans in America. Not common baked beans—not inferior beans. Tell your grocer to send Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

**Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.**



Planning the holiday gift with a Waltham Jeweler is a mutual pleasure. The shopper delights in the beauty and design of the Waltham Watch Models. The experienced jeweler knows the inward perfection of Waltham construction.

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For over three generations Waltham has stood for the highest expression of the Watchmaker's art. High grade Waltham movements—up to the Premier Maximus at \$250, the watch *de luxe* of the world—are invariably named, and offer models of exquisite design and workmanship, combined with time-keeping qualities of unrivalled accuracy. *Riverside*, for instance, guarantees a consistent high grade watch in all popular sizes, men's or women's. Ask your Jeweler.

Handsome booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore, free on request.  
"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

Waltham, Mass.



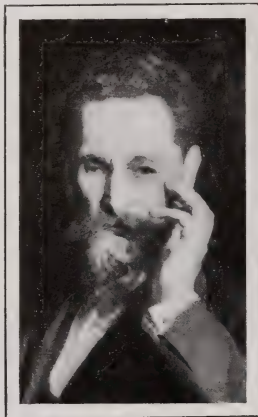
## A GREAT EDITOR GONE

JOSEPH PULITZER, editor and proprietor of the New York *World*, who passed away on October 29 on his yacht, *Liberty*, while it lay in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., was a noted figure in American journalism. He was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1847. He was educated by a private tutor. He came to this country in 1864 and served in a cavalry regiment during the Civil War. The next few years were trying ones to the young Hungarian, but he was ambitious and worked hard and studied harder. In 1868 he joined the staff of the *Westliche Post*, a German newspaper in St. Louis. It soon became apparent that he had at last found his true vocation, for he quickly rose to be managing editor and part proprietor. In 1878 he bought the *St. Louis Dispatch*, and afterward the *Post*, combining the two under the name of the *Post-Dispatch*. Under his skillful management the new paper was a brilliant success.

Although an enviable career lay before Mr. Pulitzer in the West, he was ambitious to enter the metropolitan field and in 1883 he became owner and editor of the New York *World*. Then began a career of work and public service which entitles him to a place among the great leaders of American journalism. His methods, which were distinctly those of the West, caused a stir among the Eastern newspapers. Under his personal direction his paper forged rapidly ahead in circulation and influence. "Public service" was

his motto and he always held to it loyally, with the result that he built up a great journalistic property with a far-reaching influence in public affairs.

Personally, Mr. Pulitzer was one of the most able and appreciative of men. He spurred his staff to constant endeavor by introducing a system of



Joseph Pulitzer

From a Painting by John Sargent

rewards for specially efficient service. He greatly valued new ideas and was ever on the lookout for them. He fought on the side of good government and honest politics and strove to make his paper a moral force. Graft and corruption and every form of public wrongdoing he mercilessly exposed. His journalistic creed may be gathered from the following message which he cabled to his editorial associates in 1907:

"Always fight for progress and reform; never tolerate injustice or corruption; always fight demagogues of all parties; never belong to any party; always oppose privileged classes and public plunder; never lack sympathy with the poor; always remain devoted to the public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."

Overworked caused his partial retirement from active service twenty years ago, although to the last he continued his active interest in the paper. His eyes, never strong, gave him increasing trouble and at last his sight entirely failed. He lived thereafter in constant eclipse; but his papers and correspondence were read to him daily and there was nothing of moment that escaped his attention. His infirmity could not diminish the ardor of that spirit which had so bravely fought the battle of life, rising from obscurity to eminence. His later years were spent in the search for health.

## A SUNSET AT SEA

From the "log" of Midshipman Harold E. Saunders, U. S. S. *Iowa*, by permission

WE sighted the Hebrides Islands, off the west coast of Scotland, at 2.06 this afternoon, and when I first saw them at 2.55 they must have been at least fifty-five miles away. 'Tis a wonderfully clear day, and I guess that accounts for our being able to see such a long distance. St. Kilda is dead ahead—or was, until I went up on deck just now. Must be forty miles off if it's a mile, and those rocks stick up there as big as if we were right down on top of them. We are to pass pretty close to them, it seems, and I'm going to stay up until we pass the island, about nine o'clock. This island of St. Kilda is at least forty miles off the Hebrides, and when you think that it stands there all alone with seventy-five fathoms of water around it, you can see that it must be the top of some Matterhorn of the Atlantic!

9.30 P.M. Just saw the most beautiful sunset that I ever saw at sea. You notice that I did not say it was the finest I ever saw, for that sunset on the fiord, the evening we came back from Finse—that was absolutely beyond man's power to describe. A half hour or so before we passed St. Kilda—around eight o'clock—all the people on deck swarmed over to the port rail so as to get a good view of the mighty rock. There seemed to be two parts to the island, or rather, two islands; the one to the southward looked something like half a dozen Helgolands thrown together in a heap—one mass of irregular rock, without a living thing on it but moss, so far as we could see. The northern island came up out of the water, sheer up, about 1,000 or 1,200 feet—there was no gently sloping shoreline on it.

Remember some of those old German cathedrals, with the hundreds of little sharp spires sticking up all around, and the two or three big ones that stuck way up into the air? Imagine, then, fifteen of these cathedrals inside of a volcano, and being melted into one jagged mass. All the thousands of little spires to make the hundreds

of smaller spires on the big cathedral; all the hundreds of big spires to make the grand towers of the larger church. Then have your mighty bulk of stone gorged up through this volcano—pushed and squeezed and heated fiery hot, finally to come up off the west coast of Scotland, a jagged, pointed mass of rock; cold and desolate rock—that is St. Kilda.

To-night, however, our rocky island was a reddish bronze color—it might have been pure copper! And the sea was green. Tell me, have you ever seen a green sea at sunset? A long, flat bank of clouds was driving up from the southeast towards the setting sun, and the long, parallel curls of mist underneath showed that there was plenty of rain up there just waiting to come down.

Far off in the northwest were the last of the cumulus clouds that had been with us all day, and a great wide streak of blue sky, where the sun could give us the full strength of its light. Just as the sun's rays began to shoot upward, as it sank beneath the horizon, all our curly, wavy mist turned yellow; then a golden color, and then, as the sun sank farther and farther, a rich and gorgeous salmon. Half the sky glowed with this rich dark red—was a glare such as the fires of Hades might make in the height of their fury. Ships, islands, people—everything turned salmon color—no wonder, then, we said, there were salmon in this country.

Our strip of blue sky now turned a pea green—a delicate light green, such as the purest of green water might show. A cloud of mist far off beyond this horizon became a shore; our bank of clouds, slipping steadily over to the west, another shore; and soon we could see in this wonderful lake all the fiords of Norway, the islands of Killarney, and the shipping of the whole northern ocean.

'Twas all a moving panorama that swept by us like the changes of thousands of shores. Islands melted into the shores, and new rocks shot up

above the waters; square-rigged ships sailed on and on, until they passed out of view under the towering rocks, and all the while our marvelous revelation grew smaller and smaller; the fiendish red glare grew dimmer and dimmer, as the clouds drove across and the sun sank down, down, until our vision had vanished and we were left alone, appalled and subdued by the sight of Nature in her most magnificent form.

### "OPEN TO ME!"

"OPEN TO ME!" I heard the thrilling prayer  
In deepest dark of night, and life, and fate.  
My heart was black, my house was swept and bare;

My weary day had passed, the hour was late.  
Yet One had come, and I heard no sound  
Of foot against the porch, no garment soft  
Blown by the hurrying wind. On the hard ground  
The frost was iron—and the world was cold!

"Open to me!" "Nay, I am poor," I said,  
"And I have naught to give, nor food, nor fire."

"Open to me! Thou shalt not be afraid;  
I ask for nothing—nothing I desire  
Save at thy welcoming word to enter in;  
To share thy poverty—the burden laid  
Upon thy weariness. Nor shame nor sin  
Are bolts to bar me out," the low voice prayed.

"Open to me! My path was set with thorns:  
Sorrow and suffering kept pace with me;  
I waked to anguish in the lonely morning;  
I toiled through desert wastes, where terrors  
be;  
My feet were bare upon the blistering stones:  
The whirling wind beat on my unclad breast;  
I walked where misery was, and bitter moans:  
Open to me, that I may, entering, rest!"

And did I grudging wait, nor turn the key,  
Nor lift the bar that held my close-shut door?  
Too poor of heart to share even poverty?

For friendly smile, and healing touch, too poor?

Had I no crumb to give, no meanness dole?  
Could my lips find no faintest answering word?

When, for the ransom of my outcast soul,  
Thou earnest to plead, my Saviour and my Lord?  
MADLEINE BRIDGES.

## Cornish Sent On Year's Trial

Sold Under Bond To Please

Don't buy hastily—insist that the maker prove his instrument and you will know whether it will please you, and is all the while claimed.  
Cornish piano and organizer on trial to demonstrate quality without obligating prospective buyers to keep them and are sold on a binding contract that, if not exactly as representative in any way an satisfactory, the instrument will be taken back at any time within a year refunding all purchase money, together with freight charges both ways.

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By the Cornish "Year's Approval Plan" you buy intelligently, save one-third or more of regular retail price, and get an instrument of renowned quality and superior tone. Perfection of material and workmanship guaranteed for 5 years.

**You Choose Your Own Terms**  
Send today for the handsome Cornish Book, which explains fully our very liberal terms of sale and is our exclusive production. The latest styles of pianos and organs. You should have this beautifully illustrated book, whether you buy or not.

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## Learn, FREE OF CHARGE, the Art of PYRO-METAL-CRAFT

PYRO-METAL-CRAFT is the art of burning on wood and the art of piercing on brass combined. The combination is new and is our exclusive production. Old and young people, whether artists or not, can easily become Pyro-Metal-Crafters with our Free Instructions, and there is no more fascinating work on living water-crafting. Roundly presents for others are thus made with one's own hands, or the presents can be sold for money made regularly.

**Special Christmas Outfit**  
Sent prepaid and insured to any address for \$1. Contains: One finest quality 3-ply white lacquered Handkerchief Box, with brass edges and corners. One Circular Panel of same materials. One Fire Pen for burning into the lacquered wood beautiful designs which you will find stamped on this wood. One Complete Set of Tools for Piercing into the lacquered wood which you will find stamped on the brass mounting. These tools consist of a Polished Hand-cut Mallet, a Piercer, a Veneer, and a Package of Special Christmas Cards. Also One Set of Full and Simple Instructions That Will Enable Anyone to Do This Work.

Your learning will bring out the designs on the wood center in a perfect and cream color effect, and this will be set off by the brass edges, which, with your piercing, will give the designs all the appearance of solid wood.

Finished box can be sold for \$3.00, panel for \$1.25, tools for \$4.25.

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Ask your dealer for PYRO-METAL-CRAFT or send us \$1. order for Special Christmas Outfit. Money refunded if you are dissatisfied. If you are not fully pleased, Big Illustrated Catalogue of wood and metal novelties FREE.

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Mapleine makes the daintiest flavored Fudges and Candies, Icings and Fillings for Cakes, Ices and Ice Cream—a delightful change from lemon, vanilla, etc.

Mapleine is a purely vegetable product—the extracted essence of goodness, blended from the choicest materials. It is healthful and delicious.

Home-made white sugar-syrup, flavored with Mapleine, is irresistibly delicious and costs about 60c a gallon.

Grocers sell Mapleine 35c for a 2-oz. bottle (Canada 50c). If not, send money order or stamps to Dept. F.

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Seattle, Washington

Send for the Mapleine Cook Book—Free.

For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans at 8% and 9% which we can recommend after the most thorough investigation. 6% Certificate of Deposit also for saving investors. PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.



# Of course, Mr. Grocer, you are telling your customers about Heinz Mince Meat and Plum Pudding.

You are telling the housewife that the Heinz way is *her own way* of making mince meat.

We not only make it as good and clean as she makes it—but we have facilities—materials—that she cannot possess.

More than that, we have achieved a wonderful distinct flavor in Heinz Mince Meat.

Heinz Mince Meat is the *very soul* of good mince pies.

Every housewife knows how *elusive* a good mince meat flavor is. She may strike it one time and miss it the next. The delicious taste of Heinz Mince Meat is *always* the same.

And then, no home kitchen could be *cleaner* than the Heinz kitchens where it is made. The floors are clean. The walls are spotless. The workers are neatly uniformed.

Our apples are selected, pared, quartered and cored in the old-fashioned, housewifely way.

Every bruised spot and blemish is rejected.

We send to Spain for raisins; the plump, full-flavored, four-crown Valencias. We wash and seed them carefully.

We use only the biggest and most luscious Grecian currants. They are inspected and given two washings.

We get our beef—choice cuts fresh every day—boil it ourselves. The white, rich, whole knob kidney suet is as good as it looks.

The candied fruits and peels are Leghorn importations. Our spices come from the Orient, whole. We grind them as we need them.

And everything in Heinz Mince Meat is so pure and so sound that Benzoate of Soda is not necessary to make it keep.

Explain that you can supply it in glass jars, in stone crocks or in Heinz Improved Tins—also by the pound from bulk packages.

You can also tell your customers that Heinz Plum Pudding is just as good as Heinz Mince Meat.

It, too, is made with finest raisins and currants, and generously filled with candied fruit. Like Heinz Mince Meat, it also forms a splendid, satisfying finish to a perfect meal.

And when you are selling Heinz products, don't forget to tell your customers that you willingly pay a little more in order to give them more quality for their money. It's only *just* to you that those who buy of you should know this.



And don't forget, Mr. Grocer, other seasonable Heinz delicacies—Tomato Soup, Cranberry Sauce, Preserves, Jellies, Sweet Pickles, etc., etc. Also Heinz Pure Vinegars.

## H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods



## THE SONG IN THE CABIN

By LULA DOWLER HARRIS

I WAS staying at a summer hotel in the mountains, trying to regain the strength I had lost while attending my father during a serious sickness.

This morning, as I walked through the village, I noted the quaint appearance of the place. Log houses everywhere, but all nicely whitewashed. Old-fashioned flowers bloomed everywhere. As I drew near the centre of town I heard some one singing. I stopped and listened. The voice was evidently that of an old lady who seemed to be just inside the door of the little cabin on my right. The singer's voice was high and shrill, but there was a certain pathos about it which affected me strangely. I could hear the words now clear and distinct:

He will hold me fast,  
He will hold me fast.  
For my Saviour loves me so,  
He will hold me fast.

A longing took possession of me to see the singer. Opening the little gate, I contrived to form an excuse for my intrusion as I walked up the flower-bordered path. As the day was hot and sultry I thought it would not be out of place to ask for a glass of water.

Reaching the doorway, I saw seated in a low rocker a little white-haired woman diligently engaged in shelling beans. In her lap were piled the unshelled beans, while on the floor beside her chair stood a split basket to receive the hulls; on an unpainted chair in front of her was a wooden bowl more than one-half full of the speckled beauties.

As I paused a moment before rapping, my shadow fell across the bare clean floor and she looked up quickly, saying:

"Good morning, miss. Come right in."

Her voice and manner put me at my ease at once, and I asked her if she would kindly give me a drink of water. The water pail—a wooden one as white as the table on which it stood—was brim full of clear sparkling water.

"Certainly, my dear," and as she spoke she reached for a tin dipper which hung from a nail over the water bucket. The dipper was so bright my face was reflected as I drank.

"You certainly have a cozy little home here, madam, and I know by the way you were singing just now, you must be happy."

"This is a warm morning, miss; have a seat and rest awhile." I thanked her as I seated myself in a rocker, the exact duplicate of the one my hostess occupied.

"So you thought I must be happy because I was singing? Well, I am happy; but I often sing that hymn unconsciously. You are a stranger here, miss?"

"Yes, I have never been in your little village but once before. I was taking a little stroll to fill in a few idle hours when I heard you singing. I stood and listened; then I wanted to see the singer, for your song had such a strain of confidence and contentment."

"Well, dear, you don't see much after all, do you? I am just an old woman who lives all alone but for my cat and chickens. I do love my little home, and I never close my eyes at night until I thank God for his goodness to me."

"Perhaps you have always had a home, dear, and do not know what it means to have no place you can call your own; but I have, and perhaps that is why I love it so. While you rest I will tell you how I came in possession of this little house and an acre of ground."

"About six years ago I lived with my daughter, who was married and lived

on this same street farther up. She had a large family of children and we both worked very hard, until one day I was too ill to rise from my bed. I had a long spell of sickness. My daughter's husband did not make high wages, and I knew I was a great expense to them, and worried about it. One day I overheard my son-in-law say: 'Well, what can you expect? At her time of life she will always be a burden to some one.' Oh, how that hurt me!

"I lay there and prayed long and hard that God would show me a way to keep me from being a burden to any one. I had one son; poor lad, he was wayward, but had a good heart when he let drink alone. He had never helped support me (I was left a widow when my children were small). Indeed, I had often sent him money since he had gone away. It seemed he was often out of work. When he walked into my room the next morning looking so manly in his well-fitting garments, I felt somehow he was sent in answer to my prayers. He had plenty of money and bought me many delicacies and provided me with many needed comforts. He stayed two weeks and then said he must return, as the fires were being lighted in the furnaces of the mills where he was employed, and they would soon begin operations for the winter. I was almost well then, and my boy suggested I go with him and stay for the winter at least. He said we could do light housekeeping and the work would be easy for me. I accepted his invitation gladly, believing God was leading the way."

"My daughter said: 'Mother, you know how unreliable Edward has always been. I think you had better stay with us. You know if you are ill I am here to take care of you.' I told her I would go and see how he would do, and maybe I could help him to live right. Alice raised no further objections, and a week later Edward and I were nicely settled in two rooms near the mills. My son took me out a great deal, and all together we were quite happy."

"One day he came into the room, and handing me a roll of paper said: 'Mother, there is something to make you comfortable should anything happen to me.' I unrolled the paper and saw it was an insurance policy. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, for I saw that I was named as the beneficiary. I added: 'I hope I may always have my boy, for he means more to me than five thousand dollars.' Edward and I often attended church together. He had a fine voice and enjoyed singing. I was proud of my boy. The hymn you heard me singing was a favorite of his."

"One evening at the close of a very impressive sermon, my boy, to the joy and comfort of my heart, gave his heart to God and consecrated his life to his service. After that my cup of happiness was full. I knew my footsteps were guided by an unseen power. But my happiness was of short duration. With the cold weather came my old ailment, and I was confined to my bed for six weeks. Help was inefficient and expensive, doctor's and drug bills were high. I saw my boy was discouraged. I tried to encourage him; but, my dear, it is hard to think or say comforting things when one is suffering great pain. Somehow I felt he was losing faith. One evening I asked him to sing for me; and complying with my wish, he sang his favorite: 'He will hold me fast.'"

"He began staying out late at night—and sometimes he came home the worse for drink. I was grieved, and pleaded with him to let it alone. He finally lost his place in the mill. Those were dark days, dear; things went

Continued on next page



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## The Song in the Cabin

Continued from preceding page

...idly from bad to worse. One morning, after an unusually bad night, I heard a sound as if a door opened and shut, and when I looked up my boy was gone. I went down and wept. I did not lose faith in the heavenly Father, but I could not get an inch before me. He must lead me. With what little heart I had left, I photographed Alice I would be with her that night. I seemed in a dazed condition all the way. At Elborn, I made my way to the platform expecting to find Alice or her husband. There was no one to meet me, so I hurried on towards my daughter's home. To my surprise, it was all dark. I rapped but no one answered. I could not think what was wrong. The stillness and the darkness affected me strangely. I fancied I could almost hear the flapping of death angel's wings, so near did he seem to me. A neighbor passed just then and recognized me. He told me Alice had been taken to the hospital the day before and that her husband had taken the children to his home in the country and would not return until the next day. He invited me over to spend the night with them. With morning news that almost broke my heart, Alice was dead.

"Friends feared I would lose my reason. I never shed a tear. I just sat if turned to stone. When they laid my daughter away and I returned to her my few belongings the appalling thought came to me—I have no more now. I felt helpless. Then the words of my boy's hymn came to me: 'He will hold me fast.' On my knees I said: 'Lord, I can do nothing more for myself, do with me as you think best.' I agreed to enter a Home if I could in admittance. My pastor came one evening, saying my application had been accepted, and I was to go any day.

"My dear, I never again expect to feel as badly as I did when I packed my

little trunk. Every garment I packed was damp with tears. I was turning the key in the lock when a rap at the door startled me. I found a man standing there with a telegram. 'Is this Mrs. B—?' he asked. I nodded, too frightened to speak. 'Sign here, please.' I could scarcely hold the pencil but managed to scribble my name. My son-in-law came to the door and I handed him the unopened telegram. He read words which told me my boy had been injured in a railroad wreck and had later died at the hospital. I felt myself slipping away then, I knew not where. I lay all night unconscious.

"Next day, a neighbor said there was a visitor wished to see me. The man came in and said: 'I feel very sorry for you.' Then he drew a paper from his pocket, which showed that my boy had been insured for \$5,000 and had named me as beneficiary in the policy. Some time afterward, the minister who was by his side when he passed away, came and delivered a message Edward had sent me. Here it is, dear, read it for yourself.' And she drew a piece of paper from the bosom of her dress. I read the following:

"MOTHER: I wandered away from the Saviour, but I feel his presence now, and as I go down into the valley I know that he will hold me fast.

"EDWARD."

"These words are a great comfort to me," she added with a smile. "I know my children are waiting for me over there. I bought this little home with Edward's gift and I thank God continually for letting me have such comforts. I have not been ill for many a long day. I have kept you longer than you wished to stay; but I like to tell people my story, for they may have dark days sometimes and it may help them to hold fast, for He will surely bring them through if they trust in him."

## The Gospel for Street Waifs

THE Evangelistic Committee of New York City during the past season increased still further its efforts of previous years to gather the "children of the streets" for religious instruction. From 10,000 to 12,000 children assembled each week of the summer season in tents or open air classes. In nationalities were represented at the meetings. In many locations the tent was recognized as an old friend and the children rushed eagerly to the settings as soon as open. In other sections showers of rocks and stones on "gangs" of boys and girls depended upon the canvas roof for the few evenings. Soon, however, the leaders ceased their opposition and most without exception were found at the tents as regular attendants at the nightly sessions, with the former gang-leaders acting perhaps as ushers or assistant caretakers in the very tents they once assailed.

At the close of the past season, nearly 2,000 boys and girls assembled one of the largest churches of the city to unite in a programme of song and recitation.

"Not many boys in American churches know the Bible as these boys do not understand so clearly what it means to be a Christian," said one who had been studying the methods of the committee.

The New York Evangelistic Committee finds the foreign work one of the most encouraging branches of its undertakings. During the past summer, services were held in Italian, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Finnish, Swedish, German, Russian, Spanish, Slovak and Greek, in addition to the services in English for negroes as well for whites. Meetings were held in tents, in shops, or in the open air.

Day after day, throughout the summer, men and women spoke and sang in the suffocating heat of the shop or under the blazing sun of a midsummer sky. Again, at sunset or under the stars, at the street corner, in the park, or at the pleasure resort, the wayfarer might come unexpectedly upon a man preaching from a box which served for pulpit and platform. In the evening there were crowded tents in various sections where, after the children's meeting, services were held for men and women. Beginning in 1905 with thirteen centres, the tent, open air and shop campaigns of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City covered ninety-nine centres in 1911. There were held 1,844 meetings with an attendance of over 323,000. Of these meetings, 385 were for boys and girls, with an attendance of over 80,000. In several sections, churches opened doors and welcomed the evangelists and corps of helpers, especially for meetings for children and for big boys.

Dr. Arthur J. Smith, superintendent of the work, at the Carnegie Hall rally stated that in "Little Italy" there are about 85,000 Italians, nominally Catholics, yet in that section there are only three Catholic churches. Of the 1,000,000 Jews in the city, it is said that only 50,000 are identified with synagogues. Among Protestants, there are nearly 1,000,000 who do not attend church. It is these neglected, overlooked, or indifferent classes of non-churchgoers that the Evangelistic Committee seeks. Sect and creed are not promulgated. No attempt is made to proselyte. A loving heavenly Father, a Christ who saves from sin and death, a life of decency and purity here on earth and a future life beyond—these are the truths presented.

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## Young People's Societies

### Peace and Blessing\*

THE great fault with all of us is that we so often allow some one or two annoyances and trials to blot from our minds the far greater mercies of our lot. This seems to be inherent in human nature—an almost universal trait. Let us, if we have never hitherto waged warfare against it, begin with this Thanksgiving Day. Let us remember Archbishop Trench's lines (in which he might almost as well have substituted "all" for this first "some"):

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

An especial subject for thankfulness at this season is the great progress which has been made among English-speaking peoples toward the abolition of war. Certain writers have maintained that war is the best state in which man can exist, and that times of peace are given us merely in order that we may catch our breath, as it were, and gather strength for another campaign; and perhaps these writers are not far out of the way. Men do love to fight, and they love to see others fight; but, as the Rev. Jonathan Brierly has lately said, there are many ways of fighting.

For instance, look at the battle which we have fought with yellow fever, and at the cost of some of our noblest lives, have virtually won. There was a fight which was worth while. So was Jenner's fight with smallpox. So was the fight which Pasteur waged with hydrophobia, and so is that of Flexner with cerebro-spinal meningitis. When all these battles are fairly won, how thankful will the whole world be!

Then there are the fights which man has to wage with wild beasts and poisonous insects—the tiger, the leopard, the rattlesnake, and the lion, which destroy hundreds of lives yearly in different parts of the world; and with the scorpion and the mosquito and the million other creeping and flying pests, which not only mar human peace, but endanger health and life. These are still to be overcome, and strong arms, clear heads, and united efforts are necessary for the world-wide conflict.

Instead of trying to kill each other, argues Mr. Brierly, why not aim our guns skillfully at Mother Earth, and with them turn wilderness into blooming and fruitful fields; our swamps into fertile wheat lands; tunneling our mountains, irrigating our deserts, building roads through the vast, pathless tracts, and bringing men into closer relations of friendliness and brotherhood?

It is a grand dream, and that our great Anglo-Saxon race is taking the first steps toward its realization is cause for profoundest gratitude. Mr. Alfred Noyes, in commenting upon the proposed arbitration pact between Great Britain and America, writes:

They wondered. But how mildly they meet!  
Hark! o'er three thousand miles of sea they greet  
The first gleam of the nobler years to be.  
They stand together in the morning light,  
Here in the vanguard of humanity,  
Shaking the heart of Chaos and Old Night  
With our harmonious word—peace and good-will.

In this grand movement, which involves not only the individual interests of every home, but the political fortunes of every State and the well-being of the whole republic, every member of our beloved society should endeavor (the word is used advisedly) to take an active part. Speak of it often among your friends and in your public gatherings, and, if possible, join and promote the interests of one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles.

### Home Missions\*

PROFESSOR AUSTIN PHELPS said a quarter of a century ago that we were then at a crisis in the destiny of this country, and through it, in the destiny of the world. That crisis is not yet passed. In unprecedented numbers, immigrants from the poor and oppressed countries are flocking to America.

Nearly all of these scores and hundreds of thousands of poor people are illiterate. Very few of them know anything of the Christian religion, though a certain type of Jew is coming in constantly increasing numbers. Many remain in the East to pick up an uncertain livelihood in our great cities. Some move westward; and of a better class than are now coming to us Lyman Beecher and William Blackburn wrote, after traveling in the West half a century ago, that our nation was destined to go down before the infidel forces which were being injected into the body politic through these hordes of foreign immigrants. As time has progressed we have maintained what the great Burke called "a perilous and dancing balance" between the forces of American religionism and this imported foreign atheism. The balance does not yet strongly incline to the right side. We Christians should make it do so; as the Methodist is one of the most splendidly daring among all the evangelical denominations, it behooves us who are Methodists to push the campaign into the West, where the need is greatest.

In the South, too, the battle is raging with dangerous fury, and it is perhaps in the South that our equipment and spirit are best adapted for conquest. Especially should our young society interest itself in the holding of Christ's fort among the warring factions of these desperate enemies. To save our beloved land for the Lord Jesus should be a main object of our prayers and our efforts.

In Dr. Josiah Strong's wonderful book, *Our Country*, the case is set forth with startling vividness. Though many years have elapsed since this masterly work rang out its clarion-cry for the salvation of America, it is still almost as effective as ever.

But it is not in the West alone that there is need of missionary effort. Those of you who ride on the railroads or on automobiles through the country are doubtless pained to see that even the smaller towns and cities have their "slum" districts, where frowzy children, bedraggled women and staggering, unkempt men haunt the streets. Nearly every one of you has in your own town such a field for missionary effort. More tact and skill may be needed to administer aid and uplift there than in some more distant spot, but it is your duty to provide for the degraded and down-trodden at home quite as much as for those who are hundreds of miles away.

In Mr. Ward Platt's interesting work, *The Frontier*, he reminds us of a fact too often lost sight of. This is that by filling these vast United States with Christians, we virtually make easier and surer the conversion of the Orient, since from our Western coast Asia is so readily accessible. In glowing words he paints the tremendous resources of our almost limitless commonwealths, and calls passionately upon the whole country for funds and men to carry thither the saving Gospel. In the rush of our complicated modern life, the craze for amusement, the rage for wealth, this cry of the wild, unchurched spaces on the frontier sounds sometimes very faint in our ears. Let us turn away from our selfish pursuits and search for ways in which we can help to win for Christ these strategic points of vantage in the West.



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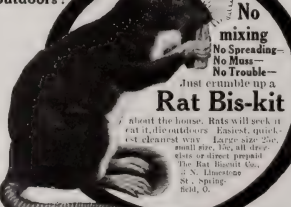


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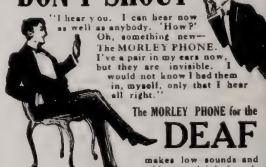
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\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, November 26. TEXT: 1. Thos. 5: 14-24.

\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, November 26. TEXTS: Num. 14: 14; Ps. 33: 12; 147: 20.



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1157

"Here's a way out. We'll go down to the yard together."

When the two came out of the house, there stood a group of newspaper men waiting for them.

Brander Cushing walked straight and was out on the sidewalk before the reporters spoke.

"You might as well talk, Mr. Cushing. You'll have to, you know, sooner or later."

"I won't talk here. I told you I couldn't. Down at the office."

The group of newspaper men continued to follow. To all their questions Cushing answered never a word.

Mended his pace, Sidney striding along by him. The reporters found it the fastest walking they ever knew.

Two or three stayed by, but the rest rushed to the trolley and made for the city.

When the two arrived they found one of the newspaper group awaiting them.

Brander Cushing told Sidney to go to the draughting room, and went himself into his office, where he faced the entire party of reporters, now increased in number to seven.

"I take it the same statements will answer for all of you boys. What do you want to know?"

"About the proposed indictment by the grand jury. What have you to say?"

"Nothing."

Pause.

"Fleming says he will push the investigation to the limit. Your company owned the factory?"

"We are the sole owners."

"Then about those fire-escapes?"

"They had been ordered."

"But not constructed. How about a marshal's notice?"

"I never received any."

"Blank stare of real surprise from a newspaper crowd."

Pencils worked fast.

"You mean—"

"The marshal never served any notice. It was my own initiative to put fire-escapes on the building and the work was to commence this week. I don't mind showing you my memorandum on it."

Brander Cushing went to his office, opened it, took out a box, took a heap of papers from it and handed them over to the reporter who had been spokesman for the others.

The document went from hand to hand. It was the same he had mentioned to Sidney.

"My great regret is that my orders were not carried out, and loss of life as the result. No one can regret this more than myself. The company will make every compensation possible. We do not feel responsible for the fire. It occurred from a leaky gas main."

"The people who lost relatives and friends are very much determined to bring somebody to time for the affair. Some one must be punished. What do you say about Fleming's attitude?"

"I prefer not to discuss it."

"Fleming says he will bring everything to bear to get the grand jury to bring indictments."

Silence on Brander Cushing's part. He had made up his mind not to say word about Fleming, no matter what happened.

After a few unimportant queries the reporters went away, taking with them, as the most vital part of their interview, a copy of the memorandum made by Cushing ordering the building of the fire-escapes on the factory.

To every man of affairs, at some time or other, there comes a special and critical period of testing. Every man who has ever made any chapter of life has had his temptation, and his defeat or victory. From it he comes either in the power of the Spirit to turn the world upside down, or he slinks back into the desert a defeated and lost soul.

Brander Cushing now stood at such a parting of the ways.

For fifty-six years he had lived what would be called an exemplary business life; that is to say, he had lived according to the code into which he was born. As a matter of fact, the corporation which supplied the material he dealt with, and in which he was a large factor, was the most gigantic combination of selfish purposes the world has ever seen. But personally, Brander Cushing was the soul of honor up to this time in his life. He was not individually a liar or a thief. His word in the business world was a synonym for honesty and probity. He had a scorn that was high bred for small vices. He was a gentleman of repute. He was a man of deep self-respect.

Yet as he closed the office door on the newspaper men, and then went back and sat down by his desk, he realized that a crisis had swiftly come in his own character. In other words, he had committed himself to a course which might spell for him disgrace in the eyes of the public, and worse than that, disgrace in the sight of his son.

He rapidly went over the steps that had led him to his present position.

1. The marshal's notice had been legally served on him ten days before he had made the memorandum he had shown the reporters.

2. But his knowledge of affairs in the marshal's office had led him to believe that no record of such notice was on file with the fire department, which had, under the present management, been run on very loose lines. This guess on his part had been made a certainty by investigation on his way home from the scene of the fire the day before. He had gone up to the headquarters. Only a clerk or two remained in the room of the records. It was not difficult to ascertain, as he turned over the books, that in all probability the record of such notice had not been kept. He was a shrewd business man, but he was risking his case largely on this failure.

3. A deputy had served the paper. Only himself and Sidney were present in the office when it occurred.

4. In a contest between his word and that of a deputy fire marshal there could be no question as to results.

5. The crucial point with him now was the fact that the notice had been served when his son was present, and he had already mentioned this to him.

6. But—and here he found himself on the thin edge of self-distrust—Sidney had been, all his life long, trained to habits of implicit faith in his father. He had never once questioned that iron will and determination which had brought Brander Cushing up from the obscure place of a black-faced, grimy foundry boy to the proud position of head of the greatest shipyard in the United States.

7. The question now rose, would this lifelong habit of obedience result in silence on Sidney's part in face of such denial of an incriminating fact?

8. In doubt over this, it was imperative that he should be absent during the time of the grand jury's sitting and findings.

9. How to accomplish the seemingly impossible in the face of a modern world of universal news dissemination and knowledge was now one of the foremost thoughts of Brander Cushing.

10. But he recalled the fact that Sidney had a unique scorn of newspapers. He rarely read them. He was singular, as a young man, in his contempt of daily gossip. It was no unusual thing for his father to read the main news aloud as the two sipped their coffee at breakfast, and then to his father's positive knowledge Sidney never so much as glanced at a daily again.

Continued on next page



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## "Who Is My Neighbor?"

OUR Saviour was at Capernaum, having just sent out the seventy disciples to preach the Gospel, when a noted lawyer asked, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Our Saviour answered with a question: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" The lawyer, answering, said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." And Jesus said: "Thou hast answered right: this do and thou shalt live." But the smart lawyer, wishing to display his skill before the crowd of friends and citizens, inquired: "And who is my neighbor?"

Addressing the entire assembly the Saviour answered with the descriptive parable of the Good Samaritan; but he does not omit at its conclusion to address himself directly to the young lawyer by asking: "Which now was neighbor to him that fell among thieves?" The crowd is awed into silence, forcing the young lawyer to answer, "Why, he that showed mercy on him." Then said Jesus, "Go and do thou likewise."

There is no mention made of Capernaum in the Old Testament, and probably it was not built till after the return from the Babylonish captivity. The word means "Field of Pleasure," and, according to Josephus, it derived its name from an adjacent spring. Capernaum was greatly favored by nature, but was also the subject of many denunciations of divine wrath. These have been fulfilled upon the city, and its very site is to-day unknown.

Let us imagine ourselves on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, where Christ called to the apostles Peter, Andrew, James and John, fishermen of Bethsaida, and a little later Matthew, who was the collector of fares for crossing the lake. How our Saviour loved this city is proven by Matthew, who calls it "His own city." It is here that he so often resorted after the commencement of his public ministry, and he favored it with his ablest discourses, including the Sermon on the Mount. Here, too, he did some of his most wonderful miracles. His loving companionship with John was always a sweet memory linked with Capernaum. We can imagine the wonderful friendship, with the many hours they spent on the shore of the lake together, where no doubt our Saviour taught his favorite disciple the wonderful mysteries of his divine mission. The results of these teachings are recorded by the evangelist, clearly showing that he understood the import of the Saviour's question—"Who is my neighbor?"

How many are the opportunities given us in our every-day life to know who is our neighbor! Surely not one of us can say we know not our neighbor. Day after day, in our business and our domestic life, we find those who have met with financial misfortunes, sickness, or even the loss of dear ones. Do we help them to overcome these losses, or to ease the trials that beset them? Many a word of sympathy has touched a mother's heart and helped her bear her sad loss. Many a kind word and silent handshake (when the tongue could not speak) have put loving thoughts into the heart of a wayward girl or boy, and new ambition into a man almost overcome by business misfortunes. Never for a moment let us underestimate the trials and misfortunes of others; they may be sent for some wise purpose, possibly to prove us and to see if we will know who is our neighbor.

Bad habits often increase where, if a kind word or a helping hand had been extended, they might have been checked and with God's help entirely overcome. I once knew a young man who had become a drunkard. He said, "I had no mother or sister to show me my error, and no one ever spoke to me

about it; so I went on, from bad to worse, until to-day I'm a wreck, and I can't stop it." The case was a very sad one. In the great city he met hundreds of men in business, yet not one knew that this young man was his neighbor!

God grant that when the opportunity is presented to us, we may remember the teaching of our Saviour, and, knowing our neighbor, help him to the full extent of our ability.

C. GODWIN TURNER.

### Brander Cushing's Ambition

*Continued from preceding page*

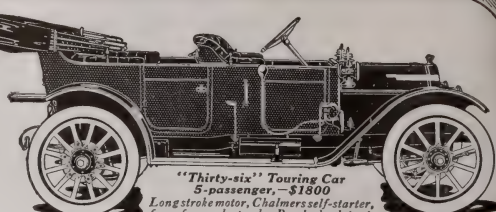
11. There was, to be sure, the ever present risk of what people might say. How could plain facts in such a case as this ever be kept from the knowledge of his son?

12. But—and here was his desperate running of chances as he had swiftly made them for himself—under any and all conditions the acknowledgment of the receipt of the marshal's notice spelled almost certain indictment for him. He was shrewd enough to know that under the popular feeling, with a powerful and hostile man like Fleming, an old political enemy, to give the feeling direction, even the wealth and influence of such a firm as his could not and would not prevent a verdict from the grand jury that would be fatal to him. At any risk he must save himself. And again and again the one weak point in it all was the legal point that he had been duly served, and had refused to act. If he could by any means show the public that he was not guilty of negligence he believed he could trust to the reaction of public censure and escape.

13. The law was an absurdity. He struck his hand with passion on his desk, as he cursed a statute that had been passed by a so-called reform legislature in a spasm of righteousness just after a similar horror to this which had so suddenly become a part of his own history.

14. He had not meant to involve himself in such a situation. It was simply maddening. He, Brander Cushing, stern, cold, self-contained, successful business man, with a reputation for general steadiness of purpose, driven like a child into a lie for fear of punishment—it seemed like a vile nightmare, a thing he once—yes, less than eight hours ago—would have laughed at as impossible. But—Sidney! Ah! There was, after all, his one great fear—

(To be continued)



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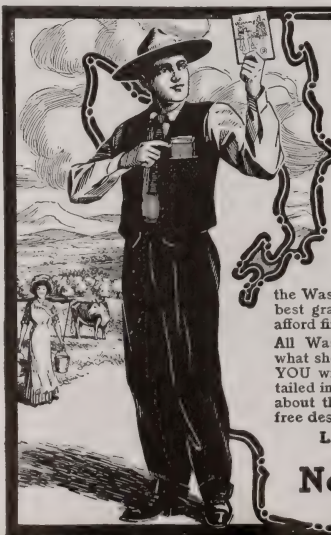
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## RUSSIA'S NEW PREMIER

THE new Russian premier, Vladimir Nikolaiévich Kokovtsov, has long been prominent in Russian administration, yet the nature of his work has been such that no final estimate can be made of his probable attitude in his new position. He is descended from an old Russian family, and was born in 1847. His higher education was completed in the Imperial Alexandrofski Lyceum, of St. Petersburg, and he began his public career as an attaché of the council of the empire after a short term as assistant to the chief of the prison administration. Economic and financial problems absorbed the interest of young Kokovtsov, and after a rapid advancement to the general secretaryship of the council he was appointed associate minister of finance under Count Witte. Here he showed great ability and in 1904 succeeded Count Witte as minister of finance, when the latter became president of the council of ministers. One of the greatest successes of his career was scored during the Russo-Japanese War, when, in a period of less than fifteen months, by foreign and domestic loans, he raised a sum equal to \$665,000,000 at a low rate of interest. Duties as minister of finance have kept him out of the problem of bettering the economic conditions of the agricultural peasantry.

He is said to be more liberal than Stolypin was, however. In support of this opinion the *Outlook* says: "In his political views Kokovtsov is believed to be more liberal and tolerant than Stolypin was. . . . He is susceptible, moreover, to influences and considerations that hardly affected his predecessor at all. Stolypin did not care much for the approval or disapproval of the outside world, and pursued his 'blood-and-iron' policy of repression regardless of foreign opinion. Kokovtsov, on the contrary, as minister of finance, has been forced to take that opinion into account, because he had to borrow large sums of money abroad in order to meet Russia's urgent financial needs. Public opinion in western Europe [liberal], therefore, is likely to affect his administration more than it affected the administration of Stolypin. . . . Kokovtsov never wholly approved the nationalizing policy which Stolypin favored. . . . and he is likely to assume a much more tolerant and conciliatory attitude toward the Finns and the Poles—and possibly the Jews—than that taken by his predecessor after the suppression of the revolutionary movement. His accession to power is generally regarded in Russia as a change for the better. The new premier, however, is a conservative and a monarchist, rather than a liberal. . . . The greatest boon that the new premier could confer upon the people would be the complete and final abolition of government by martial law; but it is doubtful whether he would have power to bring it about even if he favored it. The higher bureaucratic officials of Russia have ruled for more than thirty years by means of martial law, and have become so accustomed to the free exercise of discretionary power that they would find it difficult so to change their methods as to make them conform to the provisions of the civil code."

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# Plans for Winter Window-Boxes

By Ida D. Bennett



THE winter window-box is more of a problem than that devoted to out-door use in summer, when all things conspire to aid in the growth and development of the plants consigned to their fostering care. The winter window-garden has, first of all, to contend with a lack of fresh air—a serious deficit. Then there is the ever-present dust, especially where the house is furnace-heated. Steam heat does not present this objection, as there is nothing about it to set the dust in circulation and keep it in more or less constant motion; but the hot air rushing up through the registers, and displacing the cooler air in the room, stirs up every particle of dust and deposits it in considerable quantities upon the plants. The dryness of the atmosphere is not of moment where a well-arranged furnace is used; the best makes now have the water-pan, which is of very generous size, in the front of the furnace and resting directly against the firepot, so that with any kind of a fire the water is at boiling point most of the time, and sending up clouds of steam to temper the atmosphere, so that plants are very well cared for in this respect. But the matter of dust remains, and plants to do well in the living-room must be selected with an eye to their ability to withstand it. Hard, glossy-leaved plants are not greatly injured by dust and are easily cleaned and washed off, but begonias of the ornamental Rex varieties, cinerarias, calceolarias, and the like, should not be undertaken unless they can be protected in some way.

I have found that a plant which I was unable to grow at all in a furnace-heated house would do finely in the window-box by merely leaning a pane of window-glass over it from the outside of the window-box to the window above it; the little, shriveled leaves giving place in a very short time to great, luxuriant leaves of the richest coloring.

A few plants in a well-arranged window-box are both ornamental and a pleasure; a number crowded together in an inadequate space are neither.

The most convenient box for the window is a narrow one just large enough to sit on the sill without danger of tipping over; or, if a shelf extends below the window, a larger one may be used. But I find these narrow boxes, only wide enough to hold one row of plants, very convenient; these may be made to match the woodwork, and a pretty finish is to run a strip of

picture railing across the bottom in front and as far across the ends as the box projects; this is especially pretty when the boxes are painted white. The boxes should be lined with zinc in the bottom and for an inch or more, at least, up the sides, and the plants may be planted directly in the boxes or left in the pots and set in the boxes, and the space between filled either with sand or sphagnum moss, or left empty. I prefer to set the plants in in their pots, as the plants may then be turned about, and if attacked with insects may be taken out for treatment.

To secure the best effect, only one variety of plant should be grown in

box of Rex begonias, and have a glass cut wide enough to cover the box and reach up to the top of the lower sash, one may enjoy begonias as fine as ever grew in a green-house. Where the box simply rests upon the front of the sill it exerts a considerable degree of pressure, and the box would not be safe if it projected much beyond the window-sill; hence the need of a shelf. A good way to secure the permanence of the arrangement would be to have the glass fitted into a very light frame and hinged to the upper part of the sash; this does away with the weight on the box and all danger of breaking the glass when removing it to water



to match the woodwork of the room, is to turn them wide side up and attach them to the wall just below the window-sill by means of hooked rods screwed into the wall. A piece of wood finished to match the cornice is then fitted into the cornice and window-sill, and, presto! a swell window-shelf. Or the cornice may be turned broad side down and fitted with a zinc lining, and will furnish a very presentable window-box. Of course if used just as it stands it will have but a front and two ends, but as these are all that will show from the room it is really all that is necessary, and the zinc lining, which is all that shows from the outside, may be neatly painted to match the outside of the sash. If the frames are too large to fit into the window, as they probably will be, they may rest on brackets just below it; this permits of the shades being drawn down back of the boxes on cold nights.

Generally speaking, the west windows are not congenial locations in which to grow plants, but there is usually something which will grow there and do well; geraniums, which are not particular plants in any sense, may be trusted to a west window, but prefer a south exposure. Still one of the finest Baby primroses I ever grew sat all winter in a west window, and was a mass of bloom all winter through; furthermore, this same primrose bloomed all the preceding winter in a north window, and all summer in an outside window-box.

These narrow window-boxes are charming for placing of winter-blooming bulbs, such as hyacinth, narcissus and the like, and as one may easily have a succession of these in bloom they are ever changing, ever new.

The Bombayreed jardinières are now produced in window-box form and should be a real acquisition to the flower-lover; they are certainly very attractive and practical as jardinières; these are now produced in split form, so that they may be slipped around instead of over or under a plant; this in the case of such spiny plants as the phoenix palms and cacti, which are so unpleasant and difficult to handle, would be vastly convenient.

Vines are not especially desirable in the winter window-box, as they must trail over the front of the box and away from the light, and are apt to grow straggly and sickly looking. In hanging baskets, vines are satisfactory if abundantly supplied with water and the basket is turned frequently so that they may make a symmetrical growth.



A Pretty Window-Box of Foliage and Blossoms

the same box; a primrose window, for instance, is delightful, and a north-window box filled with red and white primroses will be a joy all winter; or an east window may be used for this flower, while carnations and heliotropes will find a congenial home in sunny south windows.

If one can arrange a slight shelf under a north window, and arrange a

the plants. The opening at the ends admits the necessary heat and air.

Many old housekeepers have, stored away somewhere in the attic, a few old window cornices, so popular in the seventies and eighties; these were usually handsomely made of expensive wood, and so have escaped destruction. I have found that a good way to utilize them, especially when they happen

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—REV. DR. HENRY C. MCCOOK, a famous Presbyterian clergyman and pastor emeritus of Tabernacle Church in Philadelphia, died at his home in Devon, a suburb of the city, on October 31. Dr. McCook was seventy-four years of age.

—THE ANNUAL FAIR of the Carmelite Fathers' Roman Catholic Church, First Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, which recently closed, is out \$5,000 because of the activity of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Anthony Comstock is the head. Raffles formed the biggest feature of the fair and thousands of tickets had been sold throughout the city. Archbishop Farley received notice

that the raffles were in violation of the lottery laws, and those in charge were amenable to the law. The archbishop summoned Father O'Dwyer and the raffles were called off. About \$5,000 was returned to buyers of tickets.

—BISHOP HOLMES, of Athabasca, Canada, who has just returned from a voyage down the great Mackenzie River, announces that he discovered a hitherto unknown tribe of 1,000 Eskimos living east of the Mackenzie and between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean. They still hunt with bows and arrows and use stone implements.

—THE ABERNATHY BOYS, Temple and Louis, seven and eleven years old respectively, who first

distinguished themselves by riding from Oklahoma to New York, reached San Francisco at 7.30 on the evening of October 30 on their transcontinental horseback ride. For the first time that night they slept under a roof since leaving Coney Island, New York, on August 1. They were sixty-two riding days on the road. They rested on Sundays. Horses were changed only once.

—PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia University, who is acting as the director of intercourse and education of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has announced that Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, has undertaken a visit to India, China, and Japan in the interest of the work of

the endowment. The executive committee of the trustees have requested Dr. Eliot to make this journey with the purpose of explaining the organization and aims of the endowment in the various Asiatic countries, of studying the public opinion of those countries, particularly as relates to matters of international concern, and of procuring material for a report upon what activities may wisely and helpfully be planned by the Carnegie Endowment for the several Asiatic nations with a view to promoting the cause of peace and international good will. An important part of Dr. Eliot's work will lie in Japan, which he expects to reach early in April, 1912. Dr. Eliot will return to the United States in July next.



# A Tulip Garden From Holland

## Imported Especially for Christian Herald Subscribers

### Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Oxalis, Lilies

These plants which we offer yield the most fragrant and gorgeously brilliant flowers that can be produced from bulbs. They are the choicest gems from the famous Tulip Gardens of Holland. Their culture is extremely easy, requiring no special attention, as it is always a foregone conclusion that successful blooming will surely follow their planting. We have made it possible for our subscribers to secure this magnificent collection of thirty-five of the most popular bulbs grown, consisting of six varieties. They are all matured bulbs, and will produce a gorgeous display of flowers in from eight to ten weeks, after planting. Very artistic effects can be obtained by growing them in glass dishes with different colored bits of rock, glass, and gravel, or they may be grown in window-boxes, and will thus delight both those indoors and out.



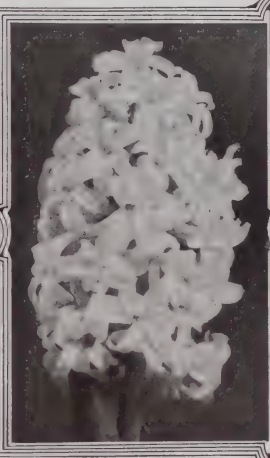
### For Indoor Winter Blooming

You can have your own Tulip Garden, imported direct from Holland, blooming in your home during this coming winter. We have contracted for thousands of Holland tulip, hyacinth, crocus, snowdrop, oxalis and narcissus bulbs which we hope to place in the homes of our subscribers during November and December, for pot planting and growing indoors. These perfectly hardy bulbs have been selected with the double idea of having bulbs which it would be possible to bring to bloom during the winter or else keep through the winter for fall or spring planting and bringing into bloom in the garden. Directions for planting accompany each collection.

*NOTE.*—Our Premium List has been mailed to all our subscribers, and if you have not received yours by November 20 notify us by postcard and we will send you a duplicate copy.



Tulips



Hyacinths



Narcissus



Snowdrops

### These Beautiful Lilies For Christmas

The *Easter Lily* is the peerless *Harrisii* variety, which is certain to produce a profusion of blooms. The ease with which it can be made to flower at any desired period, such as Christmas, Easter and other special occasions, renders this Lily invaluable and extremely popular.

The *Lily of the Valley* is one of the most delicately fragrant flowers that grows. In four or five weeks from potting it will come into a profusion of blossoms which will give a delightful fragrance, filling the entire house with its odor. The *Chinese Sacred Lily*, or *Water Fairy Flower*, as it is called by the Celestials, bears a lavish profusion of flowers of a silvery whiteness, with large golden yellow cups of exquisite beauty and entrancing perfume. It will bloom in five or six weeks after planting, growing very rapidly, so that you can "almost see it grow." The *Giant Golden Sacred Lily* is of almost the same variety except that it is of a deep golden yellow, making a splendid contrast with the white bloom of the *Chinese Sacred Lily*. Both these bulbs can be grown in the same pot, making a charming combination for house culture, both growing either in water or in a light loam soil. This collection consists of one *Easter Lily*, five *Lilies of the Valley*, one *Chinese Sacred Lily* and one *Golden Sacred Lily*.



You may have just such flowers  
as these in your home  
this winter

We will send the Lily bulbs, as described, postpaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and our new 1912 Almanac—all for only **\$2.00**

### Thirty-five Bulbs of Gorgeous Flowers

The collection of thirty-five bulbs, which we offer our subscribers, consists of three hyacinths, five tulips, ten crocuses, five snowdrops, ten oxalis and two narcissus. The fragrance and rich color of the hyacinth makes it an especial favorite for indoor growing during the winter. It can be grown either in soil or in vases of water. The tulips have always been the friendly companions of the hyacinth, and where one is grown, usually the other may be found. The extreme ease of their culture, combined with their great beauty of form and the wide diversity of shades and gorgeous coloring, render them incomparable for window garden and indoor pot-blooming. The crocus, snowdrop and oxalis are all smaller bulbs than the hyacinth and tulip, and produce flowers of sprightly daintiness and great profusion in beautiful groups. They all stay in bloom for a considerable length of time, and if potted with some interval between each, you can have blooms from some of your bulbs throughout the entire winter. The narcissus is a favorite everywhere. When once it is well established outdoors, it will need no further care for several years, and with each year the bulb-clumps will multiply in strength and beauty, until the blooms can be gathered in endless quantities. It can be brought to flower in the winter.

We will send you postpaid the above described collection of 35 bulbs with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and our new 1912 Almanac—all for **\$2.00**

ADDRESS: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



# OUR MAIL-BAG

## Questions and Answers

Mrs. M. T., San Diego, Calif. How long did Lazarus live after Christ raised him from the dead?

There are no authoritative data on the subject. An old tradition, mentioned by Epiphanius, says that Lazarus was thirty years old when restored from death and that he lived thirty years thereafter. Still another tradition declares that he traveled to Southern Europe, accompanied by Mary and Martha, and preached the Gospel in Marseilles. (There is no such book as that mentioned in your letter.)

A. S., Washington, D. C. In Matt. 8: 28-32, we read that two men met Jesus, and when he was about to cast the evil spirits out of the men, they begged to be permitted to enter into a herd of swine; in Mark 6: 2-13 we read that one man met Christ, and in Luke 8: 27-33 we read the same account again, as I suppose. What lesson can we learn from this incident? These hogs must have been visible to the owner or owners, and the Saviour was not disposed to injure any one, either in person or property; yet here it would appear that several thousand dollars' worth of property had been swept away in a very short time, and without any apparent reason.

It is assumed by commentators that an explanation of the incident is to be found in the fact that the owners of the swine were Hebrews. If this were so, then they drove an illegal trade in unclean animals, not sanctioned by their national laws. If they were not Jews but heathen, then their calling was heathen, and an insult to the Jewish national religion. In either case, from this point of view, the permission granted to the evil spirits to enter the herd would be justified. It is noticeable that the owners made no complaint of valuable property lost, which would doubtless have been the case if they had not felt properly punished.

Reader, Green Spring, W. Va. I have always been actively engaged in Sunday School and church work ever since a child, and have held responsible positions at different places and different times. Recently I have been elected assistant superintendent of Sunday School. Have been teacher and organist for years. How does that correspond to I. Cor. 14: 34, 35?

At the time when Paul wrote, social conditions in Corinth and throughout the civilized world were very different from those of our day. Woman's status, too, was different. He wrote to a great extent to meet existing local conditions. The passages in I. Cor. 14: 34-36, it is believed, were designed as a rebuke to the public activities of certain class of women in Corinth, whom he desired to hold up as a warning to the women of the Christian Church and an example to be avoided. Those conditions applied only to the time and place for which they were written. This is the interpretation of the passages in question by the best modern Bible scholars.

M. J. B., Niles, Mich. When and how did Thanksgiving Day originate? Was ever any other than that Thursday in November appointed and celebrated for Thanksgiving Day?

It owes its origin to the desire of the Puritans for greater simplicity in the forms of worship in the Established Church; and a resolve not to celebrate any of the numerous festival days of that church. Mention is made of several thanksgiving days appointed for special occasions before the adoption of a fixed date for annual thanksgiving. Thus, after the first harvest in Plymouth, in 1621, Governor Bradford appointed a thanksgiving, and again in 1623, in July, he ordered a thanksgiving day for rain. The Dutch government, between 1784 and 1789, the English governors of New York appointed days of thanksgiving, but not every year, nor on the same date. During the Revolution, a day was annually recommended by Congress and observed by the nation, but there was no national appointment between 1784 and 1789, when President Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution. After that date, special days were designated by presidents and governors until 1864, when the custom of a fixed annual date became a national one.

A letter from a correspondent in San Pablo, Laguna, P. I., informs us that an attempt is being made to swing the Philippine Independent Church in Manila off the line of orthodoxy. Recently addresses have been delivered and published, attacking the Bible as being in conflict with science. Our correspondent comments in these words: "Can the Christian nations whose the Bible is universally accepted stand for this attack? Can the Philippine Christians, over in this part of the world, who read your paper, should not be led astray from our belief in the old Bible." In his letter, our corre-

spondent enumerates all the familiar, threadbare arguments that have been used for the last twenty years by the enemies of the old Book. These assaults, which are revived from time to time, ultimately defeat themselves, as their object becomes better known and as their shallowness is realized. We are sending our correspondent some literature on the subject which will undoubtedly prove helpful.

S. V. C., Lakeview, N. S. 1. Please explain Matt. 24: 30. If the "elect" are among the tribes of the earth, why should they mourn? 2. Is Mary Devereux, author of *From Kingdom to Colony*, living?

1. There is no suggestion that the elect should mourn. The expression "all the tribes of the earth" is a general one. (See the parallel passages in Mark 13: 27 and Luke 21: 5-6.) 2. She was still living at last accounts, and residing in Ohio.

G. C. M., Richmond, Va. The passage in Mark 16: 18 has already been discussed, from every standpoint. As Peter was the first of the apostles to confess Christ, so he was the first to get his apostolic commission. Moreover, he was the first (on the day of Pentecost) to open the door of faith to the Jews and then, in the person of Cornelius, to do the same to the Gentiles. In the line of the apostles, he is always first named. It is clear, however, that in the whole New Testament record there is not a single circumstance showing that Peter ever claimed or exercised any authority in consequence of the incident in Matt. 16: 18, nor was any authority conceded to him on that account by his associates.

W. H. H., Gastonia, N. C. Please explain Ps. 90: 3.

This passage is from a psalm, the authorship of which is attributed to Moses, and which was preserved through all the centuries up to the days of Solomon, as a part of the Jewish hymnal or collection of psalms. It deals with the transitoriness of human life, and points to God as our only permanent and abiding hope and dwelling-place. In this sense alone, if in no other, it is a psalm of triumph and assurance, as showing the belief among the Israelites at the time of the Exodus, in a future life. The passage in verse 3, "Thou turnest man to dust," is interpreted as meaning, "Thou turnest him to dust"—to the common fate of the great majority of men. "Rare ye children of men," simply means to return to the dust from which they came. The same sentiment is expressed in Ps. 104: 29; Ps. 103: 14; Eccles. 12: 7. The whole psalm is a sorrowful appreciation of the shortness of human life, and the necessity of rendering service to God while we have the opportunity.

H. K., New York. Assuming that there are two men; both have the same amount of capital, but one has in addition more intellect and a more thorough knowledge of worldly affairs and believes that without prayer his material wealth can be increased to his advantage. His home life is happy and he has numerous friends. The other, though personally seeking guidance through prayer, and with the same amount of capital, through some misfortune, or, as the world will say, shortsightedness, if not stupidity, loses all and puts his family in distress. The fortunate man will say, "Now, what do you church-going men?" My children are getting a good education, whereas you are deprived of all luxuries of life." I read in Isa. 45: 13, "I will direct all his ways." Don't you really think a man may pay too much attention to spiritual things, and he will be able to handle his worldly methods, he would be much better off?

Your case reminds us of the illustration Jesus used on more than one occasion, when he spoke in parables to his followers. He pointed out to them the care, the skill, the ingenuity and the diligence which the people of this world applied, so successfully, to their business affairs, and showed that if the same excellent qualities which they used for mere worldly purposes were applied by the "children of light" for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, they would be effective. Now, one of the best qualities in the world is the quality of consecrated common-sense. No man has not got this quality, no matter how good a Christian he is, he will get along very poorly in comparison with those who have it. Solomon prayed for one great gift—the gift of wisdom, of understanding. We should be wise in our affairs, and have common-sense. There are many of us who might confine our petitions, for a time at least, to the much-needed gift of common-sense. No one can succeed in business without the necessary training and without the indispensable diligence. We have to be rich to earn that our heavenly Father will make up the lack of those things in us which we ourselves ought to cultivate, and without which no success is possible. But, after all, even if we miss that which the world holds

so dear, we may take consolation in the knowledge that we are laying up treasure where there are no bankruptcy courts, nor harassing creditors, nor moth nor rust to corrupt, nor thieves to steal.

C. G. B., Detroit, Mich. Concerning the gift of tongues, we have no doubt that in the days of Paul there was a great deal of trouble in the church on that account and many conflicting opinions. All the spirits are not of God, and it is well to try them, as the Bible suggests. Writing of tongues, Paul says distinctly in I. Cor. 14th chapter, "Let all things be done unto edifying. If any man speaketh in a tongue, let it be by two or at the most three, and that in turn; and let one interpret; but if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church, and let him speak to himself and to God." In other words, any message claiming to be in a tongue, yet which could neither be understood nor interpreted, was, in Paul's view, unfitted for delivery in the church or in public at all. This is precisely THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's position. God is just as able to bestow the gift of tongues to us as he was at Pentecost; but we want to be sure that it is the divine gift and not a counterfeit, sent to delude and mislead.

J. M., Jersey City, N. J. Versatility is no doubt a fine thing in art and literature, indeed it may be ranked as a virtue; but in morals and religion it is a doubtful asset. I read lately that at the British Congregational Union's autumn session, Dr. Reginald Campbell and Dr. Forsyth (who lately had a tilt on theology) were both on the platform. During his address, Dr. Campbell used these words, which I assume to be correctly reported, "The Christ is the central factor of my spiritual life. I worship him; he is the centre of my life; I trust my sinful soul to him forever." These are words of faith and were so accepted by Dr. Forsyth and the entire audience, who cheered loudly. But the other day, Dr. Campbell, preaching in a New York church gave a radically different view. How do you reconcile these two different views?

We don't try to reconcile them, as Campbell may not be correctly reported. We prefer to wait for something more authentic than newspaper reports, which are liable to err in theological matters. It is well to give him an opportunity for a full hearing on his "New Theology." His full message will no doubt enlighten people as to what his views really are.

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. E. K. E., Buffalo, N. Y. There may be good reasons why a pastor cannot be too busy to preach every Sunday. We should not be too quick to judge by appearances.

R. S. J., Brighton, Mich. Attorney David Paine, 31 Nassau Street, New York, gives this answer to your query: "Under the facts here given, there seems no bar to your taking out second papers notwithstanding. You may file later than June 29, 1913, however, to amend when you apply for second papers, have with you two witnesses, both citizens, who have known you five years and who can swear that you have resided in the United States for that period. The cost is four dollars."

E. M., Millington, Mich. What you write of the Catholic Church is no doubt quite true. In many parts of the world it has encouraged idolatry. It has been guilty of great excesses and has made many martyrs for conscience' sake. But we must not forget that it is still a Christian Church in the sense that it believes in Christ as the Son of God. There are so many faults in ourselves that we need not feel criticism that we should hesitate before judging or condemning others.

E. M., Conway, S. C. Jesus was "in all things as we are, yet without sin." He was human as well as divine, mortal in the fleshly sense as well as immortal and eternal; subject to the same temptations and trials as we are, subject to cold and hunger, to trial and temptation, to sorrow and joy. We cannot go beyond the record; but surely the record is enough, for no one was ever so tried and tempted. We do not agree with you that to show our sinfulness impairs the completeness of his work and the efficacy of his sacrifice. He stood as a model for us of what man should aspire to be. He demonstrated that a pure life of service, based upon absolute faith in God, could accomplish all things; he repeatedly asserted this to his disciples who, after his ascension, emulated his example as the best of human beings could do so, in giving themselves wholly over to God on faith, even joyfully yielding up their lives. He showed by his own words that he voluntarily laid down his life and could take it up again, and added, "No man taketh it from me." If there had been one flaw in the perfection of the model, one incomplete act in the sacrifice, that incompleteness would have marred the whole.



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## Martin Luther

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A bold, vigorous and masterful life of Luther, in which the main emphasis is laid upon the extraordinary great human interest of Luther's life and character. The best and most satisfactory picture yet drawn of the stern old monk whose religion against the church of Rome changed the history of the world.

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## Killed Testing an Aeroplane

PROFESSOR JOHN J. MONTGOMERY of Santa Clara College, California, a well known educator and inventor, was killed in the foot-hills near the little town of Livergreen, Calif., on November 1, while making a flight in an aeroplane of his own invention.

Professor Montgomery claimed to be the discoverer of the generally accepted form of the biplane and that prior to the advent of the Wright brothers he announced to Santa Clara College, where he was a member of the faculty, that he believed he had solved the problem of sustained flight. Almost immediately thereafter, he gave successful public demonstrations of his flying machine, which was propelled by a motor but by wings employed much the same as a bird employs its wings in flying.

Professor Montgomery always deprecated the wild speed of aviators and warned them that they were not making scientific progress by either spiraling to great height or flying at great speed. Professor Montgomery, who was fifty years old, was one of the leading authorities in electricity and chemistry, and by his teaching, writings and inventions had made his name widely known and had brought fame to his alma mater.

## The Triumph of Dry Farming

[N WRITING in the *Herald of Home Missions*, Rev. Josiah McClain gives an interesting article on the progress of dry farming in the desert sections of some of the Western States. He says: "The work of dry farming, a new departure, ten years old, is attracting great attention. Eight hundred thousand acres of desert land under dry farming yielded a crop of wheat, oats and barley this year. For ten years the wheat crop on the dry farms has averaged twenty-three bushels per acre. This comes from the lands once regarded as absolutely worthless. But the secret of dry farming has been discovered, which is this: the farmer tills, fallows and mulches his land, so that the precipitation for the entire year is retained in the soil instead of being allowed to evaporate. Then hardy varieties of grain must be selected which will burrow deep enough into the soil to utilize this stored moisture. One million seven hundred thousand acres of desert land adapted to dry farming are now opened to entry in Utah. Each man is, under certain conditions, allowed 320 acres. We have eight hundred thousand acres of desert land producing wheat, oats and barley under dry farming methods, where no water can be obtained save from the snow and rain in the winter and spring."

## The Queen of the Swazis

THE present queen of the Swazi (Southeast African) nation is Ndhlovakazi, a woman of vast physical proportions, of mature years, and well versed in the wisdom natural to the heathen African. She professes to be friendly to Christianity, welcomes speech on sacred matters, and bows reverently in prayer. All this strongly reminds one of the attitude of King Mtesa for a long time after Stanley so romantically entered Uganda. A Christian schoolmaster every Sunday morning goes to remind the Swazi queen that it is the Sabbath Day, saying, "Queen, you must not send the people to the gardens, for it is the Lord's Day." And she is often seen at the services. On her own royal kraal there are twenty souls who weekly seek guidance and encouragement in class-meeting, and within a twenty-mile radius of the royal village there are two hundred persons meeting in class.

# We Get a Slap

The big coffee trust, made up of Brazilian growers and American importers, has been trying various tactics to boost the price of coffee and get more money from the people.

Always the man who is trying to dig extra money out of the public pocket, on a combination, hates the man who blocks the game.

Now comes a plaintive bleat from the "exasperated" ones.

The *Journal of Commerce* lately said: "A stirring circular has just been issued to the coffee trade." The article further says:

"The coffee world is discussing what is to be the future of coffee as a result of the campaign of miseducation carried on by the cereal coffee people. We have before us a letter from one of the largest roasters in the South asking what can be done to counteract the work of the enemies of coffee.

"The matter should have been taken up by the Brazilian Gov't when they were completing their beautiful valorization scheme."

Then the article proceeds to denounce Postum and works into a fine frenzy, because we have published facts regarding the effect of coffee on some people.

The harrowing tale goes on.

"Where a few years ago everybody drank coffee, several cups a day, now we find in every walk in life people who imagine they cannot drink it. (The underscoring is ours.) Burly blacksmiths, carpenters, laborers and athletes have discontinued or cut down the use of coffee. As there is not a person who reads this and will not be able to find the same conditions existing among his own circle of acquaintances, is it not well for the Brazilians to sit up and take notice?"

**Isn't it curious** these "burly" strong men should pick out coffee to "imagine" about? Why not "imagine" that regular doses of whiskey are harmful, or daily slugs of morphine?"

If "imagination" makes the caffeine in coffee clog the liver, depress the heart and steadily tear down the nervous system, bringing on one or more of the dozens of types of diseases which follow broken-down nervous systems, many people don't know it.

But it remained for the man who has coffee, morphine or whiskey to sell, to have the supreme nerve to say: "You only imagine your disorders. Keep on buying from me."

Let us continue to quote from his article.

"Notwithstanding the enormous increase in population during the past three years, coffee shows an appalling decrease in consumption."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then follows a tiresome lot of statistics which wind up by showing a decrease of consumption in two years of, in round figures, two hundred million pounds.

Here we see the cause for the attacks on us and the Brazilian sneers at Americans who prefer to use a healthful, home-made breakfast drink and incidentally keep the money in America, rather than send the millions to Brazil and pay for an article that chemists class among the drugs and not among the foods.

Will the reader please remember, we never announce that coffee "hurts all people."

Some persons seem to have excess vitality enough to use coffee, tobacco and whiskey for years and apparently be none the worse, but the number is small, and when a sensible man or woman finds an article acts harmfully they exercise some degree of intelligence by dropping it.

We quote again from the article: "These figures are paralyzing but correct, being taken from Leech's

statistics, recognized as the most reliable."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is one of the highest compliments ever paid to the level-headed, common sense of Americans who cut off about two hundred million pounds of coffee when they found by actual experiment (in the majority of cases) that the subtle drug caffeine, in coffee, worked discomfort and varying forms of disease.

Some people haven't the character to stop a habit when they know it is killing them, but it is easy to shift from coffee to Postum, for, when made according to directions, it comes to table a cup of beverage, seal brown color, which turns to rich golden brown when cream is added, and the taste is very like the milder grades of Old Gov't Java.

Postum is a veritable food-drink and highly nourishing, containing all the parts of wheat carefully prepared to which is added about 10 per cent of New Orleans molasses, and that is absolutely all that Postum is made of.

Thousands of visitors to the pure food factories see the ingredients and how prepared. Every nook and corner is open for every visitor to carefully inspect. Crowds come daily and seem to enjoy it.

## "There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Michigan









The main Welch plant at Westfield, N. Y.

*Because we make Welch's so good  
we have to make twice as much of it*

In Collier's of September 2d, WELCH'S was the only grape juice listed under the heading  
"Here are foods that are pure"

By purchasing, at receiver's sale, the Walker Grape Juice plant at North East, Pa., we double our present manufacturing capacity and meet the largely increased demand for

# Welch's

*The National Drink*  
**Grape Juice**

The Walker Grape Juice plant was built two years ago. It is thoroughly modern, constructed of reinforced concrete. Its output—Walker's Grape Juice—was widely advertised and widely distributed last year.

Our purchase included the land, buildings, machinery and corporate franchises of the company, at receiver's sale. We took over no grape juice.

With the necessary changes and the installation of some new machinery to make the plant conform to our process it is now a WELCH factory.

This new plant is just sixteen miles from Westfield, where our general offices are located, and where our main plant is operated. Westfield is in the heart of the Chautauqua grape belt, in which the Concord reaches its highest state of perfection. North East is just near enough to enable us to run both plants upon our plan of handling and pressing the grapes within a few hours after they leave the vines.

The Concord grapes this year were magnificent. Our policy of paying a bonus above the market price for our choice of the best grapes, brought to us, fresh from the vineyards, the very pick of the crop; our own process of washing, stemming, pressing and bottling immediately gives to our customers the pure juice of the richest Concord—always fresh—always delightful, with the aroma of the full-ripe grape.

WELCH'S is sold everywhere. Practically all druggists and grocers have it constantly in stock. It is served at all good fountains. Insist on WELCH'S.

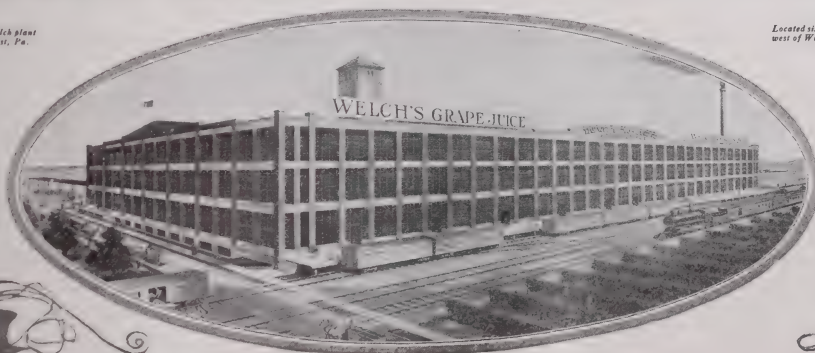
Keep a case in the house for punches, sherbets, desserts, etc. Always serve WELCH'S cold. Write us for our free booklet of recipes, telling of many dainty desserts and delicious drinks you can make.

Four-ounce sample bottle by mail, 10c. If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer we will send a trial dozen pints express prepaid east of Omaha for \$3.

*Do more than ask for grape juice—ask for Welch's—and get it.*

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To-day



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To Write  
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# Christian Herald

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Thanksgiving

Number



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER



# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

M. R. F., Indianapolis, Ind. Please explain Rom. 10: 2.

The apostle here referred to the fact that though his people were well-meaning and earnest, they were still spiritually blind. Their zeal was therefore misdirected, since they had rejected Christ and had set up their own righteousness as all-sufficient, believing that they could not serve God acceptably except through the works of the law. This was the peculiar sin of Israel, on account of which it could not attain to true righteousness and redemption.

A. C. H., Portville, N. Y. What is the explanation of Eccles. 10: 2?

The right hand is more expert than the left, and the godly wise man is more on his guard than the heedless sinner, even though he may make an occasional slip. In such a man, the heart—or the moving principle of life—is proverbially said to be in the right place, and consequently will lead him right, being inspired with the spirit of righteousness. The "fool's heart is at his left," means that he is governed by impulse or emotion, and not by right understanding. Of course, the saying is a figurative one, and has no reference to the location of the heart at the right or left side of the body.

A. E. P., Schuyler, Neb. What is the meaning of Luke 14: 26?

In this passage our Lord asserts his claim to supreme affection. In taking up one's cross to follow him, we must be prepared for trials for his sake, and to break even the nearest and dearest ties, if need be. It may come to choosing between Christ and our nearest relations. Compare Matt. 10: 37 with the passage in Luke 14. "Hate" is not the preferable word, as the passage in Matthew shows. The real meaning is that we are to love him better than all else, and that this love must assert itself loyally at the crisis, no matter what it may cost us.

J. L. H., Paean, Va. 1. Is it right to beg and persuade any one to be a Christian? 2. Please explain Matt. 12: 36, 37, also Matt. 22: 32. 3. What did Jesus mean by saying God was not the God of the dead but the living?

1. Yes, absolutely right; indeed, if we do not spread the Gospel by word and deed, we are criminally remiss and will have to answer hereafter for wasting our opportunities to win souls for Christ. You may remember the beautiful passage in Daniel 12: 3 about the soul-winner shining "as the stars for ever and ever." 2. This was a warning against heedless, frivolous talk, and those thoughtless words which, uttered without premeditation but recklessly, often do infinite harm. For instance, mocking at religion, or at virtue, or indulging in exaggeration or profanity or gossip that may merge into slander. All of these, besides being a sinful waste of time, are evil in themselves and will have to be accounted for. They proceed from the heart and are an index of its character and condition. 3. "Not the God of the dead but of the living" is interpreted as meaning that in his view or estimation, all live unto him (see Lev. 20: 28). Here, however, there is a distinction which points to those who are accounted worthy to attain eternal life, as being specially meant. If the Lord's patriarchal servants had no existence at the time when Christ spoke of them, then it would have been fitting to call him the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But he was still their God and had prepared a place for them (see Heb. 11: 16), and as if to destroy all doubt on this point, Jesus himself (in Matt. 8: 11) makes a clear and unequivocal declaration on the subject. Some of your other questions are purely speculative.

J. R., Leland, Ill. With what metal are the sides of steamships covered? How thick is it, and how is it fastened on?

Modern steamships are built of steel plates varying in thickness from a quarter of an inch to about an inch and a half. These plates are fastened with rivets to the steel ribs of the hull of the vessel.

E. A. S., Provincetown, Mass. Please explain Ps. 37: 24 and Micah 7: 8.

This is an answer to the objection often raised that one sees the godly brought low in the world, for it assures us that God will not let him remain so, but will raise him up again. Through his own weakness, the believer may slip and fall; but the good work having begun in his heart, the Lord will "perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1: 6). The

passage in Micah is of the same character. The great enemy is continually at war with the believer; but God fights on the side of righteousness, and is ever ready to reach out his hand to save those who have faith in him and look to him for succor.

J. McG., Brooklyn, N. Y. Is Christianity Judaism with its hopes fulfilled?

In a sense it may be so claimed, since it came to us through Jewish sources. Judaism is the old, dead formalism, with its hopes and expectations still unrealized, while Christianity is the new revelation produced by the advent of the Messiah and his acceptance by nearly 500,000,000 of the earth's population now living and an

almost innumerable multitude since the Saviour appeared. There is at the present time an estimated population of less than 12,000,000 Jews on the globe—the smallest, numerically, of any of the great religious systems.

E. C. C., Maynard, N. Y. 1. Will we rise bodily on the judgment day? 2. Will a true Christian after death see Christ and the angels of God? Will we see all our friends who have gone to heaven before us?

1. See this whole subject fully set forth in I. Cor. 15th chapter. A vast amount of philosophic conjecture has been expended and many books have been written about it, but the

fact remains that nowhere is it more clearly and comprehensively stated than in this chapter. The belief in the resurrection of the human body has apparently been fortified by the well-known passage in Job 19: 26, which in the old version was mistranslated, but is corrected in the Revised to read "yet without my flesh shall I see God." All the evidences go to show that while the body to be raised shall be such as to preserve identity, it will be a purified, changed and spiritualized body, with the grosser material elements removed or so transformed as to render them fit for heaven and immortality. It shall become a glorified body like unto that of Christ. (See I. Cor. 15: 49; Rom. 8: 9; Phil. 3: 21.) The bodies of those who are alive at the last day will undergo a similar miraculous purifying transformation without death (see II. Cor. 5: 4; I. Thess. 4: 15; Phil. 3: 21). 2. Yes. We have Scriptural evidence to justify the belief that we shall be able to recognize our friends and loved ones in heaven, and that the redeemed will know each other (see II. Sam. 12: 23; Luke 16: 23; Rev. 6: 9, 10; I. Thess. 4: 13-18; Heb. 13: 17; Matt. 8: 11; Eph. 3: 15; and other passages). That Jesus himself will be known to believers is made clear to us in his own words in John 14: 2, 3.

J. S. L., Minerville, Calif. We have a Sabbath School about five weeks old, and I think the first since 1849 or 1850. I am teacher of the Bible class. Last Sabbath, I was asked the question: "What did Jesus mean when he said: 'As the serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up?'"

Jesus' death on the cross was an uplifting, and in this sense it is compared to the uplifting of the brazen serpent. In both cases the remedy is divinely provided and there is a striking similarity: As death came to the Israelites in the wilderness by the serpent's sting and life came by the uplifting of a serpent, so, in redemption, by man came death, and by the death of the God-man in the likeness of sinful flesh came life eternal. In the first instance the cure was effected by directing the eye to the uplifted serpent; in the other, it takes place when the eye of faith is fixed upon the uplifted Christ. The reason for this is given in verse 16.

C. P. E., Syracuse, N. Y. In the Lord's Prayer why do we ask God to "lead us not into temptation," when in I. James we read that "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man?"

A better rendering and one more fully in accordance with the spirit and meaning of the passage is "suffer us not to be led into temptation." The petition as it stands is simply a humble expression of self-distrust and shrinking from danger; it is a prayer against yielding to temptation and is equivalent to asking for support and deliverance when we are tempted. Our Lord himself taught his disciples to pray against this danger, when he said in the garden, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. W. H., Ravdon, Can. See answer to W. J. W. C., Santa Maria, Calif.

E. P., Atlanta, Ga. The passage mentioned is not in the Bible.

H. B., Bellefonte, Mo. There is nothing in the Bible to support the Yogi doctrine, "Spiritual rebirth," as taught in the Gospels, is wholly different. Read the story of Nicodemus.

W. J. W. C., Santa Maria, Calif. The "evening and the morning were the first day," is simply the old Jewish method of reckoning the complete day, from sunset to sunset. Creation is too large a subject to discuss in THE MAIL-BAG.

O. E. U., Newark, Ill. While what you say about the condition of sinful man is unquestionably true, there is another side to the picture. Those who have been transformed by grace and are journeying heavenward have no excuse for pessimism. A gloomy Christian, therefore, is an anomaly. As for human logic, why, you can prove anything you please by means of it; but even logic cannot alter facts. We have known Christians who were poor, old, feeble and almost friendless, yet who were happy in spirit, sunny in temperament, kindly in disposition and supremely blessed in their abounding faith in God's love and mercy. They did what they could for others as they journeyed on, and left all the rest, including worries, burdens, and troubles such as those you write of, far behind them.

## The Vision in the Cabin

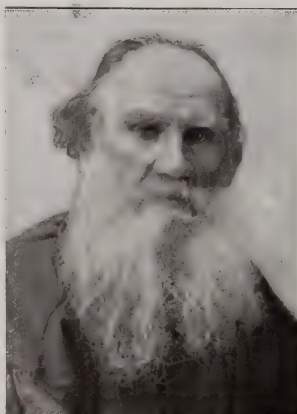
IN ONE of his beautiful stories, Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, tells of a poor peasant who was a devout Christian. He was a man of kind heart and gentle disposition; a hard worker and one who had suffered many buffetings from misfortune, but who still, even with his scant means, found opportunities to do good. The peasant had a vision. It seemed to him that the figure of the Saviour came to him while he slept, and told him that he would come to his poor cabin the next day. When the peasant awoke he vividly remembered the dream. His heart burned within him, for he felt certain that it would come to pass and that

his coat about her, sent her away stronger and happier.

DAY wore on towards late afternoon, and in the growing dusk, he perceived a child lying prone on the street, overcome by the storm. The peasant ran out, gathered the little one, cold and unconscious, up in his wide blouse and took him in. It was a long struggle to revive the half-frozen child, but at last he succeeded. With a small pan of warm milk and the remnants of his loaf of bread, he fed this little sufferer until the child fell asleep, smiling and contented, in the settle before the blazing logs.

"Ah!" sighed the peasant, as he looked out of the window to the street, "the Master! the Master! the Master! he would come, and it is nearly night."

HE sat down by the fire and gazed long at the happy face of the sleeping child. In his heart there was at once a great sorrow and a deep sympathy. Presently he fell into a doze. Suddenly the room seemed to lighten about him. A mild radiance illumined it which did not emanate from the dying embers in the fireplace. Looking up, he saw that he was not



The Late Count Leo Tolstoy

alone with the sleeping child. There stood the Master, white-robed and gazing down upon him with a smile.

"Ah, Master!" he said through half-open lips, "I have waited and watched the long day, blessed Master; but thou didst not come, and now 'tis night."

SO HE watched from his window, hour by hour. The village street was well-nigh deserted. Presently he saw a peddler, half frozen and numb, struggling under his pack, fighting the stinging blast. Seeing the man about to fall, the peasant flung open the door and was just in time to catch the tottering figure. He pulled the peddler into the cabin, set him by the fire, warmed him back to life and fed him with the cabbage soup; then, when he was fully restored and refreshed, he set him on his way again. Next, a poor woman—a bedraggled creature—awoke his sympathetic heart. Her, too, he took in and warmed and fed, and dried her tattered garments and, wrapping



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1911

# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Senator Lodge and His Daughter



The Capitol, Washington, D. C.



Senator and Mrs. Guggenheim



## MAKING READY FOR CONGRESS

By WALDON FAWCETT

THERE is not a householder in the country who "cleans house" more thoroughly each autumn than does Uncle Sam in his role of steward of the Capitol building at Washington. There is this difference, however, that in the case of the officials in charge of the great white-domed building on Capitol Hill, the housecleaning extends not merely over weeks, but months. No sooner has one session of Congress adjourned than a small army of renovators, repairers and reconstructionists invades the building to set things in order for the next period of making.

It is expected that the approaching session of Congress will be a long and exceptionally busy one. Energetic efforts have been made to have everything in apple-pie order for the coming of the lawmakers. The session preceding a Presidential campaign is always one of unusual activity, particularly in the line of oratory, and as the tariff will be a leading topic at the ensuing session, a strenuous season may be anticipated. The officials at the Capitol look for a session that will continue until July 1, 1912, and have laid in supplies accordingly.

Several of the committee rooms have been refurbished and redecorated. The introduction of vacuum cleaning has greatly lightened the work in contrast with the days when thousands of square yards of carpet had to be taken up and put down again every summer. Many legislators will find new sanitary shelving in their rooms. The most conspicuous improvement is in the restaurants. None of the legislators go home at the noon recess and a considerable number take the evening meal at the Capitol, while some few occasionally sleep on the couches in

their offices and are consequently on hand for breakfast. Changes made during the past six months will enlarge the restaurant space and facilities, not only in the Capitol proper, but in the adjacent Senate and House office buildings, and will provide several private dining-rooms where members may entertain parties of fellow-legislators. Finally, each branch of Congress will henceforth enjoy the luxury of an up-to-date dairy lunch, so that in the opportunities for rapid refreshment the members and their assistants will be on a par with our busy business men in the centres of trade.

During the past year, the monster power-plant, which is located some distance from the Capitol, and which is to furnish light, heat and power for that building, the offices and the Library of Congress has been completed and placed in operation. This new arrangement eliminates dirt and danger from fire. It will also render available a good deal of much-needed storage space. There being no further need of boilers and machinery in the Capitol basement, this obsolete equipment is being removed and the space will be used for storage. An experimental installation has been made of a powerful pneumatic tube system, designed for the quick transfer of books, public documents, and bulky pieces of mail. This tube connects the Capitol with the Representatives' office building, and if it proves a success, it will probably become one link in a chain that will connect all the Department buildings in Washington with the Capitol, the Government Printing Office, and the

post office through which Congressional mail is dispatched.

Another improvement this season at the Capitol is the installation of a new ventilating and refrigerating system, which is now under way. The new system will perform a variety of functions, even having "units" in the kitchens; but its main purpose is to afford better ventilation in the legislative chambers, which have no outside windows, but are lighted by skylights. By the new system the air will be changed frequently, without causing draughts. In the Senate chamber the ventilating system will have a "reversible" operation; the bad air may be drawn out, and then, by the simple turn of a lever, fresh air will be forced in.

Some time ago, the lower House virtually decided that its present meeting-place was too large to permit of speakers being heard to advantage. It was proposed to take out the members' desks, and by placing the chairs closer together, so economize in space that the size of the room could be cut down fully one-third. Congress appropriated money for the reconstruction, but left it to a commission; but suddenly there came a new turn of affairs which upset all calculations. This new factor was the Congressional reapportionment, which will increase the membership of the House to four hundred and thirty-three. Now it is apparent that the smaller legislative chamber, proposed under the new plan, would barely accommodate the prospective increase in membership, and might prove inadequate if there was another increase as a result of the next national census. Many Congressmen now feel that it would

*Continued on page 1204*



Senator Curtis and the Famous Kansas Delegation



Speaker Champ Clark



Representative Sulloway, the Tallest Member of Congress



# The Rich Man and The Poor Man



# A Thanksgiving Sermon

By Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

Pastor, Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan. TEXT: "Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever." Ps. 145:2.

## A PARABLE

ONCE on a time there were two men who lived in the same place, side by side—one rich and the other poor. Each of these men lived a complaining life. Neither was happy. Neither was ever known to give thanks for anything.

### The Rich Man

The rich man daily said to himself: "Who could be more miserable than I? In the first place, I live a life which is envied by others who do not know my circumstances. Every one I meet casts at me the evil eye, thinking that I am blessed above my fellows, simply because I have money. More than that, I am hated by the great majority of the poor simply because I am rich. In addition to that, I am surfeited. My money has made possible for me all kinds of luxuries. I have tested all sorts of amusements. I have traveled everywhere. I have in my possession every sort of curiosity in the way of valuables, curios and collections of art. There is nothing new under the sun for me. In addition to this, I am worn out in the constant struggle to maintain my position and make more of the lot of all rich men. There is no place for me to stop if I would maintain myself in the great struggle of the rich against the rich. In addition to this, my life is burdened with a multitude of beggars. My correspondence is loaded with appeals from the ends of the earth, from all sorts of people, worthy and unworthy. This burden has become intolerable and I have finally shifted it off upon the shoulders of a number of secretaries. Added to this is the fact that I am not well. My pleasures have not brought me health, but rather illness, and I suffer from a number of chronic complaints which make life unbearable. But the crowning source of my unhappiness lies in my domestic troubles. My wife has secured a separation from me. One of my daughters has married a nobleman, has quarreled with him, and is now seeking a divorce. My oldest son now leads a dissipated, useless life. My youngest boy is vicious and a spendthrift in his habits. Of all unhappy men I am the unhappiest, on account of the fact that I have really no home."

### The Poor Man

In like manner also the poor man daily made his complaint over his hard lot. He said: "It is a daily struggle with me to meet my honest obligations. I can never earn enough to pay off the little mortgage on my home. The daily wages which are paid me are so small in contrast with the high cost of living that if I were to lose a week out of my working life, it would take me months to catch up again. I live a life of ceaseless toil. My children are poorly dressed. They are objects of scorn on the street and in the schoolroom. I have no standing in society, but am simply one of the great mass of common toilers. There is no hope in my life. I have no spirit for travel, no vacations such as rich men have, no variety by way of absence from the common tools I am obliged to handle. In other words, I live a hopeless, unhappy existence, because I am so poor."

### The Angel

An angel of the Lord, whose business it was to visit from time to time such men as these, both rich and poor, suddenly revealed himself one day to the rich man as he was brood-

ing over his unhappiness, and said to him: "I have a message from the Almighty, that you have left of your earthly life one year more. In that year it is permitted you to find out the secret of a happy life; and I am permitted to say to you, by Him who is my Lord and King, that the first thing you must do is to become conscious of the fact that you are a redeemed soul, made in the image of God and saved eternally by the life and sacrifice of Christ. If you become conscious of this redemption you will at once begin to live an entirely new and happy life." With these words the angel vanished out of his astonished sight.

The same day this angel paid a visit to the poor man, the rich man's neighbor, and repeated the same message, leaving the poor man in astonished bewilderment at the message from on high.

### The Change in the Rich Man

Then the rich man realized that he had one brief year of life, and began to contemplate the great fact of his redemption; and when it burst upon him in all its beauty, he rose from his place of complaint to live a new life in the year which remained to him;

and at once he began to find things for which to be thankful. His eyes were opened to the vision of what money can do if used for the relief of suffering hands. He went forth from his seclusion complaining to scatter the blessings which so times nothing but wealth can give, and at once there came into his life a great multitude of friends. The poor blessed him as he went his way. The lifted up their hands in prayer in the hospital where he had builded. The distressed and uncared-for thought of him as they waked in the morning some quiet place of refuge. Before the year ended he had thought of his neighbor, this poor man, and had given him the blessing of a needed rest with his family, and had in a quiet, unadvertised way relieved him of some of his sharpest needs. And when the end of the year was drawing near, no man in all the world was more thankful than this rich man, because he had caught the vision of redemption.

### The Change in the Poor Man

In like manner the poor man, as he dwelt on the great fact of redemption through Christ, began to count up his necessities. He recalled the fact that it was well. He had never been obliged to cease work on account of sickness. He called to mind the fact that his wife and children were also well and strong and that they loved him devotedly. He was reminded of the fact that in spite of his poverty, he could enjoy the commonplace things of the world into which he was born. He was not harassed by the cares of great wealth or the administrative of a great business. He had many friends who surely had loved him on account of his weakness but had been true to him in all his troubles; and so he also, as the poor man, was able to come to the end of his one year, daily giving thanks to God on account of his great redemption, which was the crowning thing in all his life—so great that it made everything else shine with glory. Thus these two men, the rich and poor, were taught by the angel's mercy the real reason for thanksgiving in each life; and from a life of complaint and unhappiness were transformed into a life of every praise.

The first essential for a thankful life is a consciousness of a redeemed life. No man can bless God every day or contain this spirit of thanksgiving unless first of all he is himself conscious of his own personal redemption. The possession of wealth or the absence of it has no meaning when it comes to thanksgiving. In fact, it is probably literally true that between the two, the rich and the poor, there are more unhappy, thankless rich people than poor people. Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor," in Luke's Gospel; he did not add the words which we find in the Beatitudes, "in spirit," but distinctly and positively said that the "poor" were happy or could be. But it is significant that he never said anything of the same kind about the rich. In other words, the possession of things is the last reason in human lives for thanksgiving. It is in a majority of cases probably a hindrance to the soul in getting into close contact with God and living a thankful life.

### The Outward and the Inward

There is much said these days concerning the necessity for changing the environment of people. Many

## THE TOILER'S THANKSGIVING

By Rose C. Webb



OFORTUNATE man! Thou who must work To earn thy bread, who canst not shirk, Nor pass in idleness one hour, But hast the needed strength and power To press straight on, to fight thy way, And prove a victor in the fray,

While many a man of countless wealth Would give all for thy priceless health; Would envy e'en thy peaceful sleep, Which tortured mind and body keep

Far from him. And when morning breaks, And every living thing awakes To take its place in God's great plan,

'Tis then that thou, O toiling man, Shouldst lift to God a thankful heart, That thou dost have so great a part!

And if a little home be thine, Where twinkling lights their welcome shine, Where wife and children wait to greet

Their dearest one with rapture sweet, Then, friend, to me thy humblest meal Would be a feast; then would I feel

Once more the warmth and happy glow That lived and died so long ago, When passed from earth to realms above

My treasures all, my home and love.

Be thankful, friend! for with the best

And choicest gifts thou'rt surely blest.

Though hard and grimy be thy toil,

Thy heart nor life it need not soil.

And on this glad Thanksgiving Day,

Oh, fail not from thy heart to say:

"Dear Lord, for all thy gifts to me,

I lift my heart in praise to Thee;

For food and raiment, and for health,

More precious far than fame or wealth;

For home and friends; for loved ones near,

To comfort, sympathize and cheer;

For faith, that bids me do my best,

And leave in Thy dear hands the rest;

That lightens e'en the darkest day,

And brightens all my homeward way.

When night-time comes, oh gift most blest!

The sweetness of the toiler's rest!"





## COUNTLESS BLESSINGS

SOME things there are we cannot count—  
The stars, the sands upon the shore,  
The grain that made the golden sheaves,  
The leaves upon the forest floor,  
Through naked boughs we see the sky,  
We walk beneath the autumn sun,  
And lift our praise to One on high  
Whose gifts our measure overrun.

The happy times we've had at home,  
The day that saw the baby's birth,  
The mornings full of eager tasks,  
The evenings, sweet with household mirth,  
We thank our Father for the grace  
That makes the daily burdens light,  
For little things that pleasure us,  
For steadfast courage to be right.

But most we thank the love that kept  
A watch above us night and day;  
In trouble sent an angel band  
About our faltering steps to stay;  
Against the tempter armed our souls,  
And helped us onward in the road,  
By which the ransomed of the Lord  
Are safely led to Love's abode.

We thank our Lord for kith and kin,  
We thank Him for our own free land;  
For mighty harvests gathered in,  
For every open heart and hand,  
But most we thank Him for Himself;  
Beyond all gifts the Giver is,  
We lift to-day our joyful song  
That Christ is ours and we are His.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## Oddities in Public Speaking

TO THE close observer, there is no more interesting study than is to be found in the wide variety of mannerism, method and voice among our public speakers. Spurgeon, who was gifted with a keen eye as well as a ready wit, made a special study of pulpit voices. He wrote:

"By far the large majority of our preachers have a 'holly tone' for Sundays. They have one voice for the parlor and the bedroom, and quite another tone for the pulpit; so that, if not double-tongued sinfully, they certainly are so literally. The moment some men enter the pulpit, they no longer speak as men, but a whine, a broken hum-haw, an 'ore rotundo,' or some other graceless mode of noise-making, is adopted, to prevent all suspicion of being natural and speaking out of the abundance of the heart. There are two or three modes of speech which I dare say you will recognize as having frequently heard. That dignified, doctored, inflated, bombastic style, which I have just now called the 'ore rotundo,' is still admired by some. There is another style, a method of enunciation said to be very lady-like, mincing, delicate, servant-girlified, dawdling. We have, most of us, had the felicity of hearing these, or some others, of the extensive genus of falsettos, high-stilts, and affectations. I have heard many different varieties, from the fulness of the Johnsonian to the thinness of the little genteel whisper; from the roaring of the bulls of Bashan up to the chip, chip, chip of a chaffinch. Understand that where even these horrors of sound are natural, I do not condemn them—let every creature speak in its own tongue; but the fact is, that in nine cases out of ten, these sacred brogues are unnatural and strained.

"A sharp discordant squeak, like a rusty pair of scissors, is to be got rid of at all hazards; so also is a thick, inarticulate utterance in which no word is complete, but nouns, adjectives and verbs are made into a kind of hash. Equally objectionable is that ghostly speech in which a man talks without using his lips, ventriloquizing most horribly. One of the surest ways to kill yourself is to speak from the throat instead of the mouth. Avoid the use of the nose as an organ of speech, for the best authorities are agreed that it is intended to smell with. Speak as educated nature suggests to you, and you will do well; but let it be educated, and not raw, rude, uncultivated nature. Demosthenes took, as you know, unbounded pains with his voice, and Cicero, who was naturally weak, made a long journey into Greece to correct his manner of speaking."

# Once a Year, Thanksgiving

By EUGENE THWING

ONCE a year Thanksgiving! Prosperous business and good crops, pleasant homes and genial friends, fair weather, luxury, comfort, ease—all the delights commonly called blessings—for these the annual thanksgiving is uttered in words and in music by multitudes of complacent voices.

All through the year, the days come to us laden with blessings. We gather them gladly, and when their number has multiplied past counting, we devote a single day of the year to giving thanks for all.

Thanksgiving—an outward expression, a compliance with popular custom, a polite acknowledgment of agreeable external conditions—thanksgiving—easily rendered, lightly regarded, easily forgotten—once a year.

Thankfulness—a deep, glowing fire of the heart, a passion that relates itself to the profound things of life, a glad and eager recognition of and response to the wonderful goodness of God. It cannot exist without finding utterance in thanksgiving, nor can it be restricted to days or seasons. A whole year or a lifetime is all too short to satisfy its ever-increasing desire for expression.

"THE wonderful goodness of God." What does the phrase mean in general acceptance as applied to-day? Do not ask the man or the woman who has nothing but sunshine. Ask one who has come through the valley of the shadow; ask one who has come up through much tribulation; ask one who has struggled and fought, who has felt the hot flame of trial; ask one who has beheld the glory of the Cross; ask one who has been exalted to the honor and dignity of sacrifice and service. Among these only can be found real thankfulness, expressing itself in thanksgiving.

Give thanks for all the obvious blessings which have come to be regarded as necessary to happiness; then consider some of the more "wonderful" blessings, not so often recognized, which make for joy rather than for happiness. Difficulties, obstacles, hardships, sorrows—how often are they included in the list of blessings for which thanksgiving is rendered? When did ever a man or a woman do a great thing for humanity and for God without the preparation of difficulties and hardships overcome or sorrows endured?

Who is the "good soldier" but he who can "endure hardness"? Who is the successful business man but the one who has surmounted obstacles? Where is the hero who never knew a trial? How shall we know a friend until tested and proven by adversity? From whom can come the priceless gift of salvation but from the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"? The most wonderful blessings are not found in the bright garden of pleasure, but in the shadows of Gethsemane.

Does the Marathon winner, before he starts on his long endurance race, give thanks for the ease of a Morris chair and the pleasures of a banquet table? The greatest blessings to him have been the hard training and the stern self-sacrifice. The business man who has mastered his difficulties and obstacles and found in them the preparation for large success can look back at them and recognize them as the real blessings of his life, and then, conscious of his gain from them of character, and strength, he looks forward at much larger tasks and "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

THE only thing worth while in life is service to others—a life that will brighten and lift up all it touches. Any trial, any hardship, any victory over difficulties that can give the sweetness and strength for such a life of cheer and helpfulness is a "wonderful" blessing. The soul in need does not appeal to weakness for succor, but for strength, and "we that are strong (in body or in spirit) ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." It is our sweetest and noblest privilege. Shall we not give thanks for any experience that fits us for it?

The grinding and crushing and greed of business life, the burden and the pain in all walks of life, give glorious opportunities to the strengthened, purified, valiant soul. He who came into a sinful and suffering world with miracles of love and healing uttered his most inspiring message when he said: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do." Certainly he spake not to cringing, doubting, selfish, or ease-loving men. His promise, his wonderful legacy, was for those who are willing to gain through pain and struggle his meek and kingly spirit. Is there any more wonderful blessing to be thankful for than such a legacy and the experiences which fit a man or a woman to claim it?

## A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

I Thank Thee  
For the daily task, a little too big and a little too hard for my present ability, and for the daily increase of power that comes to meet it; for the trial that comes to strengthen and purify and not to destroy; for the opportunity to give that makes me richer; for the privilege of service that proves me not worthless in the world; for the unspeakable honor of working with Thee and meeting some need that thou hast of me—which I cannot understand but can believe; for the Friend who walks with me shoulder to shoulder through the valley of the shadow, and then with a glad face and ringing voice grips my hand as we climb together the bright hills of victory; for the loyal and sympathetic friends near and far—thou knowest the number of them—who inspire and help me, and, best of all, who believe in me; for the past, because it is past, and because it was necessary in thy providence, and because it held the beginnings of all things now cherished; for the present, because it is the only time which I can claim with certainty for doing the things that must be done, and because it is full of opportunity and the beginnings of greater and better things; for the future, which, though it is only a hope and purpose, holds bright visions that beckon me on and challenge me to do my best to-day; for Happiness, of which thou hast given me a generous share; but more for Joy, which thou wouldst not limit, as thou wouldst not limit obedient and loving service; for thy provisions, thy providence, and thy promises, and for the certainty gained from experience that thou dost hear and answer the cry of need, and therefore that thou wilt accept the thanksgiving of an eager, grateful heart—dear Lord and Father, I thank Thee.

## LOVE AND MERCY

GLORY to the Father give,  
Glory, glory, glory!  
Through His loving grace we live,  
Glory, glory, glory!  
Ours the hope of sins forgiven,  
Hope for endless joys of heaven,  
Joy and gladness crown our days,  
Let us ever sing His praise.

To God's love and mercy cling,  
Oh how great a treasure!  
Lowliest praises we will sing,  
Who their worth can measure?  
Lost because of sin, we roam  
Far from God and far from home.  
We His love and mercy see  
In the Cross of Calvary.

Gladly we will sing God's love,  
Love and mercy ever;  
He to earth, from heaven above,  
Came, our chains to sever;  
Came, in person of His Son!  
Fought our battles, fought and won,  
Where the thorns once pierced His brow,  
Rests a crown of glory now.  
Passaic, N.J. JOHN R. MORSE.

## Women Warriors

IT IS often said of women that they cannot fight. It is certainly far from pleasant (to the minds of most of us) to think of our mothers and sisters as donning the garb of the soldier and enduring the hard marches and fierce battles of our "mobilized" armies. We love to think of woman as the presiding genius of the well-ordered home; and that her share in the patriot's duty is to stay "by the stuff," as the Scripture phrase is, and to rear the soldiers of the future. That seems to the just mind quite as valuable a service as is that of actually handling the musket and sabre "at the front." But there have been many cases of women who have gone forth, when they felt that their country needed them, to fight beside their brothers.

Every one knows the story of the Amazons; of Zenobia of Palmyra, of Joan of Arc, Boadicea and other heroines of the centuries that lie far behind us; but not so well advertised have been the military achievements of certain brave women, some of whose contemporaries are still living. The Molly Pitcher of our own Revolution had a worthy rival during the Civil War in the person of Mrs. Katy Brownell, who served successively in the First and Fifth Rhode Island regiments, and was several times commended and promoted for faithfulness and efficiency. During the late Spanish War, the beautiful widow of Dr. Rizal created a sensation by assuming command of a regiment of insurgents in the Philippines. Her husband was a Filipino sympathizing with the Americans. For this crime, he had been accused of treason by the Spaniards, and had been shot. His wife decided to devote the rest of her life to the cause for which he died. Her company was composed of picked marksmen, who, within a few weeks after she took command of them, won several engagements. It was said that when the body of Dr. Rizal was delivered to his family, his sister found in his bootleg a stirring ode which he had written in prison, and in which he adjured his countrymen never to forsake the cause of liberty. This ode was printed and distributed among the troops.

In 1827, when little Greece was engaged in a mortal struggle to free herself from the Turkish yoke, her women armed themselves extensively, something which had been done before when a people had been in similar straits. Among these patriotic women was a certain Elene Constantinides, a girl of "electrical beauty" and great enthusiasm. When asked why she had stepped so far outside of the conventional duties of her sex, she replied, "The Turks killed my brother and they have killed many others of my family. I desire to avenge their death; but far deeper than any personal motive lies my love of my native land. The Turks would take the life of Greece even as they have taken that of my brother. I feel that I am solemnly called to do my part in my country's defense."

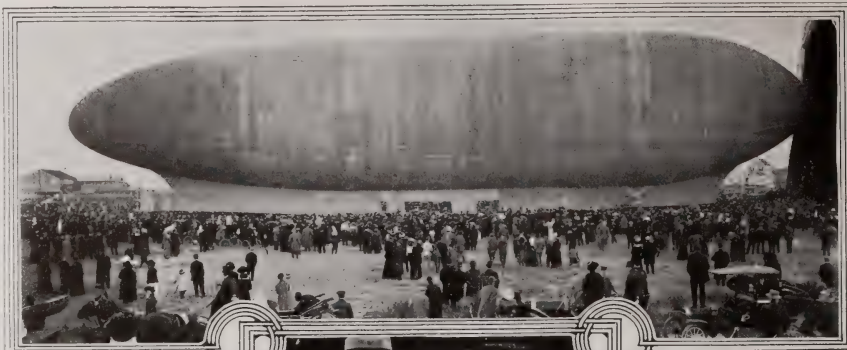


# To Cross the Atlantic by Airship

Crowds Viewing the Great Transatlantic Balloon at Atlantic City

THE preparations to cross the Atlantic Ocean by airship, which Mr. Melvin Vaniman has been carrying on for about a year at Atlantic City, are now nearing completion. A week or so ago, Mr. Vaniman brought out the great dirigible balloon, to which the name *Akron* has been given, for its first trial. Naval and military experts from the United States and Canada had been invited for the occasion and ten thousand people from Atlantic City had gone out to the Inlet to see this, the largest balloon which has ever been constructed in America. The attempt to make a trial flight that day was unsuccessful, however, as it was found that the motors and propellers were not arranged in such a way as to work properly together. One of the big propellers stripped a gear, necessitating the replacing of the ship in her hangar for the day.

The first real trial trip was made on November 4. Mr. Vaniman, with the four men who are to accompany him upon the transatlantic attempt, went up in the big balloon, although they knew she had just sufficient gas to lift them and no more. They had counted upon the gas expanding and becoming more buoyant as the sunlight strengthened, but to their disappointment a cool wind blew up heavy clouds which obscured the sun and caused the gas in the balloon to shrink. The trip ended rather disastrously in the shallow waters of Grassy Bay, inside the treacherous Barkentine Reefs. As soon as it was learned that the airship had grounded a number of volunteers in motorboats started to its assistance, but as the tide was low it was impossible for them to get near it in any other craft except those little flat-bottomed boats used by duck hunters, and which are colloquially known as "sneakers." The United States life-saving power boat *Vigilant* attempted to reach Mr. Vaniman and offer assistance. After a time they were able to get anchors



Melvin Vaniman Explaining Details to an Official

number of the peculiarities of the balloon and had convinced him fully that she is capable of making the transatlantic trip.

Mr. F. A. Seiberling, who is the financial backer of the undertaking, has recently stated that it will be against his judgment if any attempt to make the long flight is made this fall. He believes it would be a very unwise risk, owing to the possibility of meeting a sleet storm, which would immediately condense the gas of the balloon and force her into the water. Mr. Vaniman is still anxious to make the attempt this season, as he feels that the eye of the public is upon him and that it is waiting for him "to make good." As the matter stands at the present time there is no decision as to whether the flight will be made this fall or early in the coming spring.

Rear-Admiral Letzke, commandant of the New York Navy Yard, has been instructed to keep in touch with the aeronaut Vaniman, and to detail two warships to follow in the wake of the airship as far as practicable if the start is made this fall. It is understood that the warships which will trail Vaniman's dirigible will be the scout cruiser *Salem* and one of the torpedo boat destroyers, probably the *Reid*. The *Salem* is commanded by Commander George R. Evans and the *Reid* by Lieutenant Commander John S. Doddridge. The two vessels are among the fastest of their type afloat.

## THE CENTENNIAL OF STEAM ON THE OHIO

WITH a great tooting of whistles, waving of flags, and cheering of thousands of people gathered on the Monongahela wharf at the foot of Wood Street, Pittsburg on October 31 celebrated the centennial of the first steam navigation of the Allegheny, the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers. A replica of the *New Orleans*, the first steam vessel ever floated from Pittsburg to New Orleans, proudly backed out from the wharf and led a long procession of river craft down the Monongahela to the Point and thence up the Allegheny to Pittsburg's Sixth Street bridge, downstream again to the Davis Island dam at Bellevue and back to the starting place.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth was chosen to christen this little boat, which formed the central feature of the celebration. Nicholas Roosevelt, a grandnucle of Mrs. Longworth and uncle of the former President, built the original *New Orleans*, and piloted her on her first trip down the Ohio and the Mississippi to the city for which she was named. That was four years after Robert Fulton had launched the epoch-making *Clermont* on the Hudson.

In spite of the fact that it was a rather unpleasant

day—for though the rain had stopped the air was still filled with chilly mist and more rain threatened to fall every moment—an immense crowd had gathered upon the wharf and nearby points of vantage,

when President Taft arrived aboard the *New Orleans* at half past two. As Mr. Taft walked up the gangplank, Mrs. Longworth officially christened the quaint little steamer with the name of the boat she

was built to represent. The whistles on the boats that had gathered for the celebration then turned loose all the noise that whistles could produce and for ten minutes the President stood waiting for a chance to make himself heard. When at last the din had ceased, Mr. Taft recalled the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first steam navigation in America and lauded the names of Fulton, Roosevelt and Livingston. He spoke of Pittsburg's debt to the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and brought cheers from the crowd when he mentioned the project of the dredging of a nine-foot channel down the Ohio to the Mississippi, which would put that city in direct water communication with the Panama Canal.

Every obtainable craft about Greater Pittsburg was enlisted for the day's event and every river man was anxious to make the celebration a success. The flagship *Virginia* was decorated with bunting and flags and the gold and black colors of the city.



The Decorated River Boats Drawn Up Along the Bank for the Celebration



# MRS. PETER WIGGS' THANKSGIVING PARTY

By Susan M. Griffith

"WELL, Mrs. Wiggs, I reckon there'll be no Thanksgiving in your house or mine, this year," sighed the above lady's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Nathaniel Green, as she entered the pleasant kitchen, settled herself in a convenient chair, and threw her shawl and fascinator over the back of it. "With Mary gone to Japan, and Jerome in California, and Richard off to the ends of the earth in another direction, you won't feel much like feasting and frolicking, I'll warrant; and as for me," wiping her eyes with a corner of her gingham apron, "I can't think of having company or going anywhere since my husband died. I feel as if it would be almost sacrilege to think of such a thing for one minute. Oh, my, my! the sorrows of this world!"

Mrs. Wiggs was sitting in a low rocking chair close beside the clean kitchen table, peeling apples for mince pies. She was a smiling, happy, wholesome looking woman, and her gurgling laugh, which shook her fat sides and brought out the dimples in her fat cheeks, was good to hear.

"Why, what kind of talk is that, Mrs. Green?" she asked, in her comfortable, cheerful voice. "Do you think pa and I are going to stop living because the children have all grown wings and flown away to other parts of the world to make nests for themselves? Tut, tut, nonsense! That's no way to look at things. Have Thanksgiving? I guess we are going to have Thanksgiving, and the very biggest one we've ever had."

"You are? Well, I don't see how in the world you can do it," said Mrs. Green, looking exactly as if she were going to a funeral. "You always set such store by your children, Mrs. Wiggs, Mary especially. Seems like you and Mary were more like twin sisters than mother and daughter. If I were in your place, I'd be crying my eyes out day and night, instead of fixing for Thanksgiving."

"Well, that wouldn't do you any good, would it?" said Mrs. Wiggs, eating a slice of apple with great enjoyment. "And I'm right sure it wouldn't be showing a thankful spirit. Now, it does look to me that Thanksgiving is a special day for giving thanks for the mercies of a whole year, and we ought to keep account of what the good God has given us, and done for us, and bring a remembrance of them before him like a feast of fat things. I believe he loves to have us rejoice and be happy, and it makes a body feel a whole lot better than to sit down alone in a dark room and wet up two or three pocket handkerchiefs with a flood of useless tears."

"Now, let me tell you, Mrs. Green, how it is with me. When Jerome married and went to California, it hurt; of course it hurt; but I said to myself, 'Well, now, it's all for the best. The boy has a chance for a fine position; the big West is full of new life, and the very place for young men like Jerome. They love to see things moving, and they love to help to move them, and I felt proud to know that he is one of the kind that knows how to do it. Then, since he had that attack of pneumonia from which he barely escaped death, his lungs have been weakly, and the doctors and everybody said it would make a new man of him, which it has already. And I laid that up on my memory shelf as a big cause for thanksgiving. Then, when Richard got a chance to go to South Amer-

ica as a civil engineer, I felt dreadfully; it seemed so hard to give him up; but when I got to thinking about it, I knew he would never have obtained the appointment if he hadn't been extra good at his trade, and it really made me proud and satisfied and grateful that I had two such good, industrious, capable sons, that can go ahead and lead men and help in the progress of the world."

"And, then, Rick does send me such long, lovely letters every week, telling me all about the country and his work, and making everything as plain as if I was right along with him; and—well,

Japan, and a good one, Mrs. Green; for Mary is so bright and smart that languages come easy to her, and the way she makes those little Japs love her—oh well, you know! Everybody always gives their hearts to Mary at first sight."

"So they do, bless her, so they do," sobbed Mrs. Green, quite overcome. "I've missed her so in my trouble. If she had been here when my husband died, seems as if I could have borne it better. But she wrote the sweetest letter; you know I read it to you and we both cried over it. I never in the world get tired of reading that letter,

looking out for all the lonely, homeless young men? Why, I got so I used always to set on an extra plate or two Sundays, and he nearly always brought one or two home with him to dinner. So, now, I've got Mr. Wiggs to inquiring around and finding out the very loneliest—a good many are mere boys from the country, you know, and just as homesick as they can be—and we are going to have them in for Thanksgiving dinner too; and the girls—Mary's girls, you know—will help me to serve the dinner and entertain them."

"Well, I do say, Mrs. Wiggs, such a plan actually thrills me all over. I can just imagine, if I was one of those girls, what it would be to me. Why, I do declare, if it doesn't most make me want to do something for somebody myself! What are you going to do for Jerome?"

"Well, you know he was Sunday School superintendent for five years before he went West, and he always gathered in a big harvest for the poor on Thanksgiving. So pa and I are going to carry out his programme just as near as we can. We've been agitating the subject for more than a month, and I guess we are going to have a lot donated. I'd be glad to have you help in this, Mrs. Green. We are going to have a real nice programme along with it, and a kind of an old colonial supper; baked pork and beans, you know, hot rice and Indian bread, pumpkin pie, and doughnuts and seed cakes. Why can't you fix up something and go along? We'd love to have you, and I believe it would do you a whole lot of good."

"Well, I just do believe I will!" said Mrs. Green with sudden energy. "Your talk has been better than a sermon to me. Maybe I ain't done just right; I reckon I have indulged my misery a good deal, and, as you say, I have a lot of things to be thankful for. Yes, I've got a whole lot of clothing the poor may just as well have as not, and I can take in a good heap of potatoes and turnips and cabbage and such. Why, Mrs. Wiggs, sister and I'll both go and help you out all we can. And I can get up a first-rate Thanksgiving dinner myself, if I help try, and I have a good notion to do it. There's Dolly Ann's folks—I do really suppose I'd ought to make them a dinner, as they are too poor to have anything real nice to eat, and they'd be that proud to come. I always have hated to have them, because of the six children, and it's taking such a power of food to fill them up, but I guess I can stand it, as they're his kin-folks and he used to always want them over on a Sunday or holiday, or else send them over a whole mess of good things. Yes, I know it would please him for me to have Dolly Ann and the youngsters, and so I guess I will. And, if I'm going to, I'll have to be going and set about it; no time to waste."

A few moments more, in which the two arranged on certain signals in order to let Mrs. Wiggs know how things were moving, and Mrs. Green went home with a light step and actually a smile on her face.

The two days following were very busy ones, but that did not prevent Mrs. Wiggs from watching the signals from her pantry window. "There's a white one," she said to her husband delightedly. "That means she's got her turkey and chickens all dressed,

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"If I were in your place, I'd be crying my eyes out, instead of fixing for Thanksgiving!"

I just said God knew best about Richard, too, so I put his case up on my memory shelf also."

Mrs. Wiggs paused here and ate two more slices of apple thoughtfully.

"I guess you ain't come to the hardest part yet," said Mrs. Green, with another funeral shake of the head. "Mary's going is what hurt you the worst. That pretty near killed you. You never said anything, Mrs. Wiggs, but there's other ways of telling the truth besides giving it mouth."

Mrs. Wiggs' eyes were brim full of tears, but she smiled as she wiped them hastily away with her apron.

"Yes," she said, "Mary's going was the hardest; I'll own that. She was my only girl, and it seems more natural for boys to go off than girls, but I have really got more satisfaction out of it than anything that ever came into my life. I feel as if my heart had wings sometimes; as if I couldn't keep down, but wanted to fly right up toward God and heaven, because I have one child, and a daughter at that, who is glad to give herself entirely to Christ and his cause. I am so proud, I feel so blest, that God has enabled me to give a missionary to

Mrs. Wiggs. It seems just as if Mary had run in as she used to do when I was in a worry over something, and was sitting close beside me, talking her dear, sweet, comforting words into my ears."

"Well, now, you see I have ever so much to be thankful for," said Mrs. Wiggs, "and if you won't be offended and will take it from Mary's mother, I'll say that you have, also. You've lost your husband, it is true, and a good, kind husband; but he left you well provided for, and you have your sister to live with you and be company for you, and I do say she is one of the very best women in the world. Let me tell you what I am going to do to make Thanksgiving the gladdest, happiest day in the year. You see, I know what Mary would like better than anything, and that is for me to do something for her Sunday school girls. They are all working girls, you know, and seldom get invited out, and I know it will make Mary perfectly happy to have them all here to Thanksgiving dinner. So I have sent an invitation to every one of them, and they are every one coming. Then, you know how Richard was always



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## A Year's Blessings

ONCE more the American People, from coast to coast and from Lakes to Gulf, are about to unite in the celebration of our Annual Thanksgiving Day. At the ancient Jewish feast of Tabernacles—"the Festival of the Ingathering"—the people were required to appear before the Lord in the national sanctuary. Here, in a hundred thousand sanctuaries in city, town, village and hamlet, all dedicated to God's service, our people meet and voice their praises and their gratitude for the blessings of the closing year.

First and foremost, there are the prime blessings of national peace and prosperity. For these every citizen, whatever his church or denomination, or whether he be an "outer member" of the congregation, must feel in his heart the sincerest thankfulness. For abundant harvests, for public health, for a thousand material blessings, we unitedly bow the head in reverent recognition and gratitude.

But it is in the American home that the most sacred altar is raised to the Lord of the Thanksgiving Feast. In millions of such homes the families gather surrounded by their kindred, and enjoy the good things of the feast with due remembrance of the Giver of all good. Nowhere else in the world is there such a festival. It has become a characteristic part of the national life of our people, and every year makes the celebration larger and heartier and better.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family has special cause for Thanksgiving. In two years, it has added to its numbers over 100,000 new members. Each recurrent Thanksgiving finds it a mightier power for good than before. For what it has been enabled, under Divine guidance, to accomplish during the year in the spread of the Gospel, in deeds of love and kindness at home and abroad, in the uplift of the outcast and the neglected, in benevolence toward the poor and the homeless, and in many other ways, we, in common with all the rest of the Circle, feel devoutly thankful to Almighty God and deeply grateful for having been made the humble channel through which such blessings might flow to others.

Forget not the poor at your gate, dear reader, when you are preparing to celebrate your home Thanksgiving. Remember the widow, the homeless, the wanderer, the outcast. Don't let the festive pass without some kind deed done, some lone home of poverty cheered, some neglected one revived and reinspired by the friendly grasp of your hand and the bounty of your thankful offering. Make a loan to the Lord this Thanksgiving Day. You will thus win the three-fold blessing: the heart of the giver will be filled with joy as he sees the good that follows his generosity; the recipient will be gladdened at the knowledge that "some one cares for him," and the Master himself will look down on the act with approval and blessing. This is the true way to enjoy Thanksgiving; without it, all the lavish display and costly entertainment which we may spread on our tables will count for little. We must remember those in the "highways and byways." The Divine smile rests upon such a Thanksgiving, no matter whether it be in the sumptuous home of wealth or in the humble abode of the workingman. The greatest blessing in all the world is that which comes from doing good to others.

## Materialism in Our Colleges

PROFESSOR MAX VERWORN, of Bonn, a materialist of the German school, and noted for his researches in physiology and archeology, lectured before the students of the University of Pennsylvania the other day. He recited the familiar argument of his kind, denying the immortality of the soul and declaring that the single-celled amoeba and man are alike in being subject to extinction after life is ended. This is the kind of teaching that is tolerated in many of our colleges in these days. One professor with magnet or microscope, another with lancet and X-ray, and both with a weight of testimony consisting mainly of observations and experiments and deductions by other scientists, come before the classes and gravely announce that they

have been unable to find traces of the soul in the material body—hence it does not exist; moreover, that the belief in its existence is founded on very ancient superstition. This is the poorest sort of stuff for the student-mind to feed upon. The inspired revelations of Scripture, the writings of the great spiritual leaders through all the ages, the teachings of Jesus, the testimony of the Christian world, the evidence of the great modern philosophers and scientists who have accepted Christianity—all of these and everything else that bears directly upon the question, are swept aside by some one who in all likelihood has never devoted a single hour to serious reflection on spiritual things. Paul's famous affirmation that Christ "brought life and immortality to light" goes for nothing when addressed to those who would measure the Creator and his work by their own little plumb-line. With such men, the spiritual evidence of great minds has no weight. There is no greater barrier to spirituality than pride of intellect, which impels mere man to measure his own puny accomplishments against the Infinite.

## The Horrors of War

IS THERE such a thing as civilized warfare? One may very well doubt it, after reading the cable dispatches telling of the frightful doings of the Italian soldiery in Tripoli and of the massacres by the Chinese imperialists at Hankow. We talk in peace conferences about the "sacred principles of the modern law of nations," and of the rules of civilization and humanity; but wherein lies the difference between the slaughter of helpless Arab women and children (non-combatants) in the Tripolitan desert and the indiscriminate butchery of unprotected fugitives at Hankow? The truth is that all war is legitimized murder, and when the brutal passions of men are unleashed in battle, all considerations of humanity are forgotten.

In the leading English and American journals the story of the atrocities in the Sidi Ben Mansour oasis has been fully told and it is one that disgraces civilization. Correspondents describe the Italian troops as "literally drunk with the blood they had spilled." In one village, the inhabitants were exterminated and the place burned to the ground. Dead bodies lay everywhere and the wounded were neglected. Whole Arab families, father, mother and children, non-combatants, were slaughtered. There were many infants, and the correspondent asks, "What became of them? What became of their mothers?" In other places, the war became a man-hunt, and every native, old and young, was a target. Groups were corralled, stood up against a wall and shot two at a time. These people had no weapons; they were not soldiers, but simply Arabs, in their own homes. One group of fifty, many of them children, were surrounded by troops, roped together and marched to the outskirts to be shot, where armed men hidden among trees nearby fired a volley and stampeded the executioners. The concealed enemy turned out to be Italians who had fired on their comrades by mistake. It is estimated that during the carnival of slaughter, upwards of 2,000 fell victims, of whom 400 were women. If this was war, was it in accord with the rules of civilized warfare? If it was not war, what was it?

Of course, all this has been officially denied by General Caneva, the Italian commander, who in turn accuses the Arabs of atrocities perpetrated upon Italian prisoners and wounded. What he says on this point is probably true. But it is immaterial which side was most guilty, or whether Arabs or Italians had the bitterest grievances to avenge. The essential and undeniable thing is that this is a picture of warfare, not among savages, nor in the Dark Ages, but in the enlightened twentieth century, with its Christian civilization and its Peace Congresses and arbitration treaties.

Apologists for war will plead in justification that such excesses must be expected and that they are inseparable from wars of conquest. They may point at us the finger of accusation and say that our own skirts are not entirely clear; that we have been guilty of conduct in the Philippines that cannot be forgotten. But such statements, even accepting them as wholly true, concede the whole contention, which is that all war is barbarous, inhuman and revolting, and that there can be no such thing as a war conducted on high principles or in conformity

with the correct view of civilization. In the terrible lust for blood, we hark back with incredible swiftness to absolute savagery. And this is war!

## Remembering the Sermon

IT WOULD be an instructive test of a pastor's influence to find out just what proportion of his congregation could remember, twenty-four hours after its delivery, the lesson his last sermon conveyed. There are sermons that we hear, admire—and straightway forget; while there are others that stir the heart, quicken the best impulses and kindle a holy passion in the soul. The influence of such sermons remains and makes itself felt in the future lives of uncounted multitudes. We sometimes hear it said that there is a woful dearth of brilliant pulpit oratory nowadays. This may be measurably true, for the old-time style of ornate preaching, with its coruscating flights and lofty perorations, has fortunately given place to a better, happier and more direct pulpit method. Emotion is not religion—at best it is but an incident. Preachers like Dr. Parkhurst, with his fearless grasp of the great problems of our day; like Dr. J. H. Jowett, whose sermons are rivers of gracious helpfulness and invitation; like Pastor Sheldon, who does battle for God and conscience in a way that grips the heart as well as the mind; like Doctors Chapman and Torrey, the two greatest living evangelists, and like Hugh Black, Dr. Eaton, both logical and eloquent, Dr. Hillis, Dr. Shannon and a host of others, all of whose sermons speak from week to week through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's pages, reaching the heart through the understanding, are not among those whose sermons are quickly forgotten. Depend upon it, the sermons that do not help to broaden your view of life and its duties, or lift you just a little further along on the right road, and that slip from your memory almost as soon as you pass the church door, are not true spiritual food but the poorest kind of substitute.

We repeat this week our request to our readers to co-operate with us in our plans for the improvement of their favorite home journal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by sending us on a postal card a line indicating their preference among the various Departments now running in the paper. This is for our personal information and not for publication. These Departments are:

|                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Sermonic Page       | Mrs. Sangster's Page     |
| The Short Story     | The Mail-Bag             |
| Bible and Newspaper | Sunday School Page       |
| Editorial           | Boys' and Girls' Page    |
| The Continued Story | Eugene Thwing's Articles |

Write on the postal the name of the Department which you read most regularly and consider of greatest value. Address the card to the Publisher, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Dispute Over Morocco Settled

FOR four months there has been a political dispute between France and Germany which has several times threatened to terminate in a war between the two nations. An agreement has just been reached by which Germany recognizes the right of France to establish a protectorate in Morocco. France in compensation for Germany about 250,000 square kilometres in northern French Congo touching the German Cameroons. The territory ceded is inhabited by about one million negroes and has a commerce valued at \$2,400,000 annually. The new German frontier starts at Monda Bay and extends to the Sanga River, thence to Kandeko, thence through the Congo, finally attaining Lake Tchad by way of the Ubanga and Logone Rivers. France retains the right to run railroads across Germany's territory so as to connect the different parts of French Central Africa. Although Germany secures territory in Africa more than one-half as large as the whole of France the German people are displeased that such valuable prospects in Morocco were surrendered to France, and the Colonial Secretary, Dr. Lindequist, has renewed his request of last summer that his resignation be accepted. The French people are delighted at the settlement of the dispute, which insures a great French empire in the north of Africa, consisting of Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. Nine of the fourteen articles of the treaty guarantee to citizens of all countries equal commercial opportunities in the Moroccan territory. While the parceling out of the territory of weak by stronger peoples is far from the common honesty which should govern nations as well as individuals it is to be hoped that the Almighty will so overrule the greed of nations for gold and power that the best civilization may result, and the swifter establishment of his kingdom in the earth be accomplished. In the adjustment of the relation of individual to individual and that of nation to nation it will be well to heed the injunction of the prophet:

These are the things that ye shall do: Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor: execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates: and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor: . . . for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord. (Zech. 8:16,17.)

## No Help, No Hope

Mr. J. J. D. Miller was in the shaft of his mining claim near Bridgeport, Calif., when a mass of rock pinned his left leg against the side of the fifteen-foot shaft. Every effort to extricate himself was fruitless, and every call for help was unheard, and he lived standing in an upright position, without a morsel of food or a drop of water, from Friday morning till the next Friday noon, when he died. An old assay certificate which was found on his body and taken to the coroner's office told two stories; on one side, of the gold in his shaft; on the other, in pencil, of his agony and suspense in looking for help. The certificate had this daily record: "Saturday—No help yet. Why did this come? Sunday night—It is cold and long. God help me! Monday—Why did Dick forget me? A drink of cold water would taste good. Tuesday—The end is near. Wonder why Dick Barnes, my chum, is not looking for me. Wednesday—Guess to-night will be the last. No hope. The end is near." Thursday's record was illegible. "Friday noon—No hope." He wrote on the certificate also a request that his wife in Harrisonburg, Va., be notified of his death, and gave instructions as to the disposition of his body. The man stood erect so he could see the sunlight and the stars above the shaft. What a hero he was in his patience and courage and sweetness of spirit! This life of ours is one of tragedies. The young man who has worked his way up into a partnership in a business house and has his hand on a fortune, and the young professional man who has

just come to eminence and in the sight of gold, who die by some disease or accident, and those who are compelled to pass away within sight of the realization of their cherished ambitions and plans, are all suggested by the horrible fate of Miller, who was pinned to death while in reach of the gold that was his. In the spiritual realm there are no burdens, however heavy, nor calamities, however terrible, that can pin us down to death without help or hope. The Father's heart is always near to pity, and his hand to help. In misfortune the spiritually minded have hope. The psalmist has thus expressed this divine help:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (Ps. 46:1.)

## Base Ball Centuries Ago

Professors Winkle of Berlin and Hogarth of London in their excavations at Boghaz-Keul, Syria, have just come upon thirteen clay slabs which indicate that a game somewhat like base ball was played 4,000 years ago. These slabs picture a game being played by a team of Hittites, the catchers wearing a perforated mask made of the dried shell of a gourd. The umpire was King Subbi-Luliman, who reigned in the eighteenth century B.C., and the amphitheatre was full of men and women carrying fans. On some smaller tablets were found the rules of the game, and in a stone casket a sample ball and bat of the period, the centre of the former being



A Festival in the French Congo (Territory to Be Ceded by France to Germany)

a whittled-out ball from the end of a sturgeon's nose, which has all the resiliency of rubber, and this wound around with a thread of native grass, and covered with camel's hide, the bat being like the cricket stick of our times, and made of gopherwood. It is likely that the game of ball has been played by the generations from the Hittites to the Athletics and Giants, and that the playful side has had its due proportion in the healthy development of the race. In the laws of nature and of man, in the customs of society, in the battles for bread and power, in the aspiration of life, in the story of the heart, its loves, its work and its play for 4,000 years, we are reminded of the question of the Preacher:

Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us. (Eccles. 1:10.)

## Falls into Rattlesnake's Den

Roy Jones, clerk in a hotel at Los Angeles, Calif., stumbled over an embankment into a den of rattlesnakes at the mouth of Eagle Rock Canyon. Mr. Jones said: "It seemed as if a thousand pairs of beady little eyes were focused on me alone, the forked little tongues glistening beautifully in the sunlight. I was almost paralyzed with fear, yet fascinated as they crawled over and about me, a score of them at least. One big rattler wound itself around my camera, and then my friend, Ben Johnson, called to me. He climbed down to my rescue with two big sticks. I arose, and we killed four or five snakes and then got out of the way in a hurry. Give me a den of lions to a den of rattlesnakes. That experience will remain fresh in my memory as long as I live." Jones stumbled into the den of snakes by accident. There are many

that go down into dens of moral evil intentionally, some of them being poisoned to death by the serpent's bite, others, aroused by the call of a friend from without, making good their escape from death. The escape of Jones from the rattlesnakes calls to mind that of Paul from the viper:

And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat and fastened on his hand. And he shook off the beast into the fire and felt no harm. (Acts 28:3,5.)

## Discovery Prevents Ship's Sinking

A method for keeping water from entering ships through holes by compressed air was tested on board the *North Carolina* while the great fleet was at anchor in the North River at New York recently. Captain C. C. Marsh, commander of the *North Carolina*, conducted the experiment in person. He was enthusiastic over the success of the experiment, and claims that it will prevent vessels from going to the bottom from collisions, torpedos or mines, and that it will revolutionize marine warfare. The thought of applying to the compartments of a ship the science of compressed air as it is used in building tunnels first occurred to W. W. Waterspoon, one of the engineers of the subway in New York City, and of the East River and Pennsylvania tubes. He aided Captain Marsh in the experiment on the *North Carolina*. Captain Marsh said the compressed air had to be used with great prudence, as too much pressure would burst the deck and other

parts of the ship. He said: "This new method will revolutionize the business of ship-saving. When I applied to the Navy Department recently to be allowed to try out the method, I asked them to send me some pipes and air-gauges so that I could connect every compartment on my vessel with the air-compressing plant. If the captain of the *Republic* had understood the method we have tried to-day, and if the different compartments of his ship had been equipped with the simple system of pipes, air-gauges and air-compression we have used, the vessel would never have sunk. Every battleship in the navy can make itself practically unsinkable by applying to Washington for \$125 worth of supplies. This new method will permit us in action or after collision to repair all holes beneath the water line from the inside." Amidst the glare of myriad electric bulbs, the stringing of flags, the firing of guns, the drilling of men and the reviews of the fleet, it is not likely that there was anything so significant as the modest experiment of the captain of the ship and the professional engineer, which promises to reduce the danger and mortality of the men of the navy and those who sail the seas. In early navigation the most primitive methods of ship-saving were used, such as the expulsion of water by hand vessels, or pumps, or increasing the chances of safety by unloading the cargo. This last method was used on the ship in the memorable storm referred to by the apostle:

They lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea. (Acts. 27:38.)

## A Thornless Blackberry

Luther Burbank, the magical master of the gardens and orchards, after ten years of experimentation has removed the thorn from the blackberry bush, and he will give to the world the luscious berries without the nettle to prick the fingers in picking them. Mr. Burbank's marvelous discoveries in the plant realm, which have been the wonder of the world, are types of the great improvements that are taking place in the mental, moral and spiritual world. His removal of the thorn from the bush without injuring the quality of the blackberry suggests the spiritual improvement the prophet saw at Christ's coming.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. (Isa. 55:13.)



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The story opens with a vivid description of the brilliant scene at the launching of the new American battleship *Republic*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Dockville. The Secretary of War is present with many other high officials, members of Congress, army and navy officers. The great steel monster of destruction, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor, who is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the music strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbons, which was released by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the vessel's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatches at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little bunch of color, though he does so at the risk of losing his balance and dropping a sheer seventy-five feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, seeing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he recovers his position although his hat, caught by the wind, is wafted away.

After this adventure, he is introduced to Miss Pax, the Admiral's daughter, who has been an interested witness of his exploit. She questions him about his rescue of a young sailor on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, and although young Cushing modestly evades a direct answer, she is satisfied that the heroic act was his. Miss Marston invites him to call upon them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval supplies factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of women leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life succeeds in saving a number of workers from the burning factory. A busy reporter whom he encounters at the fire, after he has come out blackened and scorched from the smoking ruin, tells him that two of the girls he has rescued are daughters of an old, invalided navy yard employee named Howard. He is horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy he has witnessed and stunned by the reflection that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which he had been notified by the fire marshal two months ago to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The latter is greatly excited when he learns that over one hundred lives have been sacrificed through his neglect of a plain duty. The question of this responsibility is discussed between them. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" And Brander Cushing knows that a great breach—the first in his lifetime—has come between him and his son.

Sidney Cushing and his father attend a navy banquet given in honor of the launching, at which the Secretary of War and other high officials are present. Neither father nor son touch liquor. There are the usual official addresses, and Brander Cushing makes the best speech of the evening. Both are tortured throughout the festivities with visions of the horrible fire. Next day the papers announce that criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the parties responsible for the disaster. Brander Cushing being mentioned by name. The builder is besieged by reporters, to whom he denies point-blank having received any notice from the marshal. He knows that the prosecution will be in the hands of District Attorney Fleming, his political enemy, from whom he expects no mercy.

## CHAPTER III

THE sweat stood on Brander Cushing's face in beads. He got up and walked across the length of the office; then suddenly he pushed a button and in response to an answer from the draughting room asked Sidney to come down to the office at once.

When Sidney appeared, he found his father seated, cool, calm, and direct as usual.

"I want you to go to Washington." "Washington!"

"At once. I need some plans for the navy department. And there is a very important matter to go over with Mansfield at the patent office about those water valves. Look that up. Take time for it. How soon can you start?"

Sidney looked surprised. "At any time. I thought you said at once."

"I did. Your bag is here. You can leave on No. 9. It goes at 10:15."

"But this affair of the grand jury, the fire, the—"

"Leave it to me, Sid. I can take care of it."

"But I don't feel right to leave you

here to face it alone. You know that, don't you, pater?"

"Yes, yes. But you needn't worry."

Sidney went into the cloak room and got his bag and came out looking at his father wistfully and with a little perplexity.

"Here are notes on the patents. Mansfield is up on all details. But of course take nothing for granted. You don't need to hurry. Stay a week or ten days. And, by the way, didn't I hear Admiral Marston, or was it Miss Marston, invite you to call if you came to Washington?"

"Miss Marston?" Sidney blushed.

"It's all right, Sid. I don't object to your looking in that direction."

Silence on Sidney's part. He was not ready to make a confidant even of

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "In His Steps"



right. You're sure I ought not to stay just now—"

"No, no. I can attend to Fleming. I don't need you."

Sidney went out feeling uncertain. Once on the train he began to antic-

pate his Washington trip. Late that afternoon he put his hand in his pocket and took out the bow of ribbon he had risked his life to get. He looked at it a moment and his dark face glowed.

Brander Cushing's habit of business was never fixed. This morning he was all over the shipyard in the three hours before noon, after Sidney had gone. The complexity of the place presented no puzzles to him. He knew it as a master machinist knows the engine he has built, and he was passionately devoted to it in all its details.

to the room where those fascinating chalk lines curved their story under his eyes, his whole soul had flung itself around his remaining life ambition the building of the best and greatest warship in the world.

"Are any other men in the same—" "Fifty, absent this morning, Mr. Cushing," Stuart answered curtly; "and I can't answer for some others. They're ugly, Mr. Cushing—ugly is the word. You can see for yourself."

Cushing was a brave man. He walked down through the yard. Not a man touched his cap or greeted him. In reply to his "Good morning," not a word. There was clang of hammer, clank of chain, whistles aloft by the cage that worked the running crane, the jar and resonance and whirr of that which was not like any other place on earth, but the silence of death surrounded Brander Cushing as he walked among the workmen. It seemed to him that a conspiracy existed. He asked a man a question. No answer. He asked another. The man laid down a tool, picked it up, laid it down again, spit on his hands, and looked Cushing squarely in the face, but did not say a word.

When Cushing had gone back into his office, the sweat stood on his face again as it had after his interview with the reporters. During that walk through the yard he had sensed what distrust is from men who, up to this time, had at least respected if they had not loved him.

He went out from habit to get the first edition of the afternoon paper.

An old man near the main yard entrance usually furnished him a copy.

He was not there.

"Where's Andrew?" he asked one of the office bookkeepers just going out to get luncheon.

"His granddaughter was in the fire yesterday."

Brander Cushing bought the paper elsewhere and went back to the office.

It was now after one o'clock. He was not hungry and did not go out with the rest of the office force.

The early edition contained in full his interview with the reporters. It was a fair report, and special emphasis was laid on the statement that no paper had been served on him by the marshal's office but that he had of his own initiative been making plans for fire-escapes and other safety appliances. Technically, therefore, the shipyard company was not guilty.

But following the interview with Cushing appeared another with the fire marshal, in which he plainly denounced Brander Cushing as a liar, asserted that notice had been duly served, yet when driven to make proof was obliged to admit that no such proof could be found as a record in the office of the department.

This to a great extent lessened the strength of the charge he made against Cushing's truthfulness, and made the editorial comment seem entirely plausible.

"The matter simply comes down to a question of veracity between a deputy fire marshal and a man like Brander Cushing. And every one who knows Cushing will be inclined to side with him. It looks as if it were up to the marshal to explain the careless and loose methods of his department. If any person is going to have indictments drawn against him by the grand jury, it looks as if it would be Fire Marshal Marks and not Brander Cushing. If he was morally to blame for not making proper provision for the safety of the factory operatives he is at least legally innocent, and the jury will have to take that into account in making its findings. Attorney Fleming will have to change his tactics in order to find the party responsible for the terrible tragedy of yesterday."

Continued on next page



"Open the safe and prove that the papers are not there and I'll leave"

his father concerning the emotions Pax Marston had already created in him. Already the thought of meeting her dimmed the first impulse of resolve to beg his father not to send him to Washington at this crisis.

"Plenty of money, Sid?" "I think so."

"Don't spare. Your account is more than enough. If not, draw on me."

"Thank you, father, I have enough. Is that all?"

His father gave him a bundle of papers and Sidney put them into the bag.

"Yes. I believe that is all. Don't hurry. If you feel like it stay a couple of weeks. Congress is in session and you will enjoy seeing the bear-fight. There's your friend Gordon; have a good visit with him. And perhaps you don't know it, but the Secretary of War took a great fancy to you. He may invite you to luncheon. And, Sid—I have my reasons—promise not to read the papers for the next few days."

Sidney moved toward the door, slowly.

"All right, sir. I'm sick of the papers. I trust you to manage it all

His first trip had been to the great draughting room, where the lines of the new warship were being chalked out on the floor of the vast loft. He stayed there a few minutes to give directions and then plunged down to the engineering rooms. From there he went out to the yard itself, under the glass-covered roof, and stood a moment on a piece of steel sheeting, looking over the whole scene.

The ways were being prepared for the laying of the keel. Cushing's rapid glance took in every minute detail.

He called one of the yard foremen to him.

"Stuart, send McDonald here a moment, will you, please?"

Stuart looked queerly at Cushing. "McDonald is not here this morning."

"Not here?"

"His two girls were killed in the fire yesterday. He is at home getting ready for the funerals to-morrow."

Brander Cushing braced his feet as if he feared to fall from a blow.

"Funerals! Stuart, I—"

He did not dare say he had almost forgotten that horror already. But the truth is, as soon as he had gone up



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

Brander Cushing smiled grimly as he read. If there was any one in all the world he hated with a sound, undying animosity it was Silas Fleming, his old political enemy, the man who had for years been trying to hinder him in the work of his life, for reasons which may appear later on.

Between three and four o'clock a clerk came to the office, where, after another round through the yard, Brander Cushing had gone, to sit down and with a steady frown go over certain points again which had occupied him just after his interview with the reporters.

"The county attorney wants to see you, Mr. Cushing."

"Who?"

"Mr. Fleming."

Pause.

"What shall I say to him, sir?"

"Tell him I'll see him."

The attorney came in and Cushing calmly invited him to take a seat. Before doing so, Fleming shut the door and Cushing closed the one leading into a rear office where most of his personal draughting and planning were carried on.

"I came to see you, Mr. Cushing, about this newspaper article," Fleming had a paper in his hand and spread it out on his knees. He was a very large man, and as he leaned over toward Cushing, the heavy folds of skin on his hands, which lay on the paper, looked red and coarse by contrast with Brander Cushing's firm white hands, which he had clasped together over his knee.

"Well?"

"In this article—"

"Wait. I am not informed concerning the object of this call. As my time is exceedingly valuable, perhaps you had better tell me what is the real object of your coming."

"I told you it was to see you about this article."

"Well, the object—the object of that?"

"The object? The object?"

"Yes, sir. The object of your discussing the article in question."

"There can be but one, and you know what it is."

"I do not know. The article you mention proves clearly to the public that I am no more legally responsible for the loss at the fire than yourself. The grand jury will indict you as soon as me. Therefore I don't see the object of your visit and I beg to say I am very busy."

County Attorney Fleming hitched his big bulk up an inch nearer the ship contractor.

"You will see the object of my coming in a minute, Mr. Cushing. This marshal's notice—you say it was never served. Will you swear to a court that such is the fact?"

"It is none of your business to examine me."

"Mr. Cushing, I have a special reason for seeing you and I am impatient to insult. You have allowed me to come in here and I take it you are more or less curious to know why I came. We understand we're in the game to fight it out. But I'm not altogether depraved, and I don't want to see you make the mistake of your life. You know the deputy *did* serve you the papers. I would be willing to wager they are somewhere in this office now."

Brander Cushing sat there looking at the big hulk of the attorney, with a feeling in his heart of enraged astonishment. What did the man mean? What made him so positive? What was he driving at? There was politics in it somewhere, but where he could not determine. But of one thing he was certain: No power on earth could make him acknowledge to Silas Fleming that his guess about the marshal's notice was true.

"You are on the wrong tack. The papers are not here, because I never received them."

Fleming leaned over until his fat forefinger almost touched Cushing's white hand.

"Would you swear now that the papers are not right there in that safe, in a drawer with a key in it?" The forefinger swung around and pointed at the safe.

Brander Cushing's heart leaped up in a torrent of rage. As a matter of fact, however, Fleming had guessed it; the papers were in that identical spot. He cursed his indecision in not having destroyed them that morning. He rose and in a tone of thunder said: "Leave this office, you impertinent welp!"

Fleming stood up.

"Open the safe and prove that the papers are not there and I'll leave."

"Get out!" Cushing advanced on him, his eye gleaming.

Fleming backed to the door. There he paused.

"I am going without having said why I really came. If you were willing to take me into your confidence I could make it worth while. As it is—"

"Well?"

"I shall simply subpoena your son as a witness. He was here when the deputy served the papers. The deputy swears he was present. I will see whether he will perjure himself to save you."

Brander Cushing gave a cry that Fleming had never heard before. The two men stood there in silence confronting each other.

## CHAPTER IV

WASHINGTON was only four hours' ride from Dockville, and Sidney arrived at 3:30 P.M. He went to his hotel, and from there immediately to the patent office, in obedience to his father's instructions. At the office he learned that Mansfield had been called suddenly to Annapolis and would not return for two days. So there was nothing to do but wait, and meanwhile there was his promised call at Admiral Marston's. He decided to go that evening.

When he was ushered into the house he was greeted by the admiral himself, who came out of a little office room opening up from the far end of the drawing-room. Marston was eccentric in many ways, in spite of being commonplace in many more, and among his eccentricities was a room in his house the duplicate and counterpart of his private cabin on board the *Republic*. This room was the cause of constantly polite differences between the admiral's wife and himself, but had never reached any really dangerous stage.

"Mrs. Marston and Pax will be home soon. You must stay to dinner. We dine *en famille*. And, by good luck, nephew Ed is with us. You can tell us that story, Capital! You couldn't have come at a better time."

The admiral was very enthusiastic over him. Sidney easily complied with the invitation, and found himself awaiting the entrance of Pax and her mother with almost nervous eagerness.

When they finally came in, followed shortly afterward by the young lieutenant, Ed Marston, Sidney was more than gratified at the kindly reception given him.

Mrs. Marston was a large, stiff-minded woman, very plain of feature and simple of dress. Sidney liked her. Ed was an overgrown, self-sufficient, loud-talking young cub, and it took nearly the whole evening for Sidney to decide whether he liked him or not. Pax Marston was all he anticipated. Why had he anticipated anything? He did not know, but he had, and she seemed to know it. Was the girl unmaidenly? He chided himself at the thought. But she certainly did not hesitate to let him see that she was really glad to meet him again.



This is the time of year when most youngsters suffer from chapped hands and rough skins.

It is easy to understand why.

The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face—when you tell him. But he is apt to waste very

little time in drying them.

That is what causes all the trouble—that and the use of soaps containing "free" alkali.

You should use a pure, mild soap—Ivory Soap. You should see, also, that, in winter, the younger members of your family thoroughly dry their hands and faces before venturing out of doors.

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes, Ivory Soap is in a class by itself. It contains no "free" alkali. It floats. It is pure. It lathers freely, rinses easily and leaves the skin soft, sweet, smooth and exquisitely clean.

Ivory Soap... 99<sup>4</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

At the table she sat beside him, and between the easy exchange of varied talk led him on finally to relate the details of his part in the rescue of Cousin Ed, at the time the hawser snapped and swept the young officer into the water.

"There really is not much to tell. I was sitting on the dock that evening watching the transports and cruisers go out. Father had been busy in the navy yard all day, and I had been helping him. About the time the *Del Monte* pulled out he asked me to go down with one of the departing officers—I think it was Lieutenant Brooks—and from him get a sketch of the *Del Monte's* forward bulkhead which father wanted for comparison with the *Aloah*. I had gone on board, got what I wanted, and had come off again and sat down on the dock nearly opposite the forward capstan.

"When the hawser snapped, it looked from where I sat like a coil of green serpent. I could see a number of men jump back, and then the end of the cable leaped right up off the deck like a live thing, and I knew one of the men was caught."

"Me," said Ed Marston. He had been listening to Sidney's account with great boyish interest. At that point Sidney began to like him.

"Yes, you. I had never been introduced, but it seemed to me a proper

thing to get intimate with you at once. When you dropped into the water you were so near me that your feet knocked my hat off."

"I'll get you a new one!" shouted Ed.

"That's two hats you've lost, Mr. Cushing," said Pax demurely. "I wonder who will pay for the other."

"All in the family," Sidney said, before he realized how it might sound.

The admiral and Mrs. Marston looked puzzled. Pax laughed and blushed. Sidney bit his tongue and Ed Marston stared.

"There," went on Sidney hurriedly, "it was a very simple and easy thing for me to slip down into the water and grab you," looking gravely at the young officer. "You were wedged in between two of the piles, lucky for both of us, for the *Del Monte* had swung in so close that if there hadn't been an opening there big enough for both of us I am afraid we wouldn't either of us be here to-night."

"That would be too bad."

"I'm glad you feel so. Well, after that, there isn't much to tell. I must say, Admiral Marston, that the crew of the *Del Monte* acted with wonderful quickness and precision. Two of them were over the side in less than half a minute and a score were ready to go if the space had allowed. The cruiser

Continued on page 1197



# Thanksgiving in the Country

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Thanksgiving Day comes to the farm, to the rural village and the quiet hamlet, it is the crown and culmination of springtime and summer. Seed-time and harvest answer one another in song and chorus on Thanksgiving morn. When the ground was broken to the furrow and the tiny seeds hidden in the earth, when the blossoms waved on the bough and the birds were building their nests, God made a promise that has been fulfilled this year as in all the years, in the gathering of fruits and the reaping of fields. The birds built their nests and reared their little ones around the country home so that May and June, their busy season, resounded with their melody. Later, when the fledglings had found their wings and learned to fly, the parent birds sang less often, and only in matins and vespers dropped from the tree-tops their silvery notes. So it has been with parents and children in the families and homes of the planet since the world began.

The merriest time is when the children are growing up, and the quieter time when they are grown. The heart that is fullest of thanksgiving is the heart of that one who has known cares, solitudes and labors, and entered after a while on a period of rest, when desire has been succeeded by repayment and life's meridian been reached. The year's most exquisite harmonies belong to the Indian summer, when the sunshine filters down through rainbow tints, when the forests are clothed in purple and gold, when the grapes have ripened in the vineyards and in great flocks the birds go flying to the South.

Last summer in August, the farmer's wife looked from her door with satisfaction as she counted her twenty or thirty white turkeys walking in stately file across the lawn, reminding the spectator of a train of ladies, with here and there a gallant knight marching on their way to a vast cathedral. The turkeys may not have been white. Sometimes they were dressed in brown, but the white ones are the prettiest, and as they step delicately along with an air of solemn dignity, no one would suspect how much they retain of their primitive wildness. The domestic turkey vies with the eagle in the claim to be our American bird. In his nature he is not unlike his wild progenitors, for he loves to wander, hide, and stroll far afield. Also, with ruthless savagery, he kills the weak of the flock, and a woman who has brought up many broods tells me that she is obliged to safeguard the weaker among the young with ceaseless vigilance, because the fierce gobbler has no mercy upon them. With him the rule is the survival of the fittest.

The train of turkeys in August may well be solemn, for it is marching straight to sacrifice. The destiny of these beautiful creatures is, to be sure, heroic and exalted, for they are to be proudly borne to the place of honor on the Thanksgiving dinner tables of a continent. I may be too soft-hearted, but always in the summer I feel a pang when I hear the farmer telling how much he expects to receive from these living products when they are sent to the city markets. I own with self-abasement that I enjoy a walk through the same markets when the turkeys, duly prepared, are ready to be transferred to the baskets of customers and the skill of the cook. Then, too, they are transmuted into

books and newspapers and magazines for the long winter evenings, into a new outfit for the daughter, shoes for the boys, and whatever else contributes to the comfort and luxury of the home when the snows are deep and the storms are abroad.

Thanksgiving, as I have said, is the triumphant coronation of many days of patient labor. The first Thanksgiving dinner followed the first harvest in Massachusetts nearly three hundred years ago. Governor Bradford issued a proclamation to the colony, and the hardy pioneers who had braved illness and cold and hostile Indians, who had already buried many of their loved ones and had cleared the forests alike for homes and graves, met and thanked the Almighty for his goodness. They counted their mercies and disdained the thought of their tribulation. It is to them that we owe our long succession of Thanksgiving days. First, as they were kept in one and another State, until at last, in 1863, the blended holiday and holy day became a national institution.

IN THESE days the pendulum is swinging back to the farm. Scientific agriculture is forging to the front, and the orchards of Connecticut and Oregon, Rhode Island and Minnesota, New Jersey and Michigan are sharing as sources of wealth with our mines of copper, silver and coal. There is not a State in our Union in which, if men's eyes are open, they may not find golden gains at no great distance from their own doors. The towns still attract the lads from the country, and in all the great cities there are county clubs composed of prosperous men who like to meet from time to time that they may talk over their school-days, and remember the joys that were theirs when they fished in the brook, dived in the deep hole, tramped over the hills and gathered chestnuts. Alas, the days of chest-nutting may soon be over for the country boys, unless the scientific agriculturist can arrest the progress of decay that is rapidly denuding the land of these beautiful trees. Bankers, brokers, lawyers, physicians, merchants and mechanics, engineers and electricians, and aviators, too, hark back to the country which gave them their start, though they have made their mark in the town.

As Thanksgiving draws near, the old father and mother in the homestead begin to count the days until John, their eldest born, shall come back with his wife and children, to sit again at the family table. Their pretty Ruth, married ten years ago, will be coming home, too, with her husband and the babies, and the children who have settled in homes closer to theirs will feel the homing call and crowd beneath the roof for a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving. Every train that starts from San Francisco or New Orleans, St. Louis or Chicago, from the great mountains or the Great Lakes in late November, bears homeward its army of home-going pilgrims. Men in whom one would suspect no sentiment make an effort to meet their kith and kin at this season, and in the meeting forget sordid aims and grim anxieties and once again are children at home.

I have never forgotten a glimpse I once had as the train in which I was a passenger stopped at a wayside station in the mountains. Not far from the roadside there was a white house with green blinds and tall pillars. A little gray-haired woman came running down the path as if she had been

a girl and presently was caught and whirled back in the arms of a great brown-bearded son who must have been fifty, while three other men, his juniors, rushed behind him with shouts of "Hello, mother! Here we are!" On the veranda stood the father leaning on his cane ready to welcome his boys, his smile benignant, his look a benediction. In those days, the country was not as now attracting to itself thousands of householders from the city. More and more we are realizing that we ought not to abandon to the newcomer from Sweden in the north and Italy in the south of Europe the farm-lands we have called our own. We thank God for the great tide that sweeps toward us from other shores. We have room enough for every one, but although we are glad to have the foreign-born peoples find a home with us and settle in our midst, they cannot be properly assimilated under the flag unless we, too, shall stay with them and cultivate the fields with the old zest and the new methods. For frugality, economy, plain living and high thinking, for solid and substantial virtue and common sense we still look to the farming communities. The white-spired church, the school-house, the sturdy children trudging along the country roads, the country doctor riding in these days in his motor-car oftener than in his gig, are among our fairest pictures. The simplicity and sweetness of the household life near to nature's heart appeal to us with a compelling charm. As from coast to coast we shall keep Thanksgiving this year, let us thank God for good government and the blessing of peace. Away with pessimism, away with the cry that times are hard. They are never improved by complaining. To thank God and take courage, to believe in the forward advance of the Republic, and reverently to say "God save the commonwealth" should be our pleasure as it is our privilege at the return of our American Thanksgiving Day.

## THE THING SO DEAR

I CANNOT think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so;  
I know He is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but He will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
To me the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near:  
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear:  
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know  
If it is wrong to want it so."  
He only smiles—He does not speak:  
My heart grows weaker and more weak.  
With looking at the thing so dear,  
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet  
This thing which looks so near, so sweet:  
I will not seek, I will not long—  
I almost fear I have been wrong:  
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait till by some loud, clear word,  
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet.  
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

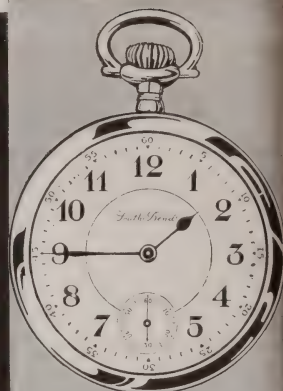
SAXE HOLM.

## THE OLD CHAPTER

ONE of the sweet old chapters,  
After a day like this.  
The day brought tears and troubles,  
The evening brought no kiss,  
Nor rest in the arms I long for—  
Rest and refuge and home;  
Grieved and lonely and weary,  
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—  
The love that blossoms through  
His care of the birds and lilies  
Out in the meadow dew.  
His evening lies soft around them,  
Their faith is only—to be;  
Ah! hushed by the tender lesson,  
My God, let me rest in Thee!

—Selected.



## Wear The Master Timepiece

HERE is a watch that was inspected 411 times in the making, that was nearly a year in the process of building; a watch that ran perfectly in a 700-hour test before it was allowed to leave the factory; a watch that passed a Master Inspector whose sole business is to find fault; a watch that when finished was "finished" in the perfect sense.

## "The South Bend" Watch

These Master Timepieces are sold by over 15,000 expert retail jewelers. They are becoming dominant in every section of the country because of their marvelous accuracy. See a South Bend Watch at your jeweler's. Ask him about "Personal Adjustment."

The adjustment of a watch to your personality by an expert jeweler is absolutely necessary, because good watches run differently for different people. If you walk much, ride a great deal in motor cars, move quickly, etc., your watch is affected and should be regulated to offset the general condition under which you carry a watch.

Only a good jeweler can do this, and it can be done only with a good watch, for common watches are not sensitive enough for such delicate regulation—hence, seldom keep time for anybody.

You can get a South Bend in a solid gold case for \$75, or in less expensive cases within everyone's reach.

Write us for free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about watches. It will help you get an admirable timepiece.

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY  
Dept. 252, South Bend, Ind.





# "By their fruits ye shall know them"

**DEAR FRIEND:** Do you, as a member of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, realize the important relation you bear to the work of that Family as a whole? Do you realize the tremendous scope and power of that work?

Look at the illustration on this page, the Pyramid of Loyal Service, and you will not only be surprised at the extent of the work, but you will be impressed by the far-reaching influence which the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family wields for the uplift of the world.

See the five solid foundation stones: "Over 100,000 lives saved by Chinese Famine Fund;" "Fed and cheered 144,000 destitute in Bread Line;" "Gave summer outing to 3,000 Tenement Waifs;" "Found work for 4,000 men through Free Labor Bureau;" "Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to 5,000 poor"—is it not something to feel that your co-operation helped to lay these blocks of helpfulness?

And then cast your eye upon those other stones which are the result of the earnest effort of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family to spread the Gospel throughout all lands: "1,170 Gospel services in the Bowery Mission;" "Assisted over 100 Needy White Missionaries in Foreign Fields;" "Supported 130 Native Missionary Helpers;" "2,000 Orphans Fed, Sheltered and Trained to Christian lives in China;" "1,200 Orphans Fed, Sheltered and Trained to Christian Lives in India;" "Supported 900 Orphans in Japan," and so on, till you have climbed the Pyramid to the capstone itself—"Established 260 Peace Circles in the United States."

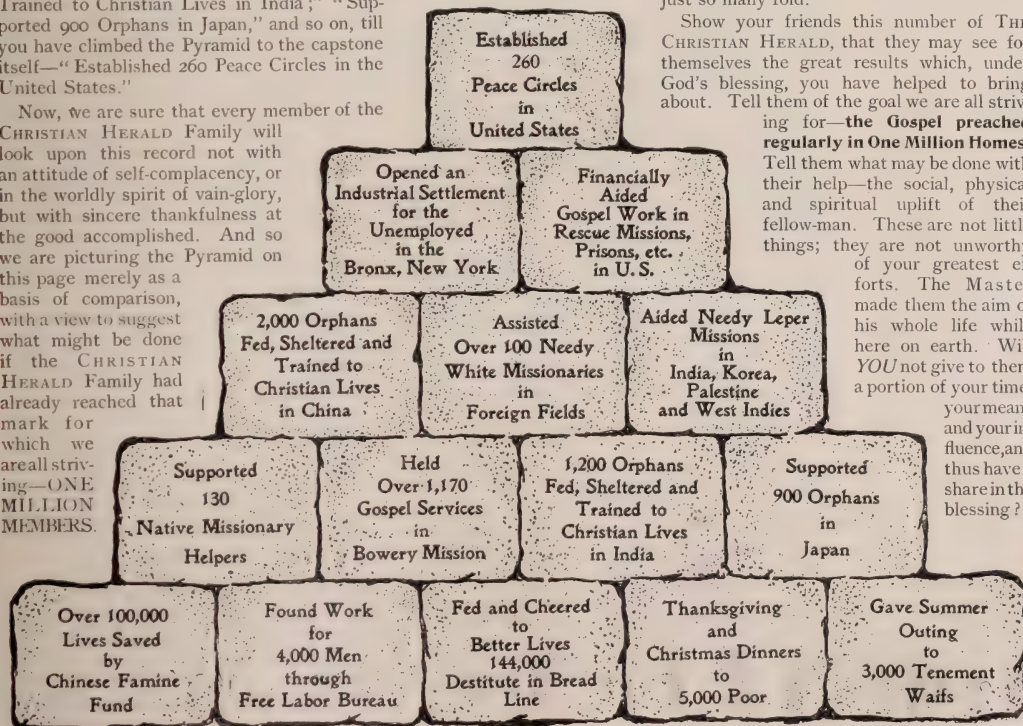
Now, we are sure that every member of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will look upon this record not with an attitude of self-complacency, or in the worldly spirit of vain-glory, but with sincere thankfulness at the good accomplished. And so we are picturing the Pyramid on this page merely as a basis of comparison, with a view to suggest what might be done if the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family had already reached that mark for which we are all striving—ONE MILLION MEMBERS.

The imagination kindles at the power for good, at the influence for religion which would be ours if we were One Million Strong. Think a moment. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes every week in the year to 33,859 separate post offices in the United States and Canada, and is read by the members of over 300,000 families. In some places it is passed around to be read from family to family. This means that at least 1,500,000 persons read the paper every week.

But suppose we had One Million Subscribers. That is to say, suppose THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were received in One Million households, situated in every city, town and village in the land. That would mean that our army of readers would be over Five Million strong. Five Million persons all praying, all working with one consecrated purpose—the uplift of humanity, the glory of God.

And it is not so much to ask, much less to accomplish, if you, dear friend, work shoulder to shoulder with every other member of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family to bring it to pass. Do *you* as a member of the Great Family continue that membership. Use every effort to induce your friends to join. If you persuade only *one* new member to join, you will be increasing your own initiative one hundred per cent. And remember that every new addition to the multitude augments its power for good just so many fold.

Show your friends this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that they may see for themselves the great results which, under God's blessing, you have helped to bring about. Tell them of the goal we are all striving for—the Gospel preached regularly in One Million Homes. Tell them what may be done with their help—the social, physical and spiritual uplift of their fellow-man. These are not little things; they are not unworthy of your greatest efforts. The Master made them the aim of his whole life while here on earth. Will *YOU* not give to them a portion of your time, your means and your influence, and thus have a share in the blessing?



The Pyramid-builders of Egypt erected great monuments which time has defaced, but has not wholly destroyed. Their work represented generations of heathen labor. The Pyramid reared by the humble, self-denying efforts of God's people is indestructible. It is an integral part of the great campaign which has for its ultimate object the winning of the world for Christ.



## McCall's Magazine

The greatest woman's fashion journal in America. Has over one million subscribers—more than any other similar publication. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and most helpful information for women. *McCall's* is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated hundred-page monthly periodical that no woman can afford to be without. If you wish to save money and keep in style, subscribe for *McCall's Magazine* at once. Any one of the celebrated *McCall Patterns* (valued 15 cents) free with each subscription. Select your free pattern from your first number of *McCall's*. *McCall Patterns* lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy, and number sold. More dealers sell *McCall Patterns* than any other two makes combined.

## Ladies' World

This is the big year of the *Ladies' World*. 1911-1912 marks the 25th year of its existence. Nothing has been left undone to make the *Ladies' World* during the coming year run far ahead of its record for any previous year. The magnificent list of writers and illustrators, rich in magazine material and the ever valuable departments will make the *Ladies' World* almost indispensable to every woman—its Silver Anniversary Year. The December Jubilee Number will contain an especially written commemorative poem by Edwin Markham, special articles by Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives and Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, Strickland Gillilan's reminiscences, stories by John Luther Long, Florence Morse Kingsley, Beulah Marie Dix and the beginning of an entrancing serial by Edith Barnard Delano.

## American Boy

The great magazine for boys. Give it to your boy. It will appeal more to his finer sensibilities than the tawdry, soon-forgotten gifts. It is a magazine to live and think right. The *American Boy* contains stories written by men who understand the American boy—stories of adventure, skill, travel, history, biography and world events, beautifully illustrated. Proper amount of sports and games and departments of photography, electricity, stamps, curios, etc., etc., how to do things and how to make things, and it has a department devoted to the Boy Scouts of America, to which Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes an illustrated page each week. It is the brightest and best magazine for boys in all the world. The *American Boy* is eagerly read by 500,000 intelligent, manly American boys.

## Current Literature

*Current Literature* is an illustrated review of the large events and important utterances of the month. It is so up to date with the changing world that even its editor cannot tell what subjects will be treated in the month ahead. The great currents of thought and action, in politics and industry, in science and religion, in literature and the drama, are all brilliantly mirrored in its pages. It sweeps the whole field, in both hemispheres, and no other magazine in the world has ever before done, and gives you the interpretations on all sides of all vital questions. The chief departments of *Current Literature* are: A Review of the World, Persons in the Foreground; Science and Discovery; Music and Drama, and Religion and Ethics.

## Success

The only home magazine that is not a woman's publication, a children's paper or a farm journal. It has recently been combined with the *Nation's Point* and the united magazine for 1912 promises a remarkable assortment of strong, live articles on the questions of the day, written by the best fiction writers, old and new. Among the magazine's special features for 1912 are Orison Sweet Marden's inspiring editorial articles; a vigorous, readable review every month of the world's leading events and chat about the striking personalities of the hour; Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner and Pin Money Papers for women readers; twelve fearless, progressive editorials on the questions before the people; hints to prospective investors; and, to the greatest delight to our readers, a page of the month's best anecdotes.

**NOTE**—The matter on this page describing the Magazines is supplied by their respective publishers, for the information of our readers. WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY paid for any Magazine, including *The Christian Herald*, if you find such Magazine undesirable in your home.

## The Housewife

*The Housewife* is exactly described by the name it bears, being edited with a view to giving the woman, who has the care and development of her home at heart, valuable suggestions and assistance. The department devoted to Cookery always contains practical, seasonable and tasty recipes. The Fashion Department, recently enlarged, displays the most desirable and elegant styles. The Social Circle, a special department, found in no other magazine, is used by *Housewife* readers as an interchange of ideas for the most desirable amusement, hints in economy, health, etc. The many serial and short stories are interesting and wholesome, effectively illustrated. Handsomely bound with beautiful colored covers. A magazine the arrival of which the reader looks forward to each month with interest.

## People's Home Journal

By bringing good literature within the reach of the reading public of this country, *The People's Home Journal* has probably done more than any other popular fiction and home magazine to help build up the American home into the great national bulwark that it is to-day. For the past twenty-five years fathers and mothers have valued *The People's Home Journal* for their reading and the reading for their children. This magazine has had a wonderful influence for good in every one of the homes—almost a million—into which it goes. It has become famous for its brilliant serial and short stories. Then you will also find all kinds of departments to cover the multitude of home subjects, such as cooking, care of children, entertainment, latest styles in clothing and newest fashions in needlework.

## Pictorial Review

claims pre-eminence among women's magazines for four reasons. *First*, its illustrations, which are easily the most up-to-date, correct and most practical of any magazine published anywhere. *Second*, for its common-sense, essentially helpful practical home and household departments, which cover the whole field of housekeeping and its problems. *Third*, for the space it devotes to this subject, more space to this subject than any other magazine in this country. *Fourth*, for the wealth and interest of its art and literary sections. *Fifth*, for the fact that it contains stories, better and more interesting, stronger stories than you are apt to find in the pages of other women's magazines. *Fourth*, last, but not least, for its uplifting, instructive special articles bearing on home problems by the best and most popular writers.

## Little Folks

In *Little Folks* magazine love and joy and goodness are presented in stories of real imagination, children and creatures and things. Besides the wholesome stories, there are charming pictures, sunny poems, and such suggestions to keep children happily busy in beneficial work or joyous play. *Little Folks* is a blessing to every mother and child, for it helps children mentally and morally, while it amuses them. Every child who loves the magazine, and remember the donor with gratitude.

## Farm Journal

is the standard farm and home paper of America; made for housekeepers, boys and girls, as well as fruit-growers, truckers, poultrymen, stockmen, dairymen, suburbanites and village people. It has all the "good up" for women. It is clear, brief, brief, and down, intensely practical. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It is the best thing you can get old, and known everywhere. "Judge Biggle" and "Peter Turnbuledown" are characters better known to many than Hamlet or Micawber. Its poultry department is famous.

## Modern Priscilla

First, last and all the time, the best Fancy Work Magazine published in America, if not in the world. A practical instructor and reliable adviser in every branch of feminine handicraft known to women, including all kinds of embroidery, crochet, knitting, lace, bead work, basketry, stenciling, oil, water-color and china painting. It is full of original work, pyrography, etc. Every number is profusely illustrated with beautiful original designs and full-size details of stitches. Besides fancy work, *The Modern Priscilla* provides its readers many specially edited departments.

## World Evangel

Readers of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* know that Sunday teachers or scholars should not fail to include *The World Evangel* in their combination magazine orders. *The Evangel* is the leading Sunday School magazine. It makes teaching delightful and effective. Its fund of anecdotes enables the teacher to interest scholars of all grades. Its International Lesson Study Department provides the best available exposition and information, and its lesson-teaching department is divided into Advanced, Intermediate and Primary Departments. *The Evangel* will save time and increase your efficiency.

# Lowest Price Magazine Club Offers

The present season, 1911-1912, shows many changes in our magazine clubbing offers. A number of publishers have found it necessary, because of improved magazines and increased cost, to raise their prices. The popular \$1.00-a-year magazines have, within the last year or so, all been advanced in price to \$1.50 per year, and 15 cents per copy. Our old contracts with these publications have expired, and their wholesale rates to us have been increased. We are, therefore, unable to duplicate many of the offers of last year. However, we still lead in offering our subscribers the very lowest priced magazine bargains. Our 1912 Almanac is sent Free to each *Christian Herald* new subscriber, and to all old subscribers when they renew their subscriptions.

## The Christian Herald's Own Club Rate

This coming year *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* may be had for the first time at a club rate, as follows:—  
Your Own RENEWAL and ONE New Subscription for ONE Year for \$2.25.  
or Your Own RENEWAL and TWO New Subscriptions for One Year for \$3.00.

*CHRISTIAN HERALD* (\$1.50 a Year) . . . Our Price  
*LADIES' WORLD* (One Year) . . . \$1.75  
or Housewife or *McCall's*  
or any one other magazine in Group One

*CHRISTIAN HERALD* (\$1.50 a Year) . . . Our Price  
*CURRENT LITERATURE* (\$3.00 a Year) . . . \$3.00  
with any two other magazines in Group One  
with any one other magazine in Group Two

*CHRISTIAN HERALD* (\$1.50 a Year) . . . Our Price  
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These Magazines are the very best publications in their field. They are all clean and refined, each excluding objectionable advertising, and we have no hesitancy in recommending each of them to our readers. They have made great strides during the past couple of years in editorial contents and general appearance. The move of the old popular \$1 magazines to higher prices has given these journals a big impetus. It is an opportunity which they have been quick to seize. All three magazines in Group One will, together with *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, give the reading matter more than any one magazine in Group Three with *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, and will cost less money.

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*PICTORIAL REVIEW* *SUCCESS*  
*WORLD EVANGEL*

We especially call attention to the descriptions of these publications on the margins of this page. Of the entire group perhaps the *Pictorial Review* has made the greatest strides within the last couple of years. It has improved immensely in editorial quality, and is one of the most interesting publications in the woman's field. The *Metropolitan* has undergone a radical change in character as well as size. Its plans for the coming year are extremely interesting. The *Success Magazine* has undergone many changes during the past year. It is now under new management, and it will continue to be one of the most valuable magazines in its field. *The American Boy*, *Little Folks*, and *Modern Priscilla* are all old favorites with *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* readers.

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You may order with the *Christian Herald* any other standard magazine through us at their special clubbing price or club rate.

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*Garden Magazine*  
*Everybody's*  
*McClure*  
*Woman's Home Comp'n*

At the same time you send us your *CHRISTIAN HERALD* subscription you may add any other Magazine you want at its special "club number" price as named and advertised by the publisher in any magazine clubbing catalog. Add together the class numbers of the magazines you want, multiply the total by five, and add the amount you get to your *CHRISTIAN HERALD* remittance. We will forward your order promptly and save you time and trouble.

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*Cosmopolitan*, . . . 20  
Total . . . 40  
Add the *Christian Herald* . . . 2.15  
Total . . . \$6.15

## Review of Reviews

Fifty magazines condensed for busy people. Always necessary, it is absolutely indispensable in these times of stirring public affairs, to the man who thinks and wants to know what is going on around him. It brings together the best that is in the other important magazines and explains, through Albert Shaw's timely editorials, political issues, persons and all noteworthy events which you must know about. It is always fully informed, interestingly written and splendidly illustrated. Because, as they say, "they cannot do without it," intelligent men and women have given the *Review of Reviews* the largest subscription list in the world among the magazines not publishing fiction. The "Review of Reviews" and "Leading Articles of the Month" are two of the most important features of each issue.

## Metropolitan

*The Metropolitan* is now published in a new size, 10 1/2 x 14 inches. The new size is not a mere change of inches; it is a great, important step towards the national magazine of the future. The new-size *Metropolitan* has set itself to restore the appeal to good taste. It sets out, first of all, to supply literature; in the second place humor; in the third place, human feeling. If it supplies those three elements, you may be sure it will give the reader more knowledge of life than all the sensational articles and muckraking attacks can produce in a thousand years. Important and timely articles by authoritative writers will be a special feature of the new *Metropolitan*. Finley Peter Dunne, the famous creator of "Mr. Dooley," will be a regular contributor, and the heading "From the Bleachers." Stirring fiction will be a strong feature.

## Outlook

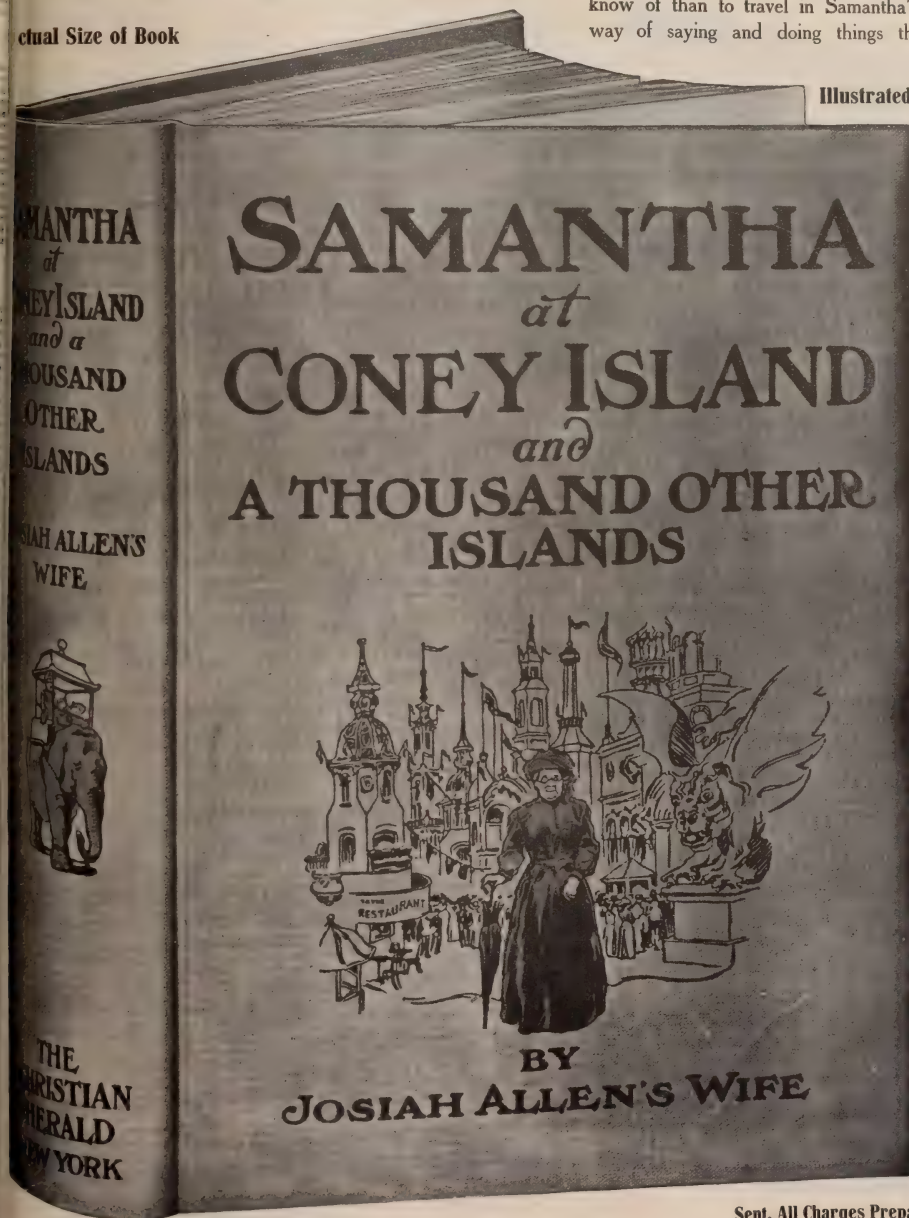
During the coming year the *Outlook* will be of more importance to you than even during the last, as the discussions and political items will be of greater interest, due to the approaching presidential election and the outcome of the Taft policies. Of course, the *Outlook* will be a great help in its trenchant editorials on great public questions of the day. In these articles he will continue to discuss the movements for clean politics, honest business, and popular rule. Not even the editors of the *Outlook* themselves agree with all that Mr. Roosevelt writes, but every man of mark agrees that he writes commands attention. You will enjoy the *Outlook* it is unquestionably one of the best edited and illustrated periodicals to exist. Do not fail to order the *Outlook*, with its 52 issues, includes the 12 double magazine numbers.



# THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

SAMANTHA ALLEN is the most popular author of bright and amusing stories in America to-day. Her books sell into the hundreds of thousands. The dear old lady is so irresistibly whimsical and funny, yet so kind and lovable withal, that she wins the hearts of her readers instantly. If you want to pass an evening of delightful amusement at home and to put the whole Family Circle aglow with genuine merriment, just read a bit of **Samantha at Coney Island** and they will hunger for the whole story. And the best of it is that there is a deal of sweet and valuable sentiment in what Samantha writes. She is more than a wit. She is a philosopher, sound at heart, and with downright sensible ideas about every topic she touches. We all need the sunshine and cheer at times to chase away the gloomy shadows, and there is no better prescription we know of than to travel in Samantha's company. She has such a delightful way of saying and doing things that she stands in a class by herself.

Actual Size of Book



Illustrated

## How the Craze Caught Josiah

Samantha was living happily as Josiah Allen's wife when they returned from their trip around the world, and all might have gone as merrily as a wedding bell, had not Serenus Gowdewy put the idea of Coney Island into Josiah's head. After that Josiah could talk of nothing else. He was so wrought up that he would spring up in bed at night crying out: "All aboard for Coney Island!" or, "Get your hot dogs!" or, "See the Awful Tower and the alligators!" or other things equally as bad.

Samantha gave him catnip tea, but that "didn't git the pizen out of his system." She planned a trip to the Thousand Islands, thinking to turn him from the subject, but Josiah would not be turned; he spoke of it day and night. Even the presence of Faithful Smith, a sweet soul whose father had refused to allow her to marry Dick West and so had saddened her life, failed to stem the tide of Josiah's longing for Coney Island, and Samantha was more shocked than surprised one morning to find that he and Serenus Gowdewy had run away to the great Amusement City by the sea.

## Samantha Pursues Her Pardner

Of course, Samantha followed him immediately. What else could she do? "What wuz Josiah Allen doin' in that place of folly and fashion?" wailed Samantha. "Could he keep his innocence amidst the awful temptations? I hearn there wuz places there where folks stood on their heads; wuz his brain strong enough to stand the jolt?"

Samantha arrived in Coney Island on the day before the destruction of Dreamland by fire, and her experiences were enough to fill a book which has been called *Samantha at Coney Island and a Thousand Other Islands*. In it she relates her adventures, which were strange, and her stories, which are screamingly funny.

How she pursued Josiah through all the mazes of the concessions, how she rode the witching waves, went on a voyage to the moon, watched the circus, looked in the magic mirrors, sank through the floor, got lost in the maze, trod the rocking steps, lectured the Head Hunters, discovered the fire, rescued the incubator babies from the flames, and finally saved her beloved "pardner," Josiah, from the jaws of the blazing lion, etc., together with the pretty love romance which fittingly ends the book—all of these you must read for yourself. The full story of her wonderful experiences is told in her own inimitable fashion, mingling humor with pathos and giving every reader enough sunshine and laughter to last the whole year round.

Sent, All Charges Prepaid

*Samantha at Coney Island* is a large, handsome book beautifully bound in cloth, 350 pages printed in large type. The various scenes described are profusely illustrated in line drawings by a well-known artist who has caught the right spirit of Samantha's humor and incorporated it in all his drawings.

**SAMANTHA AT CONEY ISLAND** will be sent prepaid with **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** for one year (52 issues), together with a copy of the new **CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC** for 1912, all three for only **\$2.00**

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# A STORY TO BE READ ALOUD

NEVER has a more fascinating tale been penned than this. THE PILGRIM SHIP is a narrative of the voyage of the Prince of the Happy Isles to a far distant country, and of the many extraordinary adventures that befell him. His vessel was a warship of great swiftness and unique armament, with guns that were known by names to the officers and crew, but which worked like no guns you ever saw or heard of. The good ship *Safety* was fully provisioned for a long voyage and her charter gave her wide privileges. She was right seaworthy too, and she bravely weathered all the gales and hurricanes she encountered in mid-ocean. But the terrors and dangers of the sea were far less than those ashore, for when the Prince's ship reached the Land of Delusion, and later when they sighted Lotus Land, the seamen had some stirring adventures. In a sense the whole voyage of the gallant *Safety* was a fighting one, as there were encounters afloat and ashore and

Actual Size of Book

Illustrated

many hairbreadth escapes. Sometimes she would skirt the Gulf Coast, and again the shores of the Land of Silver. Hidden reefs and sandbanks would threaten her at times; but she escaped them all.

## 'The City of Idols'

There was a most remarkable "City of Idols," too, which she visited, and where her forces made some recruits also a dreary and dangerous "Land of Dole," and a "Land of Slaves." One of all the distant countries was "Land of Pleasure," wherein many subtle danger beset the voyagers, especially at Gaytown, the capital. But the wonderful adventures of the Prince, his gallant ship and faithful crew, you must read in the book for yourself.

## Old Friends On Board

*The Pilgrim Ship* holds a charm for the readers that is equaled by hardly any other book we know of; it allures, delights, surprises and uplifts. As you read it, you find many unexpected things happening. Old friends are some very near and dear ones among the voyagers, and it will be strange indeed if you yourself are not among the number. As you read, you become imbued with a new strength, the vigor of the sea and the impulse of a noble and lofty purpose.

## A Fascinating Story

Some wise critic has said that the finest test of a good story is to read it aloud in the family circle. *The Pilgrim Ship* is admirably adapted for this purpose. You can gather around you your dear ones, and the reading of this wonderful book will hold them in the grip of its fascination right on to the end. Even the youngest will follow the strange adventures of this mysterious vessel and its brave crew, just though they were passengers and witnesses of all the things it describes.

*The Pilgrim Ship* is a volume of 320 pages, in handsome cloth binding, beautifully printed in clear bold type, suitable for readers of all ages, for it is a book that will hold an equal charm for both old and young. Moreover, it is a tale which seems to magically illustrate itself in the mind of the reader. As he proceeds chapter by chapter, creating the most fascinating and delightful pictures, for it is all action.

Sent, All Charges Prepaid

like a living panorama. If you wish to make this wonderful voyage in the best of good company, and to have a part in these adventures in which so many friends of yours are even now sharing, write for the book and you will be mustered in as a member of the brave and gallant company.

THE PILGRIM SHIP will be sent prepaid with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year (52 issues), together with a copy of the new CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC for 1912, all three for only **\$1.85**

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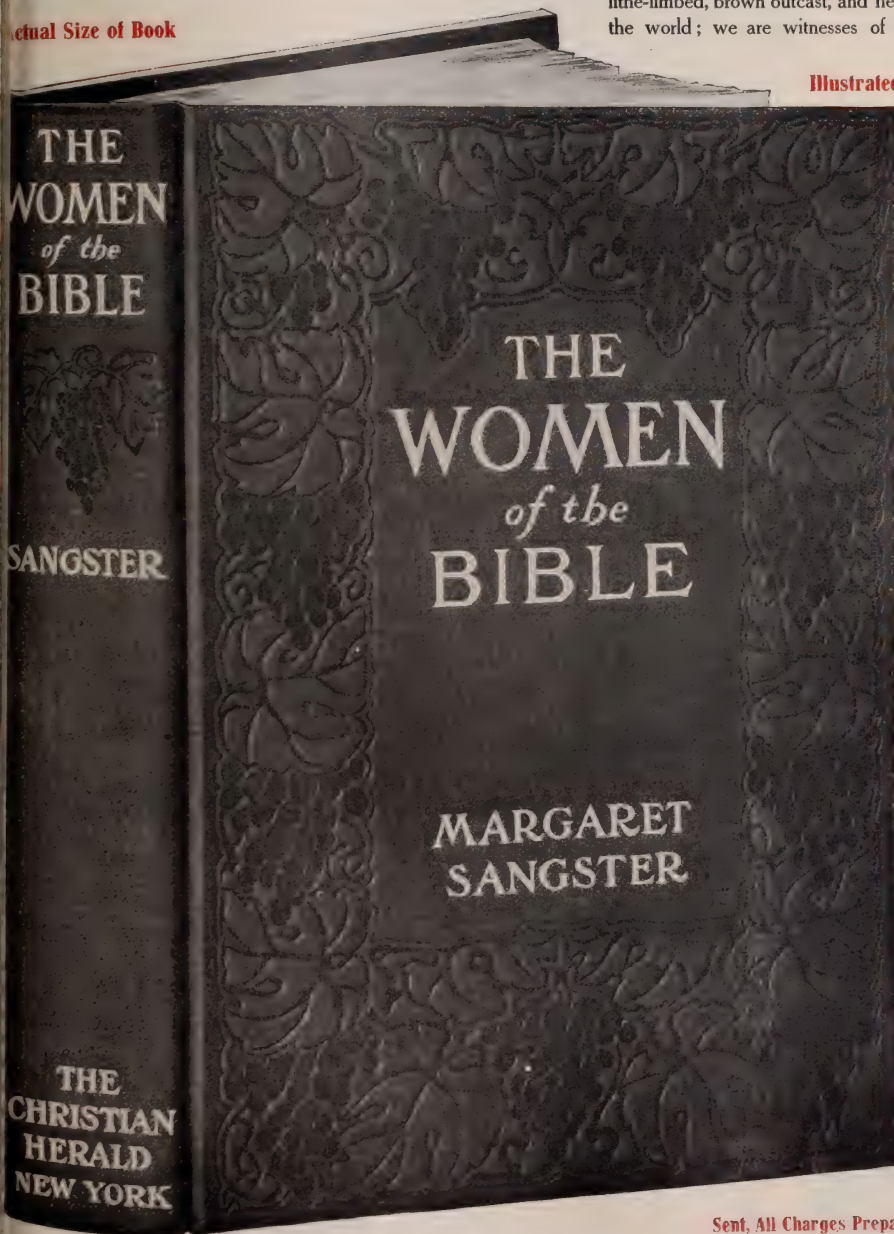


# ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT BOOKS

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE is the most comprehensive book ever written on womankind, for it is a **World's Portrait Gallery** and embraces the foremost representatives of the sex, from Creation down to the Christian era. That subtle and indefinable quality, womanly intuition, which Mrs. Sangster possesses as a special gift, accounts for the peculiar charm with which she invests every one of her heroines. We gaze in wonder and admiration at Eve, "the beautiful woman-Titan" and founder of the race; we now understand for the first time what kind of a woman Adah, the "mother of all lyrist, who rocked the cradle of the arts," must have been; we stand by the side of Sarah, the beautiful wife of Abraham, whose loveliness turned the heads of monarchs; we have a new and deeper sympathy for Hagar, the graceful, lithe-limbed, brown outcast, and her little lad, when they are flung out upon the world; we are witnesses of the strange wooing of Jacob, and we are privileged guests at the home wedding of Rebekah, the first ever recorded and a pretty pattern for all such weddings ever since.

Actual Size of Book

Illustrated



## Wonderful Women

Mrs. Sangster has this to say concerning *The Women of the Bible*:

"In studying these wonderful women, we are brought face to face with many types of character. No two women in the list are precisely alike; yet not one, whether she be saint or sinner, prophetess or queen, daughter of antiquity or child of the early Christian era, fails in being distinctly and wholly feminine. There are many of these heroines who have the courage of men and woman's beauty in rare combination." Heretofore history and biography have dealt largely with the doings of man; Mrs. Sangster rewrites it, giving to womanhood its true setting in this story of the world's development and civilization. Her *Women of the Bible* is a book of romance in actual life in which the home, the court, the temple, the battlefield, the desert, the throne, all play their part. In love, in patriotism, in service, in prophecy, in religion, woman is here assigned her true place at last.

## The Author's Great Task

"I have written this book with enthusiasm," Mrs. Sangster says in her preface. "I have renewed in memory the happy days of childhood, when I first made acquaintance with Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, Miriam, Hannah and how many more, as I heard Bible stories from the lips of those who long since went to abide in the Home beyond the sea. Every page of this work has been to me a delight that words fail fully to portray. If my readers shall find in it half the inspiration, the pleasure and the profit I have had in writing it, I shall be more than ever glad of the privilege that has been mine in this especial work."

## The World's Mystery

From Eve's day until now, woman has been a delightful and perplexing mystery to the thoughtful minds of the world. Mrs. Sangster notes at the outset the "thread of the shuttle, the indefinable feel of sex" that runs through the life story of all the women of the Bible, and she notes also the wonderful variety of character, temperament and purpose. Yet each and all, whether of a royal line or the daughter of peasant or prophetess, old or young, heathen, Hebrew, or Christian, they are still distinctly and wholly feminine.

Sent, All Charges Prepaid

Seldom has any book issued in recent years been so beautifully illustrated as this great volume, which contains sixteen full-page artistically colored portraits of Bible heroines by famous masters. The book is printed in large, clear type, contains 363 pages, and is handsomely bound in cloth.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE will be sent prepaid with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year (\$2.00), together with a copy of the new CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC for 1912, all three for only **\$2.00**

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 22, 1911. Page 1193







# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1912

After much time devoted to the preparation and the expenditure of much money in the publication, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is happy to announce to its many readers that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC is ready for delivery. As with all CHRISTIAN HERALD publications, this work has been planned with care and worked out with an attention to detail which it is hoped and believed will meet the approval of all our subscribers. The primary purpose of the almanac is to present an accurate calendar of days, weeks, months and seasons, with information as to eclipses, the sun and moon, star variations, and the other important phenomena of the heavenly bodies with which the average observer is familiar. All this has been carefully done.

## An Encyclopedia of Facts

Realizing that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers wanted facts that available in other great almanacs, or even in ordinary yearbooks, it was decided to make this a work of ready reference for every intelligent household in the land. The subjects have been grouped under five heads, with many subdivisions. The following gives these in their order, with brief details under each head.

### First—The Calendar

As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC is issued November 1, 1911, it gives the calendar for that month and December of the same year; then follow the twelve months of 1912. In addition to each monthly calendar, which is presented in a clear, condensed form, each page contains the moon's changes, the noted days of each month, a number of brilliant proverbs, and a mass of astronomical and other information.

### Second—The United States Government

The great departments of the Government, the Executive, Legislative and Judicial divisions are treated under separate heads, the duties of each being clearly set forth. In addition valuable information is presented about the Post Office, Commerce and Labor, the Army and Navy, receipts and expenditures, irrigation, arid land reclamation, State governors, comparisons of States in area and population, and hundreds of other facts about our country, which must prove of the greatest value to the intelligent reader.

### Third—Religious Information

This is one of the departments in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC that distinguishes it, in the most interesting way, from every other Almanac published either at home or

abroad. Limiting the field of investigation to the United States, there is here presented in alphabetical order each church denomination, with its creed, form of church government or polity, and statistics as to its strength, wealth, work, periodicals and Sunday Schools. While no denomination reported by the United States Census has been overlooked, each has been treated with an impartiality that adds to the value of the information.

### Fourth—Agricultural Interests

Under this general heading there is presented a wealth of information, differing essentially from the recipes, advice, and cut-and-dried data ordinarily found in such publications. Crop statistics, the uplift of agriculture, the comparative output, the relations of producer and consumer, the farmer's share in the profits, fertilizers, labor, cattle, dairying, poultry, bees, and other matters of interest to the farmer, are treated in a way both interesting and instructive.

### Fifth—Foreign Countries

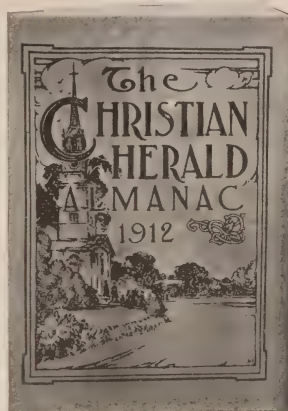
In addition to our own country it is fitting that we should know our neighbors. Under the foregoing heading there is presented a great deal of information as to foreign countries, their forms of government, present rulers, areas, capitals, debts, armies and navies, and religions, particular attention being given to the progress of Canada.

### General Subjects

Dividing each department there are pages given to the best things in prose and poetry by famous authors, nor is humor neglected in these breathing spaces. In addition there are scores of subjects treated, which it was thought best not to place under the regular heads. Among these are the State laws affecting women.

### A Great Book

There is no outside advertising in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC. Every line is devoted to information. It contains about one hundred and fifty thousand words of reading matter, or more than twice that to be found in the highest-priced magazines, and even more than is to be found in the average dollar and a half book. These figures give no idea of the value of this work, which will not be finished when read nor cease to be valuable at the end of the year, but will continue to be read with an increasing appreciation of its value and importance.



The 1912 Almanac is sent free to all new Christian Herald subscribers, and is also sent free to all our old subscribers when they renew their Christian Herald Subscription.

from Earliest Times in Chaldea

## Illustrated History of All Nations

Down to the Present Day

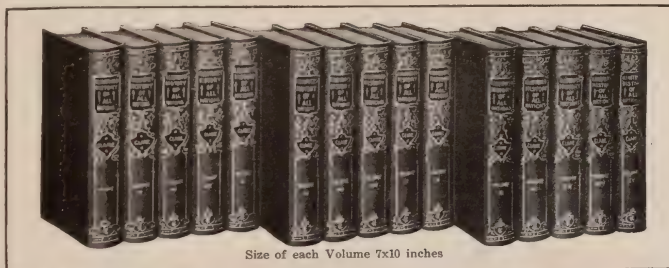
The Illustrated History of All Nations is a comprehensive and complete record of the history of mankind, and the whole narrative is invested with a human interest that makes the story of the world and its peoples, its immortal heroes, its great men and famous women, far more

absorbing than any work of fiction. Never for even a moment does the fascinating narrative lapse into a dry, prosaic recital of facts, but every volume tingles with full-blooded life as the ever changing panorama unfolds before us, engrossing, fascinating, captivating from first chapter to last.

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States-System and Reformation

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- VOL. IX—MODERN HISTORY**  
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French Revolution and Napoleon  
Revolutions in Europe
- VOL. XII—MODERN HISTORY**  
Recent History of Europe
- VOL. XIII—MODERN HISTORY**  
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Modern China and Japan
- VOL. XV—Supplement and Index**

## This Magnificent Work Contains Three Hundred and Thirty-eight Full-page Illustrations

**ILLUSTRATIONS.** Three hundred and thirty-eight full-page illustrations enhance the beauty of this costly edition of the *Illustrated History of All Nations*. These are illustrations are reproductions of world-famed paintings by master artists of the world, most of the originals being in the great galleries abroad. It would be impossible to say too much of these superb pictures or to adequately describe their surpassing richness and beauty. Every volume is further enriched by a splendid frontispiece in full color, which feature alone adds immeasurably to the value of the books.

**INDEX.** No more complete system of indexing has ever been devised. Each volume contains its table of contents. In the last volume is the General Index. **BINDING.** The Fifteen Massive Volumes are very handsomely and substantially bound in a beautiful silk-finish cloth, beautifully stamped in genuine gold, with the lettering in gold on a deep red panel.

**THE TYPE** is unusually large and very clear, and the paper is heavy stock of beautiful texture. The 338 Exquisite Illustrations are printed on fine coated paper as full-page inserts.

### A Truly Magnificent and Final Offer

We have only a few sets left of the History of All Nations, and as long as they last we will send the fifteen volumes, you to pay freight charges, for only \$1.00 down, and then \$1.00 a month for 11 months, making a total of only \$12.00. If the books do not please you, return them, and your money will be refunded.

Or the set will be GIVEN AS A PREMIUM ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE for a club of only TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$1.50 each per year

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 22, 1911. Page 1195



# The Christian Herald for 1912

THAT famous divine, Joseph Parker, once remarked that the "front seats of his auditorium were in the Rocky Mountains and the back seats in the Himalayas." CHRISTIAN HERALD readers may say with Wesley, "The World is its Parish," for its activities literally embrace all lands. In the coming year, it will set before its readers the widest and most attractive variety of entertainment and instruction provided by any weekly magazine in the world.

## "BRANDER CUSHING'S AMBITION"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

This new and powerful serial story, "Brander Cushing's Ambition," is a splendid and dramatic presentation of two of the greatest of our latter-day problems. It is a story that will grip the hearts of its readers with interest, and will awaken their enthusiasm and admiration and hold them fascinated to the end. There is a beautiful love story running all through it. No more thrilling serial than "Brander Cushing," and no nobler characters than Sidney, his heroic son, and Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of the Admiral, have ever appeared in modern fiction. See this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If you are not reading it you should begin at once.

## REMARKABLE FEATURES FOR THE COMING YEAR:

### Cyrus Townsend Brady

the author of so many successful historical novels, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a stirring tale of the Frontier in the days when the life of the settler hung hourly in the balance. This story, which is full of the heroism, and, be it said, the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized those days, will be continued through a number of issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is an absorbing feature which will hold your attention from first to last.

### Other Stories by Famous Authors

will be announced during the year, among the contributors being Wilfred Grenfell, the Arctic hero and philanthropist; Eleanor H. Porter, author of *Margaret and Marco*; Florence Morse Kingsley; Cyrus Townsend Brady, Susan M. Griffith, Miss E. L. Gebhard, Amelia E. Barr, Irving Bacheller, and many others.

### A New Agricultural Development

Professor O. S. Morgan, of Columbia University, is preparing for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a series of articles which will have a particular application for every city and town in the country. It concerns the supply and demand of vegetable and fruit products as between cities and towns, and the producing sections in their immediate neighborhood. It contains a suggestion for abating somewhat the increasing cost of living. This series will be begun in early spring, and will be continued through several numbers.

### Our Women Contributors

Special attention will be paid to the Women's Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and our Contributors' Staff this year will be larger than ever before, among them being Madeline S. Bridges, Kate Upson Clark, Miss Janet Porter (who conducts the Department for the Young), and Margaret E. Sangster, the counselor of the whole CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

### In the Footsteps of St. Paul

Dr. Francis E. Clark, now traveling in the Orient, has undertaken to write "A Journey in the Footsteps of St. Paul" exclusively for our readers. Dr. Clark is the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society. He will visit the "Seven Churches of Asia" and will record his impressions. His articles will be finely illustrated with photographs.

### Our Bible Question Series

This attractive and helpful series of difficult Bible questions, which was extremely popular this year, will in 1912 be conducted as a regular monthly department. Every reader will have an opportunity to join this great Class for Bible Study.

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## THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1912

just compiled by us especially for our subscribers, contains, besides the regular Almanac features, a very complete compendium of valuable religious information. It contains a large amount of general statistics, particularly about the United States. It is lightened up by short stories, poems, anecdotes, wit and humor, making altogether a delightful and valuable year-book.

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will be a prominent feature for 1912. These will include Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, an authority on Bible propaganda, Professor Edgar J. Banks, Professor Mason P. Young, famous in Oriental travel; Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee of the *Maine*; Hon. Charles McFarland of the Federal Council of Christian America, who will write on the "Relation between the Church and Social Service"; John L. Harboure, E. Ryerson Young, son of the famous Canadian explorer, and others.

### The American Pulpit

which has always been a strong feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will in the coming year be represented by sermonic contributions from the leading preachers of all the Protestant denominations. The fifty-two greatest sermons of the year will appear in its pages, among the contributors being Rev. J. H. Jowett, C. M. Sheldon, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, the Metropolitan divine; Dr. James Burrell, Rev. J. Wiibur Chapman, Professor R. A. Torrey, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Bishops Quayle and Warren, J. Balem Shaw, Charles F. Aked, C. A. Eaton, and Newell Dwight Hillis.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD possesses facilities for artistic printing such as no other religious family magazine can claim. During the coming year it will print, once a month, famous Art Masterpiece Covers, beautifully reproduced in colors. Copies of these splendid reproductions, without lettering, will be made on extra size paper especially designed for framing. These extra copies can be secured for a merely nominal amount of postage. This collection of twelve of the World's Greatest Art Treasures will alone be worth more than the entire subscription price.

### Special Article by Government Entomologist

Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C., has promised to write for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article on economic phases of the insect problem. Dr. Howard's work in the extermination of the Malarial Mosquito and the Typhoid Fly is widely known, and what he will have to say concerning other insect pests and how to get rid of them will carry with it the conviction of authority.

### Our Missionary Contributors

There is no other paper with so large and varied a staff of missionary contributors as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In every land it has its correspondents who write of the actual life of the missionaries, giving not theories but facts. All illustrate their letters with photographs taken with their own cameras. These contributors give a special value to the paper as a journal of world-wide missionary interest.



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1187

warped out, and in less than five minutes Mr. Marston was on board. I did was to hold on to him until two men of the crew came to my assistance.

Naturally I climbed back on the deck, and being a little wet decided to go for home as fast as I could. It was dark and the crowd on the dock rushed back when the hawser was pulled ashore. I had been sitting at the extreme end of the dock and when I found I had landed the wrong side of the freight partition, the passengers were not permitted to go ashore entirely alone. Lucky for me the gate had been left open, and I ran to take a car and got home. That's

Most extraordinary," quoth Admiral Marston, looking earnestly at me. "Of course I did my utmost and you, but without avail. It is strange you did not see what was in the papers."

I seldom read them."

Well, I owe you a hat, old man," said Ed. "Pay to-morrow. My life, I can't pay for that. Not worth either, sometimes." This last in a low tone. But he stretched out his hand across the table to Sidney and they took it, thinking Ed's aunt must be shocked at the blunt display of affection across her china and between silver candlesticks. Sidney dated that minute a strong liking for the boisterous young officer.

After they had gone into the wing-room Admiral Marston took the story again. I can't get it out of my head how you took in such an event and miss getting into print. Surely you must have spoken of it to some one."

I don't think so."

Not to your father?"

I think not, sir."

Most extraordinary. Do you do these things every day, that they become so commonplace?"

Sidney laughed. Pax Marston was sitting at him, her blue eyes soft with the most entrancing of all looks, the gleam of awe and hero-worship. He would be more stupid than this story describes him if he had not seen and heard it.

Why, father, don't you remember the account in the *Star* day before yesterday? Mr. Cushing did get into the papers that time."

Ah, yes. That terrible naval factory fire," said Mrs. Marston. "What wonderful thing you could save some of those girls!"

Say, that was dandy—your finding that board and all that!" cried Ed Marston.

Sidney was overwhelmed with requests to tell more. His confusion increased under the hero-worship that surrounded him. He tried to make the most of it all. But the moment he began to talk about it he saw again, as he had seen every night since in his dreams, the silent bodies falling, falling, falling. Would they never cease falling?

He must have told the story with as effectiveness, after all. For when he finished, Pax and her mother were crying, and even Ed looked grave.

"I'd like to get hold of the duffers that owned that old fire-trap," he said. "I'd put 'em on a raft and use 'em for target, and fire just close enough to 'em till I hit 'em."

Admiral Marston looked very uncomfortable at his nephew. Evidently the admiral knew Brander Cushing's earnestness and ownership in the factory. Did Pax know it? Evidently she did, for she was one of those young ladies who read daily papers thoroughly. She turned red and anxiously needed at Sidney. But he had not heard or heeded Young Marston's remark. Again those bodies falling,

falling, falling. Would they never cease falling?

Before he went away that night, after basking in the warmth of a hero-worship that he had never known at home, because his father took for granted the athletic and unusual, Sidney made an appointment with young Marston to go down to the testing-grounds where some new armor and explosives were being tried out. Then in the afternoon the young men were to join the admiral and Mrs. Marston and Pax on an excursion of inspection of harbor defenses down the river. As this was to be made on one of the government cruisers, and the occasion would in all probability make it possible for him to have a little more personal conversation with Pax, Sidney anticipated the day with great delight, inasmuch as the business matters at the patent office would be delayed the rest of the week.

How many people, outside of a few experts, really ever know anything about the fearful and enormous equipment for warfare going on in this world two thousand years after the birth of the Prince of Peace? How many, for example, know that this Christian nation owns a murdering machine fifty feet long, weighing 260,000 pounds, consuming 612 pounds of smokeless powder per charge, firing a projectile weighing 2,400 pounds through twenty-three and a half inches of Krupp steel armor, and having a range of almost nine miles—a monster butchering machine!

The United States Government has a sixteen-inch cannon. It can throw a shot weighing 2,000 pounds to an extreme range of twenty-one miles, and has an effective range of twelve miles. It has been fired four times.

A single battery of modern artillery can hurl 1,450 rounds upon ten regiments of men while they march one mile and a half. These 1,450 shells, arranged with time fuses to burst at the target, would sweep ten thousand men with 275,000 bullets and ragged iron scraps. Bloch says:

"In 1870 an ordinary shell, when it burst, broke into from nineteen to thirty pieces. To-day it bursts into 240 pieces. Shrapnel in 1870 scattered only thirty-seven death-dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about seventy pounds, thirty years ago, would have burst into forty-two fragments. To-day, when it is charged with peroxide, it breaks into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gunpowder explosion. It is estimated that such a bomb would destroy all life within a range of about two hundred yards of the point of the explosion. With the increase in the number of bullets and fragments, and in the forces which disperse them, increases also the area which they affect. Splinters and bullets bring death and destruction not only as in 1870, to those in the vicinity of the explosion, but at a distance of 220 yards away, and this though fired from a distance of about two miles. In a time when rifle and artillery fire were beyond comparison weaker than they are now, those who were left unhelped on the battlefield might hope for safety. But now, when the whole field of battle is covered with an uninterrupted hail of bullets and fragments of shells (at night, too, with a searchlight equipment), there is little place for such hope."

Our two young men, both sons of Christian gentlemen, members of the Church and reared in civilization, enthusiastic and intelligent, students of guns, armor, military tactics and war in general, went out together next morning to the experiment firing-stations, in high good spirits with themselves and one another.

To be continued

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# Thanksgiving in the Cozy Corner

## Charades, Old Ballads and Quiet Games

WE are not pretty careful to guard against it the late afternoon and evening of Thanksgiving Day, when the feasting is over, is likely to be a bit heavy, and the grown-ups are apt to depend upon the young folks for entertainment. There is scarcely a winter evening throughout the year when charades and old songs and ballads are half so fitting as at Thanksgiving. Perhaps it would be well to make some slight preparation, such as packing the attic for old-time bonnets, shawls, slippers and fans, helms, swords, toys and guns, by way of costumes and "properties." Play out old songs and ballads really be made the loveliest merriest of entertainments. No one should sing the song or recite the ballad slowly and dignifiedly and not laughing a bit. "The Soldier's Daughter," "The Three Fishers," "Lady Clare," "The Mistletoe Bough," "Young Lochinvar," "The Ballad of the Terrible Man," "Evangeline," "The Soldier's Farewell," "Home, Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Waiting," "Longing," "Darby and Joan," "The Girl I Left Behind," "Coming Thro' the Rye," "Meet Peggie in the Low-Back," "The Courting," "The Deed Lover," "Tommy Snooks and his Brooks," "When I Was a Bachelor I Lived by Myself," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," "Barbara Frietchie," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Little Laurie," "The Light of Other Days," "The Old Oaken Bucket," are subjects from which charades and living tableaux can be delightfully made up.

### For Pantomime Parodies

The Ballad of the Oyster Man," "Young Lochinvar," "The Mistletoe Bough," "The Three Fishers and Lady Clare," are in most household collections of poetry, and while they are not funny in themselves they burlesque delightfully. For example: The big boys sitting in small tubs or on hamper rocking very seriously at among blankets and shawls and that some one is shaking to look waves is a surprising and nice

fishers went sailing away to the west,  
to the west as the sun went down;  
thought of the woman who loved him the best, etc.

he boys will fan energetically, with palm leaf fans, sails made of calico dkerchiefs tied to a cane, and try at some time to row with oars made of sticks, all to be tumbled over at on an imaginary beach where very much excited little wives tug their hands and attempt to recite them, the pantomime will be exceedingly funny. A big boy seated in a rocking horse, brandishing a sword, or a gun, or a big stick, and dressed like a knight of old, with a worsted plume floating from his ad-brimmed hat and a large red sash sewed upon his cloak, going through impressive and grotesque pantomime, while some one reads the following verse, can be made delightfully laughable:

Young Lochinvar is come out of the west;  
such all the wide border his steed was the best:  
save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;  
he rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
withful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
he never was a knight like the young Lochinvar.

he romantic old songs should be read soberly and poetically pictured, of course. If some one with a charm-

ing voice can be gotten to sing "The Soldier's Farewell," for instance, to a guitar accompaniment, while a soldierly-looking boy bids farewell to a dainty slip of a girl in Colonial costume the effect can be made very lovely indeed.

The entire entertainment will be delightfully artistic and funny and interesting as well if you will manage it right and do not spoil it by beginning with too much hilarity.



The Most Famous Baby Picture  
By Sir Anthony Van Dyke

### A Thanksgiving Prayer

FOR days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year, good Lord, we thank thee. For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love; for the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in the ways of life and love; for our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above the real, good Lord, we humbly thank thee! For the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs; for our necessities to work; for all that brings us nearer to each other, nearer to ourselves, near to thee, we thank thee, O our Father!—Selected.

### A Charming Quiet Game

GATHER a basket of leaves from every tree, bush, shrub and plant in the neighborhood. No two leaves must be alike. Provide each player with a slip of paper and a pencil. Hand one leaf to the first player, who passes it on to the next, and so on, until each leaf has made the round of the players, each player writing the name of the leaf that he supposes it to be on his card. The player who guesses the largest number correctly wins a beautiful bunch of flowers and autumn leaves.

### Such a Pretty Christmas Gift

COZY CORNER girls are writing now for suggestions for Christmas gifts. Here is a very delightful one: The Woman's Exchanges and fancy work tables in the large department stores are displaying many charming doll workbags. These have the ordinary round bottom of pasteboard, to which the bag is sewed in the usual way. Fastened to one side of the top so as not to interfere with the drawing is the half body and head of a doll, dressed in a big bonnet, with a waist made of the material of the bag, the bag, of course, forming the skirt of the doll's dress. When finished the workbag looks like a dainty little lady

of the Civil War times, perhaps, or of Colonial days, when hoops and frills were fashionable. Old-fashioned silks or brocades, India prints, cretonne or flowered satin make lovely doll workbags, and I have also seen a "mammy's workbag" made of bright bandana handkerchiefs and a turbaned black dolly with a checked apron. These dolly workbags are so easily made and so effective that I believe many of the Cozy Corner girls will be pleased with the suggestion for Christmas gifts.

### A Special Thanksgiving Message

THANK you many, many times, my dear boys and girls, for the heaps of delightful letters that find their way day after day into the Cozy Corner. I have told you before, you remember, that it is largely due to your own enthusiasm and interest that the Cozy Corner is as bright and attractive as you seem to find it. I want to see to it that you find plenty of good things from week to week in the Cozy Corner to be thankful for. Send me as many letters as you care to send; I love them all. I shall be thinking of you on Thanksgiving Day, and a very large part of my own thankfulness will be for so many happy nieces and nephews, all working and playing together in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cozy Corner.

Wishing you all a hearty, happy Thanksgiving,

### Our Good-Night Verse

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord,  
for the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

*The Auntie The Cozy Corner*

### Modern Missionary Heroes

FORTY-TWO years ago Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clark, of Indiana, two young Baptists, embarked upon a sailing vessel on what was then a long and venturesome voyage for Assam. Their route was to the south of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, and then overland until they reached the hill country of Assam on the borders of Tibet. Forty years ago the people of this region were savages, and the conditions of life were such as to entail many hardships. Especially was this true in the case of a delicate young woman. With faith and courage they began their work, and without a murmur endured untold privations for the sake of Him who had put it into their hearts to go with the message of his love to those for whom he died.

What a story of God's power in the lives of men and women these two could tell! Indeed, they are telling it. The people among whom they worked were brutal and immoral, but of a brave and independent spirit, and very friendly when they learned that those who asked for their friendship were genuinely friendly. They quickly responded to the Gospel message, and when they really gave themselves to God, endeavored to follow literally the teaching of Jesus. Dr. and Mrs. Clark have lived to see a regenerated community from savagery and vice to a real civilization and a Christian morality. There are twenty Baptist churches in the region, with two thousand members. They have an association with native officers, conducted in an intelligent manner and doing a good work as a co-operative body.

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## Stocks as an Investment

IN AN article which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we tried to explain the difference between stocks and bonds. Even at the risk of repetition, it may be well, before going on, to emphasize the distinction.

A bond is a promise to pay; a stock is an equity. Bonds, secured loans, and mortgages on real estate represent a borrower's promise to pay a fixed sum on a stated date. Stocks represent a residuary share in the assets and net earnings of a corporation after payment of its working expenses and other obligations. The value of this share may be great or small, it may grow or decrease in value, but under no circumstances can the holder of such a share compel any one, much less the company itself, to take back the share.

### An Illustration

If you buy, let us say, a \$1,000 railroad bond, you know that the railroad, if not bankrupt, will pay the face value of the bond when it becomes due, or "matures," as it is called. Now, if you spend the same, or any other, sum in the purchase of railroad stock, and you subsequently wish to get your money back, you cannot go to the company that issued the stock and compel it to buy; your only way will be to find some private individual or other concern willing to purchase at the ruling price, which may be more or less than what you paid.

While you may have \$1,000 represented by stock, and your neighbor the same amount, represented by a bond, in the same concern, your positions will be entirely opposite, though your money interest is exactly the same. The man with the bond is a creditor of the company, and has no voice or control in its management, nor any cause for interference so long as the stated interest is paid when due. On the other hand you, the owner of the same amount of stock, have become a partner in the business, with the power of exercising a proportionate share in the enterprise, and sharing in the same proportion in its profits and losses. In other words, your neighbor has a promise to pay, and you have an equity, which may be defined as a claim after all preceding obligations have been met.

### Varying Factors

The foregoing distinction is easily understood, but in recent years certain factors have come in that tend, somewhat, to obscure the simplicity of the theory. With the amazing growth of the country, and the corresponding development of great corporations, such as railroads, these enterprises required more capital to meet the needs of their growing business. In the old days this capital was secured by new bond issues, but in later years it was found that this method could not be carried on without destroying the proportion, or balance, between bonds and stocks, which was necessary to give the bondholders an adequate equity. In this condition it was found necessary to secure the extra money needed by the issue and sale of additional stock.

In selling this additional stock the railroad managers were met by a new and certainly a difficult problem. While it was essential that more money should be available, they found it well nigh impossible to sell sufficient stock on the basis of a purely speculative venture. To get over the difficulty, and to give their new stock an investment value, many expedients were resorted to by the railroad heads. In some cases "preferred" stocks were issued. These stocks took precedence of all others, and became a first lien upon the assets, after the payment of all obligations, and were entitled to a stipulated dividend before the other or

common stocks obtained anything from the earnings.

In other cases, where stock was issued to raise money, an attempt was made to give the new stock an investment value by guaranteeing stability of income returns. It was planned in good years, when as high as fifteen per cent, was earned on the stock, to pay five or six per cent. and to hold the surplus in reserve, so as to keep up the same average returns when the net income for stocks had declined to two or three per cent.

### An Unexpected Effect

It will be seen that when a stock is preferred or in any way guaranteed as to interest, it at once loses its character as an equity, and becomes a conditional promise to pay, and to that extent it takes on the character of a bond or other secured lien. This effect was certainly not contemplated by the devisors of the new plan for raising money by the sale of preferred stocks, or of stocks in any way guaranteed, and the result has been to obscure the at one time sharply defined distinction between bonds and stocks.

The recent attitude of the courts has further tended to obliterate the old distinction. Some time ago a case was brought before the courts, in which it was contended that the charges of a certain railroad were too high. In this case the judges seem to have taken the ground that stocks and bonds should be classed together in order to determine the actual capitalization of the corporation, and that the fairness of the charges should be determined by ascertaining if a lowering of the rates would leave sufficient to pay a fair return on the investment made.

At present it is difficult to judge of the outcome of this changed attitude toward stocks. However, it may be stated, with some certainty, that the tendency of the large corporations to fix the dividends on stocks will do much to weaken their speculative character, while, at the same time, adding greatly to their desirability as forms of investment. Still, there is another side to this question. If the maximum return on stock is to be limited to six per cent, and charges reduced to proportions, so that they will get the benefit of increased earning power, the position of the stockholder will not be entirely enviable, for he has no guarantee against possible loss.

### GOSSIP IN THE PANTRY

THE Cabbage bowed her queenly head  
The Ham boiled through with rage,  
The Salt ran down the cellar  
For counsel with the Sage;  
The old Potato winked his eye,  
The Pepper sneezed a test to try,  
The Ginger burned up with disdain,  
The Corn picked up her ear,  
The Steak alone in sympathy,  
Did smother back a scoff,  
The Eggs were so much mortified  
A dozen sentinels off  
The entire pantry neighborhood  
Seemed to be all awry;  
The naughty Cold-Sliced Tongue had told  
A Concentrated Lye!  
—McCall's.

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ALL DRUGGISTS 11-54

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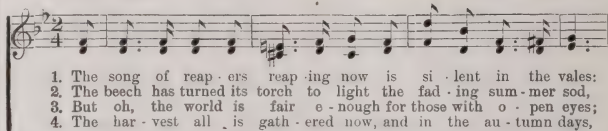
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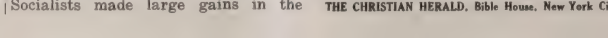
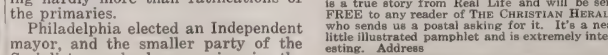
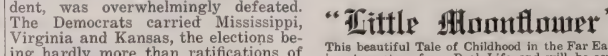
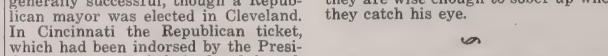
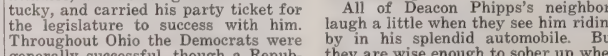
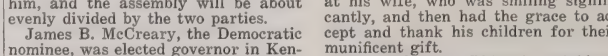
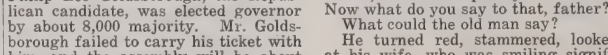
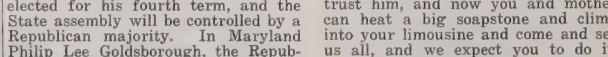
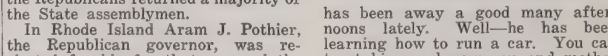
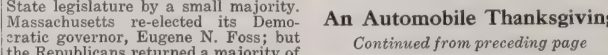
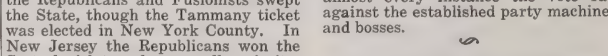
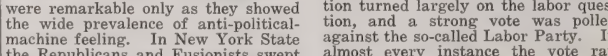
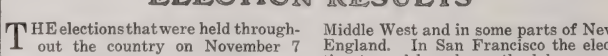
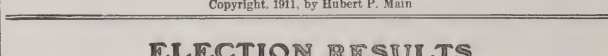
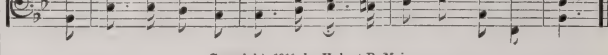
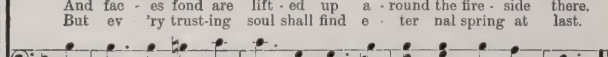
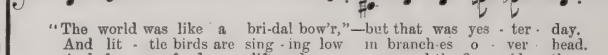
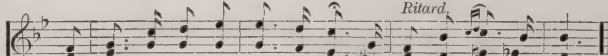
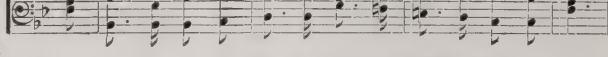
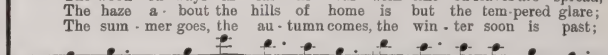
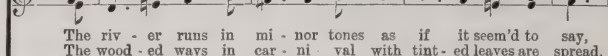
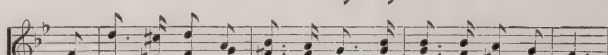
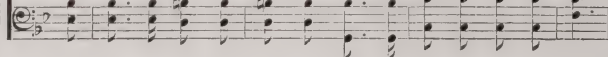
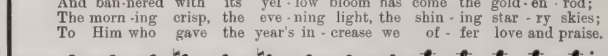
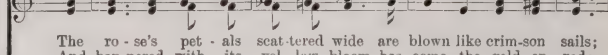
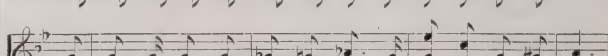
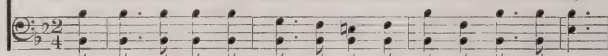
## HARVEST HOME

W. Lomax Childress

Hubert P. Main



1. The song of reapers reaping now is silent in the vales:  
2. The beech has turned its torch to light the fading summer sod,  
3. But oh, the world is fair enough for those with open eyes;  
4. The harvest all is gathered now, and in the autumn days,



## Don't Keep Chickens—Chickens Keep You

Don't you ever doubt it—there's profit in hens. It all depends on how to get it out of them. Joel M. Lusk, the "Egg King," owner of the famous cocas Farm, tells HOW in his book,

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He traces his career in the poultry business from the beginning down to last year, but he marketed eleven hundred thousand eggs at a profit of close to \$50,000.00. From his experiences in terse, straight-forward language that anybody can understand, makes his methods so plain that anybody who conscientiously tries can successfully apply them. This book is unquestionably the best and most practical guide to success in the poultry business ever published, helpful to the beginner as to the master, numbers his birds by the thousands.

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has distributed thousands of copies of this book among its subscribers, and has numerous letters reporting the success of those who have followed its teachings. We offer you this book together with Farm Journal for four months.

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## ELECTION RESULTS

THE elections that were held throughout the country on November 7 were remarkable only as they showed the wide prevalence of anti-political-machine feeling. In New York State the Republicans and Fusionists swept the State, though the Tammany ticket was elected in New York County. In New Jersey the Republicans won the State legislature by a small majority. Massachusetts re-elected its Democratic governor, Eugene N. Foss; but the Republicans returned a majority of the State assemblymen.

In Rhode Island Aram J. Pothier, the Republican governor, was re-elected for his fourth term, and the State assembly will be controlled by a Republican majority. In Maryland Philip Lee Goldsborough, the Republican candidate, was elected governor by about 8,000 majority. Mr. Goldsborough failed to carry his ticket with him, and the assembly will be about evenly divided by the two parties.

James B. McCreary, the Democratic nominee, was elected governor in Kentucky, and carried his party ticket for the legislature to success with him. Throughout Ohio the Democrats were generally successful, though a Republican mayor was elected in Cleveland. In Cincinnati the Republican ticket, which had been endorsed by the President, was overwhelmingly defeated. The Democrats carried Mississippi, Virginia and Kansas, the elections being hardly more than ratifications of the primaries.

Philadelphia elected an Independent mayor, and the smaller party of the Socialists made large gains in the

Middle West and in some parts of New England. In San Francisco the election turned largely on the labor question, and a strong vote was polled against the so-called Labor Party. In almost every instance the vote ran against the established party machines and bosses.

## An Automobile Thanksgiving

Continued from preceding page

has been away a good many afternoons lately. Well—he has been learning how to run a car. You can trust him, and now you and mother can heat a big soapstone and climb into your limousine and come and see us all, and we expect you to do it. Now what do you say to that, father?"

What could the old man say? He turned red, stammered, looked at his wife, who was smiling significantly, and then had the grace to accept and thank his children for their munificent gift.

All of Deacon Phipps's neighbors laugh a little when they see him riding by in his splendid automobile. But they are wise enough to sober up when they catch his eye.

## "Little Moonflower"

This beautiful Tale of Childhood in the Far East is a true story from Real Life and will be sent FREE to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who sends us a postal asking for it. It's a neat little illustrated pamphlet and is extremely interesting. Address  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

## Thomas Stocking

From pure gum rubber, woven absolutely to your measure, and at the same price you pay for poor-wearing, ready-made goods.

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## Thanksgiving at Bowery Mission

LONGST the earliest celebrants of Thanksgiving will be the men of Bowery Mission. As the clang of midnight bells ushers in this pacific day, a motley and forlorn group will have gathered at our doors. It will be our guests at the first of the Line Breakfast of the season. Homeless brethren, nine-tenths of American citizens, on this day of thanksgiving for God's unrepentant national prosperity, are here in the cold harsh streets without a roof to cover them.

Probably, however, in the whole of Thanksgiving observers, there will be more truly grateful than the poor distressed men. For, as the clock strikes, and the doors are opened, they will step into the light and warmth of the splendid breakfast and will be greeted by strong, Christian brethren, who will speak words of cheer and comfort to them; the hot coffee and substantial will assure them that there are hearts who have not forgotten on this day of national praise. We intend to provide breakfasts for a thousand homeless men each year, until Easter Sunday, 1912.

At nine o'clock will come the distribution of baskets, containing sufficient provisions for a dinner for ten persons to the poorest families of the city. Hundreds of applications have already been received, and each one is carefully investigated. One of our intelligent workers will have personally visited every home. The careful inquiries will be made so as to prevent overlapping the work of the institutions, and the Bowery Mission baskets will go to the very

will be held in the Brotherhood Room, which will be as nearly like an old-fashioned Methodist lovefeast as the most ardent follower of Wesley could wish.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the doors of the large hall will be opened, and in due time the annual Thanksgiving meeting will proceed. In the meantime the crowd left outside will be admitted to the breakfast room in orderly fashion, and will receive their dinner in a box, until one thousand have been supplied.

The meeting will be addressed by three of our converts, who will speak respectively of, first, Patriotic Thanksgiving; secondly, Business Thanksgiving; thirdly, Spiritual Thanksgiving. This will naturally lead to the testimony part of the meeting, for which the Mission is so famous. Special Thanksgiving hymns will be sung.

Everything promises one of the most enthusiastic and jubilant of Thanksgiving Days.

It is to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that we chiefly look for the wherewithal to keep up this truly Christian work. We realize that we are simply your agents and almoners. At every opportunity we tell these poor and needy folks of the kind hearts in the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family that think of, and pray, and provide for them. Especially will we do so at Thanksgiving time, so that as you sit around in your own happy family circle, you may realize that you have helped some lonely, friendless mortal to have a share in your Thanksgiving joy.

J. G. HALLIMOND,  
Superintendent.

All checks and money orders in aid of the Bowery Mission and its work should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

## Another View of Joshua's "Long Day"

ANY I, as one of your subscribers, be permitted to say a few words to "Joshua's Long Day"?

Your correspondent, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for October 25, says the sun and moon literally stood still on that wonderful day. Of course, the sun stood still, unless we are to adopt Rev. Jasper's theory, that "The sun do move." Not quite so certain at the moon. It is wonderful how the sun has sneered, how theologians puzzled and worried over a phenomenon as easily explainable as a sand other phenomena of nature. It is not a question of the sun standing still, but of the earth. If the day was thened by any solid body standing between the earth and the sun, the earth must have ceased to revolve for a time.

Any one who will carefully study the Bible will soon see that God is to all of his intelligent creatures in matters and things as they appear to those creatures. Our Saviour said to the wind, "The wind bloweth as it listeth." We know the wind is not in the matter. We say the sun, "He is setting," and if we stand on the shore of a wide expanse of water and watch him go down, we hardly sink into the water. So it is with God inspired Joshua to say, "Stand thou still upon Gibeon; thou, moon, in the valley of Ebron," was it necessary for the sun to cease his daily motion? Let us see.

We have stood on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, where it is said to be over a hundred miles wide, and at times have seen bedding hanging in the windows of the houses upon the opposite shore. Other times even the houses themselves were not visible. Only the

dark outlines of the woodland could be seen. I have stood on the shore of Choptank River, and looked across from Talbot County to Dorchester, ten miles away. At times it looks as if you could almost throw a stone across; at other times it looks its full distance. The sailors call it "looming up." Let us hear what some of the sailors say about these wonderful appearances.

A sea captain, together with all of his crew, once declared, on his return from a voyage, that he had seen the Peak of Teneriffe "looming up," way up in the air," when by his reckoning it was at least four hundred miles to the east of him. It was laughed at as a sailor's yarn; but the captain stuck to it as long as he lived. And do we not know that water has been seen in the Sahara Desert, apparently but a few hundred yards away, when it was really many miles distant? Now, it would have been infinitely absurd to suppose it to be necessary for God, in order to be consistent, to have inspired Joshua to say, "Let there be a wonderful miracle, produced by the strata of the atmosphere being so arranged as to refract the light of the sun, so that he may continue to shine upon us even after he, in the usual recurrence of the earth's rotation, should have been hidden from our view." No, the command was, "Sun, stand still!" and the sun appeared to stand still. "Moon, stand still!" and the moon appeared to obey.

It is needless to discuss this question, for it is interminable. All that we are concerned about is, that it was unnecessary to stop the motion of the earth, or any of the heavenly bodies, and God does not work unnecessary miracles. JOS. A. ROBINSON.

Royal Oak, Md.

## The Beautiful Christmas Scribner



### By Henry van Dyke

"Half-Told Tales." Full of poetry and fancy, and each with a lesson for the times. Beautifully illustrated by Garth Jones.

### By Richard Harding Davis

"The Invasion of England." What happened when the Germans were reported on the English Coast. Illustrated.

### By Edith Wharton

"Xingu." A witty and most amusing satire on certain seekers after "Culture."

### Dickens's Children

A series of four paintings by Jessie Willcox Smith, beautifully reproduced in color.

### A Berkshire Winter

by Walter Prichard Eaton. The coming and the passing of the snow in the New England Hills. Illustrated by Walter King Stone, printed in tint.

### Other Short Stories, Poems, etc.

If you are in any doubt about your reading for 1912 a glance at the new Scribner Prospectus, sent free, will convince you that there is at least one magazine you will not care to be without.

Hundreds are subscribing every day, beginning with October, to have the first of A. E. W. Mason's new serial, "The Turnstile."

\$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number

Address Desk 3, Circulation Department, Scribner's Magazine, New York



## Called Higher

Mrs. J. Bunker, of Berca, O., was called to her reward on June 13 last.

Mrs. Ada I. D. McGregor (27) died at Fort Collins, Col., on July 11 last.

Mrs. Mary Robinson Wienbar, aged 37, was called to her reward July 16, 1911, from her home in Wellington, Kan.

Mrs. Sarah E. McNamara (78) was called to her eternal rest from her home in San Antonio, Texas, on July 25.

Mary E. Kumer (71), of Seven Mile, O., was called home on March 26, 1911. She was a devoted Christian mother.

O. A. Boynton, one of the early pioneers of Etwa, Minn., passed away after eighty-nine years of active Christian service.

Mrs. Clara U. Hart (71), of Lyons, Ia., was called in March last to the reward of a life of patriotic and benevolent service.

Mrs. Christine Harris (85) passed away January 14 last at her home in Auburn, Pa. She was for many years a reader of this paper.

James W. McBain (58), a native of Nova Scotia, but long resident in Napa County, Calif., was called to his reward on June 10.

A. B. Furguson and his wife, of Paxton, Ill., were called to the long home within ten days in May last. Both were over eighty years of age.

Mrs. E. F. Oliver (87), of Bowdoinham, Me., passed to the great beyond on March 30 last. She had been a subscriber to this magazine for over twenty years.

Mrs. J. E. Huggett, of Reading, Mich., passed to her reward July 20, 1911, aged 69 years. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Rev. J. H. Horner (73), of Gordon, Neb., a faithful worker for Christ throughout his long life, was called home April 4, 1911. He was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Caroline M. Dunbar, of Monroe, Mich., departed this life February 19, 1911, aged seventy-six and one-half years. Sixty years a worker in Christ's vineyard; a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thirty-four years.

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Painted by George Frederick Watts

## Rock of Ages

Beautiful picture in Colors and Gold. Tremendous seller. Agents wanted. One sample

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Write to me, I will send you our handsome assortment of personal, pressed, different colors—suitable for "Lacy" pillow cover or small quilt. Can't be duplicated at stores under \$5. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send stamps or coin.

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Cards, envelopes, stationery, Post Cards, Letter Heads, Invitations, etc. Write for particulars. All easy, reliable. Write for price catalogue. Free, cards, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

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## Making Ready for Congress

Continued from page 1179

be best to let the hall of the House remain as at present.

But even the present chamber will not be big enough for the new membership if a swivel-chair and a desk are to be allowed to each member. Our Congressmen do not take kindly to the suggestion of the parliamentary bench, like that used in England, although they may be forced to come to it in time. Meanwhile, there is a compromise suggested whereby the chairs will remain but the desks will be removed, and instead a "desk rail"—a continuous shelf about eleven inches in width—will be substituted, extending clear across the hall in front of each row of chairs and affording the members a resting-place for documents and writing-pads. This arrangement will give room for the new members and it will provide more aisle space. The change will cost only about \$30,000. Operations will hardly commence before July 1, 1912, and it is much more likely that there will be a postponement until after the short session, which will end with the Presidential inauguration on March 4, 1913.

This winter at the White House will be characterized by the usual activity which always precedes a nominating convention and a Presidential campaign. The Presidential Mansion, like the Capitol, has been rejuvenated since summer, but there are no radical innovations. Some of the historic trees on the White House grounds have been treated by "tree surgeons," and the time-honored White House stables have been supplanted by new quarters for the presidential horses and motorcars. Mrs. Taft, who returns to the White House somewhat improved in health, will again be assisted in the discharge of social duties by her only daughter, Miss Helen, who has decided not to return to college.

## Mrs. Peter Wiggs' Thanksgiving Party

Continued from page 1183

and her suetty pudding made. I must get her recipe for that suetty pudding; it's the best I ever ate." And not long after: "There hangs the red signal; that says Dolly Ann's folks are all well and tickled to death at thought of coming." And once more: "There, pa, is her bright colored scarf afloat; that means her cake is all baked and has turned out just fine! Well, I do say this is something to be extra thankful for."

And how sped Mrs. Wiggs' own party in memory of her absent children? Oh, you should have seen that long table full of bright young girls and grateful young men, Mary's and Richard's guests, and heard their loving Thanksgiving talk, listened to their music, and helped in their games, to appreciate it. And then, Jerome's evening banquet and harvest for the poor, where Mrs. Green fairly distinguished herself by bringing a wagon load of stuff, and doing wonders in making people comfortable and happy. She and Mrs. Wiggs rode home in company, and as Mrs. Wiggs alighted at her own gate, Mrs. Green reached down and caught her by the hand.

"I just want you to know," she whispered, "that this is the very best Thanksgiving I ever had in my whole life. It sounds kind of awful—I'd hate most folks to hear me say it—but I'm happier than I've been for years, even if Nathaniel is dead."

Mrs. Wiggs gave her hand a hearty shake. "I guess God understands," she said.

—THE REV. DR. PETER H. MILLIKEN has been appointed pastor for strangers at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York. Dr. Milliken was pastor of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia for twenty years, and became connected with the Marble Collegiate Church on November 15, 1910.

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# BUILDING WITH GOD\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

NEHEMIAH moved upon Jerusalem, an army of one, after a march of four months on the way from Babylon. He rested three days, so he tells us (Neh. 2: 11)—the sole of this chapter should be read—then went out to reconnoitre in the night; "neither was there any rest with me save the beast I rode on. . . . I viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire." In passing some places, he had to alight, for "there was no place for the beast that was under me" (because of the ruins). Dr. Joseph Parker commenting upon this experience of Nehemiah says: "He took his own measure of the situation ruins, ruins softened by moonlight, ins aggravated by shadows, ruins seen by a lonely man, ruins looked at with a heart that meant to destroy them, and bring back every beam of ancient glory. If we could paint that picture might entrance the world." Nehemiah returned to the city by night, but did not go on his expedition until such time as he deemed it wise to gather the priests, the nobles, the rulers and the people together. "Come, let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we may no more be reproach," came his words as a clarion call. In sweet antiphony the people responded, "Let us rise up and build." There was, however, a word. It came from Sanballat, one of the "governors," and his henchman, Tobiah. It grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of Israel, and they tried the weapon of scorn. But the people replied, "The God of heaven, he will prosper us."

## Nehemiah's Obstacles

It will be found most interesting to read the whole of the third chapter of Nehemiah, about how he apportioned the people to the work to be done. The lists of hard names in this chapter would not deter one from reading it. Miss Sarah Smiley said about reading this chapter, "I thanked God for such hard names, because God had thought it worth while to put it in his book, and no one who had served was forgotten." But Sanballat and Tobiah continued shooting arrows of scorn and ridicule: "What are these feeble Jews doing? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish? If a fox go upon them, he shall break down their stone wall." But the people kept right on with the building, until all around the city the wall was continuous and half the height it was intended to be. Sanballat grew more aggressive; he sought allies among the Ammonites, the Aradians and Ashdodites, and they all came up to fight against Jerusalem. The hands of the Israelites weakened, and some of them even said, "We are not able to build the wall." But the one man, Nehemiah, said not so. He was courage for all, wisdom for them in God, saying, "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord who is great and terrible." Nehemiah showed his great generalship in the way he reorganized his forces (read Neh. 4: 15-21). Instead of yielding to their weakening, he redoubled their labors and permitted neither himself nor them to take off their clothing nor to lay aside their weapons while they slept, in order that they might be ready to meet the enemy at any moment. But the enemy, instead of attacking the Israelites in the open, four times made attempts to capture Nehemiah by treachery.

Sanballat five times sent a letter to Nehemiah asking him to come to the plain of Ono for a conference. Each time Nehemiah returned the answer, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Then Sanballat's treachery took another form. He learned of a priest in Jerusalem who could be bribed, and with him Sanballat arranged a trap by which Nehemiah might possibly be caught. She-maiah was the name of the priest. He tried to persuade Nehemiah to go into the temple for safety because Sanballat and his allied forces were come. Nehemiah was instructed by God that She-maiah was false, and he replied: "I will not go in."

Another difficulty Nehemiah had to meet was disaffection among the builders, because they had no time to plant grain, nor to get money for taxes. But Nehemiah arranged with the rulers that their taxes should be remitted, and made arrangements for food until such a time when they could plant. By result of strenuous effort the wall, between three and four miles long, was completed in fifty-two days.

## The Nehemiah Type

There is room in the world for other people of the Nehemiah type, both men and women. The State needs them, the Church needs them, God needs them. Walking in the night through the streets of the town, Samuel Wesley heard the alarm of fire. He presently reached his own house, and found that it was burning. He hurried to the rescue of his wife and children. Gathered in the street, the father and mother proceeded to count their children. One was missing—a boy of six, little John. The father rushed back into the burning house, and found the stairway so nearly consumed that it was impossible to reach the nursery in the second story. He fell on his knees and committed to God the spirit of the child. But the boy had climbed upon a box that stood before the nursery window, and those outside had caught sight of his face. Quickly men were hoisted on each other's shoulders, and reaching the window, the boy was snatched out just as the roof fell in. The little life thus marvelously saved was lengthened to nearly ninety years, and the great Methodist branch of the Church was organized.

A life worthy to be classed with that of Wesley was that of Christian David. He came as a refugee from his home in Moravia to the German province of Silesia, fleeing from religious persecution, because he had been given a Bible and had found comfort in reading it. He secretly led a little colony of two families in 1722. And thus the foundation was laid for a missionary effort which has astonished the world. The missionary work was begun when the population of the colony was only six hundred. The proportion of missionaries to the membership of the Moravian Church is larger than in any other denomination. We must refer to one other, Richard Baxter. Dr. Cuyler has said of him: "For half a century that man gave himself to the service of Jesus with a perseverance and industry that shames such letterers as you and I." On every Sabbath day he preached two sermons; on two days of the week he spent seven hours instructing the children of the parish, omitting none on account of poverty or obscurity. He devoted one day in the week to their bodily welfare. He spent three days in studying and writing, preparing one hundred and sixty volumes, among them the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, which has helped so many people on the way to heaven. It is known that his life alone changed the town of Kidderminster from vice

Continued on next page



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\* The International Sunday School Lesson for December 3, 1911. Nehemiah rebuilds the Wall of Jerusalem. Neh. 4. Governor's Text: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." I. Cor. 16:13.



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"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what satisfaction is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."

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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

and ignorance to a community that was sober and industrious, a large part being converted and godly. On Sabbath evening one might hear hundreds of families singing psalms or reading the Bible in passing along the street. Dr. Cuyler adds: "Such was one life, the life of a man, much of the time an invalid."

At a six weeks' revival meeting one little boy was the sole visible result! But that boy grew up to be the great apostle of modern missions, Adoniram Judson. It is said, "To him God gave Burma, and he gave Burma to God."

Some one is probably saying, "These men you have referred to have all been 'in the limelight.'" If that is so, it is because the limelight is God's light. What a list of immortals the angels of God might show us written in God's book of remembrance!

### The Rubbish

We turn again to the builders on the wall of Jerusalem. They lost their grip because of the rubbish. It was so great they despaired of ever getting it into shape. If Nehemiah had not been there, and had not been the courageous character that he was, they would have given up. It would be hard for us to conceive of the pile of rubbish which the Israelites had to use as a quarry out of which to rebuild the walls of the city. Some of us no doubt have seen a city wholly or in part destroyed by fire. In a very short space of time those cities rose from the debris to be more beautiful than before. But Jerusalem for the most part had lain waste for sixty years. We can hardly wonder that when the builders had their wall half-way up, and they had probably used the best stones, they became somewhat discouraged and said: "There is so much rubbish that we are not able to build the wall." But, encouraged in God by Nehemiah, they did go on, using the stuff they had, until the wall was completed.

In building national or individual character it must be done from "the stuff we have." The great Anglo-Saxon race to which we belong has been developed from comparatively small groups of tribes, some of them very unpromising ones at that. It is only through centuries of building with God that our race has become one of the most enlightened, most humane, and most religious of all peoples. Our own beloved land is an example. In less than three centuries we have increased from one ship's load to upwards of ninety millions of people! In large part this has come about through immigration. We cannot all

claim to be descendants from the Mayflower! The immigrants that have come to us have, some of them, been as unpromising and as godless as our own heathen forefathers, yet we have made them over—Americanized, Christianized them as we have built them into our body politic, and now we have a land that is nearly all sunshine and a flag with many stars. But there is more building yet to be done, and that which is built must be strengthened. The United States must be made stronger morally and religiously, and we are responsible for this rebuilding. We are doing it through all organizations that make for civic betterment, moral uplift and religious development. It is our duty, our patriotic duty to belong to as many societies of this sort as we can.

But in all this national building let us look to ourselves. We shall need to be good and true in order to make ours a Christian nation indeed.

Have we "rubbish" in our individual character? If one finds that he has a bad ancestry, let him not be discouraged in his own character-building. Let him say: "If I am handicapped, I will nevertheless, God helping me, make a strong character of myself."

The climax of our lesson is now reached in the Golden Text: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

### The Lesson Taught to Children

Make use of a box of blocks by having a number of children each place a block in a little wall that all will together build; then tell the story of the people of Jerusalem who built the wall under the direction of Nehemiah. At this juncture they will be interested to see the Bible Picture Roll which has on it a representation of the Israelites at work.

Teach them the song of the "Little Builders":

Little builders all we are,  
Building for God's eye to see,  
Building from our hearts within,  
Thoughts of good, or thoughts of sin;  
Building with the deeds we do,  
Actions ill, or pure and true.  
Oh, how careful we must be  
Building for eternity!

(The tune may be found in *Special Songs and Services*, by Mrs. M. G. Kennedy.)

The teacher would do well to draw a wall of blocks on the blackboard, printing in each block the name of some good thing a child should do, in each case being dictated by a child, so that the whole wall on the blackboard will represent the thought of the children themselves.

## Among the Workers

—ST. GEORGE'S P. E. CHURCH, New York, which has one of the largest parishes in the world, is arranging to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

—ANY ONE KNOWING the address or present whereabouts of Solomon Augustus Brooks, Miss E. E. Seales, and Willis H. Josas is requested to send the same to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—MR. SIDNEY WHITTEMORE, president of the National Federation of Gospel Missions, recently visited Philadelphia, and spoke at the following institutions: "The Whosoever Gospel Mission, Germantown; Bethesda Mission, Rescue Home, Brotherhood Mission, Wayside Gospel Mission, and Sunday Breakfast Association. There were over one hundred requests for prayer at the various meetings."

—THE INSTALLATION of Rev. Francis Raymond Sturtevant as pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Society, of Taunton, Mass., took place on October 17. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. Charles Edward Park, First Church, Boston, Mass. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. William B. Goodrich, of the First Congregational Society, New Bedford, Mass. Addresses of welcome were given by Rev. Lincoln B. Goodrich, Taunton, Mass., and the Rev. George H. Reed, Belmont, Mass.

—THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall Street, New York, has an institute at No. 607 W. West Street, devoted entirely to the welfare of sailors. The institute is located right at the doors of the great transatlantic piers, and as a consequence it

has become the rendezvous of deep-water sailors from all over the world. One branch of the varied activities is concerned with the welfare of boys. On the average ocean liner there are at least a dozen youngsters, whose ages range from four years to twenty years. Other craft have from one to six boys. When it is remembered that these youngsters are strangers in a strange land, it is evident that there is need for even more watchful care and intelligent supervision than for the average boy. The boys' department of the institute has been established less than three years, yet it is becoming well known.

—MISSIONARY W. C. WILCOX, Bethany Mission Station, Estcourt, South Africa, writes giving the results of a unique experiment in land colonization among the natives. With limited capital he bought at first 200 acres, divided it into 25 lots, and sold it to the natives. He bought 326 acres, 200 of which he cut into five-acre lots. He has already sold one-half of them to the natives. Not long ago, a delegation of men from a neighboring town called upon him, having been sent by their church, and requested his help. Mr. Wilcox said they were a very poor and starved to see the houses which the people themselves had built. But they were as "sheep without a shepherd." They were all on private farms and subject to banishment at the will of their landlords. The natives wanted Mr. Wilcox to buy the farms for their owners, and cut them up as he had done at other places, and then sell them to the natives, who could build homes upon them. He was reluctantly obliged to refuse their petition.



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## Young People's Societies

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AND look," said God unto Moses (Ex. 25:40), "that thou make [all things] after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount." Thus from the earliest times God never left his children without patterns for their guidance. In the imitative ages he raised up the patriarchs, faulty men, yet, as worshipping perfect God and striving after righteousness, presenting a model for conduct. They sinned but they repented. They taught their children the true religion, and thus was developed the wonderful Jewish race, which led the world in the pursuit of spiritual purity and righteousness, up to the time of the coming of our Lord. Moses was specially instructed of God. Through him came the moral law, still the chief side of human virtue. Not only was he to build a tabernacle to the glory of God, according to the measurements given directly from heaven, but into his hands were confided those tables of one upon which were graven adequate rules for the upbuilding of perfect human characters.

A long line of holy men were raised up throughout the ages to supplement and make plain to the dull eyes of humanity the commands of the decalogue. At last, when the earth was prepared for his coming, nearly all men being gathered under the one great sway of Rome, was bestowed upon us the crowning gift, the perfect model, for mankind to follow.

The greatest English poet has put into the mouth of his most famous character a wonderful tribute to the human form and mind: "What a piece of work is man—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" And yet with these almost divine attributes of intellect and soul, and with every quality needed to imitate the perfect Model, mankind, as a whole, follow almost any other rather than that.

The imitation of Christ means the crucifixion of the flesh and the exaltation of the things of the spirit. It means the constant development of those qualities which mark off man from the lower animals. The pleasures of sense; the love of the world; the cherishing of the "thing-life," to the harm of the "thought-life" and the "soul-life"; these are the lures of Satan to keep us from following after the Master; and to the vast mass of mankind they appeal with well-nigh irresistible force.

"I am the bright and morning Star," said our Saviour. It is as though he not only walked before us as a pattern of holiness, but as though a light shone around him to let us see that pattern clearly; and is there not, in the man who truly strives to be like him, also a light, as of a star?

The late Dr. Parsons Nichols spoke eloquently of such men and the light by which they walk, and which they in turn shed around them. "As a man sees, so is he. His vision is the measure of his power. This is the secret of the world's great leaders—Moses, David, Paul, Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Washington. We need such leaders now. We need in the church men whose minds are lifted up into the sweep of God's omnipotent purposes. The spirit of the heavenly vision gives birth to power, to confidence.

It is said that one must look long and fixedly upon any object before it can be graven on the mind. The artist studies with a keen and earnest gaze the face or the landscape which he proposes to paint. Before we can become truly like our Master, we must study his features as the Gospels have portrayed them. Thus only can we grow into his likeness.

### Great Lives: Paul\*

THE city of Tarsus, in which Paul was born, was at that time the rival of Athens and Alexandria in learning. Its schools were very famous. Even if the great apostle to the Gentiles were not instructed in these schools, he must have gained much in taste and culture from the very atmosphere where they flourished.

It is quite certain that he knew Greek and was familiar with the Greek version of the Scriptures, when he was permitted in the Holy City to sit "at the feet of Gamaliel," and thus acquire that intimate knowledge of Jewish law and literature which he used later in a masterly manner to confound the enemies of Christ.

The mere fact that he was born in Tarsus did not make him a Roman citizen. He had probably inherited this distinction, a great privilege for a Jew to possess in that day, from some ancestor who had rendered a service to the Roman state. His trade of tent-making he had learned as a Jew, for the Jews almost universally taught their sons some handicraft. In the utter disregard of gain which the apostles showed, and their desire not to burden their converts, the frequent practice of his trade was undoubtedly a great convenience to Paul, besides setting a good example.

We see Paul first, as Saul, joining in the persecution of Stephen, and "consenting unto his death." It was a crisis in the life of the ardent and intense Benjamite. Whatever cause he espoused, he entered into with the full force of his fiery nature.

Most vividly is his conversion described in his own words in the Acts. We seem to see the light from heaven, the blanched faces of Saul and his companions, and their speechless cowering upon the ground. Then comes the command to go to Damascus and there be told what he should do.

How or why the name "Saul" became "Paul" is unknown. Commentators suggest that the new title commemorates the beginning of his Christian ministry. It would be natural that he should then wish to be known no longer by the name under which he had so grievously sinned against Christ. It is supposed that when, after a period of preaching in Damascus, he fled from it under threats of persecution, he went into Arabia and tarried there for many months, striving, perhaps, by seclusion from the world to fit himself the better for his great work.

From Arabia he returns to Damascus. Then he goes to Jerusalem and there he becomes associated with Barnabas. Later came his great mission to Antioch, where the Gentiles first received the Gospel. Follow him on his travels as he goes from place to place. Read his matchless sermons and epistles. The last of these (II. Timothy) was written from Rome, when its inspired author was confined in a prison.

Whether Paul was twice or but once imprisoned there, is a point not yet decided by Bible students. Dr. McClintock thinks that the evidence of two imprisonments is most reliable, and "the concurrent testimony of ecclesiastical antiquity" is that he was beheaded at Rome at about the time of Peter's crucifixion there. It was a wonderful career, without which our Bible and the world would have been immeasurably impoverished.

\* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 3. TEXT: II. Tim. 4:1-8.

Note.—In the essay upon "John," in our issue for October 75, 1911, above the sentence stating that our Saviour and the apostle John were Levites, a line should have been inserted crediting this theory to a well-known German cult, which professes to have found through tradition and research more Levitical ancestors of Christ than Judaism; the single line of Judah having been traced in order to show that prophecy had been fulfilled.

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The Children's Loaf

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## Questions and Answers

J. T. J., Newburg, Ind. I shall be pleased if you can throw some light on Ex. 31: 17, especially the last word, "refreshed."

It has been claimed by some scholars that the last clause was an interpolation by some early scribe or translator, but it is upheld by modern commentators just as it stands. One cannot easily conceive of the divine energy being spent, nor is it necessary to put such a construction on the word. Another interpretation is that the inspired writer used this phraseology to signify to men that the seventh day was to be a period of rest and refreshment and of abstention from labor.

Ella D., Portland, Me. 1. What is the total numerical strength of the Mohammedan power throughout the world? 2. Is such a thing as a "holy war" possible in these days?

1. There are about 200,000,000 Mohammedans (M. Fournier de Flaix, the distinguished statist, ten years ago estimated the number at 178,000,000); 90,000,000 of these are under British rule, chiefly in India, Burma, Egypt and England's East African colonies. Their interests now are so diverse that it would be difficult if not impossible to unite them in a "holy war" or universal crusade under the Crescent. The Moslems of Syria, of Abyssinia, of Central Africa, of India, Malaysia, and other points far distant from Turkey in Europe or in Arabia could only with great difficulty be persuaded to engage in such a movement as sensational correspondents sometimes write about, knowing that it could only result disastrously.

W. C. M., Toronto, Can. Please inform me where trees which produce a vegetable butter are cultivated.

There are twenty-two different vegetable oils, many of which are referred to as butters. The commonest are cocoa butter from the chocolate tree, Dika butter from the Barteri tree, Otoba butter, Shea butter and Ghee butter. The trees producing the seeds from which these fats are extracted are cultivated in India, Java, Africa, Mexico and many other tropic and subtropic countries.

L. E., Salem, Mass. What did the placing of twelve stones in the midst of Jordan (Josh. 4: 9) signify? It is said "they are there unto this day." Are they there now?

In verse 2 of the same chapter, a memorial of twelve stones had been laid to commemorate the place of the passage. From time to time as they journeyed, the Israelites set up these memorials, usually consisting of twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes. The stones that were set up in the bed of the river are not mentioned by Josephus, the Jewish historian, who lived in the first century A.D., but they may have been in existence in the time of Ezra, under whose authority the sacred books were arranged and compiled in the fifth century B.C.

Mrs. B. F. R., Murfreesboro, Tenn. Please explain Mark 4: 12.

The passage means that they were in spiritual darkness, which they had obstinately preferred to the light and healing which Jesus had brought nigh to them. Their eyes, though seeing in a natural sense, were judicially sealed up by their own choice and unable to perceive the things seen and understood by those who, with eyes and ears voluntarily opened, welcomed the Gospel. See the corresponding passage in Matt. 13: 13-17.

A. B., Youngstown, O. The fact of Jonah's personality is satisfactorily established. He lived in or before the reign of Jeroboam II., about 820 B.C. There has been much discussion concerning the book of Jonah, which is both historical and prophetic, and some have regarded portions of it as an allegory. The miraculous character of the book has many times been attacked, but the attitude of orthodox scholarship is that it should stand as a whole as we find it in the canon of Scripture, as a remarkable illustration of the sin of not obeying God. To enter into all the criticisms upon the book of Jonah would be too large a task for THE MAIL-BAG.

G. P. M., Martinsburg, W. Va. Please give your views of the following: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to the God who gave it." If the body returns to the earth and the spirit to God does the soul sleep until the resurrection? If not, what parts of us sleep? The old writers say they fell asleep and were buried with their fathers. Paul says: "David fell asleep."

The passage to which you refer is one which is variously repeated in Scripture and which

pictures the common fate of mortality. See its first expression in Gen. 3: 19. This was after the fall. For the other side of the picture read I. Cor. 15th chapter and especially verses 42 to 50. Also the explanatory passage in verse 22, "As in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive." The ancients, though there were many among them who saw the light and walked in it, were largely in spiritual darkness. The great disclosure of the Gospel by which "life and immortality were brought to light" had yet to come. Consequently, they dwelt much on the sad and unrelieved aspect of human life. Yet even in those comparatively dark days, God had his bright and shining witnesses, his prophets and righteous men and women whose faith and zeal were accounted for righteousness. Paul's exposition in the chapter already mentioned is the most complete treatment of the subject of life, death

and resurrection. David "falling on sleep" is simply the old reverent phraseology of the Bible writers. David himself had a foreglimpse of the other life, when, speaking of the death of his little son, he said, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me" (II. Sam. 12: 23).

Reader, Rainbow Lake, N. Y. We are repeatedly told in the Bible that there is none perfect; no, not one. They who claim otherwise delude themselves. We may, however, hope to come to a condition in which sin, though it may still assail us, will cease to have dominion over us; but we will not fail to feel its impotent buffetings. This is what Paul meant when he said: "What I would not, that I do," meaning that it was the war of the flesh against the Spirit. If our sins are covered (forgiven) we are no more under dominion to sin, though it may still trouble us. See I. John 1: 8, 9, 10.

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## THANKSGIVING

By Harry Joseph Heltman

NOVEMBER'S here and almost gone, the wind is blowin' chill,  
And I do not have the money, the 'tato-bin to fill;  
I'll have to chop my winter fuel, nights, over in the slush.  
For coal is high, and other things is usin' up the cash.  
The corn-meal's coarse, the butter's scarce, and meat—  
why, that's a treat;  
But we've got to have the shoes to cover up the little feet.  
The old cook-stove is 'goin' fine, and chinks is nailed up. Say!  
A fellow must economize on dollar ten a day.

Last year this time, our little Bill, he up and went away;  
Our hearts was broken sure—I never will forget that day.  
But somehow God, in his great way, gave helpin' for the pain;  
In just one week he sent us Nell, to make earth bright again.  
Wifi hasn't been so well since then; and doctor bills run high—  
It hurts to see her sufferin', and I often have to sigh;  
But her smile, it's sweet as angels'; and them seven kids is fine:  
Why, sakes alive! that house of ours is brim full of sunshine.

To-morrow is Thanksgivin' Day: I pretty nigh forgot.  
I'll set my traps to-night, out where a rabbit can be caught.  
Who cares for basted lamb, or duck, or turkey cold, for lunch?

That roasted rabbit'll be a feast for me and all my bunch.  
I'll take that dime that I had saved to buy a pair of gloves,  
And get some cranberries for sauce, the thing that mother loves:  
I'll trade for butter, with that corn I'd saved for later use—  
Oh, that will be a sure 'nough spread, not simply an excuse.

Guess I'll draw that money from the bank, it's such a bit,  
To cheer somebody else will beat all hollow, savin' it.  
Let's see! Now there's old Mother Jones, she's poor as poor can be:  
I'll send her flour and just throw in a good half-pound of tea:  
And Uncle Jimmy Thomas, he's not had a joy for years,  
He's so poor he can't afford the salt to spice his lonely tears.  
He ought to have some bacon, and some good wholesome bread.  
Well, I must say my prayers, then set my traps and go to bed.

Dear Lord, for me to-morrow is the glad Thanksgivin' Day;  
I have so much to thank thee for, that cheers me on my way:  
Why, just inside my little home there's blessin' by the score,  
And in everything I do, or where I go, there are some more.  
So help me to be kind to them, less lucky than I be:  
The fellow that's in hard luck, Lord, just send him round to me;  
I'll help him. Now accept my thanks for my blessin'-in's, for I'm sure,  
When I see how much that I possess, it is hard to be poor.

O. F. B., Long Lake, N. Y. Is it right to translate the Hebrew word *chodesh*, "moon" or "month"?

The Hebrew terms for "month" and "moon" have the same close connection as their equivalents have in our own language. *Chodesh* (new moon) expresses the idea of a lunation and also the recurrence of a period which begins definitely with the new moon, being derived from *chadesh* (new). *Yerach* is derived from *yareach* (simply, the moon) and refers to the orb, irrespective of periodicity.

Mrs. M. E. McD., Clayville, Va. Is it true that Ark has been found?

There have been claims of such finds at various times, but none have ever been properly substantiated.

B. McD., Saginaw, Mich. If one, after conversion, relapses into sin, need he expect forgiveness?

Yes, if he is sincerely repentant and seeks divine strength to resist his sin and put it away from him. God knows the weakness of the flesh and he will supply us with daily strength if we ask him. Though such a one fall he will not be "utterly cast down," if he turn to the source of strength and support. To sin against knowledge, *i. e.*, to continue in our offense when we know it to be sin, is a dangerous condition, and one only to be remedied by resolutely laying hold of the divine promise to fortify us in temptation and by turning our back on the besetting sin and avoiding contact with it by every means in our power. God does not keep those who do not desire to be kept. If we come to him contrite and earnest and ask forgiveness in Jesus' name it will assuredly be granted.

A reader in Oxford, O., sends us a note which says: "Captain David A. Murphy, managing editor of the Oxford Herald, has in his sanctum seven historic canes, the gifts of friends North and South. He has received, from time to time, over 250 presents, some of rare value. On being promoted to first lieutenant and adjutant in 1865, he was presented with a horse, sword, sash, belt, shoulder straps and spurs. His other gifts include household furniture, gold watches, clocks, rings, chains, lockers, books, sculpture and precious autographs. He thinks good health at seventy years the best gift of all."

## Miscellaneous

C. J. H., New Haven, Conn. The word "again" in the creed relative to the resurrection simply emphasizes the fact and does not imply its repetition.

C. A. L., Hammondsville, O. The words are interchangeable and are used in both forms. The Revised Version has "forgive us our sins" (see Luke 11: 1-4).

Inquirer, Gainesville, Fla. The three new cardinals chosen by the Church of Rome for the United States are Archbishop Farley of New York and O'Connell of Boston, both native Americans, and Monsignor Falconio, apostolic delegate at Washington, Italian born. Falconio will serve in Rome, the others here.

E. M., Edinburg, Ill. Attorney David Paine, 31 Nassau Street, New York, answers your question as follows: "Under the laws of Illinois, the wife is entitled to her dower in her husband's real property, unless she has been a party to some agreement, whereby it was provided that for a sufficient consideration she give up her rights of dower. If such agreement was made before marriage, she is bound by it; if made after marriage, she can elect to stand by the agreement or claim her dower."



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1911

# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAND SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK



## UNCLE SAM'S HORN OF PLENTY

**T**HAT old question, Which is the best part of the United States to live in? was answered very effectively by the New York Land Show, held in Madison Square Garden, New York, during the ten days beginning November 3. The great hall was jammed from cellar to roof with exhibits presided over by vociferous exploiters of various States and sections of the country, and after one had made the round of the main hall, the galleries and the basements, nothing but prejudice would have prompted a decision in favor of any one section. All, for one reason or another, seemed equally good.

"Come with us to the Northwest and help us raise apples like these," urged the representative of one railroad. "You cannot do it in the East."

He indicated row after row of great rosy cheeks, greens, yellows and russets, beauties every one, and

every one so big that the hands of a large man could not have closed completely around them.

"That's right!" agreed an exploiter from Virginia. "We don't raise such big fellows in the East, but ours, if smaller, are sweeter and juicier and we can put more pound weight in a crate because the chinks between ours are smaller, and where you pay fifty cents a crate freight to the Eastern market, we pay only nine."

"Ever hear of Kansas?" boasted another booster, who stood under a bunch of cornstalks twelve feet high. "You Easterners don't know what big farming is. Go West! Go West!"

"Why should we," retorted another, "when we've got hundreds of farms right here in New York State going to waste for proper development?"

"New York State!" snorted still another. "Why

leave home? Over on Long Island, over the East River, mind you, there's enough undeveloped land to raise crops sufficient to feed every soul in New York City. I tell you it isn't land that's wanted, it's brains."

It would appear that crop raisers with brains are scattered pretty much all over the United States and Canada. S. Wheeler, a farmer from Saskatchewan, won \$1,000 in gold for raising best wheat. Another, James Todd of Montana, won a \$1,000 silver cup for the best one hundred pounds of wheat grown in the United States during 1911. W. H. Dorin, who sent in the thirty best ears of Indian corn, and won another cup, lives in Virginia, whereas the prize for the best oats went to Messrs. Patton and Hartman of Montana. The barley prize went to R. Eisinger,

*Continued on page 1220*

A Section of the New York State Exhibit



A Maple Sugar and Syrup Exhibit from New England





# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. J. W. Jowett, D.D.\*



## THE ABIDING COMPANION

TEXT: John 14:18—"I will not leave you orphans (or 'desolate'). I come to you."

**W**HAT was the condition of the men to whom these words were first spoken? Our Lord's words were always relevant to the immediate need; and if we can realize the need of that moment we shall appreciate the riches of the Master's promise.

First of all, the men had been quarreling. They had entered the Upper Room in a state of sullenness. They had contended one with another as to who should be greatest in the kingdom of God. The contention had become very heated, and at last had issued in a sultry silence. When they reached the door of the guest chamber every man refused to be the servant of his brother, and the water and the towel were left untouched. Now quarrelsomeness of this kind, while heating the temper, lowers the moral temperature. But a second thing had happened. The vague purposes of Judas had condensed into actuality, and he had gone out into the night to sell his Lord. The moral temperature was thereby still further reduced. Then an ominous word had been spoken about Peter. The Master had quietly rebuked his somewhat presumptuous confidence, and had predicted an open denial before the sunrise. And last of all, the Master himself had just told them that he was going away. They were shocked and bewildered. They could have said with the psalmist: "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," and the proud palace on which they had fondly gazed in their dreams had given place to a rickety tent, and even this was being torn away, and they were being left shelterless, homeless, desolate. And it was just in conditions like these, when the whole of their life was filled with gloom, and coldness, and foreboding, that the Master uttered his comforting words: "I will not leave you orphans." "Ye shall not be without loving guardianship and care. I will not desert you, nor leave you on the bleak hillside, on stormy and wind-swept wastes. I come unto you."

### Our Orphanhood

These precise conditions may not be repeated in your life and mine. And yet the mood of the disciples reappears in all our lives, and we have need of the same consolations. We know the bleak hillside. We know the exposed moor when there is no one near, and the envious wind cuts us to the bone. And we all share the disciples' need of a "hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." Let us remind one another of some modern conditions in which we may feel the chills of orphanhood.

Let me mention, first of all, the fear of bereavement. The anticipation of bereavement is almost as desolating as the actual bereavement itself. The approach of the thing we fear is very fearful. Death creeps up the street towards our home, and we foresee destruction, and we are heard to say, "I don't know how I shall get through it." I think that the fear of bereavement sometimes casts a deeper gloom than the actual presence itself. There is no artist who paints more sombre pictures than Fear. He uses the darkest colors. There is no relief in his conceptions. He gives us no ray of dawn. There is no companionable presence on the lonely road. There is no lamp at the turning. And so we may be deep in orphanhood before death is at the door. And here is the Evangel—our Lord will come into that black season of fear. "I will not leave you orphans."

### The Presence of Bereavement

And then there is the presence of bereavement itself. When death has actually arrived, and gone, and taken our loved one away, there is great need of some strong and consoling presence. There is the season when the last service has been rendered, and there is nothing left but "just to clear up," "to look through his things," "to put things straight!"

\*Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Everything we touch opens a door into a once-filled but now empty world! And when all this is over we have to face the road again! That is a desolating experience, and it is just here that our Master comes with his friendship. "I will not leave you orphans."

And then there is the orphanhood that comes from the contemplation of defeat. This kind makes the soul feel very lonely and desolate. We are face to face with some big task, and we fear we have not the requisite strength. "Defeat stares us in the face!" It is easy to face a big thing when there are comrades by our side, and bands are playing, and drums are beating, and victory is in the air. But it is when we are alone, and the enemy straddles across the entire way, and there is no cheering band, when we seem to move to sure disaster, it is then we want the mystic presence of the companionable God.

### When Defeat Comes

And then there is actual defeat itself. We have done our best and yet we have failed. And still worse, we slipped into some pitiable mistake, and because of the slip we have lost the goal. And we cannot get back and do it over again! Cold depression settles upon us, the ways of life are filled with the moanings of men and women who would like to retrace their steps and do things over again. And the way is blocked! Well, just there, in that heavy, oppressive darkness, the friendly Christ will come. "I will not leave you orphans."

And lastly I will mention the desolation which frequently follows the season of festival. Who does not know the feeling of gap there is in the house when the bride has gone? Who does not know the feeling of staleness when we turn back to the old road after some season of rare and radiant joy? Perhaps we have had a precious hour with some rarely expected friend; or perhaps we have had a momentary taste of rare success. And then we have to go back again to the gray road, and the drab work, and the lonely pilgrimage. Yes, that is often a time of desolation, and our Great Companion knows it.

These are only a few examples of many gloomy seasons which enshroud and chill the souls of men. Let us now turn more intimately to the promise of the Master. "I will come to you." It is very beautiful. The Revised Version drops the future tense and renders it as a continuous presence, "I come to you." It is a perpetual coming, a coming that never ends. Let us mark the significance and beauty of the words.

### The Ever New Arrival

We have all experienced the supreme delights of a home-coming. A child has returned from school for holidays. The son or daughter has come back from the work in the distant city, or a parent is home again from much journeying in far-off lands. And what joy there is in it all, and what exuberance of spirit, and what thanksgiving! But in one and all of them the freshness wears away. We get accustomed to their presence and the gracious surprise passes away. I was in London when Lord Roberts was welcomed home from South Africa. How all London turned out to share the rapturous reception! A few weeks later I saw Lord Roberts in the Strand walking unheeded through the crowded way. The delight of the home-coming had spent itself, and we were now accustomed to his presence.

But the coming of the Master is to be like an ever-fresh arrival. He wants us so to experience his presence that it shall be as though we had the feast of his coming every moment. He wants every new emergency to be the occasion of a fresh surprise of grace. He wants every blessing to be as new to us as though we had never been blessed before. It is his will that we should be always finding him, always making a new discovery. And therefore it is the mind of the Master that we should retain certain things through all our days.

First, he wants us to keep the first sense of sweetness. It ought to be impossible for us to

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?

He wants the early blessedness to remain with us all its strength and winsomeness. He wants us retain the first surprise and to relish his presence every hour.

### The Joy of "First Love"

And secondly, he wants us to retain our first sense of wonder. One can feel the wonder of the apostle Paul in every one of his letters. Redeeming grace never became a commonplace. The Evangel never became such a customary condition that he ceased to hear its music. When he is following an abstract argument the glorious strains of eternal love waft his soul anew, and the argument breaks into a dialogue—"Oh, the depth of the riches!" Yes, it is the Lord's will that we should wonder every time we look upon his face.

And thirdly, it is our Lord's desire that we should retain our "first love." He wants it to be as though we were always "falling in love" with him. There is nothing so pains him as to see the blight of a customary upon our souls, and to see our affection wither before it. "I have something against" that thou hast lost thy first love." He would have kept it always, like lovers who live their wedded life in a courtship that never loses its sweetness and song.

And in all these ceaseless comings what will the Master do? What is to be the outcome of the perpetual visits? "Because I live, ye shall live also." That is to be the outcome. We are not to be vanquished by any circumstances, however gloomy or deadly they may be. Nothing is so fatal to our higher life. We are to be delivered from spiritual death. Whatever our circumstance may be, however hard, oppressive, or lonely, we are not to be buried beneath them, and our spiritual powers are not to be suffocated or destroyed. We may be "in the world, yet not of it." His presence will surround us by invincible protectives, and our security is to be complete.

And then his perpetual coming will deliver us from moral death. I only distinguish this kind of death from spiritual death for the sake of mental clearness. It is perfectly true that if we are spiritually alive we shall be morally quick and vigilant. "Because I live" with you ye shall be morally invulnerable. Dark circumstances shall not make us bitter, or careless, or resentful. Failures shall not make us vicious; successes shall not make us proud. The immoral contagion which is about us shall not come nigh our tent. We shall be shielded from every compromise and subterfuge and duplicity. We shall be protected against the councils of the ungodly, kept from the way of sinners, and saved from the seat of the scornful.

### The Assurance of Victory

And lastly, his perpetual coming will deliver us from physical death. We shall share his victory over the grave. We shall "not be holden of it." Death shall only get a worn-out robe. I like those words of Martin Luther which he addresses to proud Death himself: "Knowest thou not that thou didst devour the Lord Christ, but wast obliged to give him back, and wast devoured of him? So thou must leave me undevoured because I abide in him, and live and suffer for his name's sake. Men may hunt me out of the world; that I care not for; but I shall not on that account abide in death. I shall live with my Lord Jesus Christ."

And the guarantee and the assurance for all this promise is this, "because I live." If we are the Lord's by faith, then between us and the Lord there is a vital, indestructible relationship, and while he lives we cannot die.



## FULFILLMENT

THE maiden prayed: "God make me beautiful, and me with such fairness that the world shall see and own me fair. Oh, grant me power as great as Egypt's Queen, that men, all men, shall call me beautiful beyond compare."

he woman prayed: "God give me power of song; voice to thrill and hold the hearts of men, and make them subjects—slaves of each captive; or fires that rage within—I'd find a vent in a song—Oh, grant me, God, the power of song."

nd God seemed not to hear; but gave her Life to live. To maid and woman, sorrows fell that filled each day and night with pain, until of all was left her but a woman's soul, that yet had learned its lesson well; then came a beauty in her face unknown, undreamed.

o great her power she feared its wrong application, and pruned each day for light and strength, and music stole into her voice—deep notes that thrilled men's lives and stirred weak souls to act;

and then her power was great beyond compare. Thus God inscrutable doth answer prayer.

ESTHER J. RUSKAY.

## Mr. Carnegie's Latest Gift

ON NOVEMBER 10 Mr. Andrew Carnegie at a meeting held in his home on Fifth Avenue, New York, formally turned over \$25,000,000 to the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which was organized under a charter granted by the State legislature to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States. The new corporation is intended to carry on the work of founding libraries, aiding technical schools and institutions of higher learning, scientific research, useful publications, hero funds and such other work as Mr. Carnegie has been doing individually. Mr. Carnegie, who is still in excellent health, suggested this corporation more than a year ago, in order that he might be relieved of some of the responsibilities which his charitable work entailed. He is now easily the leading individual philanthropist of the world. Among his most recent gifts were \$10,000,000 for International Peace Endowment, and the extensions of his Hero Fund to France, Germany and Norway. His various donations for philanthropy and education are as follows:

|                                                          |               |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Hero funds (United States, France, Germany, Norway)..... | \$9,000,000   |
| Carnegie teaching fund.....                              | 20,000,000    |
| Carnegie Institute at Washington.....                    | 22,000,000    |
| Colleges in United States and Canada.....                | 20,000,000    |
| Colleges in England.....                                 | 7,000,000     |
| Trust for Scottish universities.....                     | 10,000,000    |
| Dunfermline trust.....                                   | 5,000,000     |
| Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh.....                    | 22,000,000    |
| Relief fund for steel workers.....                       | 4,000,000     |
| Bureau of American Republics.....                        | 1,500,000     |
| Peace Temple at The Hague.....                           | 10,000,000    |
| Libraries.....                                           | 30,000,000    |
| International Peace Endowment.....                       | 10,000,000    |
| Corporation of "Carnegie Corporation".....               | 25,000,000    |
| Total.....                                               | \$216,500,000 |

## A Prayer in Old Age

MOST merciful God, cast me not off in the strength of old age, for I am not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be thy holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last; and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion, and of thy faithfulness in fulfilling thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tabernacle, Lord Jesus, receive it. Send some of the blessed angels to convey my inexperienced soul to the mansions which thy love has prepared; and oh, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. (Psalms 71: 9, 18, and 73: 23-26.)

[This prayer was used by the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton, N. J., daily during the last year of his life. It is sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Rev. C. A. Votey, of Detroit, Mich.]

## Our Readers and Ourselves

Dear Friends:

YOUR fellowship, your hearty sympathy and your generous cooperation have been very pleasant to us—and very helpful—during the past year. It has seemed that the world-wide Christian Herald Family has drawn even closer together than heretofore in its unity and enthusiasm of purpose and its splendid accomplishments in 1911.

What is *The Christian Herald*, after all? Certainly it is far more than a weekly periodical. We have worked hard to make it the very best, most loved and most helpful home paper in the world. Perhaps our earnest efforts have brought it nearer to that high place. Do you think so? Let us sum up briefly: It has to-day a larger circulation than ever before. Its field of work and influence is wider. Its power for good has been multiplied. It is giving you 400 columns more of reading matter than heretofore. The strongest, ablest, most commanding sermonic department of any weekly in the world is right here in your paper every week. You have here the very flower of pulpit eloquence and spiritual exposition, representing all Protestant denominations. Important illustrated articles set forth each week the great world-movements of progress and uplift. Special articles of inspiration, comfort, instruction and entertainment are never lacking. Stories, also, have their proper place, and next year's program is exceedingly attractive in this department.

All these are important in making *The Christian Herald* so necessary in your homes, even if there were not a far more vital reason. We have greatly enjoyed the work of making your home paper. It is a delightful task to prepare such a paper from week to week and to send it out, warm with love, and eager to carry blessing to so great a family every Wednesday. But that isn't all. It is far more, as we said, than just a weekly periodical.

What is it, then? It is a vital part of yourself, of your own life. Also, it is part of our personality and life, as its editors and publishers. First of all, and most of all, however, *The Christian Herald* is you!

Did you ever think how every man and every woman lives only by expressing himself or herself in some outward form? Every good thought finds its value to the world only in its definite outward expression, and every good act is the tangible expression in the world of a good thought. Your favorite journal is the definite, tangible, glorious expression of your thought. Without you, its faithful, warm-hearted and generous subscribers, *The Christian Herald* would not be.

We have loved and labored, too; but without you, our labor would have been in vain. You have cheered us and inspired us in the upbuilding of our home paper. You have "provoked us to every good word and work," and your splendid cooperation has sent these good words and works on their errands of blessing around the world.

You are the one great necessity in making *The Christian Herald* the great power for good it has been and now is in the world. It is you who have made its abounding charities during 1911 extraordinarily successful. Without you, no great shipments of food would have steamed into the ports of famine-stricken China to give free bread to the starving. Without you, this journal would never have been able to carry helpfulness and saving to the human derelicts of the Bowery Mission. Without you, the beautiful Children's Paradise at Mont-Lawn would not have echoed with the joyous laughter and the sweet songs of thousands of children from the hot, steaming slums of the city. All through the list of noble works for the blessing of mankind "In His Name," the paper itself has been yours—the expression of your thought and your love. We have guided, that is all.

We look forward with eagerness and confidence to the coming year for the continuance of our fellowship. We hope our Family Circle will not be broken by a single departure. We earnestly want every member to answer to the roll-call for 1912. Many others will join us, but we cannot say good-by to any who are now with us.

Of course, there is another side to our relationship, and we hope you feel that it is an important side for you. While you have loyally helped this journal to carry blessings into many thousands of needy homes throughout the world, has it, in return, brought a blessing into your home—into your life? Has it brought you inspiration, information, cheer, pleasure? Have its weekly visits meant anything of helpfulness or joy to you or to some one near you? Has it been a satisfaction to you to join with the thousands of other subscribers and to do your part in bringing heaven a little nearer to the earth, or earth a little nearer to heaven by means of our united efforts and benevolences?

Surely, yes! Don't you wish there were a million of us, working together in the same way? Don't you hope, with us, that not one of the present subscribers will drop away? After all, isn't this kind of work the most worth-while and joyous there is this side of heaven? Won't you reach out your hand now, through the mail, and just grip ours in a pledge of continued fellowship and work through *The Christian Herald* for 1912? We are counting on you.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## NEVER DOUBT

I MUST never doubt my Saviour. Or his tender care for me; I must know I have his favor; Though his face I may not see. To be anxious is to doubt him. To be sad is unbelieving; Life is mockery without him. Disappointment, shame and grief.

No good thing the Lord withholdeth From the humble, upright heart; Changeless peace his own enfolding— Those who choose "the better part." Let me live beneath the shining Of the Sun of Righteousness, Evermore the love divine. Of the Lord who lives to bless. Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BROOK.

## How He "Made the Grade"

IN NORMAN DUNCAN'S new book, *The Measure of a Man*, there is a touching story of the passing of a rough but sterling character of the North woods. John Fairmeadow, the pastor of the woodsmen, visits the hospital where Long Jock McKenzie lies dying. He tells the sick man that the end is near.

"Near the landing, parson?" Long Jock asked, with a smile.

Fairmeadow nodded. "Nearing the last landing," the lumber-jack repeated.

"Almost there, Jock." The lumber-jack pondered. "I've a heavy load, parson," said he, presently. "I've a heavy load," he sighed.

Long Jock was a four-horse teamster, used to hauling logs from the woods to the landing at the lake. For years he had humored these great loads over the logging-roads—easing them on the down grades, calling to his horses on the up grades. And it seemed, now, that he fancied the last grade to be an insuperable one.

"Parson," he asked, "do you think I can make the grade?"

"With help, Jock." McKenzie said nothing for a moment. Then he looked up. "You mean," said he, "that I need another team of leaders?"

Fairmeadow nodded. "Another team of leaders," the lumber-jack repeated.

"The Great Leader, Jock."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said McKenzie. "You mean that I need the help of Jesus Christ."

Again Fairmeadow nodded. "To make this grade," McKenzie added.

No need to tell what Fairmeadow said then to the Scotch teamster in his last extremity—what he repeated, according to his faith, about repentance and belief and the infinite love of God. Long Jock McKenzie had heard it all before—long before, at home, being Scottish born—and had not utterly forgotten, prodigal though he was. It was all recalled to him, now, by a man whose life and love and uplifted heart were well known to him—by John Fairmeadow, a minister of the old school.

"Pray for me," said he, like a child.

Long Jock McKenzie died that night. It was a gentle passing. He had said never a word in the long interval; but just before his last breath was drawn—while Fairmeadow still held his hand—he opened his eyes, looked up, and sighed for the minister to bend near.

Fairmeadow leaned close. McKenzie whispered:

"Tell the boys—I made the grade!" And he passed over.

## Anvil Sparks

..EVEN the smallest fault is a fault just the same.

..HE that hath lost his faith hath little else to lose.

..You cannot share your joy too much, nor your grief too little.

..DON'T write down your grievances; the sooner they are forgotten the happier you will be.

..WHEN you make a blunder, step ahead of it; and thus you will make it an occasion for advancement.



# THE PASSING OF THE MANCHUS



A Manchu Lady of High Rank



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The Chinese Imperial Throne



A Manchu Lady of the Court at Peking

THE doom of the Manchu dynasty that has ruled China for two hundred and fifty years is sealed. Their dragon flag that through all the days of Europe's modern history has been the nation's symbol has gone down in the swirl of blood and fire of the revolution. The rising sun of a new era has appeared in the Flowery Kingdom and taken its place on the white flag of the revolutionary party. For years we have talked of the awakening of China. For years the sleeper has stirred and muttered in his sleep, but now is the awakening, and the written history of the world contains nothing to parallel its violence. The French Revolution was but a petty upheaval in comparison, for to-day almost every man in one of the world's largest countries, and undoubtedly the world's most densely populated country, is arrayed upon one side or the other in this momentous struggle.

It was in the tenth century that the people to whom the name "Manchu" is now given made their first appearance in Chinese history. They were wandering tribes of mixed Tartar and Mongolian descent and their first settled habitation was in the northwestern provinces, where by conquest they established the Leaou or Iron Dynasty. The next three hundred years were filled with fighting and aggression and at the end of that time the real ancestor of the present imperial family became the leader of his people, giving to them the name Manchu. In 1644 the Ta-Ming or Great Bright Dynasty, which was purely Chinese, was overthrown by the Manchus, who gave to their reigning family the name Ta-Tsing, or Great Pure.

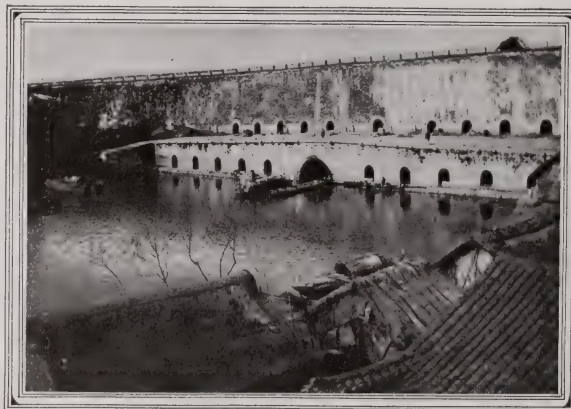
For years there has been a steadily growing revolutionary feeling in China, and the hatred of the conquered Chinese for their Manchu rulers has never been allowed to die out. The present revolution is the climax of all these years of discontent. That it was not undertaken without thought for the future is plainly shown by the ease with which the successful insurgents have taken charge and established effective temporary governments in the cities they have captured. That they should have turned out in a single day the draft of an elaborate and effective constitution is evidence that careful preparation has been made for the success that has seemed so sudden and surprising to our foreign eyes. The real minds of China are behind this great revolution. Perhaps nowhere else on earth is there such an aristocracy of education and ability. We do not fully realize the immense part played by the students in the life of that country. Outside the Manchu dynasty they are the accepted aristocracy. A man's success as a student is a criterion for all his life. Upon it depend all chances of civil or military employment, social rank and political authority, and very largely his chances of wealth. China is now at the mercy of her students, for it is undoubtedly true that there is no man of the slightest weight or influence in public affairs, whether he be revolutionist or imperialist, who has

not been in his youth a patient and successful student.

The revolution has become entirely a struggle of the Chinese against the Manchus. There is at the present time only one important Chinese in the ranks of the imperialistic party. He is Yuan Shi Kai, "the strong man of China," who, though he left Peking three years ago as a political exile, has now been recalled to make a final attempt to save the ruling house from destruction. He alone is able to wield influence with the revolutionary leaders. He seems to stand between the two parties, as it is believed that he is exerting his influence to induce the emperor to abdicate and thus bring the struggle to a close. Despite the fact that the revolutionists now control 14 provinces and that most of the great cities of commerce with whose names we are familiar are in their hands, the struggle may still be a

the revolutionists to make a second concerted attack upon the Manchu stronghold, but delay was caused by the non-arrival of ammunition which was expected from Shanghai. The Manchus took advantage of the situation and sacked and burned a great part of the city, killing indiscriminately men, women and children who had anything white about their persons. They scoured the narrow streets, and any Chinese of modern tendencies who had abandoned his queue was immediately beheaded. The order appeared to be that any one wearing anything white, which suggested the badge of the reformers, was to be killed. A white pocket handkerchief marked its possessor for death. White shoes, worn by the Chinese as a sign of mourning, doomed the wearer. One correspondent cabled: "The horror of the massacre cannot be described. Fully a thousand lie dead to-night in this city of desolation. Fires started everywhere and a large section of the native city was burned. To-night the Manchus, driven to bay, cornered and glutted with blood, having despoiled the goods of 200,000 inhabitants, watch the flaming city from the heights of Purple Mountain and await the morrow."

The news of the massacre aroused public sentiment in Shanghai to a white heat and undoubtedly added greatly to the force of the revolutionists in the South. The revolutionary leaders state that each day is strengthening their organization and that it is now only a matter of a few days when every province will be separately organized and ready to send delegates to a national convention which shall nominate a president. Dr. Wu Ting Fang, the former Chinese ambassador to the United States, has declared for the revolution, and is urging upon foreign governments the recognition of the republicans as belligerents. Thirteen vessels of the imperial fleet which arrived at Shanghai just after the great massacre at Nanking hoisted the white flag of the revolution, declaring themselves no longer under the control of the imperial government. Yuan Shi Kai, who was finally induced



A Part of the City Wall of Nanking, the Scene of a Great Massacre

long one. The coming of winter will undoubtedly bring to an end the movements of large bodies of troops, and unless a settlement is promptly made or foreign intervention takes place we may expect to hear of desultory and continued fighting throughout the winter months.

The city of Hankow has been the scene of a conflict that has extended over several weeks. It was first in the hands of the revolutionists, only to be recaptured by the imperialists, who burned a large section of the native city. Nanking, one of China's three ancient capitals, has been the scene of one of the most atrocious butcheries that history has ever had to record. On the night of November 10, the sun set upon a scene of fire, rapine, desolation and slaughter such as the world has seldom seen. Twelve thousand Manchu soldiers possessed the city and the Chinese were fleeing before them, terror-stricken and destitute. It had been the intention of

to become premier of the country under a constitutional monarchy, is now the centre of all interest. He is the last prop of the throne and he alone can save the imperial family. In spite of all the efforts which are being made by the imperialists and the reformers, the throne continues to receive daily memorials and protestations from the provincial assemblies declaring their convictions in favor of a republican government with Yuan Shi Kai as president, or announcing their independence and severing their connections with the central government. There seems but small doubt that the revolution is to be successful whether it culminates in the establishment of a republican government or of a constitutional monarchy. The day of the Manchus is done as an autocratic power in China and the great problem that faces the country is the reconciliation of the widely separated provinces and widely diverse ideas of the various revolutionary leaders.



# THE NATION'S NEW TARIFF BOARD

THE failure of the reciprocity agreement to receive ratification by the Canadian people has brought up for reconsideration at Washington a number of tariff questions. The President has shown his earnestness for tariff reform and is making further attempts to bring about a reduction of the gross inequalities which exist in the present tariff schedules. In this matter of tariff reform the lines of political demarcation have been to a great extent obliterated by the fusion of sections of the two parties to bring about the desired end. Mr. Taft has received support not only from the Republican but from the Democratic side of the house.

In October the newly appointed Tariff Board held its sessions in Washington. Of course neither the existence nor personnel of the board met with universal approbation, and it is not a surprise that a number of criticisms were made. During his stop in St. Louis, the President replied to these criticisms

and commented upon the qualifications of the members of the board. Mr. Taft agreed with the critics of the board in granting the impossibility of securing as its members a group of men, all of whom should have expert knowledge upon the subjects of the tariff. The President believes that even if it were possible to obtain such men the advantage of having them on the board would be questionable. It appears to him that it is better to secure a board like that which he has recently appointed, composed

of men who are in the habit of making investigations, analyzing evidence, and calculating costs. It was with this result in view that the President appointed to the chairmanship of the present tariff board Professor Henry C. Emery, a trained economist. Professor Emery's associates on the board are Mr. Alvin Sanders, for many years editor of the *Breeders' Gazette*; Hon. James B. Reynolds, for four years an assistant secretary of the Treasury, in President Roosevelt's charge of the customs under Professor Thomas W. Page, of the University of Virginia, an economist of widely recognized ability, and former Congressman William M. Howard of Georgia. Though Mr. Taft is convinced that the present board is as impartial and independent as any such body can be, he still advocates the establishment by law of a permanent tariff commission which shall be appointed by the President, the appointments to be confirmed by the Senate.



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The New Tariff Board in Session in Washington Last Month

From left to right the members are Thomas W. Page, Alvin H. Sanders, Henry C. Emery, James B. Reynolds, William M. Howard

## IN THE LAND OF THE INCAS

IT IS pretty generally recognized in South America that commercial relations between the United States and the Southern republics have not kept pace with the growth of friendship and mutual confidence.

Secretary Root's visit to South America tended to dispel doubts and gain confidence. During recent years, every day sees an increasing number of tourists and men on scientific research from the United States on their way to different parts of Peru and Bolivia.

As Peru becomes better known it will undoubtedly become a very popular country for those who wish to escape the severe colds of the northern winters. Amongst all the

varied lands and scenes comprising the vast South American continent, there is none more richly endowed by nature, none whose history is more fascinating. Here nature appears on a grand scale. It was here that the Incas developed their great empire, spreading their influence and civilization as far north as Colombia and as far south as the borders of the Argentine and Chile. To-day, the dusky sons of the Incas are found in villages and hamlets, towns and cities on the great highlands of the Andes, isolated in thought, feeling and language. The great complaint, unfortunately, is that little definite information as to transit and centres of interest can be obtained. There is also a certain dread of yellow fever from infested ports, such as Guayaquil, Ecuador, where this dreaded disease seems to be endemic. But the direct boats from Panama for Peru do not touch at Ecuadorian ports at all.

The coast of Peru is washed by the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. Callao and Mollendo are the two ports from which railroads lead over the high Andes. Callao is some 1,500 miles south of Panama, from which city weekly steamers run, occupying six days in transit and offering every comfort that a traveler could reasonably expect.

Peru is a land of contrasts—the everlasting snows that crown the Andes, the sun-scorched deserts of the Pacific coast and the dense impenetrable forest region of the interior on the headwaters of the Amazon—a land of great mountains and deep valleys; a country of direst poverty, and yet one of the richest of all countries in its untapped mineral wealth.

Here the ancient and the modern blend—the Indian with his flock of llamas on the lonely heights of the Andes, the caballero mounted on his prancing steed, and the electric railway, the latest mode of rapid transit. The unwashed Indian in his rough home-spun poncho, the proud don of Spanish blood, dressed in the excess of fashion, the low-caste Cholo and the Chinaman and the modern European all mingle in the crowded thoroughfares of Lima.

Lima, with its fine old Spanish churches, its historic buildings, quaint scenes and balmy breezes, is a most fascinating city. Its hotels offer every comfort, and are not surpassed on the South Pacific slope. From it trains ascend the Oroya Railroad, the world's highest road, three times a week, calling at Chosica, a lovely mountain resort; Matucana, nestling among the high mountains; the Galera Tunnel, 15,665 feet above the level of the sea; Tamboraque, Casapalca and Rio Blanco, all important mining centres. From Oroya, the traveler takes train connections for the famous copper mines of Cerro de Pasco and for the Andean towns of Huancayo and

Jauja, or mules for Tarma and the headwaters of the Amazon, for the wild forest and rubber regions.

The famous city of Arequipa, nestling at the foot of the peak of Misti, the wonderful Lake of Titicaca, an inland sea embosomed among the Andes, 12,500 feet high, and the historic city of Cuzco, the Athens of the Incas, are all reached from the port of Mollendo. From the archaeologist's viewpoint, Cuzco is a city without an equal in Latin America. Here the traveler stumbles across ruins at every street corner—cyclopean fortresses, temples, palaces, monuments of an unwritten history and of a people whose sun has long since set in gloom. There is no finer stone-cutting anywhere in the world than some of the stone work of the Temple of the Sun and other old buildings.

But what is the place of the Bible evangelist in a land which illustrates so much that is found in Bible lands! When the Seventy received their divine commission they were sent out with word: "I have given you power . . . over the power of the enemy." Each colporteur now traveling in South America can tell how truly that has been shown in his daily tramp with the Bible. They are sent out now as then, each in his own degree to be a living force for the good of his fellow-man, putting into his hand the Book of books, while pointing with the index finger of his own life the truth of that Word which may become to his hearer a living force, the great central force of his being.

South America needs the Bible and the Personality to win and draw men to better things. The infinite and enlightening truth of Christ alone can break down the impregnable barricade of indifference, unbelief and superstition. His life and his death are the one inspiring theme of all Bible work and the one power to raise men to a higher level of moral and spiritual life.

With this in mind the Bible colporteur not only seeks to scatter God's Word broadcast over the land, but to bury it deep in the heart of the people of this continent, that, as deep unseen veins of gold traverse the foundations of South America's great Andean mountain chains, so these veins of untold love and grace may become the source of moral wealth and spiritual blessing to its peoples. Thousands can testify that the Word of God has proved its soul-saving power, and how in many a hovel and humble peasant's home men's faces and characters have been beautified by the reflection of the living Christ in his Gospel.

A. R. STARK.

Callao, South America.



A Herd of Llamas at a Mountain Station in the Peruvian Andes





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## A Nation Getting Out of Pawn

AFTER the thing itself has been accomplished, the real facts concerning the causes of the revolution in China are now beginning to come out. Like our own revolution, it was directed against unjust and oppressive taxation. It began with the borrowing of \$50,000,000 by the imperial government for Manchurian development, and an additional \$50,000,000 for railroads. For repayment the entire revenues of three provinces were pledged. Before this, the people had a railway loan of \$20,000,000, of which they had repaid \$8,000,000. This they did with much hardship and pinching, and they knew the money was passing through the hands of greedy middlemen and tax collectors, who were bleeding them abominably. When they learned that on top of this they were to pay \$100,000,000 more and that practically the whole empire was mortgaged in the interest of this huge exploitation scheme, all their other grievances were remembered and they protested to the government. Their appeals against being taxed to death were unheeded. Anti-loan societies were formed everywhere, taxes were kept back, and formal protest was succeeded by widespread plotting, rioting and open rebellion. One of the missionaries likens it to the English peasants' revolt under Wat Tyler. On September 8 the first blow fell at Chengtu in Szechuen, and the flame of revolt soon spread to other parts of the empire, ultimately causing the downfall of the oppressive reigning dynasty. A few days or weeks may see China a republic or a divided empire, but with a constitutional government. Her day of despotism has probably passed away forever.

## A Plea for the Homeless

FOR many years past, the Bowery Mission has made a special effort to carry cheer and comfort to the hearts of the homeless and unemployed men and boys at Thanksgiving time. These poor fellows—and they are counted by the thousand—are for the most part deserving but unfortunate, and ill-success in finding work has made very many of them wanderers of the streets. Sleeping in a cheap lodging-house, or, where that poor shelter fails, huddling in some stairway or stable, they are indeed to be pitied. They are those who swell the ranks of the "Bread Line," and to whom a cup of hot coffee, a big bread roll and a warm place to sit in for an hour or two, seem like a gift dropped straight from the hands of a kind Providence.

This year, the Bowery Mission is again planning to give a Thanksgiving meal to as many of these poor fellows as possible. Once again, as on former occasions, it cordially invites the co-operation of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in this worthy benevolence. At this season, when in every home in our land, we gather around us our friends and dear ones to feast and rejoice with us and to thank the bountiful Father of all for his manifold blessings, we cannot forget the poor, the homeless, the wanderers, who are seeking the shelter and the hospitality of the old Bowery Mission.

This has been the most active year in the Mission's history. Its Free Labor Bureau has found nearly 4,000 men employment; its Industrial Settlement in the Bronx furnishes work for many others; its nightly meetings have been the means, under God, of winning many wayward men and boys to better lives, and of helping and strengthening them by kind word and deed.

Now the season is here when material help must be given to those who need it sorely. The Bread Line opens at Thanksgiving, and will be continued till Easter. On Thanksgiving morning at one o'clock the thousand homeless and famished ones who form the "Bread Line" will be served with rolls and coffee. At nine A.M. two hundred baskets, each holding a substantial meal of fowls, vegetables, bread, tea and coffee, will be distributed under the personal supervision of Superintendent Hallmond among two hundred poverty-stricken tenement houses. At seven P.M. twelve hundred dinners will be given to homeless men and lads in the Mission building.

We ask the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family Circle to help us in making this a memorable occasion. These are our brothers in misfortune. The Master himself

has urged us to go out into the highways and byways and bring in the wanderers to the feast. You can, by your gifts and your prayers, help us to spread a table for them. You may wish to send a kindly message with your gift, and if so, every such message will be laid before that strange gathering and heartily and gratefully welcomed. There will be many a "wandering boy" there; many a mother's son, whose venture out into the big world has had a sorrowful issue, and has left him, like the prodigal in the parable, full of regretful memories of the abundance at the old home, of which he thought so little. You may know of some such wandering boy. There are thousands of them in New York and many of them will be there at the Mission table that evening, when the dear old home songs and hymns are sung and the old memories reawakened.

Send your gift, and your message with it, and send it early, so that you may have a share in this Christlike benevolence. All contributions for the Bread Line and Thanksgiving Dinner to the Homeless should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Every gift will be acknowledged and will bring a double blessing, both now and hereafter.

## Mr. Carnegie and Dead Books

ANYONE walking around the reservoir in Central Park, New York, these bracing November mornings, may encounter a little elderly gentleman, spry and quick in his movements and with a merry twinkle in his eye that betokens good health and physical enjoyment. His hatrim surmounts a cheery face, which has a snowy beard that is always neatly trimmed. He walks with a light, springy gait and shows the agility of one twenty years his junior. This is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the educational philanthropist and multi-millionaire, who has just given \$25,000,000 to endow another corporation for "the promotion and advancement of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States, by aiding educational schools, libraries, scientific research and useful publications." The old ironmaster's latest gift brings the grand total of his benevolences for education here and abroad to \$215,000,000. Just how much of this huge benefaction may be devoted to books and their housing may be left to conjecture. We are rapidly becoming rich in books, if not in literature. The library that rests its fame on a ponderous aggregation of good, bad and indifferent volumes, would render better public service were its shelves cleared of one-half their contents every twelve months. Mr. Carnegie himself, while expressing a reverence for books in general, has remarked with a touch of quiet humor that there are many volumes now in library use that should be consigned to the fire! Most people will agree with him. "Of the making of many books," says the old Bible, "there is no end." An authority has stated that there are 75,000,000 books in this country at the present time, most of which are out of date and practically useless. What large proportion of this literary junk is on the library shelves? They are not only useless but a hindrance to education, and why they are kept there is a mystery. One of the leading literary clubs in London lately sent eight hundred out-of-date volumes to the pulp mills. One shudders to think of the possibilities of a collection of books, scattered over many centres, and representing in value even a fraction of the immense bequests given by Mr. Carnegie, when we remember that a large percentage of them becomes useless within a very few years after publication. There is nothing more dead than an obsolete book, which represents ideas, principles and conclusions that have grown antiquated, or have been disproved and exploded. Edmund Gosse, contemplating the possibilities of our public libraries becoming cemeteries of dead books, suggested as a preventive measure that even the half-dead ones should be buried along with the totally defunct.

## The Strike of the "White Wings"

SHORT-SIGHTED and ill-advised, the strike of the street-cleaning teamsters in New York is now nearly ended. They demanded a winter cessation of night work, although it would be a grievous infliction on the population to have such work done in the daytime. With equal reason, the railroad

men, bakers, policemen, printers, post-office clerks and men of a hundred other vocations might make a similar demand. Nobody really loves night labor, but if there is one kind of work above all others that should be done while the community sleeps, it is the scavenging of a great city. Now, the municipality of New York is out \$250,000 by the strike, the men lose their wages since the walk-out began, and every striker who has been a disturber of the peace, or has participated in the lawless scenes of the last two weeks, permanently forfeits all chances of reinstatement. Wiser counsels on the part of the strike leaders would have avoided a precipitate course, which makes the winter outlook a gloomy one for the men. Most of them would gladly have opposed a strike, but they were swept along in the current with the rest. Meanwhile, the littered condition of the streets has been a disgrace to New York and an open invitation to pestilence. A great municipality, which spends hundreds of millions in local administration yearly, ought to be better prepared for such an emergency.

## General Notes

—GREATER LONDON, according to statistics just issued by the London County Council, has a population of 7,252,963 and an area of 693 square miles.

—PEACE ADVOCATES are somewhat puzzled over the President's recent utterance in which he declares that the United States stands for international peace but must go on building two new battleships yearly.

—ON NOVEMBER 11 and 12 the first serious storm of the present winter occurred. Heavy gales extended from Colorado to the Atlantic and from Maine to Texas, accompanied in many points in the West and Northwest by severe snowstorms. A number of shipwrecks are reported with some loss of life.

—THAT A CRISIS is coming which will test the value of the government's rate regulation system, and that if it fails, government ownership of railroads will be the sole alternative, was the opinion expressed by President Judge Martin A. Knapp of the United States Court of Commerce, in a recent address in Philadelphia.

—JUDGE O'SULLIVAN of the Court of General Sessions, New York, recently summed up the causes of young men going wrong in large cities thus: Lack of moral or religious instruction in the schools; poverty at home; disinclination to work and lack of industrial training; bad associations on the streets at night.

—CHIEF STATISTICIAN GUILFOYLE, of the New York Health Board, is authority for the statement that overeating, lack of exercise and the increasing use of automobiles have greatly increased the death rate from heart disease. "The further we get away from the manner in which nature intended us to live," he says, "the more danger there is of this malady."

—BY THE TERMS of Joseph Pulitzer's will, an aggregate of \$5,000,000 is bequeathed for the encouragement of American genius, in the form of annual prizes for the best productions in art, music, editorial writing, fiction, biography, dramatic work, American history and reportorial work. There are also bequests for the School of Journalism. The prizes vary from \$1,000 to \$2,000.

—JUST A LITTLE over a year ago, Porfirio Diaz was rarely mentioned as the "grand old man of Mexico." Now, the almost perennial President is well nigh forgotten. At the inauguration of Francisco I. Madero as President on November 6, not only the capital but practically the whole country was *en fete*. The republic is gradually becoming pacified, although there are still occasional outbreaks in remote sections.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville

ON NOVEMBER 9 the Lincoln Memorial was dedicated at Hodgenville, Ky., by President Taft. The memorial is an imposing granite building standing on a little hill, at the foot of which is the spring that led Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's parents, to settle there. The memorial stands on the site where the newly wedded pair built a crude cabin of unheven logs in the centre of one hundred and ten acres of poor land. The cabin had only one small room, a loft, a big chimney on the outside and a huge fireplace on the inside, a rough door on leather hinges, and not a single window. The original log cabin, which was in the hands of speculators who had it on exhibition, was purchased and is on the inside of the granite building, and through the centuries will be the most important feature of the memorial. People from all parts of the United States witnessed the acceptance of the memorial for the nation by President Taft. Ex-Governor Folk of Missouri, who is the president of the Lincoln Farm Association, opened the exercises, and to his laudation of Lincoln were added tributes by President Taft, Governor Willson of Kentucky, Senator Borah, and others. Among other things Mr. Taft said: "The explanation of Lincoln and his wonderful character from his origin and environment is almost as difficult as the explanation of Shakespeare. He was not slow, but he was cautious, deliberate, attentive. The lucidity and clearness of his thought manifested itself in the simplicity, directness and clearness of his style. He had imagination and he loved poetry. He had the rhythm of language, and though purely self-educated, these circumstances developed a power for literary expression that the world has come fully to recognize and enjoy. The great reason for the present memorial is the constant reminder it furnishes of the unexplained and unexplainable growth and development, from the humblest and homeliest soil, of Lincoln's genius, intellect, heart and character, that have commanded the gratitude of his countrymen for the good he worked with them and awakened the love and devoted admiration of a world." Clarence H. Mackay, who has been treasurer of the Lincoln Farm Association since Robert J. Collier bought the Lincoln home farm and put it into the hands of a voluntary association which was authorized to make of it a perpetual national possession, made an address. He said: "It is the gift of both the affluent and the lowly. It has come from a gift of \$25,000 from one and many thousands like the good woman who sent eighty cents to me for herself and seven children, and the two miners who from their Alaskan diggings sent me ten dollars in gold dust. The association has raised a total of about \$383,000. The memorial is paid for and an endowment of \$50,000 set aside for maintenance. It is a simple, direct tribute of a grateful people to the memory of a great American. It has been democracy's worthy tribute to a great democrat." On the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth the cornerstone of the memorial was laid by Theodore Roosevelt, and its dedication now gives to the nation the farm and the cabin as a lasting memorial. They build memorials to great men and events in olden times. The one Joshua built is here suggested:

That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? (Josh. 4:6, 7.)

## Changed the Guideposts

On Halloween night some boys thought they would have a jolly time and changed the guideposts at Livingston, N. Y., which gave no end of annoyance and pain to misdirected travelers, some of

whom had to spend much of the night getting to their destination. The fun was dear, for the justice of the peace fined the boys five dollars apiece. There are moral and spiritual signboards which it is a sin and a shame for false teachers to change and cause men to lose the way. On the perplexing roadways of life the guideposts that are always sure are the ones that are marked with the sign of the Cross and the stained finger of Him who was sent

To guide our feet into the way of peace. (Luke 1:79.)

## Ocean to Ocean Flight

The greatest achievement thus far in aerial navigation was the flight of Calbraith P. Rodgers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Starting from Sheepshead Bay, New York City, on September 17, Mr. Rodgers reached Pasadena, Calif., seven weeks later. Atwood, who flew from St. Louis to New York, broke the world's record for long-distance flying, and received the applause of the civilized world. Rodgers in the most modest manner flew more than three times the distance Atwood did, and he easily holds the world's distance record. Rodgers met with many accidents on the way; one

disposed of to the Museum of Natural History in New York. There are bones of extinct races of animals much larger than the largest elephants of our time. The behemoth of the Scriptures is believed to be the elephant of to-day.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. (Job 40:15.)

## Average Business Man Honest

The Rev. Reginald John Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, England, and one of the most noted ministers of Europe, delivered a lecture to an audience of 1,500 persons in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia recently, in which he is reported to have said that a man cannot succeed in business nowadays and be honest. This is what the papers report he said: "Conditions in this world are such to-day that the business man must take gross advantage of his competitors or go to the wall. Competition is too keen. As a matter of fact, a successful business man in modern times cannot be honest." We trust the papers have misquoted him. The statement is extravagant. We do not agree with it at all. Such pessimism and harsh judgment seem out of harmony with Dr. Campbell's brilliant

intellect and tender heart. There are heated competitions that lead to frauds, and there are fortunes that are made dishonestly, and there are enough of these wrongdoings to provoke the indignation of Dr. Campbell as a prophet. But it is ridiculously untrue to say that an honest man cannot succeed in business in America, in the face of the fact that a large majority of the men who have prospered have done so because of their wisdom, industry and integrity, and that our successful men pour out their money into every form of benevolence as they do nowhere else on the globe, and as they have never done in the history of the world; and in the face of the fact that business men of to-day are in the midst of a nation-wide movement to bring men, and especially young men, into the kingdom of Christ. Many as are the oppressions to be stopped, the wrongs to be righted, the dishonesties to be repented of and shunned, we cannot believe that our nation has so slipped out from under the control of a righteous God that only thieves can prosper. If such a condition were true, it would spell the defeat of representative government and

extinguish the brightest lamp of hope for the race. We are not prepared to believe that the business men of the United States as a rule are deaf to the Mosaic injunction:

Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. (Lev. 19:11.)

## \$422,000 Hidden Body

Acting on information furnished him, District Attorney Charles S. Whitman of New York has begun a search for \$422,000 hidden by the wrecker of the Federal Bank, in 1904. This sum was deposited under an assumed name in two safety-deposit vaults, where the money has remained since. The bank wrecker went to prison, but kept his secret. He died in prison, but before passing away he revealed to his wife the secret hiding-place of the money. The innocent widow, in making the facts known in the interests of justice, said: "I want nothing for myself as the result of this disclosure. I want the district attorney of New York to get the money and use as much of it as is necessary to pay off the outstanding debts of my husband's companies. What is done with the rest of the money is immaterial to me. It can be given to charity. I do not want any of it." The disgraceful end of the long-concealed dishonesty is expressed in these words:

As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool. (Jer. 17:11.)



Dedicating the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville, Ky., on November 9

piece of his machine after another suffered wreck and had to be repaired or replaced. He was delayed at one place and another for one reason or another, but he kept bravely on, undeterred by bad weather, making an average rate of speed of about fifty miles an hour. Having reached Pasadena and virtually flown from ocean to ocean, Rodgers determined to make Long Beach his goal. In doing so he fell two hundred feet to the earth at Covina, wrecking his machine and injuring himself severely. The physician thinks he will be able to resume and finish the few miles of his journey within a week or so. Rodgers has achieved permanent fame, and has contributed a new chapter to the history of aerial navigation. The speed and distance of the swift flight of this birdman across the continent calls to mind the figure used:

The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as an eagle flieth. (Deut. 28:49.)

## Well-known Elephant Dead

Bazil the Great, better known as Carrie, which has been taking part in "Around the World" at the Hippodrome in New York, after five days of illness from pneumonia died. Carrie was about 150 years old. For sixty years she has been seen by children and grown people at the circuses and shows of the country. Sixty years ago John Robinson imported her. She was taller than Jumbo, but did not weigh so much. Her bones, like those of Jumbo, have been



# THE BOWERY MISSION'S GUEST

Fanny Crosby, the Blind Hymn-Writer, Speaks at its Anniversary



Scene at the Anniversary Celebration of the Bowery Mission, November 8

**T**HE thirty-second anniversary of the opening of the Bowery Mission was celebrated at the Mission, 227 Bowery, New York, on Wednesday evening, November 8. The actual anniversary occurred a day earlier, but as that was election day, the exercises were held the day following.

Every part of the large building was crowded, the men literally overflowing the auditorium, platform and balcony, and proving a most enthusiastic and demonstrative audience. The honored guest of the occasion was Miss Fanny J. Crosby, the gifted blind hymn-writer, now in her ninety-second year. She was seated on the platform beside Mrs. Sarah J. Bird ("Mother" Bird) and her reception was a veritable ovation. Miss Crosby has been a warm friend of the Bowery Mission throughout its whole existence. She was one of its most earnest workers for many years, and found in it the inspiration for more than a few of her world-famous sacred songs.

Many hymns were sung, both solos and choruses, each one being from the prolific pen of Miss Crosby. Rev. John G. Hallimond, D.D., superintendent of the Mission, presided at the meeting, and introduced the various speakers. He gave a brief address, summarizing the wonderful spiritual work of the Mission. He paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Louis Kloppsch, to whom was chiefly due the preservation and enlarged scope of the institution.

Miss Crosby, despite her advanced age and her blindness, was one of the most active participants in the exercises. She gave a spirited talk, telling of the early days of her "pet mission," as she loves to call it, and reciting various reminiscences of the hymns that had their inception in her Bowery Mission work. Of these perhaps the most inspiring history was that of the famous hymn, "Rescue the Perishing." "One night long ago, at the old Mission, further downtown," Miss Crosby said, "I asked if there might not be in the audience at least one young man who had drifted away from home. A youth arose, and stepping forward to the platform, said, 'I guess you must mean me.' He was converted there that night, and I was so deeply impressed by the incident that I went away home to write the song that is now familiar in all parts of the world.

"Years afterward," she added, "I attended a convention in a town in New York State. At the end of the session, I was approached by a prosperous-looking, dignified gentleman, who begged to make himself known to me. His name I did not recognize but I knew at once when, reminding me of the incident described, he added, 'I am that young man.'"

George C. Stebbins, the distinguished composer, whose sweet melodies have furthered the popularity of many of Miss Crosby's lyrics, supplemented her talk by several narratives of his own association

with her work. Rev. Charles H. Mead, D.D., president of the Bowery Mission Board of Trustees, made a short practical address and paid a glowing tribute to the aged authoress. Rev. Joseph M. Conway, manager of the Bowery Mission Labor Settlement, outlined briefly the work of his department, his description being verified by the Rev. John W. Laird, pastor of the Wakefield, N. Y., Methodist Episcopal Church, which is attended by the Settlement men. Charles Balevre, superintendent of the Bowery Mission Brotherhood, told of the conspicuous triumphs of that fine body of men, numbering more than 12,000. James T. Hunt, manager of the Free Labor Bureau, reported the remarkable progress of this branch of the work, which, during the past four years, has found employment for more than 13,000 worthy fellows.

Other speakers, all connected in one way or another with the work of the Mission, were "Mother" Bird herself, John J. Leary, Alexander Glass, Bernard Lynch, Thomas Oxtoby, Patrick McBride, Charles H. Thompson, Thomas Oakes, J. Fred Roper, Charles Noble, George Walters, and Captain Schaefer—the latter, like the beloved guest of honor, a nonagenarian and seemingly younger than hosts of men but half his age.

Mrs. J. G. Hallimond, Mrs. Charles H. Thompson, Miss Dorothy Temple and Mr. Hunt contributed effective vocal solos, all from the writings of Miss Crosby. G. T.

## America's Association at Work to Save the Babies

**A** BABY dies in the civilized world every ten seconds. One-fifth of the total mortality registered in the United States is of infants less than one year old. Taking 200,000 as the yearly average for the past decade, the loss of child life since the twentieth century began is at least two million. These startling facts and the conviction that this tremendous waste of child life can be very greatly reduced have brought a new organization into life—the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality, photographs of whose leaders are reproduced with this article. It is the outcome of a conference held in 1909 by the American Academy of Medicine at New Haven, Conn.

The heavy death rate, they assert, is due to conditions which can be ameliorated. Some of these are bad housing, questionable industrial methods, ignorant or

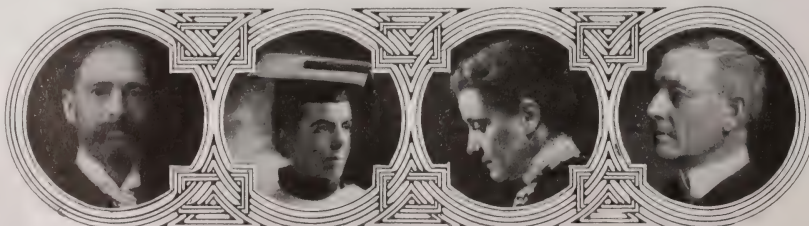
indifferent mothers, irresponsible fathers, disregard of the essentials of personal or baby hygiene, imperfect or inadequate supervision of the milk supply, inadequate or unenforced sanitary laws.

The Association, which is now entering its third year, has held two national meetings, one in Baltimore a year ago and one in Chicago within the last few weeks. Through its various departments the organization is working actively for reforms along the lines suggested. The Association has lent

its assistance to the campaigns for pure milk, which have been carried on in many parts of the country, specially in summer. This aid has taken the form of co-operation with the Public Health Departments that have been working with the milk dispensaries, visiting nurse associations, settlement houses, churches and fresh air charities. The greatest work undertaken has been the education of the mothers in the proper care of the little ones. This is done by visiting nurses, women physicians and volunteers who are capable of giving practical instruction.

This new national body has a broad field in bringing together leaders in all the various forms of work for infants, and in pointing out the most approved methods. It constitutes the United States group in the International Association on Infant Mortality, which held its third world's congress in Berlin in September last.

J. A. S.



Prof. Irving Fisher  
of Yale University

Dean Marion Talbot  
of the University of Chicago

Jane Addams  
Hull House, Chicago

Dr. Charles R. Henderson  
of the University of Chicago



**A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 29, 1911. Page 1219



# UNCLE SAM'S HORN OF PLENTY

CONTINUED FROM  
PAGE 1211

also of Montana. One would suppose that the short staple cotton prize would have gone South, but it went to the American Nile Company of California. Wyoming sent a wonderful exhibit of alfalfa, but so did other States East and West.

Men from Maine proclaimed the glories of Aroostook potatoes. Other men equally ardent insisted that you ask yourself the pertinent question, "Why should I buy a farm in New Hampshire?" Why indeed? There were reasons enough propounded by college professors and served piping hot in yellow pamphlets. They were enough to make one wish to run right away to the Granite State, had it not been for the counter attractions of free government land offered in Oklahoma, wonderful possibilities offered in New York State, remarkable opportunities to be had in tidewater Virginia, and so on. In fact, as one

quarts of milk were used in New York City alone during 1910.

Near the milk-bottle was a glass case containing life size busts of President Taft, Governor Dix of New York State, and Mayor Gaynor of New York City, made entirely of butter. They were lifelike, too. The Taft smile and the Gaynor earnestness of countenance were clearly delineated.

A crowd gathered outside a large glass cage in which an exhibitor of bees showed the ease with which these profitable insects could be handled. They were all round and about him; in his hat, up his sleeves, crawling around his neck. He stated that there was not the slightest danger of getting stung if the bees were handled in the right manner, and he insisted that honey-raising was an industry which would be more widely practised if people could be brought to know how easy it is and how profitable it may be made.

As has been stated in the foregoing, alfalfa and its development played a large part in the show. The development of alfalfa has indeed become a very important adjunct to farming. One man said it was to the farming industry much what coal tar is to the chemical industry. Many things may be extracted from it. For instance, there was one booth devoted to the products of alfalfa, and therein were shown alfalfa bread, alfalfa candies, caramels, cakes, biscuit, etc., etc. At a soda fountain nearby alfalfa soda water was being sold for five cents a glass. These, however, are uses which are quite aside from its main use as a fodder.

Luther Burbank, the creator of new fruits, had an exhibit which attracted a great deal of interest, as many people in the East had never seen specimens of his many creations. He is the inventor of the pomato, which is a cross between the potato and tomato; the spineless cactus, the plumcot, the walnut without tannin in the meat, the primusberry, and other remarkable feats performed with pears, apples, quinces, peaches, cherries, grapes, etc., etc.

It seemed as though more apples were exhibited in Madison Square Garden than any other form of vegetable or fruit. The exhibitors gave away freely beautiful specimens of apples raised in different parts of the country, and hundreds of people walked about the Garden eating the rosy-cheeked beauties as they inspected the exhibits.

Many of the latter constituted surprises for the majority of visitors. For instance, just as they were surprised to find the cotton-growing prize going to California, so, many people were astonished to learn that Colorado is producing more beet sugar than perhaps any State in the Union. The display at the Colorado booth showed in detail the process of making sugar, from the seed to the refined product, and the exhibitors declared that the sugar beet production in Colorado this year is valued at more than \$12,000,000.

We have electric households where everything is done by means of the electric current, and now it seems we are to have electric farms. The General Electric Company, Crocker-Wheeler Company, and others exhibited many articles which may be used on the farm. It is possible nowadays to plow, harrow, cultivate, milk cows, shear sheep, and do many other chores by electricity. A very interesting exhibit was the milking machines which are operated by electric current. Several cows were milked by means of the machines twice a day. Other electrical exhibits which interested the farmer were a refrigerating plant, a pump for water supply, a milk-cooler, a combined churn and butter-worker, a cream separator, a thresher, a feed grinder and sheller, and an electric automobile truck.

The exhibits of garden tools, led by the "Iron Age" varieties, were particularly interesting, and representatives were on hand to illustrate the working of these implements. Modern garden tools make gardening a real pleasure, and even the city

man who may be fortunate enough to live in the country will find in their use much health-giving exercise.

A great deal of ingenuity was exhibited in displaying various agricultural products. One large concern, Peter Henderson & Co., exhibited a solid bank of squash, twenty-seven feet long. From Maine was sent an exhibit of fifteen different varieties of potatoes which rejoice in such names as "Irish Cobbler," "Red Bliss Triumphs," "Early Puritans," "Gold Coin," etc. And as evidence that the residents of every State of the Union think their own State is best, there were exhibits showing the agricultural products raised along the lines of fourteen different great railroads, covering every part of the United States.

Even the agricultural colleges sent exhibits illus-



The Biggest Cheese in the World

visitor to the show remarked, if they had taken all the State signs off the exhibits, it would have been hard to tell from what part of the country the various products came. And so, in reviewing the show as a whole, it might be well, perhaps, to do so in that spirit—that is, with the signs off, the spirit of rivalry removed.

No one could have visited this land show without gaining added respect for the vastness of our country, the immensity of its resources, and in so thoroughly indicating this the show necessarily took on a hugeness of its own.

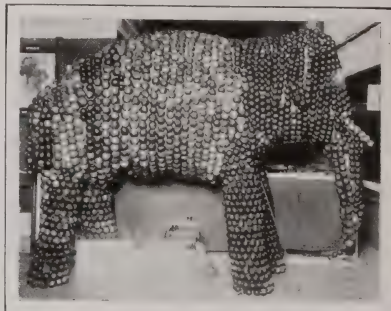
The great hall held a very Babel of sound, activity and odor: sound of voices in question and exclamation, machinery in motion; activity of excited crowds eager to glimpse at first hand the things which are doing all over our great land; odor of fresh fruit, green crops—the sublimated smell of the soil.

From the entrance the visitor considered which way to turn, and then as one who looks first over the pictures in an illustrated volume before perusing the text, the impulse was to look at the more spectacular exhibits before settling down to the less pretentious.

On the right as you entered was an elephant at least eight feet high. Its hide was made of thousands of red apples strung about its huge frame. They called it an "appelephant."

A little farther on was a great cheese weighing over three tons, that is to say, 6,296 pounds. Sixty-two thousand two hundred and eighty pounds of milk, produced in New York State, were required to make it. It was a real cheese too, symmetrical in shape and good in all things that a cheese should be.

Standing near this huge cheese was an immense milk-bottle, over ten feet tall. It suggested an idea of the immense quantities of milk consumed in New York City in the course of a year. Six hundred and twenty-nine million, six hundred thousand



"They called it an Appelephant"

trating the modern method of teaching agriculture. There was an exhibit of a model school farm showing how children are being taught the right way to make the soil yield up its wealth, and how under good instructors they may learn all about soil management, good roads, the laws of sanitation and health, and the dignity of manual labor. This was only one of many exhibits which were designed primarily to show the economic possibilities of farming when the subject is efficiently managed.

Some of the exhibits were intended to show specifically what some of these possibilities are. For instance, the statement of the man quoted in the foregoing to the effect that there is enough waste land on Long Island to grow crops sufficient to feed New York City, was not an idle boast, as was shown by an exhibit from two experiment stations which are located on Long Island. The sites selected for these stations were popularly supposed to be two of the most unpropitious spots on Long Island. These waste places were developed by a scientific farmer with the result that they were made to bloom even more prolifically than many other spots which were supposed theretofore to be the most favored spots of the Island.

The moral is that around most large cities are waste places which, under the direction of a practical farmer, might be made to produce crops which would have a ready sale in the adjacent town, with the double advantage that heavy costs of transportation would be eliminated, with the result that a greater profit could be made by the farmer, or that the product could be sold at a cheaper rate than before.

As a matter of fact, Madison Square Garden looked like a veritable horn of plenty, and the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, to use its official name, had an educational value which is hardly to be overestimated.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



Mrs. Breckenridge Bayne

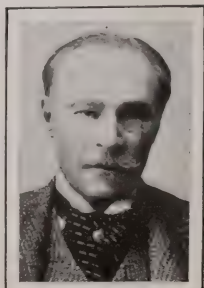
—MISS OLGA ROOSEVELT, one of Washington's prettiest and most popular belles, was the centre of interest there on November 16, when she was married at St. Thomas' Church to Dr. Breckenridge Bayne. The church was very beautifully decorated with pink and green that enhanced the ivory satin gown of the girlish bride. Miss Katherine Shaw of New York was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Elsie Ladew, Miss May Ladenburg, Miss Mildred Poor of New York and Miss Dorothy Christian of Richmond. Elsie Thell of New York acted as Dr. Bayne's best man, and the ushers were Murray Cobb, David Tennant, Dr. Louis Lehr, Dr. A. F. Hopkins, Dr. Kerr, Dr. Garnett, Anthony Addison of Washington, and Lawrence Fuller of Philadelphia.

—THERE ARE TWO silver services for the battleship *Utah*, which was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard November 6. One, which was presented by Governor Spay of Utah on the day of the launching, bears on a single piece—the tray of the coffee set—an engraving of the statue of Brigham Young. The other, which was presented the next day, is a handsome silver coffee tray, to take the place of the objectionable piece. It is the gift of anti-Mormon citizens of Utah, and is presented with the consent of the Secretary of

the Navy, so that it has equal recognition with the Mormon tray. This is probably the most diplomatic way of settling the difficulty; but it would have been more satisfactory to the people had the naval authorities so managed affairs that there would have been no cause for such an issue being raised at all.

—THOUGH DIPLOMATIC and social circles in Washington were keenly sorry to learn of the retirement of Baron Rosen, the Russian Emperor's Ambassador, the disappointment has been made less keen by the arrival of the new representative, Mr. George Bakhmeteff, who is already well known in Washington. Mrs. Bakhmeteff is an American by birth, her maiden name being Miss Mary Beal. She is extremely popular in Washington, and during her former residence there was identified with a number of philanthropic and charitable organizations.

—749,642 ALIENS LANDED at the port of New York during the year ending June 30, of whom 14,500 were deported. The Commissioner of Immigration, in view of the steady increase in the number of arrivals, advocates more stringent laws looking to the exclusion of the unfit, as such immigration he considers detrimental to the welfare of the nation.



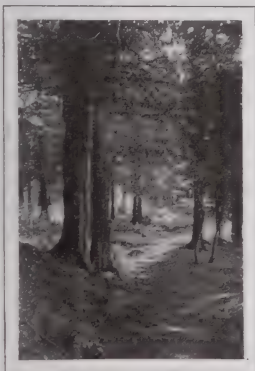
Mr. George Bakhmeteff



# HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

October-November a Busy Season

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: October-November has been a busy season in the Cozy Corner, and we thank you all over and over in many times for your good work your nice letters and your bright enthusiasm. Next week we shall be with our Christmas Cozy Corner again. There will be several of them—eight running, each one is going to be more interesting than the other, for this is way things happen in the Cozy Corner. Do you know that no other magazine anywhere is doing half as much for its young people, in anything like so big a generous way, as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? This largely because Cozy Corner boys and girls are cordial, hearty and enthusiastic about many nice things that we can do together. Some people wonder whether or not they are likely to kill our young folk by giving them many things in the way of prizes, souvenirs, booklets and long, friendly letters; but we really think so.



The Path Through the Pines

J. Burnes, from a Brownie Kodak film

By rule of majority you have made customary in the Cozy Corner to close a stamp for an answer to your letters and for Cozy Corner souvenirs, which is only just, you see, and we are very glad indeed to send the very best prizes for good work. Nobody is being spoiled, I think, unless the Aunt the Cozy Corner herself is growing bit high-spirited, perhaps, with constantly remembering her many loyal aces and nephews, among the sturdy boys and splendor girls in the world.

Write me just as often as you like. Remember, I am always your friend, ways enjoy answering your letters as they come, and I look forward each week to these meetings in the Cozy corner here in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with as much delight as you do.

I am so sorry about the misprint in giving the answer to the geography puzzle of October 11. Christiania would have read Roda—Rhoda in the old spelling, and you may be sure we're taking good care of all those who answered the puzzle correctly.

## The Little Tree's First Winter

Where are my leaves that were yellow and red?" Little tree in the forest said.  
It is looked around and saw not one;  
Some one has taken them just for fun."

Come, fairies all, and hunt for the thieves:  
Tell them to bring back all of my leaves,  
For winter is coming, and what shall I do?"  
Said the tree, looking up at the sky so blue.

You need not your leaves," a little seed said,  
"Lying right up from her brown, cozy bed;  
For God will surely take care of you;  
So do not worry about what to do."

EMMA B. HANSON, age 14

## I Made It Myself

WE have a home-made corn-popper at our house that beats the bought ones. Here is how to make it: Take a piece of wire about six feet long. The wire should be very thick—three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Double and twist the wire from the middle to within about a foot of the end; spread and bend the two

ends of the wire, and force them into a hole punched in the centre of the ends of a half gallon molasses can in which holes have also been punched on the curved surface. The wires should spring a little to put on. This popper when complete may be rolled on the surface of any stove and the corn will pop just right and never burn.

JACKSON MARKHAM, age 16.

## Some of Our October-November Prize Winners

William R. Jones, age 16, Pennsylvania—a gunmetal watch.

Anna Huck, age 12, Illinois—a gunmetal watch.

John Overholt, Arkansas, age 13—kodak.

Ada Adams, Colorado, age 11—A first prize book—*Size Girls and Boys*, a charming story by Marion A. Taggart.

Marie Lapierre, age 9—A first prize book—*Bessie at School*.

Twenty Supplementary Prize Winners

Allice Baum, 15; Maggie Redfern, 17; Ernestine Roadley, 16; Bessie Gardner, 15; Ethelyn Staple, 12; Ethel Siles, 16; Olga Merhige, 14; J. W. Willard, 16; Ruth Bridge, 12; Dorothy Bowers, 14; Helen Honeyman, 14; Lorenzo

Hayes, 9; Eula Billingsly, 15; Hazel Jamison, 10; John D. Hamilton, 13; Wayne Garnet, 10; Marion Kilburn, 16; George M. Giddings, 10; Rubena Sommerfeld, 10; Louise Brooks, 17.

## With the Christmas Greens

WE BOYS and girls gathered a bushel basket of everlasting and aftermath and dyed them red to make into wreaths and balls to hang up with the Christmas greens.

LEROY MEYERS, age 17.

## A Christmas Gift for the Baby

FROM half a yard of good linen or cotton duck cut out a regulation bib and a belt with which to button it around the baby's plump little body



"See the snow fairies, Barbara"

From a Brownie Kodak film

and hold the bib in place. Stamp both belt and bib with a simple embroidery pattern to be worked with white mercerized cotton and scallop the edges of both. This dainty belted bib is a gift that could not very well fail to please any mother of tiny babies.

## I Made It Myself

IN A WARM, sunny place in our woods where the partridge-berry grows very abundantly, I have dug up the roots with the surrounding moss

and placed them in a glass bowl with a smaller glass bowl to fit inside the large one. In this way I have forced thick bunches of brilliant red partridge-berries, which I shall transplant into little flowerpots and give away as Christmas gifts.

JANE LIDDELL, age 15.

## A December Prize Competition to Close December 24

VERSE, to contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Pictures in the Fire" or "Lullaby, my Dolly" or "The Old Musket."

DRAWING, appropriate Cozy Corner headings for January (in pen and ink, water colors or wash).

PHOTOGRAPH, any size, mounted or unmounted. Subject, "A Cozy Corner" or "Visiting" or "Winter."

For best work in any of the above classes: first prize, a guaranteed gunmetal watch; second prize, Brownie Eastman Kodak; third prize, a perfectly working toy sewing-machine if a girl should win, and a best quality jack-knife for a boy. Twenty extra Christmas Cozy Corner prizes for good work of any kind in order of merit.

Be sure to enter the December prize contest, and if you want to thoroughly enjoy our Boys' and Girls' Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and have not as yet written introducing yourself to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, write to-day and you will receive almost by return mail a delightful letter written especially to you.

## Our Good-Night Verse

There are briars besetting every path.

That call for patient care.

There is a cross in every lot.

And a need for earnest prayer;

But a lowly heart that leans on Thee

Is happy everywhere.

Good-by for this time. Look out for the December pages, and remember I am Lovingly and faithfully yours,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

## THE NEW AGE

WHEN navies are forgotten  
And fleets are useless things,  
When the dove shall warm her bosom  
Beneath the eagle's wings,

When memory of battles

At last is strange and old,

When nations have one banner

And creeds have found one fold,

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight

With its powdered drift of suns

Has hushed this tiny tumult

Of sects and swords and guns;

Then Hate's last note of discord

In all God's worlds shall cease,

In the conquest which is service,

In the victory which is peace!

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

## JUST FOR TO-DAY

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs,

I do not pray;

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,

Just for to-day;

Let me no wrong or idle word

Unthinking say;

Set Thou a seal upon my lips,

Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,

And duly pray;

Let me be kind in word and deed,

Just for to-day;

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,

In season, gay;

Let me be faithful to Thy grace,

Just for to-day.

In pain and sorrow's cleansing fires,

Brief be my stay;

Oh, bid me if to-day I die,

Come home to-day;

So, for to-morrow and its needs,

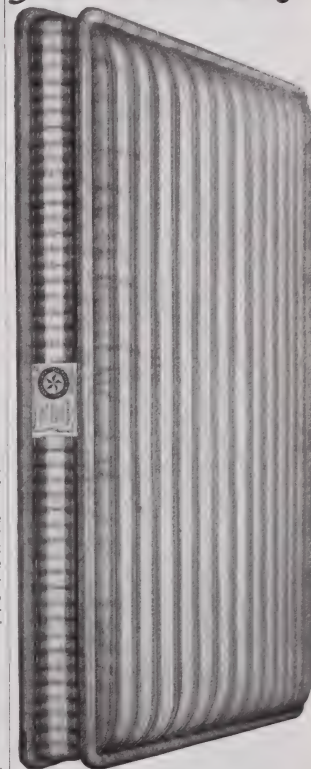
I do not pray,

But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord;

Just for to-day.

—Selected.

It's a pillow for the body



# THE SEALY TUFTLESS MATTRESS

It will give you head-to-foot comfort of the sort that you now give only to your head.

The SEALY is a big, billowy body-pillow, not "smothery" like a feather-bed, but undulating, body-conforming. The springy, elastic filling, being unrestricted by tufts, instantly conforms to every curve, every changing position of the body. Thus the sleeper lies easily and naturally, his weight is evenly distributed so that there is no uncomfortable pressure on any part of the body, the blood circulation is unimpeded, and he enjoys full muscular relaxation, complete rest and sound sleep.

## Buy under the Sealy Triple Guarantee:

First:—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fibre cotton, without linters or mill-waste.

Second:—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming lumpy or bumpy.

Third:—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or you money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Bookfold Saten, or Mercerized Art-Tickings, either Plain Edge or Roll Edge—but never tufted. Prices \$20 to \$25.

Send for our booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses" and the "Mattress Museum". With them we will also send you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the guarantee.

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Write to address nearest you



## Handling New York's "White Wings" Strike

**A**FTER several months of discontent with the conditions of their employment the ashcart and garbage wagon drivers of New York City struck on November 6 for a readjustment of working hours. A few months ago the street cleaning department, following the example of some of the most progressive European cities, introduced the system of having all refuse removed from the city during the night. The men who drove the carts were given shorter working hours and a higher pay than men engaged in similar occupations during the hours of daylight; but notwithstanding this a great deal of complaint was forthcoming, the men claiming that the work was too lonely and that they could not sleep in the daytime.

approached Mr. Edwards called in all the wagons, though their services were badly needed, as the streets in some of the lower East Side districts fairly reeked with filth.

Though Saturday was marked by a number of riots in various parts of the city and the injury of several policemen, the day passed more quietly than had been expected. There was one serious riot in the Bronx. A great many arrests were made in widely separated parts of the city, and only about 200 wagons were in operation under the guard of corps of policemen. It became necessary during the course of the day for the policemen to make a show of arms on several occasions to quell the disturbances.

Sunday added several to the list of

of Public Health, after an inspection of the streets of the East Side, said he would allow but three days more for the final settlement of the trouble and removal of the offensive matter from the streets. If this was not done, he said, he would find it necessary to exercise the authority vested in him for the preservation of public health and see that the streets were clean even if the most forcible measures were necessary.

The following morning showed a great decrease in temperature. As the mercury stood below the freezing point the decay of the accumulated refuse was arrested and the danger of an epidemic developing was removed. The leader of the strikers, after several futile attempts to see the mayor, decided that conciliation was the best course open to the men. The police had the city under such rigid control that there was little or no rioting and many of the men expressed their desire to return to their old jobs. Commissioner Edwards had in the meantime practically refilled his department, but found that many of his new men were not to be depended on and were unfamiliar with the city. After a conference with the mayor and the comptroller it was decided to give the men their back pay and consider that those who had taken no hand in the rioting had been absent without leave and have their pay docked accordingly but would be taken back to their places. Wednesday of the second week saw almost normal conditions restored in the department. All the stables and depots were open and most of the carts were at work. A few days later the streets had been cleared of the 50,000 loads of refuse that had accumulated during the strike and most of the drivers had resumed work.



Policemen Guarding the Refuse Wagons

The difficulties reached a climax early in November, and a strike was called which resulted in the vast amount of refuse that is incidental to such a great city as New York accumulating and remaining practically untouched for several days.

Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards immediately upon the declaration of the strike called for eligible men from the civil service list, and at first it seemed as if the strikers, having left their jobs, would merely be replaced by other men, and all would go on as before. Mayor Gaynor made it plain to the strikers that the city is governed by its charter in the employment, dismissal and re-employment of men, and that there was but one course open to the authorities.

In spite of this, before the end of the week the numbers of the strikers had been augmented by practically all of the drivers, stablemen and hostlers and many of the sweepers of the department. These men and their sympathizers, as soon as they realized that the service was continuing, though badly crippled, resorted to methods which produced almost a reign of terror in some sections of the city.

Rioting and attacks upon the new employees of the city started on Wednesday, and became more and more violent during the closing days of the week. On Friday there were only 500 wagons out of 2,500 at work, and these were everywhere storm centres around which flew both curses and bricks. One man, whose skull was fractured by a brick thrown from a neighboring roof, died the following morning in a hospital. The situation became so serious that as darkness

crimes which followed on the trail of the strike. Just after midnight on Sunday morning one of the city's stables, in the loft of which 145 men were sleeping, was set on fire. Hay and dry rubbish were in some way piled against the back of the building and a fire started which gave the police a few strenuous minutes in alarming the sleeping men and rescuing 75 horses in the building, and which took the firemen three-quarters of an hour to extinguish. On Sunday night two of the police officers who were superintending the establishment of a guard over one of the stables were thrown from their feet and badly cut up by the explosion of a bomb which was hurled from the roof of a tenement house on the opposite side of the street. Earlier in the day another bomb had been thrown at one of the wagons which was on duty in East One Hundred and Seventh Street. The Chief Inspector of the Police Department, while on a tour of inspection of the West Side, was surrounded by a mob, and it was only at the point of his revolver and with the assistance of six mounted policemen armed with their heavy clubs that he made good his escape.

The inspector returned to one of the nearby police stations, and having had his wounds dressed, personally conducted a raid upon the district in which he had been injured and which is generally conceded to be one of the toughest in the city. Three-quarters of an hour later he announced that the Sahara Desert itself never looked so deserted as the streets through which he and his men had just passed.

Dr. Ernest J. Lederle, Commissioner

## A Set of Guaranteed Furs for \$9.00

Retail Price, \$18.00

The Greatest Fur Offer of the Year



We will sell you a set of finest quality Belgian furs for \$9.00. These furs will suit you fully or we will refund the purchase price. No quibble or question. We pay all express charges and if the furs are not satisfactory, upon receipt may return them at our expense. This offer is made on the largest mail-order house in the country is backed by our reputation for square dealing.

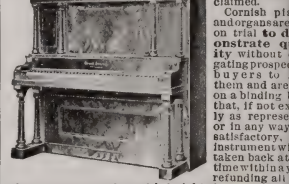
706—Handsome gray Lynx Stole, soft, black silky Brunelle model, effect. A full skin the back, 2 inches finished each end, handsome heads, of which hangs grace over each a dier. The M the latest n with a fine bed, finish each end, non-shrinking entire set is with shiny Guaranteed Sale. Retail \$18.00. Immediate orders, express prepaid.

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**Cornish** Sent On Year's Trial

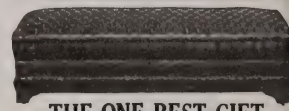
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Don't buy hastily—insist that the maker prove his instrument and you will know whether it will please you and is all these claims. Cornish pianos and organs are on trial to demonstrate quality without cost. Buyers to whom they are sent are not bound to buy, but if they are not satisfied, they may return them at once, and we will refund the purchase price. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the purchase price. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the purchase price.

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Looks dead, but after hour in water bursts into life, rich green, terralike plant. Can be dried and revived any time—helps ears. To advertise as well as a Mexican Restoration Plant free. Write today! This is a new and unique offering. Send for free booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar," a big illustrated catalogue showing full line of coaches, chests and chiffoniers. Many more styles. Shipments DIRECT FROM FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES. ON 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. All freight charges prepaid by us. Write us today. PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 75, Stateville, N.C.

## Among the Workers

**DURING A GREAT fire in Hankow, China, which destroyed a large part of the city, the American Wesleyan Mission was burned to the ground. The inmates, 300 in number, escaped in their night-clothes.**

**MANY AMERICANS will remember Miss Davies, the wonderfully eloquent woman preacher who visited this country several years ago and whose pulpits discourses were marked by a high degree of spirituality and fervor. Miss Davies passed away at her home in England a few weeks ago after a short illness. During her last visit here she preached under the auspices of the Christian Missionary Alliance. She was a faithful servant of the Master and her ministry was a means of blessing to many.**

**MATTHEW HENRY HODDER, the well-known London publisher, who died recently, aged 81, was an active and liberal patron of the Y. M. C. A. He was a warm friend of young struggling men and helped many of that class. Among his proteges were many who had "gone wrong" and whom he had set upon the right path again. For many years, Mr. Hodder never went out without a liberal supply of half crowns (equal to fifty cents) and few who appealed to him for charity were ever turned away disappointed.**

**THE FOURTH ANNUAL meeting of the Medical Missionary Conference, held under the auspices of the American Medical Missionary Board, will be held at the Sanitarium in Battle Creek, Mich., January 2 to 5 inclusive. Rev. Lemuel C. Barnes, field secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Board, is to preside over the conference, and the attendance of several prominent mission workers is already assured. The Battle Creek Sanitarium offers free entertainment for one week to all the missionaries who attend the meeting, and the invitation is to all evangelical missionaries regardless of denomination. Inquiries may be addressed to George C. Tenney, Battle Creek, Mich.**

## "Little Moonflower"

This beautiful Tale of Childhood in the Far East is a true story from Real Life and will be sent FREE to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who sends us a postal asking for it. It's a neat little illustrated pamphlet and is extremely interesting. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City



## OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### A SONG OF THE HEART

SWEET was the song of the robin,  
Blithe was the hum of the bee,  
In the day when the drift of the blossom  
Was light as the foam of the sea,  
When deeply was cloven the furrow,  
And daily they scattered the seed,  
Who trusted that rainfall and sunshine  
Would surely be given at need.

The robin hath flown to the tropic,  
The honey-bee flitteth no more;  
The reaper hath garnered the harvest,  
And the fruit and the nuts are in store.  
The flame hath died out on the maples,  
We tread on the loose-lying leaves,  
And the corn that was sturdy and stalwart  
Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

And sweeter than music of springtime,  
And fuller of jubilant mirth,  
The strong-voiced chorals o'erflowing  
From hearts where thanksgiving has birth.  
The songs of the home and the altar,  
The gladness of children at play,  
And the dear love of households united  
Are blending in praises to-day.

For pasture-lands folded with beauty,  
For plenty that burdened the vale,  
For the wealth of the teeming abundance,  
And the promise too royal to fail,  
We lift to the Maker our anthems,  
But none the less cheerily come  
To thank Him for bloom and fruition,  
And the happiness crowning the home.

The peace on the brow of the father,  
The light in the mother's clear eyes,  
The lilt in the voices of maidens  
Who walk under dream-curtained skies!  
In the day when the drift of the blossom  
Was light as the foam of the sea,  
But sweeter the silence of autumn,  
Dearest the tender refrain,  
When the aftermath waveth no longer  
And resting are valley and plain.

### Avoid the Blues

THE temptation to yield to the blues often assails people when they are weak in bodily health. Often it attacks them when they are encumbered by mental troubles. A wise elderly woman once said to a young girl, "Anybody can cope with real trouble. It is the vague, intangible trouble that gets the better of one and clouds the way spirits until one walks in the lackness of a fog." Whether trials be real or simply imaginary, a good rule for every one is to seek the sunshine. If there is the least derangement of health, trust in God with all our might and apply to the best physician within reach. Body, soul and spirit are closely interblended and one often depends upon the other for comfort and well-being. Never give up in despair because at the moment there are hindrances and perplexities. Just around the next bend in the road there may be a change so beautiful and so bright that you will soon forget the rough place over which you have had to walk.

A teacher once escorted a party of girls through a forest and up a mountain by a steep and zigzag path. The climb was not an easy one. There were briars and thorns on the edge of the pathway, and sometimes the branches meeting overhead obscured the light. At intervals, the little party emerged from the darkness into clear sunshine, and from time to time they would find a level upland, from whence they had a wide and charming view. Whenever they rested in the sunny sweetness of a grassy plateau and looked over the prospect beneath them they were cheered and surprised. All the distant beautiful came close and near. The rough and

trying way was forgotten, and they felt that it was worth while to have had fatigue and difficulty for the sake of the rich experience. We may often have to climb our Hills of Difficulty, but if they lead us to a calm and tranquil resting in the Lord and to the joy he has for us, why should we care that they were, a while ago, a little trying?

On principle, we should avoid the blues. They detract from our courage and are singularly selfish, since they not only weigh us down, but cast a blight on the happiness of those around us. "Be of good cheer," should be the motto of every Christian—a motto for weekdays and Sundays alike.

### A Familiar Tragedy

THE other day the newspapers reported a tragedy. It was not an uncommon incident in the life of New York, but no one could read about it without a heartache. A family had been destitute of food for nearly a week. The father, without work, was without resources. The mother was desperately ill. The emaciated children tottered in weakness and were a pitiful sight. A little boy of three was sent to a neighbor with a message in the forlorn hope of obtaining relief, and in crossing a thoroughfare was run over by a street car and instantly killed. Public attention being called to the condition of the family, money has generously poured in for their aid, but this family is only one of a vast number who are suffering silently and are in terrible straits in the summer days.

Any person walking through one of the city parks must be touched by the spectacle of apathetic men who occupy the benches and whose lack-lustre eyes gaze out on the world without a ray of interest. Drink has brought some of them to extremity, but it is not always responsible for their hard times.

### A Bit of Advice

Children, dear, when you hear  
Dropping rain upon the pane,  
Just be happy, never fear;  
Sunshine always follows rain.

Children sweet, when your feet  
Make the grown-up people fret  
At the noise of girls and boys,  
Tell them you'll be sober yet.

Children pray, when the day  
Does not go quite right at school,  
Think of this, that perfect bliss  
Comes of minding every rule.

### An Invalid's Gratitude

I ENCLOSE fifty cents for which please send me ten copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 19. I am an invalid and cannot work. I thought that I could distribute these among certain of my neighbors, and perhaps drop a few seeds of good, that would be a benefit to them, and also in order to try to repay my Master for what he has done for me. I do not know how I ever can repay him. I had my lower jaw and tongue crushed off twenty-eight years ago, and God gave me the power of speech, and made it possible for me to talk without a tongue or lower jaw. Several hundred surgeons and doctors all told me that it would be impossible for me ever to be able to speak again, and that I could not possibly live over five years. (This was twenty-eight years ago.) Yet I am still living. The doctors cannot understand how I managed to live at all, so I feel that it is nothing short of a higher Power that is keeping me living from day to day, and I feel that God must be keeping me here for some purpose. I thought I would try and distribute a few copies of this sermon among my neighbors and friends and see if I can be of any benefit in this way.

Colliers, W. Va.

J. T. E.

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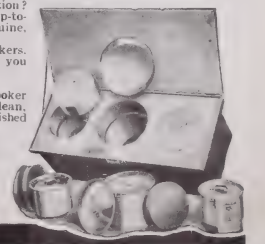
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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1219

known it before this. But I—I—don't! We can be good friends. I—I like you all right."

"Good! I thought you did. I don't see how any one can help liking you." "Don't you?" Sidney laughed. "I appreciate it."

Back at the experiment grounds the remaining tests were with the modern rifle and repeating guns. How many people know that hundreds of inventors are eagerly working day and night to make these modern scientifically constructed killing machines?

A high-grade modern rifle can be fired twenty-five times per minute.\* This gun will pierce sixty pine boards each one inch thick. It will kill a man at a distance of four miles. A bullet with sufficient force to pierce a one-inch pine board will kill a man or a horse. Actual tests show that the modern rifles will force a bullet through a target made of the following combination: fifteen folds of cowhide, sixteen one-inch pine boards, and one and four-fifths inches of hard beech wood. Bullets fired from rifles used in the American Civil War would do little damage after passing into or through the bodies of soldiers in the front ranks. Men in the second and third ranks felt much protected by the bodies of men in front of them. All is different now. The best modern rifles will force a bullet through five horses at twenty-seven yards; four horses at 220 yards; two horses at 1,100 yards. Even as recently as the war of 1870-71 and the war of 1877-78, bullets from rifles then used in the German army would not pierce a human skull at a distance of 1,760 yards—one mile; but with the best modern rifles bullets can be fired through the thick bones of an ox at a range of 3,850 yards, about two and one-fifth miles. Experiments demonstrate that the best modern rifles will force a bullet through three human bodies at a range of 3,900 feet; and through five human bodies at 1,200 feet. In the American Civil War, bullets for long-range work had to be fired high, describing a long, high arch, thus missing all objects on the battlefield between the gun and the object aimed at. A bullet from a modern rifle will fly straight across the field for hundreds of yards with no elevation; even half a mile and more with but little elevation.

One modern gatling gun will tear a board fence to pieces a mile away in four minutes, and at a range of one mile it will gnaw off a foot-thick pine post in seven minutes.

It is reliably estimated that modern artillery is capable of doing one hundred and sixteen times more damage than the artillery used by the German army in 1870. Even the simple instrument known as the range-finder adds much to effectiveness; it enables soldiers to find the range in three minutes and pour death-dealing missiles into the opposing army.

Is it any wonder that Sherman said at the close of the Civil War: "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of the war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, and anguish and lamentations of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."

Sidney and Marston, after the rifle and gun tests, went back to the city together, and at Marston's eager invitation Sidney took lunch with him at a fashionable hotel. They were to join Admiral Marston and Pax at two o'clock and had nearly an hour and a half before the time.

There is nothing like a good appetizing luncheon for healthy, happy young men, to rapidly ripen a growing friendship. Sidney Cushing was frank but reserved; modest, but self-possessed. He found he was three years older than Marston. In judgment and gravity of deportment he was several years older. But he yielded fast to the glamour of that experience (so fascinating), when one young man only a little older than a boy gives himself up to deep admiration and even affection for one a little his senior. And he was amazed with himself as the luncheon proceeded, and Marston's boyish enthusiasm bubbled over, to find how much he was willing to confide in one who was so near being a perfect stranger only a few hours ago. Marston's conversational habits were absolutely without order. He talked at random. The only rule he seemed to observe was one that Sidney soon understood and liked. He never interrupted the person he was talking with and never anticipated. He let the speaker finish what he had to say and then waited a second as if to give room for more. This habit makes a good listener and unconsciously flatters his companion that what he has said is well worth considering. Aside from this one good habit, Marston was absolutely irregular and illogical in his talk.

"Winter will get a high price for his bloxine if he sells its secret to the government, won't he?"

"I suppose he will. Inventors, though, as a rule, don't get much compared with the manufacturers." "Don't they? Say, what kind of hat do you prefer?"

"Any will do." "If the manufacturer gets most of the money, how do you suppose an inventor like Winter can scrape enough together to live so long? He must be nearly seventy."

"All of that, I should say. He must live on hopes."

"Yes. Oh, by the way, that other hat—when you were speaking last night, you remember, you said, or rather Pax said, 'That's two hats you've lost, Mr. Cushing,' and you said, 'I wonder who will pay for the other?' That sounds like another adventure. Are you willing to tell me?"

"I don't mind." Sidney colored a little, then laughed, and briefly related how he had lost his hat at the launching of the *Republic*.

"And you got the ribbons?"

"Yes."

"Got 'em with you?"

Pause on Sidney's part.

"Yes."

"Mind if I see 'em? I can tell if Pax."

"No."

"She likes you, I think. If that bloxine was packed in ferro-periphylloxene don't you think it would lessen the shock—the initial shock a little?"

"I am not a chemist. I don't know."

"I'm no chemist, either. I studied it two years and forgot it all in one. Still, as I say, I think Pax is fond of you."

Sidney was silent with dignified inward astonishment.

"I can't get that factory fire out of my mind, Cushing. Those poor girls. Isn't it wonderful who could save some of 'em? Two of 'em had queer names. Do you remember?"

"Hermosa and Athanasia."

"Jolly! They sound made up. What sort of looking girls were they?"

"I don't believe I would know them if I were to meet them again."

"What? Haven't they been around to thank you?"

"I left home the morning after the fire."

"It must be great. Your father will—"

"He will get out all right. The county

Continued on next page



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\* Various authentic sources to which the author acknowledges his thanks for courtesy of permission to use.

† War: What for?



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

journey will do his best to hurt him. I don't have any fear, but I feel as if I ought to be with him."

"Why don't you have a glass of beer?"

"No. I don't drink."

"Do you think I ought not to?"

"Since you ask me, I think it would be better for you if you didn't."

"You ought to see old Uncle Marston's wine bill after a junket like the one we're going on this afternoon. It will be surprised to find you don't imbibe."

"Why?"

"All the rest of her admirers do."

Silence.

"Do you care if I smoke?"

"Since you ask me, I don't like it."

"You don't! You are the first person I ever met who said so. Why, Pax, you see just dates on tobacco. Are you from the West?"

"My father has never had a drop of liquor or a cigar in the house since I was born."

"You seem proud of the unusual fact."

"I am."

"That bloxine of old Winter would knock all the fortifications down the river into cocked hats. Which makes me think. Why not go out and get the new hat now?"

"Will you forget it?"

"No. But I want to ask Pax if she is going to get you another."

"No. You will not do that."

"Why?"

"Because I would rather not."

"If you don't drink or smoke what are your daily amusements? Saving people's lives?"

Silence.

"You don't have to answer, of course. But it is astonishing. I don't know any other young man like you."

"Am I so odd?"

"No, that's just it. You're perfectly sane and gentlemanly."

"Can't a man be sane and gentlemanly without drinking and smoking?"

"I don't know any. I wonder if Uncle Marston will set up as good a uncheon as he gave us when we went down the Chesapeake the other day? If he offers you wine will you drink?"

"No."

"If Pax offers, will you?"

Silence.

"Say, Cushing, I like you because you take plenty of time to answer some of my questions. I don't make you nervous, do I?"

"Not yet."

"Well, it's about time to meet the party at the dock. Shall we get a cab?"

"Cab?"

"Yes, or taxi?"

"Can't you walk?"

"Walk?"

"Yes."

"A mile and a half?"

"Is it as far as that?"

"Very foot."

"Well, if we use every foot we have, won't we get there in time?"

"But—what are the taxis for?"

"Two often wondered. But what are legs and feet for?"

"I've often wondered. Not to walk with, when you can ride. You don't actually mean that you prefer walking to riding?"

"I'm afraid I do. I learned to walk, my father says, when I was six months old."

"Well, you are a strange animal. Don't drink, don't smoke, don't ride when you can. Why doesn't the Smithsonian get you for a specimen?"

Silence, during which Marston is paying for the luncheon.

## CHAPTER V

WHEN they came out on the street, Marston hailed a taxi. "Really, don't you want to ride?" he asked Sidney.

"No, Marston, if it's all the same to

you I would much rather walk if we have time."

"Oh, we've time enough. But—well, I will walk, but I'm not used to it. Why? A mile and a half! What will Pax say to that? Are you willing I should tell her what kind of a fellow you are?"

"If you think you know on so brief an acquaintance."

"Hi! Here's a hat store. Let's get that off my mind and on your head."

They went into the store and Cushing after a little laughing protest accepted the new hat because he saw Marston really wanted to give it to him.

"You look handsome in that hat. It sets off your complexion. Pax will rave over it."

"Over which?" Cushing ventured to say.

"Isn't Pax interesting? Every time I look at her she reminds me of the goddess of Liberty on a fifty-cent piece."

"Why not say a dollar?"

"I'll tell Pax you said so."

"No. You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Why not?"

"Because I say so."

"At the same time, I'm sure Pax thinks you're the most interesting person she ever met. Do you?"

Silence.

"Tell me something, Mr. Cushing, about the new battleship your father is planning. Will it beat the Republic?"

"It is 5,000 tons larger. Father has set his heart on making it the finest warship afloat."

"Pax said she hoped they will let her christen it. Do you think they will? I told her only young women were chosen to christen warships and she would be too old by the time this one was done. Do you think she will?"

"I don't know how old she is. The contract calls for three years on the new ship. Father thinks he can complete it in two and a half."

"I'd like a place on board. Think I stand any show to command her? Just think of being captain of the biggest and best warship afloat! But what's the use? There's no war. If I was President or War Secretary I'd kick up a war with some one. What's the use of all our war material if we never use it on anybody?"

When the two young men arrived at the dock where the admiral's cruiser was ready for the trip the question young Marston asked might well be asked by any number of young men in this civilized country.

Our annual national expense of militarism, \$450,000,000, would pay the annual college expenses of 1,800,000 young men and women; that is, of nearly twelve times as many as there were in the year ending June 30, 1908, in the five hundred and seventy-three colleges, universities and technological schools of the United States.

Five per cent. interest on \$450,000,000 for six minutes would provide \$250 for a year's college expenses.

Five per cent. interest on one year's expense of militarism in the United States for two weeks and three days would keep one full regiment (1,000 young men) in college for four years.

Less than seven per cent. interest on \$450,000,000 for one year would pay one year's college expenses for a total number of young men and women equal to the total number of men in both the army and the navy, officers, privates and all.

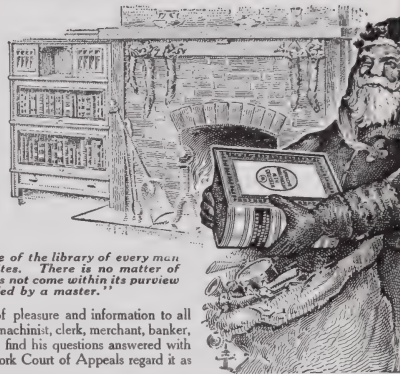
The total present-rate cost of militarism in the United States for two and a half years is \$1,125,000,000. Three and a half per cent. interest for one year on this amount would be \$39,375,000. This interest would pay the college expenses of the total number of young men and women in all the

Continued on page 1227

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## ONE OF GOD'S HEROES\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**S**ANBALLAT, Tobiah and Geshem were an ancient triple alliance, but they were not of equal authority. Sanballat was governor of Samaria. Tobiah was an Ammonite (an idolater) of some influence, an "oily" person, who so ingratiated himself with the nobles of Judah that he actually obtained apartments in the temple of God for his private residence! The third party in the alliance was Geshem, an Arab. He probably was a chief among his people, wild people, whose God was not the Lord of heaven and earth.

This unholy triple alliance was dead set against Nehemiah in the work of rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem. They had not always been allies, but "common hatred is said to have a wonderful power of uniting former foes." First one member and then another of this alliance had tried the arrow of scorn, underestimating the quality of the wall which the Jews were building. Four times they had endeavored to establish treason among the builders. The fifth time they sent a message to Nehemiah. They proposed to treat him as a king and to take counsel with him on the plain of Ono, twenty-five miles distant from Jerusalem. But Nehemiah was not a man to be threatened, to be intimidated, nor to be flattered. He returned a straightforward answer: "I am doing a great work, so that I can not come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

But there was a foe inside the walls, and the triple alliance tried through him to trap Nehemiah. A certain man named Shemaiah, on the pretense that Sanballat would come to fight against Nehemiah, tried to persuade Nehemiah to go into the temple, intending himself to slay him there. "I will not go in," firmly answered Nehemiah. His trust in God was a whole armor, from head to foot. He tells us himself that he discerned that Tobiah and Sanballat had hired Shemaiah. The shield which he held between him and his foes was: "The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" (Golden Text.)

And not permitting himself to be hindered or intimidated, Nehemiah remained steadily at his job, and in fifty-two days Judah was shut in with the Lord by the great wall.

And what was the result upon Sanballat, Tobiah and Geshem? We are told that when they saw these things (the bravery of Nehemiah and the completed wall) "they were much cast down in their own eyes," and that "they perceived that this work was wrought of God." (The whole of the sixth chapter should be read.)

### Why Nehemiah Was a Strong Man

1. He was a self-respecting man. We see that in his reply to Shemaiah: "Should such a man as I flee?" And "Who is there, being such as I, would go into the temple to save his life?" Another man might have meant the same thing in saying: "To do such a thing would be beneath me." Such a sentiment as this will help any one of us to keep himself out of the mud of meanness and immorality. Even a child is capable of this feeling.

Keep untarnished the crown of self-respect, and let it not be confused with self-conceit, which is only a brass imitation.

2. Nehemiah respected other men. Some one has dared to give the bad advice, "Treat every man as a rascal un-

til you find out to the contrary." What turmoil and confusion that would lead to! And how it would dry up the milk of human kindness! How it would turn every man's hand (and woman's, too) against the hand of another! It reminds us of an irreligious man on trial, who was asked by a facetious lawyer, "What is your religion?" He replied with some pride, "I live by the Golden Rule, sir." "And what is the Golden Rule?" asked the lawyer. "It is to do as you've been done by," was the reply.

All through the story of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem we read how considerate Nehemiah was of his co-laborers, always appealing to the best that was in them; he set them to work in places where they would build over against their own homes, and so they worked all the more diligently for the love of home in their hearts. And Nehemiah planned to have them work in family groups, children as well as parents, so they could have peace of mind while they worked. When he saw them weakening, he encouraged them in God. "Remember the Lord who is just and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." Every man of them was nobler for having worked under Nehemiah. To feel and to know that we are respected by others is the best sort of a mental aeroplane.

3. Nehemiah had respect unto God. "O God, strengthen thou my hands," he prayed when Sanballat and Tobiah and Geshem were doing all in their power to cause the building of the wall to cease. In so doing, Nehemiah was a wiser man than if he had tried himself to redouble his strength. He needed to be fortified by God's strength.

Let us remember Nehemiah when the day of testing comes to us. "In that day shall men look unto their Maker, and their eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. 17: 7). We have all seen statues or pictures of the Roman wrestlers. There is an ancient story that the wrestler renewed his strength when ever he touched his mother Earth. That was fanciful, but it is true that we renew our strength when we touch our heavenly Father.

When we repeat over and over again the Golden Text: "The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" we see to see a man in full armor with helmet on his head, neck guards, a cuirass about his waist, brassards upon his upper arms, vambraces on his lower arms; gauntlets, or mailed gloves; braggettine over the abdomen; loin guards; thigh guards; knee-pieces; greaves on the lower limbs and sollerets, or shoes of mail. Thus were attired the far-famed St. John's Knights, sometimes called the Knights of Malta. Christian knights were they, bearing arms in defense of Christendom, and defending all Christians from insult and wrong. Nehemiah is not named as being a knight, but as we read about his characteristics he seems very knightly to us, and we could wish there might have been an order of the Knights of Nehemiah established in that olden time. We would gladly place ourselves under his banner and march breast forward into the realms of all noble deeds. We would pray with him: "Now therefore, O God, strengthen my hands."

But grander far than being the Knights of Nehemiah, we may be the Knights of Christ, and stand for him in all places and at all times. We read in the Bible what our armor shall be: a girdle of truth, a breast plate of righteousness, sandals of peace, a shield of faith, a helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (Eph. 6: 14-17.)

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\* The International Sunday School Lesson for December 10, 1911. Nehemiah and his Enemies. Neh. 6: 1-10. Golden Text: "The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Isa. 17: 1.



# Our Celestial Visitor

By SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND, LL.D.

WHERE is now visible in our eastern sky in early morning one of our celestial visitors known as comets. This one is so near the sun that it is especially bright, and to early observers is an object of great interest. It is one of a large family of comets, the behavior of which is very different from the staid and regular planets among which it traverses. The composition of comets is now well determined. Their bodies are revolving masses of fiery gases. The density is very rare. In obedience to well-known law, they have a rotary motion on their axes, and a rapid motion through space in their journeys around the sun. It is difficult, sometimes, to compute the periods of their revolutions except in cases of those which have a periodic revolution. The return of these well-known comets can be predicted with certainty. These usually bear the names of their discoverers. There is rarely a week during the year that the sky is clear of comets. Our large telescopes have such a vast range that they explore the heavens, and few objects escape them. It is generally believed that the space beyond the reach of these instruments is peopled with myriads of them. Kepler asserted that comets are as numerous in the heavens as fishes are in the ocean. They are not confined to our solar system, but people other systems as they go on their own, and travel their ceaseless journeys around other suns as they do about ours. Some of these journeys are very long ones. One comet was followed by the Lick telescope more than two years after its discovery. Do these fugitives have any influence upon the planets among which they move? So far as is known no planet has ever been affected in any way by the proximity of a comet. The mass of the comet is so insignificant, compared with that of a planet, that its attractive influence would not

cause the planet to vary in its orbit in any perceptible degree. On the contrary, instances are on record of comets approaching so near to other bodies as to be absorbed in their atmosphere. The comet now visible in our sky is composed of a nucleus of gaseous matter, with a coma, or head, and a train of tenuous matter streaming from the head known as the tail. These are all luminous, and together make the splendor of the object. Some known comets have tails long enough to reach from the earth to the sun and are millions of miles in thickness. The tail of the great comet of 1843 was estimated to be five hundred and eighty-one millions of miles in length. This is past our comprehension. It is believed by many astronomers that what is known as the tail of a comet is simply the sun's reflection upon the nebulous matter still present in space. The nucleus passing rapidly through this matter causes waves, upon which the light beams of the sun are reflected, making vast luminous streamers of light of various colors. This view is strongly supported by the fact that the tails are always on the opposite side from the sun. A great deal of superstition among the uneducated people is associated with the appearance of comets. Comets are supposed to portend calamities, wars, famines, and other things connected with human activities. They are also believed to have control of our weather, and the productiveness of our seasons. Science gives no approval of such notions. It is clear that the appearance of comets is as natural as any other like events, and that comets have no influence upon our seasons, nor upon the affairs of men or nations. Crafty men have often employed these superstitions to keep in subjection their ignorant followers. Seabreeze, Fla., November 8, 1911.

## Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1225

73 colleges, universities and technological schools in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1908 (that is, for 150,187 students), estimating the average expense at \$250 or the year, with a balance remaining of almost \$2,000,000 for extra expenses. Six and two-thirds per cent. interest for one year on the cost of a \$15,000,000 battleship would provide a four-year college education for the 1,000 marines on board. Six per cent. interest for ten hours in the cost of a \$15,000,000 battleship would pay the total expenses of a young man or woman while doing the 'four years' work for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the great University of Iowa. Whether your shell hits the target or not, Your cost is six hundred dollars a shot. You think of noise and flame and power. We feel you a hundred barrels of flour Each time you roar. Your flame is fed With twenty thousand loaves of bread. Silence! A million hungry men Seek bread to fill their mouths again. One broadside from a modern dreadnought costs almost \$20,000. "For the fiscal year 1908-9 the ordinary income of the United States was \$604,000,000. Of that sum . . . 70 per cent. was spent for past wars and preparations for war. . . ." One new-type dreadnought of the sort now being constructed for the British navy (which is to be practically duplicated by all the other "Great Powers")—one of these monsters will cost three times as much as all of the noble buildings of the Uni-

versity of Chicago erected up to June 30, 1905; that is, three times as much as all the beautiful halls constructed during the University's first thirteen years of unparalleled activity in building. The total value of all gifts and bequests received by all the higher institutions of learning in the United States in the year ending June 30, 1908, was \$14,820,955; that is \$179,000 less than the cost of one first-class British battleship. If there are forty-five State universities in the United States with a total of 6,750 teachers (150 each) receiving an average salary of \$2,000, their combined salaries are less than the cost of one dreadnought. Five per cent. interest on the cost of one dreadnought would pay the combined salaries of 1,500 country school teachers at \$500 per year; or the combined salaries of 750 country preachers at \$1,000 per year. (The average salary of a minister in Massachusetts is less than \$800.) It is to be remembered, too, that a battleship is outclassed, out of date and useless within fifteen years after it first glides proudly into the water. But education—the systematic development of the intellectual and social powers and tastes, the ripening of the appetites for the deeper, higher, finer forms of life, charging the soul with knowledge and power for pleasure and achievement—education, which is "to the human soul what sculpture is to a block of marble"—education, in its glorious influences, is immortal. To be continued

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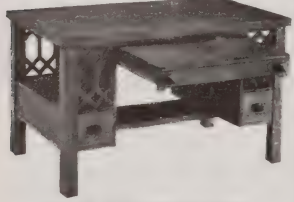
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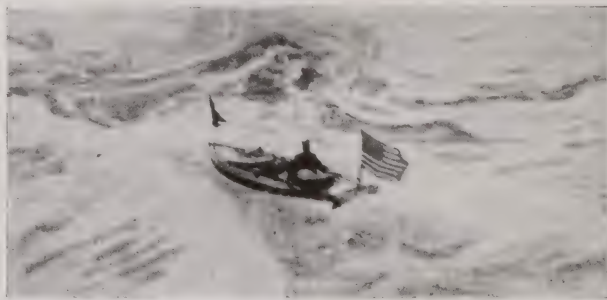
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## Through Niagara in a Motor Boat

ON THE afternoon of October 29, Captain Klaus Larsen of Detroit, Mich., for the second time risked his life in a successful attempt to navigate the turbulent waters of the lower Niagara River in a motor boat. Captain Larsen left the Canadian side of the river from a point a few hundred feet below the Falls at eighteen min-

utes to stand perfectly still, then she whirled round and round the vortex until it seemed certain that the daring attempt would end in failure and loss of life. Her engine, however, finally overcame the pull of the water and she was seen to be drawing herself inch by inch out of the zone of danger. In a few minutes, having reached the edge of the whirlpool, she shot out



Captain Larsen on the Edge of Niagara's Whirlpool

utes of two o'clock. After having passed through the maelstrom at the point where the stream eddies on its journey to Lewiston, he arrived at the dock there at twenty minutes past two. It took just those thirty-eight minutes to negotiate the six miles of the stormiest waters on the American continent. Captain Larsen's boat, the *Niagara*, is fifteen feet long, five feet six inches in beam, and has a depth of four feet. She is fitted with a double cylinder marine engine. Just at the point where the captain was skirting the great whirlpool, the little boat seemed

with lightning speed across the calmer waters which surround the point of greatest danger. Seven hundred pounds of sand ballast were used to keep her right side up during the trip. After his successful landing at Lewiston, Captain Larsen announced that he had made his last adventure with the waters of Niagara. When asked if he was through with venturesome motorboating he laughingly said, "No, my next attempt will be to cross the Atlantic, and I think I can do that as successfully as I have come twice through the Niagara gorge."

## Babyhood in Japan

IN AN article recently published in one of the English daily newspapers, Mme. Y. Ozaki, the wife of the mayor of Tokio, Japan, makes the following interesting statements regarding babyhood and childhood in her country:

Though male children rank first in importance on account of the succession, the birth of a child of either sex is attended with great rejoicing. As soon as the infant is born the relatives and intimate friends are informed of the event, and hasten to offer congratulations to the parents, carrying with them presents such as dried fish, boxes of eggs, cakes, lengths of crepe and silk or cotton for the baby's clothes. On the seventh day after its birth the infant receives its name from the father. There is no end to the variety of girls' names, which may indicate desired qualities, domestic virtues, longevity, good fortune, or may express the parents' hopes.

The great day in the Japanese child's life is the Miyamairi, or the temple visit, which may be said to correspond roughly with the Western christening. The infant, if a boy on the thirty-first day, and if a girl on the thirty-third, is carried to the temple and is placed under the guardian of a special deity chosen by the parents. For this occasion the most beautiful crepe clothes that the parents or grandparents can afford are used, consisting of a set of three; the outer one being marked with the family crest and gay with silk linings.

Except in dress, no difference is made in the first year or two of a male or female infant's life. White is the color of mourning, and is never used for children. Scarlet is the baby's color, but after the first year the boy baby's clothes are of blue or brown and black striped materials, while the kimono of the little girl is much brighter, with large patterns of birds, flowers and leaves, with a profusion

of crimson and pink, which diminishes with age. Childhood in Japan is certainly a very happy time. It never has been necessary to form a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and proverbs such as this show how tenderly they are cared for, and how fully their importance is recognized in the household: "Kodakara," or "Children are treasures."

## A Missionary Hero Dead

DR. DANIEL KUMLER FLICKINGER, the African missionary hero of the United Brethren Church, died at Columbus, O., August 29. His intimate friend, the editor of the *Watchword*, writes: "The man who began his career without robustness of body; who twice was given up to die; who crossed the Atlantic twenty-four times, and three times was near death in wrecks and storms; who was in perils on land and water, having traveled upward of 600,000 miles; who was often burdened with cares and was sick in body, carrying the germs of the African fever with him—this man fell asleep at the age of eighty-seven, having outlived his brothers and sisters an average of twenty years." Surely this reads like Paul's description of his sufferings in the eleventh chapter of II Corinthians. In 1855, Dr. Flickinger sailed for Africa with two fellow-missionaries. After a voyage of thirty-four days, they reached Free-town, Sierra Leone. Dr. Flickinger was the moving spirit in the location and early development of United Brethren missions in West Africa. In all he made twelve trips to the Dark Continent. After being Foreign Missionary Secretary for twenty-eight years, he was elected Missionary Bishop. As an editor and author he was versatile, having published a number of books, the last being *Fifty-five Years in the Gospel Ministry*. R. P. DOUGHERTY.

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# Young People's Societies

## The Star of Bethlehem\*

THIS time of the year is of all others the most appropriate for our missionary lesson. It is now that we must most fully appreciate what Christ's coming did for us, and should all moved to share our blessings with those who know him not.

As our notes emphatically remind us, the Christian religion is essentially a missionary religion. The command of its Founder was unequivocal and not to be misunderstood: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

That the apostles accepted these instructions as literal, we can see from the sacred record. Mark says, "They went forth and preached everywhere," Asia, Mesopotamia, Greece, Egypt, Italy, and many other countries, were visited by the ardent champions of the new faith; so that long before our era was pictured on the map of the world, some of the countries to which we are now sending the Gospel, had already received it. In the mysterious providence of God many of the seeds so spontaneously sown were suffered never to come to fruition. Let us be thankful that the harvest owned a few of them, and that through the nations so blessed the Christian faith has descended to us.

During the second century, Justin Martyr wrote: "There is no people, Greek or barbarian, or of any other race, among whom prayers and thanksgiving are not offered, in the name of the crucified Jesus, to the Father and Creator of all things." Indeed, it is claimed by some historians that one-twelfth of the population of the Roman Empire at the close of the second century were at least nominally Christian. By the commencement of the fourth century, when Constantine had accepted Christianity, the whole Roman world had become officially Christian.

"Persecution," says the proverb, "is the life of the Church." As soon as attacks begin to run smoothly from any cause, effort ceases, and the tendency, unless strong measures are taken to correct it, is downward. Thus it was with Christianity at this time. All missionary effort was suspended. An enormous mass of heathenism was injected into the Church because of its great popularity, and the labor of its pastors was directed toward the instruction of this new and dangerous element. Add to this that Christianity became a road to political preferment; that demoralizing wealth and power began to flow in upon the Church, and that bickering over unimportant theological questions tended to divide it, and it is easily seen that the missionary idea was bound to decline.

Amid the general neglect, still a few great names appear to brighten his period. Ulfilas, St. Patrick, Columba, Gallus, Boniface, Cyril, Methodius and others worked among the distant tribes during the period from 300 to 900, and to their efforts the conversion of our own ancestors was probably due.

Turning to the twentieth century time, we may well gather hints as well as alarm from the too successful missionary onslaughts of the Mohammedans throughout the Orient. Every Mohammedan," says a Christian traveler, "is a missionary."

Let that be our attitude. Let us make the spirit of Christ and his apostles ours, and, as fiercely as do these Eastern believers in a corrupted and defective faith, endeavor to promote our Master's cause. If we cannot go in person to distant lands to spread the light of his Gospel, we may at least help those who have gone, with our money and our prayers.

## Source of Strength\*

THIS is a practical and literal age. Scientific proof is demanded for everything, and the foundations of all beliefs must be solidly laid in some obvious and tangible form. Therefore it is not strange that the cry is loudly raised for a National Health Bureau, since health is virtually at the root of national greatness; that schools and colleges are establishing courses of health-study to a degree hitherto unknown; and that the fact is coming to be recognized that a sound physical constitution is one of the logical sources of all strength, mental and spiritual.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is a maxim as old as philosophy itself, and most of us will admit that any one who is physically disordered is likely to view life through a distorted medium; to fail in temper and unselfishness; and to be a burden rather than a help to his family and to his community.

It is true that there have been wonderful invalids, whose mental and spiritual achievements have astonished the world; but the proportion of those who have thus risen above their infirmities is very small. Therefore, if we wish to be strong, physically, mentally and morally, let us take no risks with our health.

For the healthy, normal human being is, in spite of notable exceptions, the one most likely to possess that wonderful quality universally known as common sense.

Why it should be so called seems mysterious, for it is really uncommon. If everybody possessed it, everybody would be religious; for a true, honest religion is a prime mark of common sense, which simply means the power of distinguishing the right and proper from the false and foolish. The man who perceives the hand of God in human history; who recognizes the perfect fitness of God's Word to meet human needs and the wisdom of bowing humbly to all its requirements—that man shows in the highest degree "saving common sense."

Even the most skeptical of modern scientists, belonging to the school which in the last generation denied the possibility of any supernatural agency in mundane affairs, have come to see and acknowledge the logic and the comfort of worship and of prayer. These supply the strength which can, like the sturdy staff of the Alpine climber, support the weakest of us as we toil up the hard steep of life.

But it is not enough to know that strength lies in Christ, and that Scripture-reading and prayer will bring us this strength. We must practise our belief. No matter how heavily our business and our pleasure draw upon our time, we must save our daily hour for our Saviour. Rise earlier, if necessary, in order to get it. Use a part of your luncheon-time for it. At whatever sacrifice, secure it. You must see, in the light of modern research, the need of caring for your physical health. That is essential to the best development of your soul; but even more essential is the study of God's Word and regular daily periods of communion with him.

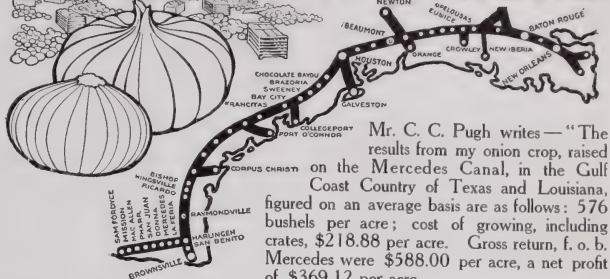
\*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 10. TEXT: Col. 1:9-13.

## STRENGTH AND TOIL

FOR toil that is medicine for woe,  
For strength that grows with every lifted cross,  
For thorns, since with each thorn a rose did grow,  
For gain that I have wrongly reckoned loss,  
For ignorance, where it were harm to know—  
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

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## AGENTS

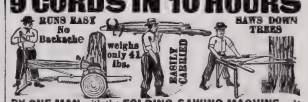
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\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 30. TEXTS: Matt. 2:2; Luke 2:15.







# Christmas Presents

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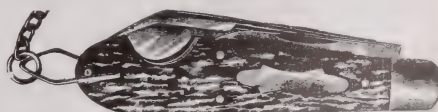
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1911

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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

I. B. H. Douglass, Kan. I have been told that the Bible tells of a war, yet to come, in which the horses will wade in blood to the bridle bits. . . . If so, where is the passage, and what does it mean?

The passage is Rev. 14: 20. "And the winepress was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and an hundred furlongs." It is a figurative description of God's punishment of the wicked. Compare with Joel's prophecy (3: 2, 12, 14) of the final overthrow of the anti-Christian forces in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. See also Rev. 16: 16.

W. L., Seattle, Wash. In what way has it been determined that the burning of the Alexandrian Library is now considered a myth?

All the known historical facts connected with the destruction of the Alexandrian Library are these: It was founded by Ptolemy Soter and managed by Demetrius Phalerus, a learned Athenian exile. It contained, at first, 50,000 volumes or rolls of MSS., and afterward grew to 400,000 volumes or more. Its later managers were Zenodotus, Aristarchus and Apollonius. In Julius Caesar's time, it was partially burned, but was afterward augmented by the collection of MSS. from Pergamum. It was destroyed in A.D. 391 by fanatics, and not in A.D. 642 by Caliph Omar as is sometimes claimed. The historian Orosius wrote that on visiting the city after the fire he saw only the empty shelves of the great library. The statement that the story of its destruction was a "myth" probably relates to the story of Omar and the Saracens (which is now denied), and not to the actual fact itself.

E. B., McCallburg, Ia. 1. Where can I get printed copies of the platforms of political parties? 2. What is the name of the comet recently visible in the eastern sky during the early hours of the morning?

1. See the platforms in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Almanac. 2. See Professor Leland's article on the comet on page 1227 of November 29 issue.

Several readers have written commenting on the views on "Ministers' Salaries" expressed by Dr. Jefferson, which were reprinted in this paper. One, signing himself "Church Member," writes: "When you look over many of the church members you will be surprised to find the few that are supporting these ministers. The bread-winner of many a family is not earning what the minister is getting. His family has to eat, drink and be clothed the same as a minister's family. Many hard-working girls and boys are giving each Sabbath all they can afford. The minister has \$1,000 per year. There are not over half a dozen in that congregation who have that income. The ministers live in nicer homes than most of their church members. There is more self-sacrifice by church members than the world knows of."

F. T. F., Oshkosh, Wis. 1. Does not the Bible tell us that until Christ's second coming there will always be war? 2. How can we teach "brotherhood" in the public schools, as Dr. Sheldon suggests? 3. Should we, as he says we should, refuse to allow our sons to enlist in the army and navy?

1. It does; but so does it also tell us that there will be sin in the world. This, however, does not absolve us from the duty of doing all that lies within our power to improve existing conditions, and this includes the prevention or minimizing of war by proclaiming the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. 2. "Brotherhood" should be taught in the public schools not by text-books probably or as a regular course, but by every indirect method that can be employed. "Brotherhood" means simply universal love, the smothering of race prejudice and the suppression of selfishness. 3. This question is one that should be left to the individual judgment. No peace-advocate, so far as we know, desires the utter abolition of the army and navy. A small force is likely to be needed to quell disturbances here and there, on land and on sea; but the maintenance of a standing army or navy, far greater than ordinary riots or domestic needs would require, is the matter against which the peace societies are all protesting.

Mrs. A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Who were the three Marys at the cross?" Are we to understand the "mother of Zebedee's children" (Matt. 27: 66) and "his mother's" sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas" (John 19: 25) to be the same person? 2. What was the approximate date of the death of John the Baptist?

1. They are believed to have been Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joseph, wife of Cleophas and sister of Mary the mother of Jesus, and Salome (compare Mark 15: 40; Matt. 27: 26). 2. This question during the crucifixion, Mary the mother of the Saviour was near at hand (see John 19: 26). 2. It is somewhat difficult to determine with any degree of probability. The first Passover of Jesus' ministry.

Continued on last column

## The Pilgrim Path\*

By ALICE J. WHITTIER

I.

UP the rock-set, age-old pathway, deep-worn by the weight of pain,  
In the cool, sweet beauty of morning, bathed of a summer rain,  
Surging onward blindly, moon-drawn, far out from beyond our ken,  
A tide is ebbing and flowing of the lonely souls of men.

O restless tide of human hearts, sweeping on forever,  
Seeking for truth in emptiness, finding fulness never!

II.

GLORY of foam-flecked river dashed into crystal spray,  
Grandeur of mountain and forest, with a young bird's roundelay;  
Glory of sun and shadow or of white-wreathed, sudden rain  
Down gleaming leaf and mighty cliff, to the misty, dreaming plain.

O shining flood from God's own heart, flowing down forever!  
Seeking to feed thy children's need, finding answer never!

III.

RUGGED and steep winds the pathway, and the crowding mass toils on  
With paper prayers and incense stick, till faith and hope are gone;  
Bowing to beast or demon of clay, dark with the dust of time,  
To human gods of ancient dreams in the temple's gloom and grime.

O need of body and spirit, seeking, yearning ever!  
Groping for gods in hazy dreams, finding, fulness never!

IV.

OH, WE of fairer, brighter days than dawn on Omei's Mountain!

We of a straiter, steeper way, washed by costlier fountain—  
Find we God in the pilgrim path? Is Christ our very brother?  
Do we see His smile in cliff and flower? Or do we look for another?  
The love of God! The face of Christ shining on forever!  
O joy and might of sacrifice, failing, fading never!

V.

OR do we yet, with the moon-drawn throng, grope in the fog of dreams?

The tiger-crouch by the beast of self, or chase fantastic gleams  
Of man-gods—Pride and Ease and Fame—the demons of cringing fear,  
Giving to God an incense stick, a paper prayer—or a tear—  
O temple bells by pilgrim's path, clang ye on forever!  
O droning priests by Form's crude shrine, cease ye droning never!

VI.

YES: they will cease when that lonely heart next us is our very neighbor;  
When sacrifice is joined with joy and love is more than labor;  
When God is near in the humble Christ and He in each crippled brother,  
We shall reach the Golden Summit's crest by helping on each other.  
So shall we then be satisfied, growing, growing ever.  
Service and love and more of life! Fulness! Joy forever!

THE foregoing remarkable poem was written by Miss Alice J. Whittier, a missionary located in Western China, after a visit to Gin Din, the Golden Summit of Mount Omei. Omei is situated in the province of Szechuen, and is regarded by the Chinese as sacred. Miss Whittier says of it:

"Every spring and early summer a constant stream of blue-clad folks wend their way up what is known as 'The Pilgrim Path' to Gin Din, the Golden Summit of Omei. Each one carries a little yellow bag of sandalwood and a staff in hand, or perhaps a basket on the back full of incense sticks and paper prayers.

"At each of the temples—and there are 500 of them—they climb the steps, bowing to each idol in turn. These may be of gilt and bright paint and fifteen feet tall, or a stone dog or a tiger, half finished of clay and protruding straw, or perhaps a sacred tree. Each gets its bow just the same, and perhaps an incense stick or some sandalwood is burned, and so on and on, till the top is reached that they call the Gin Din or 'Golden Summit.' Here important questions are settled by casting lots; the 'prayers' are burned and the pilgrim hurries down again, as blind as a bat to all the real wonder and glory of the journey.

"But sometimes they do not go down, but leap from the 'throwing away the body' rock, hoping to be directly absorbed into 'Buddha's glory,' which they think they see when the clouds are below and the sun is just right and throws the spectator's own shadow down on the clouds, where it appears with a halo round its head. Sometimes the halo is double or even triple, and almost as bright as a rainbow."

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

istry is believed to have occurred in A.D. 27. His baptism at John's hands took place immediately before that time. John's imprisonment in the tower of Macharus in all probability began in A.D. 27 and in the first half of that year, but Herod's unwillingness to put him to death may have delayed the climax until the beginning of A.D. 28. Tradition says he was buried in Samaria. Your last question has been repeatedly answered in THE MAIL-BAG.

A. G. B., Slate Spring, Miss. Jesus said that when his Gospel was preached for a witness to all nations, then the end would come. To how many nations has the Gospel not yet been preached?

A very considerable part of the globe is still unevangelized. Thus we may instance Tibet, which is yet practically in the heathen darkness of Buddhism; a large part of Central China, many parts of interior Africa, etc. There are large tracts of territory given over to Mohammedanism, which are still virgin soil for Gospel missionary effort.

E. A. R., St. Louis, Mo. I have been told that a recent discovery, made while exploring and excavating among the ruins of Babylon, shows that Cyrus did not take the city by draining the river Euphrates; but nothing was said as to how the city was taken. Is such a report based on fact? The Bible seems to indicate that the ancient historians are correct.

Herodotus wrote that Cyrus spent two years draining the Diyala to accustom his troops to the greater task of draining or diverting the Euphrates in his projected attack on Babylon. Cyrus' real object—as Professor Hugo Winckler in his recent book (*Babylonia and Assyria*, Scribner's, New York, publishers) declares—was "to construct a passage through the inundated region, for the Diyala empties at Opis, the terminus of the Median wall." The Babylonian army actually met Cyrus' army between Opis and Sippara and was defeated. Herodotus missed the real point of Cyrus' tactics and misled all the subsequent historical writers on the subject.

Mrs. W. B., Kansas City, Mo. Please publish what "sinning against the Holy Ghost" means. Could it be denouncing spiritualism as being power from the devil, if there really is a power there?

No, it had nothing to do with spiritualism. It is believed to have consisted of ascribing the work of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency; that is, claiming that the miracles of Jesus were wrought by the power of the Evil One, not by the power of God.

## Miscellaneous

Reader, New York. We cannot give attention to anonymous letters.

Mrs. P. D'A., Peoria, Ill. It is a new typographical custom, and without significance. We think the old way more reverent.

F. L., Jonesville, Wis. Although it is customary for trustees of a church to be members, there are many exceptions to the rule.

A. P. P., Palmetto, Fla. The list of daily penny papers is a very large one—by far too large to include in this column. You will find them fully stated in a newspaper directory.

H. W. B., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that the author of the poem "Some Time, Somewhere," was Ophelia G. Browning, daughter of the Rev. William G. Browning, of New York. The poem was written before she was twenty. She wrote many poems and published one volume of verses.

J. B., Lincoln, Neb. When the issue is squarely drawn between obeying God and obeying your father, you must, of course, obey God. On the other hand, the matter of Sabbath observance is a complex question, and many forms of labor seem justified. Jesus indicated this in his teaching and by his example. But first and last and all the time you must be true to your conscience.

Reader, Springfield, Mass. Trial and affliction seem to fall more largely to some than to others, but if we view these visitations in the proper light, we will come to regard them rather as developers and strengtheners of character than as grievous burdens. Paul gloried in his stripes, since they were borne for Christ's sake. So we may, by living in the same spirit, gather renewed strength from our weakness and our trials.

## THE SERMONS A SOURCE OF HELP

The Christian Herald Almanac and Samaritan at Coney Island came to me in perfect order. I am delighted with them. I think I shall spend many happy hours in getting useful information from the almanac and much fun from Samaritan. I get much good from the sermons in your good paper. I don't know that I can tell what part of the good CHRISTIAN HERALD I like best. Every page is good to me. May God bless every member of the staff of that paper.

Nantucket, Mass.

MISS DELL RUSSELL.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

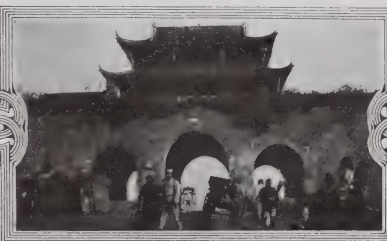
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Colossal Stone Statues at the Ming Tombs

The Drum Tower at Nanking, China

The Guardian Elephants of the Ming Tombs



## ANCIENT NANKING UNDER FIRE

**N**ANKING, city of beauty, of letters, of great antiquity, of thrilling history, has been one of the storm centres of the revolution in China and is reported now to have fallen into the hands of the rebels. In the early part of November it was the scene of relentless massacres, in which the aggressors were the Manchus. The imperial viceroy instigated a search throughout the city for all men who had cut off their queues, signifying their revolt against the Manchus, and all who were found shorn of this ancient symbol were beheaded.

The accounts of the atrocities were sickening and saddening. And they took place at a time when the loyalists were in need of precisely the opposite kind of publicity. Their furious demonstrations and brutal activities indicated that they were, at least in this centre, no more fit than the revolutionists for governmental authority. This massacre was soon followed by a determined attack upon the city by the rebels. Daily reports during the week ending December 3 showed that even while they were losing ground at other points of conflict the revolutionary forces were persistently victorious here.

Nanking has been, for over two thousand years, one of the pivotal cities of Chinese history. Known by different names and ruled by heads of various dynasties, rebuilt more than once from devastation, the old city stands, romantic, picturesque, patiently enduring the new horrors of the dreadful war. The city's first name was Kinling. Under the Han dynasty, which lasted from 206 B.C. to 25 A.D., it was known as Tanyang. The Tang emperors, ruling from 619 to 907 A.D., called it Keangan and Singchow. The Ming dynasty began in 1368 and by the first of these sovereigns the city was called the "southern capital," or Nanking. The third of the Ming rulers removed his capital to Peking in the early part of the fifteenth century. The Ming dynasty came to an end in 1644 and since that time the city has been ruled by the Manchus.

In 1853 Nanking suffered severely at the hands of the Taiping rebels. All the national monuments were destroyed; many public buildings were demolished and a large part of the city's great wall torn down. The city was rescued from the Taipings by Tseng Kuofan, who came from the rich province of Hunan to render this service. In commemoration of the deliverance he wrought, a Hunanese is always viceroy of Nanking.

The city is at present the capital of three provinces, Anhwei, Kiangsu, and Kiangsi, and its viceroy is the over-lord of the governors of these provinces. The city itself has a quarter of a million inhabitants. The three provinces ruled by the viceroy at Nanking contain 162,890 square miles and have sixty-four million inhabitants.

The wall about the city of Nanking was originally a gigantic affair. It measured 30 feet in thickness at the base, and was from 50 to 70 feet high. Much of it is still standing, and through a break in its ancient masonry a modern railroad now runs into the city. A second wall encloses an inner city which has been recently inhabited chiefly by the Manchu garrison. The beauty of the surrounding mountains and the alluring mystery of the names of the hills and gates make strange setting and coloring for the grim, distressing tales of the present war. The heaviest fighting of the first day of the final attack was at the gate of the Ming tombs. Batteries stationed on Purple Mountain shelled the city. Tiger Hill bombarded Lion Hill. Fires raged in the inner city. It will be many weeks before the full details of the havoc caused by the siege will be known.

There are at Nanking an arsenal, a naval academy, two large hospitals, one of China's largest and most progressive universities, a theological seminary and other flourishing schools. A Bible Teach-

ers' Training School, modeled after the institution of the same name in New York City, of which Dr. Wilbert W. White is president, was founded by Dr. White during the present year, and began its operations in September. The first great Chinese exposition held after the manner of European and American countries was conducted at Nanking. The exposition buildings were still standing at the beginning of the recent disturbances.

But most interesting and beautiful of all the institutions of Nanking is the marvelous Porcelain Tower. As long ago as the early part of the seventeenth century, Father Smedo, who resided at Nanking between 1613 and 1635, called it "an edifice that ought to be ranked with the most famous of ancient Rome." M. Le Compte, who viewed the pagoda in 1687, declared: "It is undoubtedly the best constructed and noblest building of all the East." These high praises have been reiterated by many tongues and pens in more recent times.

The Porcelain Tower is, perhaps, the original "sky-scraper." It was at first said to be 346 feet high, but this figure has been reduced by severer British mathematics to 236. The body of the walls is built of brick, but the brick is lined within and faced without by beautiful white glazed porcelain slabs. Above the ground floor the whole tower tapers gracefully to the ninth story.

The projecting roof of each story is made of green and yellow porcelain tiles, in alternate perpendicular rows. The tower is octagonal and at each angle on every story is a moulding of larger glazed tiles, colored alternately red and green. From the floor of each story a balcony projects which is enclosed by a light balustrade of green porcelain. Four doors opened upon each balcony from the sides, which face the four points of the compass, their arches ornamented with glazed tiles made in great variety of design and color, representing deities, demons, monsters and all sorts of fanciful creatures.

At the angle of each balcony's roof a dragon is enshrined, and from every dragon's mouth hangs a bell. Above the ninth story is a great cupola covered with shining brass. A gilded ball surmounts the cupola and from this an iron rod stretches still higher. From the point of this rod eight chains are hung to the heads of the dragons on the high-est balcony below.

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The World-Famous Porcelain Tower of Nanking





## THE American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.\*

## The World's Eternal Summer

TEXT: Judges 5:31—"Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

WHAT a wonderful people those ancient Hebrews were! Deborah is celebrating the assassination of Sisera by Jael, wife of Heber the Kenite, whose hospitality he had accepted and in whose tent he slept in fancied safety. The poet-chieftainess of the triumphant Hebrews brings to a close her war-song with the savage cry, "So let all thine enemies perish, Jehovah!" and passes straightway into this superb aspiration: "But let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." Deborah is conscious of no incongruity. Revenge, treachery, and bloodshed were in no way inconsistent with her fervent prayer. But we have not so learned Christ. The savagery we leave in its own place—an ancient barbarism which the world has outgrown. The beauty of the prayer becomes more intense and beautiful, more full of meaning and grandeur and power when clothed with the Christian spirit.

### Light Risen on the World

What definite ideas, if any, had place in the wild soul of Deborah we cannot certainly know. When she prayed, "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might," she may have had but little thought, systematized and formal, which plain prose could express. She looked upon the sun in his glory, as she says, going forth in his might. She saw the shades of night retreat before him. Upon the distant mountain peaks she saw the rosy tints of dawn. She saw the unimaginable splendor of earth and sky as the sun-kissed hills proclaimed the coming of the day. She saw the gloom of the valley dissipated by the sun's light and heat. In her own veins the blood flowed more freely for his rising, and the joyousness of the world attested the life of the sun. And she conceived of the Church of God, radiant, splendid, all-conquering, life-giving as the glorious orb of day: "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Our ideal of the Church of God should not fall short of that which inspired the song of this savage Deborah, nor should our ambition be less daring than hers. I take shame to myself, and I would to God you did also, when I hear the things which are said about the failing force of religion in the life of to-day. I take shame when I witness the apologetic mood in which men and women find themselves driven to speak of the Christian Church. We wrong ourselves when we give credence to the stories of its waning power. Such craven fears, or, it may be, such malignant aspersions and predictions, grow out of a profound ignorance of facts. People who have never known darkness may be inclined to treat the light with but faint reverence. Why should they be so grateful for the light? They do not know what it is to be without it. But they who are able to form some mental picture of the ages past and gone know that we are what we are because for us the Light has risen and the world moves onward through a broadening dawn. Even through the blinding brilliance of mid-day some sun-spots, specks upon that unfathomable radiance, may be observed. But age by age they who have loved Him have been as the sun when he goeth forth in his might, and darkness has fled at their appearing.

### The Gift of the Sunshine

But, really, I ought to have begun with something humbler. Let us think of more intimate things.

The sunshine of these Western lands is very wonderful to me. I often wonder whether a congregation can unite with me in the morning thanksgiving which I cannot help but voice for the beauty of the earth and the splendor of the skies, for the living air and the glory of the day. It is all commonplace to you, and perhaps you see no more than the elementary sense of humor which it has pleased God to give to his Englishman in our story of the sun-worshiper who, visiting London, fell down upon his knees upon the crowded Strand at noon. A solid, stolid Englishman ridiculed his devotions: "The idea of worshipping the sun!" And the sun-worshiper said: "So would you if you ever saw it!" Well, we see it here, and if we do not worship it, I,

for one, utterly fail to understand the heart which does not, time without number, go out in worship to Him who kindled its living fires.

Indeed, life is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to see the sun. "Blessed sun!" exclaims Carlyle, feeling its faintly cheering rays through an atmosphere of London mirk and gloom; "it is sent to all living; and the whole wealth of the Bank of England is not equal to a beam of it!" Why, it is as though real gold were being showered on us. We are all of us the richer for it. Pessimism may be a fashionable disease, and far more fashionable now than Von Hartmann and Schopenhauer have given it that long name than it was when my grandmother called it the sulks. But we are all optimists when the sun shines. The mayor of New York, with a robust common sense which is all his own, wrote to a correspondent who complained that the street cars are not sufficiently heated, telling him to walk to and fro for a month, and at the end of that time he would find his health of body and of temper so much improved that he would be less inclined to grumble at everybody and everything! It is perfectly true. And though the English blood in my veins cries out for the preservation of an Englishman's dearest privilege, the privilege of grumbling at everything and everybody if he can only be happy when he is miserable, it is certain that after a sharp walk in the sunshine one has half forgotten what it was he meant to grumble at next!

And I have seen sunshine, oh, sunshine as splendid as yours, amongst my beloved mountains in Switzerland! You know what cold is and what warmth is. But do you know what warm-cold is? Did you ever live a whole winter through glowing because the frost was so warm? Do you know the wonders of blue ice, pink snow, and forty degrees of frost, while the men skate in panamas and the girls with open parasols? And the splendor of colors in the morning sky: everything in the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; at each moment a new combination. And then the sun is up, and the intoxication of it all makes you wonder if you ever lived before. Oh, I understand the prayer: "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

### Sunshine in the Heart

For these things are written parabolically! Where Christ is, there is sunshine. And he who has no sunshine in his heart, he hath not known Christ, neither hath he seen him. Wonderfully did a Hebrew prophet speak of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. Why wings? What has the sun to do with wings? The metaphor goes back to the Syrian worship of the sun, and doubtless to the cults of a yet more ancient Babylon. The special symbol of the radiant sun-god was the solar disk, with wings issuing from either side to denote his omnipresent energy. This is Christianity. This is religion. And we have not realized the privilege of our high calling if we are not as the sun going forth in his might, if we too do not rise upon the night of gloom and fear with healing in our hearts. For health is contagious as well as disease. Enthusiasm is infectious, as the leader of every moral movement knows. Courage and cheerfulness are communicable by contact. We need a new germ theory of goodness and gladness; a bacteriology of efficiency, vigor, hopefulness, with light and life, not morbid growths and organisms, as the subject of investigation in the laboratories of God. When Alexander called the Great asked Diogenes of the Tub what he could do for him, the misanthrope bade the world-conqueror, "Stand out of my sunshine." What more could he do? And why should he wish to do less? No marvel that Alexander said that if he were not Alexander he would wish to be Diogenes. It is the least you can do—to stand out of the way and let your neighbor feel the sun. And who knows whether, in the long computation of the eternities of God, the most you can do may not be to become for him yourself the sunshine? Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

The uses of Scripture are manifold. The suggestions of ancient sage and seer, poet and prophet, are fresh and freshening in every age. Sometimes they are illuminated for us by modern science in such a

way as would astonish and delight the men from whose great souls they sprang. It is the sunshine which drives the *Mauretania* across the ocean waste and the Overland Limited across a continent. And the heat from the furnace in your home or from the cheerful coal fire beside which favored persons sit and dream is sunshine, too. Millions upon millions of years ago the sun gave off that heat. Matter having affinity with it caught it, sealed it, preserved it age by age; and now has yielded it as coal, and coal gives back its heat for the blessing of mankind. A thousand million years ago the good sun was laying on the gas for us, preparing for the Christmas hearth the great Yule log. The mighty energy has slumbered in depths of our dark earth; but the science and skill of man have loosed it, and at midnight it is radiant dawn.

And at once you have read the parable. We are in every way debtors to the past. Our liberty has been won for us by heroes dead and gone; our laws have been worked out for us by the empire-builders of the past; women whose hearts' blood have cherished the love which has made brutes men and men divine; our religion is the gift to us of martyrs who lived and died for Christ.

There were the sorrows, and ours be the morrows,  
Bright for their pain, by their struggles made free;

and the life which streamed from them into the darkness of their world is the sunshine which floods our homes and our churches and our States and humanity itself. They saw visions and dreamed dreams. They saw the light and whence it flowed. They followed it in joy. Oh, brothers and sisters, children of the prophets and heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, will you pay back to futurity the debt you owe to the heroic ages of the past? You do not labor for yourselves. Generations yet unborn and centuries which are to come wait for the sunshine which you shall store up in institutions and laws, in civic purity and national righteousness and personal and private virtue. Your life shall not end at death. Though it seem to you that one day your mightiest achievement shall be but as the fading memory of a winter's day, I declare to you that it shall be more, infinitely and everlastingly more. It shall be, while nature sinks in years, as solar energy, the light and heat and power and glory of this old world. Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

### The Skeptic's Pessimism

Our modern science suggests one other application of the ancient words. Generation by generation, nature-searchers have inquired the source of the sun's vital heat, and some among the most learned of our race have sought to calculate the years during which the sun's fires have been burning and compute their probable duration. It was at first supposed that the heat was maintained by ordinary chemical combustion; that the sun was a mass of fire, and that when the coal of which it was composed was consumed, there would be an end of light and heat and life upon our earth. Then the exhaustion of its fires was but a question of time, of relatively short spaces of time, and the end of our world was assured. Next it was supposed that the meteorites falling into the sun could generate sufficient heat to supply its energy. Finally came the theory which until the last year or two has held the field, that the heat of the sun was maintained by its own contraction from a nebular condition. To-day the researches of some of the most brilliant minds in the world into the properties of radium have suggested that there exist in the sun's mass large quantities of radio-active matter, and that, on such a supposition, the sun's age and heat may yet extend into untold millions of millions of years. Within the sun's own self are properties undreamed of in the philosophy of ancient and modern times.

And the analogy still holds good. The end of Christianity has been clearly foreseen. Its doom has been fixed by the wise of this world. The fires by which its devotion was fed were sentenced to extinction by the inexorable decrees of cause and effect. Vague sentiment, shallow enthusiasm, zeal without knowledge were the sources of its supply.

Continued on next page

\* First Congregational Church of San Francisco.



## JUDGE NOT

"A DRABBLLED, tattered soul,  
To match her tattered dress?"  
Yes, looking at her now,  
No one would ever guess  
That she was—long ago—  
A sweet-faced country lass,  
As innocent and pure  
As daisies in the grass.

Not wicked, but just weak—  
Just weak and led astray.  
To flutter like a moth  
Along the Great White Way:  
And then, her wings all soiled,  
And drabbed in her sins,  
Caught in the law's strong net,  
Impaled on legal pins.

"Sent up" for many days,  
"Mag of the old gray shawl,"  
Known by the wrap she'd worn  
Since early in the fall.  
To-day the cold's intense;  
The wind cuts like a blade.  
"No shawl?" the matron asks;  
"You've pawned it then, you jade!"

"You jade," the matron said,  
But when the Christ looked down.  
He blessed the heart that beat  
Beneath the tattered gown;  
For round a shivering child  
Poor Mag had wrapped her shawl.  
Man seeth but a part;  
The dear Christ seeth all.  
Akron, O. HARRIET G. CANFIELD.

## The World's Eternal Summer

Continued from preceding page

And as these failed, the Church's fires would droop and die, and with them the love and hope kindled by their flames. So the credulous skeptic predicted, and so he threatened the Church. And behold, the Church forever develops within herself new sources of life-giving energy. She shows herself possessed by a recuperative power which promises that though she were dead yet should she live, while her life was the life of the world. Stores of radio-active matter never known to exist before and now only dimly understood are the inexhaustible wealth of the Church. In plain words: the life of the Church forever renews itself. Religion is not a formula but a faith; not a body of belief but an enthusiasm and a passion; not a system but a life-giving spirit. Religion forever embodies herself in new movements, speaks in new language, sets herself to the adjustment of new relations, and declares in the undeniable speech of great deeds that her God is not a God of the dead but of the living.

Religion will not fail, and the Church of Jesus Christ will not fail. But whether there be wealth or vastness of territorial possession or the might of numbers or the pride of pomp and power that build themselves not upon the Rock of Ages, they shall cease. And the Church of God, comforting sad hearts, cheering the downcast, casting out devils, preaching glad tidings to the feeblest of earth's children, is glorious as the sun in the unimaginable splendors of a fadeless noon.

## ANVIL SPARKS

..TRYING to get even is always lowering the level.

..THE Lord doesn't love the cheerful giver of offense.

..THERE'S nothing like being at home in the church, and having a church in the home.

..THE sensitive person who tries to avenge all his slights will have little time for anything else.

..THE reason so many men go "broke" is because they do not stay at home when they have money.

..NOBODY likes the man who blows his own horn because he is constantly putting toot and toot together.

..SOME people marry because they do not know much about each other, and afterward are divorced because they do.

..THERE is no use for you to pray for guidance unless you have taken the Lord's bit in your mouth, so that you may feel the touch of his hand upon the rein.

## Just a Home Love-Letter

Dear Home Folks:

SOMEHOW, this week, the thought has been coming to us very insistently: How necessary we all are to one another!

Did you ever have that feeling come suddenly upon you just when you were enjoying the pleasantest and most intimate companionship with some dear friend or some loved member of the family? All in an instant, as it were, a sense of inseparableness, of mutual need one of the other, rushes over you, and you feel like *holding* the loved one with a grip that shall last forever.

Perhaps this feeling comes at a time when, in reality, there is no thought whatever of any separation; yet the very sweetness and helpfulness of the fellowship seem to suggest that it ought to be permanent.

The longer the companionship, the closer the sympathy, the more intimate and active the intercourse and the cooperation, why, the more earnest is the desire for unbroken fellowship. Thus the workers in any cause in which the hearts are joined come to lean upon one another and draw strength and inspiration, each from the other.

Well, we sat down to write a letter to our *Christian Herald* home folks, and no sooner did we begin to think of the members of our great family in *Christian Herald* homes all over the world, sitting, perhaps, about the evening light, with a copy of last week's *Christian Herald* just opened—the link of union between the home folks and us—no sooner did the thought come to us of what these dear home folks mean to us of sympathy, and fellowship, and cooperation in the Master's work, than we felt that same eager, yearning impulse sweep over us to exclaim, "*We want to hold you tighter than ever in the bonds of love and comradeship.*" So our letter could n't get started until we first yielded to the impulse.

But we wanted to write something about the home. You know the home is the most sacred place in the world. Oh, yes, it is more sacred, even, than the church. God instituted the home, and hallowed it, long before he did the church. And the home is just as truly his dwelling place as the church—or ought to be. His sweetest and most sacred influences and blessings are for the home, and it is of supreme importance that the home shall be pure and beautiful—the starting place of all that is good, and noble, and useful in the world.

Perhaps it will mean more if we say *your* home in particular, instead of the home, as an institution in general. The love you have for *your* home is very definite and personal. You plan carefully what to bring into it and what to keep out of it. It is a pity that in many homes this care is not used. Things are brought in that do not beautify and uplift the home life. Hurtful things are not kept out. But you love *your* home, and carefully cherish its welfare.

The *Christian Herald* comes into your home by your invitation because it brings bright, kind, inspiring influences. It entertains every member of the family, and you are glad when you see your boy or girl take up *The Christian Herald* and find enjoyment. You know that no hurtful seed will be sown in their minds. You know that, all unconsciously, and very pleasantly, their characters will be strengthened and built up; that, as they see the work for Christ and for humanity that devoted men and women are doing the world over, their own hearts will be fired with enthusiasm for unselfish service. It may not be all at once, but you know the resistless contagion of example and the impressionableness of youth, and you *know* that your boy or your girl will one day respond to the high challenge of the noble examples which he or she finds from week to week in *The Christian Herald*. You don't know just how, or when, but, all the same, you are glad when you see *The Christian Herald* in your children's hands.

And we are glad. The children—your children—are part of our dear home folks, and *The Christian Herald* is the Home paper for father and mother, and all the rest. The home is so rightly cherished that nothing can be too good to go into the family circle. We, with your help, are making a very fine paper, but we are never satisfied. There is always better ahead in the beautiful land of ideals, and we are constantly planning and working and seeking inspiration to make *The Christian Herald* better and better for our home folks. Have you looked over the partial list of the good things promised for next year? In all probability, 1912 will bring you the best *Christian Herald* you have ever seen. You will enjoy it more and more.

But it is getting late, and we must close. You owe us a letter now, and we shall be glad to hear from you soon. With love to every member of the *Christian Herald* Family, we are, as ever, yours,

THE EDITORS.

P. S. Don't forget to send your renewal this week. You will comfort us and make the work of our subscription department lighter if you will at once send your renewal for 1912 without waiting until the record clerks are swamped with tardy mail.

## THE MEANING OF DEATH

FORTH into Eternity a human soul was suddenly thrust—  
And it cowered and shivered.  
Naked, alone and afraid;  
For all its earthly days had been spent in the lure of lustful senses.

Forth into Eternity a human soul was suddenly thrust—  
And it soared and exulted,  
Clothed in flaming radiance;  
For all its earthly days had been spent in the throes of high endeavor.

MAY DUBOIS HARVEY.

## The Great Guilds of China

THE great guilds of China, writes a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, are of three different classes. Thus, there are the craft guilds for each species of industry. Then there are the so-called provincial guilds, which embrace landed proprietors, officials, etc. Finally, there are the mercantile guilds, which include associations, not only for every kind of trade, but also of professional men, such as, for instance, the guild of physicians, the guild of architects, the guild of lawyers, and last, but not least, the guild of cashiers and bank clerks. The latter is one of the most remarkable in existence, and its members are to be found in every foreign house of business, not only in China, but in all other countries of the Orient, where the Chinese comprador, or cashier, is indispensable. It is not only because they are so efficient, but because the guild to which they belong furnishes a guarantee for their integrity. In all the history of European and American trade in Asia there is but a single case on record of one of these Chinese cashiers having been guilty of fraud and embezzlement, and in that instance the loss was at once made good to his employers by the guild, which likewise undertook his punishment, pursued him to his hiding place in the interior of China, and by means of the co-operation of one of the great secret societies with which it is affiliated, subjected him to such a lingering death by torture as to frighten any other comprador from ever following his example. No man can labor in China who does not owe allegiance to a guild, and who does not obey its behests.

## Ready to Quit

A MEMBER of one of the leading churches of a Western city (says the *Chicago Standard*) remarked to his pastor, "I was sorry to have missed your sermon last Sunday morning. I am told that it was of unusual excellence." The pastor replied, "Any of the family sick?" The man blushed, and answered, "No, if I must confess it, I was at the—Club playing golf." We are glad to say that the pastor stated frankly and forcibly his convictions regarding the impropriety of deserting the church services to play golf, and said, "If I must invest my time laboring with the members of this church to spend Sunday in worship rather than on the golf links, you can have my resignation. If the men of this church do not conceive of religion as paramount to golf, I am ready to quit."

## DELIGHTED WITH HER PREMIUMS

The premium books came all right and in due time. *The Pilgrim Ship* is a beautiful volume. I sent for it for my grandsons. I think it is going to make reading that is far preferable to the cheap fiction. The *Almanac* came this morning. It is going to be a very useful book. We old folks can't well get along without our old stand-by, a good almanac, and this one appears to be an exceptionally good one. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes to bring gladness to our home every week. Much favored are they who receive it. Many thanks for it, with its many messages for the good of mankind. The good deeds done through and by it are wonderful. The press and the pulpit are truly our best educators when founded on the Bible, which we believe to be the word of our Father who reigns above and over all.

Avon, Ill

MRS. CAROLINE D.



# OUR NEWEST HIGHEST BUILDING

ON THIS page are shown two illustrations picturing the most valuable spot in New York, if not in the world, as it is to-day, and as it was a little more than a century ago.

In the upper picture you may see how Nassau and Wall Streets looked in the days when Washington was the first President of the United States, when Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr were rivals at the bar, when the young republic was just beginning to recover from that great struggle for independence that gave it place among the leading nations of the earth.

In the centre picture you may view the Grand Canyon of the city's financial district, with skyscrapers rising on each side, as high in places as the walls of the Yellowstone, and thronged by cliff-dwellers, as combative in their own way as those of the Pueblos.

At the entrance of this canyon is the Sub-Treasury, with Washington's statue standing on the spot where he was inaugurated President. On the second corner is the great, if unpretentious, house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Across the street is the New York Stock Exchange, where more fortunes have been made and broken than anywhere else in the world. And on the fourth corner, looming like a great white gatepost of the canyon itself, stands the home of the Bankers' Trust Company—the newest, highest building in New York City.

Now, Wall Street in the days of the first picture was perhaps the most popular and populous thoroughfare in New York. It was so named because it followed the line of the city's first defensive stockade or "wall," and throughout its length were enacted many scenes that are part of the nation's larger history.

In 1734 copies of Zenger's famous New York Weekly Journal, in which were contained criticisms of the rule of Great Britain in the Colonies, were burned at the pillory directly in front of the site now occupied by the Bankers' Trust Company. In 1735 the trial of Zenger was held in the New York City Hall just across the street. In 1765 the Stamp Act riots raged around this corner. In 1775 this spot witnessed the demonstration over the news of the Battle of Lexington, and the City Hall was seized by the Sons of Liberty. In 1783 occurred the British evacuation of New York and the triumphal entry of the American Army, followed by a banquet in John Simmons's Hostelry, which stood on the site of the present Bankers' Trust Building. Washington was present at the banquet. In 1784 James Duane, first Mayor of New York, was inaugurated on this same spot. And yet all of the people who once thronged that thoroughfare would not be nearly sufficient in number to populate the offices of this newest, highest building that stands on but one corner of the street.

This affords us a very interesting measure of the rapidity with which New York is growing. It is the oft-expressed wonder of the newcomer to New York, "Where do all the people come from to fill so many tall buildings, and where do they get the money to pay for so many expensive offices?" And here we have another measure, not only of the city's growth, but of the demand of its inhabitants for the very latest and most efficient in all that pertains to what might be called the tools of trade.

Not more than fifteen years ago the old buildings which stood upon this corner of Wall and Nassau Streets were torn down to make way for what was then considered a modern skyscraper—a beautiful steel and granite twenty-storied building, with all that was latest in elevators and furnishings. It compared favorably with the usual run of modern office buildings, and yet the pressure, the demand for economy of space and maximum of efficiency has become so great that even this build-



New York's Financial District as It Looked in the Days of George Washington



New York's Financial District as It Is To-day

ing was considered out of date long before a generation had passed.

As the workmen lowered the granite facing, block by block, into the street, and exposed the heavy steel of the structure of the building, which was taken down column by column, and beam by beam, the wonder of observers grew, and the undertaking became the subject of favorable and unfavorable comment. One prominent New York paper printed an editorial upon it, asking: "If this is not waste, what is?" and deplored the loss of the money and labor which had been expended in the building.

Other papers took the opposite view, and considered the operation from a modern, scientific standpoint, arguing that the tearing down of the Gillender Building to make place for the more modern Bankers' Trust Company Building was as consistent as the action of a manufacturer in throwing out old machinery as soon as an improved machine became available. They argued that the proposed new building, occupying a larger ground area, reaching four stories below the street and forty stories above, would be a more efficient plant for transacting the tremendously concentrated business at this most valuable corner of the world, and that the consequent increased earning capacity was an additional justification for the undertaking.

Here then is the newest and most interesting addition to New York's ever-changing skyline. It is also illustrative of the fact that the change in that skyline is not one merely of perspective elevation. Every change in the outline is indicative of greater, subtler, more significant changes in the lives of business beneath.

Take the matter of population alone. Some one has gone to great trouble in calculating how great the area of New York City would be if all the skyscrapers and apartments were razed and the people were compelled to live and do business in domiciles such as were used one hundred years ago. The result would be a great, flat, uneconomic "town," the very unwieldiness of which would prohibit the accomplishment of modern business in the volume to which New York is accustomed to-day.

As a small comparison, for instance, the everyday residents of five among the tallest buildings in New York, such as the Metropolitan, the Singer, the Hudson Terminal, the City Investing, and those who will occupy the Bankers' Trust Building, would number over 30,000—that is to say, as many people as now live in Decatur, Ill., or Lansing, Mich., or Quincy, Mass., or Williamsport, Pa.

Now, a town of 30,000 inhabitants would obviously demand a modern form of government, which means engineering facilities, insuring the comfort and convenience of those inhabitants. And by the same token, the government of the modern sky-scraper and the engineering facilities providing for the comfort and convenience of its thousands of inhabitants are matters of as much import to those inhabitants as they possibly could be to the people of the small town. So every new building becomes, in its turn, the latest expression of all that is up to date in sky-scrapers.

In the first place the Bankers' Trust Company Building, if we exclude those sky-scrapers the height of which depends upon a tall tower, is the highest office building in the world—540 feet—for if the towers were to be taken off the Singer and the Metropolitan Life Buildings, they would by no means remain among the tallest.

In the next place, the structure has been planned more as though it were a huge business machine than as a mere business building. In the days when Alexander Hamilton's law office was just down the street, a desk near a window, up a flight of stairs, was considered sufficient equipment for doing business. But in this most modern building there are all sorts of contrivances for the

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The Ever-Changing Skyline of New York City, Showing the Sky-Scraper District as It Looks from the Hudson River





# John Marchesson's Jewel

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ALL through the golden autumn, John Marchesson lay in his great quiet room, his gaunt face turned to the window, his gaunt old hands folded upon the misty silken scrollwork of the counterpane. Round him, four-square, rose the ancient fluted pillars of his bed; between them hung stiff quaint curtains; their dwarf pagodas and fierce staring paroquets as clear to his eyes to-day as on the mornings, seventy years ago, when he would waken in that great bed, and turn a small awe-struck face to watch the dawn-wind blow the strange birds into eerie life. Beyond, the hearthfire gleamed, a steadfast comrade. Framed in deep tarnished gold, above the crossed swords on the chimney-breast, his sweet girl-mother smiled down on him with tender wondering eyes. There Marchesson lay quiet, day after amber day, watching the fruitful year through its calm ending.

All the picturing sounds and fragrances of autumn floated up to him, an airy pageantry. The dusty tang of wild yellow asters; the rare spice of a cherished garden rose; the creak of loaded wagons, toiling under mounded yellow corn, and crimson apples, and bloomy lavish grapes; all the ripe portents of the mellow year. Night by night shone the broadening harvest moon; by late red sunrise the west wind softly tossed the reddening vine-leaves on the wall.

All these sights and sounds were friends. More welcome, perhaps, than the good friends who came and went beside his bed. Though he had spent his long life in this Kentucky village, a curious barrier stood between him and his neighbors. He was quite their own. Yet always they came, kindly, embarrassed, anxious to serve. Flushed clumsy boys from his farms; crisp girls from the factory; plump flurried housewives, with their broths and jellies, and their whispered questions. And Marchesson's old Diana would receive them all with sullen courtesy, and stiff jealous bobs of her gray woolly head. Sometimes there clung shyly to those brisk mother-skirts a child. Then Marchesson would smile drowsily at the clutch of small fingers, the cool brush of a flower on his palm. For to the children's eyes that barrier did not loom so high. But old Diana would look on, muttering. If the flower were jasmine, she would snatch it away. Wise in her dumb groping love, she knew that the breath of jasmine awoke old cruel dreams.

Then the doctors: the young surgeon fresh from the East, with his shrewd boyish face, his pelting talk of weird new miracles wrought against disease. The old doctor came, too, with his slow step, his placid healing speech, not of men's ills, but of other things. . . . Hour by hour Marchesson clung closer to these familiar uses. Hour by hour he shrank in dread of that swift-nearing day when he must turn from these pleasant trivial ways, and take up the one harsh task that yet waited.

Months gone, Marchesson had set his house in order. His long hard years stood written in open record. Yet that one last Account harassed his brain by night, ached in his tired heart by day. Soon, very soon, he must face this last, sternest reckoning: his reckoning with his own defrauded soul.

October passed, a shining processional. November ebbed through cold pale twilights and gray windy dawns. Then came the Indian summer, those fair exquisite days of golden calm. And now the bells were ringing to greet the Blessed Day, and still that autumn sweetness held the land, as in a peaceful charm.

One hushed afternoon the shutters

were drawn above Marchesson's window till only a pencil of sunlight streaked the floor. The room was very still. One wandering gleam flashed high on the crossed sword-hilts; above, his mother gazed down with wondering, loving eyes.

Marchesson saw nothing. Sunlight and calm and fragrance were forgotten. Wan, intent, he lay and looked upon his strange guest. His guest, indeed, this stern silent Messenger, come, at last, to close the score of life with him.

He strained his eyes across the shadowy room. He saw only a grave mystic face: a silent waiting Presence. Dimly beneath the dark robes, he glimpsed the hands of his guest, close-folded; the hands of one who carries, shielded from curious eyes, some small priceless thing. Then his eyes grew dull again. Yet to his inward sight that waiting gaze shone clear as a face

Your duty to your God-given talent."

A gray shadow crossed Marchesson's face. It might have been the shadow of lifelong despair.

"I could not go away and study sculpture those first years after the war. The whole country was stripped, ruined. We had to clear our farms and rebuild our houses. Sculpture could wait."

"But the war had touched you lightly. Why did you not seize your hour and go?"

Marchesson pondered.

"Perhaps I was cowardly. I could not leave them all behind, my poor stricken kinsfolk. Then my brother's children were left to my care. They needed me."

"They were not poor. And they had others of their blood."

"But those others—they did not understand. They could not see that the old order had gone. They could

and the mills. You built up the shattered place, and gave it courage and success. Then for the third time you put away your talent. Here, in your buzzing petty life, you stayed."

"But my work had brought new problems to the town. Look at the boys and girls who swarmed in to work in the factories. The town must give them more than work alone. They must have fit homes, clean pleasures. And the town could not understand. So I built the club-houses and the gymnasiums, and started the night schools. They were small matters, but they cost labor and time."

"Then—"

A long shudder caught Marchesson's heart: the stabbing agony of an immortal pain. Drifting through the dim room fled a wind of fragrance, heartbreaking sweet; the scent of jasmine, long since faded; the memory of a loveliness that gleamed upon his life like the passing of a white star, and left the shadows deeper by its flight.

"Then—my happiness came. And went away, before I knew. Afterwards I could never find heart for my gift. Its time had passed."

"No. Its time could never pass. Once more its spirit awoke, and cried to you. When you found that the boy, your brother's son, shared your talent, you set yourself to clear the road for him. You went with him to the Old World. You gave him all the training, all the wide opportunity that you had denied yourself. Then your heart sickened. You could not face the noble sculptures whose beauty taunted you for the beauty that your own hands had held and thrown away. The powers, the magic, that you squandered! The failure, twice failure, for you never fought to win!"

"Then," the pitiless Voice spoke on, "Then, in that last disowning, the fire of your genius dropped to ashes. You came back to your dull town. Here you have buried your splendid talent. Here it lies, buried for all time."

The sunset burned on, a still and awful red. Across the glimmering crimson bars, the Face looked on him with deep accusing eyes.

Then through that hush there echoed the whistle of the factory. Down the hollow street came hurrying gay footsteps. Nearer, louder; till all the stones rang alive with that glad conquering tread. The feet of young men, turning home from work through the red sunset. As they passed Marchesson's door, their voices fell: they walked softly; and yet the bold gay ring of those swift feet was like the passing of some proud regiment.

Marchesson stirred. A vague light lifted in his eyes.

The Presence looked on him.

"There go your boys that you have started on their long road. A long steep road. But they will not fall back. For you have trained their bodies, and fed their minds; you have lifted their eyes to the hills. They will not fail you."

Up rose another sound, sweetly appealing. A child's voice, high and clear, brimming with eager question. Then, in soft antiphone, the mother's tones; at last, the mother's laugh, deep-throated, infinitely content; the tranquil laughter of a woman who lives her white destiny in shielded peace.

"In other times, I have not heard those eager steps, those happy voices. In the old years, the women went by with worn faces and with heavy hearts. But now you have given the little town work and hope; and the face of day is changed to them. They dare to laugh. They dare to be content."

"Our time is short," the Presence spoke once more. "Speak. What account have you to give?"

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"Only the pearl lay there . . . That unforgotten face shone radiant through the dusk"

unveiled. And his trembling hands grew cold: his heart beat thick with an old relentless pain.

At last Marchesson gathered his powers, and spoke:

"I have little to bring to you."

The Visitant waited, silent.

"I have no real account to give."

His tired voice dragged on. "All these weeks I have lain here and tried to add that sum. A few unfinished plans. A few years, crowded—and futile. A sum of failures."

"A sum of failures," the Visitant spoke at last. "You came into the world an heir to royal gifts. Your childhood was made smooth and beautiful. Through your youth there swept a war whose splendid terror kindled in you undying fires. You saw life, and you understood. With every breath your mighty talent grew. Yet you held back. You faltered. You, who could build a tower to dare the stars!"

Marchesson leaned his head on one cold hand.

"No. I had other work then."

"Other work!"

"I could not put away my first duty."

"You put away your supreme duty.

not believe that we must all step down from our high places, and earn our bread with our own hands. It was hard for the young. It was cruel for the old. I had to stand by and comfort the dazed old people and help the younger ones, those first hard years."

"Yet they learned, at last. And you still lagged here in your dull wasted little town."

"I could not leave the town. It needed me." Marchesson's voice faltered.

"Did not your talent need you? Did it not call? How dared you deny your splendid promises? How dared you challenge the cry of your own soul?"

Marchesson's gray head sank. Night after night, year after year, he had fought it out, that eternal jeering question. Dully he wondered that, dying, a man must fight once more the battle that he had fought every day, every hour, of his interminable life. Well, he would die fighting.

"The town was my own home. And it was so poor, so forlorn—I could not go."

"So you spent all that you had upon the town. You brought the factories,





# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM



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## Is Church Union Possible?

IN SOME of our contemporaries we find a more or less free discussion of the attractive topic of church union. Many arguments are advanced on both sides, and some of these are interesting. Instances are cited of small towns in which there is not a sufficiency of population to support more than a single church, or two at the most; and in such cases a union of church interests has been carried out with apparent satisfaction to all concerned. This has been accomplished without any invasion of essential beliefs, and, indeed, has been a necessity on financial grounds, if on no other. It is quite a different matter, however, when the scheme of church union is to be applied to larger cities. Here the various denominations are well entrenched, and each is doing good work in its own particular field. Any appeal to denominational Christians to unite, except to the extent of co-operative action in seasons of revival, or for occasional friendly exchanges of pulpits, or to carry out some mission of Christian work or philanthropy, seems to fall very largely on deaf ears. One may be a thorough-going Christian and still be so loyal to his denomination that he could not give it up without a heart-pang. His own church is endeared to him by many hallowed ties. It was the church of his father and mother—the church in which he was first led to see the light. As a faithful soldier loves his old regimental colors, so the true Christian is attached to his old church and its simple, familiar ways. He knows what it has stood for in the past, and in all that it is doing in the present he has a warm personal interest. His own spiritual life is bound up with its life. Its individuality is very dear to him. He loves to look upon it as one of the many battalions of the Lord's army, every division of which, though under its own commander, gives allegiance to the general orders of the Great Captain of salvation.

In the broad scheme of church union known as "the Level Plan," Bishop William M. Brown of Arkansas has outlined a proposition which is, substantially, that all the Protestant churches should accept the superintendency of bishops, each for itself, at the head of the existing historic order of bishops in his own communion—the Protestant Episcopal. He admits at the outset that there is no chance for the coming together of the churches for the world's evangelization on the basis of sacerdotal Catholicism, and believes the only basis possible is "republican Protestantism." But such a proposition would have the effect of creating an ordained priesthood, which is at variance with the principles of the Protestant church, organic and spiritual. No one who is observant of the religious progress of the time will contend that the church is ripe for so radical a departure. Protestantism is essentially republican. It had its origin in the reaction against the undue assertion of ecclesiastical authority and religious dogma, and the multiplication of Protestant divisions is simply a demonstration of the continuity of that independent spirit. Organic independence is valued too highly and has cost too dear to be lightly surrendered. We doubt whether any single Protestant denomination would consent to pass under the ecclesiastical authority of any body of Christians outside of its own lines, especially if that body be one holding exclusive views on the question of historic authority. Such, as we view it without bias, is the attitude of the Protestant churches at the present time.

It was the desire of the Divine Founder of Christianity that all his followers might be "of one fold, under one shepherd." This is being gradually realized in the drawing together of the Christian communities. On all the great, fundamental Gospel truths, they are already united. In every believing heart, the longing for a still closer union is an intense one; but that union must come in God's own way. It will probably be a result of slow and natural growth. Lines of denominational or sectarian division are no longer barriers to hearty concord and active co-operation. Everywhere we see the churches joining heartily in such splendid work as the Forward Movement and the Men and Religion Movement. They are drawing nearer, too, in the mission field. We hail these indications of the coming day, when Christendom will be as a solid unit for the world's redemption; when the last traces of the sectarian spirit will disappear and when all denominations will have a full understand-

ing and appreciation of what Christian brotherhood means. Every year the church is putting on new strength. The Lord's work never goes backward. There is something magnificent in the work now being accomplished by those great historic divisions, the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Disciples, etc. Never were their energies so fully occupied as now; never were they so richly crowned with results. May God bless them all and enlarge their borders and make them all brothers and sisters in Christ! Whether in the future they may unite organically for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth is a question that we are willing to leave wholly in His hands.

## The McNamara Confession

THE confession of the McNamara brothers, on December 1, made a fitting climax to one of the most thrilling of recent public dramas. On October 1, 1910, the Los Angeles Times building was wrecked by a dynamite explosion, in which twenty-one persons were killed. On Christmas day, 1910, the Llewellyn Iron Works in the same city were also destroyed by dynamite. The confession of Ortie McManigal fixed the blame of both these disasters upon James B. McNamara and his brother John J., the secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. James B. McNamara pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree in connection with the Times explosion, and his brother acknowledged responsibility for the Llewellyn disaster.

The case against the brothers was worked up by Detective William Burns, who was accused by labor leaders of unjustifiable activity in pursuing the line of his suspicions, and of giving undue publicity to his work through the newspapers and magazines. The case for the State of California was in charge of a brilliant staff of lawyers, under the leadership of District Attorney John D. Fredericks. Labor unions throughout the nation rallied to the defense of the accused men, and it was said that the sum of a million dollars was raised for their use. This is denied, however, and Samuel Gompers claimed that not more than \$190,000 was raised.

While the confession of the McNamaras clears up the facts of the situation, it by no means untangles the serious problems which are confronting the forces of capital and labor at the present day. The situation is growing constantly more complex and intense. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, had repeatedly expressed his conviction that the accused men were innocent. The news of their confession was an overwhelming shock to him. He still insists that the Federation of Labor is a law-abiding institution and that its leaders deprecate and discourage all forms of violence.

Throughout the whole case, the attempt was made by the labor leaders to cast serious reflections upon the course of justice, and to make the dynamite fiends appear in the light of martyrs who were being made to suffer through capitalist persecutors and corrupt judges. The outcome shows how utterly unjustifiable were all such aspersions, and is a distinct triumph for American justice. A very considerable portion of the press was misled by the outcry of Gompers and his allies, into thinking that the McManigal-McNamara criminals were really worthy representatives of America's workingmen, when, as a matter of cold fact, they were reckless degenerates of the worst type, setting no value upon human life and ready to do any desperate deed that might bring them notoriety or profit. The result of the present trial should make labor more cautious and conservative, and less trustful of loud and boastful leadership.

## The Tribune's Anniversary

THE New York Tribune, on November 29, issued an anniversary number celebrating the seventy-fifth year of its splendid career. It issued on that day a magazine edition, full of material of thrilling interest. Not only was the history of the paper itself outlined, but the whole progress of the State and Nation was reviewed. A picture of Fifth Avenue seventy years ago shows a desolate and ungainly little house, which stood isolated on what is now the corner of that great thoroughfare and Forty-fifth Street. The statement is made that in

1840 there were as many trees on the Bowery as there were iron pillars to-day. It is hard to realize that less than seventy years ago Cyrus Field's project of a cable across the Atlantic was denounced as a "mad freak of stubborn ignorance." Progress in transportation, in manufacture, in finance, in military achievement, in architecture, in education, are outlined.

The surprising statement is made that when the Tribune was first published, literally all the work of the paper was performed by hand. There were no typewriters to prepare copy, no linotype machines to set it up. The papers were folded, counted and packed for delivery by hand. News was brought by the "Pony Express," the name given to the system by which carriers on swift ponies relayed the dispatches and letters from the scene of the news to the headquarters of the paper.

The Tribune, as every one knows, was founded by Horace Greeley, who began in 1834 to edit and publish the New Yorker. On April 19, 1841, the first number of the Tribune appeared. It was at first a weekly paper and was designed to stand for the cause of the common people. The Tribune did noble service during the controversy over slavery, and was a powerful factor in bringing about its abolition. Whitelaw Reid joined the staff in 1868, becoming, in 1872, the editor-in-chief. He was succeeded by Hart Lyman, the present editor. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will be particularly interested in the work of the Tribune for the Fresh Air movement. It began this work in 1877, the year of the CHRISTIAN HERALD's birth. For many years the two papers labored, side by side, in this splendid charity. In 1906 Dr. John Bancroft Devins took charge of the Tribune's Fresh Air work. A peculiarly striking quotation appears in the Tribune's anniversary number in connection with his work and his lamentable and unexpected death. A few months before he died, Dr. Devins, reviewing the Fresh Air work up to date and expressing his hope for its future, quoted these fine lines from Whittier:

Others shall sing the song:  
Others shall right the wrong:  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.  
What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made?

## General Notes

—CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE Italian forces in Tripoli cable intelligence of savage cruelties perpetrated by the Arabs upon Italian soldiers and Red Cross attaches who fell into their hands as prisoners. Some were decapitated and some buried alive, while others were horribly mutilated before being killed. A number were put to death by various forms of crucifixion.

—PRESIDENT TAFT, MR. CARNegie, Senator Clark of Montana and several other notables, who were announced as guests of honor at a Peace banquet to be held in New York on December 30, have simultaneously withdrawn their acceptances, and the project seems likely to fail in consequence. Just who authorized and organized the scheme seems to be uncertain.

—APPREHENSIONS OF ANOTHER season of famine in India, consequent upon the failure of the rains, have fortunately been dispelled. President A. McLean, of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, writes from Cincinnati, O.: "There was fear of famine in India, the rains were late in coming, but they came and in abundance, and with the rain all fear of famine for this year passed away. Such is our latest information."

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Mobbed Female Suffragists

SIX woman suffragists went in an automobile down into the Wall Street district in New York the other day to hold a meeting, and especially to protest against the treatment accorded English suffragettes the week before by the London authorities. Among the number in the car was Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, their London heroine. A company of 3,000 men gathered about them. Mrs. Blatch, president of the Woman's Political Union, stood up in the car and undertook to speak. The boys began to yell and hiss, and not a word she said could be heard by those closest to her. Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was to have been the next speaker, but she insisted that Mrs. Pankhurst be introduced in the hope that they would listen to her. They would not, but yelled so loud and rushed the car so violently that she had to stop, and when the police squad that had been sent for opened the way, they rode away to safety. For by this time two of the suffragettes had knocked off the hats of some boys who had climbed on the car and torn their nice silk flags. "Never in my life have I seen such a disgraceful exhibition as yesterday's," Dr. Shaw said. "It was evident that the action had been planned, and in spite of the great number of gentlemen on the outside of the ring, nothing could be done to quiet the hooligans. Those who were the worst of all averaged twenty-one years of age and were old enough to know and behave better. One of the loudest to jeer and yell was a young man who stood near me. Finally I leaned forward and said to him: 'You are big enough to be a man, but you are far from being one.' He slunk away at that, and I thought his going might stop the noise, for he seemed to be a ringleader, but there were plenty more to take up the hue and cry and drive us away." It was not the best time and place to hold such a meeting; but they had a right to hold it, and their outrageous treatment was a disgrace. Of this uproar can be said what was said of the mob at Ephesus:

For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of the course. (Acts 19:40.)

## Maine Wrecked from Outside

The Joint Army and Navy Board of Inspection in session in Havana will find that the battleship *Maine* was blown up from the outside. The report, after it shall have passed through the hands of Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, will be made public. This will settle forever the bitter dispute which has been going on for thirteen years. Admiral Sigbee, who had command of the *Maine* and was on board of her at the time of the explosion, says that the report from Havana that the *Maine* was destroyed by two explosions only corroborates the conclusions reached by the divers who spent more than two weeks examining the hull of the battleship just after the explosion. Although the reports of the divers, which were the principal evidence before the Sampson Board, have proved singularly accurate, there have been surprises amounting almost to shocks at the revelations of the wreck itself. The Sampson Board reported that the battleship was blown up by a mine situated about Frame 18. It now seems certain that the explosion originated some thirty-five feet aft of the point named by the Sampson Board. The board has come to the conclusion, from an examination of the wreck now above water, that the vessel was destroyed by an outside explosion, which occurred under the ship a little to port of the keel frames 28 and 30. The outside skin was doubled over toward the starboard side by the first explosion. This resulted in a second explosion inside the vessel, which blew the transverse armor bulkhead aft from Frame 24 and buried itself in the mud through the hole left by the first explosion. "The fact that there were two explosions is in accord with the findings of the Board of Inquiry," said the admiral. "It

was testified to in court that there were two explosions. Some of the men who were on board told me that they had heard two explosions, one a short, sharp sound, followed by a general roar. I was in my cabin at the time, and I only heard the general roar. The evidence that there were two distinct sounds of explosions is also corroborated by those who were not on the *Maine*." It was likely that the war with Spain would have been accorded anyway, but the explosion which sent 266 brave defenders of the government to a watery grave started the war, in which the penalty fell. Those responsible for the crime realize the truth that

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. (Matt. 26:52.)

## Sultan's Jewels Sold

The jewels of Abdul Hamid, ex-Sultan of Turkey, were sold at auction in Paris recently and brought a fabulous price. The sale of the opening day alone amounted to 2,700,000 francs (\$540,000). The best price paid was for a necklace composed of three rows of 154 pearls and a clasp formed of three rows of brilliants, which brought 920,000 francs (\$184,000). A string of ninety-nine pearls, with pendant composed of the imperial cipher in gold,

cluding the moving picture and the reproduction of the voice simultaneously. Mr. Edison in his interview claimed that practical use could be made of his new machine in the coming presidential campaign—that stump speakers could address any number of audiences at the same time, the phonograph reproducing the speech, and the pictures on the screen exhibiting the image of the speaker with every gesture. We are somewhat skeptical about the practical value of this most important invention as a political campaigner, as such meetings do not want so much the echo of a voice as the voice, nor the image of a man so much as the man himself. Any invention, however, that would eliminate at least a half of the stump speakers of the average political campaign should be hailed as a blessing. An invention that would reduce by two-thirds the amount of the campaign funds, a portion of which is proper, but so much of which is for corrupt purposes, would be a still greater blessing. Most of the questions of a political nature, as well as scientific, literary, industrial or religious character, are pretty well threshed out in the papers in this era of the all powerful press, and yet there will likely never come a time when the message of the living speaker to the living audience will be dispensed with. The word

of the living preacher to the ears of a living people is God's ordained method for the world's evangelization. A powerful religious press can be an auxiliary to the living preacher. Edison's invention in these days of pulpit sensationalism might be set up in some churches in the desperate attempt to get an audience, but it will prove a failure, as similar substitutes for the live Gospel message of the live man have done.

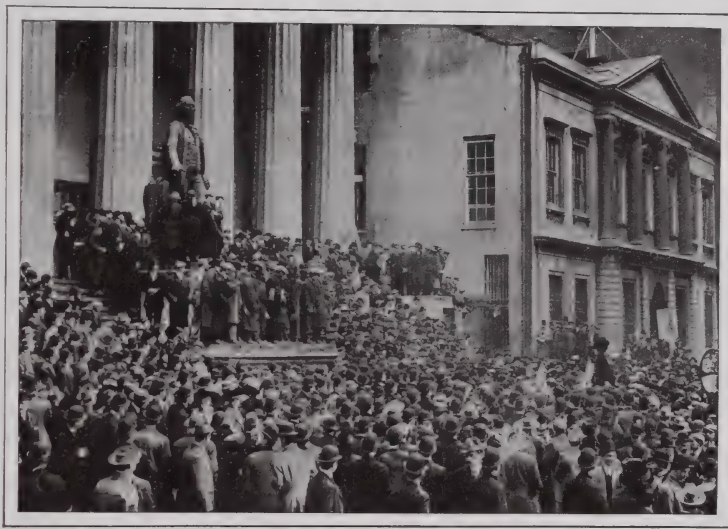
It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. (I. Cor. 1:21.)

## Possibilities of a Boy

Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown, the new dean of Yale Divinity School, preached in the Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, recently. He said: "If ten years ago you had told a scientist that from a tiny particle of earth power could be obtained sufficient to keep a clock ticking for a hundred thousand years, he would have laughed at you. But since the discovery of radium he does not laugh. Neither does he

dogmatize on the limits of science. As the discovery of radium has opened up new worlds to science, so does divine help open up new worlds to human endeavor. If a woman in this congregation should bring her jewels to me and I should drop them into the East River, I would know exactly how much wealth had been lost to the world. But if the same woman were to bring a kernel of wheat to me and allow me to plant it, to harvest the grain and plant again, and sell the produce, I should never know, were I to destroy that grain of wheat, what strength had been lost to a hungry world. And if she were to give me her boy, and I were to induce and instruct him to be a minister or an educator, I cannot tell now of what incalculable worth he may prove to his generation and to the generations that will come after. Nor need people to-day be ashamed of the little they are able to do. People in this congregation might endow colleges were they millionaires, write great books were they Drummonds, turn many to righteousness were they Moody's, but they are ashamed of their modest resources, forgetting that the Lord can do all things." What a splendid view the new dean takes of the opportunities, the obligations and the possibilities of young life in the kingdom of God! God leaves the gap between human ability and duty on purpose that it may be filled by divine help in answer to faith. The man of smaller or larger endowment is always doing more than he can, because God helps him. Christ knew this truth and taught it when he wrought the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many? (John 6:9.)



Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst Attempting to Address the Crowd Before the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street

three large rubies and a pear-shaped drop pearl, brought \$124,700. Among other things sold were two gold coffee cups and saucers, encrusted with diamonds, which brought \$5,040; a gold alarm clock with diamonds, which brought \$7,120, and a walking-stick with a diamond head, which went at the bid of \$1,000. Poor pitiable Sultan! How he cried for fear they would kill him when the soldiers came to the palace to dethrone him! He begged them to take his wealth or his crown, but to spare his life. How unsteady thrones are, and how easily crowns fall from king's heads nowadays! How flimsy are all the outer expressions and trappings of autocracy! What a mockery are the jewels of a dethroned emperor, especially as they are knocked down under the hammer of the auctioneer! The only jewels that are of any value are those of character. The jewels of the ex-Sultan, though sold for millions of dollars, are only pieces of brick or common glass when set over against an administration of selfishness and oppression. The humbling of Abdul Hamid's pride, illustrated by the scattering of the royal jewels by auction, reminds us of Nebuchadnezzar's humiliation at the loss of his throne.

But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him. (Dan. 5:20.)

## Edison Visits Taft

Thomas A. Edison called on President Taft at Washington the other day, and took occasion during the visit to explain to him his latest inventions, in-



# OPENING NIGHT AT THE BREAD LINE



Forming the Bread Line Before 1 A.M. on Thanksgiving Morning



The Hungry and Homeless Enjoying the First Bread Line Meal of the Season



Eleven Hundred Basket Dinners Were Supplied by the Mission to Poor Families on Thanksgiving Day



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The story opens with a vivid description of the brilliant scene at the launching of the new American battleship *Republic*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Dockville. The Secretary of War is present with many other high officials, members of Congress, army and navy officers. The great steel monster of destruction, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor, who is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the mace strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbons, which was released by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the vessel's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatches at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little bunch of color, though he does so at the risk of losing his balance and dropping a sheer seventy-five feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, seeing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he recovers his poise, though his hat caught by the wind, is waived away.

After this adventure, he is introduced to Miss Pax, the Admiral's daughter, and becomes an interested witness of his exploit. She questions him about his rescue of a young sailor on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, and although young Cushing modestly evades a direct answer, she is satisfied that the heroic act was his. Miss Marston invites him to call upon them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval supplies factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of women leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life, succeeds in saving a number of workers. He is horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy he has witnessed and stunned by the reflection that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which at had been notified by the fire marshal two months before to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" The next day the papers announce that criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the parties responsible for the disaster, Brander Cushing being mentioned by name. The builder is besieged by reporters, to whom he denies point-blank having received any notice from the marshal. He knows that the prosecution will be in the hands of District Attorney Fleming, his political enemy. Sidney is sent to Washington, to be out of the way while his father faces the coming trouble. Brander Cushing finds the men in his yard antagonistic to himself, regarding him as responsible for the loss of so many lives. Attorney Fleming visits him and an exciting scene follows. Fleming dares Cushing to open his life and prove that he has not got the notification papers locked up. Cushing orders him out of the office, and he withdraws, after threatening to subpoena Sidney as a witness. In Washington, Sidney renews acquaintance with the Marstons and becomes a strong favorite with the Admiral, his pretty daughter, and his nephew. With the latter he visits the new armor-rolling grounds. They note the frightful effects of the new secret explosive, bloxine. Brander Cushing is visited by Athanasia Ward, one of the girls saved by Sidney from the factory fire. She tells him how the door of the factory was locked, preventing escape and causing many deaths. Cushing is horrified at this revelation, which the girl makes to warn him.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

"**W**ARN me!" exclaimed Cushing as he turned to face his strange visitor more directly.

"Yes, sir. The men in the yard. Have you noticed anything unusual?"

"Well?"

"They are ugly. They think you are to blame for all this. And I heard, I happened to hear some words that made me fear the men would do you harm, or do damage to the yard or the buildings or something."

"Well?"

"And I thought you ought to know."

"What was said? Who were they?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know who the men are?"

"No, sir, and I don't know exactly what they said. But what I heard made me afraid for you. I felt I must come over and see you. How can I ever repay your son for my life?"

Athanasia Ward spoke with a simplicity that made Brander Cushing forget his manners. He stared at her, and immediately apologized to himself. But in that stare he had caught a glimpse of the painful fact that Athanasia was what some people call weak-minded. And to his astonishment over what he had already experienced he added a dull sense of

something like pity for her mental condition.

"So you thought you ought to warn me, eh?"

"Yes, sir. It's nothing sure, but after the funerals to-morrow, I shouldn't wonder if—" She hesitated.

"If what?"

"If they might try to do some harm. You see, it's awful. One of the men who works in the casting room lost three girls, and another lost—"

"Stop! I can't bear to hear it."

"I can't bear to tell it, either. But oh, do you think, sir, I will ever get over seeing those bodies falling, falling?"

The same question Sidney Cushing was asking at that very moment as he was speeding towards Washington. Would either he or Athanasia ever have untroubled dreams again?

By Charles M. Sheldon.  
Author of "In His Steps"



"Did you come to warn me, too?" he said, speaking to Hermosa slowly.

"Yes, sir," she said simply. "That, and to thank your son. My father, you see, Mr. Cushing, is blind and a paralytic."

"I know. I remember him. He was in the yard—"

"Eight years ago. His mind is clear and he doesn't suffer. I hoped to see your son, Mr. Cushing. They tell me he is not here."

"In Washington."

"Athanasia and I never can say our thanks. People do not thank others for saving them, do they?"

"I don't know. I never was saved."

Cushing was staring at Hermosa as he had stared at Athanasia.

"I told Mr. Cushing what we heard,

draughting-room. To burn the works. Athanasia heard the same. They may even offer violence to you."

"I'm not afraid of it," Cushing rose, went over to the window which opened on the yard, and looked out. The whistles were blowing and the men had already begun to deposit their blocks and go out at the great gate. Cushing watched the increasing stream thoughtfully. Then he turned again, facing the two young women.

"I don't see that your warning is of any special value to me. What can I do? I feel very sorry for—for the victims of the fire. The company will be ready, it is ready, to give substantial aid to those who are in its employ. But your warning is too vague. It does not mean anything."

Hermosa stepped nearer. Since she came in, she had remained standing.

"Mr. Cushing, I believe you and your son are both in real danger. Greater than even I imagine. I read to think that crime may be added to calamity."

"Crime to calamity?"

"Yes, sir. The men's minds are maddened by all this. They are talking about you, and pardon, cursing you over their dead."

## CHAPTER VII

**B**RANDER CUSHING was silent. Had they not a right to curse him over their dead, these rough-handed, hard-toiling men—these men whose main sweetness of life lay in their love of child and wife? And was it not true? Had he not committed crime in neglecting their safety?

"I don't see what I can do," he said out loud.

"We don't know, either," said Athanasia; "but we had to come and tell, didn't we, Hermosa?"

"Yes. I wish—I wish there was some way to guard—"

"We can call in extra police. But I don't think it necessary. You are good girls to come and warn me."

"And will you tell your son, Mr. Cushing, how we came to see and thank him?" Athanasia spoke, lifting her eyes to Hermosa, as she had repeatedly done during this interview, as if to seek her approval.

"Yes, I'll tell him."

"Will he be back soon?" timidly from Athanasia.

"I don't know."

"Come, Athanasia, shall we go?" said Hermosa, gently.

There was a faint red glow on Athanasia's cheek, burning through the marks of the smoke and flame of the tragedy.

"Yes. Let us go. I wish there was something more we could do."

"I don't see what more you can do, girls. I appreciate what you have done. But I'm sure there's no danger." Brander Cushing opened the door, with his best manner bowed them out, and then went back to his desk.

He stood there only a moment. Then he sent a message for the head superintendent of the draughting-rooms.

When he came, he told him briefly what the two girls had said.

"What do you think, Merrill? Is it worth while to pay any attention to this?"

Merrill spoke slowly.

"The men have acted ugly all day. Only 2,300 reported. I doubt if half that number turn in to-morrow."

"No one will turn in to-morrow. Haven't you got the order to shut down?"

"I have been out at the testing-dock. When your message came I was out."

"McLeish gave the order in your absence. The gates will not be open all

Continued on page 1274



"With a single bound a man was upon him"

"It was a terrible thing for you, poor girl. But your life was spared. Your hands were badly burned."

"Oh, no, sir. Not badly. There was Cora Vassil, her hands were—"

"No, I don't want to hear it. Was Hermosa badly hurt?"

"Hermosa? Hermosa? Why, here she is now!"

Hermosa Howard came into the office. Brander Cushing looked at those two girls as a man might look at persons raised from the dead. Both bore the marks of tragedy on their faces. But it was more than a tragedy dating from the horror of the day before. This was the life tragedy of a struggle from the time of birth to maintain the decencies of life. Even Brander Cushing, inexperienced as he was in the deep things of humanity, felt borne in upon him as he looked at these two creatures, that perhaps there was something more important than building warships.

you and I. There is danger, isn't there?" said Athanasia.

"Great danger, I think," said Hermosa Howard gravely.

"What did you hear?" from Brander Cushing, shortly.

"The people are broken-hearted. Can you blame them, sir? One hundred and forty-seven girls. Oh! And they blame you for it, in part. They say you did not provide—I know, I know. You have explained all that. We believe it. We are not blaming you. You have always been kind and just to the men. But they feel, they feel deep. We are afraid for you."

"Afraid for me?" said Brander Cushing in his heart, listening to this girl of the people, this hard toiler in the loom of his human ambition. And he—

"These threats you heard are very vague. Why should I pay any heed to them? What can the men do?"

"They threatened to wreck the



# THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PARISH

THE largest Protestant parish in the world, ministering, it is computed, to no less than 10,000 souls, is that of St. George's Episcopal Church in Stuyvesant Square, New York City. On November 19, this hale and vigorous veteran began the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary.

St. George's really commenced its life in 1748, as a chapel of ease for Trinity, in Beekman Street. It was the celebrated DeWitt Clinton who signed the act of incorporation which in 1811 made the church into a separately organized parish. By a singular coincidence, sixty-three years ago, on November 19, 1848, the first services were held in "the new church" on Stuyvesant Square.

Four honorable and devoted missionaries have officiated as its rectors—Drs. Kewley, Milnor, Tyng and Rainsford. Under Dr. Milnor, the church became fully established. Under Dr. Tyng, its contributions during his first thirty years of service increased from 77,097 during the first decade, to 560,284 during the third, with other growth in proportion. But it was under Dr. Rainsford that the most striking advances were made. When he left it after twenty-three years of labor, it contained in all its branches more than 7,000 souls, and the full outfit of a great institutional church, a parish house, a deaconess home, a trade school, a seaside cottage, an official staff of twenty men and women an army of trained volunteer workers; and the



St. George's Church, the Centre of the Parish

total sum of \$2,500,000 had been raised during that period. Under the present pastor, the Rev. Hugh Birkhead, the same wonderful prosperity continues.

The historical sermon for the occasion was delivered by Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, Bishop Greer also giving an address and administering the communion. During the offertory, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the junior warden, stumbled over a cushion as he was passing the plate, but fortunately was not hurt. Mr. Morgan has just presented the site and half the cost of construction for a chapel near the church. Among the other vestrymen are several of national fame, also notably the Hon. Seth Low, Mr. J. Wright Harrison and Mr. R. Fulton Cutting.

The rectors of many others of the great metropolitan parishes were present, as were also several bishops and other high dignitaries of the church. The venerable edifice was handsomely decorated and the five Sunday services of commemoration were attended by enormous crowds. In all the addresses, stress was laid upon the close adherence of St. George's, through all the changes which have transformed it from a purely family church into one for the people, to the old Gospel which seeks first of all to win the souls of men to Christ. The exercises closed with a great parish reception in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, one of the few buildings in the city large enough for the purpose.

## OUR NEWEST HIGHEST BUILDING

*Continued from page 1266*

conservation of time and energy. And in planning these things, the health and even the nervous energy of the occupants of the building have been given the utmost consideration.

While from the outside the building is an artistic triumph, its very roof being an adaptation of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, its interior would appear to have been equipped with as many mechanical devices as a modern printing press. These things do not necessarily appear on the interior surface, but they are there just the same. Myriads of skeins of wire for electric light, telephones, telegraph, stock tickers, messenger calls, burglar and fire alarms, watchmen's time-detectors, etc., run through the walls. The great mass of these may be imagined when it is remembered that some first-class brokerage offices in Wall Street have as many as forty wires leading in and out.

Not only may the officers and employees of the Bankers' Trust Company communicate electrically with every part of the building, and even every part of the city, but they may exchange important documents with one another without leaving their desks. The building has been elaborately fitted with pneumatic tubes of large calibre, so that papers and pass books can be dispatched instantly from one part of the bank to another, and even to the twenty-first floor, to the offices of the Trust Company's legal advisers, Messrs. White & Case. Where hundreds of clerks are employed, the saving of time will be enormous. When it is necessary for one of these employees to move away from his desk, he may do so without disturbing his fellow workers in the least, since the floor of the main banking room has been covered with cork.

Even the men and women who clean the building (and it is no small job to cleanse forty floors containing many offices each), will be enabled to do so with the slightest expenditure of time and energy, since the whole building has been equipped with a pneumatic cleaning system, which will whisk away any dust that may possibly blow up through the windows from the busy street below. This cleaning system can be used also by the tenants in place of whisk brooms for cleaning clothes.

The banking rooms will be lighted by electricity, yet no one entering the main banking room will actually see the electric fixtures. These will be concealed in the walls and ceilings, and the light reflected from them will be diffused softly through the room.

The very air that enters the building through an elaborate ventilating system, will be cleansed of impurities before being allowed to percolate through the rooms.

And the vault. It is as far ahead of the ordinary bank vault as the building is ahead of the ordinary building. It is two stories high, and is approached and entered over a drawbridge that folds up inside the vault itself, leaving the latter isolated like an ancient fortress with an unfilled moat. It is more like a large room than a bank safe. It is 22 feet high, 27 feet long and 29 feet deep. The entrance door itself weighs 39 tons. The frame in which the door sets weighs 34 tons. The vault weighs 1,550 tons. It is elaborately equipped with an electrical signaling system, connected with the vault officer's desk, so that even when any one enters the vault that fact is made known to the vault officer by means

of a little electric bulb which flashes on his desk every time any one enters the vault. It is, in fact, practically two steel rooms set one above the other.

It does not seem possible that the most ingenious burglar in the world could break through those steel walls, and even if he succeeded in doing so he would be far from being able to lay his hands upon any money, for inside these steel rooms are places for as many as 160 small safes, which in their turn

are guarded by combination locks and electric burglar alarms.

Naturally it has been thought possible that a clerk might become locked in this great vault, and as a safeguard against this an electric system connecting with a six-inch vibrating gong has been placed in the vault. There are two entrances, and the closing of either door starts the ringing of the gong, which continues until the other door is closed and locked, thus giving any clerk within the vault ample time to get out.

However, arrangements have been made for releasing any one who might after all become locked in. A telephone has been installed in the vault, and over it a light burns continuously.

In the event of a person being locked in he can telephone the officers, who may give him instructions how to use a small tripping key for the time-lock, which will permit the operating of the bolts, if the proper officials who hold the combinations are there to unlock the door. The key is hung in a glass-covered box, and the only means of gaining access to the box is by breaking the glass. This key is useless except from the inside, and in conjunction with the officials holding the combinations for the locks.

The United States Government has not so remarkable a vault in its own treasury. However, as the Bankers' Trust Company is, as the name implies, composed of leading bankers, it is not to be wondered that either its building or its vault should be the latest and best possible to be obtained.

## Atlanta's Memorial to Peace



Copyright by John Williams, Inc., Bronze Foundry, N. Y.

### The Spirit of Peace Forbidding War

EARLY in October, President Taft unveiled at the entrance to Piedmont Park in Atlanta, Ga., one of the most beautiful and interesting works of American sculpture in the entire South. The memorial, which is of bronze mounted on a granite pedestal, is the work of Mr. Allen G. Newman, and was erected by the Gate City Guard to commemorate the establishment of peace at the close of the Civil War. That military organization was the first in Georgia to volunteer for service in the war, and was the first to make overtures of friendship when peace was declared. Against the advice of friends, they undertook a peaceful "invasion" of the North in 1879. In every city they were received with honor, and found not enemies but warm-hearted friends. Their trip was of inestimable value in restoring confidence and good feeling. It is in commemoration of this splendid trip that the new monument has been erected. The Mayor of Philadelphia and a committee of the common council escorted the "Liberty Bell," which first proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, to Atlanta for the ceremonies, and for three days the city was given up to entertaining guests from far and near. Military organizations from New York, Hartford, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other cities were present.

In his dedicatory address Captain Jackson of the Old Guard said in part: "We have long forgotten the troublesome times of '61 to '65; they are only brought to mind once a year on Memorial Day, when the veterans turn out to decorate the graves of their comrades. We are looking forward, not backward; the North, the South, the East, the West, have all joined hands as one people living together in unity and peace."

## How the "Bread Line" Ushered in Thanksgiving

THE Bowery Mission Bread Line opened for the season at one o'clock on Thanksgiving morning. A large crowd of men and boys was fed. The New York Herald gave the following description of the scene:

"To each man were given the bowl of coffee and roll and half loaf that are provided all winter every morning, and in addition a paper box containing a special Thanksgiving repast. This was made up of two chickens and two turkey sandwiches, half a mince pie, three crullers and two apples. All but a few of the men put away their boxes, reserving them for later in the day, when they might share them with others who, for illness or other reason, could not come.

"Standing at their coffee and bread, some of them told their stories while waiting for their time of entertainment to pass. One said he had been a cotton broker and had been broken in speculation and had lost heart. Another said he was a waiter, but had injured a foot and had never been trained to any other trade." Faces about him lighted up as he told of the princely sums that had slipped through his fingers in the days when he was on the staff of a famous hotel. Another had been a banker's clerk, another an architect, three were lawyers, and there was one physician. Within the last two years the Mission has sought to send men who knew farming back to the fields. Thirteen hundred have been helped to farm employment in eighteen months."

When at last daylight had come on Thanksgiving morning the baskets for the needy families of the lower East Side were distributed. We give three pictures of these scenes on another page.



# HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

## MERRY CHRISTMAS AMONG THE BOOKS

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure; books are gates to lands of pleasure;  
Books are paths that upward lead; books are friends. Come, let us read.

ONE of the most delightful features of the holiday season is the splendid array of Christmas books lined up and spread out on booksellers' counters and shelves. There they are, old friends and new, decked out in every color, shade and tint, sprinkled over plentifully with gold and silver, and looking for all the world like brilliant pictures woven in some rare tapestry.

We have taken pains to examine the holiday books pretty thoroughly in order to tell you about some of the best of them here in the Cozy Corner, in case Old Santa Claus should be asking you in little love messages what book you would like to have in your Christmas stocking.

### Books Boys Will Like

THE first and second books of *Boys' Model Aeroplanes*. By Francis A. Collins. Mr. Collins's books on model aeroplanes are classics. They contain the best treatment on the subject. The construction is so simple as to be within the comprehension of every intelligent boy. (Century. \$1.20.)

*Stories of Useful Inventions*. Illustrated. It tells simply and entertainingly the story of many familiar and everyday things. A match, a stove, a lamp, a plough, etc. An exceedingly interesting book. (Century. \$1.50.)

*With the Flag in Panama*. By C. C. Weir. A timely story, full of delightful and accurate information, all about the greatest industrial adventure in the world. Every boy should read *With the Flag in Panama*. (W. A. Wilde & Co. \$1.50.)

*Track's End*. By Hayden Carruth. No mollycoddle will care to read this book, but every live-wire, up-and-at-it American boy will be pretty sure to. I was going to say, if I were a boy anywhere between twelve and twenty and given the choice of the holiday books, I would choose *Track's End*. It is what I call an over-and-over book, because that is the way you are apt to read it. (Harpers. \$1.)

*On the Trail of Grant and Lee*. By Frederick Trevor Hill. (Appleton. \$1.50.) Perhaps no two men in the history of the world ever had such a series of coincidences linking them together. Mr. Hill tells you all about it in a delightful way.

### Stories of the Sea

*Ensign Ralph Osborne*. By Commander E. L. Beach, U. S. A. A spirited picture of life in the navy, its labors, dangers, triumphs and delights. For boys who like this kind of a story, this is the kind of a story you will like. (Wilde Company. \$1.50.)

*The Wrecking-Master*. By Ralph D. Paine. (Scribner. \$1.25.)

*A Captain at Fifteen*. By Gilbert P. Coleman. (Appleton. \$1.50.)

*Treasure Island*, with new full-page colored pictures, wide margins, and large print. A heroic edition of one of the most stirring and successful boys' stories ever written. (Scribner. \$2.50.)

### New Books for Girls

*Harper's Handy Book for Girls*. (Harpers. \$1.75.) A good-looking, well-bound book of arts and crafts, needlework, gift-making, physical culture, out-of-door life, entertaining, amusements, parties, collections, etc.

The good-comradeship of a boy and a girl at the schoolboy age is the delightful theme of a little story that *The Iron Pirate*, by Adeline Knapp (Westminster Press, 60 cents). The scene is laid in California. The story

is unusually charming. The joys and sorrows of boarding-school life are entertainingly set forth in the *Girls of Dudley School*, by Ellen Deland (Appleton's, \$1.50), and also in *Just Patty*, by Jean Webster. (Century. \$1.20.)

*Yellow Star*, by Elaine Goodale Eastman, is an unusual story of Indian life (Little, Brown, \$1.25). The heroine, little Yellow Star, was found in the arms of her dead mother after the battle of Wounded Knee, and is brought up in old-fashioned New England.

*Aunt Jane's Nieces*, by Edith Van Dyke (Riely, Britton, 60 cents). Almost any nice girl would enjoy reading the story of three of the very

live happy ever after. (Little, Brown & Company, 75 cents.)

*Santa Claus Dolls* is a bunch of stories of good times with dolls. This is one of the Happy Hour Series that so many little boys and girls have learned to love. (Wilde, 50 cents.)

### Everybody's Favorites

*The Old, Old Story Book*, compiled from the Old Testament, in bright red binding, with many full-page pictures of Old Testament days. Printed in large, clear type. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.)

*One Hundred Bible Stories for Children*, written, says the author, Mr. Robert Bird, in the preface, for children who are too small to understand the Bible when they hear it, but are quite ready to listen to the same things told at greater length in simple words. This book is well printed and well illustrated in color. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

*How to Dress a Doll*. Every little girl who loves her dolly should have this nice little book to go by. Everything that dolly wears, with the explanation of how to make it, is set forth in this little volume, by Mary H. Morgan. (Altemus, 50 cents.)

### Tiniest Tots of All

*Little Mother Stories: The Three Bold Pirates; Little Blue Rabbit; Bunnies, Birds and Blossoms; The Stories the Baby Bears Told*. Charming illustrations in color and only 50 cents apiece. Almost any little boy or girl would love to have them. (Dutton.)

Unwearable Books (*Dollies' Pastimes and Our Baby's Own Book, Old King Cole, Dolls at Home, Book of Airships*) are big bright-colored nursery books, 25 cents each.

*My Santa Claus Book, My Book of Trains, My Airship Book, The Sunday School Model Book, My Menagerie, Dainty Dolls and their Dresses*, are the very nicest kind of cut-out books, all printed in colors, 25 cents. (Dutton.)

*Peter and Wendy*, by J. M. Barrie, author of Peter Pan, is an especially Christmas book. (Scribner. \$1.50.)

*The Treasure Book of Children's Verse*, arranged by Mabel and Lillian Quiller-Couch, and daintily illustrated with colored pictures (Hodder & Stoughton, \$5), and *The Doll Book*, by Laura B. Starr (Outing Publishing Company, \$3), are unusually attractive Christmas books.

But we must bring our list to an end by asking our boys and girls who care to know anything more about Christmas books to write and ask.

### Special Extra Christmas Prize

We would like each and every Cozy Corner boy and girl to win a prize at the Christmas season, so here is an extra opportunity. Your choice of any book mentioned on this page for best articles with at least one cut or illustration, entitled, "I Made it Myself" or "I Did This Myself." All work in this competition to be in by January 4.

Be sure to enter this special Christmas Prize Contest, and if you have not already written, introducing yourself to the Aunt of the Cozy Corner, write to-day, and you will receive almost by return mail a nice Christmas letter written especially to you.

### Good-Night Verse

And the angel said unto them: I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . . Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace. . . .

A merry, merry Christmas to you all, and thanking you for your sweet Christmas messages.

Ever lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt of the Cozy Corner



The Ostermoor  
SMILE and  
the BOOK  
that's FREE

A cheerful disposition makes the day's tasks easy. A night of sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress sends you forth to work or play in the morning with a smile that bespeaks renewed strength and refreshed nerves. The

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"The Shetland Pony Offer" will be sent FREE to any boy.

You get 50 cents' worth of Magazines Free, too, as a Start in Business.

Simply sign this Coupon and mail it.

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Have you ever thought how lavish Nature is with oats?

She has made this grain a  
Better body-builder,  
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Than any other grain that grows.

She has crowded the oat with more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus and more lecithin than any other cereal food.

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But the finest flavor lies in rich, plump, luscious oats. So we select those oats by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These selected oats, prepared by our process, form the finest oat food in existence. Those who want the best—both in flavor and food value—always insist on this brand. The cost, despite its quality, is but one-half cent per dish.

**Regular size  
package, 10c**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

**The Quaker Oats Company**

(221)

CHICAGO

## Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1271

day. I think perhaps you had better stop to an extra shift of night watchmen to-night and—"

"And to-morrow night?"

"And to-morrow night."

"Will you guard your own house, Mr. Cushing?"

"No."

"I would if I were you."

"Why?"

"I think it would be safer."

Pause.

"I don't think there is any danger."

"If I were you, Mr. Cushing, I would take some precautions. The men are sore over the neglect on the company's part to put up the escapes."

Cushing turned on the superintendent.

"How are we to blame when we had no notice from the department to put them up?"

"We are not, legally, of course."

"Nor any other way. I had already made plans for them. The escapes would have been up this week. Have I never shown you the plans? Johnson was delayed on the dock valves or he would have had them ready. How could we foresee a defective gas main?"

"We couldn't, of course."

Cushing turned to the safe and with almost childish eagerness took out the plans to which he had called Sidney's attention and showed them to Merrill. Merrill looked them over carefully and his manner seemed reassured. He handed the papers back respectfully.

"It's a pity, sir, that this could not have been done in time."

"Yes. Well, no one deploras the terrible results more than I do, Merrill. It will be a sad day to-morrow for many people."

"It sure will."

Pause.

"Is there anything more, Mr. Cushing?"

"I think not. You might give Fogarty a good strong word about the yard as you go out."

"All right." Good-night. I hope you will not—"

"No danger, Merrill. Dismiss the idea."

"Sidney is out of town?"

"I sent him to Washington to get things straight on the turret valves."

"Ah, yes, I see. Well, good-night."

"Good-night, Merrill."

When Cushing left the building it was nearly dark, and he was, or thought he was, the last man out of the offices. He stopped to speak to Fogarty as he went out at the big gate. The head night watchman came on duty with the blowing of the five o'clock whistle.

"Everything all right, Fogarty?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. Mr. Merrill gave me orders as he went out to be on guard with the extra night shift."

"I don't think there's any danger. But—go over the draughting-room yourself, before dark."

"I will, sir."

Brander Cushing went home to his solitary meal. He missed Sidney, and almost yielded to a sudden desire to wire him to come home.

But after his meal was over and he had gone into the library, he settled himself to a favorite book of fiction, and read steadily until eleven o'clock.

Then he took out the fire marshal's notice, and slowly laid it on the table. He picked it up again and unfolded and read it. He carefully noted the date, September 18, in a note book and put the book back in his pocket.

Then he rose and, taking the paper, went over to the fireplace. He lighted one of the fancy wax candles on the mantel and for a moment stood still, as if going over every possible point he had elaborated that morning. Then he slowly moved a corner of the paper over to the candle, and when it was lighted flung it down over the ashes of

an old fire. As fast as it burned he beat up the charred pieces with the tongs and stirred them up until they flew in black patches up the chimney-place.

When he had gone back to the library table his face was the face of a man who fights at any odds against personal dishonor. But he had not been seated five minutes before a new fear seized him so strongly that he nervously went out into the dining-room, and from there into the hall. It seemed to him he could hear strange noises in different parts of the old house.

He listened. It was half past eleven. The servants slept at the rear up three stories. He opened all the doors between the rooms. The noises, if there had been any, suddenly ceased.

"Angus!" he called.

There was no answer.

He called once more and, getting no reply, shut the doors and went back to the library, smiling at his unusual nervousness.

But when he was seated, he put his hand up and felt the sweat on his face.

He swore; and realized as he did so that an oath was as strange to his lips as a drink of whisky would have been. But at the same instant he heard Athanasia Ward saying:

"She and Helvetia Slova ran to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. They beat on it with their fists until the flesh came off."

That locked door!

Suppose that fact came out at the trial. What would save him from indictment for manslaughter? Even if he proved that he was not legally guilty of neglect to provide means of safety, how about conditions in the firetrap of a factory owned and controlled by the company, that is, by himself? Would a man like Silas Fleming be apt to overlook a point like that? And what jury on earth, confronted by such a fact as that witnessed by these two girls who were alive to testify, would dare do less than convict?

He stared across his richly furnished library and wished for the break of day. Again he was half minded to send for Sidney. But in the end he grew calmer. Slowly he readjusted himself. No one could charge him with locking the doors. That was the act of a hired hand. Not by his orders. Fleming could never indict him for that. Sidney would stand by him. He remembered what the boy had said that morning: "Father, you know I will stand by." He remembered the gesture of affectionate appeal that went with the words. He was sure of Sidney. And that was the main thing now.

Brander Cushing went up stairs and went to bed. No more noises were heard by him that night. His nerves became steady. He lay down and in five minutes his body was sleeping dreamlessly.

The day of the funerals of the victims of the naval factory horror was a day that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed its dark pageantry.

The entire city seemed to lie under the pall of death. Many of the victims had been recovered from the ruins as unidentified lumps of humanity. The individual funerals were fewer than the general blending of one large interment. Over one hundred bodies of these young girls were buried in terrible rows together in a common grave. The whole city stood still at the place. Thousands walked past the ghastly trench and dropped flowers so thick over the coffins that at the end of half an hour the boxes were glowing mounds of color; while from fathers, mothers and relatives standing there, crowded by masses along that ditch of death, there arose a cry that was like nothing but the united groan that rises

Continued on next page

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ALL HAND MADE REGULAR PRICE \$2.00

You'll say "BEAUTIFUL" when you see these exquisite handkerchiefs with Mexican design hand-drawn in all four corners. Done on daintiest of sheer handkerchief linen lawn 4 inches square. The very latest in the handkerchiefs.

**Special 1/2 price bargain!**—To acquire you with our beautiful line of Mexican hand-drawn lines, Indian designs, etc., we will send the 4 handkerchiefs shown, **pre-paid**, for 1/2 price—only **Regular price here is \$2.00—city at ask even more.**

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This very stylish polka dot handkerchief is hand-made in Mexico

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**Mexican Lace Baby Hood** of the same rare Mexican lace wheels, all sizes (state baby's age) **98c** regular price \$1.75; Holiday bargain, each **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**—if not back—orders filled day received.

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

from a great battlefield after the crash of conflict is over.

Brander Cushing had walked out to the place of burial, drawn by an attraction he could not resist nor analyze. It was the last thing in the world he had expected to do when he awoke that morning. But he never accounted for the impulse that dragged him out to the spot. He walked by an unfrequented road, and during the impressive services conducted at a trench he stood on the edge of the crowd, but on a rising piece of ground from which every detail of that day's tragedy was marked as distinct on his brain as if drawn there with a steel etching-point. He spoke to no one. And just before the people began to leave the place, he strode out by the way he had come and walked back into the city as if pursued by living torments.

Urged by another impulse, once in the city he went direct to the shipyard. Fogarty let him in at the big gate.

Once inside, Cushing was himself, alert, clear-eyed, keen and resourceful. "Anything to report, Fogarty?"

"No, sir; all quiet. Mr. Merrill came over this morning. He made the rounds with me."

"All right, Fogarty. If he or McLeish should happen to come in, tell them I'll be in the loft."

He went to his office first and checked off a list which had been prepared the day before of employees whom he intended to help among the families of those who had suffered. He went over this list with great care and some mental relief. After he had made careful computation of the amount he had decided to use for this purpose, he filed the list away, and went up to the draughting-loft.

This great room at the top of the office building was in many respects the heart of Brander Cushing's whole life during the process of evolving a new warship.

On the floor were chalked out the lines of the vessel drawn to the exact scale. This draughtsmanship called for great skill and perfect knowledge of every detail of construction. No man in America, or for that matter in all the world, had more technical equipment for construction than Brander Cushing. Many of the draughting-plans in this big loft were entirely original with him and had been eagerly sought for by ship-builders in Europe and South America, and Brander Cushing's name was regarded as synonymous with genius as an expert in the largest establishments in Belfast and Kiel, at Brest and Clyde.

He was alone in the place, and as always when confronting the magic white curves and cross lines of section divisions of the yet unbuilt war-dragon, he soon lost himself completely in the vision he was able to see of the finished product, the stately, powerful, fully equipped vessel that those white skeleton chalk marks represented.

Already, with the closing of the door, had vanished from his mind the dirge and sob and heartbreak of that wailing-place out there where the unidentified dead lay so thick together. Already his mind had ceased to toss back and forth all the possibilities of Silas Fleming's action. The only thing in all the world for Brander Cushing was his ambition, his life-work crowned by this new creation of Death, biggest and most terrible of all "civilized nations' armament to kill or flog killing.

He took a piece of draughtsman's chalk and got down on the floor to make a correction. He had measured off a line and put his knee on the marker when he heard a step behind him.

He had just turned his head, thinking the step was that of Merrill or McLeish, when with a single bound a man was upon him, flinging himself

down on his back like some wild tropical beast.

He was taken completely by surprise. The impact of his assailant's body bore his own with a tremendous plunge flat upon the floor.

But instinctively his old trained athletic habits sprang into action. It was not for nothing he had prided himself all these years on his unusual vigor, and, above all, on a rapidity of muscular movement that most men of even thirty do not possess.

He flung his right arm up with a vicious and deliberate thrust into the man's face, which through the violence of his onslaught was down over his shoulder. He felt his elbow crash and the man's hold loosened, as he snarled an oath of pain. With a lightning swiftness, Brander Cushing twisted over, caught the man in a grip at the back of his neck, and twisted his whole body over. The two grappled as they lay, rolling over and over the chalk lines. Even then Brander Cushing was enraged to think that some of his most careful and painstaking work was perhaps being rubbed out. The very absurdity of it in one sense added to the fury of his struggle and shortened it. He managed to get his hands around the other's throat. He felt the murderer's red-blooded passion as he gripped him. And then the man suddenly, as if his strength were taken away, relaxed so quickly that his head swung over. Cushing fell with all his own weight upon him and bore him down. The man's head struck one of the measuring weights with a thud. And Cushing, breathless and torn, leaned over him as he lay there unconscious.

The man still lay there after Cushing had risen to his feet. Seeing that he was stunned, Cushing coolly went over to one of the washstands at the end of the loft, washed his hands and face, took off his coat, brushed it and his clothes, put his coat on, and then slowly walked back to where the man was still lying.

He looked frail and light to attack a man like Cushing, and Cushing's first feeling was almost one of chagrin that such an insignificant creature could have given him such a struggle.

The man opened his eyes and sat up. Cushing pulled a stool out from one of the clerk's copying-tables, sat down on it and confronted him.

The man put his hand up to his head and looked with a dazed and questioning stare at the contractor.

"Well?"

"How did I come here?"

"Just what I was going to ask you?"

"Ask me?"

"Yes. You ought to know better than I do."

"What have I been doing?"

"Rubbing out my lines, for one thing," snarled Cushing suddenly. "Get up, you hound. Get up off my lines, or I'll break your neck!"

To be continued

## How to Clean Old Laces

To clean old laces, too delicate in texture to be rubbed by hand, fill a quart pickle jar about half full of tepid water in which white soap has been boiled. Add a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Put the laces in the jar, shake the jar, but not roughly. The liquid mixture may be repeated several times if it shows discoloration. Rinse the lace in fresh warm water several times in the same way, then gently press the pieces out and pin them severally on white cloth or white paper. Bleach them in the sun. This recipe comes from high professional authority.

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I thank you very much for your prompt delivery of the premiums, *The Women of the Bible*, also the *Almanac*, which is valuable. I will highly prize both and will try to get some new subscribers for *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*.

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MISS E. L. PATTEN.



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PROCESS

## Pork and Beans

Order them by the case and have them ready—for the Sunday breakfast, with brown bread; for the weekday luncheon; as a vegetable side dish, as a meat substitute or as a salad for dinner. They work in delightfully, in dozens of ways, and when a friend drops in unexpectedly Snider's Pork & Beans will enable you to set forth an appetizing, dainty and delicious repast in a few minutes.

They are one of the staples that should *always* be in the pantry. It is a matter of *wisdom* as well as of convenience, to serve Snider's Pork & Beans frequently. Beans are 84 per cent. rich in nutriment. In every pound of beans there is nearly a quarter of a pound of nitrogenous proteid—the element in food which makes and renews the body tissues, supplies *strength*. Beans are one of nature's richest food gifts and should form a constant and prominent part of the diet in every home. Beans are for *strength*—just what everyone *must* have—and Snider's Beans supply that strength in the most easily digestible form. The Snider way of preparing and cooking the beans dissolves out the elements which cause distress, in some beans. Snider's are digested with ease, even by persons whose digestion is very delicate.

### BEAN CELERY SALAD

(Try this—one of the most delicious ways of serving Snider's Pork & Beans)

- 1 pint Snider's Pork & Beans
- 4 tablespoons celery cut into one-eighth inch rings.
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion.
- 1 cup Snider's Salad Dressing.
- 1 cup whipped cream.
- Lettuce and olives.

Mix first four ingredients in a dish, marinating thoroughly, but stirring very lightly with salad spoon and fork. Arrange lettuce leaves around edge of salad bowl and in the center make a handsome mound of the salad mixture. Garnish with tiny lettuce leaves, and olives pitted and cut into halves.

HELEN MAR THOMSON.

Snider's Pork & Beans give the housewife a feeling of security. She knows every bean will roll out "just so," handsome and whole, cooked, with a bit of pork jowl, to tender, digestible perfection, and deliciously seasoned with a sauce unequalled, made from the luscious

**Snider's Tomato Catsup.**

Your order for a case of **Snider's Beans** should include a case of **Snider's Catsup**, and **Chili Sauce**, assorted.

Snider's Tomato Catsup is indispensable to the housewife who has once learned its convenience in seasoning gravies, soups, making meat sauces, and as a zest for meats, hot or cold, fish and oysters in all forms.

Snider's Chili Sauce is, beyond all comparison, a most delicious relish upon meats.

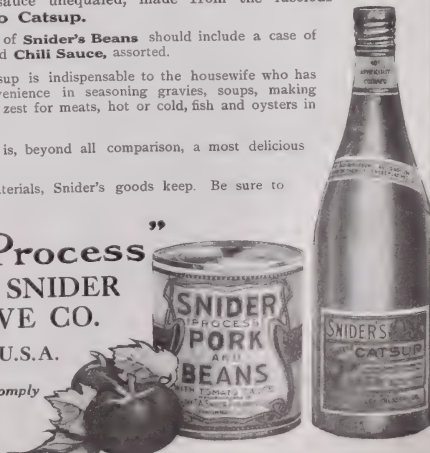
Made of superior materials, Snider's goods keep. Be sure to order **Snider's**.

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All Snider Products comply  
with all Pure Food  
Laws of the world.







## Chats by the Holiday Fireside

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### The Season's Bugle Call

**W**EEKS before Christmas is really here, the first bugle call of the glad holidays thrills us with its sweetness and charms us with its mystery. It is like no other bugle call, not like that which summons to fields of conquest, not like the tocsin of ambition, and, indeed, not like anything at all except the wonderful and gentle and divine intonation of love. Children just now are carrying about in their transparent faces the happiest secrets. They are hiding away bits of needlework that are to be slipped into mother's Christmas stocking. They are painting little pictures to be presented to father, and are planning surprises for their dearest friends. Wives are perturbed about Christmas shopping because they have to make their money stretch over so large a number of purchases, and also because they do not want husbands to say that the Christmas gifts bestowed upon them have in any way been paid for by their labor. As every one knows, the choice of gifts for a man is more limited than that for a woman. You may count upon your fingers the articles suitable to present at Christmas to the man of the house, while the list of desirable, beautiful and attractive holiday gifts sure to overbribe the lady of the house with surprise and gratification is almost endless.

At the first bugle call of the holidays, every one who can possibly do so should begin Christmas shopping and complete it if practicable. The congested condition of the shops during the holiday season bears hardly upon those who sell goods, and sends saleswomen and clerks to bed at night with haggard faces and tired nerves. If the task is difficult for the customer, especially if she be one of those who cannot make a quick decision, or who must very carefully count every penny that she spends, it is doubly hard for the tradespeople who must do their very best and whose feet grow weary with long standing behind the counter. The atmosphere of the shops is usually close, in contrast with the crisp air of the early winter outside. People who serve the public should be considered at Christmas-tide. The overburdened mails, the vast accumulation of parcels sent to and fro by express, the belated efforts of delivery wagons to discharge goods at the right places, and, in fact, everything else that inheres in the general flurry and bustle of tardy Christmas shopping, should appeal to the kind-hearted not in vain. We may all assist in relieving our neighbors who have too much to do in getting ready for Christmas.

A stroll through the holiday markets is extremely fascinating. Fruits have been brought from every corner of the continent, and in gorgeous heaps attract the attention of city purchasers. In many of the inland towns and villages there are markets even more interesting than those of the big cities, in which one may see the farmers' wives themselves presiding in their stalls over the products they have brought from home.

The bugle call of Christmas, faint and sweet and fluting in our ears, is bidding us now to our annual feast of love.

### Open Secrets of Health

**W**HY should we not master the science of health in our daily living so thoroughly that the interruption of

illness shall become extremely exceptional? Why must we take it for granted that colds are to be our portion in wintry weather? What excuse is there for being only half well, physically, and in consequence less than half well mentally and spiritually? Body and mind are so firmly and closely united that when one suffers the other is depressed. People in a high state of health are usually buoyant and gay, and they are good company for their friends and have little to do with morbid thoughts. What are the open secrets of keeping well?

These secrets are given by a medical writer as freedom from worry and hurry, with plenty of rest, plenty of sleep, and systematic exercise in the open air. Plenty of sleep does more to refresh the weary brain and ease the tired limbs of the workman and the busy housewife than any remedy within reach of humanity. The amount of sleep needed by the individual differs according to age, temperament and daily toil. Children require from ten to twelve hours of nightly sleep. As they grow older eight hours may be sufficient. The division of the day into periods of eight hours is ideal, but for many of us it is not practical. Eight hours for sleep, eight for toil, and eight for diversion would divide the twenty-four ideally for many people. There are brain workers and men of affairs who habitually work twelve or fourteen hours of the twenty-four—not all ways because they are obliged to do so, but often because their work drives them with an insistent pressure unknown to those whose labor is chiefly manual. The quality of sleep has more to do with health than the quantity. Half-past ten at night is a good bed-time hour, but thousands of people scorn the idea of turning out the lights and slipping into the darkness and courting sleep so long before midnight.

Freedom from worry should be sought by all who would remain well. It is easy to prescribe this and few of us deny that we envy the little children who are as royal as kings and queens in their blithe acceptance of each hour as it comes. The truth is that our worries are not always selfish. They concern our dear ones, and while often they are unavailing, they eat like moth and rust into the tissues of life. Suppose we do our best to preserve health by dropping our needless worries and casting our cares upon Him who cares for us and keeps us evermore in his loving thought?

As for exercise out of doors, it is neglected by women in general unless they have an object to call them forth. The trouble of putting on wraps and thick shoes in wintry weather merely for the sake of a walk when there is not an errand to be done, a shop to visit or a meeting to attend, seems an insuperable obstacle. Indoor exercise may be taken with the windows open, but it does not afford the quality of vitality and the tonic that are gained from freedom of movement in the open air.

### How May It Be Explained?

**T**WO figures are walking down the street. One is that of a tall, fine-looking and scholarly man; the other that of a plain, small and rather ordinary looking woman. They are husband and wife, and they have been married a quarter-century. Their friends know this, because only a month ago the pair celebrated their

Continued on next page

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They won't get broken, musty, soiled or soggy like ordinary soda crackers because their crisp, clean freshness is protected by the moisture-proof and dust-tight package.

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## Chats by the Holiday Fireside

Continued from preceding page

silver anniversary. They are a devoted couple, yet the question is often asked by those who meet them for the first time, what did these two see in one another? What was the special attraction that magnetically drew William to Lucy and Lucy to William? They still seem to outsiders to have little in common, the man absorbed in books when not occupied with business, and his wife finding her whole world—a world of contentment and peace—within the four walls of her home. What is the secret that explains the other happiness in marriage of a wife and husband who are apparently quite dissimilar?

The first explanation is that they are both possessed by strong and faithful love, the love that lives, the love that stands all sorts of rough weather, the love that shares bravely the adversity, and tranquilly the day of prosperity.

The second explanation is that their differences of temperament complement their qualities, so that in their blended lives there is no dissonance and no discordant jar. A distinguished author, who had earned fame and glory on two continents, once observed to an intimate friend that he owed a debt far beyond his power to pay to the gentle wife who had been his companion and comrade, who had given him the sheltering atmosphere of her perfect housekeeping and home-making and who had stimulated him to do his best by always expecting it, and

giving him the assurance that he could not fall below a certain standard.

A minister who was unusually successful in his parish work and whose preaching led many to come out and pledge themselves for Christ, said to one who congratulated him on the success of his ministry: "I should never have been able to do my work, and the congregation would have been the losers, but for the unobtrusive spirituality and the example set me by my wife."

When Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, he turned to those around him and said, "There is a little woman at home who will be glad of this." Love at first sight, or love after long acquaintanceship, if it be true love, is a divine gift. It is the alchemy that transmutes to gold the common things of the common day. At the wedding in Cana of Galilee, where our Lord was a guest, he changed the ordinary water into the best wine. When he sanctifies the love of the human heart he repeats this miracle. The outside observer may not know what William first saw in Lucy, or what made Lucy care for William. In point of fact, the outside critic need have no concern in the matter. He or she may be sure that the plain little woman, or, if the case be reversed, the ordinary man, is beautiful in the eyes of the life partner. Have you anything to say on this subject? If so, write.

## How His Prayer Was Answered

JAMES BROWN was in the retail coal business in a seaport town in Massachusetts. War had been declared with Spain and Mr. Brown knew the railroads could not bring coal enough to supply the seaboard owners. His customers were all eager to order their next winter's coal. The coal companies would not drop the price. There was but one thing to do, order forward all the coal that was allowed for at the high winter schedule, and await the results, which he did, and very soon a large quantity of coal was being received, and more was on the way. With the victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, conditions changed. It was practically the end of the war. The price of coal dropped at the mines. Customers knew this and many either refused to pay, or asked to have their orders canceled. Conditions began to look bad for Mr. Brown, who saw no way to pay for the large stock of coal so unexpectedly on hand. The coal companies had refused to wait for payments before. His only way was to go to his best and trust in God for help, and he worked and prayed. For three months he worked as never before. He could hardly sleep or eat. The

crisis was near. The coal companies had taken his notes, but with the understanding that no renewals would be given. It came Saturday afternoon. There were two notes still unpaid, one due next Tuesday for \$700, and one due next Friday, for \$800. The merchant earnestly sought God's help and guidance. And it came. He felt that his prayer would be answered, and that the notes would be paid. That night he slept well. Monday morning before seven o'clock he was at his office, and met a customer who said: "I made an agreement with you to pay for my coal on the first of September, but my wife had some money sent to her last Saturday, and we have concluded we had better pay for the coal and feel better, so I have brought you a check for \$92.50." The nine o'clock mail brought a check from the School Board for \$700, paying thirty days previous to custom. Before noon another man bought twenty tons of coal for cash. Everything flowed in like a river, and the obligations were fully met.

This is an actual experience of one who now holds an office of trust among his fellow citizens. A. W. W. Needham, Mass.

## Among the Workers

—THE UNION RESCUE MISSION of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., celebrated its seventeenth birthday recently. It was founded November 1894, by the present superintendent, Charles L. Madison. Its employment bureau, lunch rooms, sleeping apartments and reading room and the helpfulness of its superintendent are recognized as of permanent worth.

—THE REV. DR. THOMAS C. YARNALL, rector emeritus of St. Mary's Church and the oldest clergyman in the United States, died on November 28 at his home, No. 3914 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Dr. Yarnall was ninety-six years old, and had been for more than fifty years rector of the church prior to his retirement in 1898. Dr. Yarnall was born in Philadelphia on December 10, 1816.

—MR. C. A. MATTHEWS, No. 144 South Clark Street, Chicago, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "We have made arrangements whereby any patron can secure entirely free of charge, for a trifling cost of copying entertainment, a very beautiful set of 126 lantern slides (colored) of

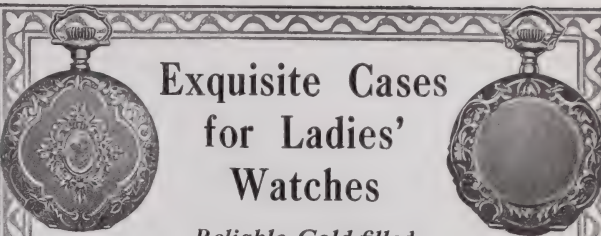
the Yellowstone National Park. A lecture goes with the slides, thus enabling any one to give the lecture in showing the slides, which take you from Gardiner, Mont., through the Yellowstone, making the complete trip and seeing all the important sights of the world's wonderland. Requests will be filled in the order of their application. This offer remains good for the entire winter."

—MISSIONARY H. J. VON QAULEN, of Canton, China, asks interested readers to send him Sunday School cards and suitable picture cards, for distribution among Chinese Sunday School children and also for limited distribution in his services among the Chinese people.

## Best of All Almanacs

Your Almanac for 1912 has been received. It is indeed the greatest and most helpful almanac I have ever seen. You have my many thanks for it. E. W. LANSIE.

Readings, Pa.



### Exquisite Cases for Ladies' Watches

Reliable Gold-filled

These illustrations show Ladies' sizes of the celebrated "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" gold-filled watch cases.

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His stock is selected from more than three thousand patterns. Probably he has just the case you want—if not, he can procure it for you.

But be sure that you are getting a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" gold-filled case—and not some cheapened case that is merely washed with a thin film of gold.

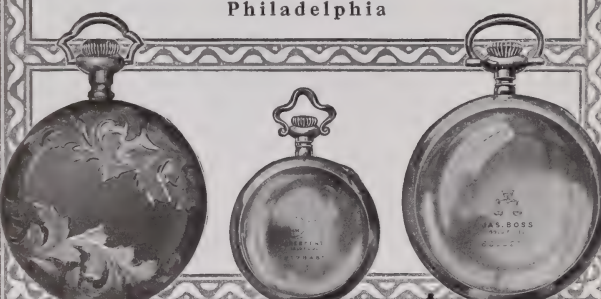
Don't be misled by "Guarantees," stamped inside the case.

Find the "Crescent" or the "Jas. Boss" trade-mark, as you see it in the lower right-hand illustration.

These marks are your safeguards. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

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## Ancient Nanking Under Fire

Continued from page 1263

Seventy-two bells are suspended from these chains: altogether the pagoda number 152. On the outside of the tower hang 128 lanterns of thin oyster shell, which is, in China, a substitute for glass. This gentle light, bathing the delicately tinted tower itself, makes the great pagoda at night a thing of still more entrancing beauty.

The whole magnificent structure is a temple to Buddha. The great hall of the temple occupies the ground floor. On the site of the present edifice temple after temple has stood, reaching back to a very early age. In A.D. 240 the Emperor Ta Te repaired and adorned an obelisk which had stood here, dedicated to Buddha as the Fostering King. This obelisk was later entirely destroyed by fire. The present structure was reared during the years 1412 to 1431. The building was begun by the Emperor Yung Lo, as a tribute of gratitude to his mother. Yung Lo died six years before the tower was finished, but it is still called the Temple of Gratitude.

Together with the accounts of the war, gloomy reports of famine in various parts of the empire are being sent. A famine relief committee has

been formed, which will add to the regular work of relief the reclamation of land threatened by submersion.

Poor China! Torn by war, tugged at by two factions, neither of which seems really able to rule, watched hungrily by great powers who would doubtless be glad of an excuse for dividing her vast territories among themselves, suffering from famine and from flood, from a new generation of pestilential pirates and robbers, this pathetic nation labors toward a better life. And the new and better life will come. Ghastly as are the costs of the present struggle, the struggle itself will lead to a new age of peace and truth and wealth for the people of the Celestial Empire.

The Church will be at hand, ready to help guide the distracted nation toward the Light of the World. The brave missionaries have held their ground; some have lost their lives. And when the noise of war has ceased, their voices will

have new and better access to the hearts of these people who are stretching out their hands for liberty—and for God.



Pu Yi, the Five-Year-Old Emperor

## John Marchesson's Jewel

Continued from page 1267

Sunken in heavy memories, Marchesson made slow reply.

"I have no reckoning. I ask no wages. I have thrown away my one great talent. I ask no pay."

The Presence sat as one in thought. "Yet it is written: To each his hire. Take that which is yours."

He lifted his shielding hand from the mystery that it had hidden. Into Marchesson's palm he laid a small gleaming hoard: the wages of his weary days.

And Marchesson stared at that small shining treasure, unbelieving. For he knew that the riches of an empire lay in his hand. Strange jewels they were, of deep unearthly splendor. Rubies, like crystal fire; soft sparkling emeralds, fresh and clear as little happy voices; in the midst, like a white flame, one great white gleaming pearl.

"These are not mine! I have no right—" the old man stammered, trembling. Then a great wonder knocked at his heart, and a great wild, frightened hope awoke and beat its wings. "I have earned nothing—"

"You have earned nothing? What of the barren fields that you sowed? What of the old sad kin that you have comforted? What of your city? The city where the young men walk with the feet of conquerors; where the mother laughs to her child in content?"

"Truly I have accused you. For you denied your royal gift. Yet you put it away to win a nobler fortune. You, sculptor born, creator in every breath, you turned from your marble to work in the living clay. Have you not earned your wage? Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

Marchesson lay and stared at the wonder in his hands. The rose and glow of the rainbow opals; the dew and flame of the royal stones. But the pearl—

It lay before him, exquisite as a white flower; lovely as the sweetness of rain on a parched land, the sound of a beloved name.

"The pearl?" He hardly dared to speak.

"Need you ask? Can you not know?" Marchesson strained his eyes to see. Only the pearl lay there, in its white radiance. Yet the fragrance of jasmine came blowing softly across his cheek. He put out one groping hand. For a breath, that unforgetting face shone radiant through the dusk: the face of his fair love, with the starlight in her eyes.

The shadows deepened. The last coal dropped to ashes. The Presence rose, and stood as one who will depart.

Then John Marchesson turned on his pillows, with all his old grave courtesy, to bid his guest farewell.

But the Presence gave him no word. Only it pushed back the masking cowl that shielded its face. For a long moment, John Marchesson looked full into that face. Terrible it was, yet beautiful; transfigured with a stern and splendid light. The face of that talent that he had denied, and, in denying, honored. The face of his own Gift.

Then Marchesson gathered his wages into both tired hands. And the jewels seemed to turn and cling in his fingers, like a warm answering hand. And, brave and content, he turned his face away towards coming night.

So went John Marchesson out of the city that he had loved and served. And those who bent above him saw on his face the shadow of his long patient years, and yet a strange and wondering look of triumph. The look of one who stands, after long years of wandering, before the gates of his own home at last, and wonders to find it even more fair and splendid than all his wistful dreams.

### HER PREMIUMS PLEASE GREATLY

Your Almanac for 1912 and the Women of the Bible were duly received yesterday, and I am delighted with both. I thank you very much. Would not know what to do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; it is invaluable. West Chester, Pa. MISS MATILDA E. P.

## Born "A Poor White"

IN hundreds of square miles of the mountain region of the South there are tens of thousands of children whose homes are squalid cabins; whose ancestors for generations, though honest, industrious and God-fearing, are ignorant and poor beyond belief—and who have no school books, let alone school—no wise and loving care, no hope for anything better in life unless we who have been born to better things give them a chance.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., was founded by Gen. O. O. Howard on a plan offering admission to white boys and girls willing to work their way for their education. The principles have proven enormously successful, but the school has for some time been painfully overcrowded. Graduates returning to the hills to teach others have awakened a great eagerness for better things. The school is now a living tribute and will be the greatest of all memorials to Lincoln.

## An Appeal In Lincoln's Name

The dollar bills of old soldiers, of country school teachers who had to struggle for their own education, the checks of the rich man and the small sums of the very poor are being received. With each donation comes a letter which shows just how profound is the love and veneration for the name of Lincoln among the American people, and how great is the sympathy for these white boys and girls at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, the mountainous region of five southern States, who are shut off as their fathers have been, by barriers of ignorance and poverty, from participation in the affairs and the progress of the nation.

Every patriot should join in this tribute to Lincoln and do a share toward the education of these people—the only ones for whom no educational provision has been made.

We do not gauge the interest of our friends by the size of their contributions, and are thankful for each and every sum, whether it be large or small. Please send your contribution now, when it is so urgently needed, to the Treasurer, Theodore P. Gilman, 1170 Broadway, New York.

## Lincoln University Endowment Association

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WAISTS



## The Progress of Peace

ONE of the most inspiring phases of the Peace Movement is the persistence with which its advocates continue undauntedly to work in its cause.

Most of the work is being done on conservative lines, with results that are little short of astonishing. Few people realized, for example, that on a certain day in November ministers of all denominations throughout the country and almost with one accord would, from their pulpits, preach the Gospel of Peace. Yet on Sunday, the 26th of November, the old argument that the Church should avoid entering into the spirit of politics or intruding into the domain of the state was set aside or modified, and International Peace was the text of many thousands of sermons throughout the land. This was a great step.

Five and ten-minute talks on the principles of Peace are becoming a part of our school curriculum. Peace tracts, pamphlets, sermons and messages are being printed in vast numbers, and dealt out to the public.

Few of us realize that emissaries from most English-speaking countries are distributed over the world, preaching the Gospel of Peace. Dr. Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School has been in England for many months preaching our doctrines of peace, and he announced to astonished audiences that the United States was spending 70 per cent. of its national income on war and the results of war. "What would you think," he asked humorously, "of a household that spent 70 per cent. of its earnings on guns and court plaster?" This astonishing announcement was taken up and quoted and thought upon the length and breadth of English-speaking nations.

A famous Dutch speaker at The Hague recently announced in his address, which all the world is reading, that a world truce of ten years or more will be absolutely necessary soon among the great powers to restore the industrial equilibrium, because the work of the soldiers is so greatly needed in agriculture, trade and art. The working people can no longer bear the burden of taxation. The European peasant is well nigh exhausted with carrying the soldier on his back. These are strong arguments.

Professor Nitobe, the great Peace emissary from Japan, is assuring us, in a series of lectures to be delivered in the principal cities from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic seaboard, that Japan is heart and soul a Peace advocating nation.

Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett recently said, in speaking of the Church's attitude toward the great vital question of peace: "Our course is clear. In the name of the Prince of Peace we must by prayer and speech and deed strengthen the President of the United States in his great mission, and in the house of God we shall by prayer and supplication register our aspiration for that bright and holy day when nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

### An International Celebration

Prominent citizens in every large city are being appointed to arrange for a vast Peace celebration in the year of the hundredth anniversary of the peace among English-speaking peoples.

A national committee has been organized in conjunction with similar movements in Great Britain, Canada and other parts of the English-speaking world. This committee plans to commemorate the peace anniversary by the erection of permanent and beautiful memorials.

Senator Elihu Root suggests that for a given five minutes on February 17, 1915, the anniversary of the ratification by the American and British Governments of the treaty signed at Ghent, all human activity, as far as

possible, shall cease, and that the hundred and fifty million English-speaking people throughout the world shall engage in a silent prayer for peace on earth, good will to men. Truly these are wondrous days!

The Federal Council of Churches, representing thirty-one American religious bodies with eighteen million members, has appointed a Commission on Peace and Arbitration, whose duty it shall be to set forth in every practical way the facts that Christ's Gospel is pre-eminently one of peace, and that it is the duty of the churches to indorse without reservation the treaties proposed by President Taft.

The development of the doctrines of international arbitration, considered from the standpoint of its ultimate benefits to the human race, is the most vital movement of modern times.

In his most recent message on the subject of Peace, President Taft appeals in this way to the women of America to support these treaties:

"Now is the time to act. Every woman who reads should write to one or more of the Senators representing her State in Congress, and urge that the peace treaties be ratified. Every individual, every club, every church, every newspaper and every magazine should use all possible means," he goes on to say, "to induce the Senate to submit to public opinion," which in this case is unquestionably with the President.

It is as though the world were preparing to bloom forth in a realized Gospel of Peace that shall hold nations at bay and cry "Shame!" on any that dare advocate cruel, unjust and bloody warfare.

### Your Co-operation Is Needed

Peace Circles are urged to a purposeful and unrelenting effort. If every one who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would make up his or her mind to help, the impetus that this would give to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Movement would be incalculable. For while our spirited work has met with splendid response from intelligent sympathizers everywhere, nevertheless more Peace Circles are needed. We are very much in earnest and we need your help and co-operation. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will spare no effort to organize in every city, village, community, church and school a Peace Circle. What we ask of you, our readers, is to help us to do this and thereby to do your share towards spreading the great gospel of truth.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League is at present in line of the greatest world work. No more practical or ideal opportunity will come to you for spreading Peace principles. Will you take advantage of it? May we help you to do your share toward bettering the world?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to liberally supply free of cost, to all those who will undertake to spread the Gospel of Peace either in their own way or in ways proposed by us, appropriate literature, bearing upon all phases of the great subject. May God grant every one of us grace to meet with enthusiasm this great duty and opportunity.

### Programme for the Next Fortnight

Roll call, officers' report, minutes, unfinished business, reading of matter from headquarters. The article on this page should be read aloud and liberally discussed. General theme for the Christmas season, *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men*.

Songs and Hymns, Christmas Carols, Rally, Disband.

### FULL OF THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The Christian Herald Almanac received. Many thanks for it. It is full of things worth knowing, and fine to have for reference. You could not have given a more desirable present.

East Orange, N. J.

F. R. S.

## EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT South America and Panama Canal

20,000 Mile Cruise, leaving New York Jan. 20, 1912

Calling at Port of Spain, Pernambuco, Santos, Buenos Aires (Across the Andes), Punta Arenas (through the Straits of Magellan), Valparaiso, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Para, Bridgetown, and a visit to the Panama Canal. Duration of Cruise 80 Days—Cost \$350 and up. Exceptional side trips every where. Cruises De Luxe to the West Indies.

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## WEST INDIES

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Leaving New York by the Palatial Twin Screw Steamers

S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 28 days, Jan. 23, Feb. 24, 1912, \$150 and up.

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S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 16 days, March 26, 1912, \$85 and up.

Every luxury of travel, every refinement of service insured

## GRAND ANNUAL CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

By the most palatial cruising steamer afloat, S. S. "VICTORIA LUISE" (16,500 tons). Sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a 78-Day Cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient. Cost \$325 and upward. The "Victoria Louise" is equipped with modern features providing every luxury and comfort on long cruises.

## Italy and Egypt

Special Trip by the superb transatlantic liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria," the largest and most luxurious steamer of the service. Leaves New York February 14, 1912, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (Nice), Genoa, Naples and Port Said. Tor from Port Said, \$165 and up. To or from all other ports, \$115 and up.

## GRAND ANNUAL EVENT Around the World

November, 1912, and February, 1913, by the Large Cruising Steamship, "VICTORIA LUISE" (16,500 tons).



Send for booklets giving information, etc.

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## THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief."

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change."

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## HOW TO GET BETTER LIGHT FROM KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

Recent test by Prof. Rogers, Lewis Institute, Chicago, and Prof. McKewen, McGill University, Montreal, on leading oil-burning lamps show the Aladdin Mantic Lamp to be the most economical and gives over twice as much light as the Rayo and other lamps tested. It is odorless, safe, clean, noiseless. Better light than gas or electric. Every Aladdin Lamp fully guaranteed and protected by patents in nearly every country on earth. Our buyers at your local lamp store. To introduce the Aladdin, we will give

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## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

ost assuredly accomplish the result. Let each person, on the very day lesson is studied, send a letter to one of his State's Senators at Washington.

ev. Henry Ward Beecher, about to preach a sermon on the text, "Blessed be the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," said: "I have been preaching for fifty years I have never preached from this text before. But I have preached on it: 'As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' That is an admirable command, but this is something different. This enjoins a much greater duty. This says in effect, 'Be ye peacemakers.' He further says, 'Man is very much like a violin; any change in the atmosphere will ruin it out of tune. Yet it is within the purpose of the Gospel and the mission and command of Jesus Christ that we should do our share to make men happy.' Let us begin with our own homes, as Jesus told his apostles to begin at Jerusalem when he sent them to preach the Gospel to all the world.

### For the Children

Two or three years ago a lecturer in Japan brought a very remarkable document with him, sent by school children in Japan to the school

children of the United States. It was a proposition—a "treaty" if you please—by which the children of the United States and Japan should grow up to love each other and not to fight each other. In tracing the source of it we found that it emanated from only one school in Tokyo. We regret that it was not made universal in both lands, for that would certainly cause all rumors of war between these two lands to cease. We urge that the School Peace League which is being introduced into many of our public schools should in the near future make such a Children's Arbitration Treaty a fact. All children should grow up in love to help work out the world's peace in the name of Jesus Christ. This will be the most useful Christmas lesson they can learn.

Soon, over half the earth,  
In every temple crowds shall kneel again  
To celebrate his birth  
Who brought the message of good will to men,  
And bursts of joyous song  
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Oh, when the day shall break  
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,  
And all their millions wake  
To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts.

On such a blessed morn  
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## Manchu and Chinaman at Home

WHEN in 1644 the Manchus, whose last imperial representative, the unt Emperor Pu Yi, is now being taken from the throne, committed suicide, promptly seized the reins of power. It was with the connivance of a famous Chinese general, who had formerly supported the Ming dynasty, that his aid this general exacted four promises from the new emperor, and these promises have produced some of the characteristics and peculiarities which we to-day associate most closely with China.

The exactions were: 1. No Chinese men to be taken into the imperial harem. 2. No Manchu to be allowed to graduate as "Senior Classic." The Manchu costume to be universally adopted for men, except as for military purposes. 4. Chinese women to wear their own dress and to continue to bind their feet.

Clause 1 was a bar to possible combinations. As to Clause 2, the public examinations for Manchus and Chinese have always been conducted in a manner favorable to the former, the intellectual race. Clause 3 proved great opposition, inasmuch as it obliged the adoption of the queue. The Manchus wore the queue, whereas the Chinese wore the coiffure was hitherto unknown to the Chinese, who strenuously objected to its introduction. It was at last strenuously resisted in the far

South. The "buttons," or small globes of precious stones and gold, worn at the top of the official hat to indicate rank, were introduced by the Manchus; also the peacock's feather worn at the back of the hat, which is a badge of merit conferred by the emperor, and has one, two, or three eyes, according to the merit of the wearer. The coveted yellow riding jacket dates only from 1855, when the emperor drew off his jacket and placed it on the shoulders of his great minister and general, father of the late Marquis Tseng.

By Clause 4, foot-binding was perpetuated. The greatest and most powerful of the Manchu emperors issued an edict forbidding the practice; but the Chinese people obey only such edicts as they approve, and after four years it was withdrawn.

Thus the general appearance of the Chinese woman is quite distinct from that of the Manchu woman, even to the fashion of arranging the hair. There are also some slight variations in the dress of the men; shops advertise different articles of clothing, and even restaurants provide separate bills-of-fare, for Manchus and Chinese. Intermarriage between the two races was forbidden—a necessary precaution, in spite of the fact that each hated and despised the other. Still, cases of intermarriage are not altogether unknown.

## Household Hints

teaspoonful of powdered borax in a pint of water makes an excellent mouth wash.

It is said that powdered borax sprinkled about sinks, pantry drawers and cabinets, tends to keep roaches away.

Wash tinware may be made more lasting and free from rusting if it is given a coating of oil wax. It should then be well heated in an oven, and finally rubbed clean and bright with a soft cloth. It is then ready for use.

Use the brush of a carpet-sweeper should be treated with kerosene once a month and then in the open air until all the oil has evaporated. If this method is followed, carpets will much brighter after sweeping, and there be less dust from the carpet-sweeper when used.

Use chopsticks may be used to advantage in many ways than is generally known. Why not use them to crush potatoes, crush stale bread crackers, and even cheese; to grind prunes, "prune whip," preserves for peanut-butter,

hard boiled eggs for sauces or sandwiches, or vegetables for chow-chow or chili sauce?

Gelatin should be kept in every household, for it frequently helps to utilize what might otherwise be thrown away. The syrup from canned fruits is often left, and this may be made into a delicious jelly for dessert if thickened with gelatin in the proportion of one tablespoonful of the gelatin to one pint of the syrup. If there is a small quantity of several kinds of syrup, mix them together and the result will be perfectly satisfactory.

### A CANADIAN READER'S TRIBUTE

I have seen THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and while it was generally of a high order, I would say that the issue of November 15, 1911, surpasses any issue that I have seen. I have felt moved to accord this tribute. The periodical is above all praise.

Toronto, Ont.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.



The spirit of Christmas finds a perfect embodiment in a Waltham watch. No gift crystallizes the refined sentiment of the season so perfectly as a Waltham, none combines such qualities in practical usefulness.

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Up in Scranton, Pa., a clerk, Robert Liddle by name, read this book, followed its directions, and at last reports was cleaning up \$17.00 a day profit on eggs.

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184 N. Clifton St., Philadelphia



## Young People's Societies

### Christmas in the Heart\*

AS WE meditate on the supreme sacrifice which crowned Christ's coming, we feel like crying, with the poet of old:

Where is the gloriously decisive change  
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked  
Should, in some poor sort, justify its price?

It is, indeed, a grand thing that the whole civilized world, broadly speaking, should commemorate at this season the birth of our Lord; but in the hearts of how many of those who loudly wish each other a merry Christmas, has Christmas really come? We ask with Browning again, "Is the thing we see salvation?" But, as he reminds us in another place, we must not judge too harshly. In many a soul, deterred by any of a thousand motives from expression, it may be that, though we know it not, the Christ-love is working and Christ is King.

The first fruit of the Spirit in the heart, Paul tells us, is love. (Gal. 5: 22.) If you feel welling up within you hatred, and those kindred sins, envy and jealousy, love is not there, and Christ has not come in your heart.

Joy is next mentioned in Paul's great list. The Christian should not let the near note of grief or pain shut out the great sun of pure delight which rose upon the world when Christ was born. It used to be said that Christians were doleful and long-faced. Some of the newer sects are enjoining upon their members the duty of the smile, as though they had just discovered it; when here was Paul, nearly 2,000 years ago, placing this beautiful virtue second only to love itself—"the greatest thing in the world." We have too long neglected the culture of this joy, one of the most lovely plants in God's garden. Let us atone at this Christmas season for its long period of slight and misuse.

Then comes peace, the white-winged and tender-eyed angel, whom Christ especially left with his disciples when he parted from them, as he especially brought it to the earth when he came. Not only did the cherubim proclaim that with the Babe of Bethlehem should peace come to the individual heart and home of the race, but that a great world-peace should follow.

"Peace, in whom depths of wealth lie, of the blest immortals beauteous," sang another than Paul, placing this divine virtue at the head of all. Mankind has mourned its long delay, has even doubted the promise, but the watchmen on the high towers announce that they can see it flying toward us from afar. Let us all join to help its onward progress.

Long-suffering comes next—sure sign that we were meant to bear trouble, and are bound, if Christ is in our hearts, to bear it bravely, not hoodwink it and pretend it is not there, but face it, grapple it and down it, thus and thus only winning Christ's own peace.

Turn to Galatians and read the rest of the bright list of virtues which denote the birth of Christ in the heart, and without which the keeping of his birthday is but an empty form.

Do you say that the human within you is too strong? that you try to love Christ and to let his Spirit rule your heart, and yet cannot? Ah, you little realize the power of your will, when reinforced in prayer by that mighty Spirit. "Impossible," said the seer, "has no place in the brave man's dictionary. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much; the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of an heroic life." For to have Christ in your heart means to be a hero.

### The Transforming Gift\*

IT IS said truly that Mr. Carnegie's great gift of \$10,000,000 to the cause of peace has made its final victory sure, even though at times the outlook may be dark. Nearly everybody can think of similar, if smaller, gifts to various good causes which have ensured their success. Without such help in a crisis, many a movement necessary to the progress of the world would have been fated to fail, at least for the time being.

The greatest gift of all, and the only one which has equally benefited all worthy causes, is that which we celebrate to-day. Truly, it is "unspeakable." One way of realizing most keenly its value is to re-read Christ's marvelous words (most easily done in the Red Letter Bible) and reflect anew upon their truly divine adaptation to all times and all countries.

Perhaps the deepest practical lesson for the Christmas season, to be learned from the transcendent fact of God's most precious gift to mankind, lies along the lines of personal helpfulness. The Christmas gifts, which each one of us is planning to make in greater or less numbers, should contribute, in the highest degree that we can compass, even if one gives but a card, to the uplift of the recipient. You may say that mere joy uplifts the spirit. That is generally true; and yet everybody can probably recall instances in which gifts which inordinately pleased the recipients were the very worst for health and character; such as a fond mother's bestowal upon a callow and unformed youth of a large sum of money, which leads to his moral downfall; a "vanity box" to a silly girl, with dainty receptacles, perhaps of silver or gold, for rouge, powder and other cosmetics. The list might be indefinitely extended. Something more than mere pleasure should be bestowed in every gift.

A writer in the *Woman's Home Companion* once related a story of a home in which everybody gave, so to speak, a Christmas gift to the home itself. One made fresh draperies for the guest-room; another hemmed a dozen napkins, which had been waiting for a long time; another mended a hole in the hall rug; another gave money to redecorate the living-room, and so on. It is a charming idea to beautify and make comfortable the home—no less than that practised in these altruistic days by many well-to-do persons, of giving something to some worthy cause every Christmas, besides the personal gifts. The thought of emulating Christ's example in the respect of bestowing a world-present is thus carried out, as nearly as mortals can do it. Christianity, if we truly catch its spirit, opens our hearts to the cry of world-sorrow, and teaches us, as Cecil Rhodes expressed it, "to think continentally."

There are certain sects which, by some mysterious process of elimination, seek to believe that our sorrows do not come from God. They cite selected passages of Scripture to prove their point, but ignore entirely the equally weighty statements that "whom God loveth he chasteneth," that he doth not afflict us willingly, and many others to the same purpose. Let us remember at this Christmas time that the most precious and purifying dispensations from God's hand are often those which tear our souls. "The less or the more is all God's gift." And we can confidently share in the expectation, paraphrased from a great poet:

I shall behold those face to face  
O God, and in thy light rejoice.  
How in all I suffered here, still wait thy touch.

\* Christmas Endeavor Topic for Sunday, December 24. TEXTS: II. Cor. 9: 15; Luke 1: 46-55.



## A Christmas Letter Box

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## MIDDLE AGE PEOPLE

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\* Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 24. TEXTS: I. John 5: 20; Matt. 1: 21; John 1: 12, 13.



# Christmas Presents

## FOR CHRISTIAN HERALD SUBSCRIBERS

The following articles are selected from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GUARANTEED PREMIUM LIST as being especially desirable at this season for Christmas Presents. A little effort on your part will secure the new subscribers required to secure any of the presents.



### STENCIL OUTFIT No. 2

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for \$2.00.

This attractive outfit consists of 12 cut stencils (ready for use) of the latest designs cut from special oil board, 6 tubes assorted best oil colors, 2 stencil brushes, 5 solid head thumb tacks, and a handsome stencil-painted pillow-top on pure Imported Art Linen, for outlining. Full directions for stenciling, also a copy of the book, *Latest Ideas in Art Stencil Designs*, are included as a part of this combination. The illustration above is for No. 2 Outfit.

### STENCIL OUTFIT No. 1

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With this unusually large stencil outfit you can decorate practically everything to which stenciling can be applied. It is equally suitable for either the beginner or for one who has had some experience in stenciling. This combination outfit was made up especially for us, and the eighteen stencils included in it were all selected because of their unique beautiful designs and adaptability to a wide range of usefulness. The furnishings of entire rooms, even the walls, can be decorated by their use. All are exceedingly graceful patterns. The four large stencils: morning glory design, 4 x 4 1/2 inches; grape design, 5 x 13 inches; pond lily design, 9 x 3 inches, and conventional flower pattern, 10 x 13 inches, are cut out of extra heavy oiled card-board, permitting them to be used many times. Among the fourteen smaller stencils are many that can be combined with the larger ones, thus securing beautiful and original effects. The outfit consists of 18 stencils (ready to use), 8 tubes of the best assorted oil colors, 12 thumb tacks, 2 small brushes, 2 large brushes, and complete book of instructions. It also contains hundreds of other attractive stencil designs.

### BUTTONHOLE SCISSORS

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### "SHUR-EDGE" SHEARS

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### AVIATION CAPS

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for \$2.00.

These extremely popular caps are made of very heavy soft all-wool fleece yarn. They are very stylish and suitable for wear with any costume, and are extremely comfortable for cold weather wear in outdoor sports, such as skating or driving. The body of the cap is pure white, finished with a turned up colored band. Choice of red, pink or blue. Postage, 10 cents extra.



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This sweater is one of the most serviceable and satisfactory garments a child can possess. It is made of fine quality yarn, cut the latest coat style, having two side pockets, and heavy knitted band down the front, fastened with white pearl buttons. Can be furnished in white, red or gray, and sizes 22, 24 and 26, so that children of all ages can be fitted. We will Give Free for Two New Subscriptions at \$1.50 each, postage 20 cents extra, the same garment in misses' size, running from 26 to 34, with renewal for \$2.50.

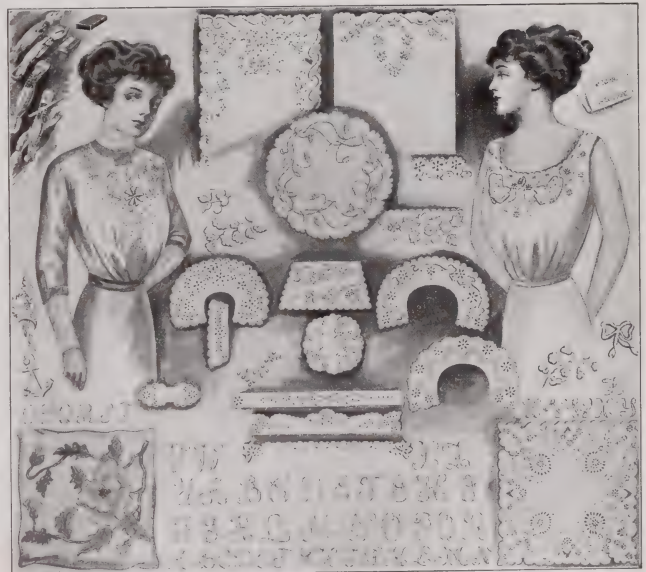
For Three New Subscriptions at \$1.50 each, postage 20 cents extra, we will send a lady's coat sweater in either of the following colors: White or Oxford gray. This is a beautifully finished garment, and will be found extremely comfortable for cold weather wear. Can be had in sizes from 36 to 44, with one renewal for \$3.00.



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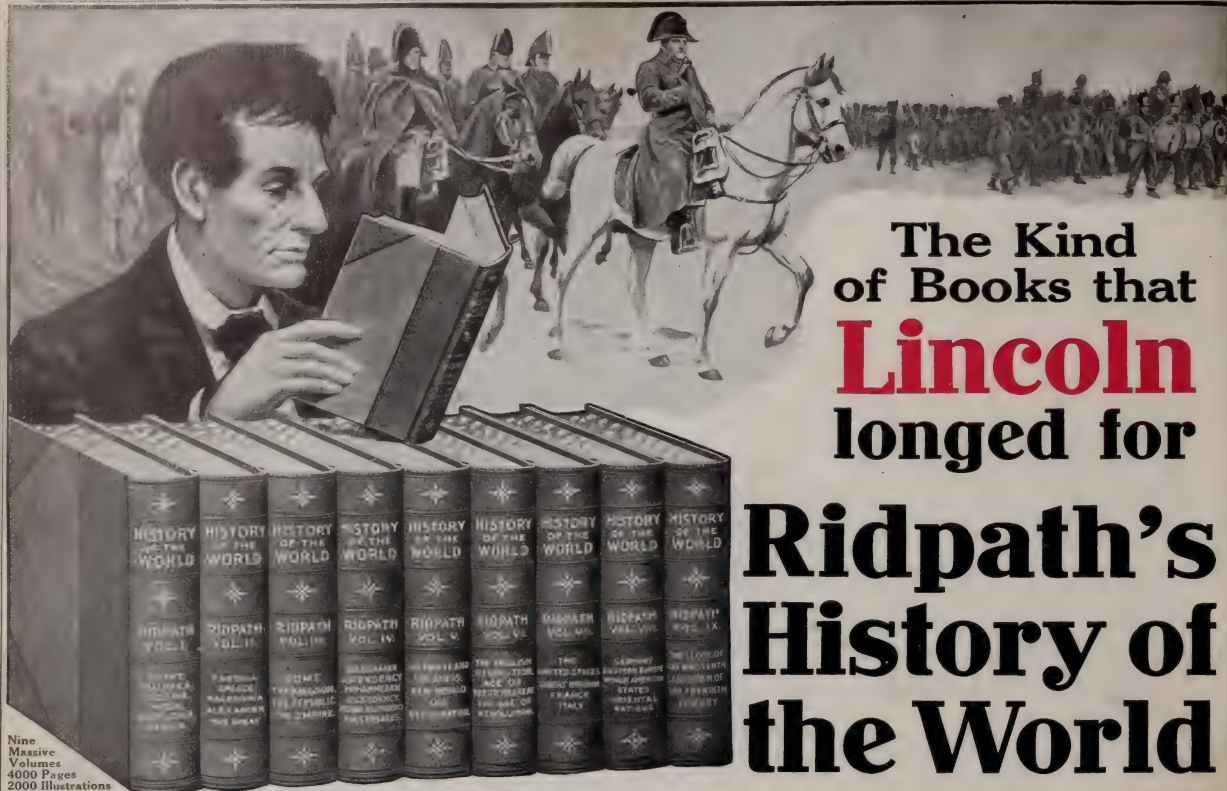
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This solid silver Thimble has a pure gold band, highly polished and embossed, as shown in the illustration. It is a full-size thimble with thick walls, guaranteeing it to be thoroughly serviceable for the hardest kind of use. Registered postage, 12 cents.



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## Never Again Such a Book Bargain as This!

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## For the Mother

## For the Young Men

There are many things you might deprive yourself of with advantage, but you cannot afford to be without these books. They will enlarge your capacity. They will increase your usefulness and they will keep you young. As you read of how men lived and loved and fought and died from earliest days to within your own memory, you will become a bigger and greater man. If there is any good stuff in you it will come to the surface.

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If you get the books; if you read them; if you are the woman I take you to be, in one month's time you will realize your increased value. In one year's time you will have made everyone who knows you realize it too.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



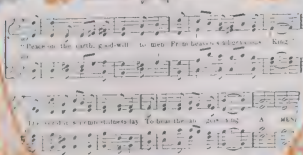
# Christian Herald

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## Our Mail-Bag

### Questions and Answers

G. H. A., Adamstown, Pa. In how many positions was prayer offered in the Bible?

The most frequent posture among the Jews was standing; if the occasion were one of special solemnity or the prayer one of special humility it was offered kneeling; on occasions of great distress or intense emotion the worshiper prostrated himself upon the ground. Our Lord's favorite posture in prayer was kneeling; he seems to have emphasized this preference in the parable of the publican and the sinner; and Paul, in his prayer for the Ephesians, uses the word translated "bow the knee."

A. H., Lakewood, N. J. What did Jesus mean when he said (Luke 12: 30-34): "I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment?"

This was a part of the "Sermon on the Mount," and verses 19 to 34 are intended to illustrate heavenly-mindedness and confidence in God's providence. The particular passage quoted admonishes the believer not to be too anxiously concerned or worried about things that are purely temporal. It is right to make due provision for our own needs and the needs of those dependent upon us; but when we have done so, we should not fret and doubt and make ourselves and others miserable because of our fears of coming trouble. This applies to our food, our clothing and our worldly affairs generally. All such doubts and worries spring from unbelief, and are after the manner of the world. If we really believe and trust our heavenly Father, he will provide all we need. This promise, however, does not relieve us from the natural duty of making reasonable provision, though there are some people who mistakenly think so. The whole passage, broadly interpreted, means that we are to do our work here properly and cheerfully and to trust the Father for the rest and never worry, always keeping in view the greater duty of "seeking first the kingdom," beside which all other things are insignificant.

F. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. I have always thought that I would love my dear mother in heaven more than any one else. A friend has just said: "No, you cannot love your mother more than others. That would be selfish, and there is no selfishness in heaven." Please give me your opinion.

Your friend's remark was very far from true. It is not selfish to love one friend more than another. In his group of twelve closest friends, Jesus had three whom he loved with a more intense friendship than the rest, and of the "chosen three" he loved one with a specially tender affection.

A. M. G., Lancaster, Pa. Please explain (1) Heb. 10: 26. Has it reference to the sin against the Holy Ghost? (2) I Cor. 11: 29. (3) Luke 13: 24, last part.

(1) The best answer to all these questions about passages which seem to indicate the impossibility of repentance is that any one who is troubled about them is not really repenting. God's Spirit is still striving with him and calling him to repentance. The man to whom such passages refer is the one who is not concerned, who is calloused, who no longer has any spiritual sensibilities. Any man who is sorry because he thinks he cannot repent is really repenting. (2) The marginal substitute for the word "damnation" here is "judgment." There is nothing in the passage to indicate that this particular judgment is final. Of course, any one who receives the sacrament of the Lord's Supper unworthily or carelessly is condemned for the act. (3) "Strait" here implies struggle and difficulty—a contention in which we should seek to have the mastery. The verses following indicate that the passage refers to those who are finally unsaved. It does not refer to any who in this life seek to enter into the way of salvation.

S. T. H., Whitehall, Ind. Please explain (1) "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. 29: 18). What are visions in these days? (2) "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John 14: 2). (3) How often was Jerusalem destroyed, and does it now stand?

(1) "Vision" here means communion with God and the revelation of his will. When communion or nations get out of touch with God and cease to know his will, they begin to perish. The Hebrew verb means to become "dissipated" and "unbridled" and so perishes in a word, to lose sight of moral and spiritual ideals, as a nation or community. Individual Christians and the organized church should be constantly seeking a clearer sight of God, closer communion with him, and a more perfect understanding both of his revealed will in the Scriptures and his providential will in present-day concerns. (2) The passage means that there will be room enough in heaven for all the redeemed, and implies also that each soul will have some kind of a habitation which will be specifically his own. (3) Jerusalem has been captured and recaptured many times by con-

Continued on last column



## Precious Babe of Bethlehem

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

1. Come and see, O come and see, There is none so fair as He—  
2. Come and see, the child-ren's King, Joy-ful praise to Him we bring—  
3. Come and see our Lord di-vine, Oh, how bright His glo-ries shine!

Christ, the Babe of Beth-le-hem; Come and greet the ho-ly Child,  
Christ, the Babe of Beth-le-hem; Come and see our gra-cious Lord,  
Christ, the Babe of Beth-le-hem; Hark! the shin-ing host a-bove,

Bles-sed, pure and un-de-filed, Pre-cious Babe of Beth-le-hem.  
Praise His name with one ac-cord, Pre-cious Babe of Beth-le-hem.  
Shout a-loud His won-drous love, Pre-cious Babe of Beth-le-hem.

CHORUS.  
Come and see, come and see. Lo! He dwells in glo-ry now:

There is none so fair as He, Love and mer-cy crown His brow.

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THE following extracts are taken from a dispatch published in the New York World.

Washington, December 1.

"President Taft's Special Commission, headed by Supreme Court Justice Hughes, has drawn up for Congress a bill radically revising the second class postage rates.

"The bill provides that the second class postage rate shall be a flat rate of two cents a pound, or double the present rates on that class.

"Second class matter includes all printed newspapers and periodicals that appear at least four times a year; also certain periodicals of fraternal societies, scientific institutions, and trade unions."

We are constrained to announce the following:

On the day the above Bill passes in Congress, the subscription price of The Christian Herald will be raised to \$2.00 a year without notice.

The present subscription price of \$1.50 a year will be maintained, therefore, only until the above raise is forced upon us.

## Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

tending forces. In many of the sieges it has been partially ruined, but in at least four it has been practically destroyed, the first about 1400 B.C., when captured by the tribes of Judah and Simeon; the second in 686 by Nebuchadnezzar; the third in 170 B.C. by Antiochus Epiphanes; the fourth, and doubtless most terrible, in 70 A.D., by Titus. The city was restored by Hadrian in 135 A.D., and since then has changed hands many times. It now belongs to Turkey, and has about 60,000 inhabitants.

Mrs. H. C., Norwiche, N. Y. 1. Is the day of miracles past? 2. What did Jesus mean by his words in John 14: 12?

1. Many books have been written on the subject of miracles, and practically the whole attack on Christianity is on that basis. But without the miracle of a revelation, revealed religion is impossible. Besides, there are many things even in nature which we, with our limited endowment, cannot clearly understand. If this be so in the natural world with the laws of which we are but faintly acquainted, how much more incomprehensible and miraculous must seem to us those spiritual operations which the human mind cannot follow or explain! To assume, therefore, that the day of miracles is past would be to assume that the Divine power is shortened. There are miracles in every believing miracle of transformation, of health and blessing of succor in distress. 2. The "greater works" to which Jesus referred were those connected with the glorious ingathering of souls after his ascension, which it was not his own personal mission to accomplish. In the sense of numbers alone, they would be greater, but not otherwise.

S. E. A., Brookfield, Mo. Are we as a nation, or simply as a community, neglecting our duty as Christians by refusing to take part in public and family worship? This city boasts of between six and seven thousand inhabitants, with many devoted Christian men and women who love the house of God, who give liberally to church and missions and all benevolent institutions. Yet, in making inquiries (aside from ministers), I have not found a single instance where family worship is carried on. I can remember so distinctly my father's and mother's morning and evening devotions. How their hearts would thrill and voices tremble with God's love. Why, in this age and generation, are we so remiss?

It is unfortunately true that family worship is greatly neglected. This is no doubt due in large measure to changed social and business conditions, rather than to a decline in spirituality in the home. Life moves more quickly now than it did some forty or fifty years ago. Many things conspire to interfere with the family gathering morning and evening, as was formerly the almost universal custom in well-ordered Christian households. We can only record the change with regret. We know of homes, however, where, even though the group be small, the dear old familiar simple service is still held with its accustomed regularity. The pulpit does not lay enough emphasis on the family altar.

## Miscellaneous

Mrs. G. B. H., Sacramento, Calif. See the passage you want in Job 1: 7.

M. W. R., Calgary, Can. We have sent your letter to the Bowery Mission.

F. C. W., Spartanburg, S. C. There is no such statement in the Bible. It was a piece of vulgar discourtesy.

Reader, New York. Letters for the Answered Prayer column should be simply addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Mrs. A. M., Centerville, Ia. Under our laws and constitution, all religions are tolerated, and a candidate's religious belief usually does not bar him from political preferment.

J. H. G., Reading, Pa. The phrase "be ye wise as serpents" is found in Matt. 10: 16. It implies an extraordinary combination of qualities and the application to the best purposes of that wisdom and skill which are commonly used to attain selfish, worldly ends.

Mrs. E. D. K., Rialto, Calif. His claim of discovering the North Pole has been rejected by American and European geographical societies and by explorers and scientists generally. No other class is competent to pass upon the question.

C. A. S., National City, Calif. 1. Louis Braille, a Frenchman, invented the raised alphabet for the blind. The whole subject has been frequently discussed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The interpretation of the particular passage in question is a matter of acute controversy.

A. B. C., Seattle, Wash. Our advice in such cases is that if a man conscientiously feels that his business involves the sacrifice of his Sundays, he should take the first opportunity to make a change. We are not to judge of others; those who know the moral law judge for themselves whether they are conforming to it as far as possible or contravening it.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



The Church of the Resurrection of Christ, St. Petersburg

A Devotee in a Russian Church

The Temple of Our Saviour from the Kremlin, Moscow



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## RELIGION IN THE LANDS OF THE CZAR

MANY of my readers will doubtless be surprised to hear that there are two hundred different sects in Russia. We have been so accustomed to think of Protestantism as the only religion that is divided infinitesimally into sects that the fact that the great Greek Church is also divided into different factions, with the addition of a large number of flourishing sects in Russia outside of that fold, will astonish others as it has myself.

However, the Orthodox Greek Church is the vastly dominating factor of the religious life of the great Empire of the North, and, ignorant and superstitious as much of this religious life is, I am not one who would deny to the Russian much genuine devotion. No one can go into the magnificent cathedrals of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Riga, or into the little churches which dot the great Siberian plains, as I have often done, and there see the people of high and low degree kissing the icons in an ecstasy of devotion, or bowing to the floor until their foreheads touch the cold stones, without believing that, however darkened the minds of many may be, there is yet a sincere "feeling after God, if haply they may find him."

The amount of money spent upon their churches is always some gauge of a people's devotion. People do not spend great sums of money on their churches, and rob themselves of the luxuries and even the necessities of life, unless they believe in their religion and the things for which it stands. In every Russian village the church is the great building of the region. With its golden domes and its curious double crosses, it towers above all the homes and stores and factories. The village may consist of squalid huts, but the church is often stately, or, if more humble, is embellished with gold and silver ornaments and icons framed in gables, while the priests are gorgeous in cloth of gold and rich embroidery.

Moscow is the religious centre of the empire, and here the shrines and churches are of unparalleled splendor. So numerous are they that the people are kept bowing and crossing themselves on forehead and breast at every turn, as they pass these holy places.

Let us go to one of these services. Long-haired,

By Rev. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

*Christian Endeavor Founder and President*

full-bearded priests, their beards and faces evidently trained to look like the traditional Russian conception of the Christ, abound on every hand. Sometimes, besides the lay readers and altar-boys, all richly clothed, as many as a dozen priests, gorgeously arrayed, take part in a single service in the large churches.

The great bells have boomed out their invitation to attend, and the people, bowing and crossing themselves, flock in from every quarter. At length the high priest enters, and is received with devout

a golden image, motionless and wordless. At length the attendants bring him three candles, united at top into a single flame, symbol of the Holy Trinity, and these he waves right and left, before and behind, toward the audience on every side, saying never a word. The reader, who often seems to be a layman, chants the service in stentorian tones, while the responses are sung by a splendid choir of male voices, for which all the Russian churches are famous.

St. Petersburg, as well as Moscow, has some cathedrals which are marvels of ecclesiastical architecture. St. Isaac's Cathedral, for instance, in the centre of the city, cost twenty-four millions of roubles, or twelve millions of dollars. Scores and

scores of immense marble pillars adorn its four equal sides, while several of the beautiful green malachite columns within are worth a king's ransom. It is said that in the golden domes of St. Isaac's, and the jewels within, Russia has a "war chest" that would defend her from her enemies for many a month, if she should need the gold.

Another famous church of St. Petersburg is the Church of the Resurrection, built over the very spot where the good Czar Alexander II., the emperor who liberated the serfs, was assassinated by a cruel bomb. The stone gutter, into which his body was flung by the explosion, is beneath the dome of the church, and a magnificent altar is built over it. This gutter was within a foot or two of the railing of a canal, and over this canal, in part, the cathedral is

built, in order that it may cover the very spot of the Czar's death. Perhaps this is the most gorgeous of all the Russian churches, for the vast interior is one series of pictures in brilliant mosaics. One screen alone of precious stones cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, while the icons, or pictures of Christ and the saints, are sometimes embedded in frames made of countless pearls.

The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is no less interesting. This is within the fortress of the same name, and here are buried all the Czars from Peter the Great down to Alexander II. and Alexander III., the grandfather and father of the present emperor. Thousands of votive wreaths of silver and gold hang on the pillars and walls of this church, while fresh

Continued on page 1296



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A Religious Procession in St. Petersburg Going to Bless the Waters of the Neva

reverence by the others. He mounts a dais in the middle of the church (there are no seats), and all the people gather around him. The lesser priests take off his more sombre garments one by one, and array him in tunic and breastplate and collar of gold, and wristlets and outer garments, stiff with gold and jewels. A jeweled crown is put upon his head and a sceptre in his hand, each garment and article being kissed reverently before it is put on.

Other priests walk up and down from the Holy of Holies, into which no woman is allowed to enter, to the dais on which the chief priest stands, while they swing censers filled with fragrant incense. Occasionally the chief officiating priest blesses the other priests or the audience with his outstretched fingers, but he says no word, standing for the most part like



# The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, D.D.\*



# The Christmas Splendor

TEXT: Matt. 2:2—"We saw his star . . . and are come to worship him."

ONCE again we are in the light and glow and beauty of the Christmas story. Teeming as it does with upperworld disclosures, once again we must ask after its inward wonder. Surely, it is a wonder we never weary of. Unquestionably, it is the fountain of a perennial freshness to mankind. What other story is so eagerly told and retold by the human heart? What other story has in it so much of hope and joy and gladness? What other story so ravishes the heart of childhood? What other story gives such rapture to the visions of age? What other story gathers all peoples of all climes, and of all conditions, within its vast and tender heart, making them all rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Of course, there is no other. Our Christian Christmas message stands solitary, unique, unapproachable in human annals.

Like the splendor of the sun, the Christmas splendor is everywhere. I want us to gather a few of its beams into our own hearts to-day. Following the words of the wise men, which I have chosen for our text, let our meditations be fashioned somewhat after this order: 1. The Beam of Spiritual Interrogation. 2. The Beam of Spiritual Vision. 3. The Beam of Spiritual Pursuit.

I. The Beam of Spiritual Interrogation: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" It seems to me that there is something in the question which is older than the sun, more ancient than the stars. In point of fact, it was asked nearly two thousand years ago. It might as well have been asked ten thousand ages ago. For it is an ageless question, because it contains an ageless hope. Originally planted deep in humanity's heart, it is still a fresh question on humanity's lips. "Where is he that is born King of the Jews," King of the cycles, King of the nations, King of the heavens? It is the age-in and age-out cry of the travelling earth and universe.

## Dealing Kindly with the Lowly

Consider that it is the mute, unlanguageed question of the animal creation. Reading the Gospel Christmas story, I am more and more impressed with this fact: The Virgin Mother laid her first-born son in a manger. It seems that God was not content simply to condescend to the level of our fallen humanity. He wanted, also, to get in beneath the sub-human and raise it to higher planes of being. He wanted the glow of his incarnate glory to illumine the dumb darkness of the lower orders of creation. Certain it is, that since Christ was born in a manger, even animals have become subjects of a human kindness they never knew before. It is not the least of the glories of this new century, that our under-neighbors are more kindly dealt with than in former times. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I think, are carrying forward a work definitely begun in the manger-cradle of Incarnate Deity. So doth the voiceless longing of the animal world find expression in this comprehensive question: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

Coming up into the human sphere, every phase and feature of our life is lit up by the Christian splendor. First of all, it lends a holier glow to the brow of motherhood. Sometimes we men, in thinking of our mothers, wonder why it is that our thoughts flow right on and on, symphony-like, until we find ourselves bowed in the worship of God. May we never lose that wonder! To do so, is a sure proof of spiritual declension. Yet I venture to think that this wonder is not altogether inexplicable. When we think of our mothers, O men, why is it we feel that God is inexpressibly near? I think I can partially answer that question. It is because motherhood is one of the tender eyes of God. God looks through motherhood into our inmost hearts. If we are true to our humanity, looking back into their dear faces, we behold the transparent light and glory of the divine. Benjamin West said the kiss of his mother made him a painter. I rather think it was God's kiss behind his mother's kiss which caused Benjamin West to utter this noble sentiment. For upon the sacred lips of motherhood there is this radiant beam of

spiritual interrogation: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

Moreover, this is the question of childhood. Surely, it must have been upon the crimson lips of the innocents so cruelly slaughtered by Herod. How the heart of the Eternal must have ached when his entrance into the world as a little child caused the murder of little children! I think the wail of every mother's heart found an echoing sob in the heart of God. But, thank heaven! from that black-bright hour it has been more difficult to practise cruelty toward childhood. And because that hour has struck, the day is coming when heartless neglect of childhood will vanish from the earth. We shall no longer fail to give children an opportunity of becoming all-round, full-toned Christian men and women. We shall insist upon the trinal development of body, mind and spirit. Christianity holds no brief for fractional men and women. Its ideal is completeness, is Godlike perfection. As a modern poet says: "We are just waking up to the value of town-planning. And we shall by and by be awake to something bigger still—to planning and building the manhood that is to dwell in the towns." A little child shall lead us into this noble task. For more and more little children will ask: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

## The Luminous Pathway

Again: The Christmas splendor falls across the pathway of the toiler. Now, we are all toilers. If we are not, we ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves. For we have indeed tarnished the crown God set upon our manhood and womanhood. Let it be engraved in diamond-bright, spiritual characters on the tablets of our memories: God's advent angel passed over royal idlers in the palace and stood by the shepherds "abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock." Wise men, too, are wrapped in the spiritual mantle of the Christmas glory. Then they came only from the East. Now they come from the four winds—East, West, North and South. Scholarship has to reckon with the Yuletide fact. Otherwise, it drives itself into an intellectual museum. And what is that? Why, just a place where meatless dry bones rattle. Just a place where deluded men vainly strive to look wise. Just a place where mental icicles need to be shot through with warm, Christian sun-glow. Only Christ can create the true religious consciousness. And even Herbert Spencer tells us that the religious consciousness is unlike the ordinary consciousness. He says the religious consciousness has to do with that which is beyond the sphere of sense. He further affirms that the religious faculty is an normal as any other faculty. Thus do modern wise men devoutly pray:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.

II. The Beam of Spiritual Vision: "We saw his star in the East." I have said that the Christmas splendor is everywhere. Now, the essential thing for each of us is to have eyes to see it. How shall we get them? There is but one way. And that is to receive his gift of vision. He will lend us his eyes. But he always attaches this condition: We must constantly use them. Now, what is spiritual vision? It is the inward power of seeing the true worth of the little and the large, and all that lies between them. Back of the wise men's question lay their vision. They never could have inquired, "Where is he?" had they not also been able to say, "We saw his star."

## Spiritual Vision

What, then, is the function of spiritual vision? Why, it unveils the significance of little things. Supremely, I think, is this in evidence at the Advent season. The doll the mother gives her child did not cost a great sum of money. But the love for which the doll stands is more precious than rivers of gold. The hobby-horse the father gives his boy would hardly bring so much at auction as a Kentucky thoroughbred. Yet, in the lad's eyes, the wooden creature is of more value than many thorough-

breeds. But most valuable of all is the love between father and son, of which the toy is the symbol. All over the world kind hearts are pulsing their warmth and love beyond the immediate family circle. In places of want, where loveless hearts beat with aching loneliness, Christian souls are placing tokens of the Eternal Love. So, too, in the genial spheres of cultured homes and friendships, this holy commerce and communion go on.

Spiritual vision comprehends, also, the majesty of the large. "We saw his star in the East." The wonder of a little child is a profound wonder. Therefore, it is not difficult to reason on up to a shining orb flung out into space. I have read somewhere that Dr. Carpenter sent Sir Charles Lyell the copy of a monograph. He had written it one day on an obscure specimen of natural history. Fearing lest the scientist should think he was exaggerating the importance of the little, he sent along with the specimen a kind of apology. The famous geologist answered: "Any single point is really the universe." If true, it is vastly important to know the single point. It is easy enough to leap, in thought, from a pin-head to a world. Only, I must be able to take my mental and spiritual stand upon that. You remember what John Ruskin's father said to his son's drawing-room company. John was interpreting some Turners. Called out of the room for a few minutes, the old father promptly entered. He said: "Well, my friends, with all due respect to my son John's eyes, I want to say this to you: I really think John sees more in these paintings than Turner ever meant to be seen." Ah, no! Turner was never understood until John Ruskin was born into the world. Turner had vision and a brush. Ruskin had vision and a tongue. And the pupil explained the master.

But our Master explains himself. God was never understood until Christ was born into human flesh. He knows what is in man. He rounds out the complete circle of our humanity. He was born. He grew in stature and wisdom. He was hungry, thirsty, and tired. He was loved and hated. He was joyful and sad. He was understood and misunderstood. You see the likeness is very definite. So, also, is his unlikeness. He was before all worlds. He was begotten by the Holy Spirit. He was without sin. He spake as never man spake. He died, and in his death made atonement for sin. He was buried, but he could not be holden of death. He walked the earth after his resurrection. But the earth, which could not entomb him forever, could not contain him in bodily form forever. He vanished from the sight of men that he might abide forever in the hearts of men. Oh, the growing wonder of it all! First, he incarnates the Eternal. Then he creates the vision to behold it.

## What True Worship Means

Oh, the blended mystery and glory! The Eternal becomes a little child. The little child, grown to manhood, is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Wise men saw his star in the East. But before the stars were, he was. For "he made the stars also." And when the stars have all spent their light, the light of his love and peace and joy will shine on with undimmed brilliance!

III. The Beam of Spiritual Pursuit: "And are come to worship him." What is the goal of spiritual interrogation and spiritual vision? Is it not nobly expressed just here—worshiping him? Do not, I beg of you, regard this as something nebulous, dreamful, unreal. For, believe me, it is the most essential truth of our lives. It reaches back into the secret springs of motive. Worship of him is not merely saying prayers. It creates prayers worth saying. Worship of him is not psalm-singing alone. It turns life itself into a melodious psalmody. Worship of him is not performing certain piously labeled acts at certain times. It makes all acts to be fine and high through the riches of his grace. It forgets the temporal place and remembers the eternal principle. It transfigures home, office and street into a Bethel. All becomes one wide-open gateway to heaven. It transforms the desponding pilgrim into the homing immortal. Wherever a human spirit, consciously or unconsciously, desires to do the will of God—which

Continued on next page

\* Pastor, Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## A CHRISTMAS SONG

**B**ABE Jesus lay in Mary's lap;  
The sun shone on His hair;  
And this is how she saw, mayhap,  
The crown already there.

For she sang: "Sleep on, my little King,  
Bad Herod dares not come;  
Before Thee sleeping, holy thing,  
The wild winds would be dumb.

"I kiss Thy hands, I kiss Thy feet,  
My child so long desired;  
Thy hands shall never be soiled, my sweet;  
Thy feet shall never be tired.

"For Thou art the King of Men, my Son;  
Thy crown I see it plain:  
And men shall worship Thee, every one,  
And cry, Glory! Amen!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## How They Helped the "Bread Line"

**A** NUMBER of young employees of both sexes in the general offices of the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad at Galeton, Pa., having heard of the Bowery Mission Bread Line and the thousands of homeless and destitute men and boys whom it is helping with an early morning meal these cold winter days, decided to send a gift to the Mission. These golden-hearted young folks—twenty-one of them in all—put in their loose change, dimes, quarters and half dollars, and they have forwarded the result in a check for \$5 to the Mission. The donors are: R. Dimit, F. G. Lush, A. J. Griffon, J. E. J., C. T. S., C. R. F., Anna Ludeman, W. H. Voze, A. A. Berry, Anna Thomas, Cash, J. C. Holman, M. J. Curran, N. O. Johnson, J. S. May, G. Clark, W. J. R., J. W. Clark, T. C. Major, E. Schoonmaker, G. D. Reynold. This generous gift is all the more appreciated, since it comes from young workers who have little to spare and who in sending it have exercised much self-denial. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that it will supply coffee and rolls to some two hundred famished men and boys of the Bread Line. Their letter will be read from the Mission platform and will be a worthy example for others to emulate. They have the hearty thanks of the Mission and its managers for their kind and timely gift.

## The Christmas Splendor

Continued from preceding page

always includes good-will toward men—that is indeed acceptable worship of him!

Spiritual interrogation, spiritual vision, and spiritual pursuit are fulfilled at last in the soul's dear, satisfying possession of him, because he possesses the soul for himself. Tholuck used to cry: "I have but one passion. It is He—it is He!" May he become the passion of each of us! And may these words of Dickens, which a radiant friend sent me in a Christmas letter, be completely realized by every one: "Many Merry Christmases! Many Happy New Years! Unbroken Friendships! Great Accumulation of Cheerful Recollections! Affection on Earth! And Heaven at Last for All of Us!"

## ANVIL STROKES

...A GRIN is a cross between a smile and a frown.  
...THE man who gets rich quick may not stay rich long.  
...You can keep cool-headed without being cold-hearted.  
...A BAD man in the end gets the kind of publicity he does not want.  
...You can't get much good out of people whose chief good is their money.  
...TO MANY people, automobiles are very handy things to run off from church with.

...THERE are three kinds of lies—the lie that is told for a lie and is not believed; the lie that is told for the truth and is believed; and the lie that is half a truth.

## Temporal and Spiritual Building

By P. J. MEATH

**I**N THE Word, we are urged to look not at the things that are seen, for they are temporal and passing away, but at the things that are not seen, for they are eternal and shall never pass away. But unfortunately we are inclined to do the reverse. Things that are seen receive our greatest care. In temporal building, the outlay is too much.

For example, we are about to build a house of worship. We are all anxious to build, but are not all agreed on the price. Some of us say, "Will not thirty thousand dollars put us up a good substantial building and of quite sufficient seating capacity? We can afford to build a sixty thousand dollar building, and in so doing feed self and vanity; but would it not be much better for us to consecrate our building by giving the extra thirty thousand in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and sending the Gospel to those that are perishing? Now, should our Lord appear before us just at this time, and give his advice in the matter, would any sane man or woman doubt what his advice would be? Think for a moment of him who, for example, was born in a manger, who did most of his preaching under the naked blue canopy of heaven, favoring this needless outlay on temples of wood, brick and stone, while temples of flesh and blood that he had come into the world to possess and save were left to perish!"

It is not too much to say that in the last six hundred years, between fifteen and twenty billions of dollars have been buried in extravagant church building, while in the same time innumerable souls have perished in darkness. Had this enormous wealth, with the spirit of unity, love and good fellowship, been applied to the conversion of China, India and Japan, a thousand millions of the earth's population might to-day have accepted Christ as the promised Messiah.

And, again proceeding in the same line of thought, we have to-day in the Christian world a body of worshippers who might come together with the spirit of reform and say, "We have in our churches an outlay of \$500,000,000 in statutory that is a needless outlay and also a bar to spiritual worship. Would it not be well for us to stop this needless outlay and use those millions for the spread of the Gospel of Christ?" Now, should our Lord appear before this body of worshippers, would any one of common sense doubt what his counsel would be in the matter? Would he leave the living to perish for this traffic in lifeless statuary?

But much as we need practical economy in temporal building, we stand much more in need of unity, love and good fellowship in spiritual building. Many will no doubt say that we cannot be one in harmony; we differ so much in our methods of worship. But we are commanded to be one in harmony. We stand on one foundation—

that is, Christ. A house standing on one foundation ought to be one, and especially when our Lord, that Foundation, commands us to be one, and that pertinently and forcibly, to make the one thing needful thoroughly understood. A Pharisee comes before him and asks his opinion of the first great commandment, and our Lord replies as follows: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If our Lord had gone no further, we might still be in doubt, but to seal the naked truth he continues: "On these two commands hang all the law and the prophets." This is the one thing needful. No man can love God, to whom God has not revealed himself, and no man can know Christ as his personal Saviour to whom the Father has not revealed him. We are plainly told that on these two commands hang all Christian creeds and doctrines. If this is not a command from our Lord for unity, love and good fellowship, notwithstanding our creeds, what are we to understand from it?

But the Master continues. He will leave no stone unturned that we may clearly see the truth in this matter. The disciples, returning from their fields of labor, tell him they saw others casting out devils and they forbade them because they followed not them. The Master replied: "Forbid them not. Those that are not against us are with us." The disciples might have had reason to object, not knowing their Lord's will in the matter; but we have no reason to object, for Christ has positively stated what his will is in this matter.

Then let the creeds in harmony and love multiply. It is God's will. The Good Shepherd will find the folds, let them wander where they will. Competition is at least as wholesome in spiritual matters as it is in temporal. History shows that religious monopoly is an inhuman tyrant, with no iota of pity.

In this line of thought our Lord still continues and tells us that he has other sheep which are not of this fold, that he will bring them also and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. If, then, we are to be the sheep of one fold and one Shepherd, is it not high time that we were putting on the wedding garments—that in unity, love and good fellowship we may work together as a united body of spiritual builders in the great work that is before us? Then we might read those words with faith and pleasure: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Let us not wait until the political powers of the earth put us to shame, for they are to-day making a greater effort for peace and good-will among the nations than we are among Christians who are supposed to be the children of peace.

## PRIZES THE PREMIUMS HIGHLY

I have just received my premium book, *Sarahantha at Coney Island*, also *The Christian Herald Almanac*, both of which came safely. Many, many thanks for each of them. I shall prize them highly, as I do *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, which I feel that I cannot do without. Seeville, Mass. MRS. E. W. W.

## A READER'S EARNEST WISH

The Bible pictures and cards came safely, and have been admired by many of our friends. They nearly all wonder, as we do, how you can afford such beautiful and useful prizes for so little money. The paper alone is worth far more to me as a helper and educator than you ask for it. That it may find its way into many homes this year is the earnest wish of one of its many readers. MRS. O. C. B. Watertown, N. Y.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

**I**F YE would hear the angels sing,  
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,"  
Think of Him who was once a child,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,  
Christians, see ye let each door  
Stand wider than ever it stood before,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise, and open wide the door:  
Christians, rise! the world is wide,  
And many there be that stand outside,  
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,  
Rise and spread your Christmas fare;  
'Tis merrier still the more that share,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise, and light your Christmas fire:  
Christians, rise! the world is wide,  
And time is weary and worn and cold,  
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.  
DORA GREENWELL.

## The Unfinished Story

**I**T HAD been snowing all day, but in the late afternoon was clear and very cold. Street corners and doorways, window ledges and niches everywhere were heaped with holly and cedar, mistletoe and bay, and the streets and avenues were thronged with hurrying, bustling crowds, for it was Christmas eve in New York City. Where the crowds were thickest the curb was lined with toy-venders and tiny mechanical carts, tumbling cocks, clowns, acrobats, auto coaches, and wind-up animals of every variety, not three inches high, trotted about the pavement in the most whimsical way, up to your very shoes. That myriads of these little contraptions are not stepped upon and destroyed each season is another of those big-city miracles no one seems able to account for.

The bright shop windows in their holiday trappings were like fires freshly stirred, and over everything was the rich afterglow of the sunset.

On my way home, my arms heaped with holly, I turned out of Forty-second Street and walked several blocks up Fifth Avenue, thinking how good it was to be there in all the glorious Christmas pageant. If this avenue were suddenly turned on end, thought I, with the side streets for branches, what a Christmas tree it would make, with all the gay shop windows dangling; and I smiled to myself at my fantastic thoughts as I stepped into the Cathedral, where the great organ was peeling forth a Christmas hymn and the choir boys were rehearsing the *Adeste Fideles* for the midnight service, when a small boy stepped up to me. "I am hunting for the end of a story. Will you help me, please?" he said so earnestly that I answered, "Yes, indeed, almost before I had quite understood him. The big gray cathedral, with its pillars and vines, its stained-glass windows, through which a soft, clear light spread everywhere, might have been a bit of wildwood in a yellow sunset and the boy a little live thing hurrying through it. I followed on after him and he stopped in front of a group of clay figures representing the mother of Christ and the baby and the shepherds, which had evidently been just uncovered.

"We know it up to where there was no room for them at the inn. Mother told it up to there, and Tillie—she's my little sister—has cried most ever since. She wants to know the end of that story; not another story will do," he insisted; "I've tried most a hundred."

"But your mother?" said I.  
"Oh, she died a Sunday just while she was a telling it. Will you hurry and tell it to me, please?" he urged.

As unastonished as I could manage to be, I took up the thread just where it had broken off and whispered simply and directly the rest of the Christmas story. At the end, where the angels and the stars sang together because a Baby King was born into the world and it was the first Christmas morning—"Thank you," said the boy, and threaded his way out into the streets so swiftly that you would not have seen him any more than I did when the story was finished. JANET PORTER.

## WHY SHE LIKES THE ALMANAC

Please accept my thanks for *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1912. I thought your calendar could not be surpassed, but in my estimation they will have to give way to the *Almanac*, as in it we have all the benefits of the calendar with a great deal of useful information in condensed form thrown in. Zanesville, O. MRS. J. R. V.

## NEXT TO HER BIBLE

I received my premium in due time and will say I am very much pleased with it. I will also continue to speak a good word for your valuable paper. I love *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* next to my Bible. I wish you great success in securing many new subscribers. I have been one since Dr. Talmage was editor. Bloomfield, Calif. MRS. N. McC.



# Belfast Stirred by a Great Revival

OUR American visitors, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, during the revival campaign now in progress, tell us that Belfast is very like an American city. The year of 1849 was born not far from Belfast, Ireland, and in County Antrim alone eight-one churches received 4,883 accessions to the church membership. D. L. Moody did a remarkable work here. He came twice to the city, but his first campaign was the more remarkable. For six weeks he preached in a great tabernacle, and at the end of that time John McNeill came in to preach for six weeks more. Mr. McNeill still tells the story of the united work of these great missionaries. Eight years ago Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander came to Belfast. Their mission was blessed of God, and to-day abiding results are found as the effect of their work.

For five weeks in October and November, the present mission has been carried on, the interest increasing with each passing day. The place of meeting was the Assembly Hall, the headquarters of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Mr. Alexander led the great congregations from night to night in a volume of song such as has never been equaled in the city.

Dr. Chapman secured the support of the leading ministers of the city and they stood by him to the end. Secretary David A. Black, of the Y. M. C. A., says: "Dr. Chapman, in one of his sermons, spoke about the money that had been wrongfully taken, and which burns a hole in your pocket. Since that address was

delivered. I have had the experience of taking a young man, who had not the courage to go himself, to an office in the city to return money which he had wrongfully appropriated. As I handed the money to the master, he said he would like to meet "that man Chapman."

The Secretary's report of the Belfast mission is as follows: "Three thousand one hundred and seventy-two people were personally dealt with by the workers chosen by the ministers, and the entire number publicly professed conversion. But this does not at all indicate the depth of the work. Possibly 3,500 would be nearer the mark."

There were three outstanding features in the work: First was the influence exerted by the mission upon men. For five successive Sundays, the Assembly Hall was crowded with men from all walks of life, many of whom professed to accept Christ as Saviour. Second, at the close of a special service, Dr. Chapman made an appeal for young men who wished to enter the ministry, and for young women who wished to give their lives to Christ for home or foreign mission work, to publicly announce the fact by rising or coming forward. The scene that followed was a most remarkable one. In response to a request to mothers and

fathers to rise and indicate that prayer was sought for their boys and girls, a great percentage of the audience stood, and for some time nothing could be heard but trembling voices, speaking for sons and daughters. Then Dr. Chapman asked all the boys in the house to stand, who were willing to dedicate themselves to the Christian ministry, and nearly one hundred, several of them university students, rose. Dr. Chapman said, "I have never witnessed such a sight." Of the girls 144 expressed their desire for fuller consecration to God's service.

On the last night, converts were admitted to the hall by ticket, and Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander stood in front of the platform and shook the hands of more than 2,200 people who had accepted Christ.

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander in February will sail for Australasia. R B.  
*Belfast, Ireland.*



One of the Great Chapman-Alexander Meetings in Belfast, Ireland

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

[illegible]

—General KENNEDY's official version of the publisher's attitude of skepticism to the subject matter of "Tropic of Cancer" was strong enough to cause him to ask me to drop the subject, and it was only as though he had said, "I am not interested in this," that I was encouraged to continue my disingenuous determination. The publisher, EDWARD HOBBS, in transmitting the "samples," referred to another literary agent at the time, Sumnerwell Buckner, of the Atlantic States Agency, who was in contact with Maxwell Perkins. The latter, in turn, was the first to give me permission to ask him about the book, and he advised me to submit the manuscript of "Tropic of Cancer" to his publisher, Doubleday. After the manuscript was accepted by this publisher, Doubleday, and the sale was completely consummated.

[illegible]

Ample, but there is no doubt that the winners of Nobel Prizes achieve a distinction that marks them as the intellectual aristocracy of Europe and America. Maeterlinck, who is still

a comparatively young man, having been born in 1892, is now recognized as the greatest literary figure of the present day. He is poet, philosopher, playwright, essayist, and in every-



### The Fourth Arm's First Appearance in Warfare

thing he does there is the combination of a style so perfect that his work can be translated with the utmost facility, and a love of beauty and feeling for the esoteric magic of nature and mankind render almost every line he writes suggestive and valuable as a contribution to the troubled thought of the twentieth century.

—DURING THE LATTER part of November, the news dispatches from South America contained many conflicting reports of uprisings and disturbances in Venezuela. That General Cipriano Castro, the formerly exiled ex-president, is again in the country is now generally admitted. On November 19 a body of several thousand revolutionists, supposedly under Castro's direction, met and, it is reported, defeated some government troops near San Cristobal. Castro's whereabouts are unknown, but a recent dispatch from Caracas announced that he was residing at his old plantation at Cucuta, in Colombia, near the border.

—A NEW DISPATCH from Baltimore says: "Removed eight days ago from a squalid room at 106 Albemarle Street, Abraham Kalinsky, 117 years old, died recently in the Hebrew Friendship Home, 1000 North Avenue. He was a Russian Jew, more, if not in America. Not until he was 105 years old and had buried his second wife did Kalinsky leave the farm and come to Baltimore. It is said he served in the German army during the war, and, after the war, he too and helped burn the city of Moscow to prevent its falling into the hands of Napoleon. He had fourteen children, three of whom are alive; twenty grandchildren, twenty-eight great-grandchildren, five great-great-grandchildren and six great-great-great-grandchildren."

## A TIMELY BENEVOLENCE

Miss Caroline L. Dikeman has generously contributed \$200 to Thanksgiving and Christmas charitable work among the poor through the Bowers Mission, as follows: \$25 in aid of the Bowers Mission's Thanksgiving dinner; \$25 for the Mission's Christmas dinner to the poor; \$100 to the Bread Line, and \$25 each for the Thanksgiving and Christmas charitable work of the "Mother" Bird. The giver would have the satisfaction of knowing that her kindness is bringing momentary comfort and happiness to hundreds of the poor and destitute at this season.



# THE SONG OF THE DAWN

By Elizabeth L. Gebhard

THE great cement plant opened in the spring, that is, they began to make cement blocks and lay them upon each other, till the mammoth structure resulting reached the dimensions of an ancient fortification. All this was not done without hands, and arriving in flocks like the birds that were building in the tree tops, came a host of foreigners. The men were of Hungarian nationality and came largely alone. Walking in pairs, and forming a solid column, one shift after another filled the sidewalks and the gravel paths on their way to or from work. For the most part they seemed a stolid crowd, rarely speaking or smiling at one another as they walked along with their tin pails.

A company of American boys were soon added as time-keepers, and joined themselves with their leather lunch-boxes to the moving throng, stepping along like young athletes, laughing and joking as they went. Mechanics, overseers and superintendents filled out the working force, these latter riding back and forth to the works each day in a carryall. The papers announced occasionally a new relay of workers, and in a few months the great force reached many hundreds, and the moving mass of humanity came to be a settled factor in the life of the town.

One summer morning, between shifts, there passed up the street, and over the well-trodden road, some fresh arrivals, not in battalions this time, but what, in the comings and goings, had not been evident before—a little family complete. A young husband and wife walked side by side, she holding a baby lovingly and capably in her arms, while the father carried the cradle. A large proportion of the laborers were unmarried, though many a home had been left fatherless while the head of the house was finding work at a distance. But here was one home where the ties were too strong, or the courage to face unknown conditions too great, or the love too strong, for separation.

The great plant continued to grow block by block, the fires within belching forth smoke filled with sparks, till to the onlooker it seemed like a battlefield in the throes of warfare.

The narrow gravel path which led to the works had once been a grass-bordered pathway, but before the summer was ended, through the tramp of many feet it had broadened till the grass had become a thing of the past.

In the hottest days groups of men often caught a ride into town on a stone-wagon, and as the wages were paid regularly, this mode of locomotion became more and more popular, so that it became a common sight to see long wagons with a plank along each side, filled with laborers, closely packed, their feet swinging outside, while in the space left in the centre men stood clinging to each other for support as the wagon awayed over the rough places. This questionable comfort lightened the long homeward walk, and the relief changed their stolidity into jollity and song, so that these rattling wagon-loads were a feature of the late summer afternoons.

The baby and the cradle had come back from that first walk to the works, to find a home at the foot of the town, crowded and cramped, but a home. Anton, the young father,

walked the long stretch when his work was done, to save the racket for wife and baby. He told Esther he could do this, because his lunch-pail held so much better food than the others, who had to buy their lunch at the bakeshop, and his wife, pleased that he said it, baked one day an apple tart, and another a big gingerbread, or some other home dainty, to make her husband's lunch the best of all the men's.

There was another reason for Anton's walking the two miles home at night. Sometimes he brought a bunch of buttercups or daisies picked along the road. Once a farmer gave him a bunch of lettuce, and a lady who lived behind a hedge of lilacs saw him picking daisies, and gave him an armful of the sweet purple flowers. In the

regularly as sunrise and sunset, with a sentiment in their hearts, born of day's work, night's rest, and full dinner-pails. Baby Tony could toddle about now, and standing sturdily on his little square feet, and holding firmly to one side of the cradle, would sometimes rock it violently, then fill the room with laughter. The cradle had become his plaything as well as his nightly resting-place.

It was an afternoon in November that a rumor arose, no one knew quite where, that the works were to be shut down. Some of the men scoffed at it, others turned pale, while here and there a man tried to discover the source of the story, with an angry impatience born of anxiety. There were all kinds of reports in the air, but the day shift was allowed to go home

Esther packed Anton's dinner-pail with a lump in his throat, and Anton took it without a word. Next to the cradle the dinner-pail had stood for the sentiment and comfort of the little home. An empty dinner-pail meant no work, no home, and hunger for themselves and the baby. When Anton came back that night he held no flowers in his hand, or apple in his pocket, but Esther found half his lunch in his pail.

Anton had earned enough for the high rent he paid for their one home, and food, and clothes for them all, but the wages given at the works to the common laborers did not allow of bank accounts. There were a few nickels and dimes and quarters in a broken sugar-bowl, saved bit by bit, but this would not pay the rent and keep them long.

"And isn't there other work?" Esther asked hopefully, trying to keep up Anton's courage.

"Other work for eight hundred men? No," Anton had answered bitterly.

As the days passed, it seemed that a large part of the Hungarians were about to leave town for their former homes, and the hope of work elsewhere. Only those bound by ties they could not break, or with no prospect ahead, stayed, but these counted up into the hundreds. A rumor ran about among them that there would be work on the ice—filling the great ice-houses—later on, if they could hold out till the river froze. Anton went home with this report, and they counted the diminishing coins to see how long they would last. It was early December now, and both Anton and Esther had picked up a kind of pigeon English, and an understanding of the language of their neighbors, so first one, then the other, came home with a bit of river gossip to keep up the courage of the one left behind. As the cold nipped their fingers and toes one morning, Esther came in from the bakeshop with her eyes shining.

"Dey say it zeroo, tree mo' nights and ice goot." "Ooo, Ooo!" she murmured in motherly fashion over baby Tony, as she lifted him from the floor, where he had played till his little fingers had grown blue, and his toes icy. "Po' Tony! Po' Tony so freeze!" she soothed, as she rubbed his fingers warm in her own numbed palms.

It would seem that the hopes and fears of the little household were continually running ajar of each other. With zero weather would come work, but till it came there could be but little fire, and they wrapped Tony in the bedclothes to keep him warm, while the glow of hope made his parents forget outward discomfort. But the morrow saw a change in the weather, and Tony clapped his hands in the bright sunshine, while the glow faded in his mother's face, and his father went out and walked the streets.

Sometimes on these warm days he walked with others out to the works, now silent and lifeless, talking of the past months, their activity and hopes, and the wonderment whether the plant would start in the spring.

At last snow-flakes fell softly, and Tony crowed and laughed, but his mother turned away from the pretty sight with tears in her eyes. Then there came a rain, pouring in sheets, running through the gutters, trickling

*Continued on page 1291*



"Back in the little home he told the wonderful story"

fall he carried apples home in his pocket for the baby, for the ground under the trees was heaped with the fallen fruit. One couldn't ride and make Esther's eyes shine with the little gift at night—Esther, who never saw in the closely built tenement district even a blade of grass.

A mission church had been started not far away, with preaching in their own tongue, and Esther, with her head wound in a bright handkerchief, about a face as fair and cheeks as pink as the baby's, carried Tony to the mission on Sunday afternoons. With her head-covering slipped back, and the baby's face near hers, blue eyes gazing into blue eyes, they made an exquisite modern Madonna and child. Anton's shift prevented him from going to church, but they told him all about it at night, Esther in words, and little Tony with crows and gurgles of pleasure.

So the hot summer days passed and the crisp autumn followed, then winter and another summer, and the busy colony of workers went and came as

without any verification of the rumor.

"Nothing in it," said the man who walked home beside Anton. "Some fellow started it for a joke, and I spread," and Anton answered that he guessed that was so, while all the time the hearts of the two men lay heavy in their breasts with fear, for both had their families with them in a strange town, with winter just ahead.

"See the boss?" Anton asked after a pause. "Looked as if he staggered when he heard it."

"Yes," his fellow workmen answered. "He came a long way, from a place they call Vermont, and his wife and girl are sick. Only came this fall. Don't know anybody."

"Perhaps it isn't true," said Anton, trying once more to persuade himself.

Before the next night it began to be noised through the town that the story was true. The night shift had been told not to report for work again, but to come for wages on Saturday. The tramp, tramp of the day shift in the early morning had the sound of men who dragged their feet toward doom.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Heart of Christmas

IT IS a strange fact of life that we often understand one thing better by thinking of something else; at times, indeed, we see one thing more distinctly by looking at another thing. Very often we do one thing better by holding our thought and our emotion on something else.

Two artists are painting the picture of a sunset, each with the same technical skill. One is thinking: "When people see this, they will say it is a great picture." His real thought is not on the sky-glorious; it is on the canvas—and on himself. The other is thinking: "When people see this they will say, 'That was a great sunset!'" You know which picture will be the really greater success.

The principle applies to many things. Saints are saints because they think of Christ. They must not think too much of the kind of character they are building, the quality of the work they are doing, the nature of the reward they will get. They must think of him. And thinking of him, looking at him, loving him, trying to catch the secret of his will and work it out, they do good work and build pure character and get great reward.

And Christmas? Well, Christmas is a day to build, a day to be made a merry day, merry for you and merry for as many as you can reach. How shall we make the day a real success? Christmas? Christmas means Christ. It is his day, his birthday. On the birthday of our friends we cry, "Happy Birthday!" We wish it to be a happy day for them; shall we try to make this a really happy day for him? Shall we keep our thoughts not so much upon the day as upon him? If we do, we may depend upon it, it will be a merry Christmas for us.

And as we love him cheerily and try to make him happy on his birthday, we shall remember how he liked to make others glad. The glory of Christmas is that he came down, that he came into our lowly life, into the stable, into the sweet beauty of the Judean hills, into the quaint life of the little streets of Nazareth, then into his greater work of spreading peace and gladness everywhere. On Good Friday we think of his wondrous death for us. At Easter we think of his radiant resurrection. But on Christmas we think of his gentle coming into the facts and details, the burdens and the joys of our daily life.

So shall every peal of child laughter, and every sparkle of holly berry, and every glint of sunshine across the snow, and every word of merry greeting, and every pleasure of gift received, and every joy of gift and affection and service given to others, take on new brightness and new glee and new beauty because our thoughts and our hearts are fixed on him.

Bright day of Jesus, glad day of remembering that God has come to stay with men, happy birthday of the Saviour, merry—merry Christmas!

## Let the Whole Truth Come Out

IN THE widest sense, the dramatic trial just concluded at Los Angeles was a national event. Its import and the deep significance of its criminal disclosures belong to the whole country. It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, to learn that from this point on, the investigation of the gigantic conspiracy of dynamite and destruction, only a part of which is yet revealed, will be taken up by the Federal authorities and the States of California and Indiana. Now, although District Attorney Fredericks, the public prosecutor, has positively denied any bargain with the McNamaras, the apologists of crime are panic-stricken at the possibility of coming revelations implicating many men "higher up" in labor unionism, East and West, as accessories before the fact, and this not in a single crime, but in many that appear in the ominous roll of over one hundred dynamite explosions in a period of less than six years.

It is openly charged that, back of the McNamaras and their immediate associates, lurks an invisible line of figures who inspired, financed and otherwise aided and abetted the "men in front." Who were these men in the invisible line, who secretly plotted and furnished the funds, while their agents at the front went up and down the country with dynamite and clockwork bombs, destroying property and human lives? These invisibles—the men "higher up"—till now cunningly shielded, will be forced into the light and

compelled to bear their share of the responsibility for the outrages they helped to devise and execute. It is true that some of the leaders, Mr. Gompers among the number, have sharply resented the imputation of any guilty knowledge of the dynamite crimes; but if the union leaders are innocent, as they assert—if their hands are really clean—they can have nothing to fear from the most searching investigation. Rather should they welcome it and co-operate with it, as a means of vindication; for it would be useless to deny that organized labor has sustained a severe blow in the whole outcome of the trial. Labor's attitude in the coming broader and deeper inquiry will go far toward determining public opinion concerning the complicity or innocence of its leaders. Wise counsels would seem to indicate only one course in the matter—that the unions, as a means of self-preservation, should purge themselves of the contaminating association of those who are shown to have given countenance and support in any way to the criminal operations of the dynamite wreckers. The law-abiding workmen of America owe it to themselves as a class, to the cause of labor and to the nation, to see to it that no leader who had a part in the financing of these crimes; who used the union treasuries for that purpose; who knew, even by suggestion, the real character of the work in hand, and who planned to shield and protect the criminals and to supply funds for the defense—even even funds for bribes for the jurors—should have a voice in their councils hereafter.

Reorganization, readjustment, must be the order of the hour. There should be a thorough house-cleaning, and those leaders who by their criminal intrigues have brought all the labor unions under suspicion, should be swept into the rubbish heap. No organization owes loyalty to a man who, by the commission of crime or collusion with criminals, has betrayed his sacred trust and disgraced his associates.

The toils of the law are already closing around the guilty. When the fair-minded and justice-loving American people once get going, they are hard to stop, and we do not believe they will stop in the present case until all the facts connected with the black dynamite conspiracy of the last six years are brought to light and the guilty punished as they deserve. Let the whole truth come out, no matter who shall stand or fall.

## Sensible Gifts for Children

THIS has been aptly called the children's century. Almost no stone has been left unturned, no effort spared on the part of parents, teachers, doctors, writers, builders, earnest workers along the roadways of science and art, in their efforts for the welfare of the little child. Every department of child life has been exploited theoretically and in most instances practically, in what might almost be called an effort at making over this everyday world, with its inaccuracies and its stains and its problems, into a very pleasant and logical dwelling place for the child.

Appropos of the Christmas season, the kindergarten and primary instructors of Barnard and The Teachers' College, New York, have systematically planned and carried out an exhibition of sensible Christmas gifts for children. Perhaps the most interesting part of it is the Model Play-Room, sunny and light, pretty and simple, with sanitary draperies and flowers and a harmonious color scheme. Some few carefully chosen and very beautiful pictures hang on the walls, for that the child should discover beauty and not be told of it is an old kindergarten axiom. A toy pantry is full of good substantial playthings. There is a table of the right height with drawers and pockets for work-baskets and materials, where little girls may conveniently cut out their dollies' clothes. A box full of first-class tools, a huge box of smooth, plain, pine blocks and a good substantial work-table makes an ideal play place for boys. There are shelves with good editions of well-chosen books. There is also an open fireplace, with a large chair in the corner, which was called "the place for Mother," for, of course, in every playroom there should be a familiar nook for mother. The dolls are the natural kind, with faces like real children, and everything in the exhibition as far as it is possible is indestructible. The principal idea of this somewhat ambitious un-

dertaking is that children generally have too many toys, especially mechanical toys, which stifle initiative and dull the inventive instinct. On the whole, the exhibition of sensible Christmas gifts for children is a plea for simpler gifts and fewer of them.

## The President's Message

ON THE day before the opening of the "long session" of Congress, the President's message was sent in, dealing exclusively with the trust problem. For the first time in its history, Congress listened to a message wholly devoted to a single topic. It was, of course, a vigorous defense of the administration's policy in regard to the regulation and prosecution of the trusts under the Anti-Trust Law. Mr. Taft protests energetically against any plan for the repeal or material amendment of the Sherman Act, although he concedes the wisdom of supplementary legislation to give it more effective expression. He points to the decisions handed down by the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases as instances of the effective solution of trust problems under a reasonable application of the Anti-Trust Law. He warns up visibly in his defense of the Supreme Court, which has been accused of emasculating the Sherman Act by its decisions. After urging the need of a Federal incorporation law and a national corporation commission, he reminds Congress that the Anti-Trust Law has been on the statute books for more than twenty years; that its practical value was long doubted and it seemed impossible of enforcement; but "the mills of the courts ground and gradually the majesty of the law asserted itself." Now that its efficacy is apparent and its object near achievement, he considers it unwise to call for its repeal on the plea that it interferes with business prosperity, and to abandon the work of twenty years to try some other experiment.

There is much in the message that is reminiscent of the President's speeches during his recent tour on wheels, but though not new, it is practical and serves the purpose of putting the matter squarely before Congress. As almost every member in both houses has thought out some more or less infallible remedy of his own for trust evils, we may look forward to a Niagara of oratory on the subject in the near future.

## Dr. Clark's First Letter

ON ANOTHER page of this issue appears the first illustrated letter of travel from the pen of Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Dr. Clark, who is now in the Orient, is writing this series of contributions especially for the readers of this journal. The first deals with "Religious Life in the Lands of the Czar," and shows what spiritual advance is being made in that country of two hundred different religious sects. Protestantism does not stand alone in its denominational divisions, for the Russo-Greek Church—the national church of that country—has quite as many as our own. Dr. Clark's first letter will be found exceedingly interesting and should be read everywhere.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Hague's New Peace Palace

**A**MONG the great buildings of the world, the new Peace Palace at The Hague stands out conspicuously. The first Peace Conference of the world at The Hague marked one of the important epochs of history. A permanent bureau was established there under the control of the ministers of the nations, and for the first time in human history the whole world was in one room, and all Christians were bound together for a while in plans to banish the darkness and cruelty of war. The new Peace Palace is a magnificent and spacious structure, with ample accommodations for the business of future Peace Conferences. Its superb architecture, with noble halls, audience chambers and reception rooms, together with its picturesque situation among the trees, suggests a royal palace. The building cost twelve million five hundred thousand dollars, and was the princely gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The picture here presented is the first published photograph of the new Peace Palace. It seems like a parody on peace progress for Italy and Turkey to be engaged in a fierce war, for China to be torn with bloody revolution, for the Russian bear to growl and threaten to devour Persia, for Germany and France to have been recently near a clash, and for Germany and England to hint at a resort to force. And yet there is a marvelously rapid movement toward a permanent world peace. The Peace Palace houses the idea and reflects it, and will make the declaration of war harder for any civilized nation, and will hasten the era, which the Prince of Peace promises, of peace on earth, good will toward men. The new Peace Palace will continue to preach eloquently to the nations of the earth from this text:

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. (Ps. 122:7.)

### Long Walk on Crutches

Ralph Tompkins, a one-legged youth of nineteen years, left New York on July 30 to walk to Chicago and back for a prize of \$500. He reached Chicago on October 2, and remaining there two days, started on his return trip. Despite the bad weather he had to encounter he was only twenty-four hours behind the time he planned for himself, and reached New York December 5. He earned money for his trip by singing, and whenever he could do so was the guest of the Young Men's Christian Association of the various places through which he passed. He never stopped more than a night at any one place, was never sick an hour and gained 30 pounds on the journey. He says he made as great speed with his crutches as he could have made with two feet. It was a feat of physical endurance, and of purpose. So many make the journey of life on crutches, with physical and mental infirmities. A distinguished lawyer of Indiana who died the other day went to the front of his profession and to a life of singular Christian usefulness with a crippled leg and a crippled arm which he had carried from his youth. Business men on the streets of every city, men of every profession and calling everywhere, achieve enduring success under the greatest physical disabilities. Many of the men on two crutches are setting a rapid pace in the race of life. Many of the best traits of character are produced by the handicaps of life. It is the will, the all-daring purpose, the lofty moral ideals, and the spirit within that overcomes handicaps and gives success.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. (Isa. 35:6.)

### Diphtheria from an Apple

Wallingford, Conn., has been scourged with an epidemic of diphtheria, which was traced to a Hal-

lowe'en party where fifty children bit into an apple suspended by a string. It is said that a large number of those who bit the apple contracted the disease, which spread rapidly to others. Moral contagion is easily contracted by children, and is as dangerous to the soul as diphtheria is to the body. It is a glorious fact, however, that health also is contagious in the spiritual realm, and that sweet and pure home life, and an invigorating moral environment in the school and church, are the health that is catching with children and older people. Cities and communities stricken with disease might justly pray for the promise of God in the words of the prophet:

Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them. (Jer. 33:6.)

### Costly Smoke Nuisance

Mr. Matthew Nelson, Chief Smoke Inspector of Cincinnati, has sent a pamphlet to Mayor Schwab of that city, calling his attention to the enormous waste and loss caused by smoke. "Smoke itself represents an appalling waste of money which can hardly be correctly estimated when we consider the smoke which comes from locomotives, steamboats, factories, dwellings and other sources, not to men-

wore a sprig of scented verbenia in the lapel of his coat. He went in his motor car to make a call on his warm friend, John Bigelow, who was ninety-four on the same day. John said to Andrew, "How are you, young man? Come and sit down here close beside me." They had a delightful visit together, with the keenness of mental vision and warmth of love which belong to youth. Among some of his words of advice to those wishing to succeed were: "Live within your income. Do more than your duty. It's the horse that finishes a neck ahead that wins the race. Don't drink, nor even enter a drinking saloon. Marry early. I did not marry early, because I had to support my mother. Use your head. On your way to a home in heaven, have a heaven in your home." Birthday celebrations were customary in olden times. That of Pharaoh was not quite so delightful and peaceful as that of the ironmaster.

And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants. (Gen. 40:20.)

### Trouble in Persia

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, the able American citizen who served the Persian Government so successfully as a financier, did not please Russia or some other nations so well. In fact Russia, under the pretense of the unfriendliness of Mr. Shuster to Russian interests, demanded his removal, while Persia refused, and this is resulting in a march in force against Persia. A special news dispatch from Constantinople says that Turkey, in response to Russia's action in Persia, is preparing to send the Sixth Army Corps toward the Persian frontier. Turkey, the dispatch adds, has been long endeavoring to establish a hold on Northwestern Persia in the vicinity of the lake and town of Urumiah, in the province of Azerbaijan. She desires to share in the partition of Persia, which is believed to be inevitable, as Russia regards the empire as a strategic menace. It is thought in Constantinople that Russia's vigorous following up of the Shuster incident has been perhaps influenced by the difficulties caused to Turkey through the Turco-Italian War. The question of the position of Mr. Shuster in Persia came up in the British House of Commons. Mr. Philip E. Morrell sought to extract a ministerial statement on the Persian crisis. He described the Russian treatment of Mr. Shuster as scandalous and disgraceful. Mr. Ascland, in behalf of the government, promised that Sir Edward Grey would make a statement next week. He added that the British Government had represented to Russia that Persia would be unable to pay an indemnity without raising a loan, and that the burden would make it harder for Persia to maintain order on the southern trade routes—a thing very necessary in the interests of British trade. The National Council of Persia has telegraphed an appeal for aid to the American Congress and to the sister parliaments of the world. Efforts on the part of friends of Mr. Shuster to have the State Department of the United States go on record as indorsing his official work have met with a definite check at the State Department. For several reasons explained to-day the State Department feels it must keep "hands off" so far as the official aspect of the case is concerned and confine itself to protecting Mr. Shuster in his rights as a private American citizen. Russia wants a piece of Persia, and the incidents that occur or are manufactured are the excuses given for the "benevolent assimilation" of spheres of power. The Persian Government has warned Russia that if her troops come beyond Kasbin it will take the offensive. In these times of greed for national power, these words of the law should not be forgotten:

Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him. (Lev. 19:13.)



The First Photograph Received in the United States of the Peace Palace at The Hague

tion the incalculable waste of heat units which can be seen in waves coming from the tops of many stacks. These belong beneath the boiler, but from some cause or other they escape up the stack and the loss to the manufacturer is simply enormous. The annual loss to cities of the first class and population caused by the smoke fiend are calculated to be almost incredible sum of \$550,000,000! Whether the cash loss of the smoke nuisance is as great as Mr. Nelson claims or not, it is certainly very great. Our inventive age has been successful in utilizing the waste fires of nature, and there are devices for using the gases and smoke that otherwise would be lost. But as yet it is estimated that little more than twenty per cent. of the heat of fuel is utilized. The utilization of smoke is a practical problem that must be better solved. The wastes in the natural world are nothing to those in the spiritual world, where so many hours, energies and lives are thrown away, with loss to the possessor and to others. They have their counterpart in the young man who

Wasted his substance with riotous living. (Luke 15:13.)

### Carnegie's Seventy-sixth Birthday

Andrew Carnegie celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday on November 25. Early in the day he looked at his birthday presents and read his notes of congratulation. He received visitors in his library and talked to reporters on subjects ranging from American industrial conditions and his religious beliefs to the amount of salary that would allow a young man in New York to marry. The ironmaster



# The Great Dynamite Conspiracy

How the McNamaras, after a Career of Crime, were Convicted and Sentenced—A Startling Eleventh-Hour Confession—Federal Government Taking Action to Convict "Men Higher Up"—Great Disclosures Impending—Labor Leaders in a Panic



Scene in the Llewellyn Iron Works Offices After the Explosion



Los Angeles Times Building After the Explosion in Which 21 Persons Were Killed

NOTHING that has occurred within our borders in many years has caused such widespread interest and excited such general indignation as the disclosures in connection with the McNamara trial at Los Angeles, Calif. With the history of that trial every newspaper reader is already familiar. An extraordinary series of dynamite outrages, beginning six years ago, had reached a tragic climax in the blowing up of the Los Angeles Times building, causing the death of twenty-one persons. Coming on the heels of so many other outrages, it aroused not only the people of the Pacific Coast but the whole nation to a determined effort to search out and punish the perpetrators.

The owner of the Times, General Harrison Grey Otis, had been an energetic advocate of the "open shop" and had incurred the hostility of the labor unions in consequence. Immediately after the Times explosion, the charge was made that labor was responsible for the dynamiting—that it was done in revenge for General Otis' attitude toward the unions. This the union officers denied at the time, and they even pronounced the destruction of the building and plant a "plot" by capital to discredit labor. But such a preposterous interpretation could not be accepted by the public of Los Angeles or the State.

The city of Los Angeles promptly employed Detective William J. Burns to hunt down the criminals. Rewards aggregating \$325,000 were offered for their arrest and conviction. Many other detectives took up the work, only to drop it after a time, completely baffled. Burns, however, persisted, and after many failures succeeded in getting a substantial clue. Meanwhile, the Los Angeles grand jury returned indictments against the "Doc" family, and a local committee of investigation, after a thorough and painstaking inquiry, decided that the Times had been dynamited and that the deed was the result of a conspiracy. At the same time, a committee of the

Federation of Labor, appointed to make a similar investigation, reported that the explosion had been caused by gas. This report was severely denounced by the Los Angeles grand jury in its presentment of the indictments.

It was not until April 20 of this year that Detective Burns had the satisfaction of arresting James Barnabas McNamara (the younger brother) and Ortie E. McManigal, of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, in a Detroit hotel. Several days afterward, on a clue furnished by McManigal, the detective and his men abruptly intruded upon a meeting of the Iron Workers' Union in Indianapolis, and arrested the elder McNamara, John Joseph, on the double charge of complicity in the Llewellyn Iron Works explosion in Los Angeles, and also of being an accomplice in the destruction of the Times building. Having extradition papers, he took his prisoner quickly through to California. Next he succeeded in locating the dynamite supply stations used by the three prisoners, and so, step by step, and in the face of many perils, the plodding detective got his chain of evidence woven link by link, until it was practically complete.

Then, when least expected by the public—which was watching every development with deepening interest—came the confession of McManigal, which lifted the lid and revealed the ghastly secrets of the most startling story of crime ever known in this country. He involved two others besides the McNamaras and himself, viz., M. A. Schmidt, a Chicago labor union official, and Dave Kaplan. He told of over twelve explosions they had perpetrated in 1910. The Times explosion he laid to the door of J. B. McNamara, Schmidt and a man named Palin. J. J. McNamara, however, he declared, was the brains of the conspirators. Some days later he made a supplementary confession, telling how he, with J. B. McNamara, had helped to wreck, wholly or partially, sixty-nine structures, building or just completed by the National Erectors' Association. J. J. McNamara was captain and paymaster in these diabolical crimes, the recital of which seemed to trouble the confessing prisoner but little. The elder McNamara, McManigal said, was a lawyer and knew the value of evidence. The two brothers instructed him in the use of clockwork bombs in such a manner as to defy detection and assure an alibi. To his mind, their plans seemed infallible. He usually got \$200 in advance of a "job" and from \$1,000 to \$5,000 after he had "pulled it off." It was J. B. McNamara who placed the "dynamite suit case" with sixteen sticks of giant explosive in a "blind alley" of the Times building and who broke off a gas jet to give color to the story of a gas explosion.

Burns, after the McManigal confession, worked harder than ever to complete his case against the McNamaras. To defend the latter, Clarence Darrow, the lawyer who conducted the defense in the Moyer-Haywood case, was retained by the union forces, which raised a "defense fund" of \$190,000. Job Harriman, a labor union attorney, and ex-Judge Hilton of Denver, attorney for the Western Federation of Miners, were engaged to assist Darrow. Union leaders almost to a man stood by the accused and declared them innocent, notwithstanding McManigal's confession.

Then followed the long trial before the Los Angeles court, the details of which need not be repeated here. It was only when the meshes of the

law were fast closing about the McNamaras, and when conviction was admittedly inevitable, that the younger brother—"the weakling" of the pair—pleaded guilty and made a confession which cleared up absolutely the tragedy of the Times explosion which caused the death of twenty-one human beings. His confession, which was followed shortly afterward by that of J. J. McNamara, forever set at rest the claims of the labor union leaders that the tragedy was the result of a gas explosion and not of dynamite, exploded to wreck and kill. An effort has been made to give the impression that the confession was procured through a promise of leniency, but this is positively denied by the counsel who tried the case before Judge Bordwell, and especially by District Attorney John D. Fredericks, the prosecutor. Attorney Darrow of the defense declared that he had advised confession as the best course under the circumstances. "There was no other reason or motive. The case presented a stone wall."

J. B. McNamara's confession was as follows:

"I, James B. McNamara, defendant in the case of the People, having heretofore pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, desire to make this statement, and this is the truth:

"On the night of September 30, 1910, at 5:45 P.M., I placed in Ink Alley, a portion of the Times Building, a suitcase containing sixteen sticks of 80 per cent. dynamite, set to explode at one o'clock the next morning. It was my intention to injure the building and scare the owners. I did not intend to take the life of any one.

"I sincerely regret that these unfortunate men lost their lives. If the giving of my life would bring them back I would gladly give it. In fact, in pleading guilty to murder in the first degree I have placed my life in the hands of the State.

"JAMES B. McNAMARA."  
His brother, J. J. McNamara, pleaded guilty of causing the Llewellyn Iron Works  
Continued on page 1296



Samuel Compers  
Who declared the McNamaras innocent



Clarence Darrow  
Who got a \$50,000 retainer for the defense



Ortie McManigal  
Who made the first confession



William J. Burns  
Who unearthed the great conspiracy



J. J. McNamara  
The "brains" of the dynamite plotter



J. B. McNamara  
Who confessed the "Times" explosion



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The story opens with a vivid description of the brilliant scene at the launching of the new American battleship *Republie*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Dockville. The Secretary of War is present with many other high officials, members of Congress, and navy officials. The great steel monster of destruction, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor, who is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the music strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbons, which was released by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the vessel's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatches at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little bunch of color, though he does so at the risk of losing his balance and dropping a sheer seventy-five feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, seeing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he recovers his poise, although his hat, caught by the wind, is wafted away.

After this adventure, he is introduced to Miss Pax, the Admiral's daughter, who has been an interested witness of his exploit. She questions him about his rescue of a young sailor on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, and although young Cushing modestly evades a direct answer, she is satisfied that the heroic act was his. Miss Marston invites him to call upon them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval supplies factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of women leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life succeeds in saving a number of workers. He is horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy he has witnessed and stunned by the reflection that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which he had been notified by the fire marshal two months before to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" The next day the papers announce that criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the parties responsible for the disaster, Brander Cushing being mentioned by name. The builder is besieged by reporters, to whom he denies point-blank having received any notice from the marshal. He knows that the prosecution will be in the hands of District Attorney Fleming, his political enemy. Sidney is sent to Washington, to be out of the way while his father faces the coming trouble. Brander Cushing finds the men in his yard antagonistic to himself, regarding him as responsible for the loss of so many lives. Attorney Fleming visits him and an exciting scene follows. Fleming dares Cushing to open his safe and prove that he has not got the notification papers locked up. Cushing orders him out of the office, and he withdraws, after threatening to subpoena Sidney as a witness. In Washington, Sidney renews acquaintance with the Marstons and becomes a strong favorite with the Admiral, his pretty daughter, and his nephew. With the latter he visits the new armor-testing grounds. Brander Cushing is visited by Athanasia Ward, one of the girls saved by Sidney from the factory fire. She tells him how the door of the factory was locked, preventing escape and causing many deaths. Cushing is horrified at this revelation, which the girl makes in warning him of danger of violence from the employees of the shipyard. Hermosa Howard enters and confirms the rumors of trouble. As the funerals are to take place next day he orders the yard closed and puts extra watchmen on duty. Next morning he goes alone to the scene of the burial, hears the service and returns unseen to the shipyard. On entering, the draughting-room he sets to work on the drawings on the floor. While so engaged he is assaulted by a man who has evaded in which the assailant is rendered unconscious. He recovers slowly, while Brander Cushing brushes himself and straightens his clothing. As his assailant tries Cushing orders him off the drawing which he has damaged.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

THE man looked dazed and then sullen. Cushing leaned over and took him by the shoulder and jerked him up on his feet. The man's eyes gleamed viciously, but his physical vitality seemed exhausted. He looked at Cushing furtively.

"What were you doing up here?"

"Nothing."

"You lie."

"I wasn't doing anything."

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Brodig."

"Why did you attack me?"

The man was silent.

"Talk up, man. I'm going to have the police here in a few minutes."

"You're an enemy," said the man sullenly.

"An enemy?"

"Of mankind."

"How's that?"

"You're a capitalist."

"And you?"

"I am one of the people."

The man folded his arms and assumed a theatrical pose.

"One of the people! Heaven have mercy on the people then."

The man was silent, eyeing Cushing with that furtive glance that suggested both fear and cruelty. At the same time, Cushing felt somehow that if the man had been an animal his ears would be pricked up as if to listen to something. He had that expectant alertness.

"How long have you been in the loft?"

"Since yesterday."

"Why?"

"A man must sleep somewhere."

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "In His Steps"



"What for?"

"For attacking you."

"Did you attack me? I had forgotten it." Brander Cushing spoke with scorn.

He started to whistle down the tube for Fogerty or one of his deputies to come up, but paused.

"Wait a minute. Are you employed by any one in the yard to come in here?"

The man looked absolutely blank.

"Because if you are you can go to them and give them Brander Cushing's compliments. Tell them to send on all their assassins at once, so

some of it to do over again. There is the door. I will see you through it."

The man looked dazed.

"You will not hand me over to the police?"

him and went spinning down over the smooth floor. Cushing eyed it scornfully.

"That's what comes of yielding to sentiment." He called after the watchman, "Ask an officer to keep this fellow away from the yard." He had a feeling of resentment that even when he had yielded to a finer feeling it met with no response. He felt the contempt one cannot escape entertaining towards ingratitude.

He purposely stayed at the works until after dark, telephoning Angus not to serve dinner until eight o'clock.

With a perfect absence of nervousness he went over the obliterated and confused chalk lines, until they were again as perfect as when he came up to the room. And then he walked down to the gate, giving the watchman as he went out rather careful instructions about keeping a good lookout.

He had been seated at his dinner several minutes when a servant brought a piece of paper which he said had been put under the door after some unknown and unseen person had rung the bell.

Cushing opened it and read in printed letters:

"MR. CUSHING: Don't go near the draughting-room to-night."

"Really?" This is getting too melodramatic! But he thought it worth while to call up Fogerty a little later and ask him to make a careful round of the entire yard and keep an eye out for anything unusual.

The night was very clear and still. A sharp touch of frost. He looked out of his library windows on the street. By the light of the street lamps everything looked as usual.

He sat down to read, avoiding the evening paper which Angus always put in the same place on the reading table. He did not wish to go over all the details he knew would be there describing the horrors of the day. Not even his nerves were quite equal to it.

He was reading Gaboriau's *Madame Lerouge* and comparing it as he went on with Conan Doyle's later work, when the front door opened. He looked at the clock on the table. It said fifteen minutes after eleven.

A step he knew came along the hallway, through the sitting-room, and into the doorway of the library. He stood up. It was Sidney.

"What! You have come back? Why? What is the matter?"

"Father, I could not stay after hearing—after hearing that you—that you—"

"Well?"

"Is it true that you have denied the service of the papers by the fire marshal's deputy?"

"It is—true."

"And you expect—"

"Wait. Do you know what I face? Sidney, do you realize that I have got to make the fight of my life to keep out of State prison, and be branded as a murderer? Am I not justified in one falsehood to save a whole lifetime of honor?"

"Will Fleming bring the case into court?"

"You may be sure he will and that he will leave no stone unturned to convict me either of criminal negligence or of manslaughter."

"Will I be summoned as a witness?"

"You will, of course. Sidney, you will not bear testimony against your father? Tell me, boy, you will not see me go to prison in eternal disgrace? What, boy?"

Sidney Cushing walked over to the window and looked out on the street. Then he turned and looked at his father. Brander Cushing will never

Continued on page 1299



"Oh, they have fired the shipyard!" cried Hermosa

Street? You have me sleep in the street?"

"Why did you attack me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"You are an enemy."

"Bah!"

"Of the people," said the man.

Cushing looked at him more closely.

He was an object to excite compassion. Starvation looked out of his haunted eyes. Ignorance, bigotry, poverty, all the vices and misfortunes struggled for a foothold in his miserable body.

"He's not worth arresting. The creature's half-witted. One of those half-sane anarchists that lately jam the water front. What charge have I against him? I don't want to go to the bother with all that I have on hand to—"

Aloud he said:

"Andrew Brodig, if that is your real name, I am tired of your company. You interrupted my work when you butted in here, and I have

I can get the job off my hands. I'm too busy to fool with one at a time."

The man stared dully. Cushing blew down the tube and asked Fogerty to come up.

The man looked as if he were about to faint. Cushing pushed a stool under him and he sank down on it in a huddled heap.

"You look bad, man. How long since you had a bite?"

"I don't know."

"Here, take this." Cushing pulled out a silver dollar. The man took it, and looked at it stupidly.

The watchman came in.

"Here is a man you can escort to the gates, Fogerty. Put him on the outside where he belongs, and see that he stays there."

Fogerty grabbed him not too gently by the arm and moved with him towards the door. Cushing sat looking quizzically.

Suddenly past his head the silver dollar came flying. It just missed



# THE GREAT DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY

Continued from  
page 1294

explosion. He was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment and J. B. McNamara to imprisonment for life.

At the moment these confessions were made in court, the two McNamaras were apparently the most unconcerned persons present. They smiled at each other and chewed gum, while admitting their guilt. There had not been a single loophole of escape left, and now that they had taken the only step possible, by advice of counsel, they acted as though they were indifferent to whatever might happen. But the effect of their confession fell like a thunderclap upon those union leaders who had been proclaiming the innocence of the accused. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, had been one of the most ardent defenders of the McNamaras and his organization had contributed largely to the defense fund. Now, however, he denounced them as "impostors and fanatics of the worst type." Various unions throughout the country met and adopted resolutions repudiating and denouncing the men whom but a short time before they had eagerly proclaimed as innocent victims of capitalistic persecution. Never was there a more complete reversal of former opinions. And when further startling disclosures were made showing that the prosecution had got hold of some 1,500 letters, written to J. J. McNamara during the last six years and all having a direct bearing on what seemed clearly a preconcerted movement for the destruction of non-union buildings, plants, bridges, etc., the shock to the labor leaders was intensified. Something very like panic struck in when it was announced that the whole matter would be taken up as a subject for investigation by the United States Government and the California authorities, and that enough evidence was in hand to justify the belief that a conspiracy of gigantic extent and far-reaching importance would soon be uncovered and a number of men in different States—some of them high in the ranks of unionism—would probably be implicated. That men hitherto unsuspected had knowledge of the nature and extent of the operations of the McNamara band of dynamiters will probably be the next development. United States Attorney-General Wickersham has already started the probe and arrests may soon be expected. It is regarded as incomprehensible that those labor leaders who were in constant communication with the McNamaras, who informed them where non-union buildings, plants and bridges were going up, and who are believed to have "financed" them on their dynamiting trips all over

the country, could have been unaware of the real mission of these men and the incendiary and murderous nature of their operations. A flood of light will be thrown upon this phase of the question. It will be a severe experience for those who may have sanctioned, even in a remote sense, the programme of destruction which the McNamaras and their



The New Chinese Minister and His Family

ALFRED SZE, the newly appointed minister from the old imperial government of China, has recently taken up his residence at Washington. Mr. Sze is the youngest envoy that China has ever sent to the United States. He is not a stranger to American ways, however, as he was educated in Washington, is an all-round athlete and an enthusiastic devotee of base ball.

associates vauntingly proclaimed to be "the only way to teach capital a lesson."

All the evidence in the McNamara case goes to prove the existence of a secret organization, formed for the purpose of destroying bridges, buildings and other steel structures erected or in process of erection by non-union labor in different parts of the country. In 1905, the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers declared a general strike against the American Bridge Company. In that year, there were four dynamite outrages that startled the country. In 1906, there were twelve cases of property wrecked by dynamite; in 1907, six cases; in 1908, twenty-nine cases; in 1909, twenty-two cases. Last year (1910), there were twenty-nine dynamite outrages, including the following:

The new building of the American Steel Foundries Company at Indiana Harbor, Ind., March 27; Pan-American Bridge Company's plant wrecked at Newcastle, Ind., April 6; Utah Hotel, Salt Lake City, while under construction, April 9; car powerhouse, Mount Vernon, Ill., April 19; C. & E. L. bridge across Wahash River, Clinton, Ind., April 19; storage yard, Interborough Rapid Transit Company, New York, May 24; bridge building material, Cleveland, O., June 2; Davenport Locomotive Works and machine shops, Davenport, Ia., June 4; Peoria and Pekin Railway Company's bridge, Peoria, Ill., June 4; Lehigh Valley Railroad viaduct, Greenville, N. J., July 9; West Side Belt Railroad viaduct, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15; street railway power plant, Omaha, Neb., July 21; unloading-rig of Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, Superior, Wis., August 1; yards of McClintock-Marshall Construction Company, Kansas City, Mo., August 23; plant of Lucas Bridge and Iron Company and adjoining buildings, Peoria, Ill., September 4; two car-loads of steel girders for bridge at East Peoria, Ill., September 4; Philadelphia and Reading Railroad bridge, Nicetown, Pa., September 27; Los Angeles Times building and two dwellings (twenty-one persons killed), October 1; derrier car at railroad bridge, Worcester, Mass., also street bridge same place, October 10; derrier at West Philadelphia National Bank, November 25; Llewellyn Iron Works, Los Angeles, December 25; Van Stan's Furnace Works, Kansas City, Mo., December 30.

In the present year, there have been eleven similar outrages, viz.:

Susquehanna Coal Company's ear dump, Erie, Pa., January 29; Iroquois Iron Company's new plant at Chicago, twice on February 24; viaduct of McKinley Traction system at Springfield, Ill., twice on March 8; unloading bridge of Milwaukee Western Fuel Company, Milwaukee, March 16; Hotel addition, French Lick Springs, Ind., March 30; County Court House, Omaha, Neb., March 24; plant of Caldwell & Drake Iron Works, Columbus, Ind., March 24; Picklands & Mather's ore conveyers, North Randall, O., March 26; viaduct of Grand Trunk Railway, South Bend, Ind., April 2; clock tower of Municipal Building, Springfield, Mass., April 4; Westchester & Boston Railroad viaduct, Mount Vernon, N. Y., September 3.

## RELIGION IN THE LANDS OF THE CZAR

Continued from  
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flowers, and lamps that are never allowed to go out or grow dim, adorn the tombs of the best-loved Czars.

If I should give the impression that all the religious life of Russia is centered in such churches, it would be far from correct. Besides the Orthodox Russian Church there are millions of Jews and millions of evangelical Christians. Most of the sturdy people of the Duchy of Finland are evangelical Lutherans. In the Baltic Provinces, in Poland and in St. Petersburg are many German Lutherans. In Russian Poland and other sections are some millions of Roman Catholics, while the Stundists, the Dukhoborts, and other dissenting sects are found in many parts of the vast empire.

But my readers will be especially interested in some forms of Protestant evangelical work that flourish in the large cities. St. Petersburg is the centre of this work. Here the Lutheran churches are strong, and here flourish various enterprises manned by Americans. The Maiyak, or "Light-house," is a sort of Y. M. C. A., under the auspices of the Greek Church itself. The chief secretaries are two Americans, Mr. Gaylord and Mr. Moreller. Here are evening classes of many kinds for Russian young men, a fine gymnasium, baths, libraries, reading and game rooms, while the public religious instruction is largely given by eminent Greek priests. The commodious building was donated by Mr. James Stokes of New York, and the work is wholly supported by Russians, the Czar himself contributing 5,000 roubles, or \$2,500, annually.

An important and fruitful work for students has recently been started under the care of Count Nicolay, a Lutheran noble, noted throughout Russia

for his evangelical zeal and his noble service for Christ. This society is also manned by young Americans, Mr. Day of California and Mr. Anderson of New York. Here gather hundreds of students of both sexes to read the Bible, to sing Gospel hymns, and to discuss religious questions. I have never addressed a more intelligent or

Baroness Nicolay, the sister of the Baron, has established a Y. W. C. A. for German young women of St. Petersburg, where young ladies can have bed and board for the small sum of sixty kopeks or thirty cents a day, a remarkably small sum when it is remembered that St. Petersburg is one of the most expensive cities in the



The Church of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg

earnest body of Christian students than those I met on two occasions during a recent visit. When it is remembered that there are forty thousand students in St. Petersburg in the University and higher technical schools, and thirty thousand more in Moscow, the importance of this work cannot be overestimated.

world, the average of prices, I should judge, being higher than in New York. Here is a delightfully warm, religious atmosphere, fostered by the devout spirit of Baroness Nicolay, Countess Pahlen, and other German Protestants. The Germans also have a "Juenglingsverein," much like our Y. M. C. A. The Methodists have begun a good

work in St. Petersburg and other parts of Russia, under the energetic head of Dr. Simon of America, and the Baptists claim one hundred thousand adherents. I must not forget to mention the British-American Church of St. Petersburg, an oasis indeed for travel-tired and heart-hungry Americans. For seventy years this church has been sustained with abundant success. Started originally by Mr. Ropes, an American merchant in the Russian trade, his descendants ever have been and still are among its chief supporters, though most of the congregation are Scotch or English. Here, for thirteen years, a vigorous Christian Endeavor Society has held its weekly services, concerning which said Baron Nicolay to me: "When I drop into the meetings, it seems like a little piece of heaven on earth."

In all, through Russia, there are some sixty Christian Endeavor Societies, fifteen in the Lutheran churches of Russian Poland, some in Riga and other parts of the Baltic provinces, and in St. Petersburg, while the majority are in Finland the brave, with one or two even in far-off Siberia. There are no more useful societies or more devoted Endeavorers in the world than these.

I have just visited Russia for the third time, and have seen all the religious organizations I have described, and others as well. Once more I have been impressed with the deep devotion of the Russian character, its sense of the presence of God, though often felt in a blind and groping way. I believe that better days are at dawn for this great nation, and that it will have a large contribution to make in the future generations to the religious life of the world.

Cracow, Galicia, November 8, 1911.



# Happy Cozy Corner Days

## BEFORE THE PALING OF THE STARS

By Christina G. Rossetti

BEFORE the paling of the stars,  
Before the winter morn,  
Before the earliest cockcrow,  
Jesus Christ was born:  
Born in a stable,  
Cradled in a manger,  
In the world His hands had made  
Born a stranger.  
Priest and king lay fast asleep  
In Jerusalem,  
Young and old lay fast asleep  
In crowded Bethlehem:

Saint and angel, ox and ass,  
Kept a watch together,  
Before the Christmas daybreak,  
In the winter weather.

Jesus on his Mother's breast,  
In the stable cold,  
Spotless Lamb of God was He,  
Shepherd of the fold:  
Let us kneel with Mary maid,  
With Joseph bent and hoary,  
With saint and angel, ox and ass,  
To hail the King of Glory.

## When the Christ Child Came to Bless the Tree

A LEGEND

WHEN mother was a little girl an old lady came to Grandmother's use on Christmas Eve and told this story to the children there. Mother used to say she thought it was a German legend, but I have never been able to find it anywhere, but just in other's memory.

It was Christmas Eve, and the tree was very bright with popcorn and cranberries, sugar almonds and nuts, fringed bonbons and cakes and candies and toys. There it stood in the little drawing-room, safely out of sight, and the folding doors were fastened between, so the children should not be seeing it before the proper moment.

But the big black pussy cat saw it, and the Maltese and the two gray kittens, because they had slipped in and out when the big folk had. Senator, the house dog, and the yellow angora that lived in the arbor, made no bones of staring at everything, and even the mice that were so too afraid had seen the Christmas tree. But the spiders who lived in the corners of the sunny attic and along the ledges of the cellar and lintels had not seen the Christmas tree, for just before it came there had been such a great cleaning and scrubbing, such dusting and poking into corners and ledges, as had frightened the little spiders out of their busy little lives.

### Dusted and Broomed Away

NOW, everybody knows that spiders are busy, inquisitive little creatures, liking to know all about everything concerning the house in which they live, and because they had been poked and dusted and broomed away, they were very sad. So that night they went in a company to the Christ Child and told him all about it.

"Others have seen the Christmas tree, dear Christ Child," they said, "but we who are so domestic, so busy and interested, so loving of beautiful things, are brushed out and frightened. We are not allowed to see the beautiful tree at all."

Then the Christ Child took pity on them, and promised that they too should see the Christmas tree.

Then, never waiting for a moment, into the beautiful room they slipped, to look as long as ever they liked and feast their eyes on the pretty things. There

were fat mother spiders, and gray father spiders, and little twenty weeny house spiders. Round and round the tree they crawled, and examined and loved it so busily and so seriously that had any one been noticing, they must soon have thought that the spiders believed it was all their very own.

### In the Still Dark Night

UP AND down and in and out, over every branch and twig, they threaded their way. Not one of the pretty things hanging there did they miss. No, they even climbed to the tips of the angels' wings at the topmost bough, then creeping, creeping away, they all went up the attic stairs and along the cellar walls and crevices. But oh, they were all so happy; they had seen the Christmas tree.

In the still, dark night, just before the dawn, the Christ Child came to bless the tree, for there never could be a real Christmas tree unless by the Christ Child, they say. But as he looked at it waiting there in the soft light of the night-lamp, lo, its lovely boughs were entirely covered with filmy webs hanging in fine festoons from every twig and toy. "Ah," said the Christ Child, "I am sorry for this, for though the spiders spin their nets in king's palaces, no Christmas tree should be covered with cobwebs on Christmas morning. The little spider folk should have waited."

Then, as the first sunbeams slanted in at the window, the Christ Child, vanishing, touched the soft veil of spider webs into fine threads of glittering gold and silver. The tree was lovelier than then ever; and some people think that this is the way it came about that Christmas trees are so often trimmed with threads of filmy tinsel.



Festooned With Christmas Tinsel



"Dear Santa, will you bring me, please . . ."



"Santa Claus will get very dirty coming down the chimney. I'll just leave a bowl of water, a couple of towels and a cake of Ivory Soap in front of the fire-place—so he can wash up."

Our little friend has discovered what a great many older people have known for a great many years, and that is, that when one is "very dirty," the best way to "wash up" is with Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure

## Around the Christmas Hearth

A MERRY, Merry Christmas to you all, my dear boys and girls. I wish that, by some magic spell, we might gather together around a Christmas hearth in the Cozy Corner, and, telling many splendid old tales and legends of the most blessed day in all the year, spend Christmas Eve together. Would not that be a beautiful evening for us to remember always? Of course, the story we would all love best would be the true one which begins with angels singing "Peace on earth, good will to men." Why, dear me! even as I write about it I feel the glow of the Christmas spirit through and through me, and I dearly love writing you this Christmas letter.

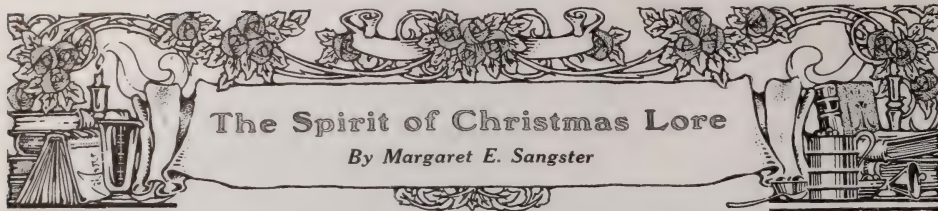
Have you ever heard of a Wonder Ball? In Germany grandmothers and aunts have a curious custom of presenting wonder balls at Christmas time to their favorite nieces and nephews. It is a huge ball of yarn or rag-

strippings wound around some precious treasure, and during the winter the girls—and boys, too—are supposed to work up the yarn or rag-stripping into tippets and mittens, horse-reins, stockings, or narrow strips for carpets and rugs. You may be sure that during many long winter evenings most boys and girls who have been lucky enough to receive one are kept quiet and busy working down the wonder balls. Often a sum of money is hidden in the wonder ball for boys, but for girls it is different. There is more apt to be a ring, a brooch, a gold tinsel, a necklace, or some bit of highly prized jewelry. Now will you think of this letter, please, in the light of a wonder ball with a treasure in the heart of it, and if day after day, through all your life, persistent good things come to you; if love, ambition, success and kindness follow you everywhere and dwell always in the house with you, then within your wonder ball is hidden a treasure that will last, and among your Christmas gifts there is a little answered prayer.

Ever lovingly and faithfully your friend,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner





## The Spirit of Christmas Lore

By Margaret E. Sangster

### The Coming of Santa Claus

WHEN Santa Claus comes to the Sunday School in the patriarchal beard and snowy wig that are the traditional outfit of a good fairy who lives near the North Pole and spends his time the year round in preparing gifts for children all over the world, there is not a voice uplifted against his masquerade. Everybody knows that Bob Morris or Jack Chilson is personating the Christmas spirit. Everybody is perfectly satisfied with his dramatic entrance, his jolly speech and his final hurried exit. There are, however, men and women, not very many of them, it is true, but still a few, who are literal and practical, and who make haste in home life to destroy the innocent belief of the children in the most charming and fairy-like fiction that ever bestowed its sacred benediction on household life. People who early clip the wings of imagination unwittingly do their children immense and almost irreparable injury. There are folk in the world who cannot in the least understand the exquisitely fanciful story of Peter and Wendy, who consider Alice in Wonderland an absurd farrago of nonsense, and are ready to put Grimm's Fairy Tales into the fire. One pities these unfortunate people because they have missed in themselves so much of the joy of life. One compassionate them as, with the immortal Mr. Gradgrind, they clamor for facts, facts, as if the material were higher than the spiritual, and as though dreams were not always coming true. Thrice blessed are those of us who in the cloudy day are sure of the sunshine up in the blue, who wait patiently on the shore watching for the little ships to come in, and go on dreaming happy dreams without a single fear that one day the dreams will not come true.

Let the children believe as long as they can in the coming of Santa Claus. There is no deception involved in this, since the good fairy is only the embodiment of a spirit of good will that is abroad on the earth, that slips across our thresholds and makes us happy on Christmas eve and Christmas morn. When the children are early tucked in bed, while father and mother sit up to pack the stockings full and arrange the surprises of the next morning, there may be no actual sounding of tiny hoofs on the roof, but the sleeping children, if they stir and laugh in the midst of their rosy rest, may dream of the reindeer and hear in their slumber the jingling of the silver bells across the snowy land.

We forget what Santa Claus ought to bring us, if we omit the destitute and forlorn from our Christmas cheer. There is somebody perhaps in an Old Ladies' Home, some one whose kith and kin have passed away and who is peculiarly lonesome when Christmas comes. It might be worth while to give her a thought, and send the children with a soft shawl, a new book, a pair of slumber shoes or a box of flowers to brighten her shadowed lot. If the children have read *Little Women*, as all children should, they may like to do occasionally what Jo and Beth and May and Amy did, and go without their breakfast that some one else may be fed. If it is not breakfast, a little girl who has several dollars may do without one of them and send it to a child who lives in a tenement room, a

mountain cabin or any home of poverty. A boy will not enjoy the coming of Santa Claus less if he share his Christmas gifts with a lad not so fortunate as he.

Can we not mingle in our thought of Santa Claus the higher, sweeter thought of what it all means, this general chorus of gladness and congratulation, all harking back to one night in Judea two thousand years ago, when a child, the Child of heaven, lay in the arms of a sweet young mother, while the angels sang and the shepherds knelt and the wise men brought their gifts from afar. The coming of Santa Claus and the mirth of Christmas are heaven's gifts to earth.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day;  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray."

### Hang Up the Baby's Stocking

I DO NOT know who wrote the beautiful verses that I am quoting on this page. Very likely one of my readers may be able to tell the author's name. The poem has so much of the real Christmas sentiment that it is worth a place in your scrap-book and a rose-leaf in your memory:

Hang up the baby's stocking:  
Be sure you don't forget,  
The dear little dimpled darling!  
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes;  
And I'm sure she understood it—  
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's;  
Away from the frost and cold,  
But then for the baby's Christmas  
It will never do at all!  
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby.  
I've thought of the very best plan:  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma.  
The longest that ever I can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner, so,  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year;  
But she's just the blessedest baby!  
And now before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
From the top clean down to the toe."

### A Christmas House Party

A HOUSE party at Christmas affords the young people of the family a chance to be gay and cheery for a week-end or more. The charm of a house party is in the bringing together of congenial guests who spend several days with their hosts. When the girls and boys return from college or boarding school for the holidays they often bring with them as guests classmates whose homes are too remote to make it worth while for them to take a long and expensive journey for the recess. The girl who lives in Colorado or California, and the boy who hails from Montana or Oregon to attend an Eastern school of learning, may be forced to spend a homesick holiday if no comrade tenders an invitation to join a family group.

Outdoor sports, skating, coasting, tobogganing and sleigh-riding are the pastimes of the country, while the city offers sight-seeing, music and the other

diversions. The long evenings at home, the little parties invited to meet the visitors, and the whole merry and swiftly passing time make a Christmas house-party one of the gala seasons of the year. The housekeeper finds that her provision for the table must be ample. Her pies and cakes disappear like magic, for young people are noted for good appetites. Tableaux, charades and conundrums are among the amusements appropriate to such a party. Story-telling around the fire with the lights turned down, if the tales are of ghosts and spooks, is sure to be a favorite feature of the festivity.

### Mr. Inglis in the World in General

MR. INGLIS, one of the dyspeptic people who flaunt their low spirits as though they were a sign of peculiar piety, looked up from his morning newspaper with a portentous sigh.

"Dorothy," he said to his wife, solemnly and sternly, "how can you be so frivolous? You and the girls behave as if we were in Arcadia. The reality is, little as you apprehend it, that the twentieth century and its inhabitants are drifting with railway speed back to Sodom and Gomorrah. The world is growing worse every day. Here are stories of crime and corruption, of infamy and hypocrisy, of theft and murder fairly shouting at us in bold type on every page of this paper. It pains me to see how little you all care about the degeneracy of the age."

Mrs. Inglis smiled. She was familiar with her husband's diatribes. She knew he enjoyed his own eloquence, and she seldom took him too seriously.

His daughter Edith laughingly said, "Change your newspaper, Daddy, or else change your acceptance of these nightmare stories. The world isn't growing worse. Our professor says it is growing better, that we are not half so bad as they were in Nineveh and Babylon, in Rome and the rest of the ancient world."

His son Eugene seconded Edith. "Why, father," he said, "think of the hospitals, the associations for Christian work, the churches, the home and foreign missions, and the millions of beautiful, quiet, tranquil homes in this great country of ours. Think of the peace and prosperity we have, of our freedom, and the advance we are making all along the line. You are a pessimist, I am afraid."

Yes, said the wife again smiling, "your father is a pessimist, Eugene; but it is only on the surface. At least, I attribute it to his wasting so much nervous energy at the office and business that he cannot digest his food. At heart, when he takes a vacation, he is as buoyant as yourself. Optimism quarrels with a devotion to hot bread and strong coffee, when a man has a tendency to be dyspeptic."

Mr. Inglis shook his head, but he did not sigh. Addressing his wife as "Mother," which was his favorite term for her, he conceded that the world in his home was a pretty satisfactory world, and as he donned his overcoat and picked up his hat to go off for the day, with Edith's kiss on his cheek and his boy's hurried step running down the stair to join him, he called back: "Probably you are right. I'm not going downtown to show the white feather. I'll try to-day to believe that the world is growing better."

## SAVE the Darning Hour!

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Think what that means, men and women! Holeproof Hose, with all their advantages, cost no more than common kinds.

Women, lighten your household cares! Especially you with large families. Why waste your time darning hose when there are those that don't need it at all?

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1295

get that look, nor the words that followed.

## CHAPTER VIII

"FATHER, do you mean that you want me to perjure myself to—? 'Save me from State prison—yes.' Silence.

"You have taught me all my life to look upon a falsehood as a thing of honor. Is there no other way?" "No other way, Sid, that I can see." Silence.

"Then, God help me and you. Yes, then, I'll stand by. I'll swear no oaths were served."

"God bless you, Sid," Brander Cushing again wiped the sweat from his face. "You will never be sorry."

"Do not speak of it again, father." Sidney came over by the table. In a few minutes he had been in the room his face had aged terribly. His shrunk back, and in his turn revealed to his son the marks of the pain he had been under.

"Poor old father!" said Sidney, using affectionate gesture and phrase common with him. "We will stand or fall together. We never anticipated anything of this sort, did we?"

"No. But it will come out all right. No strange events have occurred to—"

"Tell me."

Brander Cushing rapidly went over the occurrences of the day, omitting to walk out to the burial-place. He took light of the scene in the loft and it down to the act of a weak-kneed visionary. The paper Angus

gave him at dinner was lying on a library table.

Sidney took it up and read it.

"Why should any one want to warn me to keep away from the draughting-room?"

"Why should fool letters be written any one? Sid, didn't you know I got on an average a dozen letters a week threatening or begging or warning? I have got so used to the crank letter-writer that I don't pay attention. You know what Dockville is, a dumping-ground of Europe for thieves, anarchists, and jolt-headed rascals."

"But this might be a genuine warning from some friendly enemy."

"Friendly enemy is good, Sid. No. What is that?"

Father and son were silent. A dull roar of sound outside. They both ran to the windows. At the first alarm, Angus and the other servants fled to the rear of the house.

A mob was assembling out in the street in front of the house. Black masses gathered from both ends. Under the light of the street lamps at the corners more men were gathering. Through the window father and son could hear the name called out in a hoarse howl.

"Cushing! Cushing!"

Sidney put out his hand and laid it on his father's shoulder.

"I'll stand by, father."

Brander Cushing responded with an affectionate gesture.

"No need to telephone the police. Here they are all right."

In among the mob charged a dozen mounted policemen. The noise swelled now to a roar that beat through the waves like a wave flung on a coast of ice.

In the uncertain light two figures were seen fighting their way up the steps. Then the next instant a shower of stones and bricks poured through the windows of the library.

As if with the same thought in mind, father and son rushed to the front door and threw it open. Two figures were there on the top step. Stones, bricks, missiles of all kinds whirled around them.

Brander Cushing dragged the two into the house, then turned and slammed the door shut and bolted it. Hermosa and Athanasia confronted him.

Down Athanasia's cheek a trickle of blood was running.

"You girls again!"

"Yes, Mr. Cushing. We tried to get here earlier, but—"

A great volley of stones crashed through the windows into all the front rooms. Blows were hammering on the door.

"I couldn't hurry with Athanasia, and she would come," said Hermosa simply. She spoke as calmly as if she were making a formal call, and as if there was nothing out of the common in the hurricane of sound and riot that now came distinct through the broken windows. Sidney looked at her earnestly.

"Athanasia is hurt," said Brander Cushing. He went into the dining-room and brought out a finger bowl with water and a napkin.

"It is only a little thing. I do not think they intended to hurt us. But they did not see or know—"

Athanasia spoke timidly, looking at Sidney while his father and Hermosa wiped the blood from her face. Sidney got over near the door, which was now splintered with the blows outside.

And all four of this strange group stood there without any plan or any anticipation of what was to follow. It had always been another "fool notion" (so his friends said) of Brander Cushing never to permit a firearm of any sort in the house, and he never carried any kind of weapon on his person. If a man could not defend himself with his fists, Brander Cushing maintained, he ought to suffer for it. For the first time in his life he almost wished he now had a gun or a maxim or something to stop these howling brutes so near. Yet—yet these were the men, some of them, whom he had seen that very day weeping great tears, shaken with heart-breaking sobs as they clasped their arms about wife or babe, and who, clinging thus, half-fainting, swaying together, stared down into that ghastly trench containing, somewhere in its appalling length, their dead. And now they were simply come to demand payment of some sort for that hour of anguish, from the man who they believed was, if not legally, at least morally, to blame for that commercial murder.

And the man, knowing even that moment that he was legally and fully to blame for not doing at least all he could to protect precious life, had no righteous indignation to summon to his aid at this moment as the storm of missiles crashed through his rooms, and his personal property was being destroyed by these howling vandals.

"Father!" Sidney called out; "let the girls to get out of danger. Run, girls, back into the kitchen, up stairs! Run, run, Hermosa! Run, Athanasia!"

He spoke their names as naturally as one would in such a moment of common human peril. A beam of wood crashed through the door. A sledge-hammer followed. And Brander Cushing, yielding to a moment of panic, seized the two girls by the arms and drew them into the dining-room.

At that moment, when as in certain crises there is a secondary pause of fury as in a storm, rattling shots were heard. The police had been reinforced. They were shooting with deliberate purpose. The blows on the door suddenly ceased. There was a yell of fear. Groans, cries, shouts, oaths, the sound of rushing bodies. And then—a roar that exceeded all the tumult in the street, a roar that seemed to gather force as it mounted and came on and poured through the street like a solid thing and culminated with a deafening concussion that jarred the ground and swayed the buildings and spent itself in a grinding bolt that seemed like the melting of titanic forces in earth, air, and water together.

The little group in the house stood pale, awe-stricken, heart-still. Then

Sidney turned, tore open the splintered door, and stepped out.

He stumbled over a groaning body. Then a police officer came up.

"What was that?"

"An explosion of some sort, sir, down by the shipyard quarters, sounded like."

A dull red glow in that quarter. It grew. Brander Cushing and the girls rushed out and stood by Sidney. The red glow spread and deepened like blood soaking up through a white cloth from a great wound.

"Oh, they have fired the shipyard!" cried Hermosa.

"They said they would," said Athanasia, simply. And then both she and Hermosa busied themselves with the wounded man on the steps.

The shipyard! The draughting-room! His precious plans! His models and devices, result of long and painful years of testing and proving, being swept away! Brander Cushing gave no thought to anything else. He rushed down the steps like a madman. Sidney spoke to Hermosa.

"Take the man into the house if necessary. Not badly hurt, you say? Here, Angus!" to the servant, who had just appeared from his hiding-place, "give Miss Howard anything she needs for this man. I must help see after my father."

With the words he was gone, running after his father, fearful for his safety, wondering in his heart what the outcome of all that night's work would be.

But the mob had scattered with almost miraculous rapidity. After the first shock of the explosion it had fled out of the street toward the scene of the fire, which now lighted up the whole city, leaving the police and the wounded and possibly dying in front of Brander Cushing's house.

As for Brander Cushing, rage and hate filled his heart as he ran on, making it almost impossible for the panting Sidney to keep up with him. The assault on his house was nothing by the side of this attack on his shipyard. Why had he not heeded the girl's warning? He had been thrice a fool to neglect such a plain case. But how had they got in? And what infernal machine had done the work? There flashed over him the figure of the man Brodick. Fool! And again fool!

When he had the creature in his hand, tamely to let him go! This scum of the dregs of Europe, these bomb-making, insane, frenzied class haters, why did the government tamely allow them freedom and even more? His heart was black with rage which swelled up over the facts of the anguish of the last three days, and when he reached the water front he was beside himself with scorn of himself and animosity towards the mob which had come by the thousand to gloat over the scene of destruction.

It was a fearful sight. The explosion of a dynamite mill could hardly have made greater havoc. There was not a semblance of shape to a single building belonging to the yard. A roaring volcano of flame shot up from the very centre of the draughting-loft, and the walls of the offices beneath and on the side had toppled over into the street at the explosion. The glass roof over the building yard itself, supported by its immense steel arches, was completely blown away, not an inch of it left. So tremendous had been the explosion that pieces of sheet steel weighing several tons had been blown out into the draymen's yard. Brander Cushing, looking down, was aware that he was standing on a fragment which he knew belonged to the turret-swivel pieces of the new vessel. A great yell went up as the last of the massive roof timbers of the loft went crashing down into the crater below.

"Fools!" said Brander Cushing savagely. "Cutting their own throats. Four thousand men out of work indefinitely."

To be continued



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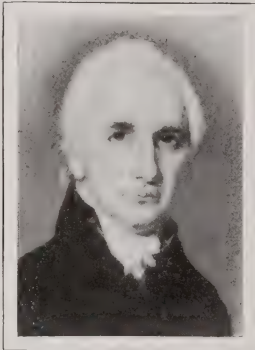




## An Historic Note-Book

SOME years ago a searcher in the old house which was built before the Revolution by Adoniram Judson, Sr., at Plymouth, Mass., discovered an ivory miniature of the first owner of the house and a note book in which he had recorded the totals of some of the family's general expenses. The painting, which is dated 1818, and signed by Anna C. Peale, was made when this famous father of a famous son was sixty years old. Some of the items from the little account book are both interesting and amusing.

"Expense of my two sons' Education, Gifts, &c. Adoniram \$950, 00, 0. El Nathan \$1,00, 00, 0. In the account above I did not charge Adoniram for a horse which I gave him, which horse he sold for fifty Dollars which added make \$1000, 00, 0. These two sums are taken from accounts of bills paid & given to my two sons for their Education & other expenses; beside their board at Home & clothing. As Nabey (Abigail) B, my Daughter, has not been at much expense abroad for her Education & has lived at home to assist & economize in the family, I now give her Eight hundred Dollars in state Bank for her own use & improvement. And she has two hundred Dollars in sd. bank with her mother's, which make 1,000, 00, 0. For the fu-



Adoniram Judson, Sr.

ture, while she is at home, I will give her board & half a Dollar per week. Jan. 1814."

The pastorate at Plymouth began with a long candidature, as appears from the following entry in the old account book: "Plym. Dr. From April 1, 1801 to May 12, 1802, 34 Sabbaths preaching, Six Dollars per Sab. \$204, 00, 0. Salary from May 12, 1802 to May 12, 1803, \$400, 00, 0." The only wedding fee in the book is recorded thus: "Feb. 20, 1804, \$150 Marriage money." The following entry shows that the practice of economy was desirable: "Feb. 22, 1805. This day we reckoned & settled all accounts relative to my Salary for the year 1803, & found paid of said Salary four hundred & forty Dollars, and that Sixty Dollars remains due of the Salary to be paid to me. Adoniram Judson. NATHAN BEED."

His medical expenses, however, were not heavy, as is shown by this memorandum: "April 18, 1803, I proposed to settle with Dr. Cotton for his attendance on my family as a physician in times of sickness, since my residence in the Town, and he told us that my name was not on his book, nor never would be; that he should not receive any thing for his advice & assistance & told us to call on him as we had done & welcome for the future."

## Among the Workers

—IDA REED, the invalid poet of Philippi, W. Va., desires to thank the many friends who have helped her in her time of trial.

—THE NATIONAL FEDERATION of Rescue Missions has decided to hold a convention of mission workers in Boston early in 1912.

—EVANGELISTS HART and MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., are now conducting a series of revival meetings in the First Methodist Church of Bluffton, Ind.

—EVANGELIST REV. JAMES SCOVILL of Bridgeport, Conn., recently held a series of meetings in St. Johnsbury, Vt. His efforts were greatly blessed.

—THE FIRST TABERNACLE meeting ever held in the State of Wyoming recently closed in Sheridan. Evangelist Shannon conducted services for five weeks in a specially erected building, which seated upward of 2,000 persons. Splendid crowds attended the meetings, and hundreds of professions of faith were made.

—NEWS HAS BEEN received of the murder at Sianfu in Shensi province, China, of several foreigners, including Mrs. Beckman, a mission school teacher, and five foreign children. Two Swedish missionaries, Messrs. Sandberg and Erickson, brought the sad intelligence to

Peking. Many Chinese children in the mission school of Miss Beckingsdale were killed by the Chinese revolutionists, being mistaken, it is supposed, for Manchus. Consuls are everywhere urging missionaries and their families to leave their inland stations and proceed to the coast, where they can be protected.

—EVANGELIST WILLIAM SUNDAY recently closed a series of services in Springfield, O., which he has announced as the most remarkable he has ever conducted. Seven thousand persons professed conversion, the number reaching eleven hundred on the last day of the services. Never before in his evangelistic career has Mr. Sunday accomplished such results in a single day or at a single meeting. The morning after the campaign closed one of the Springfield papers said: "But perhaps the most notable event in the series of remarkable meetings that closed the campaign yesterday occurred in the afternoon, when Colonel Sellers, leaning on the arm of E. S. Kelly, grasped the hand of the evangelist. 'I have been an avowed agnostic for a number of years, but I can hold out no longer,' he told 'Billy' Sunday; 'therefore I make a full and complete surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ.'" The sum of \$13,500 was raised for Mr. Sunday's benefit.

## Answered Prayers

Miss G. P., Beach, Va. "I wish to acknowledge direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. A. F. E., Litchfield, Minn. "I give God the praise for my answered prayers."

Reader, Woodstock, Va. "I acknowledge answer to special prayer which God answered."

W. T. K., Birmingham, Ala. "I was in great trouble about business affairs. I am glad to acknowledge that He has answered my prayer."

A. M. B., Amhurst, Canada. "I wish to acknowledge God's great goodness in hearing and answering prayer for a dear one in great distress."

A Subscriber, Sistersville, W. Va. "I was in great trouble, and God delivered me in a wonderful way. I want to acknowledge his goodness to me."

"A subscriber who always looks for the 'Answered Prayer' of your excellent paper the first thing, can testify that God has answered many prayers for me." Illinois.

## Called Higher

On August 22 last, Mrs. Mary E. Rumsey, of San Diego, Calif., passed away very suddenly and very peacefully.

Mrs. J. E. Wylie, of Greenwich, N. Y., passed away recently at her home there. She was for twenty-five years a subscriber to this magazine.

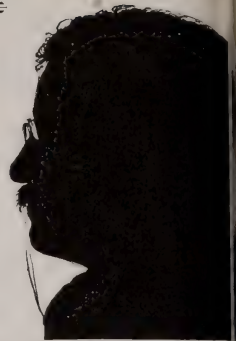
Mrs. Emily P. Miller, of Hanover, Ill., has been called to her reward of a life of service. She was for over twenty years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. A. M. Hines (75) passed away at Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., April 22, after a brief illness. She was a subscriber to this magazine for many years.

Mrs. D. E. Terry (82), of Rochester, Ind., passed away March 31, 1911. She had been a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for more than twenty-five years.

Frances Beidleman McCarter (82), of Topeka, Kan., has been called home. She was a devout Christian from early childhood and a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twenty years.

# KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ROOSEVELT



Will President Taft be nominated for a Second Term?

Has La Follette a good fighting chance for the Republican nomination?

Can Woodrow Wilson, with his Progressive platform, get the Democratic nomination?

Or—will it be Judson Harmon and the Conservative wing of the party? Is 1912 to be a Democratic year? What will the platforms be? What are the issues at stake?

The two parties will confront one another in line of battle with a more nearly equal prospect of victory than in any campaign for sixteen years.

Until Election Day, in forming your opinions and making your forecasts, you will find THE OUTLOOK authoritative and informing—an indispensable periodical.

The President, the prominent candidates, the National leaders, will speak for themselves—for the things they stand for—through THE OUTLOOK.

## The President's Own View

President Taft's own judgment of what his administration has accomplished thus far, and the chief measures remaining on his "calendar of unfinished business," appears in the *Outlook* of December 2.

## Mr. Bryan's View

Three times Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Bryan speaks with the authority that comes from having voiced the opinions of millions of his countrymen. His own ideas on politics and the coming campaign are to be fully set forth in one of the early issues of the *Outlook*.

## Senator La Follette's View

Pictureque and daring, the most striking figure in the Republican Progressive movement, its foremost Presidential candidate, the Senator from Wisconsin is an extraordinary political factor. He is going to tell fully and explicitly where he stands, in an early issue of the *Outlook*.

## Governor Harmon's View

Conservative leader in the Democratic party, candidate for the Presidential nomination, twice re-

ected Governor of Ohio, the man who handled the first case under the Sherman Law as Cleveland's Attorney General, Judson Harmon's opinions have great national interest. He will soon state them fully, through the pages of the *Outlook*.

## Mr. Roosevelt's View

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, is a world authority on problems of National Government.

From his position on the *Outlook's* editorial staff, Mr. Roosevelt will continue to present — exclusively through the *Outlook* — his written views on political as well as all other public questions.

The Editor-in-Chief of the *Outlook*, Lyman Abbott, will present the vital issues of the campaign as they develop, and discuss them in the spirit of broad statesmanship which has marked his work in many campaigns.

Many of the *Outlook's* strongest features cannot be announced in advance, for the *Outlook* is first of all a Weekly Newspaper, handling great topics on the instant. Therein lies its distinction. Its authority is its strength.

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## Life Here and Hereafter\*

ONE of the notable books of the year is a little volume by the celebrated artist William Hanna Thomson, D. LL.D., entitled *Life, Death and Immortality*. Dr. Thomson has already become well known through his writings on science in its relation to religion. He is the consulting physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; to the New York State Manhattan Hospitals; the Insane; to the New York Red Cross Hospital, and ex-president of the New York Academy of Medicine.

In this latest volume, Dr. Thomson deals with facts and theories concerning life on the earth. He regards Darwinism as definitely discredited by modern science and says some scientific investigators now treat it with ridicule. In Darwin's own son, Sir George Darwin, in a published address has declared that "the problem of physical life is as inscrutable as ever."

In a most instructive chapter on the resurrection of the body he writes: "The doctrine of the resurrection of the body was by the Pharisees and by Lord himself held to be the same as what we term human immortality. The body, therefore, is as deathless as soul (Matt. 22: 31, 32; Mark 12: 27; Luke 20: 35-38).

But the very important statement follows that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God nor doth corruption inherit incorruption! (1 Cor. 15: 50). The risen body, therefore, cannot be like the body which we know, for that is composed of flesh and blood, and with no other kind of body have we yet any acquaintance. He goes on to explain in the words, 'It is sown a natural (or physical) body, it is raised a spiritual body,' he further adds that the physical body is sown in weakness to be raised as a spiritual body in power.

But Paul could not then have imagined how modern science would strengthen his comparison. He looked on the seed of a common grain as the ultimate living reality, whereas we now know that the living germ within the seed is incalculably smaller. The unicellular germ of a towering tree is as much smaller than the acorn which contains it, as the acorn itself is smaller than the oak. But so it is every form of life, whether plant or animal. Every elephant and every eagle begins its individual existence with a material dot, barely visible by a high-power microscope. Yet in that shining speck of matter its future life already exists, for the whole cannot grow into a fish, because whales are mammals, and therefore separated by an impassable biological gulf from fishes.

"These are facts which only science could make credible. The argument, therefore, is this: The human body has already passed through as great a marvelous, yet always connected, change here as that final change at a Resurrection. The Almighty who decreed those changes in the body of this life can equally order that final change in the body of the life to come.

"The glorious truth is that in heaven our living bodies will be more real and our own selves more personal and recognizable than ever in this present clouded and imperfect being. Christians, therefore, should comfort themselves about their dead with the words written in Paul's earliest letter: 'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so they also which are fallen asleep in Jesus will be brought with him' (1 Thess. 4: 14)."

The concluding chapter is on "Heaven." Dr. Hanna says: "Though a belief in the continuance of life after death is universal in the

human race, the Christian religion differs from all others in its teachings of the conditions of the future state.

"Men naturally have tried to picture to themselves what those conditions are by the help of the imagination. Now the imagination is purely an earthly faculty which can draw its pictures only with materials furnished by earthly experience. Scenes of which no earthly vision can catch a glimpse are quite beyond our picturing. Men, therefore, in all ages and everywhere have represented the future world as more or less a reproduction of this world.

"All the many writers of the New Testament refrain from describing any place or places in heaven till we come to its last book, that of Revelation. But in it we immediately find that everything is hidden under an impenetrable veil of metaphor. It begins with the appearance of seven great lights on their golden stands. But these are seven Christian churches lighting up the thick darkness of the world around them. The book then ends with a glorious city whose walls are built with precious stones and with gates of pearl. But we soon read that it cannot be a literal city, but instead is a great society of perfected persons, and also is the Bride of the Lamb.

"Thus in great contrast with other religions the Bible, whether in the Old or New Testament, says next to nothing about where we shall be in the coming world. In all other religions place is everything, and all their descriptions are those of place.

"But instead of place and its circumstances, nothing can be more full than the Bible in telling us with whom we there shall be. We shall indeed meet there with minds and persons, and above all we shall be in the immediate presence of God himself!

"What a world it is which they [the New Testament writers] speak of! What is its glory which so often is their theme? Here in this world the word 'glory' suggests something spectacular, which ministers to pride, and for such earthly glory this world has often been drenched with blood. But in the Bible the glory of God is never apart from his goodness. 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify,' not you, but 'your Father who is in heaven.' As if all men's good works are due to his prompting. So will it be forever, when men shall stand before their Father in heaven, evermore shining through their good works.

"We now see that man is worth saving. Some may think that man is insignificant enough as he dwells on this little earth, which is as but a grain of sand among the great stars in the sky above him. But every world of matter shrinks to insignificance before one immortal mind, and when that deathless mind is a human mind, endowed with all the capacities which he took with him from this world, imagination fails to picture such a being occupied with things of eternity.

"God cannot, as he willingly would, bestow all his good things on man here in this world, because such prosperity would ruin him. What good therefore man can gain here, he must appreciate first by its cost in labor. But labor from the beginning is a curse. When in heaven a man shall be so changed that being rich toward God will never injure him, he will then freely inherit those true riches which never can be lost because they are so inherent and personal.

"Why, then, need we be told what sort of a place heaven is? Here on this poor earth a place is a garden or a desert according to those who live there. In the blessed world beyond there will be opportunities without end for the development of human excellence in the service of our heavenly Father."

## Have You a Child of Your Own?

Are you one of the people who have no direct interest in any child, none of your own, no little nieces or nephews, no little children to pet, even though they belong to a neighbor? If you are, this may not interest you, or it may be the means of giving you a child interest.

Look out of your window into the growing shadows of an early winter's day. Do you see the well-fed, well-clad children coming home from school with their books under their arms? Do you see the stores putting out the Christmas signs of the time of holly and mistletoe? Do you realize that the hearts of the children about you are dancing with the anticipation of their great day—Christmas? You and others will see that they are not disappointed.

Turn to a sadder picture. In hundreds of square miles of the mountainous region of the South there are tens of thousands of children whose homes are squalid cabins, whose ancestors for generations, though honest, industrious and God-fearing, are ignorant and poor beyond belief, who have no schoolbooks, let alone toys; no school, let alone Christmas parties; no wise and loving care; no hope for anything better in life unless we have been born to better opportunities give them a chance.

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We put direct, plain and straight to you today, when your mind is full of Christmas thoughts, the fact that these children are WHITE AMERICANS of the finest pioneer stock, and are most deserving. Take a little of the Christmas money that you would use of those about you, tell the children of it and show them why, and put it in an envelope and send it. Do it today, and as you do realize that it is an act of humanity, goodness and sweetness.

These children care little for Christmas or toys; they are old beyond their years, and serious, and an education is their eager hope. You and your own are cared for and have a chance. Give a little to those who have nothing. Little or much, send it today to the Treasurer, Theodore P. Gilman, 1170 Broadway, New York, for the situation is urgent and pathetic.

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## BUYING REAL ESTATE

FARMING land is real estate quite as much as is the building lot, but where it is to continue in use as farming land, its profits being wholly dependent on the quality of the soil and the skill and energy of its worker, its speculative value is seldom enhanced after the neighboring lands have been settled, and so such lands rarely enlist the interest of the real estate trader, whose business it is to buy acres and sell lots.

We estimate farming land by the actual or possible value of its crops. The building lot is bought as the site of a building, or because of an expected rise, or as a source of revenue from rents. While there are other forms of investment with greater elements of security, and greater chances for reasonable returns, such as first-class bonds, yet the speculative spirit, active or dormant in the most conservative, finds allurements in real estate deals and land booms.

### What Is Real Estate?

We all know what real estate, regarded as land, is; but not so many of us are ready to distinguish between land and buildings, nor without thought can we see that they are the opposite of each other in their basic characteristics. Land may or may not increase in value, but buildings begin to depreciate from the day of their completion till the time when they are pulled down, or fall into ruins through the inevitable decay that attaches to all human work.

All values, whether real or personal, are created by the demand for the thing, and this demand is the main factor in regulating the price. Man is distinctly a land animal. Even the sailor and the deep-sea fisher are dependent on the land for ship, seine and food. It follows that as populations increase land values rise. Land procured without cost, with possession continued without payment of taxes, would make an ideal asset, provided it were in a neighborhood in which the population was increasing; for, unlike personal property, it is not subject to deterioration through decay. But there is always the interest on the original purchase price, and taxes are as inevitable as death, so that, to meet these charges, there must be an appreciation in land values, or a commensurate return from rentals, if the investment is to be remunerative.

It may be set down as an axiom that lands usually increase in value, and that improvements, that is, buildings, always decrease. In buying real estate, as a productive investment, certain elementary rules must be observed if the venture is to be successful. (1) Where there is convincing evidence that the rise in value will more than offset the fixed charges of interest on capital invested, taxes and assessments, there should be no improvements, that is, buildings, from which it follows that there will be no rents.

(2) Where improvements are advisable, as sources of revenue to meet fixed charges, the buildings should bear to the cost of the land the small proportion consistent with the purpose in mind. (3) Where income is not the chief consideration, the improvements will suffer no great deterioration or change in the neighborhood. (4) Where property is purchased with the ultimate buildings constructed, the purchaser, with revenue in mind, should be reasonably certain that the rentals will be sufficient to provide this income, plus the fixed charges, and a sinking fund to offset the cost of the building before its usefulness is ended.

### A Form of Monopoly

We err when we associate the term "monopoly" exclusively with trusts or with corners in stocks or the necessities of life. There is always present an

element of monopoly in any article needed for human use. As this monopolistic feature is increased, we find a corresponding rise in values. Nothing that we buy or sell possesses this quality of monopoly in a like degree with real estate, because each lot or block has properties peculiar to itself. All corner lots may be alike in size and contour, but there is some one lot that is more desirable than the others and whose advantages cannot be duplicated. If we increase the measure of monopoly we add to the value of the lot as an investment. From such property the highest rentals may be obtained, while the increase in value is sure to keep on so long as that particular place retains its advantages and continues to be sought after.

While real estate appreciates in value with the increase of population, it does not follow that all the real estate in a large city, say like New York, will advance in an equal ratio with each thousand added to its census, for desirability is an important factor, and this desirability is largely influenced by increased facilities for transportation, by changes in the character of the residents, or by the introduction of certain kinds of manufacture that tend to make the location no longer desirable as a place of residence or for a retail business. We have in mind properties that have fallen off two-thirds in value through the building of bridges across the East River, and others that have depreciated because of the subways and other forms of rapid transit. In all our cities, and the same may be noticed in our smaller towns, lots on one side of a business or residential street command a higher price than on the other, though to the stranger each might seem to be equally desirable. No doubt there is a satisfactory reason for such preference, but the fact that it exists is sufficient to influence the choice of the real estate investor.

### Many Requisites Necessary

If in a large city land values fall off in one section, the loss is sure to be more than met by the rise in other sections, and it may be accepted as a fact that accrued values, or the increment, is always twice as great in the desirable business streets as in the residential districts.

Indeed, there are many requisites for the man who contemplates the purchase of lots for investment or as a place of residence. A suburb, call it "Park," "Manor," "Villa," or whatever you like, may be accessible, pleasant to the eye, and have air of the best quality sweeping over it, but if it have not good sanitation and is not free from disagreeable odors, it can never succeed as a residence district. We have in mind a section of a great city filled with fine residences and once the abode of a cultured and wealthy class, that is now given over to lately arrived Poles, because sewage in a partly closed canal and odors from new gas works have made the place undesirable.

Men controlling much land and having the available capital may erect buildings by the wholesale, and from the rentals derive an income adequate to the investment, but the man with limited means, desirous of increasing his wealth through real estate ventures, should, as a rule, avoid building, unless, indeed, he is anxious to own his own home, and in such a case building is to be encouraged, but for moral rather than business reasons. It should be borne in mind that no building adds to the value of the land on which it stands, but the land does add value to the building. No matter how costly the structure it can never increase in value; the increment must come through the appreciation of land value. Value is often enhanced by the fact that the lot is vacant, and so saves the cost of removing an undesirable building to make room for one better suited to the wants of the purchaser.

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# The Song of the Dawn

Continued from page 1291

wn the window panes, and the baby allowed the drops with his tiny forefinger.

It was after two days of rain, that on every hope of a present ice crop waned, that Anton went to the side of a house in a distant street, and looked for work. Perhaps he knew at there would be no work with everything soaked and dripping in the garden world, but the woman at the door saw hunger in his eyes, and asked him if he would like some breakfast. His "yes" held the pent-up longing of days, for he had been going about food to leave more for Esther and the baby, leaving his wife to suppose he got something to eat outside. Seated before a plate of fresh biscuits and butter, a bowl of hot coffee, and a couple of apples, he ate like the starved, holding it back to make it last a longer. The apples he put in his pocket.

"Did you work at the cement plant?" asked the woman.

"Yes, till it shut down," he answered.

"I wish we had work for you, but thing can be done in the garden now."

"I wait for ice, but it come not," said with an accent of despair.

"It will come," she returned confidently, with knowledge born of experience, "and I hope you will find work on."

"I must get work," he answered resolutely.

Then he went away, and Mrs. Rankin wished she had asked him a name, and told him to come again. Perhaps she did better, for it was this morning meal that they held meeting in the First Church, and tried to solicit contributions of food an opportunity to sell at wholesale those who were without work.

From the superintendent of the meat plant they got the list of names on the pay roll of the previous year. To all of these there were sent cards in English and Hungarian, stating that there would be a sale at wholesale prices at the First Church, on Saturday until further notice.

In this way the savings of many held at a little longer, and the entire destitute were discovered and relieved. Anton and Esther read their card, and saw with thankfulness a few more meals in the scant coins left in the cracked pitcher, meals for Esther and the baby, for Anton no longer ate at home. Sometimes he earned a meal, occasionally he was driven to ask for it, but many a meal was simply mitted, for even the snow fell only in attenuated flakes, a thing of beauty, but offering no work for shovelers.

Sometimes the river would stiffen and freeze solid, inch by inch adding itself from the shore, and hope ran high, only to be dashed by days of eakening and honeycombing beneath the glaring surface. Watching the river came to be an occupation of the unemployed, a sorry vigil in its hopelessness. The days passed as in a lull, only Tony still crowded and gathered, and began to say parts of stanzas in these dark days.

Picking up the words he heard most often, he met his father on his return the night with the question, "Zero or one?" and chuckled with delight the next day at the window, calling out in sweet baby tones, "See, see, Zero," pointing to the street below. He eventually thought that the word he heard so often referred to a welcome guest. But zero did not come till the last of the year had gone from the cracked pitcher, and the little family faced dire dependence or starvation.

It was five days before Christmas when the whistles blew from one ice house to another, calling the waiting men to work. The watchers on the river bank scattered as if by magic. A far as eye could reach for miles up and down the river lay a blanket of pure white snow on top of the heavy

ice. Groups of men set to work scraping the surface in the fields marked out by rows of evergreen trees.

Within these green enclosures the gangs of men looked like swarms of moving black specks. Anton had bought a breakfast of rolls and coffee at the bakeshop, on the credit of his coming ice ticket, and also with something once more in his dinner-pail before he started his cold work on the river.

Just all that his dinner-pail swinging in his hand, and work ahead, meant to the little family as he started for the river trail, could not be put into words, but it sung a song in Anton's heart under the blue sky and reached Esther's lips as she moved about her work, or tossed Tony high in the air with a snatch of a home song.

At noon Anton sat down with a fellow workman in the shelter of a snow-pile, protected from the cutting wind blowing from the north, while they ate their dinners. The sun shedding its warm and comforting rays even over this icy world. Tony got a second toss when his father came home at night, and the little family were happy in the prospect of a renewed prosperity.

After the ice was scraped, it was sawed in great fields by saws large enough for giants' use, then marked in many cakes. Up and down the horses walked, dragging the long saws. Anton walked beside his horse, first with the warm sun on his back, then facing its warmth, treading his beat many times in a day.

Some of the little marking trees had loosened as they cut near them, and Anton walked across the river on Christmas eve in the sunset, with a cedar tree on his shoulder. Tony screamed with delight when he saw it, clutching the branches. Anton and Esther set it up in one corner of the room with the cradle in front of it to hold it upright.

After supper they wrapped Tony up warm, and started out in the glitter and glamour of the Christmas streets. It was not much that the ice ticket could stand for, beside food and rent, but at the Five and Ten Cent Store they mingled with a crowd of purchasers, buying a couple of strings of tinsel, a glorious red Christmas bell, and hesitated long over some elaborately fancy pieces of angels, for decoration, deciding at last on a little manger, with the Christ-child inside, and the Mother Mary beside him.

They went away at last with the bright trimming for the Christmas tree, a tiny pair of red mittens with blue edges for Tony, a big pair of warm ones for Anton, and a worsted scarf for Esther, these latter bought by Esther and Anton as a surprise for the other, while each in turn held the baby.

Home again, Anton donned his warmest clothing and started out in the night, while Esther rocked the cradle under the Christmas tree, till the sandman closed Tony's starry eyes. One rosy cheek nestled against a little round fist, while the other held tight within its chubby grasp a green twig from the tree over his head. The young mother hung over the baby for a few minutes with tears of happiness in her eyes, then tucked the bedclothes close about him, and devoted herself to the pleasant task of trimming the Christmas tree.

The tinsel was festooned with care, the bell hung to the topmost bough, then with deep interest she gave herself to the disposal of the mittens. Anton must see his at once when he came home in the morning, Tony his as he opened his baby eyes upon this glory over his head.

At last they were placed to her satisfaction, including the unopened package for herself. Once she put out her hand to untie the string which held her Christmas surprise, then

Continued on page 1306



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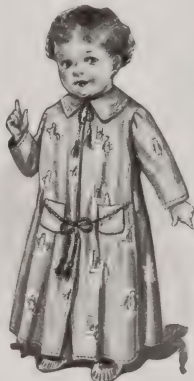
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## THE SAVIOUR'S BIBLE\*

Review of Old Testament Lessons by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

**O**UR best thought for a quarterly and annual review at the conclusion of our Old Testament lessons is to consider the whole Old Testament as the Saviour's Bible, and to ask ourselves what he said of it, as giving us the most solid basis for our opinions in regard to it.

Some years ago, when bitter attacks were being made on the Old Testament, the writer took his New Testament and sat down to note everything that Jesus said about the Old Testament, and these words of Jesus were found to prove seven different propositions, which became the writer's firm creed in regard to the Old Testament; for surely the purest among the mighty and the mightiest among the pure, as Jesus has been fitly called, was too good to deceive and too great to be deceived, and too spiritual to miss at any point the meaning of his Father's words.

### Divine Confirmation

**First:** Jesus showed his familiarity with the whole of the Old Testament by quotations from nearly all of its books. If we had all the words of Jesus, doubtless we should have quotations from every one. Let those who have **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** Red Letter Edition of the Bible carefully examine it in connection with this lesson. They will find printed in red the passages which Jesus quoted from the Old Testament.

Those who speak disparagingly of the Old Testament while exalting the New, and especially the Sermon on the Mount, are apparently too unfamiliar with the Old Testament to have discovered that much that is most praised in the Sermon on the Mount is quoted from the Old Testament. Every one of the Beatitudes is a quotation of the letter or of the spirit of some Old Testament passage. There they were separate bells, and Jesus brought them together in a chime, as Henry Ward Beecher once said. The command to love our neighbor as ourselves is quoted from Leviticus 19: 18. As to the Golden Rule, Jesus himself said it was a summary of the law and the prophets (Matt. 7: 12). The command to love our enemies is also a quotation from the Old Testament (Ex. 23: 4, 5; Prov. 20: 22).

**Second:** Christ quoted the Old Testament law as binding in its principles on all countries and on all ages. Five times he put his seal upon the Decalogue as the law not of the Jews only, but of the world. Attacked by the devil, he used a leaf of Deuteronomy as an impenetrable shield. (Matt. 4: 1-11.) He quoted the imperative precepts of the Old Testament as binding, and treated the entire Old Testament as a volume of decisions from a Supreme Court.

**Third:** Christ quoted numerous Old Testament prophecies as fulfilled in himself, thus attesting that the prophets spoke not of themselves, but by the inspiration of God; as Peter puts it, "swept along like ships before the wind by the Holy Spirit." Jesus said of Moses, "He wrote of me," and of the entire Old Testament Scriptures, "They testify of me." He declared that the prophecy of Malachi in regard to the forerunner of the Messiah was fulfilled in John the Baptist. Look for the red stars in the Red Letter Bible. Each verse so marked embodies a prophetic reference to Christ.

He quoted Isaiah's account of the Messiah's miracles as a description of his own. Three times he said that his rejection by the Jews had been foretold in Old Testament prophecies. He

spoke twice of his betrayal in the same way, and also of his anticipated crucifixion.

**Fourth:** Christ interpreted some of the imprecatory Psalms as having symbolic reference to the enemies of the Messiah. It should be remembered that the very same books that we think of bound together as the Old Testament were considered a complete group of manuscripts, though they were then in separate rolls, and they were known as the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings. This last term applied to the Psalms, Proverbs and other books lying between the historical and prophetic portions of the Old Testament. These books had not only been collected by Ezra four centuries before Jesus was born, but they had been translated into the Greek Septuagint nearly three centuries before his birth.

**Fifth:** Christ reaffirmed the Old Testament righteous warnings against wrongdoing. It is sometimes said that the Old Testament reveals God as a stern Monarch, the New as a loving Father; but as a matter of fact, while there is more about God's tenderness in the New than in the Old, he is oftener called "our Father" in the Old than in the New, and only in the Old Testament is he compared to a mother, while Matthew, the Gospel of Reckoning, written by a converted tax-collector, is the severest book in all the Bible.

**Sixth:** Christ declared that immortality was revealed and known in Old Testament times. He quoted the passage, "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," from the Old Testament, saying by way of comment, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," seeing in that passage a declaration of the immortality of these old patriarchs; and it is passing strange that there should be any doubt of it when in the synagogues of to-day immortality is taught as one of the three fundamental principles of Judaism.

### The Old Testament Miracles

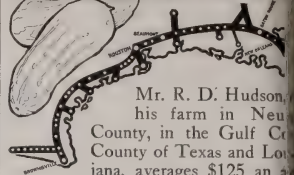
**Seventh:** Christ indorsed the truthfulness of the great historic events and miracles recorded in the Old Testament, especially all those most sneered at to-day. It has been well said that he connected his six greatest doctrines with six of the Bible stories that he saw would be most ridiculed.

(1) Salvation by the Cross he illustrated by the serpent uplifted in the wilderness to save the bitten Israelites. (2) Fidelity in the Christian pathway he linked with the warning story of Lot's wife, who looked back as she fled from burning Sodom. (3) Growth in grace he linked with the miracle of the manna which God sent from heaven to feed the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness. (4) Final judgment he grouped with the miracle of Sodom's destruction by fire from heaven. (5) His second coming he linked to the story of Noah and the Flood. (6) His resurrection he thrust into the bundle of life with the story of Jonah.

As to the apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration, when Moses and Elijah appeared so that the leading members of the Old Testament and the New were grouped around the Saviour, the voice from heaven cried, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him," so when confusing voices come to us about the Old Testament, it is well for us to climb above the world and open our New Testaments to see what Jesus said, and it is reasonable for us to rest upon that without a doubt. Faith is the highest reasoning, because it accepts the conclusions of the perfect Reasoner. The difference between a reasonable Christian and one who seeks to monopolize the name of "rationalist" is that a Christian makes one great use of reasoning in examining the claims

Continued on page 1306

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# The Song of the Dawn

Continued from page 1303

refrained with a smile, thinking of Anton and the morning. Last of all the wonderful Christmas piece of manger and Christ-child was tied reverently high over her own child's head, and the little tree was complete.

Only a tiny oil lamp lighted the room, but Esther lifted it and held it near, and a warm Christmas joy flooded her face in its flickering light, as she gazed at the tree trimmed in honor of the Babe born in the manger at Bethlehem long ago, and for the pleasure of the child asleep beneath its branches. She set the lamp down at last with a sigh of content, and her thought flew far from the place where she stood, over the icy river to Anton, holding vigil under the starry sky this Christmas eve.

When Anton went out bundled to his ears, he had taken his course over the well-trodden path of the river, to the open canal on the other side, for he had been chosen to trouble the waters in the open space during the night, that the long canal might not freeze over and delay the work next day. All night long he walked up and down, moving his pike through the water, sometimes walking quickly to keep a glow of warmth in his body, at other times slackening his pace to gaze at the lights along shore, and the myriads of stars over his head.

Once he saw a Christmas tree in a brilliantly lighted window, and children looking out into the night, and his thought traveled fast across the river to Esther and Tony, and the little Christmas tree behind the cradle, as Esther's thought had reached out to him.

One by one the lights went out along shore, and the hours grew large, then small, as the lone watchman trod his beat, and the stars blazed brighter, and yet brighter, against the dark sky. It was on a night like this that the shepherds watching their sheep on the Judean plain heard the song of the angels, and the wise men saw the star that led to the manger. Anton knew the story well, and brought with him from Hungary a half belief in the tradition that one might still hear the song of the angels on Christmas Eve.

All night long he watched and listened as he trod his icy beat, and when the cold was keenest just before the dawn, and the faithful watch was drawing to its close, there floated over the ice the far-off notes of joy that he had waited for. They seemed to hover over the village, then flow in waves out over the ice, and die away in sweetest notes. Sometimes the music swelled till one could almost hear words, strange words, but full of joy:

"Venite, adoremus Dominum," they seemed to say; then down the river between the banks under the stars the music lost itself.

Anton had heard the angel's song. The tradition was true. He had known a great joy, and the awe of it filled his soul.

Back in the little home he told the wonderful story, and a hint of the glory shone in Esther's eyes. But Tony was dancing about the room with uneven steps, pulling a cart a neighbor had given him, and talking baby talk about the tree, tugging at his father's hand to see its beauty; and Esther was dishing up a hot breakfast for her weary husband, so they forgot for the time the angel's song, in the comfort of the home the love of the Christ-child had made complete.

It came back again with all its sweetness when father, mother, and child trod the river path together in the glow of the late December afternoon, Anton carrying Tony on his shoulder. The work had gone on all day, for the ice crop had looked very doubtful, and no chances could be taken.

Esther and Tony were to have a treat, a ride in a chariot not made by man's hands, a boat that never saw a

shipyard or a sail. Esther was just a little fearful at first, till Anton showed her the glistening ice cakes ten inches thick; then she stepped bravely across a half-inch crack onto a moving ice field. It was as solid as mother earth beneath her feet, as it slid steadily through the water of the canal, Anton drawing it along with his pick. Tony laughed, and put his toes in the markings of the smaller blocks, and Esther's cheeks grew red with excitement and pleasure, before they reached their journey's end.

There were merry parties skating on the glare new ice, formed over the fields where the thick cakes had been removed. Fathers and mothers drew their children on hand sleds over the frozen surface, or held tiny novices on skates by the hand. Ferry sleighs came and went over the beaten road, but no one of them all enjoyed the Christmas outing more than Esther and Tony, in their crystal chariot, as it sailed smoothly along.

"Look!" said one of the ice boys to Esther. "See, I've got an ice ticket. First one I ever had. Tony'll have one some day," and Tony lifted up his tiny hand to take possession.

"Yes, Tony work too. 'Big boy,'" said Esther with a smile. One by one the merry-makers had left the glistening river as the Christmas sun dipped toward the horizon. Waves of crimson and green and gold flooded the western sky, and were reflected in the open spaces of the water, and in the shining cakes of ice being carried up the runs.

Anton and Esther and Tony had started homeward with the rest, but their path lay across the river, not to the near shore, so for half an hour they traveled onward in the glory of the setting sun.

As they neared the further shore, they stopped and looked back over the way they had come, and Anton, pointing toward a church steeple against the sky in the little village behind them, said, "Dere I heard de Angel's Song dis morn. De words was strange, but I know de music. It say 'Peace, Peace on earth. Good things for men.'"

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from page 1304

of Christ to be the Son of God, and, having been persuaded by his matchless life, matchless words, and matchless influence upon the world as a threefold present miracle that he is more than man, counts it the highest reasoning to accept his word on whatever he speaks, using imperfect human reasoning only on those matters on which the perfect Reasoner has not spoken; while the so-called rationalists, on the other hand, depend on their own personal reasoning alone for discerning between good and evil, even on those subjects on which Christ, confessedly greater expert in religion than themselves, has definitely spoken.

### The Golden Text

"If we confess our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins." The writer of this lesson marks in his Bible with a cross every verse which he knows to have led to the conversion of a soul. Some of these crosses are to be found in most unexpected places, particularly in the Old Testament. The promise of salvation began in Eden (Gen. 3: 15).

How like the Scribes and Pharisees, who counted the letters of the Old Testament but failed to find Christ in them, are those who to-day devote their study chiefly to the letter of the Old Testament and miss its transforming Spirit! If all the conversions in Christian history were thus noted, crosses would appear in every book of the Old Testament, which proves itself inspired by inspiring noble lives in the hearts of men.

## Sarah Louise (Ensign) Cady

Died November 8, 1911

IN THE death of Mrs. Cady, the Broadway Tabernacle has suffered a grievous loss. She had for the twelve years of her residence in New York City labored faithfully in the societies connected with this noble church. As a member or officer of other organizations, she had also been most active and efficient. She was vice-president of the New York Branch of the W. B. M.; a life member of the Home Missionary Society; a manager of the Harlem Y. W. C. A.; treasurer of the Stony Wood Sanatorium Association; member of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance; and a faithful member of several secular societies, such as the D. A. R. and certain literary clubs of high standing.

Mrs. Cady was born in Northampton, Mass., September 13, 1829, the daughter of Salmon and Melinda (Coff) Ensign. At the age of three years, her parents then residing in Hartford, she was placed in one of the Pestalozzian Infant Schools, at that time very popular. Her education was completed at the famous old Westfield (Mass.) Academy, and the Normal School of the same town. For several years she adorned the profession of teaching, until she married in 1850 Mr. Henry Stearns Cady of Springfield, Mass. Upon his death, in 1865, Mrs. Cady returned to educational work. For five years she was associate principal of the then well known Maplewood Institute of Pittsfield, Mass. In 1870 she removed to New Haven and founded the West End Institute for Young Ladies, with which her name and fame are most intimately associated. When she had reached the age of seventy, she felt that it was time for her to retire. That year the largest class in the history of the Institute was graduated, and it was felt to be a serious loss to New Haven when Mrs. Cady gave up her work and removed to New York. Here, surrounded by her two devoted daughters and her grandchildren, she has spent her last years in the beneficent activities of church and society. She was for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and a subscriber to its charities. A noble and faithful servant has entered into the joy of her Lord.

### FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION

I have just received *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1912, and I thank you very much for it. It has much valuable information in it, and I am sure it will be appreciated by every one.

Greensboro, Ga.

Miss M. R.



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# Christian Herald

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*"AGE OF INNOCENCE"—From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds*





## Questions and Answers

**PROFESSOR HUGH EVANDER WILLIS** of the Law College, University of Minnesota, sends this beautiful and inspiring New Year's greeting to the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family Circle:

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"You, who have tried to gain happiness outside of the Kingdom of Heaven, who have refused to take out its naturalization papers because you have thought it is what churches sing about or theologians quarrel about, read the Sermon on the Mount (that is the constitution of the Kingdom of Heaven!); and if you decide for yourself that you would like life under such a constitution—as I know you will—enter the rich land of service, live one year according to the principles of love, and then tell me whether or not one should be a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Mrs. A. B. O., Boones Path, Va. Is Brooks' comet a wandering comet, or has its orbit been computed? If so, when will it reappear? Give size of comet, and length of tail.

This question was submitted to Professor S. P. Leland, of Sea Breeze, Fla., who answers as follows: "The comet now visible in the early morning, in the eastern sky, was discovered by Mr. Brooks on the morning of October 17, 1893. It had a short tail issuing from the northern side of the head, in addition to the main tail. Three days after this the comet was photographed by Dr. Barnard at the Lick Observatory. Its tail was then shortened and doubled over itself. Its period of revolution has not been definitely ascertained."

C. J. K., Cleveland, O. 1. Please explain Luke 16: 8, 9. 2. Can a Christian support either political party? 3. Can a Christian work every Sunday, or every Sunday forenoon, or every other Sunday all day, and thus neglect the hearing of the word of God and the church services?

1. This is an oft-discussed passage, its apparent obscurity arising from imperfect rendering in the translation. Jesus did not commend the purpose or object of the unjust steward, which was palpably dishonest, but he pointed out his keen foresight, sagacity, skill and prudence. It was as though he had said: "Observe the thoroughness and efficiency this man displays in his wickedness. If that same talent were applied with equal determination in a righteous cause, it would accomplish much. If the children of light employed similar skill and ability for noble and high purposes, they would do well. Why should the children of this world be wiser than the children of light? Verse 9 means that we should learn how to turn to the highest spiritual advantage those material opportunities which worldly men grasp only to abuse; so that when we fail (i. e., when this life and its problems come to an end) we may have those we have helped to rise up as witnesses for us. 2. His politics, like everything else in his life, should be a matter of conscience. We see no reason why he should not support the good men of either party. 3. One who deposes the Lord's day to business and who does not value the privilege of worship sufficiently to exercise it, is a very indifferent sort of Christian. We would not judge others, however, especially if not knowing all the facts in the case.

W. B. S., Lindsay, Can. What is your view as to the correct interpretation of the story of the young man who came to Christ, inquiring what he must do to inherit eternal life? I have always heard the interpretation that the young man was a perfectly moral man, but not a saved man. Some time ago, I heard a prominent minister give it an entirely different interpretation. He stated that, in answer to his inquiry, Christ practically replied that, to be saved (just ordinarily saved), he should keep the commandments. Upon the young man having admitted that he had done this from his youth, the minister virtually put Christ in the position of having said to the young man, "Well, then you are a saved man. You don't need to be saved; what you want is to be perfect, that is, to accomplish the higher purposes of life." The question is, was the young man a saved man when he came to Christ, or not?

The sincerity of the young man was obvious; yet he himself felt that although he had lived a clean moral life, keeping the letter of the law in absolute strictness, there was yet something wanting. He was not satisfied with his own

blameless life. It was to find out what this hidden need was that he came to the Master, and asked, "What lack I yet?" Jesus, reading his heart, knew that his wealth stood as a barrier between him and the spiritual life he craved; that the influence and social position it gave were so dear to him that he could not bear to part with them, even to attain his ideal of a perfect life. His riches were his idol, and this the Master knew. So when Jesus in his wisdom put the test, forcing the young man to choose between riches and heaven—that he must himself cast aside the stumbling-block in his spiritual path—he failed at the crisis, turned his back upon the Master, and went away sorrowful. Jesus demanded an absolute surrender of the heart and the whole life, the placing of all in the scale as a heart offering. Good works could not save, but sacrifice of our works and our wealth brings us into a new and divine relationship as true heirs to the kingdom. See Matt. 19: 23, in which the spiritual compensation for such sacrifice is promised. The rich young ruler

though the spiritual application remains. 2. Jesus had been speaking of heaven and hypocritical prayers, and now, in sharp contrast, he taught his followers how to approach God in simple, reverent petition, giving them this perfect prayer as a perpetual model. It has been the universal prayer of the Christian Church and is as applicable to-day to many spiritual and natural needs as when it was first spoken by Jesus on the Mount.

Mrs. F. Q. T., DeFuniak Springs, Fla., and A. L. W., Warsaw, N. C. Did the woman with a "familiar spirit" really "bring up" Samuel from the other world?

Not a few books have been written on the question asked in this letter—whether there was a real apparition or an imposture. Some of the early writers of the Church took the former view, believing, however, that it was Satan's work. Origen held it as an imposture, pure and simple. Saul apparently saw nothing, but listened to her description of the figure of

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P. H. S., Cumming, Ga. Please explain (1) I. Cor. 3: 15. (2) I. John 3: 9. (3) Does a person receive the Holy Ghost at or after regeneration?

(1) The best interpretation is that if a man really has spiritual life, yet does poor and faulty and foolish work, he himself will be saved, but his work will perish. But his own salvation will be by a narrower margin than that of the man who did better and wiser and more careful work. (2) The real meaning of this text is best brought out by noticing the striking use of the Greek tense. The aorist tense in the Greek language is used of a specific, single action; the present implies continuous or continual action. It is the present tense which is used here, so that the meaning is: "Whoever is born of God does not go on committing sin"; sin is not in his programme; he does not, as a continuous habit, transgress God's law. While he is a child of God he cannot remain in the conscious habit of disobeying God. Of course, there is no need for falling into single, sudden, unpremeditated and not habitual forms of sin, but that is another question. (3) All Christian creeds hold that a person receives the Holy Ghost at regeneration, but within the last twenty years many influential leaders of Christian thought and many organized movements have taken the position that there is a second experience called the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. This was the position taken by Dr. Torrey, accepted by Mr. Moody, and now clearly taught by such men as Dr. Chapman, Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott and others. It is accepted as a part of the platform of the "Northfield" movement in America, and the "Keswick" movement in England. The Methodist Church, the Salvation Army, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the organized "Holiness Movement" have always held this view. Most of their teachers hold that the baptism with the Holy Ghost brings with it the destruction of inbred sin. Some of them have, however, probably separated the experience of the baptism with the Holy Ghost from that of being cleansed from all sin.

## Miscellaneous

E. R., Fayetteville, N. C. See answer to another correspondent on same subject.

Rev. I. W. W., Williamsburg, Va., and others. The sinlessness of Jesus has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. He had the power to sin, yet was without sin.

Rev. H. P. U., Oakesdale, Wash. Whether the pole has been reached or not is a problem for scientists and geographers exclusively, and one which seems impossible of settlement at present.

R. R. S., Trinity Valley, B. C. Thanks for your letter on reciprocity, which is enlightening. There are doubtless two sides to the question, one of which has not yet been taken sufficiently into account.

Reader, Fargo, N. D. No, there is no Bible warrant for such a statement. It is probably based on the record in Scripture that at the crucifixion many of the graves were opened (see Matt. 27: 52, 53).

R. F. K., Reading, Pa. Esdras is one of the books in the Apocrypha, and is not a part of the canon of Scripture; nor is it usually found with the Bible. It is a very unusual thing for a preacher to go to the Apocrypha for his text.

R. L. B., St. Louis, Mo. We have no right to judge in such matters. God alone knoweth the heart and is the judge of all, and it is presumptuous for any one to assert that the Divine mercy, which extended to the dying thief, may not reach a sinner even at the eleventh hour.



A Corner of 34th Street and Broadway, New York, that Sold for \$1,000,000

NEGOTIATIONS have recently been closed in another deal for what is generally regarded as the most remarkable piece of real estate in New York City—the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street. The last owner announced that he had sold it for one million dollars cash. The little corner has a Broadway frontage of 31.10 feet, but its area is only half a full city lot, so that this price is probably the highest ever paid for realty in New York, with the possible exception of the deal for part of the Bankers' Trust Company site, at Wall and Nassau streets. The Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street parcel has a remarkable history. It is just about ten years ago that the property sold at \$750,000. In 1907 it again changed hands, bringing \$525,000. At the present time it is yielding a rental of \$60,000 per annum.

came very near to the kingdom, but without entering in. His own estimate of his obedience was not justified, for if he had indeed kept the first commandment he would have placed God first, above even his much-prized earthly treasures, and he would never have gone away from Christ.

J. H. S., Harrison, Mich. 1. Please explain John 13: 14. 2. Also Matt. 6: 9.

1. This passage is not to be interpreted in the narrow, literal sense, as has often been done by popes and emperors. It means that we must be willing and glad to do the humblest service for each other. In a climate where people wear sandals and where the pervading limestone dust mingled with the dry soil and made foot-washing a daily necessity, it was obviously one of the first services for comfort. In climates where such conditions do not exist, the same object illustration cannot apply,

an aged man. The wretched king, forsaken of God, had thought to wrest from the powers of darkness some forecast of the future. The Hebrew words which describe the woman call her a mistress (or priestess) of Ob. The obol dealt with familiar spirits and were called ventriloquists, because the god or spirit supposed to be in them spoke through them, without perceptible motion of the lips.

N. J. D., Moorehill, Ind. What is the meaning of the last part of Deut. 8: 3? The verse is in red in my Red Letter Bible.

The meaning is that real life does not come and is not sustained by food, but by communion with God. God communicates with us through his Word, and in that Word we find life and nourishment, even though the physical body might perish from lack of food. The verse is in red because it was quoted by Jesus in Matt. 4: 4 and Luke 4: 4.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



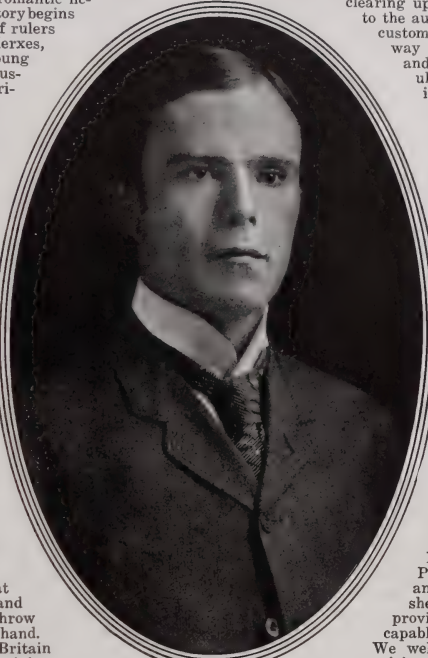
## A YANKEE YOUTH AT ODDS WITH RUSSIA

HERE is a story that goes beyond the most romantic fiction. The old, old nation of Persia, whose history begins back in the mists of fable, whose long list of rulers includes such names as Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, is now dominated by a young American, answering to the name of W. Morgan Shuster. And the guidance and rule of this young American are so satisfactory that it has almost seemed at times that Persia would rather lose her independence than dismiss him. He has told the Persians not to consider his interests in the present crisis with Russia, but they have thus far resolutely refused to release him from the post he holds as treasurer-general of the kingdom.

Russia is massing armies toward Teheran with the aim, it is thought, to accomplish the downfall of this youthful Yankee. Conflicting reports and prophecies come fast from the centres of action and interest abroad. It has been, of course, impossible to know positively the plans and purposes of the great Powers involved. Many have thought that Russia was determined not only to remove Mr. Shuster, but to swallow Persia whole. Conjectures as to whether or not England would interfere or has interfered, have ranged over the whole gamut of possibilities and impossibilities. Sir Edward Grey, in his recent calm address to Parliament and the British nation, endeavored to set at rest the disturbed and the disturbers by calling attention to the treaty between Russia and Great Britain, which binds both these nations to respect the independence of Persia and binds each of them to respect the equal commercial rights of the other.

England's apparent unwillingness to interfere in the present disturbances have been taken, in St. Petersburg, to mean that she will not attempt to block the occupation of Persia by the Russians.

A recent dispatch from St. Petersburg declares that Russian expansionists were confident that England would remain passive, and that the complete overthrow of Persia's independence by the Czar is near at hand. Other writers express the conviction that Great Britain must have taken advantage of the treaty rights of giving friendly advice to Russia in matters of mutual concern, and that counsel had thus been given to desist from further aggression in Persia. In the midst of all this contention and



Mr. W. MORGAN SHUSTER  
Treasurer General of Persia

wonderment, with regiments marching toward Teheran and official and imperial mandates and documents filling the air, Mr. W. Morgan Shuster holds his ground and cables Washington that he is in no danger, and asks the State Department to pass on the word to his father and mother, who are, he has reason to believe, somewhat anxious over the safety of their son.

The only thing that spoils the story is that Shuster is a great big giant of a man. To make it really correct, according to the laws of good story-making, he should be a spare, slight fellow, one who would have all the odds against him in a fight with a lion, or a bear, or both. But W. Morgan Shuster is said to weight 225 pounds, though his pictures would not suggest it, and to be a towering sort of a chap, who might easily choke a bear with one hand while with the other he carelessly twists a lion's tail. At any rate, there he is, thirty-four years old and a thorough-going Yankee, controlling the affairs of Persia, rousing the interest of England, and fascinating the world.

That his influence over Persian affairs has not been exaggerated is indicated by the statement made by the *Novoye Vremya*, the most influential Russian newspaper, that this "American adventurer Shuster" is "more powerful than the whole Persian Government."

But Mr. Shuster is not an adventurer. He is a man who has already had a remarkable career as an untangler of national finances. When little more than twenty-one years of age he was at work

clearing up the finances of Cuba. He was first the assistant to the auditor of the island, and was later made collector of customs at Havana. In this position he made good headway in breaking up the graft method of former times, and his activities in this direction made him as unpopular in some circles in Cuba as his firmness and energy in Persia have made him unpopular with the Russian court. In 1901 Mr. Shuster was sent to the Philippines by Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, to straighten out the finances of our new possessions. The Hon. William H. Taft was at that time governor-general of the Philippines, and Mr. Shuster is said to have been his chief adviser. Before he left the islands, he was made Secretary of Public Instruction, and was also given a position of authority in the regulation of public worship. In all these difficult and diverse tasks he "made good." It was not at all strange, then, that when Persia asked President Taft and Secretary Knox to select a man to readjust and re-establish its finances, Mr. Shuster was named. He was appointed to his present post in February of this year. His engagement gives him "direct and effective control of all the financial and fiscal operations of the Persian Government, including the collection of all receipts of every description and control of all government expenditures. Russia and England both possess hitherto recognized "spheres of influence" in Persia and the activities of the new treasurer-general threatened to disturb these arrangements. Russia's objection to Mr. Shuster's activities is understood to be simply an objection to having life put into a nation which she would prefer to behold as a corpse. The *London Times* insists that it is unfair and untrue to say that England has sympathy with any such desire for Persia's downfall. Speaking for England, the *Times* announces: "Nothing would suit us better than that she should pull herself together, restore order in her provinces and take her place as an independent country capable of avoiding causes of complaint and intervention. We welcomed Mr. Shuster's appointment and hoped to rejoice in his success." The following sentence, however, suggests a query: "It is a matter of deep regret that he has chosen to jeopardize that success by ignoring the interests and authority which we and Russia possess in Persia."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1315



A View of Persia's Royal Palace at Teheran

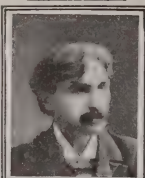


Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persia's U.S. Ambassador and Wife



# A New Year's Sermon

Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, D.D.\*



# The Life Triumphant

TEXT: Phil. 4:13—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

**W**E STAND once more at the threshold of a new year. Bearing in our spirit the scars of battle, sobered and shadowed by the sins and griefs of yesterday, many will face the future with uncertainty and fear. We launch our ship upon an unknown sea. Silence holds in her mysterious depths whatever of good or ill awaits us. But one thing is certain: we must go forward. If we are possessed of sufficient spiritual resource we shall come to our desired haven in peace. If we are without that necessary equipment we shall go down before the inevitable storm.

Against these facts we place the words of our text: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

This is the language of a man who, in Homeric phrase, had "drunk life to the lees." Others had seen life. Paul had lived it. Fighting desperately every day, his mind and heart were in perfect peace. Flung by the tides of circumstance into poverty and friendlessness, he knew how to be content. When bitterness and cynicism sought admission to his soul he thought on other and diviner realities until the angels of despair were silenced. Looking forward with calm certainty born of long experience he exults in the consciousness of his invincibility. He knows that he can do all things, and, knowing this, fear becomes a stranger to his mind.

The apostle is speaking to men and women whom he knows and loves. He understands their circumstances and rejoices in their noble struggle to overcome. They are the children of his spirit and he thinks of them as the very joy and crown of his rich and fruitful life. From his heart to their hearts he pours the mystic secret of overcoming. He has struggled and suffered, sacrificed and sorrowed even as they, but his voice rings with the exultant note of certain triumph. He knows where to find resource and sustenance more than sufficient to meet the year's vicissitudes.

## The New and the Old in the New Year

The New Year will be like all years for the most of us. Temptation, burden and joy may assume new forms, but we shall meet them with the same spirit, bring to their solution the same mind, and fail, if we fail at all, because of the same weakness. One thing we all must do: we must live our own life; we cannot escape from ourselves. Friends may come and go, but each soul remains shut in behind the impassable walls of its own personality. Our new task is therefore the same as the old task. We must live each with himself; in the language of Emerson, taking himself for better or for worse.

If we can find rootage for our souls beside the rivers of God; if we can organize and control our inner forces so as to bring to bear upon each task and each temptation the entire resources of our being, we shall have a happy new year. If we cannot do this we shall have a sad new year. We must conquer or be conquered by the world. There is no such thing as quarter to be asked or given. The ship can sail the seas so long as she keeps the sea outside herself. And men can overcome the world only by shutting the world outside. The one problem of chief import for us is to learn how to possess our own souls. The battle of life is always fought within the man's own spirit. Sin in the world is as harmless to the Christian as the shadow of a cloud. It is sin enshrined in the temple of the spirit that bringeth forth death.

We must live our life where we are. Few, if any, can take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea. And even if one can run away from one's burden one cannot run away from one's self. It is the self that makes the burden burdensome. Weak men are broken by work that forms but a pleasant pastime for the strong. Temptations that pierce the unprotected soul glance harmlessly from the armored life. God has given us our work to do; and with the work he gives daily strength to the worker.

We have a right to expect more from life than a bare existence. It is the overplus that constitutes our riches; and it is possible for every man to come off more than conqueror through him who loves us.

Indeed, unless we have an abundant entrance into life we have not entered into life at all. Man was created to have dominion over the world. He has lost that dominion because he has lost dominion over himself. Jesus declares that he "has overcome the world," not by a mere margin but gloriously, abundantly, with infinite reserves uncalled for in the effort. Therefore his followers are not to fear. He has called us brethren. We are heirs and joint heirs with Christ of the infinite resources of God. We are not to cringe and creep before the armies of the enemy; crushed by the sickening consciousness of our essential weakness, our inability to sustain a siege. But rather, we are to send our voices thundering defiance upon the winds. We are to march out in full battle array and put to flight the armies of aliens. We cannot be conquered. It is not size, nor numbers, nor learning, nor any external things. It is the infinitude of spiritual resource that pours down through the ever-widening channels of God's grace upon the believing soul, that enables one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight.

## Life's Threefold Triumph

These, then, are the things which every man must do every year, both old and new, if he is to play a true man's part in the world. He must possess himself completely; he must face his own circumstances without flinching or fear; and he must possess an overplus of power, a reserve of strength, more than sufficient for any day.

It is possible for every man to have this threefold experience of the triumphant life. The place he occupies, the environment in which he moves makes little real difference. In the realm of spirit all rules of craft and prudence fail. Rich men become poor and poor rich. The strong are brought low and the weak are exalted. To find one's life is to lose it, and whosoever loseth his life shall find it. The first shall be last and the last first. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty and the things which are not to bring to nought things which are.

The triumphant life is an internal experience. It is the flowering of a spiritual process. Paul sums up the whole matter in three words: "In the Lord." Nothing can ever happen to the man who is "in Christ." He can never die, because in Christ he has already died, and like his Lord, is now alive forevermore. "I live, yet not I: it is Christ that liveth in me," is the confession of the apostle.

A Christian is a man in whom Christ is incarnate. Apart from this fundamental experience, creeds and forms and rituals and orthodoxies are of no avail. Just as the prophet put his body down upon the body of the dead lad, eye to eye, face to face, heart to heart; so Christ places his living Personality against every part of the Christian's being, and the dead, in contact with Life, becomes itself alive. To be in Christ is to have one's rootage in eternity. While we are tossed upon the tides of this world our anchor holds far and deep within the veil that for the present hides from our vision that other and diviner world to which we really belong.

## What It Is to Be in Christ

It is almost impossible to realize the full meaning of this experience. To be "in Christ" is to be transplanted from all the limitations of human existence into a life limitless in power and possibility. You seem still to be in this world, but you are not. You have overcome this world and passed beyond it. You can lose nothing, because all things are but loss compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord. Nothing that you do or say or feel or hope "in Christ" can ever be lost or fail of its final fruition, because you speak his words and his words can never pass away. You do his work and are therefore a worker together with God. You feel the thrill of deathless energy even as you become conscious of your earth-born weakness and you discover that these are but foretokens of immortality. He that liveth and believeth can never die. When the day is darkest, the pain most bitter, you hope for that day whose dawn already trembles upon the hilltops, when you

shall see him face to face and know even as you are known. To be "in Christ" is to be born again from above; to be caught up out of this life series, which ends in the grave, and planted forever in that new life series which is eternity. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.

From such an experience as this we look out upon a new year with eyes that see and with a heart that understands. Each new year becomes better than the last because it brings us more of life and love and power. We are one year nearer home. The world becomes more beautiful because we catch the glow and glory of that other world reflected everywhere. Life is rich and sweet and precious because it holds this higher meaning. We have a blessed secret which we can share only with God.

There are doubtless many who shrink from facing the new year because of what the old year has brought of pain and burden. Life has been too much for you. You feel like a child lost in the dark. The majesty of the storm, whose thunders disturb the silence of the night around you, awaken only fear. You are tired and lost and your heart hungers for escape from the ruthless energies that threaten to break you as the sea breaks a bit of wreckage against the rocks.

To these I would speak in love and sympathy. There is no darkness except the gloom of a darkened soul. The command, "Let there be light" has never been recalled. Your sense of defeat is a matter of your own spirit. When once more the "inner light" is kindled the outer night will disappear. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." It is not His will that the light in you should be darkness.

When Paul felt that without escape from certain inner ills which constituted for him a "thorn in the flesh," he could not live, his oft repeated prayer for release received the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

## Resting in God

This was no idle incantation to be pronounced in the hope of exorcising a plague. It was a glorious announcement of life and victory. God's grace is the new climate of redemption into which our lives are transplanted out of sin and self. However dwarfed and weakened the plant may be, once the tropical heat of this new zone falls upon it, vitality and vigor and fruitfulness must ensue. The mind holds high commerce with the mind of God. If we are centred only in self all roads run to a blank wall. We have no sky. But once we open the avenues of our nature to God the mind flies forth and away along the vast highways of God's thought and purpose. To think God's thought after him is to be like God. And God is sufficient. To think with God is to surrender all to him. We cease our striving and trust. The world no longer rests its heavy bulk upon our souls. Rather we rest in God and the deep rivers of his purpose carry us upon their flood.

Men are weak or think that they are weak because their powers are without an organizing principle. Their stellar system has no central sun. The enemy has conquered them one point at a time. When their heart hopes their mind doubts. When their mind is certain, fear throws its deadly shadow over their hearts. There is lacking a central force which will penetrate the unused continents of the soul and summon to united effort the man's total powers.

"In Christ" this state of chaos ceases. He is the captain of our salvation. Ascending the throne of our willing natures he reduces to his mild dominion every rebellion and gathers about his standard those reluctant powers which under the reign of self refused to serve. This is why "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The longer I live the more profoundly I am convinced that men's lot in life is practically the same. All flesh is one. Prince and pauper are constructed on the same plan. The accidents of their social environment are all the opportunity either will ever have. It may often be harder for the rich man to nourish his spirit with dainties than for the poor to grow strong upon a crust. John the Baptist was nurtured in the desert. The apostle Paul gathered the forces of his nature from the city and its

*Continued on next page*

\* Pastor Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.



## THE OLD AND THE NEW

"GOOD-BY to the old," we sighed,  
As the tired year breathed his last,  
And faded away at the end of the day,  
Into the bourne of the past.

"Good-by to the old," we said,  
For the year was a friend we knew,  
With his winsome hours, and his lusty powers,  
His skies that were blithe and blue.

But since all the years must go,  
"Good-morrow!" we cried with glee,  
To the little year that in bright good cheer  
Came here, in our midst to be.

Good-morrow, you happy king,  
That hath dared Time's door to ope;  
With your smiling face, and your royal grace,  
And your beautiful world of hope.

You have neither fear nor grief,  
As you bow where the stars roll by.  
You are born of the light, and day and night  
Shall serve you straight from the sky.

You may bring us death or life,  
You may bring us pain or cheer;  
Your times may be rife with tumult and strife,  
Yet we hail you, glad New Year.

A prayer, a song, a cry  
To the God of the passing years!  
Who can give us strength for the journey's  
length,  
And rainbow all our tears.  
MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## The Life Triumphant

*Continued from preceding page*

schools. Lord Shaftsbury transmuted the conditions of wealth and position into inspiration for human service. Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood in obscurity and want. Wendell Phillips was an aristocrat by birth. Booker Washington was born a slave. One had to overcome freedom, the other slavery, in order to achieve greatness.

If we pray that God will change us we need not pray that he will change our circumstances. The branch that is really in the Vine will grow. We are, "in Christ," masters of our destiny. We adopt a new point of view, a new standard of values. Our distracted energies are centred in God and take nurture from him. We lay the weight of our whole being upon each task. Without there may be confusion, but within there is peace. And thus, asking only the chance to serve, we come at last to the evening hour when, having finished our course with joy, we enter into life eternal.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and ehare it with another,  
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

## ANVIL STROKES

..THE pessimist foresees a storm in every weather sign.

..IDEALS must not be so high as to be entirely out of view.

..WHEN meekness becomes self-conscious, it vanishes.

..WHO hungers for praise never gets his stomach filled.

..THE contribution box never sags with the gifts of the lazy.

..MISERY loves company, but the sentiment is not reciprocated.

..WHO spends his sympathy upon himself deserves great pity.

You come to a knowledge of God, not by investigating, but by loving him.

..NO LABOR is lost which results in strengthening the character of the toiler.

..IF PLANS made one rich, then loafers could ride in their own automobiles.

..THE devil is content as long as he can engage you in an argument with himself.

..NO MATTER how much one may be able to get in this world, he can never obtain a monopoly of happiness.

## Switching on the Light

By EUGENE THWING

IN THESE short winter days, darkness comes early in the business offices of a great city. By four o'clock, or even earlier, it is too dark to work except close to a window. Then, everywhere, the electric lights are switched on, and the great office buildings become towering castles of brilliancy. Seen from the river or the bay, the city becomes a wonderful vision of beauty and mystery. Up and down the busy streets the lights blaze out over the hurrying throng, while the work of the city goes ceaselessly on.

A few days ago a man moved his business from one building to another. As the first afternoon waned, the light waned also. Work had to stop before the day was over. The electrician had not made the necessary connection, and the light could not be switched on. The current was there, right within reach, only a few feet away from the silent typewriters, and desks, and the books. Nothing was needed but a little connection, so that the current could flow into the filaments of the bulbs and fuse them into a glow of brilliant light. But the connection was not made, the bulbs remained cold, and the offices were in darkness, while all round the power of light was ready, waiting to flash and illumine the darkest corner the instant it could find something in which, and upon which, to manifest itself.

If we could leave our bodies behind and fly out into space directly toward the sun, we should find a most astonishing state of ever-increasing darkness all about us. Perhaps it would be high noon, and the earth would be basking in dazzling light, yet as we approached closer to the brilliant, blazing source of light, the darkness would become absolute. All around us the rays of light would be speeding on their way, carrying cheer and gladness to the earth far below, yet we should find ourselves, all unconscious of them, in total, awful blackness and gloom. The passing light rays must be caught by some substance which can stop and absorb or reflect them before they can appear as light. If a world should suddenly be created in the space around us, it would be flooded with sunshine and warmth.

FRESH air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but we hear less of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sick-rooms, are too common. Sir B. W. Richardson, the eminent London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of healing enter a sick-room their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation, "More light! More light!" The light of the sun is God's own microbe-killer, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness-healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it, nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it in, everywhere! Let the light in more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.

We are like the business man who moved into new offices. The first thing he needed was light. We are just moving into a new year, and the first thing we need is light. We hope to make this new year busy, prosperous, full of usefulness and joy. We cannot work in the dark, and, thanks be, we need not. The light is streaming in a prodigality of supply all around us, hastening from the great Source to flood with its brightness all who are ready to absorb and reflect it.

You have seen persons who seemed to prefer living in a state of gloom. They seem to withdraw from the light. They are like the imaginary spirit out in space, surrounded by light rays, yet lost in darkness. They move into the new year from one that was dark, and they expect their new place of business to be just as dark, or darker. Pity them; steal in upon them if you can, and switch on the light in their lives as you have done in your own.

A French minister tells of an incident during a voyage to India: "One dark evening, I sat in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and, instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bulb's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In a half minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

BUT in the wild sea of the world's busy life we are going to find many brothers and sisters struggling in the darkness during this coming new year. Business has gone wrong with them. Sorrow has flooded them like an angry wave, and has torn them from their strongholds. Disgrace, far worse than death, has blighted the home. Discouragement, weakness, gloom fill the dreary, hopeless days. Oh, but what is our light good for if not to penetrate the dark corners of these shadowed lives? We need no license for the practice of the light cure during 1912. We can find our way into the sick-room of any darkened soul and bring light, more light. We can carry with us everywhere the moral microbe-killer of spiritual sunshine, the sickness-healer of sympathy and love.

The Source of our light is boundless. If our connections are kept perfect there will be such a flood of brightness and beauty radiating from us that the coming year will be illumined for all who come within our influence.

## THE LITTLE PILGRIM

THERE is a path that leads to God—  
All others go astray;  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.  
It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And dangers must be passed;  
But they who boldly enter in  
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
This dangerous path to tread?  
For on the way is many a snare  
For youthful travelers spread.

While the broad road, where thousands go,  
Lies near and opens fair;  
And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble feet should slide,  
Or wander from thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old;  
"The lambs he'll gather with his arm,  
And lead them to the fold."

Thus I may safely venture through,  
Beneath thy Shepherd's care;  
And keep the gate of heaven in view,  
Till I shall enter there.

EARLE WILLIAM GAGE.

## Our Cover and Its Painter

THE painting, of which our cover this week is a delightful reproduction, hangs in the Main hall of the National Gallery in London and easily ranks as a world masterpiece. The artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was, according to Bishop Percy, "one of the best loved men in London." He was the founder of the famous East End Literary Club, which numbered among its members Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Bishop Percy, Boswell, Garrick, Gainsborough, Burke, Pope, Sir Horace Walpole, Benjamin West. He was elected first president of the Royal Academy and with the distinction of the king's patronage he was knighted.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' closest friend was Dr. Johnson, and of this famous friendship Oliver Goldsmith is often quoted as saying, "Reynolds' art and Johnson's philosophy was the ideal combination for a great congeniality." Sir Joshua was ever a tireless worker. Seeking out the secrets of the old masters, he is known to have bought works of Titian and Rubens and scraped them in order to learn their methods, insisting that these artists had some secret of luminosity underlying their work. So anxious was he to get brilliant effects of color, that he mixed his paints with asphaltum, egg, varnish, wax and the like until one artist said, "The wonder is that his pictures do not crack beneath the brush." Many of his great paintings did go to pieces because of the chances he took in mixing things which did not belong together, in order to achieve his brilliant and wonderful results. Upon one occasion Sir George Beaumont recommended to a friend that he go to Reynolds to have his portrait painted, and the friend demurred, "Because," said he, "his colors fade and his pictures die." "Never mind that," Sir George declared, "a faded portrait by Reynolds is better than a fresh one by any one else."

Sir Joshua was, all of his life, surrounded by loving friends, and his devotion to them was a dominant characteristic of his nature. The graceful anecdotes told of him are almost without number. He is known to have rescued Dr. Johnson from debt at one time, thereby saving him from prison. He negotiated the sale of the manuscript of *She Stoops to Conquer*, in order that Goldsmith might not be dispossessed of the pitiful attic room in which he was living.

Other well-known paintings by the famous artist are: "The Duchess of Devonshire and Her Daughter," generally considered his finest picture; "The Countess of Spencer," "Angels' Heads," "Penelope Boothby," "Simplicity," "A Little Girl in a Mob Cap and Pinafore," who seems to be listening to the fairies, and "Innocence," the lovely subject of our cover this week.



# A TOUR IN THE SAHARA

By ALFRED R. SHOREY

THE Sahara, that vast expanse of country lying to the south of Algeria, is commonly called "The Desert" by Europeans. The name Sahara in no wise, however, means "desert"; it is simply the Arab appellation of this extensive tract, mainly composed of great plains, which are even well populated in certain districts. It is quite a mistake to imagine that all is barren and sterile, for there are to be found large date-palm plantations, as well as numerous flocks of sheep and great numbers of camels which man must tend and care for.

The Sahara contains two distinct populations—the one sedentary, the other nomad. The former live in the towns and villages, cultivating the soil and tending the date-palms; the latter are shepherds, roving from place to place in search of pasture for their cattle. How few are there in the home-land who have any idea of the Sahara or of the Arab tribes who live there! Travelers to these regions are comparatively rare, but all are amply repaid for a visit. Life among the moving tents of the nomads is deeply interesting in its primitive simplicity. The country itself has a grandeur and beauty which is quite unique; its rolling dunes, painted with orange and crimson and gold against violet and purple shadows at sunrise and sunset, its green oases, its wild sand-storms, its lovely mirages, once seen are never to be forgotten. While the solemn silence strikes the soul with awe, one almost realizes why the Arabs call all this "The Garden of Allah."

The writer of this article made a two months' tour in the Sahara with a French missionary who had traveled frequently there, and had thus a long experience and intimate knowledge of the natives. After eighteen hours' journey by train from Algiers, Biskra, which has so aptly been called "The Gate of the Desert," was reached. Here the railway ends. Biskra itself is a French-Arab town with comfortable modern hotels. It is well patronized in winter by British and American tourists. At a little distance from the town there are some natural hot springs to which a regular service of trams runs. A visit to the oases and the Arab village of "Vieux Biskra" is but a pleasant walk and it is interesting indeed to see so many Arabs from the south, coming in with hundreds of camels, loaded with dates for exportation. While in the town we strolled into the native market, which is highly picturesque. The Moslem fête of Aid Kebir (great fête) was very near, and the sheikh had closed his school and evidently sent his scholars into the market, for we saw a group of ten or fifteen boys dressed in vivid, gorgeous-colored garments. One or two of the lads carried old Arab swords beautifully carved and ornamented. This group went from stall to stall, the leader, probably the sheikh's son, gabbling some well-known Arab phrases, while the rest of the company chimed in with "Amin, amin, amin" (amen). The stall-keepers all gave something—money, fruit, vegetables, bread, etc., evidently expecting in return a blessing on their trade or on the coming fête.

From Biskra onward the chief method of traveling



An Arab Caravan Halted for Rest in the Desert

is by camel, although a small mailcoach goes regularly to and fro from certain places. We had made arrangements with an Arab to meet us there with three camels, so, after completing our purchases, we loaded these "ships of the desert" and started off on our two months' tour, intending to visit a number of villages. The first day we traveled alone with our Arab guide and pursued our way along the government road through a barren land on which no rain had fallen for several months—a country of clay and stone baked by the scorching sun of the past summer. We passed, here and there, a few nomads living in their tents. At night we encamped at a little distance from the caravan route, but close to

distress existed owing to the lack of rain. About eleven o'clock we came up to a good-sized caravan going in our direction and we were glad indeed to join company. At two o'clock we arrived at our first well, where the camels were watered and we filled, for our own consumption, a goatskin such as the Arabs use, with a fresh supply of water. On tasting it, however, we found it somewhat salt.

Our new friends had brought three sheep with them, and on camping these were killed, and no little amusement was caused by the meat and wool being sold at auction. We now numbered about thirty men and fifty camels. On encamping for the evening a spot is usually selected around which there is sufficient herbage for the camels. Half of the men light the fires and prepare the evening meal while the other half guard the camels, which graze until an hour or two after sunset. The animals are then driven to the encampment and after being made to lie down beside their respective owners' tents, a slip-knot is passed over one of their forelegs, thus securing them from roaming about during the night. The men then have supper, which is usually a very frugal meal, consisting of a few dates and a piece of bread. This evening, however, as our company had killed three sheep, all fared more sumptuously. After the repast Mohammed took out his pipe, lit it and after a few whiffs passed it on amiably to his companions. Towards midnight I was awakened by an Arab singing at the top of his voice, in a minor key, one of the native songs. He had a fine voice and was giving free scope to his lungs. Strange and weird indeed it sounded in the intense stillness of the night.

Next morning we were off again at daybreak. This third day brought us to the real desert sand, and once there the Arabs of our caravan had little fear of robbery. On the fourth day we saw a splendid mirage—a long stretch of country with all the appearance of a beautiful lake, which, as we approached, proved to be but barren land covered with saltpetre, the color of dirty snow. There are many such spots in the Sahara where absolutely nothing grows. The Arabs call these places "shots." The earth is like baked mud and should any rain fall it becomes exceedingly difficult for camels to pass along. Quite at home in the soft shifting sand, they slip painfully and risk breaking their legs in the mud. On the fifth day we were caught by a heavy downpour of rain, which gave us a thorough drenching. In consequence of this our

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Arab Nomads Making Carpet

some Arabs who had preceded us and who were known to our Mohammed. They were all equipped with guns, for this part of the country is considered dangerous for travelers. The sun had already set when we pitched our tent, and Mohammed was careful not to select a spot near any Arabs whom he did not know. We soon gathered a few sticks, lit a fire, and left the camels to graze near by. The night was cold, although the day had been hot.

The next morning we were up betimes. Coffee was made, tent and baggage packed up, and we were en route by seven o'clock. Along the road, wells are to be found, which the government keeps in repair, while at stated distances one comes to a house which the Arabs call a "bordj." These houses are



A Nomad Family and Its Desert Home



Date Palms Among the Sand Dunes



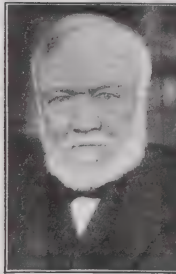
# PEACE MEETING ENDS IN UPROAR



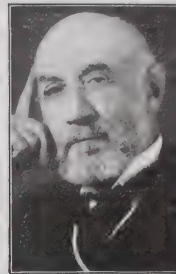
Hon. Richard Bartholdt



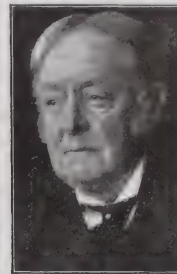
Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler



Mr. Andrew Carnegie



Hon. Nathan Straus



Hon. Joseph Choate



Colonel Henry Watterson

A MASS MEETING in support of the ratification of the general arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France was held in Carnegie Hall, December 12. Upwards of five thousand people, representing the brain, the culture, the refinement and, alas! as it ultimately proved, the hoodlum element, were in attendance. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Joseph Choate. Colonel Henry Watterson, Samuel J. Elder, counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration Treaties, 1910, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia College, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Richard Bartholdt and Dr. Stephen S. Wise were the scheduled speakers.

Mr. Choate, at the opening of the ceremonies, explained that the Citizens' National Committee, an organization consisting of prominent citizens from all States in the Union and represented by the committee and their guests, were gathered together for the single purpose of advocating the ratification of the arbitration treaties now before the Senate, and that the committee had arranged for similar gatherings in all the principal cities in the United States. Cheers greeted this announcement and the meeting from the outset promised to be a great public demonstration in favor of Peace.

Colonel Henry Watterson, in an eloquent speech which was a direct appeal to the American people to support the National Committee in its undertaking, reached climax after climax in storms of approval and applause. He said in brief that England and France, at the invitation of the United States, had called many mass meetings, and had to a man, sustained the arbitration treaties. Already at our hands the ratification of these treaties has been delayed too long by the Senate. Public men in every party, leaders in political life, captains of industry and commerce, men of letters, ministers of the Gospel, representatives of national associations, boards of trade, commercial organizations throughout the length and breadth of our country have incessantly expressed hearty approval of the ratification of the treaties before the Senate. "It is the people who are delaying," the Colonel insisted, and directly appealed to the audience, by their co-operation and active interest, to make it impossible that our government should be left impotent or unwilling to

move or that America's honor should be made synonymous with Punic faith. If the arbitration treaties are lost by senatorial quibbling, a great and bewildering obstruction will be thrown upon world-progress; and if the American people neglect to act, they invite the defeat of the most benign, humane, progressive and inspired movement of modern times.

This final appeal drew forth a storm of applause from all parts of the vast hall, with tier after tier of stalls and boxes crowded with peace advocates and enthusiasts, and beautifully decorated with white and gold. The great semi-circle of the auditorium itself was emblazoned with parti-colored shields of nations and the stirring motto, "O Lord, Let Thy Kingdom Come," blazed in gigantic letters over the stage.

At the end of Colonel Watterson's speech—which was practically the only one of the evening—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia College, rose and made a motion that the enthusiasm be crystallized then and there into a definite resolution that should be carried by unanimous vote. Suddenly Alphonse B. Koelble, who claimed to represent the German-American Citizens' League, jumped upon a chair and denied the right to pass resolutions urging the Senate to ratify the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France. He claimed that the proposed treaties were breeders of war, not of peace. "We know England's plans," he declared. "She wants to go after Germany and lick her; but before she does it, she wants to tie the United States up, so that she cannot interfere. We won't stand for it! We won't!"

The words were evidently a prearranged signal, for instantly a terrific uproar started in the top gallery—an uproar that continued in defiance of all measures taken to quell it.

The disturbance was evidently planned with utmost care. The disturbers doubtless knew that, immediately following Colonel Watterson's address, Dr. Butler was to present the resolution. For ten minutes the crowd in the galleries yelled, whistled, jeered, and stamped their feet. Bedlam had broken loose. One heard, above the din, the leader Koelble denounced as the instigator of the noisy demonstration. Various members of the committee vainly attempted to restore order. Most notable among these attempts was that of Rabbi Wise, who by

appealing first to the Irish, then to the Roman Catholic, and lastly to the Jewish element, attempted to force reason upon the obstreperous hoodlums. Dr. Wise spoke straight to the gallery, ignoring the great body of the house, which was with him; but his was a hopeless task.

Mr. Choate again took the meeting in hand and after declaring to the rioters, in a voice that was a noble attempt to overreach the din, that their attempt to break up the meeting had done more for the cause of Peace and for the furtherance of the ratification of the treaties than they could ever have done by staying at home or remaining quiet, the meeting was adjourned.

No one even then could tell just what the riot had been all about. The great crowd of people made their way out into the streets in a kind of daze, vaguely realizing that, with an audacity which no one in the peace movement had been able to foresee, one man, by packing the audience with less than three hundred leather-lunged rioters armed with megaphones, had dared to ask the meeting to do exactly the opposite of what it had been assembled to do, and, by means of noise alone, had momentarily defeated the advocates of Peace in their purpose. The great mass meeting in favor of Peace among nations had been reduced to confusion. Mr. Carnegie, during the riotous outbreak, was speechless with amazement. He simply held up his hands with an expression of utter dismay when he saw how the meeting had been transformed into a bedlam.

Mr. Koelble, after the disturbance, denied any intention of starting the hostile demonstration. He claimed to have been as much surprised as anybody at the result of his interruption. He said in substance: "The purpose of our party is to thwart entangling alliances by this country with Great Britain and to frustrate anything that might ruin the friendship of this country with Germany. I regard as very significant the recent remark of Earl Grey, that the proposed treaty would insure England a food supply in case of continental war. It is strange that England should come to America looking for an arbitration treaty, when she knows there is no danger of war with America. Why does she not seek such a treaty with Germany, with which country a war is imminent?" Mr. Koelble was born in this country but his sympathies are all with the Fatherland.

## A YANKEE YOUTH AT ODDS WITH RUSSIA

Continued from page 1311

Dr. Hannah Y. Jacobs, a CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary correspondent at Tabriz, Persia, has sent the HERALD some fresh and interesting information about the social life of the Persian people. The universal interest in that ancient people makes her contribution timely and valuable. The sieges and battles to which she refers took place in connection with the recent unsuccessful attempt of the ex-Shah to overthrow the present ruler and reinstate himself. This rebellion is believed to have been sanctioned, if not indeed promoted, by Russia. And its failure put that nation into bad humor for accepting graciously Mr. Shuster's reforms. Dr. Jacobs's letter follows:

"Since last Monday, September 3, the city has been besieged by Semat Khan, the Royalist, and this is the second time during the past three years that

this Royalist has come with his troops to take the city of Tabriz. All the roads and avenues of the city are now obstructed by the enemy, and there is no provision of any kind coming into the city. Thousands of people have not a morsel of bread to eat, but solely subsist upon fruits and vegetables that grow in the city itself, and these are nearly exhausted. No wheat flour or any kind of grain is allowed to enter the city. The suffering is very great indeed, and it increases every day. The poor people and the children are the great sufferers. Almost every night we hear some one in the bitterly cold to our door crying most bitterly for a piece of bread. We are in the month of Ramadan, or fasting, and as the days are still long and warm, the suffering from thirst is great. The rich spend their nights in feasting and visiting

and going to mosques to hear their mullahs preaching and narrating sad stories of their imams or martyrs. The people here often send for a doctor at night without ever thinking that we Christians have to sleep at night. Last night at twelve o'clock an old patient of mine sent for me. After exchanging salaams, she said, 'Hekim Khanim [lady physician], this is the way you treat your friends; if you are not sent for professionally you will never visit your friends.' 'No,' I said, 'I do, indeed, love all my friends and would like to see and talk with them often, but you know the city is so large and it takes me so long to go about to visit my friends and to be with my children.' 'Oh, let me send my servant,' she said, 'to bring your children here, and stay with us tonight.' 'Thank you very much,' I said,

'the children have gone to bed a long time ago and they are all fast asleep. By the way, you do not look sick at all; why have you sent for me?' Then she went on to tell me of her troubles, which could just as well have waited till morning. 'To-day the fast is over and cannons are thundering in the air to tell the people that they can again eat in the day and sleep at night.'

'We are still surrounded by the enemy, and there has been some very hard fighting. Semat Khan is trying to starve the people until the city surrenders itself to him.'

'Last Sunday (October 8) there was close fighting outside the suburbs of the city, and the result was that many on each side were wounded and killed. But no one can tell when this useless fighting will come to an end. The country is practically going to ruin from day to day.'



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President

GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor

THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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## The Year in Retrospect

WITH a few more rounds of the clock, Nineteen-Eleven will have passed off the stage and dropped into the limbo of the years that have sped. Few of his predecessors have traveled a more eventful road. If with one hand he has scattered gifts to men, with the other he has dealt them buffets in good measure. That he was no respecter of persons, but gave cuffs and favors with equal impartiality, he showed by the dexterity with which he tumbled the weakling king of Portugal off his throne, and flung the "strong man of Mexico" out of his chair of arrogant dictatorship, an office which he performed a little later for the child emperor of China, putting another "strong man" at the head of affairs. Nineteen-Eleven, though a rough fellow in the main, has proved on the whole a friend to republican institutions, although he has demonstrated this through the stirring up of civil wars and the sacrifice of countless lives. He has been a mighty fighter, too, in kindling the fires of industrial strife in two continents, and he has sent up the cost of living to a point seldom equaled. In our own land, the old year has been productive of startling industrial troubles; but he has served the cause of justice well in hunting to earth the dynamite conspirators who brought destruction and murder into the labor campaign. Nineteen-Eleven will be remembered, too, for the war on the corporations, the inauguration of postal savings banks, the great record-breaking presidential "tour on wheels," the mining disasters, the costly Mexican border patrol and the complete upset of Mr. Taft's reciprocity plans by Canada. Perhaps the nearest approach to any really great achievement during the year was the signing of the Peace Treaties, which would have been a notable and worthy addition to American prestige, had not the Senate balked at the ratification on the ground of an invasion of its ancient, dignified privilege.

And this brings us to remark that Nineteen-Eleven gave the Peace Dove a hard time of it. Like Noah's bird, she has found no resting-place for the sole of her foot. Affrighted by the constant sounding of the tocsin in Germany and England; dismayed by Italy's sudden raid on Tripoli; shuddering at the tramp of armed hosts in China, and alarmed by Russia's covetous glances toward Persia, the Dove has found it difficult to get a safe and quiet temporary roosting-place anywhere. Even the upper air is no longer safe for the Dove, for the development of the aeroplane now makes its early use in war a practical certainty.

To the credit of Nineteen-Eleven we must set down several really good things. It has brought us a higher sense of official responsibility, a better appreciation of civic righteousness. It has helped in the hard fight for hygienic and sanitary laws; it has aided in cleansing the Augean stables of corrupt politics in many American municipalities. It has witnessed the inauguration of the greatest organized Forward Movement in practical religion our nation has ever known. It has moved the hearts of good people everywhere with Christlike sympathy for human suffering. The year's redeeming character has been its kindness and benevolence. And, last but not least, it has added thousands of new readers every month to the Great Christian Herald Family Circle. With all its faults and failings, therefore, let us recognize its virtues, and let us hope that the New Year, now at the gate, will do still better. May Nineteen-Twelve be as peaceful as its predecessor has been warlike. And may it help along this old world of ours to better things than those that have disturbed it during the months that have gone.

## Our Treaty with Russia

NOT often have the American people been so aroused as they are at present over the question of abrogating our treaty with Russia. The advice of Representative Mann on the floor of the House, counseling moderation in language, may well be heeded throughout the intense and widespread discussion. But the sentiment seems all but universal that prompt action should be taken by our government. The House of Representatives, on December 13, passed a resolution by a vote of 300 to 1, calling for the abrogation of the present treaty, which has been in force since 1832.

Objection to the treaty is made because under it Russia has constantly refused to honor passports held by certain American citizens. The treaty itself grants passport rights to all American citizens, but Russian officials have persistently disregarded these provisions. Although the hardships caused by the present regime fall chiefly upon the Jews there has been a much wider protest than that based purely upon religious grounds. Prominent men of different faiths have aided in the movement to secure equal rights abroad for all our citizens.

President Taft, in a special message to Congress read on December 8, expressed his belief that the government of Russia is seriously undertaking to have the present practice changed and the hope that a satisfactory agreement could be reached without disturbing the present treaty. Popular sentiment, however, reflected by the drastic action of the House of Representatives, is demanding the abrogation of the Treaty of 1832 and the making of a new instrument. There is little doubt that by the time this paper reaches its readers the Senate will have followed the action of the House. Sudden action was taken because the present treaty provides for its own continuance for twelve months after the first of January following notice of abrogation.

## Zeal Without Knowledge

ENTHUSIASM is a magnificent thing. There is no finer or more effective part of Christian endowment; but it is only valuable where it is under proper restraint. "Zeal without knowledge" becomes one of the deadliest foes to real achievement and may be the means of misleading many. It was this danger that Paul had in view when, in writing his epistle to the Romans, he said that there were some disciples who had a "zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." This characterization applies with special force to the case of Frank W. Sandford, the founder and leader of "The Holy Ghost and Us" movement, who has been tried and convicted in a United States District Court in Maine of causing the deaths of six of his followers on the ill-fated yacht *Coronet*. He now faces a heavy fine, or ten years' imprisonment, or both. Sandford was sincere in his belief, but was carried away by unbridled "zeal without knowledge," until he became a dangerous fanatic. Like Dowie, he was the Elijah of his following—strong, self-willed, dominating—a man who, under different circumstances, might have accomplished much. There was abundant evidence of his fanaticism adduced at the trial. In his address to the jury, he justified all his acts and even his mistakes on the ground of divine guidance. The most charitable conclusion would seem to be that his mind had been impaired by the failure of his schemes and his subsequent sufferings, together with the misfortunes of those around him. His case is a warning to those who come into contact with men who, however great their energy and ability in religious work, are distinguished chiefly by their zeal without knowledge.

## The Right of Free Speech

EVERY lover of peace and every endorser of the arbitration treaties now before the United States Senate will be shocked at the effort made in New York City on December 12 to break up the great meeting called to ratify those noble treaties. Five thousand people were gathered together in Carnegie Hall, most of them representing the highest intellectual and social element in the metropolis. On the platform sat the aged builder of this stately and beautiful auditorium, and the donor of one of the greatest benefactions of the age—\$10,000,000 to promote peace between the nations. Grouped around him were leading scholars, ministers, financiers and orators. The most eloquent peace advocates in the land had been selected to address this distinguished assembly; but before the programme was half finished, and as soon as a resolution embodying the purpose of the meeting had been read by Dr. Butler, a packed mob broke forth into a roar which prevented further discussion. As President Butler concluded, a man sprang up behind him and moved to amend the resolution by adding to it the majority report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which, as is well known, is averse to the

treaties. Then the tempest broke. Instead of allowing the amendment to be placed before the audience and voted upon, in parliamentary form, these hoodlums kept up an almost incessant hooting until the meeting had to be declared adjourned. Joseph H. Choate, the honored chairman of the meeting; Mr. Carnegie himself, Henry Watterson, and others, notably the eloquent Jewish rabbi, Stephen S. Wise, tried to stem the turbulent tide, but only a few bold words at a time were permitted by any one.

The interrupter explained his rude action by the absurd plea that the treaties between France, Great Britain and America were intended to injure Germany, and he, as a representative of a great German-American society, wished the treaties defeated. That this should have been attempted by a determined suppression of the immemorial right of free speech, in a great American mass-meeting, was most discreditably to its prime movers, and will be justly condemned by our best German citizens. It was a rowdy effort to transplant to American soil the sensational German-English war scare in which our people have hardly even a passing interest, since we are on the friendliest terms with both nations.

## "The Lord's Money"

SHE was a middle-aged, pleasant-faced lady, and when she entered THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, one day last week, and said she was a regular subscriber and had a little business matter that needed to be settled, the clerks gave her the usual prompt attention.

"I have some of the Lord's money," she explained, "and now I've come to place it where it will do His work."

With this, she laid on the desk \$103.50 and gave instructions as to its distribution. Her list of beneficiaries covered a wide range, showing that she was actively interested in many different phases of the Lord's work. This was the apportionment of her gift, as she directed it to be forwarded through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

|                                     |          |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| China Orphans.....                  | \$10.00  |
| Williamsburg Mission to Jews.....   | 10.00    |
| Rev. F. Jansen, Cebu, P. I.....     | 10.00    |
| Society of Soul Winners.....        | 10.00    |
| Lincoln University.....             | 10.00    |
| Christian Schmitt, Labrador.....    | 10.00    |
| Mary Reed Leper, Mission.....       | 8.50     |
| International Sunshine Society..... | 5.00     |
| Five Points Mission.....            | 10.00    |
| To be used for needy family.....    | 10.00    |
| Bowery Mission.....                 | 10.00    |
| Total.....                          | \$103.50 |

She declined to allow her name to be mentioned in connection with this timely gift to worthy causes. Like many other readers of this journal, she had learned the preciousness of the passage from the Sermon on the Mount, "When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: . . . and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall recompense thee."

Within twenty-four hours after her visit, her gifts were in the mail and being carried to their various destinations.

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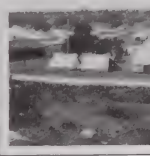
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Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

**G**EORGE V and Queen Mary were crowned Emperor and Empress of India at the Durbar at Delhi on December 12, amid a scene which for richness of color and magnificence of decorations has perhaps never been surpassed in modern times. The huge amphitheatres which had been erected in the camp was thronged. The bright dresses and sparkling gems of the many Indian princes and the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers contrasted strongly with the white dresses of the European ladies and the sober garb of the civil officials. The viceroy's procession rolled into view. Escorted by a brilliantly uniformed native bodyguard, the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge sat in their state carriage, drawn by blooded horses with outriders uniformed in scarlet and gold. Then the booming of an imperial salute announced the approach of the Emperor and Empress. The royal carriage, drawn by four magnificent horses, was almost hidden from view by the gaily caparisoned escort. The Emperor was in a robe of imperial purple, a surcoat of purple, white satin breeches, and silk stockings. He wore the collars of the orders of the Garter and the Star of India and the star of the latter order. The imperial crown consisted of a band of diamonds studded with large emeralds and sapphires with rubies in the centre, and a cap of purple velvet turned up with ermine. The Queen wore a dress of white satin embroidered with a design of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, with a border of lotus flowers. The Star of India embroidered the front of her dress. Her Majesty's imperial robe was of purple velvet trimmed with ermine, with a border of gold braid. She wore the orders of the Garter and the Star of India. Her ornaments were a diamond and emerald necklace and brooches. Car-



**A General View**

The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty. (Prov. 10: 15.)

Leo Sharp, employed by a local transfer company in York, Pa., was unloading bananas the other day

He was wounded for our transgression, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. (Isa. 53:5.)

It has been known for some time that the cotton crop of the country for the present year would be an enormous one, but the most optimistic figures did not equal those given by the Department of Agriculture in its estimate of the year's yield. The department from present reports estimates the crop at 14,885,000 bales, the largest on record, exceeding that of



1904 by 1.4 million bales. Every State in the cotton belt except Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma established new records for this product. Cotton is still king in this country, but cotton is a close rival. The cropkillers in the brokers' offices and the calamity howlers in and out of politics have wasted their breath, while a kind Providence has sent us an abundance of food and of raiment in the harvests of the year. The nation has sold the nation owes, and when the obligations are thus laid on the people, they maintain the highest standard of individual integrity and of public virtue! The prophet foretold the bountiful harvest:

And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil. (Joel 2:24.)

Four men in the murderers' row of the county jail in Chicago, who were to die three days before Christmas, cried in their cells when Jenny Dufau, the soprano star, sang to them a Christmas carol. The murderers remained in the rear of their iron cages, looking with tear-blinded eyes at the young woman whose voice has charmed great audiences in Europe and America. At the close of the song there was a hush, and then the weeping grew louder and one of the slayers cried out, "O God, God." Another stepped to the front of the cell and said "Sing, please sing again." Miss Dufau was weeping by this time. Miss Dufau sang the chorale, "O Noel," and the four condemned men knelt in awe and prayer. When the singer left they wiped the tears from their eyes with their sleeves and called out in unison to her, "Good-by." The best are not altogether too good, nor are the worst altogether bad. There was something divine left in the bad men that was awakened by the voice in song. The eye is nearest the intellect, the ear is nearest the heart. Melody melts the heart and opens the fountain of tears, or it soothes the troubled spirit into peace, or impels to deeds of daring or duty, or lifts the soul up till it

In the arrangements of Divine Providence, music and song have been made an important part of all dispensations, in the gorgeous Mosaic ritual, and in the ancient and modern worship of the Christian church. The singing about the Christ Child that broke the heart of the murderers has been and is now a powerful agent in winning the soul from a wicked life and in saving it. Heaven is a realm of melody. The angel choir came out from paradise to sing at the birth of the Christ Child:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (Luke 2:14.)

John Simpson, of Aitkin, Minn., wrote a letter to President Taft the other day, indicating that he had hidden away \$2,565 in bank bills and that the rats and mice had gnawed it into pulp, and requesting the government to make his loss good. The President referred the letter to the Treasury Department, which refused to grant the request on the ground that the pulp into which the roll of bills had been ground made the identification of the money impossible. The department recently redeemed for a Kansas farmer a roll of bills spoiled by a year's burial in the earth. The money fell from the farmer's pocket while he was plowing and was buried in the furrow, and turned up again the next season. Mr. Simpson said the savings of a lifetime, with which he intended to buy a farm, had been hidden away under the carpet of an upstairs room. He was afraid of the insecurities of banks, and of the various forms of investment, but forgot that thieves get



ive Square Miles

or some institution with ample security, and had from three to six per cent. interest on it, and kept the principal besides. He had no business to leave his money idle, and his loss is that which is liable to come to the pocket or soul of the man who will not put his talent to use. One of the most powerful lessons Christ taught was the sin and the penalty of spiritual idleness; of failing to employ the faculties, the opportunities given. And one of the fearful penalties of such failure to use these faculties the Saviour said was that the precious talents would be taken away from the possessor.

Take therefore the talent from him. (Matt. 25 : 28.)

Cherokee Bill, an Indian negro, said to be one hundred and fourteen years old, and declared by the United States census to be the oldest man in America, has announced that he will retire from active work. "One hundred years of work is enough for any man," Bill said. "I wanted to retire with \$100,000 to my credit, an average of \$100 for every working year of my life, but I can't quite make it." He is reported to have laid up enough for a rainy day in the past fifteen years from gold mining in Leadville, Cripple Creek, and along the Grand River. Cherokee Bill, the name he is known by in Colorado, came of hardy stock and has taken good care of himself. But the average human clock runs down for good under forty years, and those who live on borrowed time who are three-score years and ten and fourscore years old. Longevity is an important subject in sociology and also in religion; but the most important thing is the right use of the life, long or short. Some lives of eighty are thin and barren, and some of thirty have eternities crowded into them. Cherokee Bill, if no mistake was made in his calendar, was within six years of the age of the great lawyer, who worked up to the time of his death.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. (Deut. 34 : 7.)



# DIED FOR CHRIST IN CHINA



A Street Scene in Sianfu, the Capital, Where Eight Foreigners Were Killed



Rev. William Hagqvist



Mr. and Mrs. Hagqvist and Their Children at Home in Sianfu



Miss Christiana Andersen (Probably killed) and Native Helpers



Mr. and Mrs. Beckman, Mr. Vatne, and the Children of the Mission School, Five of Whom Were Killed, Including the Two Marked x



Mr. and Mrs. Ahlstrand (Missionaries) and Son



Mr. Newman, Postmaster (Who was Murdered), and His Native Staff in the Post Office Building



Miss Andersen and the Women and Children of the Scandinavian Mission



Scandinavian Missionaries and Children



# MISSIONARY MARTYRS OF SHENSI

ONE of the saddest phases of the revolution in China is the case of the martyred missionaries who fell at their posts in the ancient province of Shensi. News of their death was received by cable briefly and announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but the details of the event have just come to hand. Shensi has always been considered a loyal province, and during the Boxer troubles its capital, Sianfu, was the chosen refuge of the Court when it fled from Peking. But the revolutionary sentiment, which seems to have penetrated to the heart of China, transformed the usually docile population of the province into bitter enemies of the reigning government. Large bodies of armed revolutionists appeared at Sianfu and under skilful leaders an attack was made on the Manchus. There are reports that in the terrible slaughter that followed 8,000 Manchus, including many officials, perished. It is understood that a considerable portion of the imperial troops deserted to the rebel ranks. There was much looting and the slaughter of natives was indiscriminate. In one of the mission schools, a number of little Chinese children were slain, being mistaken for Manchus by reason of their feet not having been bound, as is customary with young girls in China.

At Sianfu, the capital, there were at the time of the outbreak some seventy-five foreigners, chiefly missionaries, seventeen of them being Americans. Some few fled to Kansu Province. In the course of the repeated attacks on the Manchus, several Christian missions were destroyed, and eight foreigners, some of them children, were killed. Almost all of these victims were connected with the Scandinavian Alliance Mission.

One of the best known missionaries in Shensi is Rev. William Hagqvist of the Scandinavian Mission. He is now in the United States in connection with the work of the mission. Mr. Hagqvist spoke with much feeling of the members of the mission who had been killed by the revolutionists during the recent massacres in Shensi. He said:

"The Scandinavian Mission began work in Shensi Province in 1891. It has done a great deal of work among the orphans who are supported by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our field has greatly grown, year by year. During the disturbances in 1900, through the providence of God and the help of the governor, we were saved from serious trouble. Nobody connected with our mission was killed.

"For a considerable time before the present out-

break, although we had no visible cause for anxiety or alarm, we felt that something was coming. Unrest had pervaded the country for several years. The Manchus were cordially disliked by the Chinese. The people longed to be rid of the Manchu rulers and this revolution had this sole object in view. It was hoped, at the outset, that there would be no cause for anxiety for the lives of foreigners; and it was with great surprise and sorrow that we learned that the missionaries of our Scandinavian Alliance Mission in Shensi had been threatened. In the capital, Sian, when the rebel general ordered the massacre of all Manchus there, he gave the order not to touch the missionaries and the non-combatant Chinese; but after the massacre started, the mob could not be controlled. It attacked the postoffice, where the postmaster, a German, was killed and the pre-

the missionaries' children. It meant to him a great sacrifice, as he had the prospect of a good career in this country, not to speak of leaving a comfortable home in the West. But we believe that these precious lives that have been laid down at the post of duty will prove to be for the benefit of the people for whom they have died as martyrs.

"As to the poor little children who were murdered," continued Mr. Hagqvist, "one of them was the only child of our good missionary, Mr. Ahlstrand; two others belonged to the Bergstroms, another missionary family, and the other two were Mrs. Beckman's children, as I have already explained. We have thirty missionaries located in different places in Shensi Province, and, so far as we have learned, they have been assisted by the native Chinese Christians to escape to the coast. As we

have had no news yet, we hope that the British expedition which left Peking with the idea of saving the missionaries living in the interior will be able to give them help and to assist them to safety. It is a great loss which our mission has sustained, not only in the lives of its faithful workers, but in the property destroyed. Some of our buildings were paid for by the subscriptions of our missionaries under support. We will have to rebuild in order to carry on our work, but it means a great expense and much planning to raise funds. Our Chinese Christians, and specially the orphans we have under our charge, will be in great need of help until the country becomes settled and peaceful. But we believe that the present trouble, like the Boxer uprising, will ultimately serve as a means of strength and blessing to the missionary work in China. The Manchus have always been anti-Christian and anti-reform. They never gave the people

full religious liberty. If the new régime should follow a more liberal policy it will mean greater success for the missionary work in all parts of China than ever before."

In Kansu province, there are twenty-two American missionaries, including children. Most of them are workers of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Missionary V. J. Plymire, one of the missionaries at Taichow, Kansu, wrote to Peking under date November 26, that lawlessness was increasing. The missionaries had tried to escape down the Hon River, but found it too perilous to attempt. Mail has been stopped and all the banks are either robbed or burned. The Mahometans of the province are even more bloodthirsty and threatening than ordinary Chinese.



The Interior of the Arsenal at Shanghai After It Had Been Captured by the Revolutionists

ises destroyed. Next a mission station in the south suburb, belonging to our Scandinavian Alliance Mission, was attacked. In this place we had a school for the missionary children, and the lady in charge, Mrs. Beckman, and the teacher, Vatne, were murdered, together with five of the missionary children. These missionaries have been faithful workers in our mission for many years. Mrs. Beckman devoted her life to the people of China, and it is sad to think of the painful close of her faithful service. Not only Mrs. Beckman was killed, but two of her children. Mr. Beckman was wounded, but managed to escape with the youngest child, an infant. Mr. Vatne, the young teacher who was killed, came to China quite recently. He left his home in Dakota and went out to serve God in China by educating

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ON DECEMBER 12 a daughter was born to Queen Victoria and King Alfonso of Spain at Madrid. This is the royal couple's fifth child. Three others are living—Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias; Prince Jaime and Princess Beatrice.

—BOTH THE HUGE CANADIAN PACIFIC Railway elevators at Owen Sound, Ontario, were destroyed by fire on December 11. These elevators, which were among the largest in existence, contained over a million bushels of grain, all of which was, with the buildings, a total loss. The shipping in the harbor was for a time in great danger; but by the efforts of the crews and the fire department, and by being moved from the neighboring wharves, it was saved from serious damage.

—MR. LUCY MULLER, of Charleston, S. C., who was specially appointed to visit John Island and ascertain the conditions of the sufferers from the late hurricane, has found five stations where there are some four hundred families in destitution. Many of them have lost everything. There are many other families on the different islands not yet investigated, who are believed to be in a similar condition.

—GOVERNOR BLEASER of South Carolina has attained an undesirable notoriety as the one executive, North or South, who has justified the lynching spirit. Addressing a public audience he is reported to have said that rather than use the power of his office to stop the lynching of a negro, he would have resigned and led the mob. It is worth noting that the press of the South, including that of his own State, is practically unanimous in endorsement of such sentiment uttered by a governor who should be looked upon to uphold the law.

—THE SERIOUS ATTENTION of the public has again been called to the depopulation question in France by the publication of official statistics throughout the country. These cover the first six months of 1911, and show an excess of deaths over births of 18,279. The figures are all the more discouraging from the fact that in the same period in 1910 the births exceeded the

deaths by 21,189. The figures for 1911 from January to June, inclusive, are: Population, 39,252,245; marriages, 153,931; divorces, 6,374; births, 385,999; deaths, 404,278.

—EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who has been generally regarded as a very strong presidential possibility, has stated publicly, in an interview at Oyster Bay, that he recently wrote a letter to a certain United States Senator expressing an earnest hope that the Senator would "not only refrain from any action looking to the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, but also would prevent his friends from taking any such steps." This sphinxlike utterance is variously interpreted, many holding that its full significance will not be learned until the convention meets.

—FRA ANGELICO's famous painting, the "Madonna della Stella," which was stolen from the monastery of San Marco, now used as a museum, was recovered a few days later by a force of Florentine carabinieri and police. The police had learned that the thieves were about to take the picture out of Florence, and took measures to prevent this being done. Lines of police were drawn around the locality where it was suspected that the picture had been hidden. At about midnight a man appeared with a package under his arm. The firing of revolvers signaled the appearance of the thief to their comrades. The man with the package, convinced that he was in danger of capture, dropped his burden and ran, but was shortly afterward arrested. In the meantime the police officers secured the package, inside of which the "Madonna" was found, entirely undamaged.

—ON DECEMBER 13 King George's sister, the Duchess of Fife, with her two daughters, Princesses Alexandra and Maud, were rescued in a lifeboat from the stranded liner *Delhi*, which went ashore on the coast of Morocco during a storm. As soon as news of the accident reached Gibraltar two British and one

French cruiser rushed to the scene, while tugs and life-saving apparatus were dispatched post haste. All the women from the ship were taken ashore first and there in a driving rain the Duchess and her daughters awaited the Duke, who was one of the last to leave the *Delhi*. While being taken ashore by the longboat of the British armored cruiser *Duke of Edinburgh*, they were thrown into the water by the capsizing of the boat, one of the daughters having a narrow escape from drowning. She was rescued by a sailor and carried to land with the others, all suffering severely from the bitter cold. Then they drove, still in a heavy downpour of rain, across the country to Tangier, six miles distant, where they boarded a warship and proceeded to Gibraltar.

—HISTORY IS AGAIN repeating itself in the attitude of the German courts in ignoring the Pope's anathema. Some time ago the question arose as to the jurisdiction of the civil courts of Saxony over the Catholic clergy. A Papal pastoral letter declared that every private person bringing a cleric before a civil court without the church's permission "shall be by his act excommunicated." The Saxony authorities have announced their intention to ignore this ordinance in the event of any conflict arising between the Roman Church and the laws of the State.

—IT IS WORTH making a note of the fact that Governor Oddie of Nevada and Governor Vessey of South Dakota, both of them now in Washington, express themselves as heartily sick of the notoriety their respective States have won as divorce centers. Governor Oddie says: "It is not a commodity of which Nevada is proud. . . . We are ashamed of the reputation of Reno." He blames the East for this undesirable state of things, and heartily favors a uniform divorce law, and Governor Vessey adds that a proper law would put a stop to the disgraceful rush to Sioux Falls and Reno, especially if under such a law they were prohibited from immediate remarriage to other parties.



# MEN AND EVENTS OF THE DAY

## Britain's New Political Leader

AFTER the resignation of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., from the leadership of the Unionist Party in the British House of Commons, the Unionist members met to elect a new leader.



Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, M.P.

As had been predicted, the choice fell upon Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, the member for Bootle. The new leader only entered political life eleven years ago. He was born in New Brunswick in 1858, the son of a Presbyterian minister. When twelve years of age he went to Glasgow, to be educated in that city. In 1874 he joined there the firm of William Kidston & Sons, iron-merchants, of which his uncle was the head; and, later, he became partner in William Jacks & Co., iron-merchants. Gaining a noteworthy position in business, he became Chairman of the Glasgow Iron Trade Association. He retired in 1900, and in that year, as a Conservative, won the Blackfriars Division of Glasgow. From 1906 until the recent general election he was M.P. for Dulwich. Defeated at Northwest Manchester, he found a seat at Bootle. He is essentially a business man of the best type, not an orator, but an excellent debater and fighter.

Mr. Bonar Law succeeds to a position of great importance and responsibility. He must now prove himself able to fill the place that has been occupied by a statesman of long experience and splendid ability. In the course of the speech in which, on November 8, he announced his resignation of the leadership of the Unionist Party, Mr. Balfour, speaking of his Parliamentary career, said: "I was leader of the House for ten consecutive years—a longer period, I believe, of continuous leadership of

the House than that of any minister since the death of William Pitt." Mr. Balfour has not resigned his seat in Parliament. He is not yet sixty-four, and he looks forward still to years of political activity.

## Briceville's Mine Disaster

ONE of the most disastrous mine explosions of the year took place in the Cross Mountain Mine at Briceville, Tenn., on December 9. It was at first believed that upwards of two hundred men were in the mine at the time of the explosion. Later and more detailed investigation led to the conclusion that there were about eighty-seven men in the workings when the unexplained catastrophe took place. The cause of the explosion has not yet been definitely determined. Various theories have been advanced, such as the presence of inflammable gas, the explosion of a poorly tamped charge of dynamite, or the spontaneous combustion of coal-dust.

The Cross Mountain Mine is a veritable labyrinth of tunnels and passages. It is believed that these passages total over thirty miles in length, and it is known that they extend for several miles into the heart of the mountain. The explosion which wrecked the workings blocked many of the chief entrances and imprisoned the men in the inner tunnels and chambers. As soon as word of the disaster reached the Federal authorities, the experts and crews from the Bureau of Mines were rushed to the scene to take charge of the rescue work.

Up to the present time over sixty men have been accounted for. Five men were rescued alive while the bodies of the others were found in various parts of the mine, mostly where they had gone in attempts to find sufficient air to sustain life. In all, as far as can be estimated, while the work of searching the mine is still in progress, there have been about eighty lives lost.

The mine inspectors who visited the workings only a few days before the disaster, announced that they found the mine in excellent condition, and that in their opinion the superintendents and operators of the mine were in no way responsible through carelessness for the loss of life. The operating company has agreed to stand by and aid the families left without support.

## A President for China

ON December 14 an important conference of the Chinese revolutionary leaders was held at Shanghai. At the close of the session the announcement was made that a republican government had been established and would be almost immediately proclaimed. Dr. Sun Yat Sen



Dr. Sun Yat Sen

was chosen the first President of China and Nanking will be the capital. It was also decided that as no prospects of peace are forthcoming from the conferences between the opposing forces, and that as Yuan Shi Kai, the premier, is firm in his contention for a constitutional monarchy, the revolutionists will urgently continue their preparations for an attack on Peking. The newly appointed officials of the republican government proceeded immediately to Nanking to assume their duties.

On the day of his selection Dr. Sun Yat Sen, accompanied by General Homer Lea, an American, arrived at Penang on his way to Nanking. He has been regarded as the chief instigator of the present rebellion in China, its financial agent in the Western world, and, as likely to become the first president of the Chinese republic, is considerable of a mystery to Occident and Orient alike.

He was a leader in the revolt of 1905, which failed, and he barely escaped from Canton with his life. Founding the China Reform Association, he came to America, spread the movement here and is said to have borrowed hundreds of thousands of dollars in America and England to finance the rebellion, after long negotiations with financiers here and in Europe.

"YOUR dress is finished, Cissy: I've only got to run the ribbons in the beading and sew lace in the neck: so that's off my mind, thank goodness! There's enough bread for supper, and you'll find a piece of cheese in the safe. Take a jar of the blackberry jam, and be sure to make father's tea fresh, if he comes in before I do. And do, dear, see that the boys' faces and hands are clean, and be sure that you make them say grace. I may be a little late, for I've got to call on Mrs. Fennis and see about Mary's dress after I get through with my confirmation class. And be good children, all of you, until I come back."

Allie's face was tired, her eyes were tired, her very voice was tired. At the door she turned to wave her hand to us, then closed it gently after her. Poor Allie! Things were just then at sixes and sevens, and of course she had to bear the brunt of them. Even father doesn't catch it so hard as Allie does at times.

For ours is the biggest and the poorest parish on earth, I verily believe. You can't think how poor some of us are! And the rectory is what Allie calls a "clearing house for troubles." Everybody comes to the rectory. The men come when they're out of work; and the women come when they're out of everything; and the children come just so. Of course father ought to have a curate to help him, but the place is so big and the work so hard and the pay so wretched that—well, he hasn't any curate.

Many times had the old bishop offered other parishes to father; and many times had father said he'd go—and didn't. For the men came and shook hands, and fumbled with their hats and hung their heads, and the women came and brought their children, and talked about other children, and cried. So father said he wouldn't.

And we live in a crowded little rectory just around the corner from our shabby old church, and we mostly wear

## SHEPHERDS

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

A Two Part Story, of which this is Part One

rompers, and play a great deal in our back yard. Not that we mind it—at least we boys don't, but Cissy does at times. Cissy likes pretty clothes and pretty things and pretty people.

There are four of us youngsters—Jimmy and Cecelia and Florian, who is five years old, and the baby; and Jack, who is *me*. And then there's Allie: Allie is really our stepister, and lots older. But she's been taking mother's place ever since mother went and left Florian a little crying baby.

Father says that when mother was going, she turned her beautiful head on her pillow, and whispered that she knew she could leave her little ones in her daughter's and their sister's hands. And Allie kissed her, and said she could. So, you see, we're really Allie's children now.

I've said ours is the biggest and poorest parish on earth, haven't I? Well, then, Allie runs it. Allie is housekeeper, and sews for us—and other people—and has classes, and looks after the sick, and visits all the women with babies, and the girls that have to work, and the men that can't find any. And she writes all father's letters and pays all his bills and does half his work, and looks after *him*, too.

Our old bishop was her best friend. He'd come and sit in our shabby old sitting-room, and get what he called a "line on the 13th Corinthians"—what-ever he meant. But he said he'd rather wear out than rust out, so he wore out at last. And we hadn't laid eyes on the new bishop, who was very much younger, and smarter, and more up-to-date, and very different from our old friend, we were told.

And now the new bishop was coming to our town, and father and Allie had

been getting the confirmation class in shape. We had more children to confirm than Mr. Rockwell's church had, but ours were poor, and his weren't, and there was the trouble. Most of ours hadn't anything fit to appear in on such an occasion, and Allie had to take that into consideration, and help them out, somehow or other. It was hard work, for there had been a great deal of sickness in our parish that whole winter and spring. It seemed to me that every few days the little white hearse would come stealing up to our church; and workmen in rough clothes, and plain crying women and scared, silent children would follow little coffins down the aisle; and there'd be father with his patient, thin face that somehow or other puts you in mind of a fine gold ring worn down to the edges, saying something about One who gathers lambs to his bosom; and there'd be Allie standing by a weeping woman who clung to her arm. Poor people haven't anything else but their children, you understand, so they get to love them a great, great deal. And they lose so many that it keeps them in terror they'll lose all. And that's one reason, too, why poor people are so kind to each other: *they know*.

That season we didn't have any new clothes at all. Father's old coat was shiny as a mirror—Florian used to play "seeing himself" in it. Allie trimmed over her two-years-old hat, and darned and darned and darned Cissy's one white muslin. Then she said in despair that it wouldn't hold another stitch and that she knew it would fall right off Cissy some day—gone to pieces all at once like the one-hoss shay. I don't know how she managed, but she did manage, to get Cissy

another. It was really a very pretty dress, and Cissy danced up and down the hall when Allie tried it on her. She was to wear it on confirmation Sunday, to do honor to the parish, father said.

And then Mrs. Delany, who does our washing and cooking, and has three children of her own, had to leave us, because all three of them fell sick—she couldn't leave the poor little things at home by themselves, of course. In the mornings they used to go to school, and in the afternoons they stayed in our yard and studied. Father arranged that. He said that all the poor woman had was her little children, and he wished to help her keep them with her—she couldn't bear the idea of sending them to the asylum. They were very nice little children, and Florian was great chums with her little Mary—a little child with the bluest eyes and the blackest hair and the quickest smile you ever saw.

Allie couldn't get a soul just then to take Mrs. Delany's place, so she had most of the work to do herself; and she was pretty tired when she left us and went over to the church to drill her big class.

Well, we were playing in the back yard after she had gone, and somebody rang the front door bell. We thought it was probably Reg Wright, our own particular chum, and Jimmy ran into the house to open the door.

It wasn't Reg. A tallish gentleman in gray followed Jimmy out on the back porch. He had a pleasant face, with twinkling gray eyes, and almost-gray hair, and little fine laugh-wrinkles about his clean-shaven lips. Just the sort of chap you'd make up to, you understand.

"I 'splained that father's out 'an Allie's out; and he says he'll wait a bit; and I asked him right in—and he come right on out," said Jimmy.

For a while he sat on the top of the steps watching us, but he seemed to get kind of interested, and before long

Continued on page 1329



# New Year Greeting

**W**E GREET the new year and we greet *you*, dear CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, with glad, exultant hearts, and with joyous confidence for the coming year.

Sweet, indeed, is the fellowship that begins in sympathy, that continues in service and mutual helpfulness, and that, with the passing years, with the strengthening of purpose, and with the generous effort, each for the other's good, ripens into a warm and lasting friendship.

Never was wish more warm and earnest than our wish at this moment, when we say to you, men and women, to you, boys and girls in nearly half a million CHRISTIAN HERALD families throughout the world—*Happy New Year!* We wish you, every one, a bright and happy new year, full to the brim with rich and abounding joy.

You have helped us, you have encouraged us, you have made us glad with your sympathy and cordial letters of praise and good wishes. We have worked together in many noble enterprises for the blessing of humanity and the bringing of heaven to earth. We have been separated by a few mere miles of land and water, but we have been close together, none the less, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, in the real companionship which no distance can separate. So shall we continue! So shall we go forward together into the new year.

We know you. We need not tell you that the way to have a truly Happy New

Year is to help somebody else to have a Happy New Year. You know it as well as we do. We need not tell you that you cannot possibly help somebody else without being helped yourself. You know that, too. You have learned it by experience. So when, with an eager, throbbing earnestness, we wish you all a Happy New Year, you know something of the depth, and breadth, and fulness of our wish for you, *and for others THROUGH YOU.*

When the Master said to Peter, "Lovest thou me? . . . Feed my sheep . . . Feed my lambs," he was bidding him the happiest, the most supremely joyous New Year and New Life possible to human experience.

Dear CHRISTIAN HERALD folks, think of the sheep, think of the lambs throughout this great world that need to be fed by the lovers of that same Master! Can we wish you, or can you wish us, any Happier New Year than to wish that we may, together, have a large share in this blessed work?

Now, we must, as heretofore, proceed in a careful, methodical, businesslike way. Enthusiasm without a strong, well-fitting harness can hardly be depended upon to do any work aright. Your co-operation with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made all things possible that have been done in the past and the present, and gives us good hope for a larger and more joyful future.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.





## People's Home Journal

By bringing good literature within the reach of the reading public of this country, *The People's Home Journal* has probably done more than any other popular fiction and home magazine to help build up the American home into the great national bulwark that it is to-day. For the past twenty-five years fathers and mothers have looked to *The People's Home Journal* for their reading and the reading for their children. This magazine has had a wonderful influence for good in every one of the homes—almost a million—into which it goes. It has become famous for its brilliant serial and short stories. Then you will also find all kinds of departments to cover a multitude of home subjects, such as cooking, care of children, entertainment, latest styles in clothing and newest fashions in needlework.

## The Housewife

*The Housewife* is exactly described by the name it bears, being edited with a view to giving the woman, who has the care and development of her home at heart, valuable suggestions and assistance. The department devoted to Cookery always contains practical, seasonable and tasty recipes. The Fashion Department, recently enlarged, displays the most desirable and fetching styles. The Social Circle, a special department, found in no other magazine, is used by *Housewife* readers as an interchange of ideas for home decoration, amusement, hints in economy, health, etc. The many serial and short stories are interesting and wholesome, effectively illustrated. Handsomely printed with beautiful colored covers. A magazine the arrival of which the reader looks forward to each month with interest.

## McCall's Magazine

The greatest woman's fashion journal in America. Has over one million subscribers—more than any other similar publication. Besides showing the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and most helpful information for women. *McCall's* is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated hundred-page monthly periodical that no woman can afford to be without. If you wish to save money and keep in style, subscribe for *McCall's Magazine* at once. Any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns (value 15 cents) free with each subscription. Select your free pattern from your first number of *McCall's*. McCall Patterns lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy, and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined.

## Ladies' World

This is the big year of the *Ladies' World*. 1911-1912 marks the 25th year of its existence. Nothing has been left undone to make the *Ladies' World* during the coming year run far ahead of its record for any previous year. The magnificent list of writers and illustrators, rich array of magazine material and the ever valuable departments will make the *Ladies' World* almost indispensable to you during this—its Silver Anniversary Year.

The December Jubilee Number will contain an especially written commemorative poem by Edwin Markham, special articles by Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives and Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Strickland Gillilan's reminiscences, stories by John Luther Long, Florence Morse Kingsley, Beulah Marie Dix and the beginning of an entrancing serial by Edith Bernard Delano.

# MAGAZINE

## Begin the New Year With a Gene

This may be the last season in which you can secure all the leading magazines club rates. Post Office restrictions are becoming more and more stringent, and perhaps it will soon be impossible to supply magazines at the present low prices. Man

**Christian Herald** One Year } **\$1.75**  
**Ladies' World** One Year }

Or a choice of any one of the following magazines in place of *Ladies' World*:

**Housewife** **McCall's**  
**People's Home Journal**

The **Christian Herald** with any Two Magazines Named Above } **\$2.10**

The **Christian Herald** with any Three Magazines named above } **\$2.40**

**Christian Herald** (\$1.50 a Year) } **\$3.00**  
**Current Literature** (\$3 a Year) }

Including a choice of any two of the following magazines: *Ladies' World*, *Housewife*, *McCall's*, *People's Home Journal*.

Or including a choice of any one of the following magazines: *American Boy*, *Metropolitan*, *Success*, *Modern Priscilla*, *Little Folks*, *World Evangel*.

**Christian Herald** (\$1.50 a Year) } **\$3.25**  
**Review of Reviews** (\$3 a Year) }

Including a choice of any two of the following magazines: *Ladies' World*, *Housewife*, *McCall's*, *People's Home Journal*.

Or including a choice of any one of the following magazines: *American Boy*, *Metropolitan*, *Success*, *Modern Priscilla*, *Little Folks*, *World Evangel*.

**Christian Herald** One Year } **\$2.50**  
**Good Housekeeping** One Year }

Or a choice of either the *Cosmopolitan* or *Harper's Bazar* or any two in this group with *The Christian Herald* for \$3.50

We will refund the money paid for any Magazine, including *The Christian Herald* if you find such Magazine undesirable in your home.

**The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York**



Your Own **Christian Herald** Renewal and One NEW **Christian Herald** Subscription for One Year for \$2.25



# BARGAINS!

## ous List of the Very Best Magazines

publishers have already raised their rates. We offer here better bargains than ever, more value for less money, especially in the \$1.75 Group. Remember you may have your money back on any magazines you are not satisfied with, including *The Christian Herald*.

**Christian Herald (One Year) } \$2.00**  
**Pictorial Review (One Year) }**

Or a choice of any one of the following magazines in place of the Pictorial Review:

**American Boy Metropolitan Success**  
**Modern Priscilla World Evangel Little Folks**

**The Christian Herald with any Two Magazines } \$2.60**  
**Named Above . . . . . }**

**The Christian Herald with any Three Magazines } \$3.20**  
**Named Above . . . . . }**

Any two of the following magazines may be substituted for any one of the above group

**Ladies' World, McCall's, Housewife, People's Home Journal**

**Christian Herald (\$1.50 a Year). } \$3.00**  
**Outlook (\$3.00 a Year). . . . . }**

Both magazines must be ordered to the same name and address

**Christian Herald (\$1.50 a Year). } \$2.65**  
**Woman's Home Companion (\$1.50 a Year) }**

Or a choice of any one of the following magazines instead of Woman's Home Companion

**American Everybody's McClure's Garden Magazine**  
 or any two of these with The Christian Herald for \$3.80

We will refund the money paid for any Magazine, including The Christian Herald, if you find such Magazine undesirable in your home.

**The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City**

### The Modern Priscilla

First, last and all the time, the best Fancy Work Magazine published in America, if not in the world. A practical instructor and reliable adviser in every branch of feminine handicraft known to women, including all kinds of embroidery, crochet, knitting, lace, bead work, basketry, stenciling, oil, water-color and china painting, art leather work, art brass work, pyrography, etc. Every number is profusely illustrated with beautiful original designs and full-size details of stitches. Besides fancy work, *The Modern Priscilla* provides its readers many specially edited departments.

### American Boy

The great magazine for boys. Give it to your boy. It will appeal more to his finer sensibilities than the tawdry, soon-forgotten gifts. It trains him to live and think right. *The American Boy* contains stories written by men who understand the American boy—stories of adventure, skill, travel, history, biography and world events, beautifully illustrated. It has a department devoted to the Boy Scouts of America, to which Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes an illustrated page each week. It is the biggest, brightest and best magazine for boys in all the world. *The American Boy* is eagerly read by 500,000 intelligent, manly American boys.

### Pictorial Review

claims pre-eminence among women's magazines for four reasons: *First*, for its fashions, which are easily the most up-to-date, correct and most practical of any magazine published anywhere. *Second*, for its common-sense, essentially helpful practical home and household departments, which cover the whole field of housekeeping and its problems. *Pictorial Review* devotes more space to this subject than any other magazine in this country. *Third*, for the wealth and interest of its art and literary sections. *Pictorial Review* stories are good stories, better and more interesting, stronger stories than you are apt to find in the pages of other women's magazines.

### Outlook

During the coming year the *Outlook* will be of more importance to you than even during the last, as the discussions in the political field will be of greater interest, due to the approaching presidential election and the outcome of the Taft policies. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt will write in his trenchant editorials on great public questions of the day. In these articles he will continue to discuss the movements for clean politics, honest business, and popular rule. Not even the editors of the *Outlook* themselves agree with all that Mr. Roosevelt writes, but every one must agree that what he writes commands attention.



**Your Own Christian Herald Renewal and Two NEW Christian Herald Subscriptions for One Year for \$3.00**





# THE CHRISTIAN

## THE AMERICAN PULPIT. Fifty-Two Greatest Sermons of the Year

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes more remarkable sermons than any other paper in the world. During the coming year we will publish a strong series by leading pulpit orators—"Fifty-two Greatest Sermons." Among the contributors will be:

REV. J. H. JOWETT

PROF. R. A. TORREY

REV. A. C. DIXON

REV. C. A. EATON

BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL

REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

REV. J. BALCOM SHAW

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

DR. DAVID JAMES BURRELL

REV. CHARLES F. AKED

REV. FERDINAND C. IGLEHA

BISHOP HENRY W. WARR

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL. By Dr. Francis E. Clark

Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, who is now traveling in the Orient, has undertaken to write exclusively for our readers "A Journey in the Footsteps of St. Paul." He will visit the "Seven Churches of Asia," and will record his impressions. His articles will be finely illustrated with photographs.

## CIRCLING THE COAST OF AFRICA. By Bishop J. C. Hartzell

We have arranged for a series of illustrated articles to be written by Bishop J. C. Hartzell, who has departed on a tour in the course of which he means to circle the coast of the entire African Continent. He will proceed down the west and up the east coast, visiting every point of interest, and his letters will give a true picture of the condition of Africa as it is to-day. They will be illustrated with striking photographs.

## OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS SERIES TO BE CONTINUED DURING 1912

Our attractive and helpful series of difficult Bible questions proved to be one of the most popular features of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past year. The series will be continued during 1912 as a regular monthly department. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will have an opportunity to join this great class for Bible study.

## MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM EVERY LAND

There is no other paper with so large and varied a staff of missionary contributors as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In every land it has its correspondents who write of the actual life of the missionaries, giving not theories, but facts. All illustrate their letters with photographs taken with their own cameras. These contributors give special value to the paper as a journal of world-wide missionary interest.

## HOW THEY FILLED THEIR CHURCHES. A Series by Successful Ministers

In this series, which will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1912, various well-known ministers will endeavor to tell the secret of their success in building up a large church attendance. Such a series cannot fail to prove of intense interest to everyone who is interested in the modern church movement.

## CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. By Eugene Thwing

Mr. Thwing, whose articles on the Philosophy of Every-Day Life are very popular with our readers, will continue his helpful talks in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1912. Mr. Thwing has a kindly way of enforcing great truths upon the minds of his readers that makes his articles very welcome.

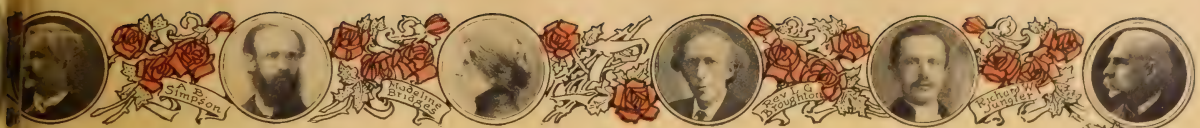
# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE GREATEST AND MOST USEFUL PREMIUM EVER OFFERED

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC was compiled especially for our readers. Every line of it is devoted to information. Realizing that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers wanted facts not available in other great almanacs, or even in ordinary libraries, it was decided to make this a work of ready reference for every intelligent household in the land. The subjects have been grouped under five heads, with many subdivisions: The Calendar; Religious Information; the United States Government; Agricultural Interests







# HERALD FOR 1912

## NEW SERIAL STORY. By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author of so many historical novels, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a stirring tale of the Frontier in the days when the life of the settler hung hourly in the balance. This story, which is full of the heroism, and, be it said, the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized those days, will be continued through a number of issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is an absorbing story.

## WONDERFUL POEM. By EDWIN MARKHAM, Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

We have just secured from Edwin Markham a remarkable poem, entitled, "The Cup of Pride." It will be published in the first number of the New Year, and should attract much attention. Mr. Markham has promised to contribute other poems to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1912.

## NEW YEAR'S BEST GIFT. A Symposium by Famous Americans

We have asked 100 representative men and women the following question: "What in your opinion would be the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people?" The answers have come from Governors, Mayors, Senators, Congressmen, Ministers, Scientists, Educators and other leaders in the walks of life. Their replies will be published in the first number of the New Year.

## SPECIAL ARTICLES. By Well-Known Writers

Special Articles will be published in every number during 1912. Among those who will contribute will be: HAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER, an Authority on Bible Propaganda.

PROFESSOR MASON P. YOUNG, Famous in Oriental Travel.

REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE of the Battleship Maine.

DR. L. O. HOWARD, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D.C.

PROFESSOR EDGAR J. BANKS, the Famous Orientalist.

WILFRED GRENFELL, the Arctic Hero and Philanthropist.

HON. CHARLES MCFARLAND of the Federal Council of Christian America will contribute an article entitled: "The Relation Between the Church and Social Service."

## NEW AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT. By Professor O. S. Morgan

Professor O. S. Morgan, of Columbia University, is preparing a series of articles which concerns the supply and demand of vegetable and fruit products as between cities and towns and the producing sections in their immediate neighborhood. It contains a suggestion for abating somewhat the increasing cost of living.

## USE AND NONSENSE. By Samantha (Josiah Allen's Wife)

Larietta Holley, author of "Samantha at Coney Island" and other delightful books, will contribute a series of short talks on homely subjects. You may be sure they will be entertaining as well as helpful.

## FAMOUS WOMEN CONTRIBUTORS

Special attention will be paid to the Women's Department. The contributors will be:

ELINE BRIDGES

KATE UPSON CLARK

H. PORTER, who conducts the Young People's Department.

ARIEL E. SANGSTER,

"The gentle Counselor of The Christian Herald Family."

## STORIES BY AUTHORS OF NOTE

These will be announced during the year. Among those who will contribute are:

ELEANOR H. PORTER, Author of "Marco" and of "Margaret."

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

MISS E. L. GEBHARD

AMELIA E. BARR

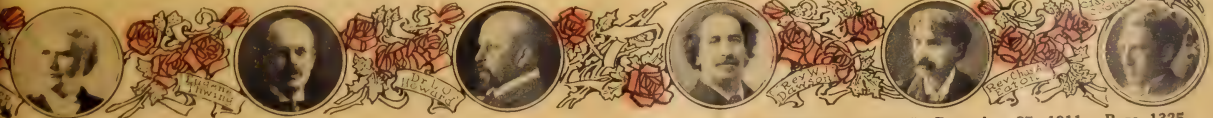
IRVING BACHELLER

MARIE CONWAY OEMLER, and others.

# D ALMANAC FOR 1912

## GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Foreign Countries; General Subjects. There are about one hundred and fifty thousand words of reading matter, or more than twice as much as can be found in the highest-priced magazines, and even more than is to be found in the average dollar and a half book. These almanacs give no idea of the value of this work, which will not be laid aside when read nor cease to be valuable at the end of the year, and will continue to be read with an increasing appreciation of its value and importance.

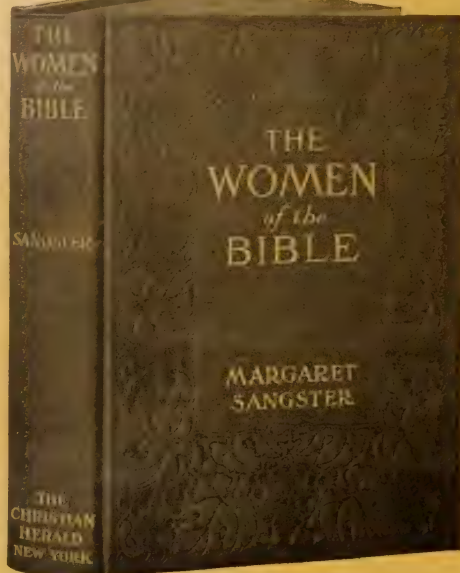




# THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Illustrated



Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or sent with One Renewal for \$2.00.

This magnificent volume is one which will be cordially welcomed in tens of thousands of America's Christian homes. It is the most comprehensive book ever written on womankind, for it is a World's Portrait Gallery and embraces the foremost representations of the sex from Eve down to the beginning of the Christian era.

Mrs. Sangster, who is one of the most graceful and sympathetic of American authors, has this to say concerning *The Women of the Bible*:

"In studying these wonderful women, we are brought face to face with many types of character. No two women in the list are precisely alike; yet not one, whether she be saint or sinner, prophetess or queen, daughter of antiquity or child of the early Christian era, fails in being distinctly and wholly feminine. There are many of them heroines who have the courage of men and woman's beauty in rare combination. There are women who came from the plain people, who rose to the height of a great occasion and met an emergency with an undaunted front."

Heretofore, history and biography have dealt largely with the doings of man; Mrs. Sangster rewrites it in the most delightful and attractive fashion, giving to womanhood its true setting in this story of the world's development and civilization. Every individual life that is touched by her pen is illuminated by her literary genius. She brings out qualities of greatness and power never before noted, or only faintly hinted. In her *Women of the Bible* every central character is a queen in her own right, sur-

rounded by her faithful subjects, ruling her realm with love, wisdom and discretion, and making civilization and history. It is a book of romance in actual life in which the home, the court, the temple, the battlefield, the desert, the throne, all play their part. Here one may study and learn more of woman's true nature and of her intellectual and spiritual possibilities than in a whole library of other books. In love, in patriotism, in service, in prophecy, in religion, woman is here assigned her true place at last, and it is a noble one!

"I have written this book with enthusiasm," Mrs. Sangster says in her preface. "I have renewed in memory the happy days of childhood, when I first made acquaintance with Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, Miriam, Hannah and how many more, as I heard Bible stories from the lips of those who long since went to abide in the home beyond the sea. Every page of this work has been to me a delight that words fail fully to portray. If my readers shall find in it half the inspiration, the pleasure and the profit I have had in writing it, I shall be more than ever glad of the privilege that has been mine in this special work."

Seldom has any book issued in recent years been so beautifully illustrated as this great volume, which contains sixteen full-page artistically colored portraits of Bible heroines by famous masters. The book is printed in large, clear type, contains 363 pages, is handsomely and substantially bound in cloth, and is published as a premium by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## The Christian Herald Home Library

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing Two NEW Subscriptions to The Christian Herald at \$1.50 each. Express 25 cents extra. Or sent with One Renewal Subscription for \$2.50.

This splendid little library of useful books will be found in constant demand by every member of the household. It is a condensed encyclopedia of the things that you are most likely to want information about. The following are the titles of the eight volumes with a slight indication of the contents of each:

**Entertainments for Home, Church and School.** Do you know how to entertain company, amuse young folks, provide holiday pastimes? Could you get up some form of amusement for a church or school social? This book will show you how.

**Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife.** Did you secure a copy of the Government Cook Book? No? Well, you will find it in this book, as well as a thousand other hints that will make your home life brighter and better.

**Healthful Sports for Boys.** The growing boy will read this book from cover to cover. It contains the rules for every game that every boy should know—from marbles to baseball—kite-flying to skating.

**Helpful Talks with Girls.** Every girl would like to know how to make extra money. This book will tell you hundreds of ways to do it at home, in business, in town, or on the farm.

**Business Hints for Men and Women.** Do you know how to make a Will, Endorse a Note, Draw up a Bill of Sale, Make an Investment, Understand a Deed, etc., etc.? This book will tell you.

**The Handy Man's Manual** is filled with practical information—from how to get free Government land to the latest kink in automobiles—from how to build a house, to the differences in standard time.

**Marvels of Modern Science.** In these days of Aeroplanes, Wireless Telegraphy, Radium, Seeing by Wire, etc., it behooves you to keep up to date. This book will bring you up to the minute on all these achievements which people are talking about.

**How to Speak and Write Correctly.** Even if you did receive a good education, you may have fallen into the habit of saying "I seen it," or "I done it." If you read the simple hints in this book, you need not go wrong.

## Illustrated PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



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We have only a few copies left of our superb Illustrated Red Line Edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD issued as a special De Luxe Edition some time ago, and which is one of the finest and most attractive presentations of this supreme masterpiece ever published.

*Pilgrim's Progress* is the most beautiful allegory of human life ever written. It warms the heart, elevates the mind, dispels weariness and gloom, and exerts its irresistible influence for good over rich and poor alike. An immortal book, and a book of truly immeasurable and imperishable power, this triumphant work appeals, as few books ever have or will, to the most intellectual as well as to the "plain" people; is relished keenly by the aged as by the young; is a source of good cheer, and a lasting inspiration to men and women in every walk of life.

Though the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a book that should form an important part in the education of every child, and in most homes one that stands next to the Bible, there are still those who have never read its illuminating pages.

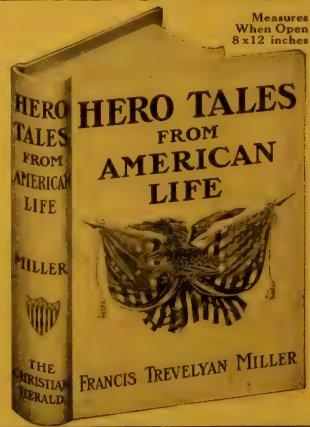
This edition is superb in its pictorial features, many of them full pages. The volume is handsomely bound in Red Vellum De Luxe, with an emblematic cover design and lettering in gold—428 pages. The book measures, when open, 9x15 inches, and weighs nearly three pounds.

## HERO TALES

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or sent with One Renewal Subscription for \$2.00. Postpaid.

Would you like to know the man who traveled four thousand miles through six bleak winter months to add three stars to the American flag? Would you like to shake hands with a woman who saved sixteen children? Would you like to look upon the lad who rescued a thousand lives in a storm at sea? Would you like to see the girl who sacrificed her life for honor, and a boy who gave his life to his country? You can meet these and others in Francis Trevelyan Miller's book, *Hero Tales From American Life*.

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# SAMANTHA AT CONEY ISLAND

AND A THOUSAND OTHER ISLANDS

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal for \$2.00

Aunt Samantha was living happily enough as Josiah Allen's wife when they returned from their trip around the world, and all might have gone as merrily as a wedding bell, had not Serenus Gowdye put the idea of Coney Island into Josiah's head. After that Josiah could talk of nothing else. He was so wrought up that he would spring up in bed at night crying out: "All aboard for Coney Island!" or, "Get your hot dogs!" or, "See the Awful Tower and the alligators!" or other things equally as bad.

Samantha gave him catnip tea, but that "didn't git the pizen out of his system." She planned a trip to the Thousand Islands, thinking to turn him from the subject, but Josiah would not be turned; he spoke of it day and night. Even the presence of Faithful Smith, a sweet soul whose father had refused to allow her to marry Dick West and so had saddened her life, failed to stem the tide of Josiah's longing for Coney Island, and Samantha was more shocked than surprised one morning to find that he and Serenus Gowdye had run away to the great amusement city by the sea.

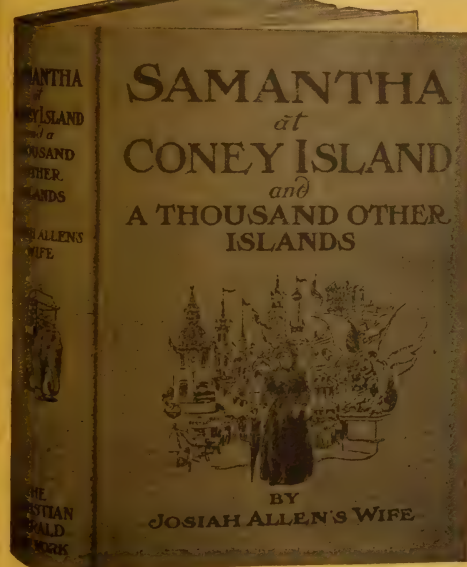
Of course Samantha followed him immediately. What else could she do? "What wuz Josiah Allen doin' in that 'place of folly and fashion'" wailed Samantha. "Could he keep his innocence amidst the

awful temptations? I hearh there wuz places there where folks stood on their heads; wuz his brain strong enough to stand the jolt?"

Samantha arrived in Coney Island on the day before the destruction of Dreamland by fire, and her experiences were enough to fill a book which has been called *Samantha at Coney Island and a Thousand Other Islands*. In it she relates her adventures, which were strange, and her stories, which are screamingly funny.

How she pursued Josiah through all the mazes of the concessions, how she rode the witching waves, went on a voyage to the moon, watched the circus, looked in the magic mirrors, sank through the floor, got lost in the maze, trod the rocking steps, lectured the Head Hunters, discovered the fire, rescued the incubator babies from the flames, and finally saved her beloved "pardner," Josiah, from the jaws of the blazing lion, etc., etc., are all told graphically with humor and pathos in this book, which is published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

*Samantha at Coney Island* is a large and handsome book, beautifully bound in cloth. It is printed in large type, and has 350 pages. The various scenes described are profusely illustrated in line drawings by a well known artist, who has caught the right spirit of fun and incorporated it in all his drawings.



# THE PILGRIM SHIP

By JAMES BLACK, M. A.

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at \$1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal at \$1.85

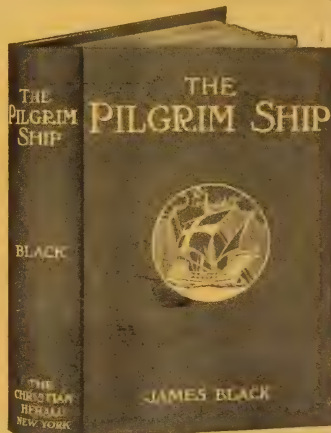
One of the most fascinating tales that has ever been penned. This wonderfully romantic narrative of the voyage of the Prince of the Happy Isles to a far distant country, tells of the many extraordinary adventures that befel him on his journey. His vessel was a warship of great swiftness and unique armament, with guns that were known by names to the officers and crew, but which worked like no other guns you ever saw or heard of. The good ship *Safety* was fully provisioned for a long voyage and her charter gave her wide privileges. She was right seaway, too, and bravely weathered all the gales and hurricanes she encountered in mid-ocean. But the terrors and dangers of the sea were far less than those ashore, for when the Prince's ship reached the Land of Delusion, and later when they sighted Lotus Land, the seamen had some stirring adventures.

In a sense the whole voyage of the gallant *Safety* was a fighting one, as there were encounters aloft and ashore and many hairbreadth escapes. Sometimes she would skirt the Gold Coast, and again the shores of the Land of Silver. Hidden reefs and sand banks would threaten her at times; but she escaped them all.

There was a remarkable "City of Idols," which she visited and where her forces made some recruits; also a dreary and dangerous "Land of Dole" and a Land of Slaves. Queen of all the distant countries was the Land of Pleasure, wherein many a subtle danger beset the voyagers, especially at Gaytown, the capital. But of the wonderful adventures of the Prince with his gallant ship and faithful crew you must read in the book for yourself. It is a story which will linger in the mind and will be recalled with pleasure long after, just as Bunyan's famous book has been read and enjoyed by countless multitudes. The *Pilgrim Ship* holds a charm for the reader that is equaled by hardly any other book we know of; it allures, delights, surprises and uplifts as you read.

The *Pilgrim Ship* is a volume of 320 pages, handsome cloth binding, beautifully printed in clear bold type, suitable for readers of any age, for it is a book that will hold an equal charm for both old and young. Moreover, it is a tale which seems to magically illustrate itself in the mind of the reader as he proceeds chapter by chapter, creating the most fascinating and delightful pictures, for it is all action, like a living panorama.

If you wish to make this wonderful voyage in the best of good company, and to have a part in these adventures in which so many of your friends are sharing, get aboard the *Pilgrim Ship*.



# LIFE WORK OF LOUIS KLOPSCH

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This Is Your Last Opportunity To Secure a Copy of This Great Book

Louis Klopsch, whom the whole world loved, left to every man and woman a rich legacy. He bequeathed to them the secret of his splendidly successful career. How he found the master-key which opened doors that led to honorable service, and how he used it; how it enabled him to carry out to complete triumph his wonderful work in almost every country on the globe, helped him over difficulties that would have halted most men, put great resources at his disposal, brought powerful people to his side and gave him as voluntary allies kings, premiers, potentates, cabinets, to further his world-wide enterprises—all of this, with much more, is disclosed in Mr. Pepper's book.

The *Life Work of Louis Klopsch* is not an ordinary biography; it is a volume that thrills with its intense human interest and grips the attention from the first chapter to the close. We trace, step by step, the gradual development of the immigrant boy;

we see him as the discoverer of the great secret almost at the outset of his business career, the possession of which transmuted his whole life.

Guided by Mr. Pepper's vivid and realistic narrative, we travel with Dr. Klopsch through the Western States in that terrible winter of 1892-93, when he succored our starving farmers. Then we go with him over sea to Russia, on his famous "mission of bread." We journey with him to Cuba, where he set food trains flying to save the starving reconcentrados. Now we spin along with him in a dog-sled over the frozen mazes of Finland in mid-winter. Anon we wander at his side among the fever camps of stricken India, and listen to words of comfort for the suffering. We see him sending forth from the home ports his food-ships to far distant lands. We are spectators of his audiences with the Kings and Queens of Italy and Sweden, with the Russian Emperor at his summer palace at Tsarskooselo and with

high dignitaries in many lands, receiving congratulations and decorations.

The scene changes and we see him lovingly surrounded by the tenement waifs at the Children's Paradise which he created, and he joins in their games or leads them in song in the Children's Temple. We stand beside him as he speaks to the men of the Bowers Mission, or gives food and kind, sympathetic words to the gaunt, shadowy figures of the "Bread Line." Like the magician's carpet in the fable, this wonderful book takes us almost around the globe with Dr. Klopsch. We feel the thrill of his splendid courage and his enthusiasm, and as we share in his campaigns, we get a glimpse of high ideals, far beyond the ken of sordid souls—ideals that glorify and ennoble life and make it well worth living. Read this great book for yourself. Send for it to-day and learn and apply the wonderful Secret of a Successful Life which it illustrates so well.



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#### ST. LUKE 4

#### Jesus in the Wilderness and at Nazareth

which was the son of Sem, which was the son of Noe, which was the son of Lamech,

37 Which was the son of Mathusala, which was the son of Enoch, which was the son of Jared, which was the son of Maleleel, which was the son of Cainan,

38 Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.

#### CHAPTER 4

The Temptation. Jesus Tempted at Nazareth.

AND Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness,

2 Being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.

3 And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.

4 And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

5 And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.

7 If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

8 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

9 And he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence:

10 For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:

11 And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

12 And Jesus answered and said unto him, It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

13 And when the devil had ended,

CHAPTER 3  
Gen. 5: 6  
Gen. 11: 10

Gen. 1: 26, 27  
Gen. 2: 7  
Gen. 5: 1, 2  
Isa. 64: 8

CHAPTER 4  
Isa. 11: 2  
Isa. 61: 1  
Mat. 4: 1  
Mark 1: 12  
John 1: 33  
John 3: 34  
Gen. 3: 15  
Heb. 2: 14  
Heb. 4: 12  
Ez. 36: 26  
1 Ki. 19: 3

Deut. 8: 3  
Eph. 6: 17

John 12: 31  
John 14: 30  
Rev. 13: 2, 7  
1 Cr. 15: 54  
down before me.

Deut. 6: 13  
Deut. 10: 20  
Mat. 4: 5  
1 Pet. 5: 8  
Ps. 91: 11  
Deut. 6: 16  
1 Jas. 4: 7  
John 14: 30  
Heb. 4: 15  
Mat. 4: 12  
John 4: 43  
Acts 10: 37  
Mark 6: 13  
Mat. 22: 22  
Mark 6: 1  
Acts 13: 14  
1 Co. 6: 1, 2  
Lev. 25: 8  
2 Cor. 6: 2  
Ps. 45: 2  
Mat. 13: 54  
Mark 6: 2  
ch. 2: 47  
John 6: 42  
Mat. 4: 13  
Mat. 11: 23  
Mat. 13: 54  
Mark 6: 1  
John 4: 44  
1 Ki. 17: 9  
1 Ki. 18: 1  
2 Ki. 5: 14

988

all the temptation, he departed from him for a season.

14 And Jesus returned into the power of the Spirit into Galilee, and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about.

15 And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.

16 And he came to Nazareth, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

17 And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

18 The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

19 To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20 And he closed the book, and gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21 And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

22 And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

23 And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.

24 And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country.

25 But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;

26 But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.

27 And many lepers were in

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, December 27, 1911. Page 1328



# THE GOSPEL OF THE BREAD LINE

**D**URING its whole thirty-two years of existence, the Bowery Mission has probably never witnessed such a scene of activity and success as has already characterized the fall and winter of 1911. The social and humanitarian benches of that work are great simply because the lack of grace in the individual hearts of men is great. It is a perpetual revival. Night after night the auditorium is crowded with men who from the deepest depths of degradation and need literally come out for God and salvation. The Brotherhood meeting, held every evening at 7 o'clock, comprises from one hundred to one hundred and sixty men who are "hungering and thirsting for righteousness." That they are being "filled" is evident from the joyous testimonies they give, and the bright, hopeful, useful lives they live. A large proportion of these converts are being dispatched every day by the Labor Bureau to positions in distant places, where they continue their living testimony of the Christ within them. The Bread Line at 1 A.M. every morning feeds over one thousand famishing men and boys.

On Thanksgiving evening at the annual meeting the arrangement was made to admit members of the Brotherhood through the rear entrance of the building. To our great surprise and delight they most filled the auditorium. Think of it! A hall full of converted men! The remainder of the crowd had their dinner in the breakfast room below while the meeting was proceeding.

There have been several distinguished visitors lately. Mr. Thomas Robinson Ferens, an English member of Parliament, together with Mrs. Ferens, spent a Sunday evening at the Mission. Mr. Ferens is a recognized leader of Nonconformity in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferens spent a Sunday recently in New York, and on the evening of that day, being accustomed to the English hour of service, which is much earlier than ours, reached the Bowery before the Mission doors were opened, and saw the great crowd of men waiting for admission. Then they paid a visit to the Brotherhood meeting, and stayed right through to the end of the larger meeting. Beautifully unostentatious in his manner, Mr. Ferens waited until nearly the end of the meeting before he spoke, but what he said will never be forgotten by

those who heard him. Quietly but earnestly he testified to the indwelling presence of Christ in his heart and life, and made a most powerful plea to the men to live lives of obedience to God, and of blessing to their fellows.

Major E. R. Johnstone, who, as CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will remember, supervised the distribution of the provisions of the recent China Famine Fund, was our next visitor. He called his address a "desultory talk," but seldom has a more vitally interesting discourse been given in the Mission. His statement as to the possibilities of China, and the far-reaching effects of the present revolution, was little short of an astounding revelation to his hearers. Nothing, however, that he said was of greater significance, or more impressive, than his testimony to the value of the work of Christian missionaries and educators in the newly awakened lands of the Far East.

The Hon. Richard E. Connell, Representative in Congress from the twenty-first district of New York, was the third of the trio of visitors. Con-

gressman Connell is serving his first term in the House, but has already made his mark there as a public speaker. Judging by his effort at the Bowery Mission there is little doubt that he will soon be recognized as one of America's front rank orators. His address included a masterly appreciation of Rescue Mission work, which he declared to be statesmanship of the highest order. He said that he spoke from experience, experience gathered in his journalistic days, of homes restored, families reunited, neglected children taken care of, and manhood regained by the drunkard and ne'er-do-well. His appeal to the men, based on a hymn which had just been sung—"Never Give Up"—stirred the crowd, and secured for Mr. Connell a royal Bowery ovation.

Probably the most extraordinary meeting ever held in the Mission was that of November 14, when twenty men celebrated the first anniversary of their conversion. The question is often asked, "Do the converts stand?" Well, here were twenty who had held on for one year amid all the perils of Bowery life. Pathetic beyond description were some of the stories they told. Stories, some of them, were of salvation from the very "utmost" of helplessness and degradation. One man declared that the only times he had been sober during the past seven years were when he was in some hospital. There were also stories of terrific temptations that had been withstood, and glowing testimonies of the satisfying life in Christ that so many of them were enjoying now.

Nearly every one of the twenty were twelve months ago absolutely homeless, receiving the roll and coffee in the Bread Line and walking the streets in misery day and night. Without exception they testified to being won for Christ by little acts of kindness shown to them by workers in the Mission. In this great needy corner of God's great harvest field there is only one way to win perishing souls and that is Christ's way, viz., caring for and believing in them.

J. G. HALLIMOND,  
Superintendent.

This is the time of year when the Bread Line is in full operation and funds are specially needed. Checks and money orders should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.



Daylight Applicants for Aid at the Bowery Mission

## SHEPHERD'S CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1320

he was right down with us—just like Reg Wright. Then an unruly hen went to work scratching in the flower-bed, and Jimmy flew after her. He got her out finally, and drove her back into the chicken yard.

"Those hens are as bad as the Anarchists and Suffragists," panted Jimmy, as he returned.

"What's this?" cried the gentleman. "We know 'em!" said Jimmy dully, shaking his head. "You round 'em up—out of jail, into the bathtub; out of the bathtub into the saloon; out of the saloon into the jail; out of jail into the bathtub again—and father and Allie hotfooting it after 'em."

"The Suffragists?" gasped the gentleman, crinkling up his eyes. They were very nice eyes, too, and when he laughed his mouth went up at the corners.

"No," said Jimmy soberly. "The Have-to-be-Helped: most of 'em are some kind of Ist, though. They all come here—to talk with father about their troubles, and to talk to Allie about her responsibilities. And some of 'em are nice—and some aren't: and they eat so much!"

"Mrs. Delany says don't tell her: she knows they're a deep lot," said Cissy.

"The Suffragists?"

"No. The other Ists. The poor ones."

"Oh," said the gentleman thoughtfully. "I rather thought, you know, that the trouble with the poor ones was that they couldn't. Didn't have the chance."

"They don't: only in spots," we said promptly. "They're always hungry, and it takes a frightful lot to fill 'em

up. And Allie says you've got to stand by and give first aid to the empty."

"Allie?"

"Yes. Our sister. She's drilling a class now, so's they'll behave all right before the new bishop. Our old bishop wouldn't have minded much; he knew our sort of poor people."

"And you don't think the new bishop might understand, too?"

"Allie doesn't know. We've been told he's—different: Allie says she only hopes he'll have sense enough to have eyes and see not and ears and hear not, at times. Our old bishop said you had to be like that, with our sort of parish."

"Oh!" said he, thoughtfully. "I see. Suppose you sit down here on the steps with me, and let's talk it over."

Jimmy's rompers were in slivers, so we had to tie them about his knees with a piece of wrapping cord; and Cissy's frock was faded, but Cissy always looks nice; and my blouse was rumpled, and what I suppose you'd call soiled.

Florian sidled up and leaned against the stranger's knees—they are that sort of knees, anyhow. Florian lisps, and he makes an awful racket with his feet when he walks, and he's always falling down and bumping himself. But Florian is a very nice kid. Jimmy's eyes are blue, and Cissy's and mine are gray, like father's; but Florian's are big and soft and brown, and his hair is shining and curling and soft, like mother's. He has a little quick pink smile, and a chummy, sort of lick-your-hand way, something like our old Rover's; I am

sure if Florian had a tail he'd wag it off from pure friendliness.

"Now," said Mr. Harwood—that's what he told us to call him—"let's have some more about the Ists. I've a glimmering notion of what an Ist really is. I suspect I've met a few in my time. Suppose we compare notes."

We explained that in our parish the Ists are different sorts. For instance, father's a plain Christian, and so is Allie. That's one sort—just Christians without being any Ist, which is more comfortable. And some are Ists without being Christians, which is messier, and makes plenty of trouble for the other sort. And some are all that, and more, which is unpleasant; and some aren't anything at all, which is worse yet. And all of 'em keep father and Allie busy.

"I see," said Mr. Harwood again. He twisted Florian's hair about his fingers—Florian's hair holds on to your finger as if it loved you. "I'd like to have a long talk with your father, and that's really why I called this afternoon. And I think we're going to be great friends, you little people and me. And may I have a glass of water, please?"

As a mark of deep friendship and respect, Cissy filled a goblet half up with syrup, and filled that again with water, and brought out a ginger cookie. We are very fond of syrup-and-water—it's our wine. We can drink quarts of it. When we go to play with the Wrights they give it to us, and when they come to play in our yard we give it to them.

Mr. Harwood said nobody had thought to give him syrup-and-water

for more years than he liked to think of, and that he used to dote on it, and he had a wolf's tooth for ginger cookies.

"Do your children have it, too?" Cissy wondered.

"I haven't any children—not even a wife, poor me," he told us.

"I dare say it's just as well you haven't," said Cissy soberly. "They're a great trouble, and they cost you a frightful lot of money, which is very bad—especially if you have got to share, like us. Not that we mind," she hastened to add, "only there isn't enough to go round."

Florian put out his hand and played with the little gold cross that swung from Mr. Harwood's watch chain.

"Florian!" said Cissy reproachfully. "You've been told not to touch things, haven't you?" "His hands," she explained, "are nearly always dirty. That's why we have to make him keep paws off."

"They're nice an' clean," said Florian, and he went right on tinkling the little gold cross. "Rover licked 'em all two bobe."

Mr. Harwood laughed, and kissed him twice. He said he'd had a perfectly lovely time, and he'd come again to see just us, if he might, and we said we'd be delighted, and begged him to. We all went to the front door with him.

A little later Mrs. Delany came, to say that the two youngest children weren't any better, and she was roused in her mind about them, and she wanted Allie to stop by in the morning to see them. And Florian told her he was tired all over, and he

Continued on next page





# A Boy Sculptor of Gifts and Grief



ONE of the picturesque figures at the New York Zoological Park these days is a fourteen-year-old boy modeling wild animals at close range. He is Avar Fairbanks, and he comes out of the Far West—from the mountains of Utah—with a lump of clay, an absorbing love of wild animals and a determination to become a sculptor as his stock in trade. Inside the protecting rail of the Lion House, right up against the cages, he sets his modeling stand, and with his sleeves rolled up to his brown elbows he moulds and digs and pats his clay in the shapes of the huge beasts behind the bars. His ambition is to model wild animals with strict fidelity to their natural postures, and he has made up his mind to win a place among the successful sculptors of the world, no matter what it costs in hard work.

Young Fairbanks is a modest, quiet, self-reliant lad; he has already burned the midnight oil in a painstaking study of animal anatomy, so that the lumps and bulges that show through the hide of a Siberian tiger, for instance, are no longer things of mystery to him. He has crowded a year's study into six months, working all day on his animals from a position right before the cages, and attending regularly the night classes at the Art Students' League in Fifty-seventh Street.

His natural gift for reproducing "action" in groups of fighting animals or those in attitudes of stealthy movement has won for him two scholarships in the classes of the Art Students' League. His first scholarship came as a result of his "Fighting Pumas" and the second was won by his "Study of Fighting Panthers." The members of the awarding committee pointed out the crudities of his drawing and certain defects of composition, but the action was there, and it was because of that feature in his work that the prize was bestowed. Correct drawing can be learned, but no amount of study

will give a student the ability to infuse a realistic sense of movement into the figures he is modeling unless he has talent to begin with.

Everybody connected with the Zoological Park, from Dr. Hornaday down to the motherly woman who matronizes over the rest room, and even the humblest animal feeder, is interested in the boy who works so earnestly with his clay and little wooden modeling tool in front of the wild animal cages. The tigers, lions, jaguars and pumas themselves seem to regard him with friendly eyes. They often look as if they were consciously posing, and in the picture shown here you cannot help noticing the approval with which Prince, the big African lion, gazes at the tiny model of himself just outside his bars.

"It takes me a long while to get a piece finished," said Master Fairbanks, "because I have to wait hours, sometimes, for an animal to take a pose I'm doing him in. I worked on my tiger and my bear at the same time, so as not to waste any more hours than I could help. The keepers used to give me a loaf of bread for bait. I'd go down to the bear den and flourish the bread around until the bear I wanted ambled down to the front of the cage. He'd pose for me an hour at a stretch sometimes, with

the help of a piece of bread. Then, when he got tired I often could get him to come back again by whistling for him and holding up another chunk. But after about two hours of "being good," he wouldn't sit another minute, no matter how much bread I tried to tempt him with. He was through posing for the day, and then I'd go back to the tiger and wait for feeding time, when he would be sure to sit up on his haunches in the position I wanted him.

"I work here almost every day, except Saturday and Sunday. The crowd's too thick on Saturday to get any work done. They push in on all sides, and a couple of dozen children climb up on the railings so close that I can't move my elbows."

There is no other place in the United States that offers such a collection of animals from which sculptors may draw living models. Few people are aware that a well-equipped studio is a part of the building, designed for painters and sculptors who desire to work from live wild animal models. The room contains a row of lockers, running water and a great cage in which the particular animal which is chosen for the model is brought. This artists' room is used only in winter, the artists preferring to work outside at other seasons.

The last model completed by Master Fairbanks is that of the American Bison. It was a plucky piece of business to stand out on the range, working away among the whole herd of buffalo. None of the men artists who have worked in the park has been so daring as to venture in among these wild fellows.

Avar is back at work at the Art League this winter under the scholarship he has now. At all events he has made a fine start, and there are many persons who are watching him patiently plodding along in his work, who confidently believe he is destined to be a sculptor of note by the time he has come of age.

LILLIAN E. ZEH.



Avar Fairbanks at Work on His Model of Prince, the African Lion

## S H E P H E R D S

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

wanted her to cuddle him in her lap and sing *Shule Agrab*—it's a nice soft, croony Irish air. He went to sleep with his head on her shoulder, and she carried him in the sitting room and covered him up on the lounge.

When Allie came in, Florian woke up cross, and said his head hurt, so Allie put him to bed and gave him some powders. When she was going over our lessons with us, we told her about Mr. Harwood, and she said if he called again to ask him to name a particular hour and father would try to see him, if it was about parish matters. She looked very tired and sad, and Jimmy asked if the class had been very awful. She said no, it wasn't bad—only sad. She had been planning for some of the girls' dresses, poor little things! And Mary Fennis couldn't possibly be confirmed this year, after all. They had lately lost another child, and they were pushed to the limit of endurance. And we couldn't possibly spare another cent right now—

"No clothes, Allie?" asked Cissy. "No anything," said Allie. Cissy took a long time over her lesson. Then she shut the book.

"Allie," she said, "Mary can wear my dress. We're about the same size—and I won't mind, if she doesn't."

"Your old muslin is hardly a confirmation frock, Cissy dear," said Allie, smiling. "I've darned it about a thousand times, you know."

"But I wasn't offering her the old muslin," said Cissy indignantly. "I mean my new dress, of course—the one you've just finished."

"Cissy! Your new dress? And you haven't had one yourself for ages—no; I can't do it."

"Mary never had one at all. She's never had anything. And I want you to give her mine—to keep, Allie—and remember pleasantly. You always do remember things pleasantly when you've been dressed pretty in them—at least, I do."

Allie's face was quite beautiful when she turned to Cissy. And Jimmy reached over and squeezed her hand.

"I'll talk it over with you to-morrow, Cissy," said Allie, after a long pause. "Then, if you've quite made up your mind, dear—and you can change it without any one blaming you—you can do as you wish."

The next day was Saturday, and after we'd helped do our share of the work, Allie went off to see Mrs. Delany's children, and we stayed in the yard playing. Cissy was a native woman, and a tiger—which was me—had seized her and was dragging her off into the jungle, which was the spirea bushes; and a noble Hindu, which was Jimmy, was trying to rescue her from the roaring beast. We were all yelling like Comanches when Mr. Harwood came.

He said he dearly loved a good tiger hunt; and if we'd sit on the steps by him he'd tell us about a really truly one he'd been in, in India. Florian hadn't been playing. He didn't feel well, and Allie had given him some powders and told him to keep quiet. He had sidled up against Mr. Harwood and leaned against his knees while we

listened to the tiger story—and a great one it is, too.

And all of a sudden, Florian began to cry. He said his throat hurt and hurt and hurt, and his head was going round and round and round. Mr. Harwood felt of his hands and forehead, looked down his throat, and asked us where the telephone was. He called up Dr. West himself, and he held Florian in his arms until the doctor came.

The doctor looked down Florian's throat, too, and said something to Mr. Harwood in a low voice. He rushed off in his auto, and half an hour later he was back, and he gave Florian what is called antitoxin. We were all called into the study, and he'd just finished with us and had singled Jimmy out, too, when Allie came in. She looked as if she'd been walking very fast, and her face was very pale.

"Florian? And Jimmy, too?" she seemed to know without being told.

"In Jimmy's case there are only symptoms, Allie, my dear," said our kind old doctor. "Florian"—he stopped. Dr. West loves Florian like his own child.

"I couldn't get to the Delany children last night. I went this morning, and I found a terrible state of affairs. The three of them have diphtheria, doctor. . . Jimmy, Florian, baby!" She gave a great cry at that, and ran up to them with her arms stretched out. You see, we're really Allie's children.

"Antitoxin almost always cures, when it's given in time, Miss Halsey," said Mr. Harwood. The little laugh-

wrinkles had gone from about his mouth, and he looked very big and helpful and kind. "And we should not forget in Whose care are all children." His voice was so steady that my heart stopped turning somersaults, and Cissy took her fingernails out of my hand, into which she'd been everlastingly digging them.

Allie didn't seem in the least surprised to find him there with us like that—it just seemed, somehow, that he belonged.

And then Dr. West quarantined us. He said there was danger of a regular epidemic in the parish, anyhow. So there we were—two of us down, and no help. We couldn't afford a trained nurse, as Allie told the doctor flatly. And we couldn't let any of our people come—they were needed too badly at home, as it was.

"I'll stand by you the best I can, Allie, my girl," said the doctor. "And by the grace of God we'll pull our youngsters through—we've got to! You and I have weathered many a storm, Allie—we'll weather this one. But you've got to have help—you can't do all the nursing by yourself. Some one's got to lend a shoulder—you've lent yours often enough. God knows! and turn about's only fair play."

"Why, here's mine," said Mr. Harwood cheerfully. "Give me half an hour to arrange my affairs—over the telephone. And then give me a cot in a corner, and I'll stand by these children."

Dr. West looked him up and down, and nodded.

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The story opens with a vivid description of brilliant scene at the launching of the new steam battleship *Republic*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Dockville. Secretary of War is present with many high officials, members of Congress, army and navy officers. The great steel monster of war, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor. He is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the ship strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbons, which was raised by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the ship's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatch at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little bow of color, though he does so at the risk of his balance and dropping a silver shaver twenty feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, fearing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he brushes his point of view, caught by the wind, is wafted away.

After this adventure, he is introduced to Miss Athanasia, the Admiral's daughter, who has been interested winner of his exploits. She questions him about his rescue of a young girl on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, although young Cushing modestly evades a set answer, she is satisfied that the heroine was his. Miss Marston invites him to call on them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval ordnance factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of men leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life, succeeds in saving a number of others. He is horror-stricken at the terrible agony he has witnessed and stunned by the revelation that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which he had been notified by the fire marshal two months before to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" The next day the papers announce that criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the parties responsible for the disaster, Brander Cushing being mentioned by name. The father is besieged by reporters, to whom he meets point-blank having received any notice from the marshal. He knows that the prosecution will be in the hands of District Attorney Fleming, his political enemy. Sidney is sent to Washington, to be out of the way while his father faces the coming trouble. Brander Cushing finds the men in his yard antagonistic to himself, regarding him as responsible for the loss of so many lives. Attorney Fleming visits him and an exciting scene follows. Fleming dares Cushing to open his safe and prove that he has not got the notification papers picked up. Cushing orders him out of the office, and he withdraws, after threatening to subpoena Sidney. Cushing is visited by Athanasia Ward, one of the girls saved by Sidney from the factory fire. She tells him how the door of the factory was locked, preventing escape and causing many deaths. Cushing is horrified at this revelation, which the girl makes in warning him of danger of violence from the employees of the shipyard. Hermons forward enters and confirms the rumors of trouble. As the funerals are to take place next day he orders the yard closed and puts extra watchmen on duty. Next morning he goes alone to the scene of the burials, hears the service and returns unseen to the shipyard. On entering the great draughting-room he sets to work on the drawings on the floor. While so engaged he is assaulted by a man who has crept himself in the building. A struggle ensues in which the assailant is rendered unconscious and thrown aside, giving the name as Andrew Brodick, and says he is "one of the people," and that Cushing is a capitalist, and therefore their enemy. Cushing, finding the man faint from hunger, gives him a silver dollar, which he gratefully flings back at the builder's head. That night, Cushing's home is attacked by a wild mob. The windows are broken. In the midst of the disturbance there is a loud report, and Cushing knows that the shipyard has been attacked.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"THAT'S right, too," said a man standing in the crowd near the shipbuilder. "And will the works be rebuilt, do you think?"

"I hope not," said Cushing, beside himself with mad hate of every one. "Before I rebuild, I'll let the whole gang of brutes starve to death."

"Are you Mr. Cushing?" the man asked.

Sidney pushed in between his father and the man. The fire department charged through the spot. Everything was confused, and masses of men swayed all over the street. Sidney urged his father to move back

away from all possible danger of any further explosion or of falling timbers. His father seemed dazed by the sight of the ruins. But in a few moments he recovered his usual cool and deliberate manner, and with great energy sought out the police to see if anything could be done for any of the watchmen who might have been left in the buildings.

"Fogerty is missing, and seven men on the extra night shift, Mr. Cushing." It was Merrill, pale and exhausted. He had run all the way from home, and instantly on his arrival had made inquiry about the men. "If they were in there, there is no hope for them."

"None." "Have you any idea as to the cause or how the fire started?"



"Athanasia softly touched his hand"

"A bomb, or a number of bombs, of unusual size."

Several men near by testified to hearing at least six different explosions in different quarters of the works, followed by a final explosion of tremendous volume.

"Come, father," said Sidney gently. "Come. There's not a thing you can do here. Let us go home."

Brander Cushing yielded, after staying with the officers until it was practically certain that all the night watchmen had perished in the ruins. When he turned his back on the scene, Cushing's shipyard was a mass of smoking, ghastly ruin, its tangled skeleton of twisted steel and iron stretching along the water front all that was left of the proud and strong concern that had stood there at the launching of the *Republic*.

Sidney and his father, after submitting to an interview from the newspaper reporters, at last found a little sleep in the bombarded bedrooms, which Angus and the frightened housekeeper had cleared out a little.

Morning brought the papers and with them a summary of the day's and night's events.

By Charles M. Sheldon.  
Author of "In His Steps"



crowds quicker. The damage to Brander Cushing's house mostly confined to broken windows and interior defacement. Neither he nor his son had been injured. The shipbuilding plant a complete ruin. Evidently the work of a bomb or a series of bombs, planted with great skill at different quarters of the works.

There was heavy insurance on the shipyard. But Brander Cushing would not say whether it would be rebuilt. He was under contract to build the new warship, and would in all probability meet the conditions if possible. But the reconstruction of the

Seven men seriously wounded during the attack on Cushing's residence. Two dead. A number of arrests by the police, who were seriously criticised for not dispersing the

Brander Cushing's lip curled.

"He wants to wait for this reaction in my favor to cool off. Fleming is no fool. He knows that under present feeling no indictment could be brought. It begins to look, Sid, as if we might not have to—"

"Yes, father. Pray God we don't." Silence.

"Will you build again?" Sidney asked eagerly, his face anxiously searching his father's.

"Yes." Brander Cushing got up from the table and his whole figure squared itself. His jaw set with strength. "Yes. I'll rebuild bigger and better than ever. But best we can do, it will take time. Time, Sid, and no amount of either time or money can replace some of my models and plans. Lucky for us, boy, that I carry most of them in my head as well as on paper."

"Father, will you prosecute any of the rioters? Last night I recognized Burleigh, Sayles, Burns, McTairish, Ranlow, and half a dozen other foremen. What will you do?"

"See that they have first choice at the new work. We can't afford to make any more enemies. I'm inclined to think what happened last night may turn out a blessing in disguise for us after all. Let's make the most of it."

And for the next four months, Brander Cushing made the most of it in a succession of energetic movements that amazed the people of Dockville.

The works began to go up again with incredible swiftness and audacity. He cleared the ruins and brought in building material. He worked at all hours. No one knew when he slept. He was everywhere. No problem was too complex, no situation too puzzling for him. He employed more men from his old list than he could use. With all else he made a systematic payment of money to scores of families among the victims of the factory fire.

Silas Fleming made no move. Apparently he took so little interest in the prosecution of the naval factory fire that one of the papers took him sharply to task in a leading editorial. This was three months after the event.

A month more went by and people had almost ceased to talk about the horror. Then, one morning in the middle of January, the dailies were black with lurid accounts of another tenement-house tragedy in Chicago. This time it was a series of defective fire-escapes that buckled up like lead when loaded with the sudden weight of the unfortunate inmates. Then the public—that fickle, cold-blooded, forgetful, sensation-loving public—began to ask what had become of Silas Fleming and his grand jury.

That night Brander Cushing had confronted Sidney at dinner, exultant and triumphant over affairs at the new shipyard.

"Well, Sid, what do you think? Things are moving, eh? We relay the keel next week."

"It's a miracle!" Sidney exclaimed.

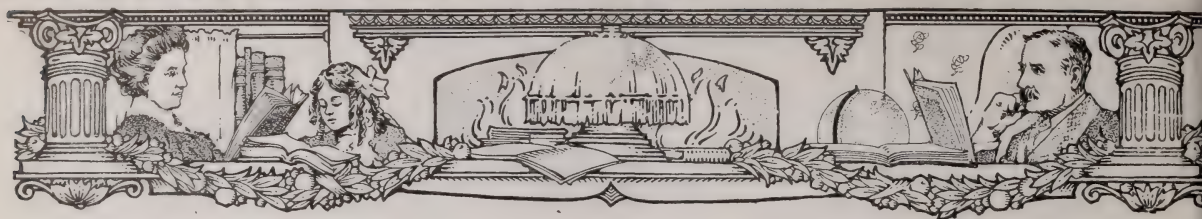
"And I feel ten years younger than I did five months ago." Brander Cushing stood up and shook himself. He looked superb. The animal vitality in the man was astonishing.

Through all that incredible period of activity, Sidney had "stood by" in very sturdy fashion. He had been in every sense his father's right-hand man. The knowledge he gained of all sorts in the rebuilding was of infinite value to him. He had been so incessantly busy that he had almost forgotten Pax Marston. He recalled that afternoon on the river where the girl had innocently given him the news that had started him back to Dockville that night. And he had remembered

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# BY THE GLOWING WINTER FIRE



## The Charm of the Bargain Day

**F**EW women can resist the charm and temptation offered by the bargain counter. There are three or four ways of conducting the familiar business of shopping. One way is to set forth armed beforehand by the precise knowledge of the amount that may be spent, and a carefully arranged memorandum of the articles to be purchased. If the woman shopper understands exactly what she wants and systematizes the work so that she can finish her purchases at the linen counter before she goes to the suit department, if she does not waste time in loitering here and hurrying there, and if she itemizes everything she seeks even to ribbons and pins, she will find shopping easy and expeditious.

Another method is that of the shopper who is in little need of adding to her wardrobe or buying supplies for her house, but who likes to see what people have to sell and enjoys mingling with the crowd.

**S**TILL another way, and this the least to be honored, is that of the extravagant lady who, having an account and sending her bills to her husband, buys anything that attracts her, with heedless recklessness. Singularly, the women of these three classes are almost equally fond of a bargain. Goods that are marked down from the original price are looked at, longed for and sometimes transferred from the seller to the buyer without much thought as to their ultimate use. Goods that are offered in large capital letters as below cost, fairly clamor to the ordinary woman to be seized while they are in reach.

An amusing story used to be told about a woman who proudly brought home from an auction a large brass door-plate inscribed with the name Thompson with a p. The woman's name was not Thompson, and there was no probability in the immediate future that the door-plate could be used by any of her kinsfolk, not one of whom bore this surname. She said to her husband, "Should we ever have a daughter, and should she marry a man whose name was Thompson, this door-plate would be very convenient for her door."

Undoubtedly there are many excellent bargains that offer good value to the woman who goes out on a shopping expedition. Real economy dictates that one should not buy that for which she has no present use or probable future use, even if it be offered on easy terms.

**C**ERTAIN seasons of the year are notable because they do offer actual and legitimate bargains to the purchaser. In January the stores blossom out with fascinating white goods, and she who would replenish her linen closet or make advance purchases for summer may exercise thrift by doing her shopping at this time. The housekeeper who aims to have on hand a sufficient supply of table linen for every occasion, and who deems an ample outfit of underclothing a necessity rather than a luxury, is not to blame if she avail herself of the bargains arrayed before her at the opening of the year. The drifted snow is

not whiter than the damask sent to us from looms over the sea, and many articles of domestic manufacture have a strong claim on the purse of the economical shopper.

### Church Fairs and Cigarettes

**C**HURCH fairs bring needed funds into the treasury of the Ladies' Aid Societies, and nothing can be more desirable as a means of promoting acquaintance in a congregation than a

what they do not want and pay a fancy price for useless articles, cannot be sustained. Nobody is compelled to buy what he or she does not want, and a large proportion of the articles displayed are not on sale at ordinary shops. The prices seldom rise higher than they should, considering the cost of material and the artistic skill shown in their construction.

Church fairs and suppers enable women to raise money for the work of the church and for charity, in larger

statute books a law against the sale of cigarettes to minors, and as at every church fair there is a youthful contingent of the male sex, this law of the State was no doubt violated with impunity. The objection urged by conservative women to the introduction of cigarettes at the fair was overruled on the ground that people these days ought to be broad-minded. There is a line of demarcation between right and wrong which is plain and obvious. There can be nothing broad-minded in the promotion of cigarette smoking among young men.

It is much to be regretted that the recent fiction the baleful cigarette had pushed itself forward, and is supposed by novelists to be making its way in society where women smoke after dinner with graceful puffs in the company of men. American women are not accepting cigarette smoking as a popular or permissible custom for themselves, and American mothers should see to it that their boys do not use cigarettes. At church fairs neither the smoking room nor the counter at which pipes and tobacco are sold, nor the beautiful vendor of this poisonous plaything should be tolerated.

New ideas of the right kind are eagerly sought by those who are planning fairs and festivals. The woman who can devise something attractive, diverting and perhaps educational in this line can help her sisters by telling them about it. Correspondence on this subject will be in order and may be sent to the editor of this page.

### A Word for the Wallflower

**A**T THIS season social functions are numerous, and there is seldom an evening company which does not include the bashful girl and the self-conscious youth as well as the popular person who is never ill at ease. Shall we not do what we can to draw out the timid and diffident, introduce them to the right people and see that they do not spend forlorn and depressing hours where others are having a good time? One's heart aches for the sweet young girl who has put on her prettiest dress and ventured into the social arena only to find other girls preferred before her, while she is left to sit still among the older ladies wondering very much why she is not a success and wishing herself safe in her room at home where she may have the comfort of a good cry.

At your church sociable, whether or not you are on the reception committee, take special pains that the stranger, the young girl or the young man recently come into the congregation, and any one else who seems to be solitary, is lovingly drawn into the pleasure and warmth of the occasion.

There are wallflowers who would prove themselves able to bloom and shine in the foreground, if only they had the chance. The responsibility for making every one happy and at home at a supper, reception or other affair rests upon women in general, and largely devolves, as a matter of course, upon those who accept the role of hostess. In one's own house there is never an excuse for permitting any one to be a wallflower.



Grandmother's Spinning-Wheel

**T**HE spinning-wheel brought into Priscilla's family by a Puritan ancestor really belonged to a great-great-grandmother. As an heirloom it is a proud possession. Priscilla, who bears a name worn by six generations of good women, has powdered her hair and tried to make herself look like her grandmother's picture. She is sitting at the spinning-wheel and wishing she knew how to work it precisely as her grandmother did.

fair or bazaar. It has an object in view. The object is to buy new carpets, to replace those that are worn out, to cover faded cushions, furnish the pulpit or assist in the reduction of a church debt. Many meetings in anticipation bring together practical women who set clever brains and fingers at work, and who finally show results of which they are not ashamed. The objection often made that those who attend a fair are forced to buy

amounts than they would otherwise find possible.

A caution is, however, in order. At a church fair recently held in a suburban town, not remote from New York, a beautiful young woman, dressed in the costume of a Spanish peasant, went up and down the room offering cigarettes for sale. The cigarettes were tied in dainty packages and were the contribution of tobaccoists to this particular bazaar. As there is on the



# HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

## A LETTER TO OUR BOYS—From the Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Y DEAR BOYS: I want to write you a letter this week, and I am going to moralize or administer to you, nor am I going to tell you the best way to get your lessons or do chores, but I do want to say this: *the better I know the genuine all-American boy the better I like*

know a good deal about boys, too, I was brought up among them in Europe and in this country. Yes, believe me, the nearer one gets to the American boy the more one loves and trusts him. You very soon learn to discover that his heart is in the right place. Have you ever thought about that? *Boys with hearts in the right place*—it means so much. He can turn his heart and his hand and his brain pretty cleverly to his opportunities, too; and as a hearty, steady, brainy boy, the American boy has no superior on earth. Look at our captains of industry and finance, our engineers, our scientists, our inventors, our ministers of the gospel they look mighty big and important, do they not? They lead the world. And they were boys like you. No kings or princes nor noblemen's sons anywhere are your equals, nor have they any such opportunities as are yours. Any American boy can, by his own efforts, rise to a position so exalted that it overtops any sovereign on earth in power and influence or god in the world. This is a great deal to say, but it is true.

### Find Out the Reason Why

IF YOU are lazy or unambitious, find out the reason why. It is a disease that can be cured; get it out of your system as quickly as possible, or it does not belong there. There is no place on earth where a boy's life is so worth while, where a boy can get so much for a little effort as right here in our own country. And, believe me, there are no insurmountable obstacles. Do not think because you are poor that this is an obstacle; it is not so. There are plenty of ways near at hand that any earnest, honest boy may get what he wants. If you don't believe it, listen to this:

### Partly Good Testimony

UPWARDS of three thousand sturdy, restless, fun-

loving schoolboys have, within a space of a few weeks, snapped up the straightforward and businesslike opportunities to make money that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has offered them, and are working like heroes. Upwards of three thousand boys within three short weeks are being paid for good work on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the same as the editors, the managers, artists and writers are paid for theirs. From the letters it comes out that some of these boys are making money for an education, others are earning it, for they want to buy for themselves the various things that a boy always wants but does not like to ask his parents for; one youngster, God bless

him, like Robert Fulton, is paying off the mortgage on his mother's farm. This is pretty good testimony that the American boy, no matter where you find him, in the village, in the mountains, on the farm, or in our great teeming cities, is a fine sort. Work is not beneath his dignity; no, indeed! He dignifies his work, and men and women everywhere respect him.

It is with great pride and pleasure that I am wishing you a happy New Year. Remember, we are all living one of the best parts of our lives here and now. Your interests are our interests; THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is opening up one after the other unusual opportunities, and I have almost never known a year to look so bright and attractive. Once again, a happy New Year to American boys everywhere. May God bless us all.

### A Nice Letter

DEAR Aunt in the Cozy Corner: I received the dearest little watch this morning from you. Indeed, I never expected to win such a beautiful and lovely prize. I thank you so very much for it. I have not worn it as yet. I'm afraid of losing it or getting it broken. We all love THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much, but we children think it is so much better for us since it has a Cozy Corner.

Thanking you again for the beautiful watch prize,  
Your Cozy Corner girl,  
ANNA E. HUCK.

### The Knights' Code

THE laws of the Knights of the Round Table were these:

*Be ready.* Help those that cannot help themselves.

*Be courteous.* Do nothing to hurt or offend any one.

*Be honest* and try to win a name for clean honor.

*Be cautious,* and never break your promise.

Chivalry requireth that youth shall be trained to perform the most laborious and humble offices with cheerfulness and grace and to do good unto others. These are the laws of chivalry and manhood, and nothing better can be offered in their place.

The great point about the Knight was that he was always doing kindnesses or good turns to people.

A gentleman is any one who carries out the rules of chivalry of the Knights.



The Princess Louise

THIS picture is made from a famous equestrian portrait in the Tate Gallery in London. Sir John Millais, portrait artist to the court of St. James, painted the figures of the princess and the page. Sir Edwin Landseer painted the dog and the horse.

### An Extra Prize Offer

TRY your pens this week on a story, the title of which shall be, "The Princess and the Page (in less than four hundred words). The first prize shall be a beautiful photograph of the famous portrait, 12½ x 10 inches, and twenty smaller copies of it for the best stories in order of merit. Stories to be in by January 15, 1912.

## A January Prize Contest

Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of —; yes, Johnny, you might have seen him pass, had you been living near Boston. — You are so foolish I think, we will go on to the battle of —. No, Willie. You'll find that history states Burgoyne surrendered to General —. What? No, Eliza, you must forget; the name of the Frenchman was —. Well, getting back to our work again, Stony Point was captured by General —. From across the ocean came moans and groans at the sea-fight won by —. What's that? Of course he was not the one: Cornwallis surrendered to —. And now I guess you can go and play; that's lesson enough for a single day.

For the best answer to this puzzle a first prize of a guaranteed gun-metal watch, a second prize of a Rochester Premo Camera (guaranteed), a third prize of a box of best Japanese paints or a best quality jack-knife, and twenty-five supplementary prizes will be awarded. Answers to be in by the 15th of January. Prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit. If you have not already written introducing yourself to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner do not wait. Write to-day, and you will receive among your Christmas gifts a letter of welcome written especially to you.

### Good-Night Verse

He crowneth the year with his goodness. . . His word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

Ever lovingly and faithfully,

*The Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

## Making Holiday in China

THE ancient custom of propitiating the rain-god is still observed in remoter parts of the Chinese Empire. The processions (for there are two on consecutive days) are called the Tai Gon and No Gon, names whose origins are now obscure, and they were originally intended to propitiate the rain-god.

In the Tai Gon twelve small girls, about ten years old, fantastically arrayed, are carried all round the town on the shoulders of picked coolies, while a man walks at the side with a crutch to prop them up when necessary. Besides these there is a whole host of attendants, dressed in official robes, as well as two figures with grotesque masks, habited as priests. The show is accompanied by the banging of gongs and cymbals, and a particularly horrible sort of clarinet, which produces a succession of discords.

The No Gon procession is led by the organizing committee, mounted on horseback, all clad in official robes and hats, and followed by our twelve little friends of the day before, who appeared to be mincing along over the heads of the crowd. Then comes a sort of see-saw, with four little girls slung at the ends of the poles, and carried by twenty-four coolies. Next follow six or eight more tableaux, all arranged after the same style; one with a girl just appearing through the top of an enormous egg, another little person who was standing apparently on the edge of a china vase, the next on a teacup, and so on.

There is undoubtedly some mythical or religious meaning attached to all this, but no one seems to have any clear idea about it, and it simply remains a show, a day for making holiday.

## SHEPHERDS

Continued from page 1330

"Allie's got to have help and have it now," he said. "You're a blank stranger, but— In this parish, my good sir, we're used to walking in and helping strangers. Sometimes they're angels unawares and they come back and help us. Stay, in God's name, if you will."

"Then give me five minutes' talk with you, doctor, and half an hour at the phone to set certain affairs in order and reassure my friends — and I'll be ready for instant service."

He talked in a low voice with Dr. West while Allie got Jimmy and Florian to bed. Then he called up Mrs. Merrivale, which rather surprised me, for she is perhaps the richest and most fashionable person in our town. She does not come to our church, of course. She belongs to Mr. Rockwell's church, which is High, and has carved reredos and velvet carpets that your feet sink into, and cushioned pews, and flowers and lights and stained glass windows.

I wish our people could just rest and pray in that sort of a church occasionally. It does look as if they might have a beautiful place to pray in, even if they do have ugly places to live and die in.

I don't know, of course, what they were saying to Mr. Harwood at the other end of the phone. But at our end, he was saying in his quiet voice, Yes, that he knew quite well what he was doing, and that he was going to stay. And that they were to cancel all his engagements for the present, and to send some necessary clothes to him; and above all, they were to keep his whereabouts and his business strictly quiet.

He'd been stopping with Mrs. Merrivale, who was an old friend of his, he told us. It did seem strange to have some of her friends with us! But he was really splendid. He used to say, smiling, that you couldn't live in the same house with people like father and Allie, and not live up to yourself.

To be concluded











## God's Purpose in Man's Life\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

TWO occurrences made one morning the most momentous in the life of Zacharias the priest. Both took place in the temple at Jerusalem, early in the morning, even at "the time of cock-crowing." Zacharias was one of a company of priests whose duty it was on that particular day to examine the temple courts by torch-light, to stir to fresh flame the fire on the altar of burnt offering, to trim the candles in the golden candlestick, and to make ready the golden altar of incense. The last act of preparation was to cast lots to determine who should that day offer the incense which symbolized Israel's accepted prayers. It is said that only once in a lifetime might one enjoy that privilege, and he was henceforth called "rich." It was the day of days to Zacharias. He was sixty years of age, but then the ministers of God were not disqualified by age—only by infirmity, and Zacharias was not infirm.

### An Oriental Picture

See this picture: "The celebrant priest, bearing the golden censer, stood alone within the Holy Place, lit by the sheen of the seven-branched candlestick. Before him—somewhat farther away, towards the heavy veil that hung before the Holy of Holies, was the golden altar of incense, on which the red coals glowed. To his right (the left or the north side of the altar) was the table of shew-bread; to his left (on the right or south side of the altar) was the golden candlestick. Still he waited as instructed to do, till a special signal indicated that the moment had come to spread the incense on the altar, as near as possible to the Holy of Holies. Priests and people had reverently withdrawn from the neighborhood of the altar, and were prostrate before the Lord, offering unspoken worship, in which record of part deliverance, longing for mercies promised in the future, and entreaty for present blessing and peace seemed the ingredients of the incense that rose in a fragrant cloud of praise and prayer. Deep silence had fallen on the worshippers as if they watched the prayers of Israel ascending to heaven in the cloud of odors that rose from the golden altar in the Holy Place. Zacharias waited until he saw the incense kindling. Then he also would have bowed down in worship, and reverently withdrawn, had not a wondrous sight arrested his steps."<sup>1</sup>

(In teaching this lesson to any grade of class the teacher should use pictures of the things mentioned, and if possible of the scene itself.)

### A Heavenly Visitor

The second occurrence: It was unlike the first occurrence because it came suddenly and unexpectedly upon Zacharias. Nothing like it had ever before happened in the temple. A being of another world stood between the golden candlestick and the golden altar, and regarded him as the one he had come to communicate with. "Fear fell upon him"—not guilty fear, but he was overpowered by the majesty of the vision. He was reassured by the voice of the angel as he uttered the wonderful tidings he had come from heaven to bring: "Thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth. . . . And many of the children of Israel shall be turned unto the Lord their God. And he shall go before his face in the

spirit and power of Elijah to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for him." At the first occurrence Zacharias' cup of blessing had been full; but the second occurrence made his cup overflow. During all the years of his manhood he had often longed, even prayed, for a son. Not having a son had been a sorrow to him because to an Israelite it was a cutting off from being in the line of the Messiah. Now he was to have a son! The angel Gabriel had brought him word from heaven—a wonderful son, worthy to be compared with the greatest of prophets, even Elijah! The thought was too much for him to grasp, and he said to the angel, "Whereby shall I know this?" And for almost a year he was not able to speak another word, for the angel said to him, "Thou shalt be silent, and not able to speak, until thy son shall be born."

The people were waiting outside for Zacharias to come out and pronounce the priestly blessing. Presently he came, but he could not speak the words of benediction. The assembly was awe-struck, for then they knew that he had seen a vision in the temple. They dispersed, and Zacharias went to his home in the hill country.

The days of expectation on the part of Zacharias and Elisabeth were filled with holy thoughts concerning their child, for the angel had told he was to be one of great destiny, and that the grace of God should be upon him to prepare him to be the forerunner of Christ.

### God's Plan

It is a wonderful matter to consider that God had a great work in the world to be done, and created a man expressly for it, that man being John, who should prepare the way for the Son of God in the hearts of the people.

Has God ever done anything like that since? We believe that what men call success is the working out of God's plan in individual lives. Therefore, let not any successful men or women lay a flattering unction to their own souls, as did King Nebuchadnezzar when he said, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the royal dwelling place, by the might of my power, and for the glory of my majesty?" (Dan. 4: 30). Not until he was humbled to the lowest degree, his hair grown as eagle's feathers and his nails like birds' claws, and his feeding like that of the ox, was he brought to a true estimate of his own insignificance compared with the power and majesty of God. All of the great preachers who have delighted and helped the church; all of those scientists who have grasped the stars, and played with lightning, and caused the elements to be their servants; all teachers who have opened up the treasures of knowledge; all workers in metals who have filled the world with beautiful and useful things; all husbandmen who have brought forth the treasures of harvest and caused desert places to blossom—these have all been men created by God to do their special work. Let us read in Exodus 35: 30-35 how Bizaalel and Aholiab were endowed by God to work in gold and in silver and brass, and in cutting of stones, and in carving of wood, and in all manner of workmanship when Moses was about to enter upon the construction of the tabernacle. And the women, too, were endowed, for they did spin with their hands and brought forth the blue, the purple and the scarlet, and the fine linen, to be used in the garments of the high priest, and in the wonderful hangings which formed so conspicuous a part of the tabernacle. The women who did

\* The International Sunday School Lesson for January 7, 1912. The Birth of John the Baptist Foretold. Luke 1: 5-23. GOLDEN TEXT: "Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11: 6.  
† Edersheim in *The Life of the Messiah*.

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Continued on next page



# Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

were called "wise-hearted." We believe that a similar endowment upon Dorcas when she made the tarts and garments for the widows orphans (Acts 9: 36, 39). Let girls or women who read this lesson, who can make anything beautiful, paint a picture, decorate a box, carve in wood, embroider or do finer needlework, write an article in a book, make music on any instrument, teach, or do the part of a nurse, then give God the praise as they find they have found their vocation, that they are doing what God had intended they should do. We repeat, God has a plan for each and every life, and he reveals it not by an angel, as did to Zacharias, but generally through circumstances by which he surrounds individuals, and by the things which he gives to souls that can be explained in no other way. It is in our own development, and in our efforts to help others, strive to be laborers with God.

Probably not for a moment did it enter into the minds of Zacharias and Elisabeth that they would try to make out of their promised son anything but what the Lord intended he should be, prophet to prepare the way of the Lord. But all parents are not as wise as they. When Isaac Watts was given to writing poetry as a boy, he was beaten by his father, when he claimed:

O father, do some pity take.  
And I will no more verses make.

Gutenberg's mother was scolding him for his worthlessness when the thought of printing was being born in his brain. Pascal, being forbidden in childhood to study geometry, made circles and lines and triangles with charcoal in his playroom, and as he had no teacher and no book, he gave names of his own to his figures, calling a circle a "round," a line a "bar," and so became a world-famed mathematician as God intended he should be. The father of George Stephenson, in forbidding his boy the tools with which to whittle and make machines, the child built them with mud. Handel's father tried to make a lawyer out of him, and took his music from him, but the wonderful genius of Handel, with only a muffled instrument, stealthily played in the attic.

The mother of James Watt called him "the idle, shiftless James," and his aunt gave him a severe scolding for idleness, saying: "Take a book and employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup, and now a silver spoon, over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and collecting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" But the aunt did not have her way, the boy did, and the world was given the wonderful "steam carriage" (locomotive engine).

It is surely the mission of those who are the guardians of childhood to put around it such influences as shall kindle rather than quench the tendencies which God has implanted.

As to our own activities there have been many Micawbers who spent their lives waiting for something to turn up—therefore uselessly. Instead of waiting, let us do the next thing, no matter how commonplace or how difficult the task may be, and in that obedience we may discover what is God's purpose in our life.

## The Lesson Taught to Children

Let several pictures of little babies be shown, and let a short conversation follow in which the children are given opportunity to tell about their babies at home. "My baby" is the expression they will invariably use! Probably some child can repeat the poem. "Where did you come from, baby dear?" by George Macdonald; if not, it should be read by the teacher.

"How did you come to us, you dear?"  
"God thought about you, and so I am here."

After this, they will be ready for the story about how God thought about Zacharias and Elisabeth, and promised them a little son. The man was needed who should get the hearts of the people ready to love the Lord Jesus, and so he sent this baby to Zacharias and Elisabeth, even telling the name by which they should call him. Perhaps there are several boys named John in the class; they should be asked to stand in their places, that they may recognize somewhat the blessedness in their name, and perhaps be incited by it to noble lives.



# For Universal Service

## The Press and the Bell System

The power of the individual writer is multiplied by the printing press. In the same way the power of the individual telephone is multiplied by the Bell system. In both cases, increased usefulness comes from progress towards universal service.

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## Answered Prayers

## Called Higher

rs. J. L. K. East Sparta, O. "I wish to acknowledge a wonderful answer to prayer."

C. Branchville, N. J. "God has recently answered a prayer for me beyond anything I could ask or think."

rs. J. S. M. Seranton, Kan. "I wish to acknowledge the fact that God has given me what I needed to prosper."

E. C. Texas. "I wish to express my acknowledgment that God has been very gracious in answering my prayers."

J. L. J. Eunice, Texas. "I acknowledge that God has heard and answered my prayers. The answers are unmistakable."

T. Safe Harbor, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. I know that our heavenly Father is ever ready to help us if we but trust him."

M. L. Wilmington, Del. "I made a request of our heavenly Father for success in a legal undertaking, and he quickly and perfectly answered my prayer."

reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, wishes to acknowledge that God has answered prayer in restoring a child to health, and wishes to thank him."

rs. H. N. R. Fairview, Mont. "I wish to acknowledge an answered prayer. I was in great trouble and asked the Lord to deliver me. He gave me much more than I asked."

rs. J. M. J. Murfreesboro, Tenn. "I know our heavenly Father answers our prayers. I asked him to give me strength to go through asperation, and I know that it was his help that saved me."

rs. J. B. Greentown, Ind. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayers. During the past two years he has been most generous in restoring to health my children and in answering many other prayers."

John D. Drake, of Middlefield, O., passed from earth June 3, 1910.

Israel Wright, (73), of Holland, Mich., was called to the long home on October 22.

Mrs. Rose A. Isbell, of North Adams, Mass., died March 19, 1911. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. I. C. Toler (84), of Blakely, Ga., a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, died at the home of her niece there on September 18.

Mrs. Margaret H. Stone died at her home in Honesdale, December 3, 1910. "None knew her but to love her."

Mrs. Sarah H. Hawthorn (85) died recently at her home in Albion, Ia. She had been for twenty-five years a reader of this magazine.

Mrs. Lucy Tunison (75) was called to her heavenly home on March 8, 1911. "To her THE CHRISTIAN HERALD came next to her Bible."

Mrs. L. R. Shearer (82), of Van Wert, O., a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the past ten years, was called home September 19.

Mrs. Mary J. Anderson, of Cedar Hill, Texas, passed away recently at her home there. She had been an earnest Christian worker and a subscriber to this paper for many years.

Mrs. J. L. Paterson (78), of Rock Spring, Wyo., died recently at her home there. She had been for many years a subscriber to this paper and a contributor to its charities.

Mrs. Mattie Giddens (60), of Commerce, Texas, recently passed to her rest after a long period of invalidism and illness. She was a devout Christian and for years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Harriet Smith Gay (79) of Dale, N. Y., recently passed on to the heavenly home. She had been a subscriber to this magazine practically ever since its inception. Many of her generous gifts have gone to aid the various charitable enterprises of the paper.



## Christian Herald Peace League Programme for Peace Circles Fortnight Ending January 12

**GENERAL topic:** The Responsibility of the Church; also the Individual Responsibility of Church Members in the World Peace Movement.

**Motto:** The first duty of the Church today is to mould men of such character and ideals that from its ranks will be chosen men to fill the responsible positions of government.

Roll call, officers' reports, reading of the minutes, unfinished business, general discussion of the topic and of the Interrupted Peace Meeting, of which an account is given on page 1315 of this issue. Songs, recitations, reading of historic tableaux and many social features should be added to the programmes during the holiday season.

Suggestions for special programmes for holiday peace meetings will be gladly supplied.

### Peace League Leaflet

A leaflet which contains extracts from the Peace sermons of the leading divines, delivered throughout the country on the 26th of November, 1911, will be sent free of cost to any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with organization leaflets and other printed matter in the interest of World Peace.

Address all communications to Secretary, CHRISTIAN HERALD PEACE LEAGUE, Bible House, New York City.

### A NEW FAMINE COMMITTEE

—THE REV. E. C. LOBENSTEIN, of the Presbyterian Mission at Hwai Yuan, and the Rev. Arnold Foster of the London Missionary Society at Wuchang, China, were recently appointed to organize a new famine relief committee at Shanghai. The committee is now formed, and has for its president Bishop Graves, of the American Episcopal Mission. Mr. Lobenstein is secretary, and Mr. C. R. Scott, manager of the International Banking Corporation, treasurer. Dr. Wu Ting Fang and nine other prominent Chinese are serving on the committee. A serious effort is to be made not only to relieve present distressing conditions of famine, which are due to the overflowing of rivers, but to conduct engineering operations, particularly in the Hwai Valley, which will lessen the likelihood of future floods.

### A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE

Received the book *Samskita* at Coney Island, which is a continuous laugh from beginning to end, underneath which her Christian character shines forth in every chapter. The *Almanac*, which you sent with your good paper, should be called instead an almanac what Jimmie named his book (in the continued story *To the Highest Bidder*) a book of "valuable information" for such it is in every sense of the word. With the best wishes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the good work it accomplishes, I remain,

Peekskill, N. Y.

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## A Tour in the Sahara

Continued from page 1314

caravan stopped earlier than usual and we were fortunately able to dry clothes and luggage in the sun which came out shortly afterwards and in the evening we lit a great fire.

After seven days' journeying we arrived at our first Arab village, beautifully encircled by plantations of date-palms. The dwellings of the people are very quaint, being built of sandstone and plaster. Sandstone is found in abundance in the neighborhood, while the plaster is burnt and prepared by the natives themselves. Wood is very scarce here, so the dome-shaped roofs are constructed without beams or rafters. There is no need for windows, as the people sit in their courtyards. The interior of the houses seem very clean and when the floor becomes dirty it is easily renovated by a fresh supply of sand.

In this our first village we commenced a series of magic-lantern services—one for boys at sunset, followed later by another for men. They were well attended and the people listened most attentively to the explanations given of the Bible stories.

We came across one or two Shawia men—of that Berber race who live in the "Tell" or mountain district of the north. Their language and customs greatly resemble those of the Kabyles. As the Arabs here can grow no corn, the Shawia men bring it down from their country—a five to seven days' journey, and sell it in the Arab villages.

The great Moslem fête of Aid Kebir" took place while we were in the village. As we were talking to a Jewish rabbi we heard a great noise of drums beating and people singing and suddenly a clamorous crowd came surging along through the narrow streets to the market-place. The procession was headed by a marabout about thirty-five years of age who was followed by some students and other people of the village. He stopped in the market-place and a great hush fell upon the multitude as the marabout gave his blessing on their fête after which the crowd repeated "Amin, Amin."

In many of the places visited we were particularly struck with the fact that a number of the men and boys had the mark of the cross tattooed on their foreheads. One young man told us that this was often done to those who suffered from bad eyes. And another informed us that parents often mark their elder children in this way to save the younger ones from an early grave. It has been supposed, however, that this custom dates from early Christian days or from the time of the Crusaders. In one village, on the outer wall, the sign of the Cross in plaster, standing some six feet high, was most distinctly outlined. We visited a small carpet factory in an Arab house. The carpets, very thick and prettily designed, are made of camel's hair and wool. The natives use these to sleep on—for beds—steads and couches are conspicuous by their absence.

Our tour did not end as auspiciously as it began. We journeyed northward, leaving the sand behind us, and came nearer to the mountains. Then we turned westward and traveled over a country with a clay soil which from time to time had evidently been plowed. During these days we had bright sunshine interspersed with rain and traveling was comparatively easy so long as the ground was fairly dry. But one night it rained heavily. On we went, however, until progress became almost impossible, for the country was covered with mud and the camels were continually slipping. While we made for the nearest village the rain continued to pour down and as we were obliged to cross a stream which could not be traversed with heavy luggage one of the camels was unloaded and the heavy trunks carried across the neck of a mule. At last we reached the village, but it was impossible to pitch our tent because of the mud, and no house could be hired.

We went to the house of the sheik and were told that he was ill and could not see us. After some palaver the people agreed to let us into the stable with the sheep and cattle. A few men came in and we asked them to sell us oats for the camels and wood for a fire, and promised to pay any one who would bring us good drinking water. Water and wood they refused and only offered us oats at an exorbitant price. After awhile Mohammed managed to secure a small jug of water and a few sticks.

Next day it was raining and our prospects appeared anything but pleasant. Our provisions were running extremely short, and we had very little money left. On the second day the sun shone for a few minutes and our hopes revived; but at night it rained again. Our Arab suggested that we should go south, making a long detour of six or seven days' journey, and thus reach Biskra. There were drawbacks to this plan, too, as there were rivers to cross, any one of which might bar our passage. Moreover that route led us out of the way of any villages where we could find provisions. The day following brought us cold, showery weather. However, we decided at all costs to push on to the next village, where the Kaid lived. But when we had packed our luggage Mohammed refused to start, for he was afraid that the camels would slip in the mud and break their legs. To help over this difficulty, we hired a mule at a high price to carry the heavy baggage, and engaged two men to come with us in case of an accident or a difficult passage. Up to the last moment Mohammed hesitated, but eventually we started on a ten to twelve mile walk in the mud. This took us nearly five hours. On the road the sun shone out, and when we reached our destination we obtained all we needed for ourselves and the camels, and found a lodging.

With a brisk wind the ground dried a little, and after two days' forced marches of from twenty-five to thirty miles each day, we reached Biskra, and there took the train to Algiers.

### Household Hints

Improved methods, tending toward a greater economy of work, have come into practice with the increased knowledge of labor-saving devices now on the market.

Paraffin may be used to advantage for many more purposes than is generally known. While the average housewife uses paraffin for sealing jars of preserves, and has found it the best method, few know of its remarkable cleaning properties for laundry purposes, when combined with the ordinary use of soap. The following are the simple directions for its use:

Prepare the clothes as usual in the boiler with soap and water. Into this put two tablespoonfuls of melted paraffin and allow all to boil together the usual length of time. The only attention necessary during the boiling process is to turn over the clothes now and then. Rubbing is unnecessary. Many washing-powders facilitate washing because of the injurious alkalis they contain, but do not eliminate the usual need of the wash-board.

The appearance of a warmed-over roast or a half chicken may be greatly improved by filling in the hollows with mashed potato, then browning in the oven with the meat.

A pretty and economical idea for hair ribbons is to make them of the same material as the children's wash-dresses. There is no additional cost, as strips sufficient for this purpose are generally left over, and may be neatly hemmed along the longwise edges and the ends either hemstitched or fringed. The ribbons may be put in the laundry along with the dresses they match, and so kept clean and fresh.

When making a wash dress for a "grown up," allow enough material for a couple of kitchen aprons to match. This will give an added neat and attractive appearance to the washing house gown.

Ordinary noises are often annoying to an invalid, even the ticking of a clock is sometimes more than the sensitive nerves can bear. Yet, when there is no time-piece near, a sense of loneliness is felt. A trained nurse discovered that by placing a thin glass tumbler over a watch the ticking was made inaudible, even when very close to the bedside.

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# OUR MAIL BAG

## Questions and Answers

M. O. D., Clarksburg, W. Va. 1. Were musical instruments used in the Jewish worship by the command of the Lord, and if so, why did he condemn it in Amos 5: 23? When it says, "For so was the command of the Lord" in II. Chron. 29: 22, are we to understand that the Lord commanded the music to be used, or that he commanded the people to obey the king? 2. How do you reconcile the prophet Nathan (II. Chron. 29: 25) and the prophet Amos 5: 23 and 6: 4-5?

In the golden age of Hebrew music—the period covered by the reign of David and Solomon—the temple was a great school of vocal and instrumental music, all consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. The Psalms, as we know them to-day, were merely a portion of the great Jewish hymnal. There were many instruments and numerous choirs with a variety of able leaders and conductors. Whether this vast musical system of worship was a plan of David's own or was the result of divine inspiration is not specifically stated, but it was the king's purpose to honor God in his temple with magnificent services of praise, and there is no reason to doubt that it was acceptable. See I. Chron. 25th chapter. At the time of which Amos wrote, the nation had drifted into sin. Their services were no longer accepted of God and the prophet accused them of hypocrisy in their songs, their prayers and their offerings. The passage in II. Chron. 29: 25 (from which you have omitted three very essential words "by his prophets") indicates that the prophets wrote under inspiration, interpreting the divine will to the people. If we remember the totally different conditions that prevailed in Amos' time, the two passages are seen not to be in any sense conflicting.

Mrs. G. D., Connellsville, Pa. What are the "seven deadly sins"?

As defined by the Roman Church, they are: Pride, anger, envy, sloth, lust, covetousness and gluttony. We cannot answer the other question in your letter.

G. E. H., Jersey City, N. J. Kindly explain (1) Acts 3: 19-21; (2) Gal. 3: 29, "What promise is this," made to Abraham, "that the Church is to be heirs of." (3) Is. 31: 17. (4) Ps. 146: 3, 4. (5) Ps. 49: 14.

(1) The more accurate translation is given in the Revised Version: "That so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and that he may send the Christ," etc. The "refreshing" is to be preparatory, but it is not quite clear whether the time of "restoration" and of the "sending" of Jesus are to be successive or contemporaneous events. (2) As Christ is "Abraham's seed," so the Galatians, who were mostly aliens (not Jews), to whom Paul spoke, if they were "one in Christ" were therefore Abraham's seed also, which was tantamount to saying that they were his "true heirs in a spiritual if not a legal sense. The promise is set forth in Gen. 12: 2, 3, also 22: 17 and 26: 3, 4. (3) The passage simply means that not the righteous, who have called upon God, but the wicked who have not called, in just retribution will be consigned in shame to the silence, where they will have no opportunity to do so. Now, they slander God, but soon they will be in "the noisier region of the dead." (4) The Jews had foolishly trusted Pharaoh and other heathen princes to aid them against their enemies, and had now to learn that such help was unstable, while God-given help is enduring. (5) The ungodly are powerless to defeat the will or defer the purposes of God. Though they seem to triumph for a moment, their strength and influence are buried with them and they are quickly forgotten.

E. B. C., Springdale, Ark. 1. Christ said (Matt. 19: 23) "that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." What is the lesson conveyed? 2. St. Paul said (I. Cor. 6: 10) that extortioners shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Where does justice end and extortion begin? What is extortion?

1. To rightly understand the full significance of the passage, we must read it in its context. He is not saying, "How hard it is for those who trust in riches to enter! Unless this idolatrous trust and confidence in mere wealth overcome they cannot enter" except by a sprinkling of divine grace, which changes the heart. Jesus found no fault with the young man because of his riches, since wealth, and the power and influence it brings, may be made a means of great blessing if used in the right spirit as a trust committed to our stewardship. He found, however, that his wealth

was to him of greater moment than his eternal welfare, since he could not grasp the great opportunity offered him by the Master. 2. The passage in I. Cor. also has a bearing upon the love of wealth and the hard and merciless means that are sometimes adopted to acquire it. Where extortion begins may be defined by statute, but it must really be determined by the conscience, since what is a fair return in one case may be a cruel extortion in another. We must carry the Christ idea into our business

not only from his teachers, but by his travels, all the wisdom of the Greeks of that day. He is believed to have known Greek and Latin and to have studied the pagan philosophies of his time. It is evident that he had been a student of rhetoric, and he was even able to speak extemporaneously in Greek (Acts 21: 37; 17: 22) and probably also in Latin. We can only conjecture concerning the likelihood of his having engaged prior to his conversion in the controversial encounters of the day. He had

kept "unsjotted from the world." The world has never been moved forward or helped by men who retired from the fight because they preferred moral seclusion to the warfare of a Christian soldier, but rather by those who have gone into the thick of the conflict and made their influence felt in the outcome. If all the good people were to flock away by themselves there would be little spiritual progress and no missionary work at all.

Reader, Wahalak, Miss. Please explain Prov. 26: 3.

It is an ancient proverb which has its parallel in several languages. The Chaldean, Syriac and Arabic have it "a spur for the ass," while the Hebrew has the word *netheg* (bridle). The whole passage means that as horse and ass at times need the whip or the spur to control and direct them, so the fool (the hot-headed, thoughtless person) needs a forcible reminder of authority to check him from rushing into sinful folly. The rod of affliction is frequently such a reminder.

L. S., Hinsdale, N. H. What name did the parents of Jesus Christ give him?

They gave him the name of Jesus, as divinely directed, and no other (Matt. 1: 21), because he was "to save the people from their sins." The older form of the name was *Hoshea* (saving), which in a later day became *Jehoshua* (deliverance), but all three forms of the name have the same meaning. The conferring of the name "Jesus" was in no sense a human choice, but a divine direction as indicative of his character and mission. On the eighth day he was duly named according to the rites of the Jewish people (see Luke 2: 21).

S. P., Pittsburg, Pa. I have been reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sermon on "The Redemption of Rahab." You say, "I have broken every law you ever made and crucified the Son of God afresh." Now, does not the Bible teach us that there is a sin that can never be pardoned? Would there be any use of such a one trying to do good, "taking a false oath"?

We referred this question to Bishop William A. Quayle, the distinguished author of the sermon in question, who writes in reply: "This 'sin unto death' is not a matter we can locate, and it is very safe to say that so long as any one wants to come to God, the way is open. He stands at the door and knocks at every such heart."

G. A. C., Seattle, Wash. My little son asked me where all the water went after the flood of Noah's time.

There are several answers possible to this question. The obvious one would be that much of the immense volume of water went off in vapor, forming clouds. Some speculative writers on the subject have suggested the reverse, however, holding that in antediluvian days the earth, being yet insufficiently cooled, was steeped in water, that mists took the place of rain (see Gen. 2: 5, 6) and that the skies and moon, sun and stars were invisible from our planet. At the appointed time, the whole mass of vapor was precipitated in the form of rain, causing the flood, which only subsided when a great part of the water had found its way into the heart of the soil and into subterranean passages (see Ps. 104: 6-8), while the surface liquid mass was still further reduced by solar evaporation. Other writers have conjectured that the flood may have been caused by a shifting of the earth's axis, and that the waters receded when equilibrium was restored. We give these views for what they are worth. Many volumes have been written on the subject.

## Miscellaneous

R. F., Troy, O. There is no scientific basis for such a conclusion. See item in *Christian Herald Almanac* for 1912.

Mary E. Peacher, Griggsville, Ill., would be thankful to any reader who can send her the address of her relative, O. C. Moore, formerly of San Francisco.

B. B. J., Dubuque, Ia. A Mohammedan tradition, which is recalled annually by the Moslem imams (priests) who conduct the service to pilgrims to Mount Arafat, near Mecca, is to the effect that Adam and Eve, immediately after their expulsion from Eden, were separated from each other in the storm and darkness. After a hundred years of wandering, they met again on the summit of Arafat and instantly recognized each other. An obelisk marks the site of their reunion. This is one of the many strange traditions or legends interwoven with the religion of the Prophet.



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relations, and deal not only justly but generously and humanely, never making gain of another's necessity.

Mrs. M. D. S., Langhorne, Pa. Was Paul a notable success as a public speaker?

That he was a remarkably effective speaker—clear, forcible, logical and eloquent—is sufficiently proved by the epistles, which are among the best examples in existence of spiritual literature. He was a man of excellent education, with the logical training of a Pharisee, and his culture and ripe experience, combined with his zeal for Christianity, made him the greatest of the apostles. King Agrippa paid him the tribute of acknowledging his great learning and his persuasive address. He was educated partly in Tarsus (then a noted seat of learning) and partly in Jerusalem, drinking in

a philosophical mind, and on becoming convinced of the truth of Christianity made the best use of his fine intellectual endowment for the advancement of the Gospel.

A. T. G., Bridgeport, Conn. Should a man's religion control all his actions, even in politics?

Certainly, we should live our religion. It should influence us in all our activities, and if we are really sincere, it will do so. This includes politics as well as business and social life. As to your other questions, we would say that even assuming, as many claim, that there are evils in all the political parties, our influence, exerted in a right and manly way, may help to correct some of those evils. Jesus told his disciples that he did not pray that they be taken out of the world, but that they might be



# THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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George V.

King of Great Britain, Emperor of India

The Magnificence of the Orient in the Durbar Procession

Queen Mary

Edith of Great Britain, Empress of India



## DELHI AND THE FIRST IMPERIAL DURBAR

By CHARLES M. PEPPER



The Kutub Minar, Delhi

THE voyage of King George and Queen Mary of Great Britain to India to take part in the gorgeous spectacle of the coming Coronation Durbar interests the whole world. Opinions may differ whether or not the great expenditure which the Coronation Durbar at Delhi will cost is really necessary in order to sustain the prestige of the British power in India. Some Englishmen think not; some think otherwise. But reasons of state prevail and British statesmen charged with the interests of the empire are responsible for the royal voyage.

The Durbar is usually described as the most imposing Oriental spectacle that Western eyes ever witness. Picturesque it certainly is. The wonderfully caparisoned elephants are possibly the most entertaining feature, although to me the people are always more interesting.

Some years ago, coming down from Kashmir, I stopped at Delhi to learn for myself something of its thirty centuries of tradition, if not of verified history. The records of the Buddhists, of various Hindu sects, of the Mohammedans, and now of Christian civilization are there. The annals are blood-stained, but possibly no more so than any other part of India.

It is, after all, modern Delhi that is described in the guide books as the tourists' delight. Types of all India are found there.

I did what tourists usually do, first climbed the tower of one of the mosques and took a general view of the city. Its many flat roofs reminded me of Spanish civilization and of Havana, although the bulbous domes of the Mohammedan mosques and the clusters of cupolas of the

Hindu temples have no counterpart in the architecture of Havana. As everywhere in the Orient the real life of the people is seen in the streets and the bazaars. The leading business street is the Chandni Chaok. The squatting beggars line it, but that is a street setting which one gets used to. The first morning I strolled along the Chandni Hindu funeral attracted my attention. The swathed corpse on a stretcher was borne on the shoulders of body bearers. It was covered with flowers. Three musicians walked in advance. Eight or ten mourners, running behind them, strewing flower leaves, were conspicuous. I noticed that in passing the Mohammedan mosques the music was silent. After that the chant was resumed with the "tum tum" iteration of the musicians. Some veiled Mohammedan women watched the spectacle as closely as I did.

Delhi is a great mercantile centre and the dealings in cotton fabrics or piece goods are very extensive. This trade is conducted by both Hindu and Mohammedan merchants. In the bazaar are the articles of carved ivory and sandalwood for which Delhi is noted. The bazaar merchants are persistent. The stranger who undertakes to drive along the Chandni finds them apparently throwing themselves in front of his horses in order that he may be forced to stop and avail himself of the opportunity they offer. However, in some way they manage to avoid the horses' hoofs.

The bazaar dealers are said to be the most greedy of any in India on account of their over-charges. But this can be said of the bazaar dealers in any Indian city. It is related that King George, when he made

his visit to India as Prince of Wales, became very unpopular among the merchants of Delhi because of his refusal to pay their over-charges. Countless visitors, however, thanked him for his courage.

Continued on page 1246



Nawab Fakhr ool Moolk



The Maharajah of Kholapur



Potentates who will Attend the Durbar



The Maharajah of Patiala





TEXT: Luke 2—"Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. . . . And they came with haste."

IT IS my purpose, by God's help, to take this cluster of purple grapes from the vineyard of God, and squeeze their juices in part into a cup for our hearts to drink this morning.

I have thought a good deal, first and last—being something of a lover of letters—of passages which dare not be omitted from the world's literature, because their loss would be so utter that heartbreak would ensue upon the loss. And my conviction holds now that this passage out of the Gospel of Luke—in which is rehearsed in simple, tender and delicious phrase the birth of a Babe, with such simplicity and poetry, with such chasteness of reserve and daintiness of touch, that it seems as if it might have been written with ink made out of tears, or it might have been written with ink made out of the dawns of morning and the dews of night—is such a passage. I freely say there is no passage in human literature more utterly exquisite, more beautifully human, more graciously divine, more entirely earthly, more absolutely heavenly, than this beautiful story of the birth of Jesus Christ. And I would think it were the bounden duty of everybody that has a heart to read this story at Christmas. All persons who have no hearts are excused from doing large things; but all people who have hearts are in honor bound to their hearts, as the Christmas time comes on, to read everything in the Gospel story touching the Divine advent in the birth of Christ.

#### The Evangelists' Narration

And the thing that will strike us, as we read these preludatory statements of the Gospel, is that every man said what impressed him the most. The Gospel of Mark begins with the preaching of John and the advent of Christ into work, because Mark was always sweaty with haste and dusty with toil. The beginning of the Gospel of John reaches back through the eternities, to the first morning dawn that ever this human life of ours could look toward. John saw Christ enthroned and glorious. And John looks there and then looks here, looks up, far up, and then down, clear down into the earth, and sees the advent of the God of the eternities into time and the coming of heaven's chiefest personality to our earth. Matthew begins the story by the appeal to genealogy, by the appeal to history, that this Babe, lowly born, was yet a Babe of kingly lineage, which he traces back to Abraham, as a Jew might and would; and then he traces it to the lowly Bethlehem house, and says that though He had not the apparel of kingship, yet wise men sought him to worship him. And Luke, who was a Greek and wore a Greek name, and had a fund of science and literature as fine as the historian Thucydides, took up the whole matter from the first and told the story of the prophecy of the birth of John and the prophecy of the birth of Jesus; how John was named before his birth, and how Jesus was named before his birth. And then he tells what I suggest in my humble belief is altogether the sweetest poem that was ever thought out by man and set down by a tender human hand—the Birth of the Christ.

#### The Wakeful Shepherds

Sometimes I find men and women to whom this Virgin Birth seems superfluous; some to whom it seems incredible; some who do not care to think upon it; but so far as my poor faculties are concerned, it appeals to me, that if anybody has the large perception or understanding, the infinite heart-hunger, the eyes that can look into eternity and not be afraid, they can see that the Virgin Birth is so wholly apt in history, is so wholly worthy of God, is so right a method for the coming of the Christ of the times and the eternities, that we dare not hesitate to receive it and believe it.

And that night, while the shepherds were awake and watching over their sheep—humble men at humble task—an angel came and took the sky for a pulpit and preached his sermon; and he told it with such pungency and force, such directness and poetry, such heavenly-mindedness and such earthly speech that the shepherds did not forget and could not, but committed the whole sermon to heart; and when the

sermon was ended, then all the sky was peopled with choiring angels; and the choir sang what the preacher had said. For the preacher had spoken in poetry, and the choir of heaven had set it to music, and the sky was one voice, welcoming the King of Heaven to the Manger and the Cross. Now, that in brief is the story.

#### Worth While to Watch

When Jesus came to Bethlehem, it was the people who were on the lookout that saw him. It is not a question of how many wonderful things transpire; it is not a question of how many beauties are apparent. The question is, Who watches? All the glory that ever burned along the sky-line of the west is lost to people who don't look. Life is so filled with wonder that nobody can fall into a routine who watches. The street yesterday was very full of people. The crowd was crushing, the tumult of melody in people's hearts was strong and great, reverberant like the sea and psalm-singing like the angels' song. The crowding throng was very great and very glad, but every human life there presented and represented, if we were watching, was a poem. Blessed be all the people who turn Christmas faces to the Christmas places, and take up the tune of the holy, happy Christmas.

It is the watcher who shall see the poetry. It is the singer who shall catch the psalm. The shepherds were out watching. And Bethlehem's town knew not that any King had come, and Bethlehem's village heard not the Baby's cry, and Jerusalem's throng heard not the advent of the chariot of Him whose glory fills eternity with light. They heard not, they saw not; only those saw who stayed awake to watch.

I go through an art gallery and I see the pictures and I look at them hastily, and when people say to me, "What do you think of the gallery?" "Oh," I say, "good pictures; fine, fine!" And then I go to hear somebody talk of pictures one day, and he has raptures over them, and he tells where there were such pictures as glowed with glorious tints, and flamed with morning sun-up, and had the grace and quiet of the evening's coming, and forges in which the coals of iron glowed, and anvils on which the irons seemed to be alive with fire. And when I had heard him through, I was enraptured with his saying and was bound I too would see those pictures. And I went to him after his discourse was ended, and I said, "Where were those pictures you saw?" And he said, "In such a place." And lo! it was the picture gallery through which I had passed and only said in perfunctory fashion that they were good. But the upward face—the upward look! Heaven cannot drench me with its wonder, if I am sodden in sleep. The watcher is such as see. I would God this morning, as we take this holy narrative and hold it up before our faces, we might be led to watch. If we do so with the world, what should we not see? Scan everybody's face, look at everybody's life, see all gospels, watch all mercies, peer into all mysteries; let the earth appear sublime, let the heavens appear, as indeed they are, divine. Now, we watching folk see what is in life—so much of poetry and song, so much praise and service, so much dignity and fidelity. It is worth while to be looking toward the sea what time the sea lifts up its blue rim against the blue rim of the sky. Worth while to be out watching, so that when heaven comes down we shall be there at the welcoming.

#### When a Child is Born

When the shepherds went at the angels' bidding, they saw a common thing. All they saw, when they went away from the angels' singing, was a Babe in his mother's arms. And if those shepherds were simply folk who had the narrow and dried-out soul, then you know that amongst themselves they said, "What fools we are to have left the singing angels, to have come here to hear the crying of a baby!" But men who sit erect and watch the thing through, and who have enough of the apocalypse of God in their hearts to let God say his larger things in their souls, we know about what they saw. They saw only this: that one new baby had been born among the homes of men. They saw that. Just one baby, and his name was Isaac Newton. Just one baby, and before he died he held gravitation in

his hand and held it fast. Just one baby born in a cabin in Kentucky, and when he died the world fumbled at its task and ceased to read and only learned to weep, when Abraham Lincoln fell fast asleep with his uncompleted task in his bleeding hands. Just one baby, born at a preacher's house where there were too many children already, and Samuel Wesley and Susannah had one more to feed, one more baby to love. There are never too many babies at the house of such as have a heart to love. Just one baby at the Epworth town parsonage, and now that he is dead a hundred years and past, men rise at the four corners of the earth and thank God that one more baby came to that crowded parsonage house, and John Wesley was born. One baby at a peasant's home, and the mother leaned over it and blessed it, and the father came and took the little red hand and stooped and kissed it, and Martin Luther had come to town; and nobody cared. And then one day Martin Luther went into the capital that we name Heaven, and all the people thronging its streets gave him welcome and sang a song of Paradise.

#### The Great Mother-Love

One baby! Beloved, if we might learn one needed thing this morning, might it not be this, that every cradle is holy, that every baby, though laid in manger or in kindly cradle, has around it a glory like trailing clouds of sunrise? No one can guess against to-morrow. There are no slum babies born; there are no princely babies born; there are just God's babies born, and every cradle is an eternity come to town. I tell you that if once we watch the cradle at the manger of Bethlehem, the cradle of a mother's rocking arms, the singing of a mother's lullaby, the chanting of the angels, to stop no more forever, the whisper of a mother's kiss upon a baby's cheek, the rapture of the singing songs, a mother saying only this, "My baby! My baby!"—if we look at that, it might put us in love with every baby's cradle and make us eager to kiss every baby's cheek, and want to help every baby into larger life. To be in love with the Babe of Bethlehem makes us to be in love with every baby everywhere. You poor black mother! No need to pity her. Why, my heart, she has her baby. It is sweet to her as yours is to you, woman. I remember Margaret Sangster said, in a book I read of hers one time, a thing that I think worthy a thousand volumes—that there is not a rapture known to compare with any mother's rapture over any baby. And the black mother in her dusky arms holds her baby, and the Hottentot mother in her arms holds her baby, and the Korean mother in her arms holds her baby, and you, mother, in your arms hold your baby; and maybe you women know something, therefore, of how big God's heart is, and how lavish God's love is.

#### The Lesson of the Manger

There are no common folks. If we are poorly neighbored, these folks we thought commonplace, these everyday facts, these birthdays at many folks' houses, these common children at play on common streets—these folks, since Jesus came and lay in yonder manger at Mary's breast, are God's uncommon folks. There is a vast, a sweet equality at cradles. I have ministered first and last at many a house; I have gone to where sorrow had intruded before me; I have gone out with the unspeakable lament of broken hearts sounding in my ears, but I have only seen a woman stretching out her empty, vacant arms and hands for the baby that was and is not, and calling, "Baby! baby! baby!"

O Christ, thy manger is so sweet! O Christ, thy birth hour is so beautiful! O Christ, by thy common coming, like the other common folks, thou hast sanctified birth and forever made human life sublime. Where were you born? No matter, seeing we are all born for the morning light and the Christmas house and the great, sweet to-morrow.

And the angel said, "If you will go and look, you will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and in a manger," which I would have you remark is this truth, that we found things as God said they were. If we might learn this holy article of trust in God, it is to believe him when he speaks. This Bible is still his voice; what he says is true. They came

*Continued on next page*

\*Bishop Quayle, of Oklahoma City, Okla., is one of the most eloquent leaders of American Methodism.



## CHRISTMAS ON THE BOWERY

'Tis the blessed Christmas morning;  
All the world is full of cheer.  
'Tis the brightest, happiest morning  
That can come in all the year.  
Thus we tell, in song and story,  
As we go our favored way;  
Yet through all this Christmas glory,  
There is bitter grief to-day.

What is Christmas on the Bowery?  
What but bitterness and pain?  
What but want and woe and heartache  
To the souls of men shut in!  
In from all that makes life holy,  
In from all that makes it glad;  
In with poverty and squalor,  
In with all that's vile and bad.

Who will help them back to manhood—  
They who now have lost their way?  
Who will give to them the message  
Of a Saviour born to-day?  
Born amid the poor and lowly  
With a manger for his bed;  
He who through his life so holy  
"Had not where to lay his head."

Yet amid the gloom, a lighthouse  
Sends a ray so clear and bright;  
Through the darkness that surrounds them  
Comes that blessed, blessed light.  
How that light attracts and draws them  
When all else is dark and cold!  
Eagerly they turn and hasten  
To the shelter of the fold.

If that light is still kept burning,  
We must help supply the oil.  
We must furnish food and clothing  
From the products of our toil.  
We must haste and share our comforts  
Ere some "mother's boy" goes down—  
He who, saved, may one day sparkle,  
Richly sparkling in our crown.

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

## The Bethlehem Cradle

Continued from preceding page

and found the Babe at the manger.  
God's utterances are truths. If we  
find what God hath said, we shall find  
what things are true. God is estab-  
lished in his veracity. He cannot  
equivocate and he will not mislead.  
He hath said that he was the light of  
men; he hath said that he was the  
Bread of Heaven; he hath said that he  
was the Resurrection and the Life; he  
hath said that he was the Judge of the  
quick and the dead; he hath said that  
we were to dwell with him. He hath  
said it.

And the manger is empty and the  
Mary mother hath died; but from  
Bethlehem's hill and from Bethlehem's  
empty manger shines the light ineffa-  
ble, and in the sky hath swelled out the  
song which sounds in our listening  
ears this morning: "Christ was born  
at Bethlehem." The lowly born; the  
King of the ages; the Lord of the liv-  
ing, the Lover of human kind; he who  
died for us that we might live to him.  
O Christmas morning, Christmas  
morning!

PRAYER: O Lord, we bless thee for  
this morning. We thank thee we have  
seen the children coming to the chil-  
dren's Christ. We thank thee that we  
belong to God. We thank thee that,  
though we are far from our eternal  
home, we are turning glad faces thither-  
ward. Keep us along the Christmas  
road; keep us along the Christward  
journey; keep us with the heart of a  
little child and the heart of grown-up  
women and men combined. Keep us  
in the Christmas faith and on the  
Christmas course forever. Amen.

## ANVIL SPARKS

LIE-TAINTED lips cannot be beau-  
tiful.

A SOFT head cannot stand hard  
knocks.

TO TALK with God one must keep  
regular step.

SOME folks have tenacity only in  
holding on to trouble.

DON'T let the cost of your keep  
be wasted; be worth something.

DON'T be secretive about the good  
points you discover in your neighbor.

THE hand that rocks the cradle is  
the hand that slaps the divorce court.

A GOOD grip on yourself ought  
sometimes to serve to loosen your  
purse-strings.

## A LETTER TO 350,000 Wonder-Workers

WHEN we begin to talk to so many, all at once, it seems a great  
undertaking; besides, we really want to be very personal; so if  
you will be kind, and enter into the spirit of our idea with us,  
we will select out of all the 350,000, or more, a single one—just you.

Isn't it wonderful and inspiring to know that we, each one of us, may  
be instruments of tremendous power in the world—or rather, not that we  
may be, but that, as it happens in God's marvelous providence, we are.  
Not everybody is; but we are—you and I. Every CHRISTIAN HERALD  
subscriber is a powerful defender of the faith, a stout defender and sup-  
porter of the glorious old Gospel. This is true, for one thing, because  
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which, as we have said before, is really a part  
of you, is the greatest Bible publisher and disseminator in the world,  
outside of the large Bible societies.

WHEN we think of power and try to trace it to its first source, we find  
ourselves always face to face with some expression of God. He is  
full of power. We can't begin to form even the smallest conception of  
the extent of his power, nor of the infinite ways in which it is constantly  
finding expression. We just know that both are limitless, and we know  
that no power can stay shut up, unless it be imprisoned by a greater  
power. Of course there is no greater power than God's, so it is impos-  
sible to shut up his power and keep it idle. He has provided from the  
beginning a vast universe in which to give free rein to his mighty power.  
We look up into the starry heavens—our thoughts travel to distant  
planets—and we are lost in wonder. Then we come back to our own little  
earth and we see how God's mighty power surrounds and fills it.

Elijah saw it, one day, alone in a cave, when "a great and strong  
wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks"; and then he saw  
it in the earthquake, and again in the fire. You and I have seen these  
things. We have seen the ocean lashed to fury; we have seen the light-  
nings flash in the skies, and have heard the terrific crashes of thunder—  
"God's artillery." Oh, there are many channels through which God's  
tremendous power flows, and has been flowing since eternity began.

BUT all this display of omnipotence could never satisfy God if the one  
supreme power of his being—the power of love—were to be shut up  
in his great heart and find no channels through which it could gain an  
outlet. Such a power as that could not express itself in a mighty wind,  
rushing in pieces the rocks, nor in earthquakes, nor in lightnings, nor in  
tempestuous seas. It had to find its own peculiar expression; just as a  
musician could not pour out the soul that is in him by operating a steel  
riveting machine; he must create sweet harmonies or tender melodies.  
So God, to satisfy his own need for the expression of his one greatest  
power, love, created us—men, and women, and little children—His chil-  
dren—in order that the great love that filled his heart to overflowing  
might find its expression in us, and through us.

Yes, wonderful and sweet as it is that this God-power of love should  
express itself in us, flooding us with light and joy, filling us with peace  
and strength, lifting us up, and up, to the very heaven of companionship  
with him, yet it is far more wonderful, and far more joyous and en-  
nobling, that this miracle-working God-power of love should express  
itself through us. That means that it actually flows from God's heart  
through ours into the thirsty, eager lives of other human beings.

JUST think of the great city of New York, for example, with its  
crowded millions of men and women and its hundreds of thousands of  
helpless children. Miles away, up beyond the city, is a great reservoir.  
It is filled with billions of gallons of water for the daily needs of these  
crowding millions there in the big city. Suppose there were no  
channels through which the life-sustaining water could flow? What good  
would be all the immense supply if it were not brought close to the need?  
But there are the aqueducts and the pipes! What a splendid thing is an  
aqueduct when it connects the reservoir and the city—when it serves as  
the channel through which the great essential blessing of physical life  
can flow!

You have proven that you are one of these channels by the expression  
of yourself through the medium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the  
past year. This paper is constantly translating in some tangible form,  
for the blessing of needy ones, the love of CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers.  
It is constantly helping to adjust the connections, as it were, so that the  
love and helpfulness flowing through you may be undiminished.

Even if you have not directly contributed money to some particular  
cause, such as the Bowery Mission, or the Children's Paradise at Mont-  
Lawn, or the feeding of starving Chinese, still you have been one of the  
wonder-workers, because you have supported THE CHRISTIAN HERALD  
itself, and have thus helped to make its direction and execution of these  
and many similar works successful.

REMEMBER, you are a vital part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD just as  
truly as the paper and the work are a part of you. If you were to  
drop away from us—if you were to fail to remain with THE CHRISTIAN  
HERALD Family during the coming year, the paper and the work would  
be weakened by just the amount of your power. The working of wonders  
of blessing for humanity through this great channel would be decreased  
by just the definite and valuable part you now perform.

But you won't drop away! Rather, you will go out and find some  
other strong heart and bid him or her join you and us for the fellowship  
and service of 1912. We know not what the special need may be, but we  
know it is our part to be ready for what call may come. Meanwhile we  
will cherish and help one another; we will enjoy the rich feast of instruc-  
tion, and inspiration, and entertainment which the programme of THE  
CHRISTIAN HERALD for the coming year holds out to us; we will corre-  
spond, and ask and answer questions; we will provoke one another to  
good works, as commanded; we will prove ourselves—you, and I, and all  
of us—to be true yoke-fellows, loyal members of the great CHRISTIAN  
HERALD Family, and wherever our hand, or our word, or our smile, or  
our prayer can reach, we will be makers of joy with all our might through-  
out the year of opportunity, 1912.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## IN THE DARK O' THE YEAR

IN the dark o' the year,  
The little chipping birds hide low,  
For their pretty voices are full o' snow.  
Yet there is good cheer  
In the dark o' the year.

In the dark o' the year,  
Rose out of the East a wonderful Star,  
And wise men followed it from afar,  
And a dawn drew near,  
In the dark o' the year.

In the dark o' the year,  
Rose, after the Star, the Christ, our Sun,  
With love and pity for every one;  
So Christmas is here,  
In the dark o' the year.

KATE UPSHUR CLARK.

## Advice to Preachers

PROFESSOR DAVID SMITH, D.D.,  
an eloquent and learned minister  
of much experience, being asked by  
a young pastor how the latter could best  
conquer his vanity, his emotion and  
his fatigue, gave this reply, which  
might very well be studied by preach-  
ers generally:

"It is hardly necessary for you to be  
at so much pains to eradicate your  
tendency to vanity. Your fellow-  
students will knock it out of you; and  
if they leave any residuum, your con-  
gregation will deal with it. There is  
an edifying anecdote of a divinity stu-  
dent who suffered from megacephal-  
ism in a pronounced form. Once  
upon a time he went as 'occasional sup-  
ply' to a little country church, and ere  
the commencement of the service he  
talked loftily to the old beadle about  
the sort of preaching which he pre-  
sumed they were accustomed to in  
that remote parish, and the treat  
which they would that day enjoy,  
dwelling much on his happy gift of *ex  
tempore* discourse. Ascending the  
pulpit in due season, he got success-  
fully through the 'preliminaries'; and  
when he reached his sermon, he read  
out his text, and then by way of ad-  
vertising his independence of a manu-  
script, he ostentatiously closed the  
Bible and plunged into his discourse.  
Unfortunately, he 'lost the thread,'  
and the more he tugged at it, the more  
tangled did the skein become. He re-  
turned to the vestry crestfallen. No  
man, unless he be a fool, can long re-  
tain vanity in the ministry. Remem-  
ber the comment of Euthymius  
Zigabenus on St. Luke's story of the  
Child Jesus among the doctors: 'Let  
us therefore, who are teachers, fear,  
recognizing that in our midst is the  
Christ, attending how we teach.'  
Preach 'as if the Lord Jesus were  
standing by your elbow' and you will  
forget your poor self.

"Emotion is an excellent quality in  
a preacher, if it be honest—the over-  
flowing of sympathy, affection, and  
understanding. Indeed, it is essen-  
tial. It is not preaching at all unless  
one's heart be stirred by the wonder  
of the Evangel, and touched by the  
pathos of life, 'the sense of tears in  
human things.' A preacher should be  
manly. Here, too, the sense of humor  
is a saving grace.

"It seems to me that it is hardly  
possible to preach without a heavy  
expenditure of vital energy. It is  
said of a noted preacher that 'every  
sermon burnt up a portion of his vital  
power.' Emerson speaks of that 'ter-  
rible earnestness' which 'makes good  
the ancient superstition of the hunter,  
that the bullet will hit its mark which  
is first dipped in the huntsman's  
blood.' I have heard of a man who  
boasted that he could preach thrice of  
a Sunday and 'think nothing of it.'  
'Yes,' was the retort, 'and your hear-  
ers will think just the same.'"

## WHY HE LIKES THE ALMANAC

I have just received your CHRISTIAN HERALD  
Almanac. I think that you have made a mis-  
take in calling it an almanac, for it is a  
veritable encyclopedia of knowledge for every-  
body. One does not have to own a book store  
to find out points of every-day asking, for  
everything is right here in a nutshell. In other  
words, it is like opening a door into a beautiful  
room where one wants to stay, with its beau-  
tiful surroundings. It is a wonderfully helpful  
book and worth the price of the paper—THE  
CHRISTIAN HERALD. Accept my congratulations  
for your very beautiful 1912 Almanac. To your  
readers, R. C. BOWEN,  
City Prison, Brooklyn, N. Y. Chaplain.



# Christmas Time in the Lower Arctic



Mount Killiner and One of the Outlying Stations Locked in the Snow and Ice of Labrador's Long Winter

ONE day in midwinter, I had occasion to call an Eskimo, as I wanted to ask him some questions. When he arrived, I was surprised to see him shiver from head to foot and unable to give

satisfactory information. This shivering was all the more strange to me, as I knew that the Eskimo did not mind any amount of cold.

I felt anxious on his behalf and asked whether he was unwell; but my anxiety was soon relieved as he related to me that he had been invited by one of his neighbors to a meal of

frozen raw seal meat, and having been called straight from the meal, the cold from within and from without made him rather uncomfortable. When we think of the Eskimo and his repast we must not forget that he only has one meal a day.

Early in the morning he will go hunting on an empty stomach and will not take food until evening. Then, however, he makes up for any previous loss, and the amount of food consumed is astonishing. Raw frozen seal or walrus meat is esteemed a special delicacy. It is cut into very thin slices, and men, women and children sit around the carcass of one of these animals and the meal is continued until every one is fully satisfied. These meals sometimes last for hours, the men in turn relating their experiences while killing walrus or seal with their harpoons from icepans or the firm ice out near the open sea.

One story, which was related to me recently, is worth repeating. An old man had moved with his household (wife and children) from the bay out to a promontory in order to hunt the seal. After he had finished his snow house and had made his people as comfortable as possible he set to work to hunt.

The seals live in the sea in winter under the thick ice by keeping open certain blowholes to which they go at intervals to breathe. A seal may have a number of these holes within the radius of a mile.

By CHRISTIAN SCHMITT

Nain, Labrador

While leaving the snow hut one fine morning the old man instructed each of his family to bring a stick with him. Only the old man himself was equipped with a harpoon. Each member of this family took his or her stand at one of these blowholes and whenever a seal pushed its nose up to breathe the person at the hole would give it a knock with the stick. The seal would rush off to another hole to be served in the same manner, but eventually it would reach the place where the old man himself was at watch with his harpoon and he would then kill it.

In winter the turf huts which have bleached, roofless, in the summer rain and sunshine, but which form the Eskimo's warmest winter home, are completely under the snow-drifts and are in consequence

our gardens and I am sending you a photo of some Eskimo children with white turnips, which grow best here. True, we endeavor to raise a few other things, but nothing thrives so well as the turnips. The few potatoes we plant have to be covered over with canvas, as the night frosts would nip them even in the middle of summer.

But I want to tell you something about these white turnips. A good many years ago the missionaries in Labrador began to make use of these turnips at Christmas time. Maybe our brethren in their first attempts to grow something on this bleak coast were gladly surprised at the heartiness and the returns this vegetable yielded, and in order to make the most of it, and with an eye to benefiting the Eskimo, they reserved a quantity of these nice large turnips for Christmas. Then on Christmas Eve, during one of the most impressive services of the year, these same turnips were served with a small lighted candle stuck in the middle, and each child in the community, from the infant in arms to the boy or girl of fourteen, received one of them as a Christmas gift.

But kindly permit me to point out to you more fully its practical use, otherwise you will lose much of my story. White turnips are classed at home among the inferior or common fruits of the field, but this is by no means the case here in Labrador. Most of these people of the far North have never seen an apple or an orange or a plum, and as they cannot think of these fruits by comparison, the turnip occupies the highest rung of the ladder in their estimation. You ought to see one of these Eskimo boys or girls bite into a turnip. It is enough to make any one's mouth water. At Christmas I have seen more than once not

only the turnip disappear, but the candle also. We have no intention of discontinuing the turnips at Christmas, and while the people in other parts of the world sit around the fireside and the children play with costly toys, the Eskimo child in Labrador will receive its turnip and its face will brighten into a smile and the joy will be great. With many of them, Christmas is the most joyful time of the year. Some of the little girls have never even seen a doll, and yet I verily believe that the comparative trifles which they receive are more enjoyed than the abundance which one sometimes sees at home.



Christian Schmitt



Anxiously Awaiting His Share

An Eskimo Belle of Labrador

The Prized Labrador White Turnips

very little affected by cold and wind. There is, however, a disadvantage, for after a snowstorm the doors and windows are completely covered in, and the inhabitants often have to dig away a quantity of snow before they can admit daylight.

A few days ago we gathered in the produce from



# Roberta Starr's Real Christmas

By SARAH N. McCREERY

ROBERTA STARR toyed with the teaspoon in her empty egg-cup, then pushed it away with a petulant air. "If I cannot have an electric automobile for Christmas, father and mother, I do not really care about anything else. I do not appreciate a lot of little gifts. I want something that really counts." She leaned back in her chair to study the effect the words had on her parents.

Mr. Starr shook his head slowly and smothered a little sigh. "Roberta, you know that your mother and I would do everything in our power to give you happiness, but I have told you before that we cannot afford to buy you an electric automobile this year. We have the large car, and you must be content with that, and Joe is usually at your command to run it. We will give you a much less expensive gift than an electric automobile, but there will be as much love with it."

"Sallie Carr's father has a diamond necklace for her. Jane Clark's bedroom and sitting-room are to be refinished, papered, and fitted up with new furniture. They will be perfectly lovely, and it will cost a small fortune to do it. Why, all my girl friends are to have very expensive gifts, and I do not want them to think that my parents spend less on me than theirs do on them." In her earnestness Roberta had mixed her pronouns.

Mrs. Starr gave a little gasp of surprise at her daughter's last statement. "The amount any gift costs expresses little, Roberta; it is the spirit behind the gift that counts. 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,' she quoted softly. 'We give gifts at Christmas because we want to celebrate God's gift to the world. Love prompted that gift, and love, not money value, should be the standard by which we measure the gifts we give or receive on Christmas—the day we celebrate the gift of a Saviour to a needy world.'"

"I suppose love should prompt our gifts," Roberta assented half-heartedly, "but I have a list of forty, so I do not have much time to think about that part of it. I remember some girls because they give to me and I would be ashamed not to exchange. My very best friends make me such fine presents that it takes all my month's allowance and a great deal of scheming to get them something just as nice."

Mr. Starr had taken up his morning paper, but he laid it down again with a serious air. "That spirit is spoiling Christmas," he declared; "the giving because somebody gives us, and the striving to have each gift we make equal in money value to those we receive, whether we can afford it or not. For my part, I wish the only gifts on Christmas would be a note or a card with a helpful message to our friends to let them know we hold them in remembrance on this greatest day of all the year. The thing that pleased me most last year was on the day before Christmas, just before closing time, the men in my factory sent for me. They were all crowded into the lunch room, and John Carlson, my foreman, acted as spokesman. 'Mr. Starr,' he began, 'every man here wishes he could give you a present to-day, but each one has a family dependent upon him, and every penny counts. We bring you no gifts, but we asked you to come down here that we might wish you a very Merry Christmas, and may

you have a year rich in prosperity, blessed with abundant health, and full of happiness, both you and your family.' There was no money value with that speech, but it affected me so that I could not say a word for some moments, and when I think of it now I always experience a thrill of pleasure, for those men expressed to me the 'good will' Christ brought to earth."

Roberta smiled a superior little smile. "It takes more than that to make me happy, and give me a thrill of pleasure. I like gifts that cost a lot, and I think almost everybody else does too." Then she rose from the table and went up the broad stairway to her room.

An hour and a half later, Roberta

you tell me why you look so happy?" she asked impulsively. She was always doing impulsive things.

The woman smiled brightly. "I not only look happy, I am happy. It is because I was able to do two extra washings this week and earn some money to buy my children Christmas presents. I managed this way," and she leaned forward in her enthusiasm. "I took the washings home with me and did them at night after the children were in bed. I had a whole dollar and a half to spend!"

"A dollar and a half!" exclaimed Roberta. "What could you buy with a dollar and a half! How many did you have to buy for?"

"I had four children," was the re-

"The pleasure of seeing the children enjoy their things," was the response.

The answer caused Roberta to ponder in silence for a time. "I get off at the next station," she said suddenly. "I think I shall call at your home to-morrow and see how the children liked their gifts. Please give me your name and number."

"Mrs. Emily Craig, 8461½ Fannin Street."

Roberta wrote down the number, then she gathered up her bundles and soon left the train. Contrary to her usual custom, she delivered her packages to her friends on Christmas Eve. Breakfast was an early meal in the Starr household on Christmas morning, and the gifts were opened at the table, so it was only a few minutes after nine o'clock when Roberta announced that she was going on an important errand. "Father and mother, you pay my respects to Aunt and Uncle Gregg if I do not get there to enjoy their good dinner," she requested.

"Why, Roberta, you surely do not mean—" Mrs. Starr started to object.

"Please do not ask me where I am going," interrupted Roberta, "and do not worry a mite about me. I shall be all right, and my errand is a legitimate one. Good-by," and she was gone.

Roberta rode a long distance on the elevated railway before she reached the tenement district on Fannin Street. When she knocked at 8461½, the sound was not heard above the babel of voices inside, and she knocked again.

"It's the lady herself that I told you about," Mrs. Craig explained when she opened the door, and she turned to the company in the room with a wave of her hand toward Roberta.

Roberta entered, and her first thought was that she had never seen so many children. They filled the first small room, overflowed into the second, and in the kitchen were half a dozen mothers, each with a baby in arms. "Is—is it a party?" she stammered.

"Party? Oh, no, these children all live in the tenements near here. They didn't have any presents, so they came to see what my children got. I want my children to let the other little folks play with their things, but they will not give them up yet," was Mrs. Craig's reply.

Roberta's glance wandered to a far corner of the room, and she could easily pick out Mrs. Craig's children, for Grace was sewing with the precious work-box on her knee; Dick was whittling a stick; Jane hugged the doll in an ecstasy of joy, and Freddy beat his drum loudly. She looked in silence for a few minutes, then she turned to Mrs. Craig. "You say none of these children have had a gift?"

"None of them," was the response.

"I will be back soon," and Roberta disappeared quickly. She searched street after street for stores where she could buy toys, dry goods, and eatables. When she returned to Mrs. Craig's she was followed by two men, and each carried a large sack. She mounted a chair and asked the child nearest to her what she would like from the sack that had just been untied. "A doll," was the answer, and it was placed in the eager hands. The same question was put to every child, and it seemed that all had just what they liked best. The mothers were not

Continued on page 1251



"A doll," was the answer, and it was placed in the eager hands"

came down dressed for the street. "I am going to finish my Christmas shopping," she called to her mother, "so do not wait lunch for me. I may not be back before dinner."

There was a fine snow flying in the air. The cool wind and the exercise brought a flush of rose to Roberta's cheeks as she walked to the station. All the way to the city she was busy with plans of what she should buy, but, now and then, a vexed look crossed her face as she thought of the electric automobile, for she had set her heart upon having it. She hurried all day from one crowded store to another, and it was four o'clock when she took the elevated train for home. Every seat was taken, but there was room for one person with a woman seated near the door. Before the train had gone some distance before Roberta even glanced at her companion. When she did her glance was arrested by the look of happiness on a woman's face. She looked away in a moment, ashamed of what might seem like a rude stare, but she could not keep her eyes from the face. "Would

ply. "Grace, the oldest, is ten. She is just wild about sewing, and I have taught her the little I know about it. She wanted a work-box and I got her one. It costs fifty cents. I bought a thirty-five-cent knife for Dick. Jane's doll was thirty-five cents, too, but it was all dressed. I have a little drum and a ball for Freddy, he's the youngest; that took twenty cents more, and the last dime I spent for candy. There won't be any happier children in the whole city to-morrow than my four, when they find their stockings are not empty."

"I never dreamed that anybody could buy presents for four people with a dollar and a half," murmured Roberta, more to herself than to her companion.

The woman looked at Roberta quickly. "Yes, you can. It is not what a thing costs that counts, it is the fact that one is remembered on Christmas. It has been four years since I was able to give the children anything."

"What will you have for your own Christmas?" asked Roberta.



# OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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## The Christmas Spirit

CHRISTMAS comes again and believers in every land turn their adoring eyes toward the Bethlehem manger. Every passing year increases the multitude of God's people who celebrate the event which has become recognized as the one central fact in all history, which declared God's infinite love for us in the gift of his Son, whose coming gave light to a world that lay in spiritual darkness and brought it the assurance of divine sympathy and forgiveness. For this reason, Christmas is above all else the festival of kindness, of good will, of brotherly love; the day of all days which changes "old griefs into joys, old quarrels into love." If we would hear in our hearts the songs of the angels, and if we would realize the true Christmas spirit, we must make it a season of reconciliation and forgiveness, of tender remembrances, and of generous, loving recognition of the needs not only of those dependent upon us, but of the poor who are within our reach or influence.

We may be old, but the Christmas joy in our hearts will make us young again. Though poor, we can rejoice in the glorious fact that for our sakes Jesus exchanged the splendor of heaven for the poverty of a stable. Are we rich in material blessings? Then let us pour out our offerings in his name and in thus honoring the Bethlehem Babe let our bounty inspire all those within our reach with the same spirit of grateful adoration. Nor let us forget the children. These little immortals have a special claim upon us at Christmas-time. Forever is childhood honored by the event of that day which has set on it a seal as the day consecrated to all children. The worshiping princes and magi laid their richest gifts at the foot of the Bethlehem cradle. So let us by our loving and generous remembrances make the day memorable to little folks everywhere.

To enter rightly into the spirit of Christmas and to realize its full significance, we must have Christ in our hearts and lives the whole year through. If we walk with him, hold daily familiar counsel with him, and blend our life with his, then we shall better understand, when the natal day comes around, why all heaven and earth should rejoice anew in celebration of God's greatest gift—the Christ-child, the Redeemer of the race.

## Look for the Wider Field

ONE of our readers in Des Moines, Ia., who evidently has been "taking notes" of the religious movement of the times, sends us some very pointed questions. His letter says: "As a church member and worker who has a sincere desire for the advancement of practical Christianity as the Master himself taught it, I would respectfully ask: What particular advantage is to be gained from the great number of congresses, conferences, mass-meetings, monster demonstrations and multiplied talk-fests which are now becoming a fashion? They serve to let loose oceans of oratory and give the right-of-way to all kinds of theologians; but I doubt whether they are productive of anything like results adequate to their cost. Church people, who are doing all they can to make the Church effective, haven't the time to attend these big gatherings. They are too busy with the Lord's work elsewhere."

While there may be some truth and common sense in what the writer says, nevertheless we believe that if he attended some of these gatherings, even at a little personal cost and sacrifice of time, he would return to his work with new inspiration and with a broader view of the importance of the great religious movement that is now going on throughout this continent. It is well for the leaders in Christian work to meet together and compare experiences and discuss plans for work on a large scale. We are responsible not only for the tillage of our own little plot of ground, in a spiritual sense, but for the neglected fields at home and abroad, and these can only be reached and made fruitful by combined effort and by large outlay. Every such effort helps to hasten the coming of the Kingdom, and we pray that all the agencies now being used for the spread of the Gospel, in the church and out of it, in business, in social betterment, in missionary enterprise and in the distant fields abroad, may be made abundantly fruitful. In these days of far-reaching Christian effort, we

have learned to recognize the fact that not only the unevangelized in our own immediate vicinity, but those remote from us, yet whom we can reach, are our neighbors and that we are responsible before God for their spiritual enlightenment. We should all strive to take the broad view. We should not forget that Jesus, in sending out his disciples, who had up to that time been laboring in a circumscribed area, said "Go ye out into all the world."

## Ambassador Straus's Change of View

CONFIDENCE in the power of arbitration treaties to hold governments to the honorable fulfilment of their pledges has been sadly shaken since the opening of the Italo-Turkish War. Our ambassador to Constantinople, Hon. Oscar S. Straus, who has till now been one of the foremost advocates of arbitration, has, in common with many others, undergone a change of view on the subject. He has come to the conclusion that "until a more just sense of international peace is developed, the best upholder of peace is the power to command it"—in other words, that force rules the world still, for good or evil. This, while practical and apparently justified by recent events, is very far removed from the high ideal which peace-lovers hold. Carried to its logical extreme, it would justify the indefinite expansion of national armament by land and sea, in order that, when occasion arose, the stronger powers might act as peacemakers by virtue not of moral suasion but of superior strength. It is the old, barbarous principle of the dominance of force. Thor, the god of war, with his hammer, "Mjolner the Mighty," cannot by any logic be transformed into an angel of peace; nor can overpowering national armament ever represent to the minds of men anything but terrorism, and the heavy burden of oppressive taxation. Mr. Straus, however, makes an effective point when he says that had our government promptly tendered its good offices as peacemaker between Italy and Turkey at the outset, the whole quarrel might have been taken to the Hague Court, where it properly belonged.

## The Cost of the Durbar

INDIA'S Durbar, to which the King and Queen are now hastening overseas, will be a series of spectacles of unrivaled magnificence. It will represent an outlay of many millions of dollars, and the richness of the jewels, the splendor of the costumes and the surpassing beauty and costliness of the ceremonial gatherings, we are assured by those who know of the extent and character of the preparations, will eclipse all previous displays. To the Oriental mind, such lavish magnificence will convey a profound impression of the power and greatness of the Emperor-King, as well as of the wealth and influence of the native princes who will be in attendance by the hundred, each resplendent in jewels and surrounded by their brilliant retinues. Some may criticize all this display of wealth as in painful contrast with the poverty that is always in evidence in many parts of India. It should be understood, however, that the government of India in recent years has made very ample provision, through opening large public works in various parts of the country, for affording employment to all who desire, so that the painful and widespread privation witnessed in years of famine need not be repeated. Had this not been the fact, the Durbar spectacle might indeed have been regarded as an anomaly and a sheer waste of money that might be applied to more practical purposes. As it is, the political effect it will produce, it is believed, will justify all the outlay, and India itself will not be the poorer through any added burden of taxation on that account.

## Again the "Violent Sisterhood"

FOLLOWING the line of their tactics in previous years, the suffragettes of London have once more taken the law into their own hands. Chagrined at the premier's refusal to pledge the government to an equal suffrage measure, they tried to storm the House of Commons. Failing in this, they began a campaign of window-smashing, which resulted in the arrest of 220 women. Their special

points of attack were the windows of the public offices, Liberal headquarters, post office, bank and other concerns, including several newspaper offices. It is charged that the violence was deliberate and that it followed a call for volunteers for "dangerous service." Among the prisoners were a number of ladies prominent in the movement. At Bow Street Court they were sentenced to fines with the alternative of terms of imprisonment ranging from a week to a month. They invariably chose to go to jail. This unfortunate episode, like that of last year, will doubtless be regarded with stern disapproval by friends of the suffrage movement generally. In England, they have drawn the line sharply against the faction which is known as the "Violent Sisterhood." It is recognized by a great majority of the women of Britain that, far from anything being gained by such disorderly demonstrations, the cause is retarded and jeopardized by feminine rowdiness. Efforts to transplant these methods to the United States have signally failed. Should the women of America win the suffrage, it will be on the ground of simple justice—a gallant recognition by the other sex, but not wrung from them through intimidation or spectacular outbursts of the Pankhurst type.

## Good and Bad Manners

PROFESSOR ELIOT of Harvard discusses in the *Century* the topic of good and bad manners in a pleasingly philosophic way, and his observations have a conclusiveness which few will gainsay. Many charming writers have discussed manners; and eminent minds, in the intervals of graver topics, have condescended to give their views on the importance of personal deportment in social and business life. Dr. Eliot's essay deserves to become a classic. Good manners he regards as a fine art, and agreeable intercourse as an accomplishment worth striving for. At the bottom of all bad manners we find selfishness, ignorance, stupidity and lack of consideration for the desires and claims of others. He points out the importance of family and school influence on the manners of the young. He instances the influence on boys of contact with juvenile gangs; the degenerative example of the "smart set" with its selfishness and luxury, the vulgar chatter of the ball field, and the bad manners promoted by our street railway system in packing passengers together. In Christian society, he considers that it is the women who are largely responsible for the condition of manners. Of 740 public schools, 519 reported partial instruction in manners, 155 regular systematic instruction, 50 desultory instruction, and 16 no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, he concludes that our public schools are contributing to the national stock of good manners. This is reassuring, and it would be an excellent further improvement if the teaching of manners became general in all our institutions of learning.

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# THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

## Will Report General Reyes

GENERAL REYES has been arrested at San Antonio on a Federal grand jury indictment charging him and his lieutenants with conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws of the United States, and it is understood at Washington that this is the first step in the programme of the State Department to deport the general and his aids as undesirable aliens. When the State Department became convinced that General Reyes was going to attempt to use Texas as a base for another Mexican revolution, word was sent to the self-exiled Mexican general that he had better move from the frontier or Secretary Knox would have him deported upon his first overt act of a revolutionary nature. The determination of the Administration to prevent, as far as this country can prevent, another upheaval in Mexico, where the United States has more than a billion dollars of commercial interests at stake, rests on two balance sheets which have been recently struck. One is the casting up of the accounts of the Federal Administration showing that the military mobilization on the Mexican frontier cost more than \$2,000,000, besides the expenses of the Department of Justice and the Customs Division in guarding the frontier against neutrality violations by the Maderists, which amounted to another \$500,000; another reason for action is that for the nine months ended September, 1911, which include the entire period of the Madero revolution, the foreign commerce between the United States and Mexico fell off to the amount of \$9,993,000, of which sum \$6,607,000 was decrease of our exports to Mexico and \$3,325,000 was decrease of our imports from that country. Thus, American business men lost the sale of more than \$6,500,000 worth of goods, and the government, in addition to the expense of mobilizing the troops and guarding the frontier, lost the duty on a large amount of imports that failed to materialize. Customs Collector Sharpe of the El Paso Customs District estimates that the falling off in receipts of his customs district alone will aggregate \$200,000. Since the era of Juarez all the civil wars of Mexico have been made possible by the privilege of recruiting, arming and provisioning men under the safe shelter of the American flag. This doubtful conduct on the part of our government is now to stop, as the action against Reyes indicates, and President Madero, chosen chief magistrate of Mexico by an enormous majority of the votes cast at a free election, will be permitted to hold office and carry out his programme with the sympathy and friendship of the United States Government. This new departure of our government is in obedience to the command of the psalmist, applicable to the nation as to the individual:

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. (Ps. 34:14.)

## Government Waste-Basket Searchers

One of the most unique of all the government positions at Washington is that of the waste-basket searchers. Mrs. Mary Warren has occupied the position for nearly forty years. Miss Kate Shea has been her associate in the task for the last ten years. It is their duty to search the waste-baskets of the Treasury Department and save from destruction any money or bonds that may have fallen into them by accident. It is said that they have saved the government \$1,000,000. Mrs. Warren once found a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000. It might not be a bad idea for the government to get a better guard at the "pork barrel" by which tens of millions could be saved to the treasury in one year, as surely as the one million is saved from the waste-basket in two score of years. Every department of human

industry is utilizing its waste forces, is stopping the little leakings everywhere, the by-products and little economies in many instances being the measure of profit, the percentage of dividend. The saving of the wastes of life, watching the little opportunities and acts of life, the guarding carefully the waste-baskets, other things being equal, mark the difference between success and failure in the material and spiritual world. The necessity of paying attention to the little economies of life was taught by the Saviour after the prodigality of his miracle when he said:

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. (John 6:12.)

## World-Wide Wireless

Mr. Marconi sent a wireless message to one of the leading New York dailies from the new station at Coltano, near Pisa, Italy, the other day. If the waves went out from Coltano in all directions over the face of the earth and were caught as far west as Nova Scotia, 4,000 miles away, they might have been caught in the east by a wireless tower in the mountains of Tibet. To the south ships off the coast of German Southwest Africa could have taken the same message if they were furnished with the

from the Infinite Father's heart, as suggested by the universality of his presence and power in the natural world.

The sound goeth out of his mouth. He directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. (Job 37:2,3.)

## Fra Angelico Picture Stolen

The painting called the "Madonna della Stella," by Fra Angelico, was stolen from the Monastery of San Marco, which has been transformed into a museum, on a recent stormy Sunday night. The painting is a small wooden panel two feet by one, and was placed in the cell occupied by the monk Fra Angelico, when the picture was painted. The Louvre has one of the finest of the same artist's pictures, the "Coronation of the Virgin," and after that masterpiece the "Madonna della Stella" was the best known. The stolen picture is valued at \$100,000. Five persons have been arrested. It is believed that the crime had its inception in the international gang of thieves who are thought to have engineered the theft of other valuable paintings, including Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," which was taken from the Louvre last August. Stealing money is bad, but the injury is deeper when there is the theft of intellectual or spiritual values. Against thieves

of the most sacred mental and spiritual treasures, as against those of material things, the commandment stands:

Thou shalt not steal. (Ex. 20:15.)

## Big Edison Turbine Started

The new giant turbine electrical generator at the Edison Company's water-side station at First Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, New York, was started recently. A company of distinguished men, engineers and electricians, watched the transfer of power to the turbine from the seven huge reciprocating engines on one side of the long building. The turbine is about 35 feet high and covers 297 square feet of floor space. Its weight is 420 tons, the diameter of the wheels is 13 feet, and each travels at the rate of six miles a minute. Four hundred tons of coal are required each day to keep it going. It has a capacity of 30,000 horsepower—sufficient to supply a current for Albany, Syracuse and Utica together. It has a power stronger than all the generating power of all the electrical plants of all the bat-

tlefishes at the great review. Eventually there will be three of these immense turbines at the Edison station. All the forces of nature that we tame and press into service are the energies of an omnipotent God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which the Scriptures speak in the prayer:

As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them. Thou hast a mighty arm; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand. (Ps. 89:11,13.)

## Bible Brought \$29,000

The Huth library at Sotheby's was sold at a London auction and a Mazarin Bible brought \$29,000. Bernard Quaritch, the bookseller, opened the bidding at \$10,000. The next offer was \$15,000, and \$2,500 raises were bid till Mr. Quaritch took the prize at double the price obtained for it when sold at auction once before. The real value of the book is not in the binding or paper or edition, but in the substance, which is the eternal truth. A Bible that costs only a few pennies has the same power to reform the individual heart and revolutionize the nation as the \$29,000 one. And yet to the bookseller the Mazarin Bible was worth what he bid for it or he would not have bought it. If there were but one Bible in the world twenty-nine million dollars would be a cheap price for it. Of the statutes and judgments of the divine law the psalmist has said:

More to be desired are they than gold, yes, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb. (Ps. 19:10.)



Mrs. Warren (at the right) and Miss Shea, at Work on the Day's Discarded Papers of the Treasury Department

equipment. If Peary had remained at the North Pole, and had the appliance, he could have caught the same message the New York papers got, which might have relieved the monotony of the silence which travelers say so oppresses one in that region. Within the extremes of the North Pole, Tibet, German Southwest Africa, and Nova Scotia, the message might have been taken up anywhere in Europe. It could have been caught in the eastern portion of Brazil. Taking Pisa as the pole of the sphere of the earth, and a point on the opposite side of the earth as a second sending station, and each sending out wireless currents, 16,000 miles of the earth's circumference could be reached. This would leave an untouched belt about 4,000 miles wide outside the fluence of the currents. The area of this untouched belt would be about 100,000,000 square miles. Taking the total area of the earth as roughly 200,000,000 square miles, the two stations could cover about half square miles of the earth. The message that the whole surface of the earth to New York covered about one-quarter of the area of the globe. The success of the wireless has brought it into a position to be reckoned with in the practical world of business. With the correction of some of its defects it is not unlikely that within a generation or less one dozen towers placed properly on the earth will enable every person that can afford a reasonable toll to speak to any other person by wireless anywhere on the globe. It is to be hoped that then the waves of air will bear the messages of human intelligence and brotherhood and the story of love



# SAN SALVADOR CELEBRATES



San Salvador's New Post Office



A Tortilla Maker



A View of Barrios Park, San Salvador

**D**URING the early part of November the city of San Salvador, the capital of the Central American republic that now bears only part of that name, was in gala dress, while representatives from Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and Guatemala were being entertained at the great demonstration which united all the Central American republics in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Salvador's liberation from the rule of Spain. The government of Salvador made elaborate arrangements for the entertainment of all the official visitors and the delegates from the legal, medical, business, labor and socialistic organizations who were present, even sending a warship to bring the Costa Ricans, Nicaraguans and Hondurans. Special trains were furnished, and hotel and home accommodations were arranged.

From November 7 to November 12 the little Central American city gave itself over with true Latin-American spirit to its celebration. The days were filled with pageants and receptions, banquets, festivals, outdoor sports, and more serious conferences on the future of the Central American republics and their place among the nations. The Salvadorian government was lavish in its expenditure in this effort to make the occasion a basis for the furtherance of cordial relations between the Central American countries. With this object in view the press representatives from all Latin America were accorded the utmost consideration.

President Manuel E. Araujo said during the ceremonies: "Our desire is for a Central American union to indissolubly unite the five republics and make possible successful resistance to aggression, and, by the abolition of dissension, to remove the unfortunate impression in foreign countries respecting Central Americans."

President Araujo expressed his fear that jealousy of national prerogatives will oppose anything except federation of foreign republics at the beginning. He set forth his desire to co-operate with any of the other presidents who may have similar views, and declared his willingness to resign the presidential authority should such a federation become a possibility. Later he called attention to the increased progress of Salvador as manifested

by the growth of commerce and the increased production of cotton, coffee, sugar and cocoa.

Salvador has certainly been making rapid strides in commercial and political progress. She is the smallest republic in Central America, being not much larger than the State of Connecticut, but despite her diminutive size she is one of the most stable and up to date. Her population averages more people to the square mile than any other country on either American continent. There are eight times as many as in Uruguay, the most densely populated republic of South America, and three times more than in Cuba, the most densely populated republic of North America.

progress was driven from place to place, but remained intact and had the sympathy and support of the people. As a last resort it was decided to ask for annexation to the United States of America. Before the commissioners could leave for Washington, however, the other Central American republics were in a ferment of revolution, and Salvador was able to pursue her course as an independent country.

The natives of this the smallest republic are perhaps the most energetic and industrious of Latin-American people. They seem to have more inclination to real work, or at any rate, they accomplish more and seem to gain wealth more rapidly. It is the constant recurrence of earthquakes and political

disturbances that keeps the country poor in spite of its wealth of natural resources.

Mr. Robert H. Bender, of the Central American Mission, writing recently from the city of San Salvador, says:

"The city of San Salvador has been destroyed by earthquake thirteen times, the last destruction occurring in the year 1873. Since that time it has been rebuilt, and, year by year, it is being improved by the erection of handsome buildings and embellishment of its parks and streets. The sanitary conditions are not perfect as yet; nevertheless there has been a wonderful improvement during the fourteen years I have been laboring here, so much so that yellow fever has been stamped out completely."

"As the Salvadorians have taken the lead in political affairs, they have also taken the lead in the spiritual realm; while the Gospel was not first preached in Central America in Salvador—it being almost the last to receive the Bible and missionary—yet it has made great progress in liberating many of its sons and daughters. Now from Salvador there have gone out native Christians

with Bible in hand as Bible colporteurs, to three of the other republics, besides a goodly number who are engaged as pastors and evangelists in this republic."

"Since my return to the field the Lord has blessed our service, so that in nearly every service we have several conversions, and a very large attendance at all of our meetings."

"In closing I want to express my sincere thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for their great help to me in this momentous work."



A Coffee Caravan in Salvador Encamped for the Night

That Salvador should take the lead in political affairs in Central America is not surprising, for she was the first to throw off the yoke of Spain there, as was Venezuela among the nations of the Southern continent. During her struggle for independence one hundred years ago, the little republic had the hearty support of the progressive parties in the neighboring states, but was nevertheless suppressed by the power of Spain, which was at that time still strong in Central America and the northern part of South America. Her provincial con-

implicated in the atrocities. The revolutionists seemed secure in their possession of the southern and coast cities; the conditions are such, however, that effective control is almost impossible. Premier Yuan Shi Kai affirms his belief that the provinces of Chili and Honan are safe in the hands of the imperialists, though it is generally known that only force of arms keeps them quiet. The fear that the chaotic conditions in the country would result in danger to foreigners, seems to have been well founded, for the most recent dispatches announce the murder of the missionaries at Haifu, in the Province of Shensi. Reports of other massacres have been prevalent,

## TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GENERAL RAMON CACERES, President of Santo Domingo, was assassinated on November 20 in one of the principal streets of the capital by a group of young men headed by General Luis Tejera, erstwhile governor of Santo Domingo city. Tejera was shot and killed immediately after the attack by the President's chief of staff. The presidential party was riding along the Boulevard when they were met by a fusillade of shots fired from the corner of a side street. General Caceres fell at the first volley. His guard returned the fire and General Tejera paid with his life the penalty of his crime. Congress met in extraordinary session on No-

vember 30 to appoint a president *pro tempore*, and convoked the electoral college which must elect a new president within thirty days.

—THOUGH AN ARMISTICE has been officially declared in China, desultory fighting has been going on, both revolutionists and imperialists being at different times the aggressors. Nanking remained in the hands of the Manchus until late in November, when a concerted attack by the revolutionists put them again in possession of the city. The cable reports state that in revenge for the massacre of their countrymen by the Manchus, they beheaded a great number whom they believed to have been

implicated in the atrocities. The revolutionists seemed secure in their possession of the southern and coast cities; the conditions are such, however, that effective control is almost impossible. Premier Yuan Shi Kai affirms his belief that the provinces of Chili and Honan are safe in the hands of the imperialists, though it is generally known that only force of arms keeps them quiet. The fear that the chaotic conditions in the country would result in danger to foreigners, seems to have been well founded, for the most recent dispatches announce the murder of the missionaries at Haifu, in the Province of Shensi. Reports of other massacres have been prevalent,

but their confirmation is as yet impossible. The British and American consuls have ordered all their countrymen to leave the interior, and take up residence in the ports under foreign protection. The prestige of Yuan Shi Kai seems to be waning rapidly. A long statement in which he appeals to China's friends in America for sympathetic support of a constitutional monarchy in preference to a republican government, makes plain his position, which is severely criticised by the revolutionist faction. It is reported that Dr. Sun Yat Sen is now en route to Shanghai, where he will take an active part in the direction of the political side of the struggle.



# Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The story opens with a vivid description of the brilliant scene at the launching of the new American battleship *Republic*, 26,000 tons displacement, at the great navy yard at Brooklyn. The Secretary of War is present with many other high officials, members of Congress, army and navy officers. The great steel monster of destruction, the most perfect triumph of modern shipbuilding, is the work of Brander Cushing, the famous builder and naval contractor, who is present, with his son Sidney, on the launching platform. The signal is given, the music strikes up and the huge vessel is "christened" in the usual manner by Miss Pax Marston, the beautiful daughter of Rear-Admiral Marston. A tiny bow of ribbon, which was released by the impact of the stroke at the moment the conventional bottle broke on the vessel's bow, flutters past the high launching platform. Several snatches at it, but only one, Sidney Cushing, succeeds in grasping the little launch of color, though he does so at the risk of losing his balance and dropping a sheer seventy-five feet to the river below. A dozen spectators, seeing his peril, spring to his assistance, but he recovers his poise, although his hat, caught by the wind, is lost. After this adventure, he is introduced to Miss Pax, the Admiral's daughter, who has been an interested witness of his exploit. She questions him about his rescue of a young sailor on the cruiser *Del Monte* a year before, and although young Cushing modestly evades a direct answer, she is satisfied that the heroic act was his. Miss Marston invites him to call upon them in Washington. Leaving the launching platform, he is proceeding up town to buy a hat to replace his lost one, when a sudden explosion occurs near at hand in the big naval supplies factory of which his father is the principal owner. The whole building seems to burst into flame. Cushing, seeing numbers of women leaping from the windows, at the risk of his life succeeds in saving a number of workers. He is horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy he has witnessed and stunned by the reflection that his own father is responsible for the lack of fire-escapes, which he had been notified by the fire marshal two months before to provide, but had neglected. He goes back, half-dazed, to his father's office. The son tells his father plainly that he remembers the marshal's notification. "Somebody is guilty of the death of those girls," he says. "Who is it?" The next day the papers announce that criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the parties responsible for the disaster. Brander Cushing being mentioned by name. The builder is besieged by reporters, to whom he denies point-blank having received any notice from the marshal. He knows that the prosecution will be in the hands of District Attorney Fleming, his political enemy. Sidney is sent to Washington, to be out of the way while his father faces the coming trouble. Brander Cushing finds the men in his yard antagonistic to himself, regarding him as responsible for the loss of so many lives. Attorney Fleming visits him and an exciting scene follows. Fleming dares Cushing to open his safe and prove that he has not got the notification papers locked up. Cushing orders him out of the office, and he withdraws, after threatening to subpoena Sidney as a witness. In Washington, Sidney renews acquaintance with the Marstons and becomes a strong favorite with the Admiral, his pretty daughter, and his nephew. With the latter he visits the new armor-testing grounds. They note the frightful effects of the new secret explosive, bloxine, the inventor of which, an old man named Winter, is present. The government is considering the purchase of this new agent of destruction.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

ALL the great governments are increasing their murdering equipment to be "prepared for war"; that is, prepared to provoke and dare if the opportunity presents itself. The annual expenses for war in England have doubled within the last ten years, and still the stupidity grows. England has 52 battleships, 4 armored cruisers, 16 cruisers, 84 destroyers, 20 submarines, and to these are to be added at once 8 dreadnoughts costing from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 each and also an "appropriate" number of auxiliaries—armored and unarmored cruisers, torpedo boats, etc.—the additions to the present naval force to cost over \$300,000,000. France has 21 battleships with an "appropriate" number of auxiliaries, and is building 8 more battleships with auxiliaries. In Germany militarism amounts to open greater madness. In 1872, immediately following a great war, the

German empire spent \$73,750,000 as direct expense of militarism; in 1898, not including the loss in labor power, the cost of the depredations of murder was \$337,500,000.

Increases in German militarism since 1898 have been startling, and so furious is the spirit of militarism and so insanely is the government already burdened with "war charges," that in the year 1907-8 bonds were sold to the extent of \$25,000,000 as part of a special effort to raise an extra fund with which to make additions to her murdering equipment.

There are in the United States 464 colleges, universities and technological schools admitting men only and both men and women; these institutions

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "In His Steps"



relatives of the officers on board, Sidney and Ed Marston were introduced to those they had not met after the cruiser had left the dock and begun the trip down the river.

Some time during the middle of the afternoon, Sidney and Pax found themselves far enough distant from other members of the party on the cruiser's bridge to talk without being overheard by others.

"Cousin Ed has taken a wonderful liking to you, Mr. Cushing. He has just been telling me that you saved his life again, out at the target station this morning."

"He exaggerates. It was not as bad as that," Sidney related the incident modestly.

"It doesn't lose any even as you tell

"Perhaps. Do you think I ought to buy you a new hat?"

"I can't wear but one at a time."

"And one in the family on the same day is enough?"

"Perhaps. But I don't feel that you owe me anything. I got the ribbons. I would be willing to lose—"

"Yes?"

"To lose several hats to get the ribbons."

The girl looked over at Cushing and slowly said: "You don't mean—"

"Yes," said Cushing at once, studying her face intently for an answering change of expression.

Silence.

"You have not told us—me—any more about those strangely named young women you saved at the fire—"

"Hermosa and Athanasia?"

"Yes. How—what do they look like?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"I saw their faces through fire and smoke. I have not seen them since."

"Have they not—not come to thank you? Why, I—"

"No. I left home the next morning."

I suppose Hermosa is a beautiful girl. Of course she is. All girls who do such things are beautiful. And how romantic! What will you say to her when you meet?"

"Don't, please, Miss Marston!" he appealed to her in a mood of fear. Again those bodies, falling, falling! Would they never cease falling?

Pax Marston instantly changed the conversation.

"Oh, I am so glad to see from the papers that your father is not in any way to blame for the factory trouble."

"No, father is not to blame," Sidney said slowly but with some feeling of trouble on his face.

"And wasn't it splendid that he could prove to the public that no notice had ever been served by the fire marshal to put up fire-escapes, and so—"

"What?"

"Why, haven't you read it?"

"No. I promised the *pater* when I left home I would not try to follow the thing. I knew he could escape criminal charges. And I don't mind saying, ever since then I haven't been able to get away from the picture of those girls falling, falling. You will excuse me. That is why I spoke as I did just now. But what did you say about my father?"

"He testified to the reporters that no notice had been served by the fire marshal. And the papers all say that relieves him from all responsibility for the deaths at the accident. I'm so glad for you."

But Sidney was staring out across the rail and his mind was in a whirl of contradictions as he flung Pax Marston's astonishing statement into the future, and in bewilderment wondered what would come of it all, as the image of his father, stern, upright, and fiercely ambitious over the new warship, rose up in front of him.

His father had sworn that the marshal had never served the notice? Yet he himself had confessed it afterwards. This made his father a liar and a perjurer. And how about himself? Would he have to lie and perjure also? As he asked himself this question, Pax Marston's blue eyes were looking at him with more than ordinary interest.

Continued on page 1248



"Yes," said Cushing, studying her face intently

have in their libraries a total of 12,636,656 volumes, having (according to our Commissioner of Education in his Report for the year ending June 30, 1908, page 617, a total cost of \$16,262,027—which sum is almost equaled by the cost of one first-class modern murdering machine, one dreadnought."

Admiral Marston met the young men at the gangway. He apologized a little abruptly for the absence of Mrs. Marston, who at the last moment was obliged to remain at home, owing to some unexpected calls. Pax was present, however, suitably chaperoned by the wife of an ordnance officer, to whom, as well as several other ladies,

it. But I see he has remembered the hat. Poor Ed! His memory is a fright, generally. And did you ever hear such a talker? Apparently he pays no attention to what you are saying more than half the time."

"Except that pause after you speak. That denotes the fact that he has been listening, don't you think?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. I love that little habit of Ed's. It's so complimentary, isn't it?"

Silence.

"Isn't it?"

"I was just trying to acquire it myself."

"Why?"

"Because you said you loved it."

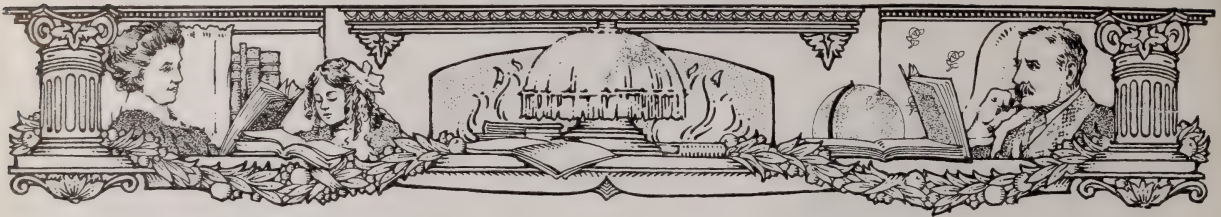
"I said I loved it in Cousin Ed."

"But not in any one else?"

—From *War, What For?* by Kirkpatrick.



# Home Hearths at Christmastide



## The Christmas Rush

THE year has its periods of leisure and its periods of haste, its times when we may jog on slowly and take our ease, and its other times when we cannot very well avoid rushing onward with the crowd. There is something very pleasant and stimulating in joining the procession when the drums are beating, the bugles calling and the banners flying. One of the greatest delights of the Christmas season, in anticipation as well as in actual reality, is in the feeling it brings of belonging to a great happy family. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family meeting around the hearth at Christmas feels the thrill of a common impulse. There are a great many of us, and we are separated into thousands of home groups, but there is not a child hanging up its stocking, a father bringing home bundles for the mother to hide away, a wife planning a surprise for her husband, or a housekeeper filling her larder with delicious cakes and pies, who is not one of the family and aware of the family bond. How many of us there are who are just now engaged in doing precisely the same things, not exactly in the same way, but with the same sweet spirit! There are mothers who have been sitting by the lamplight dressing dolls for little daughters whom they have tucked into bed, and whether the dolls have been the latest importation from Paris, or home-made creations evolved from rags and stuffed with wool, they will equally give a lot of pleasure to the children who receive them.

Don't let us forget in this happy season that we owe it to one another to send our good wishes by letter or by telephone or telegram to the people for whom we care. A Christmas letter is the very best possible Christmas gift, because a letter implies trouble taken and time spent and a personal touch, and once it is dropped into the mail box, it carries, perhaps across a continent or a nation, a vital thought and the warmth of a hand-clasp. Are you owing any one a letter? Is there any one whom a letter from you would very much please? Is there an absent boy to whom a letter might go and be the word in season to keep him from temptation, or give him strength to resist if the tempter had designs upon him? Remember that the best time to write a letter is not to-morrow, but to-day. Christmas correspondence should not be postponed until the Christmas week, because at that time the mails are overburdened and the resources of the post office department are taxed to the uttermost. That is the best Christmas which includes in its loving and unselfish thought the homeless, destitute and outcast. How are we to reach these poor people who may have fallen among thieves, or, worse still, who by sin and crime have put themselves beyond the pale of decency and self-respect? Sometimes we can reach them best by sending our mite and lending our helping hand to agencies of blessing.

## By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Sometimes we may get hold of an individual and give him a lift. Let Christmas remind us that our Lord came to save the perishing, to call sinners to repentance, that he came as the Great Physician to

to his name in the city directory the words, "Day laborer." Yet the professor told nothing but the precise truth. He merely did not specify the kind of labor that he did.

The old Latins had a maxim to the effect that to labor is to pray. Surely in the whole world there is nothing so much to be honored as faithful and conscientious labor; the skilled hand bent to the task, the brain directing the muscles, the thoughts of the soul translated and interpreted by actual deeds. President Wayland, in his time one of our greatest American educators, said pithily, "Nothing can stand before day work." By which he meant to say that it is not the clever spurt, but the persevering effort carried on day in and day out, that tells for success in the end. Each of us should be a day laborer. For the matter of that, few of us are so situated that we do not know the necessity of patient toil.

The doing of one thing over and over makes the specialist in any line. Every housekeeper is aware that when she goes into the kitchen herself, and with her own hands makes delicious bread, cakes and pies, she can tell to a nicety what her results will be. She cannot be sure that her ingredients will not be ruined, her dinner spoiled and her family peace interrupted by the ill-temper consequent upon indigestion, when she delegates her cooking to a kitchenmaid or even a regular cook.

The woman who does her own work sometimes craves our sympathy, realizing as she does that "man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done"; still, it is she who is independent, whose home is well ordered, whose table is daintily spread, and who never needs to sit down and bewail waste.

One of our readers, the other day, finding that breakfast was late while the men of the family were watching the clock afraid lest they should lose a train, and the daughter of the house was really anxious to set off in time for school, stepped into her kitchen. She found breakfast only half prepared, the coffee not made, the cereal not started and the biscuits not browned, while the light-hearted maid of the hour was merrily practising a dance, right foot and left foot, humming a little tune to keep time, before the kitchen mirror.

Here was a chance to exercise self-control. The day laborers who belong to the order of this maid exact wages for their inefficiency quite as high as do those who know their work and perform it well, though at what price

to the community at large as well as themselves and their employers none will ever be able to tell.

Wherever we labor, in whatever field, let us say to ourselves, "Blessed be drudgery!" It has been said that genius itself is but perseverance and an infinite capacity for taking pains. From the lowest to the highest round of the ladder, the worker who is worthy of his hire does not disdain painstaking labor, giving the best that is in him without stint, day in and day out.



## COME, OLD SANTA CLAUS

Down from the blue air's glittering dome  
Come to the children, old Santa Claus, come!  
Largely watching, a patient band,  
They wait for the monarch of Faerie Land.

Back to that country this Christmas Eve,  
Let us all go and "make believe!"  
All too soon do we cease to roam  
In its sweet enchantments—so, Santa Claus, come!

heal every disease, and bring peace and joy to the world.

## DAY IN AND DAY OUT

A BRILLIANT professor in an Eastern college was asked by a man who was taking notes for a directory how he earned his living. "I earn it by day labor," replied the professor. His friends were diverted a little later when they saw attached



## Happy Cozy Corner Days

### THE CHRISTMAS PONIES

*A True Story by the Aunt in the Cozy Corner*

ONCE upon a Merry Christmas time, when we were very little people in our old home in the South, such a great sorrow came to us. I scarcely think we have known a greater since. And yet—but listen.

Uncle Robert, youngest of all our uncles, and the one we littlest loved best, ran away to sea, and the stories and the key to the gateway of our adored HeroLand went with him. And it was impossible to understand how the days would ever come to an end; for up to that time, you see, he used to sit, every holiday and Sunday evening after dinner, on the old davenport in the living-room telling us stories until bedtime. And oh, such stories!



RED-LETTER DAYS

The Shetland pony is the dearest pet in the world

I can remember to this day, after twenty years and more, that one after the other was more thrilling than the last; that there never were two alike, and that on the story-telling days Jack and I went about for hours together, often hand in hand, just waiting for the evening when Uncle Robert, true to his promise, would tell us another story. Between whiles, in our own funny way, we lived them over and over. Oh, it was a glorious life! For Jack and I are twins, you see, and in those days what Jack thought I thought, and what I thought Jack thought, which in some measure accounts, perhaps, for the almost phenomenal memory for those stories which we have between us to this day.

#### "In a Blue Moon"

WE HAD been cautioned not to speak Uncle Robert's name before Grandmother, so we never did. But for three years we had never once tired of wondering, just between ourselves, what he was wrecked on some desert land, with waves booming high on every side, living on damp sea-biscuit, perhaps, and tearing up his only shirt for flag-signals of distress? Maybe he had turned pirate, and at that very moment—who could tell?—perhaps in a scanty ship without an anchor he was tossing in the Dismal Famine Reach, or holding council with blood-thirsty buccaneers in Thieves' Bay, under the lee of some treasure island which invariably figured in his stories.

On this special Christmas Eve, we had recalled for the hundredth time, most likely, the details of that last day and how he had put either hand upon our heads and said, "Good night, kiddies; that is a true story, remember, and some day in a blue moon I shall be bringing you back a flock of deep-sea ponies to prove it."

We laughed un-understandingly as children will, but with that sweet abiding faith which they invariably have in the promises of grown-ups; the ponies became a very important part of our life.

Ponies, ponies, ponies! We thought and dreamed and talked and teased of nothing else but ponies, and now that Christmas was once again so near, it seemed that to-morrow we would surely have them, and as if to make our hopeful sureness doubly sure, when Grandmother came into the nursery to hear our prayers, we asked her if we might not please ask God to tell Santa Claus to bring us the ponies to-morrow. "The ponies Uncle Rob-

ert meant to bring us," we insisted, in our eagerness forgetting the warning we had lived by for so long. "Ask God to bring Uncle Robert back again," Grandmother said quite simply, and as she stooped to kiss us we noticed, by the light of the candle which she carried, a tear roll down her thin, pale cheek, and in her fine, sweet way she turned a bit swiftly, perhaps, and left us alone.

#### A Noisy Guest

THE very next thing we remember is a booming, crashing, tremendous hubbub which burst forth below stairs and awakened us, though it was scarcely daylight. Frozen to our beds with apprehension, we lay quite still and

listened, while our hearts and minds, in childlike whimsey and terror, turned quickly to the ponies, and to the prayers which after all we had dared to offer.

"Is God angry?" I whispered. Boom! boom! boom! the din was coming up the stairs. Ding-dong-bell, ding-a-little-ding-dong, ding-a-little-ding-dong, ding-dong bell! "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" it was calling. Out we bounced in our legged nighties, and like wild Indians we jumped and bobbed about; we sprang up and down and clapped our hands for joy. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" called the hubbub at the door. "It is Santa Claus!" screamed Jack; "he sometimes comes that way." "Do you think he is bringing our ponies?" I whispered in an agony of hope, springing into bed, springing out again, and tugging at Jack, who tugged and yanked and jerked at the door, which in his excitement he had locked. Then I remember we just screamed with all our might and main almost distractedly.

#### Grandmother

IN FAR less time than it takes to tell of it every door in the big upper hall was open, and there for the smallest fraction of a moment we all stood—aunties, uncles, Christmas guests and servants from the upper floor—like images of mute surprise. All except Grandmother, whose door was still unopened.

"Uncle Robert! Uncle Robert!" We were the first to greet him. We screamed as he put down the great bronze English dinner bells which never were used, and gathered us up in armfuls, while we jumped and wriggled and screamed and kissed like things possessed, until Grandmother, dainty and sweet in her dressing-gown and soft frilled cap with a velvet ribbon, opened her door, oh, so gently, and gliding forth like some sweet spirit in a fairy tale, brushed us aside with her fine sensitive hands. "Robert, Robert!" she cried, almost breathless, and slipped into his great strong arms, feasting her hungry eyes, either hand upon his shoulders, until he crushed her to him in one long, sweet embrace. We others were very quiet then until with the fresh familiar voice that we remembered so well, Uncle Robert reminded her. "Oh, mother mine, not that. No tears to-day!" he said, stooping to pat Jeff, his favorite collicie. "Come, it is a Merry Christmas. We must be having. Hurry up, twin-

sies; hurry up, everybody; come, I have toys and trinkets and gewgaws enough from all the corners of the earth to trim out a hundred Christmas trees. "The ponies, the ponies!" we insisted; but he only hurried us off to get dressed.

#### The Bengal Tiger Kitten

"GOD moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." This is what Grandmother said to us that Christmas night when she kissed us and heard our prayers.

"But what of the Christmas ponies?" I hear my little readers ask. Well, listen, dears, and you shall hear. You see, it was like this: When Uncle Robert nestled the Bengal kitten on the sofa beside her and said, "I brought him from India, mother. His name is Pompey. He is so gentle you will learn to love him, indeed you will, if you will only allow him to stay," Grandmother was abudrate. "It is dangerous for the children," she said, and would not change her mind. Uncle Robert only looked disappointed and planned that we should go with him to the big Special Christmas Day Circus that afternoon, where the tiger kitten was exchanged for one small monkey, fifty dollars in gold and two trained Shetland ponies, Lady Constance and Rob Roy, who at six and nine years meas-

ured respectively thirty-eight and forty inches high. The gold he counted into Grandmother's lap, the monkey he presented to Mammy Dorcas, and, by the way, Jocko is living yet, a healthy and happy monkey, though Mammy Dorcas has long since gone, we're all good negroes go. The ponies, however, our dreams had come true, our prayer was answered, and after that all our little girl and boyhood days were red-letter days.

#### Take My Advice

IF ANY boy or girl who reads this little story is wanting a Shetland pony, take my advice and never give up, but keep right on dreaming and hoping and praying and working for it; bend every effort toward it. You are almost sure to be repaid, and I for one have a great faith that if you really want a Shetland pony hard enough, the way Jack and I wanted ours, then by one way or other you will get one.

The Shetland pony is the dearest pet in the world. For gentleness, patience, endurance, the Sheltie is unequalled. I know from experience that it is exceedingly easy to train them to do all sorts of pretty tricks; they will leap through hoops; they will "hobby over the bar" and "hobby back again." They will gallop, run, pace, canter, at a bridle

Continued on page 1256







## "Better than A Domestic Science Course"

A College Girl's Compliment to Diamond Dyes

"All my Domestic Science gave me nothing as helpful towards real household economy as the Diamond Dyes Book of Directions and Diamond Dyes." So wrote Miss Martha Williams, a college girl of Boston.

You will appreciate exactly what Miss Williams means if you have ever tried Diamond Dyes—the money-saving beautifiers of home and wardrobe.

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There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in *Blue* envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in *White* envelopes.

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WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

## Delhi and the Imperial Durbar

Continued from page 1235

After one has mingled in the streets and seen the people, he may better enjoy some of the architectural sights. There is the Jain temple, in which all the architectural peculiarities of this Hindu sect are exhibited. The ivory-canopied Buddha in the interior is perhaps the most notable feature of this temple. The morning I was there the altar was strewn with flowers and sweetmeats left by devout Hindu ladies, returning from their bath in the river Jumna.

A visit is sure to be made to the Musjid Mosque, because its dark streaked marble domes are among the most conspicuous objects of Delhi. The memories of the Moghuls and their fourteenth century conquest are centred in the Musjid Mosque. The day I was there there was a vast crowd of worshippers in front. Within are the relics of Mohammed and what are claimed to be original manuscripts of the Koran. The Mohammedan priests at this mosque were the most persistent in demanding "bakshish" or tips of any that I met with.

The glory of Delhi is declared to be the Kutub Minar. It is some distance out from the city. The height is about half that of the Washington Monument. The tower seems to be a leaning one, although not quite like that of Pisa.

King George and Queen Mary have set sail from England for India on the steamship *Medina* to attend the Durbar. This will be the first occasion in history on which a British sovereign has ever set foot in England's Eastern empire, although several princes have made the journey before their accession to the throne. The *Medina*, which sailed from Portsmouth, is sumptuously equipped for the royal voyage. She is a splendid new vessel. The special cabins occupied by the royal party are equipped with swinging beds for use in stormy weather, and every precaution has been taken to secure the highest degree of comfort and to minimize the possibility of seasickness. The royal entourage is a large and distinguished one. The customary rites will be observed when the steamer "crosses the line," and King Neptune and his court will hold carnival. Provision has been made for deck cricket and other games, and there will be a band of concert, vocal and instrumental, to lighten the tedium of the voyage. A cow from the Windsor House Farm will provide milk for the royal table.

The king and queen are taking out a great assortment of Christmas gifts for the native Indian nobles, including a large number of rich plum-cakes, one thousand plum-puddings, an abundance of fine cheeses, rolls of dainty linen, delicate point-lace, silks,

velvets, photographs and illustrated books and a number of fancy dogs and singing birds. For months past, the queen has been making a collection of ivory and tortoise shell fans, parasols of rare lace with hand-painted silk covers and gold inlaid handles; also a large number of miniatures of herself and a variety of other articles to give away as presents. The king also has many boxes filled with gifts for a similar purpose.

The Durbar will be a continuous pageant of two weeks, marked by extraordinary magnificence. Their majesties will appear in state at Delhi, surrounded by the largest gathering of native princes and chiefs the world has ever witnessed. At the Durbar ceremonies, they will occupy thrones and wear their robes of state, including the state jewels, and each will carry a sceptre. A special crown has been made for the king, as the British crown cannot be taken out of the country; but Queen Mary will wear the same crown to which she is accustomed in England, with the Kohinoor diamond blazing in front. Her robe will be the white-and-gold embroidered garment she wore at her coronation.

At the great Durbar procession, there will be twenty-four state trumpeters, each carrying his silver trumpet. The official camp will accommodate 250,000 persons. There will be a series of military reviews and processions, in which the flower of India's native nobility and many of the British nobles will take part, together with large bodies of magnificently equipped troops of every branch of the service. Hundreds of elephants, richly caparisoned and with howdahs filled with gorgeously attired riders, will be a picturesque feature of the spectacle. The principal feature will be the Durbar proclamation of the King-Emperor. All of the parades, reviews, receptions, dinners and state audiences will be on a scale of magnificent and lavish display that can only be attempted in the Orient. Jewels worth many millions of dollars will be worn and the trappings will be the richest that limitless wealth can provide. Nothing will be left undone to impress the natives with the splendor of the ceremonies, which to their minds will represent the power and greatness of the British throne.

Careful provision has been made to guard their majesties against the possibility of personal danger. They will be surrounded by a special guard of marine gunners and also by a strong bodyguard of Indian police, the latter being in personal attendance during the entire visit. While on the high seas the *Medina* will be escorted by a squadron of four cruisers from the royal navy.

## Among the Workers

—THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY Society celebrated its golden jubilee recently at Memphis, Tenn. A thank-offering of more than \$5,000 was raised for the mission work.

—THE MISSION YACHT ASSOCIATION of New York during the year has visited 4,736 ships of all classes and nationalities in New York harbor and circulated among seamen 1,281,500 periodicals. The literature circulated among the seamen included 8,216 Bibles and Testaments.

MR. JAMES WOOD has been elected president of the American Bible Society. For many years he has been actively connected with the society and has held various official positions in other religious bodies. He has traveled extensively and has a wide knowledge of foreign missions.

—WRITING of the aims and hopes of the Polytechnic Institute of Porto Rico, Rev. J. W. Harris, its president, says: "Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house, its stewardship, spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage," says Ruskin. And when we speak of teaching the science of economy we do not mean that we

wish to make these people miserly. We mean that we wish to develop in these youths a foresight that will help them to make the most of the present and to provide for the future. To live in a dirty, filthy house and to sleep on the floor to save money is not economy. To spend the whole week's earnings all in one day and then to starve the other six days is not economy either. Yet that is the condition in Porto Rico. Economy in time, how much that is needed in a *manana* (to-morrow) land! Lack of economy is one cause of so much poverty and suffering. One is supposed to live to the limit of his income. Every one could own his home and keep it in a sanitary condition were the laws of economy known and practised. The great thing is to teach these students to live rightly and to prepare them for home-making. Good homes insure a good nation. This institution stands solidly for economy, that the people may learn to become self-governing and progressive. Our hope is to turn out boys and girls trained to teach others the value of right living and the possibility of making a small house comfortable and of keeping it clean. Clean homes, clean lives, and clean motives directed to a high and worthy end will make good material for citizenship in any land."



### The Gift That Is Never Exchanged

"It is exactly what I wanted." How much pleasure is added to your Christmas when you hear that said enthusiastically. Give Thermos articles and you will surely make presents that will be appreciated. Thermos never returns to the shops for exchange.

### Thermos Bottles now \$1.00 up

In past years you may have felt that Thermos cost a bit more than you could afford to pay. To-day it is within the reach of even the most modest income. Handmade full pint Thermos Bottles are on sale at all our dealers for \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 each. One pint Thermos Bottles can now be had for \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 each. Sets of two or more bottles in a carrying case are moderate in price.

Any man, woman, boy or girl who is fond of outdoor sports will be enthusiastic about a Thermos Bottle. They will use it constantly not only abroad, and on the road, but in the home as well. For the invalid and the aged, for the young mother and the baby it is the ideal gift. Thermos keeps any liquid ice cool for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours.

### The New Thermos Carafe

The Thermos Carafe is made for indoor use. Its handsome design and finish have earned for it the title of "Thermos De Luxe." For serving refreshing beverages in the dining room or on the piazza it is ideal. In the bed chamber the Carafe has ice water fresh and ready at any hour of the day or night. Many hotels—including the famous Knickerbocker and new Vanderbilt of New York—have equipped all guest rooms with the Thermos Carafe. Thermos Carafes \$3.00.

### Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters make splendid gifts. Price \$6.00.

### Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets

Thermos Lunch Kits contain two compartments—for sandwiches, etc.—and a Thermos Bottle. They are the best necessities for anyone who must eat lunch away from home. Give them to the school boys or girls and to your friends who are fond of picnics.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets range in price from \$2.50. Kits—for individuals—to elaborate sets for motor tourists, coaching parties, etc., at \$75.00.

Thermos is sold by all good stores. The word Thermos is stamped on the bottom of all genuine Thermos articles. It is a word that infringers dare not use, and is placed on each article to protect you against worthless imitations.

### Thermos Carrying Cases

Thermos Carrying Cases make acceptable gifts for those who already own Thermos Bottles. They sell for from 65 cents up.

### Write for Catalog

The Thermos Catalog and Price List will be sent upon request. It contains an illustrated booklet which describes all Thermos articles. You should not fail to write for it before you do your Christmas shopping. You will wish to guard against forgetfulness by writing now.

American Thermos Bottle Co.  
Thermos Building, New York





## Enjoying What Others Own

By O. S. MARDEN

If you are not wealthy yourself, be glad that somebody else is, and you will be astonished at the happiness that will result to yourself.

REV. DR. CHARLES F. AKED.

I would rather be able to appreciate things I cannot have than to have things I am not able to appreciate.

IN HIS *Citizen of the World*, Goldsmith describes a mandarin who appeared in a blaze of diamonds, and who was very ostentatiously thanked by a person in the crowd. "What does the man mean?" the mandarin exclaimed. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the stranger, "but you have let me look at them; and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the



Dr. Orison Sweet Marden

trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not desire."

A French marquis with whom Washington Irving made us acquainted consoled himself for the loss of his chateau by remarking that he had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation.

"When I walk through these fine gardens," he said, "I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect Sans Souci, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me, I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end. I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole," said the old gentleman with a smile of infinite good-humor, "when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all I at present enjoy, I can but look upon myself as a person of singular good fortune."

I KNOW a lady who has lived all her life in a poverty-stricken district, in the midst of squalor and all sorts of discord, and yet, in this miserable environment, she has developed a sweet and beautiful character. She possesses that marvelous soul-alchemy which transforms the ugly into the beautiful, drudgery into delight.

The habit of feeling rich because you have developed the faculty of extracting wealth from everything you touch is riches indeed. Why should we not feel rich in all that our eyes can carry away, no matter if others happen to have the title-deed? Why should I not enjoy the beautiful gardens of the wealthy and their grounds, just as if I owned them? As I pass by I can make my own the wealth of color. The beauty of plants and lawn and flowers and trees are all mine. The title-deed of another does not cut off my aesthetic ownership. The best part of the farm, the landscape, the beauty of the brook and the meadow, the slope of the valley, the song of the birds, the sunsets, cannot be shut up within the title-deed; they belong to the eye that can carry them away, the mind that can appreciate them.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON once packed up his pictures and his furniture and sent them to an

enemy who was about to be married, and he wrote to a friend that he had at last rid himself of his master, to whom he had been a bond slave. "Don't," he said, "give hostages to fortune, I implore you. Not once in a month will you be in a mood to enjoy a picture. When that mood comes, go to the gallery and see it. Meanwhile let some hired flunkey dust the picture and keep it in good condition for your coming."

How is it that some rare characters manage to have some precious treasures, so much that enriches the life, out of a poverty-stricken, forbidding environment, while others get little out of the most luxurious and beautiful conditions that wealth can furnish? It is wholly a question of the quality of the absorbed material. Some people are blind to beauty. They can travel with the utmost indifference in the midst of gorgeous scenery which would entrance an angel. Their souls are not touched. They do not feel the inspiration which puts others into ecstasy. The power to absorb beauty depends on the quality of the mind to assimilate it in the life.

THIS ability to gather enjoyment from all sorts of sources is a divine gift. It broadens the life, deepens the experience, and enriches the whole nature. It is a great force in self-culture.

Some people are so mean and stingy, so uncharitable and narrow, so bigoted and suspicious, that they never open their natures wide enough to take in the riches all about them, the beauty with which they come in contact. They are so jealous and envious and small, that they are afraid to throw open the doors of their hearts. The result is, their lives are pinched and starved. A person must be magnanimous and large-hearted, to be able to absorb the wealth and beauty that are worth while.

I know a woman in New York who is a dwarf and a cripple, but who has such a sweet, open, beautiful nature that everybody loves her. She is welcome everywhere, because she loves everybody and feels interested in every one. She is poor but she enters into other lives with a heartiness and unselfish abandonment and an enthusiasm that ought to shame those of us who are physically normal and in a better condition.

I know a poor man who really enjoyed more than any rich man I know of, simply because early in life he learned to enjoy things without owning them to such an extent that he never seemed to have the slightest envy or jealousy in connection with them, but rather gratitude to those who owned them. He was such a sweet soul that all doors were open to him, because he radiated sunshine and good cheer.

IT DOES not matter how poor or how unfortunate you are, you can enjoy, without the trouble of owning or caring for them, millions and millions of dollars' worth of works of art, and things of rarest beauty, almost as well as though they were your own. Think what it costs to maintain our great city parks, with all their wonders of beauty and comfort, the palatial public buildings, the fine residences, beautiful private grounds and gardens and objects of beauty everywhere which you can enjoy without money—and yet you can enjoy your own nothing. He has missed the finest lesson of experience who has not learned how to enjoy without owning.

The secret of happiness is in a cheerful, contented mind. "He is poor who is dissatisfied; he is rich who is contented with what he has," and can enjoy what others own.

## A Christmas Gift of Westinghouse Quality a Compliment to any Woman

The timeliness of a piece of Westinghouse Electric Ware for a holiday gift will be appreciated the instant you think of the matter.

The use of Westinghouse Electric Ware in the household is getting to be a matter of pride among knowing women.

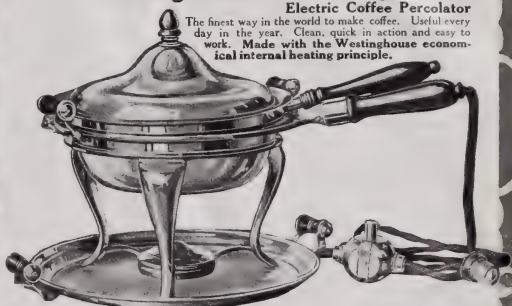
The recognized quality of all electric household devices bearing the Westinghouse name has placed them in a class by themselves.

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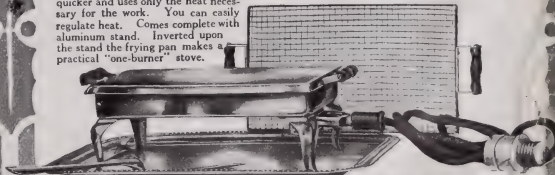
Westinghouse Electric Chafing Dish

Chafing dish cookery with the Westinghouse Electric chafing dish is a delightful pastime. In homes that boast one, there are few winter evenings in which it is not put to some use. More economical to operate than any other chafing dish. Also heats much quicker.



Westinghouse Electric Frying Pan

This real frying pan carries its heat with it. Can be used anywhere there is an electric connection. Cooks everything you can cook in a frying pan on the kitchen range—but does it quicker and uses only the heat necessary for the work. You can easily regulate heat. Comes complete with aluminum stand. Inverted upon the stand the frying pan makes a practical "one-burner" stove.



Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove

If you want a gift that will be used, here it is. Every day in the year will see the toaster-stove in use for something. Attach to any electric connection and it is ready to fry an egg, make toast, broil a chop, right on the table, ready to serve. A real table stove. Nothing else on the market like it.

Westinghouse Electric Samovar

Have you ever made tea in a samovar? Folks who know tea and love it say that tea should never be made in any other way. This electric samovar is a handsome ornament to any tea table. Works at the snap of the switch and can be regulated from where you sit. Just the gift for the tea lover.

Before you make out your Christmas shopping list you must have the Christmas booklet of Westinghouse Electric Ware. Send a postcard at once for a copy to Westinghouse, Household Dept., X. L. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 1243

## CHAPTER VI

BRANDER CUSHING'S pulse beat regularly again.

"You will subpoena my son to testify against me?"

"I will unless you make confession yourself."

"My son was not present—"

"Wait, Mr. Cushing. 'Not present' when?"

"My son will testify as I have; no notice was served. Will you leave now?"

"No! Mr. Cushing, the deputy marshal's notice was served. You know well enough it was."

"Leave the room!"

"I will not, until I have said all I came to say, Mr. Cushing. You have not yet guessed my real reason for this visit. You think of me as a political enemy simply. You have hated me for years. You hate me now as you hate no other human creature. Is it not so?"

"True."

"But in the strange turnings of human events, things have come to pass which neither of us would once have thought possible. And while I suppose it would be impossible to prove to you that I have any feelings other than political ambition, I am going to try to show you that I do have."

Brander Cushing was beside himself with rage and hate.

"Because I will not resort to violence and throw you out of the room, it does not follow that I have to listen to you. Talk on, Mr. Fleming."

He deliberately turned his chair around in front of his desk and pulled some papers out and begun making notes on them.

Silas Fleming hitched his big form up a little closer.

"Cushing, you shall listen to me. Do you know who the deputy fire marshal is? The young man who served the notice on you here in this room September 18? He is my prospective son-in-law. And all his life he has been the soul of honor. His word is his life, and yet you know that if he goes into court and swears that he served the papers on you, and you swear that he didn't, every one will believe you, and count him guilty of perjury, trying to make good by a desperate falsehood for a mismanaged fire department. Why? Brander Cushing, head of the great shipyard, trusted by the government, man of strictest integrity, man of wealth and position; and the deputy, an obscure young man, just out of the ranks of labor, untried and unknown. But see here, Cushing. Here is where I come in. I suppose as a man you love your son. As a man I also love my daughter. Her happiness is dearer to me than even my political ambition or my hostility to you. Since your public statement denying the service of the papers, Nelson is under a cloud. I know that he has told the truth. Others are not so sure. Poison has entered the mind of others in my home. There are things that are dearer to me, yes, even to me, strange as it may seem to you, than personal power. And the sole reason I have come here to-day is to see if in any way you would retract, make a bold statement of the facts about the notice, and leave it to me as the prosecuting attorney to take care of the case so that you should not suffer when the trial came off."

Cushing wheeled about abruptly.

"And you have the insolence to come here with a proposition that I perjure myself for your benefit? And incur the risk of a conviction and a jail sentence trusting your tender mercies once I pleaded guilty? Once more I tell you no notice was served on me, and order you to get out of my sight."

Silas Fleming rose. His big fat face was mottled. His fat forefinger again pointed at the safe behind Cushing.

"Brander Cushing, you lie, and you

know it. I will convict you of perjury and of criminal negligence and I will do it through the testimony of your son."

"Leave the room! And do your worst."

The county attorney went out, and to preclude the possibility of his return, Brander Cushing got up and locked the door.

Then he went back to his desk and confronted himself.

There are a few real moments in life when a man fairly and squarely sees himself as he is. This was one of those times for Brander Cushing.

Once having determined on his course he was ready to drive over all opposition and trample on everything and every one that was likely to get in the way.

The visit of Silas Fleming had in reality stiffened his stubborn will and in other ways reminded him anew of the dangerous position he occupied.

There was no way of safety for him except positive and emphatic denial of the service of the papers.

The constant reference to them in his own mind started him at last to action.

He rose and went to the small office safe, opened it, pulled out the drawer with a grim look as he recalled how Fleming's fat finger had pointed directly at it, and then took out the papers, and after a moment of hesitation put them into his inside coat pocket.

There was no place in the room where he could destroy them, and he purposed to do that when he reached home.

It is strange what weaknesses are to be found in exceptionally bold and aggressive men. Napoleon was afraid of looking into a broken mirror, and Frederick the Great thought his greatest accomplishment was playing the flute (which he did abominably).

Brander Cushing actually felt easier in his mind when the envelope containing the fire marshal's notice was out of the safe and in his pocket, and for a few minutes he actually had a feeling as if there was nothing more to do.

The minutes passed and he had turned to his desk as if to take up his regular work, when the one great question of all suddenly confronted him.

How about Sidney?

What would the boy do? Everything depended on him, of course. Would he, in this crisis, go his own way and tell the truth?

Cushing had never known him to tell a falsehood. He had himself trained him to habits of sternest probity. The name of Brander Cushing for over forty years had been absolute in the market place. He was, it is true, allied with the greatest commercial pirate gang in all the world's history; it had robbed the people of millions, and at the same time Cushing had himself a personal reputation for truth and honesty that was unimpeachable. So intricate and puzzling are the possibilities of this complex social and business world.

But what would the boy do? That was one question Cushing could not answer. For twenty years Sidney had obeyed his father implicitly. There had never been an instance that his father could recall when he had questioned his father's authority or his good judgment.

But this was another matter. For the first time in his life, the son would be asked to stand by a falsehood, deliberately uttered; to abet a course of action that meant dishonor and disgrace for innocent people. Who could tell whether Sidney's high sense of honor might lead him to rebel and even go so far as to testify against his own father?

What was the alternative? State prison! Brander Cushing wiped big beads of sweat from his face. That would determine Sidney doubtless. Such an alternative would decide the

Continued on next page

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# Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

matter. In any case he had sent Fleming away with all of a stubborn, stolid man's relentless purpose to bring Cushing and his son into court and if possible secure conviction and a full sentence.

He had hoped his denial of the paper service would preclude an indictment by the grand jury. The longer he thought it over the more he grew convinced that Fleming would secure some kind of indictment, probably based on criminal negligence. A number of horrors, similar to this one, had occurred in different cities within a few months, and the public was beginning to grow clamorous for convictions. The Federation of Labor had held great meetings in all the great cities voicing deep wrath over the cheapness put on human life by certain business firms. Brander Cushing felt it, like a thing which needed no argument. In spite of his position, his wealth, his influence, he could not disguise the fact that he stood in real peril. For the first time in his life he was afraid. And to save himself he had flung up the shield of a direct lie. The great and consuming question with him now was, would his own son support him in that defense? And the thing that grew to torture him as the minutes went on was the uncertainty in his own mind as to how Sidney would act. The more he dwelt upon it, the more uncertain it all seemed.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. He was so restless in his mind that he unlocked the office door and went up to the great draughting room. The minute his eyes fell on the white chalk lines on the great floor, he felt a sense of relief. What! He, Brander Cushing, the great shipyard man, in whose brain were born these new and valuable designs for warships, the man trusted and honored by the great United States Government, the close personal friend of the Secretary of War, who was perhaps in the danger of going to prison as a common law-breaker?

The very thought was absurd. He saw an incorrect drawing on the other side of the room, and stepped around to the engineer to correct it. In a moment everything else was gone from his mind. This vessel would be the pride of the nation. It would be the envy of all the other powers. His name would be on the lips of kings and emperors. The high and mighty who sat in seats exalted would mention him in their war councils. The lines on the floor took on new and powerful meaning. They spelled awards of honor, all the comforts and luxuries of great wealth, high acclaim and an honored ending of a dignified and distinguished career.

As he passed by a window he was attracted by the stir of all the human and mechanical movement. Yet somehow, it flashed over him that something was different. What was it? He recalled his experience of the morning, and determined to test it again.

After making a few changes in another part of the floor design, he went out into the yard.

The keel-laying was proceeding under the supervision of the yard superintendent McLeish, who generally had four hundred men under him. The number this afternoon seemed so small that Cushing spoke to McLeish about it.

"Seventy-five men had children in the accident. Might as well say, Mr. Cushing, there's an ugly feeling among the men."

"Do they blame me?"

The superintendent was astonished at the question.

"You can judge for yourself, sir. There's an ugly feeling in the yard."

Brander Cushing at once went up to one of the men whom he knew as one of the oldest and most trusted yardworkers in the employ of the company.

"Burns," he said, "what ails the men to-day? Are they blaming me for the factory fire?"

Burns looked exceedingly uncomfortable. At first he seemed inclined not to speak. Then he said stiffly, "Since you ask me, Mr. Cushing, I don't mind saying they do. There's bad feeling in the yard."

"Don't the men know I am not responsible for the loss of life?"

"I can't say, sir. But I know feeling is strong against you."

Burns moved away as if he did not care to talk any more and Cushing went down into the yard.

He spoke to different men as he moved along, but received in reply only a surly nod or a hard look. It was a new experience for him. One of the comfortable daily events for him was the relation he sustained to his men. There were nearly four thousand in all. Out of that number he knew a very large number by name. It was one of the pleasurable things in his day's programme to walk through the yard or the shops exchanging greetings with the men. It was, "Fine piece of work, Lloyd," "This will beat the old type, Andrew," "Great day for work, eh, Wallace?"

And the men always responded heartily. They respected him, too. They made him feel as if, in some intangible way, without too much fuss about it, he and they understood the exact relation of labor and capital, of brains and muscle. But all this was different. It was new business for him to be snubbed by his own workmen in his own shipyard. It cut him deeply, and the whole thing intensified his purpose that no matter what the cost to his conscience or his family pride he must stand by his falsehood and regain popular confidence.

He went back to the office again, and calling in a stenographer, dictated a few letters. It was an unusual time of the day, but he worked in unusual ways and never wrote his letters until he felt exactly in the mood. After dictating a dozen letters, he sent the clerk out and wrote a brief line to Sidney. After finishing, he read it, tore it up and sent a telegram instead. "Everything going all right here. See Anderson about details of water valves. Draw on me for anything you need. If secretary invites you, tell him his suggestion about interior lighting is being carefully considered. See Marston. Take your time at patent office."

He sent this out and busied himself until nearly five o'clock with the details of a new form of detachable torso hood. He had finally risen to leave the works, as his custom had been for years to take a long walk before dinner, when a clerk announced a visitor.

"A lady to see you, sir."

Brander Cushing was by nature and training the soul of courtesy and fine manners.

When he looked up and saw his visitor he at once rose and with added politeness offered a chair.

As long as he lives he will not forget that afternoon nor his experience.

Outside, the yard clanged and roared and hummed with its many-voiced energy. Inside the offices, typewriters clicked and clerks were busy here and there at desks and tables and draughting boards. Through the open door leading into his inner office, Cushing could see a splendid model of the great warship, the *Republic*.

But instantly all his attention was directed towards his visitor.

She was, perhaps, twenty years old. Her face was very pale, and unusual in its cold regularity of feature. Cushing was startled by it. But his first impression speedily yielded to his second when the girl began to speak. He had read of wonderful voices in women of fiction but had never believed in them. Now he was simply bewildered to hear that rarest of all

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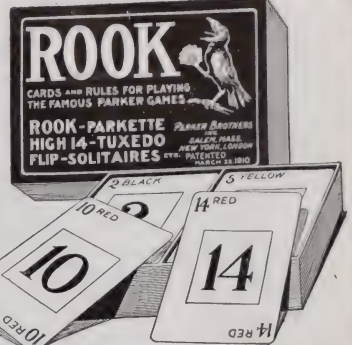
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Continued on next page



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"Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin and pale.

"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds heavier than ever before.

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## Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

rare gifts, a natural musical voice which the owner did not understand but used naturally.

One other item he had also at once noted. She was a cripple.

"Mr. Cushing, I am Athanasia Ward. One of the girls your son saved in the—"

She put her hands up to her face. There were great burns visible on the backs of them.

"Well?"

"He—I—No one can thank any one for such a thing as that. But—there seemed to be no other way."

"My son is not here. He is out of the city. I do not know when he will return. You do not need to thank him."

"But I wish to do so."

"I do not know when he will be back."

"I was not able yesterday to say anything. Oh, it was terrible. Mr. Cushing, aren't you thankful you are not responsible for any of those deaths? It must be terrible to feel that."

Pause.

"You have been working in the factory—how long?"

"Since father died, four years ago. My mother is living and I have a brother in the warehouse."

"There was another girl who escaped at the same time with you and who helped you, my son told me. Hermosa—"

"Hermosa Howard. Oh, she is a brave girl! I should be with those others if Hermosa— You see, Mr. Cushing, right in the midst of our work, without a second's warning, there was an awful report, and the whole room seemed to be in a blaze. You see there's so much lint flying all the time. There were fifty girls on our floor. They all stood up and then ran around to the different windows screaming and crying. I saw Hermosa pull several back who were just going to jump. She and Helvetia Slova ran to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. They beat on it with their fists until the flesh came off. Then we all crowded over to the alley windows. It was there we first saw your son. Oh, he is brave and strong! I shall never forget how he stood there on the window sill, his foot braced against the edge of the board. I would have been trampled to death if Hermosa had not lifted and pushed and shoved me out onto the board. Oh, how I feared! I shall always dream of it. I am not brave like Hermosa or your son. I am a coward. Perhaps it comes from being lame. I don't know how I ever crossed. I was saying all the time, 'O God, if you are good, won't you save Hermosa?' And he did—but oh, it's terrible in our court to-day. There will be twenty-five funerals from our tenement to-morrow. A good many of the people are going crazy over it."

"Good Heavens, girl, why do you come here to tell me about it?" Brander Cushing's nerves were racked and his exclamation was justified in the girl's mind.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Cushing. I did not mean— No, I came for another purpose. But I cannot escape the sight of it. I came—I came—to warn you!"

To be continued

What He Likes in the Almanac

The Christian Herald Almanac was received to-day. Mr. daughters and I are perfectly delighted with it. It contains so many things of the greatest importance, and that every person, old and young, should know, and everything is concise, clear and accurate. The weights, measures, etc., are for constant reference and use. The definitions of "initiative," "referendum" and "recall" are excellent, and "Hard Bible Problems Solved" should be studied by every person. Would that you might put in small booklet form your thoughts, under this head, on dancing, card playing, and gambling. I would like to distribute an unlimited number of such booklets. D. V. D., Delaware, O.



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## Buying and Selling Securities

VERY competent authority has said that "there is no question connected with investments of more importance than the ability to judge whether market conditions are favorable for the purchase of securities."

In addition to knowing how to judge the value of all forms of investment a thorough knowledge must be had of the principles that control the rise and fall of securities. A man needs no large experience to account for the variations in prices of the life necessities, that are influenced largely by weather conditions, for here the demand is constantly increasing while the supply may not keep pace with it, thus resulting in an increased demand and higher prices; but the amount of securities, such as we are considering, is fixed with reasonable certainty. It follows from this that any increase in the value of securities must arise from a demand that for the time makes that form of investment desirable, and adds to its selling value.

The man whose knowledge enables him to see when a particular form of security is going to take an upward turn can, if he have the money to buy, turn this knowledge into cash, without the effort or risk usually incident to such gains.

### The Principles Involved

As a rule, the market movements of all negotiable securities are controlled by two forces, which sometimes act in opposition to each other, while again they may move in concert. One of these influences is the current rate of interest at which free money is loaned, the other is the general condition of business. A low rate of interest, or, indeed, the prospect of a near low rate, has the effect of increasing the market value of securities whether they be income-producing or purely speculative, the purpose being to keep all money active and productive. Even banks and other money-lending institutions are forced into the security market when they cannot make loans to advantage. On the other hand, a high rate of interest or the prospect of a high rate invariably depresses the prices of securities, for at such times the banks and other large holders sell their stocks and bonds, for the very good reason that they can use the ready money to greater advantage. These fluctuations, like the ebb and flow of the tides, which we have so often brought in to illustrate, regulate themselves harmoniously, though, unlike the tides, their regularity and continuance can never be foretold or depended on.

Clearly, the time to buy securities whose normal condition is favorable is when they are at or near their lowest, and this is the time when the man with some money and the essential knowledge can invest to the greatest advantage.

The other factor that affects the prices of securities is the general business conditions. When there is good business, or the promise of such conditions, the tendency of securities is to advance. An unpromising outlook or dull business has a contrary effect, for at such times there is no great demand for money, nor any inclination to invest.

When these two forces work together, as they sometimes do, the effect is always felt, for low rates of interest and good business conditions are irresistible in stimulating financial activity. At such infrequent times all classes seem to work together, though not, we may be sure, with equal success.

Experience, however, has demonstrated that money rates and business are seldom in harmony. The rule is that bad business means low rates of interest, and good business high rates, for in the latter case ready money is

always in demand. As business conditions become hard the easier money becomes. These conditions have a different effect on different kinds of securities, for at such times high-grade stocks and bonds may decline, middle-grade securities remain stationary, and poor securities advance, and all at the same time.

### Is It Guess-Work?

It will be seen from the foregoing that the market for securities has a decidedly irregular appearance, and it would seem to justify the general inference that future security prices are all a matter of guess-work, and that they are entirely controlled by interested influences; but, while there is much to confirm this contention, the student of finance—which is a branch of general economics—knows, with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, that price movements are directed by laws as certain as those that control the operations of nature about us. Let us cite an example by way of illustration:

Assuming that interest rates are low and business conditions bad, with the prospect of a still worse state of affairs, what will be the effect on the different kinds of securities? In such a condition it should be expected that securities of a high grade, whose safety cannot be affected by bad business conditions, will advance, as their interest is sure to be met. Bonds of a middle grade must remain about stationary, low money rates tending to advance their price and the fear of decreasing earnings tending to depress them. But the lowest grade of bonds and stocks, whose margin of security, at the best of times, is not great, are pretty sure to fall off as investments, though, under such conditions, they are apt to stimulate that form of speculation that deals through margins, and which is at the best but a legalized form of gambling. It should be understood that securities are not divided into the three classes we have named by way of illustration, for they shade off one into the other, almost imperceptibly.

### Alternating Periods

The combined effect of the two influences just described is to produce regular swings in prices. The indications that precede these changes are not so difficult to follow by those whose experience has taught them to read aright the financial ebb and flow. Even a cursory study of the history of the alternating rise and fall in business conditions will show that they move in cycles, practically of the same length.

It is a fact that a financial crisis usually follows a period of great business prosperity. With the crisis money decreases in circulation and lies heaped up, profitless and idle in the banks. Water piled up behind the dam must find an outlet through an increased spill-way, or it will overflow, or perhaps sweep away the restraining barrier. The banks try to relieve the money pressure by diverting it, or rather converting it into interest-bearing securities. At such times rates on loans are at their lowest, but not many are made, for a low per cent. is no inducement to borrow when business is stagnant.

After a time activity begins to assert itself, at first somewhat timidly, but with ever increasing vigor and confidence. Rates of interest rise in response to the growing demand for capital. New enterprises spring from the brains of men and assume a tangible form, and soon the world of business, seemingly refreshed by its late sleep, is in the full possession of that vigor which year after year has tended to build up individual fortunes, and to add to the wealth of the nation in a way that was not dreamed of by our fathers.

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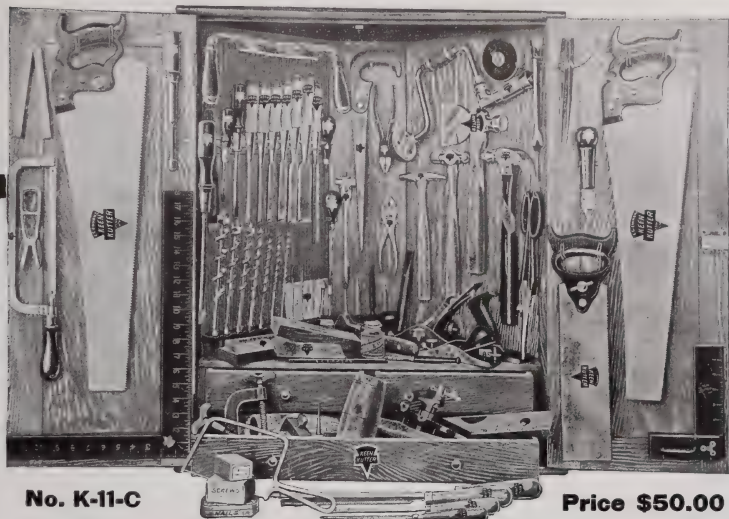
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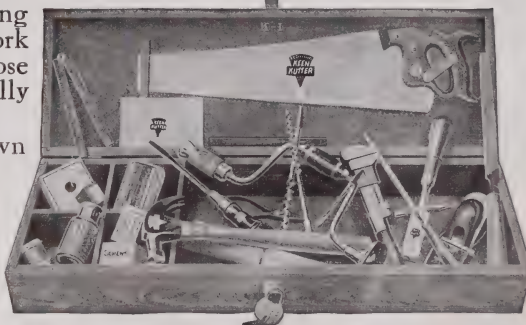
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## Ezra's Sabbath School\*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE first part of the lesson pictures a model Sabbath School of twenty-six centuries ago. We commonly speak of the Sabbath School or Sunday School as only a little more than one century old. In 1880 we celebrated its "centennial." The origin of the modern Sunday School movement is no doubt rightly credited to Robert Raikes, who in 1780 gathered poor children in "ragged schools" on Sunday, because they were engaged in child labor on other days, and taught them to read, through paid teachers, giving the schools a religious flavor by using the Bible as the reading book. Intelligent Christian parents were expected to teach their own children at home, and take them to church.

For the children of the rich whose religious training is neglected, there has been organized by some denominations a most excellent "Children's Special Service Mission," the word "mission" having the sense of "revival" or "evangelistic movement." This "Mission" is endeavoring, with encouraging success, to show such children they are sinners, and lead them to accept the Saviour, who died for them, and to build themselves up into strong and useful manhood and womanhood by daily Bible reading, for which a uniform schedule is provided. One exemplary thing done by this mission is to hold open-air seaside meetings for children at fashionable seaside resorts. This "Special Service Mission" (whose literature can be secured on application to 12 Warwick Lane, E. C., London) the writer regards as the most evangelical and spiritual of all the religious movements for children. American Sunday Schools could learn much from its plans, which realize beautifully the conception of a "Children's Church."

### Stopping a Leak

The "Men and Religion Movement," which is aiming to bring back to the churches the millions of men and boys who have dropped out in recent years, needs to find a way, first of all, to stop the great leak that begins when the boys leave the primary class, in which there are usually as many boys as girls. In the intermediate, the boys are fewer than girls, and still fewer in junior and senior classes. The way to stop this leak is to put as a hedge between the boys and the door a big class of many men, such as only a few Sunday Schools have as yet, and to give the boys for teachers, not young girls who take the classes because the duty and privilege of teaching is persistently refused by the church officers, but men of power and experience.

The lesson story also shows another way to stop a big leak—taking the children to the preaching service. Millions drop out of the churches where the Sunday School and preaching service ought to be coupled, as they were by Ezra, when the same people, men, women and children, heard the sermon, and then stayed to have the Bible explained, verse by verse, to small groups, by the evangelistic Levites.

The best way to keep in the church the boys who are to be men, is for many fathers to rebuild the family altar, and fill the family pew, and keep their boys from leaving the Sunday School by going with them to prove it is, and to make it still more, a manly institution.

### An Outdoor Sermon

"All the people gathered into the broad place that was before the water gate" (verse 1). It was an outdoor, waterside meeting. Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation.

\*The International Sunday School Lesson for December 17, 1911. Neh. 8. GOLDEN TEXT: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Ps. 119:7.

tion, both men and women, and all that could hear with understanding. Why shouldn't we have such audiences regularly in the twentieth century, when a child of eight can understand at least as much as one of twelve could understand in the days of Ezra? In those days a young man did not attain his majority till he was thirty; but at twelve he joined the church as capable of religious responsibility. The general absence of boys from church is the chief explanation of the absence of a majority of men, and no mass meetings can do so much for men as parents can do by beginning at once to bring their children, and especially their boys, to church.

### Men, Women and Children at Sabbath School

"The Levites caused the people to understand the law." It is surprising that before the days of Robert Raikes, preachers did not understand childhood and their Bibles well enough to see that there was need to gather people, especially children, in groups of like age and capacity in order to study the Bible most effectively. Parents taught these things, and the solemn preacher came along occasionally for a dreaded examination. But we have learned at last what Ezra knew so long ago, that we can best "comprehend with all saints"; that is, we need not only private study but also studies in a group, in which each is stimulated to do his best, and helped by the views of others.

After Ezra's sermon was over, the audience broke up in groups, presumably with some regard to age and capacity, and the Levites, who were ancient teachers and elders and stewards and vestrymen and trustees, by which cause they knew more than any one but the preacher, considered it their business, as a matter of course, to do the teaching. They read again what the preacher had expounded from the long-neglected law of God, and "gave the sense" so that the people "understood the reading." No doubt the people asked many questions, for they were all in earnest to know God's will. In too many Sunday Schools, there is no tension of earnestness. The verses are read almost as if it were a counting of beads. The pupils only half listen—sometimes because the teacher is only half teaching. Sometimes the "school" is too much like a mere "church" and too little like a reverent, earnest Church. Let us ask why in some years only one teacher in eight brings even one soul to repentance in fifty-two lessons?

### Decision Day

It was decision day in Ezra's Sabbath School. Every day should be decision day. Teachers may well search their hearts for a reason why their pupils do not oftener "mourn and weep" in real sorrow for sin, as they did in Ezra's Sabbath School, where the teachers held up God's law as a pure mirror, in which they saw their sins, like ugly stains on their faces. It was what Finney and early evangelists called "law work." In order that men and women and children shall desire to be cleansed, they need to see themselves as God sees them by looking in the mirror of his law, as interpreted by Jesus.

God's law, faithfully explained, made the people "mourn and weep." There must be something wrong in our teaching and preaching or there would be more real sorrow for sin. Not alone God's law, but the cross, ought to show us how wicked it is to sin against God—so great a wrong that Jesus Christ must leave heaven and bear the cross, to right that wrong, and draw men from their sin.

Nehemiah and Ezra, when the people had seen their sin as God sees it

Continued on next page



From a photograph of a

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in which tomatoes *purposely* were burned to a char and then one-half the utensil cleaned by boiling for a few minutes and then scraping with a wooden spoon.

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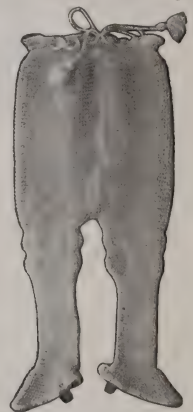
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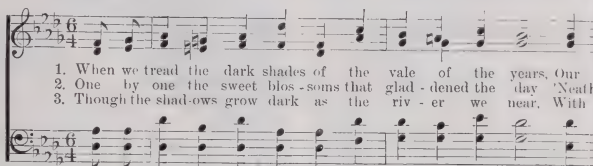
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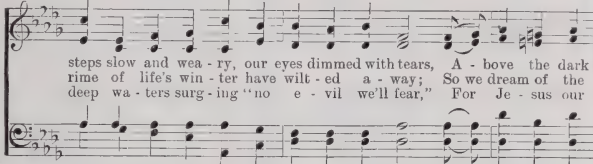
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PHILIP ROBERTS

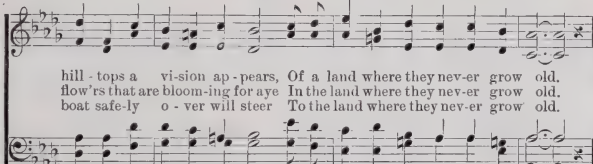
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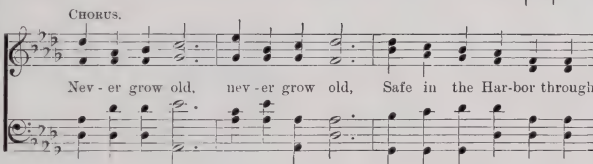
1. When we tread the dark shades of the vale of the years, Our  
2. One by one the sweet blossoms that gladdened the day 'neath  
3. Though the shadows grow dark as the river we near, With



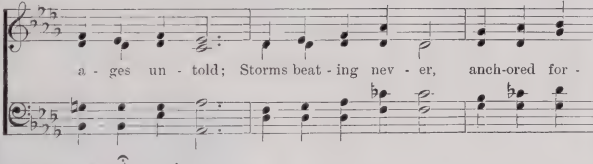
steps slow and weary, our eyes dimmed with tears, Above the dark  
rime of life's winter have wilted away; So we dream of the  
deep waters surging "no evil we'll fear," For Jesus our



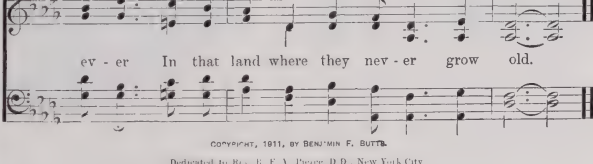
hill-tops a vision appears, Of a land where they never grow old.  
flowers that are blooming for aye In the land where they never grow old.  
boat safely over will steer To the land where they never grow old.



CHORUS.  
Never grow old, never grow old, Safe in the Harbor through



ages untold; Storms beating never, anchored for



ever In that land where they never grow old.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.  
Dedicated to Rev. R. F. A. Dwyer, D.D., New York City

## Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

and repented, comforted them by showing that God's law is really a revelation of love. When one desires to turn from sin, God stands ready to help. And so the repentant people were bidden to go home to feasts that should celebrate the joy of forgiveness, not only in what they ate but also in what they gave to the poor, whom some of them had wronged. It was repentance and restitution. It was also being "saved to serve."

### The Gladness of a Christian Life

"All the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth" (verse 12). We do not know that this feast was on the Sabbath, but the dinner of the Sabbath ought to be, not a fast but a feast; only we should keep one from the feast of the soul to prepare it, and we should deepen its gladness

by seeing that the poor are not left to hunger while we feast. Let us in our lives be so glad some that we shall not belie the Bible's frequent picture of Christian life as a "feast." The writer has heard a preacher expound the parable of the wedding feast without smiling himself or kindling a smile in all his solemn audience, putting the emphasis on those who missed the feast instead of on those who entered in. Reverence and decorum have too frequently been carried in church and outside to the extreme of funeral solemnity. "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." To cure the over-solemn preacher or teacher and his over-solemn audience or class, we prescribe the reading, by aid of the concordance, of the Bible's eight hundred commands and exhortations to "rejoice" and "be glad."

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## Mine Own

WHEN for me the silent oar  
Parts the silent river,  
And I stand upon the shore  
Of the strange forever,  
Shall I miss the loved ones known?  
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Then will One approach the brink,  
With a hand extended,  
One whose thoughts I loved to think  
Ere the will was rendered,  
Saying, "Welcome, we have died  
And again are side by side."

Can the bonds that make us here  
Know ourselves immortal  
Drop away like foliage near  
At life's inner portal?  
What is holiest below  
Must for ever holier grow.

He who on our earthly path  
Bids us help each other,  
Who His well-beloved hath  
Made our Elder Brother,  
Will but clasp the chain of love  
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go  
O'er the silent river,  
Death, thy hastening on I know,  
Bear me, Thou life giver,  
Through the waters to the shore,  
Where mine own have gone before.

—Selected.

## A World-Famous Painting

See Illustration on Cover Page

FOR fifteen centuries, the ideal Mother with the Holy Child has been the subject of the most beautiful and precious productions of human genius and skill. Greatest writers, painters, wood-carvers, sculptors, poets have attempted the portrayal of the ideal likeness of the mother of Jesus. In painting, none has surpassed Raphael, "the inspired artist of the Italian Renaissance." It is said of him that his whole life was a triumph of beautiful achievements. No deep sorrow ever came to him, and he won all things by the quiet force of his loving and great nature. "Let him become my pupil," said his master, the great Perugino; "he will soon become my master." When he died, the great pupil-master wrote of his master-pupil, "He loved beauty and he pictured it; he loved poetry and he wrote it; he loved philosophy, a deep philosophy of generous feeling, and of kindly thoughts for all of the world, and he lived it." At thirty-seven, the brilliant career of the greatest artist the world has ever known was ended. In less than twenty years Raphael had painted upwards of two hundred and eighty pictures, among which the *Sistine Madonna* in the Dresden Gallery is reckoned easily the greatest painting in the world, and to which the "*Madonna della Sedia*" (The *Madonna of the Chair*), which is reproduced on the cover of this issue, alone ranks second.

## Happy Cozy Corner Days

Continued from page 1245

signal. And no pony looks so smart or interested in his work as the well-groomed Shetland in the neat little cart. No Shetland pony have ever mean or vindictive by nature. They are born patient and teachable and willing.

Lady Constance and Rob Roy were as much a part of our family life as the babies. I have known them to be admitted to family parties and to weddings and funerals. In a word, the shaggy little animals, more resembling wild bears than any of the horse tribe, adapt themselves with astonishing readiness to the habits of the family. Sagacious, cunning and gentle if kindly treated, they are almost as loyal and loving as a fine dog.

Remember, this is a true story of my own little girlhood, and if you care to know anything more about Shetland ponies, you may write and ask, always.

Very lovingly and faithfully yours,

*The Auntie Cyprian*

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## John D. Rockefeller Accused

ONE of the most dramatic chapters from the story of high finance that has ever reached the public was retold on November 22 before the House Committee, which is investigating the United States Steel Corporation. The Stanley Committee, as it is usually called, had summoned before it Leonidas Merritt, one of the family which, by the discovery of iron ore in the Mesaba Range in Minnesota and by the development of the finds—at first by sheer manual labor—had amassed a fortune of at least \$6,000,000. This wealth was all tied up in the mining property of the family, and when ready money was needed for the development of railway connections, Leonidas Merritt went to New York to make the necessary arrangements. He came in contact with John D. Rockefeller, who, through the mediation of the Rev. F. T. Gates, agreed to lend the necessary \$420,000 as a call loan on the condition that the Merritt company be merged with Mr. Rockefeller's. Mr. Merritt understood this loan would not be called until the stock in the company, which Mr. Rockefeller had taken as security, was liquidated and converted into bonds. To this agreement, he claims, Mr. Rockefeller did not adhere. He stated that Mr. Gates came to him and announced that Mr. Rockefeller had made his plans, but that his remaining in the company with his brothers depended entirely upon their accepting Mr. Rockefeller's dictation.

Mr. Merritt said: "I was amazed when I heard Rockefeller's plan contemplated throwing down other stockholders. My brother told Gates we had laws in our country, and to do what was asked would land us in jail. He said he would not do it for all Rockefeller's money. Gates insisted that Rockefeller would protect us. Then I turned to Gates and said: 'You came from Rockefeller. Go back to Rockefeller and tell him that when I want to steal I shall steal for myself and for no one else.'"

During the course of the hearing Mr. Merritt was asked: "What was the value of your securities put up to cover that Rockefeller loan?"

"About \$10,000,000," he replied.

"Then your negotiations with Rockefeller lasted only a few months?" "Yes."

"At the end of that time did you own the railroad?" "No."

"Did you own any of the mining stock or any of the mines?" "No."

"What did you have?"

"I had a chance to walk from New York to Duluth on the ties. That was all I had in sight. Gates told me I would have to walk the cross-ties, and that I could no longer swell around as a wealthy mineral man. I could not think how I could have gone down into New York with millions and in a few months have lost it all."

On the day following the publication of these remarkable charges by Mr. Merritt, Mr. Rockefeller promptly issued his version of the case, which gives it a totally different aspect. His statement denies that he ever called the Merritt loans. He loaned them \$420,000 in the summer of 1893 in various amounts. In 1894 they applied to him again and he loaned them an additional \$480,000. The Merritts sold him 90,000 shares of stock at \$10 a share, to cover this loan; the members of the family contributing different proportions. He gave them each a one year's option at the same price they had sold it with six per cent. interest. Two of the Merritts subsequently took back their stock under the option; but the others never exercised their privilege. Further, Mr. Rockefeller has produced and published a statement, signed by all the members of the Merritt family, twenty in number, and their counsel, dated January 27, 1897, in which all charges of fraud and misrepresentation in connection with their dealings with Mr. Rockefeller are denied and they fully exonerate him from all such charges and claims.

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## A WELL-SPENT LIFE\*

THE poet Browning tells us that the last of life is the best part of it, "for which the first was made," "Young, all lay in dispute," he says, "I shall know, being old." He dwells upon the exemption of age from strife, thus bringing what Wordsworth calls "the philosophic mind"; and intimates that age alone can sift out the true of life from its false, and "give us peace at last."

The young are likely to think that when they grow to be what they consider old (some place the limit at forty) they will not care for anything in particular—whether they are sick or well, blind, deaf, or halt. But any aged one will testify that such matters become more and more important the older one grows, so long as any sense at all remains. Remember this, and live always with the thought of old age in view—a healthy old age, in which the faculties may still be active and the interest in life keener and deeper than the last. It is worthy and keep in view, and is the prize which God offers often in the Bible to his chosen ones. "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." "Thou wilt prolong the king's life, and his years as many generations." Numerous promises of this kind are given to the godly, whose "hoary head is a crown of glory."

We do not always think that memory is going to be either our best friend or our worst enemy when age comes upon us. Any day of our early life may be recalled then. See that you have only good things to remember. Do nothing which you would blot from memory if you could.

"Youth," said a good man, "is the time to believe; age is the time to trust." But the belief must precede

the trust. This delicate shade of difference can be appreciated best by the old.

A beautiful thought which must give comfort to old age is that one has done something to make those who are to come after him better, wiser, more efficient. It is only those who are mentally or morally deficient who care nothing for the welfare of posterity. Some of the wisest of our modern philosophers declare that this spirit of self-sacrifice among us, though civilization has casided the future less than our own has done. One affirms boldly that this lack has affected also the modern belief in immortality.

"Among the ancients the admiration for posterity, the perpetuation of one's own name, was a need among elect minds, an obligation in great families. To satisfy this need, to maintain this obligation, individuals and families often cheerfully suffered exile, persecution, even death. Man lived spiritually almost in contact with future generations. Religion, tradition, literature, all fed this ardent hunger for earthly immortality among choice spirits. To-day they do it no more. Poets, statesmen, writers, philosophers, artists, athletes, all are anxious to know not what the world will think of them in the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries, but what the newspapers will say of them the next day. The present quite bars out the vision of what is to come."

Let it not be said of us that we are so taken up with the petty affairs of to-day that we cannot plan properly for our own last years and for the welfare of future generations. The good mind and the godly soul live for the future, and regard every act of daily life as a stone laid in the foundation on which the true temple not only of our own old age and our own eternal happiness, but of the world's future good, are to be built.

\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, December 17. TEXTS: Rom. 14 : 7, 8; II. Tim. 4 : 6-8; Num. 23 : 10.



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## Young People's Societies

### The Wilderness Shepherd\*

IN THE busy routine of most of us, especially of the dwellers in cities, there is little enough leisure for quiet thought. It is high time that a note should be sounded like that in our lesson. There is a great outcry among us against "dogmatism." We are told that we must not blindly accept statements; we must think out for ourselves the complex problems of modern life; but, with duties following each other so fast that we can scarcely finish one before the next is due, whence shall the time come for that quiet thought?

One newspaper writer pompously informed his readers that this question was silly for most city workers. "Why not think during the long rides which you presumably have to take to and from your daily labor?" he asked; and Mr. Arnold Bennett in his whimsical way has reiterated this cry. But several answers arrived at the newspaper office, deploring this advice. "We followed it," they all wailed, "and we went past our stations."

It is hardly wise to fall into very deep thought on trains, unless one has to go to the very end of its run. The plan of the morning Watch, shut into one's own room, alone with God, in the strength and freshness of the day's beginning, this is an ideal plan for "tuning to pitch" the day's psalm. Beecher wrote: "Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the ruler of the day."

Long before his age, the saintly George Herbert had studied his Bible to such purpose that he, too, had perceived the vital help of the well-spent morning hour, and he sang:

When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like; thy bodies but foreman.  
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.  
Give him thy first thoughts then. So shalt thou  
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

What are the qualities that the sacred keeping of this precious fragment of time should nurture in us all? It should emphasize and cause to remain with us until we kneel for our nightly tryst with our Maker, the strong realization of our dependence upon him, and of his loving fatherhood. This, in turn, should quicken our feeling of the brotherhood of man. It should give to the voice with which we say "Good morning" the sympathetic note. It should make us more patient with the faults of those with whom, under whom, or over whom we work. It should increase our sense of duty so that we shall do that work more thoroughly. It should strengthen the feeling of our hold on God's greatness, so that, as his children, we should constantly aspire to do finer things. In short, it should make us more like Christ.

It is a truth as old as humanity, that we generally resemble those with whom we associate. There is a mysterious law which draws like to like. To go with a certain "set" is to declare yourself in approval of their manners and ideals. You may be obliged to pass your life as a missionary to the outcast and the sinning; but when you seek society for pleasure you choose those who are presumably congenial, or whom you wish to resemble. And you will come to resemble them if you go much with them. It is inevitable. Therefore choose your companions with care. Above all, seek often the side of your Master, Christ. Open the day with him. Close it with him, and let him walk beside you all through its trying hours.

### Courage\*

"I SUPPOSE," said a lady to a soldier who had been several times awarded medals for bravery on the field of battle, "I suppose that you never in your life felt any fear."

"On the contrary, madam," he replied, "I never went into battle but that my knees shook and my heart was like water within me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a mystified tone, as if to say, "Is that being brave?"

The hero did not explain the matter to her, but he might have truly said that the highest courage of all is that moral bravery which compels the shrinking flesh to go forward, no matter how much it may falter. Perhaps the majority of hardened veterans in warfare would testify that upon entering into battle they were often seized with a nervous desire to run away. It is like the "stage fright" of the speaker or singer, which, in many cases, is never entirely outgrown.

The species of courage which goes forward and does the deed, in spite of the protests of the coward flesh, is infinitely superior to that reckless stolidity, either inherent or acquired, which often goes by the name of courage. The fatalist, who, like the Mohammedan, dares the bullets in a spirit of indifferent stoicism, exhibits a far lower type of valor than did, for instance, the Christian martyrs.

But the most extreme exercise of the courage which enables a man to rush unwaveringly into danger or to face a wild beast, is nothing to that by which a man conquers the evil within him. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

In this, as in every other crisis of life, the only true courage is to be drawn from above. Henry Drummond, in his wonderful book on *The Ideal Life*, shows how, when we are confronted with a hard duty, the help to perform it comes also, if we will only look for it. "When God puts down his great will beside me," he says, "he puts down just beside it as great a thing, his love. And as my soul trembles at the fearfulness of his will, love takes my timid will and twines it around his, till mine is fierce with passion to serve and to do that will."

Many a soul has cried out, as it threaded the labyrinth of life, "The way of duty is dark. I cannot find it. Conflicting duties beckon at once, and which one shall I follow?"

In Stephen's *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, he has a noble word for the guidance of these puzzled and uncertain ones. "In nearly all of the important transactions of life which relate to the future," he reminds us, "we have to take a leap in the dark. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist. If we stand still, we may be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road, we may be dashed to pieces. What must we do? 'Be strong and of a good courage.' Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes, with eyes open and heads erect. If death ends all, we cannot meet it better. If not, let us enter whatever may be the next scene, like honest men, with no sophistry in our mouths and no masks on our faces."

This is good doctrine, and we can carry it out, provided that we ever have "our loins girt about with truth"; are wearing the "breastplate of righteousness"; have our "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace"; and take with us the "shield of faith," the "helmet of salvation" and "the sword of the Spirit." Without these the highest form of courage is impossible.

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\*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, January 7. TEXTS: Amos 1: 1, 2, 7; 14; Gal. 1: 15-17.

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